

Chat Archive

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**GM (GM):** 20**Caesar:** 6

GM (GM): To a party of seasoned adventurers such as yourselves, what you see is but another dull tavern in another dull town in some nameless province. It is but another span of time between the challenges of true adventuring.

Outside the tavern, a fog lies over the town this evening. The damp, cobbled pavement glistens as the lights of street lanterns dance across the slick stones. The fog chills the bones and shivers the soul of anyone outside.

Yet inside these tavern walls the food is hearty, and the ale is warm and frothy. A fire blazes in the hearth, and the tavern is alive with the tumbling voices of country folk.



GM (GM): Suddenly, the tavern door swings open, and a hush falls over the room. Framed by the lamp-lit fog, a form strides through the doorway. His heavy, booted footfalls and the jingle of his coins shatter the silence. His brightly colored clothes are draped in loose folds about him, and his hat hangs askew, hiding his eyes in shadows. Without hesitation, he walks up to your table and stands proudly in a wide stance with folded arms.

In an accented voice he says, "I have been sent to you to deliver this message. If you be creatures of honor, you will come to my master's aid at first light. It is not advisable to travel the Svalich Woods at night!" He pulls from his tunic a sealed letter, addressed to all of you in beautiful flowing script. He drops the letter on the table. "Take the west road from here some five hours march down through the Svalich Woods. There you will find my master in Barovia."

Amid the silent stares of the patronage, the gypsy strides to the bar and says to the wary barkeep, "Fill the glasses, one and all. Their throats are obviously parched." He drops a purse heavy with gold on the bar. With that, he leaves.



GM (GM): The babble of tavern voices resumes, although somewhat subdued. The letter is lying before you. The seal is in the shape of a crest you don't recognize.

**Caesar:** 10 17 13 12 11 11**Serious W.:**

3

STRENGTH (0)
Sebastian

20

Dagger (+1)
Sebastian

-1



GM (GM): The crest depicts a wide-winged raven before a narrow, spiked shield. Through a circular window in the top of the shield, you can see the ever-so-tiny detail of a small castle. The sealing stamp must have been very expensive.



Serious W.:

7

60

(+4)

Sebastian

5

Piercing



Dawi: 17 16 9 16 8 15



Serious W.:

13

Sebastian

8

Sebastian

Fire BOlt

Abjuration Cantrip

Components: V, S, M



gavin j.: 15 14 17 14 14 10



Serious W.: 15 16 11 14 12 8

Wary Barkeep: What a strange fellow! Look at how old this coin is!



Serious W.:

Magic Missile

Abjuration 1

Components: V, S, M

The coin is thicker and wider than Empire coinage, and bears the visage not of the Emperor, but of a hook-nosed nobleman with long hair.

Wary Bartender pours fresh ale, topping up all your mugs.



gavin j.: r4d4x10

rolling 4d4

(4 + 3 + 3 + 4)

= 14



GM (GM): Can you all see the letter?

Shundak the Lucky: yep



mikeawmids: Monroe struggles to decypher the author's looping script before nodding thoughtfully and pretending that he actually understood any of it.

"Hmmm. Very interesting"

Sebastian: Sebastian looks at the letter. He may be a wanderer, but in his veins still flows noble blood. He is trying to remember his multiple lessons and if he has heard anything of Barovia during any of them.



Caesar: After looking through the letter Tai'r stares up at the rest of his comrads

"What do ya boys think?"

"Im not one to turn a cry for help down"



GM (GM): Sebastian recalls an ancient king Barov who was known as something of a conquerer. Perhaps Barovia is a piece of his legacy?

Sebastian: Judging by the coins, this cry for help really is one which should not be ignored.

Monrose: "Coins you say?"



Shundak the Lucky: Shundak plays with his mug, staring into the fireplace, deep in thought.

"Five hours he said."



Caesar: Tai'rs face lights up as he re-reads the letter

"Aye! Not to be ignored indeed!"



Shundak the Lucky: "A short march if there are lives at the stake."

Monrose: "Yes. Lives. Lives are more important than coins." Monroe adds, with little conviction.



Caesar: "Oh, but of course! The coin is just a little motivation!"



Shundak the Lucky: "If the task proves to be too difficult or out of our reach we will just have wasted a day. I see no harm in checking."



Caesar: Tai'r nods as Shundak speaks

Sebastian: The soles of my shoes are itching and they are not getting scratched by standing on my butt



Shundak the Lucky: "I am ready to leave by tomorrow. At dawn."



Caesar: Tai'r kills the rest of his ale and lets out a meek burp

Monrose: "No! If there is coin - I mean, lives at stake we should leave immediately!"



Caesar: "She is on a shorten time frame!"

"Im not gonna let her waste while we sleep my friend"

Monrose: "Plus, we must think of Ceaser's itchy butt."

*sEBASTIAN'S

Sebastian: The dawn is wiser than the night. Also, no princess was ever saved by drunk insomniacs.

Tai'r Brightwell: Lets out a quiet chuckle

"Aye, fair enough but we leave early!"



Shundak the Lucky: "The woods are dangerous at night, if we leave early we might not even arrive."

Tai'r Brightwell: "Since when are you a scared one?!"

Monrose: "Scared of the dark, Shundak?"



Shundak the Lucky: "Scared of what lies in the dark."



GM (GM): Outside, somewhere in the forest which presses against the tavern, resenting the encroaching force of civilization, a wolf howls at the moon.

Tai'r Brightwell: Looks back over his shoulder

Stares back to Shundak

"Scared of puppies now are ya?"

Monrose: Monrose throws back his head and imitates the wolfs cry.

Tai'r Brightwell: "Ahahaha!"

Gives a pat on the back to Monrose

Monrose: "Ahahahaha."

Tai'r Brightwell: Tai'r finishes chuckling and stares back to Shundak



Shundak the Lucky: "Yes, and and you can't tell me you aren't as well"

Tai'r Brightwell: Tai'r chuckles

"Dak my boy.."

Tai'r plays with his mug a little

"Im always scared, truly. We can die at any minute. But I have the balls to know that making yourself act regardless of fear. Thats the hard part!"



Shundak the Lucky: "Indeed."

"But bravery does not mean charging ahead against all odds."

Tai'r Brightwell: Tai'r sighs



Shundak the Lucky: "If they had time to write that fancy letter they will have time to wait for the night."

Sebastian: I am with Shundak on this one. As eager as I am to go, I still know we must not be foolish.

Monrose: Monrose stands unsteadily and places his tankard on the counter top. "I am going for a piss." he announces grandly, "If I see any wolves, I shall frighten them off with my enormous balls."

Tai'r Brightwell: Tai'r lets out another chuckle

Monrose: Monrose heads outside and relieves himself into a bush.

Tai'r Brightwell: Stares back over to Shundak and Sebastian.

"Aye, if you both say so. Who am I to argue otherwise?"

Sebastian: If it is decided, I am gonna go get some sleep.



Caesar: "Aye, Barkeep!"

Wary Tavernkeep: Yes?

Monrose: His bladder drained, Monrose totters back inside and leans against the bar.



Caesar: Sets down an extra two silver pieces

"The mead was divine, thank ya!"

Wary Tavernkeep: "Why, thank you!" says the Tavernkeep. He smiles delightedly. "I've made up the rooms you paid for, they're waiting upstairs."



Caesar: points to the stairs "Any bunk beds?"

Wary Tavernkeep: The Tavernkeeper looks confused. "Bunk... beds? What are those?"



Tai'r Brightwell: "Its a st-"

Wary Tavernkeep: "At any rate, your rooms are already paid for."



Tai'r Brightwell: "Never mind, im off to bed!"

"Thank ya!" Turns to the group "Night ya filthy bastards!"

Monrose: "Goodnight, you... bearded child."



Tai'r Brightwell: lets out a drunk yet hearty laugh



Shundak the Lucky: *Shundak nods* "Good night, may your rest be plenty and your night free of nightmares."

Monrose: "Ahahahaha!"

Monrose also heads upstairs to bed.



Tai'r Brightwell: Stumbles off to the stairs



Shundak the Lucky: *Grabs his axe and heads to his room, saying a quick prayer to Illmater before sleep.*

The following day, after a quick breakfast, dawn finds the party ready to set out on foot along the western road.

Monrose: "Good morning!"



Sebastian: Mornin'



Tai'r Brightwell: "Morning lads!"

"I dont hear any more pups Daky boy!"



Shundak the Lucky: "Probably your old ears playing tricks again"



Tai'r Brightwell: "Oi! Im a young stallion! Im barely pushin 70!"



Shundak the Lucky: "Almost sounds like a kennel from up here."

Shundak smiles and quickly consumes his breakfast.



Tai'r Brightwell: *Scarfs down his plate*



Shundak the Lucky: "I am ready when you are."

It is a bitterly cold morning, and a thick fog cloaks the landscape. The road stretches on into the west, but visibility is practically zero. You see no other travellers. The time is 6:00 AM, as indicated by the clock on the Tavern mantelpiece.

Monrose: "I was ready 8 hours ago!"



Sebastian: Who of you ate the last egg?!

Well, guess I am done with breakfast too.



Tai'r Brightwell: *stares around, his crime unnoticed*



Shundak the Lucky: *Stands up and and drapes the bear pelt over his shoulders.*



Tai'r Brightwell: *wiggles from his seat to the floor*



Shundak the Lucky: *Then grabs his axe and heads out, ready to follow the road once everyone is outside.*



Tai'r Brightwell: *shuffles after him* "Oi, wait for me Daky boy!"



Shundak the Lucky: "What? Are your legs already tired?"

"I know you have to take 3 steps for each of mine, but this is surely the fault of your age!"



Tai'r Brightwell: "You tall half breed! We gnomes arent as frail as you! We live 3 of your life times!"



Shundak the Lucky: "Or is it one of those gnomish tricks to hitch a ride on my back?"



Tai'r Brightwell: ".....Please"



Shundak the Lucky: "... just don't mess up the pelt"



Tai'r Brightwell: "Oi!" *leaps up grabbing onto Dak's shoulders, pulling himself up to a comfortable seat*

The party comes across a weatherbeaten wooden sign. The sign reads: "Old Svalich Road."



GM (GM):

Black pools of water stand like dark mirrors in and around the muddy roadway. Giant trees loom on both sides of the road, their branches clawing at the mist.



Shundak the Lucky: "Spot anything from the crows nest?"

Monrose: "We are on the right road at least."



Tai'r Brightwell: *stares around to see if he can make anything through the fog*

The road stretches on into the west, utterly obscured by dense fog.



Tai'r Brightwell: "Nothin from up here Daky boy... by the way you have a NICE set of hair"



GM (GM): 14



Shundak the Lucky: "The old monks told me the same thing"

"You see... I don't think that green cap is healthy for your hair"



Tai'r Brightwell: "....Lad..."



Shundak the Lucky: "Not enough sun, makes them fall"



Tai'r Brightwell: *Removes his green cap revealing a spectacularly shiny scalp*

"A bit too late for that Ahaha!"

Monrose: "It will make your scalp sweat and encourage premature baldness." Monrose adds sagely.

"See?"



Sebastian: I have no hair and my head is still on my shoulders.



Shundak the Lucky: "That at least one positive thing"



Tai'r Brightwell: *stares over to Monrose* "Its genetic!" **stares over to Sebastian* "I always new you were a man of class Sea Bass!"

Seasoned adventurers such as yourselves can maintain a steady stream of banter on the road. The time passes quickly and amiably enough. By eleven in the morning, the fog still has not burned off.

The fog spills out of the forest to swallow up the road behind you. Ahead, jutting from the impenetrable woods on both sides of the road, are high stone buttresses looming gray in the fog. Huge iron gates hang on the stonework. Dew clings with cold tenacity to the rusted bars. Two headless statues of armed guardians flank the gate, their heads now lying among the weeds at their feet. They greet you only with silence.



Tai'r Brightwell: *Stares forward at the statues*

"Ay... lads keep focused! I dont want you to.... LOSE your heads!"

Monrose: "Those are impressive gates. But were they built to keeping something out, or something in?"



Shundak the Lucky: "As with most gates, the former."

Monrose: "Well, they shan't keep us out!"



Tai'r Brightwell: "Aye!"

Monrose: Monrose says, striding forward.



Tai'r Brightwell: *Tries to analyse further past the gate*

As Monrose approaches the gates, they swing open with a screech of rusty hinges.



Shundak the Lucky: "If this is Barovia gettin-"
"Oh"

The road continues on past the gate, moving through thicker forest.

Monrose: "Aha! These gates know who's boss!"



Tai'r Brightwell: *Jumps slightly and reaches for his war pick*
Lets out a quiet sigh
Lowers his hand back to Shundaks shoulders



Sebastian: Be careful, for this gates truly know who their master is. Keep your eyes open.



Shundak the Lucky: *Grips his axe and enters the gates.*

Monrose: Scoffing at Sebastian's words, Monrose steps through the gates.



Caesar: *Listens closely to the sounds of the woods*



Tai'r: "Lads."



Shundak the Lucky: "Huh?"

Sebastian hears nothing -- not the call of a bird, not the shifting of a single leaf. The woods are utterly silent.



Tai'r: "On a serious note, let me or Daky boy here up front first"
"Nothin against any of you but we're a thicker bunch"



Sebastian: I will be standing behind you... to keep your backs safe, of course



Tai'r: "Plus I know how you guys can hit harder than me" *looks to Sebastian* "Appreciated Sea Bass"



Shundak the Lucky: *Taps the gnome sitting on his shoulders.* "It may be time to end the ride."

Monrose: "Yes, it is my turn now."



Tai'r: *nods in agreement* "Aye"
Lets out a uneasy laugh at Monrose's comment



Shundak the Lucky: "Something odd about this woods."

The moment the last member of the party steps through the gates, they swing shut with a resounding clash of steel!



Tai'r: *squirms backwards with his hands on Dak's shoulders, sliding down gently from his back*

Monrose: Monrose spins around, rapier raised.




Tai'r: *Pulls out his pick*

Beyond the gates, back the way you came, the fog suddenly thickens and fills the road. You can see nothing but a solid white wall of mist beyond those gates, now.





Shundak the Lucky: *Walks back to the gate and tries to open it*


The rest of the world might as well no longer exist...


 **Tai'r:** *Equips his shield*


The gates are firmly locked, although no chain or padlock binds them. They seem to be held shut with magic.


 **Shundak the Lucky:** "Cursed magic!"


 **Tai'r:** "We need to keep moving boys, no time for voodoo"

 **Shundak the Lucky:** "Some.. enchanter's trick locked us in."


 **Sebastian:** "Whatever it is, it wants us to move forward and there is no way back, so..."

 **Shundak the Lucky:** *Angrily shakes the gate one more time and heads back to the party, axe in hand and walking in front.*


 **Tai'r:** *Walks parallel to Dak*
Be ready for anything.

 **Shundak the Lucky:** "It's like that story about the crab fishers."


 **Tai'r:** *Raises an eyebrow up* Crab fishers?"

 **Shundak the Lucky:** "Or pearl fishers?"
"Fishing in a cave, under water. Almost running out of breath."


Monrose: "How is our situation anything like that?"


 **Shundak the Lucky:** "The surface is too far, the would suffocate."
they*
"So they push on, further into the cave."


 **Tai'r:** *Smirks*

 **Shundak the Lucky:** "Hoping to find at least a pocket of air."
"We are deep inside the cave, it seems."

The forest is thicker, on this side of the gate. Towering trees, whose tops are lost in heavy gray mist, block out all but a death-gray light. The tree trunks are unnaturally close to one another, and the woods have the silence of a forgotten grave, yet exude the feeling of an unvoiced scream.

 **Tai'r:** "....."
"Any good jokes?"

 **(To Shundak the Lucky):** You catch the scent of death on the air.

 **Tai'r:** "I dont like this deathly quiet"

 **Shundak the Lucky:** "I smell death in the air."



Tai'r: *Raises an eyebrow*



Shundak the Lucky: "A wicked scent."

Monrose: Monrose begins a bawdy sea shanty, but trails off after a few verses as the oppressive silence draws in.



Tai'r: "Erm I got one!"



(To Shundak the Lucky): You could follow your nose, if you wanted to.



(To Shundak the Lucky): Otherwise, you can continue along the road



Shundak the Lucky: *Stops in his tracks*

"The trail of death seems to come from off road. I could track it."

"But I would follow the road."



Tai'r: *Stares to Dak*

Id rather save this poor lass first Daky boy.

"Thats our priority right now"



Shundak the Lucky: "Yes, nothing good could come from getting lost in these woods."



Tai'r: "Agreed, let's keep moving"



Shundak the Lucky: *Continues along the road.*

((I need to brb for 5-10 minutes, sorry))



Tai'r: "Oi, Rose!"

Is glancing over at Monrose



GM (GM): (forgot to show you what the gate looked like -- you should be able to see it now)



Tai'r: "Ros-"

Sighs

"Alright then"

Lets out a happily themed hum

A raven alights on a nearby treetop and watches the party impassively as they continue along the road.



Tai'r: *Stares back at the bird*

"Sky rodents.."

The Raven caws angrily and flaps away. In the oppressive silence, the sudden explosion of sound is somehow more alarming than usual.



Tai'r: "....."

"How come no one travels this road?"



Serious W.: "The gates are sealed shut behind us"

"I suppose there is not much traffic in such conditions"



Tai'r: "But there was no one in front of us.. just seems odd"

"Know anything about this place?"



GM (GM): **9**



Tai'r: *reaches into his pouch and pulls out his old rank insignia*

Seemingly gets lost staring into it, as the group keeps marching forward

"Sea bass, Rose"

Quite suddenly, you step out of the mist. The sky is overcast and grey, and the light from the sun is feeble and sickly. Ahead, the road passes out of the forest and runs down through an open valley. A river flows as clear as a blue winter sky through the valley. To the west, you can see a small village huddled close to a forest. Above the village looms a massive, thickly-forested cliff, and high on its peak you can see a gigantic castle with several huge black spires, stretching skyward.



Tai'r: *Stares in the direction of the town*

"Aye, is that it?"



Serious W.: "Either this, or a pack of other lost adventurers decided to settle"



Tai'r: *Snickers*

"Looks like a good place to start, what do you boys say?"



Serious W.: "I am all for it"



Tai'r: Rose, you?

Stares at the silent half orc

"Well, we're all in agreement then!"

"To the town of lost adventurers it is!"

Starts heading towards the humble town



Caesar: *Observes his surroundings as he approaches*



GM (GM): **11**



Tai'r: "Seems like a normal foresting village"

"What do you guys think?"

Stares at his silent party members



Serious W.: "This place is full of trees, yet no bird chirping"



Tai'r: *looks around again*

listens to the sounds of the woods

10

The woods are silent. Tai'r hears nothing but the breathing of his companions.



Tai'r: "Aye, this is odd... Are any of you tree types?"



Shundak the Lucky: "Tree type?"



Tai'r: "Ya'know, the ones who kiss animals and hug wood."



Sebastian: "Apart from they grow up and they fall down, I do not know much about trees"



Tai'r: "Aye, I can only say the same"



Shundak the Lucky: "I have lived for a long part of my life in the woods."

"This seems... strange."



Tai'r: "Do furry critters like to sleep through the mornings?"



Shundak the Lucky: "But I'm sure the people at the village will know more about it."



Tai'r: *nods*



(From Shundak the Lucky): does shundak know what could cause this silence?



Sebastian: "Lets go ask some of them"



(To Shundak the Lucky): He has never encountered anything like this before.



Sebastian: "We could also do with some lunch. walking makes me hungry"



Shundak the Lucky: "But one thing is sure."



(To Shundak the Lucky): His passive perception is the highest in the party, incidentally.



Shundak the Lucky: "I have woken up many times in a forest."

"Never seen anything like this."



Tai'r: "Well lets pick up the pace then laddies!"



Shundak the Lucky: *Nods and hurries to the village.*

You enter the village from the Eastern approach. (We will use Shundak's token to represent the party as a whole, for simplicity.)



Tai'r: *Stares around as they enter the village*

8



Shundak the Lucky: *Looks around at the houses and at the villagers.*

Tall shapes loom out of the wood-smoke. The muddy ground underfoot gives way to slick, wet cobblestones. The tall shapes become recognizable as village dwellings. The windows of each house stare out from pools of blackness. No sound cuts the silence except for mournful sobbing that echoes through the streets from a distance.



Tai'r: "This is..."

"Awful"

You hear the sound of small, wooden wheels rolling across damp cobbles. You trace the lonely sound to a hunched figure bundled in rags, pushing a rickety wooden cart through the fog.



Shundak the Lucky: "As silent as the woods."



Tai'r: "Did he the letter say where to meet him?"
pulls out his letter



Shundak the Lucky: "I do not think so, but I assume we could try the biggest building the village."



Tai'r: "Aye, whoever wrote this might be a liar. I see NO wealth in this community"



Shundak the Lucky: *Approaches the figure, but still keeps a safe distance.*



Tai'r: *Follows behind Dak*



Shundak the Lucky: *Speaks with a clear and deep voice.* "Hello?"



Tai'r: *stares at the ragged figure and echoes Dak* "Hello?!"



Shundak the Lucky: *Takes another step.* "Have you gone deaf?"



Morgantha: The hunched figure startles. "Who are you?"
"I've never seen you here before."



Shundak the Lucky: "We have received a letter from the burgomaster."



Morgantha: She is a spectacularly ancient woman draped entirely in rags. Her peddler's cart is full of small sacks.



Shundak the Lucky: "We are here to help."



Morgantha: "The Burgomaster?" She laughs. "You've got a surprise in store for you, then."
"His manor is at the end of the south street. Can't miss it."



Tai'r: *nods* "Thank you"



Shundak the Lucky: "Can you spoil the surprise?"



Morgantha: She chuckles. "A spoiled surprise is worse than a spoiled child!"



Tai'r: *covers his eyes with his hand and glances at the sun*



Morgantha: "Now, if you'll excuse me, I have business to attend to."



Tai'r: *Mumbles to himself*



Sebastian: "I bet you would not mind helping out friends. That is why we are here after all, to help."

11

PERSUASION (5)
Sebastian



Shundak the Lucky: "To the manor then."

The sun is practically nonexistent here. The thick clouds turn its light into something so thin and feeble that it cannot even cast a shadow.



Tai'r: *Nudges Dak, this way lad, should be down here"



Morgantha: "I am no friend of yours, stranger. You will find that the people of Barovia do not take kindly to newcomers."



Tai'r: *glares at the woman*



Morgantha: She carries on, pushing her little rattling cart down the street.



Tai'r: *Points to the upcoming street*

That should lead south



Sebastian: "Lets hope the Burgomaster is more talkative than the commoners"



Shundak the Lucky: "I do not like this."



Tai'r: "Lets just save the lass and leave""

stares at the manor as they approach

As you approach the main intersection of the tiny village, you pass a Tavern. A single shaft of light thrusts illumination into the main square, its brightness looking like a solid pillar in the heavy fog. Above the gaping doorway, a sign hangs precariously askew, proclaiming this to be the Blood on the Vine tavern. Rounding the corner and heading south, you pass a dark, two-story townhouse. Moaning sobs float through the still, gray streets, coloring your thoughts with sadness. The sounds seem to flow from this townhouse. At the end of the southern street, a weary-looking mansion squats behind a rusting iron fence. The iron gates are twisted and torn. The right gate lies cast aside, while the left swings lazily in the wind. The stuttering squeal and clang of the gate repeats with mindless precision. Weeds choke the grounds and press with menace upon the house itself. Yet, against the walls, the growth has been tramped down to create a path all about the domain. Heavy claw markings have stripped the once-beautiful finish of the walls. Great black marks tell of the fires that have assailed the mansion. Not a pane nor a shard of glass stands in any window. All the windows are barred with planks, each one marked with stains of evil omen.



GM (GM): (Tai'r, perception please)



Tai'r: 17



(To Tai'r): You discern trampled weeds all around the mansion, as well as scores of wolf paw prints and human footprints.



Shundak the Lucky: *Passes the gate, heading for the entrance.*



Tai'r: I guess that house doesn't just attract humans...



Shundak the Lucky: "Claw marks..."

The doors of the house are heavily barricaded.



Sebastian: "Is something kept in, or out of the house??!"



Tai'r: "Lets knock and find out"




Shundak the Lucky: *Walks to the door, grabs his axe and knocks heavily using the blunt end.*


After a minute or two, someone comes to the door.





Ireena Kolyana: "Hello?"

 **Tai'r:** "Aye! We got your letter miss."


 **Shundak the Lucky:** "As my friends says, the letter brought us here."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I sent no letter," she says.


 **Tai'r:** *raises an eyebrow and pulls out the letter*


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "If you read my father's letter, then what on earth are you doing here?"


 **Tai'r:** Kolyan Indirovich?

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "That is my father -- my adopted father, I mean -- that's his name."


 **Tai'r:** "You know where we can find him?"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Yes," she says, quite bitterly.

 **Tai'r:** *nods and stares at the woman, observing her as she speaks*

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "He's here. His heart could not stand the attacks, and he passed three days ago."


 **Shundak the Lucky:** "Attacks?"


 **Ireena Kolyana:** The woman is visible only through the small gap of the door, which is held shut by a chain.

She is a pale, auburn-haired woman of great beauty. She has dark circles under her eyes -- it looks like she hasn't slept in a while.


"Night after night, for weeks, this house has borne the assault of Strahd's vicious creatures."

"Since my father died, the attacks have ceased."


 **Tai'r:** "Strahd?"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "No one from the village has been brave enough to help Ismark -- my brother -- take my father to the cemetery for a proper burial."


"I don't know why I'm telling you all of this -- you're obviously working for him."

 **Tai'r:** *rereads the letter*

 **Shundak the Lucky:** "Your father called us here. He wanted us to help someone."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "If only I could have some peace..."

 **Shundak the Lucky:** "Someone sick."

 **Tai'r:** "That someone is her Dak"

Ireena?

 **Ireena Kolyana:** She hesitates.

"Yes," she says. "I am Ireena Kolyana."

 **Tai'r:** "In the letter he said you were under some evil."

Ireena Kolyana: (BRB lunch)



Shundak the Lucky: "You don't look... afflicted. Not any more than anyone in this village."



Sebastian: Sebastian notices that besides the black circles under her eyes, she looks physically fine. He sums up his knowledge of the arcane arts in order to check for some hidden influence

15

ARCANA (3)
Sebastian



Tai'r: rolling 1d100

(37)

= **37**



Clark C.: Did I miss the session?



GM (GM): Sebastian senses a dark aura around Ireena. Something evil has been near her -- recently.



Shundak the Lucky: *Takes a few steps back and stows his axe, looking around.*

"Did you know why your father called for help?"



Tai'r: *Stands to the side of Shundak, trying to shoot an intimidating glare from the side of his knee caps*

At the woman



GM (GM): Ireena responds to Shundak. "I know why he wrote his letter," she says, "But I was under the impression that he was writing to warn people away -- not to ask for help."

She catches Tai'r's glare and seems confused by it.

Nonplussed, she continues.

"Do you have his letter with you?"



Shundak the Lucky: *Nudges Tai'r lightly with the pommel of his axe.* "We should show her the letter, maybe she can make sense of this mess."



Tai'r: Aye



GM (GM): @Kyla <https://discord.gg/bWRm5g> (<https://discord.gg/bWRm5g>) (For ooc chat)



Tai'r: *Withdraws the letter from his pocket and passes it up to Shundak*

Mind passing that to her *he says under his voice



Shundak: "Sure" *As he extends his hand and passes the letter.*



Rachel Fibe: (is it too late to join, hoping to make a character)



(To Rachel Fibe): You're just in time! Just click the discord link <https://discord.gg/bWRm5g> (<https://discord.gg/bWRm5g>)



Tai'r: We already started a week ago, youre fine. Just roll up a char! :)



(To venomrage88): <https://discord.gg/bWRm5g> (<https://discord.gg/bWRm5g>) for OOC chat



(From Rachel Fibe): Could I have a character sheet in game and can you remind me what level we're starting at?



GM (GM): Ireena reaches through the crack in the door and takes the letter. She pulls it back through and reads it quickly. As she reads, her brow begins to furrow with anxiety. Turning the letter over at last, and glancing at the wax seal, she gives a cold, mirthless laugh.



Shundak: "Didn't seem that funny to us."

"Except the part about the wealth..." *shakes his head*. "Actually no, that wasn't funny as well."



(To Rachel Fibe): Level 1, and you should be able to see the character sheet now.



Tai'r: "Aye..."



Ireena Kolyana: "This is a forgery. My father did not write this."

"In fact, this seal is the mark of Strahd."

She laughs again, but bittlerly.



Tai'r: *Raises an eyebrow*

"Strahd?"



Shundak: "So this is the surprise the old woman was talking about."



Tai'r: "Well where can we find the lad?"

"If he's the one who called us here n all"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks at Tai'r for a long time. "Strahd is the devil overlord of this accursed place. He lives in the castle. Surely you couldn't have missed it?"



Dawi: "If the letter is forgery we have been tricked, do you really want to meet him Tai'r?"



Tai'r: *Looking up to Ireena* "Theres no such thing as devils lassie"



Ireena Kolyana: "We'll see if you still feel brave enough to say that to his face."



Tai'r: *Look up to Shundak* "Daky boy, I need the money. Im not leaving without gettin paid"



Shundak: "Yes, the castle is hard to miss."

Turns to Ireena "So the letter was lying? you are not afflicted by evil?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks at you all shrewdly, as though weighing your souls in her mind.

"He has come to me twice. Or so I am told, my memory is a little fuzzy on that point."



(From Elvrida Flintdelver): May I introduce my character or do you want me to wait to play until next session?



Tai'r: *Turns back to Ireen* "What did he want from ya?"



(To Elvrida Flintdelver): We'll just pretend you've been there all along. Can you introduce your character in the discord chat?



Shundak: "And what could he want from us!"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena holds herself and shudders visibly.

Looking at you, she sighs.

"No," she says. "This is too perfect. A troop of adventurers, just when I need aid? I'd be a fool to fall for this. Good day to you all."

She begins to shut the door.



Tai'r: "Aye lassie!"

"Wait just a moment now!"

Puts his hand on the door



Elvrida Flintdelver: You see a new comer, a dwarven woman with her hair completely shaved off and with runes tattooed on her head, she carries a wooden staff. "Name's Elvrida, need any help?"



(To Catkid): <https://discord.gg/bWRm5g> (<https://discord.gg/bWRm5g>) Please introduce your character here -- you'll be able to join as a level 1 character, and we'll just pretend you've been with the group the whole time.



Shundak: "One last thing." *As he puts his hand on the door as well.*



Ireena Kolyana: "See, now there's even more of you!"



Tai'r: "Ireena, we came here to help you, whether it was you who asked us or not, you have me hammer."

**Looks back to Shundak and Elvrida*



Elvrida Flintdelver: "If the door locked, I could bless you to make it easier for you to pick it open or shove it open."



Shundak: "I know we may not seem trust worthy, but did you mention something about your father and a burial?"



Ireena Kolyana: (Persuasion roll, please)



Tai'r:

16

PERSUASION (0)

Tai'r



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena hesitates, clearly torn.

She glances over her shoulder, into one of the inner rooms.

She looks back at the group.



Shundak: "No man should be left unburied, no matter their sins."

"At least let me help in that regard."



Ireena Kolyana: "Tell you what," she says. "I'm clearly no judge of character. Go and find my brother Ismark. He's usually at the Blood of the Vine. If he thinks you're safe, he'll bring you back here."

"If not, well. You won't be the first servants of Strahd to fall to his blade."



Elvrída Flintdelver: Elvidra pulls out a prayer wheel. "I could help if we're going to burry him."



Shundak: "Sounds good to me."



Tai'r: "Well where can we find your brother?"

*Tair ment The Blood of the Vine"



Shundak: "I assume that's the name of the inn"

"The one we passed before"



Tai'r: "Ah, your a sharp one Daky boy."



Ireena Kolyana: "It's an inn. Head north along this road. It's perched on the northeast corner of the main crossroads. You can't miss it."



Shundak: "It's just that there's isn't much going on in this town."



Ireena Kolyana: She chuckles mirthlessly once more. "Observant one, aren't you?"



Elvrída Flintdelver: "That's strange."



Tai'r: *Turns back to Ireena* "We'll be on our way." *Turns to Dak and Elvrída* You two ready?



Shundak: "Ready to get this over with and leave, yes."



Elvrída Flintdelver: She nods. "I have sharp eyes, like a hawk, I'll keep an eye out as we travel." She produces a flame in her hands.

14

Self

Produce Flame (+5)
Elvrída Flintdelver

1

Fire



Tai'r: *Smirks* We're in good hands



Elvrída Flintdelver:

Produce Flame

Conjuration Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Target: Self or a creature within 30 feet of you

Components: V, S

Duration: 10 minutes

A flickering flame appears in your hand. The flame remains there for the duration and harms neither you nor your equipment. The flame sheds bright light in a 10-foot radius and dim light for an additional 10 feet. The spell ends if you dismiss it as an action or if you cast it again. You can also attack with the flame, although doing so ends the spell. When you

cast this spell, or as an action on a later turn, you can hurl the flame at a creature within 30 feet of you. Make a ranged spell attack. On a hit, the target takes 1d8 fire damage.



Tai'r: "Let's go" *Tai'r begins to walk down the road"



Shundak: *Follows, playing with his axe.*



Ireena Kolyana: As you walk up the north street, you hear the sound of relentless, heart-breaking sobs.

The sobbing sound comes from the townhouse directly to your left.

To your right, I mean.



Tai'r: "Aye, this town is cursed.."



Elvrida Flintdelver: "Yes. Do you know if this could go to fighting if we say the wrong words?"

You can now see the main crossroads of the village. On the northeast corner, a single shaft of light thrusts illumination into the main square, its brightness looking like a solid pillar in the heavy fog. Above the gaping doorway, a sign hangs precariously askew, proclaiming this to be the Blood on the Vine tavern.



Shundak: "Yes, let's be quick before we become cursed ourselves."



Tai'r: "We're not fightin what we don't need too lassie"

Nods to Shundak



Elvrida Flintdelver: "Great. I we need to persuade anyone, I can bless someone to make them wiser with their words."

"Lead the way Shundak."



(To Elvrida Flintdelver): You notice that the sign used to read "Blood OF the Vine." Someone has scratched out the F and replaced it with an N.



Tai'r: *Nods* That will come in handy, especially with these folk"

Follows behind Shundak with his stubby legs



Shundak: "The doors are open, guess we don't need to knock."



Elvrida Flintdelver: Quickly casts Guidance on Shundak

Guidance

Divination Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: One willing creature

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You touch one willing creature. Once before the spell ends, the target can roll a d4 and add the number rolled to one ability check of its choice. It can roll the die before or after

making the ability check. The spell then ends.



Tai'r: rolling 1d4

(2)

= 2



Shundak: *Steps inside the tavern, looking around while fidgeting with the pendant on his wrist.*

The tavern is small and cramped. The decor seems to indicate that this was once a refined place, but it has grown shoddy with disuse and age. A blazing fire in the hearth gives warmth to the few huddled souls within.

A barkeep behind the counter is relentlessly polishing a row of glasses.



Tai'r: *Walks in behind Dak*

Three Vistani in multicolored clothing sit at a table together, watching you with keen dark eyes.



Tai'r: "Aye barkeep!"



Elvrida Flintdelver: Do the Vistani seem to be armed?



Tai'r: *Waddles over to the bar and climbs on a stool*

A young man is seated by himself in a corner booth, next to three empty beersteins. He has one half-empty stein before him. He's holding his head in his hands.



Elvrida Flintdelver: Walks over to the bar and sits calmly

Arik: The barkeep looks at you all somberly.



Shundak: *Steps closer to the counter and raises his deep voice.* "Ireena sent us, we are here to help Ismark."

Arik: In a dull, hollow voice, he says: "What would you like to order?"

He does not seem to hear Shundak, somehow.



Tai'r: "A round for my compatriots here!"

"And my new friends over there.."

Gestures to the Vistani



Ismark Kolyanovich: The young man looks up, but says nothing. Instead he eyes your little group for a while.



Elvrida Flintdelver: Elvidra slides gold across the table. "I can pay, we'll take some ale and we could also have you answer some questions, sir barkeep."



Shundak: "Tai'r, it is best if you repeat the question, I don't like being ignored twice in a row."



Tai'r: *Nods*

"And like my orc friend said, some information about a "Ismark" would be nice. My lass over here is

making it worth your while."

Arik: The barkeep fills a gallon-sized pitcher with ale from a rusty tap. It's about three-quarters foam. He places it before you, nudging it towards you with two fingers. "Two silver pieces for the ale," he says.

The barkeep does not seem to notice the gold, or the question.



Tai'r: *slaps two coins down*

Arik: He has a vague, distracted look on his face.



Tai'r: "Barkeep..."

Arik: The Barkeep takes the two silver pieces, then turns back to polishing his glasses. The glasses seem to be clean and polished already...



Elvrida Flintdelver: Can I make an arcana check to see if magic's the reason why he's so out of sorts?



(To Elvrida Flintdelver): Yes, you may! :)



Shundak: "This place reminds me of the forest." *Whispering.*



Elvrida Flintdelver:

13

ARCANA (1)
Elvrida Flintdelver



Tai'r: *Knocks the beer stein over* "WHAT YOU'RE NOT ABOUT TO DO IS IGNORE ME AND MY COMPATRIOTS HERE, SIR!" *he exclaims as he slams his fist against the counter*



(To Elvrida Flintdelver): He is under no enchantment.



Elvrida Flintdelver: "Calm, calm. You'll attract more flies with honey than vinegar Tai'r."



Shundak: *Perks up at the shouts and puts a hand on Tai'r shoulder.*



Tai'r: *Huffs a little bit as Elvrida and Dak bring him down*

The three Vistani tense suddenly at the violence, watching you all with hawklike stares.



Elvrida Flintdelver: "Sir, we just want to help and understand. Please excuse my friend for shouting."



Shundak: "Like the missing birds in the forest something is missing here little friend."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I'm Ismark Kolyanovich. Heard y'were lookin' fer me?"

The young man leans against the bar. He came up behind you so quietly!
He seems a little drunk.



Tai'r: *Looks over his shoulder*



Shundak: "It may be manners, or something worse."



Elvrida Flintdelver: Elvidra flinches. "Hello."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Looking at Tai'r in a blurry, unfocused way, he says: "Haven't seen one of you

before."

"You just short, or did a Vistani curse your mother?"

He laughs at his own joke.

"It's something worse, by the way," he says casually.

"My good man Arik here has no soul."



Tai'r: *Tries to prevent himself from cackling*

20

PERFORMANCE (0)

Tai'r

Holds stern, not even a smirk breaking his composure



Elvrida Flintdelver: "No soul...?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark nods solemnly, then takes one of your empty steins, pours some ale out of your gallon, seats himself beside Elvrida, drinks half the stein in one go, smacks his lips, sets the stein down with a thunk, and says: "Aye. Happens to a lot of folk here."



Shundak: *Clears his throat.* "I have many questions."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "You see, you may not have realized this, but you've wandered into a cursed land. You'll not leave alive."



Elvrida Flintdelver: "But how do we get out?"



Tai'r: *Glares over at the three Vistani*



Ismark Kolyanovich: "And when you *die* here, your soul won't leave either. You'll just linger, like all the rest."



Tai'r: "And I don't like being looked at by strangers..."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "There's no getting out. Not unless you're one of *them*." He points at the Vistani. He doesn't seem to like them very much.



Tai'r: *Stops mid sentence*



Ismark Kolyanovich: The Vistani are pretending to ignore you all.



Shundak: "Has anyone tried to leave?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark nods solemnly.

"I've tried myself. Many times. When the wolves don't come for you, the mist does."

"It turns you back, or turns you mad."



Tai'r: "Mist? Wolves"

"Lad, what the hell is wrong with this town?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "It's not the town," He says. "It's the whole kingdom."



Elvrida Flintdelver: "And who runs this kingdom? Maybe it's the ruler's fault."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "The devil Strahd brought a curse upon this place. No one knows quite how -- it's been forgotten, or was never known."



Shundak: "It would be better to ask if there is anything *right* in this kingdom."



Elvrida Flintdelver: "So maybe we take down Straud. That sounds like a quick and stupid way to die."



Ismark Kolyanovich: He chuckles mirthlessly, much like his sister. "You're an insightful one," he says to Elvrida. "A cursed king, and a cursed kingdom. Hail Barovia!" He raises his stein, drinks the rest of it, and pours another.



Elvrida Flintdelver: "But maybe it's one of our few options, a goal we could try to achieve later.."



Tai'r: "Well before we go knocking down Tyrants lad, you can help us with your sister."

"She told us to come find ya"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Ah, you've seen my sister, then? Tell me, does she look *well* to you?"



Tai'r: *Cringes*



Shundak: "She thought we were servants of your king Strahd."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "She and I had a conversation this morning. You are witnessing the aftermath." He points at his stein. "She thinks everyone and everything is his servant. Even the rats, she says!"

"Who the hell knows. She may be right."

He looks at you all a little blurrily.



Shundak: "And what about your father then? Why does no one want to bury him?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Nah, you don't have the glint of his cruelty in your eyes. You strike me as good folk with bad fates."

He chuckles. "They're too afraid to go near the church."



Shundak: "Is the curse stronger there?"



Tai'r: "Is there any way we could help?"

"We fear no church, or made up devils"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "The curse is the same strength everywhere. But Strahd has made his feelings toward my father abundantly clear, and the people are afraid to show their allegiance to him."



Elvrida Flintdelver: "I want to go to the church, sounds interesting.."



Tai'r: *Tai'r speaks in a loud voice* "Ah to hell with this "Strahd"

At the sound of the name, everyone in the tavern flinches.

Including Ismark.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "You'll want to keep your voice down," he says. "He is still the king."



Shundak: "As I said to your sister, no one should be left unburied. It is an insult to the gods."



Tai'r: *Sighs*

Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark tears up. He wipes his eye angrily.



Shundak: "Let us help at lest with that."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Clapping his hand on the half-orc's shoulder, he says: "Mate, you've earned a friend."



Elvrida Flintdelver: Elvidra nods. "He should get a proper burial."



Tai'r: "Forgive me, but my boy Dak here has a point. Let us help you lad. Your father deserved better."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark looks into the empty bottom of his stein. He tosses it casually behind the bar, where it shatters.

"Let's go, then!"

He claps his hands together, rubs them briskly, and starts walking toward the exit.



Tai'r: "By my hammer! We go!" "Dak!"

"Shoulders please!"



Elvrida Flintdelver: Elvidra follows



Tai'r: *Looks to Shundak*



Shundak: *lifts up Tai'r on his shoulder.*

And follows Ismark.



Tai'r: *Points his hammer forward* Onwards brothers.... and Elvrida!"

Passing through the street to get to Ireena's house, you once again heart he relentless sobbing.

A grotesquely ancient woman is pushing a cart through the street. She stops at one of the houses and knocks firmly.

Someone opens the door. She talks to them for a little while.

They give her coins.

She gives them a small sack.

The door closes, and on she goes, whistling tunelessly.



Elvrida Flintdelver: Elvidra shudders as she doesn't like the sound of sobbing. She also keeps a wide berth from the ancient lady.



Tai'r: "The customs in this hold are.... strange"



Shundak: *Catches up with Ismark and whispers.* "What was that?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Aye."

"You'll want to avoid her, by the by. And whatever you do, don't buy her pastries."




Tai'r: *Tai'rs head snaps*

"Pastries?!"




Ismark Kolyanovich: As you near the house, Ismark puts his hands to his mouth and bellows:
"SISTER!"


 **Tai'r:** *Licks his lips*


 **Shundak:** "Tai'r.."


 **Tai'r:** *Daydreams visibly*

 **Ireena Kolyana:** The door opens. Ireena stands in the doorway with her arms crossed, looking grimly at her brother.

"Got some friends, have you?" She shouts back.

 **Shundak:** "I know it sounds tempting, but I'd rather learn to cook pastries myself before letting you eat something made in this cursed land."


 **Tai'r:** "A little sweets never killed anybody Daky boy."

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Adventurers from Foreign lands, dear lady!" He half runs, half dances up the walkway. He does a drunken pirouette. "Come to save you from the devil Strahd."


"But first, to bury dear father."


"Now, my darling, cease this barring of the way!"


 **Shundak:** "I wouldn't be so sure looking at how people are behaving around here."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena rolls her eyes and steps out of the doorway, retreating into an inner room.


 **Tai'r:** *Shrugs* "Dont blame the sweets!"

 **Elvrida Flintdelver:** *waves* "We'd like to burry your father miss. We'd like to help."

 **Tai'r:** "Aye!" *He shouts in accordance with Elvrida*


 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena looks at you all darkly. Her eyes fall on Elvrida last, and her face softens slightly.

She turns, and retreats up a staircase, running her hand lightly along the handrail.


 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** Ismark dismisses her with a hand-wave and a "Bah!"

"She wouldn't be much of a pallbearer anyway. Come on, lads and lassie!"


 **Tai'r:** *Nods*

 **Elvrida Flintdelver:** "We're going to the church..?"

The interior of the mansion is well furnished, yet the fixtures show signs of great wear. Noticeable oddities are the boarded-up windows and the presence of holy symbols in every room. The burgomaster is in a side drawing room on the floor—lying in a simple wooden coffin surrounded by wilting flowers and a faint odor of decay.

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Made the coffin myself!"

 **Tai'r:** *I admire the handy work*

 **Elvrida Flintdelver:** "That's beautiful." She says a prayer. "May I try to lift it?"



Tai'r: "It is some craftsmanship."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark positions himself at the top-right corner of the coffin, where one of four rope handles has been attached.

He grips his handle. There are three others.



Tai'r: *Slides off Dak



Shundak: "I can take the two on the back."



Tai'r: *Positions himself under the coffin and puts his hammer against the middle of the coffin*

Aye, ill push from down here!

Under the center



Shundak: *Walks to the back of the coffin and grabs both ropes*



Elvrida Flintdelver: Walks over to help Tai'r and then casts guidance on him

Guidance

Divination Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: One willing creature

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You touch one willing creature. Once before the spell ends, the target can roll a d4 and add the number rolled to one ability check of its choice. It can roll the die before or after making the ability check. The spell then ends.

"So we carry them off?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "And off we go! Somebody sing a dirge!"



Tai'r: *Clears his throat*



Ismark Kolyanovich: He starts walking, leading the pallbearers out onto the street.



Tai'r: *Begins to sing Chop suey by the gnomish group "System from the down"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "My, what a lovely, catchy tune! You and I shall become fast friends, short one!"



Tai'r: "Aye human! If you can hold your liquor!"

Lets out his high pitched hard laugh

The pallbearers proceed down the empty streets of the village, headed north towards the church.

Atop a slight rise, against the roots of the pillar stone that supports Castle Ravenloft, there stands a gray, sagging edifice of stone and wood. This church has obviously weathered the assaults of evil for centuries on end and is worn and weary. A bell tower rises from the back, and flickering light shines through holes in the shingled roof. The rafters strain feebly against their load.



Elvrida Flintdelver: Elvidra places down the coffin and tries to open the door

The heavy wooden doors of the church are covered with claw marks and scarred by fire.



Tai'r: "It's a damn shame"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Aye."



Tai'r: "Probably was a beautiful building once.."



Shundak: "Suits the atmosphere now."

The doors open at Elvidra's touch. The doors open to reveal a ten-foot-wide, twenty-foot-long hall leading to a brightly lit chapel. The hall is unlit and reeks of mildew. Four doors, two on each side of the hall, lead to adjacent chambers.

You can see that the chapel is strewn with debris, and you hear a soft voice from within reciting a prayer. Suddenly, the prayer is blotted out by an inhuman scream that rises up from beneath the wooden floor.



Tai'r: *Covers his ears*

"What in the holy hell!?"



Shundak: *Slowly lowers the coffin.* "Was that normal too?"



Tai'r: *Pulls out his weapons*

"Ismark?"



Elvrida Flintdelver: "I think they're wounded let's see if we can find them." She walks over to the farthest door on the right.

The chapel is a shambles, with overturned and broken pews littering the dusty floor. Dozens of candles mounted in candlesticks and candelabras light every dusty corner in a fervent attempt to rid the chapel of shadows. At the far end of the church sits a claw-scarred altar, behind which kneels a priest in soiled vestments. Next to him hangs a long, thick rope that stretches up into the bell tower.



Elvrida Flintdelver: "Hello?"



Shundak: *Turns to the priest.* "Everything all right?"



Tai'r: *Approaches the front*



(To Elvrida Flintdelver): An old desk and chair stand against the south wall, a wooden holy symbol mounted above them—a sunburst. A ten-foot-long iron rod attached to the north wall stands bare, suggesting a tapestry once hung there. Against the far wall stands a wooden cabinet with four tall doors.



(To Elvrida Flintdelver): This is what you can see in the top-right room. You should be able to see it on the map too.



Tai'r: "Aye, preacher!"

From beneath the chapel floor, you hear a young man's voice cry out, "Father! I'm starving!"



Tai'r: *Grumbles and glares at the preacher*

"Care to explain?"



Donavich: The priest gapes at you wordlessly. He's never seen such a strange collection of characters.



Elvrida Flintdelver: Elvidra nods and tries to pull off some of the floor boards. "There's nothing to explain, I think we need to save people."



Tai'r: "Lassie calm down..."

"We don't know why he's down there. Think first."

Ismark: "What ho, Donavich!"



Shundak: "He is right."



Donavich: "I-Ismark? What are you doing here?"



Elvrida Flintdelver: Her entire body shakes but she stops trying to pull of the floor boards.



Donavich: "Who are these strangers?"

"Why have you brought these poor souls here!"



Shundak: "Ismark, priest. What are this cries?"



Donavich: The priest seems to have been praying all night. He has dark purple circles beneath his eyes. His voice is hoarse and weak.



Tai'r: *Keeps his eyes locked on the priest*



Donavich: The priest gets to his feet, remembering his manners only with difficulty. He brushes off some sawdust and approaches you all, putting his wide sleeves together.

"Those cries are... My son." He says, with difficulty.

"His name is -- was -- Doru."



Tai'r: *Raises an eyebrow*



Elvrida Flintdelver: "Is he undead now?"

Ismark: "It's alright Donavich. These are friends."



Donavich: Donavich nods wordlessly to Elvrida.



Tai'r: *Lowers his head and exhales*

"Im so sorry preacher."



Donavich: "I can see by your tattoos that you are familiar with the deities."

"I should warn you -- their reach here is weak."



Elvrida Flintdelver: "Yes ir."

"I assumed so."

"Let's let Doru die in peace." She kneels and brings fire to her hands. "Can I remove some of these floor boards?"



Tai'r: "Elvrida?!"



Shundak: *Eyes the priest up and down, trying to discern if he's telling the truth.*



Donavich: "Please, no!" Screams the old man, rushing towards Elvrida. He clutches at her wrists.



Tai'r: "We don't just walk into this man's house and offer to murder his son"



Donavich: Tears in his eyes, he says: "Please, please don't kill him. He's all I have left."



Elvrida Flintdelver: She stops the flames. "But he's undead.. Ok, I won't."

"I've always been told by my church that undead should be murdered, I'm sorry."



Shundak:

5

INSIGHT (2)
Shundak



Tai'r: "Aye preacher, I understand."



Donavich: "A little more than a year ago, a wizard in black robes came to Barovia from a faraway land. He gave the people hope -- a foolish endeavor. My son was among those led astray by his foolishness, and together with a group of villagers, they attempted to storm Castle Ravenloft."

"If he had only spoken to me about his plans, I could have warned him... I could have shown him the March of the Dead. I could have *made* him understand."

"The wizard was never seen again, but Doru returned to me."

"I was... I was able to trap him, in the undercroft."



Elvrida Flintdelver: "Would it be ok with you, if we just talked to your son? Maybe we could find this mage."



Donavich: "He... Hungers."



Tai'r: *Glares at Elvrida*



Elvrida Flintdelver: "Has he been a danger to you or others?"



Donavich: The priest fidgets nervously. "He's harmless! My boy wouldn't hurt a fly."

Doru: "Father, I'm starving!"



Tai'r: "You're not exactly svelte are you"



Donavich: As if to change the subject, Donavich latches onto Ismark.

"You've brought your father to be buried, yes?"

"Perhaps we'd better get started -- right away."

Ismark: . "No, I thought we'd wait until dawn," says Ismark, with a bitter note of sarcasm.



Donavich: "I -- er -- well, that would be the *proper* thing, I suppose."



Tai'r: "Aye Ismark! Take pity..."



Elvrida Flintdelver: "I'm making this whole situation worse." She whispers. She pulls out a prayer wheel. "I'd like to help."

Tai'r: "Preacher, let us bury this man's dead."



(To Shundak): You can tell that he's *definitely* hiding something.



Tai'r: "And please deliver his last rites"



Shundak: "Indeed, let us bury his father,"



Donavich: Relieved, Donavich hurries to the northern door of the church, which leads out into the cemetery yard. *(not shown on the map.)*

A fence of wrought iron with a rusty gate encloses a rectangular plot of land behind the dilapidated church. Tightly packed gravestones shrouded by fog bear the names of souls long passed. All seems quiet.



Tai'r: *Follows*

A single white flower grows from one of the graves, its luminant beauty giving a stark contrast to the bleak surroundings.



Elvrida Flintdelver: Elvidra gets on her hands and knees and starts pulling out dirt to make a grave, all the while praying slowly



Shundak: "Priest; your son... Do you think he could be brought back?"



Donavich: Standing over an open grave (there are several waiting) Donavich says: "It's a shame Ireena could not be here."

Donavich looks nervously at Shundak.

"He's here already," he says, feigning ignorance.



Tai'r: "Aye, lets lower the casket lads"



Donavich: "I think, with time, perhaps the Dawnlord could free him from the curse."



Elvrida Flintdelver: Walks over to the open grave and starts praying.

Ismark: Ismark helps lower the coffin into the grave.



Elvrida Flintdelver: "So you think it would only take the magic of a god to cure him? I know you don't trust me and for good reason priest, but I have some magic, and I might be able to heal your son."



Donavich: The priest's eyes widen.



Tai'r: "Easy easy..."



Donavich: He looks nervously at Elvrida.
He licks his dry lips.



Tai'r: *Struggles to lower the coffin slowly*
"A little help would be nice lads..."



Donavich: "I... Suppose... I could allow you to see him," says the Priest to Elvrida.



Tai'r: "Dak, Elvrída!"



Elvrída Flintdelver: "Thank you. I don't promise anything, I'm only a weak mage, but I'd like to try and help."



Tai'r: "The bloody coffin!"



Shundak: *Help lowering the coffin.*



Elvrída Flintdelver: She walks over and helps finish lower the coffin



Tai'r: *Lets out a deep exhale*

"Thank you!"

Wipes some sweat from his forehead



Donavich: Once the coffin rests at the bottom of the grave, Donavich shakes out his hands and spreads them over the coffin.

He begins a chant to some deity called the Dawnlord -- unfamiliar even to Elvrída. Perhaps a local god.



Tai'r: *Bows his head in respect*



Donavich: "...And may Kolyan Indirovich not reincarnate here, within this cursed realm, but may his spirit speed on, straight on to Elysium!"

The priest wraps up the prayer a little anticlimactically.

"Well," he says. "That's done."



Tai'r: *Nods*



Shundak: *Mumbles a little prayer with his eyes closed.*



Donavich: "It's a shame Ireena could not be here. I know she was not his natural daughter, but I think he loved her all the same."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark nods, not trusting himself to speak.



Tai'r: "Aye preacher"



Elvrída Flintdelver: "I just wish we could do more to make this place better."



Tai'r: "About your son. My friend may be able to help him as we said earlier."



Donavich: "I think your aid should be reserved for the living. Ismark will need your aid far more than I."

"Ismark, you must heed me. Take Ireena. Take her as far away from the castle as possible."

"You should take her to the Abbey of Saint Markovia in Krezk. She will be safe there, with the protection of the Saint. If that is impossible, you should take her at least as far as Vallaki -- the town is fortified, and she will be safer there."

"Strahd has fixed his sights upon her, you understand this, yes? He will not rest until he has made her his slave."

"I hope that these good people will help you. I... I must see to my son."

"Good day to you all. Good day. Do not stay out after the sun sets!"



Tai'r: Preacher!



Donavich: He begins retreating to the church, but flinches when Tai'r shouts at him.



Tai'r: *Approaches him*



Shundak: "Why does Strahd want her in particular?"



Tai'r: "A word in private?"



Donavich: The preacher looks at Shundak nervously. "One can only guess at the motivations of that devil."

"He has a weakness for beauty, and Ireena is beautiful."

Looking down at the gnome, he says: "Aye. Come with me, then. We'll go to the office."

He leads the way into the church once more.



Tai'r: *Follows*

Nods and takes his hat off

"Preacher..."

"Family is important"

"Do you agree?"



Donavich: The priest nods.



Tai'r: "The only reason im in this damned town, is for my family"

"I know what its like to have nothing left but your blood, I really truly do."

"But from what I hear, your child is suffering."



Donavich: Donavich looks away uncomfortably.

Doru: "Father, please!"



Tai'r: *cringes at the sound of the yelling*



Donavich: He shuts his eyes tightly against the madness-inducing, desperate cry.

"Please, continue," he says.



Tai'r: "You love your son, do you not?"



Donavich: "Of course I do!" The priest nearly shouts.

"I love him more -- more than any man could bear."



Tai'r: *nods*

"Then why do you allow him to continue like this."



Donavich: The priest sits down.

He puts his head in his hands, and begins to sob.



Tai'r: *crosses his arms*

"Preacher, your a kind man. You worship a kind god. I feel you know the right move here."



Donavich: Once loosed, the tears cannot be contained. Soon he is weeping openly.

After a solid minute or two, he hiccups, wipes his eyes, and nods solemnly.

Seeming to regain his composure, he gets abruptly to his feet and moves out into the hallway.



Tai'r: *follows*



Donavich: He opens the southeast door.



Tai'r: *gestures to his friends*

Time and neglect have punched holes in the ceiling of this moldy room, which contains a few broken roof shingles amid puddles of water. In one corner, set into the floor, is a heavy wooden trapdoor held shut with a chain and a padlock. A young man's screams of anguish can be heard through the door.



Shundak: *Smiles at the gnome and follows*



Donavich: Donavich points wordlessly at the locked trapdoor.

"I lost... Lost the key," He says.



Tai'r: *reaches up to pat the preacher's lower back*



Donavich: "It was a lucky thing. I cannot count how many times I was tempted to free him."



Tai'r: *Where did you lose it?



Elvrida Flintdelver: "Do we try to bust it open? I could try to burn down the door too?"



Tai'r: "Well, id rather not start a fire in a wooden building lassie."

The wood of the trapdoor is damp and swollen. Fire would not work well.



Shundak: "Not burning inside of a church."



Elvrida Flintdelver: "Aah. Thinking. Not good at that."

The chain, however, is very rusty.



Tai'r: *Looks to Dak*

"You know how to put those muscles to good use?"



Shundak: *Tries to get a good grip on the trapdoor and to forcefully open it.*



Tai'r: *Grabs the door and tries to aid him*



Elvrida Flintdelver: Casts guidance as he readies to force it open

Guidance

Divination Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: One willing creature

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You touch one willing creature. Once before the spell ends, the target can roll a d4 and add

the number rolled to one ability check of its choice. It can roll the die before or after making the ability check. The spell then ends.



Tai'r: "On 3..."



Elvrida Flintdelver: Then joins to help pull it open



Tai'r: 1

2

tightens his grip

3!



Donavich: The chain bursts!

The chain bursts!



Tai'r: *Flies back a little*

Oof!

The trapdoor creaks upward on rusty hinges.



Shundak: *Sighs and grabs his axe.*

And slowly descends.



Tai'r: "Daky boy, you and me up front."

"Eldy, behind us"



Shundak: "Mhm"

The church's undercroft has rough-hewn walls and a floor made of damp clay and earth. Rotting wooden pillars strain under the weight of the wooden ceiling. Candlelight from the chapel above slips though the cracks, allowing you to glimpse a gaunt shape in the far corner.



Tai'r: *Grabs his pick and shield*



Elvrida Flintdelver: "Hello, we'd just like to talk. Maybe we could even heal you son."



Tai'r: "Hello!?" You down here laddie?!"

"Anyone down here!?"



Shundak: "He's here."

"In the corner."



Tai'r: *walks towards Dak*



Doru: "I can smell your blood!"



Tai'r: *is visibly distraught*

"Aye lad, how did this happen to ya?"



Doru: The vampire spawn dances and flits between the pillars, trying to slip past you.

"Don't come any closer!" He hisses.

"I'll kill you all!"



Tai'r: *Looks to Dak*

Nods



Elvrida Flintdelver: "Please can I try to heal you!" She shouts, even though she knows it's hopeless

20

PERSUASION (0)
Elvrida Flintdelver



Shundak: "Some things cannot be healed."



Doru: He cackles for a minute or two, but stops abruptly.

"Could you... Could you really?" He asks, peering around a pillar.



Tai'r: *Slips off to the side*



Doru: "You smell of gods!"



Tai'r: *slowly edges closer while Elvrida speaks to him*



Doru: **1**

Doru takes no notice.

His eyes are fixed on Elvrida.



Elvrida Flintdelver: "I-I don't know, let me try." She holds up her holy symbol, slowly reaches out her hand as she prays. She tries to cast cure wounds on him, even though she thinks it probably won't work

4

Healing

Touch

Cure Wounds
Elvrida Flintdelver

"I'm sorry. I don't think I can help you. I'm trying.."



Tai'r: *Raises his hammer and charges at him with a swing of his war pick*



Caesar:

12

Warpick (+3)
Tai'r

9



Doru: **"AAARGH!"** Screams the vampire spawn, as Elvrida's holy symbol flares with brilliant light!

Doru twists to one side, neatly dodging the war-pick.



Tai'r: Blasted!



Doru:

CLAWS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: 7 | 12

Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 9 slashing

**Tai'r:** *Tai'r's armor stops his claws dead***Elvrida Flintdelver:** She steps back and readies a ball of flame in her hands. She's on the verge of tears. "I guess we have to end his life."**Tai'r:** "Dak now!"**Elvrida Flintdelver:** Do we roll initiative now?**Shundak:** *Grips hiss axe, ready to strike.***Elvrida Flintdelver:****17.14**

INITIATIVE (2.14)
Elvrida Flintdelver

**Doru:**

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spawn

Initiative: 12

**Shundak:****9.16**

INITIATIVE (3.16)
Shundak

**Caesar:****21.12**

INITIATIVE (1.12)
Tai'r

Tai'r will go first.**Tai'r:** "May the pantheon take your soul lad!" *Tair swings his pick axe down***Caesar:****18**

Warpick (+3)
Tai'r

2



Doru: "AARGH!"



Tai'r: "Let us end it boy!"



Doru: "I'll get you back for that you hairy little runt!"

Elvrída's turn.



Elvrída Flintdelver: "I'm sorry." She steps back and lobbs a ball of flames at his head

22

Self

Produce Flame (+5)
Elvrída Flintdelver

3

Fire

19

Self

Produce Flame (+5)
Elvrída Flintdelver

1

Fire

EOT

Ignore second one

misclicked



Doru: "HOT HOT HOT!" The vampire spawn screams and paws at his face, trying to douse the unnatural flames!

They seem highly effective.



Tai'r: *Raises his shield*



Doru: "RRRAAAAGH!" Roars the vampire spawn, sprinting towards Shundak!



Tai'r: "Dak look out!"



Doru:

CLAWS

Vampire Spawn

Attack: 22

Instead of dealing damage, the vampire can grapple the target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 11 slashing

CLAWS

Vampire Spawn

Attack: 10

Instead of dealing damage, the vampire can grapple the target, escape DC 13.
--

Damage: 6 slashing

(Multiattack)**Shundak:** (first hits)**Tai'r:** "You little bastard!"

(Dak your turn)

**Shundak:** (i was waiting for the dm to switch in the initiative order or say eot)**Doru:** The vampire spawn latches onto Shundak with his claws!*(EOT)***Shundak:** (did he deal damage or grapple?)**Doru:** *(No damage -- just grapple)***Shundak:** *Grabs his axe with both hands and swings, aiming for Doru's head, letting out a deep but short scream.*

(Rage)

20**Greataxe** (+6)
Shundak**2**
*Rage***8**
Slashing

eot

**Doru:** A spray of black, congealed blood spurts from Doru at the blow.**"YOU BIG GREEN BASTARD!"****Shundak:** "Get him while he's distracted!"**Doru:** Doru is forced to let go, he staggers back *(AoO from both Shundak and Elvrida.)***Tai'r:** "Back to hell with ya!" *Tai'r charges forward swing his pick to the back of the vampire***Elvrida Flintdelver:****15****Scimitar** (+4)
Elvrida Flintdelver**6**
Slashing

AoO



Shundak:

16

Greataxe (+6)
Shundak

2
Rage

5
Slashing

Swings again, this time aiming for the chest.



(To Tai'r): Still need yer rolls, son!



Caesar:

20

Warpick (+3)
Tai'r

4



Tai'r: *Pierces at his lower back!*



Doru: Doru screams at each of the blows. Muffled weeping can be heard from upstairs.

His black, semi-congealed blood is falling in clumps now.

Sobbing in pain, he says: "I'll... Get... You... All!"



Elvrida Flintdelver: She aims another blast of flames at his head and then ducks behind a column, tears coming to her eyes

24

Self

Produce Flame (+5)
Elvrida Flintdelver

1
Fire

eot



Doru: This time it's a glancing blow, the splash of flames washes over his shoulder but does not catch as effectively.

CLAWS*Vampire Spawn***Attack: 12**

Instead of dealing damage, the vampire can grapple the target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 8 slashing**BITE***Vampire Spawn***Attack: 19**

The target's hit point maximum is reduced by an amount equal to the necrotic damage taken, and the vampire regains hit points equal to that amount. The reduction lasts until the target finishes a long rest. The target dies if this effect reduces its hit point maximum to 0.

Damage: 4 piercing + **9** necrotic**Tai'r:** (To whom?)**Doru:** Doru turns on Tai'r, slashing wildly and attempting to bite him!

His claws and teeth scrape against steel armor.

**Tai'r:** *Catches his blows and blocks his teeth with his shield*

"Stop fighting us laddy!"

**Doru:** *EOT*

"Nooooo!"

**Shundak:** *Takes a few steps forward, raising his axe with both hands and striking at the boy one more time***13****Greataxe** (+6)
Shundak**2**
*Rage***16**
Slashing



Doru: The massive blow nearly severs Doru's right arm at the collarbone. It seems to put him into shock! He makes no sound, but staggers back, leaning against the wall. Black blood dripples in oatmeal-thick chunks, splattering noisily on the dirt floor.



Shundak: eot



Doru: *Technically that shouldn't have hit, but he's already significantly weakened and cornered.*



Tai'r: *Brings his pick forward and swings it towards Doru's chest "Back to hell you demon!"*



Caesar:

5

Warpick (+3)
Tai'r

9



Doru: Doru twists aside as the pick swings at him, and it misses by inches.



Shundak: "I hoped this would be less messy, it is not a good way to go."



Tai'r: EOT



Elvrida Flintdelver: Steps behind a column and lets loose another bolt of flames

16

Self

Produce Flame (+5)
Elvrida Flintdelver

5

Fire

eot



Doru: Doru covers his face in his hands, screaming as the flames singe away his hair.

Then he leaps onto the wall and scrambles away on all fours, scuttling like a spider!

(AoOs from Shundak and Tai'r)



Caesar:

22

Warpick (+3)
Tai'r

9



Shundak:

20

Greataxe (+6)
Shundak

2

Rage

5
Slashing



Caesar: "Oh no you don't!"



Doru: The two blows at the fleeing vampire both hit, but he keeps crawling at top speed, skirting around you all!



Shundak: "Do not let him escape!"



Doru: He passes close enough by Elvrida for her to strike him as he flees! (*AoO please*)



Elvrida Flintdelver:

15

Scimitar (+4)
Elvrida Flintdelver

6
Slashing



Doru: Elvrida's scimitar lops off his head.

The dead vampire spawn falls to the floor.

He curls up like a spider, his headless corpse stiffening quite suddenly.



Elvrida Flintdelver: Elvidra pants as she nearly drops the scimitar. "We just murdered a vampire boy. I feel like a good person and a bad person at the same time."



Doru: *He seems to be around 20 years old.*



Tai'r: "That boy lost his humanity a long time ago lassie."



Doru: His body begins to crumble, turning slowly into ashes.



Tai'r: *Approaches its corpse*



Shundak: "Let's hope this brings some peace to his father."

"And let's hope his soul will leave this place."



Elvrida Flintdelver: "Yes." She prays and then starts walking toward the stair case



Tai'r: *Follows out*



Elvrida Flintdelver: "At least we know that we tried to help him."

"Priest, we tried to save your son with magic, but my healing magic only hurt him. I'm sorry."



Donavich: The priest is prostrate before the altar, weeping inconsolably.

He does not even look up.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark seems uncomfortably sober.



Elvrida Flintdelver: "I think we should leave.." She whispers.

Tai'r: *approaches and puts his hand on his shoulder*



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Come on," He says. "We should leave."



Tai'r: "Your child is with the Dawnlord now."

"You did the right thing"

The priest wails.



Tai'r: *puts his head down and returns to the group*



Ismark Kolyanovich: In a forced cheery tone, Ismark says: "Homeward?"



Tai'r: "Aye"



Elvrida Flintdelver: "Ok." She nods.



Ismark Kolyanovich: **600** XP to each of you.

Ismark shakes himself and leaves the church at a brisk walk.



Tai'r: *is still distraught from the earlier encounter*



Shundak: *Walks with his head down.* "Suddenly I realize why everyone is so somber around here."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "It's a lot to deal with, isn't it?"



Tai'r: "Aye..."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Keep your chin up and your liver working, that's what I always say."

"I could do with a bloody big drink."



Tai'r: "No..."



Ismark Kolyanovich: He glances skyward.

"Actually, it's getting dark."

"We must get indoors."



Tai'r: "Ismark"

walks along side him as they continue



Shundak: "What happens when it gets dark? Wolves?"



Tai'r: (Btw we're level 2)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Wolves, ghosts, zombies, ghouls, ghasts, werewolves... All manner of foul creatures walk these streets at night."

"I don't think we're due for a full moon, so at least we don't have to worry about werewolves tonight."



Elvrida Flintdelver: "Indoors then."



Tai'r: Aye



Shundak: "To the inn?"

Tai'r: rolling 1d10

(3)

= 3



Elvrida Flintdelver: "Yes. Ismark, are there any markets where you can buy medicinal stuff? Like herbalism kits?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark thinks for a little bit.

"Bildrath's Mercantile might have something. It's the only shop still open."

"Conveniently, we're actually passing it now." He points to his left, towards a large building. Sparse light spills out from behind drawn heavy curtains. A sign over the door, creaking on its hinges, reads "Bildrath's Mercantile."



Elvrida Flintdelver: She enters. "Hello, I'm looking for a herbalism kit."

She holds out five gold pieces.

Bildrath: The shopkeeper, a bald, greasy-looking man with drooping jowels and greedy, beady eyes, stares at her gold and smiles wickedly.



Baba Lysaga: "I do carry those," He says, reaching for a leather satchel on one of the shelves behind him.



GM (GM): *Ignore Baba up there -- clicked the wrong character*

Bildrath: "Unfortunately, they're 50 gold pieces. It doesn't look like you have enough!"



GM (GM): He smiles sadistically.



Elvrida Flintdelver: "Oh ok. To the inn we go!"



Tai'r: "Aye"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Back in the street, Ismark watches you emerge from the shop. "Did you find what you were looking for?"



Shundak: *Before entering Shundak stops Tai'r.*



Tai'r: "Hm?"

Raises his trusty eyebrow



Shundak: "What you did back there with the priest was good."

"He will be grateful in time, even if this was the hardest choice."



Tai'r: *sighs* "Dak, I felt his pain. I know what its like caring after a sick family member.

"Difference is that that wasnt his family anymore but he still saw it as his duty to protect his son."

"I couldnt leave him to suffer."

"I sword id fight to make this world better. No matter how small the victories"


"Swore"




Shundak: "You did the right thing, I hope this has not brought back old wounds."

 **Tai'r:** *Shakes his head*

 **Elvrida Flintdelver:** "I shouldn't have jumped the gun, Tai'r you really did do the right thing."


 **Tai'r:** No, but I only fear what I would have done if the rolls were flipped and that was my mother in the basement.


Nods to Elvrida "As long as you understand lassie. You ment well."


 **Elvrida Flintdelver:** "I say we drink and then sleep a long while."

 **Tai'r:** "Aye"

"Im with ya on that one."


 **Shundak:** *Nods.* "Not much else we can do around here."


 **Rachel Fibe:** "And then we take Ismark and his sister to the abbey."

 **Tai'r:** "Lets just call it a night"


Follows Ismark


 **Rachel Fibe:** "Sounds better."

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "We may as well part ways here. Tomorrow, at dawn, I will set out with my sister. We will head to Krezk. I hope you will join me."

 **Tai'r:** "Ill be by your side."

 **Elvrida Flintdelver:** "I'd love to join."


 **Shundak:** "You two seem one of the few things that is not ruined or desolate around here."


 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** Ismark chuckles. "Whatever gave you that idea?"

"We're worse off than the rest -- we still have our souls. Anyway. Goodnight, all. I'll see you at dawn!"


"Assuming you're still alive, that is."

Ismark walks down the southward street, heading home.

 **Shundak:** "I have no intentions to die, tomorrow it is."

 **Elvrida Flintdelver:** For part of the night can I keep watch at the window, trying to make sure nothing is coming close to hurt us?

 **GM (GM):** *Yes. I recommend taking turns at the watch.*

 **Elvrida Flintdelver:** "I'll take the first one, who would be willing to take second watch?"

 **Shundak:** "I will do it."


 **GM (GM):** **16** **2**


 **Tai'r:** "Then wake me up when you finish Dak"


 **Elvrida Flintdelver:**


16


PERCEPTION (5)
Elvrida Flintdelver


 **Shundak:** (I need to brb, mind if we take a 10 minute break?)


 **GM (GM):** *10 minute break sounds good.*


 **Shundak:** (or you can go on without me)


 **Tai'r:** (I thought we were about to rap up?)

 **GM (GM):** *We're on till 12:00 at least.*
Still an hour to go! If you're all up for it, that is.


 **Shundak:** (yea i just need a short break)


 **GM (GM):** *I'd like to get to daylight at least, just to shake off the bleakness of that last scene.*


 **Elvrida Flintdelver:** (I'm up for it, but I'm flexible with whatever the group is. Just need a short break)


 **GM (GM):** *Let's take a break now. We'll return at 11:20.*

 **Elvrida Flintdelver:** (Sure!)

 **Tai'r:** (I have to head out at 1130 I got the time conversion wrong)

 **GM (GM):** *Ah. Well, then perhaps we'd better end it a little early today.*


 **Tai'r:** (Yeah im sorry about that. Ill make myself available for the whole time next weekend)
My fault


 **GM (GM):** *Not a problem! I'm just glad you could all be here. :)*


The night passes peacefully. All three watches pass without incident.

The next morning, dawn rises cold and pale. The sky is still overcast.

The sky is painted a glorious shade of coral pink, and as the dawn light rises your spirits lift as well.
Last night feels like it was a thousand years ago.

 **Elvrida Flintdelver:** I stand up with a small smile, feeling stronger and refreshed and ready for the next quest.

 **Shundak:** "At least the dawn is nice."
(Do we roll hp at level up or can we take the average?)

 **GM (GM):** (Roll first. If it's lower than average, take average instead.)

 **Elvrida Flintdelver:** rolling 1d8

(4)

= 4



Shundak: 11



Tops K.: Do you got a macro for stats rolls, or should I do it manually?



GM (GM): You can do 27-point buy, if you want



Tops K.: Is rolling an option?

Chancing it is always fun



GM (GM): Rolling is an option :)

Unfortunately I haven't made a macro for it



Tops K.: rolling 4d6d1

(3 + 1 + 5 + 5)

= 13

rolling 4d6d1

(5 + 3 + 1 + 2)

= 10

rolling 4d6d1

(6 + 3 + 5 + 6)

= 17

rolling 4d6d1

(4 + 3 + 4 + 5)

= 13

rolling 4d6d1

(1 + 1 + 6 + 3)

= 10

rolling 4d6d1

(6 + 3 + 5 + 1)

= 14



Tops K.:

LANGUAGE
PROFICIENCY

rolling 2d8+2d4 height/weight

(4 + 5)+(4 + 3)

= 16



Liliet .:

25

Drum (3+0+2)
Suldae Catherine Westwind

23

Flute (3+0+2)
Suldae Catherine Westwind

16

Lute (3+0+2)
Suldae Catherine Westwind

oops

sorry

32

Hit Points of Creatures

90 feet

Sleep
Suldae Catherine Westwind



Tops K.: rolling 1d10 Level 2 hitpoints

(9)

= 9



Liliet (Suldae):

Roll for HP

Roll 1: 5

Roll for HP

Roll 1: 5

Hideous Laughter

*Enchantment 1***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 30 feet**Target:** A creature of your choice that you can see within range**Components:** V, S, M (Tiny tarts and a feather that is waved in the air)**Duration:** Concentration Up to 1 minute

A creature of your choice that you can see within range perceives everything as hilariously funny and falls into fits of laughter if this spell affects it. The target must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or fall prone, becoming incapacitated and unable to stand up for the duration. A creature with an Intelligence score of 4 or less isn't affected. At the end of each of its turns, and each time it takes damage, the target can make another Wisdom saving throw. The target has advantage on the saving throw if it's triggered by damage. On a success, the spell ends.

**GOAT4444:** Herro**Tops K.:** Hi

Think we may be an hour early. I'm gunna grab brekfast



GM (GM): <https://app.roll20.net/campaigns/chatarchive/4317586> (<https://app.roll20.net/campaigns/chatarchive/4317586>)

Here is the chat archive, if any of you need to play catchup

RECAP

Our heroes have agreed to take one *IRINA KOLYANA* and her brother *ISMARK THE LESSER* to safety, away from Castle Ravenloft and the evil king of Barovia, a certain mysterious *STRAHD*.

The party now has a difficult choice to make. According to the priest who advised them, there are two places which might be safe from Strahd. One is the Abbey of Saint Markovia in Krezk, the other is the fortified town of Vallaki.

**GM (GM):****CHOOSE WISELY...**

(game will not really start till 8:00 -- to allow everyone time to join)

(until then please keep ooc chat to the discord server)

The party finds Ismark leaning on the gates of the manor house.

**Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Greetings!"

He looks sober today.

"I see you all made it through the night. Come on in. We've made breakfast."



(From Liliet (Suldae)): I would rather have my character join the party than already be there ^^; though both ways works, as you decree



Shundak: "Morning Ismark."



(To Lilieth (Sulda)): I'm fine with it. You'll be popping out of the forest when they hit the road, how does that sound?



(To Lilieth (Sulda)): are you on any particular quest?



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Morning, Shundak!"



(From Lilieth (Sulda)): excellent ^^



Shundak: *Looks around at the morning sun.* "Seems like a good day to start our travels."

"Less gloomy than yesterday, that's for sure."



(From Lilieth (Sulda)): I've never played this before so I'm going with "saw gates, got curious, went in, that was a bad idea"



Shundak: *Steps inside.* "Is your sister ok? Happy to leave this town?"



(To Lilieth (Sulda)): I imagine you'd probably be thrilled to see capable-looking adventurers after wandering around in Barovia for so long.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "My sister is well enough... She had some nightmares, so she didn't sleep very well. She's a bit cranky."

"Breakfast will help, though!"

He leads the way into a spacious dining room with a long table and several chairs. It is heavily burdened with breakfast fare.



(From Lilieth (Sulda)): I was figuring 'ive been her for like two days' bc again I only know what i read in the chat archive and I'd rather go with completely ignorant char, but yes she sure will ;u;



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ireena emerges from the kitchen and slams down another tray of tea and snacks. Ismark stiffens but laughs it off.



Shundak: "I have to admit something-"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Since the servant's left, we've had to make do," he says, rather callously.

"Oh? What's that?"



Shundak: "I forgot to buy rations and provisions for our trip."

"I usually travel alone and I sustain myself with what I find in the forest."

"I don't know if I can forage enough for our group, especially in these cursed woods."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark nods thoughtfully.

"I think we have enough here in the larder to stock ourselves for at least three days. We'll be borrowing a cart and horse from one of the neighbors. They didn't make it through the last attack, so the cart and horse weren't doing them any good."

"Now, we have something of a tough decision to make. Father Donavich suggested two places of safety: the Abbey of Saint Markovia, in Krezk, and the fortified town of Vallaki. Here, let me grab a map..."



Shundak: "What is closer?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: He unrolls a scrolled map on part of the table.

"As you can see, we are *here*," he says, pointing to a small village on the eastern edge of the map.

"Castle Ravenloft is here..."

He points at a spot just above the village.



Shundak: "Closer than I would like."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "And Vallaki is here. The town is fortified, but it's small and it's still within sight of the castle."



Shundak: "What about the abbey?"

Shundak looks carefully at the map, memorizing rivers, forests and roads.

WANDERER

Background: Outlander

You have an excellent memory for maps and geography, and you can always recall the general layout of terrain, settlements, and other features around you. In addition, you can find food and fresh water for yourself and up to five other people each day, provided that the land offers berries, small game, water, and so forth.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "The Abbey of Saint Markovia is here -- at the western edge of Barovia. It's far, but I think Ireena is likely to be safest here."



Shundak: *Shundak nods.* "Donavich said the same."

"We could pass by Vallaki, maybe rest there if it is safe. But I think we should head to the Abbey if possible."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I'm inclined to agree, but I would not ask such a thing lightly. What do your companions think?"



Shundak: *Traces an imaginary path along the map with his finger.* "This could be our path, we should stick to the roads if possible."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Yes, the roads are far safer."

Ismark unscrews a small hip flask and takes a swig.

His face brightens noticeably.



Shundak: "Tai'r is still at the inn, he seemed to need rest after what happened yesterday with Doru."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "We could head back for him. That was pretty... jarring."



Shundak: "We should go there and pick him up, I'll grab some of the breakfast for him."

Finishes eating and puts some food in a cloth.

"Anything else you want to do in town before we leave?"

"Other than passing by the tavern."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "When we hit the tavern for Tai'r we should see if the Vistani have lured any other travellers here. A larger party might be wise."

"I'm sure we could hire a few people."



Shundak: "You seem to have an eye for people, let's just make sure they are not servants of Strahd."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark chuckles.

"Ireena!"

He shouts.

Ireena emerges from the kitchen, arms crossed. She seems very angry.

"We're headed to the tavern. Be a good sister and wait here, alright?"

Ireena rolls her eyes.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Shall we?"

He leads the way out of the tavern again



Shundak: "Yes."



Ismark Kolyanovich: (manor, not tavern)



Shundak: *Shundak smiles to Ireena, grabs his axe and pelts and follows Ismark.*



Ismark Kolyanovich: Humming, he leads the way up the north-south street, headed towards the tavern. Though the morning dawned relatively clear, grey clouds are already mounting up. It will be another dreary, overcast day.

He enters the tavern with bravado and swagger, stamping his boots heavily across the floorboards to draw the attention of any tense adventurers.



Shundak: *Follows behind, his heavy steps echo through the tavern.*



Marcus Veranius turns from his mug of ale as Ismark stomps, giving him a strange look



Suldae Westwind: A young half-elven woman sitting in the corner perks up. She gave up on talking with the bartender and preferred not to try again, too unnerved by the experience to risk it. But this looks like an alive person!

Two alive people!



Marcus Veranius: "I'd be careful about stomping on ANY wood in these parts. The rot must set in thick if the mist is as bad as it seems."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Aha! This one has a soul. And he's clearly not from these parts. See? What did I tell you, Shundak?"

Ismark is making no effort to keep his voice down.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks in the direction the comment came from. The man was already here when she came in, as quiet as the rest, and it's nice to add one more person to the 'alive' tally.

"I have a soul too! I think!" Suldae adds, getting up from her seat and coming closer



Marcus Veranius: "And you seem to have enough enthusiasm to make up for the entire village's slack. Nice to meet you, good fellow."



Sulda Westwind: "Is that what's going on? Something about souls?"



Shundak: "We seem to have gotten lucky then."

"Almost too lucky."



Sulda Westwind: Sulda smiles at everyone, barely holding her gaze a moment longer on Marcus's face

"My name is Sulda Westwind. I'm a bard, and I'm curious about local stories. What's going on, and can I help?"



Shundak: *Turns to the half-elf with a frown on his face.* "How long have you been here?"



Sulda Westwind: "Like, five minutes?" Sulda wrinkles her nose at the barely started mug of watered-down ale on the table she left. "If you mean the land, since two days ago. I got a little lost, barely found my way out of the woods... There doesn't seem to be a way to go back out once you come in, does there?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark chuckles.

"Yes, the fog can turn even the best navigators around."

"It's said that even *souls* can't leave this accursed land."



Shundak: *Shundak looks down and his expression changes from curious to somewhat saddened.* "As he said."



Sulda Westwind: Sulda blinks. "Well that's just lovely," she says in a lower voice. Sure, her assignment from her mentor was basically "get in trouble", but she -was- supposed to come back afterwards. Apparently she was likely going to fail that part...



Shundak: "Apparently there is no clear way out."



Sulda Westwind: No clear way out, but might still be a way. Sulda files that away for future reference, then turns her attention back to situation at hand. "What about you? Are you local?"
She doesn't really think the half-orc is, but it never pays to assume.



Shundak: "Just like you I'm from... outside."



Marcus Veranius *blinks, considering the circumstances. He hadn't yet tried to leave; this was not the best of news.*



Shundak: "Got tricked into coming here, not really sure why."



Marcus Veranius: "...well, I didn't have plans of leaving soon anyways."



Shundak: "Heard about the devil in the castle?"



Sulda Westwind: Sulda bites her lip. Well the 'get in trouble' part is certainly looking good at least.
"No, not yet. There's a devil?"
She looks in the direction she remembers the castle being





Ismark Kolyanovich: "Aye, the devil Strahd! Also, incidentally, the king of this land."




Shundak: "A king apparently."


Three Vistani women seated in the corner before the fire glance up, looking at the party.

 **Sulda Westwind:** "...alright. So, uh, you were looking for alive people? Can I ask why?"


 **Shundak:** "Most of the time they offer a better company than dead people-"
"That's a start."


 **Sulda Westwind:** Sulda smiles


 **Shundak:** "And we were trying to put some distance between us and that castle, some places ought to be safer."


 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "My sister has become the favored prey of the devil Strahd. I wish to protect her, and this fine lad -- along with a few others -- has offered to help me take her to Vallaki, or if possible, as far as Krezk."


 **Shundak:** "Name's Shundak. He's Ismark."


 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "You seem the traveling sorts, any interest in coming along? The more distance you can put between yourself and that castle, the better you'll feel."


 **Sulda Westwind:** Sulda frowns. "Well that just sounds like the first thing I'm being asked to do upon coming here is rebel against the king of the land..."


 **Shundak:** *Whispers to Ismark.* "Do you really have to say his name? It's the only thing that gets a reaction out of those people."


 **Sulda Westwind:** She barely pauses before continuing "I'm in."


 **Shundak:** "No one asked you to rebel."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I doubt the castle will have any sway on my mood, but I'll offer a hand if your straights are that dire."

 **Sulda Westwind:** Sulda shrugs. "You're trying to get something - someone - he wants out of his reach. I predict trouble. But sure, be optimistic."
"So where's your sister?"

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Back at the house."
"We have to collect this fine strapping lad's gnomish companion, and the dwarf woman who helped us yesterday."
"They are probably sleeping upstairs."

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Alright," Sulda says and looks towards the door. "So, if you're going around talking about your plans like you don't care who listens, how sure are you that the house is safe?"

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "I--"
"Well, it's boarded up, you know."
"And the doors are locked."

 **Sulda Westwind:** "And she's armed?"

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Always."



Suldae Westwind: "Mm. I'm a bit of a worrier about those things"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark shrugs.



Shundak: *Shundak nods.* "Better to worry than to regret later."



Marcus Veranius gets up from the bar, leaving a mostly-full tankard behind. "If locked doors could stop a devil then I doubt you'd need to move. Should I watch the gate?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark looks at Shundak.



Shundak: "There isn't only the king to worry about, his servants too."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I've just realized... If he knows we're planning to leave, he may try to stop us."

Ismark takes another swig from his silver hip flask.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sighs. This is exactly what she said, but of course this guy is only just realizing now. What fine company she's already decided to attach herself to.



Shundak: "Does he have many spies Ismark?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "The land is full of them, according to my sister. Even the rats, she says."



Suldae Westwind: "If he has any at all, I bet at least one would be listening around here," Suldae points out and looks around



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I don't believe it, myself, but one should never trust a Vistani from these parts. They're the only ones who can come and go as they please."

He's eyeing the three Vistani women as he says this. O



Shundak: "Then we should leave as-"

One of the Vistani women gets up and quietly heads behind the bar, into the back-room.



Shundak: "Wait." *Shundak raises his eyebrows.* "They can leave?"



Suldae Westwind: "...yes, okay, great. How about we split up and some of us go to the house while the others collect the missing companions?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Sounds wise," Ismark says, with a shrug.

"The manor's the big house at the end of the southern street. You can't miss it."



Suldae Westwind: "And your sister will know us for friends because?..."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "You look like the persuasive sort. She's always babbling on about elves anyway."




Shundak: "I'll vouch for you."

"Ismark see if you can wake up the gnome."





Suldae Westwind: "So Ismark's staying here and you're coming with me?" Suldae doesn't question the logic of the arrangement, trusting them to know their business, just looks the orc up and down.
"Alright"


"Marcus?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I'll join the lass" Marcus nods, retrieving his bag of belongings. "Unless you've got an advance on pay, I doubt there's much I could buy for the trip."


 **Shundak:** "Pay?"

 **Suldae Westwind:** (wait he hasn't introduced himself yet)


 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** Ismark laughs. "There's only one shop in town still open, and he charges ten times the price of any sane shopkeep. He's always saying 'If you need it that badly, you'll pay for it.'"


 **Suldae Westwind:** amended to: "You, stranger? By the way, what's your name?"


 **Marcus Veranius:** Scalpers. Always one in every district.


 **Shundak:** "Ismark, you said that the Vestani are the only ones that are allowed to come and go as they please."

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "I did say that, yes."


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Name's Marcus Veranius. But people tend to call me less pleasant things."

 **Shundak:** "You meant leave the fogs?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I'll trust your preference."

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Yes, they seem to be able to make it through the fog without getting turned back or choking to death."


"I've always wondered about that, but their caravans come and go as they please."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "...Is Marcus okay?" Suldae says after a moment of digesting that. She's reluctant to ask the stranger about the nature or his scarring, and grows more reluctant by the minute. He sounds like a trustworthy sort to her, though.

 **Shundak:** "Do they let anyone join the caravans?"

 **Suldae Westwind:** "I'm guessing the answer is no," Suldae remarks

 **Marcus Veranius gives a nod to Suldae**

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** Ismark laughs. "The Vistani are notoriously racist. Only their people count as human."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "So the working plan is getting your sister to safety, then trying to hitch a ride with a caravan. Sounds good to me!" Suldae smiles, wilfully ignoring the fact that after defying the king of the land so openly, their chances of 'hitching a ride' would probably go way way down. No good deed goes unpunished, and all that.

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Or even *humanoid*."

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae lets that pass without comment

 **Shundak:** "At least we know that it is possible to leave."

"Maybe we will find more exceptions."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "You just have to sell your soul to the devil to do it. A fine exchange that is."



Suldae Westwind: "So, we should be going. Seriously, we can talk about this later," Suldae grabs the sleeves of both the people coming with her and tugs them towards the door

(ooc: wait, does Shundak have sleeves?)



Shundak: (No sleeves, just a bear pelt on his shoulder)



Suldae Westwind: (elbows, then)



Caesar: *stretches and yawns*



Tai'r: Aye.. what time is it?



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark glances at the clock above the mantelpiece. "It's nearly 8:30," he says.



Shundak: *Turns around, almost out of the door.*



Tai'r: Wheres the rest of'em?



Shundak: "It's late little friend. Later than usual."



Tai'r: *stares at Dak and smiles*

Ay greenskin, it is



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Where's the dwarven woman who was with you yesterday? Is she still sleeping?"



Shundak: "I saved you some breakfast, we are getting the girl and moving out."



Tai'r: To where?

looks to Ismark and shrugs

Couldnt tell ya



Shundak: "I'll tell you when we are on the road. Apparently even the rats are listening."



Tai'r: Rats?



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sighs and stands in the doorway, waiting for the two to catch up on their conversation



Tai'r: Who is she?



Shundak: "Rats. Never seen one?"



Tai'r: Yes... but who is SHE?

Points to Suldae



Shundak: *Shundak sighs.* "She is someone who raises our numbers."

"He as well." *pointing to Marcus.*



Tai'r: Well based on yesterday we'll need i-



Marcus Veranius waves to Tai'r



Tai'r: *Looks to Marcus*

(What do I see?)



Shundak: *Sundak glares at Tai'r, trying to dissuade a comment.*



Suldae Westwind: Suldae waves. "I'm a bard. Name's Suldae, Suldae Westwind. Nice to meet you. He's Marcus Vi-ve-something"



Marcus Veranius: (A man in torn clothes with skin resembling a ghoul, but without the rot)



Tai'r: (So youre a zombie?)



Marcus Veranius: (Horribly disfigured!)



Suldae Westwind: "And we're helping you people, so be nice," she adds pointedly, already feeling protective of her quieter companion.



Tai'r: Lass, if youre worried about a few jokes hurtin ya feelings we got bigger problems.



Shundak: "They have *offered* to help"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stares at the gnome, trying to discern what part of "don't be rude" is unclear to him, but generally fine with taking the heat herself instead



Tai'r: *Shrugs*

If you trust'em Dak.



Shundak: "Somewhat."



Tai'r: (The parenthesis means ooc)



Marcus Veranius: "That's good enough for me. Name's Marcus. You must be the sleepy one."



Tai'r: "Ay, im the goblin bruising, name takin, wench stealin, slumber havin mountain gnome. Names Tai'r.



Marcus Veranius nods. "You can have my share of the wenches then. They don't go for looks like mine."



Tai'r: *Lets out a hardy laugh*



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rolls her eyes. "Weren't we going somewhere?"



Tai'r: Lad, havent seen me after a night out!



Suldae Westwind: "Nice to meet you, Ta'ir."



Tai'r: *Looks to Suldae*



Shundak: *Shundak looks outside and crosses his arms.* "Indeed, we do not have the privilege to waste time."



Tai'r: And you as well lassie.



Shundak: "To the manor." *As he starts to walk out in the streets.*



Tai'r: Right behind ya Dak my boy!



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smiles, and her somewhat chilly demeanor melts, leaving just a cheerful girl really happy to see everyone. It seems almost incongruous with the situation.

She follows.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Well," says Ismark, "I suppose your dwarven friend can meet us at the manor, if she intends to sleep in this late."



Tai'r: Ay, those medium small bastards sleep too much!



Ismark Kolyanovich: He follows Shundak and Tai'r and Suldae and Marcus out into the streets.



Shundak: "Are you really in a position to judge who sleeps too much?"



Tai'r: Aye, I killed a whole vampire!

The streets of the Village of Barovia are thick with swirling tendrils of pale mist. There is no one in the streets. The houses are mostly boarded up and seem abandoned. The sound of heart-wrenching sobs still rings from a town-house you have to pass on your way to the manor, which looms at the end of the main southern road like the final tombstone of a particularly ghastly graveyard.



Tai'r: "Why is there always cryin comin from that damned house Ismark?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sharply glances there. She assumed something happened, but if it's an 'always' thing...



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark shrugs. "I've never thought to ask. It started last week and hasn't stopped since."

"Night and day..."



Suldae Westwind: "...I can see why you want to leave," Suldae offers weakly



Tai'r: Well..



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark laughs heartily.



Tai'r: Mind if we go ask?



Ismark Kolyanovich: "You're more than welcome to, I suppose."



Tai'r: Dak, Sully, Marcy boy.

What do you say we go give it a look?



Marcus Veranius *glances between the town house and Ismark's manor. "I hate to be the burden of reason, but do we have the time?"*



Shundak: "I say it would be foolish to take all the pain of this town on our shoulders."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hesitates. On one hand, her intuition is screaming that's an awful idea. On the other hand, she's already decided that her life motto is going to be not shying away from those.

"Alright," she agrees.



Tai'r: *Glares up to Marcus*

We're going to help these folks as much as we can lad.

I came for money, but im not leavin no one to suffer.



Suldae Westwind: (what'd Marcus do?)



Tai'r: (He tried to suggest we not)



Suldae Westwind: "Wait, there's money in this?" Suldae asks with a hint of humor. She remembers the 'tricked' part



Marcus Veranius flinches. "Alright, fair enough."



Suldae Westwind: (oh yeah sorry missed that)



Tai'r: *Tai'r approaches the townhouse door*

(What do I see)



Shundak: "You can go and ask, I'll pass by the manor and alert Ireena."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stands behind him, ready to both duck in case there's danger (as much good as ducking behind a gnome will do her) and take over the conversation if there's a civil one



Tai'r: "Alright Daky boy"



Shundak: "If there is any trouble just shout and I'll come running."



Tai'r: *Bangs on the door*

"Oi!"



Shundak: *Proceeds along the door to the manor.*

road*

The two-story townhouse looms over the street crookedly. The door swings open at the first blow, as though whoever is inside cares nothing for security.

The sobbing appears to be coming from upstairs.



Suldae Westwind: "Hey there!" Suldae calls out hesantly, as she steps inside



Tai'r: *grasps his war pick*

There is a hitch in the sobbing. After a moment, it continues.



Tai'r: *Steps in cautiously*

"Hello?!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae fingers the ocarina at her belt and the component pouch next to it

"Are you alright up there?" she calls out again



Tai'r: **Slowly begins to go up the stairs.*



Suldae Westwind: Follows



Marcus Veranius guards the rear



Tai'r: "Hello?! Lass are you alright?"

Approaches the source of sobbing

The sobbing is coming from a room on the second floor. The door is partially open.



Tai'r: *Approaches the door, again cautiously*

A woman is seated on the floor with her back to the door. She is sobbing uncontrollably.



Tai'r: *Looks back and whispers*

"Be ready..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae ignores the gnome and pushes forward

"Hey there," she says gently, touching her shoulder but ready to jump back



Tai'r: "Aye you stupid elf! Have some patience!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae flips him off without looking back

(XD)



Marcus Veranius smirks



Tai'r: *Stands back with his hand on his war pick*

He watches Suldae initiate contact with the sobbing woman



Mad Mary: "Oh!"

The woman startles. She is seated on the ground, her face red from crying. In her hands is clutched a small, malformed doll.

The doll has a strange leer and wears a sackcloth dress.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae kneels next to the woman. "I'm Suldae. We're from outside, got here, heard the crying, looked to see what's going on. Are you alright?"



Mad Mary: "N-No..."

"Gertruda... Gertruda!"

"My daughter, she..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at the doll



Mad Mary: "I kept her here... All her life. She was safe. She was *safe*."

"And now she's gone..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods slowly and looks at the woman again, keepign the comforting hand on her shoulder. "What happened?"



Mad Mary: "She broke out... A week ago..."

"She hasn't come back..."

"She *knows* it isn't safe out there..."

The doll has a frayed tag which reads: "Is No Fun, Is No Blinsky!"



Suldae Westwind: "Broke out?"

Suldae's voice is still full of patience and understanding, but now it's a bit of effort on her part



Mad Mary: "This was hers..." Mad Mary holds up the doll. "It was mine, and then it was hers..."

"I tried to give her a happy life..."

"*Why did she run away!?*"

She dissolves into heart-wrenching sobs once more.



Suldae Westwind: "...So how old is your daughter?" Suldae says hesitantly, ready for pretty much any figure between the woman's own apparent age and toddler



Mad Mary: "She turned sixteen last month... She never used to be so -- so headstrong!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stands up and looks at Ta'ir. The situation seems clear enough to her - and with the mention of "Strahd's favorite prey" she can guess at the woman's reasons, too.

"Staying here won't help," she says gently and offers her a hand to stand up



Mad Mary: Mad Mary shakes her head and becomes lost, once more, in tears.



Marcus Veranius: "...ma'am, if I may." Marcus speaks, his sarcasm having melted away in a more solemn expression."



Mad Mary: She emerges from the madness for one final moment of lucidity. Clutching Suldae's hand, she begs: "If you see her -- if you see her! Please, keep her safe!"



Marcus Veranius: "Children may be rash, but they aren't stupid."



Tai'r: "This hag's lost her mind."



Marcus Veranius: "If she's left, she's left on the road. Likely to the town along the way."



Suldae Westwind: "We will," Suldae promises and squeezes her hand gently.



Marcus Veranius: "We are heading in that direction. If we see her, she'll be safe."

"I'll keep my eye out."



Suldae Westwind: "We'll look for her and after her, and bring her home if we find her and if she'll come"

"Now what kind of home will she come back to?" Suldae gives a sharp glance to the delapidated surroundings



Mad Mary: "Oh, thank you, thank you!"

Mad Mary wipes her nose with the back of a hand and looks around, seeming to notice her surroundings for the first time.

She struggles to her feet, leaning on Suldae.

"You're right. You're right! I'll have to get cleaning."



Suldae Westwind: "We'll take care of her and you take care of the house," Suldae says gently, helping her up



Mad Mary: She starts cleaning with manic energy.



Suldae Westwind: "She'll be back when she's back, you just make sure to wait," Suldae says and

beckons her companions out of the door. Even if the girl doesn't come back, at least her mother might be able to take care of herself now.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark, waiting in the street, says: "Right, well. How did that go?"



Marcus Veranius turns to leave, taking off his hat and holding it to his heart.



Tai'r: Nods and walks out



Suldae Westwind: "Well, she's started moving, so that's good..." Suldae pauses. "Huh. We didn't get her name"

"Her daughter's Gerthrude? Do you know them?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark shakes his head. "Never knew she had a daughter."

"Let's get back to Ireena though, the time's a-wasting."



Suldae Westwind: "Might have kept her hidden away..." Suldae murmurs. She doesn't approve of this kind of parenting, but that's a bridge she'll cross when - and if - she ever comes to it, that is, finds the girl

"Yeah, let's go," she agrees



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena is standing at the door of the manor, waiting for you.

A rather dismal-looking horse and cart are already waiting outside the fence.



Suldae Westwind: (its so weird to see Ismark Kolyanovich but not Irina Kolyanovna)



Ireena Kolyana: "You've brought more, I see?" Ireena calls out to Ismark.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae raises her hand in greeting



Shundak: *Shundak approaches.*



Suldae Westwind: (brb)



Shundak: "Everything ready? Need help with anything?"



Ireena Kolyana: "There's a barrel I couldn't lift, actually, now that you mention it."

She points to a large barrel of water, which she has managed to roll out next to the cart.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Greetings, sister!"



Shundak: *Shundak nods and goes to lift the barrel.*



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena ignores Ismark.



Marcus Veranius gives a wave to Ireena, trying not to make eye contact. His mood is still sour from the townhouse



Suldae Westwind: "I'm Suldae" Suldae says and holds out a hand to shake



Shundak: "Ireena we have made a decision but we haven't really consulted you."





Ireena Kolyana: "I'm shocked," she says, her voice dripping with sarcasm.




Shundak: "That's why I'm doing it now."


Ireena Kolyana: She's somewhat taken by surprise.


 **Shundak:** "And it was not a final decision."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** She looks at Shundak with a little more respect now, realizing that he is not an extension of her brother.

 **Shundak:** "The priest suggested that the abbey could be a safe place for you."
"That or the village of... Vallaki? Vellaki?"


 ***Ireena Kolyana Ireena shakes Suldae's hand while looking at Shundak.***


 **Shundak:** "What do you think would be better?"


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Vallaki is closer. We can head there first."
"If it doesn't work out, the abbey is still an option."


 **Shundak:** *Shundak nods.* "That was my idea as well."


 ***Ireena Kolyana eyes the disfigured Marcus Veranius with some suspicion.***


 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** With forced cheerfulness, Ismark says: "Well, shall we get on with this?"


 **Suldae Westwind:** "This is Marcus," Suldae adds with a nod towards the man


 **Shundak:** *Shundak looks at Ismark.* "Your brother seems like a good judge of character."
"But..."


 **Marcus Veranius:** Marcus returns his hat to its place, tilted down to cover his eyes. "Don't mind me. Just a bit hurt at the moment. I'll be fine in an hour or so."


 **Shundak:** "He is very talkative, maybe too much. Our departure may be not so secret now."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "Everyone at the tavern knows who we all are and where we're going," Suldae adds with perhaps a bit more cheer than the situation warrants


 **Ireena Kolyana:** A faint spot of color appears on Ireena's cheeks.

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Marcus and I are joining, but there were people there who seemed... less than allied"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** This is the only outward sign of her mounting rage.
"Strahd will know every move we make," she says, angrily.

 **Shundak:** "They do not know where we are going."
"We haven't mentioned Vallaki, just that we are moving out."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Unless we do something stupid we have not discussed doing," Suldae suggests, still cheerfully

 **Marcus Veranius:** "The map only has one road. Perhaps Strahd thinks we'll be going through the woods by cart?"





Ireena Kolyana looks at Shundak and Marcus thoughtfully.



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, taking the road by cart was the plan..."



Suldae Westwind: "That's the stupid option that we can take to try to fool him," Suldae adds.
"Because it costs him much less to ambush us on the one single road than all over the woods"

"At the same time, it's kind of stupid, if my experience wandering the woods for two days is any testament"



Ireena Kolyana: "If we travel through the woods, there are other dangers."

"But you are right... It may throw him off the scent."



Shundak: "If he has spies in rats the woods will do us no good."



Suldae Westwind: "Do rats live in woods?" Suldae questions



Shundak: "Better keep on the road and travel fast."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "You can't really believe the *rats* are his spies, can you?" Ismark asks.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus pauses for a second. "I have to reiterate, that comment about the woods was sarcastic. We're not actually considering it, are we?"



Ireena Kolyana glowers at Ismark.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe if our horse didn't look a few steps away from mummified."



Shundak: "I am not sure, but I'd rather not risk it." *To Ismark.*



Ireena Kolyana: "I will defer to your judgement, as the experts," Ireena says, with resignation.



Suldae Westwind: "How navigable is the wood by cart, anyway?"



Ireena Kolyana: She pulls her collar a little higher self-consciously.

"The woods are thick and ill-travelled. We have not had a decent burn in many decades, so the undergrowth is quite thick, especially at this time of year."

"It would be slow going."



Shundak: "And dangerous."



Suldae Westwind: "..and we'll leave a trail, won't we?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena nods.

"Yes. We'd have to clear the way."



Suldae Westwind: "I vote road. At least that way we won't break the cart by our own stupidity, only by enemy action"



(From Shundak): i think tai'r left



(From Shundak): even on roll20



Marcus Veranius: "I doubt Strahd would make a move until we're closer to the castle. Why waste

resources on the early stretch if we're getting closer to his homestead?"



(To Shundak): Yes, he told me he wasn't feeling the group composition for some reason.



Suldae Westwind: "Are we?" Suldae questions and looks at the castle. The thought makes her uneasy. "Say, who's got the map here?"



(To Shundak): I'm sad to see him go, but I hope you and the rest will stick it out



(From Shundak): i have to agree with him in some way tbh



(To Shundak): what is it about the group that isn't clicking?



(From Shundak): i like parties that are not completely strangers with each other



(From Shundak): and the fact that we basically had a different group every week



(To Shundak): Yes, that's been somewhat frustrating for me too



(To Shundak): I was hoping we'd have the same group this time around but Rachel hasn't shown up



Marcus Veranius: "I remember there being a fork in the road where left goes to our destination, right to his castle? That seems like an ideal point of ambush."



Ismark Kolyanovich hands a map to Suldae



Shundak gm i think that opening the invitation on roll20 the same day of the game without selecting applications may be part of that



(From Shundak): my bad



Shundak: (my bad)



(To Shundak): lmao



(To Shundak): It's hard to get a committed group going if people don't show up



Marcus Veranius looks over Suldae's shoulder at the map. "This settlement here as well. If he has a means of crossing the river, that's a straight shot to the castle."



(To Shundak): I figured the first few sessions would kind of shake off the noncommittal ones



Marcus Veranius: "We ought to keep on full alert when passing these areas in particular."



(To Shundak): the invitations will be closed next week -- we'll stick with the players we have



(To Shundak): I'm sorry that I messed things up



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I agree," says Ismark.

He hiccups.



(From Shundak): it's ok, i like how you dm




(From Shundak): but i'd rather get a strong group before continuing




Suldae Westwind: Suldae eyes the map thoughtfully. "If we go off the road next to the second bridge and then follow the landscape along it until the hills, and then go between them and the wood... is that


navigable?"


 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** Ismark scratches his stubbly neck thoughtfully. "I'm not sure. It looks navigable on the map."


"It's a shortcut, so even if it's slow going it might get us through faster."

"And it would keep us out of sight of the castle."

 **(To Shundak):** I'm optimistic about these two, they seem like dedicated roleplayers


 **(From Shundak):** the dwarf seemed the same

 **Suldae Westwind:** "It's not on the road, so it'll definitely be slower," Suldae assures him. "But we shouldn't get lost, and it'll keep us away from the most obvious ambush spot at least"

 **(To Shundak):** I'm pretty disappointed she didn't show up :/

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** Ismark nods.


"It seems like our route is planned, at least. Are we ready to set out?"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "That looks like a gate on the second ambush point. I agree with Suldae; less complications following the river."

Ireena gets into the driver's seat of the cart.


 **Marcus Veranius:** "I'm ready to go."


Suldae Westwind: "Mm," Suldae agrees, still a little skeptical of her own ability to plan a good route and not feeling good about no-one else feeling more like an expert than her, but willing to roll with it.

 **(To Shundak):** With internet strangers I'm not sure how easy it will be to cement a strong group unless people show up every week.


 **(To Shundak):** That's why I'm trying to be consistent about the schedule


 **(From Shundak):** i'd start with opening applications and selection ones that seem to have experience


 ***Ismark Kolyanovich hops up into the cargo area of the cart, leaving two spots on the driver's bench. He sits behind a barrel, getting cozy on some piled furs.***


 **(To Shundak):** I initially sent invitations only to the applicants that seemed like a good fit. None of them have joined -_-

 **Shundak:** "I'll get on the bench."

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae considers the situation for a moment, then joins him in the cargo area. She hops on top of the barrel and slings her guitar over to her lap

 **(To Shundak):** That's why I decided to open things up so at least we'd have a bare-minimum group, but it seems to have backfired

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I'll walk today, take bench the next day."

 **Shundak:** "Keep an eye out for danger."

Ireena cracks the whip and the horse starts to move.



(From Shundak): i'd wait for like 4-5 of applications too, maybe a week

With a creak of wooden wheels, the cart rattles along the cobblestone streets and out the southern end of town.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae tunes the guitar without hurry, then starts fingering simple melodies



Ismark Kolyanovich: 13

The cart descends the southern road, moving through rolling grasslands. The sky above is overcast and grey.

The cart soon reaches a stone bridge which spans the river. Ireena says: "This is the River Ilvis."



Sulda Westwind: "Ilvis," Suldae sings, weaving it into the melody flowing from her hands

The cart rattles its way across the bridge. The river flows as clear as a blue winter sky through the valley.



Marcus Veranius looks into the waters in contemplation as they pass by



Marcus Veranius: "So is the water safe to drink, or does it have evil cursed parasites or something?"

For an hour or more, the cart rolls along a dusty road which winds lazily through forested lowlands.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae looks to the sides with interest, impressing the images into her memory



Ireena Kolyana: "The water is safe."

"Well, as safe as any water."



Marcus Veranius: "That is remarkably comforting."



Sulda Westwind: "That's not very reassuriing," Suldae sings

She nods to Marcus

The cart emerges from the forest and comes to a crossroads. An old wooden gallows creaks in a chill wind that blows down from the high ground to the west. A frayed length of rope dances from its beam. The well-worn road splits here, and a signpost opposite the gallows points off in three directions: BAROVIA VILLAGE to the east, TSER POOL to the northwest, and RAVENLOFT/VALLAKI to the southwest. The northwest fork slants down and disappears into the trees, while the southwest fork clings to an upward slope. Across from the gallows, a low wall, crumbling in places, partially encloses a small plot of graves shrouded in fog.



GM (GM): 16



Shundak: "Seems we are going in the right direction."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae halts her fingering and frowns.

"Is it just me, or does this road not match the map very well?.."

"Or at least what I remember of the map. Who has it?"



Marcus Veranius: "You did."



Shundak: (Does shundak notice something?)



Suldae Westwind: "Did I?" Suldae pulls out the map.

"...All right, so I say we go south"



Shundak:

WANDERER

Background: Outlander

You have an excellent memory for maps and geography, and you can always recall the general layout of terrain, settlements, and other features around you. In addition, you can find food and fresh water for yourself and up to five other people each day, provided that the land offers berries, small game, water, and so forth.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae traces the map with her finger

"This looks like a better route. I didn't realize this was a road"



(To Shundak): Shundak recalls a road on the map (marked in brown) which is longer than the alternative, but avoids the pond.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena sighs.

"Well, it seems we have another choice to make."



Marcus Veranius: "We ought to give the ambushers a bite. If we take the long road now, they'll be suspicious when we come to the bridge."



Shundak: "The shorter the travel the better."



Suldae Westwind: "We don't need the pool. At the same time..." Suldae frowns at the signpost.
"Ravenloft?"

"I guess you have a point too, Marcus"



Marcus Veranius nods



Suldae Westwind: "What's Ravenloft?"



Marcus Veranius: "Best to look the fool then laugh when they notice the punchline."



Ireena Kolyana: "Ravenloft is the name of Strahd's castle," says Ireena.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks up at her, then back at the map. "And the signpost says it's down there because?..."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena shrugs.

"It's an old sign."



Suldae Westwind: "You know what, I agree. Let's keep going as we went, through the lake. I don't like this"



Ireena Kolyana: "Maybe the road leads there eventually?"

She holds the reins, ready to steer.

"So... north?"



Shundak nods



Marcus Veranius draws his crossbow. "Full alert then. Eyes keen."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks thoughtfully down the southern road, then nods. She turns to face backwards on the barrel, keeping a lookout over their rear.



Ireena Kolyana: "H'yah," says Ireena, flicking the reins. The cart begins to move, taking the northern path.

The road gradually disappears and is replaced by a twisted, muddy path through the trees. Deep ruts in the earth are evidence of the comings and goings of wagons.



Ireena Kolyana:

The canopy of mist and branches suddenly gives way to black clouds boiling far above. There is a clearing here, next to a river that widens to form a small lake several hundred feet across. Five colorful round tents, each ten feet in diameter, are pitched outside a ring of four barrel-topped wagons. A much larger tent stands near the shore of the lake, its sagging form lit from within. Near this tent, eight unbridled horses drink from the river.

The mournful strains of an accordion clash with the singing of several brightly clad figures around bonfire. A footpath continues beyond this encampment, meandering north between the river and the forest's edge.



Suldae Westwind: (Is the footpath wide enough for a cart?)



Shundak: (what time of the day is it?)

It is now 10:00 AM.

The footpath is just barely wide enough for the cart.



Suldae Westwind: (Is there a way around the camp to the footpath, or is it right on the way?)

Twelve Vistani are standing and sitting around the fire, telling stories and guzzling wine. They look intoxicated. The encampment is right on the path, there is no way to easily pass through without moving near the camp.

A male Vistani stumbles towards the road and greets you with a wave. He is dressed in brightly-colored silks and jangling with gaudy jewelry.



Suldae Westwind: "Hey there!" Suldae cheerfully calls out from the barrel. "Mind if we go by?"

Vistana: "It was fated that you would visit our humble camp! Madame Eva foretold your coming. She awaits you." He points towards the largest tent.



Shundak: "Fate huh?" *Shundak sighs.*



Marcus Veranius: Marcus steps forward, putting away his crossbow

Vistana: He grins, somewhat alarmingly, at Suldae's question. "You are, of course, welcome to

proceed!"



Sulda Westwind: "...Really?" Suldae asks, skepticism audibly warring with curiosity in her voice

Vistana: "But then you will never know what Madame Eva has to tell you..."



Sulda Westwind: (that's at hte first statement)



Marcus Veranius: "OK, I'll bite. What exactly was she looking for?"

Vistana: "She told me to watch for a cart driven by a raven-haired lady of noble birth, and bearing a scarred heart, a pure heart, a stout heart, and one drunken brother."



Shundak turns to Ireena and whispers "Do you know who they are?"



Sulda Westwind: Suldae maintains the look of innocent curiosity, while inwardly considering the options. She remembers the warning about Vistani not considering anyone else people, but at the same time, /someone/ says those things about everyone...



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena shakes her head nervously.

She looks at Shundak, as though hoping to take courage from him.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Shundak: "Do you think they are trustworthy?" *Still whispering*



Sulda Westwind: "I say I go! And you lot look after the cart," Suldae says brightly and hops down from the barrel and the cart.



Marcus Veranius puts a hand to his chest deep in contemplation for a few moments.



Sulda Westwind: She hooks her arm around the Vistani man's and grins at him. "Lead the way!"



Ireena Kolyana: "I'm not sure," Ireena whispers back to Shundak.

"They don't look armed."

"And some of them are clearly drunk."



Marcus Veranius: "Of all the scars I bear, the ones on my heart are the most hidden, and the deepest."

"It's worth a visit. Worst case, I put my neck out."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae side-eyes Marcus. That was HER plan



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena shakes Ismark awake angrily.



Sulda Westwind: "You lot stay with the cart," Suldae repeats, a little louder
She doesn't like the idea of Ireena going there



Shundak: "People are too curious."



Marcus Veranius smirks at that comment



Ireena Kolyana: "I think it's more dangerous if we split up," Ireena says.

"If we're together, at least we know we have each other's backs."

"...And I must admit, my heart burns with curiosity. I have heard of Madame Eva and her card-reading."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae sighs, acquiescing to the logic. It's not like it's her cart, anyway.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I'll stay here," says Ismark, and he pulls his hat over his eyes.

He continues to snooze, but more lightly than before.



Ireena Kolyana: Fearfully, Ireena looks at Shundak. "Will you come with me?"



Shundak: "I think we should just move on."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena bites her lip. She looks at the road. She looks at the tent.

She sits back down, taking the reins again.



GM (GM): The large tent opens wide.

The light of magical flames emerges from the gloom of the tent, revealing a low table covered in a black velvet cloth. Glints of light seem to flash from a crystal ball on the table as a hunched figure peers into its depths. As the crone speaks, her voice crackles like dry weeds. "At last you have arrived!" Cackling laughter bursts like mad lightning from her withered lips. Even from the road, you can hear her.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae lets go of the Vistani man's arm - he was not leading her anywhere, anyway, - and steps closer to the cart's driver seat

"Hello, ma'am!" she calls out



Madam Eva: "Hello, Suldae Westwind! How goes the knowledge-hunting?"

"Have you learned many interesting tales?"

"Would you like to learn more about *your* tale?"

"Madam Eva could tell you many things..."



Sulda Westwind: ...Well that was creepy.

"Learning one right now!" she calls back. At least the woman didn't call out her actual full name; maybe she just knows what's been said inside the land and guessed at her quest?

"I'd come, but we're in a bit of a hurry," she continues.

"Mind if we swing by some other time?"

She actually would, if they are allowed through here without trouble, she thinks.



Madam Eva: Madam Eva chuckles darkly. She draws a card and lays it face up, glancing at it briefly.

"There will come another time," she says.



Ireena Kolyana: "Shall we?"

"Move on, I mean?"

"They don't seem to be blocking the road."



Shundak: "It would be best."



Marcus Veranius: "..."


"Suldae; how accurate was she?"




Sulda Westwind: Suldae hesitates. This seems like an opportunity they might not be able to afford

missing to her, but at the same time... she's not sure where that intuition is coming from.

"Accurate enough to hear out", she murmurs loudly enough for him to hear.


 **Marcus Veranius:** "We're fighting against an unknowable opponent, walking straight into any number of potential ambushes."


"This is a stop worth making."


 **Sulda Westwind:** "And I don't like how she said 'another time'," she adds
"Mhm"

"So, you move on with the cart, and we'll catch up?" she suggests

 **Shundak:** "She may just be telling you what she wants you to hear."


 **Sulda Westwind:** "No duh," Sulda raises her eyebrows


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Well, I could use some cheering up."


 **Sulda Westwind:** "But she knows things she shouldn't, and she wants to tell us something - there's no harm in listening"

"You take care of the siblings, and we'll go check it out?"


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I'm sticking with Shundak," Ireena says.


 **Shundak:** "There is harm in listening, but do as you please."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "We could move the cart a little farther along, maybe, to stay out of trouble? Then those who want to listen can catch up?"


 **Sulda Westwind:** Sulda nods. Ireena not going in there sounds like a solid plan to her. And she strongly doubts Shundak's point - that's certainly not what she's been taught

"Yeah, we'll catch up"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "At least that way we'
Ireena splutters -- a fly has flown into her face. "Excuse me -- at least that way we won't be *inviting* an attack."

 **Shundak:** *Shundak nods.* "Let's move a bit."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena cracks the reins and the cart rattles on, past the encampment, leaving those who wish to listen behind... for now.

 **Madam Eva:** Madam Eva cackles.

 **Marcus Veranius watches the cart off**

 **Madam Eva:** "Enter, enter! Do not be shy."

"Your friends will be fine, Madam Eva swears it. Well, fine for *now* at least."

 **Sulda Westwind:** Sulda grabs Marcus's arm for courage and goes in.
She's already feeling better after that last statement.

 **Marcus Veranius is dragged, stumbling a bit**



Suldae Westwind: "Thank you for having us," she says, looking around the tent curiously



Madam Eva: Madam Eva gestures to two collapsible chairs on the other side of the table. *There are only two chairs for guests.*

The tent is brightly colored and gaudily decorated. A golden candelabra sits behind Madam Eva, the candle-flames flickering through the tangled mess of her silver hair creates an illusory halo around her. Incense smoke rises from a dragon-shaped incense holder on a table nearby, and its swirling fumes provide an ethereal atmosphere.

"Please, seat yourselves. Marcus, Suldae. It's good to finally meet you."

"Marcus, I am deeply sorry for your loss. Your enemy is near at hand."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae half-bows and seats herself. In for a penny, in for a pound

She quirks her eyebrow and glances at Marcus curiously



Marcus Veranius 's cheery face suddenly turns to a frown. He sits down.



Suldae Westwind: More enemies, just what they needed



Marcus Veranius: "What do you mean, near at hand?"



Madam Eva: "The winged beast lives near a temple of darkness, here in Barovia. Our king brought it from far away, to guard the place."



Suldae Westwind: "Dragon?" Suldae guesses, looking at Marcus's burns

To say she's feeling uneasy is to say nothing, but she's still projecting a cheery facade



Marcus Veranius: Marcus's eyes widen. He reaches for his back, fidgeting as he instinctively pulls out a thick scale.

"...I thought I had more time to get stronger."

"Ismark was right. This Strahd DOES seem to be quite a devil."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae grasps for his hand and squeezes his fingers reassuringly

Finding trouble to get into seems to be going swimmingly, she repeats to herself with grim humor



Madam Eva: "Tell me, travellers... Would you like to hear your fortunes? Madam Eva can tell them to you."

She is shuffling a peculiar-looking deck of cards as she asks this.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods. She does not have much money, but whatever insight this woman has to offer is probably going to be worth it. Besides, she seems like someone to make nice with.



(To Shundak): An old Vistani man approaches the cart. He is unarmed, wearing simple clothes. His arms are outstretched, as though in a gesture of peace.



Suldae Westwind: Someone you'd rather have an ally than an enemy.



Marcus Veranius: "If I had to use my own intuition, I'd say my fortune's already going poorly."

"But why not? Let's see how bad things can get for curiosity's sake."



(To Shundak): Without preamble, the old Vistani man begins to tell a story. As soon as he is finished, he turns and walks away. The story is this: "A mighty wizard came to this land over a year ago. I remember him like it was yesterday. He stood exactly where you're standing. A very charismatic man,

he was. He thought he could rally the people of Barovia against the devil Strahd. He stirred them with thoughts of revolt and bore them to the castle en masse.



GM (GM):

"When the vampire appeared, the wizard's peasant army fled in terror. A few stood their ground and were never seen again.

"The wizard and the vampire cast spells at each other. Their battle flew from the courtyards of Ravenloft to a precipice overlooking the falls. I saw the battle with my own eyes. Thunder shook the mountainside, and great rocks tumbled down upon the wizard, yet by his magic he survived. Lightning from the heavens struck the wizard, and again he stood his ground. But when the devil Strahd fell upon him, the wizard's magic couldn't save him. I saw him thrown a thousand feet to his death. I climbed down to the river to search for the wizard's body, to see if, you know, he had anything of value, but the River Ivlis had already spirited him away."

GRR

Ignore that



Suldae Westwind: ignoring yessir



Madam Eva: Madame Eva lays out a spread of cards.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae squeezes his fingers again. She can tell he's nervous, and she wants him to understand that being there for people is the entire point of her calling, in her eyes. Well, that and telling the tale afterwards, but that comes second.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus closes his finger's tight, his mind a maelstrom of different feelings. The best and worst of days at once; how fortunate.

"So how does this work? I ask a question then pick up a card?"



Suldae Westwind: "I think nobody cares about what you /want/ to know," Suldae murmurs, watching the cards move



Madam Eva: Madame Eva chuckles.



Suldae Westwind: "You're going to be told what you're going to be told, and that's that"



Madam Eva: "No. I will read the meaning of the cards."

She flips over the first card.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods. She's uneasy, but it's familiar, comforting uneasiness of knowledge to come



Madam Eva: "This card tells of history. Knowledge of the ancient will help you better understand your enemy."

"This is the Myrmidon, the 5 of swords. Look for a den of wolves in the hills overlooking a mountain lake. The treasure belongs to Mother Night."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes in and out. Getting distracted by treasure is the last thing they seem to need right now, but she's pretty sure there's a reason Madam Eva is saying this.



Madam Eva: "She taps the second card. "This card tells of a powerful force for good and protection, a holy symbol of great hope."

She flips it over. "This card is the Anarchist, the 6 of Glyphs. I see walls of bones, a chandelier of bones, and a table of bones -- all that remains of enemies long forgotten."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae fingers the holy symbol of Corellon hanging on her belt. He's not exactly a force of /protection/, but it's where her mind goes



Madam Eva: She taps the third card. "This is a card of power and strength. It tells of a weapon of vengeance: a sword of sunlight."

She flips the card over.

"This is the 5 of Stars -- the Elementalist. The treasure is hidden in a small castle beneath a mountain, guarded by amber giants... And a dragon."

She taps the fourth card, the one at the bottom of the spread. "This card sheds light on one who will help you greatly in the battle against darkness."

"This card is the Artifact," she says, before even turning the card over. "Look for an entertaining man with a monkey. This man is more than he seems."



Sulda Westwind: "All people are more than they seem," Suldae murmurs, not managing to keep quiet



Madam Eva: She taps the central card of the spread. "Your enemy is a creature of darkness, whose powers are beyond mortality. This card will lead you to him!"

She flips the card over.

"I see a secret place -- a vault of temptation hidden behind a woman of great beauty. The evil waits atop his tower of treasure."

She sits back in her chair, letting the cards rest where they are.



Sulda Westwind: "This for both of us?" Suldae asks, not concealing unease in her voice.



Marcus Veranius: "That is... a lot to take in."



Marcus Veranius smirks, and looks just behind Madam Eva.



Marcus Veranius: "No vault. It was worth a check."



Madam Eva: Madam Eva smirks.

"You flatter me, young man."

"Now. That is all the cards have for you, I'm afraid."

"But I hope it will help."

"You had best catch up to your friends."



Sulda Westwind: "Thank you," Suldae says quietly and takes five gold out of her purse. They weren't asked for money (yet, at least) but she feels wrong about leaving without paying.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus stands, giving a short bow to the fortune teller. "I think you for your time."
*thank



Madam Eva: Madam Eva bows.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae leaves the money on the table, bows as well, and follows Marcus out



Marcus Veranius: "Well, that was enlightening." Marcus comments, heading towards the woods path where the cart is. "I don't suppose at the wagon uses swords?"

"A sword of sunlight; that ought to piss a vampire off."



Suldae Westwind: "I think I saw Ireena have a sword," Suldae murmurs, uncertain. "Probably not of sunlight though"

11.14

INITIATIVE (3.14)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius:

11.18

INITIATIVE (4.18)
Marcus Veranius



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Vistana Bandit

Initiative: 4

INITIATIVE
Vistana Bandit

Initiative: 16

INITIATIVE
Vistana Bandit

Initiative: 13

INITIATIVE
Ireena Kolyana

Initiative: 17

INITIATIVE
Ismark Kolyanovich

Initiative: 20

Ismark, ironically, will go first



GM (GM): He's a bit drunk

But he's awake now



Ismark Kolyanovich: "What the devil!?"

Leaping to his feet and vaulting over the side of the cart, he lands beside Marcus.

He draws a heavy crossbow from under one of the piled furs and rests it on the cart to fire.

HEAVY CROSSBOW
Ismark Kolyanovich

Attack: 13 | 6

Damage: 3 piercing

Bandit: "OW!"



Ismark Kolyanovich: (EOT)



Sulda Westwind: (do bandits have cover? do we?)

Those in or behind the cart have half cover. One of the bandits is in cover right now but the other two are exposed.



Sulda Westwind: (ty)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena dives into the cart and pulls out a breastplate. She straps it on hastily, then draws a long, steel rapier.

She ducks behind the cart with Ismark and Marcus.

(EOT)



GM (GM): The bandit struck by Ismark's crossbow bolt yanks it out and dives for cover, hiding himself next to the other bandit on the eastern side of the bridge.

LIGHT CROSSBOW
Vistana Bandit

Attack: **23** | **13**

Damage: **5** + **1** piercing

(not supposed to be advantage, sorry)

LIGHT CROSSBOW
Vistana Bandit

Attack: **8**

Damage: **8** piercing

He fires his crossbow at Sulda but it strikes the railing of the cart and goes spinning away!

(EOT)



GM (GM):

LIGHT CROSSBOW
Vistana Bandit

Attack: **17**

Damage: **6** piercing

The other bandit in cover takes a pot-shot at the horse, which screams as the crossbow bolt sticks in its side!



Marcus Veranius: "Shit; we need that!"

The horse panics and bolts forward! (Dex save, Sulda)



Sulda Westwind: (a question: is it to leave or to stay)

(bc Sulda will dive for the guitar she put next to her first)



(To Sulda Westwind): To dismount safely or keep her balance, whichever you prefer



(From Sulda Westwind): can i do that /and/ grab the guitar in the same roll?



(To Suldae Westwind): Yes



(From Suldae Westwind): ty



Suldae Westwind:

19

DEXTERITY SAVE (4)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae rolls off the back of the cart, guitar lovingly pressed against herself and kept safe

As the cart surges forward, it leaves Marcus, Ismark, and Ireena without cover! Suldae lands gracefully beside them.



GM (GM): (Marcus's turn)



Marcus Veranius: (Can Marcus attempt to jump onto the cart as part of his move?)



GM (GM): (yes)

(Acrobatics)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus makes a beeline for the cart, not intending to let the bandits make off with their supplies.

15

ACROBATICS (6)
Marcus Veranius



GM (GM): (You just barely make it)



Marcus Veranius: He lands hard, but sturdy enough. Drawing his light crossbow, Marcus attempts to fire two 'warning shots' at the closest bandit.

(Attack Action, and Crossbow Expert bonus action)

19

24

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

10

21

25

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

7

*hand crossbow, not light



Suldae Westwind: (not to be That Guy but given the cart is moving you probably should have disadvantage on that...)



Marcus Veranius: (I already do from making shots in long range)



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha)



GM (GM): (Either way, both shots hit)



Suldae Westwind: n i c e

ah, i see it now

(not used to the structure)



Marcus Veranius: (This is a new sheet layout for me. I like the advantage toggles)



Suldae Westwind: (yea I only played 4e on here before and this is cool af)

The two bandits in cover each take a nearly-fatal shot!

One bandit passes out instantly, the other turns to flee.



GM (GM): (EOT?)



Marcus Veranius: (EOT)



GM (GM): (Suldae, you're up!)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae slings the guitar over to her back and draws her own light crossbow from the bag at her side. At the same time she starts whistling a tune of a common song about dragon slayers loudly enough for Marcus to hopefully hear

BARDIC INSPIRATION

Class: Bard

You can inspire others through stirring words or music. To do so, you use a bonus action on your turn to choose one creature other than yourself within 60 feet of you who can hear you.

That creature gains one Bardic Inspiration die, a d6.

Once within the next 10 minutes, the creature can roll the die and add the number rolled to one ability check, attack roll, or saving throw it makes. The creature can wait until after it rolls the d20 before deciding to use the Bardic Inspiration die, but must decide before the DM says whether the roll succeeds or fails. Once the Bardic Inspiration die is rolled, it is lost.

A creature can have only one Bardic Inspiration die at a time.

You can use this feature a number of times equal to your Charisma modifier (a minimum of

once). You regain any expended uses when you finish a long rest. Your Bardic Inspiration die changes when you reach certain levels in this class. The die becomes a d8 at 5th level, a d10 at 10th level, and a d12 at 15th level.

21

80/320

Light Crossbow (+4)
Suldae Westwind

7

Piercing

a shit wait

cover = disadvantage?



Marcus Veranius: (Half Cover is +2 AC, 3/4ths cover is +5 AC)



GM (GM): (A target with half cover has a +2 bonus to AC and Dexterity Saving Throws.)



Suldae Westwind: aha ty

this is normal range for light crossbow so yea Suldae shoots the bandit that's still standing

The bandit in the middle of the bridge takes the crossbow bolt in the shoulder and staggers back, swearing.



GM (GM): (EOT?)



Suldae Westwind: (ya sorry)
(EOT)



GM (GM): (NP)

Seeing that this is clearly a lost cause, the bandit still standing turns and flees!



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Ha!" Ismark laughs. "That's right, turn and run, you cowards!"



Suldae Westwind: (didnt he lose his crossbow)
(wasnt it on the cart)



Ismark Kolyanovich: (He rested it on the cart to aim -- it's still in his hands)

HEAVY CROSSBOW
Ismark Kolyanovich

Attack: 4 | 16

Damage: 5 piercing



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha)



Ismark Kolyanovich fires his crossbow but the bolt shatters on impact with the bridge's railing,

missing the crouching bandit.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Damn!"



Ireena Kolyana runs after the cart, reaching out. **"MARCUS!"** She shouts, leaping towards the cart with her hand outstretched for aid.



Ireena Kolyana:

DEXTERITY
Ireena Kolyana
Ability: 4



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks after her, eyes wide in amazement

*at her



Ireena Kolyana: In the breastplate, she can't quite make the jump, but she continues trying to run after the cart, reaching out for Marcus's hand.

(She's sprinting towards the cart, so that's EOT)

The still-conscious Bandit presses himself to the side of the bridge as the cart horse charges across the wooden planks. He clutches at his unconscious companion, trying to pull him back so he won't be crushed by the wheels.



Ireena Kolyana: 7

The unconscious Bandit remains unconscious, in spite of his friend's attempts to wake him



Ireena Kolyana: (Marcus is up)



Suldae Westwind: (shooting the horse was SUCH a great idea its amazing)

(congats guys)

(@ the bandits)



Ireena Kolyana: (lol no one said they were smart)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus attempts to pull Ireena up with his action.

(Dex or another Acrobatics?)



Ireena Kolyana: (Let's call this Athletics -- she's wearing a heavy breastplate)



Marcus Veranius:

15 | 17
ATHLETICS (0)
Marcus Veranius



Ireena Kolyana: (That's enough to succeed)



Suldae Westwind: dont forget you have bardic inspiration btw



Marcus Veranius: Marcus grabs her arm, struggling to hoist Ireena onto the wagon, but managing to get her on just fine.



Ireena Kolyana: "We've got to calm the horse!"

"It'll ruin the cart!"



Marcus Veranius: "Grab the reins; I'll finish this."

The cart is just now coming level with the two bandits on the bridge.



Marcus Veranius: He then turns to the bandits, inspired by Suldae's song, and shouts them down.

"I'VE FACED DRAGON'S WHO'S BREATH WAS WORSE THAN YOU LOT! BUGGER OFF, AND NEVER BOTHER US AGAIN!"

Action Surge to Intimidate with an action.

18

INTIMIDATION (3)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: (oh nice)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d6 Inspiration

(6)

= 6



Suldae Westwind: (esp effective on the unconscious one I expect)

The last remaining conscious bandit pisses himself at the sight of the shouting, disfigured man.



Suldae Westwind: (i unironically love this tho)

(i really should have written what i was going to about him pissing himself i just want it known that i called it)



Marcus Veranius: (EOT)



Ireena Kolyana: (switch to free movement)

WISDOM
Ireena Kolyana
Ability: 12



Suldae Westwind: Suldae runs after the cart, preparing her spell



Ireena Kolyana manages to grab the reins and hauls back on them, trying to calm the horse with some reassuring sounds. The horse is in a frothing panic, however.

The horse slows down slightly and the cart wheels just barely miss the unconscious bandit as the cart hurtles past.



Ireena Kolyana: "I need help!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tries to catch up to the horse and touch it



Ismark Kolyanovich: "You always need help!"



Suldae Westwind: Acrobatics?

"Shut up!" Suldae yells without turning back



(To Suldae Westwind): Acrobatics or Athletics, whichever is better



Suldae Westwind:

18

ACROBATICS (4)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: "I'm no good with animals!" Marcus panics, attempting to aid by grabbing the reins.

Putting on a burst of speed, Suldae manages to run along the railing of the bridge and get in front of the horse, near enough to touch it.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae attempts to grab the arrow and pull it out

and then immediately cast the spell

Dex?

*the bolt



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus can grant Advantage to a check to control the horse by helping)



Suldae Westwind: maybe you two controlling the horse gives me advantage on my Dex check to pull out the arrow and then immediately cast without getting trampled?

@GM ?



Ismark Kolyanovich: (Yes!)



Suldae Westwind:

7

19

DEXTERITY SAVE (4)
Suldae Westwind

shit that was a save sorry



Ismark Kolyanovich: (It's fine)



Suldae Westwind:

4

21

DEXTERITY (2+1)
Suldae Westwind



Ismark Kolyanovich: (That's better though)



Suldae Westwind: (welp works this way too lmao)

4

Healing

Touch

Cure Wounds

Suldae Westwind

Suldae pulls out the bolt, drops it and grabs onto the horse, trying to not get trampled and cast a spell at the same time. She manages to hang on to its side, while the healing light from her fingers spreads over the wound, healing it and dissolving the animal's pain

As the pain fades away, and as Ireena and Marcus pull on the reins, the horse begins to calm down. It slows from a gallop to a trot, then down to a walk.

Reaching the other side of the bridge, it approaches the nearest patch of grass and begins to eat with some serious energy.



Suldae Westwind: While the horse slows down, Suldae, still high on adrenaline, walks up to Ismark, and without giving herself time to think, slugs him in the face



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Ow!"

"What was that for!?"



Suldae Westwind: "I didn't see YOU on the cart, calming the horse. Your sister needed help because she was DOING something. Keep your mouth shut next time" Suldae fires off



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena can't help but grin from ear to ear.

Humming quietly to herself, she drops down from the cart and comes over to the horse, petting it soothingly.



Suldae Westwind: Breathing heavily, Suldae goes back to the horse and starts stroking its side, humming a melody to calm both it and herself

(omg sync)

(we're both doing it now)



Marcus Veranius hides behind the cart, just to be safe. This elf means business.

The Bandit lifts his friend by the armpits and starts dragging him south across the bridge, staring fearfully at you all as he retreats.



Ireena Kolyana: "He's a good horse," says Ireena. "He's had a hard life."



Suldae Westwind: "Oh yeah," Suldae perks up, "Marcus, do we want anything from that guy?"

"Well, those guys"

She is pointedly ignoring Ismark



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark rubes his cheek ruefully.



Marcus Veranius: "We got all we need." Marcus pokes his head up, after being sure ire isn't being swung in his direction.



Ismark Kolyanovich: He takes another drink from his hip flask.

He hisses in pain.

He spits out some bloody whiskey.

"Fuck," he mutters.

He closes the hip flask ruefully and slips it away.



Marcus Veranius: "As a shopkeeper, one of the most important things you can earn is Reputation."



Sulda Westwind: "Mhm," Suldae says, uncertain, watching them limp away. She almost wants to offer help, or should they be interrogated? Her studies did not prepare her for this

"Shopkeeper?" she asks, glancing at Marcus curiously



Marcus Veranius: "For instance, if the local bandits know not to screw in your business, that saves in potential losses."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena chuckles.

"The analogy is apt."



Sulda Westwind: "Ah," Suldae says with a look of great enlightenment. He was most definitely a shopkeeper at some point, she files away mentally.



Marcus Veranius: "I used to be a shoemaker. Had a good reputation in my hometown for intricate detail. Bought me a lot of business with elves who would ask to stitch meaningful phrases into their orders."



Sulda Westwind: She smiles at Ireena, the high barely receding. The people she got into an adventure with are _awesome_

Suldae nods, and can't help asking "Meaningful phrases?"



Marcus Veranius: Marcus shrugs. "You ever get a chance to look at Elvish shrines? Their lettering is like an art, words like poetry. Some kind of symbolism or something?"

"I learned their language so I could emblazon my shoes with fortune-cookie nonsense in those letters. [The Sun Shines Brightest In The Dawn]. That kind of stuff."

"It was good business. Until a dragon destroyed everything I had anyways."

"But that's besides the point. I'd rather have living bandits warning others we're not to be mucked with than the few coins of profit we'd get looting them."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae laughs quietly, then sobers up and nods.

"I meant more like interrogating them. We don't know if Strahd sent them or if they were just opportunists, do we?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks warily up at the castle. "We know."



Marcus Veranius: Marcus frowns. They weren't retreating towards the castle; price of failure must be steep.



Ireena Kolyana: "There is no higher price," Ireena says.

Her mind seems to have gone to a dark place.

She shakes herself.

"Well."

"We'd better get a move on."



GM (GM): You each gain **37.5** XP.

We'll round it to 40 for simplicity's sake, and because you made it through without having to kill two of them.



Sulda Westwind: ^^



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena points. "And look. One of them *is* retreating to the castle."

Sure enough, the bandit who fled first can still be seen, racing up one of the steep hills between you and Castle Ravenloft.



Suldae Westwind: (can Ireena read minds, is this a plot clue? :D)

Suldae frowns after the bandit.

"Well then. So, do you think we can go along the river from this side?"

She looks at the bank.



GM (GM): (tune in next week to find out!)



Liliet (Suldae): (am here!)



GM (GM): (Howdy!)

(Do we need a recap, or are you guys good to go?)



Tops K.: (I'm good)



GM (GM): (It doesn't look like anyone else will be joining us this session)

(I'll try not to massacre you)



Liliet (Suldae): (also good))

^^



Ireena Kolyana: Beneath the overcast sky, Ireena looks west along the river bank. There is no road there, and the grass is tall, but the journey looks physically doable.

"I think we can make it, following the riverbank. What do you think?"

The road north is easier, winding up between rolling grassy hills on a clearly-marked road.



Marcus Veranius: "I think we nearly lost our horse following a single distraction on flat road. If it gets out of control in the brush, would we be able to catch up again?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I'm worried about the cart too," Ismark says, and spits out a little more blood. "If the grass fouls the axles we could end up with no wagon."

"But this road does keep us out of sight of Castle Strahd."



Liliet (Suldae): (gimme a minute techincal difficulties

)



Marcus Veranius: "You said he owns the rats. Gypsy said he was able to pull a dragon from out of Barovia to guard his money pits."

"I don't think anything is out of sight of Castle Strahd."

"It's just a matter of whether we want him to strike with cover or in the open."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks at her brother and at Marcus. "That's a fair point."

She looks over the forest, which is a bleak expanse of tall black trees, blocking all vision. The gloom beneath those branches is ominous and overgrown.

"The forest is dangerous, for a number of reasons. This path along the river would put us very close to it. The road would keep us a little farther away."

"But then again, the road seems the obvious place to stage an ambush."



Marcus Veranius ponders a moment, eyeing the fork between forest and road.



Marcus Veranius: "Well if we're bound for trouble on either path, I'd rather trouble that doesn't involve a bunch of trees to hide behind."

"Suldae; what's your take?"

(Missed the message about rebooting the laptop. RIP)

A raven lands on a nearby branch to your right. It caws loudly, looking down at you.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks up at the sound. She smiles.

"They say Ravens are sacred," she says. "They say they carry the souls of the departed."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark frowns.



Marcus Veranius turns his attention to the raven. He pulls out a ration and crumbles some of the bread inside.



Marcus Veranius: "I'm not one to believe in superstition, but Ravens are clever birds."

"Gulls are a toss, but these are the good ones."



Marcus Veranius holds out a handful of breadcrumbs for the raven

The Raven cocks its head, eyeing him thoughtfully.

It says, quite loudly: "Caw!"



Marcus Veranius: "...I'm not actually sure if ravens eat bread."

20

NATURE (0)
Marcus Veranius



Ismark Kolyanovich: "They eat everything," says Ismark. "Bloody pests."

The Raven flaps down and alights on Marcus's arm quite suddenly. It eats from his hand while giving him a calm, golden-eyed stare.

It seems to have no fear of him.



Marcus Veranius smiles. "Well this one's seems rather fine."



Marcus Veranius: "Tell you what. If Ravens are as sacred as Ireena says, we ought to go in whichever direction the bird flies off to."

"Worst case scenario, we don't have to go far for a spirit guide if we die."

"I'd rather that to a coin-toss."





Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at the bird, lost in thought.


"Here's a fun method I've heard of: let it fly, then if we really don't like where it flies, let's not do that. Otherwise, we do that."

"At the very least, lets us figure out what we actually want"


The Raven, finished eating, gives a final satisfied "Caw!" before alighting. It soars up into the air, flapping for altitude, then flies north and west, following the general direction of the road.

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Thank you!" Suldae calls out after it


 **Marcus Veranius:** "...well, there's our lucky path."


 **Sulda Westwind:** "So, I don't mind doing that"
"yeah"


 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** Ismark rolls his eyes.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Well," says Ireena. "Let's get a move on."

 ***Ireena Kolyana cracks the reins, and the cart horse (having eaten its fill) continues on down the track.***

 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae sits on the barrel, plucking the guitar strings and keeping lookout


 ***Marcus Veranius returns to his position of on the cart bench, keeping his eye on the castle as they go. Bow drawn until it stops being so ominous.***

 **Liliet (Sulda):** (brb)


Even here, in the mountains, the forest and the fog are inescapable. Ahead, the dirt road splits in two, widening toward the east. There you see patches of cobblestone, suggesting that the eastern branch was once an important thoroughfare. At the far end of that eastern road, you see the looming towers of a massive black castle.


 **Liliet (Sulda):** (back)

To the northwest, you see high stone buttresses looming gray in the fog. Huge iron gates hang on the stonework. Dew clings with cold tenacity to the rusted bars. Two headless statues of armed guardians flank the gate, their heads now lying among the weeds at their feet. They greet you only with silence.

 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae strums the guitar dramatically, looking at it
"Dun dun DUNN!" she calls out loud in time with it
(are the gates open?)


The gates are currently closed.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Well," says Ireena, hugging herself slightly. The air has gotten colder, as the cart has slowly climbed in altitude. "This is a warm welcome."

 **Marcus Veranius:** Marcus stares at Suldae. He was thinking it. He didn't expect to hear the cords being played, but he was surely thinking of them.

 ***Ismark Kolyanovich takes a small swig from his hip flask.***

A soft whimpering draws your eye toward a pair of children hiding near the base of one of the gate statues.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Well, I'm going to take a closer look at the gate. Has to be a way to..."
Marcus squints.

He leans into Suldae, whispering in a low voice. "What in bollocks are children doing in the middle of nowhere? Does this seem suspicious to you?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods and hops off the barrel. "Wait for me," she murmurs and gets off the cart

"Hey," she calls out softly as she approaches the statue



Marcus Veranius follows behind, crossbow put-away but still within reach should something go amiss.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glares at him for a second over her shoulder but has to admit that his presence makes her feel safer



Rosavalda "Rose" Durst: The older of the two children, a young, dark-eyed girl, pushes her brother further back into hiding. She peers around the statue, small fingers clinging to the stone as though it could provide some kind of safety.

"Please... Can you help us?"

"There's a monster in our house. Please, we had to run. We've been hiding all day. Please help us!"

The girl points into the forest, up a narrow, hardly-used track. At the top of a hill, nestled among the trees, there is a tall brick house that has seen better days. Its windows are dark. It has a gated portico on the ground floor, and the rusty gate is slightly ajar.



Ismark Kolyanovich takes a bigger swig.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stops in front of the children, looks at the house, then at her companion questioningly



Ismark Kolyanovich shakes the empty flask, grunts in disappointment, and puts the flask back into an inner pocket after a couple of tries.



Rosavalda "Rose" Durst: "Will you help us?"



Marcus Veranius: Marcus considers for a moment. Assuming this WASN'T a trap, it was likely the monster came as part of Ireena's ambush, making them partially responsible.

"Do you kids happen to know how the gate opens?"



Rosavalda "Rose" Durst: The girl shakes her head. Her brother stares, wide-eyed, giving no answer.

"The gate has always been closed," says the girl.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae peers at the gate more closely. (Is there a visible lock?)



Marcus Veranius: That was incredibly inconvenient news.

There is no visible lock on the gate.



Suldae Westwind: "Can we just... push it open?" Suldae suggests



Marcus Veranius: "It was worth a shot. Ireena; do you care for a small detour? I'd like to check on the house but don't want to leave you in the open."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks nervously to the east. Looking up at the house on the hill, she says: "We'll go together. At least that way, if something happens, we can watch each others' backs."



Marcus Veranius nods



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark chuckles drunkenly.



Suldae Westwind: She smiles at Marcus, glad to hear that he, too, wants to help the children. Suldae is aware that anything in this land could be a trap, but on her own she would most certainly head into everything.

"Ismark, will you watch the cart?" Suldae suggests



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Absotulety. Abso... Absolutely."



Suldae Westwind: "...should we leave him alone like this?" Suldae questions and looks at Ireena

Ismark gives a drunken thumbs-up.



Marcus Veranius: "Good enough for me."



Ireena Kolyana looks at him, disappointment visible on her face.



Marcus Veranius starts walking towards the house



Ireena Kolyana: "He'd only be a liability if we brought him along."

"We should move the cart off the road at least."



Suldae Westwind: "...yeah," Suldae agrees and moves to help her.

"Wait a minute," she tells the children. "Don't go too far ahead!" she calls out to Marcus



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena dismounts the cart and walks ahead, leading the horse into the shadow of the trees. She ties the reins to a branch, slips a feedbag over the horse's head, and approaches her brother. "Try to stay alive, alright?"



Rosavalda "Rose" Durst: "Can we wait here?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I'll watch over them."



Suldae Westwind: "Alright, but first... tell us what happened," Suldae says. "What, and who's at the house?"

She sounds serious, but soft, trying to not scare the children but show that she is taking them seriously.



Rosavalda "Rose" Durst: "It's a monster. It lives in the basement, and it howls all the time! Our parents don't care, they just keep the basement locked. This morning our parents were gone! The monster started howling and making all these awful noises, so we ran away."

The girl seems to be hiding something. She seems ashamed, somehow.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hesitates.

"Is it just the two of you and your parents?" she probes



Rosavalda "Rose" Durst: "N...No... We have a baby brother. His name is Walter. I... I was too scared to go upstairs and get him."

She flushes with shame.

She looks at her feet, as though afraid of punishment.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae reaches out and fluffs her hair a bit. "You must have been very scared," she says seriously. "Don't worry, we'll look for him. Keep your brother – and Ireena's brother – safe here, will you?"



(To Marcus Veranius): You see that the old house looks as though it has been neglected for many years. There are no lights in any windows, and the front garden is full of dead plants and dry soil.



Rosavalda "Rose" Durst: She nods and even manages a weak smile.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smiles back and heads up the path after Marcus.



Marcus Veranius *doesn't like any of this. It almost feels like he's acting more on instinct than on logic.*



Marcus Veranius: Nothing about this house bodes well.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae catches up to him and looks at the house ahead. (Is there anything else that stands out up close?)

The house looks very old.



Marcus Veranius: "Suldae; this place looks abandoned."

It must have stood here for at least a century.

A wrought-iron gate with hinges on one side and a lock on the other fills the archway of a stone portico.

Beyond the gate, you see a set of wooden doors. They are slightly open.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shakes her head. "It might have just been very ill-maintained. I've seen people fall into that.." She hesitates. "The girl said there's another small child upstairs. I don't think it's conscionable not to check"



Marcus Veranius: "...bollocks."

It is possible to circle around the house on the ground floor, but this gate seems to be the main entrance to the house.



Marcus Veranius moves for the door



Suldae Westwind: "Mhm"

The rusty hinges of the gate shriek as Marcus opens it. Oil lamps hang from the portico ceiling by chains, flanking the oaken doors of the house. The doors are slightly ajar, indicating that they are not locked. The oil lamps are antique and somewhat rusted and dusty.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks from behind Marcus, allowing him to take point



Marcus Veranius *draws his crossbow and proceeds for the door, attempting to move quietly*

The relentless ticking of a large clock can be heard from within the house. A strong wind picks up suddenly, whipping at the trees around the house.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows behind him, looking around nervously



Marcus Veranius: (Do I move the token upwards?)

Ireena follows.



Suldae Westwind: (do we need a token for Ireena?)

(What's inside?)

As Marcus peers through the door, he sees into a grand foyer. Hanging on the south wall of the Foyer is a shield emblazoned with a coat-of-arms, flanked by portraits of stony-faced aristocrats. Mahogany-framed double doors lead north, into the main body of the house. The doors are set with windows of stained glass.



Suldae Westwind: (What does the coat-of-arms look like? Does anyone recognize i?)

*it

The front doors slam shut after you move into the Foyer.

The coat-of-arms depicts a stylized golden windmill on a red field.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tries the door



Marcus Veranius chuckles at the shield. "A real Don-Quixote this is."



Suldae Westwind: "The girl said nothing about servants," Suldae remarks. "Yet this looks like a house that should have some"

The wind seems to have slammed the water-bloated door firmly shut. It is jammed in place. That explains why it was partially open before.



Suldae Westwind: "We will probably be able to force it open on our way back..." Suldae murmurs. "Just in case, why don't we do that right now? Marcus, can you?"

Ireena: "I don't like this..."



Marcus Veranius: "I'm not as strong as I look. But I do carry a crowbar."



Suldae Westwind: "Or, wait a second," Suldae adds

Mending*Transmutation Cantrip***Casting Time:** 1 minute**Range:** Touch**Target:** A single break or tear in an object you touch**Components:** V, S, M (Two lodestones)**Duration:** Instantaneous

This spell repairs a single break or tear in an object you touch, such as a broken chain link, two halves of a broken key, a torn cloak, or a leaking wineskin. As long as the break or tear is no larger than 1 foot in any dimension, you mend it, leaving no trace of the former damage. This spell can physically repair a magic item or construct, but the spell can't restore magic to such an object.

Suldae attempts to use Mending to fix the water bloating
(and the jam)

It's an unorthodox use of the spell, and it takes nearly a minute of solid concentration, but the door does seem to respond. The bloated fibers of the wooden door squeeze and dry, and trickles of blackish water bleed out of the wood. The door is still firmly shut, but the water damage seems to have been at least partially reversed.



Marcus Veranius: "Only a few more hours of that and the house might be worth something on market."

Ireena 's eyes bug at the use of magic.



Marcus Veranius: "30 minute walk to the cursed horror castle. Property value must be booming."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smiles, proud of her handiwork. She puts away the ocarina, which she used to produce a simple melody that guided the effect

"Let's try to open it again," she suggests. "I'd rather we not go somewhere there's a purported monster without an open route for retreat"

Ireena: "I've never seen music do that before. Is that an elven thing?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shakes her head. "A bard thing," she explains, pride audible in her voice. "Correllon's teachings"

Ireena nods thoughtfully.

Ireena: "I've heard of Correllon."



Suldae Westwind: "The god of knowledge," Suldae adds. "If you know what you do well enough, the very weave of reality dances to your will."

The intonation flow sounds recited, like something she's heard and said hundreds of times.



Marcus Veranius takes a crowbar and attempts to pry open the doors while Suldae giver her lecture.

Ireena suddenly gets Marcus's joke and laughs nervously.



Marcus Veranius:

19

7

STRENGTH (0)
Marcus Veranius

The hinges squeal as Marcus levers the doors apart with his crowbar. The wind outside has picked up, and he has to press against it to get the door open. It fights him all the way. 4

He overcomes it with a mighty heave, and swings one of the doors outward until it flaps back against the stone. The wind will hold it open, now.



Suldae Westwind: "Looks good," Suldae says, voice betraying uncertainty. The outside doesn't look particularly safe from here, either.

"Good job," she adds.

Ireena: "Well," Ireena says, her voice shaking slightly. "Shall we proceed?"



Marcus Veranius smiles. "Upstairs for the child, then downstairs for the monster."



Marcus Veranius: He puts his crowbar away and begins moving forwards through the north door.



Suldae Westwind: "Or maybe upstairs for the child, then down to the cart, then to the monster," Suldae suggests, following him

The north doors open easily, leading into a wide hall which runs the width of the house. A black marble fireplace sits at the western end, and a sweeping red marble staircase fills the other. Mounted on the wall above the fireplace is a longsword with a windmill cameo worked into the hilt. The wood-paneled walls are ornately sculpted with images of vines, flowers, nymphs, and satyrs. The decorative paneling follows the staircase as it circles upward to the second floor. There are several doors on the north wall of the chamber. One looks like a closet door, the others probably lead into other areas of the house.

There are two doors on the northern wall, and a short hallway holds two more. On the southern wall, there is a large, ornate-looking door that probably leads to a sitting area.



Suldae Westwind: "There should definitely have been servants," Suldae murmurs. She does not disbelieve the girl, per se - it's easy to believe a household would fall into poverty here. But it's alarming, still.



Marcus Veranius: "You know, suddenly I understand the windmill theme. Winds here are worse than a scorned mistress."



Suldae Westwind: "You ever thought of being a bard?" Suldae wonders, and steps to the middle of the room to get a better look around
(Is Ireena with us?)



Marcus Veranius: "I don't have enough soul left in me. But sarcasm gets better the more dead inside you are."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena follows cautiously, rapier drawn.



Suldae Westwind: "You have a talent for words," Suldae finishes, and holds back the remark about his appearance, being dead, and the uses in entertainment industry thereof

Ireena Kolyana: "Did you notice the dust?" Ireena asks.

A thick layer of dust coats everything. The only footprints are your own.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae holds her ocarina, guitar left carefully covered in the cart



Marcus Veranius: "I noticed the garden was rather pitiful. This screams trap."



Suldae Westwind: "Well, okay, this does not look good," Suldae says, looking at the floor. "Still, upstairs?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Should we check any of the other rooms first? Just to make sure it's not hiding down here?"

"If this is a trap, we should be mindful of our route of egress."



Marcus Veranius: "I'd sleep easier seeing the rooms with my own eyes."



Marcus Veranius starts to head upstairs



Suldae Westwind: "If it's hiding and lets us pass, I say let it", Suldae argues. "The house is not that tall; worst case, we can get out of a window"

(gimme a minute)

(back)

Unlit oil lamps are mounted on the walls of the elegant hall which comes into view as you crest the top of the staircase. Hanging above the mantelpiece is a wood-framed portrait of a small family. A tall nobleman and his wife stand behind two smiling children -- the two you have already met. Cradled in the father's arms is a swaddled baby. The painter was gifted. The wife's eyes are on the baby, and there is a hint of scorn on her face.



Suldae Westwind: "Oh," Suldae murmurs, looking at the picture. Judging by the layer of dust, it can't be recent, can it?

Standing suits of armor flank wooden doors on the north and south walls. Each suit of armor clutches a spear and has a visored helm shaped like a wolf's head. The doors are carved with dancing youths. The red marble staircase that brought you up from the first floor continues upwards. A cold draft can be felt coming down the steps.



Marcus Veranius: "...she seems pleasant."



Suldae Westwind: "They seem young," Suldae says out loud, looking at the children. (Do they look the exact same age)



Marcus Veranius: "Did the kiddos happen to say which 'upstairs' their youngest was on?"

The children look only slightly younger in the portrait.



Ireena Kolyana walks to the painting and extends a finger. She sweeps it across the canvas, clearing a line of dust.



Ireena Kolyana rubs her fingers together, brushing the dust off.



Suldae Westwind: "No, just 'upstairs'," Suldae says. She doesn't say she didn't question them in detail

because of hurrying to catch up with Marcus



Ireena Kolyana looks around warily, blade upraised. She prods one of the suits of armor with her rapier, thrusting it quickly through the slits of the visor.



Ireena Kolyana methodically she applies this test to each suit of armor.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae turns after her, watching tensely

This does not seem like an unnecessary precaution, to her.

"Looks okay so far," she says, voice carefully even

The suits of armor do not respond.



Suldae Westwind: "Let's go south first," Suldae says. Somehow, the path closer to where they came from seems safer.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus eyes the spears. "You know, we ought to ask if we can keep some of these. I could use a shield if the kids don't need it."



Ireena Kolyana: "I'm sure no one would mind if we borrowed one..."



Marcus Veranius: "I prefer asking before rather than after."



Suldae Westwind: "Mhm," Suldae agrees, rather disinterested herself. She barely knows how to handle these.

"Maybe we should disarm them right now, just in case," she adds.

"The children asked our help, I'm sure they won't mind"



Marcus Veranius: "That... I don't have as much of a problem with."



Marcus Veranius starts removing the spears, intending to take them upstairs for more secure storage.



Suldae Westwind: we're upstairs already



Marcus Veranius: (The next upstairs)



Suldae Westwind: (oh)

"I also think that if you could use a shield right now, borrowing one here wouldn't be wrong," Suldae adds, watching him.

"We can always put it back later, if there's no danger"

"Ireena, what about you?"



Marcus Veranius: Marcus shrugs. "I need a free hand to load my crossbow. Wouldn't mind a spare in case I ever use a...Sword of Sunlight was it?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Taking the spears is a wise and necessary precaution. I hesitate to go further into the house with so many unchecked rooms, however."



Marcus Veranius: "That's also fair."



Ireena Kolyana: "Maybe there's somewhere on this floor we could stash them?"

"Or we could just take them with us."

Marcus Veranius: "Or we could throw them over the balcony."



Ireena Kolyana: "The safest hands would be our own, I think."

"Balcony works too."



Marcus Veranius does so



Suldae Westwind: Suldae purses her lips. "We could carry them downstairs where we've already been. I don't want to go anywhere we don't absolutely have to, in this house"

"Oh, the balcony sounds good"

There is no balcony nearby, but the windows of this room are easily opened and soon the spears are landing in the grass below.



Suldae Westwind: (well whatever the point stands XD)



Marcus Veranius: "This is a better idea. I'm glad I thought of it."

"Well then! Let's pick a room!"



Suldae Westwind: "Mm," Suldae agrees. "And we're letting them keep their shields out of respect. I say we go south"



Marcus Veranius: "South it is!"



(To Marcus Veranius): Perception check please

Gossamer drapes cover the windows of this elegantly appointed hall, which has a brass-plated chandelier hanging from the ceiling. Upholstered chairs line the walls, and stained-glass wall hangings depict beautiful men, women, and children singing and playing instruments. A harpsichord with a bench rests in the northwest corner. Near the fireplace is a large standing harp. Alabaster figurines of well-dressed dancers adorn the mantelpiece.



Marcus Veranius:

11

PERCEPTION (4)
Marcus Veranius

(Well here's where the piano ambiance has been coming from)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks around, her attention enraptured. This place is beautiful; she wishes the entire house wasn't so ominous. She studies the instruments

15

9

PERCEPTION (2)
Suldae Westwind

oops

5


PERCEPTION (2)
Suldae Westwind

They are definitely instruments.




Suldae Westwind: ..she is too distracted by the very fact of them being here to notice anything useful


The harpsichord is badly out of tune.


 **Suldae Westwind:** "Well, the baby certainly isn't here," she says out loud. "North, now?"

The standing harp retains only three strings -- the rest of snapped, one by one, over the years.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** (have snapped)

 **Suldae Westwind:** This keeps looking more ominous, but Suldae doesn't want to give up on the mission


 **GM (GM):** (I hate that it won't let you edit posts.)

 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena paces the room methodically, probing behind the curtains with her rapier and opening the harpsichord to examine its inner workings. When she reaches the fireplace and the harp, she gasps.


"Look at this!"

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae approaches

 ***Marcus Veranius walks over; place seems clear enough from his side***

 **Ireena Kolyana:** With a trembling hand, Ireena points closely at the figurines on the mantelpiece. Several of the statues appear to be well-dressed skeletons.


 **Liliet (Suldae):** (I hear you)

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae frowns, studying the statues. She blows a few notes on the ocarina, trying to discern any traces of magic on them


15

ARCANA (4)
Suldae Westwind


The figurines are bound by a very weak illusion spell. At a first glance, most people will not see their skeletal form.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "What kind of people have statues like this?"

"And what kind of people put these in a spot where any number of guests might be likely to see them?"

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae is struck by a thought: maybe they should not have left Ismark with the kids.


 ***Marcus Veranius chuckles. "How tacky. Not my taste, but I won't complain of someone else decorating with these."***


 **Suldae Westwind:** "The guests would not notice this easily," she answers Ireena's question

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Oh?"


"I mean, I suppose with drinking and dancing going on, it would be hard to spot."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "There's illusion magic on those," Suldae explains.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "They're enchanted?"


 **Suldae Westwind:** "You only see what they're like because you're looking closely"
"Yes, and I'm not sure why anyone would do this"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Novelty?"

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Maybe in deference to the master of these lands?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "My gran used to collect figurines of musicians she liked. They weren't skeletons, but still frightening as hell."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena pulls her neck ruff a little higher, self-consciously.


 **Suldae Westwind:** "Let's... move on," Suldae suggests, uneasy, and moves back to the hall

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Maybe we should keep moving, yes."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "North, now"


Red velvet drapes cover the windows of this room. An exquisite mahogany desk and a matching high-back chair face the entrance and the fireplace, above which hangs a framed picture of a windmill perched atop a rocky crag. Situated in corners of the room are two overstuffed chairs. Floor-to-ceiling bookshelves line the south wall. A rolling wooden ladder allows one to more easily reach the high shelves.

There are several items on the desk.

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Well this isn't a nursery either," Suldae states the obvious
(What's on the desk?)


8

PERCEPTION (2)
Suldae Westwind

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Bedrooms are usually the top floor."


 **Suldae Westwind:** (Welp, Suldae isn't looking lmao)

Sitting on the desk are an oil lamp, a jar of ink, a quill pen, a tinderbox, and a letter kit containing a red wax candle, four blank sheets of parchment, and a wooden seal with a windmill insignia.


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Is this the bloody windmill this house is obsessed with?"


The desk has several small drawers.

 **Marcus Veranius:** Marcus eyes the painting

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "One supposes," says Ireena, looking at the painting as well.

The painting is well done and must have cost a fortune. It is coated in a layer of old dust.

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Ireena, you don't happen to know if this is nearby, do you?" Suldae wonders

 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena shakes her head. "I've never seen it before."

"I haven't traveled very far from the village, I'm afraid."



Sulda Westwind: "The terrain looks like the hills around here, doesn't it?"

It does, yes.



Ireena Kolyana: "It does, yes."

(Askfjgaslkdfalkj sorry sorry)



Marcus Veranius makes a mental note of it



Ireena Kolyana: "Do we need any of this junk?"

Ireena waves at the desk.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae looks at the table, finally noticing what's on it. She definitely no longer cares about stealing.



Marcus Veranius: "Any books on killing dragons by chance?" Marcus comments, as he looks over the bookcases



Sulda Westwind: "I could use this, I think," she says, taking the writing implements, making sure the ink bottle is closed tight.

The bookshelves hold hundreds of tomes covering a range of topics including history, warfare, and alchemy. There are also several shelves which contain nothing but first-edition collected works of poetry and fiction.



Sulda Westwind: She hesitates, and pockets the seal and the candle, too.

At the very least, the children might have use for it.

(perception check, Marcus)



Marcus Veranius:

14

PERCEPTION (4)
Marcus Veranius

Marcus spots an odd-looking book. It is red, and its spine is blank, bearing no title.



Marcus Veranius: "...what's this then?" Marcus pulls the book out to inspect it.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae checks the drawers, too, emboldened by Ireena's suggestion

The book does not leave the shelf, instead it swings like a lever, pulling a rope. With a click, one of the bookshelves unlocks and swings inward.



Marcus Veranius: "Well how about that. A secret passage."

"Place really IS that tacky."



Ireena Kolyana: "Where does it lead?"



Sulda Westwind: (What's in the drawers?)



(To Sulda Westwind): Only one drawer contains anything -- a small iron key.

Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes the key and comes up to Marcus

The secret room is small. Bookshelves line both walls, packed with ancient-looking tomes. A heavy wooden chest with clawed iron feet stands against the south wall, its lid half-closed. Sticking out of the chest is a skeleton in leather armor.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

Clutched in the skeleton's left hand is a piece of parchment.



Suldae Westwind: "Well that's lovely," Suldae murmurs, hesitates, and blows a trill checking for magic again

10

ARCANA (4)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae detects no magic, but her music seems to make Ireena feel slightly better.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae moves to grab the parchment



Marcus Veranius: "Now I regret throwing all the spears out the window. Could really use a long stick about now."



Suldae Westwind: He's not wrong, but she's already doing it.

The parchment appears to be a sealed letter. The wax seal bears a crest with a raven's outstretched wings.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae eyes it, then gives it over to Ireena, turning so as to keep her eye on the skeleton at the same time and her back to the wall

"This look familiar to you?"



Ireena Kolyana: "This is the crest of Strahd," says Ireena. Her voice is shaking.



Marcus Veranius: "Looks like a raven."

"Maybe it wasn't so wise to trust the bird..."



Ireena Kolyana: "It could be an eagle, I suppose..."

"It's hard to tell."



Suldae Westwind: "Unexpected," Suldae says dryly. She's had little reason to disbelieve Ireena's paranoia so far, and this is not helping.



Marcus Veranius: "That's optimistic."

"What does the letter read?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena breaks the seal and opens the letter.

She reads it silently while you look over her shoulders.

(You should see the handout.)



Suldae Westwind: "Stillborn," Suldae says out loud

"I'm guessing that's the third kid."

Her voice sounds even, her bardic training taking over



Marcus Veranius: "...got to give it to Strahd. He's got a good way with words."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods, agreeing.



Marcus Veranius: "He's probably more dead inside than I am though."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena's hands start shaking.



Suldae Westwind: "Very funny," Suldae says blandly. "I say we go back to the cart"
"At the very least, we need to ask the kids more questions"



Ireena Kolyana: "What about the chest? The books?"
"Who were these people?"



Marcus Veranius: Marcus takes a peek inside the chest on Ireena's mention



Suldae Westwind: "Does the chest look like a good idea to handle to you?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Why did they think that *Strahd*, of all people, would help them?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae backs out of the room, leaving the passage free for anyone else who wants to come inside



Marcus Veranius: "From the sounds of it, perhaps this house is merely a death trap for cheap sacrifices?"



Suldae Westwind: "Well, Strahd wonders this as much as you do," Suldae answers. "People believe odd things in search for hope"

"So what you're saying is we won't leave that easily?"

"Let's try anyway"



Marcus Veranius: "What I'm saying is... I don't know what to make of anything here."
"But I've faced worse things than the house of a long-dead master."



(To Marcus Veranius): Perception check please



Marcus Veranius:

12

PERCEPTION (4)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: "Long-dead might not mean much, or at least, not much good," Suldae informs him, thinking of the skeletons on the fireplace.



Marcus Veranius: "Anything good in the secret library?"



Suldae Westwind: "Also, the children. We need go talk to them. Ismark is there." And her guitar, but she doesn't say that.

Marcus sees that the skeleton belonged to a human, who triggered some kind of poisoned dart trap. Three darts are stuck in the dead adventurer's armor and ribcage. The dart-firing mechanism, inside

the chest, is clearly empty -- he can see the little dart-launcher is no longer loaded.



Suldae Westwind: "I didn't look"

The lid of the chest is easily opened. Inside, Marcus sees three blank books with black leather covers, three scrolls bound with red silk, and a large parchment envelope, thick with papers.



Suldae Westwind: (brb)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus collects the things in the chest for later viewing. He's a bit less burdened about taking things knowing what the house's owner has been up to.

He then takes a look at the hidden bookshelves.

The bookshelves are packed with ancient-looking tomes.



(To Marcus Veranius): Would you care to inspect the books more closely? Investigation, Arcana, or History if so



Marcus Veranius:

12

INVESTIGATION (0)
Marcus Veranius

By leafing through a few books, Marcus is able to determine that these books describe fiend-summoning rituals and the necromantic rituals of a cult called the Priests of Osybus.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae idly browses the regular library, paging through songs and poetry, but not eager to take anything unless something particularly special catches her attention.

Marcus knows that the rituals are bogus because all the incantations are written in Common, not Primordial or Abyssal (the traditional languages for such incantations.)



Marcus Veranius: "Right. This is all necromatic hogwash."

"I've seen enough. Let's go."



Suldae Westwind: "Hogwash?" Suldae asks



Marcus Veranius: "I can't claim to have a serious knowledge in magic, but common doesn't seem ancient enough to chant ritual in."



Suldae Westwind: "Ancient enough?" Suldae asks, and consults her own knowledge of such matters

17

ARCANA (4)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: "If I'd make an estimate, I'd say the owner of this house tried to beg for power to whatever higher entities he could think of."

"Essentially a fanatic fanboy."

Suldae recalls that certain summoning rituals require incantations in specific ancient languages. She catches a glance at one of the symbols described as a "summoning circle" in the book. The symbol is actually a glyph of warding, which wouldn't even have worked without the proper spellcasting experience and materials.



Marcus Veranius: "...I'm a bit worried though. If those children weren't lying about monsters in the house, he may have succeeded in doing something..."



Marcus Veranius makes for the hallway



Suldae Westwind: "I'm worried about the children themselves," Suldae replies.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena follows.

"Where to now?" she asks. "Do we just... leave?"

"Or should we keep searching?"



Suldae Westwind: "The girl talked as if the last kid was alive, too. Maybe they're just confused victims in this, or maybe they're confused victims and also dangerous."

"Let's go talk to them, and then decide what to do"



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe the most neighborly thing would be to burn this place down so no one else falls to it."

As Marcus says this, you hear the ominous slamming of a door, somewhere below you.

The clicking of the lock is audible even from upstairs.



Marcus Veranius: "...oh bother."

The sound of a baby giggling echoes through the house, coming from further upstairs.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sighs.

"...or we can continue with what we came here for and look for the third kid"



Marcus Veranius points to the corner room



Marcus Veranius: "Do we want to peek in there?"



Suldae Westwind: "Better do it than not," Suldae suggests, remembering Ireena's worries

The small door leads to an undecorated bedroom containing a pair of beds with straw-stuffed mattresses. At the end of each bed is a footlocker. A door on the left side of the room suggests a closet.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae checks the closet



Marcus Veranius: "Be careful of the skeletons."

The closet contains several moth-eaten servants' uniforms, hanging from hooks.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae opens her eyes dramatically wide, raises her hands as if in fear and steps away from him, slowly enough to be obviously for show

There is a small wooden door on the southeastern side of the room. It looks like the kind of door a dumbwaiter would have.

There is a silver button on the wall next to this sliding door.



Marcus Veranius presses the button out of curiosity

The sound of a small bell ringing somewhere downstairs is the immediate response to the press of the button.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae abandons her ignored performance and leans under him to check out the door

The small sliding door is not locked, although it has a hook-and-eyed lock on this side.



Sulda Westwind: Just for prudence's sake, Suldae opens it

The door opens to a dumbwaiter with a rope-and-pulley mechanism.

The wooden platform of the small elevator must be on another floor at the moment, but the rope is within reach. It appears to be hand-operated.



Sulda Westwind: "Nice," Suldae murmurs, and moves to check the footlockers
It's clear there are no servants here; if nothing else, the girl didn't mention any

The unlocked footlockers are all empty, except for a few small rat turds.



Sulda Westwind: Any belongings left behind would be abandoned



Marcus Veranius pulls up the rope

By pulling on the rope he soon brings the dumbwaiter's wooden platform into view. The little elevator box looks too small for anyone but Suldae to squeeze into, but the rope seems sturdy despite its age.

The platform is empty.



Sulda Westwind: "Wow, it actually works," Suldae comments sardonically. "Might come in useful, but probably not right now."

"Let's go.. upstairs?"



Marcus Veranius: "Good plan."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks around. "I think we've searched this whole floor. We could move on, I think."

Ireena moves up the stairs slowly, rapier drawn, running her hand along the brass hand-rail.

She waits at the top for you.



Marcus Veranius climbs up to follow

You come to a dusty balcony with a suit of black plate armor standing against one wall, draped in cobwebs. Oil lamps are mounted on the oak-paneled walls, which are carved with woodland scenes of trees, falling leaves, and tiny critters.



Sulda Westwind: (Balcony?)


There is a set of double doors to the north, around a corner. There are also two doors on the southwest corner.




Sulda Westwind: (Overlooking the stairs?)

The balcony overlooks the spiral staircase.


From here you can see right down to the ground floor.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "This suit of armor looks different from the others," Ireena says, cautiously.


 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae looks it over and toots out a melody, again

6


ARCANA (4)
Suldae Westwind


 **Marcus Veranius:** "How is it his family can be broke and afford all this armor?"


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Maybe they had money once."


 **Suldae Westwind:** It does not sound well in the dusty walls of this house.


Suldae detects nothing particularly unusual about the armor.


 **Marcus Veranius:** "They couldn't pawn this off? It's worth a fortune."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Who would buy it here?" Suldae points out

 **Marcus Veranius:** "...yeah, good point."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I hate to alarm you, but from what I've seen so far, I don't think anyone has *lived* here for years."

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae snorts at the first turn of her phrase
"Would you be so kind as to poke this one too?" she suggests. retreating towards the staircase

 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena thrusts her rapier into the eye slits of the armor.

RAPIER
Ireena Kolyana

Attack: 8

Damage: 3 piercing

SLAM
Animated Armor

Attack: 13 | 16

Damage: 8 bludgeoning

 **Suldae Westwind:** (Initiative?)

 **Ireena Kolyana:** (initiative)

 **Suldae Westwind:**

20.14

INITIATIVE (3,14)
Suldae Westwind



GM (GM):**INITIATIVE***Ireena Kolyana**Initiative: 13***INITIATIVE***Animated Armor**Initiative: 12***Marcus Veranius:****23.18****INITIATIVE (4.18)**

Marcus Veranius

**Suldae Westwind:** (Well, clearly Suldae was prepared for this)

(..as was Marcus)

The armor retaliates, swinging its metal fist! Ireena parries the blow effortlessly and darts back, letting Marcus take point.

The armor screams and groans as it slowly turns, lifting one heavy foot away from its cobwebbed plinth. It steps heavily onto the creaking floorboards, turning its sightless, empty helm first to Marcus, then to Suldae.

**Marcus Veranius:** Marcus raises his crossbow and aims for the armor's joints. Looks like this decoration needs to be pinned to the wall.**(To Suldae Westwind):** Still need your initiative**Suldae Westwind:** (oh, it didn't record that, gotcha)**6.14****INITIATIVE (3.14)**

Suldae Westwind

(alright apparently Suldae was blindsided lmao)

**(To Suldae Westwind):** I didn't see your first roll, I'll adjust it**Marcus Veranius:****27**

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)

Marcus Veranius

7**24**

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)

Marcus Veranius

7

**GM (GM):** 19

Marcus's two shots impact the Armor, punching through its metal breastplate. The armor's head snaps around to look at him.

**GM (GM):** (EOT?)**Marcus Veranius:** [EoT]**(To Suldae Westwind):** You're up

Suldae Westwind: Suldae retrieves her own crossbow, stored as it always was atop all her other things in her bag, and shoots

10

80/320

Light Crossbow (+4)
Suldae Westwind

9

Piercing

The bolt glances off, and Suldae purses her lips in distaste for her failure
[EoT]

**GM (GM):**

RAPIER
Ireena Kolyana

Attack: 10

Damage: 2 piercing

Ireena darts in, rapier flashing, but the tip glances off the armor's metal carapace, screeching as it scrapes the steel.

Ireena jumps back, hiding behind Marcus again.

**GM (GM):** (EOT)

MULTIATTACK
Animated Armor

The armor makes two melee attacks.

SLAM
Animated Armor

Attack: 20

Damage: 6 bludgeoning

SLAM
Animated Armor

Attack: **14**

Damage: **8** bludgeoning

The armor advances on Marcus and Ireena, swinging its huge fists!



Marcus Veranius: Marcus takes the first blow, but manages to duck out of the second.



Suldae Westwind: (brb)



GM (GM): (EOT)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus takes a breath, trying to regain his composure. He aims two more shots, this time at the head.

24

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

7

21

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

8



GM (GM): **15**



Suldae Westwind: (back)

The two bolts both strike the helmet, punching through the visor. The armor roars -- a hollow, horrible sound.



GM (GM): (EOT?)



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



(To Suldae Westwind): You're up



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shoots again

18

80/320

Light Crossbow (+4)
Suldae Westwind

8

Piercing

Suldae's crossbow bolt punches into the armor's helmet and carries it right off the rest of the armor. The crossbow bolt pins the helmet to the wall, and the rest of the armor collapses into separate pieces, which roll and rattle and make a general ruckus before settling down.



GM (GM): You each gain 100 XP.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes out and straightens out, packing away her crossbow. She looks at Marcus. "Are you okay?"

(sweet)

Marcus has a slowly-developing bruise on his forehead, but appears otherwise unharmed.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hesitates.

"I can heal that," she suggests, "but it'll leave me more tired for anything else we might encounter. At the same time, you might want to be at your best, too"



Marcus Veranius: Marcus calms himself. "I'll be fine, it's only a bump."

(Gunna use my second wind to heal the damage)



Suldae Westwind: (brb)



Marcus Veranius: He takes a moment to retrieve some of his bolts from the armor. Ten times the price for ammunition is terrible and he'd hate to need them.

"The tacky statues don't seem as bad anymore, yeah? Least they don't move."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena nods sharply, her mind elsewhere. Her heart is still racing.



Marcus Veranius:

On your turn, you can use a bonus action to regain hit points equal to 1d10 + your fighter level.

5
Healing

Second Wind
Marcus Veranius

Well then, shall we continue?"

Marcus says, as he peeks through the south door.



Suldae Westwind: (back)

"Good thing we've got you," Suldae says offhandedly to Ireena.


"That would not have been nice to have behind our backs."


The south door opens into a large bedroom suite. Dust and cobwebs shroud the room. There is a set of double doors in the southwest corner of the room, set with panes of stained glass. On the western wall, just to the right-hand side when you first enter the room, there is a door. The bedroom contains a large bed, two end tables, and a wardrobe. Mounted on the wall next to the wardrobe is a full-length mirror with an ornate wooden frame carved to look like ivy and berries.

The moment you open the door, a shape appears amid the cobwebs. Something vaguely humanoid rushes towards you like a sudden wind, blowing dust from the ground and causing the cobwebs to flutter. A scream echoes through the room as the ghostly figure manifests! In spectral hues of blue


and silver, like dust-motes in moonlight, a skeletally thin young woman with wild hair and staring eyes suddenly appears! The specter hurtles towards you as you stand in the doorway!

 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae steps back


 **Marcus Veranius:** Marcus slams the door and also steps back
"...that probably wasn't the kid."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** The specter does not pursue you.

The specter does not pursue you.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "What the hell was that!?"


 **Sulda Westwind:** "The mother?" Suldae suggests, and tries to recall the painting

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I have no idea, and I don't want to find out." Marcus re-iterates, slowly sliding the collapsed armor up as to jam the door

 **Sulda Westwind:** (Did the spectre look like the painting?)

The specter did not look like any of the people in the paintings you have seen so far.

 **Marcus Veranius:** With the south properly secured, Marcus peeks into the left door. A bit more cautiously this time; he's rather spooked by the turn of events.


 **Sulda Westwind:** "Or maybe a servant," Suldae murmurs.


"Maybe the baby's mother?"

She's left guessing as she takes position in front of the door


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Maybe a less than willing sacrifice to the hidden altar, wherever that is."


The left-hand door opens into a storage room. Dusty shelves line the walls. A few of the shelves have folded sheets, blankets, and old bars of soap on them. A broom leans against the far wall.


 **Sulda Westwind:** "Looks safe enough," Suldae murmurs, but does not move yet.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Anything we need?"

 ***Marcus Veranius points to the broom***

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I'd say at this point there should be no shame in looting this place. It's clear no one -- or no one decent -- has lived here in many years."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "It's no spear, but that seems like a good poking stick."

 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae snatches it up and holds it like a spear playfully

The broom jerks in her hand. (make a strength check.)

 **Sulda Westwind:**

11

STRENGTH SAVE (-1)
Sulda Westwind

oops sorry



Ireena Kolyana:

DEXTERITY
Broom of Animated Attack

Ability: **22** | **21**



Suldae Westwind:

6

STRENGTH (-1+1)
Suldae Westwind

w e l p



Ireena Kolyana:

BROOMSTICK
Broom of Animated Attack

Attack: **25** | **24**

Damage: **7** + **2**
bludgeoning



Suldae Westwind: initiative?

The broom shoots out of Suldae's hand and whaps her soundly across the face.

(Initiative)



Marcus Veranius:

16.18

INITIATIVE (4.18)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind:

19.14

INITIATIVE (3.14)
Suldae Westwind



Ireena Kolyana:

INITIATIVE
Broom of Animated Attack

Initiative: **21**



Suldae Westwind: (this is a lot of damage for a whap across the face)

The broomstick's twiggy brush leaves several serious scratches!



Suldae Westwind: (makes sense lmao)

The broomstick swoops wildly out the door, whirling like a dervish.



Ireena Kolyana:

MULTIATTACK
Broom of Animated Attack

The broom makes two melee attacks.

BROOMSTICK
Broom of Animated Attack

Attack: 6

Damage: 7 bludgeoning

BROOMSTICK
Broom of Animated Attack

Attack: 24

Damage: 5 bludgeoning

The first swing misses Marcus badly and knocks several towels off the shelf. One of the towels gets tangled around the broomstick's brush end, and when it spins around to swat again at Marcus, the blow is muffled by the towel.



GM (GM): (EOT)



(To Suldae Westwind): You're up



Suldae Westwind: Suldae backs up and raises her ocarina to her lips, unsure what to do.
(gimme a sec)

Suldae tries to light the broom on fire!

Prestidigitation
Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 10 feet

Target: See text

Components: V, S

Duration: Up to 1 hour

This spell is a minor magical trick that novice spellcasters use for practice. You create one of the following magical effects within range: You create an instantaneous, harmless sensory effect, such as a shower of sparks, a puff of wind, faint musical notes, or an odd odor. You instantaneously light or snuff out a candle, a torch, or a small campfire. You instantaneously clean or soil an object no larger than 1 cubic foot. You chill, warm, or flavor up to 1 cubic foot of nonliving material for 1 hour. You make a color, a small mark, or a symbol appear on an object or a surface for 1 hour. You create a nonmagical trinket or an illusory image that can fit in your hand and that lasts until the end of your next turn. If you cast this spell multiple times, you can have up to three of its non-

instantaneous effects active at a time, and you can dismiss such an effect as an action.

The brush end of the broomstick bursts into flames like a campfire, but this only seems to make it more aggressive. The dusty towel makes it difficult for the flames to thrive.



GM (GM): 2

(EOT?)



Suldae Westwind: [EoT]



(To Marcus Veranius): You're up



Suldae Westwind: (I love this house)

(Suldae was not made for this, but also she very much was)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus frowns at the face full of towel. He attempts to shoot at the broom's fastenings; see if it stills once torn apart.

26

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

8

21

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

6

The two shots both zip past the broomstick, ripping apart the fastenings. The brush end falls off in a shower of singed and smoking twigs, and the broomstick itself tumbles to the ground, little more than a walking stick now.



GM (GM): (EOT?)



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



GM (GM):

BROOMSTICK
Broom of Animated Attack

Attack: 21

Damage: 5 bludgeoning

BROOMSTICK
Broom of Animated Attack

Attack: 20

Damage: **5** bludgeoning

As if in a final act of defiance, the neutered broomstick spins wildly around, whacking at Marcus's shins.



Suldae Westwind: (that's a lot of damage for shin whacking... isn't it)

Marcus sustains some mind-alteringly-painful blows and knows that he will have some real bruises in a few hours.



GM (GM): (EOT)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tries to light it on fire again, harder this time



GM (GM): **5**

WHOOSH. The broomstick is suddenly engulfed in flames.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes out and wipes at her face. Her hand comes away bloodied, and she stares at it, as her face flares in pain, even as she cannot hold back a nervous laugh

It burns quickly, the dry wood splitting and popping. The fire dies down within a few seconds. The broomstick is dead.



Suldae Westwind: "I will never call anything in this house safe again," she informs her companions, as she focuses for a healing spell



GM (GM): You each gain 25 XP



Suldae Westwind:

7
Healing

Touch

Cure Wounds
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: Marcus falls to the ground, gripping his legs in pain.

This is not a nice house



Suldae Westwind: Suldae kneels over him and does not ask this time.

8
Healing

Touch

Cure Wounds
Suldae Westwind

"We need to leave," she states the obvious.



Marcus Veranius: "Seconded."



GM (GM): (I think we'll end the session there. We'll pick up next Sunday at 8:00 AM from where we left off. Thank you for playing! That was a very fun session :D)



Marcus Veranius: (Same time?)



GM (GM): (Same time)

(Good morning!)



Tops K.: (Mornin!)



GM (GM): (I'm going to make coffee while we wait to see who else shows up)

(How was your week?)



Tops K.: (Eh. Been looking for a new job since my Tax job ends at the end of tax season)

(Both my current apps got a 'No' response back within a half hour of each other)

(So back to square one)

(Least I got DnD)



GM (GM): (Aww, that sucks! I'm sure you'll find something eventually, you seem like a smart guy :)

(Hi Liliet!)

(How was your week?)



Liliet (Suldae): (hi ^^ i fixed my laptop! not that i think i told yall it was broken and my screen was fritzing out...)

(oh i remember what happened last time... i was an idiot and spent my spell slots instead of going for a short rest...)

(you're not going to let me retcon that are you...)



GM (GM): (Fraid not -- character building moment)

(You can do it! I have faith in you.)

The house creaks and groans in the wind, which is still building outside the house.

On the third floor, you've explored two of the five side rooms.



Liliet (Suldae): (i can do it!!!)



Marcus Veranius: "Right then. Leaving, right?"



Suldae Westwind: "Let's go downstairs and check if we can't just... do that?"



GM (GM): (You can see a picture of the animated armor you defeated)



Marcus Veranius: (Spikey!)

(And the ghost I slammed the door on!)



Suldae Westwind: (N I C E)

(love how the armor looks)



Marcus Veranius loads his crossbow and starts inching for the stairs



Suldae Westwind: "Ireena, are you coming?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena's eyes are on the set of double doors at the southern end of the hall.

"She sounded so... trapped."

She snaps out of it.

"I'm coming."



Marcus Veranius: "Hopefully we won't be joining her then."

"Although that'd be ONE way to keep Strahd off your back."



Ireena Kolyana chuckles nervously



Suldae Westwind: "Dying generally works great for escaping captivity," Suldae comments dryly
"Same principle here, though I think it's more in reverse"



Marcus Veranius: "Nah, sounds like a bum deal. Let's discuss it outside."



Marcus Veranius starts climbing down to the first floor



Ireena Kolyana follows quietly.

The suits of armor on the second floor hall are gone.



Suldae Westwind: "..."



Marcus Veranius looks out the window

The weapons lie where you left them.



Suldae Westwind: (wait, is this the first or second floor?



Marcus Veranius: "Well at least they aren't armed..."



Ireena Kolyana: (Second Floor)



Marcus Veranius: "...SHIT! THE FIRST FLOOR ARMORY!"



Suldae Westwind: "What?"



Marcus Veranius: "The weapons and shield we didn't take coming up!



Suldae Westwind: "...I forgot about that already. Shit"



Marcus Veranius keeps heading downwards, eyes wary towards their retreat path



Ireena Kolyana follows.



Suldae Westwind follows

Suldae hears a heavy tread from behind the study door, as she is descending the staircase.

You reach the ground floor hall.



Ireena Kolyana: The longsword with the windmill cameo is gone from above the marble fireplace.

*The longsword with the windmill cameo is gone from above the marble fireplace**



Marcus Veranius: "...well then. We're in trouble."

"I MIGHT have a plan, however."



Suldae Westwind: "Hm?"



Marcus Veranius checks the entrance hall



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes position under the stairs, hoping that nothing's going to jump on her head from above

Standing in the entrance hall is a suit of armor, both hands resting on the pommel of a longsword. It fills most of the entry hall. The door beyond it is open, flapping in the breeze. You can see thick stormclouds in the darkening sky, and the road leading down through the forest to the wagon. Thunder rumbles in the distance.



Suldae Westwind: "What's there?"



Marcus Veranius: "One missing friend and a missing longsword."



Suldae Westwind: "..."

"What's your plan"

*?



Marcus Veranius: "It WAS for us to gather into the entrance hall, then bar it for some measure of sanctuary."

"But I don't think our friend would care for that."



Suldae Westwind: (Is there a window in this room?)

There are no windows in this room.



Suldae Westwind: "So... we don't know what's in the other rooms for certain, we know what's in this one. Known or unknown?"



Marcus Veranius: "Honestly, with our armored friends moving about we don't really know what's in any of the rooms."



Suldae Westwind: "I mean we can see into this one"

"Which is exactly my point"

"So, any other ideas than attacking the armor there?"



Marcus Veranius: "...jump out the spear window?"



Suldae Westwind: "...I guess that's an idea, sure. Ireena?"



Ireena Kolyana: "I... I don't know."

"What if there are more of them upstairs?"

"The more we move around, the more easily they can surround us."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes up to Marcus



Marcus Veranius: "That's a good point."



Suldae Westwind: "I vote we attack this one"



Marcus Veranius: "It's not a bad plan."

Suldae Westwind: "I'm not a melee fighter though, can't take point on this one unless I want to die"
"Which, just to make sure to clarify, I don't"
"So it's kind of up to you two what we do here."



Marcus Veranius looks down at his leather armor then back to Suldae



Marcus Veranius: "I ain't exactly wearing iron."



Suldae Westwind: "My only melee weapon is this toothpick" Suldae holds up her dagger



Ireena Kolyana: "What brought them back to life, though?" Ireena asks abruptly.

"We tested them, remember?"

"Something must have activated them."



Suldae Westwind: "Wasn't it when we found the letter?"



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe it's because we pissed off the house."



Suldae Westwind: "In the library?"

"I don't think we did anything wrong though. I think it was just a trap lying dormant"



Marcus Veranius: "...wait, no. You have a point."



Suldae Westwind: "They were inactive when you tested them, but once there was no longer a point in pretending it's safe here, well..."



Ireena Kolyana: "Yes, I see that..."

"So what does the house want from us?"



Suldae Westwind: "The house, or its master..."



Marcus Veranius: "Not to kill us I think, else our friend would have made a move when we suggested killing it."



Ireena Kolyana: "Or its master..." Ireena echoes.



Suldae Westwind: "Maybe it's not so smart," Suldae suggests.



Ireena Kolyana: "What if it's just trying to keep us here... For a certain amount of time?"



Suldae Westwind: "So, about your brother outside with those children..."



Ireena Kolyana: "He'll be fine or he won't, there's not much we can do about it now." Ireena says this with more coldness than she really feels.



Suldae Westwind: "We can if we go outside," Suldae points out
"That's my point"




Marcus Veranius: "I've got maybe half a fight left in me. Best we use it wisely; at least to secure a place of rest."





Ireena Kolyana: "Oh." Ireena blushes. "That's a good point."





Marcus Veranius: "If that means leaving, I'm for it."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Maybe we should just hide for now."


 **Marcus Veranius:** "If that means securing one of the larger rooms upstairs, also good."

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae looks at her oddly. The outside is right there; is she that terrified of being within Strahd's line of sight? It's not like this house is outside his domain, either.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "There might be things in this house we can use, too."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "You two decide; doesn't seem right for me to insist when I'm going to be standing in the back"


 ***Marcus Veranius leans in towards the armored guardian***

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Hey, my iron friend. I don't suppose you'd care to pass me that shield?"


 ***Marcus Veranius points to the shield hanging on the wall, curious if the armor would respond***

The armor stands, impassive and unresponsive.


 **Marcus Veranius:** "...well it was worth a shot."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "I'm not saying it's a good idea, but we COULD just try to go by it. Maybe it's just here to scare us?"

Suldae doesn't really believe it herself, but it needed to be said

 **Marcus Veranius:** "It'd be less scary with a few arrows in it."

"Right, line up. If it doesn't want to move, we can get in a good firing line for when it does."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "We handled the last one easily enough. As long as we don't encounter another broom, I think we can take anything this house throws at us."

"I... I hope."

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae giggles weakly


"Watch out for saucepans," she then advises in as serious a voice as she can manage

 ***Marcus Veranius looks between the armor and his companions***


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Well, if we're going to stay, we may as well keep scouting."

 ***Marcus Veranius opens the north door***

The centerpiece of this wood-paneled dining room is a carved mahogany table surrounded by eight high-backed chairs with sculpted armrests and cushioned seats. A crystal chandelier hangs above the table, which is covered with resplendent silverware and crystalware polished to a dazzling shine. Mounted above the marble fireplace is a mahogany-framed painting of an alpine vale.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Well would you look at that."

"Something that isn't a windmill."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Check the background," Suldae advises and goes in past Marcus



Marcus Veranius squints at the painting



Suldae Westwind: (oh i like this version of fog of war better ty

Suldae checks under the table

and in all other potential hiding places she can see / think of

There are three gold pieces under the table. The wall paneling is carved with elegant images of deer among the trees. Suldae realizes, after looking at it closely, that there are twisted faces carved into the tree trunks, and wolves lurking amid the carved foliage.

Red silk drapes cover the windows, and a tapestry depicting hunting dogs and horse-mounted aristocrats chasing after a wolf hangs from an iron rod bolted to the east wall.

In the background of the alpine vale, there is a tiny windmill.



Marcus Veranius: "Son of a..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae picks up the money and wordlessly distributes it to her companions, one to each

"What, there's a windmill after all?" She squints at the painting as well, then gives a weak laugh



Marcus Veranius: "Well, you can't fight poor taste."



Marcus Veranius moves towards the other door in the room



Marcus Veranius: ...but then stops.

"There's SUPPOSED to be a hidden altar somewhere, right?"



Ireena Kolyana: (BRB)



Suldae Westwind: (did you note the gold piece you just got)



Marcus Veranius: (Yee)



Suldae Westwind: "Apparently so, yes," Suldae says, double checking the letter



Marcus Veranius looks behind the tapestry. Got to start somewhere

Behind the tapestry is a bare wall.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae leans out into the hall and beckons Ireena in, uncomfortable with splitting up

(wait, did we check the small room?)



Ireena Kolyana joins you in the dining room.



Suldae Westwind: (did Ireena check the small room?)



Ireena Kolyana: "Just a closet, I'm afraid. Lots of cloaks and a top hat."



Suldae Westwind: "I kind of want a top hat," Suldae says thoughtfully

What better time to joke than when in complete and utter tension?

"Are you going to open that door?"



Marcus Veranius: "Yeah."



Marcus Veranius does so



Marcus Veranius: "Oh."



Suldae Westwind: "Well that was anticlimactic"

"This other door?"



Marcus Veranius: "...Do you want to grab that tophat before we go?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae grabs the tophat

and puts it on

(brb)



Marcus Veranius smirks, then opens the right door



Marcus Veranius: "Dress for your best; your ghost will look all the better for it."

The kitchen is tidy, with dishware, cookware, and utensils neatly placed on shelves. A worktable has a cutting board and a rolling pin atop it. A stone, dome-shaped oven stands near the east wall, its bent iron stovepipe connecting to a hole in the ceiling. Behind the stove and to the left is a thin door.



Suldae Westwind: (back)

Suldae searches the kitchen carefully



Marcus Veranius: "Well here's that dumbwaiter again."

"Not a laundry chute; how about that."

Hanging on the wall next to the dumbwaiter is a tiny brass bell.

Suldae discovers a well-stocked pantry. All the food in the pantry appears fresh.



Suldae Westwind: "Anyone want a sandwich? Ireena?"

Suldae touches the food skeptically despite the lighthearted tone

The food appears to be real.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes her ocarina to her lips

16

ARCANA (4)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius shakes his head



Marcus Veranius: "Everything else in this house has been covered in an inch of dust, but the FOOD is fresh?"

"I don't buy it."

The food is most likely composed of ectoplasm.



Sulda Westwind: "You're right not to," Sulda confirms. "No sandwich."

She pushes the thin door in the back open, herself this time



Ireena Kolyana: (the thin door is the pantry door -- sorry)



Sulda Westwind: (ah, gotcha)

Sulda walks back out into the hall and pauses in front of the last door on this floor



Marcus Veranius looks over to Sulda



Marcus Veranius: "Flip a coin to see who opens it?"



Sulda Westwind: Sulda opens the door

This oak-paneled room looks like a hunter's den. Mounted above the fireplace is a stag's head, and positioned around the outskirts of the room are three stuffed wolves.

Two padded chairs draped in animal furs face the hearth, with an oak table between them supporting a cask of wine, two carved wooden goblets, a pipe rack, and a candelabrum. A chandelier hangs above a cloth-covered table surrounded by four chairs.

Two cabinets stand against the walls. The north cabinet sports a lock. The west cabinet does not look locked.



Sulda Westwind: Sulda examines the closest wolf

She gives a sharp ocarina trill, just in case

11

ARCANA (4)
Sulda Westwind



Ireena Kolyana: The wolves are old and dusty, definitely stuffed a long time ago.

The wolves are old and dusty, definitely stuffed a long time ago.



Marcus Veranius takes a peek in the unlocked cabinet



Sulda Westwind: Sulda reaches out to slightly prod the closest wolf with a dagger, still not entirely convinced



Marcus Veranius: "Check the one in the corner." Marcus mentions casually.

"If this house is playing a game of spooks and giggled, it would be the wolf next to a distraction, such as a cabinet lock."



Sulda Westwind: "I figure it's none of them or all of them, but good point"

Sulda walks over to that wolf and prods it too

Neither wolf responds to the prod of the dagger.



Sulda Westwind: Sulda turns her attention to the cabinet. What kind of lock is it?

It is an ordinary padlock.



Sulda Westwind: Sulda considers the hinges and whether they can be unscrewed / removed in

some other simple way

With the appropriate tools, yes, it could probably be dismantled.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has a dagger and a sense of adventure



Marcus Veranius: Marcus has a crowbar



Suldae Westwind: Suldae and Marcus have a crowbar, a dagger and a sense of adventure between the two of them! What can Suldae do with this vs the lock?



Marcus Veranius: (Break the door, thus bypassing the lock. :U)



Suldae Westwind: (thats basically what I'm thinking but minimally destructive XD)



GM (GM): Give me a DEX check with proficiency.



Marcus Veranius: (Also, anything good in the unlocked cabinet?)



Suldae Westwind: (how do i add proficiency?)

(...or I could just roll Dex and add +2 manually)

17

DEXTERITY SAVE (4)
Suldae Westwind

ouch, wait, no

18

DEXTERITY (2+1)
Suldae Westwind

I keep accidentally rolling the save, sorry :x

The unlocked cabinet contains a small silver box and an assortment of wine glasses.

The locked cabinet, after ten minutes of fiddling gets the doors off, contains more interesting things: A heavy crossbow, a light crossbow, a hand crossbow, and twenty bolts for each weapon.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes the hand crossbow with the ammunition for it and calls Marcus and Ireena over to behold the loot

Ireena whistles softly.



Marcus Veranius takes the silvered box and moves over



Marcus Veranius: "You're right about loot.." Marcus comments, as he eyes the extra bolts
You can never have enough ammunition



Ireena Kolyana: "Which one do you want, Marcus?"

"I think I could do just fine with either one."



Marcus Veranius: "Quite frankly I much prefer my own hand crossbow. Take your pick and I'll grab the remaining bolts of the third."



Ireena Kolyana Ireena takes the heavy crossbow.



Marcus Veranius grabs the bolts, then presents the silver box to Suldae



Marcus Veranius: "A trade then? Bolts for this."



Suldae Westwind: "...I want light crossbow bolts, actually, so we can trade... half the bolts for half the bolts?" she suggests



Marcus Veranius: (I don't think there's a difference?)

(Are bolts unique to their weapons?)



Suldae Westwind: (Isn't there? I understand they'd be different size for different crossbow sizes)



Marcus Veranius: (PHP just mentions "Bolts" and "Arrows")



Suldae Westwind: (also I just want it officially known that I have not been tracking ammunition...)



GM (GM): (The description says "20 bolts for each weapon" but I assume that just means 60 bolts total, for ease of tracking)

(I'll add an API script to track the ammo for next time, but for now please track it manually)



Suldae Westwind: (In that case I just straight up want the bolts for my own crossbow since that's what I mostly use in combat)

"I have need for bolts myself," Suldae points out.

(I'm going to assume I had 10 bolts left and now got 20 more then)



Marcus Veranius passes Ireena and Suldae the bolts from their sets.



Marcus Veranius: "Back to the top floor then? Got to be an altar somewhere."



Suldae Westwind: "Wait, wait, wait. That box"

"Have you actually opened it?"



Ireena Kolyana Ireena straps on the little bolt case. She seems more comfortable with the quiver of ammunition at her side and the heavy crossbow in both hands.



Marcus Veranius: "Nope."

"It'll be really awkward if I passed you a box with a ring inside by mistake."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae snorts and takes the ocarina to her lips to check the box just in case

14

ARCANA (4)
Suldae Westwind

The box is non-magical.



Suldae Westwind: "Well, if it's not going to explode in our faces, feel free to keep it, though I do suggest you open it and look. Maybe there's another letter or something in there"



Marcus Veranius opens the box

Inside is a set of playing cards.

They seem very old, but are in surprisingly good condition.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Back upstairs?"



Marcus Veranius nods



Sulda Westwind: "Might as well," Suldae says skeptically. It did not escape her attention that the other suits of armor are nowhere to be found



Ireena Kolyana Walks boldly up the stairs, pacing quietly, with her crossbow at the ready.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae checks the servants' room

Empty.



Sulda Westwind: "Nothing here," she informs her compaions

"Well, nothing that wasn't here before" (I assume lmao)



Marcus Veranius peeks into the other two chambers

Both are empty, but huge footprints mark the dust, heading into and out of the northern chamber.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae checks the hidden room

A suit of armor stands in the doorway of the secret room, facing the treasure chest.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae backs away

"Found one"

(brb)



Marcus Veranius: "That makes two."



Marcus Veranius stares at a section of the wall



Marcus Veranius: "Strange. There's a space here, in line with one on the bottom floor."

"We've already confirmed the builders of this house like hidden rooms. Maybe there's an entrance on the upper floors?"



Sulda Westwind: "Hmmm"



Ireena Kolyana: "That would make sense... I wonder where it goes?"



Sulda Westwind: Suldae walks back into the hall and checks the space where the suit of armor had been



Marcus Veranius: "Basement? There wasn't a way to the foundations on ground floor."



Ireena Kolyana: "Do we just keep going up?"



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe."



Marcus Veranius heads upstairs



Sulda Westwind: Suldae still thinks that confronting the suit of armor in the hall is the way to go, but decides not to argue. The crossbows were a good find, already.

At the top of the stairs, you see a suit of armor standing in the ruined pieces of the previous suit of armor.

This one has no weapon.



Sulda Westwind: "Three," Sulda whispers behind the others' backs.



Ireena Kolyana: "Move quietly..."

"Perhaps it hasn't realized we're intruders yet."

(make a perception roll)



Sulda Westwind:

15

PERCEPTION (2)
Sulda Westwind



Marcus Veranius:

19

PERCEPTION (4)
Marcus Veranius

Both Sulda and Marcus see a strange indentation in the wallpaper on the southern side of the balcony, as though part of the wall has sagged inward beneath it.



Sulda Westwind: (there?)



Marcus Veranius takes out a dagger and attempts to cut away the wallpaper



Marcus Veranius: (Wait, no he doesn't)



Sulda Westwind: "So what, you propose to have this at our backs?" Sulda murmurs to Ireena skeptically



Marcus Veranius: (I don't have one. o-o)



Sulda Westwind: (Sulda passes him one, but more interestingly, do you go by the suit of armor to get there?)



Marcus Veranius: (Yee)



Sulda Westwind: Sulda stands on the stairs, watching skeptically

The armor creaks.



Marcus Veranius: "Alright, what's behind this then?"

It does not move.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Sulda Westwind: (what's under the wallpaper?)



Marcus Veranius: "You stay put! I'm busy!"

The paper slices easily, revealing a secret door.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae sighs softly. She wishes he wouldn't make loud noises

It swings inward on silent hinges to reveal a cobweb-filled wooden staircase leading up to the attic.



Sulda Westwind: "Oh. It was a productive terrible idea. I like those"



Marcus Veranius: "Well, we have three doors now."

"Do we clear this floor then go up?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Can we check if there's an entrance to that space you noticed, on this level?"



Marcus Veranius: "We ought to, yeah."



Liliet (Sulda): Suldae wordlessly moves north and checks the door leading south



Ireena Kolyana: "I don't really want to sneak past this thing more than once, though," Ireena whispers.

GM: (Perception Roll)



Marcus Veranius:

11

PERCEPTION (4)
Marcus Veranius



Liliet (Sulda): Suldae nods, acknowledging her logic, but she's already doing the stupid thing

11

PERCEPTION (2)
Sulda Westwind

(nice sync lmao)

It seems like a solid wall.



Ireena Kolyana: "What did you find out?" Ireena Whispers.



Liliet (Sulda): "Nothing here," Suldae murmurs and checks the north door while she's there

The dusty, cobwe-filled master bedroom has burgundy drapes covering the windows. Furnishings include a four-poster bed with embroidered curtains and tattered gossamer veils, a matching pair of wardrobes, a vanity with a wood-framed mirror and a jewelry box, and a padded chair. A rotting tiger-skin rug lies on the floor in front of the fireplace, which has a dust-covered portrait of a man and a woman hanging above it. A web-filled parlor in the southeast corner contains a table and two chairs. Resting on the dusty tablecloth is an empty porcelain bowl and a matching mug. The door facing the foot of the bed has a full-length mirror mounted on it. There is a door in the parlor.



Liliet (Sulda): Suldae looks at the portrait. Does it look similar to the family one below?

The portrait contains the two adults from the family portrait below.



Liliet (Sulda): "So this is the master bedroom," Suldae confirms the obvious conclusion

GM: Roll an Insight check, Marcus



Marcus Veranius:

19

INSIGHT (2)
Marcus Veranius



Ireena Kolyana: Marcus recalls taking a large parchment envelope from the chest in the secret room. He also recalls the three scrolls, and the three blank books.



Liliet (Suldaae): Meanwhile, Suldaae checks the vanity and the box on it



Marcus Veranius: "Hmm..."



Marcus Veranius checks the scrolls he found; maybe the armor suit was looking for them. Could be important; like floor plans.

The jewelry box on the vanity is made of silver with gold filigree (worth about 75 gp). It contains three gold rings (worth 25 gp each) and a thin platinum necklace with a topaz pendant (worth 750 gp).

The envelope crackles as Marcus opens it. The envelope contains the deed to the house, the deed to a windmill, and a signed will.



Liliet (Suldaae): Suldaae stares at it, mind occupied by the amount of wealth in front of her, while Marcus is checking the scrolls



Marcus Veranius: A windmill. Of course."



Liliet (Suldaae): "Hm?" Suldaae shakes herself out of the stupor and turns around to him. Her hand hovers over the box

16

WISDOM SAVE (1)
Suldaae Westwind

She does not yet take it.



Marcus Veranius: "Chest had the deed to a windmill in it."

Suldaae detects no aura of magic from the box.



Marcus Veranius: "And a last will. Maybe the house will let us go if we distribute the estate where its old masters willed it."



Liliet (Suldaae): "Ah," Suldaae says. She lifts the box. "Check this out"

"Well, where is it?" Suldaae asks, still holding the box in the air



Marcus Veranius draws out the last will and begins reading it, trying to see if the impressive jewelry box Suldaae mentioned is on there somewhere.




Liliet (Suldaae): (that was the wisdom save to see if Suldaae resists the temptation to just put the box in her bag and sort it out later btw)


(she just did, I'm proud of her)


Skimming the will reveals that a Gustav and an Elisabeth Durst are bequeathing the house, the windmill in the mountains east of Vallaki, and all other family property to Rosavalda and Thornboldt


Durst, in the event of their parents' deaths.


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Well, bad news and good news."

It was signed fifty years ago.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Bad news is the children are the house's heirs."
"Good news is they may be ghosts."


 **Liliet (Suldae):** "Is that bad news?" Suldae asks skeptically. She's rather a fan of the idea that giving the papers to the kids will solve the problem.


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Well, relatively speaking. Might be squatters rights in play if the kiddos aren't really there."
"Otherwise I'm happy giving them every haunted inch of this estate."

 **Liliet (Suldae):** Suldae sighs. She is not sure what he's talking about, but agrees with the conclusion anyway.
"Hey, house," she says out loud experimentally, putting the box back on the vanity. "We'll just go outside and give them this, okay?"


The house creaks and groans, as though the very floorboards are protesting. A ghostly scream seems to rattle through the pipes. The storm has arrived, and high winds now whip the house. Outside the thunder falls like a bombardment, cracking the sky.


Rain begins to fall.


 **Marcus Veranius:** "I'll take that as a no."

 **Liliet (Suldae):** "Alright. Before we do anything else, do look at this, or I swear I'll just put it in my bag and you'll never hear of it again," Suldae points at the box


 ***Marcus Veranius looks at the box***


 **Marcus Veranius:** This looks incredibly expensive.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Hello? Are you two alive in there?" Ireena hisses.


 **Liliet (Suldae):** "We are," Suldae calls out to her. "Come here and look at this"

 ***Ireena Kolyana creeps across the hall and into the room, crossbow ready.***

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "What am I looking at?"
"The painting?"
"What are those papers?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Contents of the chest. I thought to look at them to see if there was a floor plan inside.

 **Liliet (Suldae):** "The documents to the estate. Look here first," Suldae lifts the box to show it to her

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Holy cow."
"These people were wealthy."
"I'm amazed this place has never been looted before..."



Marcus Veranius: "And yet bankrupt?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena cocks an eyebrow. "That doesn't make sense."



Marcus Veranius: "There's a lot of things that don't add up."



Liliet (Suldae): (brb)



Marcus Veranius: "One thing's certain; our skeletal friend with the dart in his chest is proof we're not the first one's to enter this house."



Ireena Kolyana: "That's true."



Marcus Veranius looks through the scrolls, trying to find a hint towards where this hidden altar may be

The scrolls, it turns out, are spell-scrolls, marked with intricate arcane sigils.

They pulse briefly with light when Marcus unrolls them.



Liliet (Suldae): (back)



Marcus Veranius: "Hmm... yes. Magic stuff."

"I have no idea what any of these do."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sighs. "Alright, so let's each take a ring, and I'll keep the necklace. Will give it to the little girl if she turns out to want it"

Apparently no-one else is interested in money as much as she is. She'd feel bad about it, but a little too busy feeling overwhelmed with the money.

(brb)



Marcus Veranius passes the scrolls to Suldae



Marcus Veranius: "I'm going to check the closet. See if any of these scrolls can calm down a haunted house."

The closet is empty and choked with dust.

The door in the Parlor opens to an outdoor balcony.

You hear a flapping of wings.

A bat lands on the railing of the balcony.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes the scrolls and puts them in her bag along with the box with the necklace, and one of the rings

It is a huge, vicious-looking thing, far larger than any bat has any right to be.



Marcus Veranius: "Ah, your perch then."



Suldae Westwind: "Ireena, you might not want to come here," Suldae murmurs, eyeing the bat and remembering what she'd heard about vampires



Marcus Veranius tries to close the door on his problems; a tried and true tactic

Suldae Westwind: Actually, what HAS she heard of vampires?

12

RELIGION (4)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae knows that vampires hunger for the life they have lost and sate that hunger by drinking the blood of the living. She knows that vampires abhor sunlight, for its touch burns them. They never cast shadows or reflections. They can regenerate from injuries, and walk on walls and ceilings. They have flaws: they cannot enter a residence without an invitation from one of the occupants. They are harmed by running water. They can be paralyzed if they are incapacitated in their resting place with a wooden stake through the heart. They are weak to sunlight. They can also transform.

The door closes slowly and quietly. The bat never stops giving eye contact to Marcus.

It was still staring at him when the door blocked it off from view.



Suldae Westwind: (Does Suldae know anything about an association with bats specifically, or is that just from fairy tales she doesn't credit?)

She has heart of bats as a symbol of vampires.

heard dammit*



Marcus Veranius: "Right, so there's an angry bat outside this door."

"If we can take it out, I've got us a rope we could use to jump the balcony with."



Ireena Kolyana: "Keep it closed."

"Don't talk to it."



Suldae Westwind: "Good plan," Suldae agrees, inching back.



Marcus Veranius: "Fair enough."



Marcus Veranius heads back to the main room



Ireena Kolyana: "Secret staircase?"

"Or haunted bedroom?"



Suldae Westwind: wait, did we ever check that other door?

ah right closet

sorry



Marcus Veranius: "I'd say attic. Check if that wall space extends to the top."



Suldae Westwind: "I'm all out of juice for big magic," Suldae admits nervously, "so I have nothing to say to the ghost..."

"So, agreed. Attic."



Ireena Kolyana: "Attic it is, then..."

The stairs creak as you climb to the closed door.

It's stuck.



Ireena Kolyana: "What's wrong?"



Marcus Veranius: "Seems a bit jammed."

"Don't worry; I got an idea."



Suldae Westwind: "You still got that crowbar?" Suldae maintains the ability to sound cheerful under any circumstance



Marcus Veranius: "...that's better than my idea."



Marcus Veranius attempts to pry the door open, rather than kicking it down



Marcus Veranius:

2

16

STRENGTH (0)
Marcus Veranius

The door squeaks open.



Suldae Westwind: "Glad to help!"

The bare attic hall is choked with dust and cobwebs.

There is a door on the northern wall, a door at the end of the long attic room, and a side hallway, narrow and dark. It has two doors at the end, one on each wall.



Marcus Veranius: (Is there something north of Marcus? there's no wall there, but it's not revealed.)

Lightning pops and flares outside the window, revealing the silhouette figure of a huge winged creature sitting right outside the window.



Marcus Veranius: "Well, three doors now."



Marcus Veranius points between them in a game of eenie, meenie, miney...



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d3

(1)

= 1

"Let's check this one."

The northern door is locked.

It is held shut with a padlock.



Suldae Westwind: "...Crowbar?"



Marcus Veranius: "We need to invest in lockpicks."



Sulda Westwind: "But the crowbar works so well!"



Marcus Veranius attempts to pry off the padlock



Marcus Veranius:

20

STRENGTH (0)
Marcus Veranius

The crowbar bends.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

The lock does not give.



Ireena Kolyana: "It must be enchanted to need a specific key."



Sulda Westwind: "Oh wow."



Ireena Kolyana: "Can you unbend the crowbar?"



Sulda Westwind: (wait, didn't I find a key earlier?)



Marcus Veranius: "I hope so. This thing was expensive."



Marcus Veranius attempts to bend it back

The crowbar is pretty stiff, but Marcus is able to bend it back into its proper shape.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae tries the south door

This dusty chamber is packed with old furniture, all draped in dusty white sheets.



Ireena Kolyana: (We can save your nat 20, Marcus)



Sulda Westwind: Suldae checks the room thoroughly, under the covers and under the furniture



Marcus Veranius: (o3o)



Ireena Kolyana: (I don't know what that means lol)



Sulda Westwind: (cat face?)

Suldae finds chairs, coat racks, standing mirrors, dress mannequins, an iron stove, and near the stove, a wooden trunk.



Marcus Veranius follows Suldae into the room



Sulda Westwind: Suldae coquettishly fixes her top hat in the mirror
and checks in the trunk

The trunk contains a bundle wrapped in a tattered bedsheet stained with dry blood.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae pauses. She remembers about the stillborn baby.
She takes out the bundle, places it on the most respectful-seeming flat surface, and carefully

unbuncles it

*unbundles

The bundle contains the emaciated, semi-skeletal remains of a young adult woman in a nursemaid's outfit.

Her clothing is stained with blood.

You hear a faint clicking sound from the northern corner of the room.



Marcus Veranius turns his crossbow towards the sound



Suldae Westwind: "Oh."

Suldae turns too, while also carefully wrapping the woman back in the bedsheet

Marcus sees a secret door. It is partially open. It leads onto a staircase.



Marcus Veranius: "Well then, looks like I was right about the floor plan."



Suldae Westwind: "There was another door we haven't checked"



Marcus Veranius: "Several. Do we want to investigate, or see where the stairs go?"



Ireena Kolyana: "I'm alright either way. I want to get away from that bat, though."



Marcus Veranius: "Hmm..."



Marcus Veranius attempts to take one of the sheets from the furniture room to cover the window with

The sheet covers the window.



Marcus Veranius: "There we go! Problem solved!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae opens the south door

This dust-choked room contains a slender bed, a nightstand, a small iron stove, a writing desk with a stool, a wardrobe, and a rocking chair. A smiling doll in a lacy yellow dress sits in the northern window box, cobwebs draping it like a wedding veil.



Suldae Westwind: (brb)



Marcus Veranius: "Nurse's room maybe?"



Ireena Kolyana: "It doesn't look lived in."

"Looks almost like a showroom."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae examines the doll

The doll appears to be ordinary, if horrifying.

Another blast of lightning reveals the swarm of bats which has landed on the roof outside the window of this story.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae plays a simple melody, double-checking

14

ARCANA (4)
Suldae Westwind

The doll gives off no magical auras.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae thoroughly searches the room, abandoning all potential reverence towards other people's belongings (though still not trashing the place and being careful to put everything back and not break anything)



Marcus Veranius leaves to check the other unlocked door

The writing desk and the wardrobe are both completely empty.

It makes one think of a hotel room, waiting to be inhabited.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stands at the door, considering the room. Then, seized by an idea, she goes back to the storage room, carefully takes the corpse and carries it into the bedroom

The web-filled room contains a slender bed, a nightstand, a rocking chair, a wardrobe, and a small iron stove.



Suldae Westwind: Then lays it out on the bed and crosses the hands on the chest

*on its chest

Then covers it in the bedsheet so its outline is clearly visible through it, making it clear what's going on.

Then goes to join Marcus



Marcus Veranius counts out on his fingers



Marcus Veranius: "Two parents, two children. One child, one nurse..."

"Maybe the show bedroom was meant for a child that never came."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae checks the small room.

The wardrobe is empty, as is the nightstand.



Ireena Kolyana: "This one also... It makes me think of a hotel..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shakes her head to Marcus. "Nothing here, either"



Marcus Veranius: "...Or they could be guest rooms. Yes."



Suldae Westwind: Nods to Ireena



Ireena Kolyana: "Or a bed and breakfast?"



Marcus Veranius: "Well that doesn't make as good a bardic tale."



Ireena Kolyana: "Fair."



Marcus Veranius looks back at the locked door



Marcus Veranius: "Well what's that then, if this is a hotel?"

GM: Make a WIS save, Suldae



Suldae Westwind:

12

WISDOM SAVE (1)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae recalls a key."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae digs in her bag. "I know, I know there was a key..." she murmurs.

She finds the small iron key she'd found earlier.

"Let's see if this is the match for that door"



Marcus Veranius nods. "After you then."

This room contains a bricked-up window flanked by two dusty, wood-framed beds sized for children. Closer to the door is a toy chest with windmills painted on its sides and a dollhouse that's a perfect replica of the dreary edifice in which you stand. These furnishings are draped in cobwebs. Lying in the middle of the floor are two small skeletons wearing tattered but familiar clothing. The smaller of the two cradles a stuffed doll that you also recognize.



Suldae Westwind: "Aaand four," Suldae murmurs, nodding to Marcus to see above her head

A suit of armor stands between the two beds, facing the doorway.



Suldae Westwind: "Also, I think, ghosts confirmed," she adds, looking at the small skeletons.

It seems to have trodden on the skeletons.



Suldae Westwind: She sighs sadly.

"So, what do we do?" she asks quietly.

"We still haven't checked the secret staircase"



Marcus Veranius: "Check the basement. See if there's something generating all this spooky buisness."

"..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods and softly leaves towards the basement.



Marcus Veranius: "Spooky buisness we now have proof of, given that armor can now walk through locked doors."



Suldae Westwind: She has steel nerves, really, and as a bard she'd been fully prepared to deal with all kinds of awful things

This is starting to get to her, though.

The wooden spiral staircase from the attic descends through all the floors of the house. You can practically hear the wood rotting around you as you creep down the steps into the earth, into the basement.

You reach the bottom. A narrow tunnel stretches southward before branching east and west.

From the moment you arrive, you can hear an eary, incessant chant echoing throughout. It's impossible to gauge where the sound is coming from, or to discern the words.



Suldae Westwind: "...Let's turn left first," Suldae suggests and goes up the north tunnel

"Oh, that's a room there"

(brb)



Marcus Veranius: "That's standard cavern tactics, right? Keep left and circle around?"

(We're back to default fog of war)



Suldae Westwind: (back)

"Either left or right, I think, and I like left"

The staircase heading west at the end of the north-south tunnel leads into a small chamber with a table and four chairs. To the southern side of this room, there are four alcoves containing moldy straw pallets.

While walking past the right-hand tunnel, it was possible to glimpse into two narrow spaces which looked like empty crypts.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae walks around the room, checking out the pallets but not searching them - her nerves are starting to fray too much for that - then goes into the branch to the west

The branch to the west leads down to a staircase. She can see from the landing the edge of a small well.

In the gloom, it looks like a very large room.



Ireena Kolyana: "The darkness here is so thick... It's not natural."

"Do we dare to light a torch?"



Marcus Veranius: "I wouldn't mind the extra light."



Ireena Kolyana: "I've got the breastplate, so I feel comfortable wielding the torch if you both watch my back."



Suldae Westwind: "I just have candles," Suldae informs her companions after checking her bag.



Ireena Kolyana lights a torch from her own pack.

The bright glow illuminates the entrances to five rooms, ringing a 4-foot diameter well shaft with a 3-foot-high lip. A wooden bucket hangs from a rope and pulley mechanism bolted to the crossbeams above the well.

The five side rooms are nicer than the others. Each contains a wood-framed bed with a moldy straw mattress and a wooden chest with a padlock.



Marcus Veranius: "Oh no, not more locks."

"This is starting to make me miss the windmills."



Suldae Westwind: "Locks are utterly natural when one goes where one's not invited," Suldae informs him. Well, technically the children - probably ghosts, which makes her worry a little less about Ismark's safety - did invite them. But not down here



Ireena Kolyana: "Maybe one of the chests has lockpicks inside," Ireena laughs.



Sulda Westwind: "I mean I don't either have a crowbar or the strength to use one. So, either you do it or we don't check those."



Ireena Kolyana: "Maybe we could pick the locks with something?"



Sulda Westwind: At this point Sulda feels like maybe she wouldn't even mind. She maybe doesn't really want to know all that badly, which is an odd state of mind for an acolyte of Corellon.



Marcus Veranius grumbles, bringing the crowbar to the north chest



Marcus Veranius:

16

12

STRENGTH SAVE (2)
Marcus Veranius



Sulda Westwind: that's a save lmao

The chest bursts open. The chest contains a pouch made of strange leather.



Marcus Veranius: "Let's tag-team this. I break the locks, you identify what's in the chests."



Ireena Kolyana: "What is it?"



Sulda Westwind: "Sure." Sulda checks the pouch

The pouch jingles as she picks it up. The leather feels very... odd. It's strangely smooth, and pale, and mismatched.



Sulda Westwind: Sulda doesn't feel good about this and might or might not have a guess about the leather, but looks inside the pouch anyway. Duty before feelings - duty of curiosity, in this case.



Marcus Veranius moves on to the next chest as Sulda works. Out of sight; not the wisest thing but work calls

The second chest contains three strange lumps inside a folded piece of black cloth.

The pouch contains eleven large gold coins marked with the visage of a hook-nosed king, and sixty silver coins marked with the seal of Strahd.



Sulda Westwind: Sulda shows the pouch to Ireena. "Looks useful?"



Marcus Veranius drags the second chest for Sulda. "Got some cloth and lumps over here."



Ireena Kolyana: "Looks human."



Marcus Veranius takes a second look at the pouch



Marcus Veranius: "...don't"



Sulda Westwind: "Yep," Sulda sighs. "Coin's coin, though, I think."



Marcus Veranius: "Don't suppose there's any spare noses lying around? Or were they all sewn into wallets?"



Ireena Kolyana shudders.



Suldae Westwind: "You joke it, you keep it," Suldae informs him, shoves the pouch into his hands and proceeds to examine the lumps

The lumps are three moss agates, worth about ten gold apiece.



Marcus Veranius looks into the pouch and carefully dumps the contents into his bag. he tosses the pouch itself into the well

The pouch plummets thirty feet and lands with a soft splash.



Marcus Veranius: "Well then, back to chest-breaking!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae distributes the precious stones among her companions

The next chest contains a black leather eyepatch with a carnelian (worth 50 gp.)

The chest after that contains an ivory hairbrush with silver bristles (worth 25 gp).

The final chest contains a silvered shortsword. (worth 110 gp.)



Marcus Veranius: "Jackpot."

"Now I don't need to worry about not having a dagger."



Ireena Kolyana: "They say silver helps you wound many evil creatures," says Ireena.

"That is a beautiful sword."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae collects the treasure for the moment



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks around.

"Should we rest here, for the moment? We do not seem to be pursued."

"Or should we proceed?"



Marcus Veranius: Marcus takes a closer look. Sarcasm aside, this would look wonderful on a mantelpiece. Bit of a shame it was stuck down here.

"It'd be easy enough to keep watch."



Suldae Westwind: "Good idea," Suldae agrees. Treasure has made her feel a little better. "I kind of feel safer here than upstairs, however silly that is"



Ireena Kolyana: "I don't really know why, but I agree."



Suldae Westwind: "There was a table with chairs over there"



Marcus Veranius: "Fewer windmills."



Suldae Westwind: (Do we take a short rest?)



Marcus Veranius: (I'd like to. Recharges my self-heal and extra action)

(And lets me heal off some of the damage I still have)



Suldae Westwind: doesn't recharge my anything alas but yea healing

Suldae regrets not having her guitar, but makes do with an elaborate soft melody on the ocarina and

tapping her foot

SONG OF REST

Class: Bard

Beginning at 2nd level, you can use soothing music or oration to help revitalize your wounded allies during a short rest. If you or any friendly creatures who can hear your performance regain hit points at the end of the short rest by spending one or more Hit Dice, each of those creatures regains an extra 1d6 hit points.



Marcus Veranius:

9

HIT DICE (D10+2)
Marcus Veranius

rolling 1d6

(5)

= 5



Suldae Westwind:

7

HIT DICE (D8+1)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius spends his rest flipping through his new deck of cards. Hard to find a set that



Marcus Veranius: s both beautiful and easy to shuffle

GM: (I am more than willing to continue if you are)



Marcus Veranius: (I'm game.)

(You writing down the loot, Lillet? Or should I make mention of what Marcus takes?)



Suldae Westwind: i'm writing down what I say Suldae takes

you write down what Marcus takes

it's half past 9 for me

i'm willing to continue but not for very long maybe

you took the sword, right?



Marcus Veranius: Yee



Suldae Westwind: i should have written down that key too but i didnt bc im a dumbass



Marcus Veranius: At the end of the rest, Marcus does a short stretch as warm up for the inevitable

horrors they were about to face

"Well then. Shall we continue where we left off, or take the other route?"



Sulda Westwind: Suldae hops off the table. She feels better now.

"I'm game for either"



Marcus Veranius: Let's take the other path then. Think I might have seen a mask on the floor."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae follows Marcus



Marcus Veranius takes a slight detour to investigate the side tunnel



Marcus Veranius: (Were these the crypts?)

The two crypts are open, stone slabs waiting to seal them. The slab on the northern crypt is utterly blank. The slab on the southern crypt is the name "Walter Durst." The crypt is empty.



Marcus Veranius: "Walter Durst... is that name familiar to anyone?"



Liliet (Sulda): "Check the will"



Sulda Westwind: "Check the will"



Marcus Veranius checks the will

The will is signed by Gustva and Elisabeth Durst and bequeathes the house, the windmill, and all other family property to Rosavalda and Thornboldt Durst.



Marcus Veranius: "No Walter..."



Marcus Veranius moves on to the next chamber



Sulda Westwind: "Durst, though," Suldae echoes the obvious



Marcus Veranius: "An ancestor maybe?"



Sulda Westwind: "Probably, yeah"

The two crypts on both sides are sealed.



Marcus Veranius: "I don't have a penchant for grave-robbing. Let's not disturb anyone's eternal rest."



Sulda Westwind: "How about we don't," Suldae suggests, shivering. She knows they're dealing with necromantic bullshit, she remembers the duty or curiosity

But there's lines.

*duty of curiosity

desc The stone slab on the northeast crypt is etched with the name Gustav Durst. The stone slab on the southeast crypt is etched with the name Elisabeth Durst. The crypts on the left hand sides are marked with Rosavalda Durst and Thornboldt Durst.



Sulda Westwind: (that was ninja'd)

"Oh..."



Marcus Veranius: "Mhm, yep. So the will is bollocks."

"Depending on the local laws, abandoned property with no rightful heir either goes to the local lord, or to finders."



Suldae Westwind: "Oh my god."

"Why do you care."

"The will matters because it mattered to the people it belonged to"



Marcus Veranius: "Because I don't care for thievery."



Suldae Westwind: "The local lord is Strahd. What laws?"

The southern hall contains a plain wooden table flanked by long benches. In the light of the torch, you see scattered wreckage in the dust.



Suldae Westwind: "Oh, you mean the stuff we've been taking? Yeah, no, that's rightful payback for the fucking broom"



Marcus Veranius: "Fair."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae examines the wreckage

They are moldy humanoid remains.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: (What kind of remains? Is there anything like clothes and stuff?)



Marcus Veranius: "Should we put an arrow into it, just to make sure it's not the restless kind of dead?"

In the middle of the eastern wall there is a darkened alcove with a strangely out-of-place looking stalagmite.

The bodyparts are too scattered to be dangerous.

It looks like whoever these poor souls were, they were butchered and feasted upon.

There are clean cuts in the bones.



Suldae Westwind: "Well this is horrifying," Suldae says as casually as she manages. Which isn't very.

She takes out the ocarina, plants her butt on the table - sitting in inappropriate places always makes her feel better - and launches into a mournful melody

The flute cries for everyone who died here, both masters and servants, and their victims, and the unfortunate earlier looters.

This takes her a while.



Marcus Veranius mucks with the stalagmite while Suldae performs

GM: What's your passive perception, Marcus?



Marcus Veranius: 14

(I dont like where this handout is going)

The stalagmite transforms, whiplike tentacles slowly unfurling, claws slinking away from a hideous stone beak, opening slowly, mucus-slick, the grick slowly rears to its full height.



Ireena Kolyana: "GET BACK!"



Marcus Veranius: "Throw one more dead onto the performance list!"



Suldae Westwind: wait, where is everyone?

Suldae's on the table



Marcus Veranius: Marcus is on the right side of that table, and back-walking quickly



Suldae Westwind: Ireena?



Ireena Kolyana:

INITIATIVE <i>Grick</i> <hr/> <i>Initiative: 14</i>
--



Marcus Veranius:

10.18

INITIATIVE (4.18)
Marcus Veranius



Ireena Kolyana takes up a position in the corner farthest from the Grick and from any exits.



Ireena Kolyana:

INITIATIVE <i>Ireena Kolyana</i> <hr/> <i>Initiative: 12</i>



Suldae Westwind: Suldae regrefully puts away the ocarina, since she's mostly out of magic, and pulls out the light crossbow

14.14

INITIATIVE (3.14)
Suldae Westwind

oops

didnt send to the tracker

GM: I gotchu fam



Ireena Kolyana:

INITIATIVE <hr/> <i>Initiative: 12.14</i>



Suldae Westwind: it was 14.14 for me

Suldae goes first



Suldae Westwind:

11

80/320

Light Crossbow (+4)
Suldae Westwind**9**
Piercing

Suldae is currently standing on the table and shooting over Marcus's head
was that a miss?



Ireena Kolyana: ./as GM You should be able to see the AC and HP now

GM: That was a miss
(EoT?)



Suldae Westwind: EoT



Marcus Veranius: (We can't see the monster's AC or HP)



Suldae Westwind: how could I see them?

wait a sec

not EoT

or nm

ill do it next turn



Marcus Veranius: (I can only see them for Marcus)



Suldae Westwind: ya same

EoT re-confirmed

GM: What about now?



Suldae Westwind: I can see the HP now!

not AC



Marcus Veranius: (MASKED BY THE FOG OF WAR!)



Suldae Westwind: and btw not Marcus's and Ireena's HP either



Marcus Veranius: (I see a HP bar but no numbers)
(Maybe just stick the AC in its name and call it a day)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah same)

GM: it has 14 AC



Marcus Veranius: (Rad)



Suldae Westwind: ty

The Grick slithers furiously towards Marcus! It slings its slimy tentacles! 15

A tentacle catches in Marcus's side, and the Grick goes in for the bite, its mucus-slicked beak slathering and chopping! 22



Suldae Westwind: um



Marcus Veranius: >23 hitpoints

Tentacle: **4** *slashing*, **Beak** **3** *piercing*. (First rolls were attack rolls)



Suldae Westwind: ah thank you 0.0



Marcus Veranius: (Oh OK, gave me a heart attack XD)

GM: lol



Marcus Veranius: (...7 is minimum damage for this monster. Don't get hit guys opo)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae's on the table)



Ireena Kolyana:

9

100/400

Heavy Crossbow (+3)

2

Piercing



Suldae Westwind: (safely&strategically behind Marcus)

this thing is just flinging crossbow bolts away with its tentacles isnt it



Ireena Kolyana fires the two-handed crossbow, but misses the Grick, which is still struggling with Marcus!

GM: EoT



Marcus Veranius: Marcus is NOT going to be tentacle-food! He hurls a net at the monster to buy some space.

26

11

5 (15)

Net (+8)

Marcus Veranius

A Large or smaller creature hit by a net is Restrained until it is freed. A net has no effect on creatures that are formless, or creatures that are Huge or larger. A creature can use its action to make a DC 10 Strength check, freeing itself or another creature within its reach on a success. Dealing 5 slashing damage to the net (AC 10) also frees the creature without harming it, ending the effect and destroying the net. When you use an action, Bonus Action, or Reaction to Attack with a net, you can make only one Attack regardless of the number of attacks you can normally make.

>A restrained creature's speed becomes 0, and it can't benefit from any bonus to its speed.

>Attack rolls against the creature have advantage, and the creature's Attack rolls have disadvantage.

>The creature has disadvantage on Dexterity Saving Throws.

(That shouldnt have had advantage but the first die hits)



Suldae Westwind: oh damn nice



Marcus Veranius: As a bonus action, Marcus uses his crossbow to shoot an arrow at the beast.

22

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

6

The net tangles the Grick, restraining it. Marcus's crossbow twangs and the Grick takes the bolt in its slug-like body.



Marcus Veranius: With his opponent sufficiently distracted, Marcus grins wide. There's only one way to take down a monster this vicious."

"RUN FOR THE HALLS! SHOOT IT FROM AFAR!"

(AoO provoked)

EoT



Ireena Kolyana:

TENTACLES
Grick

Attack: 20 | 8

Damage: 7 slashing



Suldae Westwind: Suldae screams in frustration, suddenly left without her meatshield right next to the monster. She likes her position on the table too much to change it though

The Grick takes a swipe at the fleeing Marcus, but misses due to the net's entangling weave.



Suldae Westwind: The scream is very artistic and should inspire Ireena

BARDIC INSPIRATION
Class: Bard

You can inspire others through stirring words or music. To do so, you use a bonus action on your turn to choose one creature other than yourself within 60 feet of you who can hear you.

That creature gains one Bardic Inspiration die, a d6.

Once within the next 10 minutes, the creature can roll the die and add the number rolled to one ability check, attack roll, or saving throw it makes. The creature can wait until after it rolls the d20 before deciding to use the Bardic Inspiration die, but must decide before the DM says whether the roll succeeds or fails. Once the Bardic Inspiration die is rolled, it is lost. A creature can have only one Bardic Inspiration die at a time. You can use this feature a number of times equal to your Charisma modifier (a minimum of once). You regain any expended uses when you finish a long rest. Your Bardic Inspiration die changes when you reach certain levels in this class. The die becomes a d8 at 5th level, a d10 at 10th level, and a d12 at 15th level.

Then she shoots.

24 | 8

80/320

Light Crossbow (+4)
Suldae Westwind

4 + 6
Piercing

oh BOOM

WHAP! Her bolt strikes the creature right between two tentacles, hitting something which seems to cause a great deal of pain.

GM: EoT?



Suldae Westwind: EoT



Ireena Kolyana:

STRENGTH
Grick

Ability: **21** | **5**

The Grick bursts the net!

The Grick slithers rapidly towards Suldae!



Marcus Veranius: (Isn't it DC 10?)



Suldae Westwind: (there shouldnt be a disadvantage there)

Not: supposed to be disadvantage, my bad



Marcus Veranius: (Oh NVM)

GM Sorry

GM: Sorry Sorry

One of these days I'll get through a session without flubbing things

EoT



Marcus Veranius: (One of these days I'll get through without a typo)

Ireena follows Marcus.

On her way out, she tries to grab Suldae by the arm.



Ireena Kolyana:

3

STRENGTH SAVE (0)

She jerks to a stop when she grabs Suldae's arm. "Come on!"

She attempts to shoot the advancing Grick point blank.



Ireena Kolyana:

15

16

100/400

Heavy Crossbow (+3)

7

Piercing



Suldae Westwind: dont forget the inspiration die~

Even point blank her hand does not shake, and her bolt punches into the Grick!

The Grick screams!

GM: EoT



Ireena Kolyana: 1



Suldae Westwind: aw

what was that to, anyway?



Marcus Veranius turns around in horror. They were supposed to run! Oh bollocks!



Marcus Veranius: "In case the net wasn't implied enough, STAY STILL!"

Marcus charges into the room with a swarm of bolts announcing his return
(Action, Bonus Action, and Action Surge)

19

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

7

24

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

6

27

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

5



Suldae Westwind: oh NICE



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]

(Also this is piercing damage. I fixed the sheet)

The three shots rip into the Grick as Marcus comes charging back in. Two of the shots punch right through its fleshy body, spattering goo out the other side. The Grick squeals as it falls, skidding and rolling to a halt at Suldae's feet, reduced to a bloody mess.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is still on the table

The Grick stops its roll beneath the table.



Suldae Westwind: unless she fell prone to Ireena jerking her XD

3D space :3

*You each gain **150** XP.*



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes out and looks around guiltily.



Marcus Veranius: (Thats a level up isnt it? :O)



Suldae Westwind: "I'm... sorry. I got scared"



Marcus Veranius: Marcus pats Suldae on the back.



Suldae Westwind: (It does appear so!)



Marcus Veranius: "Better it tear a net apart than your face."



Suldae Westwind: She gets down from the table and hugs Ireena.

"I'm sorry"



Ireena Kolyana: "It's ok," Says Ireena.



Suldae Westwind: "Thank you"



Marcus Veranius: "I aint hurt. You don't need to apologise."



Ireena Kolyana: "We handled that creature well, I think."



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe play a tune for my net. I've only got one more till I need to negotiate with the price-gouger."



Ireena Kolyana: "I feel better about our chances, knowing you can shoot like that."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae obediently takes out the ocarina.

The melody is not as heartfelt as the previous one but she gives it her best



Marcus Veranius sits down to take a breather, finding his second wind



Marcus Veranius:

On your turn, you can use a bonus action to regain hit points equal to 1d10 + your fighter level.

10

Healing

Second Wind

Marcus Veranius



(To Suldae Westwind): You can describe how your magic mends the net.



Suldae Westwind: Imao leveling up

"The loyalty of these bards lies in the pursuit of beauty and truth, not in fealty to a monarch or following the tenets of a deity."

but what if those ARE the deity's tenets? XD



(From Suldae Westwind): huh?



(From Suldae Westwind): OH



(From Suldae Westwind): I'll finish leveling up first Imao



Suldae Westwind: (also sorry I'm slow on the uptake when its 10:30 pm)



Marcus Veranius: "We really do need to find the source of this madness though." Marcus comments, as he picks through the Gish for unbroken bolts. "I don't know how much longer I can keep this up."



Ireena Kolyana: "Agreed."

"Maybe we should take a longer rest. By now I'm sure my brother has found some kind of shelter, due

to the storm. Even if we got out now, we'd never find him in the dark. Either he's safe, or he isn't, but it seems like the vampires can't get in here -- at least not yet."

"We need to start thinking about how we're going to survive this."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae doesn't answer, slowly weaving her magic melody to knot the net back together
piece by piece



Marcus Veranius: "Well, we could start by breaking that accursed altar."
"See if revenge sates their souls."

GM: give me perception checks, please



Marcus Veranius:

18

PERCEPTION (4)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: (i cant im leveling up. sorry, gimme two minutes)

Marcus hears a faint growling sound from around the corner to the south.

GM: No worries



Marcus Veranius raises a hand, attempting to alert the others. He moves southwards towards the source of the noise



Suldae Westwind:

10

PERCEPTION (2)
Suldae Westwind

Peering cautiously around the corner, he sees several hulking, humanoid figures, standing hunched in the shadows at the end of the long hall.

Suldae sees only Marcus's raised hand, and does not notice the sound of the growling over the sound of her quiet song.



Suldae Westwind: (How do spell slots work upon leveling up? My total amount on the new level - 3?)



Marcus Veranius: "Here's maybe not the best place to take a rest."



Suldae Westwind: "We should go back to the place with the beds," Suldae suggests, finishing her song.



Marcus Veranius: "Block the doors with tables. If we hear carpentry flying, we fly with it."



(To Suldae Westwind): What level are you now?



(To Suldae Westwind): Level 3, right?



(From Suldae Westwind): yea



(From Suldae Westwind): College of Lore



(To Suldae Westwind): If so, you should have 2 known cantrips, 6 known spells, 4 1st level spell slots, and 2 second-level spell slots.



(From Suldae Westwind): yeah, my question is, Suldae had previously expended the 3 spell slots she previously had



Marcus Veranius: "I see several figures down south that might not care for us sleeping."



(From Suldae Westwind): does she now have 1 first level and 2 second level?



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks where he's looking.



(To Suldae Westwind): 4 first-level spell slots, 2 second-level spell slots.



Suldae Westwind: "You do have a point. Though I have to admit, I'm exhausted enough I barely care. That chamber only has two entry points, one person can cover them while the other two sleep, I would say"



(From Suldae Westwind): no I mean like available right now



(To Suldae Westwind): Oh. Yes, I believe so



(From Suldae Westwind): I like this level-up, my magic more than doubled lmao



Marcus Veranius: "Sounds good."

(Break here?)

GM: Works for me

We can pick up here next time after the long rest

Anything you want to do with your downtime?



Suldae Westwind: I'll figure it out by next session, right now I've got a bad headache (have had it for a while actually oops) :x



Marcus Veranius: (RIP)

GM: Aw, that sucks! I hope you get some sleep :)



Marcus Veranius: (Thanks for running!)

GM: Thank you both for playing, I had a lot of fun! It's getting kind of challenging, but I think you'll both pull through



Suldae Westwind: Yeah, this was great



Liliet (Suldae): I love this very much



Tops K.: Mark me as both enjoying this and incredibly intimidated



Liliet (Suldae): I just got my spell slots _doubled_



Tops K.: rolling 1d10 Hitpoints

(3)

= 3

(taken average)

rolling 1d2

(2)

= 2

You wake in the small, cramped room. The hours of your watch pass without much activity.

Ireena sits up abruptly with a scream, clutching at her throat.



Sulda Westwind: "Good morning everybody! Rise and shine!"

Ireena looks around, taking in her surroundings.



Sulda Westwind: Sulda, whose watch was last
sits on the table grinning



Marcus Veranius rises up, crossbow in hand. He looks towards Ireena



Sulda Westwind: she's worried about Ireena, but hopes being annoying will distract her from her
own nightmares



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh. Good morning," says Ireena.
She mashes her palms into her eyes.



Marcus Veranius: "..."
"Well *IM* awake now."



Ireena Kolyana: "Sorry if I alarmed anyone..."



Sulda Westwind: Sulda nods, serious for a moment.
"Don't worry about it too much. Happens to anyone"



Marcus Veranius: "I see we're still trapped in a nightmare house. Didn't just dream that part."



Ireena Kolyana: "No," says Ireena. "That part was no dream."



Marcus Veranius: "Well damn."



Ireena Kolyana: "I guess we have options, now. We can head down that tunnel to the west, or take the
south passage. Or we can head back up through all those crypts we passed earlier. Did we get a good
look at those?"



Marcus Veranius: "We didn't get a look inside them, nor do I really care to."

"Not much a graverobber on a good day. And that's not factoring in the chance of our sleeping dead
waking up."



Sulda Westwind: Sulda shivers and hops off the table

"I like anywhere that's not graverobbing, personally"

"Kind of agree there"



Marcus Veranius: "If we're lucky, those chanting figures from yesterday are still in the south passage."

"Lets take West, see if we can sneak up on them."



Suldae Westwind: "Lucky" Suldae says blandly. "Sure, yes, if we're lucky. Though I wouldn't give any passage a better chance on sneaking up on them than any other, after a night's sleep"

"Or whatever time of day it is"



Ireena Kolyana: "West it is, then..."

Ireena draws her blade and leads the way.

Descending musty steps, you find a passage on the left leading south



Suldae Westwind: (this is where we've been)

(where I am rn)



Ireena Kolyana: "We've been here before, I think..."

"Have we gone down that way?"



Marcus Veranius: "Not down this hall."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena points down the southern passage.

"Care to do the honors?"



Suldae Westwind: "No," Suldae agrees.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena steps out of the way.



Marcus Veranius tries to move quietly, taking lead



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows behind him



Marcus Veranius:

9

STEALTH (6)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: periodically glancing back to keep Ireena within her line of sight

The ghostly chanting is louder in this tunnel...



Suldae Westwind:

4

STEALTH (3)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae stumbles and barely manages not to curse, but the sound of her nearly falling and catching herself is still loud



Ireena Kolyana:

14**STEALTH (1)****12****PERCEPTION (2)**

Ireena Kolyana scans the ground as she is walking, following the other two.



Ireena Kolyana moves as silently as a cat.

As Marcus is walking down the hallway, he suddenly realizes there are no footprints in the dust.

The dust conceals a difference in the floor: several rotting wooden floorboards, bridging a gap in the stone floor. He realizes this as he is standing in the middle of this rotten bridge.

The floorboards creak ominously.



Ireena Kolyana: "What was that? Marcus?"



Marcus Veranius: "Questionable carpentry."

Marcus sees through a crack between two of the rotten boards. Steel glints at the bottom of the pit.



Ireena Kolyana: "A trap?"



Marcus Veranius: "...maybe."

Marcus realizes that any shift in his weight might make the boards collapse.



Marcus Veranius: "We need to go around. This passage is going to fall over."



Ireena Kolyana: "Trick floor? Devious bastards..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes out the ocarina and, discarding stealth, is trying to doot the boards stronger

Mending

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: Touch

Target: A single break or tear in an object you touch

Components: V, S, M (Two lodestones)

Duration: Instantaneous

This spell repairs a single break or tear in an object you touch, such as a broken chain link, two halves of a broken key, a torn cloak, or a leaking wineskin. As long as the break or tear is no larger than 1 foot in any dimension, you mend it, leaving no trace of the former damage. This spell can physically repair a magic item or construct, but the spell can't restore magic to such an object.



Ireena Kolyana: (LMAO)



Sulda Westwind: (you're welcome for the phrasing, I am a WRITER)

(XD)

The little ditty echoes down the halls. The boards creak as the wood becomes slightly firmer. Even so, the loose boards might easily slip, causing someone to fall through. It is a rickety bridge.

You hear the shambling sound of feet on dusty floors.



Sulda Westwind: How long is this bridge?

The bridge covers a gap in the floor which is about 15 feet long.

Marcus sees a shadow figure lurking just around the corner on the other side of the bridge. A glinting eye watches from the shadows.

Ireena's torch still blazes.



Sulda Westwind: (just Marcus?)



Ireena Kolyana: (just Marcus)



Marcus Veranius: "We have company..."



Sulda Westwind: "Get back!" Suldae hisses and steps aside to leave room for him



Ireena Kolyana steps up to the east, halfway up a flight of steps, making room.



Ireena Kolyana: "Is it coming?"

The creature continues to lurk. It seems to know that with a little patience, the trap will feed it.



Ireena Kolyana: (brb)



Marcus Veranius: (Can you mark which tiles are trapped?)



Sulda Westwind: "We could... go through a different passage," Suldae suggests



Ireena Kolyana: (back)

"I think we can take whatever these things are."



Marcus Veranius: "...how much do you trust in your spellcraft?"

"About as much as I trust in my aim?"



Sulda Westwind: "I don't think these boards are safe to walk on even with it, if it was meant to be a trap"

"It's not that I don't want to encounter whatever's there, it's just that I'd prefer to do so elsewhere"

"I do NOT know Feather Fall"



Ireena Kolyana: "Maybe we can lure them into that larger room we were in before, with the well."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae glares at the floor like it has personally offended her

"That's one idea"



Ireena Kolyana: "We can use the doorway as a choke point."

"Before we do that, though, I think we need to know what we're dealing with."



Suldae Westwind: "We could also go south from the room with the table," Suldae suggests. "We might circle on the thing from a direction that is safe to walk on"



Marcus Veranius: "I know how we could get a better look."



Marcus Veranius goes to fetch the Grick corpse



Marcus Veranius: "...oh balls."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae watches the passage in his absence

A Ghoul crouches on the table, sniffing the corpse of the fallen Grick.



Suldae Westwind: "What is it?" she hisses worriedly as Marcus shifts back without any visible gains

A second Ghoul emerges from the southern passage, approaching the corpse as well. It sniffs the place where Ireena was laying, slithers its tongue around its ragged lips, and turns a dusty, cobwebbed head around, searching the room.



Suldae Westwind: "Oh" she spots a creature



Marcus Veranius: "It's worse than I thought. Copycats."



Suldae Westwind:

8

RELIGION (6)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae is trying to recognize what these rae

*are

Apparently she hasn't heard a lot about them?

Suldae knows that these creatures are undead, but their specific type is not known to her.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hisses between her teeth.

"So remember when we were worried about graverobbing?"

"We were probably right"



Marcus Veranius: "Right then. Let's see if they like arrows."



Marcus Veranius attempts to fire from the cover of the wall.



Suldae Westwind: (this is probably easier with a crossbow than with a bow)



Marcus Veranius: (Should I roll initiative or make a surprise attack?)

GM: make a surprise attack please



Marcus Veranius:

24

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius**9***Piercing***22**

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius**7***Piercing*

Marcus' Crossbow Bolts fly true! THUNK! THUNK! Two bolts punch into the undead creatures, who turn and snarl in the direction the bolts came from.

**Ireena Kolyana:**WISDOM
Ghoul

Ability: 20 | 15

**Marcus Veranius:** "Looks like they don't."**Suldae Westwind:** whatever this is it looks bad Imao**Ireena Kolyana:** (Should not be at advantage)**Suldae Westwind:** (still Imao)**Ghoul:** "GRHGHAH"WISDOM
Ghoul

Ability: 12

INITIATIVE
Ghoul

Initiative: 21

INITIATIVE
Ghoul

Initiative: 13

**Suldae Westwind:** "I am sympathetic to their plight" Suldae murmurs and wonders if she could move closer without knocking elbows with Ireena**Marcus Veranius:****14.18****INITIATIVE (4.18)**
Marcus Veranius

Ghoul:

INITIATIVE <i>Ireena Kolyana</i>
--

<i>Initiative: 20</i>



Sulda Westwind: "We should probably lure them back down there," Suldae suggests and illustrates, stepping back

Ireena slips back, giving Suldae room.



Sulda Westwind:

22.14

INITIATIVE (3.14)
Suldae Westwind



Ghoul: (Suldae, you're up)

Ireena: "Marcus, I hope there was a plan here!"



Sulda Westwind: Suldae readies an action to shoot at a ghoul as soon as she sees one in the corridor



Marcus Veranius: "Outrun and outflank!"



Sulda Westwind: "Get back here!" Suldae suggests



Marcus Veranius: "They don't have crossbows!"

Ireena: "Fair enough!"



Sulda Westwind: (EoT, sort of)

**Ghoul:**

CLAWS <i>Ghoul</i>

<i>Attack: 13</i>

If the target is a creature other than an elf or undead, it must succeed on a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or be paralyzed for 1 minute. The target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success.

<i>Damage: 7 slashing</i>

The Ghoul on the table leaps off and races across the room, scrambling on all fours. It surges to its feet and swings its claws at Marcus, who keeps it at bay with the body of his crossbow!



Ghoul: (EoT)

Ireena runs down the stairs and into the room with Suldae and the well. She ducks just behind the doorway, crouching with her blade at the ready.



Ghoul: (EoT -- readied action, to stab any hostiles coming through the door)

(Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius: "Don't scratch that! It's expensive!"



Marcus Veranius fires more bolts into the ghoul



Marcus Veranius:

24

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

6

Piercing

11

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

9

Piercing

Marcus adds a Maneuvering Attack to the first hit as to cover his retreat

When you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can expend one superiority die to maneuver one of your comrades into a more advantageous position. You add the superiority die to the attack's damage roll, and you choose a friendly creature who can see or hear you. That creature can use its reaction to move up to half its speed without provoking opportunity attacks from the target of your attack.

6

Bonus Damage

[Maneuvering Attack]
Marcus Veranius

He then uses his movement to run into the room

Marcus's first shot with the crossbow punches into the Ghoul's left eye, half-blinding it and distracting it long enough for him to make good on his escape. The Ghoul screams in pain!

You hear the whoops and cries of at least three Ghouls in response!



Marcus Veranius: "Oh good; there's more of them."

**Ghoul:**

INITIATIVE

Ghoul

Initiative: 8

INITIATIVE

Ghoul

Initiative: 5

**Sulda Westwind:** "At least we're not on the trapped floor" Suldae points out

Another ghoul squeezes past the first one and comes barreling down the hallway towards Suldae! It runs on all fours, bounding like a dog. On of Marcus's crossbow bolts sticks out of its chest.

**Ghoul:** (Suldae, you're up)**Sulda Westwind:** (When the ghoul moved into her sight Suldae would have shot, expending her readied action from last time!)**15**

80/320

Light Crossbow (+4)

Sulda Westwind

6

Piercing

Suldae's instinctively-fired shot sticks in the meat between the creature's collarbone and shoulder!

**Ghoul:** (You may fire again, since that was your readied action)**Sulda Westwind:** Suldae squeezes the trigger as the ghoul appears, then steps back to leave Marcus line of sight too and shoots again, quickly reloading as she steps**15**

80/320

Light Crossbow (+4)

Sulda Westwind

6

Piercing

The second shot catches the creature in the other shoulder and it falls awkwardly to its face. It stumbles back to all fours, snarling and drooling black blood over its chin. It stares with glinting, dead-white eyes. Suldae realizes it is wearing tattered black robes.

The Ghoul Marcus shot point-blank comes to its senses and charges after its companion!

**Sulda Westwind:** "That was human, wasn't it," Suldae murmurs

It charges right down the long hallway, leap-frogging over its companion! The moment it comes through the doorway, Ireena swings her blade!

**Ghoul:**

20**Rapier** (+3)**5***Piercing*

Her rapier pierces through the creature's head. She kicks it off her blade and flicks the blood away.

Ireena gets ready to attack the next creature which comes down the hallway.

**Ghoul:** (Marcus, you're up)**Sulda Westwind:** "Nice!" Sulda calls out at Ireena's success

Marcus Veranius moves forward to use the fallen ghoul as cover. A convenient pile of them would make a nice barricade

**Marcus Veranius:** More shots are fired towards the survivor**11**

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius**5***Piercing***19**

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius**10***Piercing*

The first shot whizzes over the crouching Ghoul in the hallway but the second blows a neat round hole in its head as it whizzes through. The Ghoul slumps, dead.

Another Ghoul comes sprinting down the hallway on two legs, leaping easily over its dead companion. It lands on the first flight of steps, still running towards the group!

A fourth and final Ghoul is crawling swiftly along behind him!

**Ghoul:** (Sulda, you're up)**Sulda Westwind:** Sulda shoots!**21**

80/320

Light Crossbow (+4)
Sulda Westwind**6***Piercing*

(EoT)

Suldae's Crossbow bolt sticks in the flesh of the lead Ghoul, jerking his shoulder back as he runs!**Ireena Kolyana:****7****Rapier** (+3)**8***Piercing****Ireena lunges around the corner, stabbing with her rapier! She misses the skinny creature, piercing only robe!*****Ireena Kolyana:** (Marcus, you're up)***Marcus Veranius fires a shot at the 4th ghoul, hoping to slim the numbers heading their way*****Marcus Veranius:****13**

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)

Marcus Veranius

7*Piercing*

(Will that hit?)

The bolt hits home, punching into the rearmost Ghoul.**Marcus Veranius:** "BUGGER OFF! OR I'LL SET YOU UP LIKE THE REST!"

When you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can expend one superiority die to attempt to frighten the target. You add the superiority die to the attack's damage roll, and the target must make a Wisdom saving throw [DC 14]. On a failed save, it is Frightened of you until the end of your next turn.

>A frightened creature has disadvantage on Ability Checks and Attack rolls while the source of its fear is within line of sight.

>The creature can't willingly move closer to the source of its fear.

5*Bonus Damage***[Menacing Attack]**

Marcus Veranius

**Ghoul:**

 WISDOM

Ghoul

Ability: 3



Marcus Veranius uses his Action Surge and Bonus Action to lay two more shots into the nearer ghoul



Marcus Veranius:

9

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)

Marcus Veranius

6

Piercing

9

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)

Marcus Veranius

9

Piercing



Suldae Westwind: ouch



Marcus Veranius: (OH NO)



Suldae Westwind: (;u;)



Marcus Veranius:

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

4

Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]

Marcus Veranius

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

4

Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]

Marcus Veranius

(Superiority dice fix everything)



Sulda Westwind: (nice!)

The Ghoul at the rear crouches down, hissing with fear! Marcus's followup attacks at first look like they're going to miss, but last-minute adjustments bring them into perfect alignment and both bolts stick in the creature before him!

Ireena: "Nice shooting, Marcus!"



Marcus Veranius: "Thank me when they stop moving closer!"

[EoT]



Ghoul:

<p>CLAWS <i>Ghoul</i></p> <hr/> <p>Attack: 24 If the target is a creature other than an elf or undead, it must succeed on a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or be paralyzed for 1 minute. The target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success.</p>
<p>Damage: 6 + 5 slashing</p>

(CON save, Marcus)



Marcus Veranius:

8

CONSTITUTION (2)
Marcus Veranius

(OH NO)



Ghoul: (OH NO)



Sulda Westwind: (OUCH)

(can paralyzed creatures see/hear?)

The lead Ghoul rears up to its full height and swings its claws viciously into Marcus, raking him with dagger-sharp tips! He feels a strange curse sink into his flesh, and his muscles become hard as stone!

Ireena: "MARCUS!"



Marcus Veranius probably has a quip for this, but his jaw has frozen shut



Sulda Westwind: (im holding off on Suldae's reaction until her turn to make it into bardic inspiration lmao)



Ghoul: (He can still see and hear, yes)



Sulda Westwind: (ty ^^)

The second Ghoul is still too frightened to approach! It crawls warily back and forth in the hallway, glaring with hate!



Ghoul: (Sulda, you're up!)



Sulda Westwind: "MARCUS YOU CAN DO THIS!!!" Sulda yells as she shoots at the creature that DARED hurt him

BARDIC INSPIRATION

Class: Bard

You can inspire others through stirring words or music. To do so, you use a bonus action on your turn to choose one creature other than yourself within 60 feet of you who can hear you. That creature gains one Bardic Inspiration die, a d6. Once within the next 10 minutes, the creature can roll the die and add the number rolled to one ability check, attack roll, or saving throw it makes. The creature can wait until after it rolls the d20 before deciding to use the Bardic Inspiration die, but must decide before the DM says whether the roll succeeds or fails. Once the Bardic Inspiration die is rolled, it is lost. A creature can have only one Bardic Inspiration die at a time. You can use this feature a number of times equal to your Charisma modifier (a minimum of once). You regain any expended uses when you finish a long rest. Your Bardic Inspiration die changes when you reach certain levels in this class. The die becomes a d8 at 5th level, a d10 at 10th level, and a d12 at 15th level.

18

80/320

Light Crossbow (+4)
Sulda Westwind

5

Piercing

Bardic Inspiration @ Marcus

I need to set up a better macros for this

Suldae's bolt thunks through the Ghoul's head, spraying the wall with its brains! It collapses atop the corpse of its companion, making a half-cover pile in the tunnel mouth.



Ghoul:

16

100/400

Heavy Crossbow (+3)

8

Piercing



Suldae Westwind: (the GHOUL has a crossbow?)

Ireena peers around the corner and fires the heavy crossbow, ripping into the frightened Ghoul in the hallway!



Suldae Westwind: (ah)



Ghoul: (LMAO sorry)



Suldae Westwind: (I was Very Scared there for a moment lmao)

GM: (Marcus, you're up!)



Suldae Westwind: (brb, hopefully I'm back by my turn)



Marcus Veranius: (what die is bard inspiration? D4?)

GM: a d6 I believe



Marcus Veranius:

8

CONSTITUTION (2)
Marcus Veranius

rolling 1d6 Inspiration

(2)

= 2

(WEW)

GM: That's *exact*ly enough to make it.

Marcus shakes off the paralytic power of the fallen Ghoul's curse!

GM: Unfortunately, I believe that takes your whole turn (since you can only make the save at the end of your turn)

The fear effect also ends now (since it ends at the end of your next turn)

Brace yourselves



Sulda Westwind: (YAY I HELPED)



Ghoul:

BITE
Ghoul

Attack: **6**

Damage: **10** piercing

The final Ghoul shakes off its fear of Marcus as it realizes he is affected by the curse. It charges forward, loping along the ground like an animal, and it lunges forwards for a bite, thinking Marcus will be easy prey! He shakes off the paralysis just in time to twist out of the way!



Ghoul: (Sulda, you're up)



Sulda Westwind: "Go Marcus go!" Sulda cheers and shoots again

Bardic Inspiration @ Marcus again

23

80/320

Light Crossbow (+4)
Sulda Westwind

9

Piercing

After cheering Marcus on, Sulda drops the final Ghoul with a well-placed bolt between the eyes.

It collapses on top of its fellows, adding to the pile.

*You each gain **266.6666666666667** XP*



Sulda Westwind: (10 minutes until the inspiration die expires)

*Let's call that **267***



Sulda Westwind: ^^

915+267=1100+70+12

=1182

got it



Marcus Veranius groggily stands, using the small pile of ghoul corpses as leverage



Marcus Veranius: "That.... could have gone worse."



Ireena Kolyana: (**417** XP total on Ireena



Sulda Westwind: Sulda nods, catching her breath, and shaking off dizziness starts digging through the dead to recover bolts and also check if there's anything else of immediate interest




Marcus Veranius:


On your turn, you can use a


bonus action to regain hit points equal to 1d10 + your fighter level.

10
Healing


Second Wind
Marcus Veranius

 **Sulda Westwind:** do I round half the bolts up or down


 **Marcus Veranius** *takes a moment to regain his senses, get some wind back in him, then joins Suldae in the bolt hunting.*


 **Marcus Veranius:** (Round down probably?)

 **Sulda Westwind:** (probably...)


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Well then! Shall we see what treasures those ghouls may have been lurking around?"

 **Marcus Veranius** *walks over the ghoul piles in an attempt to reach the table room*


 **Sulda Westwind:** "Probably more corpses," Suldae offers, following him
(maybe mark that you've got the inspiration die somehow on your token)

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Wouldn't be surprised," says Ireena


 **Marcus Veranius:** (I used it on the save)

 **Sulda Westwind:** (you got a second one right after)

 **Marcus Veranius:** (o3o)


 **Sulda Westwind:** (Suldae cheered for you)


The sound of chanting seems to be coming from the southern tunnel of the crossroads.


 **Sulda Westwind:** (you're feeling very invigorated and proud of yourself)

The eastern tunnel seems to lead into a large room, after a switchback or two.

The western tunnel leads to some stairs, which seem to descend.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "...still at it at this hour?"
"Same chanting."

 **Sulda Westwind:** "...Probably more undead," Suldae voices the obvious

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Let's see if we can go around."

 **Marcus Veranius** *points to the east hall*

 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae nods

This room is festooned with moldy skeletons that hang from rusty shackles against the walls. A wide alcove in the east wall contains a painted wooden statue carved in the likeness of a gaunt, pale-

faced man wearing a voluminous black cloak, his pale left hand resting on the head of a wolf that stands next to him. In his right hand, he holds a smoky-gray crystal orb.

The chanting seems to echo up from a doorway on the far side of the room.

On a lectern, standing before this strange altar, there is a large, leather-bound tome.

It seems to be hand-bound.



Marcus Veranius: "Oh look. We found the guest quarters."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae approaches the altar



Ireena Kolyana: "Indeed,"



Suldae Westwind: and blows into her instrument, trying to detect the presence of magic



Ireena Kolyana: "That statue," says Ireena, her voice strange and distant. "That's Strahd."



Suldae Westwind:

14

ARCANA (6)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae determines that the book is magical, bearing traces of all schools of magic. She also determines that the crystal orb on the statue is a real spellcasting focus.



Suldae Westwind: "Well now we know what he looks like," Suldae murmurs, lifting the ocarina from her lips.

"We should probably swipe that thing," she suggests, looking at the orb.



Marcus Veranius: "...would you feel better if we knocked the statue over?"



Suldae Westwind: "Not sure about the book to be quite honest..."

Suldae carefully touches the book with the tips of one hand's fingers

Suldae can feel the magic inside the book, but senses that it is currently inert.

It feels like a spellbook.



Ireena Kolyana looks up at the statue, a strange expression on her face. (Insight)



Ireena Kolyana: "I don't know," she says. "I'd rather not disturb the statue, for some reason..."



Ireena Kolyana moves to examine the book.



Suldae Westwind: "It's a spellbook, I think," Suldae says and opens it



Ireena Kolyana: "My father always said I should have learned the family trade. He was a bit of a wizard, himself."



Ireena Kolyana smooths the cover of the book.



Ireena Kolyana opens the book to the first page.



Ireena Kolyana: "Look, there's an index of spells. This isn't some dark ritual book, these are just basic



wizard spells."

"My father could cast all of these."



Suldae Westwind: "You have it, then," Suldae offers and reaches for the orb. She touches it carefully

As Suldae touches the orb, there is a sudden change in the lighting of the chamber. Odd... A moment ago, only your three shadows darkened the walls. Now there seem to be... Eight shadows.



Ireena Kolyana looks around, alarmed.



Ireena Kolyana:

21

PERCEPTION (2)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's hand jerks back as if burned, as she looks around worried

13

PERCEPTION (2)
Suldae Westwind



Ireena Kolyana: "Hey, doesn't that patch of wall look a little strange?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae approaches it, blowing into her ocarina to verify anything she can feel

As Suldae withdraws her hand, the shadows fade.



Suldae Westwind:

13

ARCANA (6)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae feels nothing magical about the patch of wall.



Suldae Westwind: "Nothing here, I think..." she murmurs. "At least not anymore. Who's in favor of not touching the statue?" She raises the hand with the ocarina in it



Marcus Veranius: "Agreed."



Ireena Kolyana: "Agreed."



Suldae Westwind: "The book seems safe to take, though" Suldae nods to Ireena



Marcus Veranius takes a look at the patch of wall Ireena pointed out

Under close examination, it becomes apparent that someone has smeared a fine layer of clay on top of an ordinary wooden door, in an attempt to conceal it. Up close, even in the torchlight, it is fairly obvious. The clay has started to crack.



Marcus Veranius gives the door a stern kick to try and crumble the clay off.



Marcus Veranius: "How many secret doors does this guy have?"



Ireena Kolyana: "I always feel like one can never have too many," Ireena quips.





Suldae Westwind: "As many as it takes," Suldae suggests dryly, feeling a bit embarrassed for not realizing the non-magical secret


The door opens onto a stone staircase that climbs upwards.


 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae looks up


At the top of the staircase, which only climbs for ten feet, there is a ladder leading up to a trapdoor.

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Well we're technically not done down here yet..."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Well," says Ireena. "This probably leads back up into the house."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "Want to go back up there?"


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Not yet," says Ireena.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "If only to see where it was hiding."

 ***Marcus Veranius takes a small peek out of the trap door***


Marcus sees a large sitting room with several stuffed wolves... It's the room on the ground floor.


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Damnit! I knew there was something about the tacky wolf room!"


 **Suldae Westwind:** "Anything interesting?"
"Ooh"


 ***Marcus Veranius slams the trap door and returns to the Husbando Worship Room with a scowl***


 **Suldae Westwind:** (omg)

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Well, at least now we know what it is/"
"Shall we continue?"

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Are you taking the book?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Do we want to poke these skeletons to make sure they're the staying-dead kind?"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I for one am in total favor of that idea," says Ireena, drawing her rapier.
She stows the spellbook in her backpack.


 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae plays the ocarina, checking the skeletons one by one as she walks along the wall

12

ARCANA (6)
Suldae Westwind

 ***Marcus Veranius joins the poking with his new Silvered poking tool***

Suldae detects no aura of magic from the skeletons. Marcus's poking stirs up some dust and a few small spiders, but none of the skeletons rouse themselves.

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Looks like they're just bones, thank gods," Suldae sighs and then immediately

nervously looks around, lifting the ocarina to her lips



Marcus Veranius: "Well that's a pleasant surprise."



Ireena Kolyana: "There's another door here," Ireena says, indicating the door to the southwest.



Marcus Veranius: "To the chanting room..."

The sound of chanting seems strangely louder on the other side of this door.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae knocks



Marcus Veranius: "Should we see where that other staircase went? The western one?"

Suldae's hand sticks instantly to the door. (DC 13 athletics or acrobatics -- with disadvantage -- to escape.)

Around the frame of the door, the wood grain splits open as beady orange eyes open.



Marcus Veranius: "We gotta watch the fucking doors now!?!?"



Marcus Veranius draws his crossbow

The door opens a jagged, toothy mouth, and unfurls a long purple tongue, which flickers towards Suldae/



Ireena Kolyana:

INITIATIVE

Mimic

Initiative: 12

INITIATIVE

Ireena Kolyana

Initiative: 18



Suldae Westwind:

8.14

INITIATIVE (3.14)

Suldae Westwind

"Huhbwuh?"

Even a bard can at times be reduced to incoherence



Marcus Veranius:

20.18

INITIATIVE (4.18)

Marcus Veranius

(Didnt have the token selected. RIP)



Ireena Kolyana:

INITIATIVE

Initiative: 11.18

(I gotchu fam)

GM: The Mimic will make one surprise attack before initiative starts



Ireena Kolyana:

PSEUDOPOD

Mimic

Attack: 13 | 22

If the mimic is in object form, the target is subjected to its Adhesive trait.

Damage: 5 bludgeoning

GM: The Mimic has advantage on attack rolls against any creature it currently has grappled

The Mimic extends a tendril and slaps Suldae with it, latching onto her shoulder! The creature's sticky, glue-like excretions bind her firmly!

The Mimic licks its teeth and all of its beady orange eyes fix on her.



Mimic: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius rushes down the halls and looks at the mimic



Marcus Veranius: "The tackiness of this house never ceases to amaze me."

22

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)

Marcus Veranius

6

Piercing

9

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)

Marcus Veranius

8

Piercing

[EoT]

The Crossbow bolt sticks in the Mimic, which seems not to notice...



Mimic:

7

100/400

Heavy Crossbow (+3)

9

Piercing



Suldae Westwind: was that Ireena

GM: Yes, will re-do as Ireena



Ireena Kolyana:

18

100/400

Heavy Crossbow (+3)

3

Piercing

GM: and will pay attention next time lmao

Ireena pumps another crossbow bolt into the door. It splits some wood, but does little real damage.



Ireena Kolyana:

BITE
Mimic

Attack: **15** | **7**

Damage: **9** piercing + **1**
acid



Suldae Westwind: oh my god

GM: (Omfg)



Mimic:

BITE
Mimic

Attack: **22** | **17**

Damage: **7** piercing + **5**
acid



Suldae Westwind: Ireena proceeds to bite the door
ouch

GM: We'll use the first damage



Suldae Westwind: ^^



Marcus Veranius: (Remember to bite your mimics to assert dominance)



Suldae Westwind: (I'm going to draw this)

The Mimic's pseudopod starts drawing Suldae in towards its mouth, and it chomps down on her arm!



Mimic: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae screams shrilly and tries to rip her way out of the grip

21

ACROBATICS (4)
Suldae Westwind

She twists the tongue so it releases her and rolls back



Mimic: (At disadvantage)



Suldae Westwind:

23

21

ACROBATICS (4)
Suldae Westwind

(OH NICE LMAO)



Mimic: (Yay!)



Suldae Westwind: (and sorry)

Suldae lies under Ireena's feet, panting terrified

(EoT)



Mimic: (Marcus, you
(You're up)



Marcus Veranius tries shooting out the door's eyes; sees if it notices that



Marcus Veranius:

18

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

7

Piercing

9

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

8

Piercing

(Lots of 1s today)

Marcus's crossbows twang, and two bolts stick in the door! One punches into an eyeball. The Mimic screams!



Ireena Kolyana:

21

100/400

Heavy Crossbow (+3)

8
Piercing

Ireena puts another crossbow bolt into the creature.

The door becomes translucent, then melts down into a strange, slurry-like blob of amorphous, shifting ooze. For a moment doorknobws and hinges and timber are visible, then the creature becomes a mere blob, free from the wall.

It slimes its way forwards, slinging a pseudopod at Ireena!



Mimic:

PSEUDOPOD

Mimic

Attack: 15 | 22

If the mimic is in object form, the target is subjected to its Adhesive trait.

Damage: 7 bludgeoning



Sulda Westwind: (Is where it was just wall or a door or a passage?)



Mimic: (No longer supposed to be at advantage)

PSEUDOPOD

Mimic

Attack: 13

If the mimic is in object form, the target is subjected to its Adhesive trait.

Damage: 8 bludgeoning

Where the creature was, you can now see through the arch into a small square room with a table and chairs.

Ireena easily dodges the creature's whiplike little tendril.



Mimic: (Sulda, you're up)



Sulda Westwind: Sulda rolls out from under Ireena's feet and gets up to her feet awkwardly

She shoots

14

80/320

Light Crossbow (+4)

Sulda Westwind

3
Piercing

Sulda's crossbow bolt sticks in the ooze!



Mimic: (EoT)?



Sulda Westwind: (EoT)



Mimic: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius *frowns as he starts to realize this door-monster is probably melting his bolts.*



Marcus Veranius:

25

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

10

Piercing

22

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

5

Piercing



Sulda Westwind: (b r b)

Marcus fires two crossbow bolts at the orange eyes floating freely through the creature's semi-liquid body, and hits both targets! The Mimic opens an amorphous depression similar to a mouth, grows a few hundred teeth inside, and screams in pain with it.



Ireena Kolyana: Getting slightly freaked out by this creature, Ireena loads and fires another shot without hesitation.

4

100/400

Heavy Crossbow (+3)

9

Piercing

The bolt skips off the stones, missing the creature by an inch.



Ireena Kolyana: "Dammit!"

BITE	
<i>Mimic</i>	
<hr/>	
Attack:	9
<hr/>	
Damage:	11 piercing + 6
acid	

GM: OmFg



Mimic:BITE
*Mimic*Attack: **8**Damage: **8** piercing + **5**
acid**Marcus Veranius:** (*SHE HUNGERS*)*The Mimic yawns wide and attempts to bite Suldae, but its teeth clash shut on empty air.***Mimic:** (Suldae, you're up)**Suldae Westwind:** (back)

Suldae backs off a little more

And shoots!

11

80/320

Light Crossbow (+4)
Suldae Westwind**3**

Piercing

Suldae's crossbow bolt scrapes sparks off the wall as it ricochet's over the creature's head!**Mimic:** (Marcus, you're up)**Marcus Veranius:** "Stop melting my bolts and die already! They're expensive!" Marcus shouts down the horror-blob. He's burned through a whole quiver now and he's not happy about it.**13**

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius**9**

Piercing

22

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius**10**

Piercing


**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae laughs weakly in a trembling voice

Her legs are barely holding her up

Marcus's final two shots crack something critical inside the creature.

All at once, it collapses into a puddle of liquid ooze.


Slowly, several objects take shape as the life leaves the enchantment which created the Mimic originally.


 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae collapses on her knees herself and watches what is happening dumbly, her crossbow lying in front of her, her hands barely touching it

Some of the objects the Mimic has ingested more recently start to reconstitute themselves amid the ooze.

All the crossbow bolts which hit it emerge.


Two white daggers appear, along with a white longbow.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "..."
"Miracles DO exist in this land!"

 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae smiles weakly.
"Give me mine?"


A quiver of white-feathered arrows appears.

A small leather satchel appears.

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Oh, huh."
She has no strength to get up yet.


A small drawstring pouch appears.

Finally, last to emerge are the ingredients of the Mimic itself: a small brass key, two sapphires, an emerald, a hand-mirror, a bowl of salt, and a complicated sigil of bent silver wire.


 **Marcus Veranius attempts to lift Suldae to the chairs and table in the room beyond, giving each a firm kick out of caution before setting her down**


GM: You each gain **1501** XP, rounded up.


Woah, no

 **Marcus Veranius:** (Mother of door...)


150 XP

 **Sulda Westwind:** I WISH
Suldae scrambles to her feet and helps Marcus move her there
"Thank you," she murmurs as she leans onto the table

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Pretty damn convenient that there's furniture in the murder dungeon."

 **Sulda Westwind:** "I mean why wouldnt they have furniture down here?" Suldae chuckles weakly

 **Marcus Veranius starts moving items to the table for Suldae to identify at her convenience**

 **Sulda Westwind:** "If I had a murder dungeon I'd have furniture in it too"

A chandelier is suspended above a table in the middle of the room. Two high-backed chairs flank the table, which has an empty clay jug and two clay flagons atop it. Iron candlesticks stand in two corners, their candles long since melted away.

The furniture in this room is nicer than the furniture in the rest of the dungeon has been.



Marcus Veranius: "Doesn't seem like the place where you'd want to stick around for a relaxing cup of tea."

"...although judging by the setup, I'd be mistaken."



Ireena Kolyana: "I wonder what's down the western tunnel there?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae checks out the leather satchel

She feels better already from being presented with loot

(can tokens be unstuck from the grid? this just feels WRONG X)

(XD)

GM: Items: 2 White Daggers, a White Longbow, a Quiver of White-Feathered Arrows (15 arrows) A Small Leather Satchel, a Small Drawstring Pouch, A Small Brass Key, 2 Sapphires, an Emerald, a Hand-Mirror, a Bowl of Salt, and some Bent Silver Wire.



Marcus Veranius: (Hold ALT while moving a token to move it out of grid)



Suldae Westwind: (TY)

Inside the leather satchel Suldae finds several glass bottles containing a red liquid which glimmers and flashes with ruby light when it is agitated.

There are three small bottles and one large bottle.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae uncorks one bottle and sniffs the liquid uncertainly, trying to identify it

Suldae determines that it is a potion of healing.



Suldae Westwind: "Well damn," she whistles.

"These are potions of healing"

"We should each take one and... someone take the large one. Who's the most likely to get hit next time?" Her voice trembles a little as she tries for more levity than she can really manage at the moment



Marcus Veranius: "Well, my face is the most punchable."

"I'll take it."



Suldae Westwind: "Sold!" Suldae pushes two bottles towards him and one towards Ireena, and takes one herself

She then checks the drawstring pouch

GM: The Large Potion does 6d4+6 HP, the small potions do 2d4+2 HP.




Suldae Westwind: (nice)


"We probably want to save these, for now..."

The drawstring pouch contains 159 Gold coins, 62 Silver coins, 83 Copper coins, and 1

Platinum coins.


 **Sulda Westwind:** Everyone takes a short rest as Sulda sits there counting XD


 ***Ireena Kolyana whistles softly under her breath.***

 **Sulda Westwind:** "We could count and divide this, or we could call it common funds and just give someone for safekeeping?" Sulda suggests, giving up almost immediately after starting to count


"I call dibs on the mirror, meanwhile"

She grabs it and puts it into her bag

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I don't have a ledger for it, but I can keep track of the funds."


 **Sulda Westwind:** Sulda gives him the pouch, and puts the gems there with the coins for good measure

 ***Marcus Veranius sits on the ground and starts laying out the coins in stacks of 10, grinning as he passes by the platinum.***

 **Sulda Westwind:** Sulda fiddles with the key


"I wonder if this opens something around here..."

 ***Ireena Kolyana Takes the opportunity to examine the spellbook again.***


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Maybe it opens a set of five chests in another part of the dungeon."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena snorts.

"With our luck? Probably."


 **Sulda Westwind:** "We wish," Sulda sighs wistfully and packs away the key and the empty satchel. That leaves the salt, the wire, 2 White Daggers, a White Longbow, a Quiver of White-Feathered Arrows (15 arrows)


 ***Ireena Kolyana picks up the longbow and examines it.***


 **Sulda Westwind:** "Anyone here can use a longbow? Because I can't," Sulda admits, feeling like she's betraying her elf heritage just by saying that.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I think this is magical," says Ireena.


Sulda realizes that it is elven in make.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I use a longbow for things out of range."

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Nice. Do you know how to shoot a longbow?"
Sulda really, really wishes she did. But she doesn't.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Not nearly as nice as this though."

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Oh hey you can take it. It's elven, I think"
"I wonder if some poor elf was here..."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "It seems we're not the first to come through here," Ireena says.

"I wonder how long the house has been sitting here, luring people in..."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae nods. She's been thinking this for a while.



Marcus Veranius *takes the bow and arrows, looking over the fine craftsmanship. He looks along its side for any lettering indicating a craftsman or origin.*

The bow bears no maker's mark, but as Marcus holds it, he gets the sense that it is much more than it seems...



Sulda Westwind: Suldae takes one dagger and examines it.



Marcus Veranius: "Hmm..." Marcus takes out one of the arrows and fires it at the far wall out of curiosity.

Bow: *In Elvish:* "Swift defeat to my enemies."

The arrow sticks in a crack between stones.



Marcus Veranius looks at the bow



Marcus Veranius: "Did you hear that, Suldae?"



Sulda Westwind: Suldae looks up sharply.

"Swift defeat to my enemies," she repeats in Elvish. "Swift defeat to my enemies," she then translates into Common



Marcus Veranius: "I got that part the first time."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena, who does not speak Elvish, looks at the both of you. "Was that Elvish?"



Sulda Westwind: Suldae nods



Marcus Veranius: "That wouldn't make too bad an idiom to engrave onto a pair of boots."

"I should write it down."



Sulda Westwind: "Did the bow talk?" Suldae attempts to draw his attention to the more immediately important part of the situation



Marcus Veranius: "Yes, it did. Not very stealthy for an archer's weapon."



Ireena Kolyana: "I'd say it was more like a whisper..."

"I barely heard it at all."



Marcus Veranius: "Kindof gloaty actually, which makes perfect sense for an Elvish weapon."



Sulda Westwind: "You know more about Elvish weapons than I do, then," Suldae allows easily. She's not an expert on weapons at all, and rests easy with that.

She still thinks it's odd for a weapon to talk, but Marcus seems entirely unbothered by it



Ireena Kolyana: "Maybe there's more to it," Ireena says. "It's clearly magical. Maybe after spending some time with it you'll learn more."



Marcus Veranius nods, and resumes his counting of the coin.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae examines the dagger she's taken, slides a finger along the flat side of its blade.

Suldae finds that the two white daggers are identical. Each has a set of holes along the center of the blade. There is also a strange addition to the grip of both daggers: a sort of ring which seems to be connected to a concealed lever. It could be pulled with a finger.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pulls the ring

Thick black liquid bleeds from the holes along the dagger's edge, instantly coating the blade in something that looks almost like ink.

The "ink" does not drip from the blade, it clings to the metal.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae touches it with the tip of one finger

The black liquid does not burn.

Suldae has a feeling it would be bad to get it inside of you, however.

GM: (The daggers are both "Daggers of Venom" -- already added to your sheet)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes one dagger and offers another to Ireena, figuring Marcus has already got his portion.



Ireena Kolyana: "I don't know, I'm not good with daggers. I'd probably just poison myself."

"Maybe you'd better keep it."



Ireena Kolyana is in the middle of the spellbook, examining one complicated incantation.



Suldae Westwind: "Alright," Suldae agrees and takes both without further argumet. She sees Ireena has chosen hers, too.



Ireena Kolyana Says a word, practicing the pronunciation, and makes a complex arcane gesture.



Marcus Veranius: "Not a bad idea. Daggers are better in pairs."



Suldae Westwind: This leaves the wire and the salt. Suldae stares at them for a minute, then shrugs and takes up the ocarina.

SONG OF REST

Class: Bard

Beginning at 2nd level, you can use soothing music or oration to help revitalize your wounded allies during a short rest. If you or any friendly creatures who can hear your performance regain hit points at the end of the short rest by spending one or more Hit Dice, each of those creatures regains an extra 1d6 hit points.

:3

8**HIT DICE** (D8+1)
Suldae Westwind**Marcus Veranius:****7****HIT DICE** (D10+2)
Marcus Veranius**Suldae Westwind:** rolling 1d6

(5)

= 5

A silvery mist appears before her, and in the mist, shapes begin to form. After a moment or two, the mist has taken on the shape of a shimmering spectral hand. The hand is somewhat skeletal in appearance.

**Marcus Veranius:** rolling 1d6

(6)

= 6**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae pauses her playing for a moment to give an appreciative whistle, then resumes*Ireena Kolyana smiles.**Marcus Veranius gives a thumbs up***Ireena Kolyana:**

Mage Hand

*Conjuration Cantrip***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 30 feet**Target:** A point you choose within range**Components:** V, S**Duration:** 1 minute

A spectral, floating hand appears at a point you choose within range. The hand lasts for the duration or until you dismiss it as an action. The hand vanishes if it is ever more than 30 feet away from you or if you cast this spell again. You can use your action to control the hand. You can use the hand to manipulate an object, open an unlocked door or container, stow or retrieve an item from an open container, or pour the contents out of a vial. You can move the hand up to 30 feet each time

you use it. The hand can't attack, activate magic items, or carry more than 10 pounds.

GM: Without a spellcasting focus or component pouch, she is limited to spells which require only verbal and somatic components. She has taken one level in Wizard.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae offers her the salt and the mirror, vaguely remembering that they are material components for some spells maybe



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena accepts them gratefully, although she isn't sure what they'll be used for just yet.

"Thank you."

"Should we move on? My brother is still waiting for us, after all. If we take too long he may try to come in after us."

"If he hasn't drunk himself into a coma, that is."



Marcus Veranius: "Incidentally, we have the materials to summon a mimic if you want to try."



Marcus Veranius smirks, and draws his crossbow. Best to experiment with new weapons when not in a scenario of danger



Sulda Westwind: (brb)



Ireena Kolyana: "So," Ireena says.

"If this is the parlor, I wonder what the next room is?"



Marcus Veranius takes the lead



Marcus Veranius: "Bedroom?"

"Oh hey, I was right."

This room contains a large wood-framed bed with a rotted feather mattress, a wardrobe, and an open crate. At the foot of the bed is a wooden footlocker.



Marcus Veranius: "Just think. Our host was likely sleeping in this bed with his prisoners crying in the dungeon next door."

"I suddenly find myself without a father's sympathy for his loss."



Sulda Westwind: (Is there any more chanting?)

The chanting seems to be coming from the northeast, now.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae inspects the containers, no longer feeling anything remotely like respect for personal property in here anymore.

The wardrobe contains several old black robes and a pair of black iron candlesticks. The crate contains thirty torches and a leather sack with fifteen candles inside. The footlocker is unlocked, and contains many things: a folded cloak, a small wooden coffer, a chain shirt, a mess kit, a flask of something labeled "Alchemist's Fire," a bullseye lantern, a set of thieves' tools, and another beaten-up spellbook.

The spellbook is stained with blood.



Sulda Westwind: "Hey, Ireena, something for you here!" Suldae takes out the spellbook and puts it

on a nearby surface.

"Anyone can use this?" She takes out the thieves' tools



Marcus Veranius: "I know a few things about picking locks. Not much a burglar, but it's a nice life skill."

There is a thumping sound behind the walls.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hands him the set of tools, and the lantern for good measure.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

The walls on the west and north sides of the chamber suddenly lose large clumps of dirt.



Marcus Veranius quickly stows it and aims his crossbow towards the wall



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks up, bites her lip, then quickly checks the coffer while she's at it

The coffer contains four more of the small red potions.

The walls shed thick clumps of dirt! Two undead figures in tattered black robes stand in concealed alcoves, where they were buried behind the walls!

The one in the western alcove is smaller and appears to have been female.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stuffs the potions in her bag and backs up to the room entrance.



Marcus Veranius: "IT'S ALWAYS SECRET DOORS!"



Ireena Kolyana:

INITIATIVE

Ghast

Initiative: 7

INITIATIVE

Ghast

Initiative: 22



Suldae Westwind: "Are you really surprised anymore?"



Marcus Veranius:

19.18

INITIATIVE (4.18)

Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind:

22.14

INITIATIVE (3.14)

Suldae Westwind

(shit)



Ghast:

INITIATIVE

Initiative: 18.14

INITIATIVE Ireena Kolyana

Initiative: 20

(Suldae is up!)



Suldae Westwind: (Wait, weren't there two of them?)

(ah nm got it)

Suldae shoots at the one at the far side of the room that she can see clearly

15

80/320

Light Crossbow (+4)
Suldae Westwind

7

Piercing

Suldae's shot strikes! The female Ghast snarls, taking the arrow in the thigh.

An ungodly stench soon fills the air... These smell far fouler than any undead you have encountered.

The large male Ghast drops out of his alcove and turns toward Suldae and Marcus.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae wrinkles her nose as she reloads the crossbow



Ghast:

BITE Ghast

Attack: 15 21

Damage: 10 piercing

GM: (Not supposed to be with advantage, sorry)



Marcus Veranius takes the hit on the nose, metaphorically speaking



Ireena Kolyana:

19

100/400

Heavy Crossbow (+3)

3

Piercing

Ireena launches a crossbow bolt past Suldae and Marcus, catching the larger Ghast in the shoulder.

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius postures himself to be more intimidating than the ghast in front of him. "Both of you! Back in your holes! I've not the patience for you today!"

Marcus Veranius:**24**

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)

Marcus Veranius

6*Piercing***17**

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)

Marcus Veranius

10*Piercing*

When you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can expend one superiority die to attempt to frighten the target. You add the superiority die to the attack's damage roll, and the target must make a Wisdom saving throw [DC 14]. On a failed save, it is Frightened of you until the end of your next turn.

>A frightened creature has disadvantage on Ability Checks and Attack rolls while the source of its fear is within line of sight.

>The creature can't willingly move closer to the source of its fear.

3*Bonus Damage***[Menacing Attack]**

Marcus Veranius

When you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can expend one superiority die to attempt to frighten the target. You add the superiority die to the attack's damage roll, and the target must make a Wisdom saving throw [DC 14]. On a failed save, it is Frightened of you until the end of your next turn.

>A frightened creature has disadvantage on Ability Checks and Attack rolls while the source of its fear is within line of sight.

>The creature can't willingly move closer to the source of its

fear.

7

Bonus Damage

[Menacing Attack]

Marcus Veranius



Marcus Veranius attempts to scare the ghosts off with a show of force



Ghost:

WISDOM

Ghost

Ability: **4**



Marcus Veranius: And bolts



Ghost:

WISDOM

Ghost

Ability: **3**

GM: Both Ghosts are now Frightened



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is incredibly impressed by her teammate's ability to scare the UNDEAD. She didn't know it was possible, and now she does. Nice.

Both of Marcus's shots land well, frightening both Ghosts, who shrink back, snarling!

Unwilling to move any closer to Marcus, the female Ghost remains in her alcove, hissing!

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Marcus Veranius looks like a scarier undead. They know their place



Suldae Westwind: Suldae backs up further and shoots at the one in front of Marcus

5

80/320

Light Crossbow (+4)

Suldae Westwind

6

Piercing

Badly.

Her crossbow bolt yanks Ireena's hair as it whistles past, but misses the Ghost.



Ireena Kolyana: "Ow!"



Ghost:

CLAWS

Ghost

Attack: **20 | 11**

If the target is a creature

other than an undead, it must succeed on a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or be paralyzed for 1 minute. The target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success.

Damage: 8 slashing

The Ghast in front of Marcus takes a swipe at him before shambling away. Marcus easily dodges the poorly-aimed blow.



Ireena Kolyana:

18

100/400

Heavy Crossbow (+3)

11

Piercing

Ireena lobbs a crossbow bolt into the Ghast as it is retreating away from Marcus. Both Ghasts cower in the corner now.

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius smirks, and pelts additional shots into the larger ghast. Best to finish them off before they regain their senses.



Marcus Veranius:

18

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

8

Piercing

26

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

8

Piercing

The bolts rip into the first Ghast and the second bolt punches through and sticks in the female Ghast behind.



Marcus Veranius: [Eot]

The female Ghast screams as the larger male Ghast collapses into the slowly-growing pool of its own black blood.

No longer afraid, the female Ghast leaps over her husband, scrambles over the bed, and hurls herself at Marcus, claws outstretched!



Ghast:

CLAWS

Ghast

Attack: 14

If the target is a creature other than an undead, it must succeed on a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or be paralyzed for 1 minute. The target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success.

Damage: 11 slashing

Marcus fights it off!

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae backs up further, climbing onto the table for a better (and more defensible!) vantage point

She shoots over her teammates' heads

24

80/320

Light Crossbow (+4)
Suldae Westwind

10 + 6
Piercing

(oh hot damn)

Suldae's crossbow bolt neatly skims Marcus's hat as it flies over his head and rips through the female Ghast. It carries her head right off the rest of her corpse, pinning it to the far wall.

You each receive 133.3333333333334 XP.



Marcus Veranius drops his bow and frantically checks his hat for damage.

GM: That's 134 XP.

His hat, it seems, is unscathed.



Marcus Veranius: "Thank goodness. Without this hat I'd truly have nothing."

(And even worse; ID NEED TO FIND NEW CHARACTER ART!)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena laughs. "Nice shooting, both of you!"

"Now, if I'm not much mistaken, we were distracted in the middle of looting this place."



Marcus Veranius: "A bit, yes."

The wardrobe contains several old black robes and a pair of black iron candlesticks. The crate contains thirty torches and a leather sack with fifteen candles inside. The footlocker is unlocked, and contains many things: a folded cloak, a small wooden coffer, a chain shirt, a mess kit, a flask of something labeled "Alchemist's Fire," a bullseye lantern, a set of thieves' tools, and another beaten-up spellbook.



Ireena Kolyana: The spellbook is stained with blood.



Suldae Westwind: "Right. More healing potions here!" Suldae gives the extra one to Ireena this time (1 to each of 'em)
(well 2 to Ireena and 1 to Marcus)



Marcus Veranius checks the Wooden Coffre; seems he's found a proper party fund box!



Ireena Kolyana examines the blood-stained spellbook more closely.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at the Alchemist's Fire flask thoroughly, then snatches it up
omg thats what english gets for being Like That
*thoughtfully
She considers the chain shirt next.
"Marcus, what've you got for armor?"



Marcus Veranius: "I've got leather under my surcoat. It's light and quiet, which I prefer."



Ireena Kolyana examines the cloak.



Ireena Kolyana: "This is magical, I think."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes out a melody on her instrument

25

ARCANA (6)
Suldae Westwind

The cloak is a Cloak of Protection.

It is quite beautiful.

It also appears to be Elven-made.



Marcus Veranius: "How many elves died in this house?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Honestly, it may have just been the one well-equipped elf," says Ireena.



Marcus Veranius: "That's a good point."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stares at the cloak, enchanted.



Ireena Kolyana: "Or one well-equipped adventurer with a fetish for Elven-made artifacts.



Suldae Westwind: "You can... have it... if you want?" She says hesitantly



Ireena Kolyana: "Who, me?"



Sulda Westwind: "If you want it," Suldae repeats, trying very hard to sound nonchalant



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks down at her breastplate, and the rather fashionable look she has assembled.

"I think I'll be alright," she says. "It's probably better if you have it."



Marcus Veranius nods. "Blue ain't my color."



Ireena Kolyana: "Maybe we can sell the chain, it might be too noisy for any of us to wear."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae dons the cloak

stowing away the one she previously wore in the bag



Ireena Kolyana: "It will probably take some time to figure out the exact enchantment on the cloak," Ireena says.

"Shall we move on?"



Sulda Westwind: "Hold on a second"

Suldae takes the mess kit and two candles, too.



Marcus Veranius: "Let me just stow this coffer away real quick"



Marcus Veranius props it open, checking if there's anything of value inside before he stuffs the party fund in it.



Ireena Kolyana: "Having the lantern might be a good idea, too," Ireena suggests.

The coffer is empty of other valuables.

It will make a perfect place for the party funds.



Sulda Westwind: (Suldae already gave the lantern and the tools to Marcus XD)



Marcus Veranius shuffles the coin inside with a smile. He almost feels like a real merchant again



Ireena Kolyana: "I think I can manage the lantern," Ireena says.



Marcus Veranius: "Right then. Let's see if we can get the floor will kill us next."

"Wait... it tried to already."



Marcus Veranius mumbles to himself as he tries to figure out what hasn't tried to kill him today.



Sulda Westwind: "The ceiling," Suldae proposes

She then immediately steps aside from where she was standing and looks up

"Ah, here's the other passage from where we've been"



Ireena Kolyana: "Uh... Guys? There's a staircase here."



Marcus Veranius: "Onwards and..."



Ireena Kolyana: "What do you think?"

"Downwards?"



Marcus Veranius squints at the stairs. Stairs haven't tried to kill him today.



Marcus Veranius:

20

PERCEPTION (4)
Marcus Veranius

Marcus can tell that the ghostly chanting is coming from down these stairs.



Marcus Veranius proceeds downwards with caution and skepticism



Ireena Kolyana follows.

The stairs descend for quite some time, moving deeper and deeper beneath the earth.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows

The chanting gets louder, and soon becomes clear as distinct voices.

It sounds like a dozen voices saying, over and over: "He is the Ancient. He is the Land."



Marcus Veranius takes a deep breath before going further



Marcus Veranius:

On your turn, you can use a bonus action to regain hit points equal to 1d10 + your fighter level.

8

Healing

Second Wind
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gets an urge to drown out the voices with her own playing, but doesn't give in just yet.



Marcus Veranius:

8

STEALTH (6)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind:

5

STEALTH (3)
Suldae Westwind

(wow)

(brb)

The passage turns sharply to the right, opening onto a large chamber with many pillars. There are niches along the walls of this chamber, each containing a small relic.

You see: A small, mummified hand. A knife carved from a human bone. A dagger with a rat's skull set into the pommel. An 8-inch-diameter varnished orb. An aspergillum carved from bone. A folded cloak made of stitched skin. A desiccated frog lashed to a stick. A bag of something. A finger. A 6-inch-tall wooden figurine of a mummy, its arms crossed over its chest. An iron pendant adorned with a devil's face. A shrunken, shriveled head of a halfling. A small wooden coffer.



Marcus Veranius: (I can't actually see what's in the marked spaces. It's just normal wall there)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae walks along the walls, whistling softly to try to detect any magic

8

ARCANA (6)
Suldae Westwind

(and same)



Marcus Veranius: "On second thought, I rather miss the windmills."



Suldae Westwind: "The windmills are just useful and largely harmless in themselves," Suldae agrees.



Ireena Kolyana: "Yeah, these are creepy..."

"I think this is a goblin's hand," Ireena says.

"And this, I'm pretty sure, is a Nothic's eye."



Suldae Westwind: (what does or doesn't Suldae detect?)

Suldae detects no magic, except for a lingering aura of divination magic around the varnished orb.

GM: The way they set up the lighting for this room is a little wack, sorry



Suldae Westwind: "What's that?"



Marcus Veranius: (Oh shit, does the campaign come with its own lighting pre-set up? Thats nice)

GM: the alcoves probably won't show up correctly

Yes, it's all pre set-up, which is lovely and convenient

except when it's wrong



Tops K.: :U



Suldae Westwind: well rn I can see the dagger and the thing Ireena is in front of



Marcus Veranius pokes at the museum macarbe with his sword, checking if any of the items have hidden switches underneath

None of the items have hidden switches underneath. While poking around, Marcus notes some tunnels leading out of the room. The southern tunnel slopes down at a 20 degree angle, into murky water. It ends at a rusty portcullis.

The other southern tunnel turns sharply to the west after just ten feet.




Suldae Westwind: "What's a Nothic's eye?"




Ireena Kolyana: "Nothics are what happens when a wizard delves too deeply into secrets guarded by Vecna."

"Vecna, god of secrets, turns them into a monster with a single glowing eye."

"It doesn't really have any special features, once you take it out of the Nothic, though."


 **Sulda Westwind:** "Ah," Suldae says sagely, and backs off. "How about we don't touch anything in this room?"

(What about the chanting?)


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Yes, I agree... Perhaps we should avoid touching anything in this room."


GM: (Good morning y'all!)


 **Tops K.:** (Mornin!)

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Shame. I was looking forward to taking a giant eyeball home with me."


"In more serious matters; I'd rather not be trapped behind that gate in the hallway. Shall we see if there's a way around?"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Yes, I think that might be a good idea."


 **Liliet (Suldae):** (Good evening everyone!)

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "What about that tunnel?"

Marcus finds that the tunnel curves out of sight almost instantly.

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Are you going to check or shall I?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "..."

 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae shudders a little, remembering her previous experience going first, with the door and everything, but stands willing to go

 **Marcus Veranius** *spot-checks for traps*


 **Marcus Veranius:**

23

PERCEPTION (4)
Marcus Veranius


 **Ireena Kolyana** *lights up her torch and gives Suldae's hand a squeeze. "I'll go first," she says.*


 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae smiles gratefully and follows last, her ocarina at the ready


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "These are... cells!"

Rusty shackles hang from the walls.

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Anyone there?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Better question; why is there need for a second set of them?"

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Can never have too many?" Suldae suggests cheerfully

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "There seem to be an awful lot of strange things in this house..."
"Oh!"



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe there's another statue of Strahd he needs guests to observe."

There is a skeleton shackled to the wall of this final cell.

The skeleton is wrapped in ragged black robes.



Suldae Westwind: "Well this seems to be a dead end," Suldae concludes, glancing around warily
"Oh!"



Ireena Kolyana: "Well."

"That's odd though. Aren't these the same robes we found earlier?"

The robes do look suspiciously similar to the robes of a cultist.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae doesn't need to think to check - she gives a shrill note of the instrument, checking for any magic

11

ARCANA (6)
Suldae Westwind



(To Marcus Veranius): While Suldae and Ireena are looking at the corpse, you spot a section of wall that looks a little strange...



(To Suldae Westwind): You detect no magic, but you do see a glint of something gold on one of the skeleton's fingers.



Marcus Veranius s' eyes turn suspiciously towards one of the cells.



Marcus Veranius: "Give the skeleton a poke for me; think I might have found something."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae checks the gold glimpse

The skeleton is wearing a small gold ring.



Marcus Veranius starts investigating what is probably yet another hidden door.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae considers the situation for the moment, then shrugs and takes the ring.
Pauses to wait for any reaction

Having spotted the door, finding the switch is relatively easy -- one of the shackles on the wall is hanging from a bracket that seems to be hinged on the bottom.

There is no reaction from the skeleton.



Ireena Kolyana: "Never thought I'd be relieved to find a genuine dead body," Ireena mutters.



Marcus Veranius: "Well, I was right about the cells."



Ireena Kolyana: "What did you find, Marcus?"



Suldae Westwind: "Good point," Suldae agrees and goes to catch up to Marcus and give the gold ring over into the group funds



Marcus Veranius: "Not a sitting room I'm afraid. Looks more like an altar."

GM: (The gold ring is worth 25 gp.)



Sulda Westwind: "Oh, of course it does" Sulda sighs

By pulling the chain, you activate the mechanism of the secret door.

A section of the wall slides open.

The chanting stops as you peer into this forty-foot-square room. The smooth masonry walls provide excellent acoustics. Featureless stone pillars support the ceiling, and a breach in the west wall leads to a dark cave heaped with refuse. Murky water covers most of the floor. Stairs lead up to dry stone ledges that hug the walls. In the middle of the room, more stairs rise to form an octagonal dais that also rises above the water. Rusty chains with shackles dangle from the ceiling directly above a stone altar mounted on the dais. The altar is carved with hideous depictions of grasping ghouls and is stained with dry blood.

GM: (Should be breach in the "SOUTH" wall, not west.)



Sulda Westwind: Sulda gulps. She notes the stopped chanting and is not expecting anything good out of it

*chanting



Ireena Kolyana crouches down and draws her rapier. She pokes into the murky water, feeling for the bottom. She pulls the blade back up and glances at it.



Marcus Veranius: "Looks like we found the subject of Strahd's letter."



Ireena Kolyana: "Looks about two feet deep," she says. "At least, near the edge."



Marcus Veranius: "Going to be honest. I wasn't quite expecting this level of effort."



Sulda Westwind: "Maybe it was pre-existing?"



Marcus Veranius: "If not, I could see where the family fortune went."



Sulda Westwind: "We've got a bit of that fortune," Sulda nods towards his baggage.



Marcus Veranius moves back a bit, then makes a running jump towards the center island.



Sulda Westwind: Sulda peers into the far corner of the room

DARKVISION


Racial: Half-Elf

Thanks to your elf blood, you have superior vision in dark and dim conditions. You can see in dim light within 60 feet of you as if it were bright light, and in darkness as if it were dim light. You can't discern color in darkness, only shades of gray.

Marcus lands lightly on the steps leading up to the altar.




(To Sulda Westwind): You see a large mound of refuse in the alcove.


 **Suldae Westwind:** (I can't see that corner on the map)

 **Ireena Kolyana:** Better?

 **Suldae Westwind:** (yes, ty!)

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Are you alright there, Suldae? Are your eyes bothering you?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Maybe this will help a bit." Marcus mentions, lighting a torch from his bag and placing it on the center of the island.

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae considers pushing her into the water, but just lightly elbows her instead


The chanting rises once more as thirteen dark apparitions appear on the ledges overlooking the room. Each one resembles a black-robed figure holding a torch, but the torch's fire is black and seems to draw light into it. Where you'd expect to see faces are voids.

 **Ireena Kolyana:**

"One must die!" they chant, over and over. "One must die! One must die!"


"One must die!" they chant, over and over. "One must die! One must die!"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Oh hell no."

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae takes a running jump after Marcus
"Catch me!" she yells

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "MARCUS? WHAT DID YOU DO?"

Ireena leaps the gap.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I LIT A TORCH!" Marcus shouts, holding a hand out for the other two

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Clearly that was a bad idea!" Suldae shares

 *Ireena Kolyana goes back to back with the other two, crossbow ready.*

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae takes a deep breath and starts playing

36

Hit Points of Creatures

90 feet

Sleep

Suldae Westwind


A slow, pulling melody waves around the room

It cannot drown out the persistent chanting.

 *Marcus Veranius 's eyes frantically glance around the figures, then towards the altar*

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae considers the situation, then pulls the torch out

 **Marcus Veranius:** "...I have an idea!"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "What do you think it means? 'One Must Die?'"



Suldae Westwind: "Probably that one of us must die, but I respectfully disagree!"



Marcus Veranius: "It means we push this altar over so dying isn't an option."
"Give me a hand."

Overhead, the chains rattle and shift. Ireena cannot help but look up at the sound. Corpses have appeared, hanging upside-down from the chains.

Their faces are grimaces of horror, and their bodies have been slashed hundreds of times.



Suldae Westwind: (Where are the chains and corpses? Above the central dais, or?)

The corpses swing back and forth over the altar, which is stained black with ancient blood.



Ireena Kolyana lets out a short scream before clapping a hand over her mouth.



Ireena Kolyana: "I think we know how they did their sacrifices," Ireena says.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae grabs for her hand and gives it a reassuring squeeze



Ireena Kolyana: "I'll help you, Marcus!"



Suldae Westwind: (Does pulling out the torch have any effect?)



Ireena Kolyana: "Come on, Suldae! Together, we can do it!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae joins the effort

GM: Pulling the torch out gives you back your torch, still lit.

Ireena pauses.



Ireena Kolyana: "Marcus, look at these carvings!"

"It doesn't have to be human!"



Marcus Veranius is too shaken up for witty banter. He takes a closer look towards where Ireena mentions.



Suldae Westwind: "I propose we don't do what they want anyway!"

Suldae pushes the altar first

The carvings depict many animals being sacrificed on the altar, and the blood of even small creatures satisfying the thirst of Strahd.



Suldae Westwind:

15

ATHLETICS (0)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius:

4

ATHLETICS (0)
Marcus Veranius



Ireena Kolyana looks around at the chanting figures on the walls.



Ireena Kolyana: "Do we really want to defy the cult?"

"Fuck it!"

15

STRENGTH SAVE (0)



Marcus Veranius: "I aint here to continue the cycle of this death house!"



Suldae Westwind: "I say that's exactly what we want to do!"

Ireena joins the effort. Between the three of you, the altar is easily toppled. It crashes onto its side and rolls clumsily down the steps, landing with a splash of muddy water.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks around



Marcus Veranius stumbles as the altar gives way, breathing heavily out of exhaustion and fear. He eyes the room out of panic, hoping something's changed.

The cultists stop chanting.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae experimentally flips them off

Their voices rise once more: "LORGHOTH THE DECAYER, WE AWAKEN THEE!"

There is a sound of something massive slipping into the water...



Suldae Westwind: "Oh fuck you!" Suldae exclaims



Marcus Veranius: "Oh fuck that!"



Marcus Veranius exclaims louder



Ireena Kolyana: "RUN!"



Marcus Veranius: "The secret corridor!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pulls out the ocarina again, and puts her back into it this time

The sounds of ancient cries of pain fills the air.



Suldae Westwind:

11

Higher Level Cast

21

Hit Points of Creatures

90 feet

Sleep

Suldae Westwind

(wow)

Suldae knows that she has produced the strongest sleep spell of her short career.

The creature slides through the water sluggishly, separating liquidly to move around a pillar.

It seems completely unaffected.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tries to jump across the gap towards the stairs, judging it more climbable

21

ACROBATICS (4)
Suldae Westwind

(What's the corridor to the north there?)

Suldae lands lightly in shallow water, next to the sealed portcullis. She can see safety! A wooden wheel emerges from the wall to her right.



Suldae Westwind: (ah ty)

Through the Portcullis, Suldae can see the room with the trinkets in alcoves.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae considers the situation. She takes out the crossbow and aims at the trinket she can see.

12

80/320

Light Crossbow (+4)
Suldae Westwind

8

Piercing



Ireena Kolyana screams! Something explodes out of the water, nearer than the main body of the mound!



Ireena Kolyana:

SLAM
Shambling Mound

Attack: **19 | 14**

Damage: **12** bludgeoning

SLAM
Shambling Mound

Attack: **26 | 24**

Damage: **11** bludgeoning



Suldae Westwind: (should we have rolled initiative at some point?)



Marcus Veranius: (Probably)



Suldae Westwind:

10.14

INITIATIVE (3.14)
Suldae Westwind



Shambling Mound:

INITIATIVE
Ireena Kolyana

Initiative: 20



Marcus Veranius:

13.18

INITIATIVE (4.18)
Marcus Veranius



Shambling Mound:

INITIATIVE
Shambling Mound

Initiative: 13

Ireena just barely skips back, out of reach of the creature's sudden tendrils!

Ireena makes a running jump to land in the water near Suldae.



Shambling Mound:

10

DEXTERITY SAVE (1)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae reaches out to catch Ireena!

GM: That was Ireena's dex save, should have been a dex check



Ireena Kolyana fumbles the landing but Suldae snatches her hand before she can fall.



Ireena Kolyana: (EoT)

Suldae's crossbow shot hits the trinket. There is no reaction.



Suldae Westwind: (Is it pushed out of position / knocked over?)

The trinket, overbalanced by the crossbow bolt, rolls off its pedestal and across the ground.

It's the Nothic's eye.



Marcus Veranius pulls out his crossbow, arms shaking. "The.... the garden is... somehow not as bad as you!"



Suldae Westwind: "Well that didn't work! Run! Marcus!"



Marcus Veranius fires bolts into the creature to cover his escape



Suldae Westwind: (bardic inspiration that you still have, don't forget it! it expires soon)



Marcus Veranius: (Action, bonus action, action surge)

17

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius**9***Piercing***20**

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius**9***Piercing***17**

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius**5***Piercing*

When you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can expend one superiority die to attempt to frighten the target. You add the superiority die to the attack's damage roll, and the target must make a Wisdom saving throw [DC 14]. On a failed save, it is Frightened of you until the end of your next turn.

>A frightened creature has disadvantage on Ability Checks and Attack rolls while the source of its fear is within line of sight.

>The creature can't willingly move closer to the source of its fear.

8*Bonus Damage***[Menacing Attack]**

Marcus Veranius

**Suldae Westwind:** (n i c e)**Marcus Veranius:** (I'll throw another menacing attack on if it passes the save)**Ireena Kolyana:**
WISDOM
Shambling Mound

Ability: 2

WISDOM
Shambling Mound

Ability: 15

"Oh, Marcus! That's a terribly menacing attack! I think it's afraid of you!"



Marcus Veranius: "Hopefully more than I am of it!"



Marcus Veranius moves for the door



Shambling Mound pauses as the crossbow bolts rip into it. It seems afraid!

The secret door has sealed itself.



Marcus Veranius: "...other exit!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae points at the portcullis

The Shambling Mound circles around the dais, keeping itself exactly the same distance from Marcus. Half of its body slides up the ledge, out of the water.



Ireena Kolyana: "Can we lift it!?"

Suldae and Marcus both see the large wooden winch-wheel sticking out of the wall.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae decides to try something else. She presses against the wall and raises the ocarina to her lips again.

A silly, jolting melody sounds, matching its rhythm to the movement of tendrils

Hideous Laughter

Enchantment 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A creature of your choice that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (Tiny tarts and a feather that is waved in the air)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

A creature of your choice that you can see within range perceives everything as hilariously funny and falls into fits of laughter if this spell affects it. The target must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or fall prone, becoming incapacitated and unable to stand up for the duration. A creature with an Intelligence score of 4 or less isn't affected. At the end of each of its turns, and each time it takes damage, the target can make another Wisdom saving throw. The target has advantage on the saving throw if it's triggered by damage. On a success, the spell ends.



Marcus Veranius: "You two turn the wheel! I'll keep the monster at bay!"



Ireena Kolyana:

WISDOM
Shambling Mound

Ability: **14**

The Shambling Mound, it seems, is just barely smart enough to find the tune amusing.

A strange, fluting, huffing sound seems to emerge from the now-vibrating trash-monster.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods to the other two towards the wheel, frantically playing



Ireena Kolyana:

1

ATHLETICS (0)



Suldae Westwind: (EoT, to be clear)



Ireena Kolyana runs to the wheel and throws herself against one of the handles, putting her whole body into the effort. It seems the chain is stuck with rust! Her feet slip and, unable to arrest her momentum, the handle hits her in the gut and knocks the wind out of her.



Ireena Kolyana: "Oof!"



Marcus Veranius makes a go for the wheel with Suldae distracting the beast



Marcus Veranius:

10

STRENGTH SAVE (2)
Marcus Veranius

+ Inspiration

(what do I roll again? D4?)



Suldae Westwind: d6, but that's a save you rolled



Marcus Veranius: Feck



Suldae Westwind: not ability or athletics



Marcus Veranius:

17

STRENGTH (0)
Marcus Veranius

rolling 1d4

(2)

= 2

(...im bad at this)



Suldae Westwind:

BARDIC INSPIRATION*Class: Bard*

You can inspire others through stirring words or music. To do so, you use a bonus action on your turn to choose one creature other than yourself within 60 feet of you who can hear you.

That creature gains one Bardic Inspiration die, a d6.

Once within the next 10 minutes, the creature can roll the die and add the number rolled to one ability check, attack roll, or saving throw it makes. The creature can wait until after it rolls the d20 before deciding to use the Bardic Inspiration die, but must decide before the DM says whether the roll succeeds or fails. Once the Bardic Inspiration die is rolled, it is lost.

A creature can have only one Bardic Inspiration die at a time.

You can use this feature a number of times equal to your Charisma modifier (a minimum of once). You regain any expended uses when you finish a long rest. Your Bardic Inspiration die changes when you reach certain levels in this class. The die becomes a d8 at 5th level, a d10 at 10th level, and a d12 at 15th level.

it was a 1d6



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d6 Marcus's shook extends to his dice rolls

(5)

= 5



Suldae Westwind: (you'll figure it out with time I believe in you)

GM: We're all suffering through the UI lmao



Suldae Westwind: yeah XD

Marcus, joining Ireena, manages to turn the wheel, break up the rust, and raise the Portcullis. Ireena loosened it for him.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods towards the tunnel, still playing

(talking's a free action, so's nodding)



Ireena Kolyana: "Quick! Let's go!"



Marcus Veranius: "You don't have to tell me twice!"

Marcus feels as though the Portcullis will drop the moment the handle is released. Even now, its weight is pulling against him.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"Goodbye, my old friend."



Marcus Veranius shoves the crowbar into the wheel in hopes of jamming it



Ireena Kolyana ducks up the hallway, unaware of Marcus's plight.

The crowbar jams the wheel!

The Portcullis is held -- momentarily.



Ireena Kolyana: "COME ON!"



Suldae Westwind: (so we're ignoring initiative again?)



Marcus Veranius: (That was my move/item interaction)

[EoT]



Ireena Kolyana:

<p>WISDOM</p> <p><i>Shambling Mound</i></p> <hr/> <p>Ability: 5</p>



Suldae Westwind: :D

GM: Mound boy is incapacitated for now



Suldae Westwind: Suldae ducks past Marcus and backs up the tunnel, still playing

[EoT]



Ireena Kolyana: (EoT)



Marcus Veranius fires some parting shots into the mound, then backs into the museum corridor



Marcus Veranius:

9

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

7

Piercing

22

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

8
Piercing

[EoT]



Ireena Kolyana:

WISDOM
Shambling Mound
Ability: 11



(To Suldae Westwind): You're up



Shambling Mound: (EoT)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae keeps playing, following the others

GM: (These are 5-foot squares -- we have to get through the whole house in initiative order since y'all defied the cult -- I'm proud of you, by the way. My IRL Strahd group made a sacrifice lol)



Shambling Mound:

WISDOM
Shambling Mound
Ability: 6 | 3



Suldae Westwind: [EoT]

Ireena books it up the stairs.



Ireena Kolyana: (EoT)



Marcus Veranius sprints up the stairs. Best not to let Green and Creepy catch up



Shambling Mound:

WISDOM
Shambling Mound
Ability: 8

The Shambling Mound can still be heard, chuffing and puffing.

It still seems to find the music funny.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows her friends, really grateful for this place's acoustics
The chanting could be heard up to fuck knows where, hopefully it'll work in reverse too



Ireena Kolyana: (EoT)



Marcus Veranius: "Suldae! I have a plan!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods to him, still playing.



Marcus Veranius: "This entire basement is supported by wooden beams, yeah?"

"And there's a box full of torches in a flammable bedroom, yeah?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pushes her bag with an elbow towards him, remembering there was a flask of alchemist's fire in there.



Marcus Veranius reaches for the pocket she mentions, picking up the bottle



Suldae Westwind: ('mentions' lmao)

(ocarina is a flute)



Marcus Veranius: "...yer a doll. Make for the Statue room; I'll be right there."

(Can Marcus's token be moved to the next floor?)

[EoT]



Ireena Kolyana:

<p>WISDOM <i>Shambling Mound</i></p> <hr/> <p>Ability: 17</p>
--



Marcus Veranius: (OH NO)

You no longer hear the beast's chuffing laughter.



Suldae Westwind: (eot?)



Shambling Mound: (EoT)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gasps for air, yells "Do that! I'll keep it down as long as I can!" and starts up a somewhat different ditty.

Hideous Laughter*Enchantment 1***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 30 feet**Target:** A creature of your choice that you can see within range**Components:** V, S, M (Tiny tarts and a feather that is waved in the air)**Duration:** Concentration Up to 1 minute

A creature of your choice that you can see within range perceives everything as hilariously funny and falls into fits of laughter if this spell affects it. The target must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or fall prone, becoming incapacitated and unable to stand up for the duration. A creature with an Intelligence score of 4 or less isn't affected. At the end of each of its turns, and each time it takes damage, the target can make another Wisdom saving throw. The target has advantage on the saving throw if it's triggered by damage. On a success, the spell ends.

**Shambling Mound:**

WISDOM
Shambling Mound

Ability: 20**Suldae Westwind:** (AUGH)*She hears no reaction from the creature.***Suldae Westwind:** (o well)**Marcus Veranius:** (The time for laughter is over)**Suldae Westwind:** (that's what you think)

Suldae stands above the stairs and catches her breath to try again.

(EoT)

**Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena runs down the eastern hallway and rounds the corner, headed to the altar room.

"Let's go this way, remember! There's a shortcut!"

(EoT)

*Marcus Veranius takes the Dash Action, moving at double-pace towards the bedroom**Marcus Veranius climbs the table, Suldae-style. He can't afford to miss.***Marcus Veranius:** [EoT]*Unseen, dark appendages squeeze easily through a portcullis...*

**Shambling Mound:** (EoT)**Sulda Westwind:****Hideous Laughter***Enchantment 1***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 30 feet**Target:** A creature of your choice that you can see within range**Components:** V, S, M (Tiny tarts and a feather that is waved in the air)**Duration:** Concentration Up to 1 minute

A creature of your choice that you can see within range perceives everything as hilariously funny and falls into fits of laughter if this spell affects it. The target must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or fall prone, becoming incapacitated and unable to stand up for the duration. A creature with an Intelligence score of 4 or less isn't affected. At the end of each of its turns, and each time it takes damage, the target can make another Wisdom saving throw. The target has advantage on the saving throw if it's triggered by damage. On a success, the spell ends.

**Shambling Mound:****WISDOM**
*Shambling Mound***Ability: 9*****Sulda hears the chuffing sound of the creature's laughter from the staircase.*****Sulda Westwind:** Not allowing herself a breath of relief for fear of spoiling the melody, Sulda starts backing away again

(EoT)

Ireena makes it to the secret door. She gets one hand on the ladder.**Ireena Kolyana:** (EoT)**Marcus Veranius raises the bottle, eyes aimed for the chest of torches and discarded clothing.****Marcus Veranius:** "Gustav Durst; you are a shame to every father that has ever raised a family. May your ghost burn in the ashes of your wicked house."**28***20 ft***Alchemist's Fire (+8)**
Marcus Veranius**Sulda Westwind:** D A N G

The alchemist's fire flies true. Marcus lobs it perfectly so that it slips right past one of the wooden pillars. The bottle is spinning wildly as it flies, and the neck of the bottle catches against the doorpost and shatters, uncorking the bottle and accelerating its spin. As the spinning bottle falls, it spews a spiral of liquid around itself, drenching everything in the room. There is a rushing sound as flames ignite on every surface! All flammable objects, including the wooden posts holding up the roof, are soon roaring with flame!

Marcus sees a shape amid the flames! A ghostly figure, writhing in pain!



Marcus Veranius smirks, then speeds towards the exit



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Ireena Kolyana:

WISDOM <i>Shambling Mound</i> <hr/> Ability: 13



Shambling Mound: (What's your spellcasting DC, Suldae?)
(Is it really 13?)



Suldae Westwind: it's 13 I think, plus 1 for spell level
let me check



Marcus Veranius: (13 sounds about right. Marcus's maneuver save is 14 under similar calculations)



Suldae Westwind: 8 + proficiency bonus (2) + charisma mod (3) + spell level
which is 1 in this case but i have one second level spell slot which is getting blown next
IF it's needed
hopefully not

GM: Per 5e RAW, I don't think the level of the spell counts to the DC



Suldae Westwind: let me check



Marcus Veranius: (I don't mean to be That Guy, but isn't the range 30 ft, and requiring sight of the target?)

GM: "The DC to resist one of your spells equals 8 + your spellcasting modifier + your Proficiency Bonus + any Special modifiers"



Suldae Westwind: hmm



Marcus Veranius: (It wouldnt have mattered since the other uses out of range/sight missed anyways)



Suldae Westwind: where did i see the spell level thing

GM: Maybe a class feature somewhere?

We can handwave the line-of-sight for the dedicated RP musical casting, we'll call it line-of-hearing. She's had to focus solely on the sound. RAW the spell doesn't require you to do anything after you cast it -- it's a concentration spell, but that doesn't mean you have to devote your turn to continuing to cast it.



Suldae Westwind: ^^



Marcus Veranius: (Oh nice)



Suldae Westwind: anyway 13 means nothing changes, right?
equal means nothing changes

GM: At or above DC means success



Suldae Westwind: dammit

Suldae no longer hears the creature's laughter... Could be the acoustics? She does hear the roar of flames down the hall to her right, though.

Unseen, a dark creature begins to climb stairs...



Suldae Westwind: eot?



Shambling Mound: (EoT)

Suldae feels that her spell is no longer working.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes in and out. She dashes for the exit, then at the ladder starts playing again - her last attempt

Hideous Laughter

Enchantment 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A creature of your choice that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (Tiny tarts and a feather that is waved in the air)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

A creature of your choice that you can see within range perceives everything as hilariously funny and falls into fits of laughter if this spell affects it. The target must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or fall prone, becoming incapacitated and unable to stand up for the duration. A creature with an Intelligence score of 4 or less isn't affected. At the end of each of its turns, and each time it takes damage, the target can make another Wisdom saving throw. The target has advantage on the saving throw if it's triggered by damage. On a success, the spell ends.



Shambling Mound:

WISDOM
Shambling Mound

Ability: 11

She cannot hear the creature, but she feels that her magic is working upon it.



Ireena Kolyana:

5

CONSTITUTION SAVE (0)



Suldae Westwind: (uM)



Ireena Kolyana pushes up the trapdoor. Thick black smoke billows down the ladder, and she coughs as she enters it. 8

Ireena slams the trapdoor back down and descends the ladder, hacking and wheezing so hard she can barely cling.



Ireena Kolyana: Voice hoarse, she gasps: "It's full of smoke! The whole living room!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae closes her eyes in horror, but continues to play as she hopes her friends will come up with a solution.

Suldae sees that her eyes have gone bloodshot and dry, and there is a greyish, sickly tint to her face now.

It seems the smoke is poisonous...



Ireena Kolyana: (EoT)



Marcus Veranius: "I don't mean to put pressure on you, but the Dursts don't fuck around when it comes to Alchemist's fire. We can't stay here!"

"Head for the roof! I have a rope; we'll climb down."



Suldae Westwind: (it was a spiral staircase, right? not a ladder?)

GM: The ladder leads up to the living room, the spiral staircase leads to the third floor.



Suldae Westwind: (thank god)

(Suldae can go up that)



Marcus Veranius sprints for the staircase, hoping to get the rope ready for the others



Suldae Westwind: (hmm)



Marcus Veranius: [Dash Action for double movement speed, EoT]



Suldae Westwind: (can one character help another move faster, like splitting the difference from dash)



Ireena Kolyana:

WISDOM
Shambling Mound

Ability: 17



Suldae Westwind: OH FUCKDAMMIT

NEVER MIND THEN



Shambling Mound:

WISDOM
Shambling Mound

Ability: 11

GM: For flubbing the NPC "As" line

We will go with the 11



Sulda Westwind: ilu

GM: Since Ireena doesn't know the Shambling Mound is making saves, let alone what the results would be

in answer to your question, no, there's not really any way to do a three-legged race



Sulda Westwind: it feels intuitively like pulling someone along with an action should be a thing
hm



Marcus Veranius: (Use one of the potions; see if that helps?)



Sulda Westwind: maybe with an Athletics or Acrobatics roll? I just want Ireena to have an option to help Suldae rather than just leave her to cover the retreat on her own 0.0

it feels off rp-wise for there to not be an option

Marcus ran off for a reason

Ireena probably needs a potion now

but after that

like it's not that Suldae minds, in-character, she's a bit too busy trying to make an eldritch horror laugh

GM: We will say that a character can keep you with them. Think of it as her sort of "carrying" you. Per round you will only be able to go the full distance of *one* of you dashing, so long as that person spends their entire turn dashing. So you can run (not dash), then Ireena can run past you and bring you with her to the spot where her dash action ends.



Sulda Westwind: yessss ^^

Strange laughter continues to echo in the basement.



Shambling Mound: (EoT)



Sulda Westwind: Suldae keeps her composure as best he can, moving after Marcus and playing (EoT)

Ireena, coughing, sprints down the stairs and chases after Suldae, snagging her by the elbow as they run. "Come on, Suldae!"



Ireena Kolyana: (EoT)



Marcus Veranius continues his dash up the stairwell, looking back to make sure Ireena and Suldae are still following. Exhaustion hurts, but he can save time for pain later.



Marcus Veranius: (30 movement to the stairs, 30 to climb them?)

GM: Sure



Marcus Veranius: Marcus makes it to the roof.

[EoT]



Ireena Kolyana:

WISDOM <i>Shambling Mound</i> <hr/> Ability: 6
--

GM: I do'd it again



Shambling Mound:

WISDOM <i>Shambling Mound</i> <hr/> Ability: 6
--

(EoT)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is still playing, as she moves to keep up with Ireena
(just EoT, assume shes moving lmao)

By the end of their climb, Ireena and Suldae are just 10 feet behind Marcus.



Suldae Westwind: (i mean realistically as im picturing the scene suldae and ireena arent moving in jerks turn by turn, they're running together once Ireena has caught up to her)

^^

GM: agreed

You emerge from the spiral staircase in the top floor of the building, the attic.

The windows are sealed -- they appear to be brick walls.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stands on the top of the staircase and plays as her music echoes down it

The house is different -- the walls are shifting, almost melting. They seem almost like liquid.



Marcus Veranius: "What the..."



Suldae Westwind: She is afraid to move away until she's certain they'll get away

You hear the sound of burning...

The stove next to Ireena suddenly bursts with inner fire! There is a blast of ashes and swirling embers, then black smoke billows out through the stove's grate.



Marcus Veranius: "God damn house!"



Ireena Kolyana: "Don't breathe it!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae feels tears flow down her cheeks. She's terrified, but she's more terrified of

not playing, so she continues



Ireena Kolyana: (EoT)



Marcus Veranius *runs into the hallway, fetching the house's deed from his pocket. He half-hopes presenting it might wrangle the structure still*



Marcus Veranius: (Is this window bricked as well?)

All the windows are bricked.



Marcus Veranius: "Window's not happening! Make for the balcony!"



Marcus Veranius dashes down the stairs



Suldae Westwind: Suldae remembers the bats, but understands that it's the least worst option right now

GM: make a DEX save



Marcus Veranius:

18

DEXTERITY SAVE (4)
Marcus Veranius

As Marcus books it through the doorway, he feels a woosh of something almost taking his hat off. A nearly-invisible steel blade swept out of the doorframe, missing him by inches.

All of the doors melt.



Marcus Veranius: "WAA!"



Suldae Westwind: (holy shit)

Instead, steel blades swing on a timer.



Ireena Kolyana: "WHAT THE FUCK!?"



Marcus Veranius: "I CHANGE MY MIND! YOU'RE WORSE THAN THE WINDMILL!"



Suldae Westwind: the initiative is over?



Ireena Kolyana: (Initiative still ongoing)
(Until you escape)



Suldae Westwind: why can't I see it



Marcus Veranius: (Can Marcus continue his move to downstairs?)

GM: Yes

Can you see it now?



Marcus Veranius: (Is the doorway we cut through bladed as well, or is it fine?)

At the bottom of the stairs, Marcus sees that every door in the house, including the secret ones, have installed blade traps.

GM: You can attempt to time the blades with an intelligence or investigation check
OR you can attempt a DEX save.



Marcus Veranius:

5

DEXTERITY SAVE (4)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: o u c h



Marcus Veranius: (I chose poorly)

Marcus leaps from the secret staircase, but the floorboard gives out.

GM: **10** Slashing damage.

Marcus yanks his foot free just in time, but the blade slashes him in the arm as it passes.

GM: (EoT?)



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Ireena Kolyana:

WISDOM
Shambling Mound
Ability: **6**

GM: Goddammit I keep doing that as Ireena



Shambling Mound:

WISDOM
Shambling Mound
Ability: **19**



Suldae Westwind: could you keep the first one

pls

0.-

GM: We'll keep the first one for me flubbing it



Suldae Westwind: ilu

GM: As long as I keep making mistakes it's gonna be disadvantage all the time lmao



Suldae Westwind: ^^

Suldae's stuck at the top of the staircase playing

GM: Ok, from now on the roll is the roll, regardless of the NPC it says its for



Suldae Westwind: can that thing die of fire
alright that's fair



Shambling Mound: [EoT]



Suldae Westwind: EoT, stuck



Marcus Veranius: (Can we get the init order re-done? I cant see it cause all the tokens on init are on another map)



Ireena Kolyana:

INITIATIVE

Initiative: **21.14**

INITIATIVE

Ireena Kolyana

Initiative: **3**

INITIATIVE

Initiative: **21.18**

INITIATIVE

Animated Armor

Initiative: **2**

INITIATIVE

Animated Armor

Initiative: **5**

INITIATIVE

Animated Armor

Initiative: **16**



Ireena Kolyana:

INITIATIVE

Animated Armor

Initiative: **18**

INITIATIVE

Shambling Mound

Initiative: **16**

GM: Initiative corrected
Can you see it correctly now?



Suldae Westwind: aye aye cap'n



Marcus Veranius: Yee, although it isnt the same numbers as in the basement
Are we using the new set?

GM: We'll use the new set but consider it a new combat

The Armor standing on the landing turns its helmet abruptly to look at Marcus!

The spike of adrenaline gives him the speed to act first!



Marcus Veranius: "Oh hell no, not this again!"



Suldae Westwind: wait, it was ireena's turn wasn't it
it should be before it's the slime's turn again!



Marcus Veranius draws his crossbow, throwing everything he's got into the armor



Marcus Veranius:

9

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

5

Piercing

10

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

9

Piercing

(Well, Marcus is dead)

[EoT]

Ping! Ping! The crossbow bolts glance off the armor!

GM: Take a full turn including movement, Marcus

Those were two attacks on this new turn



Marcus Veranius: Marcus moves around the armor, giving room for the others to dodge that bladed doorway

(now EoT?)

GM: (Do you have that rogue thing where you can bonus action disengage?)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus is a Fighter)

GM: (Damn)



Marcus Veranius: (And he used his bonus for the second crossbow shot)



Suldae Westwind: (you offered giving us goodies from other classes - cleric for Suldae, rogue for Marcus)

(to make up for small party

)

(that never went anywhere other than the spell scrolls afaik)



Marcus Veranius: (It's fine. We can talk about that later. Ima cross fingers that Marcus can hold out till the others get here)

(He's still got the mega potion)

(Suldae's up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is playing :)

i delay until after Ireena?

Suldae can feel that her magic is still working on the creature, even so far below her.

GM: Delaying action till after Ireena



Suldae Westwind: ^^

Marcus hears heavy stomping from the ground floor.



Animated Armor: (EoT)

Ireena, coughing and hacking as the black smoke starts to fill the room, grabs Suldae and drags her backwards towards the exit.



Ireena Kolyana: "Come on! We can't stay here! You can't play if you can't breathe!"

8

DEXTERITY SAVE (1)

"Agh!" Ireena takes **11** slashing damage as she jumps through the trapped door.

Her left arm still clings to Suldae.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae goes into a coughing fit herself and reluctantly abandons playing. She goes up to the door with Ireena

Ireena screams in pain, clutching at the stump of her left arm.



Suldae Westwind:

15

INVESTIGATION (3)
Suldae Westwind

WHAT THE FUCK

Suldae times the blade perfectly.



Suldae Westwind: ALRIGHT

Suldae grabs the potion out of the bag, moves the arm to the stump and forcibly makes Ireena drink

She isn't sure it will work

but she feels that she cannot manage another spell today



Ireena Kolyana chugs the potion greedily.



Ireena Kolyana cries out in pain. The arm has reconnected, but is still injured and painful.



Ireena Kolyana regains 8 HP.



Suldae Westwind: nice!

it's now Suldae's turn to pull her along

Ireena leans on Suldae for support.



Ireena Kolyana: (EoT)



Shambling Mound:

WISDOM
Shambling Mound

Ability: **4**



Suldae Westwind: (same)

Suldae's no longer playing

she's stopped when she moved away from the staircase

and definitely stopped when she healed Ireena

)=

the monster is free

Unseen, a creature begins to move. Strange... Everything is burning...

Time to find another path...

In the floor below him, Marcus hears heavy footsteps, as though something is moving out of the secret room and towards the main landing.

What's taking Ireena and Suldae so long to catch up?

He doesn't have long to think about it as the armor before him raises its steel fists.



Animated Armor:

SLAM
Animated Armor

Attack: **5**

Damage: **7** bludgeoning

SLAM
Animated Armor

Attack: **6**

Damage: **8** bludgeoning

MULTIATTACK
Animated Armor

The armor makes two melee attacks.



Marcus dodges and deflects the creature's blows!



Animated Armor:

STRENGTH
Animated Armor

Ability: 7



Ireena Kolyana: "GAHHH!" Ireena jerks her hair out of a steel grasp!



Animated Armor is reaching through the doorway of the child's bedroom, and a blade slices through its arm!

The arm lands on the floor at Ireena's feet, still moving!



Animated Armor: (EoT)



Marcus Veranius: "Right then. Let's play a game."



Marcus Veranius disengages and attempts to look into the Master Bedroom



Marcus Veranius: (Is the Balcony exit still fine?)

The Balcony exit appears to be fine.



Marcus Veranius readies the large potion, ready to try something particularly stupid... next round



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Sulda Westwind: Suldae tries to time the door again, for herself and Ireena both

21

INVESTIGATION (3)
Sulda Westwind

Suldae gets the timing perfectly, and she and Ireena are able to hustle through.



Sulda Westwind: Can she do 2 investigation checks and dash?
or at least the other investigation check on the same turn?

The investigation check counts as an action, it takes a little bit of time.



Sulda Westwind: well, that's that then

At the bottom of the stairs, Suldae sees a suit of armor turning towards Marcus, who is standing on the far side of the landing near the Master Bedroom door.



Marcus Veranius spots Suldae

She hears heavy steps on the stairs, climbing from the ground floor.



Sulda Westwind: "YOU CAN DO THIS!" she yells non-specifyingly

BARDIC INSPIRATION*Class: Bard*

You can inspire others through stirring words or music. To do so, you use a bonus action on your turn to choose one creature other than yourself within 60 feet of you who can hear you.

That creature gains one Bardic Inspiration die, a d6.

Once within the next 10 minutes, the creature can roll the die and add the number rolled to one ability check, attack roll, or saving throw it makes. The creature can wait until after it rolls the d20 before deciding to use the Bardic Inspiration die, but must decide before the DM says whether the roll succeeds or fails. Once the Bardic Inspiration die is rolled, it is lost.

A creature can have only one Bardic Inspiration die at a time.

You can use this feature a number of times equal to your Charisma modifier (a minimum of once). You regain any expended uses when you finish a long rest. Your Bardic Inspiration die changes when you reach certain levels in this class. The die becomes a d8 at 5th level, a d10 at 10th level, and a d12 at 15th level.



Ireena Kolyana:

16

INVESTIGATION (1)



Marcus Veranius: "This is the worst Deja-Vu I've ever had!"

Ireena times the slicing blade. "Stay here, Suldae!" She turns on the armor, raising her rapier.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods to her back



Ireena Kolyana: "I'll tell you when to jump!" (She has timed it, so she can signal you to jump without needing to make the save individually.)



Suldae Westwind: (nice, gotcha)



Ireena Kolyana: "Hey, soldier boy! Tin man! Come on and face me, you hollow abomination! If your master were not a coward, he would face me himself!"



Animated Armor: The Animated Armor ignores her, remaining focused on Marcus.

Unseen, a creature searches for an escape from the flames.



Shambling Mound:

INTELLIGENCE
Shambling Mound

Ability: **13**

Dark water does not burn, and time is as good an escape as distance. The Shambling Mound decides to return to its damp den.



Sulda Westwind: (THANK GOD THAT WORKED)

Suldae hears armor walking on the landing of the floor below.



Animated Armor:

MULTIATTACK
Animated Armor

The armor makes two melee attacks.

SLAM
Animated Armor

Attack: **9**

Damage: **3** bludgeoning

SLAM
Animated Armor

Attack: **18**

Damage: **4** bludgeoning

The Armor on this landing stomps after Marcus, swinging its huge fists! He dodges the first blow but the second cracks him on the side of the head.



Animated Armor:

DEXTERITY
Animated Armor

Ability: **18**

Unseen, in the attic, a suit of animated armor walks seamlessly through a slicing blade, and picks up its fallen arm.

It is a small matter to reattach it...



Animated Armor: (EoT) -- Marcus



Marcus Veranius spits blood at the Animated Armor, then drinks a large healing potion



Marcus Veranius: rolling 6d4+6

(3 + 2 + 2 + 2 + 4 + 2)+6

= 21

Marcus feels new life enter his body.



Marcus Veranius: "Aww, did I piss you off by lighting your house on fire? Well what are you going to DO about it?"



Marcus Veranius goads the Animated Armor into following him through some doorways



Marcus Veranius:

13

DEXTERITY SAVE (4)
Marcus Veranius

9

DEXTERITY SAVE (4)
Marcus Veranius

(And one AoO)

(Opportunity Attack. Whatever its called in 5e)

Marcus takes 20 slashing damage as he runs through the blades.



Suldae Westwind: holy fuck



Marcus Veranius: Sorry, EoT]



Marcus Veranius braces through the sharp cuts, running high on adrenaline and healing magic.

The blades spray the master bedroom with his blood, painting walls and floor, but Marcus somehow makes it onto the balcony, only to come face-to-face with a tall, aquiline, middle-aged man, with dark hair and fine features. The man is dressed incredibly well, in fine red velvets and embroidered gold.



Suldae Westwind: holy fuck

um

okay then

(this is all ooc sorry)



Strahd von Zarovich:

CHARM
Strahd von Zarovich

Strahd targets one humanoid he can see within 30 feet of him. If the target can see Strahd, the target must succeed on a DC 17 Wisdom saving throw against this

magic or be charmed. The charmed target regards Strahd as a trusted friend to be heeded and protected. The target isn't under Strahd's control, but it takes Strahd's requests and actions in the most favorable way and lets Strahd bite it.

Each time Strahd or his companions do anything harmful to the target, it can repeat the saving throw, ending the effect on itself on a success. Otherwise, the effect lasts 24 hours or until Strahd is destroyed, is on a different plane of existence than the target, or takes a bonus action to end the effect.



Suldae Westwind: FUCK



Marcus Veranius: Using Inspiration

As Marcus looks upon the man, he says, in a calm, refined voice: "Good evening, Marcus."



Marcus Veranius:

19

WISDOM SAVE (2)
Marcus Veranius

Nevermind



Suldae Westwind: thank god

"Is Ireena with you?"



Marcus Veranius looks at Strahd's boots first, as he always does when meeting a new fellow. Then upwards at the man's face.

Marcus sees his eyes blazing with inner ruby light.

He is reminded of a beast he once faced... One that took everything.

He knows that this is Strahd.



Marcus Veranius: "Count Strahd, I presume. Impeccable taste I see. Your statues do you a disservice."



Strahd von Zarovich: "Thank you," he says.

A bat lands on his shoulder, wrapping a wing around his head.



Marcus Veranius: "Alas, Ireena WAS with us."



Strahd von Zarovich: "I smell her blood, Marcus."

He says this with an utterly flat, almost disappointed tone of voice.



Marcus Veranius: "Unfortunately yes."

"She's with Gustav's pet now."



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd chuckles.

"Gustav. Such a fool."

"It was a pleasure to wither his soul."



Marcus Veranius: "I must admit that his suffering brings some comfort."

"If you hurry to the basement, you may still be able to recover some part of Ireena's body. A resurrection, if you can afford it."



Strahd von Zarovich: The bat flies away, dropping something which Strahd catches. It's a hip flask.

Strahd holds it up.

"She has touched this before... Taken it away."

"Let me just see, here..."

His eyes blaze briefly with golden light.

Scrying

Divination 5

Casting Time: 10 minutes

Range: Self

Components: V, S, M (A focus worth at least 1,000 gp, such as a crystal ball, a silver mirror, or a font filled with holy water)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

You can see and hear a particular creature you choose that is on the same plane of existence as you. The target must make a Wisdom saving throw, which is modified by how well you know the target and the sort of physical connection you have to it. If a target knows you're casting this spell, it can fail the saving throw voluntarily if it wants to be observed.

Knowledge - Save Modifier

Secondhand (you have heard of the target) - +5

Firsthand (you have met the target) +0

Familiar (you know the target well) - -5

Connection - Save Modifier

Likeness or picture - -2

Possession or garment - -4

Body part, lock of hair, bit of nail, or the like -
-10

On a successful save, the target isn't affected, and you can't use this spell against it again for 24 hours.

On a failed save, the spell creates an invisible sensor within 10 feet of the target. You can see and hear through the sensor as if you were there. The sensor moves with the target, remaining within 10 feet of it for the duration. A creature that can see invisible objects sees the sensor as a luminous orb about the size of your fist.

Instead of targeting a creature, you can choose a location you have seen before as the target of this spell. When you do, the sensor appears at that location and doesn't move.



Strahd von Zarovich:

4

WISDOM SAVE (2)

GM: (It says Strahd but it's actually Ireena's wisdom save)

Marcus realizes that Strahd is apparently standing on midair.

Strahd smiles.

Strahd crushes the hip flask with one hand and drops it. "Get her. Bring her to me."



Marcus Veranius: "You've met my rival. I'm sure you know how thorough he is in destroying a man's life."

"There is nothing you can take from me beyond my life, and that no longer holds any value to anyone."

"If you want the girl, go save *her* yourself. "

Strahd waits patiently for Marcus to finish. Then, turning casually away and starting to walk on moonlight, he says: "I wasn't talking to you."

He vanishes without a sound.



Marcus Veranius: "...oh bollocks."

Inside the house, the armor which planned to pursue Marcus jerks to a stop.

It turns slowly around, swiveling its head first to look at Ireena.



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh, bollocks..."



Suldae Westwind: (so im guessing this is EoT for Marcus?)



Marcus Veranius: (Yes)

Suldae saw Marcus duck through the first door and into the Master Bedroom, and saw the blade slice him as he made it through.

The armor which he hoped to convince into following him doesn't seem smart enough to suddenly turn around like that, full of intention.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gets through the door on Ireena's cue and takes position next to her, not seeing anything else productive she can do. She takes out the crossbow.

"Let's dance, then"

14

80/320

Light Crossbow (+4)
Suldae Westwind

4

Piercing

PTANG! The bolt skips off.

The armor completely ignores her.



Suldae Westwind: "Saw that coming," she murmurs and calmly reloads. There's nothing left but calm, now. They're either already dead, or not.

(EoT)

Suldae hears armor on the first floor reaching the second floor landing.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena points in the general direction of Marcus. She mutters: "*Marcus, what's happening out there?*" Marcus hears it only in his ear.

Message

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A creature within range

Components: V, S, M (A short piece of copper wire)

Duration: 1 round

You point your finger toward a creature within range and whisper a message. The target (and only the target) hears the message and can reply in a whisper that only you can hear. You can cast this spell through solid objects if you are familiar with the target and know it is beyond the barrier. Magical silence, 1 foot of stone, 1 inch of common metal, a thin sheet of lead, or 3 feet of wood blocks the spell. The spell doesn't have to follow a straight line and can travel freely around corners or through openings.

She's using a piece of silver wire, so the message is fuzzy, but Marcus hears it all the same.



Sulda Westwind: (NICE)



Marcus Veranius *eyes the blade traps, the blood draping off his body, and the ringing and stomping of armors. he slumps against the wall, cuts aching.*



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd's found us. He's here. And he's won. There's nothing I can do to save you."



Marcus Veranius *ducks his head down in shame*



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena processes this.

She points skyward, muttering something.



Sulda Westwind: (shouldnt you have more healing potions than the one you used)



Ireena Kolyana: She waits, resolutely, watching the armor.

The armor nods.

Her lip starts to shake.

She looks at Sulda, eyes brimming with tears. "It was the only way, please don't be sorry for me..."

She steps towards the armor.



Sulda Westwind: "NO!"

Sulda grabs her sleeve and pulls her back



Ireena Kolyana: "Let go of me!"

"LET GO!"

"I HAVE TO DO THIS, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND!?"



Sulda Westwind:

8

STRENGTH (-1+1)
Sulda Westwind

"NO, I DON'T!" Sulda screams in her ear



Ireena Kolyana:

14

ATHLETICS (0)



Sulda Westwind: "STAY!!!"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena jerks her arm out of Sulda's grip.




Sulda Westwind: Sulda puts all hte desperation she as in her voice


6


PERSUASION (5)
Sulda Westwind


22


PERSUASION (5)
Suldae Westwind

 **Ireena Kolyana:** She wipes her eye furiously with her palm.


 **Suldae Westwind:** oops sorry
didnt react the first time :x

 **Ireena Kolyana:** She bites her lip.
Ireena can't look at Suldae. "I'm sorry. I don't see any other option."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Don't leave me alone here..."
"Please..."
Suldae looks around at the shaking walls
"Please, don't..."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena looks at the walls.
"The walls!"
"The fire!"

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Please, let's try!"


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "We just have to hold on a little bit longer!"
"COME ON, SULDAE!" Ireena shouts, and races for the stairs.


SLAM
Animated Armor

Attack: **15**

Damage: **6** bludgeoning

The suit of armor swings at her as she slips past, but it glances off her armor.

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae follows (on her next turn Imao)

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Oh *BOLLOCKS!* They're on the fucking stairs!"
"USE YOUR ROPE, SULDAE!"

STRENGTH
Animated Armor

Ability: **7**

Even cornered between two suits, Ireena manages to dodge the armor which lurches down the staircase towards her.

A suit of armor barges down the secret stair, arriving at the bottom.

Marcus, on the balcony, has a moment to breathe. Nothing is chasing him right now. He begins to feel a little more clear-headed.

 **Marcus Veranius** takes a breather, then starts considering how he'll apologize to Ismark.



Marcus Veranius: He ties the rope to the balcony as planned, then slides down off of the house
[EoT, 15 feet of movement to get off the house, 15 feet towards the entrance]



Suldae Westwind: (gimme a sec i'm checking the scrolls)

"YOU'VE GOT THE FUCKING ROPE!!!" Suldae yells as she fumbles in her bag for something that could help - a scroll, she remembers a scroll



Ireena Kolyana: "I do? I DO!"



Suldae Westwind: A floating hammer manifests between Ireena and the armor, and slams into the armor, pushing it away from her back up the stairs

Meanwhile, Suldae leaps over the balcony railing down onto the stairs below Ireena
yeet

12

ACROBATICS (4)
Suldae Westwind



Ireena Kolyana:

6

DEXTERITY (1)

"Ow!"



Suldae Westwind: melee spell attack, that's...



Ireena Kolyana: "Could you have aimed that better!?"

GM: (That's where the other suit of armor was, technically -- on the floor below you)



Suldae Westwind: rolling 1d20+5

(4)+5

= 9

a u g h

hmm

if I land on it from above

do I knock it over

or saddle its shoulders



Suldae Westwind: can I roll for that

GM: Not with the 12, unfortunately



Suldae Westwind: so what does happen?



Animated Armor:

STRENGTH
Animated Armor

Ability: 15

Suldae vaults over the balcony, aiming to land on the creature's shoulders or in its spot, if the spiritual hammer strikes it. Unfortunately, the spiritual hammer clangs against the armor, slightly staggering it, which causes it to move just enough that Suldae slides past its helmet and lands right next to Ireena, accidentally stepping on one of her feet

The armor is hardly moved at all.

GM: You still have movement left



Suldae Westwind: i meant to move the other one, yeah

doesnt matter tho

hmm

I'm guessing excess movement can't be spent on item interaction of grabbing Ireena's rope?

because if not I'm where I want to be and EoT

"You've still got potions!" Suldae cries out, reminding Ireena that they're not out of options yet

GM: You get one freebie Environment interaction (we'll call it grabbing/using the rope) if you want a second interaction you have to use an action, but I was assuming you'd already used the action to vault over the stairs and attempt to land on the guy's head. So yes, you can still use the rope.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae grabs the rope, swings most of it down, winds it around the railing and nods for Ireena to go down it. She figures the armors aren't interested in /her/ anyway

(She is holding the rope)

Suldae sees two suits of armor climbing the staircase towards them and one coming down from the floor above.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena leaps, grabbing the rope, and slides right down it to the ground floor.

She looks up at Suldae. "Come on!"

MULTIATTACK
Animated Armor

The armor makes two melee attacks.

SLAM
Animated Armor

Attack: 12

Damage: 8 bludgeoning

SLAM
Animated Armor

Attack: 20

Damage: 8 bludgeoning



Sulda Westwind: ("Yes, just gimme a sec while I get murdered by the armors!") (not actually happens but)



Animated Armor: The nearest ascending armor swings its fists brutally, missing with the first blow but almost dislocating her jaw with the second.

Sulda sees that the last of the ascending suits of armor is the one from the ground floor -- the one with the sword.

She doesn't have much time to think about that before the suit of armor approaching from above tries to grab her.

<p>STRENGTH <i>Animated Armor</i></p> <hr/> <p>Ability: 4</p>

In the struggle, she pulls away with its gauntlets still gripping her shoulders.



Sulda Westwind: (wow these armors arent having any luck with grabbing at all lmao)

The armor from upstairs paces out of the secret stairwell and reaches the top of the stairs.

Sulda is between four suits of armor.



Animated Armor: (EoT)

Marcus, on the ground floor, sees that there are no windows on the east and west sides of the house, and that the windows in the front portion of the house are entirely bricked over.

He sees smoke fountaining from the chimneys.



Marcus Veranius walks under the former window they threw spears out of. He grabs two of them as he makes his way towards the entrance.



Marcus Veranius: They may have lost Ireena, but the fire shall take everything that aided her capture.

All he needs is a few spears to board the doors.

(would grabbing the spears be an action, or free for object interaction?)



Animated Armor: (Free object interaction)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus double-moves, intent on keeping the armors inside.

UM

(yo, is that guy there so he can be on the initiative, or is he actually there?)

Marcus sees a grate -- formerly unnoticed in the dead grass near the base of the front of the house. Coming through the grate, along with a great quantity of smoke, there is a strange, slimy-looking substance.

It seems to be moving under its own power...

It takes no notice of him.



Marcus Veranius retreats back behind the house, breathing heavily



Marcus Veranius mutters to himself, eyes turning towards the longbow. Three couldn't take that beast on in close quarters, but maybe one could in long range.



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has a very specific plan she is now calmly following.



She unwinds the one roll she made, grabs the end of the rope in one hand and slides down the other.

19

ACROBATICS (4)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae lands beside Ireena lightly.



Ireena Kolyana sniffs the air. "Do you smell smoke?"

There is a sound like the roaring of flames, coming from the living room.



Suldae Westwind: (move my token?)

GM: Moved



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sniffs the air as well

20

PERCEPTION (2)
Suldae Westwind

(niCE lmao)

Suldae determines that the living room is probably on fire.



Ireena Kolyana: "It's working!"



Suldae Westwind: "We're getting the fuck out of here," Suldae says forcefully and tugs Ireena towards the entrance

(I probably dont have movement left but even if I do let Ireena use it lmao)

(shared movement for tugging each other along?)

(EoT)

A suit of armor begins to descend the stairs.



Ireena Kolyana: "A double blade trap! Look!"

Before you, where the double doors of the house once were, there is now a gauntlet of differently timed blade traps -- one in each doorway.



Ireena Kolyana: "We'll have to time this very carefully.."

19

INVESTIGATION (1)



Suldae Westwind: "Mhm. We can get through these," Suldae says calmly. "Be careful"



Ireena Kolyana: "Now!"

You make it through blade trap number 1 successfully.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae moves on cue. This is hard, but not nearly as terrifying as it was above.

The suits of armor can be heard heavily descending the staircase, single-file.



(To Marcus Veranius): You're up



(To Marcus Veranius): Your companions have not seen the shambling mound, and do not realize they may be walking into danger.



Animated Armor: (EoT)



Marcus Veranius draws the longbow, then walks east



Marcus Veranius: He aims an arrow towards the Shambling Mound, intent on playing Hit and Run as he draws it away from the house.

14

150/600

Oathbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

9

Piercing

(Diagram in Discord since there's not enough map for Macrus to move around)

His arrow flies true, sticking in the creature, which still seems very intent on escaping from its burning lair. It is squeezing through small pipes to accomplish this retreat.

The creature ignores the injury.



Animated Armor: (EoT?)

(Or bonus action?)



Marcus Veranius: (Bonus Action Attack only works on hand crossbows.)

[EoT]



Suldae Westwind: Suldae halts before the next blade trap and remembers the last potion she has. She takes it out.

"Do you have more?" she asks Ireena and drinks it

the Oathbow whispers in Elvish "Swift defeat to my enemies."

 **Sulda Westwind:** rolling 2d4+2

(3 + 3)+2

= 8

She feels magic coursing through her veins as she studies the blade trap ahead of her.

Marcus feels the strangest urge to whisper an answering phrase: "Swift death to you who have wronged me."

 **Sulda Westwind:**

7

INVESTIGATION (3)
Sulda Westwind

(well FUCK)

(can I just waste this turn failing to time it without trying to go through badly)

(seeing as how it's not the dex save option)

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Wait, Sulda, no!"


Ireena grabs Sulda, preventing her from jumping. The third blade sweeps out of the doorframe on its delayed timing, missing her by inches.

15

INVESTIGATION (1)


"Now!"

You leap through the blades with perfect timing, landing in the small porch between the Portcullis and the main doors.

 **Sulda Westwind:** (We really need more map don't we)


The Portcullis is clashing up and down like the teeth of a gnashing demon.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Well. Fuck."

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Mhm," Sulda agrees, still enveloped by calm of being very very high on adrenaline.

Sulda smells an all-too-familiar smell -- the Shambling Mound! With her darkvision she barely sees it, emerging from the grate.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** (EoT)

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Oh god, it's that thing out there, too," she says very comprehensibly

 **Marcus Veranius murmurs. Plenty of people have wronged him today. Many injustices he'd shrug off out of a lack of willpower.**

Marcus Veranius: Perhaps now was the time to change that.

"Swift death to you who have wronged me."

9

150/600

Oathbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

5

Piercing

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

1

Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: don't you still have that inspiration



Marcus Veranius: (Sometimes the dice work with you. Sometimes they don't)

rolling 1d6

(4)

= 4

Roll with Advantage.



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d20+1+4

(20)+1+4

= 25

The Oathbow bucks in Marcus's hand, adjusting his aim.



Marcus Veranius: And sometimes they do. Again.



Suldae Westwind: (hot damn nice)

The Shambling Mind takes an additional 16 Piercing damage.



Suldae Westwind: the shambling mind

imagine the same thing but its actually also a giant brain



Marcus Veranius: (That was a crit)

GM: : OATHBOW: Requires Attunement



Ireena Kolyana:

When you nock an arrow on this bow, it whispers in Elvish, "Swift defeat to my enemies." When you use this weapon to make a ranged Attack, you can, as a Command phrase, say, "Swift death to you who have wronged me." The target of your Attack becomes your Sworn Enemy until it dies or until dawn seven days later. You can have only one such Sworn Enemy at a time. When your Sworn Enemy dies, you can choose a new one after the next dawn.

When you make a ranged Attack roll with this weapon against your Sworn Enemy, you have advantage on the roll. In addition, your target gains no benefit from cover, other than total cover, and you suffer no disadvantage due to long range. If the Attack hits, your Sworn Enemy takes an extra 3d6 piercing damage.

While your Sworn Enemy lives, you have disadvantage on Attack rolls with all other Weapons.



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d8+3d6

(1) + (2 + 3 + 1)

= 7

Crit damage



Suldae Westwind: (omfg nice)



Marcus Veranius retreats eastwards, beckoning the mound to follow, or die.



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]

GM: 28



Suldae Westwind: (my s t e r i o u s)

The Shambling Mound screams horribly in pain as the arrow skewers some vital, internal fragment of the mass.

It begins to surge out of the pipe more quickly now, determined to free itself and pursue Marcus.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae watches the slamming portcullis calmly, determined to get its timing exactly right before stepping through in sync with Ireena.

16

INVESTIGATION (3)
Suldae Westwind

You make it through. Miraculously.



Suldae Westwind: Can we see Marcus? What time of day is it?

The Shambling Mound has not seen Suldae yet.

It's just before dawn. Marcus can be seen to the east of the house, among the trees, bow drawn.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes out. She knows it's still too early to relax, and of course the thing is here - but she still feels like the worst is over, and the adrenaline is starting to come down. She looks around for any cover from above / afar / from the house to bring Ireena to.

(We really need a different map at this point I think)



Marcus Veranius: (We're gunna need more horizontal squares)



Suldae Westwind: (What about the other directions next to where Suldae and Ireena are right now)



Marcus Veranius: (Beast is heading East)



Suldae Westwind: (I'm anxious not knowing what's there)



Marcus Veranius: (INFINITE MAP)



Suldae Westwind: (YAAAS)



Marcus Veranius: (Gimme a shout when it's Marcus's go. The initiative didnt follow us)



Shambling Mound:

INITIATIVE
Shambling Mound

Initiative: 3

INITIATIVE
Ireena Kolyana

Initiative: 3

INITIATIVE

Initiative: 23.14

INITIATIVE

Initiative: 22.18



Suldae Westwind: (see the thing is that I'm getting the urge to grab Ireena and drag her away from the thing, but what IS THERE)



Shambling Mound:

INITIATIVE
Shambling Mound

Initiative: 10

INITIATIVE

Initiative: 23.14

INITIATIVE
Ireena Kolyana

Initiative: 17

INITIATIVE

Initiative: **9.18**

GM: : You each advance by one level for surviving the Death House.

Effective Immediately.



Sulda Westwind: NICE :D



Marcus Veranius: *OH BOY, ITS A FEAT LEVEL FOR MARCUS*

As you leave the house, the flames begin to consume it from the inside. You feel a ghostly wailing, as of many spirits crying out in desperation. Smoke gushes from the windows and chimneys. The brick walls which covered the windows begin to collapse and crumble.

The house it seems, is doomed...



Sulda Westwind: It's an 18 Cha level for Suldae!

GM: Unfortunately, we will have to finish this combat next time



Sulda Westwind: Suldae tugs Ireena away from the walls as she watches in horrifying fascination

*horrified

GM: but please level yourselves up and take a short rest.



Sulda Westwind: +1 level = up to next level's minimum exp, however much that is?

11

Spell Scroll (+1)
Sulda Westwind

-1

(nm)

17

ARCANA (7)
Sulda Westwind



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d10

(2)

= 2

(Taking average for HP)

28 + -5

30 (120)

Hand Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

8 + 1
Piercing

Global modifiers are clunky as heck

9

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+3)

Marcus Veranius

16

Piercing

10

Piercing

[Sworn Enemy]

Marcus Veranius



GM (GM): The shambling mound burbles and froths, eager for food!



Liliet (Suldae): I'm here~

and still asking to expand the map westward somewhat ^^

is that a slope?



GM (GM): It is



Liliet (Suldae): a slope leading down, and further down there is where Ismark is, right?

The Shambling Mound finally emerges completely from the pipe, and turns East, towards the pain.



GM (GM): The gravel path is the little dirt road leading back to where the cart is, but there is also a steep slope leading down into a forested area.



Liliet (Suldae): (ty)



Marcus Veranius: (Can you sort the initiative order? It's listed as 10 / 23 / 17 / 9 on my side)

It creeps away, into the darkness.



GM (GM): EoT



Suldae Westwind: is it Marcus's turn now or Suldae's?



GM (GM): (Suldae)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes the night air in and out, feeling strangely invigorated now that they're outside. She'd not realized how stifling the air in the house was. She might as well have gotten a good night's rest for how good she's feeling now that the house is gone.

That said, she has a suspicion of where Marcus is, based on the creature's behavior. She looks around.

"Ireena, what do you think is safer: this plain or that wood?"

(talking is a free action that you can do on other people's turn, right?)



Ireena Kolyana: (yes)

"I think we should keep to the road and get back to the cart. AFTER we kill that thing."





Ireena Kolyana points at the creature slinking away towards the trees where Marcus is waiting.



Suldae Westwind: "I... I don't want to put you in harm's way again" Suldae confesses. "I'd rather you ran away or hid, but I'm not seeing anywhere to hide..."

"And I'm not sure there's anywhere to run that's safer"

"Not without me anyway, and I think that thing might have gone after Marcus... I don't want to leave him either."



Ireena Kolyana: "We don't have time to discuss this, come on! It's getting away!"

"I'll be fine! I'm not some damsel who needs saving. But I do need you to fight with me."



Suldae Westwind: "I'm not sure we don't want it to..." Suldae murmurs, but raises her crossbow anyway

11

80/320

Light Crossbow (+4)
Suldae Westwind

4

Piercing

"I'm trusting you, Ireena," she says seriously.

BARDIC INSPIRATION

Class: Bard

You can inspire others through stirring words or music. To do so, you use a bonus action on your turn to choose one creature other than yourself within 60 feet of you who can hear you.

That creature gains one Bardic Inspiration die, a d6.

Once within the next 10 minutes, the creature can roll the die and add the number rolled to one ability check, attack roll, or saving throw it makes. The creature can wait until after it rolls the d20 before deciding to use the Bardic Inspiration die, but must decide before the DM says whether the roll succeeds or fails. Once the Bardic Inspiration die is rolled, it is lost.

A creature can have only one Bardic Inspiration die at a time.

You can use this feature a number of times equal to your Charisma modifier (a minimum of once). You regain any expended uses when you finish a long rest. Your Bardic Inspiration die changes when you reach certain

levels in this class. The die becomes a d8 at 5th level, a d10 at 10th level, and a d12 at 15th level.

(EoT)



Ireena Kolyana:

True Strike

Divination Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A target in range

Components: S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 round

You extend your hand and point a finger at a target in range. Your magic grants you a brief insight into the target's defenses. On your next turn, you gain advantage on your first attack roll against the target, provided that this spell hasn't ended.



Ireena Kolyana points her finger at the retreating creature, mentally twisting the Weave. She seems to study the creature as it escapes.



Ireena Kolyana: "I know where to hit it. Marcus hit something, his arrow's still sticking in it."

(EoT)



GM (GM): (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius prepares another arrow, aiming for what little of the creature he can see. He trusts the bow to correct his eyes' judgement.



Marcus Veranius:

7 | 14
600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+3)
Marcus Veranius

21
Piercing

(Is that a hit?)



GM (GM): I think that might have calculated wrong

The formula shows (11)+4+-3+2

It looks like it's subtracting the 3?



Marcus Veranius: (Sharpshooter. -5 to hit, +10 to damage)



GM (GM): Ah



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus normally shoots at +8)

(But Roll20 won't let me add +8 -5, so its +3)

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

7

Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]

Marcus Veranius

(Just in case_



GM (GM): That hits now



Suldae Westwind: wait is it +3 or -3



GM (GM): It looks like it's acting as a -3



Marcus Veranius:

5

Piercing

[Sworn Enemy]

Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: i have a question

how is the lighting being right now

Suldae has darkvision



Marcus Veranius knocks another arrow, surging with action.



Marcus Veranius:

17

18

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+3)

Marcus Veranius

22

Piercing

11

Piercing

[Sworn Enemy]

Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: if Marcus has +8-5 that adds up to +3 not to -3

what am i seeing wrong



Marcus Veranius: (It IS a +3)



GM (GM): But it subtracted, in that calculation

(11)+4+3+2 should be 20, not 14)

(15)+4+3+2 should be 24, not 18

If you mouse over the roll result, it will show you the formula that was applied



Marcus Veranius: +4(Dex) +2 (Proficiency) -3 (Sharpshooter)

What it SHOULD look like is +4 (Dex) +2 (Proficiency) -5 (Sharpshooter) +2 (Fighting Style Archery)

But it won't let me add a +2 and a -5



GM (GM): Ohhhh



Suldae Westwind: ah

gotcha



GM (GM): Ok then



Marcus Veranius: Roll20 is butt



GM (GM): LMAO



Suldae Westwind: does Ireena have a light source?



Marcus Veranius: (We now return to our regularly-scheduled Shambling Pincushion)



Marcus Veranius retreats after sending off his arrows, delving deeper into the bushes



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]

With two shots, Marcus strikes the creature twice more in hidden vital bits, the bow bucking in his hands to guide each shot. Each shot is the next step in the swiftest possible death for this creature -- the series of wounds which will cripple and end it. It even screams, a little, when the second shot lands.



GM (GM): (Suldae, you're up)

(Ireena has a bullseye lantern)



Ireena Kolyana: "Fuck, I forgot I had this..." Ireena hooks the bullseye lantern up one arm and slides up the shutter, allowing the golden light to wash over the creature's gleaming back. Three arrows stick in the creature, each deep in some vital part.



Suldae Westwind: (ty)

Suldae steps forward, putting herself even more firmly between the creature and Ireena

She shoots again.

18

80/320

Light Crossbow (+4)
Suldae Westwind

6
Piercing

(Suldae does NOT have a light source going btw)

Suldae's bolt strikes the creature, plunging deep into its shambling bulk.

The creature roars!



GM (GM): (EoT?)



Suldae Westwind: oh ya sorry

EoT



Ireena Kolyana:

16

19

100/400

Heavy Crossbow (+3)

5
Piercing



Ireena Kolyana aims carefully at the retreating beast, with her lantern hooked over her forearm and both hands on her crossbow. She lets the spell guide her, taking careful aim...



Suldae Westwind:

and our damage is still shit compared to Marcus's

Her bolt flies true, and strikes deep into the creature..



Suldae Westwind: \

The creature roars.



Suldae Westwind: (nm)

the creature surges ahead, putting on a burst of speed as it bounds away, crashing through the underbrush in Marcus's general direction.



GM (GM): (EoT)



Marcus Veranius takes note as the creature disappears from the Bullseye Lantern's Light. He shoots blind towards where the creature was traveling, hoping his arrow finds its way.



Marcus Veranius: (Shooting blind, Disadvantage countered by Oathbow's Advantage)



GM (GM): (Flat roll)

(Good luck!)



Marcus Veranius: (Roll20 doesnt like me drawing lines)



Suldae Westwind: (are you using the right tool)



Marcus Veranius:

19

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+3)

Marcus Veranius

16*Piercing***14***Piercing***[Sworn Enemy]**

Marcus Veranius

When you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can expend one superiority die to attempt to frighten the target. You add the superiority die to the attack's damage roll, and the target must make a Wisdom saving throw [DC 14]. On a failed save, it is Frightened of you until the end of your next turn.

>A frightened creature has disadvantage on Ability Checks and Attack rolls while the source of its fear is within line of sight.

>The creature can't willingly move closer to the source of its fear.

2*Bonus Damage***[Menacing Attack]**

Marcus Veranius



Marcus Veranius attempts to strike fear, showing that even darkness will not save the beast.



Marcus Veranius: He retreats further into the underbrush

There is a faint splut followed by a sound of many things wetly collapsing.



Suldae Westwind: (wait werent you trying to like. lure it after u)

(anway does marcus have a light source)

He can no longer hear the creature crashing through the underbrush.



Marcus Veranius: (...)

(Shit, I dont think he does.)



Marcus Veranius hides behind a tree, unsure if the lack of sound is good or bad



GM (GM): (You nailed it)



Marcus Veranius: (HOT DOG!)




Suldae Westwind: wait is it glowing now or what
im so confused wrt what we can see and what we cant

The corpse of the creature bursts into flames as it falls apart. It seems to burn with the last fire of the house.

 **Suldae Westwind:** aha

As it collapses, the light dims.

 **Suldae Westwind:** is it EoT for Marcus?


 **GM (GM):** (Combat over)

 **Suldae Westwind:** aha

Suldae runs towards the creature, hoping she'll find Marcus there
"Marcus! Are you there?" she calls out, deciding to go for broke

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "It's dead!"


"Look! Burned to ashes -- just like the house."

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae points at the arrows

 ***Ireena Kolyana spits on the corpse.***

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Those aren't ours!"

"Marcus!"

 ***Marcus Veranius spots his fellows next to the creature, breathing a sigh of relief. He emerges from behind his hidey-tree***

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "We must not have hit it..."

"These are all Marcus's!"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "I. Am. Tired."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "I think I hit it once..." Suldae says uncertainly.

"Tired, huh," she says, remembering an earlier question she had.

"So what happened there?"

You all feel strangely wiser for your experience with this creature. 600 XP apiece.

 **Suldae Westwind:** "You went towards the balcony, then Ireena decided to surrender out of nowhere. You two, what the fuck?"

Suldae looks back and forth between both of them

 **Ireena Kolyana:**

Roll for HP	
Roll 1:	2

Roll for HP*Roll 1:* **3****Roll for HP***Roll 1:* **2****Average for HP***Average:* **4****Sulda Westwind:** nice**Marcus Veranius:** "That's a story for when we check on Ismark. I am concerned for his safety."**Sulda Westwind:** Suldae hesitates, then nods.

"The children," she says.



Marcus Veranius *kicks gently at the creature, then moves back towards the wagon.*

**Sulda Westwind:** Suldae looks at the creature, hoping for intact arrows

She doubts she'll see any given the fire, but hope springs eternal?

The arrows are, miraculously, still intact.

Suldae finds three, which are definitely Marcus's.

**Sulda Westwind:** "Hey," she calls him and hands them over.

"That was pretty damn awesome, by the way," she adds in a softer tone than her first address of him.



Marcus Veranius *nods*

**Marcus Veranius:** "This bow is very clearly some kind of sacred elven relic. I've got no right bearing it's possession."

"But before I return it to where it belongs, I'm going to shoot down a dragon."

**Sulda Westwind:** Suldae looks thoughtfully at the bow.

"Does the bow think that?"

"I think you've got a right, if my opinion is worth anything here."

**Marcus Veranius:** "That makes me feel better. Thank you."

The sky is slowly getting brighter. Soon by the pale dawn light you can see the grass and the ashes of the creature. The road winds away to the southeast, heading back towards the main road and the gate. The cart still sits where you saw it last. The horse appears to be hobbled to a tree with a feedbag over its head. Ismark and the children are nowhere to be seen.

**Sulda Westwind:** Suldae breathes sharply in and out, worried.

"Ismark!" she calls out, not caring who hears her.



Marcus Veranius *runs for the wagon, concern growing in intensity. Perhaps he's sleeping*

inside...



Marcus Veranius: (Dear god... the broom has Ismark)



Ireena Kolyana screams.

Ismark is swinging gently in the branches of a large pine tree, just at the end of the road.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae grabs Ireena's hand and squeezes it

She runs towards him.

4

MEDICINE (2)
Suldae Westwind

.....



Marcus Veranius: "..."

He hangs from one of the highest branches.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sharply whistles and the rope bursts into flames

Prestidigitation

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 10 feet

Target: See text

Components: V, S

Duration: Up to 1 hour

This spell is a minor magical trick that novice spellcasters use for practice. You create one of the following magical effects within range: You create an instantaneous, harmless sensory effect, such as a shower of sparks, a puff of wind, faint musical notes, or an odd odor. You instantaneously light or snuff out a candle, a torch, or a small campfire. You instantaneously clean or soil an object no larger than 1 cubic foot. You chill, warm, or flavor up to 1 cubic foot of nonliving material for 1 hour. You make a color, a small mark, or a symbol appear on an object or a surface for 1 hour. You create a nonmagical trinket or an illusory image that can fit in your hand and that lasts until the end of your next turn. If you cast this spell multiple times, you can have up to three of its non-instantaneous effects active at a time, and you can dismiss such an effect as an action.



Marcus Veranius holds his hat to his heart

The rope burns briefly, and Ismark falls heavily out of the tree -- the noose still around his neck.

He lands like a sack of potatoes.

He moans.



Marcus Veranius perks up



Suldae Westwind: Suldae cuts the rope with her dagger



Marcus Veranius: "ISMARK!"



Suldae Westwind: she murmurs a melody

11

Healing

Touch

Cure Wounds
Suldae Westwind



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Oh... That feels better. Thank you, Suldae."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes out and sits back, too relieved to muster a response.



Ismark Kolyanovich blinks and opens his eyes. A strange inner fire burns in his pupils.



Ismark Kolyanovich: He drapes a hand over his face, blotting out the sun.

"I think I drank too much."



Marcus Veranius: "I think you need to drink a bit less, or keep better hold of your flasks."



Suldae Westwind: "What happened?"



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd happened. He was waiting by the balcony."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark nods.

"Snuck up on me."

"While I was sleeping."

"Bastard."



Suldae Westwind: "How do you know it was him then?"



Marcus Veranius: "Took his flask, used it to track down Ireena."



Suldae Westwind: "Oh."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "He took my flask!?"

"Bastard!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae lightly smacks him on the head

"I'm glad he did!"



Marcus Veranius: "It's gone. Crushed under-foot. I'm sorry for your loss."



Ismark Kolyanovich: He laughs. "Glad you haven't changed."



Suldae Westwind: "I'm not"

(she says this after Marcus)

"Ireena, what did you know of any of this?" Suldae turns to her, still kneeling next to Ismark.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark goes to sit up. He coughs a little.

He gags.

He heaves forward, retching into the grass.

For a while, he's just dry-heaving on all fours.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae reaches to hold him up, still looking at Ireena.



Marcus Veranius moves to sit down next to Ismark, patting him on the back. This was a hard night for all.



Ireena Kolyana: "I knew Strahd was here. He... Spoke to me. In my head."

"I think when I... When I sent that message to Marcus, somehow he heard it."

"They say he is a powerful wizard."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Then, quite suddenly, Ismark pukes up a huge centipede.

"Eeurggh!"



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Ismark Kolyanovich: He scrambles to his feet.

(Perception Check)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae surges up next to him, still holding on to him with her hands



Marcus Veranius:

12

PERCEPTION (4)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind:

14

PERCEPTION (2)
Suldae Westwind

Marcus notices that Ismark is looking awfully pale. Suldae notices that he has a severe rope-mark around his neck, and that in any reasonable universe he should have died in the noose.



Suldae Westwind: (not necessarily, death of strangulation is not instant)



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae starts singing a lullaby

34

Hit Points of Creatures


90 feet

Sleep
Suldae Westwind





Ismark Kolyanovich: "It's strange... I thought it was a dream, but... While I was up there, I saw a silver

dragon, who told me that it was not my time to go..." Ismark's head slumps as he falls unconscious.


 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae gently lowers him down.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "...oh bollocks."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "How is this possible?" Ireena asks. "He must have been up there for hours!"

 **Suldae Westwind:** She sits next to him, stroking his back and looking up at others in quietly distraught confusion.


 **Marcus Veranius:** "..."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Look at the bruise around his neck..."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Ireena."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "What should we do? What should we do next?"

 **Suldae Westwind:** (can Suldae use a Religion or Arcana check to try to find out if he's undead)

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I want to ask you a question. A serious question."

 **(To Suldae Westwind):** Yes


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Ask away."

 **Suldae Westwind:**


18

RELIGION (7)
Suldae Westwind


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Do you love your brother? Accept him for what he is, no matter what that may be?"


 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae sings a prayer next, shifting into it from the lullaby.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I.... Sometimes."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "..."
"I don't think he's alive."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "What?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I don't think he's dead either."

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae's voice rises, drowning out their conversation for a second

 **Marcus Veranius:** "He still seems like your brother."

Suldae feels a whisper of something from beyond the darkness of the demiplane. Somehow, deep in her soul, the song of herself changes. The trance will be different, tonight... She knows she has reached something vital. The information she needs comes to her as a certainty in the pit of her stomach. Ismark has become a Revenant.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "You think he's a zombie?"

"A vampire thrall?"

"It's plausible. We have to look for bite marks."



Sulda Westwind: "Neither," Sulda speaks up as her prayer reaches its end.



Ireena Kolyana: "He seems so conscious, though!"



Marcus Veranius: "That's the important part."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena says this with total emotional clarity. She is acting as though none of this is real, somehow.



Sulda Westwind: "He's not Strahd's thrall," Sulda says firmly.



Marcus Veranius: "I'm not sure this isn't some kind of elaborate trap played by Strahd's hand. He seems the tricky type."

"But... I think we've had enough death today."

"Let's take this blessing for what it is and worry about repercussions over a pint of ale."



Sulda Westwind: Sulda shakes her head.

"I don't think this is something Strahd could have done..."

"Or would have."

"Making him a vampire would be easier."

"This... is different."



Ireena Kolyana: "But what is it, Sulda? What does it mean? How could he come back, if not through Strahd?"



Sulda Westwind: "You still have your brother, Ireena," she says, looking up to her. "He's here for you, I think."



Marcus Veranius: "We could turn around and ask the fortune teller. But I'd rather not pass by the castle twice."



Sulda Westwind: "I don't know that I can say how, exactly..."

Sulda hesitates, reaching for more of the insight she had.

22

RELIGION (7)
Sulda Westwind

Sulda recalls an epic poem from a distant land, which recounted the story of a man returned from death by the power of his need for vengeance, a soul bound to one purpose -- not bound by any body. The man had a year to fulfil his purpose, and when it was done his soul departed to sanity and peace. Until his goal was accomplished, the rage which had driven him back from death became a steady creep of madness, and his soul slowly decayed.



Ireena Kolyana: "Then we should keep moving. We need to get somewhere safer -- we're still within sight of the castle."

Ireena holds herself as she gazes east, through the mists which wrap the sloping hills, towards the looming shadow of the castle beyond the fog.

"We're less than a day from Vallaki, now."



Marcus Veranius looks west, towards the (still locked) gate



Suldae Westwind: "I think he came back for you, Ireena," Suldae says softly.

She then looks at Marcus.

"Let's get him on the cart."



Marcus Veranius: "I don't see a wall. Do you think we could just... drive around this thing?"



Ireena Kolyana: "I don't see why not," Ireena says. "It would add some time, though. Do you think you can pick the lock, now?"



Suldae Westwind: "I think we should check very carefully around the gate before trying to drive there," Suldae says skeptically

"Also, let's get Ismark on the cart."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: "I'll sit with him."



Marcus Veranius: "That might also work. Didn't notice a lock the first time around."



Marcus Veranius helps Suldae hoist Ismark, refraining from making a comment about Dead Weight given the current mood

The gate does have a small stone keyhole on one side of the frame.

It went unnoticed before due to poor lighting and other distractions.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gets Ismark comfortable in the cart as best she can, then sits next to him so she can observe him and so he'll see her first thing when he wakes up. She takes up the guitar and starts plucking, her eyes closed in half-trance.



Marcus Veranius: With Ismark taken care of, Marcus goes to check if stone locks play nice with metal lockpicks

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Thieves Tools (6)
Marcus Veranius

The inner mechanism is ancient, iron, and somewhat rusty, but very crude. Marcus easily gets all three pins into position and turns the pick. The gates unlock with a "click!"



Ireena Kolyana: "Yay Marcus!"



Marcus Veranius: "Thank goodness. We don't have a crowbar to solve our lock problems anymore."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena unties the horse and removes its feedbag and gets it tethered to the cart. Then she climbs into the driver's seat.



Ireena Kolyana mutters something. A skeletal blue hand of astral energy manifests on the gate, and pushes it gently open.



Ireena Kolyana: "Come on up, Marcus! I could use a co-pilot."

"Keep an arrow on the string..."

14

As the cart moves through the gates, you catch a brief, dawn-lit glimpse of the valley.

The Old Svalich Road transitions here from being a winding path through the Balinok Mountains to a lazy trail that hugs the mountainside as it descends into a fog-filled valley. In the heart of the valley you see a walled town near the shores of a great mountain lake, its waters dark and still. A branch in the road leads west to a promontory, atop which is perched a dilapidated stone windmill, its warped wooden vanes stripped bare.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Marcus Veranius looks through his documents, then back up at the horizon



Marcus Veranius: "Well I'll be damned."

"The house is a loss, but we're still owners of its blasted windmill."



Suldae Westwind: "I would advise against acting on that," Suldae sings, weaving it into the melody she's playing.

"That does not sound like a good posse-s-sion to ha-a-ve"



Ireena Kolyana laughs.



Marcus Veranius: "I disagree. That's the perfect location for an inn."

"Just need to clear out the local vampires."



Ireena Kolyana: "Right where travellers have to pass by, just off the beaten path, sort of rustic... I'd say it's the perfect spot for a bed and breakfast."



Marcus Veranius smirks. "You've got the picture!"



Ireena Kolyana: "I bet there are squatters, though."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smiles to the conversation, as she keeps plucking the strings.

Although the wings of the windmill no longer turn, you can hear a faint grinding sound from the windmill.



Marcus Veranius: "We'll worry about that when the time comes. I don't think we're in a position to make renovations at the moment."



GM (GM): "I trust your judgement."



Ireena Kolyana: "I trust your judgement."

"Do we want to check it out, or keep going?"

"I'll admit I'm a little curious."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pauses her playing for a moment.

It sounds like a bad idea, but she's curious.

"As long as you realize there's probably going to be more undead there, I think I'm in actually," she admits.

"As long as you don't try to give yourself up to any animated armor again?"

She smiles at Ireena, hoping that she takes it as a joke and responds in kind.



Ireena Kolyana: She laughs. "I'm hoping that was a one-time thing."



Suldae Westwind: "Deal," Suldae smiles in relief.



Ireena Kolyana: She reaches a hand into her bag and rests it on the recovered spellbooks.

"I feel... Better. Knowing that I remember my father's teachings."



Marcus Veranius shrugs. *"I'd rather pass on to town and a warm bed, but if you want to check it a bit sooner."*



Ireena Kolyana: "I could go either way," says Ireena. "Just curious, that's all. It's probably a bad idea."



Marcus Veranius: "Everything's a bad idea in this county."



Ireena Kolyana: She laughs.



Suldae Westwind: "I think I'll honestly feel safer sleeping in an abandoned building than in a town, in this country," Suldae admits. "Assuming it's actually abandoned."

She did not get the best impression from the village she's seen so far, and she's not sure how much to trust Ismark's judgment about Vallaki possibly being safe.



Marcus Veranius: "Screw it, Windmill it is!"



Ireena Kolyana: "Alright," Ireena says.



Ireena Kolyana whips the reins and the horse pulls the cart on down the track, winding around and between hills towards the fork.

The onion-domed edifice leans forward and to one side, as though trying to turn away from the stormy gray sky. You see gray brick walls and dirt-covered windows on the upper floors. A decrepit wooden platform encircles the windmill above a flimsy doorway leading to the building's interior. Perched on a wooden beam above the door is a raven. It hops about and squawks at you, seemingly agitated.



Suldae Westwind: "Hey there," Suldae says and waves to it.

Animal Friendship*Enchantment 1***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 30 feet**Target:** A beast that you can see within range**Components:** V, S, M (A morsel of food)**Duration:** 24 hours

This spell lets you convince a beast that you mean it no harm. Choose a beast that you can see within range. It must see and hear you. If the beast's Intelligence is 4 or higher, the spell fails. Otherwise, the beast must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or be charmed by you for the spell's duration. If you or one of your companions harms the target, the spells ends.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can affect one additional beast for each slot level above 1st.

She whistles a gentle melody

as she holds out a crumb of bread from her rations.

The cart rolls up the track towards the windmill and onto the hill where the windmill is standing. From up here, you can see further to the west, into the forest. A ring of four squat megaliths rests at the forest's edge. Ravens circle high in the air above the stones.



Marcus Veranius: "Do you suppose this is where that raven was headed earlier? Maybe it didn't mean to guide us into a death trap building."

Suldae's spell seems to have no immediate effect upon the creature. She can feel it fail to take hold, somehow...



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at the raven thoughtfully.

The raven seems like it is desperately trying to say something.



Suldae Westwind: "Should we not go there?" she asks.

"Please, point the way"

The raven flies away.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks after it.

"I think."

"I think we've been given good advice."



Ireena Kolyana: "I wonder what it wanted?"

"Maybe food?"



Suldae Westwind: "It wasn't just an animal," Suldae says seriously.

"My spell would have worked on one."



Ireena Kolyana: "What?"



Sulda Westwind: "That raven is more than just a bird."

"I think it's trying to help, and I think we should not go into that windmill. I don't like the look of it anyway," she adds, looking skeptically at the dilapidated structure.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Sulda Westwind: "I know, we came all the way here, and now let's go back. Please. That warm bed and town idea?" she adds pleadingly.

She really wants to not have to deal with any more horrors today.



Marcus Veranius looks down at the deed, then back at Sulda.



Ireena Kolyana: "Maybe just a peek through a window?"



Sulda Westwind: Sulda shakes her head.

"I could not stop you. But I don't think we should so much as come close."



Marcus Veranius: "Alright. We can stop by another time."

"Let's head to town and see if Ismark can still taste ale as a Relevant."



Sulda Westwind: "Revenant," Sulda corrects automatically, glad to hear Marcus knows what she talked about.



Marcus Veranius makes for the wagon, taking note of the repairs he'd need to make on the building. Perhaps he'd need a vampire's horde of wealth to make it servicable



Sulda Westwind: "Also, I don't think we want him to drink much," she adds acidically.



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe just a glass then. He's had a hard day."

"Dealing with Strahd is a pain in the neck."



Sulda Westwind: "Hmm," Sulda says, taking up her guitar again. "Ireena, your opinion?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Let's move on to town."



Marcus Veranius sits down in the wagon's front, ready for Ireena to take lead



Sulda Westwind: "I meant on Ismark drinking."

"Though I'm glad you agree!"



Ireena Kolyana: "I think we should probably prevent him from buying another hip flask, at least."



Marcus Veranius: "Agreed."



Sulda Westwind: "Agreed," Sulda says in sync with Marcus, then laughs.

The Old Svalich Road meanders into a valley watched over by dark, brooding mountains to the north and south. The woods recede, revealing a sullen mountain burg surrounded by a wooden palisade. Thick fog presses up against this wall, as though looking for a way inside, hoping to catch the town aslumber.

The dirt road ends at a set of sturdy iron gates with a pair of shadowy figures standing behind them. Planted in the ground and flanking the road outside the gates are a half-dozen pikes with wolves' heads impaled on them.

A 15-foot-high wall encloses the town, its vertical logs held together with thick ropes and mortar. The top of each log has been sharpened to a point. Wooden scaffolding hugs the inside of the palisade twelve feet off the ground, enabling guards to peer over the wall there.



Suldae Westwind: "Hey there!" Suldae calls out, stands up on the cart and waves.

The guitar is laid down carefully so as to not be accidentally damaged.



Guard: "Halt! Who goes there!?"



Ireena Kolyana pulls the reins, slowing the cart.



Marcus Veranius: "Refugees fleeing a disrespectful vampire."



Suldae Westwind: "Ireena and Ismark Kolyanovich, Suldae Westwind and Marcus... what's your last name again?"

Suldae looks at him questioningly, having forgotten it entirely.



Marcus Veranius: "Veranius. Marcus Veranius, the Dragon Scarred."



Suldae Westwind: "Yeah, that," Suldae adds brightly, looking up at the guards.



Marcus Veranius boasts his title, hoping for his fame to have reached out this far



Marcus Veranius:

DRAGONSCARRED

Background: Dragon Casualty

Over a period of several months you were subject to magical and mundane torture at the claws of Vorgansharax and his minions. These experiments have left you horribly disfigured but mark you as a survivor of the Maimed Virulence.

This affords you a measure of fame and notoriety, for those who know of your harrowing ordeal are keen to hear the tale personally but makes it difficult to disguise your appearance and hide from prying eyes. You can parley this attention into access to people and places you might not otherwise have, for you and your companions. Nobles, scholars, mages, and those who seek to ferret out the secrets of the Maimed Virulence would all be keen to hear your tale of survival, and learn what secrets (if any) you might possess, and/or study your affliction with great interest.

However, you fear that your afflictions are not completely mundane and that the Maimed Virulence may as yet have some nefarious reason for allowing your escape, as your scars burn with acidic fury and seem to writhe beneath your skin at times.



Sulda Westwind: (nice)

Suldae does not have much to add, not expecting anyone outside of her home town to have heard of her yet.



Gate Guard: There is some muttering at the gate.

"Dragonscarred?"

"*the* Dragonscarred?"



Sulda Westwind: "Wouldn't there have been more than one?" Suldae whispers, glancing at Marcus, but doesn't speak up.



Marcus Veranius: "Well I ain't the dragon's lover. My party is tired, and I seek information on where my target resides. May you open the gate?"



Gate Guard: "Alright, we'll let you in."

"But mind your own business and don't get into trouble."

"We don't tolerate that sort of thing around here."



Marcus Veranius nods



Sulda Westwind: "Thank you! We will!" Suldae waves, sounding and looking as innocent and cheerful as a person in her position can.



Marcus Veranius whispers to the others as they pass out of hearing from the guards



Marcus Veranius: "I don't like the questions that come with bragging, but these fellows look no-nonsense. Keep their eyes on me and NOT on Ismark."



Sulda Westwind: "They let us in despite you alluding to Strahd," Suldae murmurs. "That can be a very good sign, or not."

She nods to Marcus and adjusts Ismark's collar to cover the rope burn

The cart moves through the gates and onto the cobbled streets of the town.

The guards take no notice of Ismark's condition.



Marcus Veranius: "Besides. It's a hit to my self-esteem that the quality people most celebrate is that I'm not dead."



Sulda Westwind: "I mean would you rather they celebrate you being dead?" Suldae asks skeptically. "If you ask me, not being dead is a pretty damn good achievement to boast"

*boast

You seem to have entered from a more industrial side of town. Soon you are passing a large stockyard.



Sulda Westwind: "No offense to any undead present," she adds under her breath so that no-one outside the cart could overhear.

This large stockyard has several locked sheds along its periphery and lies adjacent to a roomy warehouse. A wooden sign above the front gate reads "Arasek Stockyard."

Parked at the south end of the stockyard is a sturdy carnival wagon, its colorful paint peeling off. Faded lettering on its sides spells out the words "Rictavio's Carnival of Wonders." A heavy padlock secures the back door.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae smiles at the wagon, reminded of the fortune teller.

The stockyard appears to double as a general store, and a renter of storage sheds.



Sulda Westwind: That was a friendly place to be.



Marcus Veranius looks at the carnival wagon. Doesn't seem to be as fun as advertised.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae hesitates, then shakes Ismark's shoulder. Magical sleep should have long worn off, and he had time to rest.

"We're in Vallaki," she murmurs to him.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Eh? Wha?"

Ismark sits up groggily.

He's peeling slightly. The sunlight seems not to have done him any favors.



Sulda Westwind: "We're in Vallaki," Suldae repeats gently and pulls him into the shadow of the barrel.



Marcus Veranius: "We have good news and bad news. Which do you want to hear first?"



Sulda Westwind: "You're not looking very good," she adds. "Best keep out of sight for the moment"



Ireena Kolyana: "We should look for a tavern or something, right?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "What do you mean, I'm not looking well?"

I coughs.

He*



Sulda Westwind: "Well, you're undead," Suldae says brightly, seeing no good in peeling off the bandaid slowly.

"The good kind, though. You're fine, really"


























Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark clutches his throat nervously.

"You mean..."

"I really..."

"That really..."

He swallows drily.

-  **Suldae Westwind:** "Apparently so," Suldae says gently.
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "From what I've been told, you got so fucking drunk that Death couldn't budge your soul."
-  **Suldae Westwind:** "Didn't work on you, is all," she adds sardonically
-  **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "I need a drink."
"And a smoke."
-  **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae glares at him.
"No hip flask"
-  **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "And maybe some cake."
-  **Ireena Kolyana:** "What you need is some good foundation."
"You're peeling. You're starting to look less alive."
-  **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Thanks."
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "The good news is that you still have a nose. That's always the worst to lose."
-  **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae looks at him thoughtfully. She remembers that revenants' looks tend to depend on their mental equilibrium.
"We're in a town and seem to be safe. Ireena's alright, and we'll keep her that way," she reminds him.
"That's what matters, isn't it?"
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "Perk up Ismark! We lucked out, and that deadly house took nothing from us."
-  **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "That's the last time I 'watch the cart.'"
"From now on the cart can watch itself."
-  **Suldae Westwind:** "Agreed strongly," Suldae sighs.
-  ***Marcus Veranius looks at the horse, then back at Ismark***
-  **Suldae Westwind:** "What happened to the ghost children, anyway?"
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "Horse can watch the cart. I trust it."
-  **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "I dunno. I can't remember."
-  **Suldae Westwind:** "Because you were drunk?" Suldae guesses.
-  **Ireena Kolyana:** "Probably."
-  **Suldae Westwind:** "Anyway, what was your plan for Vallaki?"
-  **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Probably."
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "What was our other option for safe lodgings? This or a monastery?"
-  **Ireena Kolyana:** "I think the plan was to see if there was someone here who could help us. My father said an old friend of his lived in this town."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "The Abbey would be safer, but it's a long ride from here."

"This place is out of sight of the castle, at least."

"Not to mention walled."



Ireena Kolyana: "And guarded."



Marcus Veranius: "Wood walls."



Suldae Westwind: "Let's look for your father's friend first?" Suldae proposes.



Marcus Veranius: "Wolf heads are scary but fire doesn't care."



Suldae Westwind: "They might have advice if nothing else"

"Water beats fire," she replies seriously to Marcus.

"That's a lake over there, isn't it? Doubt they lack for buckets in case of attack"



Marcus Veranius considers.



Marcus Veranius: "So who's this friend you mentioned?"



Ireena Kolyana: "My father's friend was named *Van Richten*. But he often went by other names."



Suldae Westwind: "Interesting," Suldae says, raising her eyebrows.



Ireena Kolyana: "He had a monkey, and he was a hunter from the outside world."



Suldae Westwind: "Oh," Suldae says, remembering the card reading.

"Oh, I think we do need to speak to him... if the fortune teller was right, which I doubt she wasn't"

"Hmm, monkey..." she muses and looks at the carnival wagon. "Richten and Rictavio sound a bit alike. Shall we check?"



Marcus Veranius: "Rather an abandoned cart to an abandoned windmill."



Marcus Veranius hops off the wagon and approaches the carnival cart



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stays with the cart, ready to distract anyone who comes close from Ismark's oddities.

The wagon suddenly lurches, as though something big has thrown itself against the inside wall. You hear the cracking of wood, the scraping of metal, and the snarl of something inhuman. Upon closer inspection, you see that the sides of the wagon are spattered with dry blood. You also see an inscription on the wagon's door frame that reads, "I bring you from Shadow into Light!"



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena moves around the cart to the front seat.



Marcus Veranius hesitantly raises a hand to knock on the door

There is no response.

Marcus hears the chuffing sound of some huge beast on the other side.



Ismark Kolyanovich looks around cautiously before nodding at the cart. "Think you can climb

it?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Looks like there's a hatch."



Marcus Veranius: "It's not a matter of can, but if I want to."

"Oh bother."



Marcus Veranius gets a grip on the roof tiles and attempts to lift himself atop the wagon for hatch access



Marcus Veranius:

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ACROBATICS (6)
Marcus Veranius



Marcus Veranius murmurs to himself. At the very least, it doesn't sound like a clown inside. Can't be the worst case scenario.

From the top of the wagon, Marcus sees an obvious hatch, one foot square.

The hatch is currently closed.



Marcus Veranius sneaks a peek inside, moving silently so as to not be heard



Suldae Westwind: (omfg)

In the gloom he sees something pacing. He catches a glimpse of orange fur and black stripes, and the gleam of metal.



Marcus Veranius lowers the hatch and gets off the cart, returning to the others



Marcus Veranius: "Well, good news I suppose. I think the monkey's inside that wagon."

"Means Richten, Richtavio, Ricardo. Has to still be in town feeding it, yeah?"



Suldae Westwind: "What kind of monkey is that?" Suldae asks skeptically. She'd never heard of a monkey that large, or had she?



Marcus Veranius: "Orange and stripey."



Suldae Westwind:

8

NATURE (4)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"Actually, it might have been a tiger."

"I didn't feel like letting it notice me for a better look."



Ireena Kolyana: "A tiger?"





Ismark Kolyanovich: "I've heard of those!" Ismark says, brightening slightly.





Marcus Veranius: "Are tiger-monkeys a thing? I've heard of Owlbears."


Ireena Kolyana: "I'm not sure," says Ireena.'


 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Now that, I haven't heard of."


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Either way, it doesn't seem like Ricardo's at home."
"Maybe Suldae could ask it where Ricardo went?"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Should we... Search his cart? If he's got some beast in there, that's suspicious, right?"


 **Suldae Westwind:** "I can't talk to animals," Suldae says regretfully.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "It's a circus. What circus goes around without exotic animals?"


 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "It's a small circus," Ismark says.
"Just one cart?"


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Maybe the rest of it is scattered around? This place does look like it likes its festivals."


There are many flyers glued to walls, fences, and lamp-posts.


 **Suldae Westwind:** "Maybe we can hang around and someone will eventually come and we'll ask them," Suldae suggests uncertainly and looks around.
She spots the flyers and comes up to one.


 ***Marcus Veranius squints at the flyer***


 **Suldae Westwind:** "Well that sounds..." she pauses... "safe and trustworthy?"
She brings one to the cart

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Well shit. Maybe Ricardo's at this Wolf Head."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Attendance and children required?"
"That's ominous."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Hell of a marketing strategy. Bold. I like it."

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "I'm sure he gets re-elected every year."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Whether they vote for him or not..."

The cart rattles.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "So what do we do?"

"Where is someone like Rictavio likely to be?"

"I don't really see anyone to ask. This place seems deserted. That store looks open, maybe we could try there?"

GM: (Pausing Session Here)

Morning!



Liliet (Suldae): ^^



Tops K.: (Hello!)



Suldae Westwind: "Sounds like a good idea," Suldae agreed.



Marcus Veranius: "My wallet pains the idea, but let's check the store out."



Suldae Westwind: "Wonder if the store would be interested in the stuff we found in the mansion..."
Suldae murmurs thoughtfully.



Marcus Veranius: "One could hope. I certainly don't have nearly enough coin for arrows."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sighs and pats him on the shoulder. "I'll share with you. Your arrows strike me as something we definitely want to be well-stocked on."

"I mean, how expensive could they really be?"

As you enter the little general store, you catch a whiff of tobacco smoke and the pungent odor of recently spilled acid. Piles of dusty crates line the walls and form small islands in the middle of this medium-sized warehouse. On the crates, amid the dust, someone has painstakingly arranged representative items with hand-written price tags. You see an old, gap-toothed man behind the counter, and in a rocking chair near at hand, reading a small book with great interest, a similarly gap-toothed old woman. She has a small orange tabby on her lap, purring contentedly.

Marcus finds arrows in bundles of 20. They look old, and each bundle is priced for 5 gold pieces.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks for crossbow bolts.



Marcus Veranius: "...on consideration, this isn't nearly as bad as I thought."

Suldae finds crossbow bolts at the same price point.



Marcus Veranius grabs two bundles of the arrows, then begins tracking down a (pre-planned) shopping list of items



Suldae Westwind: (Is haggling in stores rude in this setting or normal and expected?)



Arabelle: (In the wider world, beyond Barovia, it's fairly normal. Barovian culture is isolated and superstitious, that much you know. Neither of your characters has any way to know how haggling would be responded to in this country.)



Marcus Veranius: (Should I assume 5x book price for items?)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)



Ireena Kolyana: (Yes, 5x book pricing. And they only sell items worth 25 gp or less.)



Marcus Veranius: (25GP Before or after the 5x multiplier?)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gently attempts to haggle with the shopkeeper, trying to bring the price down to a more reasonable level without offending

26

PERSUASION (6)
Suldae Westwind

(omg)



Ireena Kolyana: (Before, @Marcus)

The shopkeeper hems and haws, but for the pretty half-elf he is willing to bend the rules a little -- and he earns a disapproving glare from his wife for it. (Prices decreased by 25%)

GM: Let's call it 20 percent for ease of math



Suldae Westwind: (i was just thinking that lmao)

GM: items are now only 4X normal



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks for a mirror and a hairbrush, still remembering being slightly stung by the question about the expensive one.



Marcus Veranius scouts around the warehouse, tracking down a variety of replacement gear and a small comfort. He brings to the counter...



Marcus Veranius: >6 Bundles of Bolts

>2 Bundles of Arrows

>2 Nets

>1 Rope

>1 Crowbar

>And a set of Cobbler's tools



Marcus Veranius: Total price 90 Gold.



Suldae Westwind: (actualy nm weve got a mirror i forgot it)

(just a hairbrush)



Marcus Veranius: "Do you accept gemstones of equivalent value?"

The old, toothless man nods eagerly.

Suldae finds a hairbrush. The price tag reads: 15 GP.



Marcus Veranius drops down two gold rings (50 GP) a Moss Agate (10 GP), 5 gold coins,



Marcus Veranius: "...would you also accept a Longbow for trade-in? Properly maintained; part with it for half its value."

The toothless man examines the longbow and finds it to be in good condition. He nods.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae quietly adds her hairbrush to Marcus's pile of items. He's the one with the party funds, anyway.



Marcus Veranius puts his former longbow on the table (25 GP). This Elven bow will serve him well.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena approaches the shopkeeper. "Do you know where we can stable a horse and cart for the evening?"

Strangely, it is the old woman who responds: "Best place for that is the Blue Water."

Suldae Westwind: Suldae picks up two bundles of bolts and a rope, too.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena picks up a jug of lantern oil and a crystal sphere. She hefts the sphere a few times, looking excited.



Marcus Veranius: 1 rope, two bundles of bolts, and a hairbrush (30 GP)

Marcus places down the Ivory/Silver hairbrush (25 GP)

"This should cover it after the lady's discount? I'm sure your lady would love it."

The poor fellow seems to be struggling with the mouth. He counts on his fingers a few times. He slips out of his shoes and visibly counts on his toes as well. Finally, he nods, takes the treasures and gold, and sweeps them into a drawer with his arm.

He smiles, seeming satisfied with the transaction.



Marcus Veranius tips his hat. "A pleasure doing business with you sir!"



Ireena Kolyana comes to the counter with a bottle of oil and a crystal sphere. She reaches into a small purse and withdraws the necessary coin.

Ireena counts out 100 GP and 5 SP.



Suldae Westwind: "Say," Suldae brings up after taking the hairbrush, the bolts and the rope, "do you know anything about this Rictavio fellow?"

The shopkeeper shrugs expansively. (Insight)



Marcus Veranius:

9

INSIGHT (2)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind:

9

INSIGHT (3)
Suldae Westwind

(dang)

It's impossible to say if he's telling the truth or not. He may know something, he may not.

The old woman's rocking in her chair gets a little faster.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae notes the woman's reaction. "Ah well, nevermind then," she says brightly. "Thought I'd seen the wagon before, is all"



Marcus Veranius takes note of the faster rocking



Marcus Veranius: "Well, do let me know if you learn anything. Information is worth its weight in treasure."

The old man nods with a knowing smile.

It is almost possible to see the gears clicking away in the old woman's head.



Marcus Veranius casually looks over a gem-encrusted eyepatch in his bag, holding it to be visible to the shopkeepers. Glinting with value.



Marcus Veranius:

20

PERSUASION (1)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives Marcus a respectful glance. It is clear to her that she's dealing with an expert here.

The old man looks at the old woman. The old woman stops rocking. She looks up at Marcus.



Suldae Westwind: Her own idea was to not make their interest in him too conspicuous, not until they know what the locals think of him, but this way is certainly faster.

Yelena Arasek says "Aye... We've been watchin' 'im. 'E pays us to mind 'is cart, but 'he ain't never around. Says he's a carnival performer. What carnival! I'd like to know. Comes at all odd hours, feedin' wha'ever is in 'is li'l cart."

Gunther Arasek, emboldened by his wife's openness, says, "Aye, 'e paid us to watch 'is cart no questions asked."

Yelena Arasek says "Well we ain't askin' any questions. We's just talkin' to curious folk what have a right to know."



Suldae Westwind: "What a weird fellow," Suldae notes, hoping to prompt them for more.



Marcus Veranius perks up a bit. "You don't say. What kind of feed does he buy? Hay for horses, or meats for something more vicious?"

Yelena Arasek says, "'E don't buy it from us, gets it from the Blue Water, where 'e's renting."

Gunther Arasek says, "Wha'ever i' is, 'e gives it to 'is critter through a trap-door in the roof."



Marcus Veranius: "I see. Thank you for letting me know. Tell you what; why don't you keep this eyepatch as a gift? I'm sure you can find a buyer easy."



Marcus Veranius slides over a Black Leather Eyepatch with a Carnelian

Gunther snatches it up eagerly.



Ireena Kolyana: "Shall we?" Ireena asks.



Marcus Veranius: "Yes indeed."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods and gives the shopkeepers a warm smile and a goodbye wave as she exits the shop.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena leads the way back out into the little stockyard.

"Where to next?" She asks.



Marcus Veranius: "Our friend isn't at his cart, and he's not in the shops."



Sulda Westwind: "Blue Water?" Suldae suggests. "Maybe we should have asked for directions there..."



Ireena Kolyana: "It's a small town, I'm sure we'll find it."



Marcus Veranius: "I'd place my bets either at Blue Water picking up feed, or following the Flyers."



Sulda Westwind: "Isn't that also where we can stable the cart?" Suldae remembers.



Marcus Veranius: "Indeed, wouldn't be a bad plan."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Oh, you're finally back."



Ismark Kolyanovich hops lightly off the cart seat and lands awkwardly beside it.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Damn. Guess I'm clumsy now."



Marcus Veranius: "No different than a night after the tavern then?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark laughs. "I will have you know I am as graceful as a cat after a pint or two."



Marcus Veranius smirks



Ireena Kolyana: "Cat's aren't very graceful after that many drinks, Ismark."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "What?"



Marcus Veranius: "We've got two leads, and one of them involves where the cart needs to be parked."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae giggles into her palm



Marcus Veranius: "Care to check one for us while we go for the other?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Sure... Where am I going?"

"Also, don't you think we should do something about..." He gestures at the visible bruises on his neck and the peeling skin on his face.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"We were supposed to buy armor."



Marcus Veranius puts his hands to his face in frustration



Ireena Kolyana: "I didn't see any armor in there..."



Sulda Westwind: "We should probably look for more shops around the town... maybe some of them will be cheaper, too, especially if we go off the main road..."



Marcus Veranius: "I imagine a country closed off from the world by vampire magic isn't likely to have good prices. Got to factor in local monopolies."

"It disgusts me a bit, but price-gouging is economically sound in this situation."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae gives him an odd-look, intimidated a little by the terminology, but decides to take his word for it.



Marcus Veranius mumbles about paying too much for the hairbrush



Sulda Westwind: "I just figured this place might be made for gouging travelers, is all"

"Locals might shop elsewhere, with better prices"



Marcus Veranius: "We can keep our hopes up."



Ireena Kolyana: "This is far less expensive than in Barovia village," says Ireena, playing with her new crystal orb.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae shudders.



Marcus Veranius: "Suldae; think you could lend Ismark your cloak? It'd cover his marks well enough for us to split up."

"We'll pick him up a new one on the way back."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae gives over the old cloak which she switched for the Cloak of Protection



Marcus Veranius: "That works."



Sulda Westwind: "Actually you can keep this, I like the new one better"

The cloak is deep dark blue, suitable for a performer but not standing out too much on a regular person either



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Thank you, Suldae!"



Ismark Kolyanovich wraps the cloak around himself and pulls up the hood.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "What do you think? Dashing? Roguish?"

"Now, what's my mission?"



Sulda Westwind: It's a short cloak, reaching to his waist

"You look great," Suldae assures him.

"And you need to find a place called... Blue Water? It's probably some kind of tavern. Settle in there, and also ask around for this Richtavio of ours"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Fair enough. I'll be off, then."

Ismark heads west down the long, gently-curving main street of the village.



Marcus Veranius: "...do you think we should pick up a Disguise kit on the way back?"

"Or a good set of makeup?"

"My wife would have been able to make his face work."



Sulda Westwind: "It might be a good idea," Suldae agrees and eyes Ismark's shadowed face worriedly. "Not sure if it'll hold well..."

"Disguise is better, it should have heavier stuff"



Marcus Veranius nods



Marcus Veranius: "Well then, to the Wolf's Head."

"Attendance is required, you know!"



Sulda Westwind: Suldae vaguely smiles and shivers. She does not like the sound of whatever that is.

As you move through the village, you eventually find yourself in a small village square.

The shops and homes that enclose the town square are decorated with limp, tattered garlands and painted wooden boxes filled with tiny, dead flowers. At the north end of the square stands a row of stocks, locked in which are several men, women, and children wearing crude, plaster donkey heads.

In the center of the square, peasants in patchwork clothes eye you suspiciously as they use cups and vases to draw water from a crumbling stone fountain. Standing tall at the center of the fountain is a gray statue of an impressive man facing west.

All around the square are posted proclamations: Come one, come all,



Ireena Kolyana:

to the greatest celebration of the year:

THE WOLF'S HEAD JAMBOREE!

Attendance and children required.



Ireena Kolyana:

Pikes will be provided.

ALL WILL BE WELL!

— The Baron —



Ireena Kolyana: "It just sounds so positive, even though it's so creepy," says Ireena, after reading the flyer out loud.



Marcus Veranius: "What kind of party requires pikes..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks worriedly towards the stocks.

She doesn't get the impression she's going to like whatever this is.



Izek Strazni: "Come on, take 'em down. Gotta get these new ones up by nightfall." A pale, hook-nosed man with greying sideburns and a greasy, twisted appearance is pacing down the road, flanked by two guards. At his direction one begins to take down the old proclamations, while another one comes behind to post up the new one.



Suldae Westwind: "Blazing sun," Suldae says out loud.

"I'm not sure I like that either..."



Marcus Veranius: "Well, guess that's one question that won't see an answer."



Suldae Westwind: She says the latter quietly enough that the guards and the man won't hear

"Here's hoping," she replies to Marcus's remark.

This whole situation is making her very uneasy.



Marcus Veranius approaches the poster man, putting on his best face.



Marcus Veranius: "Beg your pardon m'lord, I'm from out of town. To where should I report for this festival, and for what time?"



Izek Strazni: The man sneers at you. "Not from around here? Well, you're in for a treat. The Festival of

the Blazing Sun is one of our best ones. You won't miss it. Three days from now these streets will be alive with crowds for the parade. And we'll do the burning right here, in the town square.



Sulda Westwind: "The burning?" Suldae pipes in



Izek Strazni: "You'll see! It's a real treat. You've been to a bonfire at Harvest, right little miss?"

Izek looks at Suldae with lecherous kindness.

His eyes flicker to her ears.

"You've got some elf blood, don't you?"



Sulda Westwind: Suldae nods with an entirely sincere-looking smile.

"I do, but I grew up with humans"



Izek Strazni: "You'll want to watch out for the dusk elves, then. They camp outside town with the Vistani."



Sulda Westwind: "Local customs are different everywhere, though!"

"Dusk elves?" Suldae asks, injecting all the curiosity she feels into her voice which is a lot



Marcus Veranius: "Are they known for being trouble? I thank you for the warning."



Izek Strazni: "The Devil Strahd killed all their women centuries ago, as punishment for what they did to him."

"They're known to be a bit... Clingy."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae winces

"I thank you for the warning," she echoes.

"What did he do to them?"



Izek Strazni: "Nobody remembers," says Izek. "And the dusk elves don't like to speak of it."



Sulda Westwind: "Aw," Suldae says with disappointment.



Izek Strazni: "Now, if you please, I've entertained you tourists enough for one day. All will be well. Good day."



Marcus Veranius takes off his hat and bows. "Good day, m'lord."



Izek Strazni: Izek brushes past you, to keep up with the guards.



Ireena Kolyana: "Well," says Ireena. "That was interesting."



Marcus Veranius whispers to Suldae once the man is out of earshot. "Unless you know anyone else worth a retinue, I'd place marks on that being the Baron."



Marcus Veranius: "Same tagline and all."



Sulda Westwind: "Makes sense," Suldae murmurs.

Something else is bothering her.

She comes closer to the stocks and studies what she sees.

Marcus Veranius: "...it's a shame about the elves. Losing one's family makes monsters out of men."



Marcus Veranius holds his hat to his heart for a moment, then follows Suldae



Ireena Kolyana: "I've never seen a Baron walk around with a sword strapped to his hip," Ireena says, wondering.



Marcus Veranius: "Seems my kind of fellow. I'd rather a bureaucrat with a sword than one with a pen."

Three men, two women, and two boys are trapped in the stocks -- all of them tired and wet. They wear plaster donkey heads, along with signs displaying their crime: "Malicious Unhappiness."



Marcus Veranius: "Pens hold far more reaching power in the right hands."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sharply breathes in, then out.

She pokes at one of the passerby, asks who these people are.



Commoner: A young woman with a basket over her arm stops to answer you. "They're the McMurrows Family. They were spreading negative rumors about the festival."

"We've had 'em in there since the Wolf's head festival. Serves 'em right, the bastards."



Suldae Westwind: "Negative rumors?" Suldae asks, putting all her artistic talent into sounding curious rather than horrified.



Commoner: "I never listened to the rumors," scoffs the young lady.



Suldae Westwind: "Makes sense," Suldae assures her. "Are they going to be there long?"



Commoner: "Baron Vallakovich says that they're part of the reason we're trapped by the mist. The only way to free ourselves from Strahd is for everyone to be happy, so until they change, they'll stay there. Don't worry, they'll be laughing soon."



Marcus Veranius: "...word for the curious, is excessive sarcasm grounds for punishment under the same crime?"



Commoner: "Sar....Casm? What is that?"



Marcus Veranius: "Never you mind; have a lovely day!"



Commoner: "All will be well."



Marcus Veranius glances at Suldae with a nervous look

The young lady moves on, continuing her shopping.



Suldae Westwind: "All will be well," Suldae assures her with a smile and drags Marcus into the first nook she can see where nobody's likely to overhear them.

Then she just grabs him, pulls herself close and starts hyperventilating into his shirt.



Marcus Veranius gives Suldae a pat on the back



Suldae Westwind: Hyperventilating changes into crying.

Suldae sobs quietly, standing so she's sure Marcus's back is shielding her from passerby



Marcus Veranius: "Couldn't put it into better words."

Suldae Westwind: It takes several minutes for Suldae to cry herself dry. She wipes her eyes with a sleeve and says "We'd better go talk to Ismark and Ireena. And not forget to smile in public places, I suppose"



Marcus Veranius: "We're agreed then? Find our friend of the family, then jump town."



Suldae Westwind: "..."

"Let's go talk to them"



Marcus Veranius: "I'd normally suggest packing up immediately, but a seer's fortune is worth the risk."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena, keeping watch, gives a slight nod. She hands Suldae a silk handkerchief. "Let's go find Ismark."



Suldae Westwind: (Imao I thought she was with Ismark whoops)

(pretend i said it right)



Marcus Veranius: (Bright side; Ismark cant die twice in defense of Ireena)



Suldae Westwind: (i wouldnt be so optimistic)

(or pessimistic)

(close minded)

On the west end of the village square there is a long road which runs north/south. Looking south, the road curves slowly out of sight, looping through what looks like a residential area. The houses are small and quaint-looking, many look as though they have been there for centuries. A few are abandoned and boarded up, but most look lively. Looking north, the road seems to meet up with the Old Svalich Pass, the main road running East/West through the town.



Ireena Kolyana: "Which way should we go?" Ireena asks.



Marcus Veranius: "To the tavern then. We ought to get some booze into Ismark before he shows a frown."



Suldae Westwind: "Blue Water," Suldae agrees.

"And let's not"

"We need to be careful here. Booze isn't how you do careful"



Marcus Veranius: "It's life or death now! We must!" Marcus chuckles in a cheery manner.



Ireena Kolyana: "I'm with Marcus, I could use a stiff drink."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs.

"Your funeral. Possibly literally"

She's got her usual cheery attitude back, but a shadow still crosses her face at this.



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, when you put it *that* way... Do you think Strahd would still want to bite me if I had alcohol in my veins?"

"Maybe I should start drinking holy water and eating more garlic..."

"But I understand where you are coming from, Suldae."



Suldae Westwind: "Oooh, that sounds like a good idea," Suldae perks up. "I do love garlic dishes myself..."



Marcus Veranius: "Pair it with grapes grown on sanctified soil, might make a wine that would burn undead in a single glass."

"Alas, I am but a shoemaker. Perhaps if I took up brewing instead..."



Suldae Westwind: "You could do anything you put your mind to," Suldae assures him.



Ireena Kolyana: "We should try this. All we need is some land, some priests, some brewing equipment..."



Marcus Veranius: "Several years for it to age properly."

"Damned if I'm killing a vampire with wine too young."



Suldae Westwind: (I have a question)

(can Suldae make holy water)

(apparently clerics and paladins can do that, i just googled)

You move past a cramped shop with a dark entrance portico, above which hangs a wooden sign shaped like a rocking horse, with a "B" engraved on both sides. Flanking the entrance are two arched, lead-framed windows. Through the dirty glass, you see jumbled displays of toys and hanging placards bearing the slogan "Is No Fun, Is No Blinsky!"

GM: (We'll get there, but there might have to be story justification for it -- Suldae has to get a little closer to Corellon first)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae makes a skeptical face at the sign. There's nothing wrong with a toy shop, but the wording reminds her too heavily of "al will be well"

(gotcha ty)

"I kind of know how to make holy water. Though I've never actually succeeded at that..."



Marcus Veranius: "Huh. That's a name that keeps popping up."



Suldae Westwind: "Blinsky?"

"Wait, isn't that the guy in the village too?"



Marcus Veranius: "The mourning lady had one of his toys."



Suldae Westwind: "Oooh, huh"

Suldae gives the shop a more wary glance, remembering how uncertain she was of the lady's sanity



Marcus Veranius: "And the ghost children."



Suldae Westwind: "..."

"Let's take note of this place and move on..."



Marcus Veranius: "I'll pick up a souvenir on the way out."



Ireena Kolyana: (Perception checks)

Marcus Veranius:

23

PERCEPTION (4)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind:

14

PERCEPTION (2)
Suldae Westwind



Ireena Kolyana:

8

10

PERCEPTION (2)

Marcus hears the giggling of an adult man and briefly sees a flash of something small, furry, and vaguely humanoid. It has an exceptionally long tail. It appears to be wearing a pink tutu. The little monkey silently grabs something from the display case with two little hands, pauses for a moment to scratch itself, and leaps away.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

Just at that moment, the horse rears and panics!



Suldae Westwind: (wait what horse)

(didnt ismark have the cart)



Ireena Kolyana: (Fahk)

GM: (Disregard)



Marcus Veranius holds his hand up, motioning the group to stop



Marcus Veranius: "Look for an entertaining man with a monkey..."

"Toy shop. Monkey mascot."



Suldae Westwind: "Hmm."



Marcus Veranius: "On second thought, I'm suddenly up to a bit more shopping."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae wrinkles her nose but nods agreement.

"I always liked toys"



Marcus Veranius: "I used to. Don't really have anyone to buy them for anymore."



Marcus Veranius checks if the shop is open, then proceeds inside



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows.



Gadof Blinsky: "'Wyelcome, friends, to the House of Blinsky, where hyappiness and smiles can be bought at bargain prices. Perhaps you know a leetle child in need of joy? A leetle toy for a girl or boy?"



Marcus Veranius: (...)

On display are a few of the toymaker's creations: 1) A headless doll that comes with a sack of attachable heads, including one with its eyes and mouth stitched shut (9 cp). 2) A miniature gallows, complete with trapdoor and a weighted "hanged man" (9 cp). 3) A set of wooden nesting dolls; the smaller each one gets, the older it gets, until the innermost doll is a mummified corpse (9 cp). 4) A wood-and-string mobile of hanging bats with flapping wings (9 cp). 5) A wind-up musical merry-go-round with figures of snarling wolves chasing children in place of prancing horses (9 cp). 6) A ventriloquist's dummy which looks exactly like Strahd von Zarovich (9 sp). 7) A doll that looks remarkably like Ireena Kolyana (NOT FOR SALE).



Gadof Blinsky gestures and makes a cheeping sound. A small monkey in a pink tutu ambles across the room and jumps up to climb him, then sits on his shoulder observing you.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smiles brightly and stays one step behind Marcus, not saying anything. She is thoroughly unnerved.



GM (GM): (Good morning!)

(Sorry I'm late!)



Liliet (Suldae): (good evening! i was late too lmao)



Tops K.: (I've had scheduling issues past two nights. Lost my right to complain. :U)



Liliet (Suldae): (so where were we... ah right. Suldae was hiding behind Marcus :D)



Gadof Blinsky: "Is everything alright?"



Marcus Veranius: Marcus looks over the toymaker's stock, at first caught off guard by the disturbing selection. Those feelings fade in the face of amusement after second thought.

"You wouldn't happen to have supplied mantelpiece figurines to the Durst family at some point, have you? I think I recognize your work."



Gadof Blinsky: "Durst family?" He says. "It doesn't ring a bell. I don't get many customers." (Insight)



Marcus Veranius:

11

INSIGHT (2)
Marcus Veranius



Gadof Blinsky: He seems to be telling the truth, but understating things slightly.

He tries to glide past the awkward moment. "Is it my little friend Piccolo which frightens you?" the little monkey is now perched on his shoulder, and he offers it a crumb of stale biscuit.

The monkey takes the large crumb in both hands and gnaws on it, looking around the room curiously while it eats.



Ireena Kolyana: "He's actually sort of cute."

"If he's a he, why'd you put him in the tutu?"



Gadof Blinsky: "What? He likes the tutu!"

"I fitted it to him myself!"



Marcus Veranius nods. "We must stand by the choices of our family."



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae smiles weakly, as best she can.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus looks over the products on display, stopping eventually at the ventriloquist dummy and accompanying doll.

"I like this one. The resemblance to the real thing is unlike some statues I've seen."



Gadof Blinsky: Gadof giggles. "Yes, I'm very proud of my leetle Strahd."

"Many of the people here in town do not approve, but Lady Fiona commissioned it personally from me."



Marcus Veranius: "Well, devils are easier to face when they've been carved in adorable fashion. I might have to walk home with this one; for a good price of course."



Suldae Westwind: "Lady Fiona?" Suldae asks curiously.



Gadof Blinsky: "This one is for sale. Lady Fiona was going to give it to her daughter as a wedding gift, but the vicious girl took a dislike to her mother's chosen man. Imagine! Saying no to marrying the son of the Burgomaster!"



Suldae Westwind: "Truly horrible," Suldae says, not bothering to mask the skepticism in her voice.



Gadof Blinsky: "Indeed!" says Gadof, not catching the sarcasm.

"The Wachter family is one of the oldest families in town, and Lady Fiona Wachter is their matriarch, since her husband died."

"I take it you are not from Vallaki?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shakes her head, and, feeling slightly more relaxed, looks the toys over more openly.



Marcus Veranius: "Phlan, actually. Or, from what's left of it."

"Dragons, shoddy business for everyone involved."



Gadof Blinsky: "Y-you mean -- you come from *outside* Barovia?"

His eyes go wide as saucers.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks up, curious at his reaction.

"Is that so rare here?"



Marcus Veranius blinks. "Is that a taboo in these parts? I apologize."



Gadof Blinsky: "There is no way to leave Barovia," says Gadof. "Unless you are a Vistani."

"I have never seen anyone who was not born here."



Suldae Westwind: "So we're super unlucky then," Suldae says philosophically, leaving aside her conviction that there must be SOME way for the moment.



Marcus Veranius: "Sorry to dissappoint; I would have put on a better face if I knew I'd be representing the lands outside." Marcus smirks, turning his attention to the Ireena-Doll



Gadof Blinsky: "Wait! There was one other, I forgot."

"Six months ago, he came -- the last paying customer in six months. He gave me Piccolo!"



Sulda Westwind: Suldae perks up in curiosity. "Bought something?" she asks first.



Marcus Veranius: "PAID for something." Marcus nods solemnly. This might be the most charitable, or most burglarized shop in all of Barovia if his toys are so far-reaching and undersold at the same time.



Gadof Blinsky: Gadof nods eagerly. "Yes, he bought a small stuffed Vistana! One of my best works. I hope it is having a good life, out there in the world..." He pauses and stares through the wall for nearly a minute, stroking the monkey mindlessly. He snaps back to himself -- and to the conversation -- with a tired, put-upon, but very generous smile. He laughs. "He's stuck here too. Living in town. A one-man carnival o

*A one-man carnival of entertainment!"

"He reminds me, sometimes, of my master -- the great toymaker, Fritz von Weerg."

"If you are from the outside, does that mean you are hyere to..." -- He leans in to whisper, eyes wide and serious -- "...kill Strahd?"



Sulda Westwind: Suldae raises her eyebrows curiously. That sure was a conclusion to jump to.

"Not saying yes or no, but is that... common?" she asks, eyeing the Ireena toy.



Gadof Blinsky: "Rumors pop up, you know. Sometimes my dolls hyear things..."

"It's alright if you don't want to answer."

He moves to Marcus. "You like the Ireena doll, yes? It is very pretty?"



Ireena Kolyana: "The *What* doll!?"



Marcus Veranius: "Yes, it's rather uncanny."

"I was thinking though; she hasn't been in this direction before if I'm not mistaken. How did you get the likeness so accurate?"



Gadof Blinsky: "It is called the Ireena doll! It is a commission, the twelfth version of the same order. It is not ready yet. Unfortunately, I cannot sell it. I think this one will finally satisfy my patron." He seems to be badly suppressing some genuine anger.

"The description they have given me is very detailed, and they have insisted on perfection."

"Every month, for a year, I have made this stupid doll..."



Sulda Westwind: "The patron doesn't happen to be Strahd?" Suldae asks, raising her eyebrows.



Marcus Veranius: "If it is, I've bad news. He may be trying to shrug you off in favor of the original."



Gadof Blinsky: "He cannot enter Vallaki, nor can his servants. Not while the bones of the Saint Andral lie in the church. No, it is not Strahd. It is Izek Strazni. Every month he comes, and he threatens me, he says 'I will burn down your shop if you do not produce another doll' and I say, 'the same order, again?' and he only nods. And each time I think to myself 'this is madness' but here I am and here you are, my little Ireena doll, the twelfth of your sisters! I send you off who knows where -- to ashes no doubt, to the ash-heap, to an ignominious end, and all I can hope is that you will be the last of my dear creations to be so harshly treated by this empty wasteland of a world..."

He touches the doll as though wiping away an imaginary tear.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena smears an eye with the back of her hand. She moves into the light.



Sulda Westwind: "Huh," Suldae says curiously. "Who's that guy?"

Gadof Blinsky: Gadof looks at her, but seems incapable of seeing the resemblance.

"Izek is the aide to the Burgomaster. The dextra -- the *right hand*."

"But all that to say -- I cannot sell you this doll."



Marcus Veranius: "That is fair. My best wishes that it be the one."



Marcus Veranius picks up the Leetle Strahd and brings it to the counter



Suldae Westwind: "Who was Saint Andral?" Suldae asks meanwhile, hoping for another heap of gossip from this pleasant man. She's mostly relaxed from her previous nervousness already. So this place is creepy, what else is new?



Gadof Blinsky: Gadof comes around to the counter. "You -- you wish to purchase!?" He seems either horrified or overjoyed.



Marcus Veranius nods. "Well, I wouldn't be having fun if it wasn't a Blinsky."



Gadof Blinsky: "You will treat it well, yes? It is not Strahd, it is one of my creations that jjust happens to look like him."



Suldae Westwind: "I will make sure he does," Suldae solemnly says



Gadof Blinsky: "Then it is just nine silver pieces for you."



Marcus Veranius: Marcus holds out a gold piece for Blinksy, pretending he's not paying a silver over the tag price.

"Incidentally, if we WERE going after the original. Would you have any advice for us?"



Gadof Blinsky: "Bring all the help you can gather."

He takes the gold piece, eyes gleaming.

He bows deeply. "Thank you."



Ireena Kolyana: "Sorry, my friend asked a question a while back, and I'd like to know the answer as well. Who is Saint Andral?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods to Ireena gratefully.



Gadof Blinsky: "No one really remembers what Saint Andral did. There are many legends, but I do not believe them. He was alive when Strahd fell from grace, and with his dying breath he blessed this village. As long as his bones lie in the crypt, Strahd cannot enter the city, nor can any of his creatures."

"That story, at least, is worth a sainthood."



Ireena Kolyana: "Thank you."

"You ready to go, Marcus? Leaving Ismark alone in a bar for any longer seems like a bad idea."



Suldae Westwind: "It does sound like it," Suldae says thoughtfully. "Say, as long as we're gossiping, got anything to say about the Baron?"



Marcus Veranius: "I agree."

Marcus bows to Blinsky. "I've been told you may be helpful in the grand scheme of things. Vistani prophecy. Whether it's true or not, it's been nice to meet an artisan like yourself."



Sulda Westwind: "So is it a good or a bad idea for him to drink?" Suldae asks her companions sardonically



Gadof Blinsky: "The Baron is an ass. But he is a vicious, remorseless ass. Do your best to avoid crossing his path. I have seen him turn the whole village on those who displease him."

"I've been in those stocks a few times myself..."

He smiles again.

"It was a pleasure to meet outsiders! I hope you weel come again."



Marcus Veranius smiles, then makes for the exit



Sulda Westwind: Suldae nods gratefully and follows Marcus.



Marcus Veranius: "Quite honestly, I don't know how well undead take their liquor. It'd be best to check regardless."



Sulda Westwind: Remembering something, she stops.

And comes back into the shop.

"One last question... two last questions."



Gadof Blinsky: "Oh, hello again!"

"With what can I help you?"



Sulda Westwind: "First, I'd like the gallows toy..." Suldae counts out 10 cp, copying Marcus in pretending this was the correct price.

"And second, you don't happen to know what's going to happen to people who're in the stocks now?"



Gadof Blinsky: "Thank you!"

"Oh, they will be released once their punishment is done."



Sulda Westwind: "And that's just stocks, is it?" Suldae asks, taking the gallows toy and bopping the hanging man with her finger.



Gadof Blinsky: "The Baron doesn't usually hang anyone unless they try to run for Burgomaster."

"But it sometimes does happen!"



Sulda Westwind: Suldae blinks, surprised with a new piece of news, even though she really shouldn't be. "So the Baron likes to decide who the Burgomaster is?"



Gadof Blinsky: "They say that long ago, when the Baron and the Burgomaster were not the same man, one of the Barons ran for Burgomaster and was voted in. Since then, it's been a hereditary position of the Baron. He is technically both."



Sulda Westwind: "Ah," Suldae says, as a lot of things become clear. "That sounds... cozy for him, huh. Well, see you, master!" and with that compliment she catches up to her companions

At the end of the road you see an Inn. Gray smoke issues from the chimney of this large, two-story wooden building with a stone foundation and sagging tile roof, upon which several ravens have perched. A painted wooden sign hanging above the main entrance depicts a blue waterfall.



Sulda Westwind: "Well at least it's not a windmill," Suldae murmurs to Marcus and gives a friendly wave to the birds.

Marcus Veranius: "And then he said..." *"Excuse me, I wasn't talking to YOU! Good day to you sir!"*

Marcus squeaks, pretending to talk out of the Strahd puppet

"Oh, Suldae! I was telling Ireena of my encounter with Strahd at the house. It helps to have visual aid."

"It does make the tale more pleasant."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena laughs.

"He's pretty good with that thing! You can barely see his lips moving."



Marcus Veranius: "It helps that I barely have lips to move."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena pinches the doll's wooden cheeks. "You're *much* cuter than the real Strahd, that's for sure."

She opens the door to the Inn.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae laughs along with them and curiously looks inside

Damp cloaks hang from pegs in the entrance portico. The tavern is packed with tables and chairs, with narrow paths meandering between them. A bar stretches along one wall, under a balcony that can be reached by a wooden staircase that hugs the north wall. Another balcony overhangs an entrance to the east. All the windows are fitted with thick shutters and crossbars. Lanterns hanging above the bar and resting on the tables bathe the room in dull orange light and cast shadows upon the walls, most of which are adorned with wolf heads mounted on wooden plaques.



Suldae Westwind: this is some harsh lighting lmao

Ismark is seated at the bar, beside a colorfully-dressed, slender man. His scarlet velvet jacket is covered in golden embroidery and dangling with tassels. Ismark is currently laughing uproariously, drawing the attention of some of the other patrons of the bar. The slender man seems to be concentrating on his drink, but also looks like a man who has just told a very clever joke.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Ok, ok, so what did you say after that?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes closer, also curious about what the guy said after... whatever that was.



Rictavio: In a soft but magnetic and faintly-accented voice, the slender man says: "Well, naturally I said 'Well, it's solved all my problems so *far*.'"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark roars with laughter.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smiles, getting the impression of a good joke even without knowing anything except the punchline.

"Hey there," she calls out just loudly enough to be heard over the noise in the tavern when right next to them.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Oh! Suldae! Nice to see you!"

"This is Rictavio, we were just getting acquainted."



Suldae Westwind: "Oh nice to meet you," Suldae lowers her head for a second in a polite greeting, then claims a chair behind them



Rictavio: Rictavio gives a mock-salute. Suldae realizes he is half-elvish.

Suldae Westwind: (>scarlet velvet jacket)

(really)



Rictavio: He has a cane and a small leather satchel.

(The picture is a loose reference -- he has a scarlet velvet jacket that's not depicted in the picture)



Suldae Westwind: (makes sense, just funny)



Marcus Veranius quickly stows the Strahd puppet away before approaching the bar, taking a seat beside Rictavio as to not draw more attention to Ismark.



Suldae Westwind: "Suldae Catherine Westwind," the bard introduces herself by full name, thrown slightly off balance in a good way by the company of another half-elf. "Just Suldae for everyone who's not a lawyer"



Rictavio: "Understood!" says Rictavio.

"I am Rictavio, Grandmaster of the Carnival of Wonders!"



Suldae Westwind: "That's the one cart with one person who is you?" Suldae teases



Rictavio: "The very same! It is a privilege to make my acquaintance, I'm sure -- though not half as much as it is my pleasure to make yours."

"It is a rare thing, to see a fellow member of our hybrid condition here in Barovia. You are a sight for sore eyes!"

Rictavio takes notice of Marcus for the first time. He gives Marcus a small card.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smiles widely and nods. She likes the man a lot already, and she's glad he's the person they'd been looking for.



Rictavio: (To Marcus) "You must join my show of freaks and wonders, your features are undeniably gruesome! What is your name, my good deformed sir?"

As soon as Marcus touches the card, it disappears in a glimmer of light.



Ireena Kolyana: "Hey!" says Ireena. "You can't just ask people to join freakshows."



Marcus Veranius smiles, trying to suppress an eye-twitch. He's not said a word and has already been thoroughly japed.



Marcus Veranius: "A showman of talent. You know where to strike best."



Marcus Veranius motions for the Bartender. "A pint please; I'll need something to cushion these words."



Suldae Westwind: "I mean if you joined the carnival I'd join too, being a bard and everything," Suldae remarks, incapable of resisting the mental image - not of Marcus in a freakshow, but of all of them working together in a small carnival



Rictavio: Rictavio twists in his barstool and lowers his dark glasses. His eyes are a piercing blue, and they have a stare that seems far more knowing and insightful than his demeanor so far would suggest. "And who might you be, miss *standing-up-for-manners*?"

Distracted slightly, he looks at Suldae. "You're a bard? What a small world!"



Ireena Kolyana: "I am Ireena Kolyana, daughter of the Burgomaster of the Village of Barovia."

Suldae Westwind: (where is Ireena? still behind the door?)

(^^)



Rictavio: Rictavio stiffens. He puts his dark glasses back on and faces the bar.

Leaning over his ale, he mutters: "It isn't safe to talk here." Only Suldae and Marcus can hear him, his whisper seems to cut through the noise of the tavern without carrying farther than you two.



Suldae Westwind: "Small world indeed! Hey, would you like to show us your carnival?" Suldae suggests in a tone as bright as previously

Danika: The bartender places a pint of ale before Marcus. "Will you be wanting rooms for the night?"



Marcus Veranius: "Yes please. The last place I stayed the night was warm only as I was leaving."



Suldae Westwind: It takes Suldae a moment to comprehend the joke, then she laughs.

Danika: "It's just one electrum piece for each bed for the night. Comes with hot beet soup and fresh bread. We also have wolf steaks for a second electrum piece. We've got two wines: Purple Grapemash No. 3, for 3 copper pieces, or a pint of the superior Red Dragon Crush for 1 silver piece."



Marcus Veranius raises an eyebrow. "Are denominations of Electrum common in these parts?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae flashes thumbs up at the wine names

She appreciates "purple grapemash", though she'd prefer something non-alcoholic.



Rictavio: (Electrum is like a 50 cent piece -- 10 silver is 1 GP, 5 silver is 1 EP.)



Suldae Westwind: "So one gold piece for a night and a meal," Suldae says thoughtfully.

Danika: "Yes, that's the deal," says Danika.



Suldae Westwind: "I'm hungry enough to eat a wolf indeed," Suldae decides and gives a gold piece over.



Marcus Veranius draws some coins from the coffer box, pulling out four gold five silver



Marcus Veranius: "Room and Steaks for the four of us; we had a rough time getting here. Pair it with the fine wine, and a glass for our friend Rictavio here."

Danika: "Thank you. Now, we have options for the rooms. I have two double bedrooms, each with two beds, or I have a single barracks-style bedroom with four beds and a small sitting table. Which would you like?"



Rictavio: "They'll take the barracks-style room. And we'll take dinner up there, please." Rictavio places a platinum piece on the counter with a satisfying thunk. He keeps his finger on it. "And total privacy."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae withdraws her coin gladly. She doesn't actually have a lot of money, and isn't seeing many prospects of earning any with this group.

She raises her eyebrows at the platinum coin. That's a damn lot of money, as far as she's concerned. She mentally adjusts her assessment of how successful Rictavio's carnival is.



Marcus Veranius looks to Rictavio and nods. Trumped again. Twice now.

Danika: Danika's eyes bug at the sight of the Platinum piece. It's enough to make her forget the rules

of the inn, for tonight.

She takes the gold and silver, then takes the platinum piece which bought privacy.

Danika: "Give me just a moment."

Danika takes four keys from a hook on the wall behind the bar, and gives one to each of you. "These open the guest room door. I'll bring your dinner up shortly."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gladly plops herself down on one of the beds. She's retrieved her guitar already, and is quietly plucking at the strings at a volume that doesn't disturb conversation.

Four plain beds with straw mattresses line the north wall of this well-lit room. Each bed comes with a matching footlocker to store clothing and other belongings. A table and four chairs occupy the corner across from the door. An oil lamp resting on the table casts a bright yellow flame.

The seating area is small and cramped, and there are only enough chairs for four of you.



Rictavio: Rictavio waits patiently for the dinner to arrive, saying that he does not want to be interrupted.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena is looking at Rictavio curiously.



Marcus Veranius pulls a chair to the wall and sits down, making more space at the table. His eyes don't leave Rictavio's direction.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae plays louder in the meanwhile, going through several songs she likes



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark is bouncing his knee and looking impatient.



Suldae Westwind: She, too, occasionally glances at Ricardo, but mostly her eyes wander as she's consumed by her music

Finally the door bursts open and in come two young boys in dark purple capes, bearing silver-plated trays of food. The wolf steaks are delicately presented, with garnishes of parsley and a peppered dollop of horseradish sauce. They are pink in the middle and beautifully seared, and the aroma is strange but pleasant. It smells very gamey. The wine is served in tall silver-plated goblets. It has a heady aroma with notes of blackberry and something floral but musky.

The two boys leave after setting the table, and shut the door behind themselves.



Rictavio: "Would you be so kind as to bar the door please, Marcus?"

"You may use this." He holds out his walking stick.

The cane is black, with a silver handle shaped like a horse's head.

The cane is surprisingly heavy.



GM (GM): 9



Marcus Veranius nods, gently placing the cane through the door handle to keep it from opening. He drags one of the bedside chests against the door for good measure



Rictavio: "Thank you, Marcus."

"Now."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae leaves the guitar on the bed and comes to the table. She's listening, really -

she's just also eating.



Rictavio: Rictavio spears his steak with a fork and saws off a chunk. He pops it in his mouth and chews.

He swallows.

"You must have many questions."



Ireena Kolyana: "You're the man my father was writing to," says Ireena.



Rictavio: Rictavio nods. "Your father was a good man. I'm sorry I couldn't be of more service to him."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae casts a discreet glance at Ismark, trying to estimate how likely it is that Rictavio hasn't noticed his 'skin condition' yet



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark casually scratches his neck. Several flakes of skin flutter to the floor, drifting like feathers.



Marcus Veranius: "An OLD friend of her family. Funny how six months is considered old, if the locals have the time scale correct."



Marcus Veranius is a bit more on-edge than usual



Rictavio: "I have been in this land for many years," says Rictavio. "Under many guises. Events in Vallaki have drawn my eye to a peculiar phenomenon which might represent hope or despair."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks up from the plate and waits patiently for him to continue, silent mostly because all the questions are having a free for all tug of war in her head.



Rictavio: He reaches up to his bald head and removes an invisible hat. As he places the hat on the table it becomes visible -- it is a scruffy, torn, well-traveled plaid beret, with a small green gemstone set in silver on its hem. The moment the hat leaves his head, he is gone, and someone else is sitting there. A human with piercing blue eyes and a long grey goatee, and with far more years. He is not nearly as slender in this guise, and his clothing is revealed to be a suit of red leather armor.

He smiles. "Hat of disguise."

"Most useful item I've ever acquired!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae blinks, impressed but also somewhat disappointed.



Rictavio: "I am Rudolph Van Richten, legendary hunter of vampires."

"If I do say so myself, that is."



Suldae Westwind: The disappointment still persists - why couldn't the legendary hunter of vampires also be a half-elf? - but Suldae is much more eager to listen now.



Rictavio: "You may not have heard of me, but most vampires have." He winks. "That's why I'm here incognito."

"I apologize for the deception, but it's been necessary for many years now. Sometimes I... forget what I really look like."



Marcus Veranius smirks. "A hunter in the open doesn't have a long career."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glances at the hat and nods. As a bard, she's well aware of how disguises mess with people... both those fooled by them and those wearing them.

Rictavio: "Indeed! I see you have some familiarity with the trade?"

"You look like a vampire hunter, that's for sure."



Marcus Veranius: "Not Vampire. Although maybe I might consider it once my target is in the ground."



Rictavio: "I'm intrigued. What's your target?"

"Vistani?"

"Werewolves?"



Marcus Veranius: "His pet Dragon, and the killer of my family."



Rictavio: Van Richten nods solemnly.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae winces at the mention of Vistani, as she remembers the fortune teller who helped them.



Rictavio: "I had a family once. I know the pain."



Marcus Veranius: "Thankfully my list of hunts is smaller, so I need not be subtle. Just the one, and I can rest easy."



Rictavio: "Ah! I wish I could do the same. When I was a young man, the endless hunt kept me alive and drove me on. Now, I feel my road is coming to an end, but my work still remains undone."



Suldae Westwind: "And if you hear about some other dragon killing people elsewhere, you're going to just ignore that?" Suldae curiously interjects. As a bard, she has a feeling for stories, and she's curious which of the two options Marcus's is.



Marcus Veranius turns to Suldae, expression grim.



Marcus Veranius: "I'm not a knight in shining armor. I am an injured man, treating a wounded heart by cutting out the knife that stabbed it."

"I'll consider the future once I know I'll be there for it."



Rictavio: "Hear hear," says Van Richten, and raises his glass.



Marcus Veranius taps it in toast, and takes a sip of wine.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods. Undecided yet it is, then. Well, she'll be there for whatever happens.



Rictavio: Van Richten sips and smacks his lips. "Delightful."



Marcus Veranius: He grimaces, placing the glass back down.

"One day I'll find liquor strong enough to cut through a burned tongue."

"Not today it seems."



Suldae Westwind: "So... what events?" Suldae eventually brings the topic around, as she finishes chewing the next meat piece.



Rictavio: "I have discovered that there is a secret society of wereravens, headquartered here in Vallaki. They are called the *Keepers of the Feather*. We and they seem to be opposed to Strahd, and I am trying to learn more about them without exposing them to our mutual enemy. I think they might prove helpful when the time comes."

"I have also found a large tribe of Vistani here, and I am currently investigating their alignment. If they

are spies of Strahd, I will take them out, and blind him in this region."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae pauses, then whistles. Were-ravens, huh.

"Were-ravens, huh," she says out loud.



Marcus Veranius raises an eyebrow. "Were...birds?"



Sulda Westwind: "We might have met them"



Marcus Veranius: "They come in bird shape?"

"I thought it was just mutts."



Sulda Westwind: "The raven that pointed us away from the windmill," Suldae tells Marcus. "I told you it wasn't just an animal, didn't I?"



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Rictavio: "The Lycanthropic disorder can fuse many different kinds of animal souls to a human one."



Sulda Westwind: "And there's lots of were... anything, I think", Suldae adds brightly.

Wererats particularly come to her mind.



Marcus Veranius: *"THE RAVEN THAT GUIDED US TO THAT BLOODY HOUSE."*



Rictavio: "In my time, I've seen wererats, wereboars, werebears, werewolves, werecats, wereswans..."

"What bloody house?"



Sulda Westwind: "The Durst manor," Suldae says, and it's her turn to get distracted. "Wereswans?"



Marcus Veranius cuts a piece of steak and forces it in his mouth with a frown, talking between chews. "I don't want to talk about the house."



Rictavio: "Wereswans. By day, beautiful maidens. By the light of the full moon, huge swans."

"Let's not talk about the house, then."

Van Richten looks at Ireena. "Your father told me that you had already been bitten," he says.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena nods.



Rictavio: Rictavio's expression grows grim.



Sulda Westwind: "Ah," Suldae nods. That story she'd vaguely heard, just didn't connect with lycanthropy.



Rictavio: "That is bad news. It will be harder to protect you now. While you are in Vallaki, at least, you should be safe."

"For now. It is only a matter of time before Strahd's creatures attempt another incursion."



Sulda Westwind: "Vallaki hasn't sounded like much of a safe place to me so far," Suldae says cautiously, watching for his reaction



Rictavio: "There are threats here, certainly. Agents of power, and factions vying for control."

"Revolutions of the mind are simmering here, and who knows? In a decade or two, perhaps they will boil over, and the town will set itself right. But I do not have high hopes. The people here are defeated in spirit, through no act of Strahd."

"Now, before we go any further, I must know: what are your plans?"

"What are your goals?"



Ireena Kolyana: "I -- I just want to be safe."



Rictavio: "That's not an option. Not while Strahd lives."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "She's been fine so far."



Marcus Veranius: "Fine isn't a lasting condition."



Rictavio: Van Richten points at Marcus. "This man. I like him."

"You've got to think *long term* here."

"At the end of the day, we are trapped in a demiplane with what amounts to a demon."

"There is no escape from Barovia, which means there is no escape from Strahd."

"So what you *should* be thinking about is what you're going to do, next time he crosses your path."



Suldae Westwind: "Kick his ass?" Suldae suggests. It doesn't really sound like a plan to her, but it sure is a direction to look in

"Also, demiplane?"

"Is that why nobody can leave?"

She frowns.



Marcus Veranius grins. "You'd need a stronger boot. There's strong magic in that vampire."



Suldae Westwind: "Well, that's the last step of the plan. Evidently we need to get a stronger boot first," Suldae gives him a charming smile.



Marcus Veranius: "I don't know magic that well, but I think he had four spells going in the single minute we were talking."



Suldae Westwind: "So, demiplane?"

She looks to Ric... Rich... R.

She decides she's just goin to mentally call him R.



Rictavio: Van Richten puts down his wineglass and swallows. "Yes. Demiplane. When Strahd bound himself to the dark powers, the land was bound with him. It exists in no earthly place. It clings to the universe through a tenuous connection. It is like a small bubble stuck to a larger bubble -- and in places, the wall between the worlds is thin, and men and women stumble in. But there is no way back through the mists -- everyone who tries goes mad or dies. This is truly Strahd's domain, and his powers hold sway over much of the land. I have studied Strahd for years, and I know that no mortal can hope to best the vampire in a straight-up confrontation. One must wait for the right moment to strike. Now, I have good evidence to suggest that Strahd periodically hibernates in his coffin -- sometimes for years, when all is quiet in the realm. When new stimulations arise, he emerges from his slumber."

"So of course, he will be alive and very much aware, since you have entered his domain."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sighs and closes her eyes. "Wonderful," she sas.

*says



Rictavio: "Seeing that he is hunting *you* with such singular focus suggests to me that he will not retreat until he has captured and turned you, and slain any remaining threats."



Suldae Westwind: "And if we kill him?... Does the bubble go pop and kill everyone insidee?"



Rictavio: "No," says Van Richten. "His death should lift the curse, and free Barovia."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pauses. "Is that a very certain kind of 'should', or the 'if the universe is just and kind' kind of should?"



Marcus Veranius: "Sounds like a 'better than status quo' should to me."



Rictavio: Van Richten nods. "Even if the demiplane were destroyed with everyone inside, it would be a better fate than this."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae wrinkles her nose in doubt. She is fairly certain about preferring shitty life to death, herself, but doesn't argue the point for the moment. "Surrendering to Strahd" does not strike her as a better plan anyway.



Rictavio: "I came to Barovia to kill Strahd von Zarovich. It will be the capstone and masterpiece of my life's career. *Slayer of the world's Greatest Vampire!* But even I am not so brash as to think I could do it alone."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae wrinkles her nose again. That, in her eyes, makes his claims about the 'should's much less reliable. Wishful thinking is a very familiar story to her ears.



Rictavio: "But if you are willing to commit to this cause with me, well... We would be one step closer to our goal."



Suldae Westwind: "I'm willing to examine the evidence in favor of this being a good idea," Suldae says after a moment.



Rictavio: "We will need more help, however. Last year a wizard came to Barovia and attempted to take the castle with an army of peasants. It... didn't end well. The wizard was powerful, but not enough."



Suldae Westwind: "There's all kinds of ways this could go wrong, and I'm referring to the scenario in which we succeed, here."

"Oh! Ireena is a wizard, right?" Suldae leans back and looks over at her.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena laughs. "Just barely!"

"Now, if we could get our hands on some useful spells, and if I had time to practice, maybe that could make a difference."



Suldae Westwind: "We need to gather you a component pouch, too," Suldae notes. "Hope you've been collecting trash already"

"No offense"



Ireena Kolyana: "No need," says Ireena, and pulls the crystal orb from her pocket.



Suldae Westwind: "Oh!" Suldae brightens up. "Forgot about that thing"



Ireena Kolyana: She holds it in one hand and reaches toward the table with her other hand. In the depths of the crystal sphere, a faint glimmer of light sparks like a star. A ghostly, spectral hand of mist shoots from Ireena's hand, rushes toward the table, and grasps a wineglass. It brings it weightlessly

through the air to her, and the spirit hand vanishes back into her flesh-and-blood one. She takes a drink of the wine.

She grins from ear to ear.



Rictavio: Van Richten seems somewhat impressed.



Marcus Veranius considers everything before speaking. "Do you have any leads for allies outside the ravens? We've been chasing Vistani prophecies with little luck."



Marcus Veranius: "Thought one of them pointed to you, but it actually led us to a toyshop."



Suldae Westwind: "Speaking of," Suldae adds, "the Vistani at the river, at least, were friendly to us"



Rictavio: Van Richten laughs.

"Blinsky? How did he seem when you saw him? Was he happy with Piccolo?"

"Vistani come in all varieties. In Barovia, most of them are allied with Strahd."



Marcus Veranius: "He seemed content. Frustrated with business, but that's the life of a merchant."

"His shop seems to have the only reasonable prices I've seen in this country, so I'll call that aid if nothing else."



Suldae Westwind: "Piccolo seemed happy," Suldae adds.



Rictavio: "I'm glad to hear that. He never seemed to like me very much. Must have been the smell of the tiger."



Marcus Veranius raises an eyebrow. "Oh yeah, you gave him the monkey. Didn't you."



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe that prophecy wasn't too far off after all."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods. She was already wondering if the prophecy might not have meant both of them.



Marcus Veranius: "So... a Tiger you said. I meant to ask about what was in the cart."



Rictavio: "It's a tiger. I've trained it to hunt Vistani."

Van Richten seems proud of this.

"Once he's ready, and once I'm certain that the Vistani outside town are villains, I plan to loose him on them."



Suldae Westwind: "Why?" Suldae asks blankly



Rictavio: Van Richten drinks some of the wine.



Suldae Westwind: "Why would you train a tiger to attack a certain... ethnicity?"

"Also, what if they aren't?"



Rictavio: "I wasn't always this... person. I was a scholar. A doctor. I lived in a land called Darkon. I married my childhood sweetheart, Ingrid. Together, we had a son, Erasmus. When he was fourteen, the Vistani stole my son from me and sold him to a vampire named Baron Metus. By the time I found my son, it was too late: Baron Metus had already turned him."

"I put him out of his misery -- at his own request -- and Baron Metus, taking this affront personally, killed my wife."

"Something inside me... snapped. I studied the darkness. I learned about the disease of vampirism, and the many possible 'cures.'"



Sulda Westwind: "Humans killed my pet cat when I was six," Suldae asys blankly.



Rictavio: "I cured Baron Metus with a stake through the heart."

Taken aback, Van Richten says, "I'm so sorry to hear that."



Sulda Westwind: "I would always have phrased it as "drunk assholes from the docks", really," Sudlae says. "But it's also correct that they were humans." She gives Richten a smile that's just a bit too wide. "Should I have trained up a critter to attack humans? Or is that a little bit of a wrong kind of logic?"



Rictavio: Van Richten chews his cheek irritably.



Marcus Veranius: "...Suldae; I don't mean to be impolite. I think a pet cat is a different situation."



Rictavio: "You like to think of yourself as a clever little thing, don't you."



Sulda Westwind: "And what, it's the only atrocity humans ever committed?" Suldae raises her eyebrows at Marcus.



Rictavio: "I have killed thousands of vampires. And many hundreds of Vistani. They are not all evil. But when they *are* evil, they are savage brutes who deserve nothing but slaughter."



Sulda Westwind: "Should I go down the list?..."

"So... that 'they are not all evil' point," Suldae says calmly. "How exactly are you planning to ascertain whether or not the local Vistani are or aren't?"



Marcus Veranius: "That Rictavio has the restraint to investigate rather than release the Tiger as-is and let beast decide is enough for me."



Sulda Westwind: She places a slight emphasis on the 'or aren't' part.

She ignores Marcus.

Her gaze is focused on R.



Rictavio: Van Richten raises a woolly eyebrow. "I have no need of your permission, Suldae. You cannot stop me. I have been watching them for weeks now, gathering information and studying their connections. I have reason to believe these Vistani are closely allied with Strahd."

"If you think a second pair of eyes is required, you are welcome to go and investigate them yourselves."



Marcus Veranius: "Suldae. Before you say anything more, I would like to make a point of correction."



Sulda Westwind: "I would hear the results of your investigation first," Suldae shrugs. "I have no reason to assume you incompetent, just biased. I don't want to do the same work twice."

She's still ignoring Marcus.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"Fine. Hold your mistrust."

"I watched through the pain of my skin melting as a dragon turned my wife and daughter into a puddle of NOTHING."

"And if you were to compare that pain to the loss of a cat, then use it to justify Dragons not being potentially evil, I would be particularly hurt."

"We have no reason to distrust Ricten's intuition."

"Now if you'll excuse me, I'm taking a walk."



Marcus Veranius moves for the door, unbarring it and walking down the hallway



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives him a weird glance, then turns back to R. "I am not making that comparison," she says more softly. "I simply want to hear what you've learned about the Vistani. Like I said, we've met some friendly ones on our way here; they knew more than they should, but they shared the knowledge freely, too. What's your intel?"



Rictavio: "I have learned that they sell a potion which they pretend will get you through the mists, but which in reality has no effect. I have learned that the tribe is without elders, they died recently, most likely of poison. Two young men -- a Luvash and an Arrigal -- have taken control of the tribe. I have seen them receive visits from the wolves and the bats. Arrigal, at least, has ridden his horse personally to the castle on at least one occasion."

"I have also seen them with the spoils of banditry -- there are things in their possession which could only be stolen goods."

"Now, perhaps you will say that these Vistani are only parlaying with Strahd, attempting to ensure his protection for their people. As I said, I have not determined definitively that the tribe is evil."

"But the evidence so far does not lean in their favor."



Suldae Westwind: "I see," Suldae says calmly. "So you're saying that two men have taken over the tribe and are likely in league with Strahd?"

She raises a hand with a "V" gesture, meaning "two"



Rictavio: "Two men cannot be a bandit troop," says Van Richten. "And the spoils of banditry require banditry to acquire. Two days ago, a pair of them returned from a party of four. They were both injured by crossbow bolts. One brought a leather bag full of coins, as though he had just been paid. They spoke of an ambush on a bridge not going according to plan."

He raises his eyebrows suggestively.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods. "So those were them, huh."

"Let me ask you this. You mentioned that the tribe doesn't have elders anymore. Does it have children?"



(To Marcus Veranius): On the balcony overlooking the tavern area, you see several doors. No one is up here. As you watch, two men loudly enter the tavern, already slurring their words and shouting drunkenly.



(To Marcus Veranius): Roll Perception please



Marcus Veranius: (To GM)rolling 1d20+4 Perception

(6)+4

= 10



Rictavio: "There was a child with them recently, but she went missing yesterday afternoon and has not been seen since."

"I fear the worst."



(To Marcus Veranius): You catch two names. Nikolai and Karl. A last name appears in the chatter.

Wachter. They seem to be very disruptive.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae raises her eyebrows. "No children of their own?"

"Just one?"



Rictavio: "She was the child of one of the elders. Heir to the throne, so to speak."

"Bad luck for her, if you catch my drift."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae exhales. "I do. So how many people is this tribe?"



(From Marcus Veranius): Marcus decides to move downstairs to observe, try to get his mind off things. It's that or be the sad kind of man practicing ventriloquy all alone in a corner somewhere.



(From Marcus Veranius): He sits down at the bar, putting silver forward for another glass of wine.



Rictavio: "There are about thirty young men," says Rictavio, punctuating himself with a sip of wine. "Hence the tiger."



(To Marcus Veranius): The bartender, Danika, is flushed in the face and preoccupied with the two young men who are trying to order drinks. They don't seem to be taking no for an answer.



(To Marcus Veranius): Danika says: "I've told you. I can't run your tab any higher. If you want more wine, you'll have to settle up first."



(To Marcus Veranius): The two brothers jeer. "Our da's good for it! He'll settle up when it's time to renew your lease."



(To Marcus Veranius): Nikolai says: "Yeah! We'll make him give you a credit! A discount!"



(From Marcus Veranius): Marcus considers a moment, then pulls out a deck of cards. He makes a show of shuffling them as he speaks up. "Tell you what, boys, you the gambling type? I'll cover your tabs if you can beat me in a game."



(To Marcus Veranius): The two young men seem intrigued. "You're not from around here, are you," they say.



(To Marcus Veranius): "What's your game?"



(From Marcus Veranius): "You've got good eyes! Name's Marcus; I like smart guys like you." Marcus puts on a warm smile, hoping to divert their aggression away from the bartender. Easy enough to entertain drunks when their minds are already half-off.



(From Marcus Veranius): "What's the local game? Gwent? Pazaak? Dragon Cards?"



(To Marcus Veranius): "Shoot, we don't know any of those. Could you teach us?"



(From Marcus Veranius): "I'd be glad to! Why don't we take a seat at the table over there."



(From Marcus Veranius): Marcus sneaks a wink to the bartender and proceeds to start his lesson. He hopes the pair might forget their intent to buy by the end and be off on their merry way.



(To Marcus Veranius): (Please roll Performance or Persuasion)



Marcus Veranius: (To GM)rolling 1d20+1 (It turns out Bards are better at diplomacy)

(18)+1 = 19



(From Marcus Veranius): (Marcus has +1 to Perform or Persuasion; have that role be either one)



(To Marcus Veranius): The lesson goes well. The brothers learn the rules easily, and by the end of it they have forgotten about the original bargain. They seem fascinated by Marcus and his outsider's perspective. At the bar, Danika pours another wine and puts it to one side for Marcus surreptitiously.



(To Marcus Veranius): 19



(To Marcus Veranius): After four games, it's still a tie.



(To Marcus Veranius): (Roll again please -- tiebreaker)



(To Marcus Veranius): (Roll with your proficiency too please)



Marcus Veranius: (To GM)rolling 1d20+1+2 Deception. Marcus flops his last hand on purpose, "admitting defeat" to generate a false sense of accomplishment.

(7)+1+2

= 10



Marcus Veranius: "You boys are naturals at this! Well done!"



(To Marcus Veranius): 6



(To Marcus Veranius): "Yeah! We showed you! Ha!"



(From Marcus Veranius): "You know, there's this lovely shop in the warehouse district with just about everything. If you make it there before closing, they might have a set of cards you can buy."



(To Marcus Veranius): Nikolai turns to his brother. "Come on, douchebag. Let's go break into dad's cellar and drink at home."



(To Marcus Veranius): The two brothers get up and leave.



(From Marcus Veranius): Marcus waves goodbye as they leave, casually sliding up to the glass of wine poured for him earlier.



(From Marcus Veranius): "One of those customers, yeah? Glad they ain't my regulars."



(To Marcus Veranius): Danika comes over. She's brought a small plate with a dessert roll on it. The roll is hot. "Thank you for dealing with that little problem. They won't be back tonight, I think."



(To Marcus Veranius): "Compliments of the house."



(From Marcus Veranius): "My pleasure."



(From Marcus Veranius): (This is probably a good spot for Suldae to find Marcus post-conversation)



(To Marcus Veranius): (This is a good spot to end the session, yeah -- This was fun, It's kind of neat to be able to split the party and compartmentalize player knowledge)



(From Marcus Veranius): (Thanks for running! Have a nice afternoon!)



(To Marcus Veranius): (You too!)



GM (GM): (Good morning!)



Tops K.: (Mornin!)



Ireena Kolyana: "I'm sorry to interrput," Ireena says, "But I don't think we should let *anyone* wander off. We don't know this place yet. I'm going to go find Marcus."

"And for the record: I'm against genocide but not particularly opposed to a holy massacre, if the victims are truly evil, or in league with Strahd."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark raises an eyebrow, looking at his sister a little strangely.



Marcus Veranius creaks open the door gently, steps inside, and re-bars the door



Marcus Veranius: "...my apologies. I was a bit rash."



Ireena Kolyana: "Marcus!" Ireena's face genuinely lights up.

"I was just about to come looking for you! I don't think it's a good idea for us to be wandering off."



Marcus Veranius: "Entirely fair, but it was a trip well worth the time. I have a plan."

"It's a stupid plan, but it's a plan."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Let's hear it, my man!" Ismark says. He seems... jovial.



Marcus Veranius returns to his seat at the table, and takes another sip of wine.



Marcus Veranius: "Right, so Richten believes there's a society of were-ravens that could help us defeat Strahd."

"And as a secret society, they aren't likely to blow their cover for an ordinary bunch of commoners."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I wouldn't. That's for sure."



Marcus Veranius: "But what if we weren't ordinary?"

"Or at least, one of us wasn't."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I don't know about you, but I'm pretty sure I'm destined for greatness," says Ismark, looking at his nails.



Ireena Kolyana rolls her eyes.



Ireena Kolyana: "Go on..."



Marcus Veranius: "Point stands. We've got a handful of prophecies we know to be true, if incredibly vague and misleading."

"One of which is a supposed den of wolves overlooking a mountain lake."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena's eyes widen.



Marcus Veranius: "This is where the stupid part comes in; what if we assumed these were Lycanthropes as part of prophecy vagueness."

"...and then got bit by one as to have something in common with this society."

"A forced invitation, if you would."

"It's not the most pleasant idea, but I feel safer about it with Richten here as possible damage control."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena laughs.

"That could work."



Rictavio: Van Richten leans slightly forward, looking at Marcus over his glasses. "You do not understand the curse of Lycanthropy, my boy, or you would not suggest such a thing. To become a Lycanthrope is to be changed -- Body *and* Soul -- fused with the primal, pre-material essence of another creature. The fusion is so powerful that even on the astral plane, your soul and the soul of your animal form are bound together on the silver thread. Even saints have been changed by the transformation. Most forms of Lycanthropy are curses, and they twist a man to evil, and to the worship of evil gods."

"But what's this about prophecies? Where did you hear these?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark takes a lazy swig of wine.



Marcus Veranius frowns. "Promise not to be too upset, it was Madame Eva the Vistani. Her third prophecy led us to you, with high recommendation."



Rictavio: He does not react for a moment or two.

You can almost hear gears clicking and wheels whizzing as he processes this.

"Madame Eva, I believe, is an ally."

"The evil Vistani fear her, and give her caravan a wide berth."

"She has said things to me which cause me to believe her power is genuine."

"If she has given you prophecies, I think we should make them our top priority."



Marcus Veranius: "At the very least, she believes you to be an ally in cutting the darkness. Which, by the way, is why I trust your intuition with the tigers."



Rictavio: Van Richten raises an eyebrow and looks at Marcus like a long-lost brother.



Marcus Veranius: "Now, you mentioned MOST forms of lycanthropy being a curse of evil. Does that mean there are exceptions?"



(To Suldae Westwind): Are you able to see the messages?



Rictavio: "There are always exceptions, with magic."

"Some are the blessings of benevolent druids."

"Some are the lasting mark of an ancient favor done to one of the animal gods."



Marcus Veranius: "Then I think my plan still has some worth. In a worst case scenario, the cave holds some ancient knowledge to give a better picture of our enemy."

"In the best case, there's not much left of my soul to twist. If it means gaining allies in these were-ravens, I'll take the hit."



Rictavio: "How do you propose to get bitten?" Van Richten asks.



Marcus Veranius: "Shoot arrows in their faces until they take offense."

"The cave lycanthropes anyways, if they exist. For all we know, could just be really big wolves in that

cave."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Why not just take one to bed and get nippy?" Asks Ismark, tossing an apple up and down.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena slaps Ismark on the shoulder.



Marcus Veranius looks at Ismark, then at himself



Ismark Kolyanovich: "What, I'm just *saying!*"



Marcus Veranius: "I'll let you know that if you had some way of restoring my face, I'd be quite a looker. That might even have worked."

"Alas, arrows to the face it must be."



Rictavio: "Surprising even myself, I find the young man's suggestion -- if crude -- perhaps more likely to succeed. If these lycanthropes treasure their transformation, they will not give it away to someone they are trying to kill. It may be better to get close to one, and learn more about the cult or coven or whatever they call it, and be received as a 'new member' in whatever way their clan finds most appropriate. Lycanthrope communities tend to be tightly-knit and not particularly trusting."



Ireena Kolyana: "You're still a looker, Marcus!" Ireena says encouragingly.



Marcus Veranius smirks



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena has a sudden thought.

"Wait, Van Richten -- is it possible for someone to have Lycanthropy and Vampirism at the same time?"



Marcus Veranius: "That's one way of dodging a clingy suitor." Marcus murmurs.



Rictavio: Van Richten laughs. "No. Vampirism is a demonic variant of Lycanthropy, created by the darkest of dark powers. It cannot coexist with Vampirism. The one provides immunity to the other."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks meaningfully at Marcus.

She looks meaningfully at Suldae.



Marcus Veranius: "Two birds, one stone. Strahd is obsessed with Ireena for whatever reason. Don't know why."

"Although I was considering making this inn your safehouse for the time being if we were to go wolf-hunting."

"Bliding Strahd with Richten's tiger, in combination with the saint's bones Blinksy mentioned. Pair it with affordable rent and an innkeeper friendly to us."

"This might be the safest place for you in all of Barovia."


"Only Strahd's minions would be able to take you, what remained of them anyways."

(To GM)rolling 1d20+6 Stealth

(9)+6

= 15


Marcus Veranius: (To GM)rolling 1d20+1 Deception

()+1

= **2**



Marcus Veranius: (To GM)rolling 1d20+1 Deception

()+1

= **7**



Marcus Veranius:

8

SLEIGHT OF HAND (4)
Marcus Veranius



(To GM):

INSIGHT
Rictavio

Skill: 12



Tops K.: rolling 1d8 Level 5 Hitpoints

()

= **8**

rolling 1d10

()

= **1**



Liliet (Suldae):

Roll for HP

Roll 1: **3**

Average for HP

Average: **5**



Tops K.: rolling 4d6d1

( +  +  + )

= **15**

rolling 4d6d1

(**3** + **2** + **2** + **4**)

= **9**

rolling 4d6d1

(**5** + **2** + **6** + **4**)

= **15**

rolling 4d6d1

(**2** + **2** + **3** + **1**)

= **7**

rolling 4d6d1

(**6** + **5** + **3** + **4**)

= **15**

rolling 4d6d1

(**2** + **1** + **4** + **5**)

= **11**



Tops K.: rolling 1d10

(**7**)

= **7**

rolling 1d10

(**1**)

= **1**

rolling 1d10

(**1**)

= 1

rolling 1d10

(8)

= 8

rolling 1d10

(4)

= 4

rolling 1d10

(3)

= 3

**Tops K.:**

22

9

Longsword (+7)
Zanshuken10
Slashing

19

22

Longsword (+7)
Zanshuken13
Slashing3
Brute**GM (GM):** Greetings!

Happy Sunday!

**Tops K.:** o3o**GM (GM):** Where's our third friend?**Tops K.:** Good question.**(From Tops K.):** We could do the Coffin Shop buisness first if he's running late.**Liliet (Suldae):** I don't now)=

apparently not online

sads

GM (GM): Is ok



Liliet (Suldae): i feel bad about this anyway :x



GM (GM): Don't feel bad, maybe he's just running a little late. We'll go on with just you two for a bit :)

Just as Suldae spots the Vistana doll lying on the ground next to the cart, Marcus arrives at the stockyard from the Main Street.



Marcus Veranius: "Suldae! What good timing; I've tracked down the Saint's Bones."

"If we hurry we might be able to recover them before..."



Marcus Veranius looks between Suldae, the doll, and the cart



Marcus Veranius: "...oh bollocks."



Suldae Westwind: "Hm?" Suldae turns to him.

She picks up the doll and studies it curiously



GM (GM): As she does so, she spots two things. First: the "Is No Fun, Is No Blinsky" tag. Second: the shattered door of the cage.

As Suldae picks up the doll she spots two things: First, a tag saying Is No Fun, Is No Blinsky. Second, the shattered door of the cage.

It looks as though the tiger loosed itself.

The Vistana doll is tattered and ragged, it looks as though it has been a chew toy for several months.

Large padded footprints in the mud indicate that the tiger headed east.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stares at the ground past toy for several more seconds, trying to process this.

Marcus recalls, during his glimpse into the tiger cage, seeing a small doll inside.



Marcus Veranius: ...Blinsky wouldn't have liked that. More secrets to keep it seems.

"We don't have time for this today. If those bones aren't recovered, we'll have worse to deal with than one loosed tiger."



Marcus Veranius frowns



Suldae Westwind: "We need to tell Rictavio about this, anyway," Suldae says. "If the tiger attacks people... I don't even want to say 'and if someone knows it's his tiger', you know? I kind of care even if they don't. But it's a good reason to make HIM go look for it..."

"Where is the place you would go next?"

"Is it far from the inn?"



Marcus Veranius: "Coffin shop is that way."



Marcus Veranius points to where the shop is



Suldae Westwind: "..."

"I guess let's go there first, then"



Marcus Veranius: "We ought to just pay someone a silver to deliver the message to Rictavio for us. First person we see on the way there."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks east. The edge of town is close, so it probably left...

"Good point," Suldae agrees. She pulls out her notebook, tears out a page, writes a note. The note says: "Your cat ran off, you should probably look for it"

She folds it.



Marcus Veranius tosses Suldae a silver from the party coffers



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks around for someone to send to the tavern.



GM (GM): *(Roll Charisma please, Suldae)*



Suldae Westwind:

18

CHARISMA (4+1)
Suldae Westwind

A passing lad agrees to take the letter for you and is happy to have the Silver, which Suldae "summons" from behind one of his ears.

You get the feeling that the letter will be delivered quickly.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives him a radiant smile and returns to Marcus.

"So, what did you find out?"



Marcus Veranius: "Priest's apprentice has a friend. Friend is 7 and has to feed his siblings. Sold the bones to the coffin maker for a quick buck."

"Though I'm inclined to believe the Coffin Maker knows more of those bones than the kid did."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods. From Marcus's spin on the story she gets the impression the kid's fine, so she does not dig.

"So let's go talk to him, then. You take point"



Marcus Veranius nods, putting on his best 'merchant face'. This is going to be one hell of a negotiation.



Marcus Veranius: It is the same face but not as pessimistic-looking.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae puts on a wide-eyed, somewhat scatterbrained-looking smile
She just looks like she's sightseeing and not really tracking what's going on around her.

The Coffin shop is not hard to find. The uninviting facade is two stories tall, somewhat decrepit and in dire need of a paint job. A sign shaped like a coffin hangs above the front door. All of the window shutters are closed up tight, and a deathly silence surrounds the establishment. In the small, rocky yard, the grass has grown thick and tall through the cracks in the grey brick patio. Small statues and mossy fountains stained with hard water and rust line the inner yard, and the fence around the shop's property is tall and overgrown by a dead rose vine, which has formed a partial canopy over the yard, so that all of it is in shadow. A small cast iron table sits in the corner of the patio, with an ashtray and a cast iron chair.

The sign on the door says: "Closed."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae studies the scenery curiously



Marcus Veranius: "Well there goes firm negotiations." Marcus whispers, casing the building best he can.

The shutters are all closed and nailed shut with boards. There are two doors; the main shop door, on the east side, and a rear door, on the south side.



GM (GM): (sorry, put you next to the rear entrance the first time)



Marcus Veranius: The priest was coming. If the guards were to be involved, they had some degree of cover in the form of 'god's will'. Meant they could play a bit less scrupulous for this one.



Suldae Westwind: (oooh gotcha)



Marcus Veranius: "Sneak to the rear entrance. We're going to break in."
(:U)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at the building nervously. "How about we don't split up? I don't like how it went last time and I'm not very good at sneaking"



Marcus Veranius: "Well, try your best. I don't want to split up either."

15

STEALTH (7)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: "I'm coming with you," Suldae murmurs

22

STEALTH (3)
Suldae Westwind

(omfg)

(she blends with the grass)

(being really short pays off)

In the mottled gloom of the yard, Suldae seems to almost disappear. Her elven heritage seems a little more prominent, today. Perhaps something to do with a good night's sleep...

Marcus makes almost no sound as he moves around the house.

Soon you are standing before the rear door, which is barred from within.

Just to your right, there is a shuttered window on the ground level.



Marcus Veranius *kneels down to door level, breaking out his thieves' tools. This ought to make short work of the lock.*



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tries to peek through the shatters

*shutters

('barred from within?')



Marcus Veranius:

20

Thieves Tools (7)
Marcus Veranius

With a quiet slide of wood on wood, Marcus's picks move the inner bar and the door opens.

The shutters are boarded shut with nails.

You see a workshop containing everything a carpenter would need to make coffins or furniture. Three sturdy worktables stretch the length of the west wall. The space is relatively spartan -- the open workspace acts as storage space for tools and supplies.

You see two doors in this chamber, one at the far end of the room and one close to the exit.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae, still moving quietly, comes up to the closest door and tries to peek through the gaps



Marcus Veranius peers inside for any traps, then enters the building.



Marcus Veranius:

19

PERCEPTION (5)
Marcus Veranius

Marcus detects no traps.

Suldae sees a small sitting area with four chairs around a circular table, and two large cabinets in the far corner.

A lantern hangs from a chain above the table. It is currently lit.



Suldae Westwind: Can Suldae hear any steps or any noise in the house at all?

22

PERCEPTION (2)
Suldae Westwind

(oh wow)

Suldae hears someone making breakfast upstairs.

She also senses an evil presence, near at hand and lurking watchfully.



Suldae Westwind: "Something bad is nearby, or someone," she murmurs. "Ground floor seems empty of people though"

She opens the door properly and goes into the next room



Marcus Veranius nods. He quietly shuts the back door, then sneaks towards one of the others. One room at a time; gotta find those bones.



Suldae Westwind: or tries at least

Marcus sees thirteen wooden coffins arranged haphazardly around this musty, L-shaped room.

Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks around the room for most obvious hiding spots and checks those, without trying a thorough search for hidden lockers or double bottoms yet

Suldae finds nothing of any particular interest. This appears to be a sort of storage area and sitting room, rarely used except perhaps for funeral consultations. Odds and ends and mementos from previous funerals and images of coffin designs fill the two cabinets in the corner.

It appears to be something of a dusty showroom.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae checks the door to the north then goes through it



Marcus Veranius tries the obvious spot, looking inside the coffins on display for glowing bones.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae joins him.

Where else would someone hide bones after all?

Well, anywhere else, it's true, but the coffins do still need to be checked.

Suldae keeps a sharp elven ear out for the malicious presence she sensed earlier

(oh heyyyy look whos here :D hi!)

wanting to check the room for magic, Suldae hesitates, then drums a simple rhythm on a nearby coffin instead of playing ocarina or whistling



Suldae Westwind: (THIS IS WHY I TOOK A DRUMS PROFICIENCY)

26

ARCANA (9)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae detects no magical energies. At the same time, Marcus finds nothing but empty wood, until he gets to an interesting one, near the front door. A trail of footprints leads in through the dust, passes near this coffin, and suddenly turns into a scuffle. A second pair of footprints heads back towards the last door in the chamber.



Henrik van der Voort: Inside the coffin is a bound and gagged young man who appears to be unconscious.



Marcus Veranius: Wait a minute...

This one isn't dead!



Marcus Veranius waves his arm to alert Suldae; practically flailing it in a frantic mess



Marcus Veranius: He then goes about poking the man in question, trying to wake him up.



Henry of Willowsbrook: stirs but remains unconscious



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae notices what he's doing and comes up



Marcus Veranius uncorks his waterskin and dumps it on his face. This is NOT the time to be resting!



Henry of Willowsbrook: Sputters "Whaa THE HEAVENS ARE YOU DOING ?!"

Suldae Westwind: (whats brool)

Suldae gives him a beaming smile, leaning slightly over the coffin

She offers him a hand to get up



Marcus Veranius holds up a hand in the designated 'shoosh' position, the other open as to imply 'please don't freak out'



Henry of Willowsbrook: calmed "could one of you untie me I can't get up"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods and reaches inside

Where the rope won't obey, she just cuts it with her dagger



Marcus Veranius unties the gag, making a mental note to buy a knife; this is the second damn time...

Soon, between your combined efforts, the young man is freed.



Suldae Westwind: "So," Suldae murmurs quietly, "what's your story?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Which one the one how I ended up in there or the one of my life?" Henry grumbles acidly



Marcus Veranius: "Why you're here for now, how you got here over a pint in the tavern." Marcus comments.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae chuckles quietly.

"The former first please"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sighs "My apologies, It's been a rough few da-weeks. I was looking into the missing bones, came here, meet the Coffinmaker had a disagreement on whether I should be in a coffin or not and well his magic was a better argument than my fist"



Suldae Westwind: "Same missing bones as us, I'm guessing," Suldae murmurs. "The saint's?"

"Also, can you tell us more about the magic?" she frowns



Marcus Veranius: "Well his argument won't be better than my crossbow. We're going upstairs to find where his bones are."



Marcus Veranius starts to check the last door for traps/locks as Henry explains the situation



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'm afraid not much only that it might have been his ring?"



GM (GM): (Please roll a lock picking, investigation, or perception check)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Please allow me to help the both of you in recovering the bones



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods. "Well, I have some magic of my own. My name is Suldae, by the way, Suldae Westwind. Have we met before?"

The young man's face seems faintly familiar to her, though it might just be generically common features in her home region.

(if Henry is taller than 170 cm please picture Suldae's head coming up to his chest/belly when he stands up straight)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "My name is Henry and I don't think we have but I'm not sure" he seems to

faintly recognise her but isn't sure if it was different elf



Sulda Westwind: (when they both do that is)

Suldae quirks her eyebrow. "You met so many half-elves they all bleed together?"

She does pride herself on her distinctive appearance, as bards do.

You hear the shuffle of feet above you.

A door swings open and shut somewhere upstairs.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae goes quiet and puts a finger to her lips, looking up.

"We can finish this discussion later," she says more quietly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods and strains to listen



Sulda Westwind: "That's Marcus," she adds in a half-whisper and comes up to him



Marcus Veranius gives a thumbs up, then opens the door.



Marcus Veranius: He draws his crossbow for good measure



Sulda Westwind: Suldae checks on hers, which is at the top of her bag, easily in reach, and brushes her hand on her ocarina, too.

The door opens onto a narrow staircase. The walls are arrayed with small portraits and sketches. Many are framed, but dozens of parchment-and-ink pieces are simply tacked to the walls. Strings of colored yarn connect some of them. The staircase ascends to a small second-floor landing with two doors, one on the left and one on the right.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry places his hand on the pommel of his longsword



Sulda Westwind: "Actually," she murmurs after some thinking, "can you leave it to me to try to magic him up first? And don't attack if it works"

"Just one person, right?" she asks Henry



Henry of Willowsbrook: "one I've meet can't be sure there aren't more "



Marcus Veranius looks between the two doors, then takes out a coin.



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d2

(2)

= 2



Sulda Westwind: Suldae elbows her way past Henry to the front



Marcus Veranius flips the coin, then goes right.



Sulda Westwind: (ty)



GM (GM): (Right as in East or right from your perspective, which would be West?)

(LoI TY)



Marcus Veranius: ,3



Suldae Westwind: (and thats totally the wrong right :P)

Suldae slips ahead of the party

The door opens onto a large, drafty room strung with cobwebs. The room takes up most of the upper floor. Stacks of wooden planks lie amid several crates marked "JUNK."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae checks that there isn't anyone, then goes back

"Not here," she murmurs, then takes point as she goes through the other dor

Her ocarina is readied near her face

Suldae sees a kitchen containing a square table surrounded by chairs and shelves of provisions. It looks like whoever lives here spends a lot of time in here.



Marcus Veranius follows Suldae

A very complex brunch is laid out on the table.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pushes the last door

The last door is locked. As she pushes against it, she hears a gasp on the other side.



Henrik van der Voort: "Who is it?"

"Who goes there? This is private property! You can't just trespass like that!"



Suldae Westwind: "It's a robbery, don't move and your safety is assured," Suldae replies



Henrik van der Voort: "I warn you, I'm armed!"



Suldae Westwind: She's not sure why this is the response that popped to her lips, but it seems as good as any.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks aghast at Suldae



Suldae Westwind: She nods to Marcus to break the lock, moving to the side

Suldae makes a guilty expression to Henry



Marcus Veranius looks shocked at Suldae, then nods with a grimace.



Suldae Westwind: "Might put him off guard," Suldae whispers after a pause.

"I assume average robbers are somewhat less battle ready than we are"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "should I go first trough in cae he reall is armed ? Seeing as I have a both a shield and armor while the two of you.. " Henry trails of taking his companions in



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shakes her head

"Let me try firs"



Henrik van der Voort: "Go away! Go on now! Leave me alone!"



Marcus Veranius starts picking the lock

Suldae Westwind: "You come after me though," she adds, recognizing the obvious good idea
 "Marcus, you go last after you let us in"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry unslings his shield holding it at the ready



Marcus Veranius: "If ye want to try any funny buisness, speak your preference of coffin now. I'll try my hardest to spell your name on it."

"Is Henrik spelled with a C or a K?"

23

INTIMIDATION (4)
 Marcus Veranius

15

Thieves Tools (7)
 Marcus Veranius

The lock gives. The door swings easily open.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae goes in first, ocarina at her lips, playing a haunting melody



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shakes his head at the theatreics and follows Suldae



Marcus Veranius stands back for Henry, holding his crossbow in support

An old man is cowering in the back portion of a modest bedchamber, containing a cot and several well-made pieces of furniture, including a table, a padded chair, a bookshelf, and a wardrobe.



Suldae Westwind:

19

Higher Level Cast

31

Hit Points of Creatures

90 feet

Sleep

Suldae Westwind



Henrik van der Voort: "Don't hurt me!"

"Oh..."

19



Suldae Westwind: I don't think there's a saving hrow for Sleep
 it's just about HP

GM: (You are correct -- my b)

Henrik collapses, unconscious.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae kneels next to him.

Marcus Veranius: "I want to make it plain that I feel dirty about this."



Sulda Westwind: "He's just asleep."



Marcus Veranius: "Not that my plan was too much better, but it was by a few marks."



Sulda Westwind: "He will sleep until woken up."

"Is this the man who knocked you out, Henry?"



Marcus Veranius leaves Henry and Suldae to their buisness, and begins checking the storeroom boxes



Henry of Willowsbrook: (is it Him?)

GM: (Yes, it's him.)

The first crate Marcus opens contains nothing but scrap metal.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I believe so" Henry nods and mumbles "overwhelmed by an old man"



Sulda Westwind: "Honestly," Suldae murmurs, "this is THE most ethical way I could think of for handling this. He is as unharmed as it gets for someone we have reason to assume danger of."

She looks to Henry for his opinion.

Meanwhile, she takes out the rope out of her bag and motions for Henry to help her time the man up, just in case. She signs with her hands that he should be gentle and try to not jolt him



Henry of Willowsbrook: "i might not be the best judge here seeing as he knocked me out and stuffed me in a coffin

Henry moves to help



Sulda Westwind: After tying the man up Suldae gets Henry to help her move him to the bed. Whatever his role in this, there's no reason not to be gentle.



Marcus Veranius looks over the storeroom. Damn; lots of places to hide bones



Marcus Veranius:

21

PERCEPTION (5)
Marcus Veranius

Marcus cracks open the next crate. It's full of dirt.

The dirt begins to move...



Sulda Westwind: "I'll watch him and you go help Marcus?" Suldae suggests after a pause



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'll go help our friend in the other room



Marcus Veranius: "Feck!"



Sulda Westwind: She's perched on the side of the bed.



Marcus Veranius takes a step back and holds his crossbow to the box

A hand thrusts out of the soil, fumbles around, and grasps the edge of the crate.

With cracks and crunches, all the other crates in the room loosen their lids.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "everythin alright?"



Suldae Westwind: btw @DM just out of curiosity does Suldae get some kind of feedback of how much overkill the strength of her spell was
she got, what, $31+19 = 50$?



Marcus Veranius: "...I don't suppose they're ALSO sleeping adventurers?"

"No?"

"Oh bollocks."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "SHIT"



Henrik van der Voort:

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spawn

Initiative: 7

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spawn

Initiative: 19



Vampire Spawn:

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spawn

Initiative: 5

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spawn

Initiative: 17

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spawn

Initiative: 7



Marcus Veranius:

17.18

INITIATIVE (4.18)
Marcus Veranius



Vampire Spawn:

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spawn

Initiative: 16

INITIATIVE
<i>Initiative:</i> 10.14

INITIATIVE
<i>Initiative:</i> 22.18



Sulda Westwind: Suldae hears the noise from the next room. She knows people affected by Sleep don't wake up from loud sounds, and the man is tied up, so she goes to check



Vampire Spawn:

INITIATIVE
<i>Initiative:</i> 16.15



Sulda Westwind:

15.14

INITIATIVE (3.14)
Sulda Westwind

err

@ DM pls



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how do I roll Initiative?)



Sulda Westwind: on your sheet at the top



Henry of Willowsbrook:

13.15

INITIATIVE (2.15)
Henry of Willowsbrook

19.15

INITIATIVE (2.15)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Sulda Westwind: well thats overkill XD



Henry of Willowsbrook: missclick

GM: (Sulda gets the sense that her sleep spell was massive overkill, and could probably have knocked out a room full of old men. The vampire spawn, however, are completely immune to its effects.

Ironically, the vampire spawn which slowly climb out of the dirt in their makeshift coffins are actually dressed like adventurers.



Sulda Westwind: wouldnt marcus be next to one of them

not to be mean but

XD

The vampire spawn in the corner climbs up the wall and onto the ceiling on all fours, then scuttles towards Marcus.

GM: (EoT)



Marcus Veranius: "Oh bollocks."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (EoT?)



Marcus Veranius uses his Action Surge and Bonus Action to make 5 crossbow attacks



Suldae Westwind: (means end of turn)



Marcus Veranius: First one against the one he's next to to buy some distance



Suldae Westwind: (daaang)



Marcus Veranius:

17

120

Hand Crossbow (+9)
Marcus Veranius

7

Piercing

When you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can expend one superiority die to maneuver one of your comrades into a more advantageous position. You add the superiority die to the attack's damage roll, and you choose a friendly creature who can see or hear you. That creature can use its reaction to move up to half its speed without provoking opportunity attacks from the target of your attack.

8

Bonus Damage

[Maneuvering Attack]
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: (n i c e)

His first shot sticks firmly in the chest of the vampire he was standing next to, which is wearing the robes of a sorcerer.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus then fires extra shots, first into the one he ran from and into another if it falls over.

He aims for the vitals.

6

120

>Sharpshooter (Hand

Crossbow) (+4)
Marcus Veranius

16
Piercing

21

120

>**Sharpshooter (Hand**

Crossbow) (+4)
Marcus Veranius

15
Piercing

11

120

>**Sharpshooter (Hand**

Crossbow) (+4)
Marcus Veranius

20
Piercing

9

120

>**Sharpshooter (Hand**

Crossbow) (+4)
Marcus Veranius

16
Piercing



Marcus Veranius:

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

7
Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]
Marcus Veranius

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

3
Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]

Marcus Veranius

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

6*Bonus Accuracy***[Precision Attack]**

Marcus Veranius

(Extra to-hit for the 1st, 3rd, and 4th shots)

GM: **13**, **21**, **14**, **15**

The first shot whizzes past as the vampire dodges. The second shot sticks in its chest, between lungs and heart. The third misses by an inch, scraping flesh off its arm. The fourth sticks right between two ribs.



Suldae Westwind: (well we know its precise AC now XD)

The vampire snarls like a tiger and crouches low atop its crate.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"OUT OF THE HOUSE! NOW!"



Marcus Veranius runs for the door



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Suldae Westwind: "THE OLD MAN!!!" Suldae yells as she hears him say that

The feedback from her spell gave her the impression the man was no great mage nor fighter, more likely an innocent caught up in all this.



Marcus Veranius: "Is responsible for this mess!"

A vampire spawn dressed in the rags of a berserker leaps from his crate and sprints at Henry, claws swinging wildly!



Vampire Spawn:

CLAWS

Vampire Spawn

Attack: 20 | 18

Instead of dealing damage, the vampire can grapple the target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 9 slashing

CLAWS

Vampire Spawn

Attack: 9 | 13

Instead of dealing damage, the vampire can grapple the target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 9 slashing



Sulda Westwind: Suldae still has no idea what the mess is, and finds herself in quite a predicament.

GM: (Hang on, those were with advantage -- let me fix that)



Marcus Veranius: (Just use the first roll)

We'll use the 20 and the 9



Henry of Willowsbrook: (what do i do?)



Sulda Westwind: She already knows Marcus has a tendency to abscond and leave her to fend for herself and whoever she's protecting, would Henry?

(I think you wait for your turn lmao)



Marcus Veranius: (You've got an AC of 20. Anything below that misses.)

The vampire spawn latches on with one hand, gripping Henry's shield! The other hand swings furiously at him, but he keeps it at bay.

GM: (You are now *Grappled*. Roll strength, athletics, or acrobatics to escape.)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

9

20

STRENGTH SAVE (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

A second vampire spawn leaps from its crate at the same time and sprints after its companion, claws out, eyes blazing crimson in ragged, sunken features.

Henry is not quite able to jerk his shield free of the vampire spawn's brawny grasp.

Suldae hears thumping, hears Marcus sounding the retreat, and hears combat next door.

GM: (EoT)



Sulda Westwind: Suldae comes up to the door and looks through. She sees the situation.

"MARCUS YOU PIECE OF SHIT" she yells in a manner that should sound very inspiring to Henry, and shoots the vampire grappling him.

BARDIC INSPIRATION

Class: Bard

You can inspire others through stirring words or music. To do so, you use a bonus action on your turn to choose one creature other than yourself within 60 feet of you who can hear you. That creature gains one Bardic

Inspiration die, a d6.
Once within the next 10 minutes, the creature can roll the die and add the number rolled to one ability check, attack roll, or saving throw it makes. The creature can wait until after it rolls the d20 before deciding to use the Bardic Inspiration die, but must decide before the DM says whether the roll succeeds or fails. Once the Bardic Inspiration die is rolled, it is lost. A creature can have only one Bardic Inspiration die at a time. You can use this feature a number of times equal to your Charisma modifier (a minimum of once). You regain any expended uses when you finish a long rest. Your Bardic Inspiration die changes when you reach certain levels in this class. The die becomes a d8 at 5th level, a d10 at 10th level, and a d12 at 15th level.

(Henry, you can add a d8 to a roll)

(and yes, Suldae has noticed Marcus is right next to her when she's yelling, she doesn't give a shit)

22

80/320

Light Crossbow (+5)
Suldae Westwind

6

Piercing

Suldae's shot sticks in the barbarian vampire spawn but he seems not to notice.



Suldae Westwind: (yeah, her damage output is... not Marcus's)

(EoT)

GM: (You can make an athletics check again to attempt to free yourself from the grapple, or you can attack the vampire spawn grappling you with disadvantage.

You're up, Henry :)



Suldae Westwind: (if the vampire spawn is holding his shield)

(cant he just drop it)



Marcus Veranius: (If you can hit it with your Shield Shove, that'll push it and also break the grapple)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tries to throw the vampire of

11

25

Shield Shove (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Make a Strength (Athletics) check contested by the target's Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check (the target chooses the ability to use). If you win the contest, you either knock the target prone or push it 5 feet away from you.

>A prone creature's only Movement option is to crawl, unless it stands up and thereby ends the condition.

>The creature has disadvantage on Attack rolls.

>An Attack roll against the creature has advantage if the attacker is within 5 feet of the creature. Otherwise, the Attack roll has disadvantage.

(does this work)



Marcus Veranius: (Throw on a D8 for Inspiration and hope for the best)



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling d8

(2)

= 2



Vampire Spawn:

STRENGTH
<i>Vampire Spawn</i>
Ability: 11



Suldae Westwind: NICE



Marcus Veranius: (SULDAE SAVES US ONCE AGAIN)

GM: (Prone or knocked back 5 feet? Your choice! :D)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (back)

Henry shoves the vampire back so hard that it stumbles against the vampire behind it, knocking both of them away.



Suldae Westwind: (NICE)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry retreats to the door (if I can)

The vampire spawn snarl and hiss!

GM: (You can. On your turn you can move up to your speed and take an action.)



Sulda Westwind: "The old man," Sulda murmurs to Henry's back.

"He's not a combatant, I'm pretty sure"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (eot I think)



(To Marcus Veranius): You're up! :D



Henry of Willowsbrook: " I'd like to help him but I'd frankly rather we save ourselves first" Henry murmurs back harshly



Marcus Veranius: "I don't mean to be disrespectful, but these vampires are only here because he took the Saint's Bones! Let him fall in his own coffin, if they're not his ally in the first place!



Marcus Veranius sprints downstairs



Sulda Westwind: "You think he did that of his own free will?" Sulda hisses



Henry of Willowsbrook: "No but I'd rather not die with him!" Henry snaps



Marcus Veranius attempts to barge out the front door, planning to shoot out the boards from the outside



Sulda Westwind: "Well, they'll probably follow us anyway," Sulda mutters. She doubts they'll go after him anyway.



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Sulda Westwind: As long as they don't burn down the house again, anyway. In that case she's going upstairs to get him, and fuck the danger.

The barbarian vampire, recovered from the shield bash, scuttles towards the front of the pack.

Rushing upon Henry, it swings its claws once more!



Vampire Spawn:

CLAWS

Vampire Spawn

Attack: 12

Instead of dealing damage, the vampire can grapple the target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 9 slashing

CLAWS

Vampire Spawn

Attack: 17

Instead of dealing damage, the vampire can grapple the target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 9 slashing

Henry's armor deflects the claws!

A second vampire dressed like a druid sprints forward and clubs at him with its fists!



Vampire Spawn:

CLAWS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: 14

Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 8 slashing

CLAWS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: 24

Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 8 slashing

The first blow glances off Henry's shield but the second catches him between his armor plates and rakes across his skin, drawing blood.

GM: (EoT)



(To Suldae Westwind): You're up! :D



Henry of Willowsbrook: (can a use Shield master to reduce the damage here?)



Suldae Westwind: (oops sorry)



Marcus Veranius: (Shield Master only protects against spell effects)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shoots the barbarian vampire, then closes the door behind herself to reduce likelihood of the vampire spawn _not_ going after them and follows Marcus

24

80/320

Light Crossbow (+5)
Suldae Westwind

8

Piercing



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so Spells are the only ones with Dex saves? good to know)

Just as her first crossbow bolt is pushed out by the vampire's healing flesh, her second crossbow bolt sticks in a similar spot.



Suldae Westwind: (EoT)



(To Henry of Willowsbrook): You're up! :D



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry strikes the Barbarian Vamp with his sword

21

23

Longsword (5 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

10
Slashing

2
Brute



Suldae Westwind: (ty)

Henry's longsword rips into the creature's flesh, spewing black ichor across the wooden walls.



Henry of Willowsbrook: eww



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae goes for the rear entrance)

The Barbarian vampire screams, enraged.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Shit"

Henry runs down the stairs trying to slam the door behind him

The Vampires slam against the wooden door, rattling it in its frame before ripping it off its hinges.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I might have made them mad

Eot



Marcus Veranius: "They're about to be pissed!"



Suldae Westwind: "Well they weren't exactly friendly already!"

One of them hurls it down the stairs. The door bounces off the staircase walls and skips off the stairs and flips to a stop crash-landing at the bottom.



Suldae Westwind: (where is Marcus's voice coming from?)

(Suldae can't see him)



Marcus Veranius: (The east entrance)



(To Marcus Veranius): You're up! :D

GM: (EoT)



Marcus Veranius: "And on the first day Pelor said; FECK OFF, HERE'S THE SUN!"



Marcus Veranius shoots at the window boards to let sunlight into the house



Marcus Veranius:

13

120

>**Sharpshooter (Hand
Crossbow)** (+4)
Marcus Veranius

20

22

120

>Sharpshooter (Hand

Crossbow) (+4)

Marcus Veranius

17*Piercing***15**

120

>Sharpshooter (Hand

Crossbow) (+4)

Marcus Veranius

20*Piercing***19**

120

>Sharpshooter (Hand

Crossbow) (+4)

Marcus Veranius

17*Piercing***8**

120

>Sharpshooter (Hand

Crossbow) (+4)

Marcus Veranius

16*Piercing*

Several crossbow bolts punch through the boards and the window-panes, putting lines of sunlight through that dark attic space.

Loud screaming can be heard from upstairs.



Marcus Veranius moves south to the window closest to the staircase, preparing for escapees



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes out. It's only now that she realizes what Marcus's plan was.



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stares up the dark staircase steeling himself

An enraged and steaming vampire barbarian charges down the staircase towards him, slinging its claws at his shield!



Vampire Spawn:

CLAWS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: 21

Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 8 slashing

CLAWS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: 17

Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 11 slashing

One blow draws blood, the other clangs on steel!

GM: (EoT)



(To Suldae Westwind): You're up! :D



Marcus Veranius: (Shit, ignore shots 4 and 5. I already used my action surge)



Suldae Westwind: (gve me a sec while I look up a spell)



Marcus Veranius: (Should have only been 3 shots. I got lost in the moment of that one-liner)



Suldae Westwind: Realizing Henry isn't following her but is instead continuing the fight, Suldae steps back up to him and puts a hand on his armor. She breathes out in the rhythm of the Weave, restoring his strength.

1

Higher Level Cast

7

Healing

Touch

Cure Wounds
Suldae Westwind

"You can do this," she murmurs, giving him Inspiration again.

(another d8)

(Cure Wounds is touch, so I'm flavoring it differently from her music spells :D)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so I'm back up to 40 Hp ?)



Marcus Veranius: (41 it seems)

(You can use your Second Wind as a bonus action to heal even more)



Suldae Westwind: 41 yea

7 + 1

ya sorry

EoT



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry strikes the Vampire in front of him twice

23

20

Longsword (5 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

13

Slashing

2

Brute

19

24

Longsword (5 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

11

Slashing

2

Brute

His blade cuts viciously deep into the creature, dealing wounds that would be fatal on any normal human.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (can I shove Suldae further into the room she's in while move into it myself? if so I do that)

GM: You can if she is willing, otherwise you'd have to make a strength check



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Suldae move!" Henry tries to move them both into the room



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is willing

I think we'd decided that Henry could expend her next move action to drag her with him?

What we were doing with Ireena in the Death House



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry also slams this door shut



Suldae Westwind: ah yes, free item interaction



Marcus Veranius: (This is a good chokepoint now that the front windows are out. We could hold the line here and only risk attacks from two, three at most)



Suldae Westwind: :D

(o yess)

(nice)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Which way does the door open?)



Marcus Veranius: (When you're vampire-strong, whichever way you like)



Suldae Westwind: luv yall



Henry of Willowsbrook: (trying to think if leaning against it is possible to stall them some seeing as they are not throwing people around strong)

GM: (EoT?)

Henry of Willowsbrook: EoT



(To Marcus Veranius): You're up! :D

GM: (EoT)



Marcus Veranius moves back into the house, intent on supporting the chokepoint. He draws the Oathbow



Marcus Veranius: (Targeting the north window)

18

600

Oathbow (+9)
Marcus Veranius

10

Piercing



Suldae Westwind: do you even need to roll to shoot the window

'hit the broad side of the barn' and all that



Marcus Veranius: (lunno. But that one will shine light directly into the staircase)

(And we have the window at the top of the staircase shot out, so there'd be nowhere to hide AND attack Henry)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (where are you anyway?)



Suldae Westwind: (in front of the north window presumably)

(why arent you doing it with the crossbow?)



Marcus Veranius: His second arrow is aimed for the Blue Vampire. "Swift death to you who have wronged me."

11

17

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+4)

Marcus Veranius

19

Piercing

12

Piercing

[Sworn Enemy]

Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: oooooo

question rescinded XD

The shot is so powerful that the vampire sorcerer takes a full two steps back.



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]

The vampire barbarian shambles out of the staircase and assaults the door which Henry is barring!



Vampire Spawn:

STRENGTH
Vampire Spawn

Ability: 20



Suldae Westwind: isnt it in sunlight

Then it crumbles to ash.



Suldae Westwind: ;u;
who, the door?



Marcus Veranius: (VAMPIRE DOOR)

The door stands firm in spite of the blow.



Suldae Westwind: (I MEAN WE DID FIGHT AN EVIL DOOR)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "OW those fucks are way to strong for their scrawny asses" Henry hisses

The Druid vampire, seeing its companion collapse, charges the door as well!

(Takes 20 points of radiant damage)



Vampire Spawn:

STRENGTH
Vampire Spawn

Ability: 10 | 5

(Makes its check with disadvantage)



Suldae Westwind: :D :D :D

The sunlight is too overpowering, and the vampire's attempt to open the door barely jiggles it. The vampire retreats to the staircase.

GM: (EoT -- now it's Suldae)



Suldae Westwind: "Henry, would you rather I stay here or go look for Marcus?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'd rather keep an eye on our "fiends" here"



Suldae Westwind: "So I should stay? I'm asking whether you're okay holding the door alone"

Suldae is fully willing to leave Marcus to the consequences of his habit of running off alone if Henry asks her to



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Go I'll be fine. probably



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hesitates at his "probably", but ends up nodding and running off

double move

She listens as she runs for any sounds from this side of the house upstairs

She hears nothing from this side of the house.



Suldae Westwind: She sighs in relief

EoT



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry opens the door just enough to peak into the room and up the stairs



Suldae Westwind: (well, Suldae guessed wrong where he is)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry spots Marcus and steps into the room shooting him an angry look before turning to the stair case

Henry sees several vampires huddled at the top of the stairs, crowding the landing to avoid the sunlight.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how big is a square or could I reach them with my Halberd without stepping out of the sunlight?)



Marcus Veranius: (You could stand right at the bottom and hit Blue with Reach. That is absolutely brilliant!)



Suldae Westwind: (so like one step forward)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry puts away his sword and shield grabs his halberd and strikes the nearest Vamp twice

17

11

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

8

Slashing

1

Brute

8

14

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

9

Slashing

2

Brute

rolling d8

(1)

= 1



Suldae Westwind: welp lmao



Henry of Willowsbrook: Inspiration on the second one for all the good that does



Suldae Westwind: i figured ;u;

that poor d8

The first stroke of his spear pierces into the sorcerer vampire, but the vampire deflects the second strike with a swat of his hand.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I feel like I'm roleing like crap) EoT



Suldae Westwind: (and Suldae kept rolling super high at the start of this scenario, I think the dice are taking it out on you now XD)

One of the vampires at the top of the stairs races down and tries to attack Henry!



Vampire Spawn:

CLAWS

Vampire Spawn

Attack: **19 | 21**

Instead of dealing damage, the vampire can grapple the target, escape DC 13.

Damage: **7** slashing

CLAWS

Vampire Spawn

Attack: **10 | 14**

Instead of dealing damage, the vampire can grapple the target, escape DC 13.

Damage: **9** slashing



Suldae Westwind: does sunlight reach here?

GM: (The sunlight does not reach here, but they suffer the disadvantage for a full round after being in sunlight. It also stunts their regeneration, which is 10 HP on each of their turns.

)

Its flailing claws, weakened by the sunlight, glance harmlessly off of Henry's shield!



Suldae Westwind: (welp)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (suck on my currais you blood sucking ass)

The sorcerer vampire, emboldened by this, climbs down the staircase by clinging on the wall!



Vampire Spawn:

CLAWS

Vampire Spawn

Attack: **7 | 18**

Instead of dealing damage, the vampire can grapple the target, escape DC 13.

Damage: **6** slashing

CLAWS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: 23 | 14

Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 5 slashing

Henry's shield once again deflects both attacks!



Henry of Willowsbrook: (none say anything that I put my shield away to hold my pole arm)



Suldae Westwind: XD

GM: (For ease I'm going to say the shield is strapped to your arm, which would not prevent you from wielding the pole arm)

A vampire spawn clinging to the ceiling above the staircase drops down onto Henry, swinging both claws as it falls!



Vampire Spawn:

CLAWS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: 20 | 15

Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 11 slashing

CLAWS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: 7 | 15

Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 8 slashing

Henry shakes off its attempt to grapple him, and it leaps to the ground, then darts back up the staircase. (Attack of Opportunity)

GM: (EoT -- Marcus is up. Henry has an Attack of Opportunity, should he choose to take it.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: I do just roll halberd?



Marcus Veranius: (Just one Halberd attack)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

20

23

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

9

11

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

9

Slashing

1

Brute

(I swear I clicked once9

**Marcus Veranius:** (Looked like a mouse glitch at the speed they came)**Suldae Westwind:** using the first is fair imho*Henry's Halberd pierces the fleeing vampire in the back!***Marcus Veranius:** Marcus frowns. He understands; retreating wasn't the most honorable idea. But only Heroes fight with honor, and Marcus wasn't a hero.

He aims two more shots at the Blue Vampire.

13

24

600

>**Sharpshooter (Oathbow)**

(+4)

Marcus Veranius

19 + 7

Piercing

5

12

600

>**Sharpshooter (Oathbow)**

(+4)

Marcus Veranius

19

Piercing

10

Piercing

[Sworn Enemy]

Marcus Veranius

14

Piercing

[Sworn Enemy]

Marcus Veranius

**Marcus Veranius:**

10

Piercing

[Sworn Enemy]
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: why three



Marcus Veranius: (Extra Sworn Enemy damage for the crit)



Suldae Westwind: ooo

nice

The arrow zings. The oath bow sings a serene harmony of elven whispers. The vampire is suddenly headless, and its head is now pinned to the wall behind it. The vampire staggers, stumbles, and collapses on the staircase. When he hits the stairs his body -- skin, flesh, blood, and bones -- bursts into ash.



Suldae Westwind: (I love how Marcus just comes across as super petty

"you scared me, you are now MY SWORN ENEMY")

NICE



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]

(Marcus blew a bunch of his cash to out-tip Rictavio at the inn. He is very much petty)



Suldae Westwind: (I love him)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stares at the spot where the now headless Vampire stood and gapes in disbelief "no way thats a normal bow " he stammers to himself



Marcus Veranius smirks



Marcus Veranius: "Elven nonsense. My favorite kind."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry half turns his head to pinn him with a glare "still a bit mad you just ran y'know" he grunts



Marcus Veranius: "I'll get over it. And hopefully you'll live long enough to get over it too."



Henry of Willowsbrook: despite his anger Henry chuckles
(isn't it Vamp turn?)



Marcus Veranius: (17 is dead. If Blue was the Init 16 vampire, it'd be Suldae's turn.



Suldae Westwind: (apparently not)

The druid vampire glares at Henry from the top of the staircase.



Suldae Westwind: (man, what a time for Suldae to be outside XD)



Marcus Veranius: (I can't tell; there's so many vamps huddled into that space. I think that gives us Advantage for them squeezing into an area too small)

(If they're sharing at least)



Suldae Westwind: (they can climb on the ceiling)

(I figure 4 can fit a space)

Marcus Veranius: (Oh yeah, that helps a bit)



Suldae Westwind: (but also advantage for hitting SOMEONE when you swing in the space lmao)
(maybe)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry beckons the Vampire with a venoms glare on his face



Suldae Westwind: is that the green one or one of the unspecified ones
public demands to know



Henry of Willowsbrook: venomous*



Suldae Westwind: XD

The Druid (green) vampire lunges down the stairs and assaults Henry!



Vampire Spawn:

CLAWS

Vampire Spawn

Attack: 9 | 24

Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 7 slashing

INITIATIVE

Vampire Spawn

Initiative: 15

CLAWS

Vampire Spawn

Attack: 18

Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 8 slashing



Suldae Westwind: wut XD

lmao this poor vamp
you know if Henry backs out of there
they're just target practice
for the two of us with ranged weapons :3



Henry of Willowsbrook: why the inniative roll?

GM: (The initiative roll was a misclick)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (ah ok)

This vampire's claws also prove to be no match for Henry's skill with the pole arm and shield!

GM: (EoT -- Suldae is up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rounds the corner, realizes she miscalculated, and runs up to the window to look inside



Henry of Willowsbrook: (my now onehanded polearm it seems lul)



Suldae Westwind: (is the window low enough for her to look thru it normally)

GM: (Yes, it is)



Suldae Westwind: well, Suldae is out of actions, so she just goes "hey there! is the front door open?"



Tops K.: "Door's open, but I think the store will be closed for a while longer."



Marcus Veranius said that



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how many Vampires are still around? from those we've seen)



Suldae Westwind: (eot)

GM: (Two are dead, Three more vampires stand at the top of the stairs, and there is one unaccounted for.)



Suldae Westwind: (why does this sound ominous)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (ok) Henry strikes the Druid Vamp twice with his Halberd

24

8

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

9
Slashing

4
Brute

19

22

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

14
Slashing

4
Brute

The Vampire howls with rage as the halberd skewers it twice!



Henry of Willowsbrook: EoT

One of the vampires at the top of the stairs recovers from some of its wounds and lunges down to strike at Henry!



Vampire Spawn:

CLAWS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: 14
Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 10 slashing

CLAWS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: 11
Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 9 slashing

Snarling, the vampire retreats up the wall to the ceiling! (AoO)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (AoO for it or for me?)



Suldae Westwind: "You know, if you stepped back, they couldnt reach you without burning!" Suldae calls out

GM: (For you)



Suldae Westwind: (for you, it's retreating out of your range)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

8

16

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

8

Slashing

4

Brute

(why bother ugh)



Suldae Westwind: (Imao)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry yells back "but then I can't hit them either and they might not risk the sunlight to get to us and go after the old man instead!"

Another vampire rushes down the stairs and grapples with Henry, flailing on him with clawed hands.



Vampire Spawn:

CLAWS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: 10
Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.

Damage: **8** slashing

CLAWS

Vampire Spawn

Attack: **8**

Instead of dealing damage, the vampire can grapple the target, escape DC 13.

Damage: **8** slashing

The claws do nothing against Henry's armor.

GM: (EoT -- Marcus is up)



Marcus Veranius: "Forgive me if I don't feel pity. I'm lawful good, not lawful nice."



Marcus Veranius stows the Oathbow and draws out a net, hurling it at the cieling vampire. If they don't want to come into the light, he'll drag them there!"



Marcus Veranius:

22

15

Net (+9)

Marcus Veranius

A Large or smaller creature hit by a net is Restrained until it is freed. A net has no effect on creatures that are formless, or creatures that are Huge or larger. A creature can use its action to make a DC 10 Strength check, freeing itself or another creature within its reach on a success. Dealing 5 slashing damage to the net (AC 10) also frees the creature without harming it, ending the effect and destroying the net. When you use an action, Bonus Action, or Reaction to Attack with a net, you can make only one Attack regardless of the number of attacks you can normally make.

>A restrained creature's speed becomes 0, and it can't benefit from any bonus to its speed.

>Attack rolls against the creature have advantage, and the creature's Attack rolls have disadvantage.

>The creature has disadvantage on Dexterity Saving Throws.



Suldae Westwind: "We should break his windows too," Suldae suggests



Marcus Veranius: "Good idea, Suldae. You're on window duty!"

Henry of Willowsbrook: "We seem to be a bit busy here"

The net snarls the ceiling vampire, tangling it to the point where it cannot cling to the wall. It falls heavily to the staircase, ensnared!



Sulda Westwind: Suldae nods. This does make sense, given she's least useful to the actual fight, even though she's loathe to miss it

ceiling vampire

like ceiling cat

only fears sunlight :D



Marcus Veranius: [EoT, I gotta draw a new weapon next round]



Henry of Willowsbrook: "and they all fall down" Henry hums

The druidic vampire recovers from some of its wounds. It glares down at Henry, eyes blazing with crimson and unholy flame.

The vampire spawn turns and darts into the upstairs kitchen.

GM: (EoT -- Suldae is up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "SHIT IT'S UP TO SOMETHING



Marcus Veranius: "It moved to the upstairs kitchen! Window on the west side!"



Sulda Westwind: Suldae shoots at the windows as soon as she has a clear shot of it
it's not a very good angle but it's a goddamn window
instead of the kitchen though she aims for the bedroom window

13

80/320

Light Crossbow (+5)
Suldae Westwind

4

Piercing

The crossbow bolt punches through the window and a scream resounds from the upstairs bedroom.

The scream is fiendish, bestial, the cry of a monster.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae freezes up with horror, realizing she was probably late.

(EoT also)

(WELL FUCK)

GM: (Henry is up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry not one to pass up on an opportunity graps the netted Vampire and hauls it into the sunlit room behind him

(do I roll for that?)

GM: (No, it's as though he's grappled. You just have to move at half speed, since you're dragging

him.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: I dump it north of me

The Vampire entangled in the net screams and sizzles as the sunlight bathes its flesh.

It screams!



Vampire Spawn: "No!!! Release me!!!! It burns!!!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae winces as she hears the scream. It's a bit too human-like for her liking.

But she can guess it's a vampire.



Marcus Veranius: "No."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry grimaces but turns to move up the stairs uncomfortable with the tortures suffering but to hurried to end it

Van Richten kicks in the front door.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (do I still have an action)



Rictavio: "What are you wasting time for? Stake it!"

GM: (You do)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae grimaces as she hears his voice. She has a sudden realization she does not like the man. And upon thinking on it for a second she's unsure why exactly it's sudden.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry attacks the Vampire on the stairs (I think I got two cause of extra attack still)

19

27

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

13 + 9
Slashing

3 + 1
Brute

(I got another one right?)

GM: Let's say dragging the net counted as one, since it would require an action or bonus action

Henry's blade rips through the vampire spawn, spraying black blood across the walls and floor.



(To GM):

INITIATIVE
Rictavio

Initiative: 13



Henry of Willowsbrook: (if dragging was a bonus I still got he Extra attack right?)



Suldae Westwind: does extra attack not take a bonus action?



Marcus Veranius: "Richten! You got our invitation for the party!" Marcus smiles, fumbling between his weapons."



Henry of Willowsbrook: nope just adds another strike to my attack



Suldae Westwind: nice



Henry of Willowsbrook: (So can I attack another time ? don't wanna stall just trying to learn it right)



Marcus Veranius: *Rictavio, shott

(You have two attacks. Grappling counts as one, your weapon would count as the other. You could drag the vampire with movement if you move half speed)

(if by-book)

GM: Marcus is correct



Marcus Veranius: (If the GM lets you grab the net with your bonus action, you'd have your two attacks free)

GM: Let's not do the bonus action for it, it makes more sense to be a full action/attack



Henry of Willowsbrook: ok EoT then



Marcus Veranius: (Then Grapple as one of your attacks, as usual. You'd get the second)



(To GM):

SWORD CANE (AS
SILVERED SHORTSWORD)
Rictavio

Attack: **7**

Damage: **7** piercing



(To GM):

SWORD CANE (AS
SILVERED SHORTSWORD)
Rictavio

Attack: **20**

Damage: **4** piercing



Rictavio: **13** (Undead Slayer)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (second was the crit one)

Van Richten draws a silver rapier out of his cane and plunges it into the heart of the vampire in the beam of sunlight, pinning the restrained vampire to the floorboards with his blade. There is a pulse in the Weave as some kind of semi-divine power manifests through Van Richten's soul -- Suldae feels it clearly, even from outside the house the surge of arcane power is noticeable.

The vampire in the net crumbles to ash.

Rictavio snatches up the net and gives it calmly back to Marcus, stepping over the ash-pile to do so.

The vampire spawn on the staircase swings blindly at Henry again!



Vampire Spawn:

CLAWS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: 17

Instead of dealing damage, the vampire can grapple the target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 10 slashing

CLAWS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: 17

Instead of dealing damage, the vampire can grapple the target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 8 slashing

Its claws prove no match for his shield and skill!



Sulda Westwind: Suldae grits her teeth. She understands logically that when fighting vampires, having the help of a legendary vampire hunter is useful, but she just really, really doesn't like him.
(bless

GM: (EoT -- Marcus is up_



Marcus Veranius reaches for his stashed weapons, but turns to Rictavio first.



Marcus Veranius: "These things weak to anything in particular?"



Rictavio: "Oh, the usual: Sunlight, running water, holy water, silver weapons, stakes through the heart while they're asleep in their coffins, pinned, or restrained, decapitation, flames, a freshly-cut un-bloomed rose-bud atop their coffin, garlic, holy symbols, powerful clerics, and good old-fashioned violence."



Sulda Westwind: (how clearly can Suldae hear this?)



Rictavio: "These are spawn, not full vampires. They have no power or will of their own. We are freeing them from a dark enslavement by disrupting their bodies."

GM: (You can hear it pretty clearly)



Marcus Veranius: "Well I got Violence at least!" Marcus draws his crossbow.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "stabing them does indeed seem to work decently" Henry muses



Marcus Veranius:

17

120

>Sharpshooter (Hand

Crossbow) (+4)
Marcus Veranius

19

Piercing

14

120

>**Sharpshooter (Hand Crossbow)** (+4)
Marcus Veranius

15

Piercing

8

120

>**Sharpshooter (Hand Crossbow)** (+4)
Marcus Veranius

16

Piercing

(Two for Action, one for Bonus Action)



Sulda Westwind: Suldae's hand finds the holy symbol she wears on her neck
She's not sure how exactly she would use it but it's good to know

The first shot sticks in a vampire but the others are dodged with swift, shadow-swift movements.

GM: (EoT?)



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]

GM: (Sulda is up)



Sulda Westwind: The northern bedroom window is broken, now Suldae shoots the kitchen window

Suldae feels a strange, tingling warmth coming from the holy symbol when her hand touches it.



Sulda Westwind:

19

80/320

Light Crossbow (+5)
Sulda Westwind

7

Piercing

Suldae hears twin screams of pain!

A flutter of ash comes out the broken window.



Sulda Westwind: After shooting, Suldae returns her hand to the holy symbol. She murmurs a prayer to Corellon, half to give her wisdom, half to protect the man upstairs.

(eot)

The Holy Symbol vibrates in Suldae's hand, as though to acknowledge her request.

The druid vampire, with nowhere to run, retreats to the top of the staircase and hisses down at Henry and Marcus. Most of its flesh and hair have burnt off and its skin is a mass of enraged, blistered scar tissue, still pink and steaming.

GM: (EoT -- Henry is up)



Sulda Westwind: Suldae closes her eyes, her thoughts on Corellon's teachings and her faith that following them will lead her to the best



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry attacks the Vampire in front of him three times (Action surge)

14

20

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

5

Slashing

4

Brute

26

25

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

11

Slashing

2

Brute

24

27

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

8 + 9

Slashing

4 + 4

Brute



Marcus Veranius: (Action surge gives you a whole action; that's two extra attacks. Roll one more)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

10

23

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

8

Slashing

2

Brute

(those seem good)

Henry cuts down the vampire before him. His third blow kills it and his fourth breaks up its ashes as it crumbles around his halberd.

The last Vampire spawn stands at the top of the staircase, hissing and howling.

It begins to shrink...



Henry of Willowsbrook: (dId I really just do 57 slashing damage?)



Sulda Westwind: eyyyyyyy



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry walks up the stairs determind



Marcus Veranius: (Welcome to Fighter. Here's your complimentary bag of damage dice)



Suldae Westwind: (now THAT is balance)

(Suldae can Speak With Plants but does approximately 3 damage per turn)

GM: Only attacks 2 and 3 hit, but the vampire didn't have that much HP left

(EoT?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I walk up as far as I can than Eot)

Van Richten approaches the bottom of the staircase, then raises his hand with a pinch of iron. Sprinkling it in the air he splays his fingers and a pulse of energy flows through the iron flakes, which crackle into a ring of iron filings hovering before his palm. The ground around the vampire spawn shimmers, and blazing blue runes appear, carving themselves in flame on the wooden floorboards. A rainbow-like shimmer surrounds the vampire in a cylinder of light. It shrivels, and falls to all fours, no longer changing shape.



(To GM):

Magic Circle

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: 10 ft

Components: V, S, M (Holy water or powdered silver and iron worth at least 100 gp, which the spell consumes)

Duration: 1 hour

You create a 10-foot-radius, 20-foot-tall cylinder of magical energy centered on a point on the ground that you can see within range. Glowing runes appear wherever the cylinder intersects with the floor or other surface.

Choose one or more of the following types of creatures - celestials, elementals, fey, fiends, or undead. The circle affects a creature of the chosen type in the following ways.

- The creature can't willingly enter the cylinder by nonmagical means. If the creature tries to use teleportation or interplanar travel to do so, it must first succeed on a Charisma saving throw.
- The creature has disadvantage on attack rolls against targets within the cylinder.
- Targets within the cylinder can't be charmed, frightened, or possessed by the creature.

When you cast this spell, you can elect to cause its magic to operate in the reverse direction, preventing a creature of the specified type from leaving the cylinder and protecting targets outside it.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the duration increases by 1 hour for each slot level above 3rd.

The vampire spawn rushes at the edge of the circle and there is a flash of light. A blast of energy launches it backwards!

The vampire spawn appears to be trapped...

GM: **10800** Total XP

3600 Split XP



Sulda Westwind: D A N G



Marcus Veranius: (I get the feeling this encounter was a bit above our level)
(PRAISE THE SUN)



Sulda Westwind: (I get the feeling we might have not been meant to avoid the windmill, whoops)
(PRAISE THE SUN)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (clever us of choke points is a good replacement for lack of levels)



Sulda Westwind:
yaaa



GM (GM): Good morning!



Tops K.: (Mornin!)



Zanshukun: Heyho



Liliet (Sulda): (eyyy)



Rictavio: Van Richten's glasses flash as he approaches the trapped vampire spawn. The vampire is a young man with dark hair and green eyes, but in his cursed state his body has transformed. His ears have grown large and pointed, his features have contorted into a snarl, his eyes blaze with crimson points of light, his lips are cracked and peeling, and his canines have all elongated into wickedly sharp fangs. His posture is hunched, almost doubled over, and his limbs are longer than they should be. He crouches in the circle, staring at Van Richten fearfully.

Van Richten calmly crouches down to look the vampire spawn in the eye.



Sulda Westwind: (are we still going in initiative order)



GM (GM): (No, combat is over)



Rictavio: "Well," says Van Richten. "We've caught one. What do we want to do with it?"



Sulda Westwind: "What CAN we do with it?" Sulda asks. "How intelligent are they?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "what can we do with it?"



Sulda Westwind: Sulda holds out her hand for a high five as they speak at the same time

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry raise his to downplay his surprised jump at her presence



Rictavio: "They still retain all the memories of their host body. If the host never had a soul to begin with, then they're essentially the same original person with a certain degree of added evil."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae slaps him on the hand, completing the high five succssfully

"Never had a soul?..." Suldae tries to remember what that means

(I'm going to roll Religion and see what she would know coz I feel like she should :3)

(and I have no clue)

10

RELIGION (9)
Suldae Westwind

(...the basics, apparently)

Suldae has never heard of any verifiable case of a person having no soul. She also knows that there are various magics and rituals which allow one to sense, see, experience, and interact with a person's soul -- so it would not be impossible to verify.



Suldae Westwind: "What does that mean?" she asks.



Rictavio: "Barovia is cut off from all the other planes of reality. That includes Elysium, Limbo, and all the hells. The fog even extends into the Astral Plane. Souls don't leave, but new souls don't come in either. Not all who die are reincarnated. Over time, live births outnumber the available souls, and so bodies are born which look and seem like ordinary people, but which are actually hollow shells."



Suldae Westwind: (ty



Rictavio: "It's a purely Barovian experience."



Suldae Westwind: "Uh."

"Well then."

"Anyway, I think we should question him?"



Rictavio: "You can spot them because they never laugh nor cry."

"Er... Yes, that would be best. The spell only lasts an hour."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pauses, then nods, remembering the border village.



Rictavio: "Apologies, I got sidetracked. I have an obsession with occult lore."



Suldae Westwind: "Give me a second," she says
and pushes her way past Ricardo to the vampire

Suggestion

Enchantment 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you

Components: V, M (A snake's tongue and either a bit of honeycomb or a drop of sweet oil)

Duration: Concentration Up to 8 hours

You suggest a course of activity (limited to a sentence or two) and magically influence a creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you. Creatures that can't be charmed are immune to this effect. The suggestion must be worded in such a manner as to make the course of action sound reasonable. Asking the creature to stab itself, throw itself onto a spear, immolate itself, or do some other obviously harmful act ends the spell. The target must make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, it pursues the course of action you described to the best of its ability. The suggested course of action can continue for the entire duration. If the suggested activity can be completed in a shorter time, the spell ends when the subject finishes what it was asked to do. You can also specify conditions that will trigger a special activity during the duration. For example, you might suggest that a knight give her warhorse to the first beggar she meets. If the condition isn't met before the spell expires, the activity isn't performed. If you or any of your companions damage the target, the spell ends.

"You should answer our questions clearly, concisely and as fully as you can," Suldae tells the caught creature.

Her voice resounds with power, resonating with the Weave to force its way onto the vampire's will.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "..and truthfully?" Henry murmurs



Rictavio:

WISDOM SAVE
Vampire Spawn

Save: **23**



Marcus Veranius pokes at the ash piles for spare arrows and past possessions while Suldae performs the interrogation.



Vampire: The vampire spawn chuckles. "Of course... I am willing to comply."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sighs. She can tell something is off.

"Seriously, if you don't cooperate, this guy's probably going to make you regret it"
(one sec)

Suggestion

Enchantment 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you

Components: V, M (A snake's tongue and

either a bit of honeycomb or a drop of sweet oil)

Duration: Concentration Up to 8 hours

You suggest a course of activity (limited to a sentence or two) and magically influence a creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you. Creatures that can't be charmed are immune to this effect. The suggestion must be worded in such a manner as to make the course of action sound reasonable. Asking the creature to stab itself, throw itself onto a spear, immolate itself, or do some other obviously harmful act ends the spell. The target must make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, it pursues the course of action you described to the best of its ability. The suggested course of action can continue for the entire duration. If the suggested activity can be completed in a shorter time, the spell ends when the subject finishes what it was asked to do. You can also specify conditions that will trigger a special activity during the duration. For example, you might suggest that a knight give her warhorse to the first beggar she meets. If the condition isn't met before the spell expires, the activity isn't performed. If you or any of your companions damage the target, the spell ends.

(what are spell slots for if not this)



Vampire:

WISDOM SAVE
Vampire Spawn

Save: **5**

"I said I was willing to comply."

He seems to mean it, this time.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods to Ric.

Marcus finds a grand total of 257 gold coins, two small rubies worth 100 gold pieces, one diamond worth 300 gold pieces, a single gold earring made to look like a serpent twining around the ear. The serpent has emerald eyes and Marcus senses a tingle when he picks it up -- it is probably magical. Marcus also finds one set of noble clothes from the modern era (ashy). The rest of the clothing is ragged and old and damaged by dirt, and much of it seems to be in an outdated fashion.



Rictavio: "Where are the bones, creature?" Van Richten snaps.



Vampire: "The shopkeeper hid them," he whines. "We never knew where. Never *wanted* to know where."



Suldae Westwind: "Why are you here?" Suldae asks.



Vampire: "Our master has grown tired of this little frontier town, with its ceaseless, insulting festivals

and its walls and its otherworldly protection. We are here to put the fear of Strahd back into Vallaki."



Sulda Westwind: "How did you get inside?"



Marcus Veranius sorts over his findings, putting the gems and coins in the party's coffer box. He looks over the noble's clothes, then at his own withered attire, and takes those too.



Marcus Veranius returns to the interrogation room, holding out 80 coins each for Sulda and Henry.



Marcus Veranius: "Earring for you to look over when we're done here."



Sulda Westwind: Sulda's eyes round as she takes the money and slips it into her pouch, which is now pleasantly weighty. She nods, then looks back to the vampire.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry accepts the coins with a nod keeping his eyes on their captive



Vampire: "Several months ago, our master came to visit Henrik van Der Voort, the coffin maker. We came in our coffins, which are full of desecrated earth."

"Our master brought us one by one, sneaking us into the village."

"A few of us, he made here in Vallaki."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "how many of you are here?"



Marcus Veranius: "Wait, made within the walls? By Strahd?"



Sulda Westwind: Sulda nods to Marcus as he asks the question she wanted to answer too



Vampire: The vampire nods. "In the gaps between the festivals, there are windows of time. If those coincide with a full moon or a new moon, our master can freely enter and exit the village."



Marcus Veranius: "...bollocks."



Vampire: "The day before, the day of, and the day after a festival, he cannot enter. Nor can he enter if the moon is neither full nor new."



Sulda Westwind: Sulda frowns. "How do restrictions apply to other undead?"



Vampire: "They cannot enter or leave the village willingly. It has proven to be quite the hurdle. The desecrated earth allowed us to come through the barrier, and those who were created here are doomed to stay."



Sulda Westwind: "So only Strahd can come through the barrier on those non-festival non-moon days?"



Vampire: "Only Strahd, yes."



Marcus Veranius: "...those created here are doomed to stay."



Sulda Westwind: "I see," Sulda murmurs. "So, Henry asked how many of you there are"



Vampire: "Well, now that the bones are no longer in the church, we are all safe to enter, safe to leave..."

"There are... many."

He smiles. (Insight)



Suldae Westwind:

15

INSIGHT (4)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius:

14

INSIGHT (2)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook:

18

INSIGHT (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

11

INSIGHT (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (double click means first counts im sure)

All three of you know the vampire is bluffing.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry raises an eyebrow at the Vampire "How 'many' more are there then?"



Vampire: "Oh, none could possibly count them."



Marcus Veranius: "You got that right."



Marcus Veranius smirks



Marcus Veranius: "You know, if we request the festivals be rescheduled to the full and new moons, pair it with the return of the bones. That ought to fix all the holes in the barrier."



Suldae Westwind: "The other way around," Suldae says. "New and full moon are safe, along with the festivals"



Marcus Veranius: "He can't enter if the moon isn't full or new. Double negative."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We've got to find the Bones first anyway for that to mater"



Suldae Westwind: "Oh," Suldae realizes.

"You're right, sorry."



Marcus Veranius: "This makes all the difference. It means we can guarantee Ireena's safety within the walls with a few tweaks."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "who's safe.nevermind"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods. She looks at the vampire again. "Leaving questions of your ability to count aside for a moment, what was your name? Who are you?"



Vampire: "I was Jonathan Harker. A nobleman's son. Strahd showed me the beauty of the darkness

many years ago..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You did this.." Henry gestures at him "willfully?"



Suldae Westwind: "Willingly," Suldae mouths quietly but does not interrupt.



Vampire: "Oh no. Not at first. But after I fed for the first time, I realized how precious his gift to me was."



Suldae Westwind: "I see," Suldae says blandly, filing away memory of his name. "So back to the question of numbers"

"Before the bones were stolen, where would others have been?"



Vampire: "Many of them were here. I do not know where the others would be kept."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sighs. "I think he doesn't want to cooperate." She looks to Ric for either backing up of the bluff of her Suggestion spell or decision to end the interrogation and the spawn's life.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry glares the Vampire before addressing the others "Only the ones turned inside the Village can be elsewhere...unless they were smuggled in inside something else beside the coffins" he muses



Rictavio: "I do believe we've gotten all the relevant information he has available. He has already regenerated too much. Any last words, people?"



Marcus Veranius: "I don't have anything witty to say, so no."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shakes his head



Suldae Westwind: Suldae wrinkles her nose in distaste at the suggestion.



Rictavio: Van Richten stands, brushes some imaginary dust off the front of his pants, grasps his cane with both hands, and draws the handle away from the body of the cane, revealing a long, thin sword. He thrusts this through the Vampire's heart and keeps it there. The vampire makes a small sound of surprise, and the flesh where the cold, silver-plated steel touches begins to glow and burn away like paper.

The vampire spawn grips the floorboards, its claws sinking in. The red blaze in its eyes fades away.

The creature collapses into bones and dust.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at it for a couple more seconds, her face for once reflecting exactly how disturbed she is.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: Then she looks up and turns around towards the bedroom. The shopkeeper's sleep should have already worn off.

She listens for any sounds from there.

8

PERCEPTION (2)
Suldae Westwind

She hears a low groan.



Marcus Veranius scoops up some of the vampire ashes onto a plate from the kitchen, then follows Suldae



Marcus Veranius: "May I?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes into the room and looks around.

The Shopkeeper is sitting up on the bed, touching his head with one hand. He seems disoriented.



Suldae Westwind: (we tied him up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (where is my token?)

The modest bedchamber holds a small bed, several well-made pieces of furniture, including a table, a padded chair, a bookshelf, and a wardrobe. There are some ropes, slashed to pieces, lying on the bed.



Henrik van der Voort: The old man has some long, thin cuts on his clothing, as though the ropes were slashed by a set of claws, which weren't very careful.



Suldae Westwind: "So I lied," Suldae admits, coming closer. "We aren't robbers."



Marcus Veranius: "Worse than that. We're here on Church business."



Henrik van der Voort: He groans.



Suldae Westwind: "Are you okay? There were a lot of vampires in the house."

Suldae watches him intently, trying to determine his feelings on the situation and whether or not there might be magic involved.

18

INSIGHT (4)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae holds out a hand towards Marcus, wordlessly asking him to let her handle this one for the moment.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry glares at the old Man in anger



Henrik van der Voort: The old man grimaces. "I... know."

He shakes his head.

"It's all... Foggy."

"The last time my head was clear -- no whispers, no secrets -- the last time my head was clear.... It must be months ago. So many festivals have come and gone."

"It all got blurry after that damned Vasili came..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods, her face calm and clear, and hums a melody, belatedly trying to determine if the man might still be under some enchantment.

29

ARCANA (9)
Suldae Westwind

(ok wow)

Suldae determines that the man's mind still bears residual marks of repeated suggestion and charm spells, along with some illusion magic. He is not under any ongoing effects, but the lingering power of the vampires



Marcus Veranius: "Vasili you said?"

****Vampires' persuasive ability still hangs over him.***



Henrik van der Voort: "Vasili von Holtz," says the Coffin maker, nearly spitting the name.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "unpealsant fellow I take it" Henry states, his expression lightening



Suldae Westwind: "I'm guessing you did not remove Strahd's protection over the town because you thought being in his power was a wonderful idea," Suldae says, trying to both indicate to her companions what she thinks of the situation and get across to the man just how bad his situation is.



Henrik van der Voort: "I don't know anything about Strahd's protection."



Suldae Westwind: She takes a seat in the armchair, demonstrably relaxed



Marcus Veranius: "...he couldn't even drop the Von part of the name?" Marcus mutters to himself. Le moves to sit on the comfy chair.

(SHIT)



Suldae Westwind: (hehe)



Marcus Veranius was beaten to the chair. He sulks by the table instead.



Suldae Westwind: "The protection of the town against Strahd," Suldae clarifies.

She smiles pleasantly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry leans against the bookshelf careful not to disturb anything



Henrik van der Voort: Henrik shakes his head. He seems ignorant but also oddly worried, as though distantly recalling something. "I... I don't know anything about that."



Marcus Veranius considers what Suldae was implying with the suggestion.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "The Saints bones you know about them?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae thoughtfully knocks her fingers on the armchair. "If you stole a set of bones, where would you keep it?"



Henrik van der Voort: His eyes flicker to the wardrobe in the Southeast corner. Only Marcus notices.

"Saints bones? Who would take those?"

"That's a horrible thing to suggest."

"Do you mean the bones of St. Andral were stolen?"



Suldae Westwind: "Someone compelled by Strahd, I imagine," Suldae lifts her eyebrows.

"Like, for example, you. We know that much"



Marcus Veranius: "Bit of a shame. I was hoping we'd find them."



Marcus Veranius casually creaks open the wardrobe while looking at Henrik

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry noticed Marcus move and positions himself to not block the view



Henrik van der Voort: Henrik begins to sweat.



Suldae Westwind: "The sooner the bones are returned, the less trouble you're in," Suldae says bluntly.

"The less damage will have been done for you to be partly responsible for."

Suldae does not empathize the 'partly' bit, leaving it to Henrik to notice it or not.

The Wardrobe contains several sets of dark clothing, some appropriate for a fancy funeral. Marcus spots a seam around the bottom shelf of the wardrobe, and an unusual thickness to the base of the wardrobe. This suggests a secret compartment.



Henrik van der Voort: "The less trouble I'm in? What did I do?"

"All I did was agree to help that stupid man sell his hobby coffins!"



Marcus Veranius smirks



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sighs.

"Well, that's the last thing you remember, is it?"

"Didn't you say you knew there were vampires?"



Henrik van der Voort: "He promised me wealthy patrons, knew loads of rich people who were about to die, and wanted big, grand funerals."



Marcus Veranius kneels down then assesses the secret compartment, looking for a seam to open it.



Henrik van der Voort: "I... I think I have known, for a few days now..."

"That it wasn't really me..."

"It was them, telling me what to do..." His eyes glaze over and seem to stare far away.

"Their voices, whispering in the darkness every night... Praying for blood..."

"I..."

(Investigation or Perception, Marcus)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at him in obvious sympathy.



Marcus Veranius:

15

PERCEPTION (5)
Marcus Veranius

Marcus spots a hidden switch.



Suldae Westwind: She nods, trying to nail the exact expression of someone who can and will help.

19

PERSUASION (7)
Suldae Westwind

(was hesitating between persuasion and performance here lmao)



Marcus Veranius gently taps the switch. Clever man; he'll have to order one of these hidden wardrobes made if he ever sets up shop again somewhere.

GM: (In this case, since you're aiming to produce an impression, it would be performance. If you were aiming to change his mind with an argument, it would be persuasion. If this face is part of the argument you're attempting to make, we can let the Persuasion roll stand.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry scowls biting back an angry remark



Suldae Westwind: (I have the exact same numbers for performance)

The compartment springs open. Inside there are two sacks, one large and one small.



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae has been trying to push him to be honest and open and look to her for help)



Marcus Veranius: So very close indeed. Marcus opens each sack slightly, hoping to spot the glow of blessed bones.



Suldae Westwind: "We are _not_ robbers," Suldae says into the air, doubting Marcus needs the reminder but not doubting Henrik does.

The small sack contains coins bearing the visage of Strahd von Zarovich. The large sack contains human bones.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods absentmindedly at Suldaes comment while watching Marcus watching



Henrik van der Voort: "I remember now..." Says the shopkeeper.

"I asked that boy Milivoj to steal them for me."

"How could I forget that...?"



Marcus Veranius: (Are they glowing like the priest said the saints bones do?)



Suldae Westwind: "Honestly, with how much charm magic there is on you, I'm kind of amazed you remember your own name," Suldae says soothingly.

There is a warm glow of golden light which seems to push away all the shadows and cobwebs in the room. In its light you all seem younger. You can hear birdsong somewhere nearby, and a light breeze in treetops. The air even smells a little fresher.



Suldae Westwind: "Er, you do, right?"



Henrik van der Voort: He thinks.

"My name is... Henrik."

"Henrik van der Voort."



Marcus Veranius: "Mr Voort, my good man! I've heard of people with skeletons in their closets but this is the first time I've seen it so literally."



Henrik van der Voort: Henrik hangs his head in shame.



Marcus Veranius grins widely, moving the sack of saints bones into plain fiew



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I think we might have found the bones .." Henry murmurs noticing the light



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods and gets up.

"Well, this seems to be resolved. I'd recommend you come with us to talk to the priests, perhaps ask them to bless your house?..."



Henrik van der Voort: Henrik looks up at Suldae, flabbergasted.

He looks at Marcus and Henry.



Suldae Westwind: She closes her eyes for a second, enjoying the sensation from the bones.



Marcus Veranius: "Oh, and a small sack of coins! Well, not so small. Looks like Strahd's coffers."



Henrik van der Voort: "You're not going to kill me?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae makes a face. "And do Strahd's job for him? Fat chance"

"You won't take his money a second time, I'm guessing. You have a lot of cleanup to do here, too."



Henrik van der Voort: "But I betrayed the whole village! They will surely stone me to death, when news of it gets out."

He begins to bite his nails and stare at the wall.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns "Why would you think that?" missing his own angry expression



Marcus Veranius: "Well here's the situation, Mr. Voort."

"To let the town know you stole the bones would be to confess that their greatest hope is so easily dismantled."

"I think it best for all parties involved that we not disclose what happened here."



Suldae Westwind: "You are but an innocent victim of a vampire's magic," Suldae assures him. "The locals can be unpleasant, sure, but I'm sure they'll have a lot more problems than the coffin maker... considering the town might just be infested with undead, and simply returning the bones won't get rid of them"

"I do agree with Marcus"

"The priests who asked us to look for the bones will listen, I'm sure, and nobody else needs to know."



Marcus Veranius: "THAT BEING SAID, I'm sure a small tithe to the church will go some way to begging God's forgiveness."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "..say Mister van der Voort do you have any unfamiliar jewelrie here?"



Marcus Veranius gently lifts the small sack of coin out of the closet



Henry of Willowsbrook: Jewelry



Marcus Veranius: "As if your deal with Strahd never happened, yes?"

By the weight, Marcus estimates 30 sp and 12 ep.

Henrik van der Voort: Henrik hangs his head again. "Yes, that would be the right thing to do."
He licks his lips.



Suldae Westwind: (wow Marcus is good at estimating jewelry by weight Imao)



Henrik van der Voort: "I have no jewelry, no," he says.



Suldae Westwind: "I mean you could just stay in this house... already familiar to Strahd's minions... surrounded by remains of a bunch of vampires... and not come with us," Suldae rolls her eyes.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns the memory of his capture on his mind



Henrik van der Voort: "I'll come with you!" Henrik says.



Marcus Veranius: (He sold out the town for 3 gold. You cant even buy arrows for that.)



Suldae Westwind: (never let it be said Strahd compensates his employees well)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (well we knew he was a dick)



Suldae Westwind:

3

WISDOM (1+1)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae has no idea what the jewelry question was about.



Marcus Veranius: "I arranged the priest to meet us here; relic bones need handled with gentle care.
With any luck he'll be waiting outside."



Marcus Veranius gently lifts the sack and begins taking it downstairs



Suldae Westwind: Suldae beckons Henrik to come with.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Mister van der Voort are you perchance able to use magic?" HENry asks still frowning



Henrik van der Voort: "What?" says Henrik, standing. "No, I've never touched magic before."
"Too complicated for me."
"I've been a carpenter all my life!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (does he were any accesories?)
(wear)

"Then how did you put me to sleep yesterday?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae raises her eyebrows as she finally clues in to what he was talking about and gives the shopkeeper a curious look.



Henrik van der Voort: The shopkeeper just raises his eyebrows curiously. "Are you sure that was me? I don't know how to do that."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'm certain it was you" Henry says

"Or they atleast looked like you.."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae looks between them thoughtfully. "Marcus, what did you find on the vampires again?"



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus went downstairs with the bones)



Sulda Westwind: (We followed you downstairs)



Marcus Veranius: (Whoops! RIP me)

As Marcus is moving down the stairs, he spots a small silver ring in the ashes of the vampire that was trapped by Van Richten.

At the moment he spots this, there is a knock on the front door.



Priest: "Hello? Henrik van der Voort?"



Marcus Veranius casually kicks the ring into view, then hobbles downstairs.



Priest: "It's father Lucian. I was wondering if I might have a word with you."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae notices the rings, bends to pick it up, then pauses with her hand hovering over it, then wraps her hand in the fabric of her sleeve and picks it up.



Marcus Veranius: "Do come in; we were just finishing up a chat! He offers a tithe for the church."
"Some remains of particular interest and a donation to their secured keeping."



Sulda Westwind: "And a lot of vampire ashes," Suldae adds slightly under her breath but still audibly.



Priest: The Priest enters, flanked by four guards. "Ah, excellent work!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry smirks at her comment but remains silent



Sulda Westwind: "Who is Vasili van Holtz?" Suldae asks meanwhile, innocently half-blocking his view of the man.



Priest: "Who?"

"There's no one of that name in this village."



Sulda Westwind: "Must be someone from the outside, then," Suldae smiles.

"There's a lot of trouble brewing, I'm afraid," she adds, more grimly.

"We should probably talk somewhere that's not here."



Priest: "Let's head back to the temple. Do you think the guards will need to escort him?"



Marcus Veranius: "WE should probably check up on that other situation, with the wagon."

"Rictavio; can you escort the remains to their resting place?"



Sulda Westwind: Suldae shakes her head. "He is a victim in this," she says with certainty.

14

PERSUASION (7)
Sulda Westwind

Priest: "You have heard of the wagon too? There have been sightings of a sabertooth tiger sometime in the early morning, it's got the town in a frenzy. Izek Strazni says he's going to hunt the beast himself."

To Suldae, the priest says: "We will trust your judgement in this matter, then. Do you believe he should be released?"



Rictavio: Van Richten pinches the bridge of his nose and heaves a heavy sigh of disappointment.



Suldae Westwind: "I think he should be protected," Suldae says seriously. "I doubt Strahd's minions will take his release from their master's thrall gladly."

"Also..."

Suldae hesitates to talk in front of the guards, and instead quickly writes a note in her notebook, then tears the page out and hands it to the priest. It has all the intelligence the vampire thrall gave on it, from the festivals and new/full moon to the desecrated earth method.



Priest: The priest reads it carefully. At the end, his mouth goes into a little round "O" of understanding. He nods seriously.

"I shall have to speak to the Burgomaster about this, and see if we can get the festivals on a more opportune timing. I'm certain he will be very pleased to find out that his festivals are working. And straight from the devil's mouth, no less!"



Suldae Westwind: "So to speak," Suldae wrinkles her nose. It wasn't exactly Strahd who told them.

While walking down the main road towards the temple, you see Ismark standing outside the Blue Water Inn, leaning against a pillar and smoking a pipe.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Howdy, strangers!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae waves.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns at the overly familiar tone but nods in greeting

On the way to the temple, Marcus (highest Passive Perception) realizes that the party is being followed.

As you arrive at the temple steps, your pursuer ducks into an alley.



Priest: "Well," says the Priest. "I think we can take the bones from here. I'll get them reinstalled beneath the alter."

"Guards,

*"Guards, if you would be so kind as to go back to your posts, and keep a watchful eye out for sabertooth tigers, we'd all be very grateful for it."



Marcus Veranius: "Ah, bollocks. I think I have a hole in my coinpurse. Better check if I left a trail of wealth by mistake."

"I'll meet you two at the camp."



Marcus Veranius ducks out and slips towards the alley their pursuer ducked into



Henry of Willowsbrook: (btw how many coins did we get I forgot to add them to my sheet)



Suldae Westwind: 80

each



Marcus Veranius: (80 gold)



Suldae Westwind: (+ more that Marcus put into party funds i'm guessing)



Marcus Veranius: (17 gold in the party fund for sake of rounded numbers)



Suldae Westwind: (I like the idea of a party fund alongside our individual funds growing)

GM: Marcus, stealth check please



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives him an odd look but takes Henry back to the tavern, looking if Ismark is still there.



Marcus Veranius:

15

STEALTH (7)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to follow Suldae after watching Marcus leave.



Suldae Westwind: (splitting the party, what a great idea, now in FOUR parts)

(Ric, Marcus, Henry and Suldae, Ismark and Ireena)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "If you don't mind me asking what's your plan ?"



Rictavio: "I think we should head to the camp. That's where the scent of Vistani would be strongest, so the tiger would go there first. It eats at dusk and at dawn, most days.



Suldae Westwind: (oh, Ric's with us, thank god for that much lmao)



Rictavio: "I will accompany you in pursuit of the tiger, since that is clearly my fault. But first I think we should examine the cart once more, and be sure no foul play was at hand. I have had that tiger in that cage for over a year now, and it's never escaped before."



Suldae Westwind: "Quick recap: this guy," Suldae jabs her thumb at Ric, "has trained a target to attack Vistani. This morning the target was set loose."

"As far as we know, the only Vistani near the town are a bunch of robbers in Strahd's employ..." she trails off. Who would loose the tiger and why, if that were true?



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark is waiting on the porch at the Blue Water, still smoking his pipe.



Suldae Westwind: "We probably don't know something. Anyway, that's Ismark, he's with us."

Suldae comes up to Ismark and quickly recaps what happened.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ah I meant in more general terms" Henry remarks before giving Ismark a more furrow once over

*thorough(what am I writing)

Henry sees a tall, rugged-looking young man with decent bone structure and peeling skin. He has a rope burn around his neck which his collar is popped to somewhat conceal. He also has a strange gleam in his eyes.

Ismark Kolyanovich: "Howdy. Don't believe we've met. I'm Ismark Kolyanovich. Ireena's brother."

"Has he met Ireena yet?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I am Henry it is my pleasure and I have not"



Rictavio: Van Richten is tapping his boot. "We are in something of a hurry here. The sun sets early in Barovia."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Now now, Rictavio -- don't be rude!"

"I'll just go get her real quick, won't take a sec. She'll be pleased to see we've got extra help."



Suldae Westwind: "Maybe don't," Suldae says seriously.

"The town might just be infested with vampires."

"It should be taken care of soon enough, but for now... just tell her I said hi, maybe."

"Well, definitely tell her I said hi."

Suldae is not blushing, as anyone currently watching her can attest.

"We need to go and take care of the tiger part first," Suldae adds with audible annoyance.



Suldae Westwind: The more she thinks about it, the more certain she is the tiger was always a disaster waiting to happen... and that there's going to be SOME unpleasant surprise related to that waiting for them.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You mentioned the Tiger, the one that got loose, was trained to kill Vistani and that they work for Strahd. How certain are you of this?" Henry asks in a grave tone



Suldae Westwind: Please let there not be a whole other tribe of Vistani, children and everything, passing by. Please, she thinks.



Rictavio: "We're certain," says Van Richten.

"I trained it myself."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shakes her head. "Who set it loose then, and why?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I'll let Ireena know you said hi."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives him a bashful smile and a nod.



Rictavio: Van Richten heads towards the stockyards.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Not that that the Vistani work for Strahd!" Henry thunders with barely contained anger

Henry follows him fuming



Rictavio: "Most Vistani do," says Van Richten, with a shrug. "And I wasn't going to loose it until I was sure, anyway."

"This particular camp is definitely in league with Strahd."



Marcus Veranius: (To GM)rolling 1d20+5 Acrobatics

(16)+5

= 21



Sulda Westwind: "I don't like it either," Sulda admits, shrugging in annoyance. "There are no children there, at least," her distaste seeps into her voice strongly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "... a setup.." Henry hisses under his breath hand clutching the hilt of his Sword

Van Richten inspects the cart carefully.



Rictavio: "Right," Van Richten says.

"To me, this looks like the tiger burst out from the inside, though I can't imagine what could have gotten it so agitated."

"There are footprints around the cart from last night. I see two different males. Fashionable boots."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "That bastard set us up!" Henry growls ignoring the others



Sulda Westwind: "Who set who up?" Sulda turns to him.



Rictavio: "Right, Sulda, figure out what he's on about. This calls for more gear."



Rictavio goes to the front of the cart and pops a key into a concealed keyhole, opening a secret compartment. He roots around inside for a while.



Sulda Westwind: The tiger getting free on its own because there were Strahd's Vistani snooping around is, Sulda has to admit, the best case scenario here.

She doesn't like to think about the wide variety of worst case ones.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'm a mercenary by trait like you might have guessed." Henry says in a more calmed tone



Sulda Westwind: Sulda nods. She wasn't sure, but it was a safe enough first guess.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "My company took a job here In Barovia. Some nobleman hired us to root out bandits. Pretty standard job or so I was told if not for the absurdly high pay for what was asked of us. The others figured there might be more Bandits than mentioned but they still wanted to take it."



Marcus Veranius: (To GM)rolling 1d20+9+1d8 Net

(7) + 9 + (7)

= 23



(From Marcus Veranius): Using the Accuracy maneuver



Henry of Willowsbrook: "they said 'how difficult could it be even if there are twice as many we'd still be overpaid' so they convinced the Boss to accept" Henry's voice is filled with bitter regret



Sulda Westwind: Sulda nods, lips pressed together. She's not foreseeing a good end to this story.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "The second night after we found the bandits, who are Vistani or so we were told, we were ambushed. And bucheterd to the last man, little old me." Henry tapped of into a whisper during the retelling barely restraining his emotions



Rictavio: "Sounds to me like you were suckered in. Same as the others." Van Richten returns from his secret stash with a silvered shortsword and three holy symbols shaped like sunbursts, made of a dark wood inlaid with silver. He has a healer's kit slung over one shoulder, he drops it into a hand and holds it out to Suldae. He has a small hand crossbow with mother-of-pearl inlay. He holds out a quiver of twenty silver bolts. "Take a few. I'll need some too."

He also slings a worn leather bag across his shoulders. It's very large.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes ten bolts and the healing kit, nodding gratefully.


She takes out her own holy symbol from under her clothes and shows it to others present as she puts the bolts where she will easily reach them.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to Rictavio "are the Vistani known for taking bodies of those they've slain? you seem like you'd know"



Marcus Veranius: (To GM)rolling 1d20+2 Insight

() +2

= 3



Rictavio: "If Strahd is mustering an army of undead, yes. Otherwise, they tend to do water burials."



Suldae Westwind: "Love the 'if' there," Suldae notes with unconcealed sarcasm.



Rictavio: "Well, he's not *a/ways* mustering."



Suldae Westwind: "Guess you should be looking forward to meeting your buddies," she adds bitterly.



Rictavio: "Or at least, not *actively* mustering. He keeps this ecosystem in a carefully maintained balance."

"After all, if the feeders outnumbered the food, well... It would go poorly for them."

"Now. I think we've gleaned what we can from the cart, shall we head to the camp?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods.

"Priority one, I would say, is to find the tiger," she says seriously.

"Whatever else is happening, not all of the local Vistani are Strahd's."



Rictavio: "I would bet money that it is either at the camp, or in the nearby forest. Getting over the palisade would prove no difficulty for it."

"It is unlikely that it would have gone through the gates, but we may as well talk to the guards there too."





Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns deeply "when we catch up with it what are we going to do?" His face was hard




Suldae Westwind: "When we find it..." Suldae pauses, "we need to be able to stop it. Does it obey commands, or?..."

She doesn't want to say they might need to kill it. But they will probably need to kill it.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "It's likely going to attack the Vistani right?" Henry's voice is hollow "Why are we in such a hurry then?"


 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae makes a face at him. "And if there DO happen to be children in their camp? Say, passing through?"

"Strahd might be a savage beast, but we're people."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry glares at her, anger and hatred wafting off of him before cutting out as he turns to look at the sky


"You're right"


He shakes himself and asks Ric "Where do we begin?"

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae breathes out, glad she won't have another fight over this. Now would be really not the time!


Just then, you pass by an alley and see Marcus standing with one foot on a man wrapped in a net. They appear to be having an amicable conversation.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry raises his voice "Hey Marcus, everything alright" hand drifting to his sword in caution


 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae just waves, stopping next to Henry. She really enjoys having someone big and in armor to hide behind.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Forgive me if I doubt your story, but I had a chat with Blinsky the other day. He said it was Lady Fiona commissioning his dolls; rather heartbroken about it."

"You ought to know that as her minion, so who's this Strazni fellow?"

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae raises her eyebrows. Sounds like quite an interesting conversation they're having. She touches Henry's arm to get his attention and holds her finger to her lips.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry approaches eyes on their new netted "friend"


 **Marcus Veranius:** (Wait, shit, I screwed up my notes)

(Fiona is responsible for the Strahd doll)

(SO MANY CHARACTERS AAAAAAAAAAAAA)

 **Suldae Westwind:** (im so sorry)

 **Marcus Veranius:** (I cant edit either cause we in Roll20 now)

 **Suldae Westwind:** (and we cant sync properly)

(we can just pretend it didnt happen)

 ***Marcus Veranius considers the spy's story, and kneels down to eye level with the spy.***

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (and action)

GM: (I had to go back to the chat log to double-check lmao)

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (let's scrap the first take or play it off)

Marcus Veranius: "Well, Derek, I'm going to be frank with you. Fiona is trying too hard getting her answers by playing in the shadows."



Rictavio: Van Richten approaches, looking down at the man.



Marcus Veranius: "If she wants our stories, suggest to her that she invite us to her estate for dinner."
"We'll talk then, in plain terms."



Rictavio: "Ernst Larnak! I thought after our last conversation, you would have better manners. Pleased to see Marcus has already begun teaching you some."
"Was he following us?" Van Richten asks.



Suldae Westwind: Well, isn't this a party. Suldae hangs back, watching curiously.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry quirks his eyebrow trying to remeber if he had met the man before



Marcus Veranius nods.



Rictavio: "Hmph."
"This is Ernst Larnak. A spy, and a pretty poor one. He works for Lady Fiona Wachter."
"Spends most of his time as a messenger boy, delivering all those little letters she sends every month."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Watcher... really that's the person employing spys?"



Marcus Veranius: "Well then, I wouldn't want to aggravate someone so influential. We'll let bygones be bygones."



Marcus Veranius starts untying the net



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs, catching Henry's eye. She wonders if it's a coincidence or if there's a story to that name, but that question can wait until the spy is no longer there.



Rictavio: "Oh, she's not the only one with spies," Van Richten says to Henry.
"The Burgomaster has his own; Izek Strazni."
"This one just tries harder to be inconspicuous."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Lady Watcher the spymistress" Henry says under his breath looking amused



Marcus Veranius: "Oh! And do let her know I'm taking good care of Leetle Strahd." Marcus comments to Ernst.



Rictavio: "It's WACHTER, not WATCHER," Van Richten says. "I made the same mistake myself, at first. The irony was too good."



Spy: The spy gets nervously to his feet, and immediately bolts for freedom.



Suldae Westwind: (omfg then its not even pronounced nearly close)
(tfw read only puns)
(gotta read more attentively)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (put an ä in there and its watcher in German lmao)

Suldae Westwind: (omfg)

(even better)



Marcus Veranius: "Going to be honest, I was hoping he was with the bird society." Marcus murmurs after the spy leaves earshot.



Rictavio: "Well," says Van Richten. "When they spy on us, it's much more discreet."

"He points casually towards a tree on the street side, where a large raven is perched, preening itself."

(Not supposed to be in quotes dammit)



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Are we worth all this attention?" Henry asks his companions quirking his brow



Marcus Veranius: "Unfortunately so. We're in the thick of it."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives them a wave.

*it

the raven

though 'them' works too actually nm



Rictavio: The Raven caws.



Suldae Westwind: "I don't remember if we've already told you, but the shortest version is we're trying to ensure the safety of the girl Strahd is currently obsessed with having for his bride."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sighs "i'm starting to dislike magic just a bit"



Suldae Westwind: "I'm guessing there's little that stirs up Barovia like his whims being denied him"
Suldae elbows him lightly



Henry of Willowsbrook: He turns to Suldae eyes wide "we are?" He composes himself "well in for a copper in for'em all"



Suldae Westwind: "That's the spirit," Suldae says, glad for that instant and thoughtless 'we'. She holds up her hand for a high five, hoping he gets the idea.



Henry of Willowsbrook: He holds out his hand while rolling his eyes



Suldae Westwind: Suldae wishes he were more enthusiastic about it, but proceeds to make the gesture on her own, if weakly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (and scene)



Suldae Westwind: "I'm kind of in this by accident, too, it's just better to stick with a group in a place like this," she adds softly.

"Most of the time, anyway - but you weren't much safer in that coffin, were you?"

Honestly, sticking with them is probably the definition of unsafe. But it's at least somewhat controlled unsafe, not just waiting until a vampire decides to pop in through your window and make you one of its own, or something.

"We're definitely glad to have you for as long as you're helping."

Zanshuken: heyho



GM (GM): Good morning!



Liliet (Suldae): hiya



GM (GM): We'll wait for Marcus before we begin

In the meantime I'm going to see if I can't muster up some new music



Liliet (Suldae): (yay, I'm not last this time!)



Tops K.: (Sorry for tardiness; here now)



GM (GM): Good Morning all

Everybody remember where we left off?



Rictavio: "Aye, always happy for the extra help," Van Richten says. Something seems to be bothering him.



Liliet (Suldae): (brb)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs feeling awkward with the attention
(we did get that short rest right?)



GM (GM): (Yes, we'll say you had a short rest)



Rictavio: "Right," says Van Richten. "Now that we're all together, we'd better get going. We've got a tiger to catch."



Liliet (Suldae): (back, sorry)

Suldae nods.



Marcus Veranius: "Do we know if it'll still be friendly to us?"

"As long as we're not Vistani, right?"



Rictavio: "As long as we are not Vistani, it should not attack us."

"It remains something of a wild animal, I'm afraid, so that's as good of a guarantee as I can give you."

Van Richten glances at the darkening sky.

"We're burning time. The gates will already be closed. Do we want to try to get past the guards, or go over the wall?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So we better just ere on the side of caution then"



Liliet (Suldae): "I have a spell for this," Suldae notes. "For the tiger, that is"

"No opinion on gates or the wall, honestly"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I think I can get us past the guards" Henry takes His mercenary badge out of a bag to show the others



Marcus Veranius *nods to Henry and allows him to take lead. Mercs handling a tiger is entirely in their job description*

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Shall we then I'd rather not spend the night outside of town"



Rictavio: "Lead the way," says Van Richten.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry walks of to the nearest gate



Guard: One of two guards accosts him. "Halt! Who goes there?"

"No one is permitted through the gates after dark, Burgomaster's orders."



Marcus Veranius: (Isn't it still morning?)



Liliet (Suldae): (or at least afternoon?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hail my friend. We have orders to take care of something outside. Henry holds out his badge for the guards to see, trying his best to act like his companions are actual mercenaries."

(could be they don't want us to leave in the afternoon cause they don't want to risk us coming back after dark)



Rictavio: "And look, it's not even dark yet! It's hardly three in the afternoon!"



Guard: "The sun sets early in Barovia, my friend!"



Liliet (Suldae): "And yet, right now it's still not dark," Suldae notes.



Guard: "It will be dark before you know it!" Says the Guard. "Just being prudent!"

"You'll be stuck on the road in the dark!"

"Are you lot mad?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry raises his arm signaling the others to stay quiet



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae shuts up obediently.



Guard: The guard approaches to examine the badge.



Marcus Veranius: "Sun sets for no tigers. As much as we trust Izek Stranzi boasts to fell the tiger, the Burgomaster would rather us trapped outside than him."



Marcus Veranius backs up Henry's claim



Guard: "This all seems to be in order..." He says, scratching his head. "How come I wasn't informed of a mercenary group?"

The other Guard, hearing Marcus's comment, claps a hand over his mouth. His eyes widen. The first guard stiffens visibly and his ears turn bright red.

The second guard presses the issue. He approaches with a rattle of chain-mail and leans on his spear to look at Marcus. "Did you say *tiger*?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Because our presence is on need to know basis" Henry levels astare at both the guards



Guard: He slaps the other guard on the shoulder. "See! I *told* you I saw one! Now who's a stupid idiot?"



Marcus Veranius: "Aye. Lucky for you, Henry's equipped in this kind of work." Marcus lightly taps on Henry's armor to prove its sturdiness.



Guard: "Oh, come on. Izek is a filthy liar, how was I supposed to know he was telling the truth this time?" The first guard says.



Marcus Veranius: "He aint specialized in opening gates, however."



Guard: They begin to squabble in front of you like an old married couple. Long night shifts together have given them a strong but frustrating bond.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry clears his throat loudly glaring at them loudly



Guard: "Er, right. Need to know. Official business."

"Right, well. Be back before dark, or the gates won't be open. And good luck on the hunt."

The guards unbar the gate together and push it lightly outward. It swings on well-oiled hinges, opening the road ahead.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods at them striding through the gate confidently



Rictavio: (brb)



Marcus Veranius tips his hat to the guards then follows Henry out



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae follows Henry, keeping her face neutral. She's the least believable mercenary of the group, and feels rather relieved that nobody called her on it.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "next time we mime the consummate professionals I would like a for less back talk from my 'lieutenants'" Henry grumbles



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae mimes sewing her mouth shut



Marcus Veranius murmurs to Henry once he leaves earshot of the guards. "Being a dragonslayer gets you through the east gate, being a merc gets you through the west."



Marcus Veranius: "Heaven forbid we take the north gate and need a third excuse."



Liliet (Suldae): "I can make something up about a holy mission from Correllon," Suldae offers. "Won't even need to lie, really," she fingers the holy symbol on her neck.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry smirks "or you play royalty stuck here with her servants or something"



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae rounds her eyes in mock horror
Upon consideration, she follows up with a shocked gasp.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "What no one would buy either of us acting the princeling" Henry shrugs gesturing at himself and Marcus



Liliet (Suldae): "As if you'd make believable servants!" Suldae side-eyes Marcus in particular



Marcus Veranius: "I'd make a good court jester if I say so myself."



Rictavio: "Come on," says Van Richten. "The camp is this way."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry grins following Richten



Rictavio: He leads you down the road, past some small, abandoned farms. On the south side of the

road there is a small foot trail, well-traveled. It cuts through the grass for a few hundred yards before diving into thick forest.

"This is the trail to the camp," says Van Richten. "Be on your guard."

He grabs his crossbow and loads a silver bolt and steps into the tall grass.

At the edge of the forest, Van Richten hesitates.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae nods. One of her hands is on the ocarina, the other on her crossbow, silver bolts at the ready.



Rictavio: "Something's not right," he says.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry raise his shield hand on his sword nodding face serious



Liliet (Suldae): "What is?" Suldae stops next to him and looks around.



Rictavio: "I don't hear any screaming..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "that's either good or terrible news"



Marcus Veranius draws his crossbow



Liliet (Suldae): "Maybe they shot the tiger on approach?" Suldae suggests.



Rictavio: "Maybe..."

He steps into the forest.



Liliet (Suldae): "What do you think other options are?"



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe the tiger is really good at its job, and there's no one left to scream..."



Rictavio: "Other options: we're already too late, as Marcus suggested."

"Or the Tiger never came this way, which seems unlikely.

11



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae nods. She's... conflicted about the whole thing with the tiger - convenient yet horribly unethical, so she's not sure which outcome she's rooting for here.

It takes half an hour of walking to get to the edge of the camp.



Liliet (Suldae): (What do we see?)

(Also, we stop under the cover of trees, right?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I see nothing right now)

You stop under cover of the treeline, observing the camp. You see a large, mounded hill with a flat top. Ringed around it are several permanent huts of curious architecture. Atop the hill, a ring of wagons surrounds a tent. You see smoke rising from the tent. You hear nothing from the camp.



Liliet (Suldae): Does it seem like there should be guards?

(brb)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Something is up..a camp that size thisshouldn't be this quiet before dark"

Dozens of horses are scattered around the hill, grazing.

No one seems to be watching the horses.

You note that the smoke rising from the tent is thin and grey, like the smoke from a fire which is running out of fuel.



Marcus Veranius: "Well good news."

"If the tiger WAS through here, he's trained enough to not hurt livestock."

"Props to you."



Rictavio: "He prefers wolf meat," says Van Richten.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I doubt preferences alone would keep it from eating a horse"

As you stand talking, a figure rises to the peak of a rooftop, on one of the nearby huts. He seems to be looking at you.



Marcus Veranius: "Well, there goes stealth."



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae squints at the figure, trying to make out the details.

20

PERCEPTION (2)
Suldae Westwind

The figure is tall and slender. Long silver hair flows in the wind. He is wrapped in dark robes of an exotic cut. He does not sound the alarm, and he makes no attempt to approach you.



Liliet (Suldae): "Well, that's not the tiger," Suldae whispers.

Suldae realizes even from this distance that the man has very long, pointed ears.



Liliet (Suldae): "An elf? What did we hear about local elves?..."

She trails off worriedly.



Marcus Veranius: "They camp with the Vistani if I remember correct."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tries to remember if elves came up in his briefing coming into the region



Liliet (Suldae): "Well, looks like that's one of them," Suldae murmurs.



Marcus Veranius: "Be careful; we were warned of them being a bit clingy."

"Might buy yourself a forever-fan if you're not careful."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "there was no mention of elvish bandits for us" Henry says trying to get a better look



Liliet (Suldae): "I remembered that, thank you," Suldae says venomously. "Any elf would be able to tell I'm half-human at a glance, though."



Henry of Willowsbrook: mention



Marcus Veranius starts walking towards the camp, disregarding the elf for now



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae follows.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follows him keeping the elf in his field of view for now



Rictavio: Van Richten follows in the middle of the group, head on a swivel, crossbow at the ready.



Liliet (Suldae): one sec

I want to suggest movement order

I don't think random is a good idea

GM: Please roll initiative.



(To GM):

INITIATIVE

Rictavio

Initiative: **18**



Liliet (Suldae): can I _first_ suggest movement order?



Marcus Veranius:

15.18

INITIATIVE (4.18)

Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook:

6.15

INITIATIVE (2.15)

Henry of Willowsbrook



Liliet (Suldae): so that we place our tokens the way we were walking

GM: We can modify the initiative to reflect your elected movement order



Liliet (Suldae): when intiiative strats



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wow)



Liliet (Suldae): not initiative, starting positions



Marcus Veranius: (We don't have any chokepoints to filter enemies through; as long as Suldae's in the back we should be fine.)

GM: Yes, who is in front? Who is in the back? Van Richten will be in the middle.



Liliet (Suldae): ^

Marcus was going first, right?

Suldae being in the back makes sense

Henry would be second?



Henry of Willowsbrook: me in front probably

GM: Marcus and Henry in front, then



Liliet (Suldae): then van Richten, then Suldae last



Marcus Veranius: Fighters in Front

A large draft horse stands in the road, chewing contentedly.



Liliet (Suldae):

14.14

INITIATIVE (3.14)
Suldae Westwind

It turns its large brown eyes on your group as you approach, looking at you with the fearlessness of boredom.



Liliet (Suldae): (augh)



Rictavio:

INITIATIVE

Initiative: **13.14**

INITIATIVE

Initiative: **16.15**



Suldae Westwind: (wouldn't we have been walking closer together?

(Ric and Suldae right now are awfully far from the rest of the group)

GM: You're all within five feet of each other, unless you want to be spaced farther apart. It's a 10' grid.



Suldae Westwind: (Aha, thank you!)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks around trying to find any clues(roll perception?)



Rictavio steps off the road and onto the hill, gaining a slightly higher ground.

GM: (Roll Perception -- where are you looking?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (around us for anything that would explain the lack of people)

Henry spots damage on the nearest wagon -- it looks as though something has clawed its way in through rear door.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Something attacked here atleast" Henry gestures to the wagon



Suldae Westwind: "I could ask the plants here what they saw," Suldae says quietly. "But only once, and not in a very large area. We'll want to pick a spot carefully"

He also sees that one of the nearby wagons does not seem to have been touched -- it is far nicer than the others, and its door is sealed with two padlocks.

Henry of Willowsbrook: "and that one looks important.." Henry trails of disturbed by the lack of guards near it



Marcus Veranius squints at Henry's direction



Marcus Veranius: "Two locks? Two leaders of the camp."
"Luvash and Arrigal if I recall from Rictavio's lecture."



Rictavio: "Lecture?!"



Suldae Westwind: "Let's check it?" Suldae suggests the possibly obvious



Marcus Veranius: "Intelligence briefing."



Rictavio: Van Richten harrumphs irritably.
He kneels, touching the ground.

"The tiger did not pass this way," he says. "I see no tracks."

"It must have circled around and approached the camp from another angle."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rolls his eyes "careful we are still in hostile territory" He approaches shield raised



Marcus Veranius: "Does that mean we should do the same? I'd hate to argue a tiger's intuition?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: the wagons



Suldae Westwind: "I'd say the situation has changed between the tiger's approach and ours," Suldae offers



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'd rather not draw more attention to us by stalking around here for long" not



Rictavio: Van Richten stands back up, joints popping audibly. "I think it's safe to approach."
"With caution, of course."



Marcus Veranius nods, then begins sneaking towards the clawed wagon



Marcus Veranius:

11

STEALTH (7)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follows as quietly as he can



Marcus Veranius: (STEALTH)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

3

STEALTH (2)
Henry of Willowsbrook

10

STEALTH (2)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (I'm pretty sure the horses can see us anyway)
(should Suldae even try)

Henry's foot disturbs the nest of a burrowing owl, which makes its displeasure known to most of the countryside.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (plate armor is not stealthy so far)



Suldae Westwind: (is initiative moving)

As Marcus approaches the clawed wagon, he gets a glimpse inside. The gore is enough to turn the stomach of the strongest man. Four corpses lie inside the wagon, disemboweled.

They seem to have been ripped apart by massive claws, though they appear uneaten.



Rictavio: "Suldae, you said something about plants?"



Suldae Westwind: "I can make them capable of answering questions," Suldae says uncertainly. She hasn't actually done this before, though she's fairly certain of the methodology. "I'd rather do it in the middle, though, where everything happened"
"Grass doesn't have the best vantage point"



Rictavio: Van Richten chuckles. "True enough."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry grimacing from his trip up joins Marcus at the wagon



Rictavio: Van Richten climbs the hill, following the road.



Marcus Veranius attempts to close the wagon doors before the others approach



Suldae Westwind: are we doing the initiative thing, or?...

The wagon doors are too destroyed to conceal much, but it's better than nothing.

GM: Yes, still doing initiative



Suldae Westwind: (so whose turn is it now)



Rictavio: The draft horse doesn't budge as Van Richten approaches.

GM: (Van Richten's)



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha)



Rictavio: "You don't look terribly traumatized," Van Richten comments, patting the horse. It seems very tame.

"Mind budging, for me?"

"Not so much, huh?"



Suldae Westwind: "Just go around it," Suldae suggests, eyeing the incline.



Rictavio: Van Richten skirts around the horse.

GM: (Suldae's turn)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows him.

EoT

GM: Marcus's turn



Marcus Veranius sneaks over to the padlocked wagon and attempts to pick it open while the others get closer to the camp



Marcus Veranius:

8

Thieves Tools (7)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: (which side are the padlocks on?)



Marcus Veranius: (:U)

*As Marcus is fiddling with the padlocks, on the rear side of the cart, he hears a click. He knows he hasn't engaged the lock yet. Suddenly, before he can react, a three-inch-long needle juts out of the lock and stabs him in the hand. He takes **1** piercing damage and **3** poison damage. (Make a CON save.)*



Suldae Westwind: (ok wow that's a great roll)

(thank you dice gods)



Marcus Veranius:

14

CONSTITUTION SAVE (5)
Marcus Veranius

Marcus feels the effects of the poison sinking into his blood. (Marcus is poisoned for one hour.)

GM: (A poisoned creature has disadvantage on Attack rolls and Ability Checks.)



Marcus Veranius: (BIG OOF)



Suldae Westwind: (a somewhat less great one)

(but hey 2d10 damage turning into 3)



Marcus Veranius: "B... bollocks."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to marcus "what happend?"



Marcus Veranius: "Trapped lock... I don't feel so good Mr. Willowsbrook."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (really...)

(eot?)



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]

GM: (Henry's up)

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves over to Marcus taking in both him and the locks

"You tried to pick them?"

tried



Marcus Veranius: "Seemed a good idea at the time."



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae is on the other end of the camp but out of character I would like ot remind you about the crowbar)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at the locks for a time before shrugging and taking a crowbar out of his baggage

"Are you up for possible surprisses inside?" Hnery asks while wedging the crow bar int postion on one of the locks



Marcus Veranius: "...not so much anymore to be frank."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well prepare anyways" Henry trys to break open the first lock
(what should I roll here? do I roll here?)

GM: (Athletics check with advantage, due to the crowbar)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

23

ATHLETICS (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(how do i do advanage?)



Suldae Westwind: (two checks take higher)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

19

ATHLETICS (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: There is a button which switches the roll from normal to advantage or disadvantage, too. Near the top of the character sheet.

The crowbar makes short work of the first padlock.

The second padlock remains.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (ah ok see it now do can I try the other one too?)

GM: (That would require your action, do you want to use action surge to attempt the other one too?)
(The athletics check was your first action)



Henry of Willowsbrook: EoT

Van Richten approaches another cart and peers through a window. He makes a "tisk tisk tisk" sound with his teeth. "What a shame, what a bummer! Another whole cart of dead Vistani. Oh, the world is so much poorer."

The cart he has approached has also been torn into.



Sulda Westwind: (can I write like Suldae has followed him already, since that's what's going to happen on her turn anyway)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (he does know no one is close enough to hear him right?)

GM: (yes)



Sulda Westwind: Suldae slaps him upside the head, a little more than slightly.

"Do not talk of death like this," she hisses.



Rictavio: He laughs in her face.

"I have seen more death than you can possibly imagine, child."

"This is not even a particularly *interesting* mess."



Sulda Westwind: "And learned awful manners about it, I see"

"If it's not interesting, do refrain from commenting, would you?"



Rictavio: "If you have something to say, next time say it with words. My hands have a tendency to talk back to handsy sorts."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae's lips stretch into a very *nice* smile, the rest of her face following. Out of context, she would look extremely pleasant and happy.



Rictavio looks around at the other carts, rubbing the back of his head.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to Marcus watching the other two from outside listening range
"they don't seem to get along great2"



Sulda Westwind: She does not push the conflict further.



Rictavio: "It looks as though the tiger did exactly what it was trained to do. At this point it has probably found the juiciest Vistani to snack on. It may even be napping somewhere nearby."



Marcus Veranius woosily nods to Henry's remark.



Rictavio: [EoT]



Sulda Westwind: Suldae looks around for anything else interesting she can spot from this vantage point.

5

PERCEPTION (2)
Sulda Westwind

Suldae sees that al of the other carts within view have been torn into.



Sulda Westwind: And absolutely nothing else)=

(*all) Aside from this, she sees nothing of particular interest.



Sulda Westwind: EoT

GM: (Marcus is up)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus will wait till after Henry breaks the lock)

GM: (Henry, you're up -- Marcus is holding)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves onto the other lock placing the crowbar carefully

11

13

ATHLETICS (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

The second padlock proves harder to break than the first. Try as he might, he can't force it.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I use action surge to try again

24

19

ATHLETICS (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

16

19

ATHLETICS (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry grunts with effort after failing the first time to open the lock

With a tinkle of breaking iron, the lock snaps.

The door now appears to be unlocked.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry gingerly pulls on the handle (free interaction with the environment)

The door swings open. The cart is packed with items. A heavy wooden chest sits at the back of the cart, with an iron chest sitting atop it, and an onyx jewelry box sitting nearby. A wooden throne sits in the corner. It appears to be inlaid with gold and decorative stones. A rolled up rug if expensive make is crammed into another corner, and near the door is a small wooden box.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Would you look at that" Henry huffs EoT

GM: (Marcus is up)



Marcus Veranius: "You think we could buy out the Burgomeister's favor with that chair?" Marcus remarks, looking at all the potentially trapped things

He shakes his head. "We ought to find the tiger first, else we have BOTH the party's front line men in dire straights."

GM: (Roll perception)



Marcus Veranius:

10

16

PERCEPTION (5)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook: (all of us?)

GM: (Just you and Marcus)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (without advantage for me, yes)

GM: (Yes)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

13

PERCEPTION (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry spots a flash of movement through the open flap of the tent just to the south. The movement is orange and striped...

Unfortunately, Marcus, in the haze of the poison, does not see this.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Marcus I think I found our cat" Henry murmurs before raising his voice so the others can hear him "The Central Tent folks!"



Marcus Veranius nods, intent on moving behind Henry



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Rictavio: "Let's catch up with them," Van Richten says, and sprints to join the other two.
[EoT]



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows without argument.

EoT

"One question"



Rictavio: "Fire when ready."



Suldae Westwind: she says as she catches up.

"Ah, never mind actually"

*mind

GM: (Marcus is up)



Rictavio: "Well," says Van Richten.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hey I think Marcus isn't doing so well one of the Locks jabbed him and he seems kind of out of it" Henry turns to Suldae for the last part raising an eyebrow in askance



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus and Henry are both at 15; can you drop Henry above Marcus on the init?)



Rictavio: "Now we know where the tiger is."

GM: (In that case, Henry is up)



Rictavio: "Damn, I should have brought a wolf steak. We could have lured it back to the cart."









Suldae Westwind: "I can make friends with it," Suldae says.


She pauses and clarifies: "With a spell"



Marcus Veranius: "Anyone got a bucket? Vistani soup might work..." Marcus groggily chimes in."

-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry draws his sword but holds it low while raising his shield "Let me take a look first.."
-  **Sulda Westwind:** "Not sure if it'll be enough to make it actually do what I say though"
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry approaches the tent carefully
-  **Rictavio:** "Well, it's better than nothing. The tiger's bloodlust should already be sated, we're approaching it while it's resting after the gorge. Odds are good it won't try to attack."
-  **Sulda Westwind:** "I would say the biggest problem is that we don't have the cart..."
"On the other hand, it's not like we don't have lots of other carts?"
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry pulls the tent flaps aside with his sword and takes a look inside

The tiger -- which is twelve feet from nose to tail, and six feet tall at the shoulder, and covered in intricate metal armor, stares at Henry patiently with huge, yellow eyes.

-  **Sulda Westwind:** (WHAT THE FUCK)
-  **Rictavio:** "Did I mention its armor?"
"And the sabreteeth?"
-  **Sulda Westwind:** "No," Sulda says with forced patience. "No, you did not."
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "I think I remember the teeth actually. Armor's a nice touch."
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Rictavio what the fuck is this?" Henry all but shouts trying to watch the tiger for any signs of attack
-  **Sulda Westwind:** (dont shout at the wild animal come on)
(tho this is ooc lmao)
-  **Rictavio:** "His name is Boris, and don't make any sudden movements or loud noises. If he feels threatened, he'll eat you."
"Well, kill you. Probably not eat you."
"He prefers wolf meat, as stated previously."
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "I swear I'll haunt you if this thing kills me" Henry hisses while backing of EoT
-  ***Marcus Veranius approaches behind Henry and peeks over his shoulder***
-  **Rictavio:** "You wouldn't be the first!"
-  **Sulda Westwind:** Sulda rolls her eyes silently. She hopes this is a joke, but she wouldn't be surprised
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "Well, good luck with that." Marcus gently places his weapon on to the ground so the tiger could feel less threatened
[EoT]
-  **Rictavio:** Van Richten shoulders his crossbow and grasps his cane firmly with both hands. He approaches cautiously. "Hello, Boris. There's a good kitty. You want some nice, juicy wolf meat? I know

where we can get some. All you have to do is come home with old Rictavio, and I'll -- " He is interrupted by a gut-curdling roar. The Tiger takes a swipe at the air and raises its hackles menacingly.

"Now now, Boris. You know that's rude. Don't embarrass me in front of the nice people, just come along now, there's a good kitty..."

He approaches slowly, one even step at a time.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "the great tiger tamer Rictavio everyone" Henry whispers to himself



Rictavio:

INITIATIVE <i>Armored Saber-Toothed Tiger</i> <hr/> <i>Initiative:</i> 8
--

Van Richten's ears turn red but he ignores Henry.



(To GM):

CHARISMA <i>Rictavio</i> <hr/> <i>Ability:</i> 6
--



Rictavio:

CHARISMA <i>Rictavio</i> <hr/> <i>Ability:</i> 11

The Tiger looks over the group of strangers crowding at the entrance of the tent. Its yellow eyes fix on Van Richten, and all too late he realizes his mistake.



Rictavio: "Oh, bugger..."

The Tiger crouches low, ready to pounce...



Rictavio: [EoT] -- Suldae is up



Suldae Westwind: "I don't think my spell can help with this," Suldae murmurs, watching the interaction. Well, maybe it could if she were willing to risk her life to intercede between van Richten and the tiger he'd taught to eat people and apparently earned no favor with, but she does not have particularly much inclination to.

She takes out her crossbow and comes closer.

She shoots with a regular bolt.

19

80/320

Light Crossbow (+5)
Suldae Westwind

7

Piercing

(Well, she's willing to intercede to put down the beast, just not to help Ricardo make friends with it again)

The Tiger roars!

GM: [EoT?]



Suldae Westwind: (oh yeah sorry)

Enraged, and unable to tell where the pain came from, the Tiger lunges at Rictavio!



Rictavio:

CLAW <i>Armored Saber-Toothed Tiger</i>
Attack: 16 26
Damage: 13 + 8 slashing



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh boy)



Suldae Westwind: the tiger doesn't have advantage right?

GM: No, sorry about that



Rictavio: "AAARGH!" Van Richten yells, barely managing to keep his feet as the tiger surges forward and mauls him with its claws! Several buttons skitter across the floor and his waist-coat now sports four parallel slash-marks.

GM: (Henry is up)

You hear the scream of a horse on the western side of camp. Suldae recognizes it as a scream of unholy terror.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry attacks the Tiger with his longsword before he registers the scream

18

Longsword (5 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

11
Slashing

1
Brute

9

Longsword (5 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

7
Slashing

4
Brute

25

Longsword (5 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

12
Slashing

1
Brute

(extra attack and a missclick)

The first blow slices into the beast's armor, but the second glances off with a shower of sparks!

At the same time, the horses surrounding the camp begin to stampede, heading southwest!

Marcus Veranius turns towards the horses and freezes

GM: (Do you want to move?)



Marcus Veranius: "UNDEAD COMING!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I wanted to shield bash the tiger)

Anyone outside the tent looking towards the source of the sound would see four zombies shambling out of the treeline. More seem to be coming from inside the forest.



Marcus Veranius draws a second crossbow and moves to fire shots into the approaching horde



Suldae Westwind: (man, we could really use Rei Morgana's company about now XD)



Marcus Veranius: (Action, bonus action, action surge)



Suldae Westwind: (my 4e sorceress with a radiant damage area at-will attack)



Marcus Veranius:

13

17

120

Hand Crossbow (+9)
Marcus Veranius

7

Piercing

18

24

120

Hand Crossbow (+9)
Marcus Veranius

8

Piercing

13

10

120

Hand Crossbow (+9)
Marcus Veranius

8

Piercing

26

21

120

Hand Crossbow (+9)
Marcus Veranius

9

Piercing

10 | 20
120
Hand Crossbow (+9)
Marcus Veranius
7
Piercing



Suldae Westwind: (damn nice)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (the poison really puts a damper on it tho)



Marcus Veranius: >Takes sharpshooter



Suldae Westwind: (yes, well, nice for a poisoned guy)



Marcus Veranius: >Still at disadvantage at long range

GM: (You can still use your shield bash @Henry -- it's a bonus action)

(Also, Marcus, all of those shots hit.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how do I do that than)

GM: (Just describe it)



Suldae Westwind: (even the nat 1 ones?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (no what do I roll for it)

18

Shield Shove (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Make a Strength (Athletics) check contested by the target's Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check (the target chooses the ability to use). If you win the contest, you either knock the target prone or push it 5 feet away from you.

>A prone creature's only Movement option is to crawl, unless it stands up and thereby ends the condition.

>The creature has disadvantage on Attack rolls.

>An Attack roll against the creature has advantage if the attacker is within 5 feet of the creature. Otherwise, the Attack roll has disadvantage.

(found it)



Marcus Veranius fires bolts towards the zombies, switching targets when one falls to the next in line. He's not sure if there's a horde or a if its the haze from poison playing tricks.

GM: (Damn those were nat 1s, weren't they? I forgot how high your attack bonus was -- the Nat 1s do miss, unfortunately)



Rictavio:

<p>STRENGTH <i>Armored Saber-Toothed Tiger</i></p> <hr/> <p>Ability: 6</p>



Henry of Willowsbrook: (if that worked I should slow the kitty down some)

Three of Marcus's shots together take down one of the approaching zombies, and the other two shots skip wide, missing their targets. At the same time, nearer at hand, Henry bashes the Tiger in the face with his shield, knocking it back, away from Van Richten!

GM: [EoT Marcus?]



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Rictavio: "Dammit, Boris! Don't make me hurt you!"

<p>CHARISMA <i>Rictavio</i></p> <hr/> <p>Ability: 4</p>
--



Suldae Westwind: (HAHAH)

This seems to enrage the Tiger even further.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (he sucks at this)



Rictavio:

<p>SWORD CANE (AS WOOD CANE) <i>Rictavio</i></p> <hr/> <p>Attack: 12</p>

<p>Damage: 4 bludgeoning</p>

Van Richten swings his cane at the tiger, menacing it to keep it away.

The Tiger watches the motion of the cane almost lazily...

GM: [EoT -- Suldae, you're up]



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks around. "Marcus, I think we should handle the tiger and scam, these undead don't look like we could handle them... that's what I think at least."

There shouldn't be any more people here outside Vallaki who aren't Strahd's, right?

She shoots again.

24

80/320

Light Crossbow (+5)
 Suldae Westwind

6
Piercing

(EoT)

Her shot sticks beneath a piece of the Tiger's armor, finding flesh.

The Tiger suddenly moves to the back of the tent, still facing Van Richten. It crouches on its haunches...



Marcus Veranius: "We're not leaving Rictavio's tiger for the undead!"

POUNCE: If the tiger moves at least 20 feet straight toward a creature and then hits it with a claw attack on the same turn, that target must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone. If the target is prone, the tiger can make one bite attack against it as a bonus action.

The Tiger pounces!



Suldae Westwind: "You know, that's a good point," Suldae acknowledges.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (it has disadvantage right
"We might not get much of a choice in the matter"



Rictavio:

BITE
Armored Saber-Toothed Tiger

Attack: **23**

Damage: **9** piercing

STRENGTH
Rictavio

Ability: **15**



Suldae Westwind: Bite or claw?

The Tiger sails across the tent, jaws wide open, and tackles Van Richten! Despite his frail figure, Van Richten wrestles it off, but not before its fangs pierce his shoulder.



Rictavio: "Damn it, Boris, you're embarrassing me!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae can't help but giggle. For all her dislike of Van Richten, the man can be funny when he tries.

GM: [EoT]

[Henry, you're up]



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Rictavio can you get him under control or do we have to make this ugly?"



Rictavio: "I've got this!" Van Richten insists. He doesn't have it.



Marcus Veranius: "Just knock it out! We can deal with Boris later!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry attacks the tiger again hoping wounds will help cow it

17**Longsword (5 ft) (+7)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**13**
*Slashing***2**
*Brute***22****Longsword (5 ft) (+7)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**10**
*Slashing***4**
Brute**Marcus Veranius:** (You can declare a melee attack to be non-lethal if it ends up a finishing blow)**Suldae Westwind:** (But do we really want to?)***With two swift blows, Henry ends the combat. (Lethal or non-lethal?)*****Henry of Willowsbrook:** (we don't really have a way to get an unconscious giant tiger back with us)**Suldae Westwind:** "This is a fucking man-eating tiger!" Suldae adds her 5 cents**Marcus Veranius:** "It's the closest thing Richten has to family! I won't forgive it."**Suldae Westwind:** "His family seems to not have much fondness for him!" Suldae calls back.**Marcus Veranius:** "Neither do my in-laws!"**Suldae Westwind:** "It's a fucking man eating tiger!"

"And one that he has proven to not be able to keep under control!"

**Marcus Veranius:** "Still rather it than the in-laws. Get it in the wagon and I'm grab a horse!"**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (non lethal) "FUCK Marcus a net please"***The final blow is a pommel to the head. The Tiger drops, unconscious.******A dull moaning begins to fill the air. It sounds like a horde...*****Suldae Westwind:** "A wagon is good thinking!"

"The tiger's heavy though, do we really have time to drag it up there?"

"Ric, you know what you just failed to do? You failed to make the GIANT MAN EATING TIGER obey you!"

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Rictavio we'll carry it to a wagon, Suldae get a horse and Marcus please keep them away from us"

away

**Rictavio:** Van Richten's expression has grown quite cold. "Leave the undead to me."

"Get Boris in a wagon."

**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae sighs. She can tell when she's been outvoted.



Marcus Veranius: (Yo, question)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Fine lets just move



Marcus Veranius: (Are these cows hitched to a post?)

GM: (Those are horses, but they're just painted to the map -- they're not really there)



Marcus Veranius: (RIP)



Henry of Willowsbrook: EoT

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius attempts to net one of the horses; you're being conscripted!



Marcus Veranius:

28

15

15

Net (+9)

Marcus Veranius

A Large or smaller creature hit by a net is Restrained until it is freed. A net has no effect on creatures that are formless, or creatures that are Huge or larger. A creature can use its action to make a DC 10 Strength check, freeing itself or another creature within its reach on a success. Dealing 5 slashing damage to the net (AC 10) also frees the creature without harming it, ending the effect and destroying the net. When you use an action, Bonus Action, or Reaction to Attack with a net, you can make only one Attack regardless of the number of attacks you can normally make.

>A restrained creature's speed becomes 0, and it can't benefit from any bonus to its speed.

>Attack rolls against the creature have advantage, and the creature's Attack rolls have disadvantage.

>The creature has disadvantage on Dexterity Saving Throws.

Marcus successfully nets himself a horse!



Marcus Veranius: "I have so many carrots and oats if you just don't fight this. Please!"

[EoT]



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Rics turn right?)



Rictavio:

HAND CROSSBOW*Rictavio***Attack: 14****Damage: 3** piercing + **4** piercing**HAND CROSSBOW***Rictavio***Attack: 10****Damage: 6** piercing + **8** piercing

Van Richten moves to the edge of the camp, raises his crossbow, and looses two bolts in quick succession. His fancy crossbow seems to load itself!

One of the zombies takes a bolt in each eye, perfectly aimed.

GM: (Suldae is up)



Suldae Westwind: "Ric, you need backup or should I go help Marcus with the horse?"



Marcus Veranius: "Take over with the horse so I can help Ric!"

"Do the bard thing!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods and goes up to the horse

(ran)

(EoT)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We'll take the fancy wagon, the one without corpses"

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Rictavio:

INITIATIVE*Zombie***Initiative: 0****INITIATIVE***Zombie***Initiative: 10****INITIATIVE***Zombie***Initiative: 4****INITIATIVE***Zombie***Initiative: 2****INITIATIVE***Zombie*

Initiative: **18**

INITIATIVE
Zombie

Initiative: **16**



Rictavio:

INITIATIVE
Zombie

Initiative: **11**



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry ties up the tiger as best he can unwilling to deal with it when it wakes back up and carries/drags it towards the formerly padlocked cart

GM: (Make an Athletics check)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

10

ATHLETICS (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Unfortunately, the tiger proves too heavy for one person to lift alone!

He is able to drag it to the cart, but not to lift it in.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (damn) "I need some help getting him in!"

EoT



Marcus Veranius: "Rictavio; you help with Boris! I'll cover you!"



Rictavio: "Damn!" Van Richten snaps.

He runs back to Boris.



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus fell off the init somewhere)

GM: (It's your turn, Marcus -- fixed it)



Marcus Veranius moves to where Richten was and continues firing upon the undead



Marcus Veranius:

15

29

120

Hand Crossbow (+9)
Marcus Veranius

5

Piercing

13

12

120

Hand Crossbow (+9)
Marcus Veranius

5
Piercing

10		25
120		

Hand Crossbow (+9)
Marcus Veranius

6
Piercing

He attempts to ward them off by being scarier than they are

When you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can expend one superiority die to attempt to frighten the target. You add the superiority die to the attack's damage roll, and the target must make a Wisdom saving throw [DC 14]. On a failed save, it is Frightened of you until the end of your next turn.

>A frightened creature has disadvantage on Ability Checks and Attack rolls while the source of its fear is within line of sight.

>The creature can't willingly move closer to the source of its fear.

4
Bonus Damage

[Menacing Attack]
Marcus Veranius

When you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can expend one superiority die to attempt to frighten the target. You add the superiority die to the attack's damage roll, and the target must make a Wisdom saving throw [DC 14]. On a failed save, it is Frightened of you until the end of your next turn.

>A frightened creature has disadvantage on Ability Checks and Attack rolls while the source of its fear is within line of sight.

>The creature can't willingly move closer to the source of its fear.

3
Bonus Damage

[Menacing Attack]
Marcus Veranius



Marcus Veranius: (Well, wards ONE of them off)



Rictavio:

WISDOM
Zombie

Ability: 10 | 18



Henry of Willowsbrook: (mindless undead crits the Wis check lmao)



Rictavio:

CONSTITUTION
Zombie

Ability: 13

The first zombie drops, shot through the brains. The second zombie takes the powerful shot in the chest, and finds itself suddenly afraid of Marcus!



Marcus Veranius: Buy some time; it's all Marcus can do. Damn that poison; he could have taken them all down with a steady hand...

[EoT]



Rictavio: "I'll help!" Van Richten says, irritably. "Come on, now!"

(Re-attempt the Athletics check with advantage, Henry)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

9

11

ATHLETICS (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

21

13

ATHLETICS (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Even together, the tiger proves too heavy to lift.



Rictavio: "Dammit, Boris! How many Vistani did you eat!?"

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae refrains from yelling at the men to just kill it, since the mental image of the same tiger now also undead is too vivid in her mind.

Instead she focuses on the horse.

Animal Friendship
Enchantment 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A beast that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (A morsel of food)

Duration: 24 hours

This spell lets you convince a beast that you

mean it no harm. Choose a beast that you can see within range. It must see and hear you. If the beast's Intelligence is 4 or higher, the spell fails. Otherwise, the beast must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or be charmed by you for the spell's duration. If you or one of your companions harms the target, the spells ends.
At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can affect one additional beast for each slot level above 1st.

Wis saving throw for the horse?



Rictavio:

WISDOM
 Draft Horse

Ability: 15 | 16

GM: (Not with advantage, stupid thing)

(It rolls a 15)



Suldae Westwind: and my spell DC is... hold on a sec...

15

does that mean success or failure on a saving throw?

GM: (Give me some good RP and we'll say it failed)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae kneels near the horse, taking out the ocarina. She closes her eyes and leads a wistful, lulling melody that seems to erase the presence of undead and all the threats. She matches the rhythm to the horse's movemens and slightly slows down, leading the beast to calm down with the song and listen.

The horse, standing beneath the entangling net, seems to calm down. It begins to chew.



Suldae Westwind: After the horse calms down, Suldae puts away the ocarina but continues humming the same melody as she attempts to untangle it from the net

(can I do this the same turn)

Its ears flick back and forth, listening for threats. It allows her to remove the net, and remains standing in place, focused on her, ignoring the zombies.



Suldae Westwind: (does it have reins?)

The horse is wearing bit and bridle, reins and a saddle.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes the reins and heads back to the cart.

(with the no longer netted horse)

She is still humming.

(EoT)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (this. horse. is on fire-ahhh)

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tries agin to lift Boris the fatcat into the cart

GM: (Also, that's just me playing with an API script. That's the charm effect, I'll probably change it to be less flamey)



Suldae Westwind: (i love that look)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (advantage?)



Rictavio assists Henry in his endeavor (roll with advantage)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

9		15
ATHLETICS (7) Henry of Willowsbrook		

Together you manage to heave the heavy tiger into the cart. It just barely fits. When it wakes, it will not have room to turn around.



Rictavio: "Sorry for the inconvenience, Boris, but I'm saving your life. Whether you're grateful for it or not."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry closes the wagon door
and moves to the front of the wagon to help with the horse when it arrives EoT



Marcus Veranius: Marcus fires shots into the uncharmed zombie, giving the horse more cover

24		29
120		
Hand Crossbow (+9) Marcus Veranius		

6
Piercing

16		15
120		
Hand Crossbow (+9) Marcus Veranius		

7
Piercing

14		15
120		
Hand Crossbow (+9) Marcus Veranius		

9
Piercing



Rictavio:

<div>CONSTITUTION</div> <div>Zombie</div> <div> <div></div> </div>
Ability: 7

With three shots he is able to drop the not-frightened Zombie.



Marcus Veranius retreats to the leader cart

GM: (EoT?)



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Rictavio circles around to the front of the wagon and fires at the more distant zombies.



Rictavio:

<div>HAND CROSSBOW</div> <div>Rictavio</div> <div> <div></div> </div>
Attack: 12

Damage: 5 piercing + 8
piercing

HAND CROSSBOW

Rictavio

Attack: 7

Damage: 3 piercing + 7
piercing

"Damn," he mutters, as the second crossbow bolt flies wide.

GM: (EoT -- Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae leads the horse to the cart and hitches it, still humming calmly.

She hops on the driver's seat.

(EoT)

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry gestures for Suldae to move over and letting him steer the wagon



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gladly lets him take over.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes the driver seat and eyes the hill side warily. Passing the other wagons seems unlikely "this is going to be a bumpy ride I fear"



Marcus Veranius: "Bumpier if we don't move before the undead arrive!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "GET ON BOYS WE'RE LEAVING" he bellows turning the wagon to face downhill

turning



Rictavio: "Yes, they have a tendency to foul the wheels," says Van Richten, adding to Marcus's comment.

GM: (We can break initiative to jump on the cart, if we so desire)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Liliet is gone)



Marcus Veranius runs for the center tent to pick up his dropped crossbow, then clings on to the wagon's back



Rictavio leaps nimbly up onto the driver's bench, which is luckily wide enough to accommodate three.



Rictavio: "Go!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry doesn't wait a second longer than he needs to and orders the wagon down the hillside

GM: (Make a check with your land vehicles proficiency)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

19

13

Vehicles (Land) (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook

whoops sorry

roll again?

With a practiced hand, Henry guides the horse down the slope. The wheels bump and rattle down the hill, and within a few seconds you are on the track, riding back north towards the main road.

GM: (For defeating the tiger, and some zombies, take **250** XP.)

(And just like that, it's time for the session to end. Looks like Suldae passed out, it's late on her side of the world)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (each?)

Gm: (Each)



Marcus Veranius: (Perhaps now we will be able to rest and read our skill books)

You make it back to the west gate just before sunset. The guards give you no difficulties.

Van Richten insists on taking the Tiger back to the stockyard and installing it in its own cart once again. It seems he paid the two stockyard keepers to repair the cart door in your absence.



Marcus Veranius: At five times a decent fee. Marcus tips his hat to Rictavio's loss



Henry of Willowsbrook: oh she's back



Liliet (Suldae): v

(opera AND discord crashed)

(here's what I was typing when they did)

(after the 'bumpy ride' remark)

"I have a spell for that," Suldae notes. She's aware casting it on a rolling wagon is somewhat questionable, but things tend to come loose first before falling apart altogether, and as long as that doesn't happen, she figures she can manage.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (keep going or end for now?)



Liliet (Suldae): (now let me read what i missed lmao)

(sorry)



Marcus Veranius: (If we do keep going, there's something important Marcus would like to address)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I'm up for more)



Liliet (Suldae): (I'm back)

(dammit missed the opportunity for a fun use of Suldae's Mending)

(wagons break :))

(I was going to keep it from breaking)

(o well)



Marcus Veranius approaches Suldae as they're loading Boris into the wagon. His face is stern, and more stable now that the poison has worn off.



Marcus Veranius: "Suldae; I want you to apologize to Rictavio."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (could we move our tokens into town?)

GM: (I have to leave here, I'm afraid, but you are welcome to continue with RP -- you have the next 6 in-game days to study your books uninterrupted, so this next period can pass without much intervention from me. Just play nice! :D)

(We will pick up next week after you've all "studied", six days later)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (damn I wanted to look over our loot wagon but oh well)



Liliet (Suldae): "And I want Rictavio to apologize to the dead he's made and then insulted," Suldae answers quietly, "yet it seems we must both go unfulfilled."



Marcus Veranius: (We can get details on that later. Dibs on the chair)



Marcus Veranius stands firm, and looks Suldae in the eyes.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae matches his gaze.



Marcus Veranius: "I released the tiger."



Liliet (Suldae): "You what."



Marcus Veranius: "Food and alcohol turns to bile once it touches my cursed lips. I snuck out after 'passing out' and smashed the door open."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stiffens "could we have this talk somewhere less open"



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae looks at the stranger in front of her. Oh, they'd only known each other for a couple of days, she knew that intellectually. Yet there was a set of presumptions she was prone to

making about people she met.

Suldae waks off to the side, where passerby should not be able to overhear, motioning the others to come with her.

"Hadn't we already agreed to release it, should everything be confirmed?" she asks calmly.



Marcus Veranius follows Suldae to the side



Marcus Veranius: "We knew that camp held the bandits that attacked us on the bridge. We knew they were working for Strahd. We knew their removal would make Strahd blind to Ireena's presence."



Liliet (Suldae): "We knew nothing about the rest of these people, Marcus," Suldae says quietly.



Marcus Veranius: "The only thing unconfirmed was that Rictavio held the info, and he has done NOTHING, and I mean ABSOLUTELY NOTHING to warrant distrust."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follows both keeping an eye out fo listeners so the two could focus on their talk



Liliet (Suldae): "Luckily for you, I did confirm there were no other Vistani in town. I don't recall telling you so, though."



Marcus Veranius: "In fact, he's saved our asses twice now."



Liliet (Suldae): "I do not understand why you could not wait for half a day."



Marcus Veranius: "We have divine prophecy and first hand account to confirm Rictavio as a good man, yet still you hold Strahd's vistani minions as of higher value than your ally."

"FURTHERMORE, the tiger only became a problem after YOU attacked it first!"



Liliet (Suldae): "I do not assign people "values", Marcus," Suldae says calmly. "The value of a life is universal, and it's true that sparing some lives leads to greater losses, yet this judgement must never be made in haste, and never in bigotry."

"The tiger was readying to pounce. I was helping protect the very ally you're so firey in defense of."



Marcus Veranius stamps his foot down. "Spare me the moral compass, yee who would defend our enemies and strike down the closest thing a man has to their child."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "She's right it was already poised to attack" Henry calmly states



Liliet (Suldae): "And divine prophecy confirmed that Rictavio is an ally, not that he is a good man. I do not dispute he is, merely pointing out the mix-up you seem to have going on there"

"A man eating fucking tiger is not a child, Marcus"



Marcus Veranius: "Did you forget how Rictavio has nothing but that tiger?"

"Or does the 'all life is valuable' only apply to people?"



Liliet (Suldae): "Judging from the tiger's reaction to him, he did not treat it very well."

"Oh, and judging from the relative size of the tiger and that wagon."

"I do hold sentient beings' lives to be inherently more valuable, yes." Suldae stares right in his eyes. Her certainty in this much is calm and implacable. "Even if they were not, a man-eating tiger that does not obey its handler's orders and tries to kill them when set loose is the definition of "some lives lead to more losses when spared"."

"I will not contest the decision now that it has been made, and I will not sneak away to kill the tiger in

the night"

"Since unlike you, I am capable of respecting group agreement,"

For the first time, annoyance audibly creeps into her voice.



Marcus Veranius frowns.



Marcus Veranius: "Let me speak plainly."

"I share Rictavio's pain in losing everything, down to wife and child."

"If I were to trust my soul to any person in this cursed land, it is to him and ONLY to him."

"Any further slight you make to Rictavio and to his tiger is a slight to me as well."

"I will not be moved on this."



Liliet (Suldae): "I wonder who Strahd has lost," Suldae says quietly, staring him in the eyes.

"Did you know, Marcus, that a reason is not an excuse?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tilts his head to look at the setting sun

"It has been a long day don't you think?"



Liliet (Suldae): "It has," Suldae agrees quietly. "I recall Rictavio saying he was holding out for confirmation of his intelligence himself, by the way. Did you remember that?"

"We'll never know now, I think, how many innocents there were in that camp."

"However many, their deaths are on you."



Marcus Veranius remains firm. "Then their blood remains on my hands alone, and you shall blame no one else."



Liliet (Suldae): She turns around, nods to Henry and walks back to the tavern.



Henry of Willowsbrook: He flatly looks at Suldea "I won't mourn them you know"



Liliet (Suldae): At least it does appear that Rictavio did not leave his wagon unsecured.

Suldae shrugs. She's well aware of the ways of bigotry.

Another stranger. Another person she's made more presumptions about than had been warranted.

She'll learn from this.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Anger boils in him at the dismissal but he bites it down



Marcus Veranius turns to Henry, allowing Suldae to walk off. "I'm going to spend the evening at the church. Give the others my best wishes."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods "I'll go rest up" leaving for his room



GM (GM): Good morning!



Liliet (Suldae): mooorn :3

aw, never did rp that Suldae/Henry interaction



GM (GM): It's not too late :)



Liliet (Suldae): t h a t m i g h t b e t r u e

Zanshuken: heyho



GM (GM): Howdy hi



Liliet (Suldae): eyyy



Henry of Willowsbrook: wanna do that Interaction now Liliet?



Liliet (Suldae): sure :D

so when everyone comes back from their wild night out, giving treasure to the poor and whatnot, Suldae and Ireena are sound asleep together, on the same bed but fully clothed



Henry of Willowsbrook: (keep telling yourself that ;p lul)



Suldae Westwind: (thats totally what everyone sees, what happened before that remains veiled by darkness)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena is sleeping with one hand tightly gripped on Suldae's arm.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry, his head hurting like almost never before, approaches the door the others had told him holds their other companions



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has wrapped herself around her like a vine
like a very cuddly cat



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry quietly knocks on the Door wincing as it is louder than he intended



Suldae Westwind: Suldae, snapping out of the trance, looks up. She checks the situation and decides they're decent enough.

"C'min", she mumbles. Her head has cleared a little, but only a little.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena continues to sleep, snoring very quietly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry knocks once more his human hearing unable to hear mumbelig across a room and through a door
hearing not haeting



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena starts moaning feebly as she tries to stay asleep.



Suldae Westwind: "Come in," Suldae says louder and more clearly, hoping her voice does not wake Ireena up.

She sits up, carefully leaving her arm in Ireena's grasp.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry slowly pushes open the door leaning on it and taking in the scene he mentally decides never to think and comment on

"Suldae can I have a Moment please?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods and, upon contemplating the scene for a moment, points to the unoccupied bed next to theirs with the free hand.

Then she puts her finger to her lips and nods towards Ireena.

"A very quiet moment," she murmurs at what she estimates to be audible-to-humans volume



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry weighs the options before nodding in direction of the hall "Out here? It

should be quieter"



Sulda Westwind: Suldae shakes her head and points at where Ireena is holding her arm.

She's sitting with her knees under her on the bed, behind Ireena from Henry's perspective

"We can talk," she murmurs slightly louder, just quieter than Henry was knocking.

(the awkwardness is thick like butter and I love every second of it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry heaves a small sigh before fully stepping into the room. Closing the door he first leans against it before sliding down and sitting on the floor



Sulda Westwind: "Are you alright?" Suldae asks quietly.

She's seeing what might just be a drunken headache. Or more than that.



(To Marcus Veranius): You come to the sudden realization that you are, in fact, conscious, and that Van Richten has been talking to you for the last few minutes. You are in his room. He's still extremely drunk.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shakes his with a weak smile "Long night"



(To Marcus Veranius): Van Richten bursts into a cackling laugh. "Did you see Milivoj's *face* though? Poor boy thought he had actually been visited by an angel!"



(To Marcus Veranius): "Oh, we did a good thing tonight, I feel certain of it.



Henry of Willowsbrook: He fishes a canteen out from his belt taking a deep drink of water before offering it to Suldae



(From Tops K.): Marcus thinks, but can't remember anything past stumbling out of the tavern. Given Rictavio's account, things went well!



Sulda Westwind: (Suldae is on the opposite end of the room from him fyi)

(there's a table and a row of beds between the door and the far wall, and they're on the far bed)



(From Marcus Veranius): ...he can't remember WHAT they ended up giving Molovoj for the wagon, but balancing the books was Tomorrow Marcus's job.



Sulda Westwind: (right, I just realized you wouldn't have seen this locale before lmao)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I know gestures are a thing and to him toosing it over to her is a normal thing)

(there should be commas in there)



Sulda Westwind: (gotcha)



(To Marcus Veranius): "I think 'm gonna puke..." Ismark says, burping suddenly. Apparently he's here too.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae contemplates her own dawning headaches and nods gratefully.



(To Marcus Veranius): Van Richten looks at him like a scientist examining a curious specimen.



Henry of Willowsbrook: He tosses the Canteen gently across the room

(gm I aint seeing jack)

Suldae Westwind: Suldae catches it, splashing a little on herself, and takes a long drink



(From Marcus Veranius): "You're dead AND still have to puke? That's a bum deal! Ask for a discount next time you die." Marcus groggily responds.

From beyond the wall to the west, you hear the sound of someone being violently ill.



(To Marcus Veranius): Ismark twists and pukes into the waste basket.



(To Marcus Veranius): Ismark burps lightly. "Oh, that's better..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It took me some time to think how I wanted to do this"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae lowers the canteen and nods.



(From Marcus Veranius): Marcus mumbles complaints about Barovian inflation and now even DEATH ITSELF being cheap. Economy of Barovia is toss; get a new one!



(To Marcus Veranius): Van Richten is now staring out the window, but it doesn't look like he's seeing anything in the present world.



(To Marcus Veranius): Van Richten sighs shakily.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Before I and i feel really stupid for taking so long for it remembered you're a bard" Henry says a half smile on his face



(To Marcus Veranius): Ismark sighs contentedly and settles back. He's seated on a chest in the corner of the room, and he sets his head against the wall and begins to snore.



(From Marcus Veranius): "And what's your lot then, Richten? What's got you so down that liquor and charity can't free your guilt?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives a half smile in response.

She tosses the canteen back, as gently as she can

20

DEXTERITY (2+1)
Suldae Westwind



(To Marcus Veranius): Van Richten looks at Marcus. After a moment, he says, "I feel I must do that which is utterly distasteful to me. I find myself in the unfortunate position of owing someone -- in this case, you. What I owe you is an apology."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry catches it deftly "So I came to bring you a story or atleast part of one for now"



(To Marcus Veranius): "I have lied to you. I did this because it was easy, and because it was convenient to the purpose at hand. I did not twist the truth much -- just enough to get you on my side."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods, lifting her eyebrows just enough to indicate curiosity.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Taking a moment to gather his thoughts he beginns speaking looking at the ceiling

"there once was a boy for he had grown tall his mind was still filled wtih juvinal wishes for great

adventures"



(From Marcus Veranius): Marcus blinked. "... accept your apology? You're going to need to be more clear what you're apologizing for though, cause my wit left me a while ago."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae listens quietly, half her attention still on Ireena but the other half solidly on Henry's words.



(To Marcus Veranius): "I do not know if you are ready to hear the truth I hid from you. But to atone for my crime, I feel that I must go on a short journey to one of my nearby safe-houses. I need to be alone, to gather my thoughts. I need time to plan my next move against Strahd. I will be back in Vallaki in a week's time. Get them studying those books. When I come back, it will be to arm you for battle."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "He set out his heart freshly broken to fulfill his wishes finding friends and comrades sharing their adventures and heartbreaks"

"and he filled less raw with them, less desperate to flee his old home and live forever"



(From Marcus Veranius): "Well now's a good time to practice; I already forgot the charity trip and I'll likely forget what you say now." Marcus lifted his arm up to give a thumbs up, or at least tried to. The other fingers were being stubborn and wanted to participate as well.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry smiles at the ceiling hoping the angle hides the tears in his eyes



(From Marcus Veranius): "...in fact, you ought to write a note for me to find in the morning. Stick a return address there in case things go wrong on your end."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is quiet, no sound from her getting over the muted din from the other rooms.

She is listening.



(To Marcus Veranius): Van Richten smiles weakly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "And then he lost them to, some machinations of a great evil ripping away the scaffolding propping up his heart" Henry's voice is shaky



(To Marcus Veranius): "Don't become me, Marcus. That's the only certifiable wisdom I can give you."



Henry of Willowsbrook: is



(From Marcus Veranius): Marcus frowns. "Could have told me before I lost my hair. Don't think I can get a refund on that either." He smirks, offering Rictavio a smile for the road.



(To Marcus Veranius): "The Tower I'll be staying at is a day's journey to the west. It's on a small mountain lake. If things go south in Vallaki, head there. It's something of a safe house."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Night after night his mind returns to them feeding the ghastly feeling that took umbrage in the ruins of his heart, hatred most vile"

hatred



Suldae Westwind: Suldae can guess what he's talking about, but isn't sure what to say, so she just nods, knowing he isn't looking at her.



(From Marcus Veranius): "Unless things change, plan's still the same. Go to the werewolf lake, track down a prophecy, get me bit by a bird to buy a few allies. Hopefully it sounds as good a plan sober as it does drunk."

(To Marcus Veranius): Van Richten smiles. He takes his hat and leaves. Popping back in for a final word, he says: "I'll be taking the Tiger with me. It isn't much, but it needs me. I think we both know how important that is. It's rare to have something trust you enough to need you." He seems to be trying to say something meaningful.



(From Marcus Veranius): Marcus smiles in return. "Have a nice evening, Mr. Richten. Good tidings for your trip." The ghoul then proceeded to pass out in his chair, not bothering to leave for his own chambers.



(To Marcus Veranius): Van Richten looks at the unconscious Marcus and sighs. "I was a good man, once. You're going to have a hard time believing that, when you wake up."



(To Marcus Veranius): Van Richten snatches his journal up from the desk and hastily scrawls a note inside it. He stuffs the note into Marcus's breast pocket, then leaves.



Rictavio: You hear footsteps moving down the hall outside the door, then descending the staircase.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Under some circumstances some of those responsible for his most recent loss die and for a moment he hopes the Hatred would weaken and cease devouring his mind but it didn't" Henry turns to look at Suldae now his tears streaming down his face



Suldae Westwind: Suldae ignores the sound. Someone's always coming and going here, it's an inn.

Also she has a strong impression she's needed here as a cleric of Corellon and not as a bard.

She extricates her arm from Ireena's after all, slips off the bed and comes closer, sitting down on the bed right next to Henry.

"I'm not much of an expert," she says quietly. "But I hear a lot of stories, and in all of them, it doesn't help."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena wakes up slowly, flops around amid the bedding for a moment, realizes where Suldae is, and sighs contentedly. She pulls the covers over her head and returns to sleeping.



Suldae Westwind: Well, a cleric of Correllon IS a bard. Her skillset is rather specific.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "What would you call such a story? a tragedy, right? The fall of decent man to the darkness of his own heart" Henry breaks up lowering his head in shame



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark snorts himself awake.



Suldae Westwind: "Not necessarily," Suldae says gently and reaches out, hand hovering where he can take it. "It's a story of someone who learns, perhaps, and learns better."



Ismark Kolyanovich: It is audible even though he is in the next room.



Suldae Westwind: "You tried it. It didn't work. You're still alive to try something else, aren't you?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I don't want to fall." He whispers



(To Marcus Veranius): Ismark hops to his feet, greets the morning with a stretch and a satisfied groan, then slaps Marcus on the shoulder. "Come on, old man!"



Suldae Westwind: "You haven't yet," she says gently. Her mind is still somewhat confused, between everything that happened and how little she knows this man, but this she knows. Her learning covers that much.

"You don't want to. That means you haven't."



(To Marcus Veranius): Ismark looks down at Marcus, concerned by his apparent coma. He grips Marcus lightly by the shoulders and shakes him. "Yo! Old man! It's daytime!"



(From Marcus Veranius): Marcus mumbles. "I aint THAT old! Bollocks...." He remains slumped in his chair. Morning could wait till the morning.



(To Marcus Veranius): Cracking a grin, Ismark says: "Older than I'll ever be! Now get up, we've got stuff to do! I need some cash to go get food for everybody. And coffee! We've got a study session to get started on!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: He raises his head to look at her tears having stopped for now

"I know it might be to much to ask of someone you barely know but..." He stopes taking a deep breath to steady himself "Would you help me, drag me back from the abyss when I need it so that in future they will tell the tragedy of Henry of Willowsbrook"

stops



(From Marcus Veranius): Damn undead; he really COULD keep at this for all eternity of he wanted. Damn! Marcus got up, grogilly trying to remember the events of the night before.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (they will never tell damnit)



(From Marcus Veranius): A quick wallet check confirms his coin was still there; that was good news at least. "Alright, I got breakfast money. We'll start there and grab the rest of our bearings along the way."



Suldae Westwind: This is, Suldae is very aware, a lot for a stranger to ask of her, and a lot for her to commit to with a stranger. Too bad that's also exactly her calling, huh?

She slips down from the bed, sits on the floor in front of Henry, her eye level slightly below his because of the size difference.

"It's not much to ask at all," she says quietly. "Watching over what people I'm with do is... it is already what I do."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (GM i stll don't see anything but a black screen)



(To Marcus Veranius): "Hey, don't feel obligated to get up! Just give me, like, 30 gold, and I'll get a spread for us. You can sit here and cool your bunions."



Suldae Westwind: scroll around

the room is small



GM (GM): See anything yet?



Henry of Willowsbrook: ah)

(found the room)



Suldae Westwind: (and I just posted the screenshot on discord lmao)

(well more solutions is better than less)



(From Marcus Veranius): "Bollocks, is that what breakfast costs here?" Marcus frowns, pulling the gold from their party's coffers and passing it to Ismark. He remains slumped in the chair since Ismark offered so kindly.

(To Marcus Veranius): Ismark barely contains his giddy laughter until the door closes behind him. He can be heard skipping down the hallway.



Sulda Westwind: "They won't be telling anyone's tragedies on my watch," she says quietly, looking Henry in the eyes.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods, his emotions a maelstrom inside him, "Thank you"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Someone is skipping down the hallway. The skipping stops outside your door. The door swings open. Ismark pops his head in at the door.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae leans back against the bed. "You stay in this tavern too?" she turns her attention to practicalities.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Hey everybody! I'm getting breakfast, any requests? Marcus gave me like a fuckload of cash to blow."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry groans having just taken a door to the back



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Oh! Sorry dude. Henry, right?"



Sulda Westwind: Suldae frowns at Ismark in annoyance. It's already morning? That does explain why she feels fairly rested, but...

They were having a private conversation.

Oh well.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "No the guards gave me a room as pay for training



(To Marcus Veranius): You hear the sound of Ismark shouting "a fuckload of cash to blow."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stands up slowly his body reminding him of the nights drinking "Breakfast sounds lovely"



Sulda Westwind: Suldae stands up as well, and waking her body up bounds over bed after bed until she's over Ireena

She lightly touches her shoulder, still marvelling at being allowed to.

"Good morning," she murmurs gently in her ear.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena comes out of the sheets. Her hair is a black tousle. Puffy-eyed, she smiles at Suldae and stretches.

"Morning."



(From Marcus Veranius): Marcus's eyes shoot open, the morning bringing back some senses. A quick calculation brought dread to his face; 30 gold is 3 plat. That's more than double the combined total of the tipping war!



(From Marcus Veranius): He stumbles out of the chair and charges for the main bedroom



Sulda Westwind: Suldae's own hair is something of a bird's nest, though it's obedient enough that a few brushes with Suldae's new hairbrush - in her bag which she picks up - are enough to set it right.

She offers the brush to Ireena.



Ireena Kolyana: She reaches out a hand. A book on the table is suddenly wrapped in a bluish glow as

a spiritual hand grasps it. The book shoots across the room and into Ireena's hand. She pops it open at random and flicks through it. "So, what are our plans today?"

Distracted by the brush, she says "Ooh, pretty," and takes it.

She begins smoothing her hair with it methodically.



Marcus Veranius: ".....noooo yooooU DOOONT!" Marcus barges into the bedroom, eyes glaring daggers at Ismark.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Gah!! Hi Marcus!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pulls the door clearing his throat "Good morning I don't believe we've meet yet I am Henry"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I, uh, I was going to give you the change!"



Ireena Kolyana: "Hi Henry. I'm Ireena."



Marcus Veranius: "I didn't realise you intended to buy breakfast for the entire country with THREE PLATINUM!"

He frowns hard. The inflation in this country was bollocks, but not nearly THAT bad!



GM (GM): The sound of the words "Three Platinum" echoes throughout the inn.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "He took it while you were still asleep?" Henry asks Marcus sardonically



GM (GM): Someone breaks a glass.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "No! I would never!"

"He gave it to me!"



Marcus Veranius: "Parting coin from a man fighting a hangover is quite the gift, isn't it?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Noting the sound of broken glass Henry muses "Might have been wise not to shout that so early"



Marcus Veranius: Marcus continues to frown, dropping down into a new chair.

"It came from the party coffer box; not my wallet. If you want to spend a fifth of our coin on breakfast be my guest."

Itl only hurt Marcus on the inside, not the outside.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is smiling, listening to them bicker as she smooths down her own clothing to make it looks slightly less obvious that she slept in it.



Ireena Kolyana: "So do you think we'll have time to study those books now?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shakes his head fondly being reminded of his family when his aunt and uncles where around

"What books?" Henry asks tilting his head



Marcus Veranius: Marcus nods towards Ireena in response to the comment. "Rictavio's off to plan his next move, and relocate the tiger if this note in my pocket is to be believed."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Well, I was born rich. I don't know what things cost!"

Marcus Veranius: "He'll be back in a week, ready to arm us for our wolf cave trip."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gently extricates her own out from the bag and hugs it with unfeigned affection (a gesture that would be familiar to Ireena by now). She can feel it pulsing with its connection to the Weave, ready to become hers, and between the book and Ireena being next to her it's very hard for her to think about the world outside the room.

"The books, yes," she says.

"We need to study up!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Wolf cave? You know what forget I asked2



Suldae Westwind: "No, we actually do need to discuss this in detail," Suldae notes, forcefully ripping her mind away from *just* here and now.



Marcus Veranius: "We've got a week to fill you in; worry not." Marcus remarks. Plenty of room between constant reading

Danika: "Hello! I heard somebody wanted breakfast. Not to worry, it's from a donor! Lady Fiona Wachter sends her regard."

The lady of the house is standing in the hallway with a cart covered in fine silver trays. There is a definitive feather/raven motif to the tea set and the trays and cutlery.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glances at Danika, wary - not of her, but of what her words imply.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry "...I'm not eating that" he looks to the others to see if they share the sentiment



Suldae Westwind: Politics. Fucking politics. As a bard she knows only too well what kind of story she *isn't* interested in being in, and this is it.

"I doubt she's out to poison us," Suldae offers.



Ireena Kolyana: "It would be rude not to accept. Thank you, Danika! I'm sure your cooking is excellent as ever."



Marcus Veranius: Marcus takes a break from his ranting of coin to take a note at the breakfast arrangement. This was half what he was expecting of Ismark's 30 gold breakfast arrangement.



Suldae Westwind: "Refusing draws us into these games more than accepting, I think," Suldae shares what little expertise she has.



Marcus Veranius: "Oh my, I must accept. Give my sincere thanks to our humble patrons." Marcus offers a bow to Danika, reading the unspoken message in their cutlery



Suldae Westwind: "And Danika's cooking is too good to waste."

She nods to the woman as well.

Danika: Blushing, Danika pushes the cart gently in through the doorway and lays the trays on the table. There is so much food she has to leave the cart as well, to act as a second table.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "forgive me for doubting a Noble would pay for someone else without some kind of ulterior motive"



Marcus Veranius: "Do you know if our patrons would like anything in return for this, like the priest of

yesterday? I'd be a poorer man if I didn't offer."

"We intend to be in town for a week. Plenty of time to run an errand or few." Marcus smikes warmly towards Danika

*smiles



Suldae Westwind: Suldea motions Henry over.

"They absolutely want something from us," Suldae says quietly to him when he comes. "The thing is, we don't exactly have the power to stay out of it entirely."

"We're already involved. Though if you leave, you won't be," she adds and looks at him questioningly.

"Disdaining their favors won't have them ignoring us, it'll have them upset at us."

"We don't want that more than we don't want to be in their symbolic debt, I'm pretty sure."

Breakfast consists of: Thick wolf-meat sausages, served with spicy country mustard and hand-made applesauce. Puffy waffles with round scoops of yellow butter and thick, hot, strawberry preserves. Dozens of eggs (poached, deviled, boiled, scrambled, Benedict), strips of wolf bacon, hashed potatoes with sour cream and diced green onions, fresh hot bread, black coffee and black tea with fresh cream and semicrystallized honey, three small pheasants, a fish, and three dusty bottles of Champagne du le Stomp, which has a printed label bearing a winery in the style of a manor house, with wings.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus turns to Suldae, still smiling warmly. "Worry not for this one. I'll vouch for authenticity, if our mystery patron is whom I assume. We've nothing to fear."

Danika: "She did have a letter for you, yes. She already had it sealed when she came in."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sighs "I know Nobles and their games Suldae" he takes a long look at the food and cutlery "and I won't leave you to deal with them alone no worries"

Danika: Danika hands a sealed envelope to Marcus.

"Enjoy! I've got to get back to the bar."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae piles on a full plate for herself and looks to Irenea for directions on what to get for her.

Danika: leaves.



Marcus Veranius: A letter as well? How quaint! He takes a good look at the seal before anything else; perhaps more important than the contents was the person asking.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smiles at Henry, slightly blushing. This is the kind of logic she herself employs, and it turns out to be incredibly pleasant when someone else does it to you.



Marcus Veranius: "A note for the future, a merchant's tip. Humble gifts are the first play in a game of diplomacy; we're in such a game with two factions."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry heaves a long sigh "the fish is mine then" he says before filling his plate and sitting down on a chair



Marcus Veranius: "That one would play their hand in return is a good sign. Danika would have intercepted a trap, this I'm sure."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae fetches Irenea food to the bed they were on and sits there with her.

The book is carefully hidden away in the bag again, not to be soiled.

The seal depicts a feline-headed humanoid female with fingers upraised, standing in the middle of an arcane symbol.



Marcus Veranius: ...hmm. Marcus had no idea whose seal this was. Perhaps the Wachter family? Wasn't a feather, so he wasn't too confident in this being the were-ravens.

Using one of the breakfast knives as a makeshift letter opener, Marcus would gently tear open the missive and glance at its contents. The others could enjoy their boon in his stead.

"Dear Sir And/Or Madam.

I have heard of your exploits and your talents from a number of reliable sources, and would like to speak with you about the possibility of an alliance. I am serving a private dinner tonight at Wachterhaus -- my family's manor. I hope to have the honor of serving you within my humble home.

Yours, Lady Fiona Wachter.



Marcus Veranius: A smug grin drew across Marcus's face. He gently folded the letter, passing it to Suldae before finding a plate.

"Miss Wachter has determined we are not a threat, and is interested in sharing her secrets. Mayhaps she thinks we're not a threat after my chat with her boys and her spy."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks over the letter and grins in amusement, passing it to Henry and Irenea - whoever reaches for it first.

"Apparently she does this a lot"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Or we're walking into a trap" Henry calmly adds between bites. The food really was great



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sighs. Not taking Irenea is an obvious suggestion, but she doesn't want to make it.



Marcus Veranius: "I sincerely doubt it. Twas my offer to Miss Wachter that if she want to know of us, to simply invite us into her home. It's the message I left her spy to deliver, and here we are."



Suldae Westwind: It's not *that* likely it's a trap.



Marcus Veranius: "Better she be upfront than have her agents lurk in our every shadow."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hm I just feelled someone had to say it"



Suldae Westwind: "It's probably not a trap," Suldae says and finds Irenea's hand with her own.



Marcus Veranius: "More important than the Wachters, however, is the exact manner in which we treat an unknown faction offering olive branches." Marcus remarks, placing a wolf sausage onto his plate. My my, no expense was spared here.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Taking a moment to consider it "I doubt it aswell but dismissing the possibility has us in for a rough night if it were to be a trap"



Marcus Veranius: "Keep in mind that we're still waiting for the Order of Feathers to extend their hospitality, and they're watching our every move. Even in this inn."

"If we show we are distrustful to a peace offering, what chances are there for they to do the same?"



Sulda Westwind: "We're in for a rough entire-time-left-here if it was not a trap and we treated it as one," Suldae speaks up.



Marcus Veranius: "Put your best foot forward, whether or not you think it's a trap. Be on your best behavior and show we're worthy of holding trust."



Sulda Westwind: "Stick together and we'll be fine," Suldae offers. She feels much more confident in a social dangerous situation than in a house full of vampires, truth be told.

She's not a fan of politics. But she has a few blunt instruments to handle them with, should worst come to worst.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sighs rolling his eyes " Fine it is not a trap but acting like it never could be one makes us look like morons to potential watchers"

watchers



Sulda Westwind: "No, it might be a trap," Suldae elaborates on her point. "We just act like we believe it isn't, while staying entirely on guard so there's not any actual opening more than absolutely necessary"



Ireena Kolyana: "I think he's right. We should consider the possibility."

"If it is a trap, is there any way we can prepare for it?"



Sulda Westwind: "I feel prepared enough," Suldae admits, fingers running over the ocarina she's already picked up from where she'd dropped it last night.



Ireena Kolyana: She looks at her arm ruefully. "Even doors can kill, remember."



Marcus Veranius: Marcus nods. "If it were a gift anywhere but in this inn I'd be inclined to agree. But I hold significant trust in our host to look out for our best interests."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae winces at the reminder.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I do hope our most honored host won't take offence to my coming armed and armored"



Sulda Westwind: "I think the main lesson we should take from *that* is that we don't fucking separate," she says a bit rougher than intended and gives Marcus a *look*

"I'm sure that counts as formal clothing," she notes to Henry.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus looks Henry over for a moment. Armor WAS considered formal attire... for a knight. To a mercenary, not so much.

"...pair it with a cloak, polish it. If not a speck of grime is present, it could pass as formal."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "If it doesn't she can stick her complains where the sun don't shine" he murmurs to himself



Marcus Veranius: "The distinction is whether you wear it for show or for buisness; you'll want to make it seem the former rather than latter."


GM:



Marcus Veranius: "I, on the other hand, have recently acquired a rather nice piece of noble's fashion from a former-vampire. A bit of dusting and I should be good."


Henry of Willowsbrook: "the old bastard was right I really do appreciate his acting lesons now" Henry sighs


There is a tapping on the window. A large raven is perched on the sill, staring in through the glass.

 **Sulda Westwind:** "My cloak's formal," Suldae notes, running her hand over it as she wraps it around her shoulders. It hums back to her hand with the magic woven into it


The raven has a rolled-up parchment tied to one leg.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "..."


 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae looks at Marcus questioningly. He's the alliances expert now.


 **Marcus Veranius:** "My my, two letters in one night! How quaint!"


The Raven caws irritably and taps the glass again.


 **Marcus Veranius:** Marcus makes haste for the window, opening it and freeing the raven from it's binding.


The Raven flies away the moment the letter is removed.

 **Marcus Veranius:** His eyes turn briefly for one of the sausages. Ravens like sausages, right? Oh... nevermind.


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry appraoches taking the parchment


 **Marcus Veranius:** Marcus surrenders the paper in favor of another breakfast sausage. "I sincerely hope it's not another dinner invitation. We could scarcely afford to ignore either."


 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae just returns to her food serenely. She needs energy to handle this.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** He chuckels "ever been that lucky?"


The little scroll bears only one sentence: "Lady Wachter worships the Devil Strahd."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Crap" Henry curses before repaeting the message a loud repeating aloud

 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae sighs, looking up from the food. "Well, there could be worse ways to find out you're right"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "...on second thought, me thinks I'll be spending the day refitting those noble clothes to hide leather armor underneath."

 **Sulda Westwind:** She glances at Ireena apologetically

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Well now, wait a minute! How do we know we can trust the ravens?"
"All we had was Rictavio"
"Rictavio's word, excuse me, about that."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Can we afford not to?"

 *Ireena Kolyana rubs her chest, surprised by the painful hiccup.*



Ireena Kolyana: "All I'm saying is that we need to examine our assumptions."



Marcus Veranius: Marcus considers a moment, looking over Miss Wachter's missive and recalling his own investigations.



Suldae Westwind: "I like the ravens," Suldae says after a few moments, examining her assumptions and finding no better arguments.

"We really have no idea what we're in the middle of, don't we."



Ireena Kolyana: "They warned us away from that tower outside town, remember?"

"And there was that huge stone circle in the woods, with all the ravens circling around it."

"We didn't even get close enough to see it. Maybe that would tell us more about them."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a moment to think on the situation "We could just not go to miss Wachter"



Suldae Westwind: "A raven warned us away from the windmill," Suldae remembers.



Marcus Veranius: After some deliberation, the merchant turned to the girls. "Did Ismark give you his ounce of intelligence yet?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae raises her eyebrows. "I don't think so?"



Marcus Veranius: Marcus leaned in towards Suldae and Ireena, keeping his voice low. "He believes this inn to house the Order of the Feather, with Danika as humble host...if not member herself."

Marcus leaned back into his chair, voice returning to normal volume. "Given that, I'd argue we've been in the Order's good graces for a while now, and have returned them in kind knowingly or otherwise."



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh, in that case... If she wanted to hurt us, she could have done it long ago."



Suldae Westwind: "So basically we kind of already have an alliance," Suldae sums up. "It's arguably better than nothing"

"Yeah, that."



Ireena Kolyana: "That's fair."



Marcus Veranius: "Begrudging, if in secret."

"If we're debating whom to trust, I'd rather birds than nobles any day."

"EXCEPT GULLS! Gulls are a toss."



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, if Lady Wachter really is an ally, not going to her party tonight should be a forgivable offense, right?"

"She can't really fault us, given the circumstances."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "She's a noblewoman. Even a good-intentioned noblewoman can commit murder at a slight."

"And in Vallaki? Land of the wolf steak? I doubt people solve their problems nonviolently out here."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stays quiet. She's about all out of opinions, for the moment.

Everyone seems right.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus nods. "More importantly, we can trust you here safely while we address the

Wachter's banquet on our own."

Just then, you hear a loud procession in the street. It sounds like a parade.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "What now"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae winces. She really hoped the solution of leaving Ireena locked up while they go do things again would not come up.



Marcus Veranius: Oh bollocks. This better not be a third missive, else Marcus's head would explode from the scheming.

Under threatening skies, a parade of unhappy children dressed as flowers trudges through the muddy streets, leading the way for a group of sorry-looking men and women carrying a ten-foot-diameter wicker ball. The burgomaster and his smiling wife, who holds a sad bouquet of wilting flowers, follow the procession on horseback.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a look out side leaning out the window a bit to get a better view

From here you can watch as the parade passes by, heading southeast toward the main village square. As weary spectators watch from their stoops, the ball is borne to the town square. There, it is hoisted and hung from a fifteen-foot-high wooden scaffold, and townsfolk take turns splashing it with oil. Before the wicker sun can be set ablaze, the sky tears open in a sudden downpour. "All will be well!" cries the burgomaster as he brandishes a sputtering torch and marches defiantly through the rain toward the wicker ball, only to have his torch go out as he thrusts it into the sphere.

A singular laugh erupts from the crowd, audible even from here, drawing the burgomaster's fiery gaze as well as gasps from the townsfolk.



Marcus Veranius: "...bollocks, we missed the festival didn't we?"

"It's gunna take a month for us to get another opportunity."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'm not the cultural type I would say we really should chek this out" Henry says uneasy



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stays quiet. They have a point, but she's really happy to not be there right now.

"Who laughed?! Who dares to spite me!?" The Burgomaster is shouting on his horse.

"You! Arrest that man!"



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: Guards apprehend one of their own, a hapless-looking fellow that you recognize from the west gate.

The scene is tense. The man is dragged before the baron, who stands talking for some time.



Marcus Veranius: "On second thought, let's celebrate our breakfast instead."

Suddenly, the other guards lunge on their companion and bind him with ropes. They give the long end of the rope binding the man's feet to the Baron, who ties it to his saddle.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to Marcus "You should get your crossbow I fear we might need it soon"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae watches from the window mutely.

"There we are! Now, for the amusement of all, I shall drag out the spite which blackens the heart of Vallaki!"



Suldae Westwind: She really wishes there was something they could do that wasn't utterly stupid.
Politics. Fucking politics.



Marcus Veranius: "I'm not getting involved in this; we worked too hard shielding the town from Strahd only to be kicked out."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena paces to the window. Her skin is crackling with white light.



Suldae Westwind: "I don't think we could meaningfully help," Suldae says tensely.

"Not in the middle of the crowd."

She glances at Ireena hopefully.

Magic sounds good right now.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ireena what are you doing?"



Marcus Veranius: Marcus squints at the procession, then notices something strange. He checks his notes for a moment then takes a closer look at the crowd.

"Burgomeister, wife. But where is his son?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena reaches out and grasps Suldae's arm. Suldae feels the Weave twisting around the two of them. Ireena points a finger...

<p>WISDOM Baron Vargas Vallakovich</p> <hr/> <p>Ability: 3 12</p>
--



Henry of Willowsbrook: "not with them it would seem" Henry mutters "what is this procession for anyway"

The Baron sits straight upright.

The Baron unties the rope.

"Free this man! And let this be a warning to you all! Smile, and all will be well!"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena sighs and stumbles away from the window.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes out and catches her.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus tilts his head oddly at the burgomeister, then at Ireena, then at the burgomeister with great concern.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "What did you do?" He turns to her



Suldae Westwind: (what DID she do? could Suldae tell)

?

18

ARCANA (9)
Suldae Westwind

Marcus Veranius: "...oh bollocks. I really hope no one saw that."



Suldae Westwind: "I doubt anyone was looking here," Suldae tells him.



Ireena Kolyana: "Suggestion. I studied it last night. I cast it through a *Message*. I don't really have the experience with psychic magic to control someone's behavior like that, but Suldae does. She helped me cast it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Have we ever been that lucky" Henry returns to watch the outside



Ireena Kolyana: Sheepishly, Ireena looks at Suldae. "I took a little of your power to do that, but I couldn't cast both at the same time."

"At least, not without your help."

"I don't think anyone saw; the rain is pretty thick now."

"But if they did... We could be in a host of trouble."



Suldae Westwind: "Thank you," Suldae says with full sincerity.



Ireena Kolyana: "People like this don't understand magic, and they don't like it."



Suldae Westwind: "Feel free to do that anytime"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "you made him do something by force" Henry tersely bites out



Suldae Westwind: (does this cost me a spell slot?)



Ireena Kolyana: "It was that or let the other man get tortured to death. It was warranted. I won't apologize for using the tools at my disposal."

(Yes, already subtracted it)



Suldae Westwind: "Oh no," Suldae says venomously, glancing at Henry, "she *forcefully* made him not commit an evil act"

"Truly inexcusable, to save a man's life with *force*"

(ty)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry massages his head the headache from early returning "Thats not what they will see damnit"



Ireena Kolyana: "They saw a fickle madman change his mind."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'm gald she saved that man but think what happens if someone noticed you doing it"

You see a flare of purple light from the window of a large mansion on the other side of town. No one else in the village is an any position to notice it, as they are all in the town square.



Ireena Kolyana: "That was a teleportation spell. A failed one."

"Whose house is that!?"



Marcus Veranius: "...you don't suppose that's the Wachter's manor?"



Suldae Westwind: "If one person noticed her doing it, we deal with that. The entire crowd obviously didn't"

Henry of Willowsbrook: "...Marcus you should really go get your crossbow"



Marcus Veranius: "I'm not starting a sniper war over the baron's parade!" Marcus harumphs. This burning ball of twigs is what keeps Strahd out of the village; if it stops over a few crossbow bolts then that's a three day window for Strahd to muck about town.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to Irenna "do you know what they tried to teleport or where it was supposed to go"



Suldae Westwind: "Doesn't a failed teleport spell tend to spell bad things for the caster?" Suldae asks.

She's trying to remember.



Ireena Kolyana: Her eyes flicker. She mutters and twists the Weave in her fingers. Small sparks and stars of free energy float around her hands.



Suldae Westwind:

22

ARCANA (9)
Suldae Westwind



Ireena Kolyana: She mutters continuously, pacing, ritually casting *Detect Magic*.

At the same time, Suldae's second-hand knowledge of teleportation magic does indicate that a failed teleport is usually lethal or crippling, and sometimes causes planar implosions -- cross-planar shifting, where everything in that space in every plane gets scrambled. That's a rare result, but a known one. If the spell is a failed teleportation *circle*, on the other hand, the failure of the spell means only that the circle releases a backwash of cosmic energy, spiritually poisoning nearby things, and fails to establish contact with another circle. Circles which fail in this manner usually have to be redrawn from scratch.



Suldae Westwind: "...or not, depending on how they did it," Suldae sighs.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena finishes muttering. "Nothing came or left. The spell failed completely. It feels like a... large teleport spell. Like it was meant to be stable."



Suldae Westwind: "...So we're not so lucky."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Like a gate perhaps.." Henry trails off hoping he is wrong



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pauses thoughtfully.

"Honestly, I vote we wait and see what happens."

"Teleportation circle, probably"



Ireena Kolyana: "The whole area is humming with astral energy now. It's dangerous just to be in the building."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods to that.

"This town is a disaster."

"Better than outside though"



Ireena Kolyana: "It's like the leftovers of some kind of apocalypse," says Ireena.



Suldae Westwind: "That's what you get when you mess with dimensions and get it wrong," Suldae

tells her, sighing.

"Fucking wizards, no offense."



Marcus Veranius: Marcus considers the reasons WHY someone would teleport, and double-checks the festival pamphlet he was given. Did the priest manage to change the date? Was this the scheduled parade, or one earlier than expected?



Ireena Kolyana: "None taken."

This seems to be the correct date for the parade, according to the new numbers given to the priest. It seems the Burgomaster listened.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Could they try again somewhere else?"



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Ireena Kolyana: "They could try again there. It requires material components to make a teleportation spell that large."



Marcus Veranius: "Say, how do you suppose Strahd snuck into the city back when there was a hole in its defenses?"



Ireena Kolyana: "I'd imagine they have a workshop over there. They're not likely to stop. They may not realize the danger."



Marcus Veranius: "Do you think he entered through the front gate, or did he use magic?"



Ireena Kolyana: "He probably rode his horse," says Ireena.
"It's a Nightmare."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae snickers.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "... A noble visit wouldn't be cause for suspicions" Henry says



Marcus Veranius: Marcus's face is less amused by the joke, if it was one. "It's very likely between the unceremonious return of bones and the sudden early festival that Strahd's minions couldn't escape town before the option became unavailable, if not Strahd himself."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Lady Wachter entertaining guests regularly" he gestures at the site of the failed spekk
spell



Suldae Westwind: Then Suldae remembers what 'nightmare' probably actually means in this context and sobers up.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena smiles. "This is Beucephalus. His steed." She points a finger at everyone in the room, and a flash of an image pulses through your minds. The steed is coal-black and flaming with inner hellfire.

"He can ride across the dreamscape of Barovia on her back, and emerge in hellfire or from the Ethereal plane. While standing near her, he is shielded from all flame."

"She flies across the sky at nights, like a meteor, streaking from place to place -- when he chooses not to travel by his other means."



Suldae Westwind: "So he wouldn't need a teleportation circle," Suldae finishes the thought.

Ireena Kolyana: "He used to come and visit the house on her. But my father's father had a charm around the house, and she could not approach it on her back."

"So yeah. He wouldn't need a teleportation circle." Ireena seems confused and sheepish about suddenly going on and on about Strahd. She tugs at her neck ruff irritably.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "What about his minions"



Ireena Kolyana: "His minions can be stopped with boarded windows and a crossbow, or a sword, if need be. Stopping him and stopping the Nightmare are harder things to achieve with the strength of an arm."



Suldae Westwind: "So we really want the town's protections to hold," Suldae notes.



Ireena Kolyana: "He can become a shadow. He can become a mist. He can become any creature of the night."



Suldae Westwind: She squeezes Ireena's hand comfortingly.



Ireena Kolyana: "We have probably already encountered him a few times."
"He likes to know what's going on in his land."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shivers, at that. It does sound likely.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ireena someone capable of this kind of teleportation could they have noticed your magic trick earlier"



Marcus Veranius: Marcus's eyes roll at the word 'likely'.



Suldae Westwind: They're tangling with something much more powerful than themselves, treading water while barely keeping their heads above it.
"They might have if they were watching us," Suldae tells Henry. "The important thing is that the Baron didn't."



Henry of Willowsbrook: He shakes his head lightly "Just considering that the two things aren't as unconnected as they might seem"



Suldae Westwind: "They seemed unconnected to you?" Suldae asks with a bit more venom in her voice than intended.

"We're being watched."

"We know that."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry raises a hand palm down "Was the teleportation because of her intervention or because of the festival is what I meant"



Ireena Kolyana: "So we have to decide what to do with our time. If Van Richten is not coming back for a week, we need to make good use of that time."

"A teleportation spell of that kind would have required ten minutes or more just to cast. It's not likely that the spell was started because of my spell."

"Are we going to Lady Wachter's house tonight?"

"Do we want to investigate the windmill and the standing stones?"

"What's our plan for getting into the Order of the Feather?"

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Is it the magically poisoned house overthere because I'd rather not have diner there then" Henry replies trying to inject some levity



Ireena Kolyana: "Yes, we need to find out whose house that is, too."



Marcus Veranius: Marcus considers. "We ought to entertain the Wachters at the very least; we may learn something of Valakai's upper crust."



Ireena Kolyana: "I can stay here if you think it wise."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I'll stay here too. Gotta keep an eye on my little sis."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Someone should ask Danika she probably knows who lives there"



Ireena Kolyana: "That's smart, I didn't think of that."

"You seemed like you were getting along with her, Marcus."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nearly tells Ireena she'll stay with her then, but common sense takes over. Ireena will be taken care of; it's her companions that'll need her.

She just stays silent, again.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Barowners know everything and more" Henry says lightly



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena squeezes Suldae's hand reassuringly.



Marcus Veranius: "Aye, not a bad idea. And after this Wachter buisness is behind us, we can redouble our efforts in winning an invitation with the feather."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sighs rolling his shoulders face turning serious" I'll go ask Danika and then get my Stuff" He turns to leave the room "I'll be back shortly"

Danika: Danika informs him that the house belongs to Baron Vargas Vallakovich, Burgomaster of Vallaki



Suldae Westwind: (brb)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry makes his way though Vallaki as quietly and unsuspicioisly as possible to his place mulling over the implications of that



Suldae Westwind: (back)



GM (GM): How do you all prepare for the dinner party?



Henry of Willowsbrook: (c we say I got my things and came back already then?)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae studies her book and chats idly with Ireena, trying to make herself a little less nervous.



Marcus Veranius: Unless Henry takes the initiative, Marcus will fetch that armor polish he mentioned. It was as good an excuse as any to check the Treasure Wagon stored nearby



GM (GM): (Yes)



Suldae Westwind: (oh lmao Suldae forgot about that already)
(she has a... weird relationship with money)

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry then joins Marcus(unknowingly) At the loot wagon then before returning to the Inn then



GM (GM): Treasure. The wagon contains the following items:

A wooden chest containing 1,200 ep (each coin stamped with the profiled visage of Strahd)

An iron chest containing 650 gp

An onyx jewelry box with gold filigree (worth 250 gp) containing six pieces of cheap jewelry (worth 50 gp each) and a potion of poison in an unlabeled crystal vial (worth 100 gp)

A wooden throne with gold inlay and decorative stones (worth 750 gp)



GM (GM): A rolled-up 10-foot-square rug with an exquisite unicorn motif (worth 750 gp)

A small wooden box containing twelve fake potions in stoppered gourds (the Vistani sell these nonmagical elixirs to naive strangers, claiming that they protect against the deadly fog surrounding Barovia)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so we've all return to the Inn then?)
(returned)



GM (GM): (Yes)



(To Suldae Westwind): Subtract 6 hours from the study time of your book



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry setting his armor up to polish it Turns to the others

"Good news I know who Lives in the house now,bad possibly worse news It's the Burgomeister and his family"



Marcus Veranius: "Sounds like he could use a new chair and carpet if his furniture is astral-plagued."
Marcus remarks.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark bursts out laughing.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sighs. Of course it's the worst possible option.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry smirks lighty while he starts to polish his armor



Suldae Westwind: "Of course it's the worst possible option," she says out loud.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Could have been someone we hadn't heard of before adding their own brand of complication to the mix"



Suldae Westwind: "That would be better," Suldae argued.

"That wouldn't be the Burgmeister."



Henry of Willowsbrook: He gestures with the piece of cloth he is using "Could have been even worse too"



Marcus Veranius: "Could have been his son." Marcus remarks, donning his noble's clothes and polishing his boots. Had to look his best for the dinner party!



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You did say he wasn't with them" Henry says moving on from his breastplare that was shining satisfyingly

Suldae Westwind: "Well, it obviously weren't personally him, since he was in the street," Suldae corrected.

"So yeah, maybe his son."

"Let's just hope we weren't noticed from that direction"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods working begining the finnicky work oof polishisng his gauntlets



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena surreptitiously pulls out a small pair of wire-framed glasses and puts them on while she reads her spell books, taking notes in the margins with a raven-feather quill.

"Oh," she says. "There's ink and quill pens in one of the dresser drawers, if anyone needs them."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae considers her clothes and ends up deciding that her regular outfit - a bard's outfit, that makes her look like a bard - is fine, just the spare one and not the one that she's slept in.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Anything intressting so far?" He asks nodding in direction of the book



Ireena Kolyana:

2
Force

120 feet

Magic Missile



Henry of Willowsbrook: (did she just shoot something as demonstation?)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena raises a hand and three darts of crystalline energy zip from her palm and blow small craters in the wall.

"Whoops! Sorry, I didn't realize that would be quite so destructive."

"Saving that..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry gawks at the wall "first I'm not paying for that and second telling us would have been fine2



Marcus Veranius: Marcus blinks at the holes. Oh bother; he'll need to get that repaired before Danika notices.



Ireena Kolyana: "Sorry everybody!"

"I think I can fix this..."

"Suldae, do you know *mending*?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods.

She raises her own ocarina and begins playing before anything else is said.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs and moves on to polish his greaves

The wall un-dents itself with a crunching sound, and the torn wallpaper seals itself back into proper shape. When the song finishes, it is impossible to tell any damage had ever occurred.



Ireena Kolyana: "Thank you, Suldae!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns at the magic a question visibly on his mind but he doesn't say anything



Ismark Kolyanovich: "You guys should probably get going. It's about to start getting dark."



Suldae Westwind: "I love this song," Suldae informs everyone, looking at the wall smugly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "If someone helps me but this on I'm ready to go" Henry says gesturing to his now brightly shining armor



Marcus Veranius: Marcus offers Henry a hand; best not to be late due to armor.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry with Marcuses help puts it on swiftly straping everything on tightly testing the way it sits and noding satisfied while fixing his sword belt and staping on his shield

"Ready if you are"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes her bag - it is picked to look well with all of her outfits, like part of an ensemble - and just like that, ocarina at her belt, she's ready.

Soon you are all standing just outside the south entrance of the Blue Water tavern. The sky is a riot of orange light in the slow sunset.

Izek Strazni is watching you from the shade of a building just west of you.

He's massaging his right arm as though it pains him. His right hand is clenched and spasming.

He makes no move to approach you but he does not hide his stare, either.

As the light begins to darken, he gives up a pained groan.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus looks him over, eyes on his arm. On second thought, he also could have been in the Baron's estate.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks up. What's the moon like right now?



Marcus Veranius: "Looks like all is NOT well." Marcus murmurs to the others. He tips his hat to Izek and focuses on the task at hand.



Suldae Westwind: She also tries to remember what she saw the previous several nights.

The moon is high already, and very nearly full.



Suldae Westwind: "Nearly full, but not full yet," Suldae says out loud.



Marcus Veranius: "...tomorrow's the full moon then. That ought to be fun." Marcus remarks.



Suldae Westwind: "I'm more worried about today," she glances at Izek.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry straightens his back "We should get going. Wouldn't possibly want to be late" He almost succeeds in sounding completely sincere



Marcus Veranius: Was this tavern where the Wachters wanted to meet? Strange place for a noble's banquet.



Suldae Westwind: (no, tha'ts where were'e staying)

Suldae tries to remember all she's ever heard about werewolves.



Spy: "This way, follow me!" Ernst Larnak has appeared, emerging from the shadows of a road just to the south.

He takes one look at Izek and whimpers loudly.



Izek Strazni: Izek begins marching towards him.



Spy: The spy bolts, fleeing southwards.



Suldae Westwind:

18

ARCANA (9)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: "That doesn't inspire confidence" Henry comments watching the apparent guide run



Spy:

INITIATIVE

Spy

Initiative: 17

INITIATIVE

Izek Strazni

Initiative: 12

INITIATIVE

Initiative: 6.14

INITIATIVE

Initiative: 19.15

INITIATIVE

Initiative: 19.18



Marcus Veranius: The great game was in full tonight it seemed. Spies and spies. Probably a raven hiding somewhere too; what a bother.

Marcus thinks fastest in that moment, and reacts first.

GM: Suldae recalls that werewolves are deathly allergic to silver, resistant to most forms of damage, frighteningly fast and strong, and, depending on the nature of the curse at hand (lycanthropy can be caused by many distinct curses, some of them hereditary) werewolves can sometimes transform fully or partially even without a moon, and even during daylight. This happens more often when they are supplanted by a dark otherworldly power, which is common enough that werewolves of this pact/pack nature are sometimes considered a distinct kind of creature. Most lycanthropes are bound to the cycle of the moon, and when they transform they lose all control.



Suldae Westwind:

6.1400000000000000
01

INITIATIVE (3.14)
Suldae Westwind

Marcus Veranius: Marcus turns towards Izek, rather intent to not let their dinner be delayed by this confrontation.



Suldae Westwind: ohhh my god



Marcus Veranius: "Look, I don't know what's going on, but I've got a donation for the Burgomeister's re-election if you can put it off for another day."

He looks at Izek to see how receptive he is towards the suggestion



Izek Strazni: Izek is mid-sprint and rapidly accelerating.

He doesn't seem to be listening.

As he runs, his right sleeve and glove explode into tatters of fabric.



Marcus Veranius: ...



Izek Strazni: His arm has transformed, replaced entirely by a huge claw of black shadow.

He reaches into the shadow of a building as he sprints past, snatching a black axe from the darkness as he pursues the spy.



Suldae Westwind: (how far is he from us?)



Marcus Veranius: On second thought, they could probably get directions to the Wachter estate from Danika.



Izek Strazni: (Less than 50 feet)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)



Marcus Veranius: EoT



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae has the spell for this hhh fucking initiative deciding to mirror the browser >x>)

GM: (Henry is up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Eyeing the the approaching 'man' warily Henry raise his shield steping in front of the others. Who is this and whose his target

EoT



Suldae Westwind: (we might want an actual grid for this)



Spy: "Someone help me!!!"

(ignore the ruler size, let me adjust that)

(It's adjusted now)



Izek Strazni: "Official business. Stay out of this, civilians!" Izek howls, as he charges past the front door of the inn, rounding the corner to head south towards the Spy.

(Suldae is up)



Suldae Westwind:

Hold Person*Enchantment 2***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 60 feet**Target:** A humanoid that you can see within range**Components:** V, S, M (A small, straight piece of iron)**Duration:** Concentration Up to 1 minute

Choose a humanoid that you can see within range. The target must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or be paralyzed for the duration. At the end of each of its turns, the target can make another Wisdom saving throw. On a success, the spell ends on the target.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 3rd level or higher, you can target on additional humanoid for each slot level above 2nd. The humanoids must be within 30 feet of each other when you target them.

**Marcus Veranius:** (oh bollocks)**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae plays several dissonant sharp notes on the ocarina.**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Suuuldae what are you doing?" Henry asks already dreading the mess they surely are getting inot right now into**Suldae Westwind:** "The guy was yelling for help," Suldae defends herself.
so uh
Wis save?**Izek Strazni:**WISDOM
Izek Strazni

Ability: 1 | 9

GM: He is uh... Not very wise.**Izek Strazni:** "What the -- ?"

Izek is overwhelmed by Suldae's music. He stops, frozen in place as though gripped by an invisible hand.

"What sorcery is this!?"

**Suldae Westwind:** "What's going on?" Suldae asks, doign her best to pretend it wasn't her.

"Who's that guy?"

**Izek Strazni:** He fills his lungs to shout for the guards, then Suldae's power seals his mouth. He is now paralyzed completely, frozen in place.

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sighs shaking his head "Why don't we go have a chat with him and see if we can help him out



Suldae Westwind: "You should go get that guy," Suldae suggests to her companions. He's too far out of range for her magic.



Henry of Willowsbrook: A forced smile on his face as he talks to the others

"Marcus would you get the other one while I go 'help' him?" Henry asks gesturing with his shield



Marcus Veranius: Marcus is at a loss for words and ideas.



GM (GM): (EoT Suldae?)



Suldae Westwind: ya

sorry

EoT



Marcus Veranius: "We are between a rock and a hard place!" He furiously whispers to Henry, trying to think of what to do. "I'm staying out of this in case it ends in the stockades; one of us needs to be out of cuffs to pay bail for the others!"

He slips back into the inn, trying to disappear before Izek can pin ire onto him.



GM (GM): (EoT?)



Marcus Veranius: (EoT)



GM (GM): (Henry is up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns watching first Marcus go back inside and then the now immobile man before turning to Suldae "He's right we really should stay out of whatever 'this' is as best we can" his voice is pitched low so only she can hear him



Suldae Westwind: "Go inside, then," Suldae murmurs.

This is not going to plan, but then, the plan sucked.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Are you going to stay out of it?" He asks flatly look directly into her eyes



Suldae Westwind: Suldae considers her options for a second.

"I'll do my best," she says unconvincingly. "Just go"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You suck at lying" he sighs turning to the man "if I die I'll haun you" He murmurs before slowly walking over to Izek

haunt



Suldae Westwind: "I asked you to leave," she hisses



Henry of Willowsbrook: he pauses mid stride "I'm not leaving you to something stupid alone" resuming his walk alone

Reaching Izek he does his best to appear clueless "Sir is everything ok? Is there any way I can help you?"

Izek Strazni: Izek says: "Ghrmfghlgrgmpgh!"



Sulda Westwind: Suldae drops her spell at this moment.



Izek Strazni: His jaw is clenched shut.

He pops it open.

"Ah... I'm free. Who cast that!? Did you see? Did you see who was playing the ocarina?"

He whips around, scouring the scene with his eyes.

PERCEPTION <i>Izek Strazni</i> <hr/> Skill: 18
--

Suldae realizes she still has the ocarina in her hand! Make a stealth roll to hide it, or a sleight of hand roll to stow it without him seeing!



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I have no idea what you are talking about sir"



Suldae Westwind:

9

SLEIGHT OF HAND (3)
Suldae Westwind

welp



Izek Strazni: "YOU!"



Suldae Westwind: "Huh?" Suldae looks at him like she has no idea what's happening.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (His attentions solely on her right now right?)



Izek Strazni: "I saw that! I saw you put it in your bag!"

(yes)



Suldae Westwind: "This?" Suldae takes out the ocarina, figuring this is one piece of evidence she can't exactly deny the existence of given it's bright blue and very noticable.



Izek Strazni: "That!"

"You were playing it, and I felt the power of dark magics take hold of my muscles!"

"You're a witch!"



Suldae Westwind: "I am not!" Suldae protests, taking a step back.

23

PERSUASION (7)
Suldae Westwind

"I don't know what happened!"



Izek Strazni:

INTELLIGENCE <i>Izek Strazni</i> <hr/> Ability: 7

He seems bewildered by her apparent innocence.

"I... If it wasn't you, then... Who?"

(Meanwhile, the spy makes it to the town square)



Suldae Westwind: "It's just a toy! I don't know! You were running, and then..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I saw someone run north after you stoped moving"



Izek Strazni: "Ah, I understand now... It must have been one of the cultists."

"Lady Wachter is protecting her filthy little spy! Even now her audacity knows no bounds."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "How terrible"



Suldae Westwind: "Cultists?" Suldae rounds her eyes in very convincing horror. "Here?!"



Izek Strazni: "Aye, here. Even in the very streets of Vallaki! It is said that they gather in her manor to study the dark arts of their master."

"I have good reason to believe that many of the wealthiest families are involved."

"The confessions I have heard, during long torture sessions, describe decadent orgies and dark rituals to foul and unholy beings."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae listens, eyes still rounded in a display of horror and attention she doesn't have to try hard to fake.



Henry of Willowsbrook: " a conspiracy" Henry gasps



Suldae Westwind: "Dark rituals?!"

Whatever's going on, there's SOME intel they're getting out of this at least.



Izek Strazni: "The Burgomaster does not believe me -- yet. But when I have gathered sufficient evidence, and can prove the truth of what I assert, then he will send the town guard with me to root out this menace once and for all."

"If only I had some means of getting into her house!"

"That damned spy will have made it to her doorstep by now."



Marcus Veranius: Marcus returns to the open, seeing a possible business venture in this.

"Mayhaps I could offer you aid then?" He approaches Stranzi, letter in hand.



GM (GM): Izek eyes Marcus suspiciously, noting his scarred features. He glances at his own twisted, demonic arm thoughtfully. He glances at the letter.



Izek Strazni: "You have an invitation," he says, his eyes lighting up.



Marcus Veranius: "I of course believe all should be well, and these accusations are most horrid."

"The Wachters had invited us over for a feast; mayhaps I could observe them in your stead?"

"Anything for the humble graces of the Baron of course." Marcus offers Izek a short bow. He held no obligations to either side, though if made to pick one would surely rather be in good graces with nobility.



Izek Strazni: "Aye. You could report back to me. To the burgomaster. With the eyes of many witnesses, she's certain to hang."

"Of course, there'd be coin in it for you, too. I'd pay handsomely for your aid."

"If she realizes I'm paying you, she'll have you killed."



Suldae Westwind: "We can't attract attention to ourselves," Suldae says in a horrified tone. "We'll have to observe without doing anything to provoke her suspicion"



Marcus Veranius: "Mayhaps you could point us in the direction of her estate?" Marcus asks. Not like they have Derek to point them the right way anymore.



Izek Strazni: "Aye. It's that way." He points northeast, towards a large red house just up the northern road.

"No doubt her spy will have circled around by now. If he hasn't turned into a bird again."



Suldae Westwind: "A bird?"



Izek Strazni: "Big black bird."

"Yeah. He can do that."



Suldae Westwind: "Him specifically?" Suldae asks, making it sound like natural curiosity/horror.



Marcus Veranius tips his hat to Izek, noting his comment about the bird



Suldae Westwind:

24

PERFORMANCE (7)
Suldae Westwind



Izek Strazni: "Well, he's the only one I've ever seen do it before. But they say there are other people that can do that."

As he speaks, he seems to calm down. His dark arm transforms back into an ordinary human arm and hand, and the shadow axe fades away to black mist.



Marcus Veranius: "...best of luck with the arm." Marcus remarks, making his way towards the Wachter estate.



Izek Strazni: "Best of luck with the face," remarks Izek.



Marcus Veranius: "Ouch. I deserved that."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods pleasantly following Marcus "Wouldn't want the Lady to think we weren't coming"

"Being invite guests and all"

invited



Suldae Westwind: "We'll do our best!" Suldae whispers loudly before following the others.

She puts the ocarina back on her belt.



GM (GM): (We may need to end the session here for today. Thank you all for playing! This was a really fun session for me!)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah I was about to say)
(about 11pm my time)

(gtg)

(THIS COULD HAVE GONE WORSE)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Lets end it at the doorstep of the manor seems more appropriate



Suldae Westwind: (love playing high Cha)

(...and getting good rolls)

This house seems disgusted with itself. A slouching roof hangs heavy over furrowed gables, and moss-covered walls sag and bulge under the weight of the vegetation. As you study the house's sullen countenance, you hear the edifice actually groan. Only then do you realize the extent to which the house hates what it has become.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's fingers itch. She wants to know what the plants here have seen and heard; but this can wait, for now.



GM (GM): Good Morning!



Liliet (Suldae): a very good one!



Zanshukun: I am here



Marcus Veranius murmurs to the others, trying to be stealthy and subtle. "Remember why we're here. We get proof of foul play and we'll have good tidings with the Burgomeister AND take out one of Strahd's allies in one swoop."



Marcus Veranius: "Be polite until you no longer have to be."



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae nods. That's her default anyway.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods lightly

"Should we knock?"



Marcus Veranius: "Be my guest. Or their guest, rather."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry approaches the door at a measured pace and knocks twice loud enough to be heard he hopes thorough out the building

(turns out throughout is one word huh TIL)



GM (GM): The front door is locked and reinforced with bronze bands. A small window at eye level slides open, and a pair of beady blue eyes look out.

In a gruff tone, a male voice says:

"State your business."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We were invited by Lady Wachter to join her for dinner" Henry says gesturing for the others to come closer and bring the invitation



Marcus Veranius holds the invitation up to the door slot for inspection



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae stands a bit behind them, feeling... not so much shy, but unsure.



Suldae Westwind: This situation feels very far from what she's been used to dealing with

The beady blue eyes scan over the invitation quickly. You hear a set of metallic thunks and clanks,

then the door swings heavily inwards on a set of reinforced iron hinges. The door seems to weigh thousands of pounds.

An elderly butler stands before you, looking like a desiccated scarecrow in a black suit. He waves you into the foyer.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods in greeting and steps inside



Marcus Veranius follows Henry inside, eyes drifting to the locks. Was this a manor or a fortress?

The front door opens into a narrow vestibule. Three stained-glass doors in wooden frames lead farther into the house. Two closets flank the front door, one on the west, and one on the east.

Butler: "Lady Wachter is in the Parlor. I shall announce your presence. Wait for me here."

The butler leaves the room, and you see him take an immediate left after he passes through the first door into the house.



Marcus Veranius looks around the foyer. Rather cramped in here; barely room for a coat

The two doors seem to lead into closets. Other than that, the room is practically empty. A long black table with a few empty drawers sits against one wall and supports an array of large black pots, which contain spiky-looking plants with dark and gleaming leaves.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae notes the presence of the plants and her fingers itch with the desire for music, but holds off on doing obvious spy magic in a noble's house. At least, so far.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry approaches the plants to try and find out what kind they are (Nature right?)

3

NATURE (2)
Henry of Willowsbrook

15

NATURE (2)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(that was pointless)

Henry determines that these are in fact plants.

The stained-glass images depict a looming black castle filling much of the framed sky, and a manor house standing beneath it, next to a forest and a windmill. Below the manor and filling the rest of the frame is a large image of the moon -- painted with the face of a beautiful woman, amid craters and silver dust -- which fills the rest of the panel.



Marcus Veranius: "And to think I now own the windmill depicted on so many paintings and reliefs." Marcus hums to himself with a grin

With an abrupt blast of thunder and a flash of lightning, it begins to rain heavily.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ominous" Henry comments under his breath

The streets of Vallaki vanish in the downpour. The rain hits with such ferocity that the ground seems covered in mist. The deluge is clearly unnatural.

The Butler returns and shuts the heavy door properly, muffling the sounds of the storm.

Butler: "Lady Wachter will see you now."

"If you would all be so kind as to follow me into the Parlor."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae lowers her head in acknowledgement, hiding her nervousness under a layer of courtesy.

The dining room and attached lounge are wealthily appointed. An ornate dining table stretches the length of the dining room, a crystal chandelier hanging above it imperiously. The silverware is tarnished, the dishes chipped, yet all are still quite elegant. Eight chairs, their backs adorned with sculpted elk horns, surround the table. Arched windows made of a latticework of iron and glass look out onto the small, fog-swept estate. To the north, in the lounge area, three elegant couches surround an oval table made of black glass. All are set in front of a blazing hearth, above which hangs the portrait of a smirking nobleman sporting a broken nose and a tangle of hair graying at the temples. Several smaller portraits hang on the north wall.

In the corner of one couch, close to the fire, a tall, spindly, elderly woman sits, stroking what appears to be a ball of black fur with two yellow, slitted eyes. She wears a subdued finery which presents the very best in elegance of taste and quality of material. The fabric of her high-collared, corseted, heavily-embroidered gown is glossy and prone to delicate, crumpling folds. Her hair is pinned up into a complicated bun. She watches you all over her long, elegant nose.

Seated across from her is a man in dark robes, facing away from you. From here you see his long, silver hair, and the tips of his pointed ears.

It appears to be one of the dusk elves, from the camp.



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Ah, at last. My heroes have arrived!"

She rises from her seat.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae does a half-curtsy half-bow appropriate for a bard.



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Please, enter. Make yourselves at home."

"Karlsbach, bring us some wine and something light before dinner."

Butler: "Yes, my lady."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is not hiding behind Henry. She's not. She's just... coincidentally on the other side of him.



Marcus Veranius takes a short bow and escorts himself to one of the lounge chairs. Seems a bit early for dinner.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae joins Marcus on the seat.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry bows "Milady we thank you for inviting us so..." he puses more for effect than because of need




















Marcus Veranius: "A pleasure to make your acquaintance, Lady Wachter! I've heard good things."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "unexpectedly"

pauses

Henry remains standing not willing to take a seat next to the Lady or her guest

-  **Marcus Veranius:** "Forgive our lateness; it seems your escort for us had other business to attend. We had to find our own way here."
-  **(To Marcus Veranius):** You realize as you sit down that the fireplace is shared with another room, separated from it by an iron mesh. Marcus spots a pair of boots on the other side of the fireplace -- possibly an eavesdropper.
-  **Lady Fiona Wachter:** "Yes, he told me he had a little run in with the Burgomaster's Brute, Izek."
"He said he had you to thank for his life."
"I asked him why he had insulted you, and insulted my hospitality by not coming back to lead you to me. He could not give a good answer."
"I assure you, he will have better manners when next you meet."
"I am pleased that you chose to accept my invitation, I know it must have seemed a little strange."
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "Well he may not be the most reliable, but at least he's got good looks. I'm a bit jealous."
-  **Lady Fiona Wachter:** Lady Wachter does not seem to know what to do with this.
-  **Marcus Veranius:** Marcus remarks in jest, eyes looking towards the warm fireplace
-  **(From Marcus Veranius):** And for a reaction from the boots
-  **Lady Fiona Wachter:** Awkwardly, she gestures towards the man seated across from her. "I... Er... I hope you will not begrudge me for inviting an additional guest. This is Kasimir Velikov, an old friend and advisor."
-  **Kasimir Velikov:** Kasimir gives a small nod. His eyes are curiously fixed upon Suldae.
-  **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae nods courteously, trying to ignore everything she's heard about local elves. He's just another guest, she's hypnotizing herself into thinking. It's not working very well, but at least her face is well-schooled into behaving.
-  **(To Marcus Veranius):** The boots move, pacing a little bit back and forth.
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry smiles a smile that doesn't reach his eyes "Pleased to make your aquaintance Sir"
-  ***Marcus Veranius squints at Kasimir. "I do not mind the company. Have we met before by chance? You seem familiar."***
- Marcus notices that Kasimir is wearing a large, out-of-place looking amulet with a large, raw emerald in a gold setting.***
-  **Kasimir Velikov:** "I have seen you, yes."
"I was at the camp."
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "Ah, sordid business that was. It is good to see you are safe."
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry tries to keep an eye on the Lady to get a read on her thoughts on this
-  **Kasimir Velikov:** "The tiger wanted nothing to do with me, and I wanted nothing to do with it. We passed each other by."

GM: (Roll Insight, Henry)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

3

INSIGHT (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(really..)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is trying to keep track of the undercurrents of what the elf is saying.

GM: (You detect no discernible reaction from Lady Wachter. It is impossible for you to say how she is reacting.)



Suldae Westwind:

11

INSIGHT (4)
Suldae Westwind

GM: (Suldae detects that Kasimir is being intentionally cagey about his stance on the entire matter. He is carefully expressing neither approval nor disapproval, without threat and without fear. He seems utterly calm, but at the same time he is acting very cautious.)



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Kasimir here was just telling me about the whole event! I understand it was a tribe of bandits, or some such? And someone released a wild tiger among them. Horrible violence, of course. But a group of strong-arms came and took the tiger away, giving it right back into the hands of Rudolph Van Richten."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae silently notes her knowledge of the man's full name.



Lady Fiona Wachter: "And now Rudolph has wandered off alone again, back to his tower. Leaving you all here, for some *strange* reason."

"And then there is *the woman*..."

"The woman Izek has been making dolls of, all this time..."

"You have brought me many interesting puzzles, do you realize that?"

"I observed your intervention during the festival of the Blazing Sun, and it is clear to me that you oppose the insanity of the Burgomaster."



Marcus Veranius nods, noting the use of Rictavio's actual name. It seems nothing escaped the Wachter's watch.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry for a moment debates if he should deny they had anything to do with what happened earlier but doesn't because the Lady is clearly going somewhere with this



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stays quiet, allowing some shyness into her demeanor. The lady should not think anything odd of her not saying anything, she is simply a young woman getting tongue-tied in the presence of nobility.

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PERFORMANCE (7)
Suldae Westwind



Lady Fiona Wachter:

WISDOM
Lady Fiona Wachter

Ability: 12 | 20



Marcus Veranius: "One of many orders from Blinsky as of late. Dolls mimicking people; I've seen the handiwork. Bought a piece myself, though I fail to understand the commission's intent."



Lady Fiona Wachter: Lady Wachter smiles.



Marcus Veranius smiles in return. A game of information it is then, spymaster against merchant. Whose senses were most keen?



Lady Fiona Wachter: "You *do* oppose the Burgomaster, do you not?"



Marcus Veranius: "With all due respect, I oppose a dragon, Lady Wachter. My dealings elsewhere are reactionary and without purpose."

"I don't think the Burgomaster has any relations, does he?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stays quiet. Multiple possible answers are at the tip of her tongue, but she is only a shy country bumpkin, isn't she?



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry keeps his thoughts to himself waiting for people likely cleverer than him to maneuver around each other



Lady Fiona Wachter: "He is married, and he has a son," says Lady Wachter.



Marcus Veranius: "Ah, I meant to the dragon. Can't imagine it'd be pleasant having one as family; you'd never be able to have furniture this nice last long."



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Perhaps it would be easier to answer if I told you plainly that I am opposed to the Burgomaster. I believe he has it all wrong."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry's attention focuses on the Lady at the remark



Marcus Veranius nods. "I'm sure that's a common opinion, though the reasons are vast and distinct. What by chance would be yours?" The merchant's eyes looked towards their patron with curiosity.



Lady Fiona Wachter: Her eyes flash. She chuckles lightly.

The butler enters the room, bearing a tray of wine glasses.

She takes a glass and holds it to her lips, smelling it for a moment or two.

"He believes that the reason Strahd attacks us so ferociously is because we do not hold enough festivals and keep big, stupid smiles on our faces."



Marcus Veranius: "And do you believe that? That his festivals are a frivolous facade?" Marcus chuckles to himself, as if nodding in agreement.



Lady Fiona Wachter: "I believe that the reason Strahd attacks us is because we *misunderstand* him. My family has long been loyal to the von Zarovich line. Strahd von Zarovich is no tyrant. He is, at worst, a negligent landlord. If he whips us, it is because we have not paid the rent."

"The festivals are a waste of time and energy. By installing a ruler who can understand and work with Strahd, we can move Vallaki from a position of imminent doom to a position of security, safe in the embrace of Ravenloft castle."

"The Burgomaster is too thick to understand this, so I bring the concept before better minds than his."
She gestures to the room.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tries to keep her face as impassive and guileless as possible at this.

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PERFORMANCE (7)
Suldae Westwind



Lady Fiona Wachter:

WISDOM
Lady Fiona Wachter

Ability: 14



Henry of Willowsbrook: "A ruler like yourself mayhaps" Henry says not asks lightly



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Alas, my ruling days would not last long, at my age. But my sons would be good substitutes, after my passage."

"They have so much of their father in them," She says, gesturing towards the painting above the mantelpiece.



Marcus Veranius: And that was all Marcus needed to hear. Irregardless of her opinion, the festivals had testimony to their effectiveness. Their disbandment ultimately threatened Vallaki. Either she genuinely didn't know, or did and intended to let Strahd in by removing wards.



Lady Fiona Wachter: "What do you say, then? We hold a common belief: the Burgomaster is cruel and insane, and must be removed from power."



Marcus Veranius: He would do his best to keep up the facade. "I've met your sons; do you suppose they would come to an agreement on who would take the chair?"

"Or would they risk the town bickering over whom was the better?"



Lady Fiona Wachter: Her eyes flicker again, this time in annoyance.

"The elder will take it, naturally. The laws of inheritance would apply."



Marcus Veranius nods



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Now, the first thing we must do is kill Izek Strazni."

"Without him, the burgomaster will be defenseless."



Marcus Veranius 's face turns flat. "That's easier said than done. I'm told his arm has a hellof a swing. Would you by chance know the reason?"



Lady Fiona Wachter: "I have learned his tale, yes. Izek and his sister were born in Vallaki. One morning, their father and their uncle took them fishing on Lake Zarovich. On the way back to town, a dire wolf attacked Izek and bit off his right arm. His father carried Izek back to town while his uncle distracted the beast. His sister ran and hid in the woods, and was never seen again. Unlike his sister, Izek was born without a soul. The loss of that little girl was a terrible tragedy, and his parents both succumbed to their grief, leaving him a widow. The boy was a prolific killer in his youth. He was good at hiding the bodies of the children who mocked him. Even with his skill, he was caught, and brought before the Burgomaster. Instead of punishing him for his crimes, our lovely Burgomaster hired him as loyal muscle. After years of doing the Baron's dirty work, he awoke from a drunken stupor one morning to find that he had grown a new arm to replace the one he had lost."

(Leaving him an orphan, not a widow -- jeez)

"No one knows the source of the gift, but it certainly seems fiendish to me."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae silently notes the 'no soul' bit of info.



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Strahd would be capable of such a gift, but I doubt he even knows of Izek's existence."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir, you note, seems distinctly uncomfortable now.



Marcus Veranius nods. "The secret then would be to investigate how his arm came about, if not for a bane but to see how one might replicate that power."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir looks at Marcus as though seeing him for the first time.



Marcus Veranius: "Would you have any leads?"



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Yes... That is true..."



Kasimir Velikov: "I know the place where the dark powers which made this land still slumber."

"If Izek's arm is from beyond this plane, there are only certain entities within reach."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns "I mean no offense but would a Lady of your means not be able to 'remove' the man herself. Why really on strangers like us?" his tone is that of a soldier looking for further instructions



Lady Fiona Wachter: She laughs. "I have tried before, with other adventurers and mercenaries. I have had little success, even when the odds seemed to be in my favor. Izek is a fiend in battle."



Marcus Veranius turns to Kasimir



Marcus Veranius: "Dark powers that made this land... as in more than Strahd?"



Kasimir Velikov: "They were here before Strahd, and they will be here after he is dust. They are the beings which *made* Strahd, for the price of his soul."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry's face remains neutral "And you are of the belief we could accomplish that which others have failed to achieve"

"Milady" he adds after a brief pause



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Yes," says the lady. "Your reputation precedes you. My spy, good mister Larnak, tells me you successfully cleansed the old Durst manor."



Marcus Veranius frowns



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Many brave adventurers have died within its walls."



Marcus Veranius: "Forgive me if I wish not speak of it. The experience wasn't pleasant."

"But I do see your point of trust."



Lady Fiona Wachter: "You are far from the first to come through this land, seeking to destroy Strahd. Each night, at midnight, you can see them leave their graves and take their nightly journey to the castle, only to be reminded of their own, inevitable defeat. Strahd has slain thousands of would-be champions and saviors, and no one yet has lifted the curse which binds this land -- and binds *him* to this land. I have seen adventurers before, but they did not seem like you do. You seem like survivors,

to me."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "One remains a survivor right up until one dies" Henry says sardonically sardonically



Marcus Veranius nods. *"To my knowledge, I'm the first in this realm to chase not the man but his lieutenants. Perhaps starting small will make all the difference."*



Marcus Veranius: "Not that dragons are a small foe. But it'd make a good foundation for every move after."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glances at the Lady shyly, trying to gauge her reaction

24

INSIGHT (4)
Suldae Westwind



Lady Fiona Wachter: Lady Wachter seems annoyed that the conversation has turned away from her immediate goals.



Marcus Veranius: "But I digress. We will investigate this arm and the power behind it."
"And then we will know our best path for handling Izek."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods shyly, adding her assent to Marcus's.
Outward assent, anyway.



Marcus Veranius: "I trust your spy can devote his attention towards the lake? See if any secrets lie there while we form our plans in-town?"
"He'll know better what to look for than we will."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns "Supposing we succeed and kill Izek wouldn't we be the obvious target for retribution? we are strangers here after all and not the first to make an attempt at his life"



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir seems terrified to be in her presence but he's hiding it exceptionally well. Suldae also realizes out of nowhere that his ear tips are illusions, hiding horrible scars. As she observes him, he turns to her abruptly and says, in broken Elvish:

"Tel' ath salen nys nha trapped aul bren rûn. Enna ahnvae aul salen reverie, si comes lor tel'quiet, ent si shows tel'quiet tel' ya. Sal can lead var nae tel' arael ath tel' amber temple, ent there sar can break Tel' khaor Ath barovia"



(To Suldae Westwind): "The soul of my sister is trapped in this land. Each night in my reverie, she comes to me, and she shows me the path. I can lead you to the heart of the Amber Temple, and there we can break the curse of Barovia."



Kasimir Velikov: "Bren woman nha vaarn."



(To Suldae Westwind): "This woman is evil."



Lady Fiona Wachter: Lady Wachter raises her thin, sharply-painted black eyebrows.
"Towards the lake?"



Marcus Veranius: "That is where Izek lost his arm. Perhaps it is also the source of his new one."



Lady Fiona Wachter: "And yes, you will have to be quiet and clever when you kill Izek. I recommend

removing his head in his sleep."

"That is a good point," says Lady Wachter.

"I had not thought of that."



Sulda Westwind: "Come find us later," Sulda says in Elvish, then turns to Lady Fiona and shyly murmurs "my apologies" in Common



Lady Fiona Wachter: "I'm afraid my spy is much to great a fool to know what to look for in that respect. I will go myself, to investigate."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir stands. He bows deeply towards Lady Wachter, then leaves without a word, and without so much as glancing at anyone else -- except Sulda.



Marcus Veranius: "Safe travels to you." Marcus responds to the elf as he leaves, though quickly returns to Lady Wachter

"Our plan is settled then. Shall we enjoy the rest of the evening carefree before our work forces us serious for a while?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves behind the seat the elf occupied and remains standing



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Yes, let's," says Lady Wachter. She reaches to the table and lifts a small crystal bell. She rings it. A moment later, the door pops open and a cook in a black dress with a white apron and hat pushes a cart of silver trays into the room.

The cook arrays the dishes on the table, then leaves.

Tonight's dinner consists of mashed potatoes, wolf steaks, roast venison, a whole roast duck, fresh, hot dinner rolls, and a spicy beef stew.

The fare seems surprisingly... simple.



Lady Fiona Wachter: Lady Wachter rises and glides to the table as the "cat" on her lap crawls up her torso and wraps itself around her shoulders like a mink shawl.



Sulda Westwind: Sulda compliments the food quietly, still playing up her shy persona.



Marcus Veranius: Or, for those with no sense of taste, ash and bile. Same as every day, though he'd be polite to make a show of enjoyment regardless.



Lady Fiona Wachter: Lady Wachter lifts the curtain aside with a finger and peers out into the storm. She seems impatient. She turns to her food, drinks her wine, and watches you all.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry carefully takes a seat visibly concerned about the chairs ability to hold him hiding his careful awareness of the doors leading into the room



Sulda Westwind: "It's stormy tonight," Sulda mumbles, as if in a mangled attempt to make small talk.



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Indeed. It came up so suddenly. I shall send you back to the inn by carriage, if it does not let up soon."



Sulda Westwind: Sulda glances at her, trying to discern her true opinion of the storm,

9

INSIGHT (4)
Suldae Westwind

(welp)



Lady Fiona Wachter: She does not seem all that surprised by the storm, in spite of her careful alteration of the tone of her voice to present her surprise as genuine.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry glances at the others hoping they wouldn't seriously consider taking her up on the offer



Marcus Veranius: "I might have to take you up on that offer; it's not often I have the chance to justify clothes this nice."

"My thanks to you."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glances at Henry, hoping he won't contradict what has already been said.

The less information Lady Fiona gets on their party the better, as far as she's concerned, and the best way to organize that is to present a united, utterly *closed* front.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Let's hope it doesn't become nessecary" Henry says "for the Sake of your drivers dryness"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives a shy smile, as if amused by the joke, but truthfully more relieved.



Marcus Veranius: "And to think we wasted silvers on that armor polish. With rain this stern, we could have stuck you outside and let it cut the grime for free!"



Marcus Veranius jests to Henry

Dinner passes quietly. Conversation is muted and awkward, as the thunder of the storm now seems to be directly overhead. The candles do little to combat the darkness of the storm, and the eery brightness of each booming flash.

After dinner is over, Lady Wachter attempts to resume conversation. She seems hesitant to order the carriage, but the rain does not seem to be letting up any time soon. Only when the clock gongs out the hour -- 11:00 PM -- do you realize she is stalling for time.



Suldae Westwind: "I believe we can go even through rain," Suldae says shyly as she continues to play someone utterly uncomfortable with noble hospitality.

"We are accustomed to rough weather"



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Nonsense, darling. I wouldn't dream of it."

"I shall go order the carriage."

She leaves the room, seeming distracted by something (Roll Insight)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

27

Unarmed Strike (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

5 + 1
Bludgeoning

17**Unarmed Strike (+7)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**5***Bludgeoning*

whoops

not insight

20**INSIGHT (0)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**7****INSIGHT (0)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (LOL)**Marcus Veranius:****9****6****INSIGHT (2)**
Marcus Veranius

Henry has a sudden jolt of understanding. She was waiting for someone to arrive, and she is still stalling to buy them time.

**Suldae Westwind:****6****INSIGHT (4)**
Suldae Westwind

wow

just WOW

Marcus and Suldae sense nothing amiss.

**Marcus Veranius:** (whoops, shouldnt have neem disadvantage)**Suldae Westwind:** "I suppose it would be rude to impose on her any longer," Suldae speaks up in a manner that should seem in tune with her role to all but her party mates, who would be more familiar with her actual personality**Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry gets up quietly "She is waiting for someone"
his voice is pitched low**Suldae Westwind:** "It would be *really* rude to still be here when other guests arrive," Suldae stands up as well, just a hint of metal in her voice.

She is speaking quietly as well, in keeping with both her previous role and common sense.

**Strahd von Zarovich:** **4**

Marcus Veranius: "We ought to make our leave then."

(Oh bollocks)



Strahd von Zarovich: 5



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves to head out of the building



Strahd von Zarovich:

INITIATIVE
<i>Initiative:</i> 20.14

INITIATIVE
<i>Initiative:</i> 15.15

INITIATIVE
<i>Initiative:</i> 19.18



Suldae Westwind: (UH)



Strahd von Zarovich:

INITIATIVE
<i>Strahd von Zarovich</i>
<i>Initiative:</i> 23



Suldae Westwind: (WELL THEN)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (crapbaskets)

GM: Suldae is up



Suldae Westwind: if we're all agreed on moving out of the building, can we all use our move actions together?

To go in this formation?

GM: Yes



Suldae Westwind: we all have 30 ft aka 6 squares of movement right?



Strahd von Zarovich: Sounds about right



Suldae Westwind: "You've been on fire today, Marcus," Suldae mentions quietly as they walk. He gets Bardic Inspiration



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Wait! Don't leave, you'll be soaked!"

"Please, take my carriage. As a sign of our newfound alliance."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Please don't trouble yor self Milady we'll be fine"



Marcus Veranius: "I just came to a horrible realization."



Sulda Westwind: "I'm scared of cramped spaces," Suldae confesses shyly.

10

PERSUASION (7)
Sulda Westwind

(OUCH)



Marcus Veranius: "If we're seen in your carriage, Izek will never let us close enough to make our play."



Lady Fiona Wachter:

WISDOM
Lady Fiona Wachter

Ability: 13



Marcus Veranius: "I hate to say it, but we may better depart in the cover of rain."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae glances at Marcus.



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Oh, I hadn't thought of that," says Lady Wachter.



Sulda Westwind: (NICE SAVE)



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Perhaps you're right. I can have my footman drape the carriage in something, to cover the family coat of arms. In this rain, I think it unlikely anyone will take note."

"And besides, I'm sure you've probably been seen coming here to begin with."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae stays quiet, aware her interjection fell somewhat flat and unwilling to draw any more attention to herself.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "disrupting your servants night for us really isn't nessecary Milady"



Marcus Veranius: "I'd certainly hope we weren't caught; Derek made a good show of being chased."



Marcus Veranius has genuinely forgot the name of her spy, instead resorting to his alias



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Derek?"

"You mean Ernst?"



Marcus Veranius: "...your man?"

"Yes, that one."

"He's got fast legs. You know hoe to pick good men."

*how to



Marcus Veranius tips his hat and makes stride for the alley before Lady Wachter can interject



Lady Fiona Wachter: "No, wait, please!"

STRENGTH
Lady Fiona Wachter

Ability: 19

Lady Wachter grips Suldae by the arm.

Suldae Westwind: Suldae tries to slip out of her grasp

(can I oppose it with a Dex check?)



Lady Fiona Wachter: (Yes -- or acrobatics or athletics)

"The carriage is nearly here, it's not right to just blunder off into this downpour, you'll catch your death of cold!"



Suldae Westwind:

19

ACROBATICS (5)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae manages to slip free -- just barely.



Suldae Westwind: She follows after Marcus, pretending she didn't notice the odd strength in the old lady's grip

(I guess she was really motivated XD)



Marcus Veranius puts his hand to his heart, bearing a sincere smile



Marcus Veranius: "That we won't is why you trust us so, is that not the case?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to leave aswell his and clutching hand easing of his sword



Marcus Veranius makes his leave



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follows ushering Suldae in front of him putting himself at the rear of the group



Suldae Westwind: Suldae feels much better in the middle of the group.

BOOM.

A massive plume of fire rises into the southern sky. It seems to have come from the South Gate.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (fuckin really)

You hear the shouts of panicked guards, raising the alarm.



Marcus Veranius: "Dinner AND a show it seems."

The downpour is far more intense now that you are outside in it.

GM: (Jeez, not that intense -- sorry)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry curses both in Common and UnderCommon for waht seems like minutes without taking a breath



Marcus Veranius curses having to get blood on his new clothes.



Suldae Westwind: "Do we... go there?" Suldae asks, looking in that direction.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We should"

Marcus Veranius: "I'd rather see them on the wall then have them find us on the streets."



Marcus Veranius turns for the south gate

The deluge fills the air with cold and clinging mist. People are running through the streets, still putting on coats and drawing weapons. The militia has been mobilized.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry unslings his shield and draws his sword moving toward the Gate



Marcus Veranius pauses to consider



Suldae Westwind: "Agreed," Suldae says in relief.

She was mostly worried about the party wanting to hold back where she wanted to interfere again.
Or at least look at what's happening.



Marcus Veranius: "This is a game in several plays. Lady Wachter knew we were opposed to Strahd."
"If she intended to keep us in her home, and keep the watch on the southern gate."



Suldae Westwind: "She certainly didn't try to keep her loyalties secret," Suldae says.



Marcus Veranius: "Where is the Burgomeister, since his house is not an option."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It was the one we saw earlier with the failed spell"



Marcus Veranius: "...we need to find Izek. The Great Game is far from over."



Suldae Westwind: "I propose we go south first. He might be there, as well."
(we are talking while walking, right?)



Marcus Veranius: "We need retainers for all the messages we've to send."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pauses " He should be around there he is the Burgomeisters muscle"



Marcus Veranius: "Gate first, as Suldae suggests."



Marcus Veranius resorts to sprinting



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follows as fast as he can given the wet ground

The mist seems to thicken in a way that the rain alone cannot explain. In the heart of town, at the peak of the little hill where the main crossroads splits the village, the mist is thick enough to hide your own knees from view.



Marcus Veranius curses to himself. They did so good to thicken the wards. The festival was but hours earlier; how was all of this coming about!?

From the high ground here, through the rain, you see the torches of a group of men southwest of you. They seem to be headed towards the gate.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "This is not normal mist" Henry barks out



Suldae Westwind: Suldae does quite well for herself, with her dexterity and training in tumbling give her an advantage in dealing with treacherous terrain, so despite her shorter stature she keeps up with her companions

Henry of Willowsbrook: barks



Suldae Westwind: "Agreed!" Suldae calls out.

She just hopes the inn is as safe as the ravens' protection would suggest.

You hear the sound of Izek Strazni shouting commands.



Marcus Veranius: Oh bollocks. So he IS here



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Found our man"



Suldae Westwind: "He's there!" Suldae cries out unnecessarily



Marcus Veranius runs to Izek's side



Marcus Veranius: "IZEK! Bless that we found you!"

Izek cannot quite hear your words over the rain, but he turns and stands blinking in the downpour, looking in the direction of your voices.



Strahd von Zarovich: He raises his demonic arm and snaps his fingers, and a blast of flames envelops the fingertips. The fire burns bright as a torch, cutting through the darkness.

(Not supposed to be Strahd, sorry -- that was Izek)



Suldae Westwind: (thank god Imao)



Izek Strazni: "You lot!"



Marcus Veranius: "Lady Wachter makes her play today!"



Izek Strazni: "Walk with me, we've got a situation at the southern gate. What did you find out about Wachter?"

"What do you mean, makes her play today?"



Marcus Veranius: "The south gate is a diversion, as was the banquet. She means to strip away all those who might be capable of guarding the Burgomeister."



Izek Strazni: Izek turns on his heel.

He looks Marcus in the eye.



Marcus Veranius looks stern



Henry of Willowsbrook: "She was waiting for someone and was trying to keep us under her eyes"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at him, wide eyed and certain. She agrees with Marcus's analysis.



Izek Strazni: Without hesitation, he sprints away, headed towards the Burgomaster's manor -- conveniently less than a hundred feet away.



Suldae Westwind: "Do we follow him or do we go south?"

"If we follow him we're blowing any cover we might have"

"If we don't... well, we're out of the game on that"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Whatever after the Burgomeister is going to be worse then whats at the

gate"



Marcus Veranius: "Henry, I trust you to keep the Burgomaster alive. Suldae; I trust you to keep both Izek and Henry alive."



Suldae Westwind: "NO WE DO NOT SPLIT UP"

"MARCUS"

Suldae grabs his sleeve and glares at him

"Not AGAIN"

"Splitting up is the worst of both worlds"



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind:

10

PERSUASION (7)
Suldae Westwind

(up to you how you react to that, just wanted to put a number on it)



Marcus Veranius: "Bollocks all. What choice do we have?"



Suldae Westwind: "East or south!"

"Or stay where we are and do nothing! Or go back to the inn!"

"Just pick one!"



Marcus Veranius hates everything about this



Marcus Veranius: He takes out a coin and lets fate decide



Strahd von Zarovich: The mist swirls in a sudden whirlwind, forming into a towering pillar which suddenly assumes a humanoid form. This spectral giant stares down at you, claws akimbo.



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d2

(2)

= 2



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry seeing the mist shouts "GUYS!"



Suldae Westwind: so @Gm did you mean to have it be Strahd *this* time
coz spoilers if so XD



Marcus Veranius: "I've seen storms come to a head but this is just bollocks"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "TIMES UP I THINK"



Strahd von Zarovich:

INITIATIVE
Strahd von Zarovich

Initiative: **8**

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: **16**

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: **18**

INITIATIVE
Ghoul

Initiative: **19**

INITIATIVE
Ghoul

Initiative: **3**

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: **6**



Strahd von Zarovich:

INITIATIVE
Ghoul

Initiative: **3**

INITIATIVE
Ghoul

Initiative: **20**

INITIATIVE
Ghoul

Initiative: **18**

INITIATIVE
Ghoul

Initiative: **19**

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: **3**

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: **9**



Strahd von Zarovich:

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie
Initiative: **8**

INITIATIVE
Guard
Initiative: **6**

INITIATIVE
Guard
Initiative: **6**

INITIATIVE
Guard
Initiative: **5**

INITIATIVE
Guard
Initiative: **13**

INITIATIVE
Guard
Initiative: **13**



Strahd von Zarovich:

INITIATIVE
Guard
Initiative: **19**

INITIATIVE
Guard
Initiative: **19**



Suldae Westwind: "Well, stay here and do nothing it is I suppose," Suldae deadpans.



Marcus Veranius: "Make for the wall; lets trust Lady Wachter's fears were genuine."



Suldae Westwind: "Or that"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "so we ignore the mist monster?" Henry isn't sure if he sounds hopeful here



Suldae Westwind: "It'll probably chase us anyway," Suldae genuinely sounds optimistic.

19.14

INITIATIVE (3.14)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: "I aint got arrows that can kill a cloud, Henry!"

5.18

INITIATIVE (4.18)
Marcus Veranius

Henry of Willowsbrook:

18.15

INITIATIVE (2.15)
Henry of Willowsbrook

15.15

INITIATIVE (2.15)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (wish we had a proper grid for this that would put us in sane to scale distance from each other)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Neither do I but turning our backs to this sounds like the deadly kind of stupid"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pauses, then decides she doesn't lose much by trying the stupidest thing she can think of

[holding off until her turn]

(though wait her initiative is first anyway lmao)

(just not in the tracker)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus aint in the tracker either. RIP)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (none of us are)



Suldae Westwind: wish this happened after the timeskip lmao
would raise my spell DC by 1
anyway, it's totallly Suldae's turn

Suggestion

Enchantment 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you

Components: V, M (A snake's tongue and either a bit of honeycomb or a drop of sweet oil)

Duration: Concentration Up to 8 hours

You suggest a course of activity (limited to a sentence or two) and magically influence a creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you. Creatures that can't be charmed are immune to this effect. The suggestion must be worded in such a manner as to make the course of action sound reasonable. Asking the creature to stab itself, throw itself onto a spear, immolate itself, or do some other obviously harmful act ends the spell. The target must make a Wisdom saving

throw. On a failed save, it pursues the course of action you described to the best of its ability. The suggested course of action can continue for the entire duration. If the suggested activity can be completed in a shorter time, the spell ends when the subject finishes what it was asked to do. You can also specify conditions that will trigger a special activity during the duration. For example, you might suggest that a knight give her warhorse to the first beggar she meets. If the condition isn't met before the spell expires, the activity isn't performed. If you or any of your companions damage the target, the spell ends.

Suldae looks at the mist creature and says: "I'm sure you don't want to be in this town or in anyone's way tonight"



GM (GM):

WISDOM SAVE
Strahd von Zarovich

Save: 9 | 23

The figure of mist seems unaffected by Suldae's spell. She can tell that the spell did not take hold.

She realizes a moment later that it is probably an illusion.



Suldae Westwind: (an advantage, fucking really)

(fuck)

"Alright, that didn't work," Suldae says brightly. "It doesn't seem to be real, actually"

"Let's go to the wall"

She starts in that direction



GM (GM): (EoT)?



Suldae Westwind: yeah EoT sorry

(pls put me in the tracker)

(im confused)



Marcus Veranius: (Same)



Suldae Westwind: (*pls put US in the tracker)



GM (GM): You're all in the tracker...?

I'm not sure why it's not showing it, but you're all visible to me



Marcus Veranius: I think our tokens from another tab might be in the tracker. Our tokens in THIS tab are not, thus only you can see us in the initiative



GM (GM): Oh, how obnoxious

Well, we're about to change tabs again, I'm throwing down a scale map

Marcus Veranius: #GM Problems



GM (GM): A little easier for combat



Suldae Westwind: :D

thank you



GM (GM): So hold off on the initiative rolls for a sec



Suldae Westwind: ^^



GM (GM): OK -- roll initiative now, please



Henry of Willowsbrook:

8.15

INITIATIVE (2.15)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius:

8.18

INITIATIVE (4.18)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind:

17.14

INITIATIVE (3.14)
Suldae Westwind

OUCH



Marcus Veranius: (Forgive me; can you change the color of the grid on this page's tab? I can barely see it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I want my other roll back)



Suldae Westwind: Why Is This Keep Happen



GM (GM): I've restored your original rolls

INITIATIVE

Guard

Initiative: 12

INITIATIVE

Guard

Initiative: 12

INITIATIVE

Guard

Initiative: 4

INITIATIVE

Strahd von Zarovich

Initiative: **9**

INITIATIVE

Guard

Initiative: **3**



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE

Gate Guard

Initiative: **7**

INITIATIVE

Guard

Initiative: **9**

INITIATIVE

Guard

Initiative: **12**

INITIATIVE

Ghoul

Initiative: **15**

INITIATIVE

Strahd Zombie

Initiative: **7**

INITIATIVE

Strahd Zombie

Initiative: **13**



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE

Strahd Zombie

Initiative: **18**

INITIATIVE

Strahd Zombie

Initiative: **6**

INITIATIVE

Strahd Zombie

Initiative: **7**

INITIATIVE

Strahd Zombie

Initiative: **12**

INITIATIVE*Strahd Zombie**Initiative: 14***INITIATIVE***Strahd Zombie**Initiative: 8***GM (GM):****INITIATIVE***Ghoul**Initiative: 16***INITIATIVE***Ghoul**Initiative: 16***INITIATIVE***Ghoul**Initiative: 12***INITIATIVE***Ghoul**Initiative: 22***INITIATIVE***Ghoul**Initiative: 8***INITIATIVE***Ghoul**Initiative: 8***GM (GM):****INITIATIVE***Ghoul**Initiative: 22***INITIATIVE***Ghoul**Initiative: 17*

Aaaaand CLIFFHANGER

Because unfortunately I have to leave now :D

**Marcus Veranius:** (RIP)**Suldae Westwind:** well this is a *fun* one**GM (GM):** You'll probably maybe survive for a while

Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh well)



Marcus Veranius: (On the bright side, at least we're 1000% sure the Wachters are against us)



Suldae Westwind: (or, that we are against them)
(whichever way you put it)



GM (GM): Good morning!



Liliet (Suldae): I want to ask: those people with a... halberd? i guess? those are town guards?



Zanshukun: ello



Suldae Westwind: (hi)



GM (GM): Ah! I forgot to turn the nameplates on
Yes, those are guards



Henry of Willowsbrook: (everyone ready?)



Marcus Veranius: (yee o3o)

The figure of fog looms over Vallaki, turning its vast, empty eyes this way and that, sweeping its gaze over the huddled dollhouses behind the tiny toothpick palisade. The darkness beyond Vallaki is absolute. From above, the village sits like a tiny gold coin on an endless blanket of black velvet. Away to the east, a fork of lightning blasts the dark castle into silhouette. The fog being appears to be searching for something.

It has taken no notice of you.

The guards are running south towards the gate. The stench of smoke and the sound of flames come from that direction.



Marcus Veranius praises the wards for doing their work. The master of darkness cared not for bluffs; only magic would beget magic.



Marcus Veranius: "Let the fog blow its smoke; gut the horde and Strahd loses his hands."



Marcus Veranius runs for the south gate



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follows keeping an even pace to tired himself out
to not



Tops K.: Potato



GM (GM): Technical difficulties, bear with us



Henry of Willowsbrook:

12

CHARISMA SAVE (-2)
Henry of Willowsbrook



GM (GM):

SHORTBOW
Guard

Attack: 3 | 16

Ammunition: You can use a weapon that has the ammunition property to make a ranged attack only if you have ammunition to fire from the weapon. Each time you attack with the weapon, you expend one piece of ammunition. Drawing the ammunition from a quiver, case, or other container is part of the attack. At the end of the battle, you can recover half your expended ammunition by taking a minute to search the battlefield.

If you use a weapon that has the ammunition property to make a melee attack, you treat the weapon as an improvised weapon (see "Improvised Weapons" later in the section). A sling must be loaded to deal any damage when used in this way.

Damage: 3 Piercing

SHORTBOW

Guard

Attack: 9

Damage: 2 Piercing

SHORTBOW

Guard

Attack: 6

Damage: 4 Piercing

SHORTBOW

Guard

Attack: 2

Damage: 7 Piercing

SHORTBOW

Guard

Attack: 17

Damage: **5** Piercing

SHORTBOW
Guard

Attack: **3**

Damage: **3** Piercing



GM (GM):

SHORTBOW
Guard

Attack: **10**

Damage: **3** Piercing

SHORTBOW
Guard

Attack: **20**

Damage: **6** Piercing

SHORTBOW
Guard

Attack: **11**

Damage: **6** Piercing

SHORTBOW
Guard

Attack: **14**

Damage: **5** Piercing

27 Total Damage

SHORTBOW
Guard

Attack: **6**

Damage: **6** Piercing



GM (GM):

SHORTBOW
Guard

Attack: **3**

Damage: **5** Piercing

SHORTBOW
Guard

Attack: **10**

Damage: **4** Piercing

SHORTBOW
Guard

Attack: **10**

Damage: **6** Piercing

SHORTBOW
Guard

Attack: **20**

Damage: **4** Piercing

SHORTBOW
Guard

Attack: **2**

Damage: **2** Piercing

SHORTBOW
Guard

Attack: **9**

Damage: **2** Piercing



GM (GM):

SHORTBOW
Guard

Attack: **17**

Damage: **5** Piercing

SHORTBOW
Guard

Attack: **13**

Damage: **3** Piercing

SHORTBOW
Guard

Attack: **5**

Damage: **3** Piercing

18

SHORTBOW
Guard

Attack: **16**

Damage: **7** Piercing

SHORTBOW*Guard***Attack: 7****Damage: 6** Piercing**GM (GM):****SHORTBOW***Guard***Attack: 6****Damage: 2** Piercing**SHORTBOW***Guard***Attack: 11****Damage: 6** Piercing**SHORTBOW***Guard***Attack: 14****Damage: 6** Piercing**SHORTBOW***Guard***Attack: 9****Damage: 6** Piercing**SHORTBOW***Guard***Attack: 9****Damage: 3** Piercing**SHORTBOW***Guard***Attack: 5****Damage: 2** Piercing**GM (GM):****SHORTBOW***Guard***Attack: 20****Damage: 4** Piercing**32**

HIT POINTS <i>Ancient Black Dragon</i> <hr/> Hit Points: 375
--

Good morning everybody!



Liliet (Suldae): m o r n ^^

hey, Suldae was over *here*



Henry of Willowsbrook: (ok

The mists drift in strange and swirling shapes. Spectral images of fallen champions emerge, clutching their weapons, only to stare at you, hollow-eyed, before dissipating into skeletal forms and blusters of swirling fog.

Six conscious guards are about to open the gates for Strahd.

GM: (Henry, you just knocked one guard unconscious. You're still up.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves in front of them determined to not let them help Strahd in (EoT)



Guard: "Unhand me, unhand me! Let me go to him! Our master needs us..." The man has a dazed look in his eyes as he tries to rush into the gate-house. (Either Suldae or Henry may use their reaction to attempt to attack, grapple, or stun this man as he enters the western gate tower.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: I grapple one



Guard: (Athletics check)

STRENGTH <i>Guard</i> <hr/> Ability: 20



Henry of Willowsbrook:

27

Grapple (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

you can use the Attack action to make a Special melee Attack, a grapple. If you're able to make multiple attacks with the Attack action, this Attack replaces one of them.

Using at least one free hand, you try to seize the target by making a grapple check instead of an Attack roll: a Strength (Athletics) check contested by the target's Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check (the target chooses the ability to use). If you succeed, you subject the target to the Grappled condition.

>A grappled creature's speed becomes 0, and it can't benefit from any bonus to its speed.

>The condition ends if the

Grappler is incapacitated (see the condition).

>The condition also ends if an effect removes the grappled creature from the reach of the Grappler or Grappling effect, such as when a creature is hurled away by the Thunderwave spell.

Henry reaches out and grabs two of the guards rushing at the gate.

One guard makes it into the western gatehouse and grabs several axes, which he distributes to the other guards as soon as he emerges. The guards advance on the gate, axes upraised, eyes glazed.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae, who is still playing, shifts the melody. This is a grove, the music whispers, now calmer. A place for trees to grow and flourish; and for people to rest. Calm, restful, peaceful; you will be safe if you sleep.

21

Higher Level Cast

17

Hit Points of Creatures

90 feet

Sleep

Suldae Westwind



Guard: **38**

3.4545454545454546

Three of the guards immediately collapse, snoring.

The remaining two guards stand loyal to you. Henry has grappled two charmed guards, still conscious. Suldae stands over three sleeping ones. A fourth sleeping one, knocked unconscious by Henry's blow, lies in the street.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae is playing.

(EoT)

A fifth one is still running away.

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Guard:

INITIATIVE
Strahd von Zarovich

Initiative: 18



Marcus Veranius stares at the sky, his initial dread having melted into tears. Some of past loss, some of present horrors.



Liliet (Suldae): (so im not saying we need ambience music, but, , ,)

Marcus Veranius: [EoT; Marcus doesn't have non-lethal takedowns. :U]



Liliet (Suldae): (the net???)



Marcus Veranius: (FAK)



Liliet (Suldae): (YOU CAN STILL UNDO IT THE DM HAS NOT DONE ANYTHING YET)

(in all the games I've played the rule for changing your mind was 'before the next person reacts')



Marcus Veranius: (...that other guard is super out of range)

(Net has like... 3 squares max)



Liliet (Suldae): (so you run?)



Marcus Veranius *chases after the one guard*



Marcus Veranius: This is NOT running away from the dragon or Strahd. It is a tactical chase.

[EoT]



Strahd von Zarovich: "I shall be very cross with you, Vallaki, if you do not greet me warmly in a moment or two. You had better not let anyone stand in your way."

Guard: "Stay away from me, you freak!"



Strahd von Zarovich:

LONGSWORD (TWO-
HANDED)
Guard

Attack: **12**

Damage: **8** Slashing

The guard takes a swing at the pursuing Marcus, and attempts to flee. As an Attack of Opportunity, you may attempt to snare him with your net.



Marcus Veranius *is not in the mood for the three witty retorts he'd normally lay down against that comment*



Marcus Veranius:

21

15

Net (+9)

Marcus Veranius

A Large or smaller creature hit by a net is Restrained until it is freed. A net has no effect on creatures that are formless, or creatures that are Huge or larger. A creature can use its action to make a DC 10 Strength check, freeing itself or another creature within its reach on a success. Dealing 5 slashing damage to the net (AC 10) also frees the creature without harming it, ending the

effect and destroying the net.
When you use an action, Bonus Action, or Reaction to Attack with a net, you can make only one Attack regardless of the number of attacks you can normally make.

>A restrained creature's speed becomes 0, and it can't benefit from any bonus to its speed.

>Attack rolls against the creature have advantage, and the creature's Attack rolls have disadvantage.

>The creature has disadvantage on Dexterity Saving Throws.

Wordlessly, he draws a net from his side and aims to subdue the guard. Less this chaos spread to the other gatehouses.

Guard: "Oof!"

The guard collapses, tangled completely in the net.

He screams pitifully. "Please! You must let me go! You must let me go!"



Strahd von Zarovich: "No answer?" Says Strahd, his voice growing cold.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "TOWN'S UNDER CONSTURCTION PLEASE RETURN AT A LATER DATE"
Henry yells back



Strahd von Zarovich: "Have all the people of this village forgotten their instincts for self-preservation?"



Liliet (Suldae): (Suldae is playing)



Strahd von Zarovich:

Mass Suggestion
Enchantment 6

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: Up to twelve creatures of your choice that you can see within range and that can hear and understand you

Components: V, M (A snake's tongue and either a bit of honeycomb or a drop of sweet oil)

Duration: 24 hours

You suggest a course of activity (limited to a sentence or two) and magically influence up to twelve creatures of your choice that you can see within range and that can hear and understand you. Creatures that can't be charmed are immune to this effect. The suggestion must be worded in such a manner as to make the course of action sound reasonable. Asking the creature to stab itself, throw itself onto a spear, immolate itself, or do

some other obviously harmful act automatically negates the effect of the spell. Each target must make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, it pursues the course of action you described to the best of its ability. The suggested course of action can continue for the entire duration. If the suggested activity can be completed in a shorter time, the spell ends when the subject finishes what it was asked to do. You can also specify conditions that will trigger a special activity during the duration. For example, you might suggest that a group of soldiers give all their money to the first beggar they meet. If the condition isn't met before the spell ends, the activity isn't performed. If you or any of your companions damage a creature affected by this spell, the spell ends for that creature.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a 7th-level spell slot, the Duration is 10 days. When you use an 8th-level spell slot, the Duration is 30 days. When you use a 9th-level spell slot, the Duration is a year and a day.

"I suggest that anyone listening should heed my words, and open this gate to me."

(DC 17 Wisdom saves all around, please)

(Suldae has advantage on the check)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

1

WISDOM SAVE (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind:

15

15

WISDOM SAVE (2)
Suldae Westwind

(FUCK)

(FUCK FUCK FUCK)



Strahd von Zarovich: (Marcus, it's all you)



Marcus Veranius:

17

WISDOM SAVE (2)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: (you're out of range)

GM: Henry and Suldae will do anything in their power to open the gate -- on their next turn. Marcus is free to act normally.

Strahd von Zarovich: (Not for Strahd)



Sulda Westwind: (range: 60ft)



Strahd von Zarovich:

WISDOM
Commoner

Ability: 15 | 11

WISDOM
Commoner

Ability: 10 | 20

WISDOM
Commoner

Ability: 9 | 5

WISDOM
Commoner

Ability: 18 | 19

WISDOM
Commoner

Ability: 8 | 19

2



Sulda Westwind: (speak with plants has 10 mins duration. fuk)

Surprisingly, few if any villagers emerge from their houses at his call. It seems they fled into spaces where his voice could not reach them.

Strahd stands with his arms wide, ready to embrace Vallaki, which is slow to come and greet him.

GM: (Henry is up)

(In spite of her own urge to open the gate, Suldae can still attempt to hinder or stop Henry, and still understands that she should do so)



Sulda Westwind: (n i c e)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (ugh)

Henry lets go of the two bespelled Guards he is holding



Sulda Westwind: (hm, so I haven't used my reaction)

(what can I do with a reaction)

(can I cast a spell with a reaction)

GM: (What spell did you have in mind?)



Sulda Westwind: (Suggestion)

GM: (Yes)

(The spoken component would require you to stop playing, if I'm not mistaken)



Suldae Westwind: "SNAP OUT OF IT!" Suldae screams, dropping the ocarina. "DON'T LISTEN TO HIM!"

Suggestion

Enchantment 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you

Components: V, M (A snake's tongue and either a bit of honeycomb or a drop of sweet oil)

Duration: Concentration Up to 8 hours

You suggest a course of activity (limited to a sentence or two) and magically influence a creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you. Creatures that can't be charmed are immune to this effect. The suggestion must be worded in such a manner as to make the course of action sound reasonable. Asking the creature to stab itself, throw itself onto a spear, immolate itself, or do some other obviously harmful act ends the spell. The target must make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, it pursues the course of action you described to the best of its ability. The suggested course of action can continue for the entire duration. If the suggested activity can be completed in a shorter time, the spell ends when the subject finishes what it was asked to do. You can also specify conditions that will trigger a special activity during the duration. For example, you might suggest that a knight give her warhorse to the first beggar she meets. If the condition isn't met before the spell expires, the activity isn't performed. If you or any of your companions damage the target, the spell ends.

GM: (Roll the wisdom save, Henry)



Suldae Westwind: @ Henry



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes out his Halberd

1

WISDOM SAVE (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(wtf)



Suldae Westwind: (THANK YOU DICE)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so I'm back to normal?)

GM: You fall under her influence, *and* Strahd's.

So now you know you want desperately to do something for Strahd

But you no longer remember what he said.



Suldae Westwind: this is *amazing*

(this is VERY ooc me saying lmao)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (ah paralysing indesicion it is)



Suldae Westwind: (so incidentally, who still has Suldae's inspiration)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry, halberd raised ready to strike pause visbly confused at what he was supposed to do

GM: It feels a bit like walking an armful of dirty laundry to the washer and suddenly realizing that you're standing over the bathtub for some reason with an armful of dirty laundry and no memory of how you got there or what you were doing.



Henry of Willowsbrook: He leans on his halberd, mind spinning and headache growing "Wha..." EoT

GM: (Suldae is up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae picks up the ocarina, her head swimming. She remembers there's an effect she's maintaining and that it's important, but she also remembers that she needs to open the gate, and the life of everyone in Vallaki depends on it.

She looks at the trees. They grew here at her command, didn't they? Why did she do that? She can't remember, but it doesn't matter. They should still listen.

"Open," she asks.

12

25

PERSUASION (7)
Suldae Westwind

(NO ADVANTAGE)

(I FORGOT TO TURN IT OFF)



Suldae Westwind: (THE 12 GOES)

With trembling temerity, the branches refuse Suldae's command.



Strahd von Zarovich: "That's right, my children... You are born of this land, and you are of the land. And / am the land."



Suldae Westwind: (this was the action, right?)



Strahd von Zarovich: "Open, as the half-elf said."

The branches rattle, shaking leaves free.

The branches strain and groan, beginning to part.



Suldae Westwind: "We need to open this, or we're dead!" Suldae cries, a part of her mind aware that

something is wrong but the larger part believing that whatever it is can wait, and opening the gate is more urgent.

The gate is beginning to open. Suldae feels her mind freed from the Suggestion. Henry feels the suggestion in his mind changing -- transforming into an urge to kill the nearest thing.

Strahd begins to laugh as the branches snap themselves and crumble off in woody chunks.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's eyes widen in horror, as she realizes what just happened. Not knowing what else to do, she jumps forward into the breach and attempts to hold the wood together with her hands.

(does she have actions left or did the persuasion roll consume that)

Green leaves rush from the branches and form into emerald hands and grasp her firmly by the forearms. She is held in the gap by the embrace of the forest. Bark begins to grow on her skin.

She sees shadowy shapes of green dart across the crumbling gate, knitting, weaving, braiding new-growth vines and branches across the crumbling gap.



Suldae Westwind: With trembling hands she puts the ocarina back to her lips, guided by forest's embrace, and continues her previous song.

She sees green hands break the earth, and bring forth new trees of stout redwood -- a brand-new palisade door, completely sealing the gate, even as her original gate crumbles.

The green figures vanish back into the wood, becoming just a distortion of shadows on the bark of the trees, then nothing at all.



Suldae Westwind: (W H E W)
(EoT)



Strahd von Zarovich: Two gauntlets of bark have grown on her skin, covering her forearms and the backs of her hands.

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius: (Can Marcus see Strahd through the holes in the barrier?)

GM: (Henry still seems to be enchanted by both Suldae and Strahd, and very confuzzled. Strahd is no longer visible beyond the dense new growth which has filled the gate.)

There is a single gap, through which a golden eye blazes.

The oath bow trembles in Marcus's hands.

Marcus feels the brush of a powerful mind attempting to crush his will and dominate his desires. He shrugs it off. He also senses the center of evil itself, hovering above the city, swooping around just inside the cloud cover.

Choices, choices, Marcus...



Marcus Veranius: Those eyes Marcus knows all too well. Twice have they tried to sunder his will, and twice had he kept his resolve. What weighed more? Revenge, or Perseverance?

Surrender the gates for a chance to settle past pain, or abandon it for those in the present.

There was no choice. The oathbow would remain strapped to his side as crossbow sung its retort to

Strahd's cry.

"Leave."

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

1

Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]

Marcus Veranius

13

120

Hand Crossbow (+9)

Marcus Veranius

5

Piercing



Marcus Veranius:

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

6

Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]

Marcus Veranius

13

120

Hand Crossbow (+9)

Marcus Veranius

10

Piercing

11

120

Hand Crossbow (+9)

Marcus Veranius

7

Piercing

(...)

(My miss senses are tingling)



Zanshukun: (Strahds real power is making us roll like shit it seems)

Strahd's laughter echoes through the night. Wolves howl in a chorus that seems to come from all sides. It seems the armies of the night have encircled Vallaki.

The darkness blossoms, encompassing the gate. It is impossible to see if your crossbow bolts had any impact.

Henry is freed from Strahd's Suggestion.

GM: (EoT?)



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Strahd von Zarovich:

INITIATIVE <i>Ancient Black Dragon</i> <hr/> <i>Initiative: 15.14</i>
--



Henry of Willowsbrook: (are we supposed to not see Suldae right now?)



Suldae Westwind: (ya great q coz Suldae was inside the barrier)

GM: The forest has by now deposited Suldae back on your side of the barrier, before Strahd's Darkness spell overcame the barrier.

"Very well, then," says Strahd von Zarovich. Suldae feels the Weave move and flow. Strahd's voice then booms out over the entire city. "Have it your way. Nothing will leave or enter Vallaki until you have made peace with me, your king. I shall return tomorrow night. Bring me the wizard, Ireena, and Vallaki shall be spared from my wrath. Fail me again, and I will destroy you all."

You see a pulse of light blast into the sky a moment later, as though a teleportation circle has just been used.

All grows quiet.

It seems the dawn light is about to kiss the sky.

The darkness is slowly fading as the sky brightens. A dragon roars, soaring southwest.

Somehow you know that you will see it again soon.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes to the end of a verse and lowers the ocarina, exhausted beyond measure.



Strahd von Zarovich: **800** XP

GM: (You each gain 800 XP)



Guard: "Wh... Where am I?" The guard Henry knocked unconscious is coming around.

The other guards begin to rouse themselves. They look around, confused.

They stare at the wall of darkness where the gate was, and scuttle away in horror.

The guard in Marcus's net suddenly rolls over onto his back and stares up at Marcus.

"Let me out," he says. He seems to be fighting off an anxiety attack.

"Please! I'm bad with tight spaces."



Marcus Veranius *takes the lull in combat as his sign that he can stop being strong. He helps the guard out of the net, packs it away gently, then collapses onto the cobbles.*



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry mind now less clouded turns to Suldae "Would... Would you mind stopping...stopping that" He Gestures at his head



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods, releasing the spell.

"Sorry," she says quietly. "It was the only thing I could think of"



Guard: One of the guards runs into the tower.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shakes his head "Don't worry about it" he offers her his arm concerned she might slip on the still wet cobbles as weak as she now seems



Suldae Westwind: Suldae accepts his arm gratefully, and clips the ocarina back onto her belt with her other one.

"We survived today, it seems," she says weakly. "Now to find out what happened elsewhere, I suppose."



Milivoj: A young man comes running down the street, spots Marcus, and sprints to him. Breathlessly, Milivoj says: "Come quickly! It's the church!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods weakly the rush of combat leaving him



Milivoj: "Come quickly!" He says, seeming on the verge of tears. "Come on!"

"Please!"



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Seems the nights not over yet"



Marcus Veranius: "It seems I will find no respite this day."



Marcus Veranius *is easy to drag along, his will all but evaporated*



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tiredly limps along, attempting to lean on Henry as little as possible. This night has not been easy on any of them.

By the time you reach the corner of the intersection where the church comes into view, you see the cause of Milivoj's concern. The church has a gaping hole in the ceiling.



Marcus Veranius: (It took 20 seconds for the map page to load in. Iunno if you wanna kill the lighting effects)



Suldae Westwind: (i am seeing only a white rectangle)
(and now a purple pointy circle on the white rectangle)

GM: (Can you see now?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "please tell me my minds still under spell and there is not really a hole in the Church"

Suldae Westwind: Suldae pats him on the back sympathetically. "I wish"

She has burned out through her reserve of not sarcasm completely.



Marcus Veranius *inspects the hole carefully for signs of acid melt. This may have been the dragon's true purpose after all.*



Suldae Westwind: (I am still only seeing a white rectangle btw)

(and now also a black squiggle)

GM: (Try reloading the page?)



Marcus Veranius: (The black squiggle is a former church)

GM: (Anyone else seeing the map?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I see It)

GM: (I turned off the lighting effect, that might help)



Marcus Veranius: (It took a while to load in when you first switched to it, but I see it)



Suldae Westwind: (im going to reload the page)

GM: Let me know if it works

I see it!



Suldae Westwind: without the lighting effects

"The bones?..." Suldae trails off. The chances that those are fine aren't exactly stellar. But hope springs eternal.



GM (GM): (I had to reload it too)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (big priesti boi tokens)



GM (GM): (They weren't appearing when I was placing them, had to reload the page to see them)



Milivoj: "Come on!"

Milivoj races up the steps and into the church.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry still some what fresh in body follows right behind him



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is matching Henry's steps



Marcus Veranius: "The bones." Marcus retorts, tone a mix of pained acceptance. He already knows how things are in the church without even having to see it.



Suldae Westwind: If the priests aren't idiots, Suldae thinks, the bones should have been underground again.

Would that help against a dragon?...

Marcus feels a strange aversion to the inside of the church. At the same time, Henry and Suldae step inside, to see a large boulder filling most of the space. It rests within a sunbeam. Beneath it, pinned in the small space between the altar and the boulder, you see an arm extending into the sunlight.



Milivoj: "Come on!" Milivoj is in tears now. He rushes to the hand and grasps it.

"I brought them! Father, I brought them!"

"They're here!"



Priest: "Oh, what's that, boy?" Father Lucian's voice is weak and quavering.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Lights bright and merciful" Henry murmurs



Suldae Westwind: Suldae runs over and touches the arm. She half-murmurs half-sings a prayer of Corellon, not knowing if the man is injured but aiming to make it not so anyway.

8

Healing

Touch

Cure Wounds

Suldae Westwind



Priest: "Oh, why -- I feel stronger already!"

"Thank you, child! You were right to seek these people out."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks around seeking something that could be used to stem the boulder up and away



Suldae Westwind: "The crowbar?" Suldae wonders, looking over at Marcus. She's not sure it'll help, but hey, brainstorming, right?

Nothing in the chamber seems particularly suited to use as a lever. Except... There is a large cast-iron tapestry bar on one wall.

The problem is that it's twenty feet up, and about twenty feet long.



Suldae Westwind: Her hand still rests on the priest's, attempting to bring him comfort.

GM: (Has Marcus entered the church yet?)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus has)



Priest: 22

Marcus bursts into holy flame and is immediately expelled from the church.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "to short to be of use" Henry remarks eyeing the bar

Marcus lands rudely on the steps of the church, lightly singed.

He knows, somehow, that this was a relative love-tap.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "What the ? Marcus you alright"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks in his direction, eyes wide.

Marcus can stand in the doorway, but cannot cross the threshold without flames appearing.



Marcus Veranius lies on the ground outside, not bothering to get up this time.



Marcus Veranius: "I stopped being OK an hour ago."

"This is just icing."



Suldae Westwind: "We'll help," Suldae promises the priest with certainty and rushes over to Marcus. She offers her hand to help him up - or rather, attempts to drag him upright regardless of his wishes. She whispers the prayer again.

5

Healing

Touch

Cure Wounds
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius is dragged up, standing only because Suldae willed it

The black cat hops up onto a gravestone nearby and watches you calmly.

You suddenly realize that several people in black clothing are standing in the road, observing the church.



Suldae Westwind: It does not matter what he's done and what is wrong - she wishes and prays for it, and *knows* Weave will respond.

Suldae looks over at them, supporting Marcus even though she's barely able to stand herself.

As you watch, more emerge from around the sides of the building. You see Ravens flying into the graveyard. A moment later, people emerge from behind the gravestones.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Do you have a ladder or something like that around here?" Henry asks
Marcus is clearly hurt but so was the preist and one of those he could help



Priest: "A... ladder? I... Think so. In the shed."

"Behind the church."



Marcus Veranius looks around at the robed figures. Of all the days for them to meet in person, it had to be at his worst.

Danika: The tavern keeper approaches, and crouches down, and touches Marcus on the shoulder. He feels restored by powerful healing magic.

Danika Martikov smiles down at Marcus.



Suldae Westwind: (Marcus is already standing)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry now noticing the people outside turns to Milivoj "could you go fetch the ladder please"



Milivoj: "Sure thing, sir!"

Milivoj runs off, looking worried.



Henry of Willowsbrook: He approaches the others outside with forced calm

Wereraven: "We were pleased by your performance today," says Urwin Martikov, leaning casually against the banister of the stairs leading up to the church.



Marcus Veranius attempts to smile back, weakly. "I do not deserve your kindness. Thank you."



Suldae Westwind: "Perfomance," Suldae says. "Is that a pun, or?..."

She's lightly yet visibly swaying on her feet.

The smile on her face looks slightly frozen.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henrys eyes pass bye each of them in turn setteling on the Speaker



Wereraven: One of the were ravens unslings a mandolin and begins to play. The restful tune moves through your bones, restoring your bodies.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "we are gratefull to have 'entertained' you then" Henry said voice all vinegar



Suldae Westwind: Suldae straightens up and sighs, familiar swirls of the weave, now guided by someone else, comforting her mind as well as her body.

Memories of what happened today crash into her anew, but she's able to keep standing nonetheless.

She looks around more alertly.



Wereraven: Urwin Martikov smiles mirthlessly at Henry. "Do you know why the Keepers of the Feather have so cautiously guarded their secrets for so long?"

"Our enemy is wily. Our enemy is crafty. Our enemy is deadly. Our enemy is persistent. Our enemy is thorough."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Habits mostly by now?"



Wereraven: "We are not the first organized society to attempt to depower and destroy him."



Marcus Veranius: "Because Strahd has his roots in everything." Marcus retorts. "No matter how many we sever, his influence springs up somewhere else."



Suldae Westwind: "Is... our friend safe?" Suldae pipes into the conversation.

Strahd's mention of her *to the entire town* fills her mind.



Wereraven: "And now that we have seen you stand against his will, we cannot let you pass unaided through this land."

Danika says: "Your friend is safe. We have already hidden her with us."



Suldae Westwind: "Thank you," Suldae breathes out with a weak smile. She feels as though a mountain has fallen off her shoulders.



Wereraven: Danika reaches out a hand. A raven flies down to her finger. She extends her hand towards Suldae.

"We have had to take precautions, naturally."

"Her form could give her away. Strahd can see through most illusions."

"It was necessary to alter her completely, you understand."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae extends a hand with trepidation.

She notices the bark on it anew.

Wereraven: "She is unharmed, of course. We can turn her back at any time."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "so she's a bird now" Henry sighs



Wereraven: The Raven hops over to Suldae, bounces up her arm, and perches on her shoulder. It nuzzles her with its beak rather affectionately.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at the raven with her hand extended.



Marcus Veranius squints, then nods solemnly. "Strahd's magics could track her so easily had you done anything else. This was wise."



Suldae Westwind: She leans her head to the side, attempting to something like nuzzle it back.



Marcus Veranius: "It would not be the first time either."



Suldae Westwind: Upon second thought, she reaches with a hand to touch the raven's head instead. The large bird is heavy, but she is extending all effort she can to stand straight and keep her comfortable.



Wereraven: "We must plot our next move. The village will not last long in a siege. The allies of Strahd will tear his enemies to pieces. Already the cult is making moves."

"In a day or two, this place will be a bloodbath unless we do something."



Suldae Westwind: The plant growth on her hand seems entirely unimportant in the light of everything else, although a part of her mind is screaming that it's more important than anything else, since it's *her arms*. Suldae is still ignoring that part though.

She looks at the speaker, allowing the words to sink in.

(question: do we know this person's face/name? this isn't Danika, right?)



Wereraven: A few Wereravens approach the door of the church. They do not enter, and seem to take great caution not to cross the threshold. They raise their hands and gesture at the giant boulder, which slowly rises into the air weightlessly.

GM: (The Danika is the same Danika Martikov from the tavern)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah but she's not the one speaking right now?)

(oh wait, she is)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh radiant Light guide and protect us till the Last Dawn" Henry murmurs in practiced cadence "So I take it you fine folk have a plan then"



Suldae Westwind: (who was the other person?)

The priest emerges from the space beneath the boulder. The interior of the church and the altar seem to be unharmed by the boulder.

GM: (The other person was Urwin Martikov, her husband)



Suldae Westwind: (I'm going to assume Suldae knows him then, ty



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to look at the priest contrite. He had almost completely forgotten him



Marcus Veranius looks into the church, eyes watching as the priest became free. The tapestry they intended to use, however, quickly caught his eye. And with it, an idea.

The Wereravens fling up their hands, and the boulder hurtles out of the church with a swirl of wind that raises the priest's white hair in gusting wisps, and gutters all the candles. The boulder soars away, no doubt aimed at a nearby mountain.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae watches the complex magics at play, her eyes wide. She's had little interaction with mages who weren't other bards of Corellon.



Wereraven: "As you can see," says Danika, "We are capable allies."

"In spite of the limitations of our curse."



Sulda Westwind: This is somewhat like watching fireworks for a kid, for her.



Wereraven: "You are not the only one who cannot walk on hallowed ground, Marcus."



Sulda Westwind: It's certainly doing a great job of distracting her from all the horrors of today.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...I am starting to get tired of magic" Henry whispers to himself



Sulda Westwind: Suldae grimaces guiltily. She still doesn't feel particularly fine about using compulsion magic on a friend, despite knowing it was her only choice.

(TY for the visual!!!)

Her free hand finds the holy symbol at her throat and fingers it. She reaches for the warmth within it for comfort.

Eyes closed for the moment, she offers a silent prayer to Correllon for centering of mind and grace of thought.

The bark catches her attention again, but she still pushes the thought aside.



Marcus Veranius: "I tire of many things. But rest is for those who have no danger at their heels."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry catches her expression before heaving a deep sigh "Suldae I told you it was fine I just..." he takes a moment to form the sentences, he was so tired,"..feel so insufficient in the face of such wonders"



Marcus Veranius: "At least we may be tired in the company of good friends."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae looks at him, eyes wide, then finding no words, reaches for him, takes his arm and touches her forehead to it, attempting to both give comfort and take it.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "and horrors" He adds shivering at the memory of Stradhs grasp on his mind



Sulda Westwind: "I could not resist either," she whispers, "and it could have been the greater disaster."



Wereraven: "Come, we have much planning to do. We will use the Tavern as our fortress, for now."

"You should come as well, Father. You may be useful."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae, still holding onto Henry's arm, catches Marcus's with the other.



Marcus Veranius nods. "I will assume my ejection from the church means the bones are still safe. There is some solace in that, even if my entry be barred."

Priest: Father Lucian nods solemnly, smoothing his whips white hair.



Sulda Westwind: She walks between them, holding onto both, Ireena on her shoulder.

Priest: "Yes, the bones remain safe."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Don't suppose we could rest before planning even if its only a little while"



Sulda Westwind: "Thank the gods," Sulda whispers at the news.



Wereraven: "We can rest in the tavern with the doors and windows barred. It will not see guests until after the noon hour, so we have the morning to ourselves."

(Do you agree with her suggestion, and go to the tavern, or do you suggest some alternative spot, or make some other decision?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Small favors" Henry hums his tiredness blanketing his mind more so than his body



Sulda Westwind: Sulda has no objections, and is ready to follow.

She is keeping hold of her companions, for comfort more than anything.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus likes the tavern suggestion. His walk maintains more spring than it did moments ago. Perhaps the day was salvageable; hard to wallow in doubt with so many doing their best to raise spirits.



Sulda Westwind: (wait, is it like.... morning already???)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (yep dawn came a strahd fucked of)
as)



Sulda Westwind: (ty)

(uh, am i the only on seeing two suldaes)



Marcus Veranius: (Sulda and the Cooler Sundae)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (nope Henry also just selfduplicated

GM: (The Description of this room, again)

Damp cloaks hang from pegs in the entrance portico. The tavern is packed with tables and chairs, with narrow paths meandering between them. A bar stretches along one wall, under a balcony that can be reached by a wooden staircase that hugs the north wall. Another balcony overhangs an entrance to the east. All the windows are fitted with thick shutters and crossbars. Lanterns hanging above the bar and resting on the tables bathe the room in dull orange light and cast shadows upon the walls, most of which are adorned with wolf heads mounted on wooden plaques.

Danika and Urwin methodically lock all the doors and windows on the ground floor, sending their boys to do the same on the upper floor. Meanwhile, the other Wereravens sidle into the room and get comfortable.



Sulda Westwind: Sulda drags both Marcus and Henry to the table with her before getting seated.

(i can move henry's token :D)

You see a representative age group. 4 Young men, 3 Young women, 3 Old men, 2 Old women, and 4 Children.

GM: ALRIGHT IT'S TIME TO NAME SOME NPC'S
EACH GOOD NAME IS 10 GP



Marcus Veranius: Bill
Bill Jr



Suldae Westwind: Marina, Olena, Bogdan



Marcus Veranius: Bill Sr



Wereraven: 20 GP to Marcus
30 GP to Suldae



Henry of Willowsbrook: Miroslav



Suldae Westwind: Gleb, Oleg, Ruslan, Lyudmila
Dana, Milana



Henry of Willowsbrook: Friedhelm Janosh



Wereraven: 10 GP to Henry



Suldae Westwind: Vladimir
Lubov



Henry of Willowsbrook: Detlef



Suldae Westwind: Tamara, Kira
Danila



Wereraven: Boom, contest is over



Suldae Westwind: (lubov is female, danila is male btw)

^^

(I'll take those 30gp :D)



Wereraven: All yours



Henry of Willowsbrook: (whats gp?)



Marcus Veranius: (Gold Pieces)



Suldae Westwind: (miroslav is a great one btw)

GM: Alright you can look outside the tavern to see the names, I'm removing the lighting effect
If you see a name you suggested, take 10 GP for it



Suldae Westwind: ...im going to refresh the page. the lighting effect moves with me scrolling instead of disappearing lmao

GM: Lol

TeChNiCaL dIfFiCuLtLeS



Wereraven: Technical Difficulties



Tops K.: The unfortunate thing is that only those who can control the token can see the names.
Therefore, we don't get paid jack tiddly



Zanshuken: (damn and no mystery biscuits)



Liliet (Suldae): (yp)

GM: Well frag-doodly



Ireena Kolyana: NAMES UESED:

BILL JR (Young Man)

BOGDAN (Young Man)

OLEG (Young Man)

DANILA (Young Man)

MARINA (Young Woman)



Ireena Kolyana: OLENA (Young Woman)

LYUDMILA (Young Woman)

BILL (Old Man)

MIROSLAV (Old Man)

GLEB (Old Man)

TAMARA (Old Woman)



Ireena Kolyana: KIRA (Old Woman)

VLADIMIR (Little Boy)

LUBOV (Little Girl)

JANOSH (Teenage Boy)

FRIEDHELM (Teenage Girl)

GM: I expect to see all of those on the important NPCs list



Liliet (Suldae): (holy shit i get 100GP :D)



Marcus Veranius: (No)



Liliet (Suldae): (Marcus pleeeeeease :o)



Marcus Veranius: (OK fine)

GM: Each one that's still alive by the end of the week is worth additional XP



Henry of Willowsbrook: Friedhelm is a guys name

GM: Well, I should say, at the end of the siege

Her parents are very modern



Liliet (Suldae): I'm guessng she gets called Frieda in everyday conversation XD



Marcus Veranius *looks around the room, waiting to see if anyone would take the floor. If not, he motions to speak himself.*



Liliet (Suldae): OOOH

I'm starting ot see their names!

teenagers are genderless~

all teenagers are secretly nb

this is an important truth to acknowledge

...is there an easy way to make all tokens half sized



Liliet (Suldae): so they fit the chair size

^^

now we fit in the tavern much better



Marcus Veranius: "I do not know what passes as entertainment in Barovia; have you heard of stage magicians? Sleight of hand experts who use guile and trickery to confuse the mind, rather than magic?"

"Drop a curtain, lift it up. The man under has vanished into thin air."

The raven hops onto the table.



Marcus Veranius: "Moved out of sight, but seemingly made to evaporate. The senses betray what reality isnt."

The black cat jumps up onto the table.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae raises her eyebrows at that description, and waits for Marcus to elaborate.

The cat nuzzles the raven.

Suddenly, the cat is nuzzling Ireena Kolyana, who is sitting on the table.



Marcus Veranius: "We have half a parlor trick. Strahd's chosen bride has vanished, and no magic will be able to point her location."

Ireena greets the cat into her arms and it crawls onto her shoulders.



Ireena Kolyana: "Hi guys!"



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae stands up, pushes her chair aside, and offers Ireena her arm



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena stands up on the table and hops off with Suldae' aid.



Marcus Veranius: "Now how can we complete the act in a way that tricks Strahd to leave the village be?"



Liliet (Suldae): She smiles at her radiantly, joy lighting up her features and melting away the mental exhausting of this night.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tiredly begins the process of taking of his armor as best he can for

now



Ireena Kolyana: The cat remains perched on her shoulder. Ireena seats herself in Suldae's chair.



Marcus Veranius: "I open the floor to ideas."



Ireena Kolyana: *on the arm of

Urwin: The owner of the Blue Water strokes his greying beard thoughtfully.

"I don't believe our illusion magic would stretch far enough to achieve a simulacrum, would it?"

Danika: Danika shakes her head, sadly.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae pulls Ireena down into the chair proper and seats herself into her lap, judging this a better arrangement than vice versa due to their respective sizes,

Urwin: "Damn."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry ignoring Marcus for now turns to Danika "you wouldn't happen to have some cherry or apple brandy would you?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena seems to enjoy the new arrangement better.



Liliet (Suldae): (FUCK)



Ireena Kolyana: The cat hops down into Suldae's lap.



Liliet (Suldae): (my mouse is not doing what i want gimme a minute)

Suldae is petting the cat as she's listening to everyone.

(ty)



Marcus Veranius: "I have one idea if no one has a better suggestion, though I hesitate given how risky and foolish it may be."

Danika: "I'll see what I can rustle up. Our stores are getting light, the last shipment was late."

Danika leaves, moving into the kitchen. You hear the sound of children playing for a moment inside the kitchen, then the door swings shut.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae has a thought as well, though she hopes Marcus's idea is better.

Urwin: "We must look to the safety of Vallaki and its people."

"We will do what we can to help you, and to get her out of the village."

"But we have our own people to think about first."

"It's clear that Strahd must be slain, I think we agree on that point."



Marcus Veranius: "Mayhaps we may not need to evacuate just yet. Perhaps we give Strahd what he wants."

"A bride to soothe his aching heart, though not necessarily the one of his choosing."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry's mind sluggishly rumbles over what he knows about the region, Strahd and the Divine as a whole



Sulda Westwind: Suldae gives Marcus a glare. She doesn't doubt he doesn't mean what that *sounds* like, but a token glare is in order nonetheless.

Urwin: Urwin cocks an eyebrow. "What did you have in mind?"



Marcus Veranius: "There is a certain elder in this town who is obsessed with Strahd, wanting nothing more than to make peace with him as to save Vallaki."

"Her methods are crude and I cannot justify them, but her heart may suit our purposes."

Urwin: "You are referring, I presume, to Lady Fiona Wachter. You mean too persuade her to stand in for Ireena?"



Marcus Veranius: "What if in the absence of the real Ireena, we could make her into a fake? Grant her the chance to be with Strahd as his bride."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae whistles appreciatively.

Urwin: "That's not a half-bad idea. You might find her more complex than that, however." Urwin glances at his wife, who has re-entered the room.

Danika: Danika approaches Henry, offering him a bottle of peach brandy. "This is what we have, I'm afraid."



Marcus Veranius: "Well I didn't say it was a GOOD idea. There are countless risks."

"Nevermind the methods of HOW we would shape her into Ireena's doppelganger."

Danika: "Lady Wachter still sleeps with the corpse of her husband. She keeps it from rotting with a *Gentle Repose* spell."



Sulda Westwind: "It would, of course, be highly unethical to use magic to aid in her persuasion," Suldae murmurs. Suggestion only lasts a short while, but if the suggestion is made for her to *find convincing reasons* why she'd want it...



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry peeling himself out of his chestplate and pauldrons takes a moment to think "wait a moment Suldae what did that Elf tell you the one we met at Lady Wachters"

Danika: "So you might find she'll take some convincing to, uh... Move on."



Sulda Westwind: "That she's evil," Suldae answers. "The fact he isn't on her side was the more interesting bit of information there, if implicit."

Urwin: "Elf? What elf?"

"The Dusk Elf?"



Sulda Westwind: "...you know," she remarks to Danika, "the idea of using magic there is growing on me."

Under the circumstances it might actually count as therapy.

Kira: An old woman seated at a long table with some other elders, smoking a pipe, says: "Aye, there's a tragic tale."



Sulda Westwind: She nods to Urwin.



Marcus Veranius: "The fact of the matter is, it would be easier to convince one person to play a part than it would be to hold off all of Barovia's monsters. If it meant cutting around an impossible siege, I

would give it a try."



Sulda Westwind: And looks to Kira curiously.

Miroslav: . An old man pats Kira's hand. "Not now, Kira. Not in front of the children."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods his thanks at Danika before taking a deep gulp of the brandy, not quite the taste of home he had sought but close enough for now



Ireena Kolyana: "'Tis too gruesome."

(That last as Miroslav, sorry)

Miroslav: "'Tis too gruesome."

Tamara: "They've a right to hear it! They are a part of this land as much as any of us!" An elderly woman at the back of the table blurts out.

Olena: "I want to hear it, grandmother!" One of the young women guarding the front door pipes up.



Sulda Westwind: Sulda looks around the room. No actual small children seem to be actually present.

"Maybe we should hear it," she adds her voice to the suggestion.

Urwin: Urwin looks at Kira. "That old elf won't help us. He's too wrapped in his pain. He'd need something from us, to make it worth the diversion from his grieving."

Kira: "Alright, then. I'll tell the tale."

"Once, there was a thriving community of Dusk Elves in this area."

"Their people had lived alongside us, in the hills and the forests, for centuries. Bear in mind, my grandmother's mother was just a child at the time this happened. It was a long, long time ago."

"They say there was a woman among the Dusk Elves, more beautiful than all the rest. Her name was Patrina Velikovna."

"Her beauty brought the attention of Strahd, who chose her as his bride."



Sulda Westwind: Sulda listens, perhaps more attentively than the rest.

And doubly so now.

Kira: "His treacherous manservant, Rahadin, opposed the union. Patrina was sent back to her people in secret, against the will of Strahd."

"It is said she longed for power, and went to Strahd *willingly*."

Her people stoned her to death for it.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns dreading how the story will no doubt end already



Sulda Westwind: Sulda's eyebrows rise, both for the use of the word 'treacherous' and Patrina's ending.

Kira: "Strahd's vengeance was cold, and calculating. Through a curse, he slew the women and children among the Dusk elves. By the hand of his manservant, Rahadin, he mutilated the surviving males -- clipping their ears, to shame them. Ever since, he has kept his spies near them, watching them, ensuring that their power does not grow and their allegiance to him remains strong."




Sulda Westwind: Sulda frowns.

"Why did Rahadin did what he did?"

Kira: "Spies have said that the Dusk Elf Kasimir, Patrina's brother, would be a good target to turn to our side."

"The Dusk Elves live forever. Now they live forever as a broken people -- without a future. He will not allow any of them to make children, or to adopt new members into their community. They are doomed to a dwindling fate."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Sounds to me like they would *all* make good targets..." Suldae mumbles under her breath. No allegiance brought by fear can be more than skin deep.

Urwin: "Their power has always been a rumor. It is said that they are gifted spell casters."

"Now that the spies who watched them in the Vistani camp are gone, we can approach them for aid."

Oleg: One of the young men asks: "Wait, what happened to the Vistani camp?"

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae winces visibly.


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry grunts "Tiger got loose"

Urwin: "A tiger attacked it. There were no survivors."


Oleg: "What? NO!?"

Oleg bolts to his feet and flees for the door.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "..."

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae reaches her hand to grip Marcus's. She squeezes, attempting to comfort him / help center his thoughts.
(fff)

Olena: The two young women guarding the door hold it shut, looking to their elders for commands.


 **Suldae Westwind:** (one sec while i place the token as i want)

Urwin: Urwin sighs heavily, massaging his temples.


 **Suldae Westwind:** (there)

Urwin: "I'm afraid she's gone, Oleg. There's no use leaving Vallaki to find out what you already know."

Oleg: Oleg collapses as though his legs have been taken out from under him. He slides down the door pitifully, breaking into silent sobs. He is trying very hard not to show his face to the room.

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae finds Ireena's hand with her other one and threads her fingers through hers, seeking comfort of her own.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry regards the other man with open sympathy

 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena gives Suldae's hand a squeeze.

"Alright," says Ireena. "So some bad things happened."

"But we've got to move forward."

"Where do we go from here?"

"How do we get out of Vallaki? *Do* we get out of Vallaki?"

Urwin: "I understand from the reports, you and your companions visited the fortune teller. Is that true?"



Sulda Westwind: "We could suggest to Fiona to consider our plan," Suldae says.

Urwin: "Perhaps in her words there may be some wisdom."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Her Lady Wachter wanted us to kill the Burgomeisters Man for her because his arm scared her "



Sulda Westwind: "Though it's a risky plan."



Marcus Veranius looks up. *"Some wisdom came from the Vistani, though none immediately relevant to our predicament."*



Sulda Westwind: "We have spoken to the fortune teller, yes," Suldae rakes her memory for the old woman's words.



Marcus Veranius: "Although..."



Sulda Westwind: Then she goes to her notebook instead.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I haven't" Henry adds sardonically the way things had gone fortune telling might just have been salt in his wounds



Sulda Westwind: "Walls of bones, a chandelier of bones, and a table of bones -- all that remains of enemies long forgotten," she reads.

"A powerful force for good and protection, a holy symbol of great hope"



Marcus Veranius: "The dusk elves mentioned an amber temple which held power beyond Strahd. Madame Eva mentioned a treasure in a castle guarded by amber giants."



Sulda Westwind: "Thsi might just refer to the church here, but if not..."



Marcus Veranius: "If these are two in the same, that may be a possible way forward once the siege is mitigated."



Sulda Westwind: "The treasure is hidden in a small castle beneath a mountain, guarded by amber giants... And a dragon," Suldae reads the other passage.

She looks up at Marcus.

Urwin: "The description of the bones sound like the Hall of Bones, inside the castle. We have heard rumors of such a place. The other does sound like it might have something to do with the Amber Temple."



Marcus Veranius: "There is one prophecy we have identified in a cave of wolves to the west. The only other would be a vault of temptation hidden behind a woman of great beauty."

"Where which we will find a creature of darkness that will lead us to Strahd... or something."



Sulda Westwind: "The castle?" Suldae asks. "Castle Ravenloft itself, where he lives? Sounds... dubiously useful, if so."

Urwin: Urwin shakes his head. "I'm afraid I can't help you there."

Marcus Veranius: "It's all bollocks in the now. Treasures we have neither the time nor secrecy to acquire."

"Though the dusk elves' tale does embolden me to reaffirm my plan."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena's cat hops up onto the table, picks up a black raven feather in its mouth, and drops it on the table in front of Marcus. "There are ways we could move unseen," says Ireena.



Suldae Westwind: "Alternatively," Suldae speaks up, "if we can manage to get out of the town past Strahd's blockade, and alert him that we did without handing ourselves to him on a silver platter..." she trails off. This consists of two parts, competing for least doable.



Marcus Veranius picks up the feather, staring at it curiously



Suldae Westwind: She looks up at Ireena, hopeful for another solution.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry muses for a second "the Lake might be something we could look into it's where Izek got his arm that seems to atleast inconvenience Strahd"



Marcus Veranius: "...well, that'd be ONE way of getting around I suppose. If we were to receive that blessing."

"Regardless, Strahd is a creature of Ego. He will NOT let Vallaki go unless we give him what he wants. And what he wants is a beautiful bride."

"Not necessarily Ireena, as there have been brides before and likely brides after."

"That is our key. We counter war with love."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae wrinkles her nose skeptically.

"I think he might be the type to go after Ireena just to prove he's not to be denied, even if another woman catches his eye."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry laughs "Didn't take you for a romantic"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark approaches the little table and seats himself next to Marcus.



Suldae Westwind: "He's after affirming his power as much as he's after... well, lust"

Suldae has her own opinions on what counts as love and what doesn't.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "What about Rictavio?"

"Should we try to contact him?"

"Do we trust him, at this point?"

You do not need to be reminded of the corpses falling in the street



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I trust him to oppose Strahd but with little else "



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Isn't that enough?"



Ireena Kolyana: "No, Ismark. It's not enough."

"The Baron opposes Strahd."



Marcus Veranius: "Rictavio is a wicked man, but he is also an enemy of Strahd." Marcus affirms, voice bordering on cold. "I trust him to work with us however we may go about out buisness."

Ireena Kolyana: "Do you see us looking at him as an ally?"



Sulda Westwind: Suldae's eyes dart towards the young man shuddering in grief at the door, then back to Ismarck.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "He would see this town ruined if it gave him a shot at ending Stradh"



Ireena Kolyana: "That's true enough," says Ireena.



Sulda Westwind: "He is not exactly reliable, even if he means... *well*..." Suldae says, not concealing her skepticism at the word "well".



Ismark Kolyanovich: "So would I!" Shouts Ismark, and he thumps the table with both fists.



Sulda Westwind: Suldae reaches over the table and smacks him on the head.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "We should be hunting that beast down, not finding out how to appease his ego." Ismark gets to his feet, ruefully rubbing his head.



Sulda Westwind: "Rictavio would sacrifice Ireena in heartbeat," she notes.



Ismark Kolyanovich: He starts pacing around the table, crossing his arms.



Sulda Westwind: She's well aware the manipulation is crude, but so's his reasoning.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Rictavio would use Ireena as bait," says Ismark, remorselessly. "But he'd only do that if he thought there was a chance of killing that vampire for the cost."



Marcus Veranius: "This is a game of chess, Ismark. Strahd has us in check, Checkmate if we do not lessen his hold."



Ireena Kolyana: "Uh, hi," says Ireena, hand upraised.

"Not going to be bait," says Ireena.



Marcus Veranius: "Whatever move we make against Strahd CANNOT come at the cost of Vallaki."



Ireena Kolyana: "Sorry to disappoint."

"And yes, what Marcus said."



Sulda Westwind: "Yeah," Suldae joins her voice to hers.

She tries to not give away too much of the rush of joy running through her body at Ireena's words.

She's not going to forget what happened at the house any time soon.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns at Ireena incredulously "Was that even on the Table?"



Sulda Westwind: "No, we're just clearing things up," Suldae assures him.



Henry of Willowsbrook: he is visibly confused here



Sulda Westwind: "And talkng about why Rictavio is... a very dubious asset."

"He has something of a tunnel vision problem."

Suldae is trying to be delicate, mostly for the sake of the young man still crying.



Ireena Kolyana: "I've had a terrible realization," says Ireena.

"What if Strahd had those Vistani under illusions when Rictavio was spying on them? To make the camp seem better armed than it was?"

"What if he was misled, too?"

"And he just... Escalated his response..."



Suldae Westwind: "Likely," Suldae agrees, dry tone showing she does not think that much of an excuse for his actions.

That was *why* she was trying to insist on double checking.



Marcus Veranius: "I do not wish to think of this. What's past won't help us in dealing with the present." Marcus frowns. The debate on who they could trust was a matter for when they DIDNT have 24 hours before the town's destruction.



Ireena Kolyana: "Right, so we've got to think quickly."

"How can we make the most of the time we have before nightfall?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "What's done is done" Henry groans out unwilling to reopen such fresh wounds



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stays silent. She agrees with the sentiment.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "We can make the guards deaf, for one thing," says Ismark.

"Suldae, you can heal eardrums, right? What about you, priest?"

"Just go around with a stick and *poke poke*"

"Strahd can't get in, can he? And his fire can't cross in."

"So what's the problem? His monsters burn up if they cross the threshold."

Urwin: "The real danger to Vallaki comes from Vallaki's own people, I'm afraid."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae raises her eyebrows. "If the guards agree to the procedure, yes, I could heal them later. If."

"I doubt however that he has no way of *harming* the town."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry heaves a deep sigh "They aren't nearly trained well enough to fight and follow orders deaf"



Suldae Westwind: "They'd hardly need to fight," Suldae noted.



Marcus Veranius: "That rock in the church is good evidence that the town is NOT immune to siege."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods to Marcus's words.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Wait, what rock?"



Priest: "The rock that nearly crushed me, you nincompoop!"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Oh, I wasn't there for that. I was spying on the Burgomaster."



Suldae Westwind: "What happened there, actually?" Suldae asks.

Addressing both of them.

Oops.

Priest: "Right, so the dragon can drop rocks."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "They don't need to but they might have to fight and and I'm telling you those man are one bad thing happening away from deserting even with out compulsion"



Priest: "It can't breathe acid through the protective barrier, but it can drop pieces of the landscape through."

Urwin: "He's right, the men are not disciplined or organized, and their leadership is based around fear."

"My own people are better trained, more organized, and more mobile. You'll be using us to defend the city instead."



Suldae Westwind: "The Burgomeister," Suldae sighs. "So, what happened there, Ismark?"

"Honestly the guards are best kept at their homes with their families."

"If they hadn't been at the gate at all, today, we would have been actually safer."

"Live and learn."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Izek showed up and went inside. There were some purple flashes from an upstairs window. They barricaded the doors and windows, and a guard came out every fifteen minutes to see if the coast was clear."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks up the ceiling for a moment "We don't know what that spell that failed yesterday was supposed to to riht?"

right

"The teleporting one at the Burgomesiters place" He adds more to remind himself what it was

Danika: "The Burgomaster's son has been attempting to build a teleportation circle for gods know how long. It will always fail, due to the very same protective power that shields Vallaki."

"It will not permit anything to teleport directly into or out of the village."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "and we don't know what he tries to teleport or where ?" Henry asks suspecting he already knows the answer

Danika: "We have not ascertained that much, unfor

*"unfortunately."



Marcus Veranius: "If I were to guess the man for how he acts, perhaps it is a backdoor escape should his walls fail to keep Strahd at bay."

"Save himself, worst come to worst."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry smirks "a metaphysical bolthole, seems about right"



Suldae Westwind: "So was there any resolution at the house?" Suldae asks, bringing the topic back around to Ismark's intelligence.

"Do we know if the Burgomeister is alive?"



Marcus Veranius shrugs. "I assume do. He had Izek all to himself."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "He's alive."



Suldae Westwind: "Izek could have been late," Suldae notes more for the sake of arguing than

anything.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Probably still holed up in his house as we speak."



Suldae Westwind: "He is?"

Suldae pauses, trying to come up with the least offensive version of 'how do you know'. She's not questioning Ismark's brains, she's just trying to figure out the details!



Ireena Kolyana: "I saw as much with Miranda, too," says Ireena, stroking the cat.

"Incidentally, Suldae, what do you think of the name Miranda?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "That's...good" Henry comments unsure if it was actually all that good comments



Suldae Westwind: "It's an excellent name," Suldae says with feeling and scratches the cat's ear. She's guessed the cat is Ireena's familiar a bit ago already.



Marcus Veranius: "Seems more like a daughter name. But one better than I could come up with."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry bites down on his comment



Marcus Veranius looks at the feather once more, then nods to himself. "Right then. Unless anyone else has a plan, I shall go about mine. Urwin; if I were to secure a volunteer impostor, do you possess the means to make them look genuine?"

Urwin: "I believe that could be accomplished. Danika is fair-to-middling with illusion and shape-changing spells."

Danika: "Indeed, I am fair-to-middling in those."



Marcus Veranius: "Then I shall try my luck with Lady Wachter. We save the most lives avoiding war than playing into it."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at Marcus. She's tired as hell, but...

"You might want use of my magic in that. But perhaps we should rest first?"

"We have a full day. We can talk to her in the evening. We haven't slept for a full 24 hours now."



Marcus Veranius: "Perhaps. I'm exhausted, and likely so everyone else in town."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Rest sounds lovely" Henry murmurs energy draining out of him like water out of a damaged barrel



Marcus Veranius: "And about this suggestion of moving about stealthily; the one Ireena proposed." Marcus looks between Ireena and Danika, feather still in hand.

Urwin: "Your induction into the order is.... A possibility."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae straightens out and listens intently.

This seems like something that concerns her.

"You've mentioned a curse, earlier," she says.



Marcus Veranius: "How much do you know of my past? Between overheard secrets and drunken

rambling?"

"Suffice to say, I have no home. I have no family. I have no banner to fight for, besides those I wander with."

"And if Rictavio is any indication, that road will only end in misery."

"I would try something different. I would pledge myself to your banner, if only you would allow it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henrys looks around the room eyes regarding every one of the Ravens in turn
"Is it permanent?" His voice is soft

Urwin: "It's very permanent," says Urwin. (And cliffhanger again, I'm afraid I have to go. Thanks for playing!)



GM (GM): (Morning Guys!)



Tops K.: (Mornin! o3o)



Zanshuken: moin



GM (GM): (I'm excited to see what happens this session!)
(Morning Liliet!)



Liliet (Suldae): (am here!)
(morning!!!)

Urwin: "Very, very permanent." He looks at his wife. She reaches out a hand silently and he takes it and holds it.

Danika: "But you won't regret it."

"But the danger is: your children might. The curse lingers down the bloodline, and is easily transmitted by a bite or a kiss."

Urwin: "We usually ask those choosing to enter the order if they are willing to submit to an oath. You must swear never to have children, unless it is with a Wereraven. You must also swear never to turn anyone into a Wereraven against their will."



GM (GM): "And never without the sanctification of the Order of the Feather."



Tops K.: "That sounds both reasonable and rich in foresight. I will accept this oath."



Marcus Veranius nods

Danika: "We have been building strength in this land across centuries, always with the intent of overthrowing Strahd."



GM (GM): (Everyone roll Perception)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

7

PERCEPTION (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

8

PERCEPTION (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius:

16

PERCEPTION (5)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind:

20

PERCEPTION (2)
Suldae Westwind

Urwin: "If you'll accept the oath, then we'll be glad to have you.



GM (GM): (Suldae spots a small crack in one of the shutters, and a human eye peering in through the gap. It's Ernst Larnak's eye.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'll have to decline I think" Henry



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pokes at Marcus and points towards the shutter discreetly

"How exactly can the curse be transmitted?" Suldae asks meanwhile.



Marcus Veranius turns where Suldae nudged, then turns back



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry not noticing works even in character cause he is both tired and slightly buzzed)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah, and we're discussing Thing Worth Focusing On)
(100% works)

Marcus spots the gap in the shutter, but the eye is gone by the time he turns to look.



Marcus Veranius looks at Suldae with a curious look, then returns his attention to Urwin



Suldae Westwind: Suldae notes that the man has withdrawn. Well, it's not urgent anymore, she supposes - everything worth seeing he'll have already seen.



GM (GM):

13

PERCEPTION (2)

Urwin: "The curse can be transmitted by a kiss or a bite. We believe it is spread by the saliva.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods, but before asking her next question notes: "To anyone who's curious, by the way: we have, or just had, an audience," - she points towards the shutter.

"Lady Fiona wanted to know what's happening, apparently"



Marcus Veranius turns his head back at the shutter with a more stern look



Marcus Veranius: "...oh bollocks."

Urwin: "Marina. Olena. Oleg. You know what to do."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry perks up "thats not good"

Urwin: "Darling?"

Danika: "Already on it."

Danika raises her arms. Her pupils expand in a flow of darkness that covers even the whites of her eyes. She twists her fingers in arcane patterns.

Marina and Olena drag Oleg back to his feet and open the front door. They burst out, running out into the road.

There is a faint shout of alarm.

After a moment, there is a continuous yell with a Doppler effect, which steadily ramps up in volume.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae reluctantly slips off Ireena's lap and heads outside

Danika's hand juts out, and the shout stops with a jerk.

Suldae sees Ernst Larnak hanging in midair, surrounded by a drift of black feathers.

Danika: "Whew. Got him."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sets down his bottle of brandy and gets up

"I'll go fetch him"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae steps aside, allowing for anyone to go inside or outside



Marcus Veranius pulls up a chair for Mr Lamask at the party's table



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry approaches Ernst cautiously intend on grabing him and dragging him inside

Ernst: "Wa-wait, woah!" He drifts weightlessly along in Henry's grasp.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hey there it's been a long day so please don't make this any harder then it needs to be"



Marcus Veranius: "Ah, **Derek!** So nice of you to join us! Why don't you take a seat."



Suldae Westwind: "A long night, too," Suldae murmurs as she follows them back inside.

And seats herself in the same place in the same position

Ernst: "Oh, uh, hey -- hey everybody"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry deposits Ernst into chair carelessly before standing at his back

Ernst: "Nice to see you all!"

"Danika, you're looking hale and hearty."

Danika: Danika picks up a glass and begins to polish it as though about to pour. "Would you like a drink, Ernst? I've heard you have a taste for poisons."

Ernst: Ernst swallows nervously.

"So, uh. What can the Larnak do for you?"

"Heh heh"



GM (GM): He laughs nervously.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "He is surprisingly bad at this all things considered" Henry remarks in a deadpan voice



Suldae Westwind: "Everyone's a critic," Suldae remarks with utterly neutral tone, as though discussing a theatre play.



Marcus Veranius: "I thought that too, but here we are. He's either the best or worst spy in all of Vallaki."

"This is the SECOND time tonight he's been caught after all, meaning he survived the first one."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Luck is part of the job I suppose" Henry says



Suldae Westwind: "Tonight?" Suldae asks skeptically.

It's morning, after all.

And she's just tired enough to focus on these details.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Pedant" Henry coughs smirking



Marcus Veranius considers for a moment. "I have a question for you, Derek. Genuine one; what's your position in this game of spies? Is it loyalty to the Wachter family, or loyalty to its coin?"



Ireena Kolyana: "More likely loyalty to his own neck," says Ireena.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs disdainfully in response to Henry's remark, attempting for 'actual royalty' impression.

16

PERFORMANCE (7)
Suldae Westwind

(brb)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It is a fine neck" Henry adds audibly grinning while placing a hand on Ernst shoulder

Ernst: "I'm an unwilling servant! Lady Fiona is very evil, she's blackmailing me into her service!"



GM (GM): (roll Insight)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

5

INSIGHT (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(sigh)



Suldae Westwind:

21

INSIGHT (4)
Suldae Westwind

(oh nice)



GM (GM): (Suldae immediately sees he is lying. Henry believes him.)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae raises her eyebrows skeptically. "No you're not. Try again, truthfully this time"

She is going for the nonchalant tone of 'i can see entirely through you'

27

PERFORMANCE (7)
Suldae Westwind

Ernst: "Alright! Alright!"

"She pays me, alright? She pays me really well."

"But that doesn't mean I'm loyal to her."

"I'm really more loyal to me, I guess."

"Let's just say I'm willing to go with the times, you know? Sometimes you have to go with the flow."



Marcus Veranius looks to Suldae for confirmation, having no real sense of lies or truth in these games.



Suldae Westwind:

24

INSIGHT (4)
Suldae Westwind

(holy shit)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so thats where my good rolls went)



GM (GM): He is telling the truth now, but he's not telling all of it. He's mostly motivated by fear, but he's still hoping to negotiate this into something that will actually benefit him because he knows that if Lady Wachter learns he was captured in this way, she would probably have him harmed in some way.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry was willing to believe Ernst but was also aware he really didn't have to do anything here other than acting like a thoug



GM (GM): So he's afraid of you, but more afraid of her.

He's also motivated by greed, which means he's just as motivated by something being *taken away from him* as he is by something being *given to him*.



Suldae Westwind: "Mm. You're afraid of her and us both, but probably more of her. This might be a bad set of priorities," Suldae smiles in a slightly fake sympathetic way

25

PERFORMANCE (7)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: "I'm going to be frank with you, Ernst." Marcus says, fingers to the temples of his

eyes in frustration. "I have no qualms against you specifically; only the chair you hold. So let me define the current state of the board."

Ernst: Ernst swallows nervously.



Marcus Veranius: "We have until the evening before Strahd lays his siege. Who survives THAT will be uncertain."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry's grip becomes harder on Ernst's shoulder, a reminder he is in no position to leave.

Ernst: Ernst cries out as though in pain. Apparently Henry's grip took him by surprise.

Ernst stifles himself.

"Sorry, I'll try not to do that again."



Marcus Veranius: "As a supporter of Strahd, however, Lady Wachter is sure to have her position revoked before then. Either by playing the part of our fake Ireena, or being reported to Izek and his inquisition."

"You can throw your lot with her and take whatever ending she has lined up, or you can take my coin and work for us instead."

The Wereravens are observing the spy who has everything needed to out their entire order directly to their primary enemy. The look on all their faces is that of a person who has an unpleasant task ahead of them, but willingly shoulders the burden for the sake of a more important good.

Danika: "He cannot be trusted."

Urwin: "I would recommend his elimination, if you have larger plans in mind. He will only foul them up."

"I have a cellar where we can keep him prisoner for a while."

"You all could use some rest, and some time to think."

Ernst: "I'll go with you!"

"I'll do whatever you want!"



Marcus Veranius: "I trust him to be smart enough to be bought. And I wish to buy your silence, Ernst."

Ernst: "Coin works for me, you can name your price. I'll be worth it!"



Marcus Veranius: "What's the rate Lady Wachter offers for your services?"



Suldae Westwind: "If we keep him for a while, Lady Wachter will likely know something is wrong. But releasing him does indeed carry risks. While there is magic that could take care of that, I'm spent."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns regarding their hosts. 'Impriornment' rarely spawned such a dance.



Suldae Westwind: A simple Suggestion would work, in truth, with a threatening trigger condition.

Ernst: "She pays me sixteen platinum a month," says Ernst, immediately.



Suldae Westwind:

INSIGHT (4)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: "Horseshit."



Henry of Willowsbrook:

18

INSIGHT (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Suldae's sense of money doesn't allow her to accurately guess the price of a spy. Sixteen platinum sounds reasonable, maybe?

Henry feels this price would be obscenely high.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Try again Ernst" Henry deadpans



Suldae Westwind: "Ah, so likely not trustworthy after all," Suldae sighs with a slightly put-on disappointment.

14

PERFORMANCE (7)
Suldae Westwind



GM (GM): (Roll Insight, Marcus)

"Fine, it's only 12 Platinum."



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus doesn't need to. He has an intelligence score above 10)
(16 plat is bonkers)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Hernys none braincells fell insulted right now)
(nine)



GM (GM): (Roll Insight all the same, just on the off-chance you get a critical)



Marcus Veranius: (Okie)

6

INSIGHT (2)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook: (pff)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae is skeptical of the new sum as well)

18

INSIGHT (4)
Suldae Westwind

To Marcus, a few copper would seem like a more appropriate fee for such an incompetent spy. To Suldae, the new sum is an obvious lie as well.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

Suldae Westwind: "Marcus, are you sure you want to work with him?" Suldae asks skeptically.



Marcus Veranius: "Alright. Here's my offer then."

"I shall pay for your services for one day at your proposed rate, on condition that you do a task for me."

"If I am satisfied with the results, I'll pay the rest of the month at that rate as well."

"You will stay here, and in addition write a report to Lady Wachter for me to deliver."

Ernst: "I'm illiterate!"



GM (GM): He isn't.



Marcus Veranius: "You're illiterate for 12 platinum?"

Ernst: "Oh, you were saying you're going to pay me that much?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sighs in a put upon manner "Ernst my dear pleas atleast try"



Suldae Westwind: "Maarcuus," Suldae drawls skeptically, counting on the good cop / bad cop effect.



Marcus Veranius: "IF I am satisfied with the results of your work."

Ernst: "Well, in that case, I suppose I could remember enough letters to scribble out something...."



Marcus Veranius: "1 day at 12 platinum a month is four gold."

"So I'll give that now, and the rest if the letter works out."

"Is this agreeable?"

Ernst: Ernst sighs. He runs his hands nervously through his hair.

He weighs his options.

"Alright."

"What do you want this letter to say?"



Marcus Veranius reaches into his coffers and slides four gold across the table.



Marcus Veranius: "You are to report that Ireena was relocated to the church during the evening's attack."

"And, unfortunately, was crushed by a sudden boulder falling from the ceiling."

Ernst: "But why? She's right there."



Marcus Veranius: "Because I'd prefer Lady Wachter didn't know that."



Suldae Westwind: "Marcus, he's too stupid for us to work with him," Suldae complains with pretty much no acting needed.

Ernst: "Alright, alright. Somebody get me a pen and some paper."



Marcus Veranius shrugs. "I trust her to believe an employee above an enemy."



Marcus Veranius: "At the very least, I'm only out four gold if this doesn't work."

"And if it DOES, I'd be happy to pay the rate."



Marcus Veranius slides Ernst a paper and quill from his bag



Suldae Westwind: "Fair enough," Suldae shrugs indifferently.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Suldae even a dull axe is still a tool" Henry admonishes grinning widely

Ernst: Ernst immediately begins writing.

Ernst shoves the finished document over to Marcus for review.

The parchment reads: "Have visited upon our mutual friends, as you requested, and have determined that the Wizard Ireena is dead, crushed by a boulder that fell on the church. The rest remain, and are likely to stir up trouble."



Marcus Veranius looks over the note and nods



Marcus Veranius: "That will be all for now. Take the rest of the day off in the cellars, and I'll see you after the siege."

Ernst: Ernst sighs heavily.

Urwin: "I'll take him from here." (Roll Insight)



Suldae Westwind:

15

INSIGHT (4)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius:

20

INSIGHT (2)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook:

14

INSIGHT (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook



GM (GM): Marcus realizes that the tavern has no cellar.

Henry and Suldae detect nothing amiss.



Marcus Veranius: "...should be safe enough down there should Strahd's forces break through the barrier. Don't look so down."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (...well duh we are literally looking at the floor plan)



Suldae Westwind: "We might need more information from him," Suldae notes. [I WOULD HAVE BROUGHT THIS UP ANYWYA]

[also see: more than 0 int, as marcus has remarked earlier]



Marcus Veranius: "I think his handwriting is good enough. Can someone have this letter delivered?"

Suldae Westwind: "Point one," Suldae raises a finger, "how do we deliver it so Lady Fiona will believe it's from him?"



Marcus Veranius: "...we could pay the church boy to deliver it. Same source location as the contents of his report."

"And just hope Lady Wachter has the same regard for his skill as we do."



Suldae Westwind: "But would he have entrusted it to a church boy?" Suldae asks and looks at the man in question

"We can do a little better than hope"



Marcus Veranius: "Not too much better, or it may look too professional to be true."



Suldae Westwind: "We can ask him," Suldae explains in plain language.

"He would prefer that we be satisfied with the results, so he'll tell the truth"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shakes Ernst lightly to get him to answer

Ernst: "I wouldn't give it to a church boy," says Ernst. "But if a Raven were to drop it off, it would be her normal way of getting my reports."

The tension in the room grows considerably.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae raises both eyebrows at that, but nods. She's heard of that already.

The Wereravens are looking at him as though he might be some kind of traitor.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Huh"

Ernst: Ernst hangs his head, looking defeated.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "how odd"



Suldae Westwind: "That's something people in here would be interested to know about, by the way, I believe," Suldae says.

"Izek mentioned something like that, didn't he?"



Marcus Veranius: "He did..." Marcus murmurs



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Very emphatically"



Suldae Westwind: "It might or might not have driven him to believe all wereravens are Lady Fiona's, and therefore Strahd's, minions," Suldae adds, more for the joy of it than for any particular reason.

Nothing better than the truth for dramatic effect.

Miroslav draws a dagger and spikes it into the table.

Urwin: "Aye."

"Can you imagine that?"

Ernst: Ernst swallows and whimpers a little.



Marcus Veranius shrugs. He's gotten what he wanted from Ernst; let the rest have their pieces.

Henry of Willowsbrook: "but to get caught with it by Izek of all people" Henry whispers to himself



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs. "I believe it"

Miroslav: The elderly gentleman, Miroslav, rises creakily to his feet. He stomps over to Ernst Larnak's side.

Miroslav looks at all of you calmly for a moment or two, holding your gaze. His stare is serious and stern.

"You will let us deal with this one in our own fashion, by the laws of our own people."



Marcus Veranius: "You are uncontested. I wish you the best." Marcus tips his hat as a measure of goodwill



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs



Ireena Kolyana: "Isn't he the evidence you need, to prove that you're not allied with Strahd?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks away, actually somewhat abashed but keeping it off her face, which still holds an indifferent expression.

She is very grateful to Ireena for speaking up.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Making it clear to the Burgomeister your not involved with Lady Wachter might be usefull"

Urwin: "Perhaps we should deliver this one to Izek?"

"For the punishment appropriate in the Burgomaster's mind."



Suldae Westwind: "Tomorrow, perhaps," Suldae suggests. "It could mess with our plan"

Urwin: "For the moment, then, he sleeps in the storage shed."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "If we get a tomorrow" Henry asks morbidly sardonic
adds

Urwin: "Come, Miroslav. Be seated. Relax."

"Let me bring you some more ale."



Suldae Westwind: question to DM: can Suldae target Sleep more narrowly?



GM (GM): Yes



Suldae Westwind: ^^

Suldae raises the ocarina to her lips

30

Hit Points of Creatures

90 feet

Sleep

Suldae Westwind

Ernst Larnak droops to the table, snoring loudly.



Suldae Westwind: A sweet lullaby resounds through the tavern, the Weave gathering around the spy.

"He'll wake up on his own soon enough," Suldae instructs upon finishing the melody.

Urwin: "Well, that's convenient."



Suldae Westwind: "I'm sure you can come up with a way to handle that, though."

Urwin: "Danila, Bill, come help me."



Suldae Westwind: She smiles happily, genuinely pleased with being helpful.

The three men lug Ernst out through the kitchen door.

They return a few moments later.

Urwin: "Good. Now, we'll deliver the letter. You go and get some rest."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sounds lovely"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae droops into Ireena's arms, weaving her own around her neck and doing her best impression of a cat and/or small child

She will need to be carried.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena laughs. She mutters a spell, her fingertips sparking. Suldae becomes relatively weightless.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae, very pleased, is holding on to her and rubbing her head against Ireena's neck.



Marcus Veranius: "Perhaps in a moment. Before our earlier interruption, I believe I was to be sanctified into the order?"



Suldae Westwind: "Oh yeah," Suldae turns her head, still holding on to Ireena. "I wanted to know what the drawbacks are, and all effects."

"You said something about children possibly regretting it. What is there to regret?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sets to gathering his discarded pieces of armor "Do you want us to stick around for that?"



Suldae Westwind: "I would like to hear all of it, first."

She's still hanging off Ireena.

It doesn't interfere.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Being a Raven maybe"



Suldae Westwind: "A child is unlikely to *regret* a shapeshifting ability," Suldae disagrees. "What was it about hallowed ground? Anything else?"

She looks around the room.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Your right they would't until they pick a fight with a bigger bird " Henry yawns out

Danika: "A child born with the curse will bear the curse forever. A person *given* the curse in adulthood can have it removed, with clerical magic. If you are born with it, only the most powerful spell casters in the world could hope to cure you."

Henry of Willowsbrook: wouldn't

Danika: "And the transformation is voluntary most of the time, but once a month it is involuntary, and you are, in truth, a Raven. Often you will transform in your sleep, and awaken in a different form than the one you fell asleep in.

"Transformation is sometimes painful. The Raven-Spirit is a being of its own, and if it takes a dislike for you, the state of existence will be a hell on earth."

"Thus we do not spread the curse at random, which is what makes Ernst's condition such an affront to us."

Urwin: "The manner in which he gained it is more my concern."

Danika: "But yes. We have deemed you all worthy, if you should choose to accept it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henrys eyes drift towards the kitchen where he remebers the child ravens were

Urwin: "Yes. And we understand if you wish to decline."



Suldae Westwind: "You only shapeshifted Ireena for a time, I understand?" Suldae asks, and looks up at the woman herself.



Ireena Kolyana: "Yes, that was temporary. Just a polymorph spell. She's promised to teach me how."

Danika: "It will take time, it's a tricky spell. You might not grasp it fully for years."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'll pass I think" Henry says no even bothering to hide how easily the answer came to him



Suldae Westwind: Suldae regretfully lets go of Ireena, so the situation can have at least a fraction of the gravity it deserves. She focuses on her holy symbol, closing her hand around it. She will not do anything Corellon would disapprove of, and so she asks

15

RELIGION (9)
Suldae Westwind



Ireena Kolyana: 59

Correllon gives her little to work with. After a long time, she feels the cryptic, alien thought: "Many instruments may form a song."



Suldae Westwind: She breathes in, out. This is of little help, but it's something to go on, still.

"What you have mentioned about the church," she repeats in a questioning manner.

Urwin: "The church?

"What of it?"


Danika: "Are you ready, then? Marcus?"


"It sounded as though your interest had not waned."




Marcus Veranius nods. "You have made me feel more at home than I have been since the loss of my former one. I shall wear this curse with pride."


The Wereravens smile.


 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae sighs. She steps - or rather hops - a step away from Ireena, still holding her hand though. "My decision will depend on you."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (I know they are on our side but that is still a creepy image there)


 **Sulda Westwind:** (as it should be)


 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena looks at Danika.

 **Sulda Westwind:** (Suldae would not be looking to join a *non-creepy* secret order, she's got standards)

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "This is the safest place I've been since... Before I can remember. This feel's safer than my father's place -- no offense, Ismark -- ever felt."

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "None taken. Father's place was a little grim."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (eh I'm more of an inane secret order guy myself)

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I think, if you take it, I'll take it too. If you don't, I won't."

 **Sulda Westwind:** (to each their own)

Suldae breathes out, attempting to calm her nerves. "Together, then," she says, trying to inject a fraction of confidence she doesn't truly feel into it, and turns to Danika and her husband. "I would find it an honor"


Danika: "Bear in mind, there will be permanent physical transformations, even to your humanoid form. Those may not be reversible even if you are later cured. Do you understand this?"


"All Were-ravens have dark, glossy hair, for one thing. Yours will change to suit."

"Your handsome face, Marcus, is likely to be restored to a more human appearance. This may present a jarring change in your experience."

"None of us here have the power to reverse the curse."


"If you take it, you take it with this understanding, and the aforementioned oath."


 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae cocks her head to the side and slowly drags her palm through her hair. She is in fact attached, but it's not like hair dye doesn't exist. And illusions. And the ravens' hair is pretty too.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena absent-mindedly runs her hand through her own dark, glossy hair.


"Not much of a change, for me?"

The auburn glow in her hair is likely to disappear.

 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae steps back up to her, still weightless, and hugs. "Not much, I would say," she murmurs.

 **Marcus Veranius looks down at himself, then back at Danika. He resists the urge to make a parting jab at his appearance and nods.**

 **Sulda Westwind:** She turns to the ravens again. "I swear to never let the curse spread outside of the bounds you've outlined," she says calmly, her hand on her holy symbol.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I understand and accept the oath. I shall bear no children, nor a lover outside the

order's view."



Ireena Kolyana: "The same for me."

Danika: "Very well. You are now members of the Order of the Keepers of the Feather."



Ireena Kolyana: Danika leaps into the air and transforms, landing lightly on the back of a chair in Raven form.

Danika: *Danika leaps into the air and transforms, landing lightly on the back of a chair in Raven form.

Urwin: "Present yourselves for the peck."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stretches out her hand, her eyes landing on the bark again. She turns it palm up



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry despite the obviously serious tone has to hide his laughter under a cough, badly



Marcus Veranius stretches out his arm, rolling back his sleeve as to keep his new suit undamaged



Suldae Westwind: Well a second ago Suldae was taking this seriously, but Henry is infectuous, and now she's suppressing a smile as well.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena extends her arm, palm upwards.

Ireena snorts.

She regains her composure, passing it off as a strange sneeze.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glances at Ireena and takes her hand back. She has a better plan.

She hopes the ravens understand.

The peck is brief and horribly painful. The black beak darts out and twists, then snatches away a small chunk of skin.

Danika pauses, waiting for Suldae.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (UH she gonna kith Ireena)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae reaches out to Ireena, who has just been pecked, hooks her arms behind her neck and reaches.

Marcus feels a horrible churning in his gut.

Marcus's skin begins to itch.



Marcus Veranius smiles, trying to hide the pain in his wrist, and gut, and everything



Suldae Westwind: She hopes Ireena isn't too offended at Suldae not going for the painful peck. She should have thought of that, but oh well

Marcus's skin begins to burn furiously. It is more sensation than he has felt in years.



Suldae Westwind: (or wait HAS Ireena been pecked yet)

(im assuming she has but if she hasnt retcon htis out)

(if given a second more to think Suldae does this he other way around)



Marcus Veranius falls to the ground, curling into a ball. Faking it isn't working out

Marcus's hands feel the worn texture of the smooth and polished floor of the tavern. His fingers are pale and smooth. His skin no longer looks like the flesh of a withered corpse.

As his skin returns, so does the dark hair on his arms.

Marcus feels a fullness in his face -- a new tightness and softness of the skin.

Marcus tastes the inside of his mouth.

Marcus feels his breathing change as a nose grows slowly from the wreckage.

Marcus's scalp itches horribly, then burns, then grows a luscious fountain of thick, dark, glossy hair, which pours right to his shoulders.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry approaches visibly concerned before pausing and looking at the Wereravens in askance his face asking 'Is it save to get close?'

Or would, if not mostly contained by his hat.

Danika: "The transformation is painful. He may appreciate the consolation. He is safe."

GM: (Did you mean you want Suldae to get bitten, then transmit it to Ireena?)



Suldae Westwind: (ya)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods kneeling down next to Marcus "Steady ya old bastard you're almost done"

Marcus Veranius buries his face into his hat, trying to cut down on some of the overflowing senses that were coming back all at once. It felt less like a peck and more like a carriage crash

Suldae feels the transformation already coursing through her veins. As her own hair darkens, she...

Marcus feels a horrible shrinking sensation and a deep-set chill as his bones all become hollow at once.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae waves the bird off, through her pain, and reaches out for Ireena herself. She hooks her arms behind her neck and stretches out, inviting Ireena to lean closer.

He feels himself beginning to shrink, and his body beginning to grow in strange and disproportionate ways. His fingers are stretching wildly, his nose and chin are moving, his teeth are shifting outward, all of them sliding, dissolving strangely in his mouth.

Ireena leans into Suldae.

Marcus feels his legs changing, his toe-bones migrating, lengthening, his ankles stretching away, his joints repositioning themselves.

Tattoos fade into existence all over his skin. They depict feathers and arcane runes, patterned almost like fish-scales.

The tattoos darken and begin to move.

The tattoos grow -- extending into the real world as feathers.

Marcus has by now shrunk to the size of a small dog, and has mostly vanished under his own clothes.

The rest of the world sees a lump beneath the shirt, shrinking still for a while.

After a moment, the shape beneath the shirt lies still.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry delicatly moves the clothes to free his now shrunken companion

A large black Raven sits there, calmly.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae kisses her deeply, not caring that the entire order is watching. This is correct, and this is the way it should be. The two of them might yet part - likely will, a small part within Suldae will never stop thinking - but this moment is theirs forever.

Marcus is aware of a curious change in perspective. He is now approximately eight inches tall, and standing balanced with his chest parallel to the ground and his head on a long, stalk-like neck. His arms are crumpled to his sides and feel extremely complicated.

Marcus Veranius is frozen in shock. Between feeling things again, and feeling them in the wrong way



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You you okay there?" Henry asks Marcus pointiedly not looking at Suldae and Ireena

There is a collective gasp of shock, but it comes from only a few members of the group.

Ireena smiles, pulling away with her hands on Suldae's face. She looks into Suldae's eyes. Suldae watches as Ireena's warm brown eyes begin to glow with an inner gold which slowly expands to fill her Iris. Her yellow eyes still smile as she begins to shrink and change. Suldae shrinks proportionally, and has the strange experience of watching a mirrored transformation on another person while undergoing it herself.

Within a few moments, the two of them have both vanished beneath their respective clothing.

Marcus Veranius lets out a weak 'eeeeee' sound in confusion



Suldae Westwind: (I'm sure they were shocked at the PDA and not their respective genders. Let me live in a world where that is true~)

Suldae fights her way out of the layers of fabric over her. Everything feels novel and very large; she experimentally spreads her wings.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry despite himself looks at the two lovebirds for a moment. And just for an instance he seems far away and heartbreakinly saddened.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark splutters, then laughs out loud.

"Oh my god, that explains so much."

Kira: "Such an open display! Flagrant. In my time, you did that sort of thing in secret, with the urgency of a crime."

Kira begins fanning herself slightly.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae caws indignantly at Ismark. She hops around a little, trying out the feel of her new shape.

She ignores the old lady entirely.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Returning to the moment Henry shakes his head lithly before offering Marcus and Suldae his hands to perch on



Suldae Westwind: Instead, she keeps an eye on Ireena. She has already been a bird, of course...



Ireena Kolyana flies up onto the table and snatches at the letter with her claws -- a little clumsily.

Marcus Veranius instead opts to hide within his hat until he can regain some level of composure. And come to terms with new circumstances



Henry of Willowsbrook: *shakes his head lightly

There is a knock at the door of the Tavern.

It sounds loud and official.

Danika: "Quickly! Up into the rafters."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs at Marcus reaction turning to the dooe door

All of the patrons of the Tavern transform and flutter up to the ceiling. When they transform, their clothing goes with them. Perhaps it is a skill that one can learn.

The Priest remains, calmly sipping his wine.

Marcus Veranius: Given that Marcus has barely figured out how existing works yet, he makes a full dash behind the bar instead, hat shuffling out of sight



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives flying her best shot.

She would greatly appreciate assistance.

Also, clothes.

They would, too!

Danika snatches up Marcus's clothing and carries it around the bar, which she immediately begins polishing.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Taking a moment to gather Marcus and Suldaes possessions into neat bundles and setting his own armor atop them on a chair

Suldae finds it surprisingly instinctive, and soon finds herself on the rafters, looking down at the tavern.

Ireena lands beside her a moment later.

At the door, there is a wooden shutter which can be opened to see through an eye-slit.



Henry of Willowsbrook: The pile on the chair only looks like some slightly stained armor and assorted pieces of clothing to Henry so he takes a seat beside it and sips at the Brandy bottle he had been

using

The knocking comes again, more urgently this time.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Isn't this place already open for business?" Henry asks projecting his voice to be heard outside
from outside

Urwin: "I'll get it. The door's locked."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hops a little closer to Ireena. Now that the moment's passed, she's a bit embarrassed, but still regrets nothing.

As soon as Urwin peers through the shutter, Izek Strazni kicks the doors in, causing him to stumble backwards, landing prone.

Izek Marches into the room, flanked by six guards. Seeing only Henry, the Priest, and Danika in the room, (other than Urwin) he addresses Urwin specifically.



Izek Strazni: "Where is the girl, Ireena?"

"We know that the outsiders have been staying here, old man."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (isn't Ireenas brother also here?)

Izek puts his boot on Urwin's chest."

Ismark, previously unnoticed because he was sitting absolutely still, turns around and waves. A baleful light is in his eyes.



Izek Strazni: "They are the only newcomers. They must be the ones who brought the girl he wants."

"The Burgomaster wants a word with her."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Izek my friend isn't it a bit early for such savagery" Henry calls out one hand sliding down to his Sword
hand

Danika: Danika snatches up a pad of paper and scribbles something on it. She rips it off and drops it on the ground in front of Raven Marcus.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Such rude behavior is unfitting for a man of your Import"

The paper reads: "Concentrate. You can change back, if you will it."

GM: (You can make a WIS check to try and transform back intentionally.)



Izek Strazni: "Savagery?"

A red light glows beneath his cloak. His demonic arm must be summoning flame. An unholy light glows in his eyes.



Suldae Westwind: (if Suldae does it she'll be in the rafters lmao)



Izek Strazni: "The Savage is Strahd, and whatever he wants, he shall have. To spare Vallaki from the beast, we must all be willing to make sacrifices. All will be well, if we maintain the safety of this village."

**Marcus Veranius looks at the note, having come to terms with a few truths of his condition.
Hands are not-hands, legs are hands, feathers means he's not indecent.**

Marcus Veranius: ...an idea comes to mind, looking at the note



Henry of Willowsbrook: "And you are not stooping to his level attacking those under your charge"
Henry calmly replies

Marcus Veranius:

22

WISDOM (2)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook: now not not there

Marcus finds the path. The Raven-Spirit is sentient and conscious within him. He simply asks it for the privilege of his own form again, and the Raven, as an offer of brotherhood, accepts. Marcus transforms back into a human being with a silent pop. Danika kicks his pile of clothes in his direction.



Izek Strazni: "I will stoop to any level to protect Vallaki."

"Now tell me where she is, or I will singe this old man's beard."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You only should when it's needed" Henry says "Which it isn't right now"
"She's dead"



Izek Strazni: "Dead?"

It seems to hit him strangely hard.

(Roll DECEPTION)



Marcus Veranius looks at Danika and shakes his head. Rather, he puts on his hat and leans up from the bar about chest-high



Henry of Willowsbrook:

11

DECEPTION (-2)
Henry of Willowsbrook

2

DECEPTION (-2)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius: "Don't you know the funeral customs of outsiders!? There's a reason we locked the door!"



Izek Strazni:

INTELLIGENCE
Izek Strazni

Ability: **18**



Marcus Veranius attempts to put Izek at disadvantage with a sudden exposed Marcus

Izek Strazni:

INTELLIGENCE <i>Izek Strazni</i> <hr/> Ability: 9

Distracted by Marcus, Izek does not catch the lie.
 He seems to be wracked by some kind of guilt.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (thank god for GM fiat)



Izek Strazni: "Dead," he mutters.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "She was in the Church when.." Henry trails off



Izek Strazni: "Oh, gods...."
 "How horrid."



Marcus Veranius grumps, holding up a piece of cloth to look more decent



Izek Strazni: "I must return to the Burgomaster, to decide upon a new plan.
 "You lot will continue to stay out of my way."
 "And old man?"

"Next time you try to hide a secret from me, I'll singe more than your beard. I'll burn your whole tavern to the ground. Vallaki has no need of such a welcome-mat for outsiders, anyway."



Marcus Veranius: "Give us our day of mourning. We'll be finished with our investigation into the Wachter family."



Izek Strazni: "Good day."



Marcus Veranius: "Which we are STILL doing for you."



Izek Strazni: He pauses.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "The most pleasant day to you Izek"



Izek Strazni: He does not know if he can still trust you, after you hid Ireena from him.



Marcus Veranius: "Why don't you have a chat with the Toymaker, ask him why the Wachter family ordered this little trinket."



Marcus Veranius holds up the Strahd puppet for Izek to see



Izek Strazni: Izek recoils in horror.
 "They commissioned this?"
 "He told you as much?"



Marcus Veranius: "He did."



Izek Strazni: "This is a clear sign of their allegiance. This is one of the two required witnesses for a conviction of witchcraft. With a second witness, willing to testify, we can have her hanged. Or burned!"

"Depending upon the heinousness of the crimes she confesses under torture, of course."



Marcus Veranius: "Then I shall find you a second witness. Keep the town safe, Izek. I've got your back."



Izek Strazni: "Good work. I shall keep this as evidence."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Don't you have a report to make" HEnry cuts in



Marcus Veranius: "Do you mind if I keep it for now? See if I can find those who recognize it?"
"We may find our second that way."



Izek Strazni: (Roll Persuasion)



Marcus Veranius: (with Inspiration)

15

20

PERSUASION (1)
Marcus Veranius



Izek Strazni: "Very well."



Marcus Veranius nods



Izek Strazni: He hands the doll back.



Marcus Veranius: "Keep up the good fight, Izek. We're counting on your heroics!"



Izek Strazni: He sneers.

He leaves, marching out of the tavern with his men.



Marcus Veranius: "...I promised Blinksy that I wouldn't bring harm to his toy."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry waits until they are out of sight before taking a deep gulp of brandy



Marcus Veranius: "But that bought us a distraction."



Marcus Veranius scrambles to put his attire back on



Marcus Veranius: (Roll20 doesn't like the new not-ghoul marcus token)



Suldae Westwind: ...I can photoshop the hair dark for you



Henry of Willowsbrook: "As much as I hate to addmit it I agree with Lady Wachter, Izek needs to be dealt with" Henry tonelessly says



Tops K.: ATTACK ON MARCUS



Suldae Westwind: Suldae attempts to transform right up where she is.

13


WISDOM (1+1)
Suldae Westwind




Henry of Willowsbrook: (Sie sind das Essen und wir sind die Jäger)

Marcus Veranius: "That's an adventure for when we don't need his strength to hold off a vampire's army."

Suldae is unable to force the transformation, despite her magical abilities.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry grumbels something about running him through next time he acts that way
before taking another sip of brandy

 **Suldae Westwind:** (the Raven Spirit questions Suldae's wisdom in transforming right up there)
(shame)
Suldae flies down, hops under the table next to her clothes and tries again.

11


WISDOM (1+1)
Suldae Westwind

(welp)

Danika: "Now you should rest. The lies have been spread. The trap is laid. We can deliver the letter, and this afternoon you will meet with the Wachter family. We will have your weapons silvered, and we will help the priest to produce as much Holy water as you deem necessary."

The Raven Spirit in Suldae seems surprisingly reluctant to transform back. It is enjoying the freedom, and the fun of being such a small size.


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry nods "Our thanks"


 **Ireena Kolyana:**


3

WISDOM (2)


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** He stretches like a large dog yawning loudly


 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena flies a circle around the rafters, just beneath the ceiling.


 **Marcus Veranius nods. "I thank you. How much rest does one usually get upon first joining the order?"**

 **Ireena Kolyana:** She lands on the table and hops around.
She can't seem to transform back either.

Danika: "The inn is guarded night and day. You can rest here as long as you need to, unless we have urgent need of you."

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae gets from under the table and instead practices flying.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Danika our lovebirds seem to have a spot of trouble seizing to be birds"
HENry says grinning sheepishly

 **Suldae Westwind:** The tavern feels rather small for such a large bird.

Danika: "Yes, it happens sometimes. They have not yet come to understand the animal spirit."

Danka: "Once they come into alignment, they will be able to transform freely."



Marcus Veranius: "In that case, I have an inner spirit to get acquainted with. If you'll excuse me."



Ismark Kolyanovich: (Does Marcus currently look scarred?)



Marcus Veranius makes his way for the inn room



Marcus Veranius: (nope o3o)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Goddamn, you're kind of hot now, Marcus. Is that what you looked like before?"
"Bird stuff did you good, man."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae flaps her wings and does a little dance on a tavern table. She does indeed like being a bird, all things considered.



Marcus Veranius: "Hot enough, it seems, that you completely forgot this was the SECOND time you've seen it."



Marcus Veranius smirks. That dwarven ale was a kick in the memory



Ismark Kolyanovich: "It has a stunning effect, I'll admit."
"It was on full blast just there, when you were talking to what's his face."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry laughs loudly before suddenly turning serious and looking at his companions



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Right, so, this is getting weird. More ale?"



Marcus Veranius takes his leave. Rest, meditation, and figuring out how to bribe an inner spirit. He's made harder sales in the past



Priest: "You'd better leave your weapons with me. I will pray over them in the church. Perhaps the blessing of Saint Andral will aid you."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "If any of you mold or preen yourself on my stuff I set cats on you" He says graven as he looks at Marcus and Suldae
face graven



Suldae Westwind: Suldae flies up and aims to scratch his head through his hair with her claws a little

22

ACROBATICS (5)
Suldae Westwind



GM (GM): (We can do a time-skip to around 3:00 PM. You will be long-rested, and you will have transformed back into human form.)



Marcus Veranius: (Sure)



Suldae Westwind: (works for me)



GM (GM): (What do you want to do with your resting time?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (can I roll athletics to catch Suldae?)

GM (GM): (Yes)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

22

ATHLETICS (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

13

ATHLETICS (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(also fine with me)



Suldae Westwind: (can I roll acrobatics to dodge)



GM (GM): (Yes)



Suldae Westwind:

19

ACROBATICS (5)
Suldae Westwind

(welp, apparently not)

Henry and Suldae have a little feint, but Henry doesn't catch the airborne raven, knowing that its bones are hollow. Suldae's attempt to ruffle his hair fails.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "None of that my little Crow" Henry says smirking

But he easily could have caught her, and almost did, and Suldae knows this.



Suldae Westwind: She does.

She regrets nothing.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus spends his resting time sleeping with a pile of shiny trinkets and bread crumbs at his side. This is about the limit of his knowledge on what birds like.



Suldae Westwind: She would try to transform again, just to remind him of the difference between ravens and crows, but common sense has kicked in to remind her of the shed clothing by now.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Now if you'll excuse me I'll go fall unconscious for as long as I possibly can" Henry says getting up and leaving his sword with his Halberd



Marcus Veranius: ...and a glass of water. Spirits probably like water?



Suldae Westwind: Suldae flaps in Henry's face indignantly. Who's going to take care of her stuff?

Danika: Danika thoughtfully puts Ireena and Suldae in the barn, in a secret nest in the hayloft. It seems on nights of transformation, this place provides refuge for resting were ravens.

She also brings all their belongings, minus the weapons, which she leaves with the priest.

After resting, the party regroups in the tavern proper. Most of the Wereravens are still here. Your weapons are returned to you, blessed and silvered.

Urwin: "It seems the Wachterhouse is waiting for you. All day, wagons of supplies have been rolling there. Many guests appear to have been invited. Invitations even came for you. Including one for you, miss."



Marcus Veranius hesitates upon reaching for the Oathbow. Can he... can he still use this? The weapon of vengeance, of Rictavio's path?

Urwin: Urwin hands Ireena an invitation to the "Divine Seance of Reconciliation."

All the invitations are identical. They appear to have been mass-printed.



Marcus Veranius: ...

He straps it on his back, but keeps the crossbow closer.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rolls his shoulders under his freshly cleaned armor to shake of the last of his sleepiness

The invitations read:

TONIGHT: Divine Seance of Reconciliation, hosted by the hon. Mrs. Fiona Wachter. Fancy dress required. Come help us contact the long-dead elven mistress of the dark lord Strahd, and through her, find the key to peace in Barovia.



GM (GM): Roll Religion, Suldae

Or Performance

Your call



Suldae Westwind:

18

RELIGION (9)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae frowns at hers. She's not quite all the way through processing yesterday's events, and now this.



Marcus Veranius looks over Suldae's shoulders



Marcus Veranius: "Do you think this is her way of handling the news that Ireena didn't make it?"

Suldae hears a hint of some song in the back of her mind, as though half-remembered -- though she is certain she has never heard it before.

Translated to Common, the song would say: "What has been made by faith can be destroyed by faith. Who feeds the darkness starves the light."



Ireena Kolyana: "But she gave me an invitation?" Ireena asks, confused.



Marcus Veranius thinks for a moment



Ireena Kolyana: "Maybe it's a mistake?"



Suldae Westwind: "Do you think she wouldn't?" Suldae asks skeptically.



Ireena Kolyana: "Maybe she had them printed in advance?"

"Or maybe she's just trying to psych you out, in case you're lying..."



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe she knows. Maybe she's hopeful that it's a lie."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Possibly"



Ireena Kolyana: "What if she has other spies?"



Marcus Veranius: "Regardless, this is a rather good opportunity."



Suldae Westwind: "Mhm," Suldae agrees.



Ireena Kolyana: "Beyond Ernst, I mean?"

"I mean, he was pretty... Comically incompetent."



Suldae Westwind: "She loses nothing by inviting you, and potentially gains"



Ireena Kolyana: "Almost as though he was meant to be caught..."

"Well I can't come, obviously."

"Although I'm curious about this 'Elf Maiden'"

"You'd better be careful in there, ok?" Ireena says. "There's no telling what kind of people might be in attendance."

Urwin: "Yes there is. They will mostly be members of her cult."

"This is a good opportunity to ambush the allies of Strahd all at once."



Marcus Veranius considers for a moment. "We need a replacement Ireena, right? And we need to convince Lady Wachter to play the part."



Suldae Westwind: "And we should probably not allow this ritual to take place," Suldae says out loud.

"The protection of St Andral can only take so much darkness in one place"

"So we go either way, the question is what we do when there"



Marcus Veranius: "I don't put much faith into seances and spiritual stuff, but perhaps a sudden change of appearance mid-seance would convince her to play the part."



Ireena Kolyana: "Ooh, that's good..."



Marcus Veranius: "aS dEeMeD bY tHe SplrItS"



Ireena Kolyana: "We don't know if she's as gifted a spell caster as she tries to present herself as."

"Maybe, if you explore the house, you can find out what kinds of things she's really up to?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sighs "Its going to be another red night isn't it Lights be just and kindand merciful"



Ireena Kolyana: "Because if she is a powerful witch, she'll probably realize what's happening when she transforms."



Marcus Veranius: "...bugger, you're right."



Marcus Veranius is not keen when it comes to magic anything



Ismark Kolyanovich: "It was going to be another red night from the get-go. Strahd's armies will no doubt be teleporting in."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs. "There are few problems that aren't solved by a well-placed Suggestion. Assuming it works, of course. Which it might not, if she's a gifted witch..."

"And we really need to make sure the town's protection holds."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "May the Light shine on us til the Last Dawn" Henry murmurs in practiced cadence



Marcus Veranius nods



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark stiffens.

"He's moving," he says.

"He feels... Distant. When he's traveling. Like he's not all the way in this world."

Ismark shakes himself.



Ireena Kolyana: "Right," says Ireena.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Lets get to it then2Herny grimly says
Henry



Suldae Westwind: Suldae arches her eyebrows at Ismark's statement and files it away.
His abilities are curious.



Marcus Veranius brushes his beard as he approaches the Wachter estate, grinning with pride



Suldae Westwind: "So," she speaks up to the ravens, "have you got anything to bleach hair?" She touches her newly dark hair.



Marcus Veranius: "Don't you have a hood with that cloak?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "or a wog if everything else fails"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae skeptically fiddles with her hood.
"I do, but it's not reliable"



Henry of Willowsbrook: wig



Suldae Westwind: "A wig. You have anything?" She addresses the hosts again.

Danika: Danika bites her lip thoughtfully.

"I'm afraid not. There might be something at the Arasek stockyards, but we haven't got anything here like that. That man Rictavio had a disguise kit somewhere, did he not?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (screen fades to black and credit music starts playing TO BE CONTINUED)



Suldae Westwind:

Roll for HP

Roll 1:	8
---------	----------



Zanshuken: rolling d10

(5)

= 5

rolling d10

(10)

= 10



Ireena Kolyana:

Roll for HP

Roll 1:	1
---------	----------

Average for HP

Average:	4
----------	----------

Roll for HP

Roll 1:	5
---------	----------



Zanshuken:

BRUTE FORCE*Racial: Brute Subclass 3*

Starting at 3rd level, whenever you hit with a weapon that you're proficient with and deal damage, the weapon's damage increases by an amount based on your level in this class (1d4).

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Marcus Veranius:

20**Longsword (5 ft) (+7)**

Henry of Willowsbrook

8
*Slashing***3**
Brute

rolling 1d10 Level 6 HP Roll

(**10**)**= 10**

Based birb gods

18**12**

120

Hand Crossbow (+9)
Marcus Veranius**2**
*Bonus Damage***5**
Piercing**Tops K.:****24****Shield Shove (+7)**
PROPOSAL: Paladin Henry

Make a Strength (Athletics) check contested by the target's Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check (the target chooses the ability to use). If you win the contest, you either knock the target prone or push it 5 feet away from you.

>A prone creature's only Movement option is to crawl, unless it stands up and thereby ends the condition.

>The creature has disadvantage on Attack rolls.

>An Attack roll against the creature has advantage if the attacker is within 5 feet of the creature. Otherwise, the Attack roll has disadvantage.

27**Vehicles (Land) (7)**
PROPOSAL: Paladin Henry**Liliet (Suldae):**

Conjure Animals

*Conjuration 3***Casting Time:** 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: Unoccupied spaces that you can see within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 hour

You summon fey spirits that take the form of beasts and appear in unoccupied spaces that you can see within range. Choose one of the following options for what appears: One beast of challenge rating 2 or lower Two beasts of challenge rating 1 or lower Four beasts of challenge rating 1/2 or lower Eight beasts of challenge rating 1/4 or lower Each beast is also considered fey, and it disappears when it drops to 0 hit points or when the spell ends. The summoned creatures are friendly to you and your companions. Roll initiative for the summoned creatures as a group, which has its own turns. They obey any verbal commands that you issue to them (no action required by you). If you don't issue any commands to them, they defend themselves from hostile creatures, but otherwise take no actions. The GM has the creatures' statistics.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using certain higher-level Spell Slots, you choose one of the summoning options above, and more creatures appear - twice as many with a 5th-level slot, three times as many with a 7th-level slot, and four times as many with a 9th-level slot.



(To GM): !t RandomItem



(To GM): Chain Shirt



(To GM): Adamantine Armor



(To GM): Boots of the Winterlands



(To GM): Breastplate of Force Resistance



(To GM): Chain Shirt +1



(To GM): Carpet of Flying



(To GM): Breastplate of Necrotic Resistance



(To GM): Arrows +1



(To GM): Bag of Devouring



GM (GM): (Good morning everyone! Happy Sunday!)

This house seems disgusted with itself. A slouching roof hangs heavy over furrowed gables, and

moss-covered walls sag and bulge under the weight of the vegetation. As you study the house's sullen countenance, you hear the edifice actually groan. Only then do you realize the extent to which the house hates what it has become.



Zanshuken: (hello)

A fabric banner has been draped across the facade, above the door. It reads:



GM (GM): Lady Fiona's Divine Seance of Reconciliation.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: "This definately is not a secretive affair" Henry muses

A small crowd has gathered in the street and is looking up at the house curiously. They seem interested to see you approach.



Marcus Veranius: "I'm surprised the seance itself doesn't count as a second witness for Witchcraft sentencing."

"It might not be too late to invite Izek into this."

A small window cut into the front door of the house at eye height pops open. A pair of eyes comes to the slit.

The door unlatches and swings silently inward.

Lady Wachter stands in the doorway, a orange tabby cat at her ankles. The cat has surprisingly bright orange eyes, narrowed to devilish slits at the moment. Lady Wachter wears a gown of red fabric with exquisite crumpling folds.

The tailoring alone must have cost a small fortune.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: (Wait it just ocured to me both Suldae and Marcus don#t know Henry is a Paladin)

Marcus and Suldae both realize that the fabric is threadbare in places and far older than it looks.



Liliet (Suldae): (yep we don't know)

h u h



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Good evening!"

"I'm so glad you could join me."



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: (that'll be afun surprise)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae assumes the old role of the shy one and moves aside to half-hide behind Marcus



Marcus Veranius: "Hosting two parties in two days; it is as they say; your family is truly the most well-off in Vallaki."



Lady Fiona Wachter: She gives a high, tittering, false laugh.

To Marcus it sounds oddly brittle.

"Please, come with me. The other guests are waiting, we are about to begin the ceremony."

"All we await now is Kasimir."



Marcus Veranius nods, understanding the laugh for what it is.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to Marcus in askance if he should take the lead inside



Marcus Veranius: "By all means; you're the best dressed of us."

Lady Wachter steps aside, opening the way into the narrow vestibule. Three stained-glass doors in wooden frames lead from it.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry smirks taking the lead

Lady Wachter takes an immediate left, ducking into the parlor.

The combined Dining Room and parlor are both occupied by well-dressed, mask-wearing guests.

The masks are all identical -- black, with many long, horn-like flanges flowing away from the nose.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae feels uncomfortable in the house, remembering the previous narrow escape all too well.

She channels it into the role of shyness and discomfort with the luxury.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry uses his new found Divine Sense



Marcus Veranius: "Ah, are these Kasimir's friends?" Marcus comments, noting the long hair and pointed masks.

Lady Wachter crosses the room briskly, moving to the low coffee table in the parlor, which is glittering with bottles and decanters. She pours a few glasses of wine and brings them over to you cheerfully.



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Yes, these are his friends. They have come to aid me in our spiritual journey, and to witness the reunion of brother and sister.

"

"Please, eat, drink, make yourselves comfortable, mingle with the other guests. Once Kasimir arrives, we can begin."

A large charcuterie board has been spread across the long table in the dining room.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks around, wide-eyed. She hardly needs to act, only exaggerate the vaguely well mannered country hick mannerisms a little.



Marcus Veranius: "Ah, forgive me if I do not drink tonight. It would do me little good to be seeing double once night falls." Marcus moves to sit beside Henry at the table.



Suldae Westwind: She is sticking to Marcus like glue.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: (GM could I get some Divine Senseing please)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pauses near them, uncomfortable. She has noted that the other guests have sat so that they cannot all three sit together.

She solves the riddle by taking a chair and bringing it to the corner to sit between the men.



Marcus Veranius: "...I do not think we will be making peace with Strahd, after all. Ireena is no longer in our company."

Suldae Westwind: (Henry you can move your token in more precise places by holding alt)

Henry senses a lesser devil within the room. He does not sense any undead, nor the presence of any other fiends. He detects no celestial presence. He senses evil, but it seems to be nothing more than a particularly distilled and concentrated form of ordinary human wickedness.

The lesser devil seems to be right at his feet.

An orange tabby cat brushes between his legs.

It gives him a "mrrrow?"

The cat saunters across the room to follow Lady Wachter.

The presence of the lesser devil moves with it.

GM: (Roll Religion, Henry)



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook:

6

RELIGION (-1)

Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Oh? Ireena is no longer with your group?"



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry lightly hums an old tune about deals and evils he once heard but remains otherwise impassive



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Did she set off on her own?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes out the ocarina and starts playing a pleasant, quiet melody, too quiet to interfere with the conversation yet still distinct enough to work.

Charm Person*Enchantment 3***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 30 feet**Target:** A humanoid you can see within range**Components:** V, S**Duration:** 1 hour

You attempt to charm a humanoid you can see within range. It must make a Wisdom saving throw, and does so with advantage if you or your companions are fighting it. If it fails the saving throw, it is charmed by you until the spell ends or until you or your companions do anything harmful to it. The charmed creature regards you as a friendly acquaintance. When the spell ends, the creature knows it was charmed by you.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot level above 1st. The creatures must be within 30 feet of each other when you target them.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: "In a manner of speaking"



Suldae Westwind: She is targeting the three people at the table closest to her - Lady Fiona and the two elves.

The melody is slightly mournful, fitting for the conversaiton topic.

(the two presumed elves)



Marcus Veranius: "She did not survive last night's siege. It was our folly to think the barrier would be safer if we kept Strahd's beloved next to its source, but the Dragon couldn't sense her."



Lady Fiona Wachter:

WISDOM
Lady Fiona Wachter

Ability: 8

WISDOM
Cultist

Ability: 16 | 13

WISDOM
Cultist

Ability: 11 | 11

GM: (They don't have advantage, take 1st rolls)



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha)

GM: (That's two fails and a pass, I think?)

Suldae Westwind: (mm! one of the cultists it didn't work on)
(the spell doesnt say the creature notices on a failed save)

GM: (We'll say the farthest one passed it)



Suldae Westwind: (the one in front of Suldae then)

?

(she only targeted the closer two)

(that guy wasnt targeted)

Lady Fiona's expression softens. She looks at Suldae differently, her dark eyes glittering slightly.

The old masked man seated across from Suldae also lowers his fork and looks at her, as though deeply invested in her title tune.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae drops her eyes and seems to let some of her grief through, when Lady Fiona looks at her.

22

PERFORMANCE (7)
Suldae Westwind



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Gods..."

"What a horrible fate!"

"I heard about what happened to the church. You mean to tell me she was inside it?"



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook:

[CHANNEL DIVINITY]

NATURE'S WRATH

Class: Oath of the Ancients

As an action, you can cause spectral vines to spring up and reach for a creature within 10 feet of you that you can see. The creature must succeed on a Strength or Dexterity saving throw (its choice) or be restrained. While restrained by the vines, the creature repeats the saving throw at the end of each of its turns. On a success, it frees itself and the vines vanish.

(whoops



Suldae Westwind: Suldae keeps playing.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: (nevermind that



Marcus Veranius nods, grimly



Suldae Westwind:

Charm Person*Enchantment 2***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 30 feet**Target:** A humanoid you can see within range**Components:** V, S**Duration:** 1 hour

You attempt to charm a humanoid you can see within range. It must make a Wisdom saving throw, and does so with advantage if you or your companions are fighting it. If it fails the saving throw, it is charmed by you until the spell ends or until you or your companions do anything harmful to it. The charmed creature regards you as a friendly acquaintance. When the spell ends, the creature knows it was charmed by you.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot level above 1st. The creatures must be within 30 feet of each other when you target them.

This time she targets the remaining two elves at the table.



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Gods...." Says Lady Wachter again.

"Well, that dooms us, does it not? If Von Zarovich cannot have what he wants, his rage will be legendary. As it was the last time his beloved was slain by mortals."



Marcus Veranius: "I fear the tragedy of Patrina Velikovna may repeat itself if we cannot give Strahd SOMETHING, yes. We are of like minds in that."



Lady Fiona Wachter: She raises her wine glass. "To Patrina Vellikovna! And to Ireena Kolyana, the latest to be destroyed by the ignorance of mortal man."



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry quietly ponders of dragons truly count as mortals but his face remains a stoic visage

The guests raise their glasses silently and drink the toast.

Lady Wachter seems to be blaming the death entirely on Vallaki.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is still playing, both her hands incidentally busy with that.



Marcus Veranius: "Dragon, in this case. I'd hate to be that winged soon-to-be handbag."



Lady Fiona Wachter:

WISDOM
Cultist

Ability: 9

WISDOM
Cultist

Ability: 8



Marcus Veranius toasts



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry lightly nims at his glass out of courtesy

Two more cultists come under Suldae's power.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: nibs

She feels her power over their minds, the subtle grasp of the harmonies she weaves.



Marcus Veranius: "I DID have some sort of backup plan, however."

GM: (Henry, roll Survival or Religion)



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Oh?"



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook:

9

SURVIVAL (0)

Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is uncomfortable with the spell she keeps weaving, which is easily enough transmitted into the same performance of shyness and grief both.



Lady Fiona Wachter: Lady Wachter now leans over the table, a finger running around the rim of her wine-glass. Though she speaks with Marcus, her eyes seem to be for Suldae.

Henry detects nothing amiss about the wine.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives Marcus a visibly hopeful glance.

There is a soft knock at the front doo.

There is a soft knock at the front door.



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd wants Ireena, but WHY her? Simply, she bears a striking resemblance to his late fiancee."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae keeps playing, and now targets the last remaining guest in the room.



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Excuse me, that might be Kasimir. It's the Butler's night off, I'll be right with you."



Suldae Westwind:

Charm Person

Enchantment 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A humanoid you can see within range

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 hour

You attempt to charm a humanoid you can see within range. It must make a Wisdom saving throw, and does so with advantage if you or your companions are fighting it. If it fails the saving throw, it is charmed by you until the spell ends or until you or your companions do anything harmful to it. The charmed creature regards you as a friendly acquaintance. When the spell ends, the creature knows it was charmed by you.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot level above 1st. The creatures must be within 30 feet of each other when you target them.

**Lady Fiona Wachter:**

WISDOM
Cultist

Ability: 6

**Suldae Westwind:** (I love these rolls)

The music takes another victim.

Lady Wachter cuts Marcus off mid-sentence, leaving to the front door.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henrys eyes roam around the room looking for anything that stands out from the last time he was here



Suldae Westwind: Suldae keeps playing, not intending on blowing her cover or putting aside the very convenient excuse to not eat or drink anything a second earlier than it would be entirely necessary.

She returns a moment later, leading the cloaked and cowed Kasimir, who regards the room with a stare that seems to look far beyond the walls. There is an ancient grief etched into his features.



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Our guest of honor has arrived!"

"Please, come and join us at the table. Marcus here was just expounding his plan to save Vallaki."



Marcus Veranius offers Kasimir a smile

Kasimir's eyes flicker towards Suldae. He knows exactly what she is doing.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glances at the elf with the same shyness. She hopes he is friendly enough already for her to not need to charm him as well.

Kasimir seats himself and glances around the table, taking in the number of souls currently bound to Suldae's power.

He smiles one-sidedly, ever so slightly, for only the party to see.

He makes no attempt to touch the food or drink. He sits bolt upright in his chair, hands in his lap, passively watching the scene.

Marcus Veranius: "Simply put, in the absence of the real Ireena, we must produce a duplicate. Just as the Toymaker produces duplicate dolls, we shall produce a duplicate Ireena."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glances at Lady Wachter now, eyes hopeful. She does not need to act to show how much she wants her to be onboard with this.



Marcus Veranius: "We have the means to make the appearance right, so long as we have a willing bride."

"You wished to be Burgomaster of Vallaki, but how does Countess of Barovia sound in its stead?"



Lady Fiona Wachter: Lady Wachter's jaw drops.

(Roll Persuasion)

(With Advantage)

WISDOM <i>Lady Fiona Wachter</i> <hr/> Ability: 12
--



Marcus Veranius:

17

8

PERSUASION (1)
 Marcus Veranius

A flush comes to Lady Wachter's high cheekbones.

She laughs.

She sighs. She smiles to herself.



Lady Fiona Wachter: "This is a brilliant idea."

"Do we have a way to sustain the illusion permanently?"

"He is not one to be easily fooled."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smiles briefly, then the smile fades back into grief. No amount of successful planning can bring back the dead, after all.

She is still playing.



Marcus Veranius: "I was to understand a Polymorph would be involved. Forgive my lack of knowledge on arcane arts, but perhaps that would suffice?"

"So long as you can play the part, it may be sufficient."



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns slightly his eyes looking for the cat-devil



Marcus Veranius: "At the very least, it hurts not to try."



Lady Fiona Wachter: "A polymorph?"

"You mean a *true* Polymorph, right?"

"Because an ordinary one would dissipate far too quickly for this ruse to work."

"He'd kill me the moment the transformation fell away."

"One of you is capable of such obscenely powerful magic?"

She arches a delicately-painted eyebrow.



Marcus Veranius squints at Suldae with a worried look. What did Danika say she had at her disposal?



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Playing the part will be no difficulty, of course. I shall simply perform a seance to speak with the departed Ireena, and learn her natural habits and behaviors from that."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods.

She has no idea, but that's not what matters right now.

She finishes the melody and speaks up quietly.

"I do not think Strahd knew Ireena's habits. He was only fascinated by her appearance, after all..."

20

PERSUASION (7)
Suldae Westwind



Lady Fiona Wachter: "True... He has pursued other women in the past, as we shall explore this evening."

"Are we ready to begin the ceremony?"



Suldae Westwind: "What's it for?" Suldae asks shyly.



Lady Fiona Wachter: "We wish to speak with Patrina Velikovna, late of the Dusk Elf tribe. She died hundreds of years ago, slain by her own brethren for daring to love Strahd von Zarovich. Strahd's vengeance was unholy: he murdered all the women and children in the Dusk Elf tribe, and cut the ears of all the men. In life, she was a powerful sorceress, fit to rival the power of Strahd. Her soul bears secret tales of the Amber Temple, where Strahd forged his pact with the dark powers, and learned to become a Vampire."



Suldae Westwind: "Wouldn't it be more convenient to do that with Strahd's help?" Suldae asks shyly.



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Strahd is a wise and ancient being. He will never share his secrets, not even with the most loyal of his servants... To do so would be a disrespect to them. He believes that the strong will seek out power and knowledge of their own accord, and bring it to his aid, and that the weak are worth little more than the momentary pleasure of a kill."



Suldae Westwind: "That makes sense," Suldae agrees, not allowing herself to think hard enough about the argument to have even a chance of her inner eyeroll at it sneaking into her acting. "Still, even without his direct help, as a Countess you'd have access to many more resources than here, wouldn't you?"



Marcus Veranius coughs. "If it's a matter of being strong, we probably don't need the seance. We could just kick in the Amber Temple's doors ourselves."



Marcus Veranius: "I mean, STRAHD did it. And we have three to his one."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks thoughtful.



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Oh, nonsense. This will be fun! I have spent a long time preparing this ritual, and many people are invested now in its results. They have questions for the Elf witch."

"Now, let's head down to the Chamber and get it started."

Suldae Westwind: "I still think you should postpone it"

Suldae murmurs this in a sing-song voice



Marcus Veranius looks to Kasimir



Suldae Westwind:

Suggestion

Enchantment 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you

Components: V, M (A snake's tongue and either a bit of honeycomb or a drop of sweet oil)

Duration: Concentration Up to 8 hours

You suggest a course of activity (limited to a sentence or two) and magically influence a creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you. Creatures that can't be charmed are immune to this effect. The suggestion must be worded in such a manner as to make the course of action sound reasonable. Asking the creature to stab itself, throw itself onto a spear, immolate itself, or do some other obviously harmful act ends the spell. The target must make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, it pursues the course of action you described to the best of its ability. The suggested course of action can continue for the entire duration. If the suggested activity can be completed in a shorter time, the spell ends when the subject finishes what it was asked to do. You can also specify conditions that will trigger a special activity during the duration. For example, you might suggest that a knight give her warhorse to the first beggar she meets. If the condition isn't met before the spell expires, the activity isn't performed. If you or any of your companions damage the target, the spell ends.



Marcus Veranius: "What's your take in this? You know our plan. You know that performing it and the seance in the same evening might be dangerous to both."

"You ARE the guest of honor."



Lady Fiona Wachter:

WISDOM

Lady Fiona Wachter

Ability: **14** | 23

(Rolled Wisdom save with Disadvantage, due to Charm and Help)

Suldae Westwind: ^^

(spell DC is 15 :D)



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Well, you never answered my question. Do you have a way to sustain the illusion indefinitely?"



Marcus Veranius repeats to Kasimir in Elvish



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: "We have our means milady" Henry flatly adds



Suldae Westwind: Suldae frowns thoughtfully at Lady Fiona's question. "I believe we do, though more arrangements need to be made. There is a mage who owes us a favor who has agreed to help with this, I'm not certain by what exact method"

*more arrangements MIGHT need to be made



Lady Fiona Wachter: "I see..."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir responds in accented Elvish. His voice is a deep baritone. "There are prisoners in one of the storage rooms. The cultists are armed. We are being watched. Lady Wachter is not a free agent at the moment, alliances with dark factions have entrapped her, and many wills are bound up in the execution of the ritual tonight. The ritual will begin, whether we wish it or not, with or without Lady Wachter. Whether it ends successfully is another matter, and my blade will have a hand in answering it. Will yours?"

In Common, he says: "I think we should proceed to the Chamber and get this over with. It has been long since Patrina could hear me."



Marcus Veranius looks to the fireplace, then to Kasimir. He nods.



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Well, I am in favor of your plan. But I see no way to cancel the Ritual tonight, not when so many have done so much work to prepare it."



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry scratches his head to hide his raised eyebrow as he looks at Suldae and Marcus



Marcus Veranius: "Kasimir has the right of it. No sense wasting the festivities."

"But our plan need not our involvement. And as Strahd's soon-to-be, you likely need not any answers from the seance."

"Kasimir and we shall stay. You shall dress for your part. Does this sound reasonable?"



Lady Fiona Wachter: "No, I suppose that's true... I need nothing from this ritual now. The work done to make it possible has gained me everything I needed."

"Yes, I think the ritual can carry on easily enough without me."

"Did you bring some of Ireena's clothes?"



Marcus Veranius: "Suldae may have access to them." Marcus smirks.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: "We will be the most pleasant of guests Milady Wachter" Henry says his face mimicing his fathers when he was talking to taxmen



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae blushes deeply. She doesn't need to fake *that*.



Suldae Westwind: "...I don't have them on me, but... we have her things," she admits mournfully. She pauses. She is not sure what the best suggestion to make here would be, and luckily her shy

persona allows her to wait for others' input without arousing suspicion.

She gives an annoyed glance to Marcus, as well. After all, Ireena is dead and he is grieving, isn't he?

The joke is in poor taste.



Marcus Veranius: "Then that settles it. Make your way to the Blue Water inn and mention that Marcus sent you."



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: "It might be best if one of us were allowed to fetch them" Henry says in a knowing tone hinting at the runner doing more than that



Marcus Veranius: "The tavernkeepers will prepare the rest."



Marcus Veranius trusts Danika can pull off the rest of their plan with their prior instruction



Suldae Westwind: "I could show you to the tavern," Suldae volunteers after a pause, combining both of the suggestions.

"Though I do not believe my presence would be necessary," she admits and glances with curiosity - which is very little pretend - at Casimir.

"The tavern keepers know enough to help you"



Kasimir Velikov: "Yes, we will have need of your music for certain."



Suldae Westwind: *Kasimir, whoosp

*whoops



Kasimir Velikov: "The magic that will add is indispensable."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae blushes, choosing to take it as a compliment to her music rather than a blatant hint.



Lady Fiona Wachter: "Oh, I know my way across Vallaki! The sun is still up, and I will not need a guide. I will see you there."

"I hope the ritual will be profitable for you all!"



Marcus Veranius: "And may our margins ever rise."



Lady Fiona Wachter: She gets to her feet and leaves, walking at a steady pace.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae curls up on herself again, as if overwhelmed by shyness after a spell of uncharacteristic boldness.

She takes out the ocarina and begins quietly playing again, as though it is her retreat to comfort - which is not inaccurate.



Marcus Veranius: "Well, Kasimir; you ought to take lead. We'll follow right behind you."



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry again looks around the parlor for the cat-devil



Kasimir Velikov: "One of you had better show us where the Chamber is," says Kasimir, to the nearest cultist.

The cultists rises as one, and slowly make their way back towards the middle of the house.

On the staircase leading up to the second floor, they pause and turn towards the left-hand wall of the stairwell. Pressing a secret switch, they open a hidden passage into another staircase, which

descends into gloom.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry keeps at the back waiting for the Marcus and Suldae to pass him by wanting to speak a word with them



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is sticking to Henry like a shadow, this time.



Marcus Veranius follows behind Kasimir as a show of solidarity



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry leans down and whispers to Suldae "Keep your eyes on the Cat"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods. She'd been keeping an eye on the room, and remembers the cat.

There seemed to be nothing odd about it, but there's no reason for her to not trust Henry's warning, whatever the reason for it.

This large root cellar has a dirt floor. Two ascending flights of stone steps enclosed by wooden railings stand across from one another. Tracks in the earth lead from one staircase to the other, and other trails go from both staircases to the center of the bare west wall. Four neatly made cots are set in a row against the south wall.



Kasimir Velikov: "This hardly looks like a ritual chamber to me."

Cultist: "It's through a secret door. That wall."



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: "bit out of the way for servants quarters to" Henry murmurs mostly to himself



Marcus Veranius: "Ah, thank you."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae presses her lips together in a moment when she's concealed from everyone by Henry's wide back. Cellars and basements. She's almost getting flashbacks.

She didn't like it last time.

* for a moment

Several cultists descend the staircase, following you. Some of them weren't in the room with you earlier.

One cultist knocks on the western wall of the cellar.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae never stopped playing after starting it up again when Lady Fiona left

There is an answering knock, a moment later.

Flickering candles in iron holders fill this room with light and shadows. This room has a ten-foot-high ceiling and a large black pentagram inscribed on the stone floor. At each point of the pentagram rests a wooden chair. Seated in four of the five chairs are men and women in black robes with hoods: a young man who has the face of an angel; a balding hulk of a man; a squat, middle-aged woman; and a taller, younger woman with an unsettling glare.

The secret chamber has opened.

The orange tabby cat, unnoticed a moment ago, slips between Kasimir's legs and into the chamber.



GM (GM):

DC14

Half damage

Dexterity Save

4

Higher Level Cast

31

Fire

150 ft

Fireball



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pauses her playing and looks around.

"This seems like a safe place, yet someone needs to guard us from outside still."

Her eyes flicker between the cultists who are her 'friends' at the moment.

A tremendous blast of flames obscures the Chamber and sends dirt and dust quaking from the ceiling. All the Cultists in the chamber are obliterated.



Suldae Westwind: She turns to the chamber, not needing to fake the alarm



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry curse drawing his sword



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir's fingers still spark with red light.



Marcus Veranius takes his cue and draws the oathbow



Kasimir Velikov: He grabs the nearest Cultist by the throat, before anyone else can react.

8

24

120 feet

Chill Touch (+6)

4

Necrotic

INITIATIVE

Cultist

Initiative: 17

INITIATIVE

Kasimir Velikov

Initiative: 8

INITIATIVE

Initiative: 20.2

INITIATIVE

Initiative: 7.15



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glances around for the light sources.



Marcus Veranius:

8.2

INITIATIVE (5.2)
Marcus Veranius



Kasimir Velikov:

INITIATIVE

Initiative: **23.15**

INITIATIVE

Cultist

Initiative: **16**



Marcus Veranius:

8.2

INITIATIVE (5.2)
Marcus Veranius



Kasimir Velikov:

INITIATIVE

Cultist

Initiative: **2**



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook:

10.1

INITIATIVE (0.1)
Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook

14.1

INITIATIVE (0.1)
Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook



Kasimir Velikov:

INITIATIVE

Cultist

Initiative: **11**

INITIATIVE

Cultist

Initiative: **13**

INITIATIVE

Cultist

Initiative: **21**

INITIATIVE

Cultist

Initiative: **20**



Suldae Westwind:

11.15

INITIATIVE (3,15)
Suldae Westwind



Kasimir Velikov:

INITIATIVE

Cultist

Initiative: **11**



Suldae Westwind: "RUN!" Suldae yells out.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: "They Are Kind of blocking the Stairs"



Suldae Westwind: Sure some of the cultists will get away, but there's probably more of them out there anyway, and this might ease the fight.

Suldae glares at Henry, face obscured from the cultists by her friends and her height. The suggestion is obviously not meant for THEM

The charmed cultists all take Suldae's advice and immediately try to run.

One cultist makes it all the way up the stairs.



GM (GM):

STRENGTH

Cultist

Ability: **7**

*A cultist not charmed by Suldae tries to leap over the railing of the stairwell but his foot catches in the bannister and he falls flat to his face, taking **1** points of falling damage.*



Suldae Westwind:

b l e s s

He shoves himself angrily back to his feet and rushes at Kasimir, swinging a scimitar!



GM (GM):

SCIMITAR

Cultist

Attack: **19**

Damage: **7** slashing



Kasimir Velikov: "Aargh!" Kasimir cries out in pain as the Scimitar draws a line of blood on his arm!

STRENGTH

Cultist

Ability: **5**



Suldae Westwind: these poor cultist

the bannister is their worst foe

The young cultist chilled by Kasimir tries to flee, scrambling up onto the staircase. After a moment he gives up and tries to run around instead.

Another one makes it all the way up the stairs.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: (how wide are the stair cases btw)

A third makes it out.

Staircase is about 7 feet wide.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: (so two people can comfortably make it up damn)



Suldae Westwind: "Runnn," Suldae intones, and the tones of her voice warp the weave around her to her will, dimming the candleflames in the room as low as she can.

Thaumaturgy

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: See text

Components: V

Duration: Up to 1 minute

You manifest a minor wonder, a sign of supernatural power, within range. You create one of the following magical effects within range: Your voice booms up to three times as loud as normal for 1 minute. You cause flames to flicker, brighten, dim, or change color for 1 minute. You cause harmless tremors in the ground for 1 minute. You create an instantaneous sound that originates from a point of your choice within range, such as a rumble of thunder, the cry of a raven, or ominous whispers. You instantaneously cause an unlocked door or window to fly open or slam shut. You alter the appearance of your eyes for 1 minute. If you cast this spell multiple times, you can have up to three of its 1-minute effects active at a time, and you can dismiss such an effect as an action.

The charmed Cultists continue to flee, but the ones not charmed hold their ground, scimitars gleaming. They seem disturbed by the show of power, but determined to accomplish.... Something.

GM: (Any movement?)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae steps back to clear some room for her companions

EoT



Cult Fanatic: The cultist at the foot of the stairs begins to chant something in Abyssal.

The orange tabby cat turns and runs to him.



Marcus Veranius perks his ears up



Suldae Westwind: omg

Another cultist descends the staircase and shakes the charmed young man ascending.



Cult Fanatic:

WISDOM
Cultist

Ability: 6

Unable to free his companion from Suldae's charm, he lets the man run past him, and continues descending.

GM: (Henry is up)



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook:

Misty Step

Conjuration 2

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V

Duration: Instantaneous

Briefly surrounded by silvery mist, you teleport up to 30 feet to an unoccupied space that you can see.



Suldae Westwind: im not sure if theres a point to not letting the extra cultists flee



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry teleports behind the chanting Cultist using his new found power



Suldae Westwind: oh NICE

Suldae stares at him, feeling the weave twisted by his will as he steps across the room. He can do this since when?...

19

ARCANA (9)
Suldae Westwind

(want to see if Suldae can identify any source of this power)



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Raising his Sword Henry attacks the Chanter

Suldae senses the presence of an essence of nature. Some kind of deity has a hand in this.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook:

14

Longsword (5 ft) (+7)
Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook

11
Slashing

10

Longsword (5 ft) (+7)
Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook

9
Slashing

GM: (That's a kill and a miss, please describe)



Suldae Westwind: Well, that's as good an answer as any. Suldae feels the presence of a similar entity in herself. Apparently this is a new alliance they've made, then.

Cool.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Taking advantage of the confusion his sudden appearance must have caused Henry rams his blade through the cultists back

must

Suldae realizes that Henry must have made a pact with something, to be able to do what he just did.



Suldae Westwind: She makes a mental note to ask about this later.

It joins the mental note to think about the bark on her arms and the mental note to try to figure out her connection to the raven spirit.

These are accumulating.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Raising His Shield Henry scowls at the remaining Cultists to try their luck (EoT)

The chanting cultist gurgles on his own blood as he drops to his knees. Abyssal sounds better this way anyway, and his blood fountains over the cat.



Cult Fanatic:

INITIATIVE

Cat

Initiative: **8**

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius:

LANGUAGE
PROFICIENCY

Abyssal

(what did that one cultist say to the cat?)

GM: (The Cultist said to the cat: "Majesto, Lord of Bones, bring forth your defenders for the time of our need is at hand! Your servant calls to you!")

Marcus begins to see cracks forming in the packed earth of the cellar floor.



Marcus Veranius: "Something big's coming! Watch your footing!"



Marcus Veranius fires an arrow into the cultist next to Kasimir



Marcus Veranius:

25

19

600

Oathbow (+10)
Marcus Veranius

8

Piercing

(That shouldnt be with advantage)



Cult Fanatic:

INITIATIVE

Skeleton

Initiative: 19

INITIATIVE

Skeleton

Initiative: 19

INITIATIVE

Skeleton

Initiative: 19

INITIATIVE

Skeleton

Initiative: 17

INITIATIVE

Skeleton

Initiative: 7

INITIATIVE

Skeleton

Initiative: 9



Cult Fanatic:

INITIATIVE

Skeleton

Initiative: 13

Anyone can see that multiple things are starting to push their way up through the dirt.



Marcus Veranius: (Is the one cultist still up?)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is glaring at the cat. She doesn't need to understand the words - Henry's warning is enough for her to connect the dots that it's somehow to blame for this.

GM: (Yes)



Marcus Veranius:

27

600

Oathbow (+10)
Marcus Veranius

11

Piercing

GM: (Wait, do you mean the chanting cultist? Henry downed him)

(The rest you can see on the map without red Xs are up)



Marcus Veranius: (I mean the one next to Kasimir)

(That I launched an attack on earlier)

(Before mr Bones Wild Ambush)



Suldae Westwind: (doesn't using ranged weapons in melee provoke AOOs?)

GM: (I missed your first attack before my frenzy of initiative rolls, my b - he's dead)



Marcus Veranius fires an arrow at the cultist up the stairs, then runs up the stairwell

GM: (That cultist?)



Marcus Veranius: (Yee)

GM: (He dead now)



Marcus Veranius: Using an action surge, Marcus fires a few extra shots into the uncharmed cultist and cat

16

600

Oathbow (+10)
Marcus Veranius

8

Piercing

19

600

Oathbow (+10)
Marcus Veranius

8

Piercing

"I don't like the sound of it, but watch out for a lord of bones?"

(EoT)

The first shot wings the cultist, taking him into a spin that ends in a dirt nap. He won't regain consciousness for a while. The last arrow rips right through the cat and sticks in the dirt beyond it.

The cat sways on its paws for a second or two.

The cat flops over on its side, dead.



Kasimir Velikov: "Get back."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae raises her eyebrows at that. Seems... easy. She doesn't trust easy.



Kasimir Velikov: "Get away from it!"



Suldae Westwind: Yeah, that's more like it.

It's too late to move.

What begins to happen next is trauma-inducingly horrific.

By the end of the horror, what was the body of a cat has erupted into a sprawling, insectoid, overwhelming mass of huge and growing white, skeletal limbs.

It continues to expand, swelling wildly into a slick-slimed skeletal shape.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"BAD KITTY!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stares, her mind calmly attempting to find words for this.

Mentally narrating is a habit that's easy for a bard to fall into, and it's the only one she can retreat to now.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: "I REALLY FUCKING HATE THIS PLACE" Henry yells in between a sting of curses in Undercommon



Suldae Westwind: Right now, the best she has got is "It shouldn't be as pretty as it is"

Majesto the Bone Devil rears to his full and menacing 12 feet of height. His sting rattles and clicks as it flickers and swings through the dark air. The candles in the chamber all gutter and die, plunging the room into utter darkness. Red eyes blaze in the gloom, high above you.



Kasimir Velikov:

CLAW

Bone Devil

Attack: **13**

Damage: **10** slashing

CLAW

Bone Devil

Attack: **26**

Damage: **8** slashing

STING

Bone Devil

Attack: **9**

The target must succeed on a dc 14 constitution saving

throw or become poisoned for 1 minute The target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success

Damage: **12** piercing + **17** poison

Henry feels something like five swords scrape across his shield, followed by a second slash of five sword-like claws that actually draws blood. Something punches into the wall beside his head, he dodges it by pure luck.

The Bone Devil rumbles in the darkness, closing its eyes and slinking backwards. You hear the sound of fists punching through dirt.

Kasimir, seeing clearly with his elven eyes, raises a hand and casts *Light* on his own sword.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry grits his teeth biting down the pain

The chamber is once again brightly illuminated.



Kasimir Velikov: "Don't let it escape!"



Skeleton: "RRRAAWAWGGGHhh..."

A skeleton, still dropping clumps of dirt and dust, charges towards the illuminated elf.

SHORTSWORD
Skeleton

Attack: **17** | **5**

Damage: **7** piercing

Kasimir cries out in pain as a sword pierces him.



Skeleton:

SHORTSWORD
Skeleton

Attack: **18** | **23**

Damage: **6** piercing

INITIATIVE
Skeleton

Initiative: **7**

While in the presence of the Bone Devil, the skeletons move with increased speed and aggression! Their blows are difficult to avoid. Marcus feels a jolt of cold steel in his flesh. (The skeletons have advantage on attacks while the Bone Devil is alive.)



Skeleton:

SHORTSWORD
Skeleton

Attack: 16 18

Damage: 8 piercing

One skeleton guts the unconscious cultist.

One skeleton readies itself to defend its master, attacking anything that comes within range.



Marcus Veranius:

OTHER PROFICIENCY

Immunity:

Another loops around and charges at Marcus.



Skeleton:

SHORTSWORD Skeleton

Attack: 20 17

Damage: 8 piercing



Marcus Veranius looks down at the attacks on his chest, not seeing blood drawn

Marcus now faces two skeletons on the staircase, neither of whom can hurt him.

One charmed cultist flees.



Skeleton:

SHORTSWORD Skeleton

Attack: 13 6

Damage: 6 piercing

Kasimir fends off another skeleton poorly and gets scratched for it. It seems he's not very good with a blade.

GM: (Suldae is up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes in and out. She can feel the Weave trembling in between them, and she knows what she can attempt to do with it. She focuses and starts up a slow, melodic trill.

Hypnotic Pattern

<i>Illusion 3</i>

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A 30-foot cube within range
--

Components: S, M (A glowing stick of incense or a crystal vial filled with phosphorescent material)
--

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You create a twisting pattern of colors that weaves through the air inside a 30-foot cube

within range. The pattern appears for a moment and vanishes. Each creature in the area who sees the pattern must make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, the creature becomes charmed for the duration. While charmed by this spell, the creature is incapacitated and has a speed of 0. The spell ends for an affected creature if it takes any damage or if someone else uses an action to shake the creature out of its stupor.

12

ARCANA (9)
Suldae Westwind

The chamber crackles and flares with a disco inferno of whirling lights. Everyone is momentarily distracted by the dazzling display, which continues above you for as long as Suldae maintains concentration.

Henry and Marcus have advantage on the save.



Suldae Westwind: Kasimir is totally the point of origin!



Marcus Veranius:

22

20

WISDOM SAVE (2)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: wait

Henry doesnt need to roll a save

Kasimir also has advantage on the save.



Suldae Westwind: the zombies all fit in a cube that Henry and Kasimir are outside of

(You are correct)

GM: (Like this?)



Suldae Westwind: I drew it

GM: Gotcha



Skeleton:

WISDOM
Skeleton

Ability: 16

WISDOM
Skeleton

Ability: 19

WISDOM
Skeleton

Ability: 5

WISDOM
Skeleton

Ability: 13

WISDOM
Skeleton

Ability: 12

WISDOM
Skeleton

Ability: 16



Skeleton:

WISDOM
Skeleton

Ability: 4

7 saves for 7 Skeletons

Derp

Should be 8

WISDOM
Skeleton

Ability: 12

8 now



Skeleton:

WISDOM
Bone Devil

Ability: 21

WISDOM
Bone Devil

Ability: 4



Sulda Westwind: 3 of htem and the bone devil saved

GM: (Bone Devil makes its save with advantage for a 21



Sulda Westwind: (makes sense -_-)

Suldae gives the same trills on the ocarina to keep up the pattern once every several seconds.

GM: (Does Suldae want to move?)

(You could take Kasimir with you)



Sulda Westwind: Suldae moves to Kasimir and shoves him towards the door

Kasimir: Kasimir goes without protest.

he clutches his wounds as he stumbles along.



Suldae Westwind: She shoves him inside and stands in front of him. She is not certain of what it was she saw happen to Marcus, but she figures her odds are better than his, anyway.

She has actual armor and a magic cloak and everything.

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a step back while swaping from srord and shield to Halberd

sword



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae shoves Kasimir to a point right in front of the door, just so she can block the entrance from inside



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry swings his halberd at the devil

13

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook

10

Radiant Smite Damage/Undead Smite

9

Slashing

25

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook

15

Radiant Smite Damage/Undead Smite

11

Slashing

while wreathing it in Divine Light

rolling d4

(1)

= 1

GM: (Don't forget you have Bless on your weapon attacks too)



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling d4

(4)

= 4

17 and 26 please

GM: (Can do)



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae stares at Henry. She thinks she might just understand what's going on.

*It's clear the Bone Devil was not anticipating the pain of this warrior's blows. The holy light takes it entirely by surprise, the blessed weapon strikes true -- truer, for the evil it now faces -- and the silvered edge cleaves through all resistance. The Bone Devil takes **45** points of damage.*



Liliet (Suldae):

23

RELIGION (9)
Suldae Westwind

One of its arms tumbles off casually.

Suldae realizes that Henry must have been claimed as a Paladin for some deity or natural force. She has heard only legends of such spontaneous semisainthoods.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: EoT



Suldae Westwind: She smiles to herself, the realization distracting her from the horror they are now facing. Since he'd talked to her, fearful of losing his way, it seems he has fully found it.

GM: (EoT Henry?)



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: (yes)

GM: (Marcus is up)

(The stunned skeletons don't get a save unless jostled or harmed, or if Suldae breaks concentration)



Suldae Westwind: That thing is still incongruously pretty. Suldae very much does not mind the newfound asymmetry of it.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus attempts to do the seemingly-impossible to give Henry aid against the demon. A technique many have attempted, but none so far have succeeded.

He's jumping off the stairs!

GM: (Make an athletics check :D)



Marcus Veranius:

15

ACROBATICS (8)
Marcus Veranius



Kasimir Velikov: Marcus somersaults neatly through the air and lands effortlessly, even sticking the landing.

Marcus somersaults neatly through the air and lands effortlessly, even sticking the landing.

It seems lycanthropy has additional benefits.



Marcus Veranius appears behind the demon, in a less-cool way than Henry. No idea how he can just poof behind things; that mad lad!

Marcus Veranius: "Oi! Over here you overgrown rat!"

13

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+5)

Marcus Veranius

2

Favored Enemy Bonus

20

Piercing

10

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+5)

Marcus Veranius

2

Favored Enemy Bonus

18

Piercing

GM: +Bless



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d4 Bless

(3)

= 3

rolling 1d4 Bless

(2)

= 2

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

2

Favored Enemy Bonus

5

Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]

Marcus Veranius

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

2*Favored Enemy Bonus***8***Bonus Accuracy***[Precision Attack]**

Marcus Veranius

GM: (Total rolls?)**Marcus Veranius:** (Ignore the second instance of Favored Enemy. Dunno why thats showing up)

13+3+5

10+2+8

GM: (Both hit)**Marcus Veranius:** 22+20 Piercing Damage (Magic/Silvered Weapon)

The Bone Devil takes two silvered arrows from a blessed elven bow of vengeance and screams in pain!

**Marcus Veranius:** "Didn't like that, did ya? What are you going to do about it!?"

(EoT)

**Kasimir Velikov:**CLAW
*Bone Devil*Attack: **27**Damage: **12** slashingCLAW
*Bone Devil*Attack: **11**Damage: **8** slashingSTING
*Bone Devil*Attack: **15**

The target must succeed on a dc 14 constitution saving throw or become poisoned for 1 minute The target can

repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success

Damage: 20 piercing + 15 poison

The Bone Devil moves in a whirlwind of action, slashing with both hands at Henry and firing its barbed tail at Marcus.

It manages to draw blood once more, but Marcus neatly avoids the darting sting.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus ducks below the stinger, sweating profusely. Now THAT looks like it would hurt!



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: (12 damgae wuhu)



Kasimir Velikov:

Prestidigitation

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 10 ft

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 hour

This spell is a minor magical trick that novice spellcasters use for practice. You create one of the following magical effects within range.

- You create an instantaneous, harmless sensory effect, such as a shower of sparks, a puff of wind, faint musical notes, or an odd odor.
- You instantaneously light or snuff out a candle, a torch, or a small campfire.
- You instantaneously clean or soil an object no larger than 1 cubic foot.
- You chill, warm, or flavor up to 1 cubic foot of nonliving material for 1 hour.
- You make a color, a small mark, or a symbol appear on an object or a surface for 1 hour.
- You create a nonmagical trinket or an illusory image that can fit in your hand and that lasts until the end of your next turn.

If you cast this spell multiple times, you can have up to three of its non-instantaneous effects active at a time, and you can dismiss such an effect as an action.

Detect Magic*Divination 1 (ritual)***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** Self (30 ft)**Components:** V, S**Duration:** Concentration Up to 10 minutes

For the duration, you sense the presence of magic within 30 feet of you. If you sense magic in this way, you can use your action to see a faint aura around any visible creature or object in the area that bears magic, and you learn its school of magic, if any.

The spell can penetrate most barriers, but is blocked by 1 foot of stone, 1 inch of common metal, a thin sheet of lead, or 3 feet of wood or dirt.

Kasimir waves a hand and senses the Weave.

He approaches the center of the pentagram.

He reaches down a hand and feels the air above the center of the pentagram.

He recoils in alarm.



Kasimir Velikov: "They have used this as a summoning circle."

"Many times."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at him, while trying to keep an eye on the battle as well.



Kasimir Velikov: "Patrina has never been called here, but many others have..."

"The boundary is weak here."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae closes her eyes for a second. That would explain the warning she got - that this time would be the last, if allowed to succeed.



Kasimir Velikov: "He could use his teleportation room to break through."

"We must sanctify this space at once."



Suldae Westwind: "What do we do?" Suldae asks in between the trills.

"We need to get rid of that first," she nods towards the other room. Her need to focus on the spell saps the concentration needed to figure this problem out.



Kasimir Velikov: "Maintain your concentration! Don't let them in here."

"I will attempt to do what is necessary."

"We must overturn the chairs."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae lowers her head in acceptance. She is not a fan of how vague that sounds, but she supposes she can only do so much at a time.



Kasimir Velikov: He says this last after a moment of thought.

Suldae Westwind: She kicks over the chair next to her.



Kasimir Velikov: (Athletics check for each corpse-occupied chair)

STRENGTH
Kasimir Velikov

Ability: 15 | 15



Suldae Westwind: (oh alright)

(basically im using up my turn on this)

12

ATHLETICS (0)
Suldae Westwind

whee



Kasimir Velikov:

SHORTSWORD
Skeleton

Attack: 22

Damage: 8 piercing

SHORTSWORD
Skeleton

Attack: 6

Damage: 5 piercing

Two skeletons rush up on Marcus and stab him futilely.

The one skeleton waiting to guard its master from any that would approach continues to do so, not realizing that Henry can reach its master with the pole arm.



Marcus Veranius: "Hey, stop that! These are my good clothes damnit!"

GM: (Suldae, you're up -- you can cast one non-concentration spell and still do stuff with chairs and sanctifications)

(You can also make an arcana check to try and verify his findings)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae chooses to take his word for it, instead attempting to figure out the sanctification.

14

RELIGION (9)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae realizes that this place has been a place where people have gathered to twist and concentrate the Weave. This was not done by talented spell casters, but by frauds and crooks who only half-believed in what they were doing, and by fanatics, misled by devils and men. The place here has been used for ritual human sacrifice many times, she can sense the uneasy presence of lingering death. The Weave has been distorted and broken here, stretched apart by hellish energies

and strange disharmonies of nature. She senses the larger flow of natural magic in Barovia, and the peaceful harmonies of the Weave stand out as obviously discordant with the weave-song at the center of the circle. She feels it spiraling around her, a current of inrushing and outpouring energy, an exchange between planes. If a counter-current could be produced, or if she could alter the discordant notes and somehow twist the song to better match the larger Weave, perhaps she could Mend the ruined planar boundary somehow...



Suldae Westwind: Suldae starts a rhythm of tapping her foot and humming, weaving the thrills of the continued spell on the other room into this. The idea is somewhat silly, but it could not possibly *hurt*.

Mending

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: Touch

Target: A single break or tear in an object you touch

Components: V, S, M (Two lodestones)

Duration: Instantaneous

This spell repairs a single break or tear in an object you touch, such as a broken chain link, two halves of a broken key, a torn cloak, or a leaking wineskin. As long as the break or tear is no larger than 1 foot in any dimension, you mend it, leaving no trace of the former damage. This spell can physically repair a magic item or construct, but the spell can't restore magic to such an object.

She attempts to mend the Weave.

27

ARCANA (9)
Suldae Westwind

There is a spiraling sound followed by a an inward rush of wind and a faint "Pop!"

The smell of wildflowers wafts through the chamber.

Suldae is reminded of weddings and funerals, somehow.

The last two cultists whose charred corpses still sit in chairs both crumble to ashes.

GM: (Henry, you're up)

The Bone Devil stiffens as though something in the air has drastically changed.

Henry feels renewed vigor in his arms.

(Henry receives 15 points of healing.)



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shakes of the twinge of feeling he is getting from where Suldae is and decides to focus on the big bony problem in front of him.

13

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook

22*Radiant Smite Damage/Undead Smite***13***Slashing***27****Halberd (10 ft) (+7)**

Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook

7 + 3*Radiant Smite Damage/Undead Smite***12 + 9***Slashing*

Henry again brings down his halberd on the Demons limbs

rolling d4

(**4**)**= 4**

rolling d4

(**4**)**= 4****Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook:** (damn son)**Suldae Westwind:** (BOOM)***Henry's holy halberd brings the devil back to the nine hells face-first, dealing a godly 66 points of damage.]]*****GM (GM):** (You overkilled it by 11 points)

(Would you care to describe the takedown?)

**Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry feeling the the full might of the Light filling Him swings at the Devil first swiping at its legs, severing and searing them before Bring the Halberd up and straight down on Its head "By the Light! BEGONE!" he yells proudly***The Bone Devil collapses into a crumbling mass of brittle, powdery calcium, vaguely skeleton-shaped but rapidly deteriorating and blowing away on some kind of spectral wind.******The other skeletons crumble instantly.*****Suldae Westwind:** Suldae is still playing/humming/tapping the tune she's come up with. She feels the very fabric of reality right itself.***Marcus Veranius stares at Henry***

Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry huffs out a few laboring breaths before approaching Marcus the remnants of Divine Light ebbing of him "You alright Marcus" He says grinning widely



Suldae Westwind: As the last remains of the curse on this place ebb, Suldae finishes the tune and comes out to look at her comrades.



Marcus Veranius 's mouth is practically on the floor



Suldae Westwind: She is amused by Marcus's look in more than one way.



GM (GM): The party gains **9025** XP

2256.25 XP per person



Suldae Westwind: The rips on his best clothes are giving him a quite interesting look, with his renewed appearance, and it appears that unlike Suldae he had not figured out Henry's new *thing* from the start.



GM (GM): (Round that to 2256



Suldae Westwind: (EXCELLENT, NOTED DOWN)



Marcus Veranius: "Since when have YOU been a portable sun!?"

"That's rather convenient actually."

"We can save on armor polish that way."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes up to Marcus, puts her hand on the most suggestive tear and begins to hum her song.

Mending

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: Touch

Target: A single break or tear in an object you touch

Components: V, S, M (Two lodestones)

Duration: Instantaneous

This spell repairs a single break or tear in an object you touch, such as a broken chain link, two halves of a broken key, a torn cloak, or a leaking wineskin. As long as the break or tear is no larger than 1 foot in any dimension, you mend it, leaving no trace of the former damage. This spell can physically repair a magic item or construct, but the spell can't restore magic to such an object.

This is helping her not giggle.



Marcus Veranius: "...AND on weaving expenses!"

There is a brief glow. A moment later, it is impossible to tell that the shirt was ever damaged to begin with.

Marcus Veranius: "I really need to learn this 'magic' stuff."



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: "Since about this afternoon I had a rather productive nap you could say " Henry replies with a shiteating grin



Marcus Veranius: :|



Suldae Westwind: Suldae claps him on the shoulder in sympathy. A desire to learn magic is something she is fully there for.



Marcus Veranius: "Remind me to take notes on how to nap."



Suldae Westwind: She smiles at Henry.



Marcus Veranius: "I'm doing it wrong apparently."



Suldae Westwind: "A Paladin, then," she says seriously and radiantly.

Actually, this calls for a celebration, and she has no reason not to indulge herself.

She comes up to Henry, and standing on her tippy toes to at least somewhat compensate for the height difference, hugs him around the armor.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: "I stand before you as the Herald of the Ancients, the Spiritsof Bravoria as it should be" Henry replies expression now serious



Suldae Westwind: Suldae steps back and nods, her expression serious. She can feel the entity within herself stir at those words, and can't feel anything but happiness for the unity of it.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: He does however pull Suldae in close with his free hand



Suldae Westwind: She hugs him closer.



Marcus Veranius follows suit with the look. Fun as this is, there was serious business to intend to.



Marcus Veranius: "Glad the spirits are with us. How about the living? You mentioned prisoners, Kasimir?"



Kasimir Velikov stands nearby, his gaze directed towards the ceiling.



Suldae Westwind: "Well, we've done one half of the plan, so to speak," Suldae says optimistically.



Kasimir Velikov: "They are upstairs. In a storage room. Guarded."



Suldae Westwind: This was the smaller half, and yes, she knows math doesn't work like that.



Kasimir Velikov: "Your charmed ones have left the building."



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: "So I feeled you doing something and I take it it worked?"



Suldae Westwind: "They?" she turns to Kasimir.

She nods to Henry, explanr.ations to follow late

*explanations to follow later.



Marcus Veranius: "Hopefully not to meddle in our other plans. We must trust our allies to see the wall through."

"We owe a debt, and freeing those prisoners may help to alleviate it."



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: "We should move then"



Marcus Veranius nods to Kasimir

The front door of the manor swings shut and locks.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae mends everyone else's clothes and armor on the way, as well.

She touches Kasimir's wounds, first.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir points east. "Through the kitchen."



Suldae Westwind:

1

Higher Level Cast

12

Healing

Touch

Cure Wounds

Suldae Westwind

(amaze @ the higher level cast)



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns "Keep your magic Suldae" laying a hand on his chest



**Marcus Veranius follows Kasimir's instruction and heads east, dropping the pretense of stealth.
*Plenty of noise in the basement***



Suldae Westwind: She casts the spell twice, attempting to get him back into shape as best she can.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook:

LAY ON HANDS

Class: Paladin 1

You have a pool of healing power that replenishes when you take a long rest. With that pool, you can restore a total number of hit points equal to your paladin level x 5. As an action, you can touch a creature and draw power from the pool to restore a number of hit points to that creature, up to the maximum amount remaining in your pool.

Alternatively, you can expend 5 hit points from your pool of healing to cure the target of one disease or neutralize one poison affecting it. You can cure multiple diseases and neutralize multiple poisons with a single use of Lay on Hands, expending hit points separately for each

one.

This feature has no effect on undead and constructs.



Suldae Westwind:

9

Healing

Touch

Cure Wounds

Suldae Westwind

(both? both. both are good)



Kasimir Velikov: "Thank you. I feel better than new."



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry heals himself with lay on hands for 5hp

Popping through into the kitchen, Marcus sees a woman working at the hearth, stoking up a fire.



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae is, habitually, untouched. She'd feel bad about it but she just doesn't. Luck is luck, good thing worse didn't happen)

She doesn't seem to hear him enter.

GM: (Roll Insight, Marcus)



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: (wheres the Kitchen?)

?)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae's on the doorstep)



Marcus Veranius:

6

INSIGHT (5)
Marcus Veranius

(OOF)

Marcus thinks she's got a weapon.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry enters the kitchen wearily

In fact, as he looks at her, he sees the unmistakable shape of a longsword's handle in her clenched fist.

GM: (Roll insight, Henry and Suldae)



Suldae Westwind: (im fucking dying)



Marcus Veranius stomps in, holding his bow out



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook:

8

INSIGHT (0)

Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind:

24

INSIGHT (4)
Suldae Westwind

(LMAO)

To Henry she looks suspicious.



Marcus Veranius: "Drop your weapons, hands up!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae grabs Marcus's shoulder.



Marcus Veranius:

13

INTIMIDATION (4)
Marcus Veranius

Suldae sees her holding a fire poker and shaking in her petticoats, terrified. Someone must have her under immediate danger.



Suldae Westwind:

19

ATHLETICS (0)
Suldae Westwind

(wow lmao)

Suldae snatches Marcus backwards just as the Cultist fires his crossbow.

Crossbow bolts whizz past, narrowly missing the bridge of Marcus's nose.



Kasimir Velikov:

INITIATIVE
Cultist

Initiative: **15**



Marcus Veranius:

14.2

INITIATIVE (5.2)
Marcus Veranius

13.2

INITIATIVE (5.2)
Marcus Veranius



Kasimir Velikov:

INITIATIVE
Kasimir Velikov

Initiative: **20**



Suldae Westwind: (good thing we're immune to these)



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook:

12.1

INITIATIVE (0.1)
Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (sme of us anyway)



Kasimir Velikov:

INITIATIVE

Initiative: **3.15**



Suldae Westwind:

21.15

INITIATIVE (3.15)
Suldae Westwind

(LMAO)

Suldae is up



Marcus Veranius: (I don't have the guile to explain why crossbow bolts don't skewer me)



Suldae Westwind: (they stick in you like butter then get slowly pushed out)

(its creepy)

('s how im headcanoning it anyway)

Suldae turns to the cultist and fires off her favorite spell, playing a fast yet oddly lulling melody.

Basically it can pierce you but when you pull it out your flesh isn't actually parted -- just like the two briefly intersected but did not really interact normally.



Suldae Westwind:

27
Hit Points of Creatures

90 feet

Sleep
Suldae Westwind

About a dozen people collapse, unconscious.

You can hear several people snoring in the adjacent room to the north.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pauses. She did not expect this effect.

The woman should be untouched.

*untouched.

The cultist drops, unconscious. The cook remains conscious.



Suldae Westwind: "We are not here to harm you," she addresses you.

"I apologize for my hasty comrade."

Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs
moving over to the cultist



Marcus Veranius lowers his bow



Suldae Westwind: "Gotta tie him up," Suldae tells Henry as he passes her, "this does not last long."

Cook: The cook puts the fire poker down and slowly turns around, hands in the air.

"There's more of 'em -- in the larder! And they've got the girls in the northwest servant's quarters."



Marcus Veranius: "In all fairness, Lady Wachter has a bunch of skeletons in her closet."



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods kicking the crossbow out of his hands before setting to tying him up

Cook: "I don't know if any of them went upstairs!"



Suldae Westwind: "The girls?" Suldae asks.

GM: (Roll dexterity or sleight of hand for the knot-tying)
(Or survival, actually)



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook:

15

DEXTERITY SAVE (0)
Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius: "...wait. Did you cook the evening's meal?"



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: (can I add bless to the knot tying as it's a save lol)

Cook: "Aye, that was me. I had to do it all by me lonesome cuz it's the Butler's day off and the rest of the girls got too uppity for the Missus to deal with, so she had 'em locked up with a guard to keep 'em out o' the way 'til her party's all done."



Marcus Veranius offers a thumbs up

GM: (Oh, not a dex save, do a dex check)



Suldae Westwind: (it's not a save)
(it's an ability check)
(you clicked in the wrong place)



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well party's over" Henry muses



Marcus Veranius: "You're worth every silver she pays. Best dinner platter I've had in Barovia."



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook:

2

SURVIVAL (0)

Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: Suldae raises her eyebrows at 'the rest of the girls got too uppity'. Quite an interesting household, this.

Cook: The woman flushes beet red and giggles nervously.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: (goddamn really



Suldae Westwind: She comes over to Henry, seeing him fumbling with the knots, and helps.

4

SLEIGHT OF HAND (3)

Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius aids Henry with the rope-tying (Roll again)



Suldae Westwind: (OH MY GOD)



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook:

8

SURVIVAL (0)

Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius: "..."

Suldae somehow manages to tie Henry and the prisoner together in the same knot.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: (.... rope true final boss)

Henry manages to undo this only with difficulty.



Marcus Veranius: "I don't suppose they teach rope-tying in chef school?"



Kasimir Velikov:

DEXTERITY

Kasimir Velikov

Ability: 14 | 21

Kasimir comes in and ties a suitable but not particularly pretty or strong knot.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae steps away and looks at the elf gratefully.

This was humiliating.

If a little hilarious in retrospect.

*retrospect



Kasimir Velikov:

DEXTERITY

Commoner

Ability: 20 8

The cook comes over, tweaks a single strand of the knot, and turns it into something very sturdy and secure.



Marcus Veranius: "You're not being paid enough."



Marcus Veranius checks on the next room

Without her bonnet and with a bit more of an education, the cook would probably be a total babe. As is, she seems a little brainwashed.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry waits before no one is looking at him before inspecting his hands what was that

Marcus finds the next room's door to be locked with a chain from the outside. This is easily undone. Inside he finds several sleeping commoners, including one young Vistani woman.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae just hopes no-one goes for half-elf jokes here.

She's heard a few too mcuh of those.

That prospect aside, that was genuinely hilarious.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: If his Granpa had seen him ty such a shody knot Henry would have had to woodchoping duty for a whole dayagain

tie

had to do



Marcus Veranius looks at the Vistani woman. What were the chances she was from the west camp? What were the chances she was the maiden of that one Feather lad.

GM: (Roll for a Divine Intervention. Add the levels of all party members together for the threshold)



Marcus Veranius: His guilt pleaded, wanting to turn away, but locked on.

(whats a divine intervention?)

GM: "roll percentile dice. If you roll a number equal to or lower than your Cleric level, your deity intervenes. "

(In this case, the number to be equal to or lower is the combined level of Marcus, Suldae, Henry, Ireena, and Ismark)

(Ireena and Ismark are the same level as the rest of you)



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: so 30

GM: (Rull 1d100, Marcus)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d100 (DC 25)

(40)

= 40

Unfortunately the fates will not be so kind.

Suldae Westwind: (WELP)

She is the sister of the girl in the camp.

Marcus, of course, has no way to know this.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae does not even consider this, as she instead checks on the girls' health as best she can.

22

MEDICINE (2)
Suldae Westwind

All of the prisoners appear to be uninjured and healthy.

They sleep peacefully, wrapped in the harmonies of Suldae's spell.



Suldae Westwind: "They are unhurt," Suldae says, straightening out and turning to Kasimir,



Marcus Veranius: "Do we wake them? The Keepers may want to know of Vistani survivors."



Suldae Westwind: "They will wake on their own soon enough, and it is better if they do not panic," Suldae contributes.



Paladin Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns "Maybe we should have a look around the Manor. It would be a shame to leave when such dastardly villains are still here" he gestures to the cultist while speaking mostly to the Cook



Marcus Veranius nods, heart sunken with guilt. Now wasn't the proper time, yet here it was.

GM: (Unfortunately, this may have to wait for next session -- thank you for playing, all! :D)



Suldae Westwind: (THANKS EVERYONE ;u;)



(From Tops K.): It's time for our favorite game; Curse of Shit-What-Time-Is-It-My-Character-Becomes-Spooky-At-Sundown



(From Tops K.): Starring your host: Things-I-Forgot-To-Consult-With-The-Party



(To Tops K.): Yes, it is nearly night-time



(From Marcus Veranius): Marcus still has the default Wereraven token on my side. Do I need to re-drop his token in for it to show up?



GM (GM): Morning !

I think I need to update Marcus's token



Marcus Veranius: Tokens are half the fun of character creation

I recently bought a pack of token boarders. Super-worth it



GM (GM): Did you have a hybrid image in mind? For your hybrid form?



(https://cdn.discordapp.com

/attachments/553420140037931010/600861575154368528/Marcus_Raven_Hat_Token.png) I have this image for his raven form



Tops K.: That was the hybrid form; raven was the derpy one



GM (GM): Ah



Tops K.: Gotta have them distinct somehow



GM (GM): Do you have one in mind for his full-raven form then?

We could use the derpy one if you really want to
bird is life



Tops K.: The derpy one is too pure
I can't stop using it



GM (GM): (Good morning all!)

***The Barovian commoners continue to snore quietly. A cultist lies bound in the corner of the kitchen.
The house around you now seems to wait, looming in silence on all sides.***

The sun has nearly set.



Liliet (Suldae): "We need to get them out of here, and we need to search the house," Suldae says.
"We also should not split up"



Marcus Veranius tightens his hat, making sure the illusion is set. This party took longer than he had intended



Marcus Veranius: "Well that's easy enough. If we secure the stairwell, our chef here can help the others out."

"There's no other threats on this floor, is there?"



Marcus Veranius moves to peek in through the west door

Cook: "Were you askin' me, sir?"



Suldae Westwind: "If you know the answer," Suldae says.



GM (GM): (Where did Marcus go?)



Suldae Westwind: She walks around the room, peering into all corners

14

INVESTIGATION (4) Suldae Westwind

Marcus has found the Back Vestibule. The back door is locked and similar to the front door in every respect. A few doors lead onward into the house.

Suldae finds 4 silver coins that someone dropped in the larder a long time ago. Otherwise, she finds only barrels, neatly labeled, all containing various pickled, salted, or otherwise preserved foods. There are a few small casks of wine, but they are nearly empty.



Marcus Veranius: Ah, well that's convenient enough! Just unlock this and it was an easy exit out the back!



Marcus Veranius , in the absence of a key, attempts to force the locks open



Marcus Veranius: "Henry; can you give me a hand here?"

The door jiggles in the frame but does not open.



GM (GM): (Attempt a strength/athletics check?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Did you check these for traps?" Henry teases



Marcus Veranius: (Is it locked?)

"...I didn't, come to think of it."



Marcus Veranius takes a closer inspection before attempting anything



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pockets the coins, considering the sum to be too insignificant to bother the team over.

The door is locked. The glass in the decorative panels appears to bear an enchantment, Marcus can see teeny tiny runes etched into it when he is up close.



Suldae Westwind: She lingers in the doorway, keeping an eye both on the unconscious commoners and on her team.



Marcus Veranius: "Bollocks, thanks for the advice. Suldae; can you dispel whatever these are on the class?"

Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at the door thoughtfully.

"I do not quite have the spell for it; I could attempt to at least"

Suldae taps her fingers on the glass and whistles a melody that comes to her as she feels the patterns in the Weave.

18

ARCANA (9)
Suldae Westwind

She taps her foot, aiding in the process.

She feels the magic resist her for a moment... [[1d20+5

She feels the magic resist her for a moment... 17

The runes fade from the glass.

The door seems to relax in some indefinable way.



Marcus Veranius grins as the runes fade. With Henry's help, he attempts to finish off any mechanical locks still left.



Marcus Veranius:

27

22

Thieves Tools (8)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes out, silence spreading as the melody ends with the runes fading.

Marcus's tools make short work of the lock. Within a second or two, the door is ready to be opened.



Marcus Veranius: "And there we go! One evacuation route for our friends!"



Marcus Veranius opens the door

The door swings easily open. Beyond, he sees the grounds of the small estate. Between the high stone walls, there are many small trees and decorative plants. Many fern varieties are on display.

The sun is setting in the West, and to the east, the sky is darkening swiftly.

It will be a clear night, with many stars. A good night for dragon hunting.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We should hurry and finish up here quickly"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glances outside, still keeping one eye on the women, and wonders about the moon phase.

22

INTELLIGENCE (3+1)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius peers around for their other allies, then speaks in a low tone

It will be a full moon tonight.

Marcus Veranius: "Probably a bad time to mention this, but... you know this animal spirit that Lycanthropes have?"



Suldae Westwind: When does the moon rise today?

6

INTELLIGENCE (3+1)
Suldae Westwind

oh my god

Marcus, you consider the question too - a lot depends on it XD



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a peak outside "...the full moon..." he sighs out



Marcus Veranius: "Yeah, it's about that."

"I spoke with it; fine bloke. The good news is that it operate under the New Moon. Opposite side of the lunar calendar. The moons don't NORMALLY have an influence."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "..But?" Henry quirks his brow



Marcus Veranius pokes his fingers together awkwardly



Marcus Veranius: "I... made an arrangement."

"Seemed like being able to fly at-will would be helpful asset, despite not having time to master the curse properly..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to Suldae the question 'did you do the same?' plain on his face



Suldae Westwind: Suldae frowns. She was too exhausted by the events of the day to do anything other than sleep and recover, but... She reaches inside herself, attempting to touch the new part of her soul she knows is there

7

ANIMAL HANDLING (4)
Suldae Westwind

(...wow)

(fucking wow)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (rope all over again)



Marcus Veranius: "Long story short... *I might have agreed to let the curse turn me birdlike when the moon is out.*"

"BUT!"

"I still have that Hat of Disguise. And I am hoping no one will notice!"



Suldae Westwind: (kind of need GM to give me results from my rolls...)

Suldae feels a squawking panic inside of her -- it seems whatever she has reached out to touch was peacefully slumbering, and is now very agitated.

She also realizes that she cannot tell when the moon will rise -- it could be at any moment.

In fact, the full moon may already be risen...



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a moment to consider before deeply sighing "Well now thats inconvenient" he grimaces "Okay let's table that for after we are going out in the open, we do have a Manor to investigate"



Marcus Veranius: "Which we ought to do swiftly." Marcus nods.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods mutely.



Marcus Veranius: "At the very least, the curse shouldn't be a problem tonight so long as we leave it to sleep peacefully."



Suldae Westwind: She is agitated as well.

Suldae cringes.

That, yes...



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So how do we do this? we have quite a bit of property to cover"



Marcus Veranius: "Everyone pick a door, open them at the same time?"

"Repeat until house is clear?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs " we stay in shouting distance at all times at the minimum2
"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at the women. Hopefully they were exhausted enough that they will keep slumbering for a while...

She looks at the cook.

Cook: "I'll stay here, if you want."



Suldae Westwind: "Keep them safe and calm," she asks.

"Please"

Cook: "I shall certainly strive to do my best, marm."

Cook twists her apron nervously.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods gratefully.

Upon consideration, she counts out 5 gold and gives them to the woman.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'll take this one then" Henry says moving to the western door



Suldae Westwind: "Be safe yourself, too," she says and returns to the team.

Cook: "Do you think you and your'n might be needing the services of a cook, after all this is over? I think I should like to quit my service here, y'know..."



Marcus Veranius: "And I'll take this one. On the count of three."



Suldae Westwind: "Let's not split up."



Marcus Veranius: "One..."



Suldae Westwind: "We'll talk more later," she adds to the cook over her shoulderr with a faint smile.

She has no ideas for it but that doesnt mean nothing can be done.



Marcus Veranius: "Two... *itsnotsplittingupifwe'reinthesameroom...*

"THREE! Oh look, shoes!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry has his sword in one hand while putting the other on the door

Henry throws it open loudly

Marcus's room appears to be a closet of some kind. Henry's leads directly into a long servants' quarters with an armed Cultist standing guard in the doorway. Three young women cower on the other side of the room.

Seeing Henry's handsome face and shining armor, the girls shout joyously, momentarily distracting the bored Cultist.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "STAND DOWN" Henry bellowsat the cultist

14

INTIMIDATION (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook

The Cultist turns to see the cause of the commotion and finds himself face to face with Henry. **17**

The Cultist lunges forward, swinging his scimitar! **13**

His scimitar glances off Henry's defense, leaving him wide open to a counter-blow or grapple.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glares at him from behind the door, ocarina at the ready.

20

INTIMIDATION (5)
Suldae Westwind

omg

i dont know what the result of it will be but she definitely is intimidating



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry graps his arm and slams him into the doorframe



GM (GM): (Athletics please)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

24

ATHLETICS (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

12

ATHLETICS (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Suldae's new beak puts such a fright into the now-pinned Cultist that he drops his weapon. "I surrender!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Could have started with that" Henry snarls at him

Marcus Veranius: "...umm, Suldae?"



Suldae Westwind: (wait re you telling me i should switch the token)



Marcus Veranius points



Suldae Westwind: (omg)

Suldae appears to be in Hybrid form now.



Suldae Westwind: (bless)

(how does this work wrt equipment and stuff immediately)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to the ladys in the Room blocking their view of Suldae " Are you alright ?" His face a mask of effortless confidence



Marcus Veranius: (You'll probably need to visit a tailor to fix Suldae's sleeves, but equipment use is the same)

She stands the same height, but her skin has become covered in glossy black feathers, and she has grown a prominent black beak. Her eyes have turned orange. She has a disturbing mix of humanoid and avian features now, and from her back a large pair of black wings has silently sprouted. Her arms remain. She still wears all of her equipment, and can still use her hands.

Her hands are now scaly and bark-braceleted, with curved black talons and eerily long, graceful fingers.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stares at her hands, taking an extra several seconds to process what is going on.

Bark on her arms, sure, that doesn't even feel like it matters right now (though it should).

Turning into a raven, that has been deliberate and for a reason.

This isn't necessarily *bad* or *wrong*.

It's just straining her ability to think straight, is all.

She would like a couple of days to herself.



Suldae Westwind: To meditate and everything.

Unfortunately it seems the world is not about to oblige.

The ladies in the room rush forward, grabbing various objects -- a bedside table drawer, a bedpan, and a metal hairbrush -- and charge at the pinned cultist.



Suldae Westwind: She steps back from the doorway.



Marcus Veranius casually slips into the room to blocks Suldae from sight



Suldae Westwind:

12

WISDOM (1+1)
Suldae Westwind

...She's not panicking. Not really.

This is going to distract her, though.

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry befuddled raises his voice "WAit Wait hey Stop!"



Marcus Veranius: "Hey, look! A beak-shaped mask! That's incredibly convenient for no particular reason!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glares at Marcus.



Marcus Veranius takes the Cultist's mask and passes it to Suldae

One girl bursts into tears and drops her brush. She gives Henry a weepy hug.



Marcus Veranius: Oh

That's a hug



Suldae Westwind: Suldae attempts to figure out how to play the ocarina with a beak.

The other two girls do their best to get the tips of their shoes lodged between the cultist's ribs, sending swift kicks at him even as Henry tries to keep them off.



Suldae Westwind: It doesn't work, predictably.

she puts it back on her belt, slips into the room, taking advantage of the women's distraction, and looks around for something that could make an improvised hand drum.

9

INVESTIGATION (4) Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry slightly overwhelmed drags the cultist back towards him and swiftly punches him with the hand holding his sword



Suldae Westwind: (ouch my rolls)



Henry of Willowsbrook: in the face to knock him out

"You saved us!"

Suldae finds nothing that would be suitable for real drumming, but realizes almost any solid object would do.



Marcus Veranius pats the girl on the shoulder. "It's OK; everything's going to be OK."

The cultist collapses, out cold.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rifles through her equipment and takes out the box with the disguise kit.

This will do.

The girls crowd around Henry, clinging to him.



Suldae Westwind: She's fine.

"We've got to get out of here!"



Suldae Westwind: She sits on the bed, watching the scene with amusement.

She attempts talking.

"Hey"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Okay " Henry hands his sword of to Marcus for a amoment to
"We'll get you out of here" he says keeping both his hands up and visible to the women between
gently patting their shoulders in reassures



Marcus Veranius takes it by the handle out of caution. Not touching the silver end when he possibly looks like Suldae under the illusion



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir, who was definitely with you the entire time and not forgotten by anybody, watches the scene silently.



Suldae Westwind: (I figured he stayed with the cultist in the kitchen)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Are you unhurt if so please wait outside." he gestures towards the opened door "We'll be right with you after making sure there is nothing bad around inside here" Henrys calm and meassured voice doesn't quite match his slightly paniced face



Marcus Veranius moves to give Suldae a pat on the shoulder as well



Suldae Westwind: "The women over there," Suldae speaks up, or attempts to
(GM can she talk)

GM: (yes)



Marcus Veranius: (Only pure raven form loses language)

GM: (Ravens can imitate speech)



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha ty)



Marcus Veranius: "First rule of Barovia; no one has respect for your time. Not even the curses."
"You alright?"



Suldae Westwind: The talk comes out harshly, in a different voice than Suldae is used to.
Still, she talks.

"The women will be waking up. They will need to be looked after, and we will be busy ensuring the safety"

It's hard to even focus on her wording, so distracted she is with the new sound of her voice. She can work with this, if only, again, she had time...



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry now realising he isn't being heard by these women gently places a hand under once chin "Hey I need you to get outside I'll be right there with you in just a second. Can you do that for me please?"

*to look in her eyes



Marcus Veranius moves to the bed and sits down next to Suldae



Suldae Westwind: Suldae grips Marcus's hand.

She is fine.

Definitely.

Totally.

She is definitely *finer* with him next to her.



Marcus Veranius: "...you get used to it. Having your body screwed up outside your will." He holds Suldae's hand firmly.

Women: The women realize what Henry is saying and decide to move outside, into the back yard, to wait for you.



Marcus Veranius gives Henry a thumbs up for playing diversion



Suldae Westwind: Suldae blinks and looks at Marcus. She's barely had the energy to consider his situation - being healed forcibly, and before that, having been scarred this badly. It is definitely... relevant.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sighs before murmuring "fairytails shouldn't be so stressfull"



Marcus Veranius pauses, thinking for a moment



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry Moves over to them holding his hand out for his sword



Marcus Veranius: "Bright side; you still have a nose!" Marcus remarks, trying to brighten the mood. He hands Henry the sword back



Suldae Westwind: Suldae snorts, or something like that. The closest that raven anatomy allows. She brings up her hands to examine her beak.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "How are you feeling" he asks Suldae in a tone kin to the one he used for the women



Suldae Westwind: "I'll probably have to start bringing the guitar into combat," she remarks. Well it's not like she can't fix it if it gets scuffed...



Kasimir Velikov: "Are you planning on turning back at some point?" Kasimir asks, with the slightest edge of mockery in his tone.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glares at the elf. It's nice of *him* to not freak out at least, but he's *not helping*.

"As soon as I can," she says.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir glances out the window at the darkening sky.



Suldae Westwind: She's not lying, not really. She doubts trying to turn back would help the panicky bird inside her feel better, so she's not going to even try, even if there's a chance she'll succeed.



Kasimir Velikov: He turns and looks once again at Suldae.



Suldae Westwind: Sometimes it's better to just... surrender for a while.



Marcus Veranius: "Listen; we're rather new to this. Only a week in Barovia and we're all half-monsters of a sort."



Marcus Veranius turns to Suldae. "But Kasimir has a point. We don't have a lot of time for this to bog us down."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves on the next door "We still have things to do" waiting for the others to gather themselves for a moment he kicks open the door



Kasimir Velikov: "You are in conflict with the lycanthropic spirit?"



Suldae Westwind: "We're... trying to find our balance," Suldae answers.



Marcus Veranius: "If it makes you feel more comfortable, YOU can wear the hat of disguise, and I'll use one of these blankets as a cloak."



Suldae Westwind: "I don't think we're in conflict, per se. Just... I'm not very good at this, I think"
Suldae shakes her head.

A gigantic spider drops from the rafters and lands on the coffee table in the middle of the newly-rediscovered lounge and dining room. Henry witnesses its huge hairy body and the rope-thick line of webbing which it dropped from, and watches its long legs brace themselves between couch and table and floor. It knocks over some of the liqueurs on the coffee table, and shatters a small glass. It has not noticed him.



Suldae Westwind: "How I look to others is not the part of this that freaks me out"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Guys" Henry whispers



Marcus Veranius: "How you look to yourself is just as important." Marcus nods, unaware of the bug problem in the other room



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir thinks for a while. "You do not have a god, then? You have no familiarity with the manners of the spirit world?"



Suldae Westwind: The bardic training Suldae has gone through has made her used to changing her appearance for plays and such. This is not quite playing a role, but still - her outward appearance she perceives more as a tool than anything. Sure, right now it's not a very *working* tool for anything, but it doesn't really *matter*.

Suldae winces. She did not even think of that.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns before quietly stepping up to the beast with his sword raised



Suldae Westwind: She takes out her holy symbol.



Henry of Willowsbrook: sword

ROLL PERCEPTION, HENRY



Henry of Willowsbrook:

10

PERCEPTION (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: "It's not about how I look, it's that I can't play," Suldae admits with annoyance. This is the part that's been playing the most havoc on her nerves. She can interact with the Weave in other ways, but she is much more comfortable with the ocarina.

She closes her eyes and sighs.

"I should... take a minute," she says.



Marcus Veranius considers for a moment

Suldae Westwind: "To handle this."

"Thank you for talking me through this."



Marcus Veranius: "You ever hear a bird's song?"



Suldae Westwind: She kicks his leg. She is trying to *meditate*.



Marcus Veranius: "They have no flute, yet their whistles are nature's symphony."



Suldae Westwind: "I'm a *raven*," she mumbles to him.

"Give me a minute."

She clasps the holy symbol in both hands. Corellon is a god of knowledge and music, but nature as well - the beauty of it, the rejuvenation of it, the deep workings behind it all that require knowledge to understand it.



Marcus Veranius flinches. Fine! Personal space time! He can play that!

The candles in the dining room have guttered out, and the room is utterly dark. Henry does not notice this, so fixated is he upon his prey. Other things lurk in the darkness, but he does not realize this. The light from the doorway is enough for what he needs to do.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (... I hate my dice)



Marcus Veranius gets up from the bed and turns to check on Henry and HOLY SHIT THE HOUSE HAS A ROACH INFESTATION!



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry attacks the bug monster or is it monster bug?



Suldae Westwind: She had loved the nature around the temple, as a kid, and while it was not her primary occupation, she spent a lot of times with the animals kept there. She'd focused her studies of the Weave and producing effects with it on interacting with the natural world, making it listen and follow her will.

She knows how important it is to listen back and allow nature to take its course, in turn.

This is, in truth, what's causing so much unrest to her right now - she feels the need to give the animal spirit inside her its space, but does not have the opportunity to do so.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (should I just do the attack roll?)



Suldae Westwind: But there is another way.

GM: (Marcus has dark vision, right?)

(Do the attack roll, please -- and the stealth roll)



Marcus Veranius: (Not until Ranger 3)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

12

STEALTH (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Marcus Veranius: (None of the night birds have it)

GM: (Ah, then I need a perception check from Marcus as well)



Suldae Westwind: It is not only an animal, but also a spirit. And she is an acolyte of a faith, not only an adventurer.



Marcus Veranius:

27

PERCEPTION (8)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook: (So am I stealthed?)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sinks into herself and just *listens*, without even a prayer. Only attention turned inwardly on herself and her position in the world and everything around it.



(To GM):

STEALTH
Giant Spider

Skill: **23**



(To GM):

STEALTH
Giant Spider

Skill: **11**



(To GM):

STEALTH
Giant Spider

Skill: **18**



(To GM):

STEALTH
Giant Spider

Skill: **18**



(To GM):

STEALTH
Giant Spider

Skill: **19**



(To GM):

STEALTH
Giant Spider

Skill: **8**



(To GM):

STEALTH
Giant Spider

Skill: 25



(To GM):

STEALTH
Giant Spider

Skill: 25



(To GM):

STEALTH
Giant Spider

Skill: 18



(To GM):

WISDOM
Giant Spider

Ability: 17



Sulda Westwind: She is clasping the holy symbol, mutely requesting her patron's guidance through this.

Henry approaches. The spider is minding its own business and the clattering of breaking glass has distracted it. It does not hear Henry, though he is seen by many other watchful, beady eyes. Marcus counts about 80, like stars among the dark rafters.



Sulda Westwind:

11

RELIGION (9)
Sulda Westwind

(FUCK IT)

(IM USING INSPIRATION)

21

RELIGION (9)
Sulda Westwind



Marcus Veranius pokes Henry, then points up



Sulda Westwind: (thats FUCKING better)



Marcus Veranius: (Kasimir is helping you find your spiritual center; that might be advantage without use of inspiration)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns before looking up at where Marcus pointed



Sulda Westwind: (well the dm didnt even tell me to roll, advantage or not)

(idk what im doing)

(im improvising)

(maybe im hoping for new inspiration here :P)

Sulda hears the wind on grass, and the sigh of oak trees in a gale, and the creak of pine and cedar,

and the babble of mountain brooks, and the silent hum of fresh snowfall. She hears the cawing of a Raven. She hears a harmonizing trill on some strange, otherworldly instrument -- something only Corellon himself could hope to play. The Raven answers, and Corellon's song ascends in response, echoing through mountains and across the endless skies of ancient plains and faewild reaches. In a single clear moment she sees that she and the Raven are two songs of the same soul, more sisters than strangers.

Henry sees the eyes. He also hears a faint sucking, squelching, liquid sound. It sounds like someone whose mouth has too many parts, messily eating a huge burrito with bones.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Hery pales stepping back towards the door



Marcus Veranius draws his bow once Henry enters the doorway, readying a bunch of arrows.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae reaches for the spirit again. She thinks of flying, of starry night and fresh wind.. and of horrors hiding in it, and of anger against the horrors. What is wrong should be put right; that is what she is working for. The protection of all; is that not something she and the Raven are in agreement on?



Marcus Veranius: "Kasimir, how many of those explosions do you have left?"

"CAW!" Suldae's beak says, as though the voice was forced from her.



Henry of Willowsbrook: He turns to the others over his shoulder looking foremost at Kasimir "You wouldn't happen to be willing to burn that room down would you?" Henry asks with a strained calm

The Spider turns.



Kasimir Velikov: "I've used them up. Why?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Shit" Henry weakly curses "We have a slight bug infestation. About the size of dos I'd say"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae slowly builds a picture in her mind. The night sweeping over Barovia, mists and mountains, brooks and forests and the stars above. People looking at these stars; people in the town they're in.

A threat from the outside. A threat taht needs to be handled, before peace is had again.

I will handle this, she thinks to the Raven. You and I, we, I-we will handle this.



Henry of Willowsbrook: dogs

(also why is there a big lowercase j token?)



Marcus Veranius: "OK, Suldae's probably going to be busy for a few minutes. I'm going to stand in front. Henry, you poke from behind me with that stick you have."

"Kasimir, throw out fire on whatever survives our poking."

"Don't let them get into the room."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods taking a step behind Marcus and swaping out his sword for his Halberd



Marcus Veranius looses arrows into the ones from the back. Time for pest control

"Caw." Suldae's beak says again. To Suldae, it seems to be saying: "Very well then, if we're pressed for time, you might as well lead until we can properly discuss this."

(To GM):

INITIATIVE

Giant Spider

Initiative: 7



(To GM):

INITIATIVE

Giant Spider

Initiative: 21



(To GM):

INITIATIVE

Giant Spider

Initiative: 15



(To GM):

INITIATIVE

Giant Spider

Initiative: 17



(To GM):

INITIATIVE

Giant Spider

Initiative: 20



(To GM):

INITIATIVE

Giant Spider

Initiative: 14



Sulda Westwind: Suldae breathes out. The contact has been established.

"The beak is inconvenient for playing," she tells the other half of her soul. "Would it be possible-?"



(To GM):

INITIATIVE

Giant Spider

Initiative: 18



(To GM):

INITIATIVE

Giant Spider

Initiative: 19

**(To GM):****INITIATIVE***Giant Spider**Initiative: 19***(To GM):****INITIATIVE***Giant Spider**Initiative: 16***(To GM):****INITIATIVE***Giant Spider**Initiative: 18****Marcus Veranius has advantage on enemies that have not yet acted*****Marcus Veranius:****13****13**

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+5)

Marcus Veranius

19*Piercing***11****15**

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+5)

Marcus Veranius

19*Piercing***GM:** (First misses, second hits)

(Superiority die?)

**Marcus Veranius:** (Yee)

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

6*Bonus Accuracy***[Precision Attack]**

Marcus Veranius

Marcus fires two precision shots with his Crossbow, sticking the nearest two jumbo spiders on the ceiling.



Marcus Veranius:

9.2

INITIATIVE (5.2)
Marcus Veranius

20.2

INITIATIVE (5.2)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook:

2.1

INITIATIVE (0.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

17.1

INITIATIVE (0.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius: (This is where Marcus's advantage on initiative pays off)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I rolled a 2 ... I hate my dice so much)



Kasimir Velikov:

INITIATIVE

Initiative: **20.1**

INITIATIVE

Kasimir Velikov

Initiative: **21**

Suldae realizes that the Raven spirit is asking her which form she would like to be in.



Suldae Westwind: "Half-elf, for the moment," she says innerly. "I would love to get more acquainted with all of the rest once we're *not* currently handling a crinightsis, I promise I will. Hopefully to"

*Hopefully tonight

jeez

(It is also asking her to roll initiative)



Suldae Westwind:

16.15

INITIATIVE (3.15)
Suldae Westwind

Kasimir Velikov:



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes out and opens her eyes.



Kasimir Velikov:

INITIATIVE

Initiative: **10.15**



Suldae Westwind: The support of her other half leaves her a lot more grounded that she would have expected to be, tonight.

She really *can* handle this later. Somehow, she suspects the were-raven spirit will have insight to offer about the bark, too.

Or might, at least.

The spider Marcus shot at puffs up, enraged, and suddenly convulses, flipping its distended lower body towards him. 21 to hit.



Marcus Veranius: (Hit)

A huge spray of webbing expands in midair like a net and gloms onto Marcus, completely entangling him! (As an action, you can make a DC12 STR check, bursting the webbing on a success. The webbing can also be attacked and destroyed.)



Marcus Veranius: ...oh bother

GM: (You are now restrained)



Kasimir Velikov:

16

16

120 ft

Fire Bolt (+6)

10

Fire

A streak of fire comes from Kasimir's outstretched hand and singes the webbing, which immolates so quickly that Marcus is unharmed by the flames.

The webbing burns away completely, freeing Marcus.

GM: (You're lucky he hit)

(Marcus is up)



Marcus Veranius: "Thank you kindly!" Marcus sends out more arrows, hopefully to thin the approaching swarm

6 | 8
600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+5)
Marcus Veranius

21
Piercing

GM: (Miss)



Marcus Veranius:

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

2
Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]
Marcus Veranius

GM: (Still a miss)



Marcus Veranius: OOF

9 | 14
600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+5)
Marcus Veranius

19
Piercing

GM: (hit!)

(Where do you want it?)



Marcus Veranius: (Spider 2)

GM: (You slew him, care to describe?)

(In fact you totally overkilled him)



Marcus Veranius fudges his shot with the close spider. Hastilly, he turns to place a shot towards the other one's abdomen begging for a bigger target. It goes clean-through, shattering its shell and the important bits hidden inside



Marcus Veranius: He's rather thankful Miss Wachter won't be back to see what becomes of her parlor

After dripping most of its guts onto the floor, the remains of the heavy exoskeletal creature drop from the ceiling and crash to the floor, right in its own pile of goo.

GM: (EoT?)



Marcus Veranius: (EoT)



Kasimir Velikov:

WEB (RECHARGE 5-6)

Giant Spider

Attack: 13

The target is restrained by webbing. As an action, the restrained target can make a DC 12 Strength check, bursting the webbing on a success. The webbing can also be attacked and destroyed - AC 10; hp 5; vulnerability to fire damage; immunity to bludgeoning, poison, and psychic damage.

Another spider scuttles up and launches webbing, but Marcus dodges it this time.

GM: (Suldae is up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae steps up to the door and considers the situation.

The newfound clarity of understanding gives her a solution.

She raises the ocarina to her lips - half-elven again - and begins to play.

She reaches out to the spirit of the faewild, asking them to help. What hunts spiders?

Conjure Animals

Conjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: Unoccupied spaces that you can see within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 hour

You summon fey spirits that take the form of beasts and appear in unoccupied spaces that you can see within range. Choose one of the following options for what appears: One beast of challenge rating 2 or lower Two beasts of challenge rating 1 or lower Four beasts of challenge rating 1/2 or lower Eight beasts of challenge rating 1/4 or lower Each beast is also considered fey, and it disappears when it drops to 0 hit points or when the spell ends. The summoned creatures are friendly to you and your companions. Roll initiative for the summoned creatures as a group, which has its own turns. They obey any verbal commands that you issue to them (no action required by you). If you don't issue any commands to

them, they defend themselves from hostile creatures, but otherwise take no actions. The GM has the creatures' statistics.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using certain higher-level Spell Slots, you choose one of the summoning options above, and more creatures appear - twice as many with a 5th-level slot, three times as many with a 7th-level slot, and four times as many with a 9th-level slot.

7

NATURE (6)
Suldae Westwind



Suldae Westwind: (holy shit)

(Suldae has no idea what hunts spiders)

Suldae realizes that while a regular spider might have all kinds of predators, a Giant Spider has very few. It is an apex predator in its own territory, and only comes into danger when it crosses into the territory of other, larger beasts. Suldae remembers a song which seems to suggest to her that the spiders come into the greatest danger when crossing large rivers and other bodies of water, and thus have an almost mortal fear of sea-dwelling creatures which can often devour them in a few bites.



Suldae Westwind: GIANT OCTOPUS INCOMING?

2 of them in fact?

GM: (You have the character sheet now, you should be able to control the tokens too)

(Place them where you want them, please, and roll initiative for them (NPCs have a special button to do so, just make sure you've selected one of their tokens))



Suldae Westwind: (I like where they are rn lmao)

The house creaks.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry surprised by the sudden appearance of what he was certain were aquatic beasts almost drops his halberd "...that's it magic is bullshit" he hisses

The floorboards groan as pressure is relieved. Water seems to be seeping up from beneath them in two areas.



Suldae Westwind:

INITIATIVE
Giant Octopus

Initiative: **21.13**

INITIATIVE
Giant Octopus

Initiative: **21.13**



Marcus Veranius, in the course of a day, had gained his skin back, watched it become buried under feathers and beaks, used nudity to ward off a constable, had ghosts discuss investment

properties, and saw a graveyard erupt from an otherwise ordinary basement.



Marcus Veranius: But squids

SQUIDS!?

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MAINLAND!?

After a moment, clear water gushes up from the floorboards in a fountainous splash. A refreshing scent of cold sea breeze wafts through the musty parlor. When the wave recedes into the floorboards, a gigantic Octopos with wood-textured flesh sits in the resulting puddle.



Suldae Westwind: "...that's not what I *meant* to do," Suldae admits, lowering the instrument. She feels the will of the beasts probing for her own. "Thank you for coming, brave warriors, and please help us"

The Octopi push themselves up on their long tentacles, ready to fight.

GM: (EoT?)



Suldae Westwind: EoT



GM (GM):

BITE

Giant Spider

Attack: 14

and the target must make a DC 11 Constitution saving throw, taking 9 (2d8) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. If the poison damage reduces the target to 0 hit points, the target is stable but poisoned for 1 hour, even after regaining hit points, and is paralyzed while poisoned in this way.

Damage: 6 piercing + **6** poison

A Giant Spider drops from the ceiling, landing fangs-first on the nearest Octopus. The Octopus rears back, coping with the venom while pulsing with wild, multicolored textile and wallpaper patterns.



GM (GM):

CONSTITUTION

Giant Octopus

Ability: 4



Suldae Westwind:)=

GM: (Henry is up)



Suldae Westwind: (Marcus is a ranged fighter, Henry should just go in front of him next to the octopi)

(imho)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "The Octopi are our friends the Octopi are our friends "Henry mutters before attacking the closest spider with his Halberd

22

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

8

Slashing

20

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

7

Slashing

His Halberd pierces exoskeleton, spearing deep, gooey flesh.

The Giant Spider hisses and recoils, thumping its legs at him, but unable to reach him with the tangling tentacles of the Octopi in its path.

GM: (Anything else you'd like to do?)

(Also, if I didn't make it clear, you had a short rest at the start of this thing)

(Just in case that helps)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh)



Suldae Westwind: (oh ty)

(uhh did i even use any inspiration)



Marcus Veranius: (It helps cause I get ACTION SURGE AND MORE DICE)



Suldae Westwind: (Imao no)

(welp gonna do that on her next turn)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (short rest doesn't give me spell slots back right)



Marcus Veranius: (Warlocks get them back after short rest, everyone else is long rest)

(Warlocks also have like, 2 spell slots ever)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (4 i think also could you tell me which Octopus is poisend and Eot)



Marcus Veranius: (None are; its poison damage. Half as much on a save)



Suldae Westwind: the top left octopus

is hurt



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh well EoT)

GM: (Suldae, you're up)

Suldae Westwind: "Get them!" Suldae proclaims, and the first octopus lashes out at the spider in between them.

TENTACLES
Giant Octopus

Attack: 20

If the target is a creature, it is grappled, escape DC 16. Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained, and the octopus can't use its tentacles on another target

Damage: 7 bludgeoning

The Tentacle cracks exoskeleton! The spider chitters and screams, trying to scuttle away!

GM: (The Octopi share a single turn, so they both get actions/moves)



Suldae Westwind: The other octopus lashes out at another spider!

TENTACLES
Giant Octopus

Attack: 17

If the target is a creature, it is grappled, escape DC 16. Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained, and the octopus can't use its tentacles on another target

Damage: 10 bludgeoning

Once again, exoskeleton cracks, and tentacles take a firm hold! Both Octopi have grappled nearby spiders!



Suldae Westwind: EoT

"Good job!" Suldae calls out from her huddle behind Henry's back.

(brb)

(bck)

Kasimir says "Excuse me," and politely slips past Henry, Marcus, and Suldae, toward the front of the group.

He raises a hand and directs it towards the ceiling.



GM (GM):

DC14

Half damage

Constitution Save

30
*Cold**Self***Cone of Cold****CONSTITUTION***Giant Spider***Ability: 5****CONSTITUTION***Giant Spider***Ability: 7****CONSTITUTION***Giant Spider***Ability: 9****CONSTITUTION***Giant Spider***Ability: 21****CONSTITUTION***Giant Spider***Ability: 13****GM (GM):****CONSTITUTION***Giant Spider***Ability: 20****CONSTITUTION***Giant Spider***Ability: 18****CONSTITUTION***Giant Spider***Ability: 19****CONSTITUTION***Giant Spider***Ability: 10****CONSTITUTION***Giant Spider***Ability: 14****GM:** (Kasimir's DC is just 14)**Suldae Westwind:** (alas)**GM:** (4 die outright, the rest take half damage)

(5 take half damage wait I haven't rolled for one)



GM (GM):

<p>CONSTITUTION <i>Giant Spider</i></p> <hr/> <p>Ability: 10</p>

GM: (50/50 split, then. Half die, half survive.)



Suldae Westwind: (i love a good lineup for aoe spells)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Its not fire but honestly I'm fine with that" Henry whistles

5 ice-crusted spiders fall from their webs and smash into popsicled, frost-bitten shards.

The rest of the spiders, cowed by the blast of frost and mist, cringe back slightly, but stare at you with renewed hatred.

GM: (Marcus is up)

Kasimir: "That's all I have in me for today, I'm afraid."



Marcus Veranius: And there goes the couch and coffee table.



Suldae Westwind: rip



Marcus Veranius: Marcus steps forward, again. He aims for one of the remaining spiders, hoping to damage any more of Lady Wachter's fine furniture.

7 | 20
600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+5)
Marcus Veranius

18
Piercing

(that shouldnt have advantage)

6
600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+5)
Marcus Veranius

17
Piercing



Suldae Westwind: OUCH



Marcus Veranius slips on a frozen spider piece and botches the shot

GM: (Ouch)



Marcus Veranius: EoT



Suldae Westwind: GO BACK

Marcus does manage to damage a rather expensive-looking mirror, by piercing it with a crossbow bolt.



Marcus Veranius isn't allowed to fight tipping wars anymore, but he isn't going to lose a "I'll stand in front" war with Kasimir



GM (GM):

BITE

Giant Spider

Attack: 9

and the target must make a DC 11 Constitution saving throw, taking 9 (2d8) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. If the poison damage reduces the target to 0 hit points, the target is stable but poisoned for 1 hour, even after regaining hit points, and is paralyzed while poisoned in this way.

Damage: 9 piercing + **12** poison

BITE

Giant Spider

Attack: 12

and the target must make a DC 11 Constitution saving throw, taking 9 (2d8) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. If the poison damage reduces the target to 0 hit points, the target is stable but poisoned for 1 hour, even after regaining hit points, and is paralyzed while poisoned in this way.

Damage: 5 piercing + **15** poison

WEB (RECHARGE 5-6)

Giant Spider

Attack: 17

The target is restrained by webbing. As an action, the restrained target can make a DC 12 Strength check,

bursting the webbing on a success. The webbing can also be attacked and destroyed - AC 10; hp 5; vulnerability to fire damage; immunity to bludgeoning, poison, and psychic damage.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so the OathBOW is shooting crossbow bolts today? is that why Marcus misses so much)

The spiders rush forward as a mass, scuttling along the ceiling. One of them fires webbing at Marcus, entangling him and pinning him in place, while the others drop from the ceiling on swift lines of silk and attempt to bite him. They miss only because Marcus falls over, and Suldae is the first to react.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: "Get them Henry!" Suldae yells out from under his arm, takes out her crossbow for the first time today and shoots at the spider in front of Marcus

6

80/320

Light Crossbow (+5)
Suldae Westwind

8

Piercing

.....

anyway Bardic Inspiration for Henry



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I still got one)

Marcus experiences the curious sensation of being pierced by a silver bolt for the first time. It seems to have gone through his foot and boot, while he lies prone beneath the webbing. It hurts a great deal.

GM: (EoT?)

(Or do you have any bonus action spells?)



Suldae Westwind: (im pretty sure it should be Kasimir and not Marcus)

(Marcus fell)

(then again who am i to argue)



Marcus Veranius: (no pls, Kasimir is weezard. 8 might kill him)



Suldae Westwind: (the physics of this be weird)

(and that lmao)

GM: (In the interest of maintaining a civil relationship with this NPC, it's probably better if it slips under Kasimir's hand and sticks in Marcus's boot as he's weaseling with the big-ass spiders on his chest



GM (GM): *wrassling



Marcus Veranius: (At least I THINK he's a weezard. Fireball is a very weezard spell)

GM: (He is much wizard, ye)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so do Bardic inspirations stack cause I think I got 2 right now also aren't we still Bless'ed)



Suldae Westwind: (yes i do agree)

Henry you can't have 2 the other would have long run out)=



Marcus Veranius: (Bless only works if you remember it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (ok)

GM: (Flerpderp yes, you're still blessed, I forgot completely -- but don't forget to add that to your rolls with the attacks)



Suldae Westwind: the target *can* roll a d4 ;u;

GM: (The bardic inspirations do expire, and they do not stack)



Suldae Westwind: its even in hte phrasing

BARDIC INSPIRATION

Class: Bard

You can inspire others through stirring words or music. To do so, you use a bonus action on your turn to choose one creature other than yourself within 60 feet of you who can hear you.

That creature gains one Bardic Inspiration die, a d6.

Once within the next 10 minutes, the creature can roll the die and add the number rolled to one ability check, attack roll, or saving throw it makes. The creature can wait until after it rolls the d20 before deciding to use the Bardic Inspiration die, but must decide before the DM says whether the roll succeeds or fails. Once the Bardic Inspiration die is rolled, it is lost.

A creature can have only one Bardic Inspiration die at a time.

You can use this feature a number of times equal to your Charisma modifier (a minimum of once). You regain any expended uses when you finish a long rest. Your Bardic Inspiration die changes when you reach certain

levels in this class. The die becomes a d8 at 5th level, a d10 at 10th level, and a d12 at 15th level.

wrt that

>Once within the next 10 minutes,

GM: (EoT?)



Suldae Westwind: (EoT)



GM (GM):

BITE
Giant Spider

Attack: 14

and the target must make a DC 11 Constitution saving throw, taking 9 (2d8) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. If the poison damage reduces the target to 0 hit points, the target is stable but poisoned for 1 hour, even after regaining hit points, and is paralyzed while poisoned in this way.

Damage: 4 piercing + **12** poison

CONSTITUTION
Giant Octopus

Ability: 7



Suldae Westwind:)=

GM: (Henry is up)



Suldae Westwind: queston

why didnt Kasimir go back

if hes out of spells



GM (GM): (Good point)



Marcus Veranius: (He and marcus are in a duel of elven pride)



Suldae Westwind: (I think only Marcus is)



GM (GM): (He would have moved back, I didn't think of it at the time)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry steps deeper into the room bemoaning his lacking reach

Henry attacks the spider again with his halberd

18

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

9

Slashing

9

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

7

Slashing

rolling d4

(**1**)

= **1**

rolling d4

(**3**)

= **3**



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling d4

(**2**)

= **2**

His first blow pierces the spider, but the second glances off a hardened portion of its unyielding exoskeleton, and does no harm.

The spider is very close to death. It twitches and foams, gushing greenish blood.



Suldae Westwind: (roll inspiration)

(Suldae has more)

(oh wait not anymore you cant)



Marcus Veranius: (Let the octopus finish it off)



Suldae Westwind: (only could before the dm said the results)

(is in the rules)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry also removes Suldeas crossbow bolt before his light wreathed hand reaches out for Marcus

Lay on Hands on Marcus for 8 hp

GM: (I should have waited, my b)



Suldae Westwind: i would note octopi have 15ft reach



Henry of Willowsbrook: wait Layon hands is an action nvm
(eot)

GM: (Suldae, your buddies are up)



Suldae Westwind: The top octopus lashes out at the spider right next to it

TENTACLES
Giant Octopus

Attack: 11

If the target is a creature, it is grappled, escape DC 16. Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained, and the octopus can't use its tentacles on another target

Damage: 10 bludgeoning

The Tentacles compete with hairy spider limbs, which bat them away. The Octopus cannot get through the spider's armor.



Suldae Westwind: The other octopus lashes out at the spider that attacked it

TENTACLES
Giant Octopus

Attack: 11

If the target is a creature, it is grappled, escape DC 16. Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained, and the octopus can't use its tentacles on another target

Damage: 10 bludgeoning

(GODDAMMIT)

GM: (What is up with all these doubled dice rolls? This has been happening all session)



Suldae Westwind: (EoT)



GM (GM):

8

12

120 ft

Fire Bolt (+6)

10
Fire

(Should not be with advantage, sorry)

Kasimir flings another firebolt through the doorway and misses, almost singing Marcus in his attempt to free him from the webbing. Kasimir hides around the corner, looking at Suldae on the other side of the doorway.



Suldae Westwind: welp

"We must free your friend."

GM: (EoT)

(Marcus is up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods and puts one hand on her dagger.



Marcus Veranius winces in pain; the silver in his foot feeling like burning metal. Bollocks with his bow; he'll use his crossbow instead.



Kasimir Velikov: "Where do you think all these giant spiders came from? It is not as though they could have been here the whole time," Kasimir muses.



Marcus Veranius:

$$28 + 4 \quad | \quad 28 + 4$$

120

Hand Crossbow (+10)
Marcus Veranius

7
Piercing

GM: (Pew pew!)



Marcus Veranius: (at the near-dead one)

Marcus's crossbow bolt rips through the injured spider.

A spray of greenish guts paints the fireplace and mantle.



Suldae Westwind: "Maybe they just live here," Suldae suggests unconvincingly. This does not seem the best explanation to her either.



Marcus Veranius aims for one of the south spiders and fires two more shots

Flecks of slime dot the face of Lady Wachter's late husband, in his frame above the mantle.



Marcus Veranius:

$$14 + 3 \quad | \quad 6 + 3$$

120

>Sharpshooter (Hand Crossbow) (+5)
Marcus Veranius

19
Piercing

(Roll Perception, Marcus)**Marcus Veranius:**

$$\begin{array}{c} 23 + 2 \quad | \quad 17 + 2 \\ 120 \end{array}$$

>Sharpshooter (Hand

Crossbow) (+5)

Marcus Veranius

19

Piercing

In spite of being entangled in the webbing, Marcus apparently manages to squeeze off several shots, one of which slays a spider and one of which does not.



Marcus Veranius aims for where the ice burns weakened its chitin hide, hoping for a finishing blow

**Marcus Veranius:** "That settles it! I'm done with this longbow nonsense!"

[EoT]

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (should you roll a strength check to break out of the web?)**GM:** (It takes an action)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (ah missed that**Marcus Veranius:** (Cant stack disadvantage twice; its Crossbow time!)**Suldae Westwind:** (yeah its better that Suldae burns *her* action on that)

A spider lumbers over the fallen corpse of its comrade and comes for Marcus, lunging at him with its mandibles and fangs.

**Kasimir Velikov:**

STRENGTH

Giant Spider

Ability: 22

**Marcus Veranius:****10****11**

ACROBATICS (8)

Marcus Veranius

(Worth a shot)

**Suldae Westwind:** (i dnt think you can acrobat your way out of the webbing)**Marcus Veranius:** (Looked like a grapple attempt)**Suldae Westwind:** (wait how did Marcus get there)

(ooo)

The Spider snatches Marcus by the webbing which entangles him, and starts to scuttle backwards

with him in its clutches, dragging him roughly over the couch, across the table covered in bottles and broken glass, across the other couch, and into the dining room. Marcus takes 4 assorted damage as though by an improvised weapon.

The spider seems to have dragged him into the clutches of another spider, so that the two can share him.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (spider drag sipder drag oh my god the sdier dragged him away)



Kasimir Velikov:

BITE

Giant Spider

Attack: 19 | 7

and the target must make a DC 11 Constitution saving throw, taking 9 (2d8) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. If the poison damage reduces the target to 0 hit points, the target is stable but poisoned for 1 hour, even after regaining hit points, and is paralyzed while poisoned in this way.

Damage: 6 piercing + 11 poison



Marcus Veranius:

19

CONSTITUTION SAVE (5)

Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: (NICE)

(and immune to piercing right)

Marcus has the strangest experience. The spider plunges its fangs into his belly. He feels pain from the fangs themselves, although he knows they cannot truly harm him. Then the venom begins to course into his body, and he feels his body fight back. He resists most of its effects, but still feels a wave of numbness and nausea which makes him realize he is not immune to poison.



Marcus Veranius is not happy with any of this.

Marcus recovers from the 4 assorted damage as his lycanthropic form rapidly recovers.



Suldae Westwind: (the octopi would have protected you...)

GM: (On their turn, or as a readied reaction at your command)



Suldae Westwind: (no i mean if he hadnt moved forward)

GM: (Oh lol yes, that's true)

(Suldae is up!)



Suldae Westwind: (remember when he was having a one-sided contest of stupidity with Kasimir)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (more about Marcus prancing around in front of them like a cocky drow)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae lunges forward with the dagger and slashes at the webbing



Henry of Willowsbrook: crow)

GM: (From now on always and forever I shall call it stupidity. I shall say it Stoopdeety.)



Suldae Westwind: (omg)

do i need to roll to destroy the webbing

GM: (Yes: it has an AC and an HP)



Suldae Westwind:

24

20/60

Dagger (+5)
Suldae Westwind

4

Piercing

(...i dont think i need to roll the d4 XD)



Marcus Veranius: (web has 5 hp)



Suldae Westwind: (oh my god)

(...can I use the Bless for damage instead)

(I mean its a fucking web theres nothing to it than precision of the stab)

(or, well, slash)



Marcus Veranius: (its OK, ill keep firing crossbow bolts)

GM: (Bless won't add to damage, unfortunately -- and the web does have 5 HP)



Suldae Westwind: (fucking god)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (omegalol)



Suldae Westwind: "I'm here," she tells Marcus as she works, giving him Bardic Inspiration in the process

EoT

A spider lumbers over the couch towards her and spews webbing at her, trying to glue her to the floor as she works on Marcus's web!



Kasimir Velikov:

WEB (RECHARGE 5-6)
Giant Spider

Attack: 23 | 12

The target is restrained by webbing. As an action, the restrained target can make a DC 12 Strength check, bursting the webbing on a success. The webbing can also be attacked and destroyed - AC 10; hp 5; vulnerability to fire damage; immunity to bludgeoning, poison, and psychic damage.

Suldae is now webbed in place.



Suldae Westwind: (I will not say I did not see this coming)

(I absolutely saw this coming)

GM: (Henry is up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (which Spiders are the most banged up?)



Marcus Veranius: (All of them; hit by cone of cold)



Suldae Westwind: (no, *most*)

(which are *most* banged up)

GM: (The remaining 3 have 11 HP each)



Suldae Westwind: (so equally)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry steps forward swinging his halberd at the Spiders

15

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

6

Slashing

23

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

6

Slashing



Suldae Westwind: (Henry you have reach remember)



Henry of Willowsbrook: the one on the right of us



Suldae Westwind: (and octopi are about to act)

(but thank you

(goddammit i cant do the heart emoji here)

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry is 100% done with this nonsense
(EoT)

GM: (Octopi are up)



Suldae Westwind: The octopus reaches for the restrained Marcus and grabs him
Marcus isn't struggling against it, right? :)
right? :) :) :)



Marcus Veranius is very much struggling against the seabeast



Marcus Veranius: But likely cant say no



Suldae Westwind:

<p>STRENGTH <i>Giant Octopus</i></p> <hr/> <p>Ability: 9</p>

oh my god



Marcus Veranius is tenta-dragged



Suldae Westwind: I think you can roll to oppose the grapple -_-
and you will be dropped



Marcus Veranius: (I was joking about struggle; where is Marcus being moved?)



Kasimir Velikov:

<p>STRENGTH <i>Giant Spider</i></p> <hr/> <p>Ability: 4</p>
--

Marcus scoots across the floor, yojanked right out of the arms of the giant spider which originally snatched him.

GM: (The other octopus still has an action)



Suldae Westwind: rght sorry

Marcus is gently deposited in front of the door

the other octopus grabs Suldae

she does not struggle, and she is deposited on top of... I mean next to Marcus as well

maybe a little on top of

(the one that snatched her is dead, right)



Marcus Veranius: (I dont think she was snatched; just webbed)

GM: (Correct)



Suldae Westwind: EoT



Kasimir Velikov:

DAGGER (MELEE)*Kasimir Velikov***Attack: 19****Damage: 3** piercing

Kasimir frees Marcus the rest of the way and helps him to his feet.



Suldae Westwind: (YUSSSS)

GM: (Marcus is up)



Marcus Veranius draws his bow and shouts in a fury of anger and pain. Mostly pain; he just stepped on the crossbow bolt stuck in his boot



Marcus Veranius: (one hit for each spider)

14 + 4

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+5)

Marcus Veranius

20*Piercing***9 + 1**

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+5)

Marcus Veranius

20*Piercing*

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

7*Bonus Accuracy***[Precision Attack]**

Marcus Veranius

GM: (Two kills -- care to describe?)



Marcus Veranius puts two arrows into the oathbow, firing for the space between both spiders' eyes. The shot is clean, straight, and both bolts whiz past Henry's head.



Suldae Westwind: (bolts)

(are you sure)

Marcus Veranius: (arrows)

(reeeeeeeeee)

The spiders fall, and so does Marcus as he frustratedly digs the bolt out of his foot.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is still webbed up
who will free her

Each member of the party gains 1100 XP.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry angrily stomps ver to the others "I hate this place

GM: (She can make a strength check/athletics roll)



Marcus Veranius: After inspecting the damage, he heartbrokenly tosses both boots into his backpack.
No sense wearing one without the other, and that one is done.



Suldae Westwind: (she isnt)

Suldae is lying on the floor waiting with curiosity for when someone remembers to free her



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry holds his glowing hand out to Marcus



Suldae Westwind: the octopi check the room



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how much hp did You lose?)



Marcus Veranius: (14; lemme Second wind)

"I'll be fine; can you give suldae a hand while I catch my breath?"



Henry of Willowsbrook:

26

Halberd (10 ft) (+7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

7

Slashing



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pumps a mental fist. Someone DID remember.



Marcus Veranius:

On your turn, you can use a
bonus action to regain hit
points equal to 1d10 + your
fighter level.

11

Healing

Second Wind
Marcus Veranius

With a whoosh, Henry's halberd expertly cleaves the webbing.



Suldae Westwind: She slowly climbs to her feet.

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry casually sweeps his halberd at the web holding Suldae



Suldae Westwind: She gives Henry a hug, then Marcus.

Then she grins at Kasimir, still shaking with adrenaline a little.

"Did what you told me to"



Kasimir Velikov: "You did indeed."

Outside the window, night has fallen.



Marcus Veranius is covered in sticky web. The clothes are a loss. The boots were a loss. Thank goodness the Hat of Disguise made him look in better straights than he was



Suldae Westwind: Suldae uses Mending again.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "....So do we just pretend we checked upstairs and get out of here?"



Suldae Westwind: She sits on the broken couch and plays the ocarina, feeling the comfort of it.



Marcus Veranius: "Kas; do you know if any more hostages were upstairs?"



Suldae Westwind: Actually she spends several minutes just fixing everything she can.

It's therapeutic.



Kasimir Velikov: "I'm not certain we have the time to search the upstairs. We should take the prisoners we have and tell the guard what happened here."



Suldae Westwind: The couches and the table are oddly fine.



Kasimir Velikov: "There may be other dangers waiting here."



Marcus Veranius: "Right. We'll leave mending for later. There's just one thing I need to check."



Suldae Westwind: The octopi, who cannot fit through doors, check that there is no more danger and after a ceremonial bow (using tentacles) disappear.



Marcus Veranius looks behind the fireplace



Suldae Westwind: (meanwhile Suldae is playing and fixing stuff)

She feels her inner thoughts come into order together with what she can fix of the room.

Marcus sees three cultists standing with their backs to the fireplace, facing a fourth figure who stands horrifyingly tall and ominous at the far end of the adjacent room.



Suldae Westwind: It is also very pleasant to prove to herself that she can in fact play, still and again.

A cauldron stands in the middle of the room, casting a red glow onto the ceiling.



Marcus Veranius: That... doesn't look good



Marcus Veranius hobbled back towards Suldae, speaking softly



Marcus Veranius: "There's a couple of cultists with a cauldron in a hidden room on the other side of the fireplace. What say we give them a rain of arrows as a parting gift?"

"I believe their hidden spy window goes both ways."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae raises her eyebrows and glances at Henry, who hears this too.

"Honestly I am in favor of clearing out the whole place"

The Raven spirit inside her is slightly more in favor of structure and being thorough and methodical



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I doubt they enter and leave through the fireplace every time"



Marcus Veranius: "I don't think we have enough time for a full sweep, but we can give them a few shots to disrupt what they're doing."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I doubt they'll like that"



Suldae Westwind: "Enough time before what?" Suldae asks. "I've reached an agreement with the raven, and Strahd gave us until dawn"



Marcus Veranius: "Well they're on the other side of a fireplace. What are they going to do about it."



Suldae Westwind: "Summon another roomful of spiders?" Suldae asks innocently.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: The octopi are still milling about in the room



Kasimir Velikov: "If you think that Strahd will not spend every moment of opportunity to attempt to undo the protection of Vallaki, you do not know evil."



Suldae Westwind: "Exactly why we should clear out this place," Suldae counters.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...then lets smoke out the fireplace people" Henry grumbles



Suldae Westwind: She is sitting on the armrest of the now-fixed couch.



Henry of Willowsbrook: people



Marcus Veranius turns to Velikov. "What would you recommend then? Assuming our mock Ireena is being prepared as we speak?"



Marcus Veranius: "Do we wrap things up here, or escort the double to Strahd?"



Suldae Westwind: "Which we should do so that if or when Strahd discovers the deception, he blames us and not the town of Vallaki," Suldae elaborates on the thought, mostly just for the sake of being morbid.



Marcus Veranius: "...fair."



Suldae Westwind: "We should also *leave* town after doing that, to clinch the disassociation," Suldae continues.

"Which means that we should wrap up our unfinished business first. And our unfinished business is this," she sweeps her arm around the room in a grand gesture.



Kasimir Velikov: "I will leave the choice to you."



Marcus Veranius reaches into his bag and draws the cultist mask he pulled out earlier. "We'll let Izek clean up here while we oversee the business with Strahd."



Marcus Veranius: "There. Both errands handled."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "sure that should work"



Marcus Veranius: "To the inn then; with haste!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods after hesitating.

The octopi leave.

...into the other room, through the fireplace



Marcus Veranius heads for the exit, smirking.



Kasimir Velikov:

STEALTH
Giant Octopus

Skill: 20

None of the people in the other room notice the octopus silently slipping into the room.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'll go get the girls" Henry says before considering the fireplace "and lead them around the east side of the building" (they are still in the back yard right?)
considering



Suldae Westwind: wait what happened to the cultist over here

GM: (Yes they are still in the backyard.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry knocked him the fuck out



Suldae Westwind: ah ok

he is either dead or conscious by now probably

(or maybe im just cranky coz its nearly 11pm)

(not that im not loving this)



Marcus Veranius: (Throw him into the fireplace too; problem solved)

GM: (We should pick this up next session, I need to go eat lunch. You've got the hardest fight of the campaign so far coming up.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (shouldn't the ones Suldae Sleep'ed also have woken up by now?)



Suldae Westwind: (absolutely)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Can we say we gather all the captive woman and the cook outside and end it there for today?)

GM: (Works for me!)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (any objections? otherwise I'd say ggs for today)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah agreed)

(we round everyone up and shove the other cultist into the fireplace)

(where, offscreen, the octopi are being mean to people who presumably got the spiders there)

(they dont give a shit coz they're fae spirits temporarily given form and will go back to being that once

the spell runs out or once they run out of hp)

(they are invincible, sort of)



GM (GM): (morning!)



Tops K.: (G'mornin!)

(Today is the day Strahd punishes us for our hubris and poor decisions!)



GM (GM): (We shall see :D)

(Haven't seen much hubris so far, tbh -- if anything y'all are kinda timid)

(Not a bad thing! It's a horror campaign, after all)

(But so far you've played your cards cautiously, and I don't think you've made any serious missteps so far.)

(I'm interested to see how this thing with Lady Wachter will go)



Tops K.: (A walking shrubbery tried to eat my face. Timid is the natural response)



GM (GM): (Indeed!)

(Good morning everybody!)

(Now, where were we...)

The house groans quietly around you. The servants and prisoners have all been ushered into the walled garden of the backyard, and they are safe for now. Two octopi are moments away from scuttling through a fireplace after a hastily-thrown cultist. Unless anyone wishes to change the initial conditions...



Henry of Willowsbrook: (sorry I'm eating so might not talk much for a bit)



GM (GM): (no worries)



Marcus Veranius sighs, exhausted already before the big show. They've already stopped the worst of things; with any luck the town guard could handle the rest.

In the small chamber beyond the fireplace, standing before a comfortably-cushioned window seat, the Butler passes his hands in interesting arcane shapes. He is twisting the weave, aided by three fellow cultists. All four are standing around a cauldron which bathes the ceiling in crimson light.



Liliet (Suldae): (I will note that i dont actually see the POV of the octopi)

(like id have to drag Suldae's token there to see anything)



GM (GM): (better?)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)

(i will be honest: i expected to leave the octopi to do their octopi thing in the background)

(considering Suldae doesnt exactly get sensual feedback from them)



GM (GM): (Ah, in that case...)

STEALTH
Giant Octopus

Skill: 25

STEALTH
Giant Octopus

Skill: **10**

WISDOM
Barovian Commoner

Ability: **5 | 4**

Neither the Butler nor the three cultists notices the two Octopi delicately slithering into the room. One octopi scuttles across the floor and ducks beneath a side-table to come upon the middle cultist on the right-hand side of the room from below. Stealthy tentacles encircle but do not yet grasp the legs of this cultist.

The other Octopi scrambles up the brick chimney and over the plaster crown moulding and onto the delicately frescoed ceiling. Within a few seconds he is climbing down the chandelier and positioning himself delicately above the head of the Butler.



Suldae Westwind: (I love this)

As though at a predetermined signal, the first octopus yanks the legs out from under one cultist, and the second octopus drops onto the head of the butler, wraps its body firmly over his head and tangles its tentacles around his neck and shoulders.

the Butler says: "MMMMMMMMPHHHH!!! MMMPPPPH!!!"

Stumbling blindly around, suffocating and slapping at his own head, the butler jostles against the cauldron and dumps it over. With a splash, a wave of red liquid spills across the floor.

The Butler falls over, kicking and struggling, unable to wrest the Octopus from his head. The other cultist, screaming: "HELP ME!" Is dragged backwards into the fireplace and expertly thunked against the stone base of the fireplace installation. His scream cuts off abruptly. The red liquid pours over him, the feet of the two standing cultists, and the fallen Butler.

Instantly there is a glow of crimson light which envelops each person or creature touched by the liquid.



Suldae Westwind: 0.0



Marcus Veranius peeks into the window, wondering what the sudden glowing is all about

Suddenly a dog-sized cockroach races out of the fireplace, into the living room, and into a safe hiding place under the table. The Butler grows until his feet hit the south wall and his head bumps against the north one. The other cultists swell in size until they have to crouch to not be crushed against the ceiling.

The Octopus on the head of the Butler -- already gigantic, by the proportions of any normal octopus -- is now positively humongous, having doubled completely in size. It fills the entire northwest corner of the room, and shoots its tentacles to grasp the two enlarged cultists!

With a meaty CLONK, the octopus brings their two heads into better acquaintance, then drops them both -- like felled trees -- over the living room furniture. The coffee table gives with a pitiable crunch of teakwood.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae joins him and goes O.O

Marcus Veranius: "...we can't be invited anywhere."



Suldae Westwind: "Wel that explains the spiders," she murmurs quietly

The Butler grows still. The Octopus pops itself off the Butler's head with a wet-suction sound. The Butler is still alive, just unconscious.



Suldae Westwind: "They literally did that to themselves," Suldae disagrees



Marcus Veranius: "We've been invited to two houses and both of them ended up like this."
"Heaven forbid Strahd invites us to his castle and jinxes his luck."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (where is Suldaes token btw)



Kasimir Velikov: "You people are clearly experts at this."



Suldae Westwind: "We've been in more houses than that," Suldae assures him. Ireena and Ismark's house, the shops, the tavern...



Kasimir Velikov: "I may have need of your services later."



Marcus Veranius: "I'll write up a buisness card."



Suldae Westwind: "The Strahd thing might work though," she adds with a touch of smile



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Whats going on?" Henry asks turning away from the freed woman he was keeping an eye on



Marcus Veranius: "Land Kracken, if the tentacles are any indication."



Suldae Westwind: (ok who is where)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus is at the north window)



Suldae Westwind: (aha i see)

A huge tentacle slaps against the glass and sticks, suction-cups puckering.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry's at the back door with the NPCs)



Suldae Westwind: (is Marcus where his token is?)



Marcus Veranius stumbles back, almost reaching to hold his hat to his heart in shock.



Marcus Veranius: But that would be a bad plan



Suldae Westwind: "...We should probably get going," Suldae proposes, her eyes still glued to the window.



Marcus Veranius nods and motions for the road



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry after walking over pauses taking in the scene before closing his eyes and deeply inhaling "...I-You know what no I don't want to know" before going back to the women

The women seem happy to have him back.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ok if everyone is alright to move we'll leave...Now" Henry says voice calm

and easy



Suldae Westwind: "Now to go find Izek," Suldae suggests as she tears her eyes away from the sight.

Moments later, back on the streets of Vallaki, you and a gaggle of servants and freed prisoners find a quiet, clear night. The stars are in abundance, and the streets are silent and empty. The lamps are all lit for the evening.

Izek Strazni is, conveniently, walking towards you already -- accompanied by a contingent of 6 guards.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae restrains the urge to hide behind someone. She did nothing wrong, right? Right.



Izek Strazni: "Ah! I'm glad to see you all!"



Marcus Veranius: "As are we. I've acquired your second piece of evidence." Marcus stands forward.



Izek Strazni: Izek approaches. His yellow eyes reflect light like the eyes of a cat.

You realize that he is at least 6 inches taller, at night.



Suldae Westwind: On second thought, Suldae does hide behind Henry. She just kind of feels better like that.



Marcus Veranius: "...also many witnesses. And we've turned some of the Wachter's magics against their own house by means of smashing it."

The full moon is high above you, peering through the trees.



Izek Strazni: "Excellent. Are there any prisoners to round up?"



Suldae Westwind: "Inside the house, we left a few tied up, didn't we?" Suldae asks

The question is directed towards Marcus.

From behind Henry's very broad and very armored back.



Marcus Veranius nods "We weren't able to clear the upper floors. Some prisoners on the lower."



Marcus Veranius: "It pains me to leave a job half-finished, but I intend to save the rest of my strength for the wall."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry is very careful not openly showing his distaste of Izek while holding a broad ready stance

careful of not*



Izek Strazni: "I've got another job for you, for tomorrow. There's rumor of a *second* cult gathering place. Conveniently, it's right where you've been renting, so it should be easy enough to investigate. Now, let's see to these prisoners!"

Izek commands the men forward and leads the way into the house.

As you walk away, you hear some of the voices of the soldiers.

"I swear! It was bigger than a couch! Bigger than a piano! Tentacles like THIS!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "and thats our queue" Henry murmurs



Marcus Veranius bows respectfully as Izek marches off, hiding his concern. That... was an issue for if they even survive the siege.

"Well where is it now, numbskull? If there was a great big octopus it couldn't get out that fast! All I see is a jumbo butler!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae carefully does not giggle as she looks straight ahead.
She loves this spell.



Marcus Veranius: "Right then. We proceed as planned."



Suldae Westwind: "And that would be exactly how?" Suldae clarifies.
It's not that she's unclear on the plan. It's that... she's unclear on the exact plan, yes.



Marcus Veranius: "With any luck, Lady Wachter will be ready to play her part as Ireena... for the hour it will last."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You think Danika will mind" Henry half asks discredly gesturing at the gaggle of newly freed women



Marcus Veranius: "But I believe Strahd will see through the trick anyways, because he's not stupid enough to fall for it. If anything, he'll expect the trick."



Suldae Westwind: "Not like we have any other option," Suldae murmurs to him.
"And yeah, we had better get ready to run."



Marcus Veranius: "BUT"
"Our trap comes in layers."



Izek Strazni: Izek comes back out of the Wachter house. "Actually, I will want to question the servants. You'd better leave them with me for now."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at the women. Hopefully they'll be fine?



Marcus Veranius turns, half-interrupted. "If anything they're safer with you and the guard. We're marching to war."



Marcus Veranius: "Thank you, Izek."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae changes her position so she's once again hiding behind Henry, and nods from behind there



Henry of Willowsbrook: "we should go" Henry says turning to leave to so as to not have to look at Izek for to long



Izek Strazni: Izek says, "Right then. Ladies, this way if you please. This won't take long."

Izek and the women leave.



Marcus Veranius continues with his explanation once Izek is out of earshot

Kasimir stands patiently listening.



Marcus Veranius: "...as I was saying, our trap comes in two layers. The 'trick' which Strahd is looking

for, and the trick he is not."

"He will discover the Ireena we sent out was not the real Ireena. And if he does what he did at the Death House, he will charm her to gain information."

"...but Lady Wachter thinks Ireena is truly dead."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods.

"And meanwhile, we run?"



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd will then attempt to scry for her, but the Feathers said that their polymorph would prevent that."

"If he thinks she is truly gone, Strahd will then strike against her killer in a most brutal fashion."

"...the dread dragon Vorgansharax, who dropped the boulder that ended Ireena's life."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...hopefully"



Marcus Veranius: "We use Strahd's own rage to destroy his only feasible weapon. Once the dragon is out of the picture, Vallaki's wards will prevent further invasion."

"...and if that doesn't work, I've still got 40 arrows."



Kasimir Velikov: "You will need a spell of Nondetection. Polymorph will not prevent scrying."



Suldae Westwind: "That's our best case scenario," Suldae agrees.

"Now let's go over the worst case."

"What all can go wrong?"



Marcus Veranius: "I'm sorry, what?" Marcus stares. But... the innkeepers said...

Bollocks magic was hard.

"You're joking, right?"



Suldae Westwind: "Can you cast that spell?" Suldae asks the elf wizard.



Kasimir Velikov: "It is a simple spell. It requires diamond powder, that is the only difficulty."



Suldae Westwind: "Okay, so our first possible pitfall is if Ireena is detected by scrying. We need diamond powder to prevent that?"



Marcus Veranius puts his hands to his face. God damn, was there no place left in this world for silver tongues?



Marcus Veranius: "WAIT!"

"Non-detection; didn't our circus acquaintance ward the inn room with that?"



Kasimir Velikov: "It is possible that the protection over Vallaki may prevent scrying as well. I am uncertain. Deific magic is complex."

GM: (He did)



Marcus Veranius: "God damn, Rictavio, you may have saved us."



Suldae Westwind: "Alright, so Ireena doesn't get detected. What else can go wrong?" Suldae asks again patiently.

Marcus Veranius: "Right then, plan goes as we planned it. Cross your fingers and draw whatever luck charms in your possession."



Suldae Westwind: "This is not a plan, Marcus, this is wishful thinking unless we go over contingencies," Suldae says.

"First of all, what if Strahd turns his ire on Vallaki instead of the dragon? Do we have a plan for that? "

"Actually, that's incredibly likely to happen either way. What is our plan for handling that?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "we really aren't in a position to do anything about it if he does"



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir rubs the tip of his ear absent-mindedly, as though lost in a distant memory.



Marcus Veranius: "We stop him the old fashioned way if he does."



Suldae Westwind: "Really?"

"And if we can't?"



Marcus Veranius frowns, looking towards the road. "If we're being honest, Strahd is going to attack the town if we do nothing. Or he does if we fail at doing something."



Suldae Westwind: "Yes. We need a plan specifically for preventing him from attacking the city."



Marcus Veranius: "This is the default path, and all we can do is our best."



Suldae Westwind: "I have an idea."

"And you know what it is. We present him with the fake Ireena, and then we conspicuously run the fuck away"

"It needs details ironed out, but if it works, he'll be that much less likely to pay attention to Vallaki anymore"



Marcus Veranius: "...a good plan, except I only have 40 arrows."

"And once they run out, I need a week before the Oathbow's curse lets me use any other weapon."



Suldae Westwind: "So we need more arrows?"



Marcus Veranius: "We NEED rest."



Kasimir Velikov: "I know a place where we could hide."



Marcus Veranius: "More rest than we've gotten."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae turns to Kasimir. "Please tell us"



Kasimir Velikov: "There is a tower on a lake, to the west of Vallaki. It is the tower of a long-dead wizard, and the magical protection in the area makes it very secure."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I got 36 arrows you can have" Henry adds under his breath



Marcus Veranius: "...would we be able to hold out there for a week's time?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at Kasimir thoughtfully. "Would it work to deter scrying?"



Kasimir Velikov: "I believe it would be secure enough to hide there for a week or a month. It would deter scrying and teleportation, and direct physical assault."

"We should raid the guardhouse before we leave Vallaki. These men are a waste of arrows anyway."



Marcus Veranius draws two gold and passes them to Henry. "Thank you."



Suldae Westwind: "So now the question is ironing out the details of running away."



Marcus Veranius: "I wouldn't mind passing by the store, but I'd rather now piss off the Burgomaster on the way out."

*Rather not



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry wave Marcus of "I barely need them anyway"



Suldae Westwind: "Maybe two groups would be best: one to move our stuff, and one to make a spectacle of delivering Ireena and running away from Vallaki?"



Marcus Veranius nods, withdrawing both coin and arrows into his bag. "Kasimir's hideout it is then. That's our contingency."



Marcus Veranius: "I'll take a quick run to the store to handle what treasures we still have, while you finish with Lady Wachter. We meet at the wall."

"And DONT say we aren't splitting up!"



Suldae Westwind: "No, at this point I think it's a good idea. Except we aren't done planning yet."



Marcus Veranius: "Because this is something I need to do alone." Marcus looks at Suldae with a stern expression



Suldae Westwind: "Let's go over it step by step, okay?"

"What do we do with our wagons?"

"The wagon and the cart, anyway."



Marcus Veranius: "I'll sell them and what remains of our non-coin treasures to the warehouse keepers."



Suldae Westwind: "Alright, I'll need to grab my stuff from there, then," Suldae notes.



Kasimir Velikov: "It may be wise to have a cart on the road. The king has spies across the land."



Suldae Westwind: "Then, second question. Who goes where?"



Kasimir Velikov: "He does not rely *entirely* on scrying."



Suldae Westwind: "Kasimir, what do you mean?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Wouldn't avoiding the road be better then?"



Suldae Westwind: "Three of us can take raven shape, including the one Strahd is looking for," Suldae says, abandoning the pretense of secrecy.



Kasimir Velikov: "The wolves and werewolves answer to him. The vultures are his, as are the bats. Even the spiders report to him with love."

"Those who can fly should fly straight to safety."



Suldae Westwind: "I have a spell that can be used to summon giant eagles, if I manage it," Suldae continues.

"Two at a time."

"We need to figure out the logistics of this"



Kasimir Velikov: "The tower is warded by many protective spells -- it may not be possible to approach in animal or hybrid form, if your companions are lycanthropes. Ireena's presence must be carefully concealed."



Marcus Veranius: "I have some knowledge of traveling in discretion. If we make our way close to the tower by air, I can get us the rest of the way by land."

NATURAL EXPLORER

(GROUP BENEFIT)

Class: Ranger 1

You gain the following benefits when traveling for an hour or more:

>Difficult terrain doesn't slow your group's travel.

>Your group can't become lost except by magical means.

>Even when you are engaged in another activity while traveling, you remain alert to danger.

>If you are traveling alone, you can move stealthily at a normal pace.

>When you forage, you find twice as much food as you normally would.

>While tracking other creatures, you also learn their exact number, their sizes, and how long ago they passed through the area.



Kasimir Velikov: "Even her scent must be concealed."



Suldae Westwind: "We'll need to make sure Strahd isn't scrying for her during the time it takes her to move between the warded locations," Suldae suggests.



Kasimir Velikov: "The decoy is perfect for this, if she can maintain the deception."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns "Ok how far is it to the tower?"



Suldae Westwind: "We have three people who can't fly," Suldae continues, "unless you can fly or don't come with us?" She looks at Kasimir questioningly.



Kasimir Velikov: "Just under four miles as the crow flies, or about five or by road."

"I would see that the Devil Strahd does not get what he wants. I will go with you far enough to ensure this."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So about two hours away walking briskly"



Suldae Westwind: "Logistics, then," Suldae says again. "Who goes where when?"



Marcus Veranius: "If you have those eagles at your disposal, we all go by air."



Suldae Westwind: "Two," Suldae reminds him.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: "Three non-fliers. Two eagles. And the summoning might not work, if we are particularly unlucky"



Marcus Veranius 's eyes go wide. He forgot Ismark!



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I don't think giant eagles carrying two of us would be as subtle as we need it to be"



Suldae Westwind: "We want the opposite of subtle"

"We want to be entirely clear that we are in the opposite direction from Vallaki"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "ok let me rephrase I will not be carried around like some overgrown rabbit"



Marcus Veranius: "OK, fine. How does this sound?"



Suldae Westwind: "I was thinking more riding them"



Marcus Veranius: "We need Ireena in the tower's ward before the decoy is spoiled, so Suldae and Ireena go by air."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at Marcus, hoping for a more together plan than her own scattering of ideas and resources.



Marcus Veranius: "Those going by land will take a wagon, which will leave tracks."

"About halfway to the tower, we'll crash it on the side of the road and go more stealthily by foot."

"With luck, Strahd will continue west beyond our hiding spot."



Suldae Westwind: "Also a disguise for when Ireena assumes human shape to go into the tower," Suldae reminds him.



Marcus Veranius adds it to the shopping list



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir jumps into the middle of your huddle very abruptly, and makes a huge, exaggerated sniffing sound.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We could have her use the hat"



Kasimir Velikov: "The wolves will not be fooled by a tumbled cart."



Suldae Westwind: "Also, any plan that contains the words 'any luck' in it and doesn't clarify what happens otherwise is incomplete"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So the wolves will know you, Ismark and I walked west afterwards" Henry

frowns at Kasimir



Marcus Veranius frowns. Luck got them this far anyways



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glares at him. Luck is good, planing for worst case scenarios is better.



Kasimir Velikov: "The wolves will follow your scent to the tower," says Kasimir.



Suldae Westwind: "So I think hiding that we went to the tower is not particularly in the cards."

"What we really want to hide is that Ireena is with us."

"And we want to reach the tower alive"

"And distract Strahd from the town."

"That's the objectives."



Kasimir Velikov: "I need mistletoe and spruce. With that, I can make a powder which will conceal your scent and your trail -- at least from the wolves."



Suldae Westwind: "Would it be possible to have the cart going from another gate tahn the one where we talk to Strahd?"

Suldae perks up. "That would help!"



Marcus Veranius: "...I mean, it didn't take much to make the horse go on its own when the bandits attacked."



Suldae Westwind: "Send Ismark with the cart, in disguise," Suldae suggests. "His absence will make the fake Ireena ruse easier to sell, too."

"We could have the cart reach the tower on its own, or we could reunite with it partway through"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (where is ravenloft in realation to valaki btw)



Marcus Veranius: (East)



Suldae Westwind: "Ireena could fly to the tower on her own and enter it... what could be used to make her undetected to Strahd's spies as she does that?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Maybe we should go and include her and Ismark in our planning and maybe the wereravens to" Henry murmurs



Suldae Westwind: "Lady Wachter is there," Suldae reminds him.



Marcus Veranius starts tallying the shopping list up as Suldae plans, nodding in aproval



Suldae Westwind: "It's true that we should have her input, but I think it's better to go through the details while we can do it without worrying about her."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "the Inn has more than one room"



Suldae Westwind: "Their. I mean their input."

"We should also not make Lady Wachter suspect there's more to our plan than what we've told her," Suldae reminds him.

"As much of the planning is possible should be done while she thinks we're still at the ritual site"

*as

Henry of Willowsbrook: "hm" Henry deeply frowns turning some of his attention inwards, to the bundle of awareness he knows as the connection to his patrons 'Is their something you can do?'



Suldae Westwind: "So the version of the plan I'm seeing for the main group is that we hand not-Ireena over with a touching speech for how the town of Vallaki refused to harbor her and she agreed to go so as to not put us in any further danger," Suldae outlines meanwhile

"The eagles we should probably summon in advance, just so we don't have to re-plan on the fly if it doesn't work"

"Anyway, no-Ireena goes to Strahd and we conspicuously leg it"

"By a different route than the one the cart takes, preferably"

*by a different route than the one the cart takes
takes



Suldae Westwind: jeez

"Meanwhile, Ireena somehow enters the tower on her own. She can probably take some supplies along in raven form, that would allow her to conceal herself?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We really should decide who goes to the meeting with Strahd, I'd say Kasimir is out of the question"



Suldae Westwind: She looks to Kasimir for insight, as the one most familiar with Strahd and also the oldest of the group.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir smirks. "I will not face that demon again until I am ready to kill him."

"Ireena should not go anywhere alone."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sighs nervously. "But I'm the one who eagles are *certain* to obey... Fine, I guess I give them instructions beforehand and go with Ireena. That will make her concealment easier."

"My absence alongside Ismark's will make the ruse more momentarily believable, too."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Which would leave me and Marcus to meet with Strahd right?"



Suldae Westwind: "So Kasimir and Ismark take the cart, making it untrackable. Henry and Marcus go to Strahd, and preferably both take the eagles - the longer Strahd does not know about the lycanthropy, the better."

This is not a particularly good plan, with all the ways it could still go wrong. But it does at least seem a somewhat complete one.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'm not sure we need to employ the eagles"



Suldae Westwind: "What, you want to fight Strahd to the death? Or flee on foot?" Suldae glares at him. "Sure, in the best case scenario you two can indeed leave peacefully on foot and get to the tower without Strahd catching on. And in that case the eagles should stay concealed until the spell runs out," Suldae breathes out nervously, planning on the fly.

"We do need them in case he catches on instantly, though, because fighting him then and there? Without the means of retreat? I don't think that's a fight we can win yet," Suldae squeezes the holy symbol in her hand, attempting to calm herself.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'm not aware we were planning of leaving the protection of Vallaki while dealing with Strahd"



Marcus Veranius: "Honestly, do we even need to meet with Strahd? He can just charm us and we'd be

bollocks."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae buries her face in her palms. Weren't they JUST discussing this?

"We need to protect the town, first and foremost."

"That means we need to make Strahd aware we left it."



Marcus Veranius: "I thought the point of the wagon was to do that?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yes and yelling at Strahd from the top of the Gate will do just fine



Suldae Westwind: "Not talking to Strahd, just fleeing, is probably a better plan, true."

"Weren't we going to make the wagon stealthy?"

"And it will not be fast, either."



Marcus Veranius: "I thought you were sending it out the north gate."



Suldae Westwind: "The poitn is not which gate, the point is where we want Strahd to look and what we want him to see."

"This ruse is showmanship. We want to decide what the show is, first."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry groans loudly "ok again from the top lets go over the plan so far to make sure we are on the same page"



Marcus Veranius: "The show is 'we sent a decoy out alone while we flee by wagon out another gate'. "



Suldae Westwind: "That's exactly why we're having this conversation," Sudlae murmurs.



Marcus Veranius: "While we use magic to cover our retreat out the west gate."

"That's all we need."



Suldae Westwind: "So Strahd thinks Vallaki tricked him?"

"This is not enough."



Marcus Veranius: "He'll charm Lady Wachter and know that we tricked her to trick him."



Suldae Westwind: "Strahd needs to know the people who sent the decoy are not in the town."



Marcus Veranius: "Or better than that, she'll just tell him we tricked him."



Suldae Westwind: "Nor working WITH the town."

"Yes, but if he just assumes we're in Vallaki!..."



Marcus Veranius: "...but WE sent the decoy!!"



Suldae Westwind: "He needs to know for a fact we're not."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I can go and knock out some guards while we leave if you want"



Suldae Westwind: "Doesn't matter WHO, matters WHERE"

"I guarantee if we don't make a show of it, Strahd will attack the town just to make a point, without an investigation"

"Henry can go with the wagon and Marcus with Ireena, and I'll put on the show for Strahd," Suldae proposes after a pause.

Everyone roll Perception and a Wisdom saving throw.



Marcus Veranius:

23

PERCEPTION (8)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook:

19

PERCEPTION (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius:

8

WISDOM (2)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook:

6

WISDOM SAVE (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

15

WISDOM SAVE (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(are we still Bless'ed?)



Kasimir Velikov: (Yes)



Marcus Veranius: rolling +1d4 bless

1

= 1

rolling +1d4 bless

1

= 1



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling d4

(3)

= 3



Marcus Veranius: (the gods do not favor Marcus)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (saves and attack rolls only)

(so 2 9s for Wis save)



Suldae Westwind:

16

WISDOM SAVE (2)
Suldae Westwind

rolling 1d4

(2)

= 2

Marcus feels a prickle of dread down his spine. Vorgansharax is near.



Suldae Westwind:

9

PERCEPTION (7)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: "...we're out of time! Strahd is making his move!"



Suldae Westwind: (oh my GOD)



Marcus Veranius: "We either act NOW or we let Strahd do as he wants!"

Suldae feels the presence of a Mind, pressing down upon the group. She knows that someone is trying to watch them. She hears the stillness of the settling Weave, like an unearthly silence beyond reckoning.

Almost without meaning to, she and the Raven spirit bring a whisper of song into the Weave, disrupting the scrying attempt.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Can Henry's spirit employees do anything btw)

(employers)

The Weave returns to normal a moment later, unruffled and faintly singing.



Suldae Westwind: (probably should have rolled Religion for that)

Henry and Marcus both see a shadow cross over the stars, wheeling high above the city.



Marcus Veranius: "OK, I'm making an EXECUTIVE DECISION as our group's leader."

"Henry, send the Decoy Wagon out the north gate.

"Suldae; go to the tavern and send Lady Wachter out. Then bring Ireena to the West gate.

"Kasimir; you and I are going to the shop. I'm wrapping up loose ends while you cast the spell that

keeps us from being tracked.

"We meet up at the west gate and RUN."



Suldae Westwind: "Run?" Suldae clarifies



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Where do we send Lady Wachter"



Marcus Veranius: "East gate, to meet Strahd."

"The cards are down. We can only hope our hand is a winner."



Suldae Westwind: "We were at the south gate when we last talked to him," Suldae remembers.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "South gates a forrest now remember?"



Marcus Veranius: "HE'LL FIND HER JUST FINE! GO NOW!"



Marcus Veranius starts bolting south towards the shops, with Kasimir hopefully in tow



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glares at him, but breaks into a run obediently.



Kasimir Velikov follows behind, his long legs moving swiftly and silently.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns running off to get the wagon



Suldae Westwind: Worse comes to worst, she'll send a firework spelling out some insult to Strahd or something as they flee.

At the tavern, Suldae finds Danika waiting with the disguised and charmed Lady Wachter. Danika comes close and explains that she has cast a Modify Memory enchantment on Lady Wachter, so that she will believe she has done all of this entirely of her own free will, and so that she will not recall the Keepers of the Feather or their lair.

Henry easily gets the cart to the north gate with Ismark's help. Ismark is more than agreeable.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae buries her face in her palms. "Us? Will she remember us?"

Marcus and Kasimir shop quickly. The shopkeeper has to be wakened, but that is no difficulty.



Suldae Westwind: "The people who talked her into this?"

Danika: "She will remember you, and her own tragic vision of the death of Ireena Kolyana."



Suldae Westwind: "Thank you," Suldae breathes out.

A raven lands on Suldae's shoulder.

She will remain perched there, since she does not know the exact details of the plan.



Suldae Westwind: "Strahd will be waiting at the eastern gate," she tells Lady Wachter with utmost conviction



Lady Fiona Wachter: "I understand. Thank you for everything, Suldae! It has been a privilege."

She embraces Suldae. It is strange to be hugged by Ireena "one last time."

Lady Wachter heads to the eastern gate.

Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods to her with a sincere - she really is saving all of them, hopefully! - smile and runs to the west gate.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Approaching the gate "Ok Ismark seeing as the gates are supposed to remain closed over night we'll have no trouble making a scene but remember we are angrily leaving the city becuse Strahds a dick"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "A scene? A SCENE!? I'M NOT MAKING A SCENE!"

"I JUST THINK WE SHOULD LEAVE BECAUSE STRAHD IS A DICK, AND THIS TOWN IS KILLING MY SISTER!"

"OUT OF MY WAY, PEASANTS!"

The guards at the north gate, bewildered, look at one another nervously. (Henry can make an intimidation or persuasion check with advantage due to Ismark's help)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "... good"

20

21

INTIMIDATION (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook

"Open the gates" Henry barks out from atop the Wagon

Impressed by his armor and bearing, and the aura of holy power which he seems to radiate, the guards obey at once.

The cart rolls out onto the northern road.

Kasimir and Marcus are done shopping, and move to the next stage of the plan.

They reunite with Suldae at the crossroads.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has remembered to grab the guitar from her room.

It is now slung on straps over her back.



Marcus Veranius is smiling super-wide. Having so much shiny platinum in his possession has destroyed any foul mood the evening had cast.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glares at the entirely inappropriate to the situation smile.

"So we make a scene at the west gates?"



Marcus Veranius: "The opposite. We're leaving calmly so Strahd doesn't turn his eye."



Suldae Westwind: "Alright. How?"



Kasimir Velikov: "With this," says Kasimir, holding up a small jar of ash.

"Courtesy of Mrs. Arasek's herbarium."

"Gather close."



Marcus Veranius: This is better than Marcus's plan. He rolls with it



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We should keep heading north for a while before we swing westwards to meet up with the others" Henry says to Ismark after getting outside of earshot of Vallaki

Suldae Westwind: Suldae obediently presses close to the elf.

"By the way," she murmurs, "we could send out the eagles - or something flying - as a decoy in another direction"



Kasimir Velikov:

Pass without Trace

Abjuration 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V, S, M (Ashes from a burned leaf of mistletoe and a sprig of spruce)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 hour

A veil of shadows and silence radiates from you, masking you and your companions from detection. For the duration, each creature you choose within 30 feet of you (including you) has a +10 bonus to Dexterity (Stealth) checks and can't be tracked except by magical means. A creature that receives this bonus leaves behind no tracks or other traces of its passage.

Kasimir throws a fistful of the dust into the air. As the cloud of it falls over Marcus and Suldae, they feel an incredible lightness move through their bodies. The shadows seem darker, the light, less revealing.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae wraps her hand around her holy symbol for a moment. This is a good step one.



Marcus Veranius rubs his head, confused by the silence. This was both a welcoming but strange addition to his normal stealth routine

Ismark: "Right, we'll get out towards Lake Zarovich a ways, then circle west, cross the river to kill our tracks, ditch the wagon, and head on through the forest. Right?"



Suldae Westwind: (I was just going to suggest switching to the global map)

^^



Marcus Veranius: (Oh god, the north gate doesn't lead anywhere)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ugh sure I just know we are looking for a tower west of Vallaki to meet the others"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Right. Tower,"

"A tower..."

Ismark swallows.

"Strahd's here. At the east gate. I can... Feel him."



Suldae Westwind: (is the cart loaded?)

(where's the stuff that was on it? did Henry take care of that before starting?)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Let's keep moving. I hope Lady Wachter is a decent actress..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (some traveling junk maybe)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae had some of her stuff on the cart)



Marcus Veranius: (The only provisions left are the NPC's equipment, which Ismark will carry because older brothers get the shaft)



Suldae Westwind: (I guess she grabbed that too before living)
(now to find out how much she had to ditch because encumbrance :))



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus will have grabbed it; you gucci)



Suldae Westwind: (aha ty)
(Marcus can definitely carry more than her lmao)



Lady Fiona Wachter:

PERFORMANCE <i>Lady Fiona Wachter</i> <hr/> Skill: 10



Henry of Willowsbrook: (,,,))



Suldae Westwind: (...is that good)
(btw Suldae is fine carrying everything)



Marcus Veranius: (Good, because Marcus only has 6 pounds carry weight unused)



Strahd von Zarovich:

INSIGHT <i>Strahd von Zarovich</i> <hr/> Skill: 7

It seems fortune has favored the bold. For the moment, Strahd Von Zarovich is deceived... And happy.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how do you calc carry weight?)



Marcus Veranius: (15 x Strength Score)

With a crackle of thunder, the Teleportation circle vanishes after Strahd and his bride-to-be go through.

Vorgansharax circles high in the darkness, looming over Vallaki greedily. Seeing that no prey is to be had this night, the great black dragon wheels south once more, returning to his lair.



Suldae Westwind: (yay best case scenarios!)



Marcus Veranius: "...remind me what direction the Amber Temple was in?"
"Is it the one our dragon is flying?"

Within a matter of moments, Kasimir has you over the wall by means of a back alley with some convenient crates, a low roof, a slightly higher roof, a concealed ladder, and a slim grey rope.

Kasimir Velikov: "I came up this way before, you see. The guards can be presumptuous."

Kasimir pauses, considering Marcus's question. He peers into the sky, finds the dragon, and says, "Aye. That's the right way."



Suldae Westwind: "Cute," Suldae says, too nervous to think of a better comment.



Kasimir Velikov: "But our path must, for the moment, lead elsewhere. We must return to my hut for certain supplies I have need of. Then we can be on our way."

"But first we must find your friends in the wagon."

"I fear the huts will be guarded by now; the bodies of those destroyed by the tiger have been roaming the landscape the last night or so."

"We will have need of your new Paladin."



Suldae Westwind: "Any of the three of us," Suldae indicates herself, Marcus and the raven on her shoulder, "can scout from above, find the wagon and lead the way, hopefully."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir stops to think.



Marcus Veranius nods. *"I'll go, aye. I've got control of things."*



Kasimir Velikov he spreads his arms gently, fingers making an arcane gesture. He lifts from the ground. Silent as a shadow, he flies up to the level of the treetops. He is difficult to look at, somehow -- the mind wants to look elsewhere, due to the spell.



Kasimir Velikov: "Speed is of the essence," he murmurs. "And more separations would be unwise."



Marcus Veranius: "...or that. That's a better plan."



Kasimir Velikov:

Fly

Transmutation 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (A wing feather from any bird)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

You touch a willing creature. The target gains a flying speed of 60 feet for the duration. When the spell ends, the target falls if it is still aloft, unless it can stop the fall.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot level above 3rd.

(damn, should have had him take a feather for the casting, that would have been way cooler)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "So there's the river," says Ismark.

"We're, uh... We're going to do something about that, right?"



Kasimir Velikov: A shadow drops down beside the trees and, with the voice of Kasimir, says: "Do not be alarmed! It is I, Kasimir. Your friends are on their way."

Suldae Westwind: "What *is* the plan?" Suldae murmurs. She's not sure if she can fly in hybrid shape, and the raven shape is definitely not big enough to carry all her equipment.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hm? if you want to take the cart across I don't think that'll work"



Suldae Westwind: She waits, for lack of further instructions.



Kasimir Velikov: "At least, I think they're on their way..."



Marcus Veranius: "How much do you weigh?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pauses, her brain scrambled for a second by the unexpected question. How would she know? She tries to evaluate.



Marcus Veranius grabs Suldae and starts flying after Kasimir



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns toward Kasimir "So we leave the cart then?" his face is deadpan at the sudden appearance of the elf



Marcus Veranius:



GM: (x)[https://data.whicdn.com/images/85772475/original.gif]



Suldae Westwind: (pfff. beautiful)



GM (GM): (x)[https://data.whicdn.com/images/85772475/original.gif]

That should work for image embeds hmmmmm



Suldae Westwind: The answer appears to be "yes". Yes, she should be able to fly in this form. She reaches inside herself to the raven spirit, and invites her to spread her wings.



Marcus Veranius didn't turn off the Hat of Disguise; this likely looks sillier than he intended without the wings



GM (GM): Ah, I dood it backwards



(<https://data.whicdn.com/images/85772475/original.gif>)



Suldae Westwind: NICE

(...wait. If the hybrid form has both the wings and the arms,)



GM (GM): (It does)



Suldae Westwind: (do the wings, like, magically go through the clothes/armor on the back? The same way as with the weapons immunity?)



GM (GM): (You look a bit like a very feathery and beaky black-winged angel. And yes, they do. As you continue to transform, the equipment can meld completely into your body, too.)
(Wereravens are not particularly savage lycanthropes)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I'd say yes and as for why? it's magic don't think about it too hard or it'll break)
it'll)



Suldae Westwind: (No. Logistics are always important)
(Thinking hard about magic is where the fun is)



Marcus Veranius: "If you're wondering, you are PARTICULARLY heavy, so you ought to spend our week of rest becoming agreeable with whatever bird spirit controls the wings."



Suldae Westwind: (That's why I'm playing a spellcaster and you aren't :P)



Marcus Veranius doesn't like this fairy tale liftoff arrangement



GM (GM): (For example, the spell *Haste* is secretly one of the deadliest in existence.)



Suldae Westwind: Interrupting Marcus, Suldae spreads her own wings and detaches from him.



Marcus Veranius: (It's not even a secret; action economy is good)



GM (GM): (It's not the action economy that kills)
(You can cast it on someone, and the side effects will let you destroy them)



Suldae Westwind: (oh my god i remember that calculations of how fast a person can go in dnd)

(anyway I need to be able to visualize everything is my point_
)

Suldae whoops alongside the raven twin in her head - and partially controlling her body, as Suldae wouldn't have the first clue of how to not fall on her own - as they do a barrel roll.

They're on a serious mission, she knows. But - flying!

Her and her raven spirit are in perfect agreement regarding this.



Marcus Veranius is in agreement that not dying is the most productive thing he can do right now, and does so

Within a matter of moments, Marcus and Suldae see Henry and Ismark and Kasimir and the cart far below, on the shores of the lake.

10

The night is quiet and still.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry while waiting hums some old song about a fisherman he was certain he had forgotten till now

Ireena lands on Ismark's head.



Henry of Willowsbrook: forgotten



Marcus Veranius drops down next to Henry at a respectable distance



Henry of Willowsbrook: *forgotten



Marcus Veranius: "Right; small change of plans. We need to help Kasimir fetch his things."
"THEN we book it for the tower."



Suldae Westwind:

5

DEXTERITY (2+1)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: "Dragon's gone, so the ploy worked. We have arguably... an hour before Strahd comes back pissed as the dickens."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ok do we expect trouble getting his stuff?"



Marcus Veranius: "Probably."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae overbalances and comically flails for several seconds as she lands
In the end, she manages to not topple only by sinking to her knees anyway.
She looks up at the others, face split by a shit-eating grin.
Flying!



Henry of Willowsbrook: "A true picture of artistic grace" Henry comments bone dry



Marcus Veranius cant complain. His face was just as wide from the coin they built up



Suldae Westwind: She pushes to the forefront of the body, her raven sister giving the way somewhat

reluctantly.

"Undead are expected," she says, a half-elf again.



Marcus Veranius: "Kasimir; lead us to your house. We'll leave the horse to fend for itself."

"With any luck we'll be in the tower's protection range before it all goes to hell."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "good thing its a pasture horse" Henry murmurs



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir mutters to the horse in Elvish. *"Return to the village and get yourself a nice young master."*



Kasimir Velikov slices the straps that bind the horse to the cart.

The horse trots back towards the village.



Kasimir Velikov: "We do not want to feed the wolves," says Kasimir.

"Come with me. It is this way."

He points with his sword.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks around and shivers, as she follows.

Wolves. Birds fly away from those, so she's in luck, her raven sister assures her. Still.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rolls his shhoulders setting of to follow



Marcus Veranius takes watch from the party's rear; no ambushes today

It takes only twenty minutes of walking through the forest to reach the edge of the camp. Kasimir casts Pass Without Trace once again as the party walks, ensuring that all members are equally protected.



Suldae Westwind: (i was gonna ask if thats where the camp is, but this is also good :D)



Marcus Veranius remains a bit apprehensive on returning to the camp, but what must be done must be done



Marcus Veranius: "Do you suppose we can sneak by the undead without alarm?"



Suldae Westwind: (Hmm. Philosophical question: does turning into hybrid form and back erase hair dye? Probably not, Suldae IS still looking like her token here)



Kasimir Velikov: "It's too quiet," says Kasimir. "The corpses were just wandering around freely this morning."

"I don't see any now."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "This is going to go horribly"



GM (GM): (Hair dye would count as equipment to me, so you wouldn't lose it when you came back.)



Marcus Veranius: "...maybe Strahd was good on his word. Town was spared."



Suldae Westwind: (Yeah I figured that too, like how a hair tie would stay in her hair too)

"I think the faster we go the better"



Kasimir Velikov: "What I need is a spell book and a few wands. And my sister's journal."

"I don't know if it's entirely worth it, if we think this will be too dangerous."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Which one's your place?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shakes her head. "It sounds like a good idea to me."

The mention of a spellbook has her ears pricking up. Could Ireena use that for some reference, too?



Kasimir Velikov points.



Suldae Westwind: "...Right the opposite side. Joy."

"Let's go around, then"



Marcus Veranius: ('m sorry, can I get an arrow to the right house?)

(We have a line of shadows over most of the camp; can't see where the house is)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Going around does seem like the best idea" (its southern most house)



Marcus Veranius nods, beginning to circle around the camp



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves to keeping himself between his friends and the camp

GM: (Roll stealth, adding an additional +10 to your stealth check)



Marcus Veranius:

24

STEALTH (8)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind:

17

STEALTH (3)
Suldae Westwind

+10



Marcus Veranius: (34)



Suldae Westwind: =27



Henry of Willowsbrook:

10

STEALTH (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

20

You move silently through the long grass, circling the tall domed hill where the gaudy wagons still sit -- looking dirtier and damper than before.

As you circle around one of the low stone houses at the base of the hill, you see that the door has been smashed in. The interior is dark.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (isn't the door on the left side so opposite of us?)

(wait thats the chimney)



Marcus Veranius points the door out, then moves to go around the back end of the house

Marcus hears deep breathing from inside the dark interior of the house.

It sounds like a large wild animal.



Marcus Veranius: ...

Bollocks



Marcus Veranius keeps a bit farther from the house, having a good idea where the zombies went



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry taking Marcus lead keeps his distance from the house



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir moves calmly ahead, leading the way towards his house but staying just in Marcus's shadow.



Marcus Veranius leans in towards the second house, listening for occupants

Marcus hears nothing. The second house has not yet been smashed in. The windows are dark.



Marcus Veranius gives a thumbs-up to the others, then moves towards their target



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves to catch up with Marcus



Marcus Veranius: ...which happens to have a back door!

Ismark and Ireena hang back. For a moment the revenant looks like a scarecrow with his wereraven sister perched on his shoulder.



Marcus Veranius does his best not to comment



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sends a glance in their direction, worried. She'd feel safer with them closer. She is a little too busy worrying to notice the humor of the scene.



Kasimir Velikov says "This is the one."



Marcus Veranius whispers. "Do you have a key?"

He approaches the door and stops, frozen in place. The doorknob is turning from the other side.

Something is about to come out.



Suldae Westwind: "Henry!" Suldae whispers.

Kasimir drops flat to his face in the grass and vanishes.



Marcus Veranius moves to the side of the house



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry raises his shield stepping in front of the others



Marcus Veranius comically pulls Henry to the side of the house as well. Now's not wall time!



Suldae Westwind: Suldae joins Marcus behind the corner

(oops sorry)

(my cursor is glitching)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry lets himself be tucked



Suldae Westwind: (i was trying to grab my token not yours)

The door creaks open. Something large, shaggy, and humanoid steps out onto the grass.

The Werewolf raises its head and looses a bestial howl at the full and glowing moon.

He is clutching a book under one arm.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is stil as her eyes focus on the book. Of course it's the spellbook, she doesn't even doubt.



Marcus Veranius: ...well, that was easy enough to find.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Herry looks at the book before rolling his eyes with his fullbody

*Large, hairy shapes emerge from the other houses and some come from the wagons and tents.
Several huge werewolves are converging on the howl.*



Marcus Veranius: Marcus draws his bow, attempting to take a gamble. If he can take the wolf out before it could react, that might allow them to maintain stealth



Suldae Westwind: Suldae considers her ocarina, but that would break their cover something fierce. Ah, the trials of a bard.



Marcus Veranius steps out from behind the wall and looses 4 shots



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry raises draws his sword silently cursing up a storm



Marcus Veranius: (Action Surge)

$$\begin{array}{r|l} 10 + 4 & 11 + 4 \\ \hline 600 & \end{array}$$

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+5)
Marcus Veranius

23
Piercing



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows their example and quietly takes out her crossbow and arms it.



Marcus Veranius:

$$\begin{array}{r|l} 20 + 2 & 9 + 2 \\ \hline 600 & \end{array}$$

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+5)
Marcus Veranius

17
Piercing

$$\begin{array}{c|c} 11 + 1 & 20 + 1 \\ \hline 600 \end{array}$$

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+5)
Marcus Veranius

16
Piercing

$$\begin{array}{c|c} 17 + 2 & 12 + 2 \\ \hline 600 \end{array}$$

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+5)
Marcus Veranius

17
Piercing

(attacks at advantage cause of Ranger's bonus against targets whom haven't acted)



Suldae Westwind: (nice)

*Swifter than thought, four arrows fly from the Oathbow. The Werewolf, unsuspecting, takes all four silent shots. (The Werewolf takes **73** points of piercing damage.)*



Marcus Veranius: (Is it still up?)



Kasimir Velikov: (That uh, that math does not seem uh)



Suldae Westwind: 60+13

looks god to me

*good

The Werewolf hits the dirt.



Marcus Veranius motions for the others to get into the house. He attempts to drag the werewolf inside

The book sprawls from its grasp. Kasimir snatches it, tucks it into his cloak, then, swift as a passing thought, ducks into the house.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glares daggers at his back, hiding the crossbow again. His strategy in the face of a danger is not her favorite.

A raven caws. It sounds worried.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes out and looks around.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So what now"



Marcus Veranius: "OK, so I have a plan. It's not a good plan, but it's a plan."

"As soon as Kasimir has his things, I'll shoot out a window opposite of where we want to go. Then we book it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Herny takes a step outside the house to keep an eye out



Suldae Westwind: "I'm not sure we want to make loud noises quite yet," Suldae murmurs as she takes stock of the situation outside.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ismark and Ireena are still back there"



Marcus Veranius: "...oh bollocks."

Several werewolves are converging on this house. Suldae sees Ismark stealthily moving towards the house with Ireena still perched on his shoulder. Both of them are shielded by Kasimir's spell, but the werewolves are likely to come between them and the house before they can reach it.



Marcus Veranius: "...so hey, do we still have those eagles at our disposal?"

"Now would be a good time for eagles."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pauses. If Kasimir still has Fly active... She glances at him.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir goes to a cabinet in the corner and begins to rummage through it hastily, snatching up two wands, a staff, and a large tome.

He stuffs them all into some place within his cloak. It doesn't seem like so much could be so easily concealed without magic.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Herny curse inwardly, he really hoped he could avoid the eagle shenanigans



Suldae Westwind: Suldae begins to quietly whistle, instead of taking out the louder instrument, and tap on the door of the house. The rhythm resonates with the Weave, reaching for the faewild. Suldae focuses on the image of a giant eagle.

Conjure Animals

Conjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: Unoccupied spaces that you can see within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 hour

You summon fey spirits that take the form of beasts and appear in unoccupied spaces that you can see within range. Choose one of the following options for what appears: One beast of challenge rating 2 or lower Two beasts of challenge rating 1 or lower Four beasts of challenge rating 1/2 or lower Eight beasts of challenge rating 1/4 or lower Each beast is also considered fey, and it disappears when it drops to 0 hit points or when the spell ends. The summoned creatures are friendly to you and your companions. Roll initiative for the summoned creatures as a group, which has its own turns. They obey any verbal commands that you issue to them (no action required by you). If you don't issue any commands to them, they defend themselves from hostile creatures, but otherwise take no actions. The

GM has the creatures' statistics.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using certain higher-level Spell Slots, you choose one of the summoning options above, and more creatures appear - twice as many with a 5th-level slot, three times as many with a 7th-level slot, and four times as many with a 9th-level slot.

aaand drumroll...

11

ARCANA (9)
Suldae Westwind

...

...we're in a mountainous area



Suldae Westwind: giant eagles are PERFECTLY REASONABLE

(2 beasts of cr1)

GM: (Henry, roll religion)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

12

RELIGION (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

5

RELIGION (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Kasimir Velikov: **19**

Henry feels the Nature Spirits respond to Suldae's song. With a sound like the wind on wingtips, a gust blows down the chimney and swirls into the room, bearing hundreds of black feathers which swirl together into two small and tightening storms of whirling black down. A second later, two Giant Vultures sit where Suldae has beckoned them.



Suldae Westwind: After a pause, Suldae bows to them. Good enough?

*Close enough?

"Kasimir, can you still fly on her own?" Sulde asks quietly, beckoning everyone outside.

hhh

the two squares below Suldae

i probably want to restart my laptop tbh



Suldae Westwind: or at least reload the page hold on



Marcus Veranius: "They're getting close!" Marcus whispers, ready to fly off at a moment's notice.

The Vultures stand ready to fly. Kasimir slips out the window and sails into the night sky.



Marcus Veranius: "Right then. Fly north and we can draw them away from Ismark."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry regards the vultures with wide eyes turning to look at the approaching werewolves



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae beckons the siblings over.

"Climb on one," Suldae instructs Henry.



Henry of Willowsbrook: He seems to be considering taking his chances with the wolves before climbing one of the birds



Liliet (Suldae): "Be polite," she adds after a second's thought.

"It COULD just carry you," Suldae adds optimistically as added motivation.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Fuck fuck fuck fuck fine" Henry mutters

Within seconds, the werewolf coming from the west will be upon you!



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae motions for Ismark to mount the second vulture.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry runs up to a vulture "Hey there mind carrying me" He sputters before nearly flinging himself on its back



Liliet (Suldae): She beckons the raven sister closer, shifting into the hybrid form.

Ismark, dashing at top speed, only just makes it to the edge of the house. He will not beat the werewolf to the vulture.



Marcus Veranius takes off his hat. Better for a bird to be caught flying through the air than Marcus



Liliet (Suldae): "Grab him," Suldae instructs the vulture after a second's pause in coarse raven voice.
(this token isnt multisided)=)



Marcus Veranius: "Time to go!"



Marcus Veranius takes for the clouds



Liliet (Suldae): (rip Ismark, should have stayed with the group if he wanted to ride on top and not below)

The Vulture leaps into the air with a massive beat of its wings and snares Ismark by the shoulders and rises into the eastern sky.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae leaps off immediately after that.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Heave ho birdy" Henry urges his mount



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae motions for the bird to follow, in case this was unclear to it from context.

Henry's vulture swoops into the sky.

In a moment, you are leaving the camp far below you, and rising silently above the trees, into the starry night.

Liliet (Suldae): Suldae - or rather, her raven sister, brought to the forefront - does a circle around everyone, making sure everybody is fine.

Everyone seems to be accounted for.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "FUCK" Henry loudly cries out no of his normal calm ness remaining as he wildly clings to the bird beneath him

Far below, the werewolves find their dead companion and investigate the site. They smell no one, and detect no trace of any outsider. Even the arrows are scentless.

Perplexed by this, they will have an interesting report to bring to their masters.



Marcus Veranius forgot to reclaim the arrows. THOSE ARE EXPENSIVE!



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae looks to Kasimir as they rise, expecting him to lead the formation.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry spends most of his time alternating between praying to the light and cursing with reckless abandon, mentally of causeok maybe a bit audibly aswell

The party flies on, over dark forests and choked, abandoned-looking roads. From up here, Barovia is just a small lagoon of trees and hills and mountains within an endless desert of fog. There seems to be no world beyond the small confines of this kingdom.

Kasimir leads you by the swiftest route. Within half an hour, you can see the small lake and its resident tower.



Liliet (Suldae): (global map?)

A small but gaudy wagon sits at the base of the peaked tower, which sits on a small island in the heart of a small circular lake. A land bridge connects the island to the road.



Marcus Veranius: ...hah! As Marcus suspected!



Liliet (Suldae): Of course this is the place Rictavio went. Of course it is, Suldae thinks as she starts descending.

(mental high five)



Marcus Veranius: "So this is the tower Rictavio spoke of!"

"We are in good company then."

*Before landing, you notice that a **SECOND** small and gaudy cart sits parked beneath the bridge, likely not visible from the road.*

Now that you're looking, the cart at the tower does not look like Rictavio's. It is purple, for one thing, and it has little coffin-shaped windows.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae blinks at this, bemused.

The cart beneath the bridge is definitely Rictavio's, however.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry only half listening uges his mount "Down! Down! Please for the love of the gentel Light PUT ME DOWN!"



GM (GM): (And on that note, we will have to end this session! Thank you all for playing! Congratulations on your masterfully executed ruse.)



Marcus Veranius: o3o



Tops K.: (How much exp do we get for pulling fast ones on werewolves?)



Suldae Westwind: (...and the ruse :D)



GM (GM): 34250



Suldae Westwind:

Roll for HP	
Roll 1:	7

Roll for HP	
Roll 1:	1

Average for HP	
Average:	5



Zanshuken: rolling d10

(8)

= 8

rolling d10

(5)

= 5

=+19 max Hp

ACTION SURGE <i>Class: Fighter 2nd Level</i>
--



GM (GM): Banishment

Black Tentacles

Blight

Compulsion

Confusion

Conjure Minor Elementals



GM (GM): Conjure Woodland Beings

Control Water
Dimension Door
Divination
Dominate Beast
Fabricate



GM (GM): Faithful Hound

Fire Shield
Freedom of Movement
Giant Insect
Greater Invisibility
Guardian of Faith



GM (GM): Hallucinatory Terrain

Ice Storm
Locate Creature
Phantasmal Killer
Polymorph
Private Sanctum



GM (GM): Resilient Sphere

Secret Chest
Stone Shape
Stoneskin
Wall of Fire



Suldae Westwind:HMMMM



GM (GM): 4th-level Bard spells in my Roll20 compendium



Suldae Westwind: if only it wasnt 11pm :x

can you also paste lvl1-3 bard spells? ^^ I'd look over them tomorrow~ (i will note that on this double levelup i can replace a total of 2 spells...)



GM (GM): Waiiiit

Roll20 why u do dis

Not all of these spells from the "Bard Spells by Level" listing are actually bard spells

wtf

(level 3)

Bestow Curse



GM (GM): Clairvoyance

Dispel Magic
Fear
Glyph of Warding

Hypnotic Pattern

Major Image



GM (GM): Nondetection

Plant Growth

Sending

Speak with Dead

Speak with Plants

Stinking Cloud



GM (GM): Tiny Hut

Level 4:

Compulsion

Confusion

Dimension Door

Freedom of Movement



GM (GM): Greater Invisibility

Hallucinatory Terrain

Locate Creature

Polymorph

rolling 1d10 Level 7 Hitpoints

(4)

= 4

rolling 1d10 Level 8 Hitpoints

(4)

= 4

Thanks for the doubles Roll20. Taking average



Zanshuken:

6

ARCANA (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



GM (GM):

8

13

INTELLIGENCE (3)

5

14

INTELLIGENCE (3)

(Good morning!)



Zanshukun: heyho



GM (GM):

19

INTELLIGENCE (3)

(Good morning, Tops!)



Tops K.: Mornin!



Henry of Willowsbrook: (let me just turn down my kpop there ready!)



Liliet (Suldae): m o r n i n g



GM (GM): Morning!



Marcus Veranius: "...anyways, the reason I had you smite that piece of leather was to get these runes burned into the cuffs in holy fire."

"It's Draconic. The approximate translation is '*What god doesn't smite, these boots shall trample*'. Fitting for a paladin, yes?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'm not some magical hole punch for the record"



Marcus Veranius: "Noted."

A huge gust of mist billows out of a single point and rushes to fill the chamber.

Through the mist, Ireena says: "Sorry! Sorry everybody, I'll just --"

There is a flicker of multicolored light in the fog, a moment later, it dissipates as though it had never been.



Ireena Kolyana: "Right, so that might be useful *someday*," Ireena says.

She puts a little mark in the corner of the page of her spell book, then turns the page.



Marcus Veranius: Well at least they'd be able to travel around as vampires if that ever came to pass. One mystery of Strahd solved.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "hm Marcus could help me for a second" Henry says "I wanna try something"



Marcus Veranius: "Sure, where do you need me to stand?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Just look at me and tell me if you see anything" Henry says before closing his eyes and taking a deep breath

He's trying to channel Light through his eyes like some depictions of angels are known to do

known

(Should I roll for that?)



Liliet (Suldae): (morning/evening/afternoon everyone, it is now an officially recorded fact that my laptop takes ~15 minutes to reboot)

(s o r r y)



Ireena Kolyana: (No w o r r i e s)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae, perched on top of a cupboard - flew up there in raven form - is watching the proceedings with curiosity.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (What should I roll to try to emulate the glowing eyes of divine glory?)

GM: (Religion or Arcana, or you could cast Thaumaturgy or Prestidigitation)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir is *poring over some of Ireena's notes detailing the Tarokka reading and the subsequent interpretations of that reading.*



Suldae Westwind: (shit, we didnt talk to Ezmerelda at all during the timeskip)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

3

RELIGION (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

19

RELIGION (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (I mean I'm SURE we did)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir as she reads, she lays out cards from her own Tarokka deck. The small reading seems very illuminating. By the end of it she has a dozen cards laid out in circles across the floor.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I have it," she says calmly. Her accent is a little thick.



Suldae Westwind: (can we have a recap of what Ezmerelda would have told us about herself during this time, assuming moderate lev of nosiness on our part?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (You know I think I'll just say I rolled for each eye individually cause its funnier)



Marcus Veranius: "...looks like you're about to give someone a bad time, Henry."



Marcus Veranius turns his attention to Esmerelda. "We've identified one prophecy as being in the nearby wolf cave, one as being in the Amber Temple, and one in Strahd's basement."



Marcus Veranius: "Think it was the... vault of the lady we hadn't figured out?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I feel like it didn't quite work" Henry sighs one eye blazing in golden light the other one still ordinary blue



Suldae Westwind: Suldae laughs from the top of the cupboard, and her laughter is booming and seems to come from every corner of the tower at once.

Why no, she's not showing off. How dare you suggest that.

...Okay, maybe she is showing off.



Henry of Willowsbrook: He closes his eyes for a moment the light visibly winking out as he does

Suldae Westwind: "You'll get it right eventually," Suldae reassures him from the top of the cupboard, sounding suspiciously insincere for someone who makes sounding sincere into her life's craft.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wait I have 3 as proficiency and 5 as my strength mod shouldn't my longsword deal 1d8+8 then?)



Marcus Veranius: "We also do not know yet if the Hall of Bones in Castle Ravenloft is accessible without a full siege. It'd be convenient if we could slip in then out with its treasure, otherwise we'd need to strain our resources during the final assault."



Suldae Westwind: (does proficiency bonus apply to damage?)



Marcus Veranius: "...how does your interpretation fare, Esmeralda?"

(no)

(at least not typically)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (why do i have +2 to damage then? outside of my strength bonus)

(wait its dueling)



Marcus Veranius:

[FIGHTING STYLE]

DUELING

Class: Paladin 2

When you are wielding a melee weapon in one hand and no other weapons, you gain a +2 bonus to damage rolls with that weapon.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "The Hall of Bones is not likely to be accessible without breaking into the castle relatively deeply."



Suldae Westwind: (a shield is not a weapon, right?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (shields not counted as a weapon)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "As to the 'woman of great beauty' I have no doubt this refers to the original Tatyana, and must be a reference to a portrait somewhere within the castle."



Marcus Veranius: "Two of our prophecies within the castle. Well, so much for preparing beforehand."



Suldae Westwind: "We still have two left, right?"
























Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "We must see what Mother Night has hidden for him, in the den of wolves. There is a werewolf den to the northwest of us, I have seen their tracks."



Suldae Westwind: "Mother Night," Suldae perks up. "Who's that?"



Marcus Veranius nods. "We concluded as much ourselves. And the Amber Temple holds our other prophecy."

-  **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "This last, with the Amber Giants... I cannot make it out, but I detect that it is to the south of us, and deep within the earth."
-  **Kasimir Velikov:** "That must be a reference to the Amber Temple," says Kasimir.
-  **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Mother Night is a goddess of darkness, starlight, and nocturnal creatures," says Emerelda, by way of explanation.
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Wasn't that dragon headed south?"
-  **Rictavio:** "Indeed he was," says Van Richten.
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "The prophecy said the treasure in Amber Temple was guarded by a dragon, unfortunately." Marcus frowns. Even having let go of the pain, that dragon still seemed to haunt him.
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Cave first then" Henry posits
-  **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae flicks Marcus a worried and sympathetic glance. He's been much better, recently, but better doesn't mean *immediately well*.
-  **Kasimir Velikov:** "There is another lead. The hag coven in the windmill has between them a special magical scrying eye, which I believe to be linked to someplace *inside* the castle."
-  **Suldae Westwind:** "The hag coven in the windmill?... Is that the one-" Suldae glances at Marcus, drumming her heels against the cupboard.
-  **Marcus Veranius blank faces**
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "...well we DID intend to return eventually. See the condition **MY** windmill is in."
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry quirks an eyebrow at them inviting them to explain what they were on about
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "Come to think of it, the deeds I hold may also grant the land around. I could very well own the entire road to Castle Ravenloft."
-  **Suldae Westwind:** "The Death House we were in," Suldae explains from her perch.
"There were papers there."
She considers this a sufficient explanation.
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "Legally speaking, there's no heirs to the house. I hold the documents, so it's my land."
-  **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae is not a lawyer. This seems suspect to her, but then, law often is.
-  **Kasimir Velikov:** "Is that how humans do it? How crude."
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Ah right evil devil Lord doesn't mean less paperwork"
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "...Vampires can't enter where they aren't invited, right? Do you suppose I could tell Strahd to get off my property and he wouldn't be able to attack us inside?"
-  **Ireena Kolyana:** "That's how it works in Barovia," says Ireena.
"The danger is that he might make you *want* to invite him in..."

She shudders, thinking of her father.

She tugs at her high collar absent mindedly.



Suldae Westwind: "Ah yes, standing outside and talking," Suldae says blandly, her own thoughts going to the gate incident.

"I do wish I had something better than I currently do to counteract it..."



Ireena Kolyana: "That windmill looked so decrepit, though."



Rictavio: "If it *has* had a coven of hags in it, you probably don't want it. All sorts of curses are likely to linger."

"We'll have to do that one cleverly, there may be hostages involved."



Suldae Westwind: "Hostages?" Suldae raises her head and glances at him.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sooo Cave or Property assesment first then?" Henry asks tone showing he found this some what amusing



Suldae Westwind: His last involvment in matters concering civilians is... fresh in her memory.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Personally I have more experience with werewolves than hags," says Emzmerelda ruefully.

She rubs one of her legs.



Kasimir Velikov: "The coven has been there for decades now. They are not likely to be dislodged with any ease."



Rictavio: "And the hags don't have anything that we want."



Ireena Kolyana: "Except hostages, possibly?"

"We care about that, right?"



Suldae Westwind: "And didn't you bring up a scrying eye?" Suldae joins her voice.



Kasimir Velikov: "I did," says Kasimir.



Suldae Westwind: "Do elaborate on the hostages, please."



Marcus Veranius: "We can always talk it out. And if we can't, I'm quick with a bow."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods to the mage.



Rictavio: Van Richten sighs. "You've never fought a hag coven before, have you?"

"As I recall, you had a strong distaste for magic. They tend to use a good deal of it."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Hags are known to eat people," says Ezmerelda. "They will have a larder."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "how quaint" Henry groans



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "If we do intend to take them out, we must locate the hostages, isolate each hag, and kill them before they know we are upon them."

"Any other way is likely to end in casualties."



Rictavio: Rictavio rolls his eyes at "casualties."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae presses a palm to her lips. She'd known that Barovia was a land of horrors, but this... It's not even directly in their way, is what bothers her.

"...After we deal with Strahd?..." she says uncertainly. There is just... so much to do.



Rictavio: "At any rate, the coven is much farther. It's on the eastern side of Vallaki, and we can't be seen wandering the roads."

"It will probably have to wait."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods to that with no small measure of relief.



Kasimir Velikov: "It was only a suggestion."



Marcus Veranius: "We don't need vision into the castle until the siege begins. It's a good suggestion."



Suldae Westwind: "It goes on the to-do list, but not in the first place."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So man-eating werewolves first man-eating hags later"



Suldae Westwind: "We should start with what we can do without attracting attention."



Marcus Veranius: "Wolves, temple, hags. Castle."

"And any other detours we may find along the way."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods to Marcus gratefully. There's a reason she defers to him as the leader of this mess.



Marcus Veranius: "The question remains; when do we wish to make our move on the caverns? At night when the wolves are in full form, or in the day?"

"...they turn back in the day, right?"



Ireena Kolyana: "It will not make much of a difference, most likely. Many werewolves can change form at will, like yourselves."



Marcus Veranius coughs



Rictavio: "They will probably be human in the daylight, if they have things to do -- or if they're sleeping."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So Wolf cave, Where? How many exits and entrys? how many werewolves do we expect there?"



Rictavio: "We'll need to scout closer to determine all that," says Van Richten.



Marcus Veranius: "Northwest shore of the lake, one probably, and yes."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rolls his eyes at Marcus



Suldae Westwind: "One?" Suldae joins with Henry skeptically.



Marcus Veranius: "I mean, Caves usually have one exit?"



Suldae Westwind: "They don't. They really DOn't"



Marcus Veranius doesn't know how caves work

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Both of you never dealt with badger or fox dens before then" Henry remarks



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has actually been in more than one cave before. If it's anything more than a grotto and has actual tunnels, odds are against it having only one exit.

And that's before you count deliberate backdoors.

*exit

"For the cave to have only one exit, they'd need to have either blocked off all the others or deliberately looked for the one cave in Barovia that had only one. And they'd need to be idiots for that"

"I somehow doubt we're that lucky"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Not even animals are stupid enough to make it that easy for you" Henry agrees



Suldae Westwind: "Oh, people are capable of much greater stupidity than animals could ever manage", Suldae assures Henry with the tone of an expert. "But probably not this time, yeah"



GM (GM):

DECEPTION
Lady Fiona Wachter

Skill: **6**

INSIGHT
Strahd von Zarovich

Skill: **24**



Liliet (Suldae): So... what has Suldae seen 0.0



Marcus Veranius: "Right then, let's begin scouting out the wolf cave while absolutely nothing of note happens elsewhere in Barovia."

Thunder rolls over the landscape. It sounds like someone shouting: "WHAT!?"



Liliet (Suldae): ...so everything was fine up until now?

Thick black clouds blot out the sky.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ok that sounds bad"



Marcus Veranius: "Right then, let's hide in the tower for another day."

"ffffiiiiiiiiINNNDDDD HERRRRRR..." The entire landscape seems to groan.



Liliet (Suldae): Somehow, Suldae is already standing next to Ireena. She didn't really make a conscious decision to move, it just kind of happened.

Suldae's elf ears pick up the faintest remnant of a lingering female scream.



Suldae Westwind: Not like her being physically close will, y'know, make any difference. But she just kind of feels better like this.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena drops to her knees. She's shaking.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae closes her eyes, drops to her knees next to Ireena, hugs her and holds her

close.

She has little sympathy to spare for Lady Fiona Wachter, but... This is her doing.

This, whatever just happened, is on her.



Rictavio: Rictavio smiles as the lightning outside glimmers off his glasses, each flash turning them into flat silver coins. He pops a cigar in his mouth and hefts his crossbow. "Looks like wolf-hunting weather to me."



Suldae Westwind: It was Suldae who charmed her into compliance with a suicidal plan.

"Well, we definitely don't have time to delay anymore," Suldae murmurs, still pressing Ireena to herself.



Marcus Veranius considers. "On second thought, Rictavio's absolutely right."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda stares northwest. "So we have a shorter timetable. We can work with that."



Marcus Veranius: "Give it a half hour and the wolves will leave the nest in Strahd's hunting call."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "We can work with that..." She plays with her Tarokka cards again, shuffling and shifting a few cards in her hands.



Marcus Veranius: "Not as many at home to stop us barging in."



Kasimir Velikov: Kazimir wraps his cloak around himself. "We left no trace on our journey here. We should ambush them invisibly, diminish their numbers. The strongest will be out scouting and hunting for Strahd. The weakest will be at home, guarding the nest."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at the fortune teller.



Rictavio: "Get to the heart of your enemy. Always a sound strategy," says Van Richten.



Suldae Westwind: "So, how many children do we expect to be there?" Suldae interjects cheerfully.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda's hard eyes soften. "I had not thought of that. We must be cautious. We must play our cards well. With the right hand, we might not need to draw blood."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stops adjusting his armor to look at the others



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena hugs Suldae back, and with Suldae's help she gets back to her feet.



Suldae Westwind: "What exactly IS our objective there?" Suldae asks.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Have a look around the murder cave I presume"



Suldae Westwind: "We're stealing something, right?"



Marcus Veranius: "Find the knowledge to understand our enemy. The Treasure of Mother Night."
"Whatever that means."



Suldae Westwind: Stealing something sounds much better than slaughtering all inhabitants.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "We are here for what was prophesied -- a knowledge of Strahd. Something in that cave will tell us what we need to know to defeat him."

Suldae Westwind: "...So we might not even need to take anything. Just enter, scout and leave unseen"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "The wolves are likely to be worshippers of Mother Night. She is real, in this place -- an echo of some strong female figure in the mind of Strahd. The same is true of Father Day -- he is an echo of some male figure of influence with an antagonistic relationship to Strahd. That much I can surmise already."

"But that does not mean they *must* be slain, it means only that we are likely to encounter an actual shrine of some kind."

"And items offered on a shrine are cursed to those who take them, as all Vistani know."



Rictavio: "You make things too complicated, Ez. We kill the big ones, we take the little ones to be cured and live normal lives."

"How else do you dismantle an evil cult?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Emerelda seems discomfited by this.



Suldae Westwind: "What DO the werewolves do?" Suldae interjects.



Kasimir Velikov: "If a wolf or a man takes a liking to the taste of humanoid blood, it must be put down," says Kasimir.



Suldae Westwind: "Evil cult" sounds vague to her.



Rictavio: "This particular group have been known to steal children. They've raided farmsteads in the local area. Why do you think Vallaki and Krezk have walls?"



Marcus Veranius frowns. *"The actions of these wolves started the chain of events that led to the Saints Bones being stolen."*



Marcus Veranius: "Sold off by a child whom parents they slew."



Henry of Willowsbrook: After inspecting his sword, Henry slams it into his sheath turning to the others he says "Soo how about this we go, now, and try our best to not 'senselessly' slaughter our way through" Henry shrugs face placid "Doesn't sound all that hard"



Marcus Veranius: "Cure or not, they ARE a problem that needs to be handled. And we will begin handling it."



Marcus Veranius moves for the elevator



Suldae Westwind: "Okay, they steal children," Suldae says. "The human eating thing, does that actually happen?"

Suldae grabs Marcus's sleeve and glares at him.

Again? her eyes are saying.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I can assure you it does," says Ezmerelda, with a wince.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at her, expecting more explanation.



Marcus Veranius looks back at Suldae, then outside where storm clouds are brewing, then back.



Marcus Veranius: "We're short on time. We can talk on the way there."

Kasimir Velikov: "Before we go: this may buy us more time to investigate or prepare." Kasimir grabs the small pot of ash again and scatters a cloud of it over the group, casting *Pass Without Trace*.



Suldae Westwind: "Does Ezmerelda come with us?" Suldae asks, looking at Marcus.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Of course she does!" Says Ezmerelda, indignantly.



Rictavio: "There's no better hunter to have at your side," says Van Richten.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae inclines her head to her. "Then let's go. Tell us more on the way."



Marcus Veranius: "Rictavio and Ismark will hold fort. Ezmerelda and Kasimir are with us."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Down," says Ezmerelda, and the elevator begins to descend.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at her, still expecting a story>

.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I heard a story once, the Count of Weiherberg hiring Adventures once to deal with a small werewolf clan" Henry's face darkens if it's as bad here as in that story it's going to be ugly business"

"if it's as bad



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "How do we propose to get to their camp?" Ezmerelda asks, pointing across the lake at the shore and slope and the hill where the cave entrance sits.



Marcus Veranius checks the time of day



Marcus Veranius: (Is it night or morning?)



Suldae Westwind: "...Well, I can only summon two giant eagles at a time, and they're kind of conspicuous... but I'm open to other animal ideas," Suldae says cheerfully.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well unless we have no other option I'd say not through the main entrance"



Suldae Westwind: "Only two giant octopi at a time, too"

In spite of the early morning hour, the sky is dark with heavy storm clouds. No rain has yet begun to fall, but lightning splits the sky occasionally and thunder rolls angrily over the landscape.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "No more Eagles thanks" Henry murmurs

(Sorry this is the official description of the cave:) Above the tree line, carved into the side of a rocky mountain spur, is a wide, torchlit cave that looks like the gaping maw of a great wolf.



Marcus Veranius: "Giant Octoboats it is."



Suldae Westwind: "...I could turn two people into animals temporarily," Suldae says after a pause.

Above the cave, farther up the sloping mountainside, there appears to be a rocky ledge or clifftop.



Suldae Westwind: "Unfortunately there are three non-lycantropes here?..."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at Kasimir.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "or we could walk" Henry acidly says "like people"



Kasimir Velikov: "I can handle transportation," says Kasimir, lightly touching Rictavio and Ezmerelda as he walks past them, then gracefully steps into the sky.



Marcus Veranius follows behind Kasimir in Birb Form



Kasimir Velikov: "Would you like to fly as well, Henry?"

"You could be one with the winds, under your own power."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a deep breath before shaking out his limbs "Fine" he says defeated "If you would Kasimir"



Suldae Westwind: "Your other option is becoming a bird and doing the same thing another way," Suldae adds cheerfully.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry glares at her expression void of any mirth



Kasimir Velikov: "Alas, I can only manage three targets," says Kasimir, after a moment of effort.

Rictavio says: "Ah! I know. I won't be needing it, thank you."

Kasimir: "In that case, I shall pass it to Henry instead of Rictavio."

Fly

Transmutation 5

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (A wing feather from any bird)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

You touch a willing creature. The target gains a flying speed of 60 feet for the duration. When the spell ends, the target falls if it is still aloft, unless it can stop the fall.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot level above 3rd.

Henry no longer feels the power of gravity upon him. Even his armor feels weightless now. It feels like flying in a dream.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is still landbound, watching after Henry and waiting for him to get his bearings.



Kasimir Velikov: Lightly, Kasimir drifts skyward. Ezmerelda follows him.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "hurgh I hate this" Henry hisses following them slowly



Rictavio: Van Richten taps his boots together and walks calmly down to the shoreline, then steps onto the waves. A faint blue glow emanates from his shoes, and he walks atop the water without sinking.

Flying or floating or walking on water, the party converges towards the shores beneath the massive cave.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae circles around Henry, watching him like a very raven-like hawk



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry hurrys past the others to touch down on the shore first



Suldae Westwind: She is a small bird now, a perspective familiar enough by now the shift barely registers.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Definatley only because he is the most heavily armored one among them yes no other reason for it



Suldae Westwind: When landing, she turns into an elf before she even touches down, just in time to land on two feet.

She has been *practicing* this.

Up close, you see a shoreline of muddy beach running north-south between two dense patches of forest. To the northwest, the slope rises steeply into the clay-dense cliffsides of the small mountain.

A stroke of lightning splits the sky, and a torrential downpour begins.



Marcus Veranius drops down and un-birbs, not wanting to be close to the lightning. Birds fly low during storms apparently; he learned this last week!



Marcus Veranius: "Well, not a lot of cover to hide behind. We ought to use Kasimir's spell cover and move while we can."

"The sooner we're out of the rain the better."



Liliet (Suldae):

Prestidigitation

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 10 feet

Target: See text


Components: V, S

Duration: Up to 1 hour

This spell is a minor magical trick that novice spellcasters use for practice. You create one of the following magical effects within range: You create an instantaneous, harmless sensory effect, such as a shower of sparks, a puff of wind, faint musical notes, or an odd odor. You instantaneously light or snuff out a candle, a torch, or a small campfire. You instantaneously clean or soil an object no larger than 1 cubic foot. You chill, warm, or flavor up to 1 cubic foot of nonliving material for 1 hour. You make a color, a small mark, or a symbol appear on an object or a surface for 1 hour. You create a nonmagical trinket or an illusory image that can fit in your hand and that lasts until the end of your next turn. If you cast this spell multiple times, you can have up to three of its non-instantaneous effects active at a time, and you can dismiss such an effect as an action.


Suldae nods, going over her spell list in her head. Oh! She starts humming quietly, conitnuously casting prestidigitation to 'clean up' their tracks as they go.


It is, admittedly, fairly slow.


 **Kasimir Velikov:** "That is not necessary, we already leave no tracks," says Kasimir. "But I admire your thoughtfulness."


"How do we wish to go about this?"


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry stifles a snort


 **Rictavio:** "We could go up to the top," says Rictavio.


 **Liliet (Suldae):** Suldae nods, humming. The shift in the Weave is easy enough it's comforting, and she might as well.


 **Marcus Veranius:** "In the front door while the wolves are out. Seek out a back exit while we're inside."

 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Or we could go in animal form. Assume the shape of something small and innocuous -- a spider, or a scorpion, perhaps. We could spy ahead."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "I'd rather do a quick check to see where the other exits would be first"

 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Assuming Suldae would be willing to cast such a high-energy spell."

 **Kasimir Velikov:** "In the storm, it may be dangerous to fly too high."

 **Liliet (Suldae):** "It'd be useful enough to justify it, in my opinion," Suldae says.

"I don't have enough for everyone, but a single scout..."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I'll go." Marcus states, going back into birb form and flying low. Magic or not, he knows how to get about unseen


27


12

STEALTH (9)
Marcus Veranius

GM: (Stealth check, please -- don't forget Pass Without Trace)

 **Liliet (Suldae):** Suldae presses her lips together, watching him go.

 **Marcus Veranius:** (I rolled a 27; Pass without Trace doesn't apply if I'm not next to Kasimir)

 **Liliet (Suldae):** It doesn't seem like a good idea to her, but he makes his own decisions.

 **Rictavio:**

PERCEPTION
Werewolf

Skill: 12 | 10

PERCEPTION
Werewolf

Skill: 7 | 23

The open jaws of the wolf's head form a fifteen-foot-high canopy of rock over the cave mouth, held

up by natural pillars of rock. The ceiling rises to a height of twenty feet inside the cave. Torches in iron brackets line the walls. From somewhere deep inside, you hear the echoing sounds of a flute. Some of the notes are discordant—painfully so.

You come to a Guard Post. Here, the cave splits to the left and right. Standing on a five-foot-high ledge between the divide are two feral-looking women wearing shredded clothing and clutching spears.

They do not notice you, by some miracle.

To the left you see firelight. To the right you hear water.



Marcus Veranius flies back to the others



Marcus Veranius: "Two guards, human form with spears. Walls are lined with torches; bright inside. Someone's playing a flute but Suldae does it better."

"We might be able to take both of them out with a well-timed ranged ambush."



Rictavio: Rictavio gives Marcus a quick thump on the back his head. "That was terribly foolish, Marcus! That kind of reckless behavior will get your entire team killed, if an enemy knows you are capable of it!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae does an exaggerated bow.



Marcus Veranius rubs the back of his head. *"I wasn't the one that suggested scouting ahead!"*



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Emerelda shuffles cards. She draws one. She grimaces and puts it back in the deck. "We will be more careful next time. Let's go take out the guards."



Suldae Westwind: "Thank you. And let's not do that again."

"The suggestion was for a spider, not a goddamn raven!"



Rictavio: "Still, fine flying, my boy."

"They didn't catch a whiff?"

"Must be the rain. You're cursed with luck, I think."

"Now, shall this be a lethal or nonlethal removal of the aforementioned guards?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We need to be quick when taking them out least they alarm the others"



Marcus Veranius: "Wouldn't be the first time." Marcus nods, drawing his oathbow.

"Lethal. We thin them here, there won't be as many to chase us when we move from the tower."



Rictavio: "This is logical and practical on its face, but revenge is a powerful motivator."

"I feel in no way confident that we can wipe out the entire clan tonight."



Kasimir Velikov: "A sleep spell, perhaps?"

"Just as quick. With the music playing, they'll suspect nothing."

"I cannot cast such a spell, alas. But Suldae, I believe that one is in your repertoire?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda comes close and grabs Marcus by the arm.

Suldae Westwind: "Anyone got any objections?" she asks.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: She starts walking calmly towards the mouth of the cave. She raises her crossbow, standing just outside the light of the torches.

She takes careful aim.

"No, none at all."

"But I'm going to cover you while you cast."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We have to secure them anyhow afterwards least they cut of a flight path"



Marcus Veranius also takes aim, just in case.



Rictavio: "I doubt we have the means to contain them. They will burst ordinary rope."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Dammit! I didn't bring my shackles."



Rictavio: Rictavio cocks an eyebrow, looking at his protege with interest. "Shackles, my dear?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Handy in all sorts of situations," says Ezmerelda.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Bropken ankles?" Henry asks wincing at his own brutallity



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Ooh, ouch. I don't know."



Marcus Veranius: "They can just shift out of the shackles." Marcus murmurs.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: (Suldae and Marcus, roll insight or perception (your choice))



Marcus Veranius:

27

28

PERCEPTION (8)
Marcus Veranius

(that shouldnt be with advantage)



Suldae Westwind:

19

PERCEPTION (8)
Suldae Westwind



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Not my shackles," says Ezmerelda. Marcus notices by the uneven wear upon her fashionable boots that one of her legs is a very well-made prosthetic. Suldae notices that her crossbow is very expensive-looking.



Rictavio: "Right," says Van Richten.



Suldae Westwind: "Well, you don't have them, do you," Suldae sighs.



Rictavio: "The longer we stand here, the more likely we'll be encountered."



Suldae Westwind: "I vote for breaking bones."



Rictavio: "Won't that wake them up?"

Suldae Westwind: "...I can cast it twice"

"Also, the spell only lasts for a minute either way," she adds, remembering.

"So let's plan with that in mind"



Rictavio: "In that case, let's just plan to be as quick as possible -- in and out."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Did you see any other werewolves in the cave? Any other passages?"



Marcus Veranius: "I didn't get very far in scouting." Marcus admits.

"Cave splits in two. Water to the right, torches to the left"



Suldae Westwind: "..."

While everyone's talking, Suldae comes closer to the cave mouth and takes out the ocarina. The sounds are quiet enough to blend in with the rain - oh, the guard would notice eventually, if they weren't lulled by it to sleep instead.

9

Higher Level Cast

24

Hit Points of Creatures

90 feet

Sleep

Suldae Westwind

(...does it work the first time?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Might be their fresh water supply so the don't have to rely on the lake"
Henry muses

The two werewolves either cannot hear the music, or seem to be unaffected by it for now...



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae frowns and pauses the melody.



Marcus Veranius blank faces



Liliet (Suldae): "It hasn't worked yet. I will try again, but be ready to act as well"

She comes even closer and plays again, tugging at the Weave more forcefully this time.

18

Higher Level Cast

29

Hit Points of Creatures

90 feet

Sleep

Suldae Westwind

One werewolf yawns heavily

After yawning, she shakes her head vigorously and stands up straighter.



Kasimir Velikov: "Perhaps they are too strong for it," says Kasimir.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae presses her lips together and steps back before she's noticed.

She nods to Kasimir.



Marcus Veranius holds up his crossbow



Marcus Veranius: "Now?"



Liliet (Suldae): (Where are the guards?)

18



Liliet (Suldae): (Aha ty)

(...can't we see them?)

GM: (You should be able to...?)



Liliet (Suldae): (ty, no i can)

*now

GM: (It's the Fog of War view distance)



Liliet (Suldae): (doesnt seem right tbh)

(but oh well, thats the lack of dynamic lighting for us XD)

so, are we rolling initiative or what?

Suldae is waiting for everyone else's input.



Marcus Veranius: Round of suprise attacks then init?

Yup



Marcus Veranius fires his crossbow out towards the right guard. His motions are both swift and brutal



Marcus Veranius: (5 attacks, 2 Base, 2 Gloom Stalker, 1 bonus action)

26		16
120		
>Sharpshooter (Hand		
Crossbow) (+6)		
Marcus Veranius		
17 + 1		
Piercing		

13		14
120		
>Sharpshooter (Hand		
Crossbow) (+6)		
Marcus Veranius		
22		
Piercing		

18		15
----	--	----

120

>Sharpshooter (Hand
Crossbow) (+6)
Marcus Veranius

19

Piercing

19

18

120

>Sharpshooter (Hand
Crossbow) (+6)
Marcus Veranius

7

Bonus Damage

17

Piercing

18

14

120

>Sharpshooter (Hand
Crossbow) (+6)
Marcus Veranius

4

Bonus Damage

20

Piercing



Liliet (Suldae): Suoldae takes out her own crossbow and follows Marcus's actions, though her single shot is ridiculously lackluster in comparison

22

80/320

Light Crossbow (+5)
Suldae Westwind

6

Piercing

Marcus deals 125 to the right-hand Werewolf.



Kasimir Velikov: Jebus



Zanshuken: (Henry has no ranged options after giving Marcus all his arrows)



Liliet (Suldae): (hahahahahahhha)



Marcus Veranius: (Wait, cut one of those gloom stalker attacks. I misread it)



Liliet (Suldae): (oh my god Henry...)



Marcus Veranius: (Should be just one unless I'm using Action Surge)

(whoos)

With a spray of crossbow bolts, Marcus eradicates both werewolves.



Zanshuken: (ugh I cant select Henry for chat anymore

They have no time to speak or even groan as the crossbow bolts pierce skulls and torsos, and bring both to the ground.



Kasimir Velikov: "Well," says Kasimir, raising both eyebrows.



Marcus Veranius: "...I've been practicing."



Liliet (Suldae): (welp, Suldae's quick acting led to a wasted bolt. rip)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Emerelda comes up and gives Marcus's bicep an experimental squeeze. She takes his left hand and turns it over, palm up, and rips off his glove.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir reads the palm of Marcus very intently for a moment or two, then gives it back.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae watches this, eyebrows raised.

Ah. Palm reading.



Marcus Veranius looks down at his palm, curiously

Suldae's crossbow bolt still sticks in the cave wall behind the dead werewolves.



Giant Octopus: -waves a tentacle-



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Right," says Ezmerelda. "I'm just going to walk in, now. Marcus, you can walk right beside me."



Marcus Veranius nods



Rictavio: "What the devil is that huge, betentacled creature?" Van Richten asks, clearly freaked out by the Fey spirit.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks after them, ready to follow at a distance



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir waves quietly at the octopus.



Suldae Westwind: (that isnt really there)



Kasimir Velikov: (Oh)



Giant Octopus: -gracefully bows and disapears into thin air-



Suldae Westwind: (I was just making fun of the fact I still have the option to do that)



Zanshuken: (help I cant select Henry as an option (or the guards but eh))
(for chat I can move the token just fine)

GM: (still not working?)



Zanshuken: nope

GM: (What about now?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Yay)



Marcus Veranius: (>|< can move Henry. Maybe it only gave me movement permissions in the new universe)



Rictavio: "We'd better stick to a tight formation. I'll be at the back with Kasimir and Suldae. Henry, you'd better be right in the middle in case we are ambushed."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves to follow behind Ezmerelda and Marcus nodding at Rics suggestion



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Right or left?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Let's get to it then" Henry says in a low voice
"Water was left? I'd say there first2"



Suldae Westwind: "Left," Suldae suggests.



Marcus Veranius: "...left. Torches lead that way, water the other way."



Suldae Westwind: "..."

"We have an actual consensus"

"Someone check for flying pigs"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "oh water was right?" Henry pauses "Left works I guess"

As you round the corner into the left-most passage, you see nine wolves and a werewolf in human form. The werewolf is an older man, playing an electrum flute (not very well.) The wolves are huddled close around him.

A five-foot-high stone ledge overlooks this large cave, which has a smoldering campfire at the far west end. The floor is covered with gnawed bones.

The werewolf is too busy playing to notice you.

3



Suldae Westwind: How big are the wolves?

GM: (They appear to be normal-sized wolves.)

(Not Dire Wolves.)



Suldae Westwind: (no, like, pups, adults?)

GM: (Adults)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae waits quietly. She is not comfortable with ANY decision they could plausibly make here, so she just kind of peaces out and waits for the group to think.



Marcus Veranius looks to Ezmerelda for advice



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves closer to the front as to be ready to step in front of the others



Ezmerelda d'Avenir *Ezmerelda reaches into the folds of her cloak and draws out a small vial of alchemist's fire.*



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Be ready," she says.



Kasimir Velikov: "What's happening up there?" Kasimir asks.



Marcus Veranius *holds up 10 fingers, then throws in two more*



Marcus Veranius: (Just the 10. I'm bad at counting today)

(This is the alternate universe where I failed math)



Suldae Westwind: (arent you the party ledger keeper, in-universe)

Marcus *knows that a single bottle of alchemist's fire is not going to affect everyone in the circle.*



Suldae Westwind: (our poor party ledger)

After some deliberation, Suldae comes to the front of the group



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns slightlymurmuring "9 Wolves" low enough only the elv should hear it



Marcus Veranius *readies his crossbow to focus-fire the wolves not hit by the fire*



Suldae Westwind: "Wait, " she whispers.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda looks at her curiously, but waits.



Suldae Westwind: The music she starts up would sound familiar to Kasimir, Henry and Marcus.

Hypnotic Pattern

Illusion 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A 30-foot cube within range

Components: S, M (A glowing stick of incense or a crystal vial filled with phosphorescent material)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You create a twisting pattern of colors that weaves through the air inside a 30-foot cube within range. The pattern appears for a moment and vanishes. Each creature in the area who sees the pattern must make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, the creature becomes charmed for the duration. While charmed by this spell, the creature is incapacitated and has a speed of 0. The spell ends for an affected creature if it takes any damage or if someone else uses an action to shake the creature out of its stupor.

She is tapping her foot and giving perodic trills



Wolf:

WISDOM
Wolf
Ability: 12

WISDOM
Wolf
Ability: 9

WISDOM
Wolf
Ability: 5

WISDOM
Wolf
Ability: 10

WISDOM
Wolf
Ability: 5

WISDOM
Wolf
Ability: 20



Wolf:

WISDOM
Wolf
Ability: 20

WISDOM
Wolf
Ability: 2

WISDOM
Wolf
Ability: 3

WISDOM
Werewolf
Ability: 14



Suldae Westwind: (the DC is 16)



Wolf: (Only two wolves pass)

A massive, swirling disco-show of arcane fireworks completely fills the cave, obscuring everything else from view. Only two wolves shut their eyes and flee as the spell overtakes the rest of the group, stunning them into submission.



Suldae Westwind: ...initiative?

wow they're fast XD

The wolves flee at a full dash, racing up the stairs to the northern side of the chamber, and provoking attacks of Opportunity from Ezmerelda, Suldae, Marcus, and Henry.



Marcus Veranius fires at the wolves retreating. Hard to get an ambush set up with a lightshow like that



Marcus Veranius:

22 | 20
120

>Sharpshooter (Hand
Crossbow) (+6)
Marcus Veranius

17
Piercing

16 | 8
120

>Sharpshooter (Hand
Crossbow) (+6)
Marcus Veranius

17
Piercing

12 | 23
120

>Sharpshooter (Hand
Crossbow) (+6)
Marcus Veranius

20
Piercing



Henry of Willowsbrook: (AoO can be a javelin throw right?)



Marcus Veranius:

19 | 12
120

>Sharpshooter (Hand
Crossbow) (+6)
Marcus Veranius

18
Piercing



Suldae Westwind:

18
80/320

Light Crossbow (+5)
Suldae Westwind

3
Piercing

(...a spirited contribution)



GM (GM): (RAW, unless you have a feat that specifies otherwise, Attacks of Opportunity must be melee attacks)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh well)



GM (GM): (But you could just as easily shoot at them after they zoom past -- it just isn't an attack of opportunity)



Marcus Veranius: (This IS after they nyoom past)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (out of range I think Javelin are 30 ft)



GM (GM): (@Marcus, I know -- this was in answer to Henry's question about the javelin -- Attack of Opportunity lets you use your reaction to take a whack at them as they pass, and after taking that whack you can shoot at them too)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah Sulde doesn't stab at them lmao)
(guess its after)



GM (GM):

+1 RAPIER
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Attack: **22**

Damage: **9** piercing



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wait they passed in side of ten ft of henry HALBERD TIME)

As the wolves zoom past, Ezmerelda gets a good stab in at one of them with her swiftly-drawn rapier.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

20

Halberd (10 ft) (+8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

10
Slashing

13

Halberd (10 ft) (+8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

11
Slashing

Henry's blade nearly fells the other one, and as both wolves are running away, Marcus and Suldae's shots bring them down.

The pretty lights still bind the rest of the group in the chamber.

Marcus Veranius: "We're not going to be dazed in light if we step in that, right?"



Kasimir Velikov: "Oh, excellent choice," says Kasimir, seeing Suldae's work. "Don't step into the radius, unless you want to clean a minute's worth of drool off your shirt afterwards, Marcus."

"When we pass by they won't know what happened. Let us dispose of the evidence and keep moving."

"The spell will not hold them for long."



Marcus Veranius: "...are we sure that's wise? we still need to pass by on the way out."

"Might be easier if we finish them now."



Kasimir Velikov:

DC14

Half damage

Dexterity Save

3

Higher Level Cast

27

Fire

150 ft

Fireball

"As you Wish."

WISDOM
Werewolf

Ability: **10**

The blast of flames scatters wolves in all directions, and hurls the stunned Werewolf about ten feet. The werewolf lands still smoking, still alive, still trapped in the pretty lights.



Kasimir Velikov: "Oh? A survivor?"

"How embarrassing."

12

Force

120 ft

Magic Missile

Three darts of force fly from Kasimir's hand, ripping the stunned werewolf apart.



Suldae Westwind: damage taken breaks the effect but i guess he didnt have tiem to react ;u;
or wait does it only give wis save?
nope



Kasimir Velikov: (No, I think you are correct -- I misread)



Suldae Westwind: the spell ends for affected creature if it takes any damage
that was hideous laughter
save every turn and on damage atken

**Henry of Willowsbrook:****AURA OF PROTECTION***Class: Paladin 6*

Starting at 6th level, whenever you or a friendly creature within 10 feet of you must make a saving throw, the creature gains a bonus to the saving throw equal to your Charisma modifier (with a minimum bonus of +1). You must be conscious to grant this bonus.

At 18th level, the range of this aura increases to 30 feet.

AURA OF PROTECTION*Class: Paladin 6*

Starting at 6th level, whenever you or a friendly creature within 10 feet of you must make a saving throw, the creature gains a bonus to the saving throw equal to your Charisma modifier (with a minimum bonus of +1). You must be conscious to grant this bonus.

At 18th level, the range of this aura increases to 30 feet.

(my green circle)



Marcus Veranius: (Can you make it a blue circle. Its kindof hard for me to see.)

(Partial colorblindness)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh Gm If you'd please?)



Kasimir Velikov: (Better?)



Marcus Veranius: (Yes thanks.)

(Also AWESOME)



Suldae Westwind: (I like this color also)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I just realized I can do it to sorry)



Suldae Westwind: (fits with the Protection)



Marcus Veranius moves closer to Henry's Circle of Paladin. This expedition was going well!



Henry of Willowsbrook: (You might be able to feel it but its not visual IC)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is uncomfortable with the amount of dead bodies they're leaving, but the idea of having a chance to make a difference and doing nothing doesn't sit well wiht her either. She

just really doesn't like that their only option seems to be killing.

All in all, she is... neutral.

She comes closer to Henry as well, enjoying the protective touch of the swirl of the Weave around him

To the north, on the ledge, a maze of torchlit tunnels and caves expands ahead. Bones lie strewn upon the floor.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a look around checking to make sure they didn't miss anything to the west of them

The pretty lights still obscure the western portion of the cave, but they are beginning to fade as the minute winds to a close.

15

As the lights fade, you see the ashes of a dead fire and the bones of many animals.

You also see a small leather pouch and a small electrum flute, lying where the werewolf dropped them when he took his brief flight.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I wanna roll Nature to Identify the bones)



Marcus Veranius squints furiously

GM: (You may)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

22

NATURE (2)
Henry of Willowsbrook

20

NATURE (2)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius: *"Electrum."*

Henry sees the bones of many creatures here. Mostly he sees the bones of animals: deer, rabbits, turkey. In and among them, however, he sees bones which tell a darker tale. The bones of human beings are here -- in shocking numbers, and with a broad age distribution. The tiny bones of an infants mingle with the bones of children, teenagers, young adults, and the elderly. A cross-section of Barovians has been at this dinner table.

Marcus is able to estimate that the flute is worth at least 250 gp.



Marcus Veranius: "....."

"...someone take the flute. I don't want to touch it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry gingerly picks up a human bone, an adult one, and presents it to the others " Human" he says darkly calm



Rictavio: "Well, that confirms some of our suspicions," says Van Richten.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods. This makes her feel better, except not really - there isn't much about

seeing *human bones* that makes her *really* feel better.

Her mood is simply now dark in a slightly different way.

Suddenly the dead werewolf jerks.

He stiffens, and twists, and chokes in a desperate breath.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry drops the bone walking over to the werewolf plannting a boot on its chest



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stiffens, one hand on the ocarina and another on the crossbow.

He turns and twists to look at all of you, his watery old eyes slit-like.

He cackles. "When Kiril returns," he says to you with his last breath, "he'll skin you alive."

He collapses.

There is a quiet gurgle as his soul departs.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Let's move on" Henry bites out before murmuring an old prayer he half remembers



Suldae Westwind: "Kiril," Suldae murmurs and takes a note.



Marcus Veranius: "See, this is what you get for devoting yourself to Electrum."



Suldae Westwind: Following Henry's example, she puts her hand on her own holy symbol and gives a prayer to all whose remains lie here - both the bones and the fresher bodies.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry picks up the pbag ant the flute



Suldae Westwind: It makes her feel marginally better.



Henry of Willowsbrook: *bag and



Marcus Veranius continues following Ezmerelda's pace, still uncertain of the palm reading's purpose.

The small bag contains four gemstones, each worth 50 gp. A sapphire, a ruby, an emerald, and a diamond.



Rictavio: (we should probably cut off here -- we can pick up with the rest of the wolf cave next session :D)



Marcus Veranius: (okie o3o)



Henry of Willowsbrook: sure)




Suldae Westwind: (a nice stopping point yea)

GM: (Thanks for playing, everyone! I hope you had at least half as much fun as I did, in spite of the technical difficulties <.<)




Suldae Westwind: I have had A LOT of fun]

 (To GM): Today's temperature is about **10**. The wind is **Strong Wind**. The Precipitation is **None**


 (To GM): Today's temperature is about **Normal for the season**. The wind is **None**. The Precipitation is **Light rain or Light snow**

 (To GM): Today's temperature is about **20**. The wind is **Strong Wind**. The Precipitation is **None**


 (To GM): Today's Temperature: **30**. Wind: **None**. Precipitation: **None**.


 (To GM): Today's Temperature: 1t[WeatherTemperature]. Wind: **Strong Wind**. Precipitation: **None**.


 (To GM): Today's Temperature: **1**. Wind: **None**. Precipitation: **Light rain or Light snow**.

 (To GM): Today's Temperature: **colder than normal (30° F)**. Wind: **None**. Precipitation: **None**.

 (To GM): Button ([Extreme Cold])

 (To GM): The road fades away under a covering of snow, but it takes you far enough to see the facade of some kind of temple carved into the sheer mountainside ahead. The front of the structure is fifty feet high and has six alcoves containing twenty-foot-tall statues. Each statue is carved from a single block of amber and depicts a faceless, hooded figure, its hands pressed together in a gesture of prayer. Between the two innermost statues is a twenty-foot-tall archway with a staircase leading down.

 GM (GM): (Morning!)

 Tops K.: (Good morning!)


 Zanshukun: heyho

 Henry of Willowsbrook: i have arrived

Oi no not
cool


 schmable: uhhh

 Henry of Willowsbrook: >:(


 Liliet (Suldae): M IN
i think


To the north, the corpses of two wolves lie in the mouth of a tunnel which seems to lead further into a network of tunnels.

 Liliet (Suldae): Suldae is fiddling with her holy symbol nervously.

 Henry of Willowsbrook: "Let's keep going before that Kiril guy comes back"

To your right, beyond the rock wall, you can hear what sounds like falling water.

 Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "We'd better keep moving. The more we stand still in here, the more likely someone is to come across us."

 Liliet (Suldae): Suldae follows Henry.

Kasimir and Rictavio follow towards the rear, casually chatting.

Their communication styles are amusing in concert: the educated and refined emotionless monotone of Kasimir contrasts with the animated and loquacious performer's voice of Rictavio.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae is, naturally, listening in.

She's mostly curious about how well they get along.

As well as what conversation topics they have.

Suldae realizes after a moment or two listening to the muttered conversation that the two of them are discussing the Fireball spell, which Rictavio never mastered.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tries to blend them and the water out to

The two sound a bit like old mechanics talking about the differences between different kinds of wagon axles.



Henry of Willowsbrook: keep track of other sounds that are not them moving around



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae keeps her ears sharp. The exact details of workings of the Weave are her jam, too.

Immediately upon entering the warren of tunnels, Henry sees several options: northwest, north, northeast, or east.

To the east the sound of falling water is loud, and the passage floor drops off abruptly.

The moment Henry steps foot into the tunnels, he hears the CRUNCH of many small bones. The floor is strewn with them.

It may be difficult to sneak through these tunnels...



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Great... crossroads" Henry grumbles pointedly ignoring the bones pointedly



Marcus Veranius: (Wouldn't that be a trace of travel covered by Pass Without Trace?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh right we had that

Kasimir, hearing the crunch of bones, moves closer to the front to stand near Henry. Rictavio frowns, and catches up to Marcus and Ezmeralda.



Kasimir Velikov: "We must stay close together. The spell should hide the sound of our footsteps," says Kasimir.



Rictavio: "Well, Henry," says Rictavio. "You'd better pick a tunnel."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "north" Henry says to quickly



Marcus Veranius follows behind, keeping with Ezmeralda's pace. He's still not quite sure what she read in his palms but he's not going to question it.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "If they have anything material here It'll be deeper inside"



Kasimir Velikov: "Wait! I see one."



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae is always happy to leave actual decisions to other people whenever possible.

Kasimir points around the corner to the west. A large creature is sleeping in a nest of elk furs, in a small cave tunnel to your immediate west.



Liliet (Suldae): ...Yep. Let other people make decisions on this one, please.



Rictavio: "That's a big girl," says Van Richten. "We'll have to bring her down quickly."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "We could move on. She's sleeping."



Kasimir Velikov: "It will present us with a greater risk, upon our departure. Better to be thorough, I think."



Rictavio: "My thoughts exactly."



Marcus Veranius: "Until something in the deeper caves makes a rally cry. Then we have two fronts to cover."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We really can't leave them in our possible escape path " Henry adds sourly



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae is staying quiet.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Suldae, your thoughts?" Ezmerelda asks, turning to her with a frank and interested expression in her brown eyes.



Marcus Veranius: "Someone count to three; we'll fire bolts simultaneously."



Kasimir Velikov: "Wait... There are two more, to the north."

"Another cave. Also sleeping. One looks like a juvenile."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Almost like its a den" Henry murmurs to himself deadpan



Marcus Veranius: "Juvenile beast sitting in a nest of Human bones. Forgive me if I'm not too concerned."



Liliet (Suldae): "..."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda frowns. "A child is a child. Lycanthropy is curable."



Liliet (Suldae): "Can we just walk around?"



Rictavio: "Yes, curable with silver."



Liliet (Suldae): "It's not *"necessarily"* a problem"



Kasimir Velikov: "I see no reason we could not simply move around."



Marcus Veranius: "Kasimir's right. If they wake up, we can deal with it then."



Rictavio: Van Richten is still quietly chuckling at his own joke.



Liliet (Suldae): "Walk quietly and make no ruckus, that's my mottto," Suldae says very convincingly for someone who has never uttered anything of the sort before.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Well, someone lead the way," says Ezmerelda, double-checking that her

crossbow is loaded.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rolls his shoulders "Lets go around then" before moving

To the east, rough-hewn stairs lead down to a torchlit cave and a bizarre sight: wide-eyed children stand behind wooden bars and stare at you in terrified silence. The cave holds six wooden cages, their lids held shut with heavy rocks. Two of the cages are empty, and each of the others holds a pair of frightened children.

A crude wooden statue stands between the cages. It bears the rough likeness of a wolf-headed woman draped in garlands of vines and night flowers. Piled around the statue's base is an incredible amount of treasure. A woman in shredded clothes kneels before the statue. Behind the statue, two maggot-ridden corpses hang from iron shackles bolted to the wall.

The woman is deep in urgent prayer, and does not notice you -- or the wide-eyed alarm of the children.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae muffles the ocarina with her wrist as she plays a quiet tune.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "how about her" Henry murmurs rolling his sword hand



Liliet (Suldae):

Hold Person

Enchantment 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A humanoid that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (A small, straight piece of iron)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

Choose a humanoid that you can see within range. The target must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or be paralyzed for the duration. At the end of each of its turns, the target can make another Wisdom saving throw. On a success, the spell ends on the target.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 3rd level or higher, you can target on additional humanoid for each slot level above 2nd. The humanoids must be within 30 feet of each other when you target them.

She then looks at the children with her finger to her lips.



Kasimir Velikov:

WISDOM
Zuleika Toranescu

Ability: **14**



Liliet (Suldae): Indicating to be quie.

*quiet

The woman stiffens as the muffled song locks her bones and sinews in one position.

Her muttered prayer continues. She seems to think this is part of her religious experience.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae waves for everyone to go in, rapping the ocarina in time with the previous tune to keep the spell going.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "... I'll go knock her out"



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae shakes her head at him.

"Let's find out what's going on first," she whispers.

Amid the treasure piled at the base of this statue, you see a large leather tome surrounded by small lit candles, which have burned down to wax-puddle stubs. The tome bears a familiar crest in silver...



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Last time we let some one pray Marcus and I got stabbed by less than normally dead skeletons" Henry hisses out at her tone a mite accusatory



Suldae Westwind: (someone please remind me what we were looking for)
(i just remember its a shrine but what we want _there_ is beyond my memory)

You also see thousands of coins in mintages foreign to Barovia, dozens of gemstones, a dozen pieces of jewelry, a drinking horn, and a censer made of electrum, with platinum filigree.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Information on Strahdy Boi Night mother adjacent)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes, stepping quietly, to the nearest cage, still holding her finger to her lips.

"Who is she?" she whispers to the children in it.

She hopes they have enough sense to answer in whisper too.

The little girl inside comes to the bars. Whispering very quietly, she says: "That's Zuleika. She guards us."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry quietly follows her glaring holess into the back of her head for just running ahead



Marcus Veranius moves to check the book. This may be the knowledge of ancients belonging to mother night.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae turns to Henry and nods.

There were options in the back of her mind for who the woman might be, but apparently it's simpler than that.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry approaches the woman from behind raising his sword to strike her with the pommelö

he waits looking at the others for a signal

Marcus recognizes the silver coat of arms emblazoned on the old leather. It is undeniably the Von Zarovich symbol.



Marcus Veranius nods. "This is a book relating to Strahd. I'd say this is likely what we came for."



Henry of Willowsbrook: felling ignored Henry shrugs striking the back of the Womans head

GM: (Roll me an athletics check or an attack, Henry)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (do I roll to knock her out? and what?)

ah ok

GM: (Athletics or an attack)



Kasimir Velikov:

<p>CONSTITUTION Zuleika Toranescu</p> <hr/> <p>Ability: 15</p>

GM: (Gotta beat a 15 to knock her out cold)



Suldae Westwind: (where are the NPCs? :3)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (do I have advantage because she doesn't know I am here?)

GM: (Yes)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

27

13

ATHLETICS (8)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Kasimir Velikov: "Do not touch anything, Marcus. I sense a powerful curse."

Henry's silvered pommel strikes the back of Zuleika's head with a satisfying "CLONK."



Marcus Veranius backs away

Zuleika collapses.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae indicates the cage lids to others with gestures.

*She is likely to take a **3** hour nap.*



Kasimir Velikov waves his hands over the pile of treasures.



Marcus Veranius: "I was about to ask. Esmeralda mentioned a curse on offerings to Mother Night."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir joins Suldae in checking on the children. "Should we free them?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pauses for a moment "no skeletons this time ...progress" He muses



Rictavio stands watching the scene, arms folded, impatiently waiting.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at her, eyebrows raised. "Is that a question?" she whispers.



Marcus Veranius: "All the wolves are out prowling the roads. If we were to let them out, how would we ensure their safety?"



Suldae Westwind: "And leaving them here is somehow a better alternative?... My first thought is that they will likely be able to solve the tower's puzzle"



Marcus Veranius: "Come to think of it, we're not too far from that... cathedral was it? The second place we were to take Ireena if Vallaki didn't work out."

"That may be safe."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Unless I missed an orphanage in the tower we really can't keep them"
Henry adds



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Leaving them here won't ensure their safety either," says Ezmerelda. "But taking them with us means risking their lives too. Unless we ensure that the werewolf pack is destroyed."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Or that sure"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rubs her temples. The argument for destroying the den is mounting, admittedly.



Rictavio: "I was not prepared to find so many children here."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Are you ever?"

Ezmerelda says this with a certain acidity of tone which suggests prior experience.



Kasimir Velikov: "I understand the curse."

"We cannot take anything from this shrine without inviting a curse of nightly sleeplessness."

"Whoever takes from Mother Night will have no rest except by daylight."



Suldae Westwind: "Where are you from?" Suldae whispers to the children.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Let's let them out and decide what to do with them later like when we are no longer in the murder cave" Henry says sardonically moving to open a cage



Suldae Westwind: She turns to Kasimir. "Does that... does that work on elves?"

She nods to Henry. SOMEONE here is thinking like a rational person, at least!



Kasimir Velikov: "There is more to the curse which I cannot decipher. It seems likely that the consequences would be painful no matter the race of the thief."

The children explain in mutters and whispers that they are from nearby villages. They name names, but only a few of them seem to be locations within the foggy walls of Barovia. It seems the werewolves have been making raids on nearby settlements beyond the wall of fog.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Breaking the curse is out of the question?" Henry asks thing back if he ever heard of a truly unbreakable curse



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at the unconscious woman. "Hey, does it mean 'the one who planned the stealing' or 'the one whose hands touched the things?...'"



Kasimir Velikov: "Breaking the curse would likely require the intercession of a very devout priest."



Henry of Willowsbrook: He stes to move rocks 'locking' the first cage
starts



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir, hearing Suldae's question, regards the statue thoughtfully for a moment or two.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We don't happen to know someone like that do we"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae grimaces. If only her teacher were here...



Henry of Willowsbrook: (athletics to move the rocks?)



Kasimir Velikov: "I have no way to determine the results of such an attempt to circumnavigate the curse."

GM: (Yes, Athletics)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

25

ATHLETICS (8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry effortlessly removes the massive rocks from atop the first cage.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs. "Give or take a curse..." she murmurs and comes up to the woman.

A girl 9 years of age emerges from the cage.



Suldae Westwind: (Do I need to roll to puppet her hands to push the book off?)

GM: (No, you do not)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Stay close to us" Henry instructs the girl gently

Ezmerelda joins Henry in helping to remove the rocks from the cages. Within a minute they have all the children freed.



Henry of Willowsbrook: instructs



Suldae Westwind: Suldae manipulates the unconscious woman's hands to push the book they're after away from the hoard.

The children stay close to Henry, for reasons they cannot, perhaps, articulate. His aura of protection gives them a feeling of security.



Marcus Veranius: "I mean, we ARE next to Abbey of Saint Markovia. The one in Kresk to the west. Might be a priest there."



Suldae Westwind: She's careful not to touch anything on it herself, even if the effectiveness is dubious.

23

WISDOM (2+1)
Suldae Westwind

The tome slides down the slope of the pile, scattering coins in little tinkling flurries.



Suldae Westwind: She does not touch anything other than the book.

The tome lies at the base of the pile now, away from the main portion of offerings on the shrine.

Suldae has a horrible sense of foreboding...



Suldae Westwind: Suldae drops the woman.

Something divine is watching her very, very closely. Suldae feels the psychic pressure like a strange song in the Weave.



Suldae Westwind: She picks up the book, figuring she can't be any more cursed than she probably already is.

The wooden statue groans. It creaks like a pine forest in a hurricane. The wood shifts, and suddenly grows with almost explosive speed. The statue reaches twelve feet in height. The wood has darkened and hardened, turning obsidian black. The statue turns its head, looking at each of you in turn. Then its eyes flare with light... (Make a DC 17 Wisdom Saving Throw.)



Suldae Westwind:

12

WISDOM SAVE (3)
Suldae Westwind

FUCK



Marcus Veranius:

17

11

WISDOM SAVE (2)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook:

16

WISDOM SAVE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook

11

WISDOM SAVE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry feels like he is back at the harvest fair with all the young kids clustering around him only with less of him showing of his axe throwing and more dead people around

Suldae and Henry both feel a strange weight on their limbs...



Kasimir Velikov:

SLOW (RECHARGE 5-6)
Stone Golem

The golem targets one or more creatures it can see within 10 ft. of it. Each target must make a DC 17 Wisdom saving throw against this magic. On a failed save, a target can't use reactions, its speed is halved, and it can't make more than one attack on its turn. In addition, the

target can take either an action or a bonus action on its turn, not both. These effects last for 1 minute. A target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success.

WISDOM
Kasimir Velikov
 Ability: **12**

WISDOM
Rictavio
 Ability: **16**

WISDOM
Ezmerelda d'Avenir
 Ability: **18**

INITIATIVE
Stone Golem
 Initiative: **17.09**

INITIATIVE
Kasimir Velikov
 Initiative: **13**



Suldae Westwind: Well, Suldae thinks. There ARE always ways for a situation to get worse.



Kasimir Velikov:

INITIATIVE
Ezmerelda d'Avenir
 Initiative: **19**

INITIATIVE
Rictavio
 Initiative: **11**



Henry of Willowsbrook:

5.1

INITIATIVE (0.1)
 Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: Through the pressure she drops the book in her bag.

12.15

INITIATIVE (3.15)
 Suldae Westwind



Kasimir Velikov:

INITIATIVE <hr/> <i>Initiative: 10.1</i>

**Marcus Veranius:****46.22**
INITIATIVE (26.22)
 Marcus Veranius
GM: Jesus what how**Marcus Veranius:** (OK thats not correct Roll20)**Suldae Westwind:** ...how**Kasimir Velikov:**

INITIATIVE <hr/> <i>Initiative: 34.22</i>
--

**Suldae Westwind:** uh**Marcus Veranius:** (Its having a stroke trying to auto-advantage Marcus's init)**GM:** (So it's really 26.22 with the tiebreaker)***Marcus is the first to react as the statue springs to ominous life!*****Marcus Veranius:** This is NOT something Marcus wants to fight with all the children in smashing range.**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "get back" Henry grunts at the kids**Marcus Veranius:** He draws the Oathbow and readies to smash the thing apart.
(I dont remember the command word halp)**Suldae Westwind:** ('swift death to you who have wronged me')**Marcus Veranius:** "Swift death to you who have wronged me!"***"Swift defeat to thy enemies," sings the Oathbow, in Elvish.*****Suldae Westwind:** Suldae sighs. So unless they kill thing thing now it's another week of this.**Marcus Veranius:** (Using Action Surge. 2 attacks + Gloom Stalker Round 1 attack. x2)**Suldae Westwind:** There goes her *good* idea.**Marcus Veranius:**

7		24
---	--	----

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

19*Piercing***9****13**

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

17*Piercing***11****25**

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

17*Piercing***15****26**

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

23 + 6*Piercing***8****17**

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

2*Bonus Damage***17***Piercing***16****12**

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

5*Bonus Damage***23***Piercing*

Marcus Veranius: (Throwing Precision on the 13, 17, and 16)

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

4*Bonus Accuracy***[Precision Attack]**

Marcus Veranius

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

4*Bonus Accuracy***[Precision Attack]**

Marcus Veranius

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

7*Bonus Accuracy***[Precision Attack]**

Marcus Veranius

(24, 17, 15, 26, 21, 20)

GM: (AC 17. First, second, fourth, fifth, sixth hit. Third misses.)**Marcus Veranius:****12***Piercing***[Sworn Enemy]**

Marcus Veranius

9*Piercing***[Sworn Enemy]**

Marcus Veranius

10*Piercing*

[Sworn Enemy]

Marcus Veranius

11

Piercing

[Sworn Enemy]

Marcus Veranius

11

Piercing

[Sworn Enemy]

Marcus Veranius

12

Piercing

[Sworn Enemy]

Marcus Veranius

**Marcus Veranius:** +1 for crit**9**

Piercing

[Sworn Enemy]

Marcus Veranius

GM: o.O

(Total Damage?)

**Marcus Veranius:** ...203 Piercing, magical**GM:** Holy mother of god**Suldae Westwind:** ok yeah holy shit***With an almighty flurry of arrows, Marcus turns the head of the Golem into gravel.*****GM:** (Care to RP how you just instakilled this thing?)

(By an overage of... 25 points of damage?)

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (FATALITY sound faintly echos through the room)**Suldae Westwind:** ...That works too. Suldae watches, and it takes all her willpower to keep her mouth from gaping.***Marcus Veranius steps back, peering at the statue's joints as it moves. Solid as stone except for the breaking points. Precision work, but easy enough from its standing position.*****Marcus Veranius:** Two in the elbows to stop it from striking. Two in the knees to stop it from charging
Two in the head to send it tumbling away from the children
A stonemason would mourn tonight.***In a matter of moments, Marcus unmakes the statue of Mother Night.******Stone crumbles to the ground.***

The children huddle around Henry, clinging to his armor.



Marcus Veranius breathes deeply, eyes widened out of genuine fear.

The effects of the slowing spell fade, freeing everyone.



Marcus Veranius: "...is everyone OK? No one's hurt?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...Show off" Henry snarks with calm confidence "I had it"



Suldae Westwind: "...Okay," Suldae says quietly, both hands on her bag. "Now let's get the *fuck* out of here before someone else comes."



Marcus Veranius: "Agreed."



Suldae Westwind: She would not normally swear in front of so many children.
Right now is not 'normally'.



Rictavio: Rictavio is still furiously rubbing his eyes.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry is totally faking it to keep the kids calm obvious to anyone seeing his twitching jaw



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda smiles to herself, as though something she had expected was beginning to show itself.



Kasimir Velikov: "We must go at once."

"Ancient things awaken..."



Kasimir Velikov leaves the room without another word.

7



Marcus Veranius: "Straight to Krezk. No detours."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Follow me kids we're getting outta here" Henry says cheerily



Marcus Veranius: "We don't rest until the children are safe in that abbey"

The children follow Henry gleefully but silently.

Within a few moments, you are all safely outside the wolf cave.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glances at children skeptically. "We might need to take a break along the way," she disagrees. "But only as much as absolutely necessary, I agree"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wait how many kids did we rescue again?)

The eight children follow Henry closely.



Marcus Veranius looks westward, confirming his suspicions with his map

Kasimir stays close, shielding the party with his magic.



Rictavio: "We should be able to reach Krezk from the north if we work our way due west, over the hills."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda comes to Suldae as the party travels. "How are you feeling?"



Marcus Veranius: "It's level terrain up until the downwards slope at Krezk. It's the easier path, with full view of the forest's edge."

With the stars overhead, Suldae has an unshakeable feeling of being watched.



Marcus Veranius: "No chances for ambush."



Suldae Westwind: As soon as they're far enough from the wolf cave to not disturb anyone else, Suldae starts playing a sweet melody after melody on her ocarina, for the children's entertainment.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We can carry some if the way gets to rough" Henry muses to the others distracting the kids by flickering gentel light at his hands



Suldae Westwind: While she is playing, Suldae allows the music to bring her closer to the Weave, keeping an eye out for anything more unexpected.



Henry of Willowsbrook: he was not promising piggy back rides he 'never again' he shudders internally



Suldae Westwind: She is fairly sure her trick did not work and the curse fell on her, but hopefully that's not a problem for *right now*

GM: (Well, unfortunately this is where today's session has to end. We can do some travel RP in the discord, get you to Krezk, and explore the new Tome



Henry of Willowsbrook: ok thx)



Marcus Veranius: (thanks for running! o3o)



Suldae Westwind:

ffff

i keep forgetting it doesnt work

{3

{3 {3 {3

...thats meant to be heart emojis



GM (GM): Thanks for playing, everybody! :D



schmable:

Roll for HP	
Roll 1:	3
Roll 2:	3
Roll 3:	6
Roll 4:	6

Roll 5:	4
Roll 6:	6
Roll 7:	4

Average for HP

Average:	4
----------	----------

Roll for HP Level 2

Roll 1:	2
---------	----------

Average for HP Level 2

Average:	4
----------	----------

Roll for HP Level 3

Roll 1:	3
---------	----------

Average for HP Level 3

Average:	4
----------	----------



schmable:

Roll for HP Level 4

Roll 1:	6
---------	----------

Roll for HP Level 5

Roll 1:	3
---------	----------

Average for HP Level 5

Average:	4
----------	----------

Roll for HP Level 6

Roll 1:	1
---------	----------

Average for HP Level 6

Average:	4
----------	----------

Roll for HP Level 7

--	--

Roll 1:	2
---------	----------



schmable:

Average for HP Level 7	
-------------------------------	--

Average:	4
----------	----------

Roll for HP Level 7	
----------------------------	--

Roll 1:	3
---------	----------

Average for HP Level 7	
-------------------------------	--

Average:	4
----------	----------

<i>Abjuration 2</i>

Components: V, S, M

<i>Abjuration 2</i>

Components: V, S, M

<i>Abjuration 2</i>

Components: V, S, M



schmable:

<i>Abjuration 2</i>

Components: V, S, M

oh its doing it here



Liliet (Suldae): schmable, if you are embarrassed to do these things in public or dont want to clog up the chat, /talktomyself



Zanshuken: GM waiting room



GM (GM): (Hiere Unthere. Glorious)

Journeying over the rocky hills, you encounter no difficulties. All of nature seems to sit silently listening to Suldae's music. The children are quiet, but with Henry nearby they do not seem afraid.



Liliet (Suldae): (what time of day is it)



schmable: (did the photo update?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (afternoon I think)



Suldae Westwind: (...is it?)

As the dawn rises, you leave the forest and come across a large walled settlement on a steep, mountainous slope.



Suldae Westwind: (ok thats about what i expected whew)

Suldae smiles at it thankfully. The children are tired, and her nerves only grow more taut with every minute that passes peacefully.

The walls are twenty feet high, made of stone, and reinforced with buttresses every fifty feet or so. Beyond the wall you see the tops of snow-covered pines and thin, white wisps of smoke. The somber toll of a bell comes from a stone abbey that clings to the mountainside high above the settlement. The steady chime is inviting -- a welcome change from the deathly silence and oppressive fog to which you have grown accustomed.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks around for any sign of a gate. Or a road.



Hiere Unthere: (has Hiere been introduced to the party?)



Suldae Westwind: (nope)



Marcus Veranius: (If the world map's correct, there's a road into Barovia from the west. He can just show up with little issue)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Noticing Suldae searching Henry clears his throat "We'll just follow the wall til we find a gate" he says assuringly



Suldae Westwind: "It shouldn't be far," Suldae agrees and smiles at the children before starting up a new melody



GM (GM): (altitude lines are indicated -- the slopes are V E R Y steep.)

A light dusting of snow covers the steep slopes of the hill this fortified settlement is built on. The air is surprisingly cold.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus nods in agreement, crossbow having been drawn since leaving the caves. He's not taking any chances with the children at risk



Suldae Westwind: What altitude can we walk at?

You see to your left a steep climb through thick trees to the wall of the abbey, and a gatehouse on the northern side of the abbey. There is also, to the west, a relatively gentle incline that one could follow around the entirety of the wall of the settlement.



Suldae Westwind: (ooo)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns "Around or up?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at the kids. They could have fun climbing, but how tired are they?
(this is a question for the GM)




Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to the kids "how are you feeling ? think you can make it up there?" Henry points up the slope


One small girl just mutely hugs Henry. She seems pretty pooped. The older kids seem like they could go a little farther, but none of them seems willing to be the spokesperson for the group. Judging by their silence and their ragged thinness, none of them have eaten well in a long time.

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry scratches his head before sighing in resignation before picking the girl up "Hold on tight ok?" He murmurs to her before looking at the other Kids

 **Sulda Westwind:** "...Around it is," Suldae suggests.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Around is good. Rather not be seen on the wrong side of the wall."

 **Marcus Veranius starts leading the others around to the west**

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "If you can't keep going say something and we'll figure some thing out ok"
Henry instructs the children

As you come around the wall, you see guards on the wall-top at intervals. They hold spears and wear fur hats, but they do not attempt to speak to you. They watch you silently.


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (why is my token so tiny)


Mist rolls in off the western forest. You can see a high wall of mist that seems to stretch endlessly into the sky -- it must be the border of Barovia.


Ezmeralda stops, throwing out an arm to stop the rest of you.


Silently, she points to the south.


Two Vistani on foot walk along the main road, leading a flamboyantly dressed traveller. He has not noticed them drawing their swords.


 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Vistani assassins," says Ezmeralda. "Do we want to get involved?"


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Is t really a question of wanting?"


 **Sulda Westwind:** "Assassins?" Suldae asks.


 **Marcus Veranius:** "I'd rather not see a poor bloke cut up as his first and last action in Barovia."

 **Sulda Westwind:** She is very much not in favor of making any more decisions blind.
Assassins sounds like that person might be someone important


 **Marcus Veranius draws out the Oathbow; only a longbow is going to make it that close in time**


 **Sulda Westwind:** (im sorry im dragging this out, in-character knowledge and not is Sacred)


 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "I guarantee you, they are doing the work of Strahd. I can see by their colors."

 **Rictavio:** "They have a color code!? Why the devil didn't you tell me?!"

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Well, let's be getting involved then," Suldae agrees and draws her own crossbow.

 **Hiere Unthere:** "yes, yes dears. His name was Jonathan"

 **Sulda Westwind:** She looks at Ezmerelda and Ric with curiosity.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry puts down the girl he was carrying before drawing his sword "Lets get to it then"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmeralda rolls her eyes. "Your memory is as poor as your eyesight."



Marcus Veranius: (We havent taken a rest since the wolf cave fight, right?)

GM: (You have not)



Suldae Westwind: (we would have taken a short rest imho)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stes of in the direction as fast as the terrain allows



Suldae Westwind: (kids cant walk that long without pause)

GM: At least a short rest



Suldae Westwind: "Let's do this," Suldae says calmly and seriously. Inspiration dice to Marcus.

*die



Marcus Veranius: (Short rest then? Action Surge is up)

17

INITIATIVE (8)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: i would note we're currently a not-to-scale-to-our-tokens distance from them as per this map

dont forget your advantage

19.15

INITIATIVE (3,15)
Suldae Westwind

fff



Henry of Willowsbrook:

15.1

INITIATIVE (0.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

8.1

INITIATIVE (0.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

INITIATIVE

Initiative: **11.15**

INITIATIVE

Initiative: **6.1**

INITIATIVE
Rictavio
Initiative: **9**

INITIATIVE
Ezmerelda d'Avenir
Initiative: **5**

INITIATIVE
Kasimir Velikov
Initiative: **15**

INITIATIVE
Vistana Assassin
Initiative: **7**



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

INITIATIVE
Vistana Assassin
Initiative: **21**

GM: Please roll initiative, Able. Don't forget to select your character token first



Suldae Westwind: we, uh, really should have come closer first
before rolling init



Marcus Veranius: (SNIPER FIGHT!)

GM: (Shhhhhhhh you did)



Able: (game crashed sorry)



Suldae Westwind: (thank)

GM: Range is still pretty far, for fun



Able:

21

INITIATIVE (3)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

INITIATIVE
Initiative: **7**

GM: (Tiebreaker roll **4**)
(Please roll a D6, Able)



Hiere Unthere: rolling d6

$$(3) = 3$$

GM: (Assassinate: During its first turn, the assassin has advantage on attack rolls against any creature that hasn't taken a turn. Any hit the assassin scores against a surprised creature is a critical hit.)

(Sneak Attack: The assassin deals an extra 14 (4d6) damage when it hits a target with a weapon attack and has advantage on the attack roll, or when the target is within 5 ft. of an ally of the assassin that isn't incapacitated and the assassin doesn't have disadvantage on the attack roll.)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

MULTIATTACK

Vistana Assassin

The assassin makes two shortsword attacks.



Vistana Assassin:

SHORTSWORD

Vistana Assassin

Attack: 16 | 10
and the target must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw, taking 24 (7d6) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

Damage: 6 piercing + **21** poison

SHORTSWORD

Vistana Assassin

Attack: 9 | 14
and the target must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw, taking 24 (7d6) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

Damage: 9 piercing + **29** poison



Hiere Unthere:

10

21

CONSTITUTION SAVE (2)



Suldae Westwind: (UM)

(this looks terrifying)

(lmao)

Henry of Willowsbrook: (rouge vs wizard)

GM: (First attack is a critical hit for **12** piercing and **42** poison, due to Assassinate, and will also deal an additional **10** piercing due to sneak attack)



Hiere Unthere: Here falls unconscious



Suldae Westwind: (thought so)



Hiere Unthere: (fan autocorrect)

The Assassin on Hiere's right draws a short sword and plunges it through him with a horrible sound. As he collapses, the Assassin stabs him again. Luckily, due to circumstances not yet discovered, the blow does not kill the downed man.

Luckily, Hiere drank antivenin before coming to Barovia. He's got the Assassin fooled, but it's VERY convincing.

The divination wizard feigns unconsciousness wisely as the companions he foresaw come to his rescue.



Suldae Westwind: (tfw you need dem to counter dem)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Hm tasty dm fiat that even makes sense in character)

GM: (You're up, Suldae!)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae literally cannot do anything at htis range. Preferring not to turn into a raven in front of the whole goddamn town, she breaks into a run towards the injured man.

EoT

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius: (I've got 300 ft of elevation over the forest. Can I shoot without blocking terrain?)



Suldae Westwind: She hopes he's not *quite* so dead yet that magic can't revive him.

Marcus has a clear shot, unimpeded by the trees.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus curses his lack of swiftness, and sends his regards in the form of arrows. A proper volley for each assassin

(Action Surge, 3 attacks each assassin)

(The ones against the assassin that hasn't attacked get advantage)

10

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

18

Piercing

19

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

17*Piercing***9**

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

17*Piercing***Marcus Veranius:****22**

|

15

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

23*Piercing***19**

|

9

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

20*Piercing***17**

|

17

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

24*Piercing*

(I'll throw some Precision Dice on the 9 and 10)

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

2

Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]

Marcus Veranius

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

7

Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]

Marcus Veranius



Marcus Veranius: 12, 19, 16, 22, 19, 17

Three arrows whizz in over the treetops and rip into the Assassin who has not yet attacked, nearly bringing him to his knees. The next three zoom in, and the Assassin who stabbed the traveler deflects the first with his blade but takes the next two in his chest.

Realizing that they may have been spotted, the Vistani shout to one another and turn as though to flee.

GM: (Movement, then EoT?)



Suldae Westwind: THEY MAY HAVE BEEN SPOTTED

YOU KNOW ITS A DISTINCT POSSIBILITY

NOT IMPOSSIBLE

(love)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus moves up as fast as they can. A fleeing enemy is a routed enemy.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

Misty Step

Conjuration 2

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V

Duration: Instantaneous

Briefly surrounded by silvery mist, you teleport up to 30 feet to an unoccupied space that you can see.

Henry runs down the slope at a break neck pace turning into mist whenever it seems he might lose his footing reaching the edge of the trees by pushing his body to its limit

The children watch in awe. So do several of the people on the wall-top.

Ezmeralda, meanwhile, is looking at Marcus like she's never seen a man loose so many arrows in so

short a span of time.

Rictavio is quietly humming a jaunty tune as he watches the destruction.

Kasimir wraps his mouth in his scarf and watches the wall of fog warily. He is uneasy this close to human settlements.



Zanshuken:

Reaching into a pouch on his belt Henry takes out some seeds he gathered his body filling with magical energy. Crushing the seeds Henry Points with his blade at the assassins calling down a beam of pale light

(i cant select Henry for chat again)

GM: (Hmm, I don't know why... It's all set up properly)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

GM: (You got it to work?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: works again

GM: (Weird)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (does the spell discription for Moon beam show up?)



Suldae Westwind: (nope)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

Abjuration 2

Components:

Zone of Truth

Enchantment 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A 15-foot-radius sphere centered on a point of your choice within range

Components: V, S

Duration: 10 minutes

You create a magical zone that guards against deception in a 15-foot-radius sphere centered on a point of your choice within range. Until the spell ends, a creature that enters the spell's area for the first time on a turn or starts its turn there must make a Charisma saving throw. On a failed save, a creature can't speak a deliberate lie while in the radius. You know whether each creature succeeds or fails on its saving throw. An affected creature is aware of

the spell and can thus avoid answering questions to which it would normally respond with a lie. Such a creature can be evasive in its answers as long as it remains within the boundaries of the truth.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (huh the other spells work



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

"A silvery beam of pale light shines down in a 5-foot-radius, 40-foot-high cylinder centered on a point within range. Until the spell ends, dim light fills the cylinder. When a creature enters the spell's area for the first time on a turn or starts its turn there, it is engulfed in ghostly flames that cause searing pain, and it must make a Constitution saving throw. It takes 2d10 radiant damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. A shapechanger makes its saving throw with disadvantage. If it fails, it also instantly reverts to its original form and can't assume a different form until it leaves the spell's light. On each of your turns after you cast this spell, you can use an action to move the beam 60 feet in any direction. At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 3rd level or higher, the damage increases by 1d10 for each slot level above 2nd."

GM: (I'm not sure why that one's not working, it looks like it's set up properly from what I can see)

(Anyway, please roll 2d10 for the damage, unless you wanted to use a higher level spell slot)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

CONSTITUTION
Vistana Assassin

Ability: 5

CONSTITUTION
Vistana Assassin

Ability: 17



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I got no higher ones)

rolling 2d20

(17 + 17)

= 34



GM (GM): (UHHHHH)



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling 2d10

(2 + 4)

= 6

(wrong dice)



GM (GM): Lol

Suldae Westwind: ri[

*rip

A blinding stream of silvery light descends upon the two assassins. One of them covers his eyes, the other screams out in surprise at the sudden arcane radiance.



Henry of Willowsbrook: well EoT



GM (GM):

DC14
Half damage
Dexterity Save

7 <i>Bludgeoning</i>		14 <i>Cold</i>
300 ft		

Ice Storm

(A hail of rock-hard ice pounds to the ground in a 20-foot-radius, 40-foot-high cylinder centered on a point within range. Each creature in the cylinder must make a Dexterity saving throw. A creature takes 2d8 bludgeoning damage and 4d6 cold damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

Hailstones turn the storm's area of effect into difficult terrain until the end of your next turn.)

GM: (Evasion: If the assassin is subjected to an effect that allows it to make a Dexterity saving throw to take only half damage, the assassin instead takes no damage if it succeeds on the saving throw, and only half damage if it fails.)



Suldae Westwind: (im guessing hes not that far behind the party lol)



GM (GM):

DEXTERITY
Vistana Assassin

Ability: 12

DEXTERITY
Vistana Assassin

Ability: 15

10.5

Kasimir raises his hand. Mist wells from his eyes, and above the Assassins a small storm cloud billows into being. Huge chunks of hail plummet towards them. One Assassin easily dodges all the hail, the other dodges only most of it.

Kasimir frowns. "They're good," he says.



Rictavio: "Let's see how good."



Rictavio looks at the slope and the distance. He leans on his cane. "Actually... Ezmeralda. See how good they are."

One of the Assassins begins to flee towards the fog.

Suldae Westwind: lmao

E> E> E>

oh this works



Henry of Willowsbrook: (could you mark the AoEs on the map please)



Suldae Westwind: im going to be doing that



Hiere Unthere: yes centre it on the unconscious boi



Suldae Westwind: im sure its right next to him~



Ezmerelda d'Avenir *raises her crossbow and aims carefully. She lowers it after a second. "Damn. I can't hit them with anything from this distance."*



Ezmerelda d'Avenir *frowns and massages her wooden leg, biting her lip.*



Rictavio: "Well? Get closer! Chase after them!"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Shut up you old man! There's no point. They're too far by now."



Marcus Veranius: "They're retreating. We've made our point."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry whilst maintaining his magic feels as if he misses some bickering



Marcus Veranius: "Let's attend to the injured gentleman, rather than leave three bodies."



Suldae Westwind: i dont think they can get away THROUGH ice storm quite yet?

The other assassin begins to retreat as well, just as the "unconscious" man "wakes up".



Suldae Westwind: i mean w/e



Marcus Veranius: "What the... well bugger me; he was faking it!"



Hiere Unthere: "oh HELLO there"

GM: (Actually yes, the difficult terrain would slow them down, and they have to make dex and con saves for moonbeam and ice storm)



Suldae Westwind: (is the initiative still going)

GM: (Thank you for reminding me)



Suldae Westwind: (are we still where the map says we are)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

CONSTITUTION
Vistana Assassin

Ability: 12

CONSTITUTION
Vistana Assassin

Ability: 22

DEXTERITY <i>Vistana Assassin</i> <hr/> Ability: 17

DEXTERITY <i>Vistana Assassin</i> <hr/> Ability: 21



Henry of Willowsbrook: (do I roll damage again?)

The Assassins slip easily through the falling ice, but the effort does slow them down. The moonbeam continues to bathe them in its light. (Please roll damage for the moonbeam again)



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling 2d10

(9 + 4)

= 13

One Assassin dies in mid-sprint, collapsing onto the tumbled chunks of ice. The moonbeam seems to have done him in. The other keeps running, but seems severely weakened. Some of his clothing has caught fire.

GM: (Hiere, you're up)



Hiere Unthere:

24

60 feet

Ray of Frost (~- Lm_GcyvTSH2s3u1Z4ex repeating_attack_- LmyqEn0ZASdCemCNmsq_attack_dmg)
--

(+8)

"it was ICE to meet you"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

7

Cold



Vistana Assassin: "Aargh!!"

The zapped assassin stumbles as ice slows his legs.



Hiere Unthere: (EoT)

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: (OH YEAH)

(can i like take hp damage to run extra fast bc reckless on a slope)

GM: (Yes!)

(1 hp = 1 foot)



Suldae Westwind: oof



Hiere Unthere: (i only have 2 feet though)



Suldae Westwind: so ok 60ft run action

and lets say 20 more from her being an idiot

(she stumbles and falls at some point, bruising and spraining herself, but rolls until shes in position to get up again and run)

GM: (Works for me)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus sprints forward, trying to reach the fallen/not fallen man as quick as he can.

(EoT)

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves up while moving the Beam to stay atop the Assassin

(If he got out)



Vistana Assassin:

CONSTITUTION
Vistana Assassin

Ability: 15

GM: (Roll damage, please)



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling 2d10

(1 + 8)

= 9

As the light still streams over the retreating Assassin, he tries to cover his head in his cloak. Ice still falls

The Assassin rolls his ankle while running, and hobbles out of the area of hail at last.



Henry of Willowsbrook: EoT

Still in pain, still bathed in holy radiation, the Assassin stumbles on, panting, gasping for breath, hunched with weariness.

He can see the Wall of Fog ahead, and knows that if he can just reach it, he'll be safe.



Suldae Westwind: (holy radiation is such an amazing turn of phrase its great)

Kasimir and Rictavio watch the battle from afar.

Ezmeralda pulls the children towards her and begins trying to distract them with an old, jaunty song.

The Assassin stumbles on.

GM: (Hiere, you're up)



Hiere Unthere:

23

60 feet

Ray of Frost (~-
Lm_GcyvTSH2s3u1Z4ex|repeating_attack_-
LmyqEn0ZASdCemCNmsq_attack_dmg)

(+8)

rolling d8

(2)

= 2

"that SNOW way to greet someone"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry now in range to hear the stranger wishes he wasn't



Hiere Unthere: (RoF decreases speed too)



Vistana Assassin: "Aargh!" The Vistani Assassin clutches at his ears as the pun sends chills down his back. Literal ice crusts his legs and he trips, face planting in the mud. He army crawls on, one elbow in front of the other, trying to keep his ears covered as he goes.



Suldae Westwind: (LMAO)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere gets up and starts walking towards them

The battle is clearly over.

Marcus Veranius: Marcus runs down to Hiere as quick as he can, giving him a look-over



Suldae Westwind: Suldae runs the rest of the way through the forest



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry considers before letting the Beam of light wink out



Marcus Veranius: "I'm terribly sorry for the rude welcome to this country."



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae gets there FIRST thank you)



Marcus Veranius: "Most people give you the COLD shoulder."



Vistana Assassin: "AARGH!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae ignores the assassin, looking instead after Hiere's wound.

8

Healing

Touch

Cure Wounds
Suldae Westwind

Henry of Willowsbrook: "If I may" Henry offers a Hand him



Suldae Westwind: She's too exhausted to put much oomph into it, but it should at least plug some damage.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

LAY ON HANDS

Class: Paladin 1

You have a pool of healing power that replenishes when you take a long rest. With that pool, you can restore a total number of hit points equal to your paladin level x 5. As an action, you can touch a creature and draw power from the pool to restore a number of hit points to that creature, up to the maximum amount remaining in your pool.

Alternatively, you can expend 5 hit points from your pool of healing to cure the target of one disease or neutralize one poison affecting it. You can cure multiple diseases and neutralize multiple poisons with a single use of Lay on Hands, expending hit points separately for each one.

This feature has no effect on undead and constructs.

The wound from the first blade is severe but non-lethal. The poison should have killed him, but he seems fine. The second blow pierced only his clothing, missing his waist by a half inch.



Hiere Unthere: "Oh it was only a flesh wound"



Suldae Westwind: After making sure he's not actively dying, Suldae slides down to the ground next to him, giving him a mild glare. Her leg is sprained, all because he gave them a scare.

Not that it wasn't warranted under the circumstances, she'll admit.

She's just grumpy from pain.



Rictavio:

17

Higher Level Cast

9

Healing

Touch

Cure Wounds

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry instead shrugs planting his Hand on Suldaes head letting healing light course through her

11 from lay on Hands



Suldae Westwind: She breathes out and clasps Henry's hand in gratitude for a moment.



Rictavio pats Sundae on the shoulder as he walks past. "Nice bit of running, there. I admire your spirit."



Rictavio *Suldae



Suldae Westwind: She glares at him too, for good measure.

(god i hadnt actually realized how close the words were)

GM: (My autocorrect did for the first time)



Marcus Veranius: "So what brings you out to these miserable parts? I've got bad news for you, but there's no leaving now that you're here."

GM: (Also, you're fully healed thanks to Ric)



Suldae Westwind: (and Hiere?)



Marcus Veranius: "The local vampire lord makes sure of that with his one-way fog."

GM: (Ric doesn't know him, so Ric doesn't care)



Suldae Westwind: "Thank you," she murmurs.

(ah, of course)

(how is Hiere's HP?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so my Lay on Hands healed nothing? O.o)

GM: (He's 4/5ths good)



Hiere Unthere: "I was told of a great Abbott in a town nearby"



Suldae Westwind: (you got there first)

GM: (Your lay on hands healed 11 points!)

(You probably fixed the sprain, Ric just gave Suldae a second wind)



Marcus Veranius: "Is that so? We were also told the town had a cathedral, though we're seeing it for shelter over forgiveness."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gets up, her fatigue washed away by Rictavio's magic, and turns to the stranger's wound again.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I am Henry please..nice to meet you"



Marcus Veranius: "Do you need a hand? Or a new escort that ain't so rubbish?"



Suldae Westwind: Apparently everyone was so concerned about her, they forgot to fix him. Amazing.

Touch

Cure Wounds
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry raises his eyebrow at the others over their lack of Introduction



Suldae Westwind: "Suldae," the bard introduces herself with a touch to his chest next to the wound.
A somewhat unorthodox greeting, but then neither is faking your death upon meeting.



Hiere Unthere: "pleasure's all mine. I'm Hiere Unthere. Thank you all for helping me not die"



Marcus Veranius: "Marcus. Pleasure to make your acquaintance."



Suldae Westwind: (still reading it as Hyere btw~)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at him flatly "are you serious.." he murmurs to himself



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods. She's too pissy from having injured herself by accident to do the full nicey nice routine, so she just smiles mildly. It's still genuinely friendly, especially paired with the healing.

Ezmeralda and Kasimir herd the children to a spot on the road out of crossbow reach from the walls, but also not terribly close to the new stranger, either.



Hiere Unthere: "No, do you know him? Nice fellow. I'm Hiere, though."



Rictavio: "Van Richten," says Rictavio. He bows grandly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry groans loudly



Suldae Westwind: Suldae flips him off, visibly to the new acquaintance, but like in a friendly way. After a week together, he'll know that.



Rictavio: "You're some kind of fortune-teller, then?" Van Richten asks, gesturing at the wounded jacket.



Henry of Willowsbrook: at Hieres remark and possibly at Van Richtens theatrics



Rictavio: "Or a con-man?"



Marcus Veranius: "Not a fortune-finder, that's for sure."
"Else he wouldn't be here."



Hiere Unthere: "I am... changed now. All that is behind me."



Rictavio: "Don't be so sure. Fate is longer than a few minutes, and we have seen only a few minutes so far."
"Changed, you say?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rolls her eyes. Starting off full drama, then.



Hiere Unthere: (really wanna drop a YES DID I STUTTER)



Suldae Westwind: "Well if you're changed from whatever you were, what are you now?"



Hiere Unthere: "lost"



Suldae Westwind: "Well, that's easily fixed. We're in... actually, what's this place called?" She looks at Ric



Hiere Unthere: (was that edgy enough)



Marcus Veranius: "That's fair."

"You uhh... want to follow us to the gate?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So as much as like chatting could we maybe go it's a might fresh out here" Henry says nodding to the town "and stabby" he adds under his breath



Hiere Unthere: "i do think i will"



Marcus Veranius: "Well then, probably nicer up the path than it is down the slope."



Rictavio: Rictavio looks at Suldae, then looks at the wall. "Ah, this is Krezk. With the Abbey of Saint Markovia."

"I've not yet had the privilege of entering the walls. They're terribly secretive."



Marcus Veranius raises an eyebrow



Marcus Veranius: "Are they not the type to let in refugees? Might have been good to know before planning the trip."

"Heaven forbid they won't take the children. Not we can send them back to Vallaki."



Rictavio: "You seemed to have it all in hand. I imagine with the added leverage of youth and beauty, my chances will be better this time."

"My, er... Former strategies... did not pan out."

"Rope and grapnel tends to get you acquainted on bad terms."

"Let's head up, at least. I'll, er. Stay at the back."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shakes his head this was going to be one of those days huh
(so)

The air grows colder as you approach the walled settlement. Two square towers with peaked roofs flank a stone archway into which is set a pair of twelve-foot-tall, ironbound wooden doors. Carved into the arch above the doors is a name: Krezk.



GM (GM):

The walls that extend from the gatehouse are twenty feet high. Atop the parapet you see four figures wearing fur hats and clutching spears. They watch you nervously.

The walls that extend from the gatehouse are twenty feet high. Atop the parapet you see four figures wearing fur hats and clutching spears. They watch you nervously.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae waves her hand with a cheerful smile

This creates a flurry of panicked whispering.



Liliet (Suldae): She sweeps her arm at the group of children with them

Indicating with her body language 'its not that we want to impose on you but what ARE we supposed

to do?'



Marcus Veranius: "We seek refuge inside the city. With us are children rescued from last night's terrible storm and the monsters that lurked within."

"May we enter?"



Liliet (Suldae): "Or at least they," Suldae adds more pragmatically.

The town is probably not full of cannibals who look for little children to eat them. PROBABLY.

After a brief discussion amongst themselves, one of the guards leaves the wall top.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "don't seem like the trusting type" Henry murmurs to the others



Liliet (Suldae): "Seems like we're waiting," Suldae notes.

She has some travel rations in her bag, though she's not sure how much every child will get if she splits.

(how many kids are there?)



Marcus Veranius: "These are unusual circumstances. I would not be suprised that they consult a superior for advice."



Henry of Willowsbrook: 8 I think)



Liliet (Suldae): (i think i have 5 rations)

Suldae indicates the food, trying to keep it out of sight of the children, conveying the question of if her teammates have more food.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs digging out 3 rations indicating to split them in half still hidden from the kids

hidden



Marcus Veranius: Marcus holds up 9 fingers for 9 rations.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae takes hers out openly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I got seven more without these 3" Henry



Liliet (Suldae): "Let's eat," she says and starts distributing hers. She follows Henry's advice to split in two, as children eat less than adults anyway

She gives away 3 of her own

(6 portions)



Marcus Veranius tosses three of his into the mix



Liliet (Suldae): She is ready to give more to anyone who asks for more.



GM (GM): brb: cat determined to have food



Liliet (Suldae): She also eats half a ration herself, not being particularly hungry

(how many children are there?)



Marcus Veranius: (The 9th ration was for cat.)

GM (GM): (Back)

A short but well-built man comes to the top of the wall. He has stern features and a large white beard, and in his hand is a large sword.



Liliet (Suldae): (GM how many children were there and how much food do we have left, this is srs accounting bsns pls ^^)



GM (GM): (I believe there were between 8 and 12)



Liliet (Suldae): (and more precisely?...)



Zanshukun: Henry shares 3 of his rations



GM (GM): (Let's go with 8)



Liliet (Suldae): (alright, are we giving them full rations or splitting in half? question to GM really)
(bc it depends on how hungry the kids are)



Baron Krezkov: "Greetings, travelers! What brings you to the walls of Krezk?"



Liliet (Suldae): (w/e im writing off 3 and everyone is fed)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We're looking for shelter mostly for these children"



Baron Krezkov: Baron Krezkov frowns slightly. "I'm afraid there is no shelter here for troublemakers. You will have to seek refuge elsewhere!"



Rictavio stays out of sight, hiding in a blind spot behind one of the buttresses of the wall.



Marcus Veranius: "Troublemakers? I do not follow."



Suldae Westwind: "Just the children," Suldae says. "We could give coin if necessary to get them settled. We do not ask to be allowed inside ourselves"



Baron Krezkov: The Baron seems to contemplate this. His face growing stern, he says: "Alas, I am afraid the duty I bear to my people prevents me. I cannot endanger my own, not even to shelter apparent innocents."

Something seems to be bothering him.



Suldae Westwind: "What's the danger in letting small children in?" Suldae asks.

10

PERSUASION (8)
Suldae Westwind

(well wow)

"Could we prove our good intentions somehow?"



Marcus Veranius: "...you seem troubled. Is something amiss?" Marcus focuses less on the handout and more on the patron.



Baron Krezkov: A spot of color rises in the Baron's dark cheeks at Marcus's remark. Ignoring it, he answers Suldae instead. "If you had done something to benefit Krezk, my duty would require me to provide you with shelter."

"Otherwise, I see no reason to trust that you will not rush the gates the moments we open them to these innocents."

One of the little girls begins to cry. The Baron seems deeply troubled by this. He retreats somewhat from the wall-top, so that she will not be within line of sight.



Suldae Westwind: "What can we do?"



Marcus Veranius: That was both horribly cruel and terribly fair. Not an easy decision for the Baron.

GM: (You may make an insight check, Marcus)



Marcus Veranius:

18

20

INSIGHT (5)
Marcus Veranius

(Shouldnt have been with advantage. 18)



Baron Krezkov: "We have not had a shipment of wine in some time, and the spirits of the people have sunk very low. If you could secure a shipment of wine from the Wizard of Wines winery, we would owe you a debt of gratitude."

Marcus realizes that the Baron is grieving a recent and painful loss.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry's voice is terse with barely contained anger "Where is this winery?"



Suldae Westwind: "Wizard of Wines?"



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae steps back and presses the crying kid to her side, attempting to comfort her with a half-hug and distract her with mussing her hair.



Marcus Veranius: "I know that look, ser."



Baron Krezkov: "It lies to the south of here some few miles," says the Baron.
He sighs heavily.



Marcus Veranius: "That is the face of a man who fights between trust in the world, and scars begging otherwise to spare further pain."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at the children.

"...some of us should stay here and look after the little ones. Can those who stay under the walls count on protection from them?"



Marcus Veranius: "I shall make the decision easy for you. If you wish to hold trust in the youth of our world, we shall take a quest from you and leave the children at the gate. We cannot rush them if we are down the hill."



Suldae Westwind: "Some, at least?"

"Or that," she adds to Marcus's words.



Marcus Veranius: "It would be unfair to beg your aid and not work for it in return."

Baron Krezkov: "You may leave the children here. You and your companions should get going before the daylight dies. When you return with the wine, on my honor as a noble and by my oath of office, I will be required to show you proper hospitality."

"Once you are out of sight of the walls, we will bring the children into the city."



Suldae Westwind: (IT'S DAWN)

(or just past dawn)



Baron Krezkov: "You have my oath that they will not be harmed."

GM: (Daylight dies swiftly, in Barovia)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae bows deeply.



Marcus Veranius nods. "Thank you ser. I shall not add to your regrets."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Let's get them some wine then" Henry states to the others "enough so that they never have turn anyone away sober again" his tone is almost as cold as the snow he turns walking down hill

Ezmeralda, Rictavio, and Kasimir begin to follow.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comforts the upset and scared children, explaining to them that they're about to be let into the city and be taken care of. She makes the oldest children promise to look after the smaller ones.



Marcus Veranius follows Henry's lead



Suldae Westwind: Then, she follows as well.

A faint wailing begins as the party walks away. The young children have grown attached to their newfound protectors.



Baron Krezkov: "Gods be with you," says the Baron.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry runs his hand across his face "This sucks" he had hopefully managed to hide his open disdain for the townsfolk from the children wouldn't do to color their perception this way

As you reach the bottom of the little winding track, you hear the gates creak open. The children are ushered in through the smallest of cracks, and the gates are closed once more.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "They have had much hardship, I think," says Ezmeralda.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods, agreeing with her.

"He did eventually let them in," she points out.



Marcus Veranius: "I can't imagine how they wouldn't. The only blessing they have is not to be as close to the castle as Vallaki."



Suldae Westwind: "Just didn't want us around for that."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir pulls a scroll from her pack and unrolls it. It appears to be a detailed map of Barovia.

Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Ah," she says. "Here. Wizard of Wines. We take the road east to the bridge over the Raven River, then head southwest through a forest trail. Should be there in no time."

"Should be about a five mile journey."



Kasimir Velikov: "I do believe we could shorten the distance drastically by air," says Kasimir.



Rictavio: "Do we really want to draw that much attention to ourselves?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods to Rictavio.

"I think we don't. Not when it's not an emergency"



Marcus Veranius: "We don't. Not when we're on an uphill battle of trust as-is."

"We must take exactly as much time as they think we'll take."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I say we walk, we could also check if the road is clear"



Marcus Veranius: "Heaven forbid we're back too soon or too late."



Suldae Westwind: "Good point," Suldae nods to Henry.

"We'll be going back with a load, hopefully."

"More convenient to check the road first"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Onwards then to wine and victory" Henry says with sarcastic smile and deadpan voice



Suldae Westwind: "Wine," Suldae notes. "I think the man was genuinely trying his best to come up with something for us to do."



Kasimir Velikov: "I would not be so sure of that. There is only one winery in all of Barovia that can still grow edible grapes."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Can I use 3min during the walk to meditate/pray to add magic weapon to my prepared spell list?)

GM: (Yes)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae raises her eyebrows at Kasimir.

"Why?"



Marcus Veranius: "Didn't Danika also mention missing shipments? This is a far-reaching problem."



Kasimir Velikov: "The ground is cursed," says Kasimir simply.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry begins absentmindedly walking down the road eyes half closed



(To GM): 2



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pauses, then nods. That parses. She glances at Henry, remembering who his patrons are.

"And the winery can still grow grapes?..." she asks



Marcus Veranius: "Presumably, else they'd be out of business ages ago."

"Might be the root of the current problem."

Suldae Westwind: Suldae glances at him, pondering if it's a pun.

Plants. Roots. Cursed ground. You know.



Marcus Veranius: It was not a pun, as Grapes grow from a vine.



Suldae Westwind: (vines also grow from the ground)



Kasimir Velikov: "I have long suspected that they may have magical means of protecting their grapes from the curse."

The miles pass quickly enough. Soon you come to the bridge.



Suldae Westwind: "Well, it does have 'Wizard' in the title"

"Maybe that's literal"

Suldae glances towards the tower.



Rictavio: "Hold!" Hisses Rictavio. "There's someone down there."

He points to the far shore, where a tall, armor-clad humanoid is pacing with a drawn and gleaming longsword. He has not noticed you, and seems to be heading eastward along the south bank of the river.



Suldae Westwind: People inside there are safe, right?

Suldae stops.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Is he headed to the tower?"



Rictavio: "I don't think so," says Rictavio.

"Look, he seems to be tracking something."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry seems to rouse out of a sudden trance "Huh what'ya say?"

GM: (Perception checks, please)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

23

PERCEPTION (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius:

13

PERCEPTION (8)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind:

27

PERCEPTION (8)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: (As a fellow armor-clad humanoid, Henry is particularly adept at noticing his peers.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Incense of honor duels or asking for blacksmiths to fix creaking joints of

cause)

To Marcus, the man is obviously undead. It is abnormal to see one in armor and bearing weapons. To Suldae, the man reminds her vaguely of Ismark. To Henry, the man is obviously undead, but the ebb and flow of nature does not seem to avoid him, but rather to embrace him. He has been revived with a singular purpose, and not by any evil entity.

Suldae realizes the man is a revenant.

Marcus and Henry both note that the man's armor bears a mark like a twisting dragon.



Suldae Westwind: "Another revenant," she says in a voice low enough not to crry.

"Could be an ally."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Not one of Strahds I believe" Henry adds soto voce



Marcus Veranius: "If we share a goal, the most reliable kind of ally."



Suldae Westwind: "Let's go greet him?" Suldae suggests, glancing at Marcus and Henry.



Marcus Veranius nods



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'll take the lead if you allow me"



Suldae Westwind: She motions for the others to stay behind. Too large a party might spook a lone traveler.

She nods to Henry and follows behind him.

(She also questions just how much of Barovia Rictavio has managed to piss off already. It just sounds like too much to take a chance on a random person)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rests his left hand on his sword's pommel striding forward with the confidence of an ordinary soldier taking a walk he raises his right arm when he reaches the Revenants hearing distance "Hail!" he calls out voice calm and cheery



Revenant: The Revenant turns, his matted black hair drifting as though underwater. His grey and wrinkled face leers up at you skeletally from the riverbank, and his yellow eyes glare. **"Hail.** Who walks the road of Barovia so boldly?"

"Are you an agent of the king, or a traveler from beyond this accursed domain?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Just some weary unfortunate drifters"



Revenant: "More useless travelers, then. Leave me to my business. There are werewolves which need slaying."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae wants to ask what king, but holds off for now.

The Revenant turns as though he intends to travel on.



Suldae Westwind: "We are also attempting to ease this realm's burden," Suldae pipes in.

Suldae (with her 27 to Perception) catches a bit of engraved writing on his tattered armor. It reads: Argynvost Forever.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tilts his head "We know a few things about werewolves around here maybe we could share for"



Suldae Westwind: (does... does Suldae know what that means. Should I roll History or Arcana or Religion?)



Revenant: "No matter how much the burden is eased, the root of the curse remains. Four hundred years I have walked these lands, and in those lifetimes I have seen many brave warriors die 'easing the burden.'"

GM: (Roll History, please)



Suldae Westwind:

13

HISTORY (6)
Suldae Westwind

"Well, we DO plan on killing Strahd when we gather the means," Suldae says bluntly.

Suldae has vague recollections of a silver dragon named Argynvost. He disappeared many centuries ago, but his noble name has lived on in certain songs.



Suldae Westwind: "Not that 'die trying' doesn't remain a likely outcome."

"What is your name?"



Revenant: "You do?" The Revenant turns completely to face Suldae.



Suldae Westwind: She nods.



Revenant: He growls. "I... No longer recall a name."



Suldae Westwind: "Suldae Westwind, at your service," she does a sweeping courtly bow, complete with swiping her hat's feathers on the ground.

"Make one up?"



Revenant: "I would like nothing more than to put my steel through his heart, but I cannot march upon the castle without orders from my general."



Suldae Westwind: "Your general?" Suldae asks. Her eyes slide towards the engraving on he armor.



Marcus Veranius: "...you've been at this for 400 years. If your general had departed in that time, wouldn't that make you the acting general?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "not quite how chain of command works but whatever" Henry murmurs



Marcus Veranius: "Depends on the structure. There must ALWAYS be an acting officer. If none are present and communications are cut off, it goes to the next person."

"Which would be our acquaintance here, as a supposedly lone operative."



Revenant: "My general is Vladimir Horngard, the leader of the Order of the Silver Dragon. He waits at Argynvostholt."



Suldae Westwind: "Is that inside Barovia?" Suldae asks.



Revenant: "Aye. It lies to the southeast of here, at the bend of the Luna River."

"North of the ruins of Berez."

Marcus Veranius: Oh! A functioning military structure! That was interesting! Marcus scours his map for such a place.

...there DOES in fact, appear to be a settlement of some kind in that spot!



Henry of Willowsbrook: "In which case you would continue with your current rank unless you were to assume a command that requires a higher rank" Henry grumbles on mostly to himself



Able: able able



Suldae Westwind: "We are going in another direction right now," Suldae says. "But if we came there at a later time?..."

(Able, read the chat archive :D)



Revenant: "I have nothing but time on my hands."

"Farewell. Do not die before convincing my general to march upon the castle."



Suldae Westwind: "We'll try," Suldae promises, amused.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "There is a cave of werewolves just north of here at the shores of the lake...Baratok I think it was" Henry adds respectfully

The Revenant turns and continues on. He pauses at Henry's statement. Without looking back, he says: "Thank you..."

Then, quite calmly, he walks into the lake and vanishes beneath the waves with hardly a ripple.

One gets the sense that he might be walking along the lakebed.



Ezmerelda d'Avenirir: "Well," says Ezmeralda. "That was interesting."

"It's rare to see a Revenant that old. Usually they only make it a year, if their vengeance goes unfulfilled."



Kasimir Velikov: "It happens often, in Barovia. There is nowhere for the vengeance-driven soul to go."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae listens to their exchange curiously.



Rictavio: "Right. Well. Shall we carry on?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "400 years" Henry whispers solemnly

"We should" He sets of not waiting for the others face drawn in contemplation

As the party moves on into the depths of the forest, the road begins to thin, and become overgrown.

After a while, the road is just a muddy trail that meanders through the woods, descending gradually until the trees part, revealing a mist-shrouded meadow. The trail splits. One branch leads west into the valley, and the other leads south into dark woods. A wooden signpost at the intersection points west and reads, "Vineyard."



Marcus Veranius: "Well, the curse certainly hasn't put a damper on these plants." Marcus murmurs, trying not to trip on the undergrowth. Seems they're close.



Able: (ok think I'm up to speed)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "but what vineyard? could be anyone one of them" Henry says flipantly after

seeing the signpost



Suldae Westwind: Suldae frowns at the growth. How do they normally deliver their goods? When was the last time they did?

GM: (You can make a nature or survival check to look for tracks)



Suldae Westwind:

19

NATURE (6)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: can I also make one?)

GM: (You may)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

11

NATURE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius:

18

SURVIVAL (5)
Marcus Veranius

GM: (Henry, make your Nature checks with advantage)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

12

NATURE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Hiere Unthere: Hiere sputters awake, having been lying in some dirt nearby. "AHA! I knew you guys would show up eventually!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at him and raises her eyebrows.

"What... are you doing here, exactly?"

Suldae and Marcus both spot the tracks of wagon-wheels. It seems that no one has come this way in weeks. Henry is distracted by the fact that all of the fruiting plants in the area seem to be coming up poisonous, and that several of the nearby plants have thorns -- even the pine trees.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "How did?... when did he? But he was?" Henry is bewildered to say the least



Hiere Unthere: "Waiting for you, of course" he brushes off his top hat.



Marcus Veranius: "Wizards. This isn't even as bad as that fucking tower door."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae blinks, and decides to accept it.



Marcus Veranius is jaded to it

Suldae Westwind: "Right. So let's go find out what's these guys' deal."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry decides to add this to his growing list of 'magic bullshit I don't care enough about to be bothered by' and moves on

"We're here to get Wine for Krezk your welcome to tag along I guess" Henry says to the top hatted fellow with the silly name before moving down the western path
you're*

GM: (BRB: Family wants to give me the tour -- back in 5ish)



Hiere Unthere: "uh, i think you'll find I knew that already"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rolls her eyes demonstrably.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere gives him the full 'yare yare deze' head shake



Suldae Westwind: She vaguely feels like there's only supposed to be one performer in the group.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I don't care" Henry adds in a cheery sing song



Suldae Westwind: Or if there are two, the other is supposed to *also* be a bard.
Not that she is competitve or anything.



Hiere Unthere: (should i roll deception)



Henry of Willowsbrook: why? what are you hiding?)



Hiere Unthere: (knowing that already)



Suldae Westwind: (you didnt know did you)
(Imao bless)
(please do tho)

25

INSIGHT (5)
Suldae Westwind



Hiere Unthere: (well)



Suldae Westwind: (omg. well try to beat that)



Hiere Unthere:

17

DECEPTION (0)



Suldae Westwind: Realizing the man was just showing off actually makes Suldae feel better, and she gives him a more genuine smile.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I'm not gonna roll cause Henry really doesn't care If Hiere knew or not)



Suldae Westwind: Lying to enhance your image doesn't get her hackles up as much as boasting real power, oddly enough.



Hiere Unthere: (are we LR'ed up?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: LR?)

GM: (Long Rested)

(You are not, unfortunately)



Hiere Unthere: (ok just checking)

GM: (Actually, Hiere could be, now that I think of it)

(For shits and giggles we'll say Here is long rested, since he got jumped within seconds of coming into existence)



Hiere Unthere: (Imaoo)



Marcus Veranius: (Hiere needs it more than we do; he got near-oneshotted in his intro)



Rictavio: "Well? Which way shall we go? Onward to the Vineyard, or south to Yester Hill?"



Suldae Westwind: "What exactly would we want south?"



Marcus Veranius: "To the Vineyard. I wouldn't mind a rest in safer walls."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry a good 10 meters down the path to the vineyard stops to turn around and blankly stare back at him



Marcus Veranius: "Gotta get the liquor for that."



Suldae Westwind: "Agreed," Suldae says. She wouldn't mind a rest by day.
Not looking forward to the effects of the curse.

A light drizzle begins to fall. Unpainted fences blindly follow the trail, which skirts north of a sprawling vineyard before bending south toward a stately building. The fog takes on ghostly forms as it swirls between the neatly tended rows of grapevines. Here and there, you see rope-handled half-barrels used for hauling grapes. North of the trail is a large stand of trees. A man wearing a dark cloak and cowl stands at the edge of the trees, beckoning you.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stops as soon as she sees the beckoning.



Rictavio: Following the rest of the group to the West, Van Richten says: "In answer to your questioning, I have heard rumors of a colony of druids at Yester Hill."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere points at the barrels. "Those are used for carrying the potatoes, you know"



Marcus Veranius: "Grapes. Wrong kind of vineyard."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stares at Hiere with the deadpan annoyance of a farmer's son having heard such jokes more than he ever needed to before turning to the Cloaked figure



Suldae Westwind: "Are potatoes vines?" Suldae questions.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "NO"



Hiere Unthere: "...i meant grapes"

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rubs the bridge of his nose



Suldae Westwind: Suldae bites her lip to keep from laughing.



Marcus Veranius approaches the cloaked individual. "Greetings! Are you with the Vineyard staff?"

As Marcus approaches, he realizes there are a total of nine figures in the forest. There are five adults and four children.



Marcus Veranius: ...probably not with the staff.

The figure which beckoned to the party is a hunched old man. The group emerges quietly from the trees and greets the party. They wear dark leather rain cloaks and cowls, and their features are oddly familiar...



Davian Martikov: "Greetings, travelers! You'd best be headed back the way you came, the way is not safe."

The gentleman bears a striking resemblance to Urwin Martikov, keeper of the Blue Water Inn.



Marcus Veranius: "That's unfortunately not an option. I've two requests to investigate the vineyard."
"...say, you wouldn't happen to have any relatives in Vallaki?"



Davian Martikov: "Aye! A good-for nothing son and his hardworking wife, along with some... extended family."

"Why, have you come from that way?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "In a way"



Marcus Veranius: "I'm afraid we may be part of the extended family. And those relatives are half the reason we're here."

"Not on their request per say, but you do what you can for family."



Davian Martikov: "Well, if you insist on being brave adventurers, we may as well do this properly. Davian Martikov, at your service. This here is Adrian, my eldest son, Elvir, my youngest, Stefania, my daughter, and Dag Tomescu, her husband." Gesturing to the children, he says: "These here are Claudiu, Martin, Viggo, and Yolanda." Claudiu is a teenager, Martin and Viggo are young, and Yolanda is an infant in her mother's arm.

The old man looks at Marcus with a glimmering eye. "You're Keepers of the Feather, then?"



Marcus Veranius: "Half members, half close associates."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry gestures at Marcus and Suldae



Hiere Unthere: Hiere lifts his top hat in greeting. "Hiere Unthere, at you- i beg your pardon?"



Marcus Veranius: "...and a +1."



Davian Martikov: "I see. Well, that changes things."



Marcus Veranius gestures to Hiere



Davian Martikov: "I'll be the first to admit we need help, and if you were trusted enough to be brought into the family then I believe you've already proven yourselves useful."

"Come and sit a while, we're just having breakfast now."



Hiere Unthere: "...."

"yes"



Marcus Veranius moves to sit with the others. Doesn't look like the best place for a meal, but he had the suspicion that there may be a reason for it



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to Marcus and Suldae "I'm not explaining 'that' to him" hes says noddong at Hiere

nodding

Leading the way into the deeper forest, the old man hobbles to a small campsite concealed from the road. Several pieces of bacon sizzle on a cast-iron pan over the flame. The campsite has a makeshift, desperate, vagabond look to it.



Davian Martikov: "I don't mind telling you we've seen some trouble lately."



Hiere Unthere: "yes that's quite the nice chicken you've got cooking there"



Davian Martikov: "Is he alright?"

"I've got a half-brother in Vallaki who could make you a pair of spectacles, sir."



Hiere Unthere: "i may or may not have been stabbed in the back a few hours ago"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "General or specific trouble?" Henry asks



Davian Martikov: "Is that metaphorical or literal...?"

"Nevermind." Davian shakes his head and turns too Henry.

"We'd been holding out against Baba Lysaga's scarecrow attacks for several months, but with the added difficulty of the druids we were finally forced to abandon the place a few days ago."

"Wine is the lifeblood of the Barovia people. It is one of the only indulgences left to them. Without it, many Barovians will lose their last shred of hope and succumb to utter despair. Although the Vistani sometimes bring wine from distant lands, they share it infrequently, and at exorbitant prices. Thus, most of Barovia's wine comes from only one source: the Wizard of Wines Winery and Vineyard."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Did they move in?" Henry asks glancing at Rictavio
asks Davian



Marcus Veranius: "Baba Lysaga? That's a new name."



Davian Martikov: "The druids did, aye. They're still there now."

"Baba Lysaga is a monster from when the world was young. It's she who has brought the real trouble upon us."



Marcus Veranius: "So even if we handled the druids now, we'd still have her to deal with." Marcus murmurs. This was a complicated situation.

"...are the druids working with the Baba, or have they taken over for their own means?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (he gone)



GM (GM): Morning all!



Tops K.: (Mornin!)



Liliet (Suldae): (hell!)

*(hello!)



Zanshukun: Heyho



Able: able able



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how do I best add the modifier from Magic Weapon to my CS hm)

Davian does not answer Suldae immediately, as he is busy plating several pieces of bacon. He presents them to you all. (Insight)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

8

INSIGHT (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Davian Martikov: "Here, if you're planning to head to the Vineyard you'll need to be well fed."



Liliet (Suldae):

22

INSIGHT (5)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae notes a twinge of pain on Davian's face as he hands the bacon over. She also notes the hungry stares of the other family members, who are willing to be patient and hopeful but also seem like they haven't had a square meal in a while.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae takes out the rations she still has.

If these peopel are sharing food, so can they.



Tops K.:

8

INSIGHT (5)
Marcus Veranius



Liliet (Suldae): She glances at the other party members, hoping they get her hint.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Thank you but no thanks" Henry waves him of "I hate fighting with a full stomach" he seems to remember something very unpleasant



Liliet (Suldae): "We should all eat together"

She mixes the rations into one big communal dish rather than separate portions.



Hiere Unthere: "Sorry. I'm vegan" Hiere takes out his rations instead.



Marcus Veranius looks at Suldae, then back at the others. He contributes a ration to the Stone Soup

Perception rolls, please**Marcus Veranius:****24****PERCEPTION (8)**
Marcus Veranius**Henry of Willowsbrook:****7****PERCEPTION (3)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**10****PERCEPTION (3)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**Hiere Unthere:****13****PERCEPTION (4)**

Marcus spots a flicker of movement to the west of the party, between the trees. His keen eyes catch the shape of an enormous elk. It seems almost to be watching the party.



Marcus Veranius: Druids. How bothersome that they make spies of what otherwise might have been food.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae invites the whole family to eat.

(my laptop crashed out of the blue)

Davian and his family gratefully join you. Since the food has not been offered as charity, and is rather the feast of a now somewhat larger family, they can accept without taking offense. Davian's gratitude and relief are palpable.

The Elk seems to lose interest in you. It turns to the north, and begins to walk.



Marcus Veranius watches it leave, then returns his attention to the others.



Marcus Veranius: "On reconsidering the situation, I remember now that we have a spare ticket into Krezk's walls. That is, if we were to bring them the wine. But it would do us no good carrying it all the way to the Baba's lair?"

"How about we clear out the winery, and you take the wine up in our stead."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nibbles at some bacon, more to create the impression she's eating than to actually load up. She'd eaten earlier, with the children. She is taking rather more joy from watching the rest of them eat.

If only helping was always this easy.

She silently sends thanks to Corellon for putting them into position where they could

Somewhere out of sight, a bird trills out a happy little song. It is the first such song you have heard in Barovia. After a few seconds, it goes abruptly silent.

The silence is more oppressive, knowing what should be filling it.



Hiere Unthere: ".....it's just napping"

Hiere looks into the trees nervously



Davian Martikov: "I'll not deny that me and mine are in dire need of proper shelter," says Davian.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae bites her lip. She hadn't noticed until now.

Well, they're going to fix this land or die trying, one or the other.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So ten odd Druids and and an indeterminate amount of living shrubbery..."

Henry murmurs to himself



Davian Martikov: "If you can rescue the wine, we can transport it for you, and pass on the tale of your heroics."



Marcus Veranius: "Saves us a trip. This is a suitable arrangement!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods



Hiere Unthere: Hiere looks at him completely seriously, "my good sir, your vines will grow like no other"



Marcus Veranius: "Of course, we'll send word when things have gotten better down here. And they WILL get better. That's what family does, right?"



Davian Martikov: "Aye," says Davian, cracking a broad, gap-toothed smile. "Aye, that's what it does, alright."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae beams at him.

She really likes this whole 'family' idea. More is always better.



Marcus Veranius *puts down his plate and oils his crossbow. Druids and Shoemakers have always been at odds; this was just business as usual.*



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hm I'm not overly familiar with vineyards but horticultur ought to be similar enough, Guess there won't be a lot of cover for our approach outside of the grapevines"



Davian Martikov: "I can't honestly think of a good way to get close to the house without being seen. It was built to be somewhat defensible."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae wishes she'd gotten a night's (or a day's) rest first. Oh well.

Or...



Hiere Unthere: "I could.. help with that"



Suldae Westwind: "Actually, we've been walking all night," she says.

"How much worse would the situation be if we waited until evening?"



Davian Martikov: "You are more than welcome to rest here," says Davian. "We could keep watch over you. Evening may be a wiser time to approach."



Marcus Veranius: "Not a bad idea. I thank you for the hospitality."

Suldae Westwind: Suldae bows in gratitude.



Marcus Veranius: "Tell me if the animals start looking at us funny. I dated a druid's daughter once; that's the first sign of trouble."



Suldae Westwind: It looks a little odd, considering she's sitting.

She snorts at Marcus's joke. Or is it?



Davian Martikov: "We will keep careful watch. I'll wake you all at the first sign of trouble."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So we'll rest up then"



Hiere Unthere: Hiere spends the time attempting to bicep curl some fallen branches or what have you in an attempt to one day become as ripped as Suldae

(referencing last time)

The day passes quietly. It is a good day for a nap -- the sky is overcast but the sun is warm, and the smell of the earth is somehow comforting. Henry in particular feels as though the party is watched by something benevolent and caring.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is out like a light, exhausted from magic, the curse, and looking after half a dozen scared children.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Good thing he hasn't seen Henry yet or we would have to worry over Hiere doping to match his swoleness)



Suldae Westwind: (rip)



Marcus Veranius: (FORBIDDEN FITNESS: SUMMONING OF THE ABS)



Hiere Unthere: (don't do drugs kids)

Suldae's dreams are full of otherworldly harmonies more perfect than any earthly song. The tones and rhythms dance across a landscape of smooth white sands and strange, twisting, ancient trees, all beneath a star-filled sky wrapped in auroras of multicolored flame.

Marcus dreams of dragon wing-beats and the screams of a village.

Hiere dreams of a pale nobleman seated at the head of a lonely long table. Behind him sprawls a pipe organ of incredible complexity and detail. In his hand is a crystal goblet of what seems to be wine. The nobleman stares into the distance with a somber, almost lonely expression. A rage to topple nations hides behind his otherwise cold features.

Henry dreams of a forest full of bird-song, humming with insects, thick with undergrowth, and free of any fog.

Before you know it, Davian is shaking you awake one at a time.



Davian Martikov: "There's activity at the house," he says. "They're up to something."



Marcus Veranius is easy enough to wake. He didn't sleep well last night.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes to consciousness slowly, her mind trying to hold on to the melody. She still remembers some of the notes as she wakes, but they're fading fast. Still, she shakes it off and sits up, looking at Davian for more explanation.

Marcus Veranius: "Sounds like our cue to charge in while they're distracted."



Marcus Veranius moves to help Henry into his armor



Hiere Unthere: "...Do any of you know a dude with a pipe organ?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae blinks. "The temple of Corellon back at home had one, and there was a variety of dudes there, but I doubt that's..."



Marcus Veranius: "A better question is who can afford both the instrument and the space to hold it."



Suldae Westwind: She looks at Hiere. Is this another divination thing? It is, isn't it?



Marcus Veranius: "Priest or a local lord probably?"



Hiere Unthere: "Well, he didn't seem too happy about it."



Suldae Westwind: "Was he playing it?"



Hiere Unthere: "No, just kinda sitting there with a drink. Poor fellow."



Suldae Westwind: "...was the drink blood?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rolls his shoulders while clearing his throat "Is this the time?"



Marcus Veranius: "Probably not. Let's hurry."



Suldae Westwind: "It can be if it's a prophetic dream," Suldae argues.

"...There isn't a pipe organ at the winery, is there?"

She looks at the Martikovs.



Marcus Veranius: "Davian; do you own an organ?"



Davian Martikov: "No, no pipe organ that I know of," says Davian.



Marcus Veranius: "Then it can wait."



Suldae Westwind: "Then we can worry about it later," Suldae agrees.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere jumps to his feet, putting on his top hat.



Suldae Westwind: "Write it down," she recommends to Hiere.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere scribbles it down. "lets go sort out this vine eary."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shakes his head lightly



Marcus Veranius starts approaching the house stealthily. Front door, checking for traps. It was probably best they not fly up through the window and reveal any family secrets early on.



Marcus Veranius:

22

STEALTH (9)
Marcus Veranius

24

PERCEPTION (8)
Marcus Veranius

Situated in the midst of the vineyard, the winery is an old, two-story stone building with multiple entrances, thick ivy covering every wall, and iron fencing along its roofline. The trail ends at an open loading dock on the ground floor.

A wooden stable of more recent construction is attached to the east side of the winery, next to the loading dock. West of the winery is a crumbling well and a wooden outhouse.



Hiero Unthere: Hiero examines the vines, acknowledging their poor quality. Those damn druids.

Marcus detects no traps, but he does see several curious-looking twig-bundles standing around. There are about thirty in all, scattered around the vineyard and the area near the house.



Suldae Westwind: (...are we supposed to be anywhere on the map? seeing something?)

GM: (Not at the moment, no)



Suldae Westwind: "I could ask the plants what they know," Suldae murmurs to her companions.

GM: (Henry and Suldae, roll Religion or Nature please)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

9

NATURE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius moves around the outskirts towards the open loading dock, hoping to see the previously-described staff druid supposedly controlling the twig things.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (~rolling low again~)



Suldae Westwind:

26

RELIGION (9)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: (To clarify, Marcus is still hiding in the tree line. Gunna see if we can play sniper)



Suldae Westwind:

12

STEALTH (3)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: (what treeline)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stays a healthy distance away
uncertain of her ability to approach without alerting everyone to their presence.



Marcus Veranius: (There's forest all around the vineyard, the forest we were hiding in)

Suldae senses powerful harmonies building to a crescendo. Some kind of ceremony is happening behind the winery. It seems to be a summoning, or an awakening, or perhaps a corrupting. She hears an ancient, benevolent soul groaning as powers wrap around it. The sound of leaves shivering in the wind seems to come from this ceremony.

Marcus does not see anyone in the upper windows of the winery, but the house is dark inside, and no lights are burning.

Henry has an uneasy feeling about the twig bundles, and an inexplicable feeling of dread about something behind the house.



Marcus Veranius: "No one's inside." Marcus whispers.



Suldae Westwind: "Marcus," Suldae calls his attention. "Something's behind the house."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Somethings wrong"



Suldae Westwind: "We should probably be there."

"As in, we shouldn't leave it unchecked-out."



Marcus Veranius: (About how far out is the house? 500 ft or so?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I agree"



Marcus Veranius: "Keep following the treeline. It does us no good to charge through those twigs if they're motion-sensitive."



Hiere Unthere: "who's going in first?"



Suldae Westwind: "We're scouting first," Suldae tells him.

"And then Henry."

"He's the one with the armor."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry raises his shield and smiles with grim vigor
(we still have Ezmeralda, Kasimir and the artist formerly known as von Richten with us right?)



Suldae Westwind: (i think we're waiting for the GM at this point)

(also, great question!)

(NICE)

GM: (Sorry for the delay, the map they have for the vineyard doesn't give you the lands around it for some effing reason)

(So I'm improvising, bear with me)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (aura color fine for you Marcus?)



Marcus Veranius: (GM hastily redraws the map because the module wasn't designed for Guerrilla Warfare)



Suldae Westwind: (rip)

("players are meant to be idiots")

(so north = front, right?)

Tops K.: (Front is to the east if the Barovia map is accurate)



Suldae Westwind: (is it kidn of Ike this?
(the treeline?)



Hiere Unthere: (its spreading)



Suldae Westwind: (whats the terrain like hill-wise?)

GM: (The terrain slopes gently downward toward the south-western side of the battlefield. There are rows of dead vines all around the house, which can provide a little more cover for you. I have not placed them on the map because I haven't been able to find a decent token for them, but I've taken long enough as it is.



Tops K.: (Can we start on the side of the treeline that's the back of the house?)



Suldae Westwind: (coz we've just decided to move there, stealthily)

GM: (One moment

(Need stealth checks for Hiere and Henry, too)



Hiere Unthere: (i was gonna wait behind and cast inv on the scout)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

7

STEALTH (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

11

STEALTH (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Hiere Unthere:

23

STEALTH (3)



Suldae Westwind: Hiere's outfit blends with the vegetation, becuae that's the colors tha vegetation in Barovia is, for some reason



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Shiny Holy Boi remains highly visible at all times for road safety I guess)



Hiere Unthere: (hahahahahahhhh)

It seems as though Hiere has walked this path before. His feet know where to land, and he makes no sound. Suldae accidentally breaks a twig. Henry's armor reflects the waning moonlight.

All the same, the party soon reaches the southernmost side of the Winery.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Can I roll on the ground to be less shiny?



Suldae Westwind: I could polymorph you into a bug
a non-shiny bug

excellent for stealth

Six druids are dancing around a large tree behind the house. Their hair is long and unkempt. They are wrapped in the skins of animals and covered in mud. They wear the heads of animals: stag and goat, wolf and bear, dire wolf and elk. Their voices lift in strange, discordant harmonies.

As they dance around the tree, it seems to wither and darken. Cracks form in the bark. Something that looks ominously like blood begins to trickle down the trunk.

Suldae and Henry both hear it: the Tree is Screaming.



Suldae Westwind: "I think we should stop that," Suldae whispers to the rest of the party. "Everyone in agreement?"



Marcus Veranius: "I no longer have reservations about attacking the druids."



Marcus Veranius draws his crossbow



Marcus Veranius: (Do any of them have that staff we were warned about?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry draws his sword without comment rolling his wrist to loosen it



Suldae Westwind: Suldae lifts the ocarina to her lips.

The Druid in the Dire Wolf headdress bears a long, gnarled, black staff. It is this which seems to be the focus of the ritual's power. He is a head taller than the rest, and his frame is packed with muscle. His skin swirls with strange, reflective tattoos.



Marcus Veranius swaps the crossbow out for the Oathbow. Kill the head chanter, end the ritual.

The wind moans through the branches of the tree. Suldae and Henry both hear a voice whisper, as though in their ear. The words are distinct although the voice is unlike any they have heard before. "Save me..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae plays, calling to the native spirits of the land. She doesn't know what she can do, but she can give them power to come and help.

Conjure Animals

Conjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: Unoccupied spaces that you can see within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 hour

You summon fey spirits that take the form of beasts and appear in unoccupied spaces that you can see within range. Choose one of the following options for what appears: One beast of challenge rating 2 or lower Two beasts of challenge rating 1 or lower Four beasts of challenge rating 1/2 or lower Eight beasts of challenge rating 1/4 or lower Each beast is also considered fey, and it disappears when it drops to 0 hit points or when the spell ends. The summoned creatures are friendly to you and

your companions. Roll initiative for the summoned creatures as a group, which has its own turns. They obey any verbal commands that you issue to them (no action required by you). If you don't issue any commands to them, they defend themselves from hostile creatures, but otherwise take no actions. The GM has the creatures' statistics.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using certain higher-level Spell Slots, you choose one of the summoning options above, and more creatures appear - twice as many with a 5th-level slot, three times as many with a 7th-level slot, and four times as many with a 9th-level slot.

(no roll, coz I'm literally just calling to them instead of trying to impose my will on the result)

The trees nearby the party suddenly creak and groan. They are moving as though in a powerful wind -- but no wind is blowing.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a small vile out of a belt pouch, it is filled with water



Suldae Westwind: (are we rolling initiative yet?)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

Bless

Enchantment 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: Up to three creatures of your choice within range

Components: V, S, M (A sprinkling of holy water)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You bless up to three creatures of your choice within range. Whenever a target makes an attack roll or a saving throw before the spell ends, the target can roll a d4 and add the number rolled to the attack roll or saving throw.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot level above 1st.



Suldae Westwind: (well, I'm scared)



Marcus Veranius: "This land belongs to my family, and I fight to defend it. Swift death to you who have wronged me."



Marcus Veranius knocks his arrows

GM: (They don't know you're here yet, so you can act before we roll initiative.)

Suldae Westwind: (nocks, I'm pretty sure)

(not knocks lmao)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (on Marcus, Kasimir Rictavio and Henry himself Bless)



Marcus Veranius: (KNOCK KNOCK OPEN UP THE DOOR! YOU'RE DEAD)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae invites the spirits to appear next to them

60ft range



Marcus Veranius: (Should I make my full turn's worth of attacks?)



Suldae Westwind: I think this is called a surprise round

"Swift defeat to my enemies," whispers the oath bow.

GM: (As soon as any of them take damage, or become alert to your presence, we will roll initiative. So just one attack this round.)



Marcus Veranius:

24

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

20

Piercing

Suldae hears the whispering of the trees to her left and right and knows, somehow, that she has awakened them with her call.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Light grant us your guidance" Henry murmurs sprinkling the holy water around

"AARGH!" The lead druid cries out in pain as an arrow appears in his chest.



Marcus Veranius:

9

Piercing

[Sworn Enemy]

Marcus Veranius

(I should have a sworn enemy toggle)



Suldae Westwind: (heres hope that is more useful than it sounds like considering the distance lmao)



Marcus Veranius:

16

INITIATIVE (8)

Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook: (is your Initiative advantage still screwed up?)

Suldae Westwind: (looks right to me)

19.15

INITIATIVE (3.15)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: (No, its working now. Rolled a 1 and an 8)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

7.1

INITIATIVE (0.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Druid

Initiative: **2**

INITIATIVE
Druid

Initiative: **19**

INITIATIVE
Druid

Initiative: **20**

INITIATIVE
Druid

Initiative: **14**

INITIATIVE
Druid

Initiative: **16**

INITIATIVE
Druid

Initiative: **15**



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Twig Blight

Initiative: **19**

INITIATIVE
Awakened Tree

Initiative: **1**



Hiere Unthere:

10

INITIATIVE (3)



Marcus Veranius: (Can we have the Staff Druid marked with a color so I know who he is?)

GM: (He has been marked in red)

(Making coffee real quick, one sec)

Seeing the way the arrow came from, but unable to see any archers there, the druid next to the leader raises a hand. In her cupped palm appears a tongue of flame, which she goads into greater power before hurling towards the tree-line blindly.



GM (GM):

PRODUCE FLAME
Druid

Attack: 14 | 5

Damage: 2 fire

The fire streaks wide, missing the party by several yards.

The Lead Druid raises his staff and unleashes an unholy, inhuman cry.



Suldae Westwind: Where Are We In The Initiative



Marcus Veranius: (Lead druid is at 2?)



Suldae Westwind: im seeing Marcus but im not seing either Henry or Suldae

GM: (Hang on, need to put y'all in. Please remember to click your token when you roll initiative, it adds you automatically if you do that)



Suldae Westwind: ...yeah :x



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Ezmeralda Kasimir and Ricky haven't rolled Initiative yet also yeah mb)



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Initiative: 20

INITIATIVE
Rictavio

Initiative: 8

INITIATIVE
Kasimir Velikov

Initiative: 17

Choosing not to cast anything that might give her position away, Ezmeralda raises her crossbow and looses a bolt.



GM (GM):

HEAVY CROSSBOW +1

Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Attack: 19

You have a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this weapon.

Damage: 15 Piercing

The bolt pierces one of the nearby druids, almost mortally wounding him.



Suldae Westwind: oh! btw i suspect thats *not* where hiere currently is



GM (GM):

Barkskin

Transmutation 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (A handful of oak bark)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 hour

You touch a willing creature. Until the spell ends, the target's skin has a rough, bark-like appearance, and the target's AC can't be less than 16, regardless of what kind of armor it is wearing.



Marcus Veranius: (Hiere is tank now)



Suldae Westwind: our formation got reversed when it was moved south...



Hiere Unthere: (is that ok)

GM: (Go ahead and rearrange yourselves :))

One of the druids raises both hands and coats himself in thick, bark-like armor.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae readies an action to move forward behind whoever of the party moves forward before her.

EoT

no wait

GM: (You can ready a movement and an action, if you want)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae readies a movement and a dash action.

She also speaks up.

"Kill them," she tells Marcus calmly.

Bardic Inspiration

NOW eot

Marcus, you have a blessing AND bardic inspiration to do this!

Druid: "Keep going! We must finish the ritual! Send in the blights, master!"

PRODUCE FLAME

Druid

Attack: 16 | 23

Damage: 1 fire

The druid who shouts this follows it up by lobbing a small fistful of fire into the forest, in the general direction of the party.

The small meteor falls towards Suldae, streaking down toward her face -- by sheer random coincidence. It never meets her. The branch of the tree to her left moves, swinging out furiously to bat the flames away. With a creaking of bark and a groaning of ancient oak, the tree grumbles its rage at the flames dancing on the end of its bough.

The leader of the druids finishes his strange shout, and suddenly, across the landscape, dozens of small bundles of twigs begin to shift. Small red eyes open, and tiny wooden monstrosities begin to charge towards the treeline, attempting to root you out.



Suldae Westwind: (thats a pun isnt it)



Marcus Veranius curses his lack of speed. Things just got trickier



Henry of Willowsbrook: (17 little twig shits by my count)



Hiere Unthere: (you sure about that)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (16)



Marcus Veranius: (In the interest of not having the init flooded, can they all move on the same round?)



Suldae Westwind: (20)



Marcus Veranius: (50)



Suldae Westwind: ..23

Kasimir's face works with dark emotions for a moment. Suddenly he darts forward, racing towards the tree and its group of druids. Raising his hands, he intones a powerful incantation, intended to break their spell mid-cast.



Suldae Westwind: fuck



Henry of Willowsbrook: (might have been a bit to zoomed in)



Marcus Veranius: (Zoom out)



Druid:

Counterspell

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell

Range: 60 ft

Components: S**Duration:** Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.

INTELLIGENCE
Kasimir Velikov

Ability: **21**



Suldae Westwind: (if he's running forward, where does he move to?)

(Suldae's readied action triggers)

(rip both of us)

The old tree in the center of the ritual suddenly sighs and settles. The spell has broken, the ritual will need to be restarted from the beginning.

GM: (Marcus, you're up)

(The twig blights have one initiative for all of them, which you might not thank me for in a bit)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus isn't going to let the ritual restart. He sets loose three arrows at the leader

7 + 2

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

15

Piercing

18

Piercing

21 + 4

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

8

Piercing

21

Piercing

14 + 3

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

7*Piercing***18***Piercing*

Suldae Westwind: dont forget the bless
and the insp

GM: (Bless seems to be included, but I don't think the bardic is)



Marcus Veranius: (Will inspiration fix a 1?)



Suldae Westwind: yeah
well 9 + 1d8...



Marcus Veranius: Roll me bardic on the first hit then)



Suldae Westwind:

(5)

= 5

14

thats suldaes AC, idk about the druids :3



Marcus Veranius:

When you make a weapon
attack roll against a creature,
you can expend one superiority
die to add it to the roll. You can
use this maneuver before or
after making the attack roll, but
before any effects of the attack
are applied.

11*Piercing***2***Bonus Accuracy***[Precision Attack]**

Marcus Veranius

GM: (Final numbers?)



Marcus Veranius: (SHIT, don't include the 11 piercing.)

(16, 25, 17)

GM: (3 hits)

(Final damage?)



Suldae Westwind: 47

GM: (Care to describe how you fucking dismantle this guy?)



Hiere Unthere: (lmao)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus aims for the druid's arm. No staff, no ritual. He lays a shot in the wrist, a shot in the shoulder. Then one more in the chest, for good measure. The farther that staff is, the better.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (isn't it 87 or do you only use one damage roll per attack?)



Marcus Veranius: (It IS 87)



Hiere Unthere: (...)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Hiere met Marcuss Oathbow also known as the nova machine)



Suldae Westwind: oh rip

ill get better at counting your damage next time ^^



Marcus Veranius: Marcus makes three more shots at the nearby druid, the Oathbow's magic done for the day. Have to stop them through ordinary marksmanship.

(Action Surge)

26 + 3

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

21 + 2

Piercing

8 + 1

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

23

Piercing

24 + 1

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

3

Bonus Damage

17

Piercing

**Suldae Westwind:** (RIP)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (let the bodies hit the floor)**Marcus Veranius:** And now Marcus awaits the inevitable sworn of tasteless shrubbery
*swarm**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (43 on the second target form Marcus)
(assuming 9 desn't hit)**GM:** First shot is a kill, 2nd shot is a miss, third shot can go to another target if you like**Marcus Veranius:** (Barkskin Druid)**GM:** that's the one you've circled**Suldae Westwind:** rip
didnt help them did it**Marcus Veranius:** (Bark is worse than its Biteskin)

Arrows rip into the druids. The one who has covered himself in bark takes it through the left eye -- the one part of his body not covered by the spell. Another druid on the other side of the tree is spun completely around by the shot which hits him.

**Marcus Veranius:** "Pick up the staff! I dare ya!"**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Marcus you are a scary fucker you know that?" Henry lets out deeply impressed**GM:** (EoT?**Marcus Veranius:** [EoT]**Ezmeralda:** "The strength and speed of your arm is.... Impressive."**Marcus Veranius:** "I don't like it when someone messes with my family. It's only reasonable."**Rictavio:** "Well, in my heyday, I could have given you a run for your money. But good shooting, son!"**Hiere Unthere:** (do the twiglets stop movin)

Having already received their final command, the twig blights continue their mindless charge.

**Hiere Unthere:** (oh)**Suldae Westwind:** (rip the two of us. henry van kenobi, you're our only ho... probably...)**Druid:** "NIGHTMOTHER, I CALL UPON THEE! GRANT ME THE POWER!"

One of the druids suddenly vanishes in an explosion of white feathers and fur. In her place is a very pissed-off looking Owlbear.



Druid:

INITIATIVE

Owlbear

Initiative: 3



Suldae Westwind: RIP US



Marcus Veranius: (The virgin Bear Wildshape VS the Chad Owlbear)



Suldae Westwind: (no, wait, rip only kasimir)

The Owlbear barrels down upon Suldae and Kasimir, rearing to its full height. It drops with claws and beak, striking first at Kasimir, then biting at Suldae.



Druid:

BEAK (~-
LOGYCFIDMJLYLGD1CWY|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
LOGYDIIQEVDVIHKBXOC_NPC_DMG)

Owlbear

Attack (~-
logycfidmjlylgd1cwylrepeating_npcaction_-
logydiiqevdvihkboxoc_npc_dmg)

:

8 | 14



Suldae Westwind: (i doubt its got silvered claws)



Druid:

CLAWS (~-
LOGYCFIDMJLYLGD1CWY|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
LOGYDIIQEVDVIHKBXOD_NPC_DMG)

Owlbear

Attack (~-
logycfidmjlylgd1cwylrepeating_npcaction_-
logydiiqevdvihkboxod_npc_dmg)

:

8



Suldae Westwind: (move the token?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (thats one clumsy bear)



Suldae Westwind: little known fact: terrified mages can dodge very feast

*fast

Suldae hears a cold laugh somewhere in her left ear. "I have other plans for you, little brat." The Owlbear's claws miss her by several feet, as though perhaps it is seeing something other. Kasimir dodges with preternatural elven speed, letting the Owlbear's beak bite only air.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stands in place, frozen with fear for a second. What was that?

It did *not* sound friendly.

Ah.

The curse.

Of course.



Druid: "Nightmother! I too would like some power!"



Suldae Westwind: (omg)

The second druid transforms into a gigantic badger! Not nearly as intimidating as the owlbear, somehow.



Suldae Westwind: Says you. Suldae has met badgers before, and only the great surge of will is keeping her pants dry right now.

The Badger lumbers forward on all fours, then suddenly dives into the earth, tunneling ten feet underground.



Suldae Westwind: ...Well, at least they broke the ritual. That's totally worth all of them dying right here, right?

(Suldae is a lot less of an optimistic person than she normally acts like actually...)



Marcus Veranius: Druids. They always do this.

Another druid calls out to the Night Mother. "For you, my queen, I give my all! Destroy them!"

The Druid draws a silver dagger and plunges it into her own chest.

She falls, dead before she hits the ground. Her form begins to shift and twist, and darkness wells up from the earth to cover her changing shape.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae Does Not Like what is happening right now and would like to be elsewhere please and thank you.

Too bad she's committed now.

GM: (Hiere, you're here)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry curses to himself, were these servants or a charity case with all the things they have to ask for so many hand outs



Suldae Westwind: boo



Hiere Unthere: (just checking if i could counter spell a ws)

Hiere sees Marcus release and then looks to Henry. Hmmm.. what if....

He castes Haste on Henry.

*release 999 attacks

GM: Any movement you'd like to make?



Hiere Unthere: He then ducks for cover behind the friendly tree



Suldae Westwind: I love that Hiere can totally plausibly in-character act based on knowledge that

technically hasn't been shared with the party yet.



Hiere Unthere: (wait am i metagaming?)

"Suldae! Kasimir! Get away from that thing!" Rictavio charges up to Suldae and slaps her on the shoulder. She feels a strange, protective energy shroud her.



Suldae Westwind: (my point is that imho no) (though technically yes, the trees haven't moved yet)



Rictavio:

Death Ward

Abjuration 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S

Duration: 8 hours

You touch a creature and grant it a measure of protection from death. The first time the target would drop to 0 hit points as a result of taking damage, the target instead drops to 1 hit point, and the spell ends. If the spell is still in effect when the target is subjected to an effect that would kill it instantaneously without dealing damage, that effect is instead negated against the target, and the spell ends.



Hiere Unthere: (the tree stopped an arrow hitting you IC iirc)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah the fire thing)

(Hiere could have noticed that, true)

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: (though id recommend commenting on that in-character)

GM: Let's just say Hiere has a *really good feeling* about this particular tree



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glares at Rictavio. This is nice of him, but she is a *lycanthrope* and *he* is not!

And not Kasimir, as far as she knows!



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry strides up to the Owlbear Hieres magic giving him an unusual ease in his step

21 + 2

Longsword (5 ft) (+8)

Henry of Willowsbrook

11

Slashing

27 + 1

Longsword (5 ft) (+8)

Henry of Willowsbrook

13
Slashing

22 + 2

Longsword (5 ft) (+8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

12
Radiant Smite Damage

12
Slashing

9 + 4

Longsword (5 ft) (+8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

10
Radiant Smite Damage

15
Slashing

(that last attack doesn't count and I forgot to turn on smite for the first two)



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling 2d8

(7 + 3)

= **10**

rolling 2d8

(7 + 3)

= **10**

rolling 2d8

(7 + 1)

= **8**

GM: (Final to-hit and damage numbers?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: 23 28 24 36 slashing 32 radiant

GM: Care to describe the epic smackdown? It's dead



Henry of Willowsbrook: With a measured calm Henry approaches the transformed Druid that's standing on its hind legs, his Longsword glowing dangerously with golden and green Light. Two carefully placed strokes dig into its front shoulders making it unable to even attempt to block the final

stroke across its throat.

For a moment the great beast seems unaware that it has died.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae cheers.

Then it topples over backwards with a tremendous thud, sprawling out across the grass.

Oddly enough, it does not transform back into its human form in death.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at the remaining Druid before raising his sword in their direction in a mock salute

EoT

The black staff rolls along the ground of its own accord. It touches against the corpse of the druid leader, and extends dozens of twigs and vines which punch into the corpse and stick.



Suldae Westwind: Was that an Owlbear taking a humanoid shape, Suldae wonders for a second.

Suldae does not need to tell the trees what to do. They came here to protect the central tree, after all.

There is a sound like hurricane-force winds through a forest. To Marcus and Ezmerelda's right, the roots of a nearby tree begin to break the soil as they lift from the ground. The tree Hiere is standing behind seems to be uprooting itself as well. The roots move with the sinuous grace of living tentacles, moving the trees slowly forward.

Both trees move smoothly over running twig blights, crushing them effortlessly to death.



Hiere Unthere: "i totally knew that would happen"



Marcus Veranius blinks in disbelief as his cover starts marching forward

The trees seem to be moving towards the dead druid still covered in strange, unnatural darkness.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "What in the nine hells!?" Ezmerelda cries out.

She does not know whether or not to attack the tree, but seeing it advance upon her companions she shouts: "Did one of you do this!?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae flashes her a thumbs-up, as if to say 'all part of a plan'

"They're friendly!" she answers.

That's not technically an answer to her question.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir draws a hand-axe from her belt and chucks it at a twig blight approaching on the left.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

+1 HANDAXE (RANGED)
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Attack: 13

Damage: 4 slashing

The axe makes short work of the twiggy construct.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry has to fight to keep from laughing out 'See we got our own botanical

buddies ya' mud covered shitheads'



Ezmerelda d'Avenir runs around the tree on the left, drawing her rapier. She prepares to stab the first enemy that draws within range -- she anticipates that the badger will be emerging from the soil somewhere nearby.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's cheer when Henry killed the owlbear was Bardic Inspiration

She draws her dagger and prepares to stab the first twiggy thing that comes close enough. She also once again prepares to follow whoever in the party is the first to move closer to the central tree.

EoT

The twig blights shuffle blindly towards their enemies. As they approach, they seem to mass together aggressively.

Ezmeralda finds herself facing three at once. She attacks two with her rapier before they can draw near enough to strike her.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

+1 RAPIER
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Attack: **21**

Damage: **7** piercing

+1 RAPIER
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Attack: **27**

Damage: **8** piercing

CLAWS
Twig Blight

Attack: **20 | 10**

Damage: **4** piercing

The third claws her, ripping her gown!



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

CLAWS
Twig Blight

Attack: **14 | 15**

Damage: **5** piercing

CLAWS
Twig Blight

Attack: **12 | 10**

Damage: **4** piercing

Kasimir, distracted by the sudden motion of the tree, does not see the approaching blights until it is too late. Neither is within range of Suldae's dagger, but their claws glance off Kasimir's magic armor, which he wisely cast before the battle began.



Suldae Westwind: (wise of him)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

Entangle

Conjuration 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 90 ft

Target: Any creature inside a 20-foot square from a point within range when the spell is cast

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

Grasping weeds and vines sprout from the ground in a 20-foot square starting from a point within range. For the duration, these plants turn the ground in the area into difficult terrain.

A creature in the area when you cast the spell must succeed on a Strength saving throw or be restrained by the entangling plants until the spell ends. A creature restrained by the plants can use its action to make a Strength check against your spell save DC. On a success, it frees itself.

When the spell ends, the conjured plants wilt away.

The injured Druid begins to flee towards the house. As she goes, she flings a spell behind herself. (Strength saves from Kasimir, Rictavio, Suldae, and Henry)



Druid:

STRENGTH

Kasimir Velikov

Ability: **14**



Henry of Willowsbrook:

25

STRENGTH SAVE (7)

Henry of Willowsbrook



Druid:

STRENGTH

Rictavio

Ability: **13**



Henry of Willowsbrook: aura is plus 2 to saves for them

Suldae Westwind:

13

STRENGTH SAVE (0)
Suldae Westwind

(yeah...)

oh wait!

rolling 1d4

(3)

= 3

16 :3

Vines and snaring roots rise from the earth around you, but in Henry's aura they seem hesitant to truly bind you.



Suldae Westwind: or wiat

GM: (All four of you passed)



Henry of Willowsbrook: your not blessed



Suldae Westwind: dammit suldae wasnt blessed was she

yeah

13)=



Henry of Willowsbrook: 15



Suldae Westwind: does Suldae pass with 13?



Henry of Willowsbrook: 15



Suldae Westwind: oh

15

yeah nice



Kasimir Velikov: "Oh, we'll see about that," says Kasimir, seeing the fleeing Druid. He raises a hand and unleashes three darts of magical energy!

10

Force

120 ft

Magic Missile

The darts swerve through the night, all three impacting the fleeing Druid. She falls before she can reach the door, knocked unconscious by the blows.



Kasimir Velikov seems unconcerned about the twig blights at his feet.

The dead druid at the foot of the tree is now completely covered in darkness. A large shape

composed entirely of massing shadows grows ominously larger.



Marcus Veranius: (I think Marcus got skipped)

GM: (Hiere, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: ...yeah

Marcus got skipped

between Kasimir andd the druid



Marcus Veranius runs forward towards the horde of Twig Blights, swapping oathbow for crossbow. He attempts to cut off their line towards the more vulnerable party members



Marcus Veranius:

21 + 4

120

Hand Crossbow (+11)
Marcus Veranius

10

Piercing

13 + 4

120

Hand Crossbow (+11)
Marcus Veranius

7

Piercing

31 + 2

120

Hand Crossbow (+11)
Marcus Veranius

11 + 5

Piercing

GM: (Oh! Sorry sorry :O)



Suldae Westwind: NICE

GM: (Also, holy shit)



Suldae Westwind: rip twiggies

GM: (Three shots, three kills)



Marcus Veranius: (They have a lot more where that came from)

"We should be fine if it's just those twigs coming at us!"

GM: (When Kasimir knocked the one druid unconscious, the AoE entanglement faded)



Marcus Veranius stares at the emerging mass of shadows and giant druid. "...oh bollocks."

Marcus Veranius: [EoT, Hiere's up!]



Able: (refreshed lemme just read what's happened)



Hiere Unthere: "Is that mess confusing enough?"

Hiere decides it's not confusing enough.

Hiere casts Confusion on the bigboi

Confusion

Enchantment 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 90 feet

Target: Each creature in a 10-foot-radius sphere centered on a point you choose within range

Components: V, S, M (Three nut shells)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

This spell assaults and twists creatures' minds, spawning delusions and provoking uncontrolled action. Each creature in a 10-foot-radius sphere centered on a point you choose within range must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw when you cast this spell or be affected by it. An affected target can't take reactions and must roll a d10 at the start of each of its turns to determine its behavior for that turn. d10 Behavior 1 The creature uses all its movement to move in a random direction. To determine the direction, roll a d8 and assign a direction to each die face. The creature doesn't take an action this turn. 2–6 The creature doesn't move or take actions this turn. 7–8 The creature uses its action to make a melee attack against a randomly determined creature within its reach. If there is no creature within its reach, the creature does nothing this turn. 9–10 The creature can act and move normally. At the end of each of its turns, an affected target can make a Wisdom saving throw. If it succeeds, this effect ends for that target.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 5th level or higher, the radius of the Sphere increases by 5 feet for each slot above 4th.



GM (GM):

WISDOM

Ability: **17**



Suldae Westwind: rip

The spell seems to slide right off the strange patch of growing darkness without effect.



Hiere Unthere: "Still not confusing enough :(("



Suldae Westwind: (bless)

GM: (Any additional movement?)



Hiere Unthere: (moved already)



Rictavio: "Excuse me," says Rictavio, gently slipping past Suldae and Kasimir with cane in hand. He draws a silvered shortsword from within the cane and lunges at the two Twig Blights north of Kasimir.

SWORD CANE (AS
SILVERED SHORTSWORD)

Rictavio

Attack: **6**

Damage: **6** piercing

SWORD CANE (AS
SILVERED SHORTSWORD)

Rictavio

Attack: **15**

Damage: **5** piercing

The first twig blight dodges his attack, but the second one is scattered by the silver blade.

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: "Go!" Suldae urges her paladin friend.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

22 + 4

Longsword (5 ft) (+8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

12
Slashing

Walking forward Henry absentmindedly swipes at the twig thing

(I can also hurle a Javelin at the shadow thing right?)

His blade blows it to splinters.

GM: (Yes)

(Also, if you wind up in clusters of small enemies, overflow damage will be distributed to all nearby enemies if you're using a slashing weapon)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

17 + 4

30/120

Javelin (30 ft) (+8)

Henry of Willowsbrook

13
Piercing

Henry then hurls a Javelin at the gathering of shadows (he drops and then picks up his sword to do this)



GM (GM): **327**

320



Suldae Westwind: 0.0

The javelin seems to vanish into the shadows. There is no discernible reaction.

He has the strangest feeling that he has hit something, but it seems to have little effect.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "hm" he hadn't expected much else so he isn't surprised he readies himself to strike at any enemy that comes into is range EoT



Suldae Westwind: doesnt move any further forward?)=

The black staff has now firmly rooted itself in the corpse of its former bearer, and is now beginning to grow. It pulses with red light in waves, and the corpse seems to shrink and desiccate, as though the staff is drinking its liquefied innards.

The two huge awakened trees lumber towards the forming mass of darkness with a strange urgency.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Where are they off to in such a hurry?" Ezmeralda asks, before loosing several crossbow shots at the advancing twig blights.

HEAVY CROSSBOW +1
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Attack: **17**
You have a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this weapon.

Damage: **14** Piercing

HEAVY CROSSBOW +1
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Attack: **25**
You have a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this weapon.

Damage: **12 + 1** Piercing

HEAVY CROSSBOW +1
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Attack: **23**
You have a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this weapon.

Damage: **13** Piercing

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae followed the trees, as her reaaadied action was basically to move foward while hiding behind SOMEONE)

Suldae abandons caution and runs forward, coming next to the tree.

She'd been keeping an eye on the staff thing.

A low hanging branch seems to invite her to climb.



Suldae Westwind: She takes the invitation and gets up in the tree.

(does that take an action?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "the big suicide fueled shadow-thing appears to be their priority" Henry calls over to Ezmerelda "Strange right" He isn't even sure if he is snarking or not

She feels the comforting presence of the old oak, and it makes her climb easy. (Does not take an action)



Suldae Westwind: After sliding up into the branches, Suldae takes out her ocarina, breathes deeply and begins to play, attempting to commune with the nature around her.

Speak with Plants

Transmutation 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self (30-foot radius)

Target: Plants within 30 feet of you

Components: V, S

Duration: 10 minutes

You imbue plants within 30 feet of you with limited sentience and animation, giving them the ability to communicate with you and follow your simple commands. You can question plants about events in the spell's area within the past day, gaining information about creatures that have passed, weather, and other circumstances. You can also turn difficult terrain caused by plant growth (such as thickets and undergrowth) into ordinary terrain that lasts for the duration. Or you can turn ordinary terrain where plants are present into difficult terrain that lasts for the duration, causing vines and branches to hinder pursuers, for example. Plants might be able to perform other tasks on your behalf, at the GM's discretion. The spell doesn't enable plants to uproot themselves and move about, but they can freely move branches, tendrils, and stalks. If a plant creature is in the area, you can communicate with it as if you shared a common language, but you gain no magical ability to influence it. This spell can cause the plants created by the entangle spell to release a

restrained creature.

She does not understand enough about what is going on. The spell is intended to lull herself, too, into a kind of trance, to give her a better understanding of what is happening.

As her music wafts over the battlefield, she comes to realize that Silvanus and Correllon are weak in the land of Strahd. Strahd's power moves in the Twig Blights, and in the strange black staff. His power is not present in the growing mass of darkness, but his will permits it to be there. The old oak seems to whisper with its branches and leaves, and Suldae hears hissed warnings about the Night Mother. The Old Oak is telling her to flee for her life, and be far from the shadow when it completes its growth. The name Nightwalker springs to her mind, though she knows she has not heard it before. It seems likely that it may be some scion of the Night Mother.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae thanks the tree for the warning, but stays where she is. where she has at least a chance to help. Her music wafts over the battlefield, carrying the insights she's found.

Bardic inspiration to... uhhh... Henry hasn't used his yet has he

Kasimir probably

GM: (Any additional actions/movement?)



Suldae Westwind: EoT



Ezmerelda d'Avenirir:

CLAWS
Twig Blight

Attack: 11 | 19

Damage: 5 piercing

CLAWS
Twig Blight

Attack: 14 | 17

Damage: 3 piercing



Rictavio: "Aargh!" Rictavio cries out, as one of the twig blights manages to scratch him.

15

The unconscious druid stirs fitfully.



Suldae Westwind: did the badger druid flee the fuck away from this shit?

if so i approve of their life choices

fireball kicks ass but has proportionate drawbacks

its a spell of very narrow usefulness



Kasimir Velikov:

DC14

Half damage

Dexterity Save

27
Fire

150 ft

Fireball



Suldae Westwind: WELL THEN

20ft RADIUS :D



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a second to think at the scream of pain "Why havent they stopped yet...Suldae! Can you get the Staff ? You might be able to use it to Stop the Twiggy Bastards"



Suldae Westwind: "Got it!" Suldae calls in answer.

Kasimir flings a small red star which zips across the distance and erupts into a huge, spherical blast of perfect blue flame. It blasts over five twig blights, incinerating them instantly.



Suldae Westwind: is there grass in the area?

this actually matters for my spell too

GM: (Yes, there is grass in the area)



Henry of Willowsbrook: its a vineyard so...probably?

yeah



Suldae Westwind: (but its not dry?)

GM: (Not dry, no)



Suldae Westwind: (also, are there vines?)

(in my 30ft circle specifically :3)



Hiere Unthere: (tis a vineyard iirc)

GM: (If you would like there to be vines in your 30 ft circle, there can be -- since I didn't mark them on the map)



Marcus Veranius: (Plants are dead without the vineyard seeds anyways)

GM: (But yes, the vines are mostly dead and completely barren)



Suldae Westwind: (how does that 'mostly' work with the animation spell?)

GM: (They can still do the difficult terrain trick)

(You could also have a vine reach out and try to grasp the staff)



Suldae Westwind: (thats exactly what im planning on doing next turn yep)

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus, satisfied with the twig horde being a distance away, returns to the more critical problem. Henry chucked a javelin in that shadow thing's face and it didn't stop being ominous.

He draws the oathbow again and chants a different incantation, hoping magic-backed arrows may stick better.

90 feet

Hunter's Mark
Marcus Veranius

(Oh hey, thats not a spell block)

Hunter's Mark*Divination 1***Casting Time:** 1 bonus action**Range:** 90 feet**Target:** A creature that you can see within range**Components:** V**Duration:** Concentration Up to 1 hour

You choose a creature you can see within range and mystically mark it as your quarry. Until the spell ends, you deal an extra 1d6 damage to the target whenever you hit it with a weapon attack, and you have advantage on any Wisdom (Perception) or Wisdom (Survival) check you make to find it. If the target drops to 0 hit points before this spell ends, you can use a bonus action on a subsequent turn of yours to mark a new creature.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 3rd or 4th level, you can maintain your Concentration on the spell for up to 8 hours. When you use a spell slot of 5th level or higher, you can maintain your concentration on the spell for up to 24 hours.

13 + 4

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

2*Bonus Damage***20***Piercing***Marcus Veranius:****17 + 2**

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

3*Bonus Damage***22***Piercing*

(Targeting Shadow Thingy)

Marcus's twin shots seem to make an impact. A psychic roar of pain washes over the landscape.



Marcus Veranius: ...well! That's not good!

[EoT]



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

STRENGTH
Giant Badger

Ability: **4**

STRENGTH
Giant Badger

Ability: **7**



Suldae Westwind: Suldae feels the roar close by, yet the trance she's maintaining while playing keeps her mind at a distance from it.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Marcus!" Ezmeralda cries out, as an enormous badger bursts from the ground at her feet, trying to grapple her.

It cannot seem to get a good grip, and retreats beneath the ground once more. j



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmeralda hops around on one foot.

"Got my bloody leg!" She shouts. She does appear to have only one leg, now.



Rictavio: "Ezme!?" Rictavio shouts.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Relax, old man! It's just wooden."

The dark mass of shadows continues to grow. A pair of inordinately large horns seems to be rising from within the darkness.

GM: (Hiere, you're up)

(Unfortunately this will have to be the last round for today, my folks are giving me the stink eye)



Hiere Unthere: (can i make a check to see if it can be counterspelled before death rains down upon us?)



Marcus Veranius: (I kindof need to make dinner :D)

GM: (You can! Arcana)



Hiere Unthere:

9

ARCANA (8)

(fuck)

GM: Hiere is absolutely convinced that it can be dispelled.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (...welcome to the low roller club)

GM: (Or counter spelled)



Hiere Unthere: "BEGONE.. BEAST!"

Hiere surges with energy in an attempt to shut down whatever's forming



Suldae Westwind: (fun fact! i am physically incapable of rolling that low)
(because my bonus is +9 i cant get lower than 10 on arcana and religion)



Hiere Unthere: (bruh)

The power of an angered god breaks his spell even as he casts it. His power means nothing in comparison to this.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (my arcana is at -1)



Suldae Westwind: (tbf you're only 1 point below)
(your bonus is +8)



Hiere Unthere: (did that only take a reaction?)

GM: (Yes)



Hiere Unthere: Hieres feels his control over the weave jolt away.

"Oh no"

Hiere does what he tries to do when faced with something out of his control.

Burn it.

"YOU WILL PAY. FATE DEMANDS IT."

Hiere casts Fireball at the beast, setting its save roll die to 7

GM: Oh boy

(Mark a 20 foot radius sphere for me please)

(Place it how you want it)

With a 7 on the die, the creature rolls a **11**



Suldae Westwind: my recommendation
do a wis roll



Hiere Unthere: (avoiding big tree, but burning the awakened one if necessary {not sure how to circle})



Suldae Westwind: of DC you think it would take
for Hieres to aim to the side of the creature
thats how i do i



Hiere Unthere: (not cantered on it though lol)



Suldae Westwind: oh ok hieres passed the roll automatically i guess XD

GM: Roll damage please



Hiere Unthere:

DC 16**Dexterity Save****34**
Fire

150 feet

Fireball

GM: (The Creature takes **17** points of fire damage. The awakened tree is lightly singed, taking the same amount of damage due to being at the edge of the radius.)

The flames erupt from a point several yards to the left of the shadow, and the blast encompasses it entirely. The shadow does not burn, and the flames around it seem to break and vanish as though singing stone. The awakened tree screams as several of its branches catch fire, continuing to burn. (It will take 1d6 fire damage every round as it burns, and is vulnerable to fire damage.)

GM: (EoT?)**Hiere Unthere:** EoT**Suldae Westwind:** its an alive tree

ailve trees dont burn well

its not *dry***Henry of Willowsbrook:** depends on the tree**Ezmerelda d'Avenir:**

Sanctuary

*Abjuration 1***Casting Time:** 1 bonus action**Range:** 30 ft**Components:** V, S, M (A small silver mirror)**Duration:** 1 minute

You ward a creature within range against attack. Until the spell ends, any creature who targets the warded creature with an attack or a harmful spell must first make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, the creature must choose a new target or lose the attack or spell. This spell doesn't protect the warded creature from area effects, such as the explosion of a fireball.

If the warded creature makes an attack or casts a spell that affects an enemy creature, this spell ends.

Rictavio runs towards Ezmeralda, casting Sanctuary upon her.

GM: Henry, you're up)

I may have to drop out, family serving lunch -- but please finish up your move and I'll do results when I get back if I don't catch it in time)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry attacks the shadows with all his might



Hiere Unthere: (the lack of open paren is hurting me)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

13 + 3

Longsword (5 ft) (+8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

15

Radiant Smite Damage

13

Slashing

19 + 3

Longsword (5 ft) (+8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

13

Radiant Smite Damage

12

Slashing

(secon doesnt count)



Hiere Unthere: (still hasted up)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

12 + 4

Longsword (5 ft) (+8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

7

Radiant Smite Damage

13

Slashing

(not because of that I'm out of smite juice)

19 + 3

Longsword (5 ft) (+8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

14

Slashing

Action Surge

15 + 3

Longsword (5 ft) (+8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

14

Slashing

10 + 1

Longsword (5 ft) (+8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

14
Slashing



Henry of Willowsbrook: Inspiration



Suldae Westwind: roll a d8

for bardic insp



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling d8

(4)

= 4

16 16 22 18 15 to hit

22 radiant +68 slashing

54 slashing if 15 doesn't hit

Henry's blade crashes into the darkness, striking something that feels ominously like flesh and bone. A pulse of light flares through the shadows as his holy smite impacts!

A psychic roar blasts forth from the gathering darkness, wailing out over the landscape.



Able: able able

GM: EoT Henry?



Zanshukun: yeah



Liliet (Suldae): welp, that things turn, also known as Hell



Tops K.: (It moves on Init 14)

(2 is the Leader, who is dead[?])



Suldae Westwind: ah

oh the staff

its probably the staff's init



Henry of Willowsbrook: staff hs been slurping the leaders body I think

The Black Staff grows, unfurling wild branches with a storm of creaking and cracking. The black tree it has become splits open a ragged mouth of jagged wood -- with a screaming sound like a foretaste of the nine hells. Two eyes open, red and blazing. The creature looks much like the twig blights, but it is far, far larger.



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE

Tree Blight

Initiative: 7

One of Suldae's awakened trees rushes straight towards her, extending gnarled branches as though trying to snatch her from the branches of the unmoving oak.



GM (GM):

STRENGTH
Awakened Tree

Ability: 19 | 15

GM: (You may attempt to avoid being grappled by the friendly tree with an athletics or acrobatics check)

(Or you can allow it to grab you)



Suldae Westwind: (one sec)

Suldae allows the tree to grab her

Suldae feels a sense of relief flood from the tree as it grabs her. Putting on an extra burst of energy, it attempts to drag her away from the center of the conflict.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "OK, so can I shoot the black tree?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae settles in the tree's branches, still playng, and still in the trance.



Marcus Veranius: "Unless you got something that'll pierce that blanket of shadows, it's a good plan!"
Marcus chimes out



Henry of Willowsbrook: "YES!"



Hiere Unthere: "PLEASE"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is playing, and Ezmerelda probably cannot see her nod from the branches.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Marcus, do you mind?" Ezmeralda hops to his side and leans on his shoulder with heavy crossbow in hand, since she's currently monopedal.

She smells of incense and essential oils, with a spike of something that smells like gunpowder.

Taking careful aim (with the aid of Marcus's shoulder), Ezmeralda fires upon the black tree.

HEAVY CROSSBOW +1
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Attack: 18 | 11

You have a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this weapon.

Damage: 8 Piercing



Marcus Veranius is leaned on. This does distract from his plan of 'run into the treeblights to distract them', but he'll manage

The crossbow bolt sticks in the tree, which bleeds hot red blood.

A moment later, the impact side suddenly blazes with white fire! 9

The Alchemist's Fire Crossbow Bolt seems to be somewhat effective! The tree will have a hard time putting that out.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Ha!"

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae proceeds with her previous plan of asking the nearby vines to grab the black tree/staff, carefully to not light themselves on fire.

With a crackling sound, vines leap from their supports and whip out to ensnare the Tree Blight, tangling its roots and branches. They seem to be reaching into the braided trunk of the staff/tree, as though there may still be a staff in there to grab.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae plays, pumping all the support she can into their efforts.

The Tree Blight is restrained! It will have to attempt to break free.

At the moment, it seems more concerned with the flames creeping across its exterior.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is playing a song of defiance, rejuvenation and standing strong in the face of terror. Bardic Inspiration to Henry

GM: (The Tree Blight is restrained, and will have to try a save at the beginning of its next turn)



Suldae Westwind: She feels a little lightheaded as she plays this, as though this is the last idea she has for a while.

(my last bardic insp)

GM: (EoT?)



Suldae Westwind: (EoT)

(Suldae moves further inside the tree, freeing up its exterior branches for other actions)

The Twig Blights suddenly move with renewed energy, surging towards the flaming staff/tree.

They seem to be intent on helping it, somehow...



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir looks at the looming darkness and the twisted tree, and makes a decision.



Suldae Westwind: (there, the three leaves mark concentration now)



Kasimir Velikov: "Henry! Duck behind your shield!"

DC14

Half damage

Dexterity Save

6

Higher Level Cast

25
Fire

150 ft

Fireball**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (so I roll Dex?)**GM:** (With advantage, due to advance notice)**Kasimir Velikov:**

DEXTERITY

*Tree Blight*Ability: **12****Suldae Westwind:** OUCH THAT POOR TREE**Henry of Willowsbrook:****3****14****DEXTERITY SAVE (2)**

Henry of Willowsbrook

**Marcus Veranius:** (One more space left and down hits an additional blight while not hitting henry)**Kasimir Velikov:**

DEXTERITY

Ability: **7****Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Did I pass?)***As Henry crouches behind his shield, a tremendous blast of blue flames erupts between the black tree and the growing Nightwalker.*****Suldae Westwind:** As the tree is currently animated and pseudo-sentient thanks to Suldae's spell does it get anything out of that**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Light be kind that was close" Henry curses to himself at the sudden flash of heat***The Black Tree screams. The damage is severe, most of its branches are destroyed and it is left a singed and burning wreck of itself -- still clinging to life, but not by much. Where the flames intersect with the shadow creature, they seem sucked in by the darkness, as though they are falling into a void. Kasimir is familiar enough with the feel of Suldae's pull upon the weave that he is able to break his flames as they enter the area of her control, leaving the ancient oak untouched.******Three approaching twig blights are blasted to ashes by the explosion.*****GM:** (Marcus, you're up!)**Marcus Veranius:** "Esmeralda; you wouldn't happen to have a couple more of those fire arrows?"**Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Pff. Does an owlbear crap in the woods?"

"Here," she says, and hands him three.

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Marcus is a city boy he wouldn't know"

Marcus Veranius: "Thank you kindly." Marcus fires two at the shadow monster, aiming where he thinks the head is.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae slumps in relaxation somewhat when she sees the oak is unharmed, still playing.

The bolts look a little strange -- the tip is heavy black glass, and feels as though it might contain liquid. (Alchemist's Fire Bolts deal ordinary bolt damage, and 2d12 fire.)



Marcus Veranius: (Wait, are these bolts or arrows?)

GM: (She was using a heavy crossbow)



Marcus Veranius: (Shit. We usin a bow.)

GM: (Unfortunately, the bow can't fire bolts)



Marcus Veranius: (I asked about arrows ;-;)

Marcus readies to fire the... bolts?

GM: (You asked about *more* of those fire arrows -- she interpreted)



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (didn't you swap to crossbow after blasting the leader druid?)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Oh, you silly. You can't shoot these with that!"

"Here, use mine. It's excellently balanced."

(Ezmeralda hands off her +1 Heavy Crossbow)



Marcus Veranius hands her the Hand Crossbow



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: The crossbow is gorgeously made, all dark wood inlaid with mother of pearl.



Marcus Veranius: "...yer the best."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Don't I know it. You can thank me later, and properly."



Rictavio: "WHEN YOU'RE DONE FLIRTING!?!?"

"MAYBE SHOOT?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh come on don't you enjoy a show with your side of lethal danger"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "You wouldn't know a woman was flirting with you if she nailed a notice of intent to flirt to your forehead!"



Marcus Veranius: (I was looking up the damage dice for heavy crossbow ;-;)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (1d10)

GM: (I figured, Rictavio's just being Rictavio -- no pressure)

(He may or may not be a little envious)



Marcus Veranius:

18 + 4

FUCK

>Sharpshooter (Heavy

Crossbow+1 (+7)
Marcus Veranius**8**

Bonus Damage/Fire

25

Piercing

16 + 2

FUCK

>Sharpshooter (Heavy

Crossbow+1 (+7)
Marcus Veranius**15**

Bonus Damage/Fire

21

Piercing

**Hiere Unthere:** "Women flirt with that guy?"**Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "When he's wearing that stupid hat they do!"**Rictavio:** "I take exception to that! I will have you know I have been *quite* successful with the fairer sex."**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (why is it labled FUCK?)**Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "You know how we know you haven't? You call them 'the fairer sex!'"**Marcus Veranius**, as the person being flirted on while wearing the hat, makes no comment**Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "It looks better on you anyway," says Ezmeralda more quietly, flicking the hat with one finger. "And you're not *hiding* beneath its enchantment."**Marcus Veranius:** (5 magical piercing, 18 fire if its relevant)

(Dunno why it merges them together)

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Suldae take notes this definatly goes into the retelling"**Marcus Veranius:** "...not currently anyways."**Marcus Veranius takes his shot****GM:** (Both those shots hit -- what's the final piercing and fire?)(Wait I can do math **46** piercing, **23** fire)**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae is too busy playing to react but she definitely is Noting.

(also i love the 'fuck')

Marcus Veranius: (51 piercing, 18 fire)

(It merged the Hunter's Mark piercing with the alchemist fire in calculation)

Both bolts vanish into the darkness. There is a sound like a deep, otherworldly moan. It reverberates through the earth.



Marcus Veranius: "That's either good or bad!"



Marcus Veranius tries to slump a bit farther away from the shadow thing, carrying Esmeralda along



Marcus Veranius: (Half move speed?)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir hops along with him. (No impact to movement speed, just take her with you)



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]

With an explosion of earth, the giant badger emerges, tackling Rictavio!



Rictavio: "BLAST and DAMN!"

STRENGTH
Giant Badger

Ability: 6 | 17



Marcus Veranius: "Bollocks, he was right under us still!"



Rictavio:

DEXTERITY
Rictavio

Ability: 15

It's over too quickly to see exactly what happens. The Badger bursts forth from the earth, snatches the old man, and dives once more into the ground.

The Darkness continues to grow...



Marcus Veranius: "Rictavio!"



Hiere Unthere: (oboi)

GM: (Henry, make a DC 21 Con save)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

24

CONSTITUTION SAVE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Hiere Unthere: (legend)

GM: (11 Necrotic damage avoided!)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (don't mind me just sweating bullets)

The enormous shadow creature rises to its full and towering height. It is taller than all the trees of the forest. The air around the towering figure is wrapped in black mists and glittering darkness. All the grass in the immediate area dies. Suldae feels the old oak groan as darkness creeps up its limbs.



Rictavio:

CONSTITUTION
Awakened Tree

Ability: 15 | 14



Marcus Veranius: (Can we get an aura marker around the DC21 Danger Zone if its visible?)

GM: 15

The nearest awakened tree groans and creaks as the darkness wraps around its trunk and limbs.

GM: (The Nightwalker will not act this round, it's just standing up this turn. Hiere, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Aura of Protection is a plus 2 not that it would have mattered right now)

GM: (Henry would feel that his aura did help the tree, but not enough to save it)



Hiere Unthere: The past repeats itself, and Hiere drops another fireball on Nightwalker.

"WHY WON'T IT DIE"

DC 16

Dexterity Save

25
Fire

150 feet

Fireball



Rictavio:

DEXTERITY

Ability: 10

The blast of flames seems to have little effect on the creature. The fire is swept into its form, like flame dying in the void of space.

A twig blight nearby is blasted to ashes, however.



Rictavio:

DEXTERITY
Tree Blight

Ability: 6

The fireball sweeps over the Black Tree, singeing it horribly. It will not survive much longer, at this rate.

GM: (EoT? Any movement you'd like to make?)



Hiere Unthere: (will move a bit away, then EoT)

GM (GM):

**SWORD CANE (AS
SILVERED SHORTSWORD)**
Rictavio

Attack: 23

Damage: 3 piercing

**SWORD CANE (AS
SILVERED SHORTSWORD)**
Rictavio

Attack: 15

Damage: 5 piercing

You hear the muffled roar of pain of a large, burrowing creature.

**GM (GM):** Henry, you're up :)

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry despite the impending danger turns inward briefly to use his divine senses

DIVINE SENSE

Class: Paladin 1

As an action, until the end of your next turn, you know the location of any celestial, fiend, or undead within 60 feet of you that is not behind total cover. You know the type of any being whose presence you sense, but not its identity. Within the same radius, you also detect the presence of any place or object that has been consecrated or desecrated. You can use this feature a number of times equal to 1 + your Charisma modifier. When you finish a long rest, you regain all expended uses.

Henry feels the chill of undeath from the Nightwalker.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (welp there goes turn the Faithless)

with this revelation in mind Henry attacks the being

26 + 3

Longsword (5 ft) (+8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

15
Slashing

17 + 3

Longsword (5 ft) (+8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

12
Slashing

16 + 3

Longsword (5 ft) (+8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

8
Slashing



Marcus Veranius: (UNDEATH YOU SAY?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (last one doesn't count)



Marcus Veranius: (+8 damage from prior rounds Favored Enemy)



Liliet (Suldae): (DM, did Henry feel any consecrated/desecrated objects? and anything from the black thing?)



GM (GM): 17.5



Liliet (Suldae): (that was the staff?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (27/2 isn't 17.5 btw)
(i rolled an attack to much)

Henry feels a cruel and twisted root of power, an artifact he senses has come from the desecration of a piece of holy wood. He has the strangest feeling that this piece of wood was once a stake driven through the heart of a vampire.

GM: (For owning up to it even though it went in your favor, take inspiration)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (what does that do again?)

GM: (A free re-roll, essentially)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (sweet)



Marcus Veranius: (Roll a single d20 of your choice with advantage)
(I try to save mine for social situations or when I've fucked up hard)

GM: (Always good to have in your back pocket)

Henry's blade cleaves into the shadow creature, but its flesh seems somehow amorphous, half mist. The blade does little damage.

Despite the silver on its edge.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry despite the obvious risk runs past the creature to try get it away from the tree

As Henry rushes past the creature, it takes an almost lazy swing in his general direction.



GM (GM):

ENERVATING FOCUS (~-
LOG_JSTPN5A8KB3FNVU|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
LOG_ZK9NBOSV4RB-HXCC_NPC_DMG)

Attack (~-

log_jstpn5a8kb3fnvu|repeating_npcaction_-
logzk9nbosv4rb-hxcc_npc_dmg)

:

19

The target must succeed on a DC 21 Constitution saving throw or its hit point maximum is reduced by an amount equal to the necrotic damage taken. This reduction lasts until the target finishes a long rest.

Damage: **34** Necrotic



Henry of Willowsbrook: doesn't hit me

The claws hand of shadow misses, deflected by the shimmering aura of holiness around Henry. In the black mists surrounding the creature, Henry glows with a faint, fire-fly green light.

*clawed**



Henry of Willowsbrook: "YE MISSED YE GIANT GHASTLY FUCKHEAD" Henry yeers at it because he why not try and provoke the undead abomination abit while he's at it

EoT



GM (GM):

STRENGTH
Tree Blight

Ability: **12**

The Black Tree tries to free itself from the entangling vines, but to no avail.

In desperation, it screams. The piercing sound can be heard for miles.

The Twig Blights move with renewed vigor, rushing towards their master. (Bonus Action: Move Twig Blights)



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae's music punctuates Henry's yelling, making it sound more mystical and important.

9

PERFORMANCE (8)
Suldae Westwind

It sounds silly instead.

rip)=

Henry of Willowsbrook: (does it take the damage from burning now or ?)

The Black Tree, still burning, takes 7 Fire damage.

GM: (Damage will be doubled due to its vulnerability to fire)

As the Black Tree burns to death, its twig blights reach it just in time. Three of them leap onto it, merging themselves with its form and rebuilding what has been destroyed. (The Tree gains 12 points of HP)

The Awakened Tree bearing Suldae flees to the southeast, trying to bring her away from danger.

It tramples three twig blights that happen to be in its path, and ends up next to Kasimir, who looks up with a great deal more respect than before.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "This is getting complicated..."

Magic Circle

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: 10 ft

Components: V, S, M (Holy water or powdered silver and iron worth at least 100 gp, which the spell consumes)

Duration: 1 hour

You create a 10-foot-radius, 20-foot-tall cylinder of magical energy centered on a point on the ground that you can see within range. Glowing runes appear wherever the cylinder intersects with the floor or other surface.

Choose one or more of the following types of creatures - celestials, elementals, fey, fiends, or undead. The circle affects a creature of the chosen type in the following ways.

- The creature can't willingly enter the cylinder by nonmagical means. If the creature tries to use teleportation or interplanar travel to do so, it must first succeed on a Charisma saving throw.
- The creature has disadvantage on attack rolls against targets within the cylinder.
- Targets within the cylinder can't be charmed, frightened, or possessed by the creature.

When you cast this spell, you can elect to cause its magic to operate in the reverse direction, preventing a creature of the specified type from leaving the cylinder and protecting targets outside it.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the duration increases by 1 hour for each slot level above 3rd.



Liliet (Suldae): (Kasimir has Bardic Insp, just in case)

GM: (Ah, feck. That takes a minute to cast)

Something else instead... One moment



Marcus Veranius: "Take back the Crossbow; I'll make due with what I got."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir steadies herself on Marcus's shoulder. "Don't... Fucking... Move." She points a finger gun at the black creature and intones something in Vistani.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

DC14

Half damage

Dexterity Save

29

Lightning

Self

Lightning Bolt

DEXTERITY

Ability: **24**

DEXTERITY

Tree Blight

Ability: **10**

From her fingertip springs a crackling line of white lightning, which rips through the Shadow creature's heart without much visible effect, and continues on to smite the Black Tree, which explodes in a tremendous blast of splinters and flaming clods of ash. There is a final, rending scream, which echoes throughout the forest. All of the Twig Blights immediately die, collapsing into piles of twigs.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Marcus Veranius: "That works!" Marcus's eyes are wide in awe



Ezmerelda d'Avenir blows the tip of her finger to cool it, and grins at Marcus.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae realizes that the tree might just continue like that and hops down from the branches, then nods to it gratefully.

That does not give her much of a better idea for what to do now, though, so she shifts from playing to whispering a song as a prayer, hands on her holy symbol again.

17

RELIGION (9)
Suldae Westwind

She prays to Corellon for guidance and insight on how she could help.

Suldae feels a power stirring within herself...

GM: (Suldae, go ahead and level up.)



Liliet (Suldae): OOOO

ty

GM: (The rest of the party will be joining you shortly, but this is a good RP opportunity to grow Suldae in the heat of the moment)



Liliet (Suldae): (oh fuck im going to be messing w/ homebrew... SHIT)

(i think thats my full turn action lmao)



Marcus Veranius: (You missed a druid)

GM: (Works for me -- needs some time to process new feeling)



Liliet (Suldae): (yep)



Marcus Veranius: (GM needs time to process his kill bar)

GM: (Well, since I can't stack up your corpses, gotta stack *some* corpses)

(What else is a GM for?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (murder tallies are a lot of work y'all)



Hiere Unthere: (lmao)



Marcus Veranius: (60 Blights, 2 druids, 1 Owlbear, 1 Greater Tree)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (did Hiere just move under the owlbear token?)



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir raises his hands, eyes blazing with arcane power, and chants something.

The spell ripples over the landscape, wrapping around the black creature.

WISDOM

Ability: **17**

The spell fails, he feels it in his bones.

"This creature's mind is no great feat to overcome!" he shouts. "It has resisted me by mere chance!"

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus aims more arrows at the creature. On a scale of 1 to NOT GOOD, this is about a NO

*Bolts

22 + 3

FUCK

>Sharpshooter (Heavy

Crossbow+1) (+7)

Marcus Veranius

4*Favored Enemy Bonus/Bonus Damage***21***Piercing***9 + 3***FUCK***>Sharpshooter (Heavy****Crossbow+1) (+7)**

Marcus Veranius

3*Favored Enemy Bonus/Bonus Damage***27***Piercing*

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

7*Favored Enemy Bonus/Bonus Damage***5***Bonus Accuracy***[Precision Attack]**

Marcus Veranius

(Ignore that 7 for bonus damage)

GM: (Final numbers?)**Marcus Veranius:** 25 / 17 to hit**GM:** (Two hits)**Marcus Veranius:****7***Favored Enemy Bonus/Bonus Damage***14***Fire***Alchemist Fire Bolt**

Marcus Veranius

(Ignore the 7 again, fak)

55 Magic Piercing, 14 Alchemist Fire

The black creature moans again in sudden pain. A tiny splash of flames appears where the well-aimed crossbow bolt struck, but the flames die quickly. The Nightwalker reaches slowly up and

plucks the bolts from itself, massive glowing eyes turning towards the one who has brought it pain.

GM: (It is now down to double digits)

(Any movement or additional things? Or EoT?)



Marcus Veranius: "Forgive me for this."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "For what?"



Marcus Veranius casts Zephyr Strike as a Bonus Action. Once during the duration of the spell, his movement speed increases by 30



Marcus Veranius puts the crossbow in Ezmerelda's arms then books it to play distraction for the beast



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "WHAT? YOU WANT IT TO BLAME ME!?"



Marcus Veranius: "I WANT IT TO FOLLOW ME!"

The creature's eyes track Marcus with fixated intensity.



Liliet (Suldae):

ARMOR PROFICIENCY

ARMOR PROFICIENCY



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "OH! I GUESS THAT'S KIND OF NOBLE!" Shouts Ezmeralda, hopping on one leg.



Marcus Veranius flips the creature off



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Liliet (Suldae): oops



GM (GM):

MULTIATTACK

Giant Badger

The badger makes two attacks: one with its bite and one with its claws.

BITE (~-

LOGzETwZANOyHQRMMr_|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-

LOGzF4ZZdWVV99SGvFA_NPC_DMG)

Giant Badger

Attack (~-

logzetwzanoyhqrmr_|repeating_npcaction_-

logzf4zzdvv99sgvfa_npc_dmg)

:

11 | 4

CLAWS (~-

LOGzETwZANOyHQRMMr_|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-

LOGzF4ZZdWVV99SGvFB_NPC_DMG)

Giant Badger

Attack (~- logzetwzanoyhqrmr_/repeating_npcaction_- logzf4zzdwwv99sgvfb_npc_dmg) : 12 18
Damage: 7 slashing

An old man's cry of pain can be heard, muffled by the earth.

The black creature opens wide its mouth and moans. It points a single long, blade-like finger of darkness towards Marcus.



GM (GM):

FINGER OF DOOM (RECHARGE 6) <hr/> The nightwalker points at one creature it can see within 300 feet of it. The target must succeed on a DC 21 Wisdom saving throw or take 26 (4d12) necrotic damage and become frightened until the end of the nightwalker's next turn. While frightened in this way, the creature is also paralyzed. If a target's saving throw is successful, the target is immune to the nightwalker's Finger of Doom for the next 24 hours.

17

Then the tremendous creature glides 40 feet straight towards Marcus, trailing its aura of shadow with it.



GM (GM):

CONSTITUTION Ezmerelda d'Avenir <hr/> Ability: 17 21
--



Marcus Veranius: (Umm)

(Can I have the 18 Divination Thingy)

Ezmeralda manages to hobble out of the way of the shadows before it passes through her area. She's cursing up a storm.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere points his finger out towards Marcus too. "NO, YOU WILL NOT DIE"

(Save die replaced with an 18)



Marcus Veranius: And as Hiere foresaw, Marcus did not in fact die. Between the blessing and foreseen

truth, there was no way Marcus could fail.

rolling 1d4 Bless

(3)

= 3

Wisdom 23

Marcus feels the power of the shadow wash over him, and an alien fear plumes through his chest. Then there is another plume -- a feathered whirlwind. The Raven Spirit within him is not afraid of a little darkness. (Marcus is now immune to the effects of the Finger of Doom for 24 hours.)

GM: (Hiere, you're up)



Hieres Unthere: (hmmmmm)



Marcus Veranius: (Does the Corpse Tally provide half cover for Hieres?)

GM: (Not so much, no)

(Moving this corpse collection to the GM layer)

(Hopefully I won't get confused with all the other horrible monsters still incoming)

(Nahhhhh JK)

(Or am I?)

(I guess Hieres would know -- this is the last monster in this combat, except for the badger, which is on its last legs)



Hieres Unthere: Hieres releases a barrage of silvery beams at the creature, all of them smacking into the beast.

2
Force

120 feet

Magic Missile

that should be at level 4 :(

GM: **10** Additional damage

I think it only rolled the one dart



GM (GM): Wait wait one sec

Right, should be a total of seven darts, or 7d4+7

Go ahead and roll it, please :)



Hieres Unthere: **21**

The Nightwalker roars as it is peppered with crystalline bolts of light. Its gaze turns towards the spell caster.



Hieres Unthere: (oh no)

GM: (EoT?)



Hiere Unthere: (moved and now EoT)



GM (GM):

MULTIATTACK

Rictavio

Rictavio makes two attacks with his sword cane.

SWORD CANE (AS SILVERED SHORTSWORD)

Rictavio

Attack: 18

Damage: 5 piercing

SWORD CANE (AS SILVERED SHORTSWORD)

Rictavio

Attack: 8

Damage: 5 piercing



Henry of Willowsbrook: Ric is blessed



Hiere Unthere: Hiere scrambles out of the way and ducks behind a tree

The roar of a giant badger's death cry, muffled by a layer of dirt, is followed by an old man shouting: "Ha!"



Liliet (Suldae): (i currently have no prepared spells except for domain spells and cantrips, right?)



GM (GM):

Freedom of Movement

Abjuration 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (A leather strap, bound around the arm or a similar appendage)

Duration: 1 hour

You touch a willing creature. For the duration, the target's movement is unaffected by difficult terrain, and spells and other magical effects can neither reduce the target's speed nor cause the target to be paralyzed or restrained.

The target can also spend 5 feet of movement to automatically escape from nonmagical restraints, such as manacles or a creature that has it grappled. Finally, being underwater imposes no penalties on the target's movement or attacks.



Henry of Willowsbrook: so is Kasimir but he hasn't used it yet

Rictavio suddenly bursts forth from the ground like a revenant, clawing his way out of the dirt with surprising ease and agility.



Rictavio: Rictavio spits into the hole. "Bah! You think that's the first time I've been buried alive!? Amateurs, I swear!"

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Since Hiere casted a spell Haste has ended and Henry is suddenly over taken by lethargy

GM: (His concentration hasn't been broken, actually)



Marcus Veranius: (Only if he casts a second Concentration spell)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Unable to move or take action till my next turn)

Oh
well

GM: So you're still good :)



Henry of Willowsbrook: disregard

GM: Go get 'em, tiger



Hiere Unthere: (unless its been 10 round you should be good)

GM: Has not been 10 rounds, unless I'm crazy

But hey who's counting

(Upon entering the shadow creature's aura for the first time on your turn, you do have to make another DC 21 Con save though)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry first throws a Javelin at the monster

13 + 4

30/120

Javelin (30 ft) (+8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

11

Piercing

13 + 3

30/120

Javelin (30 ft) (+8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

11

Piercing

(Why do I always roll unintended extra attacks 11 piercing)

17 to hit

Marcus Veranius: (Extra Attacks are addictive)

The Javelin soars from Henry's hand. (Henry, make a Nature or Religion check)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

9

NATURE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook

can I add Bardic to the nature check?

GM: Yes



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling d8

(5)

= 5

rolling d8

(6)

= 6

14

In mid-flight, the Javelin blooms with white flowers, a moment before striking the black creature in the back. 5

The creature moans again. The Javelin sticks, dealing what seems to be a particularly painful blow.

GM: (Nature spirits have helped you overcome the creature's resistance to nonmagical attacks, and have done a small amount of additional damage)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

7

CONSTITUTION SAVE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Inspiration

23

CONSTITUTION SAVE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook

[CHANNEL DIVINITY]
NATURE'S WRATH
Class: Oath of the Ancients
As an action, you can cause spectral vines to spring up and reach for a creature within 10 feet of you that you can see. The

creature must succeed on a Strength or Dexterity saving throw (its choice) or be restrained. While restrained by the vines, the creature repeats the saving throw at the end of each of its turns. On a success, it frees itself and the vines vanish.

[CHANNEL DIVINITY]

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As Henry charges into the shadows, for a moment it feels as though they will chill him to the soul. Then there is a supernatural warmth around him, and a strange glow surrounds his armored body.



Rictavio:

DEXTERITY

Ability: **15**

GM: (That was not Rictavio, that was the Nightwalker)

(Actually, it would make a strength save, not a dex save... Rerolling, one sec)



Nightwalker:

STRENGTH

Ability: **22**

GM: (Well, I guess either way it passes, assuming the DC is 13)



Henry of Willowsbrook: yup worth a try

Spectral vines rise from the earth to ensnare the undead monstrosity, but they die in the shadows before they can reach it.

GM: (Did you come within 15 feet of the creature?)

Nah I think you're good, nvm



Henry of Willowsbrook: yes

natures wrath is 10ft

GM: Well, in that case



Nightwalker:

ENERVATING FOCUS (~-
LOG_JSTPN5A8KB3FNVU|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
LOG_ZK9NBOSV4RB-HXCC_NPC_DMG)

Attack (~-
log_jstpn5a8kb3fnvu|repeating_npcaction_-
log_zk9nbosv4rb-hxcc_npc_dmg)

:

31

The target must succeed on a DC 21 Constitution saving throw or its hit point maximum is reduced by an amount equal to the necrotic damage taken. This reduction lasts until the target finishes a long rest.

Damage: **27** Necrotic



Henry of Willowsbrook:

13

CONSTITUTION SAVE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook

8

CONSTITUTION SAVE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook

As Henry retreats from the shadow creature, its hand swats at him. The shadow claws pass right through his body and armor, carving into his soul. He feels the weakness that the wound inflicts.

GM: (Henry's max HP is now 54)

(This can be reversed by a long rest)

(Any additional actions/movement?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: that was the movement that got me hit so nothing else EoT

As Henry emerges from the shadows of the creature's aura, weakened and diminished by the darkness, he sees the animated tree approaching him. It has sprouted thousands of white flowers, which flurry down from it in a whirling rush driven by an invisible wind. Henry feels something, some power, move through his soul.



Liliet (Suldae): (oh damn nice)

Henry glows with divine radiance as the boon of the nature spirits enwraps him. The dark mists are pushed back by his newfound light, and the Nightwalker cringes away from the brilliance.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmeralda, realizing that she is far too close for comfort, hobbles towards

Rictavio, casting *Protection from Good and Evil* on herself as she goes.



Rictavio: Rictavio holds up a trophy: An ornately carved wooden leg.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "You sly bastard!"



Rictavio: "Guilty as charged, my dear!"

GM: (She's dashing this turn, with the handicap we'll treat it as difficult terrain)

(Suldae, you're up!)



Suldae Westwind: (yay im done!!!)

Suldae opens her eyes, snapping out of the trance the prayer sent her into.

She feels the blessing of Correllon suffuse her, and knows, this time definitely knows that she has to do this.

What is 'this' remains to be figured out, but she has to. She has been given means to so she could.

She walks forward out of the tree's protection.

Her hand still on the holy symbol, she sings several high notes, calling on the sacred light given to her.



Suldae Westwind:

DC14

Dexterity Save

12

Radiant

60 feet

Sacred Flame

Suldae Westwind



Nightwalker:

DEXTERITY

Ability: 9 | 8



Suldae Westwind: (yes, still a little underwhelming... but better than the goddamn crossbow)

In the light of Henry's aura, the Nightwalker is distracted so much that it does not sense the holy twist of the Weave around it. A blast of golden flames completely envelops the thing in a pillar of whirling fire. The Nightwalker screams.

After the blast, it is a wreck of its former self -- the shadows are patchy and broken, and amongst them you can see the floating, javelin-speared corpse of the druid, hanging in the twisting black mists.

The Nightwalker's eyes snap towards Suldae.

GM: (EoT?)



Suldae Westwind: EoT



Kasimir Velikov seeing the creature turn its gaze upon Suldae, Kasimir races forward and grabs her by the shoulder.

Kasimir Velikov:

Greater Invisibility

*Illusion 4***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** Touch**Components:** V, S**Duration:** Concentration Up to 1 minute

You or a creature you touch becomes invisible until the spell ends. Anything the target is wearing or carrying is invisible as long as it is on the target's person.

The two of them vanish into thin air.

The Nightwalker roars! It is enraged that its prey should be taken from it.

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae mouthes 'thank you' to Kasimir barely audibly.



Kasimir Velikov: "Excellent work, Suldae," whispers Kasimir. "However, I think now would be a good time to remain unseen..."



Marcus Veranius *sweats with concern as the Nightwalker's attention turns. Fearing what would happen if it walks the other way, he goads it out in Abyssal; language of the undead.*



Able: able able



Marcus Veranius: "Nalkruska jiak'm done wiavh lat, jiak'll piukuk par avhe nighav moavher'uk ukhrine! nalkren iuk avhaav?"

~When I'm done with you, I'll piss on the Night Mother's shrine! How is that?~



Marcus Veranius *fires two more arrows at the beast for good measure*

The Nightwalker's head whips around. Its eyes narrow.



Marcus Veranius:

22 + 4

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

2

Favored Enemy Bonus

19

Piercing

10 + 3

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+6)

Marcus Veranius

2

Favored Enemy Bonus

24

Piercing

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

2

Favored Enemy Bonus

1

Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]

Marcus Veranius

(26, 14 to hit)

GM: (Two hits)



Marcus Veranius: 47 Magical Piercing damage

Marcus makes a tactical retreat before he's sure the monster's hit

The arrows stick in the juicy center of the dark beast, and the corpse of a druid falls from the twisting shadows. It lands in the grass with a banal finality. The creature of shadows collapses with a rush of black mist.



Marcus Veranius is still running, scared for his life



Rictavio: "Is that it?" Rictavio asks.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "It's over?"

"Marcus! Marcus, you killed it!"



Marcus Veranius turns around, fear clearly dripping off his face. The corpse of the beast brings some relief



Hiere Unthere: Hiere peeks, still behind the tree

GM: (Excellent job, everyone! You may immediately level up.)

(I have revealed the stat-block, you may note "Life Eater" as a particularly nasty feature)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rests his hands on his knees breathing deeply before standing back up straight and yelling loudly in triumph



Hiere Unthere: (very ouch)

The remains of the shadow creature begin to evaporate into black mists which fade and disperse on the night winds. The corpse of the dead druid remains in the grass, looking distinctly broken.



Suldae Westwind: (yeeeeeep)

Suldae looks around at the field of corpses.

Corpses, and broken piles of twigs on the ground.



Marcus Veranius: "Is everyone alright? No one evaporated? Everyone in one piece and not hell-bound?"



Suldae Westwind: And scorches on everything.

(does Kasimir release the spell?)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Having reattached her leg, Ezmeralda jauntily walks over to Marcus. "You people aren't quite as bad as I thought! Maybe we do stand a chance, after all."

"I'll be taking my crossbow back, now."



Hiere Unthere: "Not sure about that hell-bound bit, but a-okay"



Kasimir Velikov: "It seems to be over. We should join the others."



Kasimir Velikov drops the invisibility spell.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Feeling a bit shortwinded after it hit me but that should pass after some rest"



Hiere Unthere: (gm how are you trying so fast wtf)

GM: English major man



Hiere Unthere: LMAO



Rictavio dusts the dirt from himself methodically.



Rictavio: "Right, well. That was easy!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae bows to the tree spirits.



Marcus Veranius returns the crossbow. "It's a bit weighty. Don't think I have the strength to use it on the regular."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hey guys am I crazy or am I glowing right now?"

The trees bow in return, then settle in and take deep root in their new positions.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae releases the spell.

They bloom with white flowers as the spell is released.

The old oak creaks.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at Henry, smiling dazzlingly with relief and happiness for surviving this.

In Sylvan, it says: "Thank you..."

Suldae Westwind: "You are."



Marcus Veranius: "So I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but there's like... four druids unaccounted for?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "They're probably inside the winery," says Ezmeralda.
"We'd better root them out."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae bows to the tree as well.



Marcus Veranius: "BEFORE they can turn into more shadow monsters."
"Heaven forbid they pull off a backup ritual while we rest."



Rictavio: "Agreed," says Rictavio.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Huh well I'm not doing it but yeah lets go take care of them"



Rictavio: "Luckily, we won't need a light source," he says, nodding towards Henry.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods and comes closer to Henry, inspecting him for wounds. She realizes there are none she can cure, with a touch of fear.



Marcus Veranius squints at Henry. Is this just Paladin standard procedure?



Suldae Westwind: She tugs at her clothing, readjusting it awkwardly as though it could help her feeling that she has laid claim to something beyond what she should have.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere approaches the rest of the party. "I knew he would do that"



Suldae Westwind:

7

INSIGHT (6)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: "I can't argue against it. Glowing seems like a regular paladin activity."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods respectfully towards the wizard. She's seen his contributions to the fight; she has few reasons to doubt his words.



Hiere Unthere:

15

DECEPTION (0)



Suldae Westwind: She looks at everyone.

"Rictavio? Marcus? Ezmerelda?"

"Are you unhurt?"

She boldly presumes the two wizards have, in fact, managed to stay out of harm's way.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere takes off his hat and checks it for wounds.

Suldae Westwind: Suldae automatically checks it out too. The hat seems unwounded.



Rictavio: Rictavio sheepishly exposes some deep slashes on his left arm.

"Had to put my arm in its mouth, you know. So it couldn't get to my throat."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I'm a bit banged up too, actually," says Ezmeralda. "Friggin' badgers."



Kasimir Velikov: "I am unharmed."



Marcus Veranius: "But do you have any spells left? We could try to sneak in and catch the druids by surprise."

"Might work better than a straight assault with a mostly-drained party."



Kasimir Velikov: "I am not weary, I have retained much of my magical energies."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I'm good on that front too, actually."



Rictavio: "I'm in a killing mood, to be honest."



Marcus Veranius nods. "Kicking down doors it is then."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hm" Henry walks over to the remains of the shadow beast intend on trying to recover his javelins

He finds that one of his javelins has bloomed into a small tree of what seems to be holy wood. It is already blooming, and growing slowly before your eyes. It is rooted in the corpse of the dead druid which was the center of the Nightwalker.

The other javelin is still ordinary wood.



Suldae Westwind: (Are we currently taking a short rest?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes the ordinary one and leaves the tree to grow



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sits next to the old oak that was the center of the ritual and starts playing a relaxing song.



Marcus Veranius nudges Henry. "Look at the bright side, most of my arrows just break and become compost."



Suldae Westwind:

SONG OF REST

Class: Bard

Beginning at 2nd level, you can use soothing music or oration to help revitalize your wounded allies during a short rest. If you or any friendly creatures who can hear your performance regain hit points at the end of the short rest by spending one or more Hit Dice, each of those creatures regains an extra 1d6 hit points.

Suldae plays, finding calm and comfort in the action, though she wishes she had her guitar.

Still, the music helps her center herself.

She has the personal attention of Correllon now - the help she asked for.

She understands full well what it is intended for, and has a pretty clear idea of what she'll do with it. There is nothing wrong or off with the practicalities of it.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Oh, Suldae. That's lovely." Ezmeralda stretches.



Rictavio: "Aye. You're a talented musician."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir smiles to himself, as though he has an insight others do not. He knows that the song is magical.



Suldae Westwind: She smiles from behind the ocarina and nods to the vampire hunters.



Hiere Unthere:

10

PERFORMANCE (0)

Hiere starts poorly humming along



Suldae Westwind: Still, once she takes a step back and looks at the situation as a whole, it feels... wrong, as though the world has tilted. But that's not new, is it? It had tilted already, and the changes are coming. Still, there was a difference between willingly taking on a curse - two curses by now - and getting involved in a story - something a bard is meant to do! - and laying claim to... this.



Kasimir Velikov:

Suggestion

Enchantment 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 ft

Components: V, M (A snake's tongue and either a bit of honeycomb or a drop of sweet oil)

Duration: Concentration Up to 8 hours

You suggest a course of activity (limited to a sentence or two) and magically influence a creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you. Creatures that can't be charmed are immune to this effect. The suggestion must be worded in such a manner as to make the course of action sound reasonable. Asking the creature to stab itself, throw itself onto a spear, immolate itself, or do some other obviously harmful act ends the spell.

The target must make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, it pursues the course of action you described to the best of its ability. The suggested course of action can continue for the entire duration. If the suggested activity can be completed in a shorter time, the spell ends when the subject finishes what it was asked to do.

You can also specify conditions that will trigger a special activity during the duration. For example, you might suggest that a knight give her warhorse to the first beggar she meets. If the condition isn't met before the spell expires, the activity isn't preformed.

If you or any of your companions damage the target, the spell ends.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so we are short resting? cause I think both Haste and Bless are up time wise)



Kasimir Velikov: "I suggest you stop humming, Hiere, and listen instead," says Kasimir.



Suldae Westwind: (yeah we are)
(lmao rip)



Hiere Unthere:

14

WISDOM SAVE (5)

GM: (You passed the save lmao)

(Yes, this is a short rest, so Haste and Bless will both fade)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere vehemently disagrees, continuing to hum.



Suldae Westwind: This would give her claim to a higher rank in the clergy than she'd ever thought she'd even approach. Oh, the path of the bard was respected and important in its own way, and she had never been anything short of proud of her calling. But this feels like... *more*, in a way that leaves her shy and uncertain. What is she, now?

Suldae is too busy meditating to her song to notice~



Henry of Willowsbrook: (hello action surge) With Hieres magic fadeing Henry briefly slumps yawning deeply "Man that takes it out of you but definately worth it, Thanks Hiere that really helped" Henry smiles waiting for the tired feeling to pass



Hiere Unthere: Hiere is now humming out of key and off by a sixteenth



Marcus Veranius takes a break to listen and calm down. So much magical conflict over a shoddy building and spoiled grape juice. Casters tearing the world apart to hold their claim. But it was all for Family, and that's what mattered most.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmeralda, seated beside Marcus, leans over with a quiet rustle of silks. Her hand might or might not be on his leg. "Thank you for what you did back there," she mutters. "I think you may have saved my life."



Rictavio: Rictavio is watching the two of them with a great intensity in his gaze.



Henry of Willowsbrook: after the magic induced lethargy subsideds Henry begins rolling his shoulders "So how do we do this just kick down the door and rush whoever is inside?" He Ingores the display quite poinietly

Kasimir Velikov: "I believe that tactic should suffice, yes," says Kasimir.



Marcus Veranius: "You might have saved mine. Heaven forbid you weren't as prepared." Marcus notes the hand and smiles, which quickly fades at Rictavio's judgment



Kasimir Velikov: "If any of them are shape-changers we may need to improvise solutions."



Rictavio: Rictavio looks away. His glasses flash, hiding his eyes from view.

"Right," he says, grunting as he gets to his feet.

"Killing time?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'll do the kicking then if you all don't mind"



Rictavio: "Not at all, dear boy! You may kick when ready."

"The back door should do," he says, pointing.



Marcus Veranius: Oh dear. He angered the old man. This was not good...

"Umm, yes! We should... get going yes."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmeralda catches the exchange and smiles mischievously to herself. "Help me up?" She asks, reaching to Marcus.



Marcus Veranius blushes and quickly starts polishing his hand crossbow's string. A well-oiled bow shoots faster and never catches!



Marcus Veranius also gives Ezmeralda a hand



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Getting un-cross-legged with a wooden leg is tricky business.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Everyone ready? Please do come closer I don't bite...anymore atleast" Henry smiles broadly



Marcus Veranius: "I wouldn't have noticed if you didn't point it out."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmeralda overbalances slightly and nearly falls on top of Marcus. She is slightly taller than him.

"Oh!" She giggles. "Thank you."

"Now," she says, suddenly serious.

"Let's go kill some bad druids."



Hiere Unthere: "...He used to bite?"



Kasimir Velikov: "I, too, am curious about this rabid past."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere checks Henry for teeth



Rictavio: Rictavio lines up behind Henry, sword at the ready.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Butchers boy used to fight dirty" Henry says deadpan while shrugging



Kasimir Velikov: "Are you ready, Suldae?" Kasimir asks, getting slowly and gracefully to his feet.





Suldae Westwind: Suldae finishes the melody with thoughtful tones - she would come back to this -


and gets up, nodding to Kasimir.


"As ready as I'm going to be."


Which is not very. But oh well.

 **Kasimir Velikov:** "Are you alright, Suldae?"

 **(To Henry of Willowsbrook):** /as GM (You may roll the athletics check whenever you're ready)

 **Suldae Westwind:** "More alright than I was previously, technically she tells the mage."

 **Kasimir Velikov:** Kasimir blinks slowly. "That is not quite an answer, but I appreciate your tactfulness."

 **(From Marcus Veranius):** Umm, why am I rolling Athletics? Did I miss something?


 **Suldae Westwind:** * technically", she tells the mage.


GM: (Lol I think whispering to the character whispers to everyone who has access to the sheet)
(Sorry for the confusion, just didn't want to interrupt the RP)

 **Suldae Westwind:** i didnt see anything

 **Hiere Unthere:** ^

GM: Huh... In that case, I don't know

 **Suldae Westwind:** She shakes her head. She does not mean to hide things, just... how does one explain something like this?

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry half turns to look at them before bracing himself and kicking the door

GM: I whispered that Henry could roll his athletics check to kick the door in

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:**


14


ATHLETICS (9)
Henry of Willowsbrook


19

ATHLETICS (9)
Henry of Willowsbrook

 **Marcus Veranius:** (I still have ownership on Henry's sheet ever since I wrote it up)

 **Suldae Westwind:** "I'll tell you later," she says and comes closer to Henry.

 **Kasimir Velikov:** Kasimir nods slowly. He follows Suldae.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Can that be advantage cause I had time to aim)
cause

Henry's booted heel shatters the lock, and the door bursts inward.

A dirty window in the south wall allows dim light to enter this room. Wine bottles are manufactured here, as evidenced by the tools lying about, the wooden rack full of freshly blown glass bottles

along the south wall, the hearth built into the southwest corner, and the barrel of sand standing next to it. A staircase descends underground, and between it and the rack of bottles stands a barred door.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Great more doors"

A *formerly barred door.

A door on the northern wall leads farther into the building.



Marcus Veranius whispers to Henry. "Hey, want to play a trick?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sure why not"



Marcus Veranius holds up a lockpick and attempts to silently open the door



Marcus Veranius:

29

Thieves Tools (9)
Marcus Veranius

Marcus effortlessly picks the lock.



Marcus Veranius grabs a bottle and hurls it as far down the stairs as he can



Liliet (Suldae): omg



Marcus Veranius: "Move quietly. They'll think we're coming from the other way"

You hear the shattering of glass, and the rustling movement of several medium-sized creatures in what is probably a basement.



Marcus Veranius motions for the others to come through the unlocked door



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes the lead



Marcus Veranius follows behind

GM: (Roll stealth checks, please)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

20

STEALTH (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius:

22

STEALTH (9)
Marcus Veranius

Marcus and Henry silently enter the next chamber. The rich smell of fermenting wine fills this large, two-story chamber, which is dominated by four enormous wooden casks, each one eight feet wide and twelve feet tall. A wooden staircase in the center of the room climbs to a ten-foot-high wooden

balcony that clings to the south wall, which has four windows set into it at balcony level. Stacked against the wall underneath the balcony are old, empty barrels with "The Wizard of Wines" burned into their sides. The balcony climbs another five feet as it continues along the west and east walls, ending at doors leading to the winery's upper level. Underneath these side balconies are several doors, some of which hang open.

The balcony creaks, drawing your eye to a wild-looking figure hunched over the westernmost cask, pouring a flask of thick syrup into it. She wears a gown made of animal skins and a headdress with goat horns, and her hair is long and unkempt. Suddenly, you see something skittering across the floor. It looks like a tiny creature made of twigs. It moves from its hiding place under the stairs and disappears behind the easternmost cask.



Marcus Veranius: (To GM)rolling 1d10 Level 9 HP; if Henry's rolling I can too!

(4)

= 4



(From Marcus Veranius): ...I can also take average when the dice say no o-o



(To Tops K.): Lol yes you can



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to Marcus and mouths "capture" while nodding in the druids direction

He seems to ask



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae is behind them.

They know she has a spell for this.



Marcus Veranius squints at the syrup. He shakes his head 'no', then moves to sneak behind the druid.



Marcus Veranius: (Where is Druid on the map? I don't see them)

GM: (The Druid is on the second level, on a wooden balcony)

(To get behind him you'd have to climb the staircase, which is right in his eyeline)

(Eye-line)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at them, not confident enough in her stealth skills to follow.

Kasimir approaches, touches her on the shoulder as he passes, and turns them both invisible once more.



Marcus Veranius points to Henry's Javelin, then to his crossbow, then the druid

Kasimir moves into the room, heading left.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae moves forward.

Rictavio and Ezmeralda seem occupied with the staircase, concerned about the noises coming from below.



Suldae Westwind: (do I still need to roll Stealth for sound?)

GM: (Yes, but with advantage)



Suldae Westwind: (one minute while i open my charsheet)

5

23

STEALTH (4)
Suldae Westwind



Rictavio makes a series of hand gestures. Ezmeralda understands, and moves silently through the doorway after Marcus.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae moves into he room and spos the druid.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns carefully drawing his javelin uncertain on how to proceed



Rictavio beckons for Hiere to catch up.

Suldae makes no noise as she invisibly enters the room.



Suldae Westwind: She takes out the ocarina and plays, muffling the sound with her hand. The druid would hear it now, but...



Hiere Unthere: Hiere adjusts his hat, also disappearing



Suldae Westwind:

Hold Person

Enchantment 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A humanoid that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (A small, straight piece of iron)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

Choose a humanoid that you can see within range. The target must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or be paralyzed for the duration. At the end of each of its turns, the target can make another Wisdom saving throw. On a success, the spell ends on the target.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 3rd level or higher, you can target on additional humanoid for each slot level above 2nd. The humanoids must be within 30 feet of each other when you target them.



Hiere Unthere:

Invisibility

Illusion 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: A creature you touch

Components: V, S, M (An eyelash encased in

gum arabic)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 hour

A creature you touch becomes invisible until the spell ends. Anything the target is wearing or carrying is invisible as long as it is on the target's person. The spell ends for a target that attacks or casts a spell.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 3rd level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot level above 2nd.



Druid:

WISDOM
Druid

Ability: 18 | 10

The Druid seems to stiffen, as though listening. Then the stiffness becomes paralysis.

GM: (Somebody roll a d2)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d2

(1)

= 1

The Druid teeters, his extended arm nearly overbalancing him. He does not fall into the open barrel, despite the paralysis.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Huh" Henry tilts his head quietly he really isn't sure what happend



Suldae Westwind: Suldae walks up to the top flor

Suldae walks up to the top floor



Marcus Veranius motions quickly for the others to move inside, ready to block the door with a barrel



Suldae Westwind: (i dont think i could get visibility over the barrles could i?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shakes his head before going to look for the twig thing he saw

GM: (If you're climbing the staircase you can see over the barrels)

(Make an investigation check, Henry)

Rictavio silently shoves Hiere through the door and closes it behind the party, sealing the glassblowing studio.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

4

INVESTIGATION (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry is unable to determine where the twig blights could have gone.



Marcus Veranius re-locks the door then rolls a barrel in front. That'll screw up the Druid's formation



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes up to the druid and carefully ties him up.

14

SLEIGHT OF HAND (4)
Suldae Westwind



Hiere Unthere: (hiere is invisible but ok)

The druid stares at her angrily, unable to resist her.



Suldae Westwind: (BETTER THAN LAST TIME)

(Hiere might be invisible but if he didnt move Rictavio would still know where he is)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (How many doors are there in this room?)



Marcus Veranius runs up the stairs and... sees the druid being tied up by enchanted rope?



Hiere Unthere: (he had :()



Marcus Veranius: He attempts to secure the container of syrup

On the ground floor there are four small doors, two sets of double doors, and a large pair of sliding wooden doors locked from the inside.

Two of the doors on the western side of the room are open, and a pair of double doors on the right side is open as well.

Henry has found a storage room. Bare hooks line the walls of this storage room. Shelves to the south hold several pairs of stained wooden sandals with oversized soles. Both doors to this room hang open. The one to the west is fitted with iron brackets and leads outside into the rain. Lying on the floor next to it is a five-foot-long wooden beam.

Outside, he can see a small outhouse.



Marcus Veranius:

22

STEALTH (9)
Marcus Veranius



Hiere Unthere: Hiere follows Marcus down the staircase



Marcus Veranius: (I was lookin through logs and saw the earlier request for stealth checks. oops)



Hiere Unthere:

12

STEALTH (3)

8

STEALTH (3)

Marcus finds a small silver vial. The syrup has a distinctly foul and deathlike odor.



Marcus Veranius: "Don't know about you, but I don't think you know enough about wines to make a thoughtful choice of additives."

"Fuck, how much of the wine is lost?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae murmurs "it's me, Suldae, I'm invisible" to Marcus as he's nearby.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tests the door he is standing in front of



Marcus Veranius perks up at Suldae's mention



Henry of Willowsbrook: to see if it's locked



Marcus Veranius: "Hmm, wonder how the wine tastes. Care to have a sip?"

Henry determines that the doors are not locked.



Marcus Veranius moves to the second barrel and reaches in, tankard in hand. He gets a sample and moves for the druid's lips



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry gestures for anyone to come to him

The druid's eyes go slightly wider with serious fear.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rolls her eyes and bats away his hand.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere moves up to beside him and whispers in his ear "hi"



Marcus Veranius frowns



Marcus Veranius: "So this is in fact, the LAST barrel they wanted to poison."

Ezmeralda joins Henry. Rictavio paces quietly through the room, glancing at the labels and the barrels.



Marcus Veranius: "Was hoping it was the first but that look says otherwise."



Rictavio:

INTELLIGENCE
Rictavio

Ability: 12



Suldae Westwind: "The last barrel?" Suldae frowns.



Marcus Veranius: "He wouldn't be afraid of the second barrel's ale if he didn't get to it yet."

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hit Fast and Hard ok"



Marcus Veranius: "Probably started right to left."

Kasimir, invisible, approaches Marcus and Suldae. "It is me," he says.



Marcus Veranius: "Rather than left to right."



Suldae Westwind: "...ah"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Ok," says Ezmeralda.



Marcus Veranius puts down the tankard, wondering what to do...



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pushes the doors open wide runing inside right after sword and shield in hand

Henry sees a startled druid inside the chamber!



Henry of Willowsbrook:

20

11

WISDOM SAVE (2)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Tops K.: (Test)

14

15

Net (+11)
Marcus Veranius

A Large or smaller creature hit by a net is Restrained until it is freed. A net has no effect on creatures that are formless, or creatures that are Huge or larger. A creature can use its action to make a DC 10 Strength check, freeing itself or another creature within its reach on a success. Dealing 5 slashing damage to the net (AC 10) also frees the creature without harming it, ending the effect and destroying the net. When you use an action, Bonus Action, or Reaction to Attack with a net, you can make only one Attack regardless of the number of attacks you can normally make.

>A restrained creature's speed becomes 0, and it can't benefit from any bonus to its speed.

>Attack rolls against the creature have advantage, and the creature's Attack rolls have disadvantage.

>The creature has disadvantage on Dexterity Saving Throws.

Zanshuken:**25****Longsword (5 ft)** (+9)
Henry of Willowsbrook**9***Slashing***14****MW Longsword** (+10)
Henry of Willowsbrook**16****MW Longsword** (+10)
Henry of Willowsbrook**27****MW Longsword** (+10)
Henry of Willowsbrook**Magic Weapon***Transmutation 2***Casting Time:** 1 bonus action**Range:** Touch**Target:** A nonmagical weapon**Components:** V, S**Duration:** Concentration Up to 1 hour

You touch a nonmagical weapon. Until the spell ends, that weapon becomes a magic weapon with a +1 bonus to attack rolls and damage rolls.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the bonus increases to +2. When you use a spell slot of 6th level or higher, the bonus increases to +3.

**Zanshuken:****16****MW Longsword** (+10)
Henry of Willowsbrook**14***Magic Slashing***25****MW Halberd** (+10)
Henry of Willowsbrook**13***Magic Slashing*

Liliet (Suldae):**23****CHARISMA SAVE (10)**
Suldae Westwind**Suggestion***Enchantment 2***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 30 feet**Target:** A creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you**Components:** V, M (A snake's tongue and either a bit of honeycomb or a drop of sweet oil)**Duration:** Concentration Up to 8 hours

You suggest a course of activity (limited to a sentence or two) and magically influence a creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you. Creatures that can't be charmed are immune to this effect. The suggestion must be worded in such a manner as to make the course of action sound reasonable. Asking the creature to stab itself, throw itself onto a spear, immolate itself, or do some other obviously harmful act ends the spell. The target must make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, it pursues the course of action you described to the best of its ability. The suggested course of action can continue for the entire duration. If the suggested activity can be completed in a shorter time, the spell ends when the subject finishes what it was asked to do. You can also specify conditions that will trigger a special activity during the duration. For example, you might suggest that a knight give her warhorse to the first beggar she meets. If the condition isn't met before the spell expires, the activity isn't performed. If you or any of your companions damage the target, the spell ends.

COUNTERCHARM*Class: Bard*

At 6th level, you gain the ability to use musical notes or words of power to disrupt mind-influencing effects. As an action, you can start a performance that lasts until the end of your next turn. During that time, you and any friendly creatures within 30 feet of you have advantage on saving throws against being frightened or charmed. A

creature must be able to hear you to gain this benefit. The performance ends early if you are incapacitated or silenced or if you voluntarily end it (no action required).

CUTTING WORDS

Class: College of Lore

When a creature that you can see within 60 feet of you makes an Attack roll, an ability check, or a damage roll, you can use your Reaction to expend one of your uses of Bardic Inspiration, rolling a Bardic Inspiration die and subtracting the number rolled from the creature's roll. You can choose to use this feature after the creature makes its roll, but before the GM determines whether the Attack roll or ability check succeeds or fails, or before the creature deals its damage. The creature is immune if it can't hear you or if it's immune to being Charmed.



Able: able able



Liliet (Suldae): bop



GM (GM): Mornin' y'all!



Marcus Veranius feels more *in-tune with nature, as if his Fighter and Ranger skills somehow swapped in proficiency!*



Liliet (Suldae): so, last on: I was mildly confused about what the plan is



Marcus Veranius: ...about 1 spell more in-tune. With everything else the same



Suldae Westwind: heheheheheh



Marcus Veranius: ~ZEN~

(I believe the plan is: We don't have one)



Suldae Westwind: yeah okay then more speciifcally i was confused about if i have to keep up concentration on hold person on this druid we have caught



GM (GM): Seemed to me like you were on a room-by-room rampage



Marcus Veranius: (Druids are now confused as to our current position. Round up the rest at our discession)



Suldae Westwind: bc right now its taking up both my rope and my concentration

and most of my spells are concentration spells
so i would appreciate input



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I was going to play whack-a-druid before we ended last tim)



GM (GM):



(<https://media3.giphy.com/media/1ludrxHRnUmT6/giphy.gif>)

My hint



Suldae Westwind: I Don't Like Splitting Up



**Marcus Veranius frowns. "I think we've gleamed all the information they're willing to give us.
Take him out and we'll reconviene with the others."**



Marcus Veranius: "...wait, where ARE the others?"



GM (GM): (@Henry had you already rolled the attacks/damge?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: no



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at Marcus.

He cannot see her but she's looking at him

"..."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir invisibly steps forward, between Suldae and the druid.

"Do not ask this one to kill for you."

He reaches out an invisible hand and clutches the Druid by the back of the head.

Frost creeps over the Druid's hair and skull, the already-rigid Druid shivers for a single moment, then the rest of his head freezes solid. His eyeballs glaze over with frost.

"There," says Kasimir. "It is done."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is not sure who he's addressing but feels very called out anyway. Also grateful, because Yes That Is A Problem.

She sighs nervously as she sees what Kasimir has done, then relaxes.

"Thank you," she murmurs guiltily.

She untangles the rope.



Marcus Veranius is also thankful. He didn't want to risk trying arrows with invisible allies about



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Hiere and Ezmeralda were following me right)



Hiere Unthere: (hiere was yes)



GM (GM): (Yes, I believe that's correct)



Suldae Westwind: "Marcus," Suldae says meanwhiel, a thought gripping her. "Do you *have* a dagger?"



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"No."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hands him her dagger.

(1 regular dagger)



Marcus Veranius: "I know we discussed buying one after that stupid house but I forgot."



Suldae Westwind: "I have more."

"This is now yours."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry having charged into what appears to be a storage room with another Druid inside raises his sword to attack them



Marcus Veranius gives a thumbs up towards where he thinks Suldae is

GM: (Go ahead and roll the attacks, Henry)



Suldae Westwind: She's a little to the left of that but appreciates the gesture.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

14

Longsword (5 ft) (+9)
Henry of Willowsbrook

8

Slashing

27

Longsword (5 ft) (+9)
Henry of Willowsbrook

9

Slashing



Suldae Westwind: (hey, did we see where Henry went?)

GM (GM): (He's downstairs, you can see him from the balcony -- he went through the double doors on the eastern side of the main room.)

Henry's first swing is deflected by the druid's hastily-raised shillelagh, but his second slash cuts the druid across the chest, spattering the walls with his blood.



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE

Druid

Initiative: 8

INITIATIVE

Initiative: 1.1

INITIATIVE

Initiative: 8

INITIATIVE

Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Initiative: 9

Henry, Hier, go ahead and roll initiative



Henry of Willowsbrook: (can I still use my bonus action from attacking him



Hier Unthere:

23

INITIATIVE (3)



GM (GM): Ok, if you can take him out in this turn, he won't have a chance to yell for help



Marcus Veranius:

28

INITIATIVE (8)

Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind:

5.15

INITIATIVE (4.15)

Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook:

10.1

INITIATIVE (0.1)

Henry of Willowsbrook

14

Shield Shove (+9)

Henry of Willowsbrook

Make a Strength (Athletics) check contested by the target's Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check (the target chooses the ability to use). If you win the contest, you either knock the target prone or push it 5 feet away from you.

>A prone creature's only Movement option is to crawl, unless it stands up and thereby ends the condition.

>The creature has disadvantage on Attack rolls.

>An Attack roll against the creature has advantage if the attacker is within 5 feet of the creature. Otherwise, the Attack roll has disadvantage.

(Wanna knock them prone)



GM (GM):

DEXTERITY
Druid
Ability: 12

Having drawn blood, Henry knocks the druid to the ground with his shield!



GM (GM): (Since Marcus is out of range of this particular fight, we'll skip to Hiere's initiative)



Suldae Westwind: uh

Maybe We Should Get A Chance To Get There



Hiere Unthere: (do I have my I5 slot?)



Suldae Westwind: Please Don't Skip My Initiative When It's My Turn



Henry of Willowsbrook: (you don't know its happening I think)



Suldae Westwind: yes but i was going to go downstairs

and check on Henry

either way



GM (GM): If this druid dies right now, no help comes. If this druid does not die right now, he calls for help, then Marcus and Suldae's upstairs initiative will matter



Suldae Westwind: I Was Already Going Downstairs



GM (GM): Just wanted to see if the druid got the jump on them, this is not really initiative since this guy probably own't live long



Suldae Westwind: that was going to be my next action if there wasnt a call for initiative



GM (GM): won't*



Suldae Westwind: i asked if i can see where henry went for a reason

i mean skipping marcus is fair if he didnt want to do that but *Suldae did*



Marcus Veranius: (I am down for the Heavy Platemail Assassin handling things before formal initiative. We have so much stealth and its the clanky one pulling this off)



Suldae Westwind: ofc shell be just walking downstairs at normal pace

but she will be

heee



Hiere Unthere: (Do the barrels count as medium bois? Are there any tinies like pebbles or something around?)



GM (GM): Barrels are mediums, no tinies in sight

The were ravens keep this place pretty clean

Friggin' autocorrect



Hiere Unthere: Hiere silently reappears in the process of animating two of the nearby barrels. The barrels, having been victim to the druids' poisoning, don't take too kindly to this one.

rolling 1d20

(18)

= 18



GM (GM): That's a hit



Hiere Unthere: rolling 1d20 + 5

(17)+5

= 22



GM (GM): Also a hit



Hiere Unthere: rolling 1d6

(2)

= 2

rolling 1d6 + 5

(6)+5

= 11

rolling 2d6 + 5

(5 + 5)+5

= 15

(28 bludgeoning damage)



GM (GM): (Care to RP how these barrels goosh this guy like a stomped-on tube of toothpaste?)



Hiere Unthere: (LMAO)

One of the barrels bows to the other one, which bows back and then proceeds to squish the druid, followed by the other one emulating a rolling pin quite accurately.

The results are Jackson-Pollock-esque. It seems the wereravens will probably need to repaint this room.



Suldae Westwind: (btw the druid is upstairs now dead and that could stand to be reflected in the token)

(also rip)

The kill is relatively silent.



GM (GM): (Alright, we can proceed. We will re-roll initiative next time you find yourselves face-to-face with an enemy who is aware you are there)



Hiere Unthere: Here gives Henry a thumbs-up

*Hiere



GM (GM): (Unless you would prefer to explore the house while in strict initiative order, which is also an option)



Marcus Veranius: (Crit init aint worth it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry mildly disturbed looks over the remains for anything of note while murmuring a funeral rite he half remembers



GM (GM): (We can hold the crit for later)



Hiere Unthere: (can we get barrel tokens)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae goes downstairs.



Marcus Veranius follows Suldae

If there had ever been anything of note on the now-paper-thin druid, it is now paper thin as well.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere pats one of his barrels as the other one nuzzles his leg

The exception are a handful of coins: 14 gp, 8 silver.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to inspect the remaining barrels for tempering while pocketing the gory coinage

The remaining barrels in this room are empty -- they appear to be new barrels, ready to be filled and given a maker's mark.



Marcus Veranius turns to look into the barrel storage room, eyes-wide in terror



Marcus Veranius: "...what sort of rituals were these druids doing..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hiere did it"



Marcus Veranius: "Oh, that somehow makes it worse."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere continues calming the barrels down



Marcus Veranius: "The one upstairs is down. If that WAS one of the druids, then that makes two left."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda takes a peek in, pales, and turns away to fight the contents of her stomach back down.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "..." Henry faltly looks at Marcus while presenting his splattered front



Marcus Veranius: "Do you think both of them are downstairs?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It was worse in motion and possibly but we can't be sure there aren't more anyway"

(do the stairs in this room go up or down?)



Marcus Veranius: "I mean, we were given a headcount of 10 by the owners, and they have a birds-eye view of the place."

The spiral staircase ascends to the next floor.



Marcus Veranius: "Six outside, two down inside."

"Two more."

"...maybe miscellaneous constructs."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Well, we know something was in the cellar -- we heard it."

"So that's at least one of them, probably."



Rictavio: "How do we know that there were only ten? Druids are, after all, shape-changers."

"Oh, good gods. What a mess!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "One of them turned into a badger, I'm not going to just assume our friends missed one or two"



Marcus Veranius: "So are the owners. I'd have thought they would account for it."

"But good point."



Marcus Veranius starts checking behind the barred doors



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stands there, staring at the gory floor. She's feeling more or less fine, she just needs time to process it fully, is all.



Rictavio: "Well, there are some forms one can take that can go unnoticed. I myself once spent a delightful evening on the ceiling of a vampire duchess's chambers, in the form of a tiny spider.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry walks up the stairs to check where they lead



Suldae Westwind: Suldae really doesn't want to ask R what was the delightful part.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere raises a less-clean-than-usual hand to cover Suldae's eyes

Marcus finds that the first barred door he comes to opens onto a veranda with three large half-barrels for stomping grapes in. Henry finds himself on the second level of the building, in a long hallway with several doors on the right hand side.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Someone wanna help me check up here?" Henry calls down



Suldae Westwind: Suldae dodges Hiere's hand and keeps looking.

"Oh, sure!"



Hiere Unthere: Hiere follows Henry up



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows Henry.

(Sorry, Marcus)



Hiere Unthere: (how does one go up?)



Suldae Westwind: (wait for the DM to help)



Hiere Unthere: (ah gotcha)



Marcus Veranius checks out the other doors on the floor

GM: (Henry went upstairs, Marcus is still on the ground floor checking doors)



Suldae Westwind: (we're following Henry)



Marcus Veranius is following henry!



Henry of Willowsbrook: (are you still in visible?)

(invisible)



Suldae Westwind: (if Kasimir is keeping up the concentration, then yes)



Hiere Unthere: (oh probably not)

Animate Objects

Transmutation 5

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: Up to ten nonmagical objects within range that are not being worn or carried

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

Objects come to life at your command. Choose up to ten nonmagical objects within range that are not being worn or carried. Medium targets count as two objects, Large targets count as four objects, Huge targets count as eight objects. You can't animate any object larger than Huge. Each target animates and becomes a creature under your control until the spell

ends or until reduced to 0 hit points. As a bonus action, you can mentally command any creature you made with this spell if the creature is within 500 feet of you (if you control multiple creatures, you can command any or all of them at the same time, issuing the same command to each one). You decide what action the creature will take and where it will move during its next turn, or you can issue a general command, such as to guard a particular chamber or corridor. If you issue no commands, the creature only defends itself against hostile creatures. Once given an order, the creature continues to follow it until its task is complete.

Animated Object Statistics

Size	HP	AC	Attack	Str	Dex	Tiny
20	18	+8	to hit,	1d4 + 4	damage	4
18	Small	25	16	+6	to hit,	1d8 + 2
6	14	Medium	40	13	+5	to hit,
2d6 + 1	damage	10	12	Large	50	10
+6	to hit,	2d10 + 2	damage	14	10	Huge
80	10	+8	to hit,	2d12 + 4	damage	18
6	An animated object is a construct with AC, hit points, attacks, Strength, and Dexterity determined by its size. Its Constitution is 10 and its Intelligence and Wisdom are 3, and its Charisma is 1. Its speed is 30 feet; if the object lacks legs or other appendages it can use for locomotion, it instead has a flying speed of 30 feet and can hover. If the object is securely attached to a surface or a larger object, such as a chain bolted to a wall, its speed is 0. It has blindsight with a radius of 30 feet and is blind beyond that distance. When the animated object drops to 0 hit points, it reverts to its original object form, and any remaining damage carries over to its original object form. If you command an object to attack, it can make a single melee attack against a creature within 5 feet of it. It makes a slam attack with an attack bonus and bludgeoning damage determined by its size. The GM might rule that a specific object inflicts slashing or piercing damage based on its form.					

At Higher Levels. If you cast this spell using a spell slot of 6th level or higher, you can animate two additional Objects for each slot level above 5th.



Suldae Westwind: yep

you dropped invis

are you keeping up the concentration on the barrels?

GM: (Kasimir is still concentrating)



Hiere Unthere: (yup)



Marcus Veranius would comment about their assumption that a way into the basement exists on the second floor, if not for the fact that the stupid kill manor had one

Ezmerelda and Rictavio follow Marcus up the stairs behind Suldae, Hiere, and Henry.



Hiere Unthere: The barrels slowly roll up the stairs(?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry goes to the end of the hallway first to check around the corners

The barrels, unfortunately, seem to be too large to roll up these particular stairs. There must be a way to get them up here, though!



Suldae Westwind: Suldae peeks around the corner, then steps back as she sees...*something* there.

A second later she realizes she's invisible.

And comes out to look again.

She carefully peeks around the corner, not making any noise.

Through the open door into the chamber at the end of the hall, you see three creatures. One appears human but is so caked with dirt and mud that it's hard to know for sure. Her hair is full of twigs, and her face is hidden behind a veil of moss. She is rooting through the contents of the cabinet and haphazardly tossing them onto the floor. Behind her stand two creatures made entirely of vines. This chamber contains a desk, a chair, a tall wooden cabinet, and a strange contraption that takes up most of the northern end of the room.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (what of that does Henry see?)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes up to her companions and tugs their sleeves in the direction of the room.

GM: (Henry sees the same)



Suldae Westwind: Silently.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry beckons the others to come over

GM: (Does Henry still have his aura up?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Aura of Protection? or the Holy Aura you gave me?)

GM: (The Holy Aura has faded, though it may come back in a time of great need)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Protection is on as long as Henry is conscious)

AURA OF PROTECTION

Class: Paladin 6

Starting at 6th level, whenever you or a friendly creature within 10 feet of you must make a saving throw, the creature gains a bonus to the saving throw equal to your Charisma modifier (with a minimum bonus of +1). You must be conscious to grant

this bonus.

At 18th level, the range of this aura increases to 30 feet.

GM: (Gotcha, stupid question sorry)



Marcus Veranius: (Henry, as always, makes things better by existing)

(This is nothing new)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry is mildly surprised at the tugging "...Suldae?" he whispers



Suldae Westwind: "Let's check out that room together," she whispers back

(also Marcus, mood)



Marcus Veranius takes a peek to see what the hubub is about, then ducks back. Does he recognise the creatures as undead?

Marcus realizes that these are constructs, not undead.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks down at his heavily armored self, caked in druid gore "I think they might notice me"

They seem to be composed entirely of living vine.



Marcus Veranius frowns. Not this again



Marcus Veranius: He draws his crossbow at the ready



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Do you want them to notice me?" Henry asks quirking and raising one eyebrow



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs, then realizes she's invisible.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere steps back a bit as he realises the barrels haven't followed him.

"come on gallonthony, come on pintsworth"

He recruits gallonthony to help him push?drag pintsworth up.



Marcus Veranius gives a thumbs up. "Block the door, we throw volleys from behind you. What are they going to do; you're walking iron."

The barrels scrape against the sides of the narrow spiral staircase, making a terrible racket. Then Pintsworth gets stuck -- completely jammed.



Suldae Westwind: "Just making sure yuo noticed"

The noises inside the room beyond stop.



Suldae Westwind: She smiles at Marcus and touches her holy symbol, feeling a new aura of power from it.

It was always there, she just hadn't been able to perceive it as directly as she can now.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs rolling his shoulders and stepping out "Whats up Weeds Unhappy to see me?"

Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

INITIATIVE

*Vine Blight*Initiative: **4**

INITIATIVE

*Vine Blight*Initiative: **6**

INITIATIVE

*Druid*Initiative: **14****GM:** (Go ahead and roll initiative)**Hiere Unthere:** "shit shit shit no you had to go up breadth-forward" Hiere stops pintsworth from struggling**Henry of Willowsbrook:****20.1**INITIATIVE (0.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook**Suldae Westwind:****12.15**INITIATIVE (4.15)
Suldae Westwind**Marcus Veranius:** (28 Initiative from crit)**Hiere Unthere:** (23 from crit(?))**Ezmerelda d'Avenir:**

INITIATIVE

*Ezmerelda d'Avenir*Initiative: **19**

INITIATIVE

*Rictavio*Initiative: **15**

INITIATIVE

*Kasimir Velikov*Initiative: **20****Henry of Willowsbrook:** (dont you have advanttage on Initative anyway MARCUS?)**Marcus Veranius:** (Yee. I wouldnt be bothered rerolling if the offer to carry the crit was revoked)**GM:** (Marcus, you're up -- you might realize that the noise of the barrel getting jammed in the

staircase has alerted the druid to the presence of your party.)



Hiere Unthere: (Henry also stepped out to greet them)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (why do I have +0.1 to initiative btw It just ocured to me I don't know why that is)



Marcus Veranius *grumbles about wizards and steps forward. He aims his crossbow towards the druid in hopes of cutting off the construct's support*



Henry of Willowsbrook: (After your rukus Hiere)



Hiere Unthere: (this is true)

GM: (It's a tiebreaker addition, to prevent NPCs and players from rolling the same initiative)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (ah ok)



Marcus Veranius: He casts Hunter's Mark and lets loose 4 shots

26		24
120		
>Sharpshooter (Hand Crossbow) (+7) Marcus Veranius		
3		
<i>Bonus Damage</i>		
19		
<i>Piercing</i>		

The druid, hearing Henry first, turns her attention -- and that of her constructs -- towards him. (He has drawn their focus)



Marcus Veranius:

11		24
120		
>Sharpshooter (Hand Crossbow) (+7) Marcus Veranius		
2		
<i>Bonus Damage</i>		
21		
<i>Piercing</i>		
10		20
120		
>Sharpshooter (Hand Crossbow) (+7) Marcus Veranius		

2
Bonus Damage

21
Piercing

21 | **14**
 120
>Sharpshooter (Hand
Crossbow) (+7)
 Marcus Veranius

7
Bonus Damage/Bonus Damage

19
Piercing

GM: Then she's utterly obliterated by a hail of crossbow bolts lmao



Marcus Veranius: (Roll over remaining shots to construct in front)

GM: The first two shots kill the druid, the third one kills the first construct



Marcus Veranius: (...)

(Roll over last shot to 4th construct?)

GM: Wait, hang on

Ok, first two shots kill the druid, second two shots kill the first vine blight (it has 26 total HP, so the first shot doesn't quite take it out)



Marcus Veranius: (Okie)

Marcus's crossbow bolts rip into the druid, pinning her to the wall. Then his next two shots punch through both of the vine blights, striking critical parts of each mass.

The two vine blights crumble into a pile of loose vines.

GM: (They are, after all, not super solid)

Finally, two barrels spring out of the staircase, almost bowling over Hiere in their excitement to be rejoined to their master.



Marcus Veranius: (WAIT, shit)

They can barely fit into the hallway together.



Marcus Veranius: (I shouldnt have made that last shot)

(Fak, bonus actions)

GM: Oh?



Henry of Willowsbrook: "huh" Henry is surprised at how much it still surprises him to see Marcus turn foes into pincushins

Marcus Veranius: (Fleck it, I burn my action surge. Dont want to recalculate this)

GM: (Thank you

(Suldae, roll a perception check)



Hiere Unthere: "One at a time my boys" Hieres attempts to make sure they don't get jammed up again.



Suldae Westwind: "See, Henry, I knew it would be fine," Suldae says cheerfully, clapping him on the shoulder.

Being invisible, she is stricken with a compulsion to make her presence tangible and audible at all times.

11

PERCEPTION (10)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs "I just thought we wanted to be subtle"



Marcus Veranius: "Subtle went out the window with kill barrels."



Suldae Westwind: "This was relatively subtle."

Suldae has a prickling feeling that something is wrong.



Suldae Westwind: "Anyway..."

Suldae trails off.

The source of the feeling seems to be coming from outside, and seems to be approaching.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You tell me" Henry says walking into the room "Would you care to check the other rooms please"

GM: (Marcus, roll perception)



Suldae Westwind: "Something's coming, I think."



Marcus Veranius:

22

PERCEPTION (10)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: Suldae figures she might as well not waste time and goes into the room.

Which she was intending to search.

Marcus hears the faintest sound -- like a faraway heartbeat. It is terrifyingly familiar.

Suldae finds a key hanging from a loop of twine.



Marcus Veranius takes a moment to hone his senses



Marcus Veranius:

PRIMEVAL AWARENESS (UNDEAD)
--

Class: Ranger 3

You can attune your senses to determine if any of your favored enemies lurk nearby. By spending 1 uninterrupted minute in concentration (as if you were concentrating on a spell), you can sense whether any of your favored enemies are present within 5 miles of you. This feature reveals which of your favored enemies are present, their numbers, and the creatures' general direction and distance (in miles) from you. If there are multiple groups of your favored enemies within range, you learn this information for each group.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (...It's the dragon again init?)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes it and quickly glances over the mess, looking if there's anything else quickly identifiable that's useful.

She also realizes that the strange machine is a printing press, which the Martikovs probably use to label the wine bottles. There are bottles of ink in the cabinet, along with pieces of parchment and jars of glue.



Hiere Unthere: (be back in a sec gotta grab dinner)



Suldae Westwind:

30

PERCEPTION (10)
Suldae Westwind

(THANK YOU DICE)

(wasnt the druid looking for wsomething?)

Suldae finds, at the bottom of the drawer, a ledger of some kind.

It contains names -- many names. Some of which she recognizes.

The names are connected by lines and symbols. As a storyteller she realizes that this is a family tree of the Keepers of the Feather.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry searches the room dead druid for anything because if she was supposed to be snooping she would have to be importent no?

the dead druid not the room



Suldae Westwind: She slips it into her back, deciding to look it over later and then return it to the rightful owners - or just return it. Leaving it there doesn't strike her as the wisest course of action, given the premonition.

"...Let's go back downstairs," she suggests.

Somehow being on the second floor feels riskier.

Marcus senses a single undead, approaching from the east.

GM: (Roll perception again, Suldae, as you step out into the hall)



Marcus Veranius: (What type?)

(We talking Wight? Zombie?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so do I find anything on the druid?)

Judging by its altitude, the creature could only be a vampire.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"Strahd is coming."

Henry finds nothing particularly interesting on the druid except for a small stone idol to the Night Mother.



Suldae Westwind:

13

PERCEPTION (10)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: "fuck"

Suldae notices a thick white fog blanketing the vineyard outside the window.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes out nervously.

The fog is getting thicker, approaching steadily.



Suldae Westwind: "So, about that basement?"

Marcus again hears the deep heartbeat from high above.

Not a heart, he realizes -- but a pair of very large wings.



Suldae Westwind: She is not sure it's a good idea, but.



Marcus Veranius: "AND the dragon!? That bastard can't let us have ONE victory!"



Marcus Veranius starts running for the first floor



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows him.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Of cause not He's a raging cunt after all" Henry lets out following as well

Ezmerelda and Kasimir and Rictavio follow.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere sees them running away "oh god p&g try keep up"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "He may not know we're still here," says Ezmerelda.

"We have to find shelter, and hope that he passes us by."

"And he may not be able to enter the manor, since it is technically a dwelling."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Basement?)"

"



Marcus Veranius: "Wont help us if the Dragon melts it!"



Marcus Veranius considers



Marcus Veranius gets an idea

The barrels do manage to make it down this wider spiral staircase, although they scrape the hallway on both sides as they bump and jostle along.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "OR would that be to risky with the stone chugging lizard around?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Didn't Davian mention something about brown mold?" Ezmerelda asks.



Marcus Veranius: "Hiere; do you have a spell known as Rope Trick?"



Hiere Unthere: "Yup do you have a rope?"



Marcus Veranius tosses Hiere some rope



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Right the Mold that grows if it gets hot and then freezes things"



Hiere Unthere:

Rope Trick

Transmutation 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: A length of rope that is up to 60 feet long

Components: V, S, M (Powdered corn extract and a twisted loop of parchment)

Duration: 1 hour

You touch a length of rope that is up to 60 feet long. One end of the rope then rises into the air until the whole rope hangs perpendicular to the ground. At the upper end of the rope, an invisible entrance opens to an extradimensional space that lasts until the spell ends. The extradimensional space can be reached by climbing to the top of the rope. The space can hold as many as eight Medium or smaller creatures. The rope can be pulled into the space, making the rope disappear from view outside the space. Attacks and spells can't cross through the entrance into or out of the extradimensional space, but those inside can see out of it as if through a 3-foot-by-5-foot window centered on the rope. Anything inside the extradimensional space drops out when the spell ends.

Marcus Veranius: "Kasimir; do you still have a casting of Invisibility left?"



Kasimir Velikov: "I can cast it twice more, I think, before I will need to rest."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere grabs it and cuts off a bit, yeeting it into the air as it opens up into a portal



Marcus Veranius: "Hit me once; I need to hide the others outside. They won't be able to escape Strahd's gaze."



Liliet (Suldae): (are we on the first floor? How high is the Rope Trick entrance from ground level?)



Marcus Veranius: (I mean it doesnt NEED to be high in the air. Hiere can hold the end like a foot up and that's the entrance)



Hiere Unthere: (here only took a bit, everyone can climb into it)



Marcus Veranius: (Or up to 25 feet high because thats how much rope Marcus gave)



Hiere Unthere: (hiere)

()

Kasimir touches Marcus, and Marcus turns invisible as well.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (also henry could probably throw people up into it tbh)



Marcus Veranius shifts to birb form and flies as fast as he can towards the Family waiting outside



Hiere Unthere: (in front of the rest??)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Wait, where are you going!?" Ezmerelda asks, practically shouting. She doesn't realize he has already flown away, since he transformed after becoming invisible.)

"Marcus? MARCUS!?"



Hiere Unthere: (oh right)'



Henry of Willowsbrook: "He'll be fine"



Rictavio: Rictavio chuckles. "Oh, I haven't seen a good rope trick since my last trip hunting mummies in the sands of Sekhar-Tesh."



Suldae Westwind: (yeah im curious what will happen if the manor gets destroyed)



Hiere Unthere: "I know"



Suldae Westwind: (it wont hurt us but what will it look like when we come out)



Marcus Veranius: (Hope the basement floor is closer than 25 feet down or else it'll be inconvenient to leave the rope dimension)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So just up and inside?" Henry asks standing next to the rope intent on helping people climb up if the they need to



Rictavio: "Right-o, my lad. Be a good chap and make a stool, will you? I'm not as limber as I used to be."



Henry of Willowsbrook: puts his sword and shield away and interlaces his fingers to provide a foothold



Sulda Westwind: Sulda touches Ezmerelda's shoulder.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere begins reaching for his pants, wondering how that would help, then sees Henry.
"oh"



Sulda Westwind: "He'll be fine," she says.
She loves being visible again.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Vampire asshole fast approaching people"



Sulda Westwind: Sulda waits for Rictavio, Hiere, Ezmerelda and Kasimir to get inside first.



Marcus Veranius flies as fast as he can towards the others, trying to figure out how best to break the news

Rictavio is first up, followed by Kasimir. Ezmerelda hesitates, then gracefully clambers up as well.

Outside, Marcus finds the campfire and the family gathered around it, watching their former house fearfully as the dense fog rolls in.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Do go on I'll go up last"

The fog is moving through the forest, threatening to envelop them.



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd is coming and he has a dragon. I can hide up to 8 of us."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere nods at Henry, entering the hole



Marcus Veranius realises he's still invisible, but casts Rope Trick anyways



Marcus Veranius: The rope is visible

Davian: "Then I shall stay," says Davian.
"My family is all that matters."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Sulda Westwind: Sulda tries to show off a little.
* a little

26

ACROBATICS (6)
Sulda Westwind



Marcus Veranius: "This is the best I can do. I'm honored to be considered your extended family."



Sulda Westwind: She flips into the pocket dimension like a circus acrobat doing a trapeze trick, and lands into a graceful position.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a moment to look around and listen before climbing up the rope himself



Hiere Unthere: As soon as he's up Hiere pulls the rope through



Marcus Veranius flies back to the others so as to leave all 8 spots in the Rope Trick for the Martikovs

By now the fog has grown thick around the manor. The sound of wing beats has gotten loud enough for anyone to hear. As Marcus flies back into the house, he finds himself dealing with a peculiar problem. He can't see the rope trick now, and his friends inside it cannot see him.

The Martikovs use the rope trick, and Davian transforms into a raven and stays in a nearby tree.



Marcus Veranius drops a shoe on the ground, which stops being invisible when he lets go of it



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry reaches out of the hole
with one arm



Marcus Veranius grabs Henry's hand, and the shoe



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes the shoe from him.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pulls him up



Suldae Westwind: (god bless having multiple casters in the party)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere examines the magic shoe



Suldae Westwind: (god bless having an all caster party lmao)
Suldae takes the shoe away from Hiere and gives it back to Marcus once he's inside.



Marcus Veranius: "Davian had to stay outside. Pray for him for me."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods and does just that.

Inside the rope trick, you stand in a void of endless white space. No sounds of the outside world can be heard. The trick shields against sound-based spells, and the circle looks a little like a scrying pool -- a window into another place, somehow partially disconnected from reality.

GM: (Roll for Divine Intervention + a Religion check, please)



Suldae Westwind: (Divine Intervention - what roll is it?)

GM: (1d100)



Suldae Westwind:

29

RELIGION (11)
Suldae Westwind

rolling d100

(80)

= **80**

GM: (D A N G)

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry also prays not sure it will help

Re-roll the divine intervention, with that religion check



Marcus Veranius doesn't have any gods to turn to; he only hopes for the best



Suldae Westwind: rolling d100

(91)

= **91**

(WELP)

Suldae's call to Correllon is heard. She feels a note of sadness ring through her mind. Correllon cannot easily intervene in the plane of Barovia.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Could HENry implore his Fey? Nature Patrons to help?)

GM: (Yes -- same rolls)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Could I roll Nature instead of Religion?

)

GM: (Yes)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

15

NATURE (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

rolling d100

(64)

= **64**

rolling d100

(25)

= **25**

(welp worth a shot)



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae prays, sitting on her knees in the white void. She cannot know what is going on outside, and she cannot keep her mind off the family that she did not see Marcus help and off the one he couldn't. She can pray, at least, and hope that Corellon might be able to give at least a tiny nudge that will help.



Suldae Westwind: She feels the note of sadness and understands.

As far as Correllon interfering, mostly *she* is it.

And she cannot help them right now.

She opens her eyes.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry uncertain if it would help turns his attention inside to the bundle of power he knows to be his connection to his patron spirits asking them to help the Matrikovs however they can



Able: able ablr



Suldae Westwind: typo



Hiere Unthere: (back)



Suldae Westwind: E>

The fog rolls in until it presses against every window of the manor. Outside, Davian Martikov is engulfed in the white mist. His family in the rope trick is safe and hidden, and Marcus was wise enough to pull the rope trick a little ways away from their campsite. The flames gutter and die.

The heavy wing beats approach.

Something MASSIVE lands heavily on the roof of the Manor.

Kasimir is touching the mouth of the portal, allowing sound to pass through in only one direction.

You hear the rending of wooden timbers and the shattering of roofing tiles, and the deep sniffing of a tremendous beast.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae whispers a prayer again, her hand on the holy symbol, if only just to center herself, as she listens to what is happening.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere silently orders pintsworth and gallonthony to go out and and try to distract the dude

(OH)



Suldae Westwind: (HIERE DONT DRAW ATTENTION)

(he cannot know we are here)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henrys expression is furious and both his jaw and hands are clenched hard



Hiere Unthere: (the barrels will misdirect)



Suldae Westwind: (not for sure)

With a great rush of slithering scales, Vorgansharax the Black pushes through the shattered roof and into the second story of the building. Timbers and beams plummet and crash to the ground of the main floor.



Henry of Willowsbrook: He absolutly HATES feeling helpless

Vorgansharax's serpentine neck moves and twists, his snout ruffling with each deep, nostril-distending breath. Vorgansharax smells the flesh of humans and elves.

Vorgansharax briefly examines the chamber with the smashed druid.

Vorgansharax raises his head and unleashes an ear-splitting, thunderous roar.

Vorgansharax lowers his head once more and calmly unleashes a vast jet of acid, searing through the floor of the winery. A druid and his needle blights scream as the cellar is exposed by the gush of acidic breath.



Suldae Westwind: (haaaaaa)



Davian Martikov:

ACID BREATH
(RECHARGE 5-6)
Ancient Black Dragon

The dragon exhales acid in a 90-foot line that is 10 feet wide. Each creature in that line must make a DC 22 Dexterity saving throw, taking 67 (15d8) acid damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.



Suldae Westwind: (tfw your enemies are not allied)

61



Hiere Unthere: Hiere ups the most shut he's ever been



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tenses up further at the sounds of wanton destruction anger and frustration roiling inside of him

What follows is an orgy of destruction. Vorgansharax's tail and claws wreck everything in the manor. The second story collapses, and portions of the floor are smashed right through to the cellar. Load-bearing walls crumple like tin foil.

Finding two draft horses tethered in the stables, Vorgansharax devours them each with a single bite.



Marcus Veranius 's eyes close tight. He shakes, the familiar sounds of melting, screaming lungs bringing great discomfort



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sits, breathing regularly. She's semi-meditating, letting the sounds flow through her and letting her imagination draw up the rest.

No reaction.

As the timber and masonry crumbles and all that was the Wizard of Wines winery becomes a heap of smoldering wreckage and steaming, acid-charred stone, Vorgansharax pauses, and raises his head.

A figure descends from above, light as a specter.

A black cloak ruffles in an otherworldly breeze. Strahd Von Zarovich descends weightlessly toward the ruined dwelling, which his feet can now enter.

He lands lightly on the ruined stone of the main floor.

He looks around calmly, taking in the destruction.

He sniffs the air ever so delicately.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry uncoincously moves closer the exit anger and pure hatred nakedly visible in his frame stoping at the edge
stopping only at the edge of the exit



Strahd von Zarovich:

PERCEPTION
Strahd von Zarovich

Skill: **21**

Strand Von Zarovich smiles slightly to himself.

"They were here, my friend," says Strahd.

"We have missed them by only a few minutes."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae reaches out for Henry and tugs him back.

"We are a coil," she tells him, "still tensing, before we can spring."

"Stay calm, for now."



Henry of Willowsbrook: He shurgs her of but still steping back

Strahd raises a hand. The corpse of a druid with a frozen head flies towards him, lifting like a puppet.

Strahd touches the dead druid on the lips.

The dead druid gasps and sputters as a semblance of life is forced into him.

"Where have they gone?" Strahd asks.

The druid does not know.

Strahd swings a hand, shattering the frozen skull like so much snow.

The druid's corpse drops back to earth.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae puts a hand on Henry's arm.

"These ones are not like the others," says Strahd. "They may yet prove to be a worthy challenge."

Vorgansharax says, in Draconic: "This one's scent is familiar -- but altered. He has taken on new attributes."

"Avian?" Asks Strahd.

Vorgansharax seems unsure.



Suldae Westwind: "Well," Suldae murmurs. "he at least suspects."

Strahd chuckles. "Perhaps Baba Lysaga was not as mistaken as I had imagined. These bird-folk will have to be dealt with."

"A pity. In a few more hundred years, I could have turned them to my own ends."



Suldae Westwind: She breathes in and out, taken by terror suddenly.

Now that's a warning they'll need to pass on.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Please not now, leave me to it for a moment" Henry grinds out "I need this...rage...if only for a bit"



Marcus Veranius grabs Henry, thankful his face could not be seen for what it was. New dread, new pain.



Marcus Veranius: Another family to lose



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hugs Marcus from behind.

She presses him tightly to herself, having a vague idea of what's going through his head right now.

She cannot think of anything to say, only hold tight.

Rictavio has gone quite pale with rage. He is vibrating slightly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns his head up eyes closed and begins taking deep breaths that ever so slowly wash away hit tension



Hiere Unthere: Hiere sits cross-legged in silence, as these strangers around him suffer

Ezmerelda seems to be in shock.

Suddenly taken by an interesting idea, Strahd reaches a lazy hand out. A crystal sphere emerges from within his black cloak, which is darker than any darkness ever seen by mortal man. It seems it may be a demiplanar entrance.

The crystal sphere hangs before him. He passes his hands over it, and light glimmers within.



Hiere Unthere: He removes his top hat, placing it in his lap

After a moment, Strahd frowns slightly.

"Interesting. Either the little elf is stronger than I gave her credit for, or she is no longer on this plane."

Vorgansharax says: "Perhaps a demiplane?"

"Naturally," says Strahd. "There is no other option. There is no escape from Barovia."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry opens his eyes still taking deep breaths



Suldae Westwind: Suldae raises her eyebrows and wonders if there's any other 'little elf' around he might be referring to.

Probably not.

Given context.

"How curiously frustrating. Perhaps we will need to prioritize the recapture of our friend on Mount Baratok."



Suldae Westwind: She really hopes Strahd is, in fact, giving her too little credit.

"Shall I stay here, in case they return?" asks Vorgansharax.



Suldae Westwind: Mount Baratok. She commits that to memory,

Strahd laughs. "There is nothing to return to."

"Continue the hunt. Bring me any possessions, the bodies of anyone they have slain, any body parts you can find. A single arrow caked in blood would suffice."

"This has been a waste of time."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae wonders where the family of wereravens can go after this. Vallaki? The town nearby - oh. The wine. Well, so much for that, it seems.

Strahd levitates once more, soaring out of the wreckage weightlessly. The Crystal Orb dives back into his cloak, vanishing instantly.

Within a few moments, he is gone. The white mist retreats.



Suldae Westwind: She wonders what Strahd wants their possessions/kills for. It's not like it will be hard for the dragon to find some around here...

Vorgansharax takes a final sniff around the grounds of the vineyard, then with a mighty whoosh of his wings, he too is gone.



Suldae Westwind: Really doesn't sound great.



Marcus Veranius slumps, exhausted. He knows exactly why Strahd needs those things.



Suldae Westwind: "Well," she says finally, "it looks like the wereravens over there should be fine."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "So," says Ezmerelda, her voice shaking slightly. "That was Strahd Von Zarovich."



Suldae Westwind: "He didn't even look for them."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Interesting fellow."



Rictavio: "Indeed," says Van Richten.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'll run him through"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae lets go of Marcus, though leaves her arms at his sides still.



Marcus Veranius: "Patience. Let the spell expire." Marcus speaks, voice a cold mix of fury and pain.



Suldae Westwind: (btw Kasimir is no longer invisible)



Marcus Veranius: He focuses inwards, intent on scrying Strahd out of the 5 miles he can sense him.



Suldae Westwind: (hasnt been for some time)



Marcus Veranius: (Sensing. However Primeval Awareness works)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rolls his shoulders "I wasn't going to rush after him like some fool, just ...sharing my dreams you could say" his tone is strained with anger but seems like it was supposed to sound light or maybe sardonic

Marcus Veranius: "The wine was poisoned. The grape plants long expired. The tears long stolen. The vineyard decommissioned."

Marcus senses Strahd's inhuman speed, and feels it as the vampire leaves the range of his ability to sense him.



Marcus Veranius: "All he did was melt a bundle of oddly-cut wood and stone."



Suldae Westwind: "I'm sorry," Suldae tells Henry. "I've learned to not presume."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shakes his head "Years and years of hard, honest work ruined in what? 2 minutes by some monsters fancy" He runs a hand over his face "Fuck this and fuck him"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "When the time comes, we will make him pay," says Ezmerelda.

"And there may still be wine in the cellar, actually."

Ezmerelda says this like someone who has good instincts about wine.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Hiere Unthere: "hey.. who was that?"



Marcus Veranius: "If there is, that makes our next move easier."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "The 'Master' of this realm and the monster we are going to kill"



Hiere Unthere: "he really goes out of his way to be a massive prick"



Rictavio: "That, my friend, was Strahd von Zarovich. A cruel and petty tyrant."



Suldae Westwind: "He does," Suldae nods to Hierie's words.

Wise, they are.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir lowers his hood, revealing his mangled ears.

"We all have lost much to that being who was once a man."

"He is a devil now -- or as close to it as any mortal has ever come."



Marcus Veranius: "But this is a new development."

"I have met Strahd three times."

"The first, he saw me as nothing but furniture in that cursed house."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a very deep breath "While we wait does anyone have some rags I could use to clean up ...this" he gestures to his still quite gory legs and chest



Marcus Veranius: "The second, he saw me as a thorn to his siege of Vallaki."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir waves a hand. The gore and blood vanishes in the wake of his Prestidigitation.



Marcus Veranius: "That he now sees us as a threat means we can now make him afraid."



Suldae Westwind: "It also means that he'll devote that much more effort to hunting us down," Suldae notes.

"Though, better us, than..."

She trails off.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Thank you kindly Kasimir" Henry nods at him tone now almost at his normal mildness



Kasimir Velikov: "Think nothing of it, my friend. It is a simple cantrip."



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd's search for our kills and disposed-of objects is him attempting to scry us out. Any information he can get. He did the same trying to find Ireena, using Ismark's corpse to find the house, then his flask to find Ireena."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere gives them all the wide look eyes



Suldae Westwind: "I can do that too, by the way," Suldae murmurs.

"Just.. ask me. I'm getting a little too used to this."

She takes out the ocarina and starts playing, mending all the damage done to armor and clothes.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Aw, thank you Suldae!" Ezmerelda says. "My leg was dented by that stupid badger. You fixed it!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sulking doesn't suit you Suldae" Henry says with lopsided grin pulling her close for a hug
suit



Kasimir Velikov: "I wonder why he did not see the other kills, outside?"



Suldae Westwind: She nods, playing the song on.

She leans into Henry's hug, still playing.



Hiere Unthere: "the.. what now?"



Kasimir Velikov: "The corpses we left behind," says Kasimir.



Suldae Westwind: It's a little awkward to play while being hugged, but she's not complaining.



Marcus Veranius shrugs. "He wouldnt have gained any more information than the druid's head."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at him. That is, indeed, a great question.



Marcus Veranius: "This is a game of hunter VS hunter."



Kasimir Velikov: "If any of us left our arrows or javelins in the corpses, he could," says Kasimir.



Hiere Unthere: (goddammit tops)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry leans down and whispers "Thank you" into her ear quite enough even Kasimir's elven hearing should miss it



Marcus Veranius blinks, thinking of Kasimir's suggestion. He's right.



Marcus Veranius: "...we'll check the yard when Rope Trick expires."



Hiere Unthere: "...we have a while"

Henry of Willowsbrook: "One of my Javelins started to turn into a tree, That might have helped with that" Henry opinions



Suldae Westwind: Suldae closes her eyes, relaxing into her companion's embrace, and keeps playing. A song of simple, warm, sturdy things. A roof to sleep under, a bed to sleep in, a door to shut against the world outside. Comfort taken in mundanity, in having things that will serve you well, no matter what people do.

She thinks the plants outside that she'd animated might be helping with the cleanup, but does not allow that to interrupt the song.

Suldae feels a spiritual harmony playing somewhere nearby. It seems to grow in power as she plays.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere wonders where that shoe is

Outside the windows, the dawn light is beginning to rise. It has been a long night.



Marcus Veranius: (I thought it was afternoon)

GM: (Pretty sure you started your attack at nightfall? Resting through the day before, remember?)
(Since one among you cannot gain any benefit from long-resting at night)



Suldae Westwind: (...it has been a very short night.)
(How far north is Barovia? XD)



Marcus Veranius: (Arrived at dawn after Hell Night, rested to Noon. Afternoon of Demon Hell, Winery Raid in the evening)



Suldae Westwind: (I think we rested until evening)
(let me check)



Marcus Veranius: (Not even evening; maybe like 3 PM)

GM: (I was pretty sure you started the raid after nightfall, but I could be crazy)



Marcus Veranius: (I've been keeping track of the time since Marcus's lycanthropy works on Sonic Unleashed mechanics)



Hiere Unthere: (LMAO)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I'm pretty sure if anything it should Turn dark now if even that



Marcus Veranius: (OK, backlog dived. We left Kresek BEFORE dawn's light broke)



Hiere Unthere: (rp noises)



Marcus Veranius: (However long we took to get to the winery, maybe a handful of hours)
(+ 9 hours resting)



Suldae Westwind: (We spent the entire day resting, and Davian woke us up when they started the ritual)

(which makes sense to be during the night as DM said)

After Suldae finishes mending everything, she spends time telling stories.

Stories of light and joy, and triumph over darkness.

Children's tales with happy endings.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere occasionally interjects saying that he knows that happened



Suldae Westwind: Some of them she alters from original versions to be a little less disturbing.

She summons up her memories of tales of chivalry and miracles.

>>>>> rewinding time a little

As Suldae plays, she feels spiritual, otherworldly harmonies building in power just outside the rope trick.



Suldae Westwind: She keeps playing, eyes closed, keeping the melody to the same tone. She lets the harmony flow through her, letting the power into her music.

The harmony beyond the rope trick grows in power, and suddenly there is a crescendo of glass and timber. A shattered window has sprung up from the floor, each shard reconnecting to its brethren, and the window is socketed once more into place -- whole and undamaged.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes in and out.

Oh.

She hops out of the rope trick space and keeps playing, tapping her foot and upping the tempo a little.

She feels the Weave stretch and bend around her.

Too much magic has been done here for it to not be... pliable.

Fallen timbers leap back into position. Shattered windows dance back into place. Broken barrels and spilled wine recollect themselves. The second floor jumps back into position all at once, simultaneous with the load-bearing walls. The roof rushes back up as though falling in reverse, and with a clunking of roofing tiles, the damage is undone.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere claps excitedly

The last stone slots into place with a satisfied crunch.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae brings the song to crescendo, then gently winds down.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follows her outside to see what's going on and well because she jumped out alone

The harmonies continue for a while, dancing around the vineyard.



Suldae Westwind: Strahd might be the master of this realm, but it is not so vulnerable to him and he might want.

Suldae goes around where she remembers the fighting, starting up a new melody, cleaning up the grime and dirt and blood.

Soon the place looks almost better than new.



Suldae Westwind: She doesn't think she can do anything about the poison, but she is sure the wereravens can handle that.

She comes back to the rope trick space and smiles at Henry and everyone else she presumes is watching.

"He is not so powerful as he thinks," she says.

"When he pushes, the land pushes back."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir rubs his chin thoughtfully.

"Most intriguing..."



Marcus Veranius looks outside, the smell of acid having ceased, then smiles wide.



Marcus Veranius: "Then it's our job to meet it halfway and push back just as hard."



Suldae Westwind: "Now just to hope he doesn't come back when they're here," she murmurs. "Here's to stirring up more trouble elsewhere."



Marcus Veranius: "And I have just the plan! Strahd won't see it coming."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tilts his head and raises an eyebrow before holding out a hand wreathed in golden and emerald light "You don't say"



Suldae Westwind 's initiative is **20**



Suldae Westwind 's initiative is **7**



Suldae Westwind 's initiative is **20.15**



Liliet (Suldae): so I think we were going outside to look at the druid corpses which might or might not still be there



Zanshukun: Henry was already on his way out



Marcus Veranius knows they aren't there. Acid does a good job of erasing all traces of a person.

Outside, you hear the singing of a turtledove.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Is this the right environment for turtledoves? Henry wonders

Scratch that. It's definitely an owl.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

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NATURE (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Hiere Unthere: Hiere hops out of the rope trick soothes Gallonthony and Pintsworth as they gently fall asleep.

*and



Marcus Veranius slides down the Rope Trick and offers to help everyone else down as well



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry makes his way to the backyard of the winery to see if the dragon took any of the corpses they left there...and to check on the tree that once was his javelin




Liliet (Suldae): (why is turn order still on?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry is about to run into a hambush..and its gone)

Hiere Unthere: (ham bush?)

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (like an ambush only porkier)


 **Liliet (Suldae):**


 **GM (GM):** one sec


 **Liliet (Suldae):** E>


 **Hiere Unthere:**
ε>


As Henry steps outside, he sees a curious sight: his javelin has bloomed into a grand tree, fully-grown, covered in white flowers. Where the corpses fell, you see strange masses of dead leaves, covering them from view. Small plants seem to be growing from them, pushing up through the mulch, already tipped with tiny green leaves.


 **Liliet (Suldae):** Suldae comes outside and stops in awe.


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Magic is wierd man" Henry mutters to himself while approaching the tree


 **Liliet (Suldae):** (let me check the duration of speak with plants)
(nm it has run out by now)

 **Kasimir Velikov:** Kasimir, following Suldae, stops. He smiles and breathes deeply, as though drinking in something in the air.


 **Marcus Veranius looks over the strange sight. "Remind me to consult you if my carrots aren't growing in right."**


 **Kasimir Velikov:** "This is your doing," says Kasimir, looking at Henry.
"And yours as well," he says, to Suldae.


 **Hiere Unthere:** "I was about to say that"


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "If you say so" Henry says absentmindedly running his hand along the trees bark

A flurry of leaves moves suddenly across the yard, dancing from the new tree to the Old Oak. For a moment, it looks almost like the shape of a young woman running.

 **Kasimir Velikov:** "I believe that may be a dryad," says Kasimir.

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae walks slowly over the clearing, bending down to gently stroke the leaves of the new growths

 **Hiere Unthere:** "GAH! there's more!"

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** to Marcus he replies "Don't need magic for that just some proper planting"

 **Suldae Westwind:** She bows to the dryad.

 **Hiere Unthere:** "oh"

"of course"

Suldae recognizes the new growths as grape vines. Perhaps the same ones she spoke to!

Or the descendants of them, at any rate.



Suldae Westwind: "Well," she says gently, "it seems as though wine will continue to be made here."



Rictavio: Rictavio emerges from the doorway and eyes the situation. "Well, that's convenient. Let's hope Nature continues to cover our tracks."



Suldae Westwind: She closes her eyes and breathes in the air. She was part of something bigger, here, and it feels as though the entire land breathes joy.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmeralda, at Marcus's shoulder, says "I think it may still be wise to take precautions wherever we go."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Right wine" Henry mutters "We promised to get some for the people of Krezk"



Suldae Westwind: "Good plan," Suldae chuckles, turning to Esmerelda.

"We should go check on the family and tell them how it went here."



Marcus Veranius: "I need to start collecting my arrows more diligently." Marcus murmurs. At least the land was starting to fight back against Strahd's oppression. That, or Henry and Suldae managed to recreate the ancient wizard's magic and manufacture a 4th seed.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns "I'll go check if there is any untainted wine left"



Marcus Veranius: "I'd suggest purifying it to rid the poison but that probably won't help the taste."
"Beggars can't be choosers though. Bad wine is better than no wine."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: In the cellar, Henry finds seven barrels of sealed, untainted wine.

In the cellar, Henry finds seven barrels of sealed, untainted wine.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry begins moving them upstairs

The wine still in the vats has all been poisoned, unfortunately.



Hiere Unthere: "Henry no! Not the stairs"

Henry finds a barrel track in one of the towers. It spirals up from the cellar, allowing him to get it to the main floor.



Hiere Unthere: "I warned you about stairs man!"
"I told you dog!"

Here suddenly realizes that the stairs he was meant to warn Henry about are actually in a castle, not a manor. Oh well, it's an easy mistake to make.

Hiere*



Suldae Westwind: Suldae decides that moving heavy things is not what she's here for and sits in the yard playing instead.

Henry of Willowsbrook: moving up the ramp Henry turns to Hiere "You know what I'm not even going to ask"



Suldae Westwind: This time, it's just for the company's benefit - a lovely, uplifting tune.

The leaves and petals dance, although there is no breeze.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere tries to take a barrel up the ramp in his everlasting quest to become more ripped than Suldae



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry muses if he could carry more than one barrel but decides that the risk of dropping them and spilling the wine isn't worth the extra bit of exercise

Henry effortlessly moves the barrels like a beast. Hiere makes it halfway before he has to take a break.



Marcus Veranius heads to the other Rope Trick with Ezmeralda in tow. Best to see how the family is doing before pillaging their wine cellar



Hiere Unthere: "I'm.. I'm okay"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae joins Marcus.

She follows at a distance, playing for her own entertainment, to minimize third wheeliness.



Ezmeralda d'Avenir: "You were good, back there," says Ezmeralda.

"I'm sorry about your family. Next time we face that dragon of yours, the outcome will be very different. I have a good feeling about that."



Marcus Veranius smiles



Rictavio: "And her good feelings are never wrong!" Says Rictavio, clapping Marcus on the back. He somehow has managed to insert himself between the two of them.

"Funny thing about Vistani -- they all have a bit of magic in them. Prophetic visions, the gift of the evil eye, good stuff."

"But she's right. Next time you face the dragon, you won't be facing him alone."



Marcus Veranius goes silent at Rictavio's interjection, somehow not comforted by having more allies to lose. But it wasn't like he could take on the dragon alone...



Marcus Veranius: "...yeah. It'll go better. For sure."

Coming through the trees, the party comes across the campsite. The fire has died, the ashes have cooled. The family is nowhere to be seen. Presumably, they have pulled the rope up into the rope trick.



Rictavio:

(Perception checks)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes closer, having also missed Rictavio's appearance.



Marcus Veranius:

PERCEPTION (10)
 Marcus Veranius

Marcus spots a small black form lying at the base of a nearby tree.

It is a dead Raven, lying on its back with its legs in the air.

It must have suffocated in the deadly fog, and fallen from its perch.



Suldae Westwind: There is no more point in trying to not third wheel.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: oh wow



Marcus Veranius: No ending was ever perfect.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae kneels next to it, unsure what to do next.

She sits there in silence, paying respects as best she can.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Is that...?"



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir mutters an elven prayer.



Marcus Veranius: "The rope trick could only hold 8 people."

"One family elder stayed behind."



Rictavio: "Well, it's a good thing we got some wine! The poor bastard's family will be needing a good drink."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda gets calmly to her feet and punches Rictavio on the shoulder. It sounds like it was a good punch.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae flips R off without moving from her place otherwise.



Marcus Veranius kneels, a mix of mourning and bitter regret. Everyone was saved except the one person he needed to negotiate with. How was he to get the Feather's blessing for a spouse now?



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Go," says Ezmerelda. "Go sit with your face to a tree and do not come back until you have felt shame."



Rictavio: Rictavio begins to protest, but seeing the thunder in her brows, he obeys, walking off a short distance into the trees.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda crouches again beside Marcus, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"Does that mean his family is around here, somewhere?"

"I am unfamiliar with this spell."



Marcus Veranius: "Several meters southwest in an invisible pocket dimension. I... don't think he's in their sight."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Let us at least put him into a more dignified position," says Ezmerelda.



Hiere Unthere: (they would've been pooped out the rope trick after an hour right?)

Marcus Veranius nods, laying the elder on its... side? What's a dignified position? Is it dignified to move him at all?



Marcus Veranius is a bundle of frustrations and doesn't have the patience for figuring out bird etiquette.

The hour ends. There is a quiet whooshing sound as a demiplane turns itself inside out, dumping several people in the ferns nearby.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is still sitting in the same position, quietly mourning.

Adrian Martikov gets to his feet, then helps up Elvir, Stefania, and Dag Tomescu.

Adrian: "Is the vineyard still there? What happened with the dragon? Are you all alright? What are you all looking... at..."

Stefania covers the eyes of Martin and Viggo.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

Dag, holding the infant Yolanda, presses her close to himself with one arm, and puts the other around his wife's shoulders. It is her father, after all.



Marcus Veranius has no words that could help. No comfort could brace this

Elvir stands a little apart from the others, his fists clenching and unclenching.

Adrian: "Of course... The fog..."

Adrian beats his forehead with a fist.



Marcus Veranius: "Baba Lysaga has made her move. Strahd marches to war against the Feather."



Suldae Westwind: "...I'm sorry," Suldae says, and it is not a platitude. She is overwhelmed with the bitter feeling of shame, the feeling that they could have done better, could have done more. It should not have been like this.



Marcus Veranius: "By Damien's name, she shall not breathe beyond the new moon."



Suldae Westwind: (consider this to have ben said before Marcus started talking)

Adrian looks from Suldae to Marcus. He nods, understanding.

Will you join us, for his final feast?

Adrian: "Will you join us, for his final feast?" (Sorry wrong thingy)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae lowers her head in a nod. They could not do less.



Marcus Veranius nods. "We may not have known each other long, but he was family. It is my duty to honor him."

Adrian: "Elvir, will you go find us some firewood? Stefania, he was our father. It is our duty to prepare him."

Stefania: Stefania nods.

She gathers up the body of her father and brings it back toward the camp area, and sets him upon a wooden cutting board.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "What are they doing?" asks Ezmerelda. "Is this normal?"

She says this in a whisper, of course.



Suldae Westwind: "Funeral customs are different from culture to culture," Suldae murmurs to her. This is all the useful input she has.

Adrian: "Father, you died as we all hope one day to die: upon a high perch, in wingéd form! Even now, you rest in the court of the Raven Queen. The duty falls to us to send back the body of your companion. His meat shall not be the food of a wild dog, nor shall the trees and worms of this cursed world know his flesh. As has been done for countless generations, the Feather will Keep the Feather."

Stefania: Sniffing a little, Stefania sets about briskly dressing the small corpse. The work is done quickly. The feathers are collected in a basket, the meat is cut into portions and seasoned.

Elvir: "I found some wood! It's dry enough."

Adrian: "Good, let us start the fire."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae watches. She is actually slightly uncomfortable with this, but... it is not as though it does not make sense.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Oh, when they say *final feast*, they mean..."

"Oh."



Rictavio: Rictavio comes back just then. His face is long and full of an inner darkness. He pauses at the edge of the clearing, and watches in silence.

The fire is soon lit. Incense and herbs are added to the flame, so that the smoke roils up in sweet-scented curls.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is quiet, and looks to other members of the family for hints on how to behave.

Stefania places the meat into a pan and fries it carefully over the fire -- first one side, then the other.



Kasimir Velikov: "Those of us who are not Keepers of the Feather should not partake in this meal," says Kasimir, quietly. "It would break the entire purpose of the ritual."

"Not to mention, it might transmit the curse."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda looks at Marcus. A small spot of color rises to her cheekbones.

Adrian: "Who among you is a member of the Keepers of the Feather?"

Adrian, Elvir, Stefania, Dag Tomescu, and the children all raise their hands.



Marcus Veranius raises his hand, a bit nervous of these funeral arrangements. This was not the type of pyre he originally thought it to be



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda raises her hand. "Don't say anything," she hisses to Marcus.



Rictavio: Rictavio folds his arms, raising an eyebrow.

Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir looks as though he means to say something, but stops himself.



Marcus Veranius looks to Ezmerelda with fear, trying to hide it from the others. This was wrong. It was both disrespectful towards their elder and against the oaths of the Feather. It would never be forgiven.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae raises her hand.

She is not looking at Ezmerelda.

There is not much meat to go around. Each member of the Keepers (plus Ezmerelda) is given a single morsel -- not even enough for a mouthful.

Adrian raises his morsel. "To Davian," he says. "May you find rest in the court of the Raven Queen."

Adrian and the rest eat their morsels.



Marcus Veranius turns to the sky, well aware of what kind of disaster this was about to be. He eats the morsel, and inside his head prays for forgiveness



Suldae Westwind: Suldae eats hers. She still hasn't noticed.

Ezmerelda eats her morsel. She swallows.

Her eyes roll up into her head and she collapses in the undergrowth, right in front of Marcus.

Just then, a wagon drawn by two animated barrels makes its way through the trees, led by Henry and Hiere.

Adrian: "Ah! The wine! You saved the wine!"



Hiere Unthere: (the barrels only lasted for a minute!!!)

Adrian: "This is the perfect timing for the Rite of Ascension."



Hiere Unthere: (that's why hiere 'put them to sleep')

GM: (Hiere didn't know that, and the barrels don't know that, so they haven't stopped being alive yet. They were kind of enjoying the whole animated thing.)



Hiere Unthere: (oh)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae notices what happened to Ezmerelda.



Hiere Unthere: (well tbf I didn't know that hiere didn't know that)



Marcus Veranius uses the distraction to cover up Esmeralda. "You will need to continue the rights without us. Wound stitches popped open."



Marcus Veranius attempts to drag her out of sight



Suldae Westwind: She realizes what happened and steps in front of Marcus and Ezmerelda herself.

"I'll help take care of it," she says.



Rictavio: Rictavio crosses the clearing. "I am afraid we cannot join you for this rite, my friends. We have a dragon to slay, and wine to deliver. How many barrels would you like to keep? It is your wine,

after all."



Suldae Westwind:

Major Image

Illusion 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A spot that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (A bit of fleece)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

You create the image of an object, a creature, or some other visible phenomenon that is no larger than a 20-foot cube. The image appears at a spot that you can see within range and lasts for the duration. It seems completely real, including sounds, smells, and temperature appropriate to the thing depicted. You can't create sufficient heat or cold to cause damage, a sound loud enough to deal thunder damage or deafen a creature, or a smell that might sicken a creature (like a troglodyte's stench). As long as you are within range of the illusion, you can use your action to cause the image to move to any other spot within range. As the image changes location, you can alter its appearance so that its movements appear natural for the image. For example, if you create an image of a creature and move it, you can alter the image so that it appears to be walking. Similarly, you can cause the illusion to make different sounds at different times, even making it carry on a conversation, for example. Physical interaction with the image reveals it to be an illusion, because things can pass through it. A creature that uses its action to examine the image can determine that it is an illusion with a successful Intelligence (Investigation) check against your spell save DC. If a creature discerns the illusion for what it is, the creature can see through the image, and its other sensory qualities become faint to the creature.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 6th level or higher, the spell lasts until dispelled, without requiring your Concentration.

Adrian: "A single barrel should suffice!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'm really not sure how ths works but ... Hey What's going on ?"



Suldae Westwind: She casts an illusion of, well Ezmerelda on top of Ezmerelda.

The illusory Ezmerelda laughs convincingly.



Marcus Veranius: "The side-effect of Druids and their pointy thorn-sticks unfortunately. It was a hard

night for all of us."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir walks past, nudging the fallen Ezmerelda with her shoe. She becomes invisible.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows Marcus's lead on how to act about it.

The illusory Ezmerelda says "Yes, I think they had something on those sticks. My hands look funny!"



Marcus Veranius moves a bit faster. To Ezmeralda's wag.....



Marcus Veranius: No. That was a super bad idea.



Marcus Veranius turns to the Wine Cart instead



Henry of Willowsbrook: "What's going on with Ezmeralda she was fine when you left tooh" Henry trails off seeing the obvious funeral pyre

Taking stock of the Matrikovs Henry grimaces "Davian didn't make it?" He asks voice terse



Marcus Veranius lets Henry's catch-up montage cover his escape.



Rictavio: "We need to go. Now." Rictavio utters this in a sharp whisper as he walks past Henry.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere wonders what the fuck is going on but decides not to say anything



Kasimir Velikov: "It was an honor to meet you," says Kasimir, bowing deeply. "May your journey be a safe and blessed one."

Adrian: "Are you sure you won't stay for the wine?" He doesn't seem like he's all that terribly concerned about whether or not you do, and may in fact be hoping you leave the wine to him and his family.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "My condolences" Henry hurries out "We moved the corpses out of the house and eh we're borrowing this wagon...and those barrels"

Adrian: "By all means, borrow the cart. If you're making the deliveries I feel better already."
"Barovia needs its wine."



Marcus Veranius: "I'm still recovering from the Dwarven stuff Danika served me a while back. Half a month and I still have a hangover!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is quiet, for once trying to not draw attention to herself, between the invisible Ezmerelda and the illusion she's maintaining.



Marcus Veranius: "I literally couldn't."



Rictavio: "Who's driving these.... Barrels?"

"Because whoever it is should really get them rolling! We have a Krezk to get to. At this rate we may get there just before dawn."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Take a guess"



Hiere Unthere: "They have names you know" Hiere says curtly.



Kasimir Velikov: "They do?" Kasimir says this with genuine interest.

Hiere Unthere: Hiere introduces Gallonthony and Pintsworth to the fools

Hiere stops talking to himself and introduces Gallonthony and Pintsworth to the others



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir says the names out loud. Suddenly he cracks a smile and bursts into uproarious laughter. "*Gallonthony! Pintsworth!*"



Hiere Unthere: "..."



Kasimir Velikov: Wiping his eyes and holding his stomach, he says "Ah, you have a clever wit."

"I have not laughed like that since..."

His face goes back to a tragic expression of brooding.



Rictavio: Rictavio raises an eyebrow.

"Right, yes, well, let's go."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...Okay then" Henry spurs on the barrels like he would with a horse hoping it will work and questioning what his life turned into



Hiere Unthere: Hiere grabs the reins from him. "stop being mean"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hums under her breath, a boppy melody charming a nearby fae spirit into helping.

Unseen Servant

Conjuration 1 (ritual)

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: An unoccupied space on the ground within range

Components: V, S, M (A piece of string and a bit of wood)

Duration: 1 hour

This spell creates an invisible, mindless, shapeless force that performs simple tasks at your command until the spell ends. The servant springs into existence in an unoccupied space on the ground within range. It has AC 10, 1 hit point, and a Strength of 2, and it can't attack. If it drops to 0 hit points, the spell ends. Once on each of your turns as a bonus action, you can mentally command the servant to move up to 15 feet and interact with an object. The servant can perform simple tasks that a human servant could do, such as fetching things, cleaning, mending, folding clothes, lighting fires, serving food, and pouring wine. Once you give the command, the servant performs the task to the best of its ability until it completes the task, then waits for your next command. If you command the servant to perform a task that would move it more than 60 feet away from you, the spell ends.

Suldae directs the spirit with gestures, grateful for the 'unseen' part of the spell.



Marcus Veranius lays Ezmeralda down inside the wagon, shoving barrels around so there's suitable space. "Oh, this isn't good. We're in so much trouble. There are all kinds of proper oaths and we've broken no less than two in a single night!"



Marcus Veranius: He whispers in a panic, trying not to be overheard by those outside



Henry of Willowsbrook: "To Krezk then" Henry says getting off the cart to walk beside it



Suldae Westwind: -----

THE BIG RETCON



Marcus Veranius uses the distraction to cover up Esmeralda. "You will need to continue the rights without us. Wound stitches popped open."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae Westwind:She casts an illusion of, well Ezmerelda on top of Ezmerelda.

Marcus Veranius:"The side-effect of Druids and their pointy thorn-sticks unfortunately. It was a hard night for all of us."

Kasimir Velikov:Kasimir walks past, nudging the fallen Ezmerelda with her shoe. She becomes invisible.

Suldae helps Marcus move 'hurt' Ezmerelda onto the cart, with the illusion pretending consciousness.

Illusion!Ezmerelda is being quiet, grimacing in "pain".

After several minutes, the cart leaves the campsite and the grieving family behind. Things rattle along in silence for a while, then Rictavio says: "Bloody fool girl."



Kasimir Velikov: "Where are we headed? Do we go to Krezk?"



Marcus Veranius turns to Rictavio with a glare. "It's already done! There's no point scolding each other about it!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has dropped the illusion by now and is sitting with unconscious Ezmerelda in her lap.

(Is she transforming/transformed?)

Ezmerelda has, strangely, not transformed. She is sweating and muttering in her sleep.



Marcus Veranius: "What do we do now? This all happened without the Feather's blessing and they WILL find out in no longer than 5 days."

"The last thing I want is for Ezmeralda to get the Larnak treatment!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ok what in the heavens shinny pants happend?!"



Suldae Westwind: "Ezmerelda lied about being part of the Order of the Feather, ate something she shouldn't have, and now might or might not have gotten the curse," Suldae says.

"Marcus... I think you might as well peck her to make sure she DOES get it."



Rictavio: "Maybe they just didn't cook the old bastard long enough."



Suldae Westwind: "I don't know what's happening with her but it might be wrong."

Marcus Veranius: "ABSOLUTELY NOT! What happened was not in the spirit of the oath but also not against it's wording."

"But infecting her WOULD and WILL!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry Stops to look at Rictavio " Next time I'll deck you "



Suldae Westwind: "...Good point."



Hiere Unthere: "WHAT"



Suldae Westwind: "Hiere, let us save the explanation for when WE understand what's happening?"



Hiere Unthere: "IS HAPPENING"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae suggests.



Marcus Veranius: "THE WORST CASE SCENARIO! KEEP DRIVING DAMNIT!"



Hiere Unthere: "OKAY"



Suldae Westwind: She considers the situation, then starts humming softly.

Goodberry

Transmutation 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: See text

Components: V, S, M (A sprig of mistletoe)

Duration: Instantaneous

Up to ten berries appear in your hand and are infused with magic for the duration. A creature can use its action to eat one berry. Eating a berry restores 3 hit points, and the berry provides enough nourishment to sustain a creature for one day. The berries lose their potency if they have not been consumed within 24 hours of the casting of this spell.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell at a higher level, the berry restores 1 more hit point for each level above 1st.

This is the best she can do - an appeal to the spirits of the land to grant relief.



Rictavio: Rictavio shrugs. "Ezmerelda made her choice, and its effects will play out one way or the other."



Suldae Westwind: She feeds one of the berries that appear in her hand to Ezmerelda.

Ezmerelda -- even unconscious -- manages to eat the berry.



Suldae Westwind: "I can think of worse scenarios than this, Marcus," she tells him.

She groans softly, but does not wake.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hums, rocking her gently.

Hopefully the berry does SOMETHING.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere whispers to Suldae about keeping a hand over Rictavio's mouth



Suldae Westwind: Suldae murmurs "I'm busy, but a good plan" to him.



Marcus Veranius: "And YOU Rictavio!" Marcus turns again, glare redoubled. "I don't know what your problem is; trusting me completely until I idly smile to your acquaintance!"



Rictavio: Rictavio coldly ignores this, walking a little apart from the group. After a while, he says: "There was a rumor I heard a while back, about some kind of saint or monk in the Abbey of Krezk. He is said to be immortal, and to have strange, inhuman powers. He may be just another mask of Strahd, but he may also be a good person to talk to about our little... Problem."



Marcus Veranius frowns



Suldae Westwind: SHORT TIMEOUT

who is walking and who is on the cart and who what



Marcus Veranius is in the cart with Ezmeralda



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry massages the bridge of his nose "Let's get to Krezk first and we'll sort this out when we get there"

Rictavio and Kasimir are both walking. Rictavio is off to the left of the cart, Kasimir is off to the right.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry is walking



Hiere Unthere: Hiere is reining



Suldae Westwind: so is Marcus right next to Suldae then?



Henry of Willowsbrook: about even with the barrels in front of the group



Suldae Westwind: okay, let's say Suldae is sitting with her back to Hiere in the front, which lets him whisper in her ear easily.



Marcus Veranius: If Suldae is next to Esmeralda, yes. He has not moved an inch away from her side



Suldae Westwind: Ezmerelda is in Suldae's lap, at least her head.

(Because Suldae is the party healer and that's how she acts when someone's hurt)



Marcus Veranius: "You know Rictavio, I don't know why I keep forgiving you after everything. You'd think I would have learned after the first burn and your casual send-off note, yet here we are. My heart still open and trusting, and you cutting into it ever so casually."



Rictavio stops abruptly, leaning on his cane. He breathes in deeply.



Rictavio continues walking.



Rictavio: "Ezmerelda is like a daughter to me, Marcus."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae winces audibly at everything that is happening.



Rictavio: "And you are too much a man like myself for me to trust her heart to you."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: "He is not," Suldae says.



Marcus Veranius: "No. He's right."



Suldae Westwind: "He might have been like you at one point but he's changing where you're not."



Marcus Veranius: "And I don't care."



Suldae Westwind: "Don't just assume he'll repeat your mistakes."



Hiere Unthere: "I don't know either of you and I agree with sundae here"



Suldae Westwind: "Help him not do it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "What does it matter if he does she is her own woman"



Marcus Veranius: "I entered this wasteland of a country seeking a quick death, and here I am. Feeling whole for the first time in a year."



Henry of Willowsbrook: he does approve (damnit



Marcus Veranius: "This woman is the part of me I was missing, and damned if I don't try to win her heart!"



Suldae Westwind: "If she enters our family," Suldae adds calmly, "she enters the whole of it. Do you think I would let her get hurt?"

She turns to face Rictavio.

Time to cash in the faith chips.



Rictavio: Rictavio's face softens.



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe I'm not the best person. I've made my mistakes, and they're graver than most. But I can still be better."

"...I just hope she lasts to see it."



Rictavio: Rictavio sighs. "She is a strong woman. I am sure she will pull through."



Suldae Westwind: "Admittedly," Suldae adds with a sigh, leaning back against the cart's border. "I cannot necessarily stop her from hurting herself when she's determined to."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "If she dies we are mostlikely cushioning her fall with our bodies already so..."
Henry morbidly adds without turning around



Suldae Westwind: Suldae chuckles to that.



Marcus Veranius doesn't find the joke so funny



Suldae Westwind: "Have either of you two ever heard of talking to other people before making decisions?"



Rictavio: Rictavio smiles. "I could never stop her will. The night she lost her leg? I have blamed myself for it for many years, but it was she who made the choice to follow me into the werewolf den. She saved my life."



Suldae Westwind: "I think I'm teaching Marcus about it, at least slowly. Ezmerelda's next, I swear to god,"

*gods

(yeah im going with 'gods' here in the saying)

(Suldae worships one but swears to the whole lot here)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I get it, matters of the heart lead people to do down right stupid things some- no most of the time" Henry adds 'Just look at this sorry fool for that' he adds mentally



Rictavio: Rictavio looks at Henry with curiosity for the first time. "And here I was thinking you were just some muscle in armor."



Hiere Unthere: "oh no that's all me"



Suldae Westwind: "You really don't pay attention a lot, do you," Suldae says calmly.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Mar...cus..." Ezmerelda mutters, eyelids fluttering. She stirs restlessly but does not wake.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You are forgiven for your grave misjudgement of my esteemed personage" Henry calls out in a singsong



Rictavio: Rictavio laughs humorlessly.

"I'll admit to being a poor judge of many things, character included."



Suldae Westwind: Backhanded insults to her family is not something she is willing to take lying... sitting... down.



Marcus Veranius frowns, holding Ezmeralda's hand



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda's fingers close around Marcus's hand. She smiles a little, and seems to rest more deeply.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smiles absentmindedly, her eyes on Ezmerelda.

She moves to check her vital signs.

GM: (Medicine check please)



Suldae Westwind:

8

MEDICINE (6)
Suldae Westwind

(i was doing that)

(and, FUCKING WOW)

(it just takes me 2+ minutes to do a skill check)

(i really need to make macros for that)

Suldae is able to find a pulse, and determines that Ezmerelda is, at the very least, stable. Her condition does not seem to be worsening.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how far have we traveled by now?)

Rictavio: "We're nearly there," says Rictavio.

"Should be just beyond that stand of trees."

The forest is thinning on both sides, and the air has gotten colder. Light snow is on the ground.

The journey has taken a little over an hour and a half, and it is just now about two in the morning.

The cart comes clear of the forest, and the walled city of Krezk once again comes into view.

You hear a strange, almost inhuman cry. It echoes oddly over the mountainside. It seems to be coming from the abbey perched above the main township.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae turns around and peers in that direction worriedly.

From here, you can see light in only one window of the Abbey -- one of the high windows of the eastern wing, from the looks of things. The rest of the Abbey is wrapped in darkness.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "One day, Is one day really to much to ask for"



Marcus Veranius: (STILL NO LONG REST, STILL LOW ON COOLDOWNS)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae has successfully run out of her most useful spell slots - lvl 3. Thankfully she still has some lvl 4 and 5 ones that can substitute)



Hiere Unthere: (Here only has 1s and 2s)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves ahead of the cart towards the Gate looking to find the Guards



Hiere Unthere: "we don't want to go there, riiiiight?"

The guards stand on the walls, looking frightened as usual.



Suldae Westwind: "Everywhere else is worse," Suldae cheerfully informs him.

As the party approaches, one of them shouts: "It's them! It's them! They've brought the wine!"



Suldae Westwind: "We have!" she cries to the guards.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "HEY WE GOT YOUR BOOZE OPEN UP" Henry yells



Marcus Veranius: "The LAST of the wine. Davian and his distillery were destroyed by druids."

"Wake the Baron!"

A few quiet minutes later, a groggy Baron pokes his head over the ramparts.

"What the devil are you waiting for? Let them in!"

The gates of Krezk creak slowly open.

The mist-shrouded village beyond the wall is nothing more than a scattering of humble wooden cottages along dirt roads that stretch between stands of snow-dusted pine trees—so many trees, in fact, as to constitute a forest. To the northeast, gray cliffs rise sharply, and the road winding up to the abbey is easy to see from this vantage.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry impatiently helps pushing them open



Marcus Veranius hopes the others caught on to his intention. Strahd won't look for a dead family and destroyed winery.



Sulda Westwind:

20

INSIGHT (6)
Sulda Westwind

The structures are all single-story pine cottages with stone chimneys and thatch roofs. The building closest to the gate is the largest building in town, but still a modest dwelling. It has a small walled graveyard behind it. Most of the cottages do, upon closer inspection.



Sulda Westwind: (Sulda has in fact successfully caught on to Marcus's point)

Sulda is uncomfortable with the graveyards.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (can Henry see the baron?)



Sulda Westwind: In the land of undead, it both makes sense to keep your dead close by where you can guard them, and... not.

A small crowd of guards huddles around the cart as it enters the village. The Baron descends from the wall and approaches, arms thrown wide as though to embrace them.



Sulda Westwind: Sulda tenses around the unconscious Ezmerelda.

"Come, come, leave the cart. You have earned a night of Krezkian hospitality. My men will see it to the storehouses."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere tries to make the barrels look inconspicuous



Sulda Westwind: "Where can we stay?" Sulda asks, not hurrying to disembark yet.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hi we got your delivery please sign here here and here. Where are the kids" Henrys speaks fast and humorless



Sulda Westwind: Sulda whistles, casting Minor Illusion on top of the barrels.

Two still and very unconvincing horses are there



Marcus Veranius pokes his head out of the wagon. "Forgive me Baron, under normal circumstances I would be honored to share a pint. But this trip was without cost, and I dare not leave myself from the injured's side."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere does the same, probably making it worse



Sulda Westwind: Also very small.

(It's a cart, Marcus)

(It's still not a wagon)



Marcus Veranius: (WAGON/CART. SAME THING)



Sulda Westwind: (We're in full view of everyone and everyone is in full view of us)

(NO ITS NOT)

The Baron says: *"The children have been given good homes, here in the village. They will be anxious to see you again. We do not have much room, here, and we have no Inn. You will have to room with some of the village folk, who will be happy to share their homes with you."*



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry appears about as patient as a matron having lost her charges



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks around to see anyone looking happy to share their home with them.

15

INSIGHT (6)
Suldae Westwind

The villagers are all smiling. They seem genuinely happy to see the party. One gets the sense that they do not have many forms of entertainment, and several people seem to have noticed Suldae's bard-like appearance.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae carefully transfers Ezmerelda into Marcus's lap and stands up.

Baron: "You have injured, among you?"



Suldae Westwind: Standing on the cart, she plays a short welcoming melody.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "One more or less but it's handled"

Henry is clearly unwilling to have them poke around in their affairs



Marcus Veranius: "Druids turn nature as their weapons, you must know. One of nature's favorite weapons is poison."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere illusions an out of key note every 6 seconds

The reaction to Suldae's little tune is almost comically overblown. Two people even begin to dance with one another.

Suldae has skill enough to weave Hiere's contribution into an even better song.

Baron: "Druids! Bah. In Barovia they are all monsters."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Could take us to place were we can gather ourselves and"

"Talk" Henry's tone is much milder now

Baron: "Come, come. My wife is a wise woman, she will tend to your companion. My house is large enough for all of you to at least stand in it."

The gates close behind you with a solid thump. A heavy oak beam is slid across, to seal them shut.

"Come now, my people. Back to your posts. The darkness does not rest! Some of you have many hours left upon your watch."

The crowd begins to disperse.

Baron: "Would it be alright to wait until morning to wake the children?"



Suldae Westwind: "Of course," Suldae says softly, lowering the instrument.

"We'll be happy to be allowed to check on them, but now is indeed not the time."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods gesturing "Please after you milord" suddenly remembering his manners and hoping his mother would never hear of him being this filippant with a noble

A few minutes later, the party finds themselves in a relatively large wooden cabin, around a comfortable stacked-stone hearth. There are only four crude chairs around a table, plus a rocking chair and an antique armchair before the fire. The cabin is a single room, with an extension to one side where small pigs and goats are kept in an indoor enclosure.

Baron: "My fearless wife, Anna. Anna, these are the warriors I told you about."

Anna: "An honor," says Anna, curtsying gracefully.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae does an exaggerated bardic bow.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere tips his hat



Marcus Veranius: "Thank you for honoring us this evening."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "The pleasure is ours Milady "



Suldae Westwind: The feathers of her hat in her outstretched hand sweep the floor



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry bows

There are signs that there may once have been children in the house. A few charcoal drawings low on the walls have been carefully framed.



Rictavio: Rictavio bows. "Rudolph Van Richten, at your service."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glances at them, but restrains herself from asking.

Baron: "You again!?"



Suldae Westwind: This seems the kind of thing to be a wound.

"He's with us and we're guaranteeing his good behavior?" Suldae winces.

A little exaggeratedly.

Anna: "Husband, do not be hasty. Perhaps his ways have changed. He is certainly keeping better company these days."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We apologize he has promised to behave"



Hiere Unthere: "He's still a bit of a prick"

Baron: "Fine... He can stay. For now."



Rictavio: "Guilty as charged," says Rictavio. He leans against one of the walls, folding his arms, leaving the chairs open.



Kasimir Velikov: "Is there a place where I may sit and meditate? The road has been long, and I am ill-suited to the idle companionship of your kind."



Marcus Veranius: Too much like Richten... BAH! What was he thinking? Richten didn't understand the value of unburnt bridges



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry begins introducing the others

Anna: "Of course, elder one. There is a place above the barn where you can sit."



Henry of Willowsbrook: He even manages to say Hieres full name without losing composure

Henry's introductions are, of course, perfection. His courtly manners leave nothing to be desired.

Anna: "You may place your injured companion here," says Anna, gesturing towards one of the only other pieces of furniture in the room -- a large oak bed.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is subtly positioning herself to keep an eye on both Hieres and R.



Marcus Veranius moves Ezmeralda over as suggested, standing close by

Anna: Anna seats herself upon the bed, placing her hands gently on the sides of Ezmeralda's head.

Anna closes her eyes. After a moment, she winces.

Anna opens her eyes once more.

"Your friend is not injured. She is gone. This vessel slumbers. Her soul has gone to the Court of the Raven Queen. It is unlikely that she can ever return, of her own volition."



Marcus Veranius 's eyes widen

Anna: "I am sorry. The most we can do is sustain the life in this vessel and hope for the best."



Marcus Veranius: "...I understand."

Baron: "I don't, but with Anna I rarely do."

Anna: Anna hits him playfully.



Marcus Veranius slumps onto the ground, trying his best to hold his composure



Hieres Unthere: "you guys are almost as bad as Rick here"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sighs and sits next to Marcus.



Hieres Unthere: "...that's unfair. He's way worse."



Suldae Westwind: She hugs him and holds him close to herself.

"We'll figure something out," she whispers to him.

She glances over to check Ric's reaction too, after a moment.

Maybe she chose the wrong person to comfort.

Anna: Anna looks at Marcus and Suldae curiously. "You two. You are not entirely human, are you?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stands up and looks at her.

Anna: "If you are what I suspect, there is a chance that you can reach her."



Suldae Westwind:

27

ARCANA (11)

Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: "You'd be correct. She's a half-elf."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae runs her hand over her ears.



Marcus Veranius: "If you meant to suggest something else, I don't think we'd be able to speak of it."



Suldae Westwind: Her long, long ears sticking out from her hair far to the sides.

Anna: Anna smiles. "I can see why she likes you."

"But I think you both know that was not what I meant."



Suldae Westwind: "Have you any guidance to offer?" Suldae asks, hope undisguised in her voice.

Anna: "I do," she says. "But alas, I have not the power to aid you directly. The Abbot may, but --"

Baron: "--Do not bring up the Abbot. We should not meddle with such dark power."

Anna: "...As my husband says, I do not know if he would be willing to help you."



Hiere Unthere: "The Abbot? He is here?"

Baron: "He lives in the Abbey. Working gods know what kind of twisted magic."

Anna: "I do not believe the Abbot is what you believe him to be, my Husband."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae listens attentively.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere's shoulders slump as he hears this



Suldae Westwind: What does Hiere know?



Hiere Unthere: (hiere had originally come here in search of an abbot)

Suldae senses that Anna may have an otherworldly connection -- a weak one, to a deity that does not penetrate all the way into Barovia. Still, that connection does give her an insight that a mortal otherwise could never have.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives a half-bow, respectful towards the woman.

"The Abbot, then," she says. "Forgive us, milord, for not following your advice on this, but we have to follow any hope we have," she looks at him, eyes slightly widened, trying to evoke not pity but sympathy.

*at the Baron.

Just then, there is a knock at the door.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "copper it's about the abbot"



Marcus Veranius turns to Ezmeralda, then to the Abbey. He considers for a moment, then realizes what needs to be done.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry murmurs

Baron: "Ah, that must be the wine." Looking again to Suldae, he says: "I cannot stop you from pursuing your quest. But I would urge you strongly to consider great caution in dealing with that..."

Man."

The Baron moves to open the door.

The door swings open, revealing a weatherbeaten man with a scraggly brown beard. The man holds a large barrel to his chest, and at his side is a young lad -- Henry recognizes him as one of the children from the werewolf camp.

The child rushes forward and gives Henry a tackle hug.



Suldae Westwind: "We will. Thank you," Suldae says as the door is opening.

Igbar: "Got your share of the wine here, milord. Figured, since you're entertaining, it'd be best to give you enough to go around."

Baron: "Ah! Thank you, Igbar. I am sure our guests would like to sample some."

Igbar: "About the kid, sorry sir, but he just couldn't sleep knowing that his hero was back in town."
(To Henry) "He's been going on and on about you, sir. Never shuts up a minute!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "No worries" Henry says slightly perplexed



Suldae Westwind: "...has he slept at all? Have you slept?" Suldae asks the kid. It's pre-dawn hours, all children should be in bed!

The child seems determined to fuse to Henry's armor. He has limpet-like clinging strength.

Igbar: "Right, well, I'll be off then. Some of the lads want to play a game of Dragon Draughts! Can't play it properly without the Draughts!"

Igbar departs.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry gingerly picks the boy up bringing him level with his face "You heard The Lady did you sleep?"

Baron Krezkov sets the casket on the table and broaches it. Anna moves to a chest in the corner and brings out a set of crystal glasses in a velvet-lined case.



Suldae Westwind: (How old is the boy?)

Kid: "Yeah! I slept plenty!"

The child looks to be about 10.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

9

INSIGHT (4)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Kid: He's so cute it's hard to tell if he's lying or not. Dangerous stuff!



Suldae Westwind:

22

INSIGHT (6)
Suldae Westwind

Kid: Suldae sees right through it, though. He hasn't slept a wink.



Suldae Westwind: "Let's sit down," she pulls him and Henry both to the edge of the bed.

The Baron and his wife fill the glasses and pass them around, ensuring that all the guests have one. Kasimir has by this time departed to meditate. Rictavio accepts his glass gratefully, swirling it and drinking a quarter of it before anyone can even make a toast.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Whats your Name boy, it's rude to not intruduce yourself Henry says carrying the kid over to the bed



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glares at Rictavio. Even she knows that's not proper NON-DRUNK guest behavior.

She tastes her own. She's not big on alcohol, but this wine has been seasoned with adventure, so to speak. Her interest's peaked.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere abstains from talking a glass taking*



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry politly accepts the glass but places it down for now

Kid: "I'm Alard Schmidt and I'm ten years old and I *almost* was a werewolf one time!"

Marcus hears the Raven Spirit. Its tone is colder than usual. "Your friend is here, in the Court of the Queen. She awaits us, Marcus. There is explaining to be done."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well Alard nice to meet you I'm Henry and this is Suldae"



Suldae Westwind: "Thank you for your hospitality," Suldae says to the Baron and his wife meanwhile. She smiles to Alard.

Baron Krezkov raises his glass. "To the Wizard of Wines, and the heroes who saved its precious produce!"



Suldae Westwind: "You've slept plenty, but perhaps you'd like to sleep sme more? I hear plate armor makes for great pillows."



Marcus Veranius lowers his head, securing his hat properly.



Suldae Westwind: "To the Wizard of Wines," Suldae echoes, subdued. She remembers the version that it was destroyed



Marcus Veranius: "I'm going to rest for a bit; it's been a long day."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "But you really should be resting now or you'll be tired later when I'll goo meet the others"



Marcus Veranius: "Someone drink twice for me."

Alard: "Oh, yeah! I guess I'd better start practicing for when I'm a hero and I have to sleep on my shield and wake up at a moment's notice."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere raises his imaginary glass and takes a sip, illusioning the sounds



Suldae Westwind: "Exactly," Suldae says seriously. She likes the kid already.

Alard: "Can I be your page? You're a Knight, Knights have to have a page! It's the rules!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Squires actually but no I'm no knight"



Suldae Westwind: "It's rare to see a safe place in Barovia," Suldae says to the Baron meanwhile.



Marcus Veranius thinks to himself. ~~"They plan to take her back with the Abbot's help, but I know that's the wrong way of doing things. Proper procedure for every act."~~



Marcus Veranius: ~~"Take me there."~~



Suldae Westwind: "We've been to Vallaki... not a very friendly place, all told, though easier to enter."
Her tone is casual yet respectful, inviting the Baron and Anna to speak of their own town.

Baron: "Ah, yes. We have something of a mystery there. It is believed by many that the Abbot is responsible for our present safety. I myself prefer to think it is the statue of the Morninglord, and the sacred pool which Saint Markovia blessed, those many centuries ago."

Anna: "Marcus, you are rooming with a widower named Stefan. He should be waiting for you outside."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Taking up his glass Henry drinks it in one gulp and placing it down in away that suggest he would not drink a drop more



Hiere Unthere: Hiere creates the illusion of it being not *completely* empty



Marcus Veranius: "Then I shall retire early as to not disturb his hospitality so late at night. Please direct me.""

Anna: "If you do not see him outside, his house is the first one to the left when you enter by the main gate."

Alard settles down with his head on Henry's plate armored leg. His eyes are wide open and shining with interest.



Marcus Veranius offers a bow of respect then turns to Suldae. "I will be attending to some business in the morning. Shake me if I don't wake up at a reasonable hour."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods to him.



Marcus Veranius leaves



Suldae Westwind: She has no intention of waking him up in anything less than a full day, but that's another question.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I would also like to excuse myself already our... activities have left me unusually tired this time" He stirs Alard up

Alard: "Can I come with you? Can I? Can I? Can I?"

Anna: "Alard has been staying with Igbar and his wife Ysolde. Their house is at the end of the western path."



Suldae Westwind: "I could not go to sleep before dawn, I'm afraid," Suldae interjects herself, "though I would hate to keep *you* up at this hour," she looks questioningly at the hosts.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "If the Lady allows" Henry shrugs "but rest means rest Alard" he nods to the Baron and the others ruffling Suldaes hair as he leaves

Anna: (To Suldae) "You have been cursed by the Night Mother? There are festivities near the Pond, I am sure they could use the joy of your music."

"I am afraid my husband and I are older than we once were, otherwise we would join you."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'll no doubt be awake soon" Henry says glancing at the boy

Alard skips along after Henry.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods gratefully and finishes her glass. She stands up and bows deeply. "May this home be ever blessed by joy."

Anna touches her heart. "From one such as you, this blessing holds true power. Thank you, Suldae."



Rictavio: "Where am I staying, then?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae cannot help being a little flustered by that, despite already knowing it's true.

Anna: "There is a spare pen in our barn?"



Suldae Westwind: She walks towards the door, but stays there, waiting for the other two.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry barks out laughing at the Baronesses remark



Hiere Unthere: Hiere nods. "dibs" he moves towards the exit



Marcus Veranius arrives at Stefan's house, knocking gently if he's not present. "I thank you for the hospitality. I'll not overstay it, if you could point me to a space where I may rest soundly. After the trekking around, a roof is the most comfort I need."

Anna: "Oh no, wizard. I have very strict orders that you are to stay with Sasha, our fortune teller."



Suldae Westwind: "He is unpleasant, but surely something can be arranged for a single night... morning?" Suldae looks questioningly at the hosts. She'd offer money, but she suspects it might be taken as insult. They'll bring it up if it's a possibility.



Hiere Unthere: "oh no. not another one."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pats Hiere's shoulder somewhat awkwardly, as she is much shorter.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere absentmindedly uses her head as an armrest

Baron: "There is one person in the village who has offered to house him. The widow Frieda will take him in for the night. Forgive my wife for her uncouth remark, it has been... Earned."



Suldae Westwind: "I believe that easily," Suldae assures him.



Rictavio: "Off to Frieda's, then. Don't bother, I know the way."



Rictavio leaves.



Suldae Westwind: "Please forgive his... his... everything," Suldae says as she watches him leave.

Anna: "Sasha's house is the one at the end of the road, closest to the pool. Sasha will take good care of you, wizard."



Hiere Unthere: He sighs. "I know"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry arrives at Igar and Ysoldes house, where he quietly pushes the door open (or knocks if its locked) and inside after the aduequate greetings begins the task of peeling himself out of his armor to sleep for a good while

Stefan, who has one of the larger huts, shows Marcus to a small attic room with a round glass window. A mattress stuffed with straw lies there, made cozier by several handmade quilts.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae jabs Hierie in the side - his kidneys are at convenient elbow height - and gives a half-bow.

"The Night Pool?" she asks.



Marcus Veranius: "...a roof, above my head. You are quite the host to be so literal to my request!"
Marcus offers a smile.



Suldae Westwind: * the pond

jeez

im

Anna: "It is called the Pool of the Morninglord," says Anna. "Just at the end of the village, to the north."



Suldae Westwind: just ignore that pls

"Thank you," she says, bows again and leaves, not waiting for Hierie.

(im not so overdramatic i got my wires crossed)

(pls ignore)

she asked 'the pond?' actually

totally



Suldae Westwind: thats what happened, retroactively speaking



Hiere Unthere: Hierie stumbles, tips his hat, and heads to Sasha's place

Suldae finds a small festival already in full swing. A particularly bad fiddler is screeching out a tune while an off-beat drummer thumps some goat-hide drums. Several people are drinking, laughing, and playing various games.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae finds a sufficiently high spot - is there a house the roof of which is climbable nearby? - and starts playing, trying to harmonize at least a little with the other musicians.

Hiere finds Sasha's house to be the most interesting one in the village. The walls are covered in tapestries, and hanging silk curtains divide the space intricately. Sasha, a towering blonde woman in her early thirties, stands stirring a large cauldron which throws of sparks and steam. A table in the corner by some bookshelves houses a crystal ball and some card decks. A four-poster bed dominates much of the interior space of the house.

Sasha: "You! You haff arrived jyust in ze nick of ze time. Hyere is your supper!"

Sasha serves a large bowl of soup. It smells heavenly.



Hiero Unthere: "h-hello to you too" Hiero begins consuming the sustenance



Marcus Veranius rests on the straw mattress, wearing his best clothes and best smile. He scribbles out a small note and crumples his hand around it.

(Suldae) Even under the starlit skies, this pool at the north end of the village shimmers and sparkles. Near its shore sits an old gazebo on the verge of collapse. A wooden statue of a mournful, bare-chest man, its paint chipped and faded, stands in the gazebo with arms outstretched, as though waiting to be embraced. The Gazebo seems strong enough to stand on -- for one as light as Suldae.

Marcus hears the Raven Spirit. "Marcus. Do not slumber. Look to the darkest shadow in this chamber."



Marcus Veranius pauses, eyes keen to the darkness. He takes a peek

(Hiero) Hiero discovers that Sasha's soup is a **POWERFUL** Hallucinogenic. Unfortunately, he discovers this right when he finishes swallowing the last drop.



Marcus Veranius: ~~"Can I not even let my soul be torn away to the Raven's court without interruption?"~~

13

PERCEPTION (10)
Marcus Veranius

(oof)

(Marcus) He sees a corner of the chamber where the shadows are almost supernaturally deep.

(Henry) "Here, I can help with that! Alard zooms around Henry, ripping at buckles and straps. In a matter of seconds, Henry's armor is undone. "See! I've been reading all the books! I'd be a great squire!"

(Henry) "Can I hold your shield?"



Marcus Veranius 's patience is thin. "You will find I am NOT in the mood for games this evening. Reveal yourself, creature of the darkness!"

(Marcus) "Go to the Shadow, Marcus. The Queen awaits us. She grows impatient."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry with a light shake of his head hands Alard his shield fully expecting the boy to drop it considering its weight

(Henry) Henry's shield basically squishes the poor kid, who crawls out from under it a minute later, laughing uproariously.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

~~"We need to work on communication. I've been under the assumption this was to be a spiritual journey."~~



Marcus Veranius walks physically towards the darkness



Marcus Veranius: The note is left behind



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sits above the festivities, swinging her legs and enjoying the atmosphere. When she gets tired of playing, she sings or drums along on the roof she's sitting on.

(well NOW i read the description)

Marcus steps through the Shadows, and finds himself suddenly standing on an obsidian mountainside beneath an endless, starry night. The cliff-like path cut into the mountainside winds ever upward towards the peak. Carved soldiers of obsidian stand at intervals along the path, as though silently guarding the road. An eery wind moans over the mountain, the base of which is lost in dense black thunderclouds.



Suldae Westwind: She situates herself on the gazebo, hoping the Morninglord doesn't mind the company.

A Raven is perched on Marcus's left shoulder.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sorts his arms and armor into a neat pile making sure to place his weapons at the bottom just to be sure entreprising hands had some obstacle before laying down to sleep



Suldae Westwind: She almost trances, losing herself in the joy of the crowd and the vibrations of the Weave to the music and song (if not particularly good, some of it)



Marcus Veranius takes off his hat, illusions melting away from his were-raven form. It was rude to hide behind disguises.



Rictavio: (This is where we have to end today's session. Thank you all for playing!)



Hiere Unthere: (no u)



Suldae Westwind: (same)

Acrobatics (~Suldae Westwind|acrobatics-roll)

Animal Handling (~Suldae Westwind|animal-handling-roll)

Arcana (~Suldae Westwind|arcana-roll)

10

[performance-u] (Suldae Westwind|performance_bonus)
Suldae Westwind

19

RELIGION (11)
Suldae Westwind



Suldae Westwind:

BARDIC INSPIRATION

Class: Bard

You, the target, get a Bardic Inspiration die - a d6 initially, a d8 starting from level 5, a d10 starting from level 10, a d12 starting from level 15. You keep it for 10 minutes. During these 10

minutes you can use it up by rolling it and adding the result to one ability check, attack roll or saving throw. You can only have one at a time and uses refresh at short rest, so use it up!



Suldae Westwind inspires the GM!



Able: able able



Suldae Westwind:

BARDIC INSPIRATION

Class: Bard

You, the target, get a Bardic Inspiration die - a d6 initially, a d8 starting from level 5, a d10 starting from level 10, a d12 starting from level 15. You keep it for 10 minutes. During these 10 minutes you can use it up by rolling it and adding the result to one ability check, attack roll or saving throw. You can only have one at a time and uses refresh at short rest, so use it up!



Suldae Westwind inspires Hiere



Suldae Westwind: (thats not that button)

DISRUPT

Cutting Words

When a creature that you can see within 60 feet of you makes an Attack roll, an ability check, or a damage roll, you can use your Reaction to expend one of your uses of Bardic Inspiration, rolling a Bardic Inspiration die and subtracting the number rolled from the creature's roll. You can choose to use this feature after the creature makes its roll, but before the GM determines whether the Attack roll or ability check succeeds or fails, or before the creature deals its damage. The creature is immune if it can't hear you or if it's immune to being Charmed.

this is that buttong :3



Able: I see no button >.>

Suldae Westwind|acrobatics-roll
interesting



Suldae Westwind: of course you dont see a button, its my button
i can help you make your own :3
my new most favorite macro i expect:



Suldae Westwind is casting a spell, please stand by for details...



Able: lmao



Suldae Westwind: or is this better?



Suldae Westwind is casting a spell, please stand by...



Suldae Westwind: which do you like better



Able: should be 'STOP. hammertime'
and then you fireball em



Suldae Westwind: nah that's Able
i mean Hiere
have I mentioned i can help you make one? :3



Able: yis



Suldae Westwind: do you want me to? :3



Able: uhhhhHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH



Suldae Westwind: this one specifically takes, like, two minutes, and that's with generous loading times



Able: oh ok then its fine



Suldae Westwind: ill switch to discord bc screenshots



Able STOP. HAMMERTIME.



Able: STOP. HAMMERTIME.



Suldae Westwind: unfortunately typing in your name is unavoidable with using the /me command
but its what does the cool thing, so



Able: lmao



Suldae Westwind: i also have



Suldae Westwind is reaching for a weapon, please stand by...



Suldae Westwind: the other ones are simple & boring, duplicating or referencing buttons on character sheet
regarding 'tag yourself' though, I identify with the 'inspire' one

BARDIC INSPIRATION*Class: Bard*

You, the target, get a Bardic Inspiration die - a d6 initially, a d8 starting from level 5, a d10 starting from level 10, a d12 starting from level 15. You keep it for 10 minutes. During these 10 minutes you can use it up by rolling it and adding the result to one ability check, attack roll or saving throw. You can only have one at a time and uses refresh at short rest, so use it up!

***Suldae Westwind inspires*****Giant Octopus:** i still have this one...**BARDIC INSPIRATION***Class: Bard*

You, the target, get a Bardic Inspiration die - a d6 initially, a d8 starting from level 5, a d10 starting from level 10, a d12 starting from level 15. You keep it for 10 minutes. During these 10 minutes you can use it up by rolling it and adding the result to one ability check, attack roll or saving throw. You can only have one at a time and uses refresh at short rest, so use it up!

***Giant Octopus inspires*****Henry of Willowsbrook:** aaand this one.....**BARDIC INSPIRATION***Class: Bard*

You, the target, get a Bardic Inspiration die - a d6 initially, a d8 starting from level 5, a d10 starting from level 10, a d12 starting from level 15. You keep it for 10 minutes. During these 10 minutes you can use it up by rolling it and adding the result to one ability check, attack roll or saving throw. You can only have one at a time and uses refresh at short rest, so use it up!

***Henry of Willowsbrook inspires*****Suldae Westwind:** (he does doesnt he)

Suldae Westwind|Mending

yeep this character sheet is Not Complee



Able:

13

DECEPTION (0)

19

DECEPTION (0)



Suldae Westwind:

26

ACROBATICS (6)
Suldae Westwind

aaaa what kind of macros language doesnt nest properly --

jeez if i ever change character name all of the skill roll macros will break --

oh i dont actually need to nest it, duh



(To GM): Breastplate of Cold Resistance



(To Suldae Westwind): Westwind Acrobatics (~Suldae Westwind|acrobatics-roll)

Animal Handling (~Suldae Westwind|animal-handling-roll) Arcana (~Suldae Westwind|arcana-roll)

Athletics (~Suldae Westwind|athletics-roll) Deception (~Suldae Westwind|deception-roll)

History (~Suldae Westwind|history-roll) Insight (~Suldae Westwind|insight-roll)

Intimidation (~Suldae Westwind|intimidation-roll)

Investigation (~Suldae Westwind|investigation-roll) Medicine (~Suldae Westwind|medicine-roll)

Nature (~Suldae Westwind|nature-roll) Perception (~Suldae Westwind|perception-roll)

Performance (~Suldae Westwind|performance-roll)

Persuasion (~Suldae Westwind|persuasion-roll) Religion (~Suldae Westwind|religion-roll)

Sleight of Hand (~Suldae Westwind|sleight-of-hand-roll) Stealth (~Suldae Westwind|stealth-roll)

Survival (~Suldae Westwind|survival-roll)



(To Marcus Veranius): Veranius Acrobatics (~Marcus Veranius|acrobatics-roll)

Animal Handling (~Marcus Veranius|animal-handling-roll) Arcana (~Marcus Veranius|arcana-roll)

Athletics (~Marcus Veranius|athletics-roll) Deception (~Marcus Veranius|deception-roll)

History (~Marcus Veranius|history-roll) Insight (~Marcus Veranius|insight-roll)

Intimidation (~Marcus Veranius|intimidation-roll)

Investigation (~Marcus Veranius|investigation-roll) Medicine (~Marcus Veranius|medicine-roll)

Nature (~Marcus Veranius|nature-roll) Perception (~Marcus Veranius|perception-roll)

Performance (~Marcus Veranius|performance-roll) Persuasion (~Marcus Veranius|persuasion-roll)

Religion (~Marcus Veranius|religion-roll) Sleight of Hand (~Marcus Veranius|sleight-of-hand-roll)

Stealth (~Marcus Veranius|stealth-roll) Survival (~Marcus Veranius|survival-roll)



GM (GM):

29

ACROBATICS (10)
Marcus Veranius

19

ATHLETICS (0)
Marcus Veranius

21

PERCEPTION (10)
Marcus Veranius

26

STEALTH (10)
Marcus Veranius

Good morning, all!

The abbey bell gongs out the 2:00 hour, and Suldae awakens from a much-needed long rest. Conveniently, Marcus and Ezmerelda are walking past the tree she spent the morning in, and Henry has just sent the villagers on a ten-laps-of-the-village jog.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae birbs down from the tree and lands on Marcus's head.



Suldae Westwind: (In raven form)



GM (GM): (LMAO)



Marcus Veranius is bonked on the head. He's less upset about this and more upset about shifting in public. THERE ARE RULES



Ezmerelda d'Avenir laughs. "Suldae? Is that you?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Don't poop on his head, darling!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry is absentmindedly twirling a branch around himself like some circus performer as he approaches passing it between hands and altering the hieght of the occasional guard stance



Suldae Westwind: Suldae briefly flutters over to Ezmerelda to muss up her hair friendly-like, then lands back on Marcus's head.



Marcus Veranius is surrounded by birds. Oh nooooooooooooo



Suldae Westwind: Her pooping is laser precise and is *not* on anyone's clothes.
Or hair!



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda has, by this time, made the appropriate bonds with her raven spirit,

and is now in human form. She seems a little tired, but otherwise none the worse for wear.



Suldae Westwind: She is pretty sure no-one could see her shift in the tree, also.



Marcus Veranius: "In all fairness, the last raven that landed on my head led us into a murder house. This isn't more unplesant."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry grins after notcing Suldae messing around before tossing the branch up high, catching it and then putting it aside "I take it you're feeling better Ezmerelda?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Much," says Ezmerelda. "Thank you for asking. That's probably not the last time I do something stupid and impulsive, but I'll definitely hesitate next time."

"I... I feel I should apologize to you all. What I did was very disrespectful, and I can see that now."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "... Henry pointedly avoids looking at Marcus at her comment
her first comment



Suldae Westwind: Suldae flutters off Marcus's head and shifts behind the party's backs out of view of the passerby. This was clearly poorly planned: she cannot *talk* while bird! Horrible.

Her raven sister in her head is fully sympathetic.

She hugs Ezmerelda from behind.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir laughs. "Well, you're a quick one to forgive!"



Suldae Westwind: "Well, I'm not the one who had to handle it anyway," Suldae glances over at Marcus. "And I'm too new to this to be properly offended over funeral customs, so..."

"Welcome to the family, I guess?"

"I'm assuming?"



Marcus Veranius sighs. "I forgave Rictavio for being Rictavio. That's far worse if we're keeping score."



Marcus Veranius: "Let's leave last night behind us."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae chortles at that.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs lightly rolling his shoulders "Well I didn't have anything to forgive you for ..except the dumb decsions but I'm used to forgiving those"



Suldae Westwind: Talking shit about R: the best bonding activity.



Rictavio: As if on cue, Rictavio comes swaggering out of a nearby house, looking like a well-rested old man. He has a gigantic grin on his face.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae eyes him. A widow, was it?



Rictavio: Suddenly, a pair of surprisingly brawny arms pops out from behind him and pulls him back inside. He laughs.

The door shuts.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Gah a Zombie"



Marcus Veranius: "..."

Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Right," says Ezmerelda. "He, uh. Found a warm place to stay, I suppose."



Suldae Westwind: "Looks like it," Suldae says as seriously as she can manage.

25

PERFORMANCE (9) Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: "There are some monsters even he cant escape from it seems."



Suldae Westwind: Which is actually pretty damn seriously



Henry of Willowsbrook: "him similing creeps me out, out of all things"



Marcus Veranius: "Do we rescue him?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Oh no, let's let him suffer a little longer."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "And I'm not going to picture that"



Kasimir Velikov *steps out from the trees. In the dappled shade of the trees, he seemed almost invisible, so his sudden stepping into the light is an almost magical appearing act.*



Kasimir Velikov: "Greetings," says Kasimir.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods at him in greeting



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae waes to him with a bright smile. hHe likes the guy.

*She

wow



Kasimir Velikov: "It is good that you are all here. I have spent the morning in fruitful contemplation. I approached the abbey invisibly, and I have some disturbing news."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well It was nice while it lasted" Henry mournfully sighs



Kasimir Velikov: "There are monsters in the abbey. Some of them seem to be prisoners. The situation bears investigating, I believe."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "If it's not one thing it's another," says Ezmerelda with a sigh.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae can think about a couple of people he negeted to count, but she cannot truthfully fault him for that.

"Investigating sounds good, " she agrees.

"I propose we start from going over and saying hi"



Marcus Veranius *frowns. And here he though they'd be able to find ONE town clear of Strahd's influence*



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We really need to make a list of things to 'investigate' so we stop stumbling into them"



Kasimir Velikov: "Where are the old pervert and the insane wizard?" Kasimir says, realizing that the party is not all assembled.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Busy and eh in trance let's say"



Liliet (Suldae): "R is having a good time, and let's leave him to that," Suldae says hastily.



Marcus Veranius: "I think I saw Hiere harassing the town well for rent."



Liliet (Suldae): Her words blend with Henry's as they speak at the same time.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Turning to Henry, Ezmerelda says: "A list might not be a bad idea, actually."
"Item one: an abbey with monstrous prisoners."



Kasimir Velikov: "Item two: the Amber Temple."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "An Owl told me to go north and find an Elk so that's one thing"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "An elk? Like the one we saw near the winery?"



Marcus Veranius: "Item four: An ancient witch declaring war on our extended relatives."



Liliet (Suldae): "Item five: the other revenant's place"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Argynvostholt, right," says Ezmerelda.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Maybe the Spirits of the Land tend to be a bit cryptic about these things and very smug about being cryptic"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pats him on the shoulder sympathetically, which is awkward since she has to stand on her tiptoes to reach.



Marcus Veranius: "Argynvostholt." Marcus chimes in to Suldae's comment.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda looks up towards the ominous structure of the Abbey. "Well, the abbey has done nothing to harm the villagers so far... Perhaps it is not urgent."



Suldae Westwind: "It's the closest one, though," Suldae points out.



Marcus Veranius shrugs. "A good point. Just a walk up the hill."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Now you're just tempting fate Ezmerelda"



Marcus Veranius: "A WALK up the hill, to specify."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Also may I call you Ez or mayhaps Ezme?" Henry asks



Suldae Westwind: "...it's been a full day and a night since we left the tower," Suldae adds, struck by the thought. "We should probably come back at some point, if only just to make sure they're fine - and tell them we're fine."

And maybe some more things, but those aren't urgent, she supposes.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Ezme will do," says Ezmerelda.



Kasimir Velikov: "It would be wise to inform our companions of our new whereabouts, yes."
"And to confirm that the tower is in fact still there."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well one of you could fly over quickly and tell them no?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives him a brief glare. Did he *have* to put it like that? Now she's worried!

(*Kasimir)

"I suppose," Suldae agrees, somewhat reluctantly. Somehow, she doesn't feel like leaving these companions of hers without supervision either. Then again, Henry's here...



Henry of Willowsbrook: "In any case I better go and put on something more appropriate" Henry says nodding at his currently armorless form



Suldae Westwind: It doesn't even occur to her someone else could do it. That's *her* girlfriend worrying over there, thankyouverymuch.

"Right, because armor is the only appropriate wear for a courtesy call," Suldae murmurs under her breath. He's not even wrong is the worst part.



Kasimir Velikov: "In the case of this particular courtesy call, I would advise that particular set of garments as appropriate."



Suldae Westwind: (how long would it take to fly from here to the tower and back?)

(Suldae would know after her week's worth of excursions over the land from the tower)

GM: (As the Raven flies, probably two hours round trip)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Suldae and Ezme should go to the tower if so because I remember you having trouble with the door " Henry says looking at Marcus for the last part



Suldae Westwind: "Would we need to solve the puzzle again?" Suldae frowns.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Possibly"



Suldae Westwind: She's glad for the idea of having Ezme with her, truth be told.

She looks at Ezme for guidance.

She'd know, of all people.



Kasimir Velikov: "Yes," says Kasimir. "And you will need to be cautious about flying too near the tower in raven form. The magical field will force you into human form."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I'm afraid he's right," says Ezmerelda.

"We will have to be cautious. Strahd has many spies."

"He may already be watching the tower."



Marcus Veranius grumbles about the puzzle comments



Suldae Westwind: "Right," Suldae grimaces. She forgot about that detail. "He already expects us to be members of the Feather, though."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Indeed. He will be watching for ravens congregating in certain areas."



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd's looking for birds, especially werebirds. Especially birds in relation to US."

"It'd be better if we sent Kasimir, whom Strahd might not necessarily be looking for."



Kasimir Velikov: "It is true, I can pass through the forest without trace."

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Right that might be smarter" Henry agrees "If we had a horse I could maybe do it but I'd probably stand out the most"



Kasimir Velikov: "It will take me much longer to get there and back, unfortunately."



Marcus Veranius shakes his head. "You stand out the most by having taken sword against Strahd. Kasimir hasn't been seen with us yet."



Marcus Veranius: "At least not by anyone around to talk about it."



Suldae Westwind: "Perhaps what we should do is finish our business in Krezk, then go there together," Suldae suggests.

(Suldae's browser is still reloading, so she's posting in Discord)

(Dis da GM)



Marcus Veranius: "If we want to abandon the tower, yes. If we all go there, Strahd will know for sure that Ireena is there."

"This is a tricky game we're in. It might be better to make noise and distract Strahd's gaze."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes in, then out.

"I could turn anyone into any animal for a brief time," she suggests.



Marcus Veranius: "Kasimir would be back by the time we're done with the Abbey, and we can probably move on from there."



Suldae Westwind: "That might be better camouflage, considering Strahd's onto ravens"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry scratches his neck "Well I'll stay here to inspect the Abbey either way, so let me get ready for that"

GM: (Suldae are you here? You disappeared on Discord)



Kasimir Velikov: "Yes, you should don your armor."



Marcus Veranius: "Remember, Ireena is being hidden in a place Strahd can't find her outside of us spilling the beans by mistake. We'd spoil the spot if we all went, or if the wrong person went."



Liliet (Suldae): (back)

(also Henry, Suldae is 22, you're not the youngest)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda looks around. There are birds chirping in some of the trees within the village. "Do you think this place would be a good bastion against Strahd?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to put on his armor "I'll met you back here? In 10-15"



Marcus Veranius: "No place is a good bastion against Strahd. Vallaki was proof enough."





Liliet (Suldae): "I'd say we'd need to find out what's going on in the Abbey before answering this question," Suldae tells her.


"Which brings us back to my earlier suggestion."


"Just because we should check with Ireena and Ismark sometime soon, doesn't mean it's the smartest to do so right now."


Marcus Veranius: "It's a good suggestion. We investigate the Abbey while Kasimir checks on our VIP. Both parties conclude at the same time. We move on to the next item of the list."


 **Liliet (Suldae):** "That's not what I said, but it's also a good idea nonetheless, probbly."


 **Marcus Veranius:** "We have the resources to spare, everything from coin, manpower, but not time."

 **Liliet (Suldae):** "My suggestion was to investigate the abbey first, together."
"I suppose..."


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Every second we spend doing tasks as a group is another second for Strahd to plan a countermeasure."
"Which he IS planning, by the by."
"Also why I suggest we take out his advisor, Baba Lysaga, sooner than later."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry reaching Igbar's house begins to don his armor...after a quick cleaning


 **Liliet (Suldae):** "Splitting the party," Suldae murmurs under her breath. This is hardly an egregious violation of that rule, but what Marcus is talking about goes against it in principle.
"That one's a good plan."

 **Marcus Veranius pats Suldae on the shoulder. "Just like we did when leaving Vallaki. Kasimir's been around 300 years. He can handle himself."**


 **Marcus Veranius:** "


 **Liliet (Suldae):** "Just because something worked once, doesn't make it a wise policy in general," Suldae says sharply.


"Exceptions are exceptions. I agree that this one makes sense as well, but in general? Doing things as a group is the only way we can consolidate enough strength to protect ourselves."


 **Kasimir Velikov:** "Is there a specific message you would wish me to convey to Ireena?" Kasimir asks.
"You may write one, if you wish to keep it private."

 **Liliet (Suldae):** Suldae nods.


 **Marcus Veranius wiggle waggles his eyebrows in Suldae's direction on mention of private letters**


 **Liliet (Suldae):** She takes her notebook and starts writing. This will probably take a couple of minutes.
Or two, or five, or ten.

 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "How come you don't write *me* letters?" Ezmerelda teases, elbowing Marcus in the ribs a little.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "..."
"...because we haven't separated since we met?"

 **Marcus Veranius takes out a piece of paper**

 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Still. Everybody likes getting mail! Well, unless it's to tell them they owe someone money."

 **Liliet (Suldae):** The note begins with sappy kisses and in-jokes, proceeds into retelling of what

happened interspersed with apologies for taking so long, segues into musings on Ezmerelda and a vague suggestion that maybe this makes her Ireena's *someone* too (no, they had not yet talked who exactly Suldae and Ireena are to each other) so she should also have an opinion on the addition, segues into notes on the Weave and effects Suldae's music had been having on it that are not obvious, in a way that should be interesting for a beginning wizard, and ends with an overview of the global situation and a demand to report how they've been too. As well as an imperative to keep themselves safe.



Suldae Westwind: (In-universe, she's still writing)



Marcus Veranius *writes out a letter as well, then passes it to Ezmeralda. His takes significantly less time to fill out.*



Marcus Veranius: It is in fact the letter Q in large font on a piece of paper



Ezmerelda d'Avenir *makes an exaggerated show of her excitement at receiving mail.*



Ezmerelda d'Avenir *opens the letter and peruses it.*



Marcus Veranius *grins*



Ezmerelda d'Avenir *laughs and puts her hand to her face.*



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "The insane wizard got to you," she says.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glances at them and suppresses an otherwise ear-splitting smile as she's writing.



Marcus Veranius: "He's got potential but needs more refinement."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae flashes Marcus a thumbs-up. She agrees.



Rictavio: A jaunty whistling can be heard, approaching down the road. Rictavio comes into view, swinging his cane and looking at peace with the world.

"Ah, my favorite people!"

"Well, some of you."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae snorts.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry makes his way back to the others now incased in his familiar steel and leather carapace, his earlier jovial mood replaced by the quiet confidence steel was known to give but his face was still a mild lopsided smile as he was making sure his sword neelt sat right.



Suldae Westwind: (She's writing, the notebook resting on her bag as she sits with her back to a tre))
*tree



Rictavio: "Has the hospitality of Krezk been to your liking?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: sword belt



Suldae Westwind: "It has certainly been to yo-ours," Suldae sing-songs.



Marcus Veranius *nods, despite having spent most of his evening in another dimension*



Rictavio: Rictavio grins broadly and stretches like a gratified champion at the end of a race. "Ah, yes, it has been *quite* to my liking. If only *more* places were so hospitable!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Lots of eager people here" Henry murmurs checking the way his shield was positioned



Suldae Westwind: Suldae makes sure to write a sentence about Rictavio's personal life adventures in the letter, too.

Nothing's more fun than gossip.

Widow: "Oh *Riiiiicky*yyyyyy? Where are you, mein leetle Ricky?"



Rictavio: "Quick, hide me."

Rictavio ducks behind the tree Suldae is writing at.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is live-retelling this, now. It's already the end of the letter, but it has segued into notes of the ongoing thrilling drama.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry points at a bush ignoring that it has obvious brambles but clicks his tongue in disappointment as R ignores him



Suldae Westwind: She's not sure how much Ireena will appreciate this, but she cannot *not*.

Widow: "Ah! Good people, haff you seen a scrawny old stick-man mit cane und beard? For him I have made ein roasted duck! He must keep his strength up for strenuous activities!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is staying quiet, just dutifully writing all of this down.



Marcus Veranius *grins, aware of what activities she speaks of*



Henry of Willowsbrook: "He went that way" Henry says in a deadpan pointing in the opposite direction of where she came from



Marcus Veranius: "I'm not quite sure where he is, but last I saw he had a grapple hook in hand. Best check the roofs."

The Widow whose name the GM cannot recall is a strong-looking blonde woman with two dangling braids and a kind -- if weather-beaten -- face. She has beautiful green eyes that crinkle when she smiles. She looks to be a little shy of Rictavio's age.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "No it was a shovel you city slick idiot"



Suldae Westwind: "He is not behind that tree," Suldae contributes... and points at a tree on the opposite end of the street.

Her voice is perfectly deadpan as well.

Widow: "Ah, that sly und wily fox! He wishes to play the games mit me. Ve shall see who vins! Oh, if only I had someone vit whom to eat zis *delicious* duck!"



Rictavio: "Duck, did you say?"



Suldae Westwind: She'd feel worse for the woman, but she likes *R* so she's clearly doing this all to herself.

Widow: "Aha! I haff found you, you sneaky sneaky man!"



Rictavio: "Yes, but you've still got to catch me!" Rictavio says, and sprints down the street.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae giggles, still dutifully stenographing the happenings.

Widow: "Ehehehehehe!" The widow chases after him, giggling insanely. Rictavio is laughing too.



Marcus Veranius makes a mental note; they've lost the Strahd-Hunter. This is the count's most ingenious plan



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Right," says Ezmerelda. "Is it just me, or does anyone else hear wedding bells?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry watches after the pair ofno nevermind that thought only let to bad ends "So the Abbey?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "The Abbey."



Kasimir Velikov: "If Suldae has finished her missive, I shall depart. If it becomes much longer I fear I may not be able to carry the weight of it."



Suldae Westwind: "...if you manage to die while I'm not there I'll find a way to summon your ghost just so I can yell at you. Oh, and keep your dead brother safe, too. Love, your dumbass bard, Suldae Catherine Westwind," Suldae writes out her full name in exaggeratedly beautiful calligraphy, then folds the note and stands up, passing it to Kasimir.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry suppresses a grin at Kasimir's quip



Suldae Westwind: It's just a couple pages long in small handwriting, it's not *that* heavy!



Kasimir Velikov: "I shall see you all soon," says Kasimir, and he departs.

5

(It seems he will have an uneventful journey there.)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Right, then," says Ezmerelda. "Shall we?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stands up and brushes herself off, her cheeks slightly flushed from writing to Ireena.



Marcus Veranius: "The abbey, yes." Marcus comments, oiling his crossbow string in preparation for the worst.



Suldae Westwind: "The Abbot," she says to focus herself.

"We *assume* they're friends, first," she tells Marcus.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Let's before my mind returns to the trully horrific scenes of Rics night life"



Suldae Westwind: "Hey, they're adorable," Suldae objects as she checks her ocarina.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Yes, I could have lived without that mental image," agrees Ezmerelda. "But I'm glad he's happy. The old bastard hasn't smiled like that the whole time I've known him."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Would you like me to oil your Crossbow Suldae?" Henry asks "and they may but I still rather not picture them doing whatever it is that has him so happy and running"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae passes it over, *physically* restraining herself from repeating it in a suggestive voice.

She's an adult, yes she is.

The only path to the Abbey is a winding switchback road that hugs the cliff. It is ten feet wide and covered with loose gravel and chunks of broken rock. The ascent is slow and somewhat treacherous, and the air grows colder as one nears the top.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Marcus, can you oil *my* crossbow? It's magical."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae fails to restrain herself from snorting, at that.



Marcus Veranius frowns



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry hands it back after looking it over and maintaining it "Better it be ready but unneeded then necessary and in poor condition" Henry muses "Same as with any tool, by the way how are you feeling Marcus? Have you eaten?" he asks with a big wide grin



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Actually, I'm just kidding. It oils itself, that's part of the magic."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae giggles louder, at this one.

She nods at Henry gratefully.



Marcus Veranius frowns extra hard



Suldae Westwind: Suldae whistles as well-known bawdy song.

*a



Marcus Veranius: "Laugh all you want, waking Ezmerelda up was not as fun as your innuendo makes it sound."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sobers up a little.

She's still whistling, but more quietly.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Pffff. Maybe it should have been? Come on, we've got a long walk yet."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Come of it I'm just swinging at all the love in the air"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "We just need to find you a nice Dryad, Henry."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Don't those eat people?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is whistling louder, again. Everyone present should know the words.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Not all the time!"

"Just when they're hungry."



Suldae Westwind: Coincidentally, the song involves a dryad.



Marcus Veranius: "A tree that hungers for Henry. Truly the best partner."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well if it's just if they're hungry" Henry says like he is actually considering it



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "You just have to keep her well fed. Solid romantic advice in general, actually."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods to that seriously as she can.

She wants to make a "way to the heart is through the stomach" joke, but she's too busy whistling.

She's a little disappointed no-one's singing along yet, but the day's still young.

Sort of.

Afternoon's still young?



Henry of Willowsbrook: "A Dryad wouldn't make the legal mess to come any 'more' complicated atleast" Henry mutters "Atleast I hope so"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Legal mess?"

"Do we want to know?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Don't care if you want to know, I ain't tellin'"



Suldae Westwind: "Are you married?" Suldae guesses.

The guess is random, just by vague association with everything going on right now.

The road from the village climbs above the mist to the wide ledge on which the abbey is perched. A light dusting of snow covers the trees and the rocky earth.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs "Maybe, maybe not guess you'll never know"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Brr," Ezmerelda says, with a shiver. "Marcus, you using that jacket?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae notes that's not a no, but gets the hint. She sobers up as they come closer anyway.



Marcus Veranius passes his coat to Esmeralda. It'll probably be warm enough inside.



Suldae Westwind: (I vote for small icons, still)

(looks like they're 2x anyway)



Marcus Veranius: (This map actually IS small icon-designed)

The gravel road passes between two small, stone outbuildings, to either side of which stretches a five-foot-high, three-foot-thick wall of jumbled stones held together with mortar. Blocking the road are iron gates attached to the outbuildings by rusty hinges. They appear to be unlocked. Viewed through the gates, the stone abbey stands quiet. Its two wings are joined by a fifteen-foot-high curtain wall. A belfry protrudes from the rooftop of the closer north wing, which also sports a chimney billowing gray smoke.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Ah, thank you Marcus. You're a true gentleman."

"Ooh, this is nice. You don't need this back, right?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves to open the gate



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is proud of Ezmerelda's shamelessness.



Marcus Veranius: "Eh, it's just a coat. Don't remember where I picked it up."



Suldae Westwind: Truly, she has the best family.

She glares at Marcus, though.



Marcus Veranius smiles



Suldae Westwind: That wasn't the right answer@



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "You're the sweetest. Thank you for the randomly acquired coat!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pushes the gate open but waits for the others to enter

The gate squeals loudly as Henry pushes it. You hear the sound of two nearby guards waking up and shambling out to confront the party.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes through first and looks around curiously.

"Hello!" she says brightly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry makes a show of not reaching for his sword crossing his arms over his chest

The two creatures which emerge from the gate houses are... Abnormal. The first is 4'9" tall, and he squats instead of standing upright. He looks like a beardless dwarf with patches of donkey flesh covering his face and body. He has one human ear and one wolf's ear, and a protruding wolf's snout and fangs. His arms and hands are human, but his legs and feet are leonine, and he has a donkey's tail. He wears a plain wool cloak.

The other creature stands 4'7" tall. The left side of her face and body is covered with lizard scales, the right with tufts of gray wolf fur. Between these tufts is pale human skin. One of her eyes is that of a feline, and her fingers and hands resemble cat's paws with opposable thumbs. She has a gruff voice and wears a gray cloak with black fur trim.



Suldae Westwind: After a short pause staring, Suldae gives a shallow yet polite bow, one hand pressed to her chest.

"Halt! Who goes there?"



Suldae Westwind: "Suldae Westwind, at your service," she introduces herself.

(oh god they look c u t e)



Marcus Veranius has seen worse. In fact, he's LOOKED worse.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Ezmerelda d'Avenir, vampire huntress extraordinaire!" Ezmerelda says this with a deep, grandiose bow.



Suldae Westwind: "Bard and cleric of Correllon," she adds after a moment, figuring it's relevant as it ever is.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Henry's the name Good day friends" his tone is mild



Otto Belview: "What is your business at the abbey?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I think I'd be called a hedge knight?"



Marcus Veranius: "Marcus Veranius. We've heard conflicting stories of the abbey. Good and bad opinions."



Zygfrek Belview: "You should not believe what you hear!"



Marcus Veranius notes that Anna recommended this place



Otto Belview: "They seem to be friendly, if ugly," says the dog-headed man.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We just wanted to pay our respects to the local place of worship" Henry

says



Zygfrek Belview: "Hideous!"



Otto Belview: "We will let the Abbot decide what to do with you. Come with us, ugly ones."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs and proceeds forward.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You're not supposed to say that outloud y'know?"



Suldae Westwind: "That's a little rude," she notes as she comes afer them.



Marcus Veranius decides to take their advice and not believe the ugly comments he just heard.

A fifteen-foot-high curtain wall joins the abbey's two wings. Behind its battlements, two guards stand at attention, their features obscured by fog. Below them, set into the wall, is a pair of ten-foot-tall, wooden doors reinforced with bands of steel. To the right of these doors, mounted on the wall, is a tarnished copper plaque.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae examines the plaque as she approaches.

The plaque reads: "Abbey of Saint Markovia. May her light cure all illness."

Otto -- the dog-faced man -- pushes open the gate quietly and leads you into a large courtyard.

The thick fog that fills this courtyard swirls, as if eager to escape. The courtyard is surrounded by a fifteen-foot-high curtain wall on which stand several guards with their backs to you—or so it seemed at first. It's clear now that these guards are merely scarecrows.

Wooden doors to the north and east lead to the abbey's two wings. In the center of the courtyard is a stone well fitted with an iron winch, to which a rope and bucket are attached. Along the perimeter, tucked under the overhanging wall, are several stone sheds with padlocked wooden doors, as well as three shallow alcoves that contain wooden troughs. Two wooden posts pounded into the rocky earth have iron rings bolted to them, and chained to one of them is a short humanoid with bat wings and spider mandibles.

The quiet is shattered by horrible screams coming from the sheds.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "well ain't this just the most charming little place in the world" Henry murmurs



Otto Belview: "Wait here," says Otto. "Stay with them, Zygfrek."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae notes the scarecrows. Looks like the Abbey isn't as safe and scary as it'd like outsiders to think.

She also notes the similarity in principle of the chained up humanoid to the two who escorted them there.

She has guesses as to what's going on here, but they're just guesses.

"Charming enough," she disagrees with Henry still.



Marcus Veranius murmurs to his companions in a quiet tone. "They've got patients in the windows that look about as well as when you first met me."



Suldae Westwind: "May her light cure all illness," she murmurs.

Suldae nods.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a closer look at their escort looking for weapons or claws just to be sure and to occupy himself

Otto leaves, heading into the western wing of the Abbey.

Zygfrek does have claws, and also bears a short spear.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stays quiet. She has many questions she wants to ask Zygfrek, but it seems impolite to ask them while waiting for the audience.

She looks around curiously, though.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (did we loose Ezme or is the token just been forgotten?)
(has the token*)



Suldae Westwind: (good q)
(stares at GM)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Well, this is... Charming."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hm" Henry grunts



The Abbot: "Greetings, Suldae, Marcus, Ezmerelda, and Henry!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae bows again, deeper this time, and with her hat pressed to her chest.

A young-looking monk in a plain brown robe has approached from the western wing of the Abbey, led by Otto.



The Abbot: "To what do I owe the pleasure of such finely armed visitors?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry salutes crisply



Suldae Westwind: "We were going around Barovia and wanted to say hi," Suldae volunteers an explanation.
"Would you be the Abbot of this fine place?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Please don't be alarmed I have spend so much time in armor I just don't feel right without it"



Marcus Veranius recognizes this person as the one with the corpse-looking patient. He too offers a bow

GM: (The what now)



Marcus Veranius: (He was in the window we passed by)
(I was gunna make a comment but then everyone jumped forward)

The Abbot:



(<https://media1.giphy.com/media/k0kLLI3E6dDS0/giphy.gif>)

GM: Ah



Suldae Westwind: players' passive perception XD

GM: They screwed the pooch on that token design

Is ok



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus accidentally ruins the chapter by having eyes)

GM: The whole Krezk section is very lazily written, tbh

Moving on...



The Abbot: "Yes, I am the Abbot of this place."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Ignore the typewriter behind the curtain)



The Abbot: "I take it by your gathered powers that you have some questions for me?"



Suldae Westwind: (how is an abbot properly addressed? I'm assuming Suldae would know in-universe)

Suldae is feeling increasingly awkward about barging in like this.

"We are curious about this place," she admits.



Marcus Veranius: "We did actually. You were recommended by the village below, if by mixed opinion."



Suldae Westwind: She nods to Marcus's words.



The Abbot: (Typically they are referred to as "Father" or "Your Honor")



Suldae Westwind: (ty)

"We're sorry about being impolite, Father," she adds. "We don't know about any procedure for a visit."



The Abbot: "I must say, I am pleased that you have not attempted to slay any of my friends. That is far better behavior than I have come to expect from most of Strahd's pet adventurers."

"There is no proper procedure for visiting a place which does not wish to be visited, but under the circumstances I would say you have done quite well."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Thats quite the assumption there"



The Abbot: "What assumption?"



Suldae Westwind: "Strahd's pet..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "That we in anyway are Strahds pets" Henry says tone glacial



Suldae Westwind: "Kind of rude, actually."

Suldae raises her eyebrows and gives a pointed glance to the guard who called them ugly earlier, too.



The Abbot: "As the hunter keeps his stock of deer, Strahd keeps his stock of adventurers."



Suldae Westwind: Well, this just sounds lovely.

Suldae puts her hand on Henry's arm.



The Abbot: "I have seen... Oh, seventy or so? Different groups of your kind. You blunder in through the fog on one mission or another, and Strahd toys with you for a month or so, then lures you to the castle and severs soul from body."



Suldae Westwind: "So it sounds like you're quite the right person to come to for answers, then," she says.



The Abbot: "I assure you, I meant no offense. It is difficult to bring myself down to the level of mortals sometimes, I apologize for the misunderstanding."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rolls her eyes exaggeratedly.



The Abbot: "Yes, I will attempt to answer any questions you may have. I have my own plans for defeating Strahd in the long run, but there have been... Unforeseen hiccups."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry bites down on his angry impulses and puts on the mask of a bored mercenary
of a bored*



Suldae Westwind: "We are here to help, and anyone who opposes Strahd is who we're here to offer it to."

"Will we keep standing here near this well?..."



The Abbot: "Actually, I would recommend against that. Mishka is down there, and he does not take kindly to visitors."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae cannot resist peeking down, at that.



The Abbot: "I was just teaching Vasilka how to cook roast pig. You may as well come along and join me for dinner!"



Suldae Westwind: (btw, a clarifying question: does the Abbot look human?)

Suldae sees eight beady red eyes glaring back up at her from down the well. Something with far too many limbs clings to the inside of the well.

The Abbot looks like a handsome but ordinary human monk.



Suldae Westwind: She steps back, giving the inhabitant its space, a little embarrassed by inappropriate curiosity.



Marcus Veranius considers the Abbot's words carefully, a few seemingly-off statements not sitting well. "Dinner would be lovely, thank you."



The Abbot leads the way to the door of the Western wing.

The ground floor of this wing is one large, fifty-foot-square room with arched, leaded glass windows. A cauldron sits on an iron rack above a fire in a hearth, while above the fireplace mantel hangs a golden disk engraved with the symbol of the sun. In one corner, a wooden staircase climbs to the upper level, while in another corner a stone staircase descends into darkness.



Suldae Westwind: (goddammit im hungry. thats it im going downstairs for like 2 minutes brb)

Gentle-sounding music trickles down from above, played on a single stringed instrument by some unseen master.

Several chairs surround a wooden table that stretches nearly the length of the room. Wooden dishware and gold candelabras are neatly arranged on the table, standing behind which is a young woman with alabaster skin dressed in a torn and soiled red gown. Her auburn hair is neatly bundled so as not to touch her soft shoulders. She seems lost in her own thoughts.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae perks up at the music and listens.

(brb)

GM: (Brb too actually, making a sammich)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We need to stop getting invited to dinners, they never end that pleasant" Henry whispers so quietly only Suldae should be able to hear him



The Abbot: "Vasilka, come and greet our guests."



Vasilka turns her head to look at the Abbot, and immediately obeys his command. She rises gracefully, steps onto her chair, steps from the chair to the table, crosses the table, hops down lightly, and comes closer.



The Abbot: "No, no, Vasilka. We talked about this! You must go *around* furniture, not over it." "Go back and try again, please."



Vasilka: Vasilka walks so gracefully that she seems almost to glide. She goes back around the table to her starting position, seats herself, and once again rises, walks around the table, and approaches the party.



The Abbot: "We're still working on some things," The Abbot says, chuckling slightly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So it would seem" Henry says drily

When she comes within five feet, you begin to see the seams in her powdered skin where disparate body parts have been carefully stitched together.



The Abbot: "What do you think? Is she not an exquisite creation?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae bows to Vasilka too.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (can I Nature Check to ask Henrys spirit for that?)



Marcus Veranius also bows, holding back some less pleasant opinions.

GM: (Yes)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

13

NATURE (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's hand touches her holy symbol as she attempts to discern what is going on in her own way.

23

RELIGION (11)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: "A pleasure to make your acquaintance, Vasilka?" He is unsure if the creation appears sentient.

Marcus does not sense her as an undead being. Henry senses that she is some kind of construct, assembled most likely from corpses. Judging by the freshness of the corpses, she has probably been assembled recently. Suldae determines that she is held together and powered by an ongoing spell, one which would require tremendous power and knowledge to create. This is a flesh golem -- an almost legendary creature from the darkest corners of tale and song.



Vasilka: Vasilka curtseys artfully to Marcus.



The Abbot: "Alas, she cannot speak. I think she may, in time, learn how, but for now it must be a lingering flaw."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "..." Henry bows lightly towards her face impassive



Suldae Westwind: "Are the guards we've met of a similar nature to Vasilika?" Suldae asks with a polite nod towards her.



The Abbot: "Oh, no. The Mongrelfolk are a sad tale, and a lasting burden of duty upon me."



Suldae Westwind: (are we talking while just kind of standing there?)



The Abbot: "They are the descendants of the Belview family. The Belviews were a family of sickly, inbred lepers, who came to the abbey many decades ago, seeking salvation. Oh, pardon my manners. Please, be seated. I have no need of such comforts, but the chairs are yours. Vasilka, if you would, please resume cooking the pig."



Vasilka: Vasilka rises and approaches the fireplace. She stokes the flames, and begins to crank the spit so that the roasted pig (now horribly burned on one side) will begin to cook more evenly.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae approaches the table and takes a seat.
She's curious to hear more of this odd person's stories.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves over to a chair and moves it so he can stand up with out problems



Suldae Westwind: She'd be annoyed at 'sickly, inbred lepers', except from his mouth it really does sound like just neutral statements of fact, with no notion that somewhere somehow it might be used as insult.

The Abbot: "Where was I. Oh yes, the Belviews. I was able to rid them of their diseases -- an act for which they were eternally grateful -- but I could not cure them of certain human defects that had been present since birth. I became consumed with a desire to rid them of their lingering imperfections. They had... Strange ideas about what it meant to be perfect."

"They did not want to be ordinary humans, you see. They wanted the eyes of a cat, wings to fly like a bat, the strength of a mule, and the guile of a snake. In short, they craved bestial traits, and I, taking pity upon them, yielded to their mad desires."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Ezme is here yes?)



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae winces. "Sometimes it might be better for people to not get what they want," she says sympathetically.



The Abbot: "My early experiments, of course, as such things sometimes do, proved fatal to their subjects. The Belviews insisted that I keep trying. One day, a Barovia lord named Vasili von Holtz visited the abbey. I knew at once that the man was evil, but he stressed that he only wanted to help. He furnished me with forbidden lore, plucked from a place called the Amber Temple. Then he helped me transform the Belviews into mongrel folk -- maniacal humans with bestial deformities and traits. The Belviews were happy, albeit insane."



Marcus Veranius drops his arms to the table with a loud thud



The Abbot: (*mongrelfolk and Barovian lord*)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae winces.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry leans his elbow on the table and places his chin in his hand using the apparent comfort of the pose to hide his expression



Marcus Veranius: "Von Holtz you say."



Suldae Westwind: Well, this Abbot is one open-minded person, although perhaps not one with the best judgement.



Marcus Veranius: "You know, we've had encounters with is work in the past as well."



Suldae Westwind: (pls remind me coz i forgot and Suldae wouldnt have it hasnt been that long)
(it sounds familiar)



The Abbot: "Yes. He revealed his true nature after the deed was done. I realized that any attempt to slay him would be futile -- the ancient curse upon the land means that the vampire can never truly die -- at least not in Barovia."



Suldae Westwind: (oh DUH)
(i think i remmeber now)



The Abbot: "Strahd confided in me. Perhaps I was the first person in centuries to lend him a sympathetic ear."



Suldae Westwind: (the coffin maker in Vallaki)

Suldae props her chin on her hands with her elbows on the table.



Marcus Veranius nods. "Strahd's supposed false identity. A shame it is so effective. He tricked a coffin maker into sabotaging Vallaki's wards."

Suldae Westwind: "If it's not violating confidentiality, would you tell us what he said?"

It is a bard's duty to gather stories, always.



The Abbot: "He wishes nothing more than to escape Barovia. Since then, I have attempted to find a cure for his malady. I am now convinced that the cure lies in reuniting Strahd with his lost love and, in so doing, ending Barovia's curse."



Suldae Westwind: Ah. Well, then.



The Abbot: "Hence Vasilka!" says the Abbot, gesturing towards her grandly.

Vasilka grunts and looks at him, awaiting a command.

"No, no. We were talking *about* you, not *to* you. Continue with your work, my dear."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry's free hand begins to drum a quick beat on the table



The Abbot: Vasilka grunts again and returns to the pig.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at the golem with a bit of skepticism. "...This does look like a solution, if not a flawless one. Does Vasilika have desires of her own, though?"

If she doesn't, Suldae supposes, that'd suit Strahd just fine, probably.



The Abbot: "Oh, of course not. All she needs now is some additional training in manners and etiquette, plus a wedding gown. Then she can be formally presented to Strahd, and win his love."

"I want to rid Barovia of its sickness. By giving the devil his heart's desire, I shall bring salvation to him and his land."



Suldae Westwind: "That seems... like a work in progress," Suldae comments. "You said it wasn't possible to kill Strahd?"



Marcus Veranius frowns. "It won't work. We tried a stand-in for his love already."



The Abbot: "Oh, he can be killed. But Barovia will bring him back. He and this accursed land are bound together."

"Yes, I heard about your little experiment with lady Wachter."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns knowing that to not be the truth



The Abbot: "One of the birds was telling me about it just the other day."



Suldae Westwind: "You expect it would work better with Vasilika? Why?" Suldae asks.



The Abbot: The Abbot does not answer this question. He glances out the window thoughtfully. "I was thinking about going down to the village and offering to bring back Ilya, the Burgomaster's recently deceased son, in exchange for a wedding gown. People in villages have wedding gowns, don't they? I'm certain they do."

"I'm sorry, you asked a question? I wasn't listening. What did you say?"



Suldae Westwind: "Bring back?" Suldae asks instead.



Marcus Veranius relents, moving his arms off the table as politely as he can.



Suldae Westwind: "In what way?"

Hers are the manners of a story gatherer, right now.

She is not someone who passes judgement, only someone who asks and remembers.

It's a manner deeply ingrained in her, one she was trained in since childhood.

And one of the things she learned: if a question is not answered, it is often better to not ask it again. If someone is deluded, the job of helping them is separate from the job of questioning them, and comes later.

And in this case, probably not theirs to attempt.



The Abbot: The Abbot paces calmly. "As you know, the people in Barovia are running out of souls. This is, of course, the reason Strahd bothers to bring so many adventurers into the land. Souls can reincarnate only a certain number of times, and sometimes they never find their way to a newborn before the madness of the mists takes them. No soul can escape Barovia -- except the Vistani, of course," he nods at Ezmerelda. "Due to services rendered in the ancient days. Strahd's soul is no different. He cannot escape Barovia. He is no ordinary vampire -- an ordinary vampire has no soul, and is instead a corpse possessed by a demon. Strahd has a soul, and it is bound here, imprisoned like all the rest. His soul must always know the curse, so his memories are not destroyed when he is reincarnated. And in every incarnation, he is king of the vampires."

"My private theory is that the demiplane of Barovia is a tidy little corner of one of the hells. Hence the eternal nature of his torment."



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae listens attentively. Even story gathering aside (which she is not putting it), there has to be a clue in there somewhere, a key. She does not believe this could be truly endless.



The Abbot: "Strahd's pact with the powers in the Amber Temple was sealed in blood, in the heat of the madness of his love for the one being who will never reincarnate here -- Tatyana. That pact is likely to remain unbroken."

"HOWEVER, if Strahd can be made to love *again*, I believe that the curse will end."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So you believe"



The Abbot: "His lingering adoration for this poor deceased maiden -- the would-be bride of his own murdered brother, no less! -- is what binds him here."



Liliet (Suldae): "That pact is likely to remain unbroken..." Suldae repeats slowly. "While you are attempting your solution, would you help us try other options?"

"I understand that we are most certainly not the first to try, but everything happened for the first time once."



The Abbot: "My decisions are based upon the guidance of the Morninglord! I must pursue the path I believe to be right. If you will help me to find a bridal gown suitable to Vasilka, I will aid you on your own journey -- in such small ways as I can. Why, perhaps I could raise some of you from the dead, when you inevitably fall? Let us say... Oh, three times. Three is a good number. Is such aid sufficient?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda leans over to Marcus and whispers: "This guy is a few nuts short of a fruitcake..."



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae pauses. "...Raise from the dead? May we ask in what way exactly?"

There is Resurrection, and then there is... well, then there are other options.



Marcus Veranius: "If you can perform a true resurrection of the dead, then there may be a second solution. For we too know of the nature of the Curse, and have a possible way to unpin it."

"For only through Blood does Strahd hold power. And if that blood were unspilled, so too might the curse be undone."



The Abbot: "So long as the dead creature has been dead no longer than 10 days, I can call its soul back to its body, simultaneously neutralizing poisons and diseases. I can close all mortal wounds. Of course, you will need all the parts -- the head and the heart and such. So don't get dismembered."



Marcus Veranius frowns. 10 days is a bit too short.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae lowers her head for a second. Of course it cannot be that easy.



The Abbot: "I am afraid, if you are speaking of Strahd's departed brother, that he is beyond my reach. His soul does not reside in Barovia."



Liliet (Suldae): "A proper bridal gown?" Suldae asks then. The pact he's offering sounds good to her, but she's not hasty to assume there isn't a bad idea hidden in there.

This guy seems one for bad ideas.

All bad ideas, all the time.



The Abbot: "Yes, a bridal gown. A size... 2, I think."



Liliet (Suldae): "Where could we get one?"



Marcus Veranius doesn't like the Abbot's proposition, if only because he knows what the next-best bride would be if the flesh golem fails



The Abbot: "Heavens, you are the mortals here! I know nothing of such matters."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry halfcliddedly glares at Suldae she can seriously be considering dealing with this basket case



Suldae Westwind: "Alright," Suldae nods. A regular bridal gown, then, it seems like. "Any specifics?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: can't



Marcus Veranius: "You keep saying that word. Mortals. You are not an elf, so your eternity is not through flesh and blood. If the question is not rude to ask, what ARE you, Abbot?"



The Abbot: "Not rude at all," says the Abbot.

"I am a Deva."



Suldae Westwind:

29

ARCANA (11)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook:

DIVINE SENSE

Class: Paladin 1

As an action, until the end of your next turn, you know the location of any celestial, fiend, or undead within 60 feet of you that is not behind total cover. You know the type of any being

whose presence you sense, but not its identity. Within the same radius, you also detect the presence of any place or object that has been consecrated or desecrated. You can use this feature a number of times equal to 1 + your Charisma modifier. When you finish a long rest, you regain all expended uses.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae recalls what she knows about those.



The Abbot: "I was sent from the Upper Planes to honor the legacy of Saint Markovia."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry uses his Divine Sense to verify this claim

Devas are angels that act as divine messengers or agents to the Material Plane, the Shadowfell, and the Feywild and that can assume a form appropriate to the realm they are sent to. Legend tells of angels that take mortal form for years, lending aid, hope, and courage to goodhearted folk. A deva can take any shape, although it prefers to appear to mortals as an innocuous humanoid or animal. When circumstances require that it cast off its guise, a deva is a beautiful humanoid-like creature with silvery skin. Its hair and eyes gleam with an unearthly luster, and large feathery wings unfurl from its shoulder blades.

Henry senses that the Abbot is, indeed, a Celestial of high power.

He also senses a dark corruption -- a creeping madness, infesting this Celestial messenger.



Suldae Westwind: Well, actually does make Suldae feel better. Even if for a Deva this guy seems indeed... a few nuts short of a fruitcake.

"I expect it'll take you some time yet to properly teach Vasilika?" Suldae asks. "It takes more than a decade for human children to learn how to be adults."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry coughs loudly



The Abbot: "Goodness, does it take that long? How horrid."

"Well, I have nothing but time on my hands, and I cannot present an imperfect creation to a king."

"It may take a few more weeks, at least."



Suldae Westwind: "What happens if it doesn't work?" Suldae asks. "Will you try again?"



The Abbot: "Naturally!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry glares at Suldae his whole being screaming a silent NO!



Suldae Westwind: "May I ask where you get... materials? For creating such a complicated being?"



The Abbot: "It has taken me many years to achieve a creation of such beauty. My first few attempts were rather laughable, in comparison. But I am certain *this* Vasilka will be the one."

"Oh, I gather the body parts from the graves in Krezk. Or rather, I send my mongrelfolk to do so."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae notes Henry's distress, but storming out while refusing the Abbot seems ill-advised. They need to gather all the information they can, first.

"I see," she says. He's not killing people for it, so that's one worry checked off the list.

"Thank you for your hospitality. There's still time before you need the gown; is it fine if we come back to you later with our answer?"



The Abbot: "Oh, of course."



Marcus Veranius: Just like the Burgomaster of Vallaki then. An absolutely disgusting person, whom by normal standards ought to be vanquished to let better people stand tall. But in this accursed Barovia, must be spared to hunt a greater evil.



The Abbot: "Will you not stay for dinner? The food is nearly ready."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It appaers to be quite thourghly charred"

The pig appears to be quite burnt. Deva's don't eat, so he may not be aware of how badly it has been ruined.



Marcus Veranius: "I would be honored to taste test, though the skill seems rather futile to teach doesn't it? Vampires don't eat."

"Well... don't eat food at least."



The Abbot: "Ah! But if the cure works, he will no longer be a vampire!"

"This is, in fact, the point!"



Marcus Veranius: "AH! Genius ahead of mine; truly the divine know best."



Suldae Westwind: "You'll probably want to ask the mongrelfolk for assistance with this. They eat, don't they? It seems like a skill they'd have more than you've ever needed it."



Marcus Veranius says this in a sarcastic tone, knowing the Abbot wouldn't catch on



The Abbot: "Your humility is a credit to your species, Marcus!"

"It is good that you should know your place in the divine order."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives Marcus a glare. Just because he's delusional, doesn't necessarily mean he won't catch sarcasm. Although it does appear to have worked.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda rolls her eyes almost audibly.



Suldae Westwind: Or he might be practicing sarcasm of his own.

That's what Suldae would do in his place.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: She whistles a jaunty little note or two that certain individuals familiar with birdcalls might recognize as the call of a cuckoo.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry is worried his teeth trying thier very best to turn each other into dust might be audible



Suldae Westwind: "I am sorry to turn down your offer," Suldae says, "but mortals are picky about food we eat, and, well, Vasilika, brilliant as she is, is not quite there yet. We will visit again, I'm sure. My apologies, again."

She stands up and gives a grand bow, hat sweeping the floor.



The Abbot: "Oh, I had hoped to test Vasilka's knowledge of hospitality. It is a pity you must leave so

soon. Well, do not keep me waiting forever! Ha ha. I may have to come and find you, if you do."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda gets up without a word, bows grandly with a false grin, and turns to leave.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rises aswell affecting a bow before leaving



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Marcus? Are you coming?"



Marcus Veranius turns to Ezmerelda, then the Abbot



Marcus Veranius: "Mortal Etiquette. You're not allowed to dine alone when in a group. You understand, yes?"



Marcus Veranius moves to leave with the others



The Abbot: "I understand, Marcus Veranius. I understand more than you know... Well, until we meet again!"

"Fare thee well! Bon voyage!"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: As soon as she is out of earshot of the Abbot, Ezmerelda says, "Right, so, I don't know exactly what's going on there, but I don't think we need to worry about him too much."

"I guess that's one thing we can check off the list?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "He is a celestial and a mad one at that"



Marcus Veranius: "He is not an enemy, which is more than we can say for a good many people."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "In Barovia, 'not an enemy' almost qualifies as 'friend'."

"At least we know the people of Krezk are safe -- from the Abbot, at least."

"Of course, if he starts inviting Strahd in to visit Vasilka, Strahd could easily take up residence in the Abbey..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "A 'Friend' that Strahd can be defated by love? Yeah pass. If I have to never see him again it would be to early" Henry bites out



Marcus Veranius frowns. "Which means Krezk is no refuge for our loved ones."



Suldae Westwind: "So he believes the best of people, that's stupid but hardly a character flaw," Suldae says.

"He strikes me as someone too *good* for his own good, too good to make good decisions in a place like this. His judgement cannot be trusted, but I think his intent can."

"That said, I'm not bringing Ireena anywhere near him."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Agreed. That would be the height of folly."

"For all we know, he and Strahd may be in communication still."



Suldae Westwind: "Sounds as likely as not," Suldae agrees.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "He may already be telling that devil everything he learned about us..."

"Luckily I do not think we let too much slip."

Suldae Westwind: "That said, we might want to take him up on that offer of a deal. I doubt he'd renege, and all he's asking for is a dress."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "He believes the monster made by Greed and Obsession can be unmade by some puppet love." Henry



Suldae Westwind: "And?"

"I can see the sense in that, even if it's stupid. Stupidity is not a sin, nor madness."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I think Strahd is toying with him."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You don't honestly believe that'll work?"



Suldae Westwind: "No, I don't think it would work. I understand how he came to that conclusion, though."

"Not to point fingers at a certain someone who thought Lady Wachter might be swayed by consideration for her town..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "By Strahd leading him to it so the Angel could finally do what he likely came to earth for"



Suldae Westwind: "Exactly."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Strahd has strung him along with some sad tale of unrequited love and loss. Wanting out of Barovia? I don't buy it. In Barovia Strahd has almost absolute power. Why would he ever wish to leave?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Now what do you think our dear Abbot would do should his masterplan fail"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I imagine he has already tried this plan a few times. He mentioned *this* Vasilka."



Suldae Westwind: "We need to be careful about his good intentions misleading him, but he's a resource. Also, if he comes looking for us later... well, hopefully it'll take more of an eternity than our lifetimes could last, for an immortal, but he seems quite impatient about his doll, so I wouldn't count on it."



Marcus Veranius: "I mean, it wouldn't hurt to find a dress."



Suldae Westwind: "I am not saying he is sane, nor that his plan has a snowball's chance in hell of working. I'm saying we can work with him regardless."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Acquiring a wedding dress does seem a small price to pay for an alliance with such a powerful -- if insane -- being."

"Let us keep it as an arms-length alliance, if we can."



Marcus Veranius: "As was with the Burgomaster of Vallaki."
















Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods at Ezme.

"The Burgomaster is vile and horrible. The Abbot isn't hurting anyone."

"The two are hardly comparable."






Marcus Veranius rolls his eyes. The angel wasn't too great either

-  **Sulda Westwind:** "One is likely quite sane, just a terrible person. The other means well, but gets lost on the way to it. There is a difference."
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry groans "Fine if you want to help him further his delusion I'll help but I fear what might happen if the creeping corruption I felt grows stronger"
-  **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Creeping corruption?"
"That sounds bad."
-  **Sulda Westwind:** Sulda frowns at him. "Might there be a way to help with that?"
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "Slip holy water in his tea?"
-  **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "We have to assume that Strahd has long-term plans for this Deva, I think..."
"Do Devas drink?"
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "He might be convinced if it's mortal etiquette to drink Holy Water-laced Tea"
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "When I confirmed He truly was a Deva I felt a corruption on him likely linked to his mental state"
-  **Sulda Westwind:** "Probably not," Sulda says. "Hey, remember the A... S... that place we were going to visit with the revenant? I wonder if they know something about him."
"One's mental state can be relieved by external influence. He's been here alone, surrounded by madmen. The corruption might yet be helped."
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "We might aswell ask Kasimir if he knows anything, they are bound to have crossed fates before"
-  **Sulda Westwind:** "That as well. I wonder how long ago Strahd told him this story."
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (we are in the process of leaving yes?)
-  **Sulda Westwind:** (I'd assume we're not idiots and therefore thoroughly out of range of any of his people's hearing)

Descending the winding switchback road, you have a nice view of Krezk. Smoke rises quietly from humble chimneys, and a few people are walking the streets.

The sun is getting lower but it is still relatively early in the afternoon.

-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry stops Sulda gently "Hey a moment please if you would"
-  **Sulda Westwind:** Sulda goes with it.
-  **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** Ezmerelda walks on with Marcus.
"Thank you for your jacket," she says.
She slips it off and throws it casually around Marcus's shoulders again. "It's getting warm now, so I'll let you borrow it for a while." She winks.
(brb gotta take care of some chickens)



Marcus Veranius smiles



Marcus Veranius: The jacket DOES feel kindof important, even if he can't remember where it came

from.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: (back)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henrys face is a twisted grimace of conflicted emotions "I understand you want to help the Abbot and believe me I would like to aswell but..."he pauses uncertain on how to put it "Suldae are you prepared to face what happens ...if we can't? If we aren't able to remove the corruption or if it's roots are in to deep already and he ends up falling in truth?"



Marcus Veranius: "If it comes to it, yes. But at the same time, we need not beat down every ounce of corruption. Else we waste our resources and fail to retain enough to cut off its head."



Suldae Westwind: "You think he hasn't yet?" Suldae cocks her head. "If we can't help, then we can't help. What do you think will happen? How can it get worse?"

Marcus, you're ahead

we're speaking in private, remember?



Marcus Veranius: (OOF)



Suldae Westwind: (rip, sorry)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus says nothing, he's too busy putting on a jacket)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I wonder what they're talking about?" Ezmerelda says.

"We should whisper conspiratorially and make them think we're sharing deep secrets."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir whispers this conspiratorially.



Marcus Veranius looks back to the others with a suspicious look, then to Ezmerelda with a serious one. He too whispers



Marcus Veranius: "I do believe you're right."



Suldae Westwind:

16

INSIGHT (6)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius:

17

DECEPTION (1)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: Suldae wonders what they're whispering about.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You know the king of the hells right? It might not be as bad as that but it can get worse still. What stops a 'superior' being from praying on those beneath him instead of being a mere scavenger?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae frowns at Henry. "The madness has corrupted his judgement, but I don't think it's corrupted his motivation. He is not a predator, I don't think he has an ounce of that in him. Worst I can see in him is something like deciding everyone is Barovia is better off dead than alive, which admittedly is pretty damn bad. Just, my point is - he'll always be trying to help, I think."

"I did undermine my point there a little, didn't I?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "They seem quite serious," whispers Ezmerelda.

"I've just noticed how finely made your boots are."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You are a much better person than me if you truly believe that" Henry's face is solemn at this



Suldae Westwind: "The ends are increasingly justifying the means, to him, and he's increasingly refusing to acknowledge anything that might contradict the idea he's focused on. I see that."



Marcus Veranius: "Thank you; I worked hard on them. Imagine running around this gloomy place in boots that leaked." Marcus whispers back, also serious. But actually legitimately serious, as boots were no laughing matter



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "You... You made them... Yourself?"

Two spots of color appear on Ezmerelda's cheekbones and her eyes dilate.

"Oh, *Marcus*."



Suldae Westwind: She lets the "good person" comment pass by. She doesn't agree that's the reason, but it doesn't seem to be a good point to bring up right now.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Marcus, Marcus, Marcus."



Suldae Westwind: "And that can lead very bad places, Henry, it can. But these things aren't random."



Marcus Veranius: "That's what a Cordwainer does. Shoemaker... umm...." Marcus was about to go into the finer details of his noble profession but is suddenly distracted



Suldae Westwind: "There's always internal logic. I can follow his."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "So how many times did you say you had been married?"



Marcus Veranius: "Oh, I'm still single unfortunately. Though I've always wanted to be a father! Shoes are nice, but family lasts longer."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Then I might just be mistaken in assuming that he like us is capable of acting irrationally" Henry muses



Suldae Westwind: "I'm not so naive as to believe he's safe to be around. Even accepting an offer of resurrections from him might not be safe, given his cooperation with Strahd - he might just bring us back in his custody, or something."

"No-one's ever perfectly rational, Henry."

"Kindness isn't rational."

"Goodness isn't rational."

"Cruelty isn't either."

"Rationality has nothing to do with this at all."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Unfortunately for *you*, maybe," says Ezmerelda, with a sly smile. Then a great sadness seems to enter her eyes. "Yes... Family is forever. Even after they're gone."



Suldae Westwind: "There are just people, and things they want, and decisions they make. I don't trust his decisions, like I said. But I haven't heard anything that made me doubt what he wants."

(goddammit Marcus's amnesia is making me REALLY SAD)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: She looks at Marcus sideways, as though waiting to see if he remembers something.

"I remember what you did for me, you know."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sighs deeply "That wasn't what I meant" He looks down on Krezk "I just fear what'll happen if his wants change"



Suldae Westwind: "Change?"



Marcus Veranius: Oh. Touchy subject. Marcus offers Esmeralda a pat on the back. "I don't think I could ever understand how much that hurts to lose those you love. But my condolences."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

ACROBATICS
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Skill: 13 | 26



Suldae Westwind: (oh my god what)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "For now he wants to lift Strahd's curse however stupidly misguided his ways might be but what if that stops being the case?"



Suldae Westwind: "What other motivation do you think will overpower this one?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir *throws herself at Marcus, grappling him suddenly by the arm, twisting him to face her, and planting a desperate kiss on his lips.*



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: She pulls away abruptly.

"You'll never know what that was for."



Suldae Westwind: "Everything he wants so far leads up to lifting Strahd's curse one way or another. Helping Strahd, helping the people of this land, keeping his charges safe."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: She walks on ahead, her head down, a subdued attitude to her gait.



Suldae Westwind: "What do you think could spur on the change?"



Marcus Veranius *doesn't understand what's going on. He remains frozen in place, mind trying to comprehend things. Walking has been forgotten.*



Marcus Veranius: ...but it feels nice

His face is glowing red



Suldae Westwind:

24

PERCEPTION (10)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae notices what's going on with the corner of her eye.



Marcus Veranius: A wide smile stretches across it

Suldae Westwind:

18

WISDOM (2+2)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I don't know and that scares me the most I do not know but if the corruption is any indication I doubt It would be good for anyone but maybe Strahd"



Suldae Westwind: She manages to stay focused on hte conversation, though. Mostly.

Suldae looks up thoughtfully. "The worst case that occured to me was him deepening his association with Strahd. Wanting to help him in more ways than this one. He'd still be wanting to help, but - remember how Lady Wachter defended her reasoning for working with him? That, but genuinely. The idea that cooperating with him is the lesser evil."

"He doesn't seem to be quite there yet."

"I'd say that we should try to get him help if we can. I'd also say that we need to investigate this whole "cannot be killed" thing more thoroughly, and the whole "demiplane in one of the hells" thing."

"What's your suggestion?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Honestly avoid him forever more, kill Strahd and leave this Heaven and Hell forsaken place but more realistically stay away until we have anything we are reasonably confident will change something"



Suldae Westwind: "What makes me think getting the dress is a better idea than the opposite is mostly his remark about finding us if we take too long. Having him stumble upon Ireena is definitely a bad scenario. Not a chance I want to take on his sanity."

"We get him the dress, we negotiate for specific help we want."

"It's a lever, more or less. The only one we have."



Marcus Veranius remains frozen and blushing as Suldae and Henry walk past



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Come on, Marcus!" Ezmerelda shouts, from nearly the end of the path.



Suldae Westwind: (Marcus we're standing I'm pretty sure)



Marcus Veranius: (You said you were walking earlier ;-;)



Suldae Westwind: (where?)

(i missed or forgot it)



Marcus Veranius: (We're walking down the path at different paces?)



Marcus Veranius remembers how legs work and quickly runs down the path to catch up



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Hurry up, Marcus! A beautiful woman like me doesn't wait forever!"



Suldae Westwind: (I figured we just stopped when Henry stopped Suldae and have been standing talking since)



Marcus Veranius: (Fak. I'm bad at RP)

GM: (You're both doing great, it's a minor detail)

(Marcus is running now anyway, so it's no longer relevant)

(Henry, you're doing great too. I'm loving the philosophical/theological discussion here)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah its fine im just anal abt these things)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...." Henry seems displeased. "fine but can we try stall him as much as we possibly can" he deflates a little "And can you promise me one thing please? If I die don't let him near me"



Suldae Westwind: "I don't think there'd be a problem with telling him you don't want to be resurrected right off," Suldae shrugs, uncomfortable with his discomfort. "Either way, of course I promise."

"Not sure what you mean by stalling him though."

"Sabotaging his work doesn't seem like a great idea, though I absolutely don't intend on stopping from pointing out how much more needs to be done every time we talk."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir grins to see Marcus running down the path toward her.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is well-aware that the 'lesser evil' decision making she's employing here is... variable from person to person. She's worried about how uncomfortable Henry seems with this, even though he's agreeing.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We might aswell get a gown but no need to hurry in getting it to him, you understand" Henry rubs the back of his neck



Suldae Westwind: Suldae frowns.

"We're running a risk between hurrying him up where we could stall and having him come look for us and find Ireena. Forgive me if I find one of these possibilities rather more terrifying than the other..." Suldae pauses, not wanting to end it with the selfish version, surely there's more to it? Ah, yes. "I'd say cooperation will do more good to his mental state than stalling. Even if he gets worse with each new Vasilika... these things matter."

"Just talking to someone he doesn't normally talk to should be helping."

"Give him a peek outside of his bubble."

"I'm not saying no, mind you. I'm just saying this is my logic."

"Dealing in good faith is always safer."



Suldae Westwind: This is admittedly a rather... bardic approach to it. She understands how a paladin might have a different opinion. That said, she's fairly sure she's the one who's right about this, at least so far.

GM: (Alright, I have to stop here, but you can keep this conversation going as long as you feel like. Thank you all for playing! This was a fun, RP-heavy session, which is kind of a nice break from the combat-heavy sessions we've been having. I'm sure there will be more things to almost get killed by next session.)



Suldae Westwind: (dont SAY that)

Ezmerelda d'Avenir:



(<http://giphygifs.s3.amazonaws.com/media/TJKm32CqAr0CA/giphy.gif>)



Suldae Westwind: (this session is pressing alllllll of my fun rp buttons)
(every single one of them)
(you might have noticed by the amount of text ive produced)
(Henry pls lets keep talking this is a conversation i super want to have)



Kasimir Velikov: 18



Suldae Westwind: (and so does Suldae)
(oh that sounds terrifying)



Kasimir Velikov: (Ooh, that should be fun to resolve next session. Kasimir has a random encounter on his way back to Krezk)



Suldae Westwind: (I FIGURED)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So much to do and the pit just seems ever deeper" Henry murmurs to himself before resolving himself to something "I trust you Suldae so if you have faith in what you do I'll follow your lead just...remember the promise" Henry begins to walk humming an old song called 'Yet Deeper And Darker The Witch Night Grows' the haunting tune contrasting with the still bright afternoon sun



Suldae Westwind: Suldae grabs his hand, stopping him.

"Just because I'm better at saying what I think doesn't mean I'm right," she says.

"I believe in what I do. But if you ever truly think I'm doing the wrong thing - tell me. Stop me."

"I don't want to be like him."

She is shaken by the encounter, too.

She looks at her friend, remembering the night he asked her for guidance.



Suldae Westwind: It's her turn now.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You're correct it doesn't mean your right but still I trust you." He hugs her close light blooming as he speaks the last words. Offering her his arm like some nobleman he says "If I truly knew you to be wrong I'd stop you in a heartbeat but I don't know so all I can do right now is have faith that your not" he looks down again at Krezk, at Suldae and at his hand "And be ready for

whatever happens next"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods, still worried, but comforted by his presence at her side. She's still holding his hand.

"That's all I can do too. Every decision seems like the wrong one if I squint just so," she whispers.

"I know of too many ways anything can end in disaster."

"I'm trying to do what's right, choose the smallest one, and I believe that these are the same thing - that doing what's right is what'll lead to the best outcome."

"But I don't *know*."

"I bet he believes in that too."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I choose to belief that we can do the right thing, it's a leap of faith I'm willing to make"

Henry says coaxing her to walk arm in arm with him like some nobles out on courtship grinning at the absurdity of the two of them filling these roles.

"Even if it means dancing on the edge of the abyss"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae walks with him.

"We're not on the edge of the abyss," she says, looking down. "I feel like we're already inside, trying to find our way up. There might not be one. And then... I sometimes feel like there's not that much deeper left to fall. But that's not true, is it? There are still things we can protect."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "True we might allready be to deep to ever get out but we must still try no? Striving to reach the surface if just for one more ray of sunshine" Henry muses "If we have no idea where to go might aswell pick a direction and trust and pray and hope it's up"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae touches her forehead to the armor on his arm gratefully. The cool touch of metal feels refreshing, feels better than being alone with her thoughts.

"If the only way is down," she whispers, "then the only thing we can do is make ourselves feel better on the way down. Make each other feel better. But I cannot think like that, I cannot stand thinking like that, I'd rather everyone hate me while I do the right thing than give up..."

There are tears sliding down the metal.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I trust you to fly Suldae" Henry says "Not because I have given up and am refusing to take ownership of my refusal to rage against the dark and do what right no matter the pain but because I choose to belief that you can do it," "I hope you trust me enough to accurately place my trust"



Suldae Westwind: "Trust in me who trusts in you," Suldae mumbles into his armor, her arms wrapped around his waist, pinning his arm to his side. "That works. Can we just... walk like this for a while?"

She feels stupid, like a little kid. But also she is, isn't she? She's 22. That's barely anything, even for a human, let alone a half elf. She cannot know everything, it's fine. She can not know how to handle things and then be able to handle them anyway. It's fine.

"We might be the seventy-oddth group that tried to do this, but we'll be the one to succeed," she mumbles. It sounds silly to say it out loud, but it's always true. Nothing works from the first time, and there's a first time for anything. Why wouldn't it be them, really?



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Can you cling to one side or do you want me to carry you because this really doesn't seem like a comfortable way to walk down hill" Henry says voice soft "We'll be the ones to end it that I Know"

Suldae Westwind: Suldae unclings from his waist, recognizing he's right. She's just holding onto his arm now, which gives them a lot more space for maneuvering.

She doesn't want to be carried. She can stand on her own two legs, just... with someone to hold onto.

Many someones, preferably.

Right now, one's good.



Henry of Willowsbrook: A sliver of gold and emerald light erases the red around her eyes without comment



Suldae Westwind: Suldae closes her eyes and walks after him, just like this.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry hums again a messy and sloopy tune that somehow feels just right as he walks.

but cheerful(GODDAMNIT



Suldae Westwind: Suldae starts humming along eventually, and by the time they reach the bottom of the cliff, where anyone else is in view, she's just walking normally, humming, holding his hand.

It's nice to have someone to be stuck here with, at least.



Kasimir Velikov:

Roll for HP	
Roll 1:	2

Roll for HP	
Roll 1:	5



GM (GM): 8



Able: able able

In the forest not far from Krezk, a dark elf moves almost silently between the trees.

Behind him, unnoticed, several figures caked in mud rise up as he passes by.

Meanwhile, back in Krezk, a certain seer awakens from a day-long drug trip and finds himself staring at the ceiling of a hut.



Liliet (Suldae): good morning!



Hierie Unthere: "who- who said that"

Hierie fumbles around for his hat



GM (GM): Hierie manages to find his hat.



Hierie Unthere: He then shuffles around on his knees in search of fellow sentient beings.

He finds the village clairvoyant seated at a small round table, laying out Tarokka cards.



Hierie Unthere: "yo"

Clairvoyant: "Ah, good. You're awake."

"I trust the elixir brought you useful visions?"



Hiere Unthere: "elixir? Oh, that. Yeah, sure, we'll go with useful"

Clairvoyant: "Your friends are on the abbey road, with the exception of the elf. He will meet you shortly... If he survives. You had better go."



Hiere Unthere: He looks out the window. "My golden slumbers are over now, here comes the sun, the sun king. I should go and come together with them, as well as this mean mr mustard you speak of. Hopefully we don't meet the end in some octopus' garden. Abbey road, you said?"

The Clairvoyant clutches her chest and pulls a pained face. She says: "URK." Then she slumps over the table, dead. The last card in her hand depicts a grinning, skeletal reaper holding a scythe, wrapped in a ragged black cloak.



Hiere Unthere: "well shit"

Here takes this as an omen to gtfo and heads to Abbey Road.

Hiere spots Henry and Suldae still descending the road, and Ezmerelda and Marcus at the bottom of it.



Hiere Unthere: "she's probably just napping"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Oh good, he's awake!"



Hiere Unthere: "How long was I out?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Seeing Hiere Henry begins to move at a slightly faster pace

"Well it's afternoon now so about that long" Henry comments loudly having just barely come into earshot



Hiere Unthere: "oh, so more of an extended nap"



Marcus Veranius: "Particularly extended. I'd call you out on it, but you're probably the only one to get any sleep last night."

"Makes me rather envious."



Hiere Unthere: "it was a particularly strong... elixir"



Suldae Westwind: "I slept," Suldae mumbles. Does she want to know what Marcus was doing? Nah. She can guess.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I wonder if Rictavio slept?" Ezmerelda says, with a twinkle in her eye.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So did I" Henry says " Seems to me you're the only one that hasn't Marcus"



Suldae Westwind: "Unlikely," Suldae murmurs



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Actually, come to think of it, I didn't get much sleep either."



Suldae Westwind: This covers both Ezmerelda's and Henry's contributions, realyl.
Suldae stays silent. This is really too easy. Tooo easy.



Marcus Veranius frowns. "OK, haha, very funny. Glad to know I'm the mature one."

Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "We knew that already."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Damnit and I just stopped thinking about Rs night thank you for that Ezme"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "My pleasure!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae giggles. She likes the lighter mood.



Rictavio: Just then, Rictavio comes hobbling down the road towards you. He is leaning heavily on his cane and has one hand pressed to his hip. He's limping, stiff-legged. He has a huge grin on his face.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry blows a raspberry at her fully aware how immature it is



Rictavio: "Ah! You're all still here."



Suldae Westwind: "So where do we go to commission a bridal dress around here?"



Hiere Unthere: "ah fuck you're still here"



Rictavio: "So what did you learn from the abbey?"



Marcus Veranius: "Their patron saint is an angel Strahd is slowly corrupting, but isn't a problem at the particular moment."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well the Abbots a Deva albeit a bit cracked in the tea set"



Rictavio: "That sounds bad."

"Devas are very hard to kill."

"Not that I would know from personal experience."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda raises an eyebrow in Rictavio's general direction, but does not speak her question.



Marcus Veranius: "The good news is that the problem will not bother us in this PARTICULAR moment. Which means we have time to make a move on Strahd's vulnerabilities."

"And I have a good idea on where to strike first."



Suldae Westwind: "Commissioning a dress?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well do take your dramatic pause Marcus not like we got things to do"



Marcus Veranius: "Actually, something a bit more malicious." Marcus states, ignoring Henry's jab.

"Strahd seems keen on taking Baba Lysaga's advice, and she is already an enemy we need to deal with. So we hunt her down first."

"Then to put Strahd on edge, use one of her dresses as 'wedding gown' to freak him out."



Hiere Unthere: "what's all this about wedding dresses?"



Suldae Westwind: "That's... ouch," Suldae says. "Do we even know she wears dresses?"

"I mean we lose nothing in trying, though."



Marcus Veranius: "Well, she's a witch. They do the robes and cauldron thing, yes?"



Suldae Westwind: "A robe and a dress aren't the same thing."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well unless anyone of us learned dress making we atleast got something to do"



Marcus Veranius: "I don't think our Angel friend knows the particulars."



Suldae Westwind: "Hiere, the mad deva in the abbey is making constructs to play the role of Strahd's wife, and he wants a bridal gown for the current version. Asked us to get one in exchange for some favors. It's probably a good idea to actually do that, considering the possible alternatives."

"His furry friends might."



Hiere Unthere: "....."

"ok"



Marcus Veranius: "...might still be worth a shot. Making Strahd angry at our Deva friend might solve the problem as well as it did Lady Wachter."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae winces.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere pretends to understand.



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd's rage is a fine weapon if we can trick him into using it to our benefit."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "well if at first your wive trap fails try again?"



Suldae Westwind: "I doubt he'd fall for that. He'd been prepping that Deva for a long time. He'll use it to turn him against us, more likely."



Hiere Unthere: Here wonders if he's still tripping balls



Suldae Westwind: "That sounds like a terrible idea."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You do still want to get him that dress thoug right?"



Suldae Westwind: "Strahd will not get mad at him, he doesn't care that much about his constructs."



Marcus Veranius frowns. "The Deva WILL be turned against us eventually. I doubt Strahd needs any help with that."



Suldae Westwind: "Eventually. He's still a Deva. The 'eventually' might be multiple human lifetimes."

"Can we not try to hurry it up?"



Marcus Veranius: "I give it a few weeks."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shakes her head.

"I really, really don't think so. Especially if we help."

"If we actually, legitimately help with the dress."



Marcus Veranius: "The Deva will fail with his bride, then be guided to secure Ireena instead. That is what I predict Strahd's next move is."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae frowns. That.. is possible.

"That is possible," she says out loud.

Marcus Veranius: "Unless Strahd suddenly tires of entertaining the Angel, such as if the Angel's work is responsible for the death of a minion."



Suldae Westwind: "But we should do what we can to *stall* that outcome, not hurry it up."



Marcus Veranius: "It's a long shot, but it might work."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rolls her eyes. "I doubt an angel is less valuable to him than Baba Lysaga, who'll be already lost either way at that point."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So since we are already in such a dour mood why not go find something to kill" Henry says cheerfully "Well when Kasimir gets back anyway"



Suldae Westwind: "It is exceedingly unlikely to work. Not the exact way you want it to. Never count on the enemy being an idiot."



Marcus Veranius: "I'm counting on Strahd's rage being as notorious as the stories describe."



Suldae Westwind: "The worst case scenario is very bad for us, and not so likely we can discount it."
"He'll aim it at US, Marcus."



Marcus Veranius: "He's ALREADY aiming it at us!"



Suldae Westwind: "He might also aim it at Krozk. Do you want that?"



Marcus Veranius pauses. That IS a good point...



Suldae Westwind: "Your plan risks several worst case outcomes that are, collectively, much more likely than the best case one you want."

"Of course, the likeliest outcome is that Strahd doesn't care about Baba Lysaga all that much either way."

"He seemed to think of her as a useful minion, but personal attachment? From him? I doubt it."



Marcus Veranius: "...maybe. She's still a threat I'd like hunted down though, if not because she's a risk to our extended family."



Suldae Westwind: "Oh, I definitely agree with that part."

"I just think the dress thing needs to be handled to give us the angel's goodwill, not to enrage him."

"And preferably to stall him altogether."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So witch hunting with a side of bridal shopping then?" Henry asks deadpan



Marcus Veranius nods



Suldae Westwind: "If we commission a very expensive dress that will take several weeks of sewing, that kills both birds with the same stone, doesn't it?"

"Not like we can't afford it."





Hiere Unthere: "lets go hunt some brides"





Marcus Veranius perks up at the idea of weaponizing money to their advantage

Marcus Veranius: "That's brilliant! I like that."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "I...You know what nevermind let's ask in town if they have a seamstress we could commission while we wait on Kasimir"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Ensure it isn't a rush order. That'll buy us a month or two."


 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Speaking of Kasimir, shouldn't he be back by now?"

 **Hiere Unthere:** "did he go out last night?"


 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "This morning. He was delivering a message to Ireena and Ismark at the tower."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "...Why did you have to ask like that..." Henry groans out turning to look east


 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Maybe we can wait a little longer. We should talk to the villagers and see if they know how to make a wedding dress. I have a funny feeling they don't, or the Deva would have already asked them."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "Assuming he thought of it," Suldae points out.

"Let's ask around, yeah. And if Kasimir isn't back by sunset... Well, I guess then we go look for him."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Assuming he cares enough to 'ask' mortals"
cares


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Assuming he has money to BUY a dress."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Assuming he's aware seamstresses exist," Suldae adds.


 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "All good points," says Ezmerelda, with a shrug.

"Worst-case scenario, I'm handy with a needle. We would just need to find some suitable fabric."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Well let's get to it then" Henry says while walking of "The Baroness would know"


 **Suldae Westwind:** "I think if we cannot find it in Krezk, we might be able to sneak into Vallaki and commission it there," Suldae adds. "But let's look here first."

The party finds the Baroness hanging some washing up to dry on a line outside her small but relatively large hut. She seems to be crying.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Milady? Is everything alright?" Henry says rushing over after noticing she is crying

Baroness: Wiping her eyes furiously on a bedsheet, the Baroness turns to face the party. She gives a brittle smile. "Oh, yes, I've just been cutting some onions for a stew. What can I help you with?"

 **Hiere Unthere:** Hiere sniffs around.
For onions.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Less onions for a start" Henry says tone dry

 **Suldae Westwind:**

INSIGHT (6)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius:

26

INSIGHT (6)
Marcus Veranius



Hiere Unthere:

14

INVESTIGATION (9)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

6

INSIGHT (4)
Henry of Willowsbrook

20

INSIGHT (4)
Henry of Willowsbrook

The Baroness chuckles wetly at Henry's remark. Hiere does not detect the scent of onions. Suldae and Henry sense that she is lying. Marcus realizes that she has lost someone very dear to her, and she is currently grieving, but trying to keep a strong face for her people. She did not mean to be caught crying.



Marcus Veranius: "Ah, just onions. dinner for your husband. You're very kind; I don't think the town would be as good a condition without that kindness."

Baroness: "Thank you, Marcus."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae frowns, worried.

Baroness: "Please, my needs should not be your concern. What can I help you with?"



Suldae Westwind: "Telling us what happened would be helpful, if only just so we know where we stand and where the town stands," Suldae says quietly.

"Please, let us hear you out. Even if that's the only way we can help."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "If I may? I could help with that" Henry says gesturing toward his eyes a hand softly glowing "Should help with the irritation"



Marcus Veranius: "...it's not for me, but do you happen to know where one might find a seamstress for a proper dress?"



Suldae Westwind:

15

PERSUASION (9)
Suldae Westwind

The Baroness opens her mouth to speak, but does not seem to know what to say. She swallows. So many people talking at once, trying to help -- it's too much. Her faces scrunches up and she

begins to ugly cry.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rushes over and gently embraces her.



Marcus Veranius has fucked up



Suldae Westwind: She does not say anything, but she does shield her from any onlookers not from the party.

The Baroness "It's t-t-too late n-n-now," she says, sobbing freely into Suldae's shoulder. "No one can help him now..."



Suldae Westwind: "Whom?" Suldae asks gently, suddenly remembering something the deva mentioned.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere feels a quiet contentment at not have having made the situation worse

The Baroness "M-my s-s-son. My only... (sob)... son."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Oh boy," Ezmerelda mutters quietly.



Suldae Westwind: "What happened?" Suldae gently guides her into the house so they can speak with more privacy.

Baroness: "He got sick... No one could help him... He's b-b-buried! RIGHT THERE!" She points at the grave marker just beyond the washing, and the freshly-turned earth there. Observant individuals will note that like all the houses in Krezk, the back yard doubles as a family funeral plot. The Baroness allows Suldae to lead her inside.



Rictavio: Rictavio's expression is a dark grimace.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Marcus Veranius murmurs to the others quietly, out of earshot. "She's been helping us all this time through our own disasters, keeping this bottled up. I feel horrible."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae thinks of the abbot. She tries to remember what he said.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods mechanically in acknowledgement face blank



Suldae Westwind: (aka brb rereading the archive)



Rictavio: "When you say your son was sick..." Rictavio says, his expression quite cold.



Marcus Veranius: "Hmm..." Marcus looks over the washing, an idea forming. Perhaps if they had an offering of something fancy-looking...

Baroness: "He was not bitten, if that's what you're insinuating. Vampires cannot enter Krezk."



Hiere Unthere: Here wonders if what rictavio will say next will make him want to polymorph rictavio into a frog.



Rictavio: "I insinuated nothing. I merely wanted a description of the symptoms. Even if he can be raised from the dead, certain diseases linger in the body after revival."

Baroness: "Raised... From the dead? Such magic is possible?"

Rictavio: "Possible? Yes. Easy? No."

"Such magic may be beyond any of us, at the moment."

The Baroness sighs deeply. "We are now too old for more children. The Krezkov line is ended with my husband and I. It is our fate. Do not be overly troubled by that which you cannot change."

Baroness: "I thank you for your concern."

"Now, you had a question. About a wedding gown?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is sitting with her, quietly being there for her in her grief, for lieu or anything else to do to help.

(yeah i cannot quickly find it ugh)

Baroness: "We have no wedding gowns worthy of noble women here, only such rude garments as we have been able to make from wool and fur. I know that the seer has a weaving loom, but the fineness of the thread is the difficulty. In a true wedding gown, only the finest, purest white thread can be used."

"Is this for the Abbot? Has he made another Vasilka?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "... He has"

Baroness: "Well, a madman tries the same thing many times."

"Perhaps he will succeed this time."



Suldae Westwind: "He's asked us to get him a wedding gown. Do you know anywhere in Barovia that we could get one?"

Baroness: "If you want one of quality, there is a noble family in Vallaki that is known to have a beautiful one."

"Such luxuries are hard to find, in Barovia."



Suldae Westwind: "A noble family?..."

Suldae knows of one (1) noble family in Barovia.

They might not be on the best terms with them. Maybe.



Marcus Veranius enters the house, overhearing the talk ov noble families.



Marcus Veranius: "The Wachters are... were... the most influential, but not the only nobility of Vallaki."

"Although come to think of it, they DID have a daughter back out of an arranged marriage at the last minute. If we can find where that dress went afterwards."

"Their wedding gift was never picked up from the Toymaker, so it could be assumed the Seamstress still has their dress."



Marcus Veranius draws the Strahd Puppet as proof of his theory, wobbling it around in a comedic manner



Suldae Westwind: "Or, we could go to the seamstress and commission a new one," Suldae reminds him. "The idea isn't to get it *quickly*."



Marcus Veranius: "Well that depends on perspective. A distraction is good, but I DO recall a reward being offered for prompt work."

"One that would be particularly revelant to current interests..."

"As much as I'd love to have the Deva wait on a dress, we owe a great favor to the Baroness."



Suldae Westwind: "Oh," Suldae finally remembers what the Abbot said. "True. Perhaps we should not speak of it yet, as we don't yet know if it'll work... But I think we should try."



Marcus Veranius: "And we need to meet out friend along the road anyways, so this works well for us!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So we are going back to Vallaki now?"



Suldae Westwind: "Kasimir, Baba Lysaga, a wedding gown. We have quite a to-do list," Suldae says.
"Seems like it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Thats not even half of it" Henry reminds her grimacing



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs. "It's the most urgent part."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Well, let's find Kasimir first," says Ezmerelda. "I'm starting to get worried about him."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yes let's" Henry says cracking his neck



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods.
She hugs the Baroness as she leaves.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry begins heading for Krezks gate



Marcus Veranius follows along, tipping his hat out of respect



Hiere Unthere: Here does too. "I feel like that was one of my better conversations."



Suldae Westwind: "Don't be too down on yourself," Suldae tells him outside the door. ""I'm sure it's no more than in top five."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere considers this. "hmmm"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "So... How do we want to go about finding an elf in the forest who specifically did not want to be found?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at Hiere.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We could yell for him if all else fails"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I don't think it's a great idea to call attention to ourselves," says Ezmerelda.



Suldae Westwind: "Resident divination specialist?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Dragons do have good hearing, you know."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere points in a random direction. "He may or may not be over there."



Rictavio: "You're inspiring a great deal of confidence."

Suldae Westwind: "...Without Kasimir, *do* we have the means to go over to the tower covertly?"



Marcus Veranius: "Actually, Hiere may have the right of it. Non-magical means can't find him if he was using the same spell that got us out. Divination may be our best bet."



Suldae Westwind: That wasn't Hiere's suggestion, but as long as he's agreeing with her, Suldae supposes she can take one for the team.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hm he would have avoided the road yes?"



Marcus Veranius: "HMM... do you think Kasimir still has his journal?"



Hiere Unthere: Hiere goes quiet for a minute, closing his eyes yet opening other ones.



Suldae Westwind: "Doesn't matter if whatever happened to him happened *at* the tower," Suldae says anxiously.



Marcus Veranius: "The one we worked so hard to get back in that encampment near Vallaki?"



Hiere Unthere:

Contact Other Plane

Divination 5 (ritual)

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V

Duration: 1 minute

You mentally contact a demigod, the spirit of a long-dead sage, or some other mysterious entity from another plane. Contacting this extraplanar intelligence can strain or even break your mind. When you cast this spell, make a DC 15 Intelligence saving throw. On a failure, you take 6d6 psychic damage and are insane until you finish a long rest. While insane, you can't take actions, can't understand what other creatures say, can't read, and speak only in gibberish. A greater restoration spell cast on you ends this effect. On a successful save, you can ask the entity up to five questions. You must ask your questions before the spell ends. The GM answers each question with one word, such as "yes," "no," "maybe," "never," "irrelevant," or "unclear" (if the entity doesn't know the answer to the question). If a one-word answer would be misleading, the GM might instead offer a short phrase as an answer.



Suldae Westwind: (in-character knowledge strikes again...)



Hiere Unthere:

INTELLIGENCE SAVE (9)

COME ON

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** plus2

In my aura

**Hiere Unthere:** oh heck yes

you beautiful boy

**Suldae Westwind:** (GOOD SHIT)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (PALADIN SAVES TH SAVE)**Suldae Westwind:** (i was about to look if / had features that could help with this(

Hiere's mind penetrates the walls of the worlds, and reaches deep into the darkness of the Outer Planes. He nearly goes mad from the effort, but a holy power uplifts him just enough to stay sane.

He hears a voice. "You are a bold one. How may I help you?"

**Hiere Unthere:** "Apart from me, is there another elf in the vicinity of the party?"

"Oh wise one" he adds

"Yes."

**Hiere Unthere:** "What direction is he in?" "oh wise one"

"Northeast by east, from your perspective."

**Hiere Unthere:** "is this elf the one we're looking for?"

"oh wisest of ones"

"It is the one you asked about."

**Hiere Unthere:** "What direction is Kasimir in, from my perspective?"

"Southeast."

**Hiere Unthere:** "How far away from me is Kasimir, in feet?"

"26,400."

"Goodbye."

**Hiere Unthere:** "thank you"

Hiere comes to. "There's an elf nearny

*Hiere comes too. "There's an elf nearby, to the northeast. Kasimir is southeast, 26400 feet away. Don't ask."

**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae asks for the map and looks at it.**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Ugh wait thats um" Henrys face turns into a pained grimace before shaking his head "Thats quite far and wait south east whats in the south east of here?"

Marcus Veranius considers, then goes pale

Rictavio: "The ruins of Berez, Argynvostholt, a small mountain... Not much."



Suldae Westwind: "Where was the Amber temple?" Suldae asks.



Marcus Veranius: "...isn't that the general direction of Baba Lysaga's lair? Along the river?"



Suldae Westwind: "And where was Baba Lysaga described to be?"



Marcus Veranius: "Within the ruins of Berez, south of Argynvostholt."
"Southeast of here..."



Rictavio: "The Amber temple is much farther south, at least ten miles along the Tsolenka pass."
"However, if he was headed that way..."



Suldae Westwind: "...Baba Lysaga sounds most likely, then..."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Lovely."



Suldae Westwind: "Hiere, you don't happen to have asked about the wellbeing of our other companions, do you?"
The question is rhetorical. Suldae presumes he would have told them.



Hiere Unthere: "asked who?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Should we check in at the tower, to see if he even arrived?"



Suldae Westwind: "No idea. Whoever it was you were asking."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So let's go kick the Baba Lasganna and hope Kaismir is there and alright"



Suldae Westwind: "We should check in on them either way. I understand that the tower is protected, but..."



Marcus Veranius: "If Kasimir is being interrogated by the witch for Ireena's location, we may want to consider abandoning the tower altogether."



Hiere Unthere: "I was merely using my investigative prowess"



Suldae Westwind: But great powers are in play. Suldae bites her lip anxiously.

13

ARCANA (11)
Suldae Westwind

(WELL)

She does not comment on Hiere's obvious lie. She'd felt the disturbance in the Weave, the reaching out to something greater. If he didn't want to say though, that was his right. She was worried about other things right now.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "If we head to the tower now, though, we will be losing valuable time."
"I suppose it's not a big detour."

Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods eagerly. She holds back from insisting, knowing her... personal reasons are likely clouding her judgement here.



Marcus Veranius: "How long has the Baroness's son been dead? We have 10 days to get the dress."
"Else the boy is gone beyond the Deva's aid."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "IF Kasimir ran into trouble which admittedly seems likely we really should help him first we owe him that much"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "It's getting dark soon, anyway," Ezmerelda says.

"I doubt we can traverse five miles as the crow flies before night falls in earnest."

"Do we know if he's still moving?"



Suldae Westwind: "That's not necessarily a bad thing," Suldae murmurs under her nose. Ah, full humans and their inferior senses.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We need to cross the river no matter whyt we do so let's wlak and talk for now"

what

walk

The party continues walking.

GM: (What pace would you like to take? At a **Fast** pace, you could cover 4 miles in an hour but suffer a -5 penalty to passive Perception. At a **Normal** pace, you could cover 3 miles in an hour. At a **Slow** pace, you could cover just 2 miles in an hour, but you'd be able to use Stealth.)

(If you go off-road, it will be considered difficult terrain. Marcus can help you overcome some of that, I believe.)



Marcus Veranius:

**NATURAL EXPLORER
(GROUP BENEFIT)**

Class: Ranger 1

You gain the following benefits when traveling for an hour or more:

>Difficult terrain doesn't slow your group's travel.

>Your group can't become lost except by magical means.

>Even when you are engaged in another activity while traveling, you remain alert to danger.

>If you are traveling alone, you can move stealthily at a normal pace.

>When you forage, you find twice as much food as you normally would.

>While tracking other creatures, you also learn their exact number, their sizes, and how long ago they passed through the area.



Suldae Westwind: (If we dont go to the tower we don't need Stealth but if we do then we do)
(we probably dont need to stealth until the river crossing either way?...)



Marcus Veranius: (If we go straight to the tower over difficult terrain, its 2.5/ 3 miles)
(Two hour trip)

GM: (With Marcus's bonus, doesn't he ignore that difficult terrain?)



Marcus Veranius: (Another 2 hours to Vallaki, assuming Stealth pace)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Are we going straight to Vallaki?)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus ignores all difficult terrain, but the Group also ignores it for the purposes of travel pace)



Suldae Westwind: (I don't think we were going to Vallaki at all?)



Marcus Veranius: (Vallaki is where the wedding gown is)



Suldae Westwind: (we were going for Kasimir, possibly to the tower along he way)
(because he's in trouble right now)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (as best we can tell)



Suldae Westwind:

BARDIC INSPIRATION

Class: Bard

You, the target, get a Bardic Inspiration die - a d6 initially, a d8 starting from level 5, a d10 starting from level 10, a d12 starting from level 15. You keep it for 10 minutes. During these 10 minutes you can use it up by rolling it and adding the result to one ability check, attack roll or saving throw. You can only have one at a time and uses refresh at short rest, so use it up!



Suldae Westwind inspires



Suldae Westwind: (oops)

(misclick)

(There is no point to going to Vallaki if we're not going to STAY there for a while)

(There is nothing we can do that by just popping by)

(*there)

(unlike at the tower, wehre the point is to just ask some questions)

GM: (You can actually cover three miles in just one hour, so it wouldn't even take a full hour to get to the Tower if you took a straight shot)



Suldae Westwind: (if we didn't care about stealth)

GM: (It's 2 miles away, so if you go at a slow pace and use stealth, it's still just one hour)

Gm: (Unless we're talking round trip)



Suldae Westwind: (oh, right)

(the tower's on the other end of the river though, we'll need to cross either way)

(we can't go as the crow flies)

(admittedly it makes v little difference)



Marcus Veranius: (Summon Animals like last time?)



Suldae Westwind: (arent we trying to stealth?)



Marcus Veranius: (fak)



Suldae Westwind: (it was night last time. it's still day right now)

(my point stands wrt absolutely no point going to vallaki)

(its urgent but its not counting hours urgent)



Marcus Veranius: (We dont know how long the boy is dead so it kindof is?)



Suldae Westwind: (there is a CHANCE the boy has been dead for 9+ days. Kasimir is DEFINITELY in trouble)

(you're not very good at the whole 'weighing likelihood vs consequences' thing huh :P)

(we don't know how long it'll take to GET the dress anyway)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (also the 10 days thing is asuming the Deva uses raise dead which is a guess at best)



Marcus Veranius: (Deva said 10 days himself)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh right yeah9



Suldae Westwind: (I'm guessing the boy has been dead for less than that, or Abbot would have already approached his parents by now)

(waiting until day 9 just doesnt sound like his thing)

(and again, given we dont know how long it'll take to get the dress, the difference is marginal. for Kasimir it's NOT)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (if only one of us had asked (yes poking the grieving mother I know))



Marcus Veranius: (If we need to go there IMMEDIATELY then lets skip the tower entirely then to save an hour)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah i hadn' thought of it but should have)

(in-character, WE DON'T KNOW IF THEY ARE EVE ALIVE)

(Suldae is trying to not insist but she really badly wants to check on them)



Marcus Veranius: (1 extra hour is a long time to interrogate for Ireena's location)

(If we're nitpicking about travel hours)



Suldae Westwind: (true, Suldae can be convinced)

(and 'let us spend the entire night in Vallaki investigating' is not 'nitpicking about travel hours')

GM: (Let's do some of this in character)



Suldae Westwind: (good plan)

"We should check on the tower first," Suldae says with barely concealed anxiety.

"They might know something... if they're alright."



Marcus Veranius: "We need to rescue Kasimir before he can spill Ireena's location or the tower trip is moot." Marcus retorts.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glares helplessly. He's not wrong, but... what if they need their help right now?



Marcus Veranius: "Unless you want to assume the secret is ALREADY spilled, in which case we need to take Ireena with us."



Suldae Westwind: "For all we know the tower might have already been breached!" she argues anyway.

"Yes, we need to warn them!"

"We don't know how long ago he's been caught - assumign that's what happened."

"They are not safe either way!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Couldn't one of you fly and check or is that too risky?"



Suldae Westwind: "We cannot gamble with this!"



Marcus Veranius: "Not warn. A trip to the tower is a decision to abandon it."



Suldae Westwind: "Strahd will be watching for ravens."



Marcus Veranius: "It's a roughly 1 hour trip from the tower to Berez, so we can assume Kasimir hasn't been there long."



Suldae Westwind: "One of us could fly and get them and meet up partway, that would be quicker"



Marcus Veranius: "1 hour fastest speed, assuming Baba Lysaga has nothing to fear by going fast."



Suldae Westwind: "If she even goes on foot."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "A trip to the tower would be a chance to gather some equipment from my wagon, too. With that, we could cut our time down."



Marcus Veranius: "It's 4 hours interrogation time by the time we make it to Baba Lysaga if we go straight there. 5 if we stop by the tower, then another hour or two finding Kasimir."

Suldae Westwind: "Ah, then we'll go together... and then there's no need for hiding. We just need to get there fast."



Marcus Veranius: "If he can't hold the Tower's secret for 6 hours, we need to consider it a known base and abandon it."



Rictavio: "I believe it would be wise to assume that Kasimir will be forced to tell what he knows. There are spells in the grasp of nearly any competent mage that make this a virtual certainty. If Baba Lysaga is as old as the legends say, I have no doubt that she will be using such magic -- indeed, that she may already have used it."



Suldae Westwind: "We need to go to the tower, then," Suldae says with new urgency.
"They are not safe."



Marcus Veranius: "And NOT go straight to Baba Lysaga's base from the tower, else we'll run into whatever force she sends to storm it."



Suldae Westwind: "And there is no point hiding. We go as fast as we can."



Marcus Veranius: "We'll need to maintain stealth for at least a few hours after leaving the tower to ensure she thinks we're still camped there."



Hiere Unthere: "surely we should get there stealthily too, what if they follow us?"



Suldae Westwind: "Assuming she watches in real time," Suldae says skeptically.

"Hiere, there's no point."

"Watching us is *not* the most likely and dangerous option they have."

"If they get there by trailing us, at least we'll be there when they're found."

Suldae is not certain she's right about this.

The thought of being late is just too much to bear.



Suldae Westwind: She needs to be *there*.



Marcus Veranius: "Fine. Let's just rush to the tower then. We'll waste hours discussing it and fail to save anyone otherwise."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Come on!" Ezmerelda says, pushing on ahead.



Suldae Westwind: (Fast pace means half an hour to the tower, right?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes of

GM: (Correct)



Marcus Veranius: (Yee)

The party jogs into the forest. **20**



Rictavio: **9**

GM: **85**

While running through the forest, you spot a ghostly shape racing through the trees. The horse-

mounted figure moves silently among the towering pines, every bone and joint glimmering in the mist. The skeleton on its skeletal mount holds out a rusted lantern which sheds no light.

The rider thunders on, dead hooves thumping earth.

It seems not to take any notice of the party, and soon vanishes into the mist.



Suldae Westwind:

25

RELIGION (11)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae reflexively clutches the holy symbol and sends a prayer upon seeing it.

The prayer is a question, as prayers to Corellon often are.

Suldae realizes that this is the cursed remains of a rider and mount, both of whom must have perished trying to escape through the fog that surrounds Barovia. They are doomed to ride forever through the valley, in search of another way out. There is no hope of salvation for this figure.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes note hand gliding to his sword belt

The mists are thick between the trees, and getting gradually thicker.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae prays some more, this time simply sending out a wish that no more people meet this fate.

*prays, geez



Marcus Veranius has never liked a rolling fog, even more now that it announces the presence of an undead jerk

After the rider has come and gone, Marcus spots something on the ground. It looks like a small pewter inkwell, but it makes him feel strangely nauseous as he looks at it.



Marcus Veranius: "Careful, there's a thing on the ground over there."



Marcus Veranius turns his gaze, pointing



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to look in the direction Marcus is pointing



Marcus Veranius: "I'm gunna lose my lunch if I keep looking at it. Does anyone else sense that... nausea?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae bends over to look.

27

ARCANA (11)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae feels her stomach turn and a horrible twist of dizziness.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

19

PERCEPTION (4)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry feels nausea fighting its way up from his stomach.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

DIVINE HEALTH

Class: Paladin 3

By 3rd level, the divine magic flowing through you makes you immune to disease.

?



Hiere Unthere: Hiere examines some trees

In spite of Henry's divine resistance to disease, he feels the nausea all the same.



Rictavio: "I'd recommend against... urgh... Looking at that."

Rictavio covers his mouth with a handkerchief, daintily.

He burps slightly.



Hiere Unthere: 'ew

Ezmerelda kicks a pile of dead leaves over the inkwell.



Marcus Veranius goes around the orb of sickness



Hiere Unthere: '



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "There, problem solved."

Suldae senses, somehow, that something quite dark is trapped within the inkwell. It seems... Conscious.



Suldae Westwind: "I doubt it," Suldae mutters, fighting down nausea.

"We are in a hurry, but..."

"We should probably not leave this lying around."

"Does anyone have means of... safe storage of arcane items?"



Marcus Veranius: "I suggest the opposite. Better in the forest than with us."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "LEts bury it" henry suggests finding that his experience with stable work helps curb the nuasea slightly

Thunder rolls overhead. The sky darkens with roiling cloud.

A laugh like distant thunder echoes across the landscape.



Hiere Unthere: "oh what the fuck"



Suldae Westwind: "Burying sounds like sending the problem into the future, but sure, sounds good."



Marcus Veranius: "No time! We gotta go!"



Suldae Westwind: "We should make note of the location."

"We should return here later"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sure do that while moving"



Marcus Veranius: "Noted. In the woods at this spot."

You hear a wild cheeping sound, like the cackle of ten thousand bats. A moment later the sky darkens even more, blotted out by millions of black wings.



Marcus Veranius actually notes it down in his head



Suldae Westwind: Suldae jots down the landmarks in her notebook.

She runs forward, towards the tower. That just sounds really bad.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh fuck of with your tenpenny villiany" Henry curses under his breath looking up



Suldae Westwind: Suldae actually feels her mood lift slightly at Henry's remark.

Things just don't seem as bad when someone's there with you to mock them.

Even if it's *most definitely* real danger



Hiere Unthere: (how far is the tower and can we see it?)

It is not far now, to the tower. In a few brief minutes you stand upon the western shore of the lake, looking across to the Tower. and its island. The sky above swirls with bats and storm-wrack. Lightning forks across the sky. The lake is tossed by wild winds, and white-tops flurry across its surface.



Suldae Westwind: Western shore?



Hiere Unthere: "who wants to go up first?"



Suldae Westwind: I'm pretty sure we were going over the bridge?

Not by the road

but over the bridge so as to not be in *this exact situation*



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Just to make sure its not some frak natural storm)

16

NATURE (7)

Henry of Willowsbrook

24

NATURE (7)

Henry of Willowsbrook

(Southern shore)*

If you prefer



Hiere Unthere: (its literally just bats Zan)

Henry senses that this is no natural storm. The spirits of nature are in agony.

The bats spiraling beneath the ragged clouds make a roar of continuous sound.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I guessed but hey rolling dice is fun)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae runs towards the tower entrance.



Marcus Veranius chases behind, unsure of what possible next move they could make



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry slows intend on closing out the rear of their group

Sprinting across the bridge, past Ezmerelda's cart, Ezmerelda suddenly shouts: "Wait, Marcus! We can use this!"

She darts to her cart and slides beneath it effortlessly, then pops up through the trapdoor.

Suldae, meanwhile, makes it to the hidden door, and steps into the illusion.

The door is still closed -- a small relief, perhaps.



Marcus Veranius runs to the cart's entrance, making sure NOT to go near the door. Or touch the cart. Or touch ANYTHING

Ezmerelda helps pull him up, into the cart.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry heightens his sixths sense letting Natures power fill him

DIVINE SENSE

Class: Paladin 1

As an action, until the end of your next turn, you know the location of any celestial, fiend, or undead within 60 feet of you that is not behind total cover. You know the type of any being whose presence you sense, but not its identity. Within the same radius, you also detect the presence of any place or object that has been consecrated or desecrated. You can use this feature a number of times equal to 1 + your Charisma modifier. When you finish a long rest, you regain all expended uses.



Suldae Westwind: (Is there a puzzle to open the door? Is it the same one? What's up with that whole thing?)



Marcus Veranius: "...that is a LOT of alchemist fire." Marcus says, pretending to be shocked as if he didn't know about how lethal this wagon was

Suldae sees the same puzzle on the door as before. The position of the symbols has not changed.



Marcus Veranius: "Wait, is that a CHICKEN? Why do you keep that in here next to the very-volatile alchemist fire!?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir grabs ten silvered crossbow bolts, three vials of holy water, a gold holy

symbol of the Morninglord, two spell scrolls, and a charred page of some kind of journal. Then she shoves the chicken cage into Marcus's arms.

"Come on! We've got to rig this to blow on command!"

"And Mrs. Clucks is a well-behaved chicken, I'll have you know."



Marcus Veranius screams internally as he slips out to rescue the chicken



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Anything on Henry's holy radar?)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows the pattern to unlock the door, same as last time.

Henry senses a several small undead, moving through the forest on the eastern side of the lake. They seem to be wrapping around to come at the bridge.

Suldae manages to open the door.



Suldae Westwind: She slips inside and frantically looks around for Ireena and Ismark.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (what kind of Undead?)

(or is that not type?)

(nvermind missread)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Who goes there?!"

Ismark's voice comes from the top floor.



Suldae Westwind: "It's Suldae! Are you alright?"

*you two



Ireena Kolyana: "Suldae!?"

Ireena pokes her head over the edge of the hole in the topmost floor, and looks down.

Her face brightens with a huge grin.



Suldae Westwind: "Ireena!" Suldae breathes out in relief. "Was Kasimir here?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Yes! Did he give you my letter?"

"Hang on, one second..."

Ireena hurls herself over the edge, plummeting towards Suldae.



Suldae Westwind: "He did not make it back!" Suldae says, brushing aside the letter question for now. She aims to catch Ireena.



Ireena Kolyana: At the last moment she spreads her arms. Nimbuses of arcane power crackle around her hands, and her fall slows. She lands gracefully in Suldae's arms.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae wraps her in an embrace, relieved and loving.

"We need to leave," she says after a few seconds, stepping back.

"It's no longer safe here."



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, I suppose I'll have to try and remember what I wrote in the letter and tell you later."

Suldae Westwind: "Gather your things. I will gather mine."



Ireena Kolyana: "Let's go."



Suldae Westwind: She smiles to Ireena.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Oy! What about me!?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Call the elevator!"



Suldae Westwind: She rushes upstairs to collect her guitar and the few odds and ends she had lying about.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Undead are coming form the east" Henry calls out Head whipping in the direction, ands moving to draw both Sword and Shield



Suldae Westwind: It's really convenient to be a bird, in this tower.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Grumbling, Ismark begins to descend on the elevator.



Suldae Westwind: She also looks for anything the other party members left around.
Anything that would slow her down is pushed on Ismark.

Henry senses an incredibly powerful undead, directly above the island. It is drawing slowly nearer.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir says "There! All done!" She pops out from under the cart, grabs Marcus's hand, and says: "We need to get everyone off this island RIGHT. NOW."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh for fucks sake! ABOVE!"

A swirling billow of mist is descending from the spiraling cloud of bats.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rushes out of the tower, dragging both siblings with her, as soon as she's done gathering things.

Suldae is just in time to overhear Ezmerelda's comment.



Marcus Veranius nods, then turns to Suldae



Marcus Veranius: "Save your feathers, we gotta bail!"



Marcus Veranius is still carrying a chicken



Suldae Westwind: Suldae wants to switch to bird form, but she doubts Ireena will leave Ismark to fend for himself and she will not leave her, so she just keeps running.



Hiere Unthere: Here books it



Marcus Veranius runs towards the bridge with Ezmeralda, questioning where today went so wrong

The billow of mist lands in the middle of the bridge, cutting off escape. In a single moment, it takes form and solidifies into the towering, black-cowled figure of Strahd Von Zarovich. His lips are drawn back in a toothy grin.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry keeps pace in leaving head on a swivel to look for any threats



Suldae Westwind: Suldae halts to a stop, putting herself in front of Ireena.



Strahd von Zarovich: "Tatyana," he says, his arms opening in a generous embrace.

"Tatyana, my love. Come to me."



Suldae Westwind: "No such person here!" Suldae yells out.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Evening Fuckface kindly fuck of"



Suldae Westwind:

COUNTERCHARM

Class: Bard

At 6th level, you gain the ability to use musical notes or words of power to disrupt mind-influencing effects. As an action, you can start a performance that lasts until the end of your next turn. During that time, you and any friendly creatures within 30 feet of you have advantage on saving throws against being frightened or charmed. A creature must be able to hear you to gain this benefit. The performance ends early if you are incapacitated or silenced or if you voluntarily end it (no action required).

Her words echo across the Weave, taking on a strange rhythm.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Marcus, how well can you swim?" Ezmerelda whispers.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark lunges past the rest of the party, his hands clawing the air.



Marcus Veranius whispers "Not with grace"



Ismark Kolyanovich:

Eldritch Blast

Evocation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A creature within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

A beam of crackling energy streaks toward a creature within range. Make a ranged spell attack against the target. On a hit, the target takes 1d10 force damage. The spell creates more than one beam when you reach higher levels: two beams at 5th level, three beams at 11th level, and four beams at 17th level. You

can direct the beams at the same target or at different ones. Make a separate attack roll for each beam.

23 and **14** to hit, **9** and **2** Force Damage

Ismark's hands loose crimson beams of arcane power. With inhuman speed, Strahd twists out of the way. Both beams lance past, but one grazes him, blasting bits of mist off his form. He snarls.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir puts two fingers in her mouth and lets out a shrill whistle. There is a ghostly whinny. Two spiritual horses composed mostly of purple flame burst into existence at the head of the cart, and yank it forward mightily. It rattles straight towards the bridge.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda steps up onto the railing of the bridge, blows a kiss, and falls off backwards, plunging into the icy water below.



Marcus Veranius: "TIME TO GO!"



Marcus Veranius jumps after Ezmeralda



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark roars, enraged, loosing more Eldritch blasts!



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena seems spellbound. Her eyes stare at Strahd as though recognizing something in him that she had long ago forgotten...



Suldae Westwind: "Ismark! Escape!" Suldae yells out.



Suldae Westwind is casting a spell, please stand by...



Rictavio: Rictavio hurls himself off the bridge with remarkable grace for a man of his age.



Strahd von Zarovich: "Come to me, Tatyana... Come to me."



Suldae Westwind:

Suggestion

Enchantment 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you

Components: V, M (A snake's tongue and either a bit of honeycomb or a drop of sweet oil)

Duration: Concentration Up to 8 hours

You suggest a course of activity (limited to a sentence or two) and magically influence a creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you. Creatures that can't be charmed are immune to this effect. The suggestion must be worded in such a manner as to make the course of action sound reasonable. Asking the creature to stab itself, throw itself onto a spear, immolate itself, or do some other obviously harmful act ends the spell. The target must make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, it pursues the course

of action you described to the best of its ability. The suggested course of action can continue for the entire duration. If the suggested activity can be completed in a shorter time, the spell ends when the subject finishes what it was asked to do. You can also specify conditions that will trigger a special activity during the duration. For example, you might suggest that a knight give her warhorse to the first beggar she meets. If the condition isn't met before the spell expires, the activity isn't performed. If you or any of your companions damage the target, the spell ends.



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd ignores the Eldritch blasts which rip into his body, blowing gusts of mist from his form.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry runs towards Ireena and Suldae



Suldae Westwind: She grabs the frozen Ireena and drags her towards the shore and into the water.

12

STRENGTH (-1+2)
Suldae Westwind



Strahd von Zarovich:

14

WISDOM SAVE (5)

GM: (Sorry, that was actually for Ismark against Suggestion)



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha)

(DC is 17)

Ismark hears Suldae's suggestion and realizes it's probably a good idea. He runs, and hurls himself off the bridge.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves and Helps Suldae drag Ireena



Ireena Kolyana:

16

ATHLETICS (0)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

28

ATHLETICS (9)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Ireena struggles against Suldae until Henry comes barreling in like a train, taking both of them right off the bridge and plunging into the icy depths below. Even as Henry's heavy booted feet go racing past, the wagon hurtles towards Strahd. In the moment Henry hits the water, the wagon atomizes itself and about thirty feet of bridge.

The explosion is truly glorious, a crescendoing fireball of golden light and greasy flame. It gushes skyward, billowing into the swarm of bats. Huge chunks of bridge crash into the water. (Make a dex save if you're in the water)



Suldae Westwind:

14

DEXTERITY SAVE (7)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius:

26

DEXTERITY SAVE (10)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook:

21

DEXTERITY SAVE (2)
Henry of Willowsbrook

13

DEXTERITY SAVE (2)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (and we all get +2 from Henry's aura right)

Strahd Von Zarovich's form blasts apart into mist with a final, incredulous laugh.

GM: (Yes, and DC is 15)



Hiere Unthere: Here steps up onto the railing of the bridge, blows a kiss, and falls off backwards, turning into a killer whale before plunging into the icy water below. He aims to pick up those at the back

GM: (So far you've all passed)



Suldae Westwind: (holy shit Hiere)



Hiere Unthere:

12

DEXTERITY SAVE (3)



Suldae Westwind: (now that's style)

(oof lmao)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (and he ate shit)

Suldae Westwind: (What I'm seeing is he shields us with his bulk)

(killer whales are big)

Hiere, in orca form, takes a chunk of falling masonry on the head. Luckily, with his increased size, it does little damage. 4



Hiere Unthere: (LOL)

Henry begins immediately to sink, due to the weight of his armor.



Suldae Westwind: (what is there to damage, really?)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena bursts through the waves, spluttering, treading water. She watches the still-flickering golden flame on the remains of the bridge, her eyes reflecting the fire.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (what do I roll to not sink my shiny metal arse?)



Hiere Unthere: Hiorca heads down to offer him a fin



Suldae Westwind: Suldae slaps her lightly, turning her face towards her own.

GM: (You can roll athletics, or let Hiere save you)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks a little stunned by the slap. Seeing Suldae, her expression softens.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

10

ATHLETICS (9)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius swims towards the whale that appeared out of nowhere. Suldae's summoned animals saves the day!



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wow)

Henry is sinking like a boulder.



Hiere Unthere: (WHY ZAN)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae leans towards her into a kiss.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena clings to Suldae's face with both hands and plants a deep, warm, passionate kiss.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Anybody seen my leg?" Ezmerelda asks, bobbing nearby.

She splashes over to join Marcus on the whale.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae holds that for as long as she can manage to, considering they're both treading water in an icy lake.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: (Make a perception check to spot Ezmerelda's leg)



Suldae Westwind: She guides Ireena to the whale now. Where did *that* come from?



Hiere Unthere: Hiere sees Henry flail away from him and decides to mind his own business. He sees

Suldae and Ireena having a moment up ahead and avoids them too. Man it sure is awkward being a killer whale.



Marcus Veranius:

21

PERCEPTION (10)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: An accounting of companions reveals an answer Suldae would very much like to be true.

Marcus spots a wooden leg floating in the shadow of what remains of one end of the bridge.

Henry, meanwhile, has reached the bottom of the lake.



Suldae Westwind: She dives after Henry. She cannot do much to help but she is intent on trying.

As his feet touch down, he finds himself face to face with the single most beautiful being he has ever encountered.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry now reminded why bathing in armor is a truly shite Idea trys again to wsim



Suldae Westwind: (HIERE WHY)

*The pale arms of the nymph encircle him cautiously, and soft, slightly scaly lips whisper in his ear.
"You do not die today, brave warrior."*



Hiere Unthere: (he didn't HAVE to roll athletics)



Henry of Willowsbrook: 'What in the everloving fuck hit me in the head?' He thinks trying to make sense of what he sees



Suldae Westwind: (Hiere the biggest drama queen around) (he did not take my hand so let him die)
(I am not saying that in admonishment, but in admiration of rp dedication)

The nymph twists and shimmers, her body billowing into seaweed and fish-scales. She becomes a dark cloak of faintly shimmering dark material. It hangs in the air before him.

Well, in the water.



Suldae Westwind:

11

ATHLETICS (1)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry reaches out for it

Suldae swims down. Damn this lake is deep. She can't see the bottom.

Henry takes the magic cloak.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how deep is the lake?)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere ses Suldae go in the opposite direction of oxygen and wonders why these people

are so intent on dying. He swims to help her out.

The lake is at least a hundred feet deep at this point.

It may be deeper, the bottom is craggy and there are many crevasses.

The cloak in Henry's hand wraps itself around him and pulls its own hood up. Suddenly, he feels himself able to breathe.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae grabs onto the orca swimming towards her and points forward down, to where she'd seen Henry disappear.

His armor no longer weighs him down.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pulls the obviously magic cape on while kicking of the ground

In a matter of seconds, he reaches the surface.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I repeat, has anyone seen my leg?"



Suldae Westwind: (Does Suldae see him surfacing?)



Marcus Veranius is trying his best not to let the chicken drown in this post-explosion madness



Marcus Veranius: "I think it's by the bridge!"

While diving, Suldae, Henry, and Hiere all spot Ismark sitting on the bottom of the lake, his arms wrapped around his knees, looking pouty.

Suldae sees something like a huge humanoid fish streak past her in the gloom.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry raises a hand glowing with light to look for Ezmes leg

Henry spots it bobbing near the remaining portion of the bridge.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Is Mrs. Clucks ok?"



Suldae Westwind:

20

ATHLETICS (1)
Suldae Westwind

(well then)

Suldae is not sure what it is she's seen, but just in case she is still attempting to reach further down.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Found your leg" Henry calls out swimming over to get it



Rictavio: "Ah! At least one of you has the sense to become a vehicle!" Rictavio says, clambering onto the Hiorca.

Suldae has very nearly reached the bottom of the lake. It is getting more difficult to hold her breath...



Hiere Unthere: Here did in fact dive deeper



Rictavio: "Damn! Now it's diving."

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry grabs the leg before darting back to the others trying not to think about the fact he is moving about 4 times faster then he should be



Rictavio: "I'm going to shore!" Rictavio shouts.

He begins swimming.



Marcus Veranius checks the chicken to see if it's OK despite everything, jumping off Hierorca to keep it in the air



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda swims over closer to Marcus. She pokes a finger through the cage at the chicken, which seems unharmed, if a bit damp.

"Aw, Mrs. Clucks. Did my wittle Marky warky save you? Yes he did. Yes he did."

Ezmerelda hugs Marcus in the water for a moment before struggling towards shore.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ezme here" Henry says handing over the leg



Suldae Westwind: *Marky warky*



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Oh, thanks!"

"I can use this as a flotation device."



Suldae Westwind: I am so deeply regretful of not being there to hear it



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Grab on, Marcus!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Wheres Suldae?"



Marcus Veranius is stuck between frowning and smiling



Ezmerelda d'Avenir grabs onto her wooden leg with a sly look at Marcus, and begins kicking.



Marcus Veranius: His face is at war with what expression to properly wear



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Pause R and Ezme are going to shore the rest are still in the water?)



Marcus Veranius: He grabs on to the leg and floats along in silence, wondering how the chicken manages to escape the cutsey names

(Marcus going to shore with Ez)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "So Marcus, are you a leg man?"

"Glad I could give you a leg up."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks around concerned "Where are Suldae and Hier?"



Rictavio: Rictavio pulls himself out onto shore and lays there for a while, staring at the sky.



Marcus Veranius 's face goes to smile



Ireena Kolyana: "They dived!"



Marcus Veranius: "It's a good thing you took Strahd out. I wouldn't have had a leg to stand on."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks around frantically. "Where's Ismark!?"



Marcus Veranius: "It's a good thing you thought to leg it over the bridge."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Got it" Henry says "Pouting at the lake bottom I'll go get him"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Well, when we get to shore we may still have to leg it. I doubt that took him out for good."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry dives

Henry finds Ismark still pouting, staring into a patch of seaweed angrily.

He also sees Hiere and Suldae.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry slaps him and points up face like an angry priestes



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Blub blub blub blubba blub!" Ismark says, in a fountain of angry bubbles.

GM: (Suldae, make a CON save)



Hiere Unthere: Here sees Henry with a fancy cape and assumes the worst. Its too late to save him now. He pulls sundae-oh ok



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry points up again before Moving over to Suldae and Hieres whaleish self



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark angrily begins swimming towards the surface.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae would sigh in relief except she's underwater and her vision is going dark

17

CONSTITUTION SAVE (2)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae manages to continue holding her breath, but it's getting difficult.

Ezmerelda and Marcus make it to shore.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere fucking pulls her to sure shore



Marcus Veranius places Betsy onto the sand and flops down



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sighs in relief as her head breaches the surface, pulled up by an orca.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pulls alongside Hiere



Suldae Westwind: She's riding it.

She glares at Henry.

Though it's not his fault.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I'm trying to think of another leg joke," says Ezmerelda.

"But to be honest it's going to suck waiting for this thing to dry out.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (am I faster then Hiere with my 60ft swimspeed?)



Marcus Veranius: "Dad's probably laughing at me in whatever locker he drowned in. Sailor's son not

knowing how to swim well."

GM: (A Killer Whale has a 60 ft swim speed too haha)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere turns back to his usual self, now lying on the floor with a half elf on his back



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rolls off him and looks for Ireena.



Hiere Unthere: "jeez you guys really want to die"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Son of a sailor? I should have guessed."

"Right," says Ezmerelda, adjusting her hat. "You lot owe me a new cart."

"And now we have some things to figure out."

Ismark walks out of the depths slowly, water draining from his ears and nose.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry steps on the shore pulling down his hood "Why in the Lights were you down there?!" Henry asks Suldae



Ismark Kolyanovich: "He's still alive," Ismark says. "I can feel him. In the castle."

"He was never really here to begin with."



Marcus Veranius has a price quote on a nice Vistani wagon in town. Lightly used.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae flips him off, still too out of breath to express herself verbally.

"Three guesses," Suldae wheezes out.

Henry senses a small group of undead approaching from the forest to the east. They seem to be making a beeline straight for the party.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "No seriously what would you have done I easily am 3 times your weight" He says turn ing towards the Undead he pulls out his sword and shield



Suldae Westwind: "I figured Hiere would go after me," Suldae confesses.

"Or... I'd try at least."



Hiere Unthere: "I was literally a killer whale and she's slightly thick"



Suldae Westwind: "You're three times my weight but you'd be trying to swim up too, right?"

Suldae considers kicking at him but he did just save her life, probably.

Though without his presence she would have given up earlier, most likely.

Maybe.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yes and how would your adorable little ass help me swim? hmm?2

"



Suldae Westwind: "Not ass. Arms," Suldae says, deadpan.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena sits beside Suldae and hugs her mutely.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae snuggles up to her.

Then she notices the undead.

Marcus Veranius: "Let's just agree to not play in the water on a regular basis." Marcus frowns, unaware of the approaching undead



Hiere Unthere: "I should've eaten all of you"



Suldae Westwind: "Ugh," she groans and points at them.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Right, can we start a fire? It's about to start getting dark. It must be... What, 5:30? 6:00?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well thank you for the thought"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I have a wooden leg to dry off."



Suldae Westwind: "But you didn't because you're a sweetie," Suldae tells him.
She nods to Henry, a little embarrassed.



Hiere Unthere: "I cannot deny this"



Suldae Westwind: "I'm guessing this won't come up again. I'll ask you about that later. What's that?"
she points at the undead



Marcus Veranius turns to where Suldae points



Marcus Veranius: "That appears to be a group of undead coming to ruin our already-trashed evening."

A small mass of vaguely greenish zombies can now, indeed, be seen pushing between the trees to the immediate east. In a matter of a minute or so, they will be upon you. At the moment you can see a dozen, but many more pairs of glimmering eyes are among the trees.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry fixes his cloak rolling the sword hand to limber up "Shape up we got company of the not-as-dead-as-they-should-be kind"



Hiere Unthere: "can I toss a fireball at them"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "By all means, be my guest."



Marcus Veranius attempts to get Ezmerelda's leg back on before the zombies arrive.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Wait wait wait, it's wet!"

"You can't put it on until it's properly dry, that's just... Gross."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh sure I'll leave some for you" Henry says bloodlust and light dripping of him like lake water



Marcus Veranius stops. "I don't know how replacement legs work!"



Hiere Unthere: Hiere considers fireballing himself and just being done with it



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "It's sweet that you're trying, dear." She kisses him on the nose. "For now, let the expert deal with it."

"Now help me up, please,"



Suldae Westwind: (AREN'T WE ENDING THE SESSION HERE)

GM: (Yes, we should end it here)



Marcus Veranius gives Ezmeralda a hand to get up, and a shoulder to lean on



Hiere Unthere: (STOP)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Closing banter before the fade to black and closing credits for this episode)



Hiere Unthere: (STOP THE RP)

(I WILL RIOT)

GM: hahaha

(Thank you all for playing! I have to go make a fence (eurgh) but this was a fun session for me.)



Hiere Unthere: (no u)

GM: (Obviously next session will start with some combat, so we can look forward to that)



Marcus Veranius: (The party makes a mistake and Zombies get involved)



Suldae Westwind: (this was great)



Able: able able



Liliet (Suldae): good day to yall



Zanshuken: heyho



GM (GM): Good morning all!

Now where the fuck were we



Able: fighting some undead



GM (GM): Ah yes

Let me throw down a battle map for y'all



Henry of Willowsbrook: blew up a bridge had a swim now on to fight some undead



Able: that swim took far too long



Liliet (Suldae): that was a fantastic swim



Henry of Willowsbrook: I got a cape so I really can't complain



Marcus Veranius: "Cape of Please Don't Drown the Paladin"



Liliet (Suldae):

E> E> E>



Henry of Willowsbrook: yeah and also "Cape of your Paladin is now a speed boat"



Able: with your aura you can be a yellow submarine



Liliet (Suldae): oooo

Ireena and Ismark?

You hear the sound of approaching undead to the northeast, moving through the trees



GM (GM): (Roll Initiative)

INITIATIVE
Ismark Kolyanovich

Initiative: **17**

INITIATIVE
Ireena Kolyana

Initiative: **3**



Marcus Veranius:

17

INITIATIVE (8)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook:

20.1

INITIATIVE (0.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

16.1

INITIATIVE (0.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: **3**

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: **3**

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: **-1**

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: **9**

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: **3**

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: 13



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: 2

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: 13

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: 7



Able:

7

INITIATIVE (3)



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: 1

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: 10

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: 17

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: 7

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: 11

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: 17



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Strahd Zombie

Initiative: 2

INITIATIVE

Strahd Zombie

Initiative: 16



Hiere Unthere:

6

INITIATIVE (3)



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE

Strahd Zombie

Initiative: 8

INITIATIVE

Strahd Zombie

Initiative: 17

INITIATIVE

Strahd Zombie

Initiative: 18

INITIATIVE

Strahd Zombie

Initiative: 13

INITIATIVE

Strahd Zombie

Initiative: -1

INITIATIVE

Strahd Zombie

Initiative: 15



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE

Strahd Zombie

Initiative: 4



Hiere Unthere: (why isn't my thingy working)



GM (GM): (You broke it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (did you right click your token?)



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae's initiative is 18.15



Hiere Unthere:

17

INITIATIVE (3)

GM (GM): Alright, Henry's up!

With your divine senses, you can feel the location of all the zombies.



Ireena Kolyana: "Guys! I think we have company!"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Not the pleasant kind. We never have the pleasant kind of company."



Ireena Kolyana: "Hey! Suldae's not all bad."



Henry of Willowsbrook:

Moonbeam

Evocation 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A 5-foot-radius, 40-foot-high cylinder centered on a point within range

Components: V, S, M (Several seeds of any moonseed plant and a piece of opalescent feldspar)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

A silvery beam of pale light shines down in a 5-foot-radius, 40-foot-high cylinder centered on a point within range. Until the spell ends, dim light fills the cylinder. When a creature enters the spell's area for the first time on a turn or starts its turn there, it is engulfed in ghostly flames that cause searing pain, and it must make a Constitution saving throw. It takes 2d10 radiant damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. A shapechanger makes its saving throw with disadvantage. If it fails, it also instantly reverts to its original form and can't assume a different form until it leaves the spell's light. On each of your turns after you cast this spell, you can use an action to move the beam 60 feet in any direction.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 3rd level or higher, the damage increases by 1d10 for each slot level above 2nd.

(could some one help me draw a proper circle?)



GM (GM): (I've placed a moon symbol in the area you indicated)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (one row up please)



GM (GM): (You should be able to move it)

CONSTITUTION*Strahd Zombie*Ability: **8** | **8****Henry of Willowsbrook:** rolling 2d10

(3 + 2)

= 5

rolling 2d10

(1 + 1)

= 2**GM (GM):** (Gib RP please)

Henry of Willowsbrook: Striding in the direction of the undead Henry raises his sword and shield. Silver light dripping of his blade he roars as he calls down a ray of pale moonlight in the treeline
EoT

**Liliet (Suldae):** (one sec)

A shaft of blazing silver light illuminates the nearest zombie and lights up the undead forms of at least a dozen others. The zombie caught in the light begins to burn with flickering blue flame.

**Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Oh my," says Ezmerelda. "There are rather a lot of them..."

Liliet (Suldae): Suldae takes out her crossbow. They're too far away for magic and she has no interest in making that distance smaller. She can shoot farther.

25

80/320

Light Crossbow (+6)
Suldae Westwind

5*Piercing*

She takes aim at the one she has clearest line of sight on and calmly presses the trigger.

Overhead, the dark clouds still boil with storm-wrack, and swarms of bats still swirl and cackle in the darkness. Suldae's crossbow deals a direct hit to the approaching zombie, ripping its left arm off at the shoulder.

**Liliet (Suldae):** "Gods be with us," she says loudly enough for Henry ahead to hear.**BARDIC INSPIRATION***Class: Bard*

You, the target, get a Bardic Inspiration die - a d6 initially, a d8 starting from level 5, a d10 starting from level 10, a d12

starting from level 15. You keep it for 10 minutes. During these 10 minutes you can use it up by rolling it and adding the result to one ability check, attack roll or saving throw. You can only have one at a time and uses refresh at short rest, so use it up!



Liliet (Suldae) inspires

The hand of the arm props itself up and continues to scuttle forward, dragging the limp limb behind itself...



Rictavio: "Oh, that's not good..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry, Bardic Inspiration)
(oops why do i still have access to this)



Suldae Westwind: (Henry, Bardic Inspiration)



Rictavio:

INITIATIVE
Crawling Claw

Initiative: **8**



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry, Bardic Inspiration)



Suldae Westwind: (pls mark it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (noted)

GM: (EoT?)



Suldae Westwind: (EoT)

(pls mark on your token lets start doing that)

GM: (Hiere, you're up)

Hiere has a terrible premonition of vast black wings in the sky...



Suldae Westwind: (im just gonna abuse my still-existent access to Henry's token and mark inspiration)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere dashes forward, eager to move the conversation away from whatever the fuck was going on.

"Guys I see big bad wings in the sky"

"Also fire I see fire. Right over there" He points to the zombies.

DC 17

Dexterity Save

27
Fire

150 feet

Fireball



Suldae Westwind: (i think you should mark the exact area of effect you want)



Hiere Unthere: (trying to)



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha)

GM: (I've dropped a token that should help, you have control)



Rictavio:

DEXTERITY

Strahd Zombie

Ability: **14**



Hiere Unthere: (it should be a bit bigger)

GM: (You can change the size)



Strahd Zombie:

DEXTERITY

Strahd Zombie

Ability: **2**

DEXTERITY

Strahd Zombie

Ability: **7**

DEXTERITY

Strahd Zombie

Ability: **5**

DEXTERITY

Strahd Zombie

Ability: **16**

DEXTERITY

Strahd Zombie

Ability: **17**

DEXTERITY

Strahd Zombie

Ability: **4**



Suldae Westwind: (I do so love Hiere's style)



Strahd Zombie:

DEXTERITY

Strahd Zombie

Ability: **6**

(one pass, seven fails)

13.5

The tremendous blast of flames billows between the trees, flickering over eight zombies, who catch fire and stagger on even as their flesh drips from their bones. The sizzling sound and the accompanying smell are truly horrific.

GM: (Anything else for your turn?)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae starts trying to breathe with her mouth.



Hiere Unthere: (EoT)

GM: (Marcus, you're up!)



Marcus Veranius is rather upset at just how many swarms of undead Strahd seems to posses. Was there a single person in this country who could rest in peace!?



Marcus Veranius: He uses an action surge and rains crossbow bolts towards the forest

19 | **16**
120

**>Sharpshooter (Hand
Crossbow) (+7)**
Marcus Veranius

2
Bonus Damage

19
Piercing

26 | **11**
120

**>Sharpshooter (Hand
Crossbow) (+7)**
Marcus Veranius

3
Bonus Damage

18
Piercing

20 | **15**
120

**>Sharpshooter (Hand
Crossbow) (+7)**
Marcus Veranius

5
Bonus Damage

17
Piercing

10 | 20
120

>Sharpshooter (Hand

Crossbow) (+7)

Marcus Veranius

3

Bonus Damage

22
Piercing

13 | 8
120

>Sharpshooter (Hand

Crossbow) (+7)

Marcus Veranius

3

Bonus Damage

19
Piercing



Marcus Veranius:

14 | 25
120

>Sharpshooter (Hand

Crossbow) (+7)

Marcus Veranius

4

Bonus Damage/Bonus Damage

20
Piercing

12 | 24
120

>Sharpshooter (Hand

Crossbow) (+7)

Marcus Veranius

6

Bonus Damage/Bonus Damage

22
Piercing

GM: (Final numbers? Also, holy hell)



Marcus Veranius: (Oh son of a... ignore the Bonus Damage. Hunter's mark was on)

19/ 18/ 17/ 22/ 19 / 22 / 24. Distributed to the closest zombies

Two of his bolts bring down the nearest zombie in the moonlight, and the others flurry into the trees, striking several more of the loathsome undead.

GM: (EoT?)



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Strahd Zombie:

Eldritch Blast

Evocation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A creature within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

A beam of crackling energy streaks toward a creature within range. Make a ranged spell attack against the target. On a hit, the target takes 1d10 force damage. The spell creates more than one beam when you reach higher levels: two beams at 5th level, three beams at 11th level, and four beams at 17th level. You can direct the beams at the same target or at different ones. Make a separate attack roll for each beam.



Ismark Kolyanovich: **12** and **17** to hit for **3** force damage and **4** force damage.



Ismark Kolyanovich races forward, throwing up his pale hand. Crimson light blazes on his features as nimbuses of arcane power crackle forth from his palm, streaking through the trees. The crawling hand is blasted to bones, and a zombie just behind it is blown apart.

You hear an ominous whirling from the storm above... Suddenly, lightning strikes! It blasts the ground twenty feet south of Rictavio, igniting the grass.

It is followed by a second stroke near the first. An observant mage would note that the flames are burning in the form of an arcane sigil.

A third blast follows, and in a matter of seconds, the lightning is a continuous roar, carving something -- a large circle -- into the grass...



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is startled by Ismark's sudden arcane power.

She is... more startled by what happens next.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

13

PERCEPTION (4)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(does Henry notice the circle carving lightning?)

Henry notices the circle carved by lightning, and begins to realize that it is probably a teleportation circle.

A dozen zombies shamle forwards, most of them moving slowly. One races suddenly forwards, coming directly for Henry! It sprints awkwardly across the dark grass.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Not this shit again! Can someone stop that?"



Marcus Veranius: "We don't have the numbers or fortifications to deal with this! I suggest a retreat while we still have room to run!"



Ireena Kolyana: "On it!" cries Ireena, running towards the forming circle. Spreading her arms wide, she attempts to Counterspell the forming circle.

Counterspell

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature in the process of casting a spell

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect. At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.

4

INTELLIGENCE (1)

A tendril of lightning breaks from the pouring river of crackling power, and smites her spell in her hands.



Ireena Kolyana: "Aargh!" Ireena screams.



Suldae Westwind: (holy shit that poor int check)



Ireena Kolyana: "He's too powerful! I can't stop him!"



Marcus Veranius: "Fry the circle with the Moonbeam! Scribble all over it and maybe the runes won't work!"



Hiere Unthere: (can hiere try counter)

GM: (Henry, you're up!)

(Since he hasn't used his reaction yet, yes he can -- Hiere)

Hiere Unthere:**Counterspell***Abjuration 3*

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature in the process of casting a spell

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect. At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.

(how do I ability check?)

GM: (You should be able to click the "Intelligence" word above your intelligence score on the main page)

(It's a button)

**Ireena Kolyana:****INITIATIVE***Rictavio*

Initiative: **20**

INITIATIVE*Ezmerelda d'Avenir*

Initiative: **9**

GM: (Somehow I failed to put Rictavio and Ezmerelda on the initiative)

(Hiere, did you find the button)

(It's the word "Intelligence" Above your attribute)

(Above your modifier, actually)

(Henry, you're still up)

**Henry of Willowsbrook:**

17

120ft. (5ft. r 40ft. h cylinder)

Moonbeam (+0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

DC14**Constitution Save****14**
Radiant**Ireena Kolyana:****CONSTITUTION***Strahd Zombie***Ability: 10****GM:** (That was the Zombie's roll)**Hiere Unthere:** (oh nvm I use my portent)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (shouldn't that be 4 rolls)**Strahd Zombie:****CONSTITUTION***Strahd Zombie***Ability: 11****CONSTITUTION***Strahd Zombie***Ability: 12****CONSTITUTION***Strahd Zombie***Ability: 6****GM:** (Is that the right path? Due west?)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry whips his sword around guide the beam closer to himself
(yes)

The beam carves through three zombies on its way to its destination, blasting them down to crumbling cinders. It settles on the zombie charging towards Henry, igniting its flesh in pale blue flame. The zombie snarls!

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Action surge)**11****Longsword (5 ft) (+9)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**13**
*Slashing***29****Longsword (5 ft) (+9)**
Henry of Willowsbrook

14 + 6
Slashing

GM: (two hits, easily enough to dismember this thing)



Henry of Willowsbrook: He steps forward and carves the zombie in two

EoT

The zombie crumbles and the moonlight burns it to ash.



Strahd Zombie:

Protection from Evil and Good

Abjuration 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (Holy water or powdered silver and iron, which the spell consumes)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

Until the spell ends, one willing creature you touch is protected against certain types of creatures - aberrations, celestials, elementals, fey, fiends, and undead.

The protection grants several benefits. Creatures of those types have disadvantage on attack rolls against the target. The target also can't be charmed, frightened, or possessed by them. If the target is already charmed, frightened, or possessed by such a creature, the target has advantage on any new saving throw against the relevant effect.

GM: (From Rictavio)



Rictavio:

Sanctuary

Abjuration 1

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: 30 ft

Components: V, S, M (A small silver mirror)

Duration: 1 minute

You ward a creature within range against attack. Until the spell ends, any creature who targets the warded creature with an attack or a harmful spell must first make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, the creature must choose a new target or lose the attack or spell. This spell doesn't protect the warded creature from area effects, such as the explosion of a fireball.

If the warded creature makes an attack or casts a spell that affects an enemy creature, this spell ends.

GM: (Doing a double-turn for Ricky boy here, since we missed him in the first round)



Rictavio runs to Ireena and casts two spells upon her in quick succession: Protection from Evil and Good, and Sanctuary.



Rictavio: "Come on, you foolish girl! Get away from that!"

GM: (Using the rest of his movement to pull her away)

(Suldae, you're up!)



Suldae Westwind: (Is the circle gone?)

(Did Hiere's Counterspell work?)

GM: (If Hiere ever finishes RPing it, it will be)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere raises a hand to the sky and looks to Ireena. "Too powerful? Bah! This spell was not meant to be. Fate demands it." He rips the spell from the weave, dunking it into the metaphorical trash can of the cosmos.

(Counterspell: 24 int)

The lightning ceases to flow, and the circle of flames dies away.

A roar of rage booms through the storm.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Uh... Guys...? He's moving. I can feel it. He's moving *fast*."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae flashes a thumbs up to Hiere and turns to the undead with renewed hope. They are advancing, but they are also getting destroyed quickly.

Oh. Well then.

"Where can we go from here?" Suldae asks, weaving a prayer of a spell in her mind in the meantime.



Hiere Unthere: "We have rope? Do you think it'll fool him twice?"

rope. *



Suldae Westwind: She wishes she had more certainty to draw upon, to focus the spell, make its success more certain, but the power of Correllon is at her fingertips either way, an answer to a request, and she will use it either way.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Can we make it to Krezk?"



Suldae Westwind: "The zombies are right there, and I'm afraid he might be able to see through their eyes..."



Rictavio: "We would only be endangering them!"



Suldae Westwind:

DC14

Dexterity Save

14*Radiant*

60 feet

Sacred Flame
Suldae Westwind

The flame ignites.

**Rictavio:****DEXTERITY**
*Strahd Zombie***Ability: 18****Hiere Unthere:** (wow)**GM:** (That's the zombie's roll unfortunately)**Suldae Westwind:** (rip)

The flame putters out, as Suldae is too distracted. She feels frustration at herself - not quite good enough yet...

The flame ignites, and wreathes the zombie in golden light. Something... Dark... Emanates from the shambling corpse, and the flames die without so much as singeing it.**GM:** (Which one were you targeting?)

(EoT?)

**Suldae Westwind:** (im thinking)

Suldae's thumbs up gives Hiere a surge of confidence.

BARDIC INSPIRATION*Class: Bard*

You, the target, get a Bardic Inspiration die - a d6 initially, a d8 starting from level 5, a d10 starting from level 10, a d12 starting from level 15. You keep it for 10 minutes. During these 10 minutes you can use it up by rolling it and adding the result to one ability check, attack roll or saving throw. You can only have one at a time and uses refresh at short rest, so use it up!

***Suldae Westwind inspires*****Hiere Unthere:** Here's already ridiculously high self-confidence increases by 0.00371346%**Suldae Westwind:** "We need a place to hide," she says. "What could pass for one?"

(EoT)

**Hiere Unthere:** "rope trick"

Suldae Westwind: "No it cannot!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We'd be sitting ducks I doubt he'd fall for it again"



Suldae Westwind: "A location in which to hide"



Strahd Zombie:

Eldritch Blast

Evocation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A creature within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

A beam of crackling energy streaks toward a creature within range. Make a ranged spell attack against the target. On a hit, the target takes 1d10 force damage. The spell creates more than one beam when you reach higher levels: two beams at 5th level, three beams at 11th level, and four beams at 17th level. You can direct the beams at the same target or at different ones. Make a separate attack roll for each beam.



Ismark Kolyanovich: **23** and **17** to hit, **9** and **1** force damage

Ismark throws out his hand again, launching more crimson beams into the darkness.



Suldae Westwind: Hiere, put an inspiration marker on your token

I need to keep track of who I've given it to
please

The rays fly true. One pulverizes a zombie skull, the other streaks through the trees and catches a glancing blow on another zombie.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Damn!" Says Ismark.

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius: "I would suggest the best place to hide is 60 ft away from these things. Just keep walking backwards!"

Marcus aims more shots at the closest zombies, hoping to buy some space. With any luck, Strahd bunched all his undead within the nearby region into this assault. End the horde here and the numbers won't be as good for a future attack.

13

9

120

>Sharpshooter (Hand

Crossbow) (+7)

Marcus Veranius

22

Piercing

16

120

>**Sharpshooter (Hand
Crossbow)** (+7)
Marcus Veranius

21

Piercing

25

120

>**Sharpshooter (Hand
Crossbow)** (+7)
Marcus Veranius

17

Piercing

GM: (Which targets did you have in mind?)



Marcus Veranius: (Whichever ones are closest to Henry)

Marcus's first bolt rips the head off the darkness-shrouded zombie. His second sticks in the chest of a zombie to the north, and his third drops a zombie to the east.

The zombie shrouded in darkness does not fall...



Marcus Veranius: "Oh not this shit again..."

[EoT]



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is a little scared of what her spell did. Just a little.

A zombie breaks from the treeline and races towards the shadow-wrapped undead. The shadows swirl outward to cover it as well.

GM: (Hiere, you're up)



Hiere Unthere: (oh)

"Please, please die." Here lobs another fireball and bolts.

(token please papa)

DC 17**Dexterity Save****25**

Fire

150 feet

Fireball

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Wait guys does that remind you guys of something aswell" Henry says indicating the gathering darkness with audible frustration



Strahd Zombie:

DEXTERITY
Strahd Zombie

Ability: 12

DEXTERITY
Strahd Zombie

Ability: 18

DEXTERITY
Strahd Zombie

Ability: 11

DEXTERITY
Strahd Zombie

Ability: 7

DEXTERITY
Strahd Zombie

Ability: 11

DEXTERITY
Strahd Zombie

Ability: 8



Strahd Zombie:

DEXTERITY
Strahd Zombie

Ability: 18

DEXTERITY
Strahd Zombie

Ability: -1

12.5



Hiere Unthere: (only 5 zombies in radius????)



Suldae Westwind: "We're probably going to have a demon here soon!" Suldae calls out in response to Henry.

The blast of flames kills three zombies outright and singes five more. The two zombies wrapped in shadow seem to resist the flames, and a baleful green light blazes in their eyes. The shadow of a tall man seems to loom above them in the flames, but then the fire dies.

The zombies wrapped in shadows are now crumbling, little more than bone and burning sinew. They should not be able to stand, but a mighty will supplants them.

GM: (You hit 8 Zombies)



Hiere Unthere: (oh the crosses were later)
(my bad)

GM: (Hyup)

(Would you like to do anything else with your turn?)



Hiere Unthere: (I ran the fuck away, EoT)

Five zombies sprint straight towards the swirling darkness, and are also embraced in its shade. A figure now seems to loom above them, burning yellow eyes staring through the darkness.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

DC14

Half damage

Dexterity Save

31

Lightning

Self

Lightning Bolt



Ezmerelda d'Avenir slips past Marcus and moves north, flanking around Henry and Suldae to get a line of sight. She points her finger at the shadow-wreathed zombies, and unleashes a crackling stream of lightning! A line of light, one hundred feet long, roars through the darkness, blasting through the shadow-wrapped undead.



Strahd Zombie:

DEXTERITY
Strahd Zombie

Ability: **10**

DEXTERITY
Strahd Zombie

Ability: **13**

DEXTERITY
Strahd Zombie

Ability: **9**

DEXTERITY
Strahd Zombie

Ability: **6**

DEXTERITY
Strahd Zombie

Ability: **6**



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: In the aftermath, the zombies in the shadows still stand, crackling, steaming, tendrils of lightning flickering over their now-skeletal forms. Some of them now have singe-marked holes right through their bodies. It does not seem possible that they can still be standing.

"I don't like this!"



Ireena Kolyana: "Let me try!"

Ireena runs forward, gathering power in her hands. She wraps her will around the shadows, and

attempts to part them.

Counterspell

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature in the process of casting a spell

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect. At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.

18

INTELLIGENCE (1)

The shadows begin to break. A powerful will resists her...



Strahd von Zarovich:

ARCANA
Strahd von Zarovich

Skill: **31**

The Shadows hold, but only just. The radius of the darkness seems to shrink.

The zombie at the heart of the shadows raises an emaciated, skeletal hand.

Light blazes in its eyes, and from its rotten mouth tumbles the voice of the vampire himself. It seems to be casting a spell!

A sphere of blue-white light zips from its fingertips, racing straight for Marcus and the center of the group. It strikes, and a glacial blast explodes from the point of impact, surging out in an expanding sphere that completely encompasses a sixty-foot radius. (Everybody make a CON save.)



Strahd von Zarovich:

34
Cold

300 feet

Freezing Sphere



Henry of Willowsbrook:

11**CONSTITUTION SAVE (5)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**9****CONSTITUTION SAVE (5)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**Marcus Veranius:****14****CONSTITUTION SAVE (2)**
Marcus Veranius**Strahd von Zarovich:****CONSTITUTION**
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Ability: 7 | 15**Hiere Unthere:****8****CONSTITUTION SAVE (2)****Strahd von Zarovich:****16****CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)****GM:** (That last one was Ireena, sorry)**Suldae Westwind:****9****CONSTITUTION SAVE (2)**
Suldae Westwind**Ismark Kolyanovich:****15****CONSTITUTION SAVE (5)****Rictavio:****CONSTITUTION**
Rictavio

*Ability: 20***GM:** (The DC was 18. You each take 34 points of cold damage. Rictavio manages to make the save.)**Rictavio:** "By the nine hells!?" Rictavio shouts.**Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Aargh!" Ezmerelda screams, as the frost blasts over her clothing.

Ismark Kolyanovich: "Fuck!" Ismark shouts, as waves of ice blast over him.



Marcus Veranius: "The ninth one to be exact. That's the icy one innit!?" Marcus grunts as he takes the blast directly. It seems Strahd was done targeting their immunities



Ireena Kolyana: "Wo-oooah!" Ireena cries out, as the ice blasts her.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae screams.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Fuck" Henry grunts



Hiere Unthere: Hiere stumbles , trying to brace himself against the assery and failing



Marcus Veranius:

Absorb Elements

Abjuration 1

Casting Time: 1 Reaction

Range: Self

Components: S

Duration: 1 Round

Cast when you take when you take acid, cold, fire, lightning, or thunder damage.

The spell captures some of the incoming energy, lessening its effect on you and storing it for your next melee attack. You have resistance to the triggering damage type until the start of your next turn. Also, the first time you hit with a melee attack on your next turn, the target takes an extra 1d6 damage of the triggering type, and the spell ends.

Marcus resists the cold long enough to make his one-liner



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Need do beat a 17 con save or abillity check to keep concentration right?)

GM: (Yup)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (save or check?)



Hiere Unthere: (check)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

17

CONSTITUTION (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

8

CONSTITUTION (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: Taking damage. Whenever you take damage while you are concentrating on a spell, you must make a Constitution saving throw to maintain your Concentration. The DC equals 10 or half the

damage you take, whichever number is higher. If you take damage from multiple sources, such as an arrow and a dragon's breath, you make a separate saving throw for each source of damage.



Hiere Unthere: oh

GM: Hyup



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh well thats 19 then)

GM: So you're good! :)

(Henry is up)

The shadowy figure rising from the undead mass speaks directly to Ireena. "Don't go anywhere, my dear. I will be there soon..."



Ireena Kolyana: "Well that's not good," says Ireena, matter of factly.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae grits her teeth. They might or might not be cornered, and she has no clever idea to contribute.

She feels like she should have a clever idea.

She doesn't.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

SECOND WIND

Class: Fighter 1

At first level, on your turn, you can use a bonus action to regain hit points equal to 1d10 + your fighter level. Once you use this feature, you must finish a short or long rest before you can use it again.

On your turn, you can use a bonus action to regain hit points equal to 1d10 + your fighter level (1).

6

Healing

Second Wind

Henry of Willowsbrook

As Henry's moonbeam moves at his command, blasting down upon the darkness, it carves through the shadows like a laser. The mass of huddled zombies crumples, wreathed in blue flame.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

DC14

Constitution Save

7

Radiant

120ft. (5ft. r 40ft. h cylinder)

Moonbeam

Henry of Willowsbrook

"We should go... anywhere not here soon"

EoT



Rictavio: "I concur enthusiastically!"

HAND CROSSBOW

Rictavio

Attack: 21

Damage: 1 piercing + **15**
piercing

HAND CROSSBOW

Rictavio

Attack: 19

Damage: 5 piercing + **13**
piercing

He looses two crossbow bolts which bring down one of the nearest zombies.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks around. They have three ravens, a mage who can cast Polymorph (hopefully), and four people who cannot do any of the above.

She considers if a giant eagle could carry two people.

26

NATURE (7)

Suldae Westwind

Suldae is confident that it could.



Suldae Westwind: There does seem to only be one thing to do. She puts away her crossbow, takes the ocarina to her lips and sends out a call, eerie and sad and asking for help.



Suldae Westwind is casting a spell, please stand by...



Suldae Westwind:

Conjure Animals

Conjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: Unoccupied spaces that you can see

within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 hour

You summon fey spirits that take the form of beasts and appear in unoccupied spaces that you can see within range. Choose one of the following options for what appears: One beast of challenge rating 2 or lower Two beasts of challenge rating 1 or lower Four beasts of challenge rating 1/2 or lower Eight beasts of challenge rating 1/4 or lower Each beast is also considered fey, and it disappears when it drops to 0 hit points or when the spell ends. The summoned creatures are friendly to you and your companions. Roll initiative for the summoned creatures as a group, which has its own turns. They obey any verbal commands that you issue to them (no action required by you). If you don't issue any commands to them, they defend themselves from hostile creatures, but otherwise take no actions. The GM has the creatures' statistics.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using certain higher-level Spell Slots, you choose one of the summoning options above, and more creatures appear - twice as many with a 5th-level slot, three times as many with a 7th-level slot, and four times as many with a 9th-level slot.

(Oh. I could just summon four. I'll keep that in mind for the future lmao)

15

ARCANA (11)
Suldae Westwind

They need flying mounts to bear them. Desperately. Suldae pictures eagles and sends the call out to *them specifically*.

The melody echoes through the air, towards the distant mountains.

With an ethereal cry, two vast eagles descend from the dark skies above, and land with great sweeps of their enormous wings. They alight on either side of Suldae, their huge, golden eyes observing her sternly.



Rictavio:

INITIATIVE
Giant Eagle

Initiative: **23**

INITIATIVE
Giant Eagle

Initiative: **12**

GM: (Whoops, initiative as a group -- so they'll both be acting on initiative count 23

Suldae Westwind: Suldae bows to one, then the other.

She turns around, finding Esmerelda with her eyes, gestures towards one, then turns back around and points Rictavio to the same one, then Henry and Ismark to the other one.

"Hiere, can you turn yourself into something?" she asks.

On second thought, she can also turn people into animals. They have plenty of excellent options here.

GM: (EoT?)



Suldae Westwind: (EoT)



Ismark Kolyanovich: Not needing to be told twice, Ismark runs to the nearest eagle and mounts up.

"Do you hear that?"

GM: (Make perception checks)



Suldae Westwind:

23

PERCEPTION (10)
Suldae Westwind

(...apparently, yes)



Marcus Veranius:

27

PERCEPTION (10)
Marcus Veranius

Suldae hears the unmistakeable and all-too-familiar sound of massive wingbeats...

Marcus hears the wings of Vorgansharax the Black. Why does he know that name...?



Henry of Willowsbrook:

6

PERCEPTION (4)
Henry of Willowsbrook

24

PERCEPTION (4)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry hears nothing but the storm.



Marcus Veranius: How could Marcus forget that dreaded dragon that held him captive for as long as he can remember?



Suldae Westwind: (oh my god I forgot Marcus lost his memories)

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius: (Can I get a confirm on the current time being 7 PM after travel, and if that is night or day?)

GM: (7 PM sounds right, and it would be night by now)



Suldae Westwind: (well, dark evening lmao)

GM: (probably closer to 7:30)

(The sun sets early, in Barovia)



Marcus Veranius: (How far away is the dragon?)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah but it can be lights out and still evening, 7pm is not night
/alwaysreadytoquibbleoversemantics)

GM: (The dragon is not currently visible, but by the sound you can estimate that it is about 500 feet away and to the southwest.)



Marcus Veranius: Vorgansharax made a critical mistake this time around. Every other time, every other place, he caught Marcus in a position where fighting back was an impossible option. Always something to hide. Always something to protect.

Not this time.

"Fly northwest, and use your longest ranged weaponry. It is time for the hunter to become hunted."

Marcus floated upwards as if lifted by faith, disguised wings hiding his path. How many shots could he get off before Vorgansharax realized there was no where left to hide? How many shots before Vorgansharax realized he was too slow to escape?

"Swift death to you who have wronged me."

12		26
120		
>Sharpshooter (Hand Crossbow) (+7) Marcus Veranius		

10
Piercing

21
Piercing



Suldae Westwind: Suldae isn't sure about this, but she does trust Marcus.



Marcus Veranius:

19		11
120		
>Sharpshooter (Hand Crossbow) (+7) Marcus Veranius		

10
Piercing

21
Piercing

When you make a weapon

attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

15
Piercing

3
Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]
Marcus Veranius

26 / 22 to hit, 31 damage each shot



Henry of Willowsbrook: (is that the right weapon?)



Marcus Veranius: (FUCK)

rolling 2d8

(1 + 5)

= 6

(...the correct dice are worse)

(26 / 31 magical piercing damage)

GM: (Wait I think those were crossbow shots)



Marcus Veranius: (I rolled d8's and recalculated the damage as if he was using longbow)
(Oathbow has 600 range, so Vorgansharax is in firing range)

GM: (Ah, same modifier either way)

(The 19 misses bu the precision attack juuuuust barely bumps it up to a hit)



Suldae Westwind: (marked concentration on myself)

Marcus hears two roars of rage and pain. The oath bow has not failed him.



Ismark Kolyanovich:

INITIATIVE <i>Ancient Black Dragon</i> <hr/> <i>Initiative: 18.14</i>
--

GM: (Do you have additional actions/moves?)



Marcus Veranius: (I have a one-liner)

GM: Oh good we like those



Marcus Veranius: "You're approaching me? Instead of running away, you're coming right to me?"
"Then come as close as you like!"

[EoT]

GM: (This is one of those mojo jojo things, isn't it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: it is

Two of the remaining zombies charge forwards, coming right for the eagle Ismark is currently mounted on.

GM: (Hiere is up)

Hiere is overcome by a momentary wave of hallucination.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Right, bird time," says Ezmerelda, approaching the massive eagle. "Good birdie... Nice birdie... Don't bite the poor peg-legged lady..."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir manages to get herself up onto the eagle's back.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

HEAVY CROSSBOW +1
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Attack: 12

You have a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this weapon.

Damage: 10 Piercing

HEAVY CROSSBOW +1
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Attack: 17

You have a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this weapon.

Damage: 14 Piercing

Once mounted, she puts two crossbow bolts into the nearest zombie.

Another zombie charges forward towards the eagle -- three of them are almost in biting range!



Suldae Westwind: (Ireena is still also a raven)

GM: (She's running to help her brother, not to get on the eagle)



Suldae Westwind: (makes sense)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

5

Rapier (+4)

8

Piercing

Suldae Westwind: (oh fucking rip)

(hey, that's not Ireena!)

GM: (It's Ireena's roll, I just had the wrong 'as' selected -- sorry)



Suldae Westwind: (yes i got that XD)

(i might or might not be angling to have it not count)



Ireena Kolyana charges towards her brother's eagle and lunges with her rapier! Unfortunately, the narrow weapon pierces a nonessential part of the zombie, and sticks within it!

The zombie growls, reaching for her. She is able to keep it at arms' length, but just barely!

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: (rapier: not the best weapon against undead)

GM: (She's pumped up on big-sister protective instincts, not thinking clearly apparently)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Swaping from Sword and Broad to Halberd would not be an action right?)

GM: (We'll call it a free action)

(So no, not an action -- go for it)



Suldae Westwind: (free item interaction!)

GM: (Yeah what she said)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (cool) Henry puts his Sword away and slings his shield on his back grabbing the shaft of his Halberd "Light give me strength" he mutters approaching the eagle remembering the last time he saddled one vividly

FIGHTING SPIRIT

Class: Fighter 3 Samurai

Starting at 3rd level, as a bonus action on your turn, you can give yourself advantage on weapon attack rolls until the end of the current turn. When you do so, you also gain 5 temporary hit points. The number of temporary hit points increases when you reach certain levels in this class, increasing to 10 at 10th level and 15 at 15th level. You can use this feature three times, and you regain all expended uses of it when you finish a long rest.

27

17

Halberd (10 ft) (+9)
Henry of Willowsbrook

11
Slashing

14

25

Halberd (10 ft) (+9)
Henry of Willowsbrook

7
Slashing

13

17

Halberd (10 ft) (+9)
Henry of Willowsbrook

10
Slashing

GM: (Three hits, three kills)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Climbing the Eagle (two)
(missclicked a third attack)

GM: Ah yes, that last one is out of range isn't he



Henry of Willowsbrook: also that)

GM: (The two nearest ones are down for the count, so that's good)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes two over head swipes around the Siblings finding that ending foes did some to calm his wobbling knees has he
takes a seat on the large bird "Hmm" he meekly squeaks out not looking forward to his third flight EoT



Rictavio: Rictavio mounts up on the eagle beside Ezmerelda. "Haven't done this in a while..."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Think you'll be able to keep your grip, old man?"



Rictavio: "My capacity to keep my grip is inversely proportional to your capacity to keep your mouth shut, child," says Rictavio. "In other words: yes."

The eagles spread their massive wings and leap into the sky.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae turns around and focuses again. The prayer comes easier this time, her fingers on her holy symbol.

DC14

Dexterity Save

13
Radiant

60 feet

Sacred Flame
Suldae Westwind



Rictavio:

DEXTERITY
Strahd Zombie

Ability: **11**

GM: (You keeeeeeeled it.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh ehk btw GM I think you missed a Zombie lol)

GM: (Nah it's just the control Zombie. It's watching you)



Suldae Westwind: The fire surges, this time, and the will of Corellon disrupts the unholy magic sustaining the creature. Suldae breathes out, then reaches out to her raven sister. She feels the grin in her consciousness, and they *meld*, and Suldae leaps into the air

SHAPECHANGER

Racial: Wereraven

The wereraven can use its action to polymorph into a raven-humanoid hybrid or into a raven, or back into its human form. Any equipment it is wearing or carrying isn't transformed. It reverts to its human form if it dies.

(oops, not what i meant to do, but works lmao)

GM: (We will be changing maps in a moment here...)



Suldae Westwind: (I don't have my fly speed recorded anywhere apparently)



Marcus Veranius: (You could just shift the map to the left and assume people are flying northeast)

(No need to make another battle map; this is big enough)

(We can at least hold off until Vorgansharax is closer to us than 100 squares)

(I'll draw us some clouds)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (normal Raven fly speed is 50 ft)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)

(thats a lot of trees)

(neat)

GM: (Hiere, go ahead and take the turn you missed from last round)

2.7777777777777777

320

Hiere sees his companions getting airborne.



Hiere Unthere: Here comes to. "Hey! You guys leaving without me!?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae flips him off as she circles around the clearing, waiting for him.

Hiere Unthere: He makes sure his hat doesn't fly off as he polymorphs into a giant eagle, joining the other two.

Polymorph

Transmutation 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (A caterpillar cocoon)

Duration: Concentration Concentration, Up to 1 hour

This spell transforms a creature that you can see within range into a new form. An unwilling creature must make a Wisdom saving throw to avoid the effect. The spell has no effect on a shapechanger or a creature with 0 hit points. The transformation lasts for the duration, or until the target drops to 0 hit points or dies. The new form can be any beast whose challenge rating is equal to or less than the target's (or the target's level, if it doesn't have a challenge rating). The target's game statistics, including mental ability scores, are replaced by the statistics of the chosen beast. It retains its alignment and personality. The target assumes the hit points of its new form. When it reverts to its normal form, the creature returns to the number of hit points it had before it transformed. If it reverts as a result of dropping to 0 hit points, any excess damage carries over to its normal form. As long as the excess damage doesn't reduce the creature's normal form to 0 hit points, it isn't knocked unconscious. The creature is limited in the actions it can perform by the nature of its new form, and it can't speak, cast spells, or take any other action that requires hands or speech. The target's gear melds into the new form. The creature can't activate, use, wield, or otherwise benefit from any of its equipment.

Grouping together in the air, the three giant eagles and the hybrid Ireena hear the approaching wingbeats of a swift-moving dragon...



Suldae Westwind: "Northwest?" Suldae asks Marcus



Marcus Veranius: "EAST! Northeast!"



Suldae Westwind: "Northeast!" Suldae yells out for the eagles' benefit.

Hopefully, everyone else will listen too.

GM: (So there's one little snag... The ravens and hybrid forms have a 50 foot fly speed, which means dashing they'll be falling 60 feet behind every round)

Henry of Willowsbrook: (Wait



Marcus Veranius: (With Hiere back and now a giant eagle, we can get everyone mounted)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Raven form has raven weight right so they could just sit down and ride allong right?)



Ireena Kolyana: Seeing how much swifter the eagles are, Ireena transforms fully into a raven and perches on Hiere's feathery head.

GM: (Please RP the mounting up)

(Bearing in mind that you did just flip him off lmao)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae drops on Hiere's back, turning back into human and goes "do a barrel roll if you mind. by which I mean please don't?"



Hiere Unthere: "cacaw motherfucker"

GM: (Squares on the grid now indicate 20 feet)

Through the cloud tops you see a shape with vast black wings. The enormous dragon is in hot pursuit, enraged by its prey!



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh Gentel Light grant this poor unfortunate soul sanctuary! Oh Glourious Light bathe me in your splendor! Oh Exalted Light shield me and mine with your incandescence!" Henry is muttering every pray he can remember whilst cling onto the eagle beneath him as hard as he can



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

INITIATIVE <i>Ancient Black Dragon</i> <hr/> <i>Initiative:</i> 12.14

The eagles flap their mighty wings, and surge forward 160 feet.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Vorgansharax the Black flaps his mighty wings, and surges forward 180 feet. The distance closes by 20 feet.

GM: (Ok, so every round the distance closes by 20 feet. You can play your turns as normal, but you won't be able to move on your turn without losing that dash speed for the eagle you're mounted on, which will cause you to fall back 80 feet. Vorgansharax the Black is within 300 feet. Henry, you're up.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

Bless <i>Enchantment 2</i> Casting Time: 1 action Range: 30 feet Target: Up to three creatures of your choice within range Components: V, S, M (A sprinkling of holy water) Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute You bless up to three creatures of your choice
--

within range. Whenever a target makes an attack roll or a saving throw before the spell ends, the target can roll a d4 and add the number rolled to the attack roll or saving throw.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot level above 1st.

On Marcus Suldae Hiere and Ezmeralda



Suldae Westwind: (brb)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry fingers with the Holy Symbol looking at his companions "Give them Strength" he murmurs

GM: (EoT?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: EoT



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

13

Higher Level Cast

6

Healing

Touch

Cure Wounds

GM: (Dammit that was for Rictavio)



Rictavio: "Chin up, my dear! This won't be the last dragon you slay!"

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has approximately the same thought. Now's the time to try...

She breathes in and focuses. The land beneath her, the air around her, the gods and spirits listening. Her power and her will and the weave through everything.

A surge, binding it all together, and there are 10 berries lying on her palm.

Goodberry

Transmutation 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: See text

Components: V, S, M (A sprig of mistletoe)

Duration: Instantaneous

Up to ten berries appear in your hand and are infused with magic for the duration. A creature can use its action to eat one berry. Eating a berry restores 3 hit points, and the berry provides enough nourishment to sustain a creature for one day. The berries lose their

potency if they have not been consumed within 24 hours of the casting of this spell.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell at a higher level, the berry restores 1 more hit point for each level above 1st.

(Each berry, when eaten, restores 6 HP)

Suldae eats one herself, pops one into Marcus's mouth next to her and gives one to Ireena. (That's as many as she can distribute in a single turn, I'm assuming)



Suldae Westwind: (EoT)



Ismark Kolyanovich:

Command

Enchantment 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range

Components: V

Duration: 1 round

You speak a one-word command to a creature you can see within range. The target must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or follow the command on its next turn. The spell has no effect if the target is undead, if it doesn't understand your language, or if your command is directly harmful to it. Some typical commands and their effects follow. You might issue a command other than one described here. If you do so, the GM determines how the target behaves. If the target can't follow your command, the spell ends. Approach. The target moves toward you by the shortest and most direct route, ending its turn if it moves within 5 feet of you. Drop. The target drops whatever it is holding and then ends its turn. Flee. The target spends its turn moving away from you by the fastest available means. Grovel. The target falls prone and then ends its turn. Halt. The target doesn't move and takes no actions. A flying creature stays aloft, provided that it is able to do so. If it must move to stay aloft, it flies the minimum distance needed to remain in the air.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can affect one additional creature for each slot level above 1st. The creatures must be within 30 feet of each other when you target them.

Ismark turns to look back at the pursuing dragon, and his eyes blaze with crimson light. Flames flicker beneath his skin.

"FLEE."

Vorgansharax the Black:

WISDOM SAVE
Ancient Black Dragon

Save: **27**

The dragon seems almost to laugh...



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Damn. It was worth a shot!"

GM: (Marcus, you're up!)



Marcus Veranius also seems close to laughter. "Let him come. This is the day Vorgansharax the Terrible meets its end."



Marcus Veranius: He fires more shots



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yep" Henry agrees wincing after having Ismark shout in his ear



Suldae Westwind: (I guess you have the berry but you have to spend an action to eat it)

(you have it tho)

(theres currently a peeled banana sticking out of Marcus's mouth)



Marcus Veranius:

$$\begin{array}{r|l} 8 + 4 & 12 + 4 \\ \hline 600 & \end{array}$$

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

12
Piercing

17
Piercing

$$\begin{array}{r|l} 21 + 1 & 25 + 1 \\ \hline 600 & \end{array}$$

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

8
Piercing

23
Piercing

rolling 1d20 Lucky

(15)

= **15**

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

8

Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]

Marcus Veranius

GM: (Two hits)



Marcus Veranius: 60 Magical Piercing Damage

GM: (Did you mark Vorgansharax as your sworn enemy before rolling with advantage?)



Marcus Veranius: (Last turn)



Suldae Westwind: (he did, back down)

GM: (I'm assuming yes)

(Gotcha, missed it somehow)



Suldae Westwind: (it was that awkward moment when he accidentally rolled crossbow)



Marcus Veranius:

On your turn, you can use a bonus action to regain hit points equal to 1d10 + your fighter level.

14

Healing

Second Wind

Marcus Veranius

(Thats actually an 12)

[EoT]



Vorgansharax the Black: **"AAARGH... YOU WILL REGRET THIS!"**

(in Draconic)

(Obvi)



Marcus Veranius: **"And you will die this day, unable to."** Also responding in Draconic.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae cannot understand what they're saying but cheers anyway, assuming Marcus is saying something cool.

GM: (Hiere is up... Since he's an eagle though, there's not much to do)

(Hmmm...)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere chills the fuck out and does some sweet glides.

(Dash, move 160ft, EoT)



Vorgansharax the Black: Vorgansharax puts all his will into gaining more speed. His voice echoes through the storm, calling on dark forces. The name of Strahd rings out over the cloudscape.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "He's coming," says Ismark.

"He's coming from the east."



Suldae Westwind: (incidentally since we're flying really fast and a distance apart, I bet people can only hear each other on the same eagle)



Marcus Veranius: (Anything is possible in Anime Time)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda twists in the saddle, raising her heavy crossbow. It's a difficult shot from this range, at these speeds... She tries to make it anyway.

HEAVY CROSSBOW +1
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Attack: **10 | 12**

You have a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this weapon.

Damage: **9** Piercing

HEAVY CROSSBOW +1
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Attack: **7 | 11**

You have a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this weapon.

Damage: **9** Piercing

"Damn!" She shouts, loud enough to be heard on the other eagles. Her crossbow bolts fall far short.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena, in bird form, eats her banana.

GM: (Top of the round again. The eagles proceed 160 feet due northeast. The Dragon closes the distance by 20 feet. Distance: 280)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry could make an athletics check to shout really loudly what Ismark is saying)

GM: (Henry is up)

(Yes, that would work for me)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

17

22

ATHLETICS (9)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (That's plenty strong enough haha)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (whoops forgot I had advantage still on) Henry loudly repeats what Ismark

said albeit a tone or two higher then normally

Also Lay on hands for 10 himself

EoT



Rictavio: "Take the shot again! You can do this, Ezme!"

Guidance

Divination Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You touch one willing creature. Once before the spell ends, the target can roll a d4 and add the number rolled to one ability check of its choice. It can roll the die before or after making the ability check. The spell then ends.



Rictavio casts Guidance on Ezmerelda.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Ezme is also blessed btw)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae eats her banana this turn, since that's how long it takes (I forgot) and gives Ireena another one

counting the one currently lying in Marcus's lap, that leaves her with 6 more

* not counting

GM: (Oh derp, Guidance doesn't boost your attacks)

(Now I have to make her do an ability check haha)



Suldae Westwind: EoT



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Wait..." Ismark says, clutching Henry's shoulder. "He's gone. He's not on this plane anymore. It's like he just... Stepped out of it."

"I don't like this..."



Marcus Veranius considers, but know what must be done.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry repeats mostly so he has something other to do then hold on



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Don't let him bend your will," says Ismark, casting *Protection from Evil and Good* on Henry.

Protection from Evil and Good

Abjuration 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: One willing creature you touch

Components: V, S, M (Holy water or powdered silver and iron, which the spell consumes)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

Until the spell ends, one willing creature you touch is protected against certain types of creatures: aberrations, celestials, elementals, fey, fiends, and undead. The protection grants several benefits. Creatures of those types have disadvantage on attack rolls against the target. The target also can't be charmed, frightened, or possessed by them. If the target is already charmed, frightened, or possessed by such a creature, the target has advantage on any new saving throw against the relevant effect.

GM: (Marcus is up)



Marcus Veranius: "I've made my play. Whatever trick Strahd tries, it costs him one dragon."



Marcus Veranius takes his shots



Marcus Veranius:

10

9

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

18

Piercing

12

10

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

22

Piercing



Suldae Westwind: (ouch)

(whats the -3 and do you remember you're blessed?)



Marcus Veranius: (Gunna Lucky both of those)

rolling 1d20

(9)

= 9

rolling 1d20

(4)

= 4

GM: (I think it calculated those wrong though)



Marcus Veranius: (REEEEEEEEEEEEEEO



Suldae Westwind: (OH)

(I FORGOT)

(CAN I RETCON MYSELF AS HAVING GIVEN MARCUS BARDIC INSP)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d4

(1)

= 1



Suldae Westwind: (I GOT DISTRACTED BY BANANAS BUT I WAS CHEERING)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d4

(1)

= 1

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh boy)



Suldae Westwind: (IT TAKES A BONUS ACTION)

GM: (What is that -3 mod?)



Marcus Veranius: (-5 Sharpshooter, +2 Archery Style)

GM: (Ah. How complicated!)



Marcus Veranius: (Can I have the bardic brohther?)

GM: (Yes)



Suldae Westwind:

BARDIC INSPIRATION

Class: Bard

You, the target, get a Bardic Inspiration die - a d6 initially, a d8 starting from level 5, a d10 starting from level 10, a d12 starting from level 15. You keep it for 10 minutes. During these 10 minutes you can use it up by rolling it and adding the result to one ability check, attack roll or

saving throw. You can only have one at a time and uses refresh at short rest, so use it up!



Suldae Westwind inspires



Marcus Veranius: (Roll it)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae was cheering for Marcus dunking on the dragon



Marcus Veranius: (I dont remember what the die is)



Suldae Westwind: d8



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d8

(6)

= 6



Suldae Westwind: (note how i cut down the text to just have the relevant info lmao)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 3d6

(5 + 6 + 3)

= 14

32 damage from one hit (23 attack)

[EoT]



Hiere Unthere: Hiere does what a responsible adult would do and keeps flying the fuck away from the huge dragon.



Suldae Westwind: (we all love you)



Marcus Veranius: "...fly straight north. Shift our direction"



Hiere Unthere: He does this



Marcus Veranius: "If Strahd's teleporting in, he might be counting on us being in a certain spot"
"Let's not be there."



Vorgansharax the Black: **"YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE ME SO EASILY!"** Vorgansharax roars. Thunder rolls through the storm, and lightning crackles wildly across the sky. The great wings of the black dragon beat the air, and suddenly you see a storm of huge hailstones rising from the cloud before you. They rocket skyward, pelting you as the party zips through them! (Make a Dex Save, everyone)

DC19

Dexterity Save

8*Bludgeoning**300 feet***Ice Storm**

Vorgansharax the Black

**Henry of Willowsbrook:****21****DEXTERITY SAVE (2)**

Henry of Willowsbrook

5**DEXTERITY SAVE (2)**

Henry of Willowsbrook

**Suldae Westwind:****18****DEXTERITY SAVE (7)**

Suldae Westwind

GM: (That's the wrong damage, it should be 2d8 bludgeoning and 4d6 cold)**9**

bludgeoning and

20

cold

**Marcus Veranius:****16 + 1****DEXTERITY SAVE (10)**

Marcus Veranius

**Hiere Unthere:****6****DEXTERITY SAVE (3)**

**Marcus Veranius:**

Absorb Elements

*Abjuration 1***Casting Time:** 1 Reaction**Range:** Self**Components:** S**Duration:** 1 Round

Cast when you take when you take acid, cold, fire, lightning, or thunder damage.

The spell captures some of the incoming energy, lessening its effect on you and storing it for your next melee attack. You have resistance to the triggering damage type until the start of your next turn. Also, the first time you hit with a melee attack on your next turn, the target takes an extra 1d6 damage of the triggering type, and the spell ends.

Flying through the hailstorm slows you down! (Difficult terrain -- the 40 foot diameter counts as 80 feet instead. The distance closes by 40 feet.)



Suldae Westwind: (soooo what's the DC on that check / how much damage DO we take?)

GM: DC is 19, you take 9 bludgeoning and 20 cold on a fail or half-damage on a success
(Don't forget bless)



Hiere Unthere: Hiereagle attempts to swerve out of the way but gets BONKED on the head, turning back to his human self.

**Vorgansharax the Black:**

DEXTERITY

*Giant Eagle***Ability: 5**

DEXTERITY

*Giant Eagle***Ability: 14**

Uhm

So the eagles died

Kinda

Actually let's roll HP for them

**Vorgansharax the Black:**

HIT POINTS

*Giant Eagle***Hit Points: 29**

HIT POINTS

Giant Eagle

Hit Points: 17

Ok



Henry of Willowsbrook: (SUGAR WE'RE GOIN DOWN SWINGIN)



Marcus Veranius: (So, who has feather fall on their lists?)

GM: Ireena does



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Ireena



Suldae Westwind: it takes an action to shapeshift into human
how long do we take to fall

GM: Technically she doesn't have it prepared though



Suldae Westwind: w h y
who doesnt have feather fall prepared



Henry of Willowsbrook: She had it in the tower



Suldae Westwind: ooh yeah
she was fucking around with it
she DOES have it prepared

GM: (This is true, we'll roll with that)
She can cover up to 5 people with it



Marcus Veranius: Ez, Ric, Henry, Hierie, and Ismark falling
The birds are bird



Suldae Westwind: hybrid form has fly speed AND spellcasting
right



Marcus Veranius: And since Vorgansharax made a hailstorm, that means he's not double moving
right?

The eagles are torn to feathers by the rushing hailstones. The party begins to fall...

GM: (Legendary Action casting)



Ireena Kolyana: Hmm

GM: Actually that's too mean



Marcus Veranius: (RIPPO)

GM: And he'd have to do it at the end of someone else's turn
Hmm how mean am I feeling

19



Hierie Unthere: extremely

GM: Not that mean, apparently



Hiere Unthere: aw



Marcus Veranius: (We get 70 ft of distance, but then Vorgansharax catches up in two turns. If my math is correct)



Ireena Kolyana:

21

DEXTERITY SAVE (1)



Marcus Veranius: (Because we can no longer fly away)



Suldae Westwind: sez you

Suldae gets a turn = we get more eagles

4 this time since i remembered i can do that



Ismark Kolyanovich:

9

DEXTERITY SAVE (3)



Rictavio:

DEXTERITY
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Ability: **10**



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

DEXTERITY
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Ability: **7**



Suldae Westwind: rolling d4

(2)

= 2

ok so i made the save

(...didnt need to roll lmao i couldnt roll below that)

that means 14 damage?

GM: That's half damage then

Yep

The rushing hail strikes Ismark, nearly crushing his head. He falls unconscious as he tumbles.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (roll to grab him?)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir shouts: "FuuuuuuUUUUUUUCK!"

Suldae Westwind: Suldae is battered by smaller chunks of hail, luck saving her more than anything.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere holds onto his hat for dear life.



Ireena Kolyana:

6

ARCANA (1)



Suldae Westwind: "FEATHER FALL!" Suldae yells out, hoping SOMEONE in this party full of goddamned mages has it.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

21

CONSTITUTION SAVE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Ireena Kolyana is battered by the ice, but manages to survive. As she begins to fall, she makes the shift to hybrid form -- intending to cast feather fall. She can't make the transformation fast enough to cast right away, but she allows herself to fall with the others so that they will not fall out of her range. (Shapechanging costs an action)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (okay Bless is still on)

GM: (So we'll use the XGtE falling rules -- at the start of your turn you plummet 500 feet. We'll estimate that you are about 12,000 feet above ground at the moment, since that's roughly the height of a cumulus cloud, which we had said you were above.)

Actually that's ludicrous



Marcus Veranius: (The dragon is 500 ft away, so we'll escape by climbing 12,000 ft into the clouds)

GM: Fuck it, it's fantasy land. With the distances we had earlier for the dragon the clouds must be very low. You fall 500 feet immediately, but you're roughly 1,000 feet above ground. So you'll strike the earth at the end of next round.

All this is an exercise in pointlessness since Ireena's going to cast Featherfall on everyone who can't fly on her next turn anyway.



Suldae Westwind: also, maybe it was 500 feet horizontally without counting vertical distance



Marcus Veranius: (On the contrary, its an exersize in math)



Suldae Westwind: thats not an exercise in pointlessness as it determines if we GET that next goddamn turn
before we hit the ground

GM: This is why I'm setting it to 1,000 feet
2 turns



Suldae Westwind: thank you ;~;

Ireena allows herself to fall, and completes her transformation.

GM: Henry, you're up



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Feather fall is a reaction so as long as we don't go splat between Ireena and Henry we are fine)

GM: Oh herpderp, that means she can cast it right now

Well maybe she wants you all to be in cloud cover before she turns you into slow-moving targets



Marcus Veranius: (By doing some simple math, I have calculated that falling 500 ft increases our distance from Vorgansharax to 588 ft, 580 rounded)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I'm goooing to roll a Wisdom Save to see how much Henry is freaking out ok?)

25

WISDOM SAVE (6)
Henry of Willowsbrook

huh not that much it would seem or should I roll with disadvantage cause he is really really scared of heights?)

GM: If you want to, you can



Henry of Willowsbrook:

26

WISDOM SAVE (6)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(ahahahaha)

GM: the dice gods have decided



Suldae Westwind: Henry was expecting this the entire time

exactly this

he is prepared



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry surprisingly okay with plummeting to his apparent doom tries to grab a hold of Ismarks unconscious form

GM: (Make an athletics check)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

26

ATHLETICS (9)
Henry of Willowsbrook

19

ATHLETICS (9)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry manages to catch the falling Ismark.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Lay on hands for 10 if I still have an Action otherwise EoT



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Wha-- What? What happened?"

"Oh," says Ismark. "We're falling."

"This is great."



Rictavio: "Oh, bugger. I knew I should have learned flying."

"My dear, I have only one thing left to give you. Don't die."

Death Ward

Abjuration 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S

Duration: 8 hours

You touch a creature and grant it a measure of protection from death. The first time the target would drop to 0 hit points as a result of taking damage, the target instead drops to 1 hit point, and the spell ends. If the spell is still in effect when the target is subjected to an effect that would kill it instantaneously without dealing damage, that effect is instead negated against the target, and the spell ends.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It is marvelous my dear friend, simply marvelous excuse me for a moment" Henry clears his throat before "FUCK FUCK FUCK THIS SHIT I AM GOING TO TURN THAT OVERGROWN LIZARD INTO SOME BOOTS AND KICK STRAHDS ASS WITH THEM" screaming at the top of his lungs

GM: (lol)



Suldae Westwind:

17

WISDOM (2+2)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: He continues his tirade in Undercommon



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is only freaking out a little bit. She turns into hybrid form and lunges for Hiere, who's falling closest to her. She grabs him and maintains the same speed as the rest of the group next to the rest of the group. She might or might not be able to slow his fall if Ireena doesn't manage to cast the spell fast enough. She should, though. They're very high.

Note for the future that Suldae makes to herself: if you're going to do midair combat, do it as high as possible. Ironically, that's actually safer.



Ireena Kolyana: Just as the party falls into the thickest patch of clouds, Ireena casts *Feather Fall*.



Suldae Westwind: *hybrid



Hiere Unthere: "THANKS FOR THE HUG I REALLY NEEDED IT RIGHT NOW"



Ireena Kolyana: Ezmerelda, Rictavio, Henry, Ismark, and Hiere all slow their fall. (60 foot fall speed)

now for one minute -- should get you through 600 feet of falling)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere still has his eyes clamped shut and is holding onto his hat as he feels someone grab him



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Well," says Ismark. "Isn't this exciting. Now we're just low-hanging fruit!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smacks him lightly on the back of the head, but keeps holding him.

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius catches himself midair, black wings cutting through his hat's illusion. Like an angel of vengeance, he charged forward towards his dragon.



Marcus Veranius: "Understand why this is the hour of your death! You were lost the second you submitted to Strahd as a pet. I shall relieve you of your weakness!"

$$\begin{array}{c|c} 13 + 4 & 14 + 4 \\ \hline 600 \end{array}$$

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)
Marcus Veranius

7
Piercing

22
Piercing

$$\begin{array}{c|c} 16 + 2 & 21 + 2 \\ \hline 600 \end{array}$$

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)
Marcus Veranius

9
Piercing

20
Piercing

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

4
Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: Actually, for a moment she's kind of hanging on him, since the spell changes his speed a lot more rapidly than she could adjust.



Marcus Veranius: 22, 23 to hit

58 Damage



Vorgansharax the Black: *"Aargh. How DARE you!?"*



Marcus Veranius: "Come! Show me that you are still the menace that you once were. **PROVE ME WRONG**, or prove me right."

[EoT]



Suldae Westwind: wasnt Ismark unconscious

i dont want to cramp his style, i'm just wondering

GM: (Henry did a lay on hands)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry's Healing Hands darling He is splendid if a bit dented right now)



Suldae Westwind: (ah gotcha ty)

(missed that lmao)



Hiere Unthere: "anyone in the mood for fucking off into a rope trick?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'd love to but I can't really fall over to you right now" Henry very sarcastically calls out



Suldae Westwind: "We're still falling," Suldae says. "Maybe after we land?"



Hiere Unthere: "YO MARCUS" Hiere flips around to face Suldae. "CATCH" He launches himself off her, getting close enough to cast Haste on the dragon sniper.

Haste

Transmutation 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A willing creature that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (A shaving of licorice root)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

Choose a willing creature that you can see within range. Until the spell ends, the target's speed is doubled, it gains a +2 bonus to AC, it has advantage on Dexterity saving throws, and it gains an additional action on each of its turns. That action can be used only to take the Attack (one weapon attack only), Dash, Disengage, Hide, or Use an Object action. When the spell ends, the target can't move or take actions until after its next turn, as a wave of lethargy sweeps over it.



Marcus Veranius turns to Hiere, offering a smile.



Marcus Veranius turns to his one true enemy.

Marcus Veranius: He knew, deep in his heart, only one of them would be alive by the stroke of midnight.

GM: Very well done, all :)



Suldae Westwind: ^^



Vorgansharax the Black: Now we really need to end the session here haha, I'm due at a friend's house in 20 minutes and I **NEED** to shower

GM: LMAO



Suldae Westwind: im just imagining that in a booming dragon voice

GM: Vorgansharax the Black has friends

Thank you all for playing!



Zanshukun: That was a cool sesion



Able: heck yeah



Zanshukun: session



Able: better than spending 3 hours on a social encounter

Vorgansharax, the Maimed Virulence.



GM (GM):

A massive black dragon whose ego surpassed its size. Stronger and larger than other dragons of its age, named after a maimed right wing and a long history of acidic terror. Monsterously destructive on the ground, and a terrifying adversary elsewhere. Known for keeping prisoners in his lair as personal entertainment.



GM (GM):

All of Marcus's earliest memories were filled with the horrors from his confinement in the dread dragon's lair. Childhood, friends, family, all vanished in the pain and torture of what felt like a lifetime of imprisonment. For the longest time, the shoemaker's only wish was to grow strong enough to put an end to its history of misery carved in melted flesh and broken cities.



GM (GM):

...that lust for revenge died in the loving arms of the Wereravens, whos kindness filled every dark shadow in Marcus's soul. Under different circumstances he may have even considered letting bygones be as they were, buried in the past where they belonged. But as Strahd's pet? As a threat to Barovia, and a new family in the dragon's war path?



GM (GM):

No. The Maimed Virulence dies today. Dragged out of its lair to play boogeyman for Strahd, Vorgansharax had been dragged into a battlefield it was most unprepared for. No better opportunity would present itself; Marcus flew to war to put an end to their shared story of acid and misery, empowered by the good wishes of his companions and the love of a wife in waiting.

GM (GM):

Swift death to you who have wronged me.

*Vorgansharax the Black dives into the cloud cover, breaking line of sight with Marcus.
(Vorgansharax advances 180 feet, and disappears into obscuring clouds, imposing disadvantage.)*

GM: (Since Marcus has the Oathbow, its advantage cancels the disadvantage, leaving a flat roll.)



Tops K.: (Would this count as cover for the purposes of Sharpshooter?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (morelikelyly obsccured like Fog Cloud or darkness cause)

GM: (It's not cover, he's just obsccured)



Marcus Veranius: (Oh boy!)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wait does the dragon still see Marcus?)

GM: (The dragon no longer sees Marcus, but it has very keen senses.)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I think he's running away!" Ezmerelda says.

She continues to slowly fall.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (aww so no funny Fog Cloud attack ruling then (Its the funniest case of RAW I know))



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

6

ARCANA (1)



Ireena Kolyana:

7

ARCANA (1)

"Something doesn't feel right," Ireena says.

"There's... Movement. I can't explain it. Something's getting closer."

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Hiere Unthere:

22

ARCANA (9)

(oh oops)

GM: (No worries -- you're just seeing the future)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Yaaaah I got nothing Henry just keeps falling but tries to look around while doing it

12

PERCEPTION (4)
Henry of Willowsbrook

11

PERCEPTION (4)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry senses something moving through the planes; some fell beast approaches! It does not walk the material plane, but adjacent to it. The nature spirits cringe away from its burning hide as it moves through the sky.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh what now" he grunts out



Rictavio: "I've got a bad feeling about this. Those of you who can turn into birds should get to the ground as quickly as you can."

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Liliet (Suldae): (yh laptp was being ass)

"Forgive me if I don't," Suldae says. She exchanges a glance with Ireena, seeming to say 'keep them safe', then lets go of Hiere and surges up after Marcus.

\Inspire Marcus

fff

one sec



Suldae Westwind:

BARDIC INSPIRATION

Class: Bard

You, the target, get a Bardic Inspiration die - a d6 initially, a d8 starting from level 5, a d10 starting from level 10, a d12 starting from level 15. You keep it for 10 minutes. During these 10 minutes you can use it up by rolling it and adding the result to one ability check, attack roll or saving throw. You can only have one at a time and uses refresh at short rest, so use it up!



Suldae Westwind inspires Marcus



Suldae Westwind: She joins him silently, her very presence providing support.

EoT

(NO WAIT)

14

ARCANA (11)
Suldae Westwind

She also attempts to detect what others have managed to.

Suldae hears the harmonies of nature being torn asunder as something -- some four-hoofed beast

of flames -- surges through the Ethereal plane at unholy speeds.



Suldae Westwind: She stays silent, not wishing to distract Marcus from his task.

(we might want a side scroller map here instead of a top down one lol)

EoT



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Well, Ricky boy, I trust your instincts. Henry, I can get us both down. What do you say?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'd love to not fall anymore so, please be my guest"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Well, hold onto your guts!"

Ismark grabs Henry's arm and turns, twisting the both of them between the planes. There is a blast of eldritch fire. Henry briefly glimpses a huge creature of darkness clinging to the soul of Ismark, crimson eyes blazing amid wreathes of flame. Then, quite suddenly, the cold air of the Barovian forest washes over him once more. Ismark and Henry have taken a *Dimension Door* to the ground.

Ismark pops his back. "Wow, that wasn't as easy as I thought it would be. I don't think I have another one of those in me!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We're gonna talk about that 'thing' later but thank you"

GM: (Marcus, you're up!)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "What thing?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Why am I not surprised ...nevermind I'll explain later"



Marcus Veranius: Under normal circumstances, Vorgansharax might have been able to escape. But with a helping hand from Hiere once again, Marcus was able to dash forward faster than the Dragon could escape.

More arrows mark his arrival



Suldae Westwind: (can I get a breakdown of the actions + speeds involved to figure out if Suldae can keep up?)



Marcus Veranius: Extra Action Dash + Haste Double movement: 200 ft flying
+ normal action attacks

17 + 4

600

Oathbow (+12)
Marcus Veranius

12

Piercing

11

Piercing

27 + 3

600

Oathbow (+12)
Marcus Veranius

9
Piercing

8
Piercing



Suldae Westwind: (ok she cannot got it ty)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d8 Bardic Inspiration on first shot

(4)

= 4

GM: (Both hits now)



Marcus Veranius: (40 Magical Piercing)



Vorgansharax the Black: "AARGH!"

"STRAHD, HELP ME!"



Strahd von Zarovich: "Oh, Vorgansharax, you fool. What have you done now?"



Marcus Veranius: "Do you feel it? That hollow feeling from being unable to fight, and unable to run? Staring death in the eyes unable to do anything?"



Hiere Unthere: "gg" Hiere mutters under his breath.



Marcus Veranius: "This is the helplessness you've inflicted on so many! DIE NOW WITH IT IN YOUR HEART!"

[EoT]

Hiere glimpses the future. He sees the Nightmare emerging from a whorl of mist, inches from Rictavio and Ezmerelda. He sees the power of the charm spell falling over them...

He sees the red eyes of Strahd von Zarovich atop the flaming steed from hell.

GM: (Hiere, you're up)



Hiere Unthere: "OKAY GUYS TIME TO LEAVE CHOP CHOP FOLLOW ME"

Hiere releases some rope mid float-fall, ducking into his hidey-hole before they get mass dunked on.

Rope Trick

Transmutation 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: A length of rope that is up to 60 feet long

Components: V, S, M (Powdered corn extract and a twisted loop of parchment)

Duration: 1 hour

You touch a length of rope that is up to 60 feet long. One end of the rope then rises into the air

until the whole rope hangs perpendicular to the ground. At the upper end of the rope, an invisible entrance opens to an extradimensional space that lasts until the spell ends. The extradimensional space can be reached by climbing to the top of the rope. The space can hold as many as eight Medium or smaller creatures. The rope can be pulled into the space, making the rope disappear from view outside the space. Attacks and spells can't cross through the entrance into or out of the extradimensional space, but those inside can see out of it as if through a 3-foot-by-5-foot window centered on the rope. Anything inside the extradimensional space drops out when the spell ends.



Suldae Westwind: (i fucking love this spell)



Strahd von Zarovich:

INITIATIVE
Strahd von Zarovich

Initiative: **10**

INITIATIVE
Beucephalus

Initiative: **3**



Vorgansharax the Black: "SHOEMAKER.... I RECALL THE TASTE OF YOUR WIFE!" Vorgansharax the Black unleashes a roar of laughter, wheeling beneath the clouds to fly straight towards Marcus. He remains under the clouds, but he knows the general direction.

GM: (Vorgansharax closes the distance to 330 feet from Marcus)



Suldae Westwind: (well, shit)

With a blast of ethereal flame, an enormous black steed manifests in midair before Rictavio and Ezmerelda. Its eyes blaze like glowing coals, and a mane and tail of crimson flames billows from it. Its hooves smolder and blaze in the air. On its back is a pale nobleman with flowing black hair and burning, scarlet eyes. His cloak flutters on the night air, and as he and his steed step from the Ethereal plane, he extends a pale, spidery hand.



Strahd von Zarovich: "Be at peace, my friends," he says, and casts Sleep.

60

Higher Level Cast

13

Effect

90 ft

Sleep



Suldae Westwind:

COUNTERCHARM

Class: Bard

At 6th level, you gain the ability to use musical notes or words of power to disrupt mind-influencing effects. As an action, you can start a performance that lasts until the end of your next turn. During that time, you and any friendly creatures within 30 feet of you have advantage on saving throws against being frightened or charmed. A creature must be able to hear you to gain this benefit. The performance ends early if you are incapacitated or silenced or if you voluntarily end it (no action required).

shit no



Henry of Willowsbrook: (that's a low roll on sleep)



Suldae Westwind: nm



Strahd von Zarovich: 15



Suldae Westwind: none of this works on sleep anyway

Rictavio and Ezmerelda both fall unconscious in midair, still slowly tumbling toward the ground.



Strahd von Zarovich: "Ireena! If you come to me now, I will not kill your friends. If you do not come to me, I shall kill a friend for every moment you resist me!"

"THE CHOICE IS YOURS, MY DEAR!"



Hiere Unthere: (Hiere will intervene if they try to attack - no reaction/action needed for Portent)



Henry of Willowsbrook: I take it Ismark and Henry are not in earshot for strahd?



Suldae Westwind: (not in range for sleep at least lol)

Strahd's booming voice fills the sky, audible even from the ground. The Nightmare lunges forward, straight for the falling Rictavio, and in the moment before it would trample him, it steps right out of the material plane.

Strahd and the Nightmare have vanished, but they are still nearby!



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: (Ezmerelda is unconscious, her turn passes)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae, charging down, is staring at Ireena, mentally imploring her to fight back!



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena, in bird form, flies wild circles around the group. She does not know what to do.



Suldae Westwind: (hybrid, right?)

(she was casting and all)

GM: (Hybrid form, sorry)



Ireena Kolyana:

Mirror Image

Illusion 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 minute

Three illusory duplicates of yourself appear in your space. Until the spell ends, the duplicates move with you and mimic your actions, shifting position so it's impossible to track which image is real. You can use your action to dismiss the illusory duplicates. Each time a creature targets you with an attack during the spell's duration, roll a d20 to determine whether the attack instead targets one of your duplicates. If you have three duplicates, you must roll a 6 or higher to change the attack's target to a duplicate. With two duplicates, you must roll an 8 or higher. With one duplicate, you must roll an 11 or higher. A duplicate's AC equals 10 + your Dexterity modifier. If an attack hits a duplicate, the duplicate is destroyed. A duplicate can be destroyed only by an attack that hits it. It ignores all other damage and effects. The spell ends when all three duplicates are destroyed. A creature is unaffected by this spell if it can't see, if it relies on senses other than sight, such as blindsight, or if it can perceive illusions as false, as with truesight.



Ireena Kolyana waves her hands, and her feathered form multiplies! Then she dives for Rictavio and Ezmerelda, and snatches at them both, attempting to shove them into the rope trick.



Ireena Kolyana:

15

ATHLETICS (0)

14

ATHLETICS (0)



Ireena Kolyana manages it -- just barely!

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "CAN BACK HERE SO I CAN DECK YOU YOU GIANT FUCKSTICK OF A TWATY NOBLE" Henry yells

He moves to be where he thinks his friends and Ric would land

and takes a potion of healing



Suldae Westwind: (we had those???)



Henry of Willowsbrook: I got 3

well 2 now

rolling 2d4

(1 + 3)

= 4

rolling 2d4

(2 + 3)

= 5



Hiere Unthere: (Ric and Ez are in the rope trick)



Henry of Willowsbrook: 6 hp for Henry I guess



Suldae Westwind: (NICE)

(rip)

GM: (EoT? Anything you want to cast?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: EoT (I would cast magic weapon but i burned my 2lvlslots already)+

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: (did we decide anything about bard spellcasting in hybrid form?)

GM: (I have no problem with it, but role-play me some musical caws)

(No lips, no Ocarina -- you could use your guitar though)

(Unless you have lips under the beak... Which would be terrifying)

(Kinda can't stop picturing that now)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah i have the guitar on me after we fled from the tower)

(lmao)

(thanks fo the mental image)



Hiere Unthere: (>raven queen)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is uncertain of what to do as she flies back down to the space where Ireena is making her stand. She's happy that she's fighting back now, but... What can she do? After a second's hesitation, a decision is made. With one hand, Suldae flips over the guitar hanging on her back to her front, with the other she touches her holy symbol as she whispers a prayer for Ireena's wellbeing. She is not a powerful fighter, herself, this is Ireena's fight!



Suldae Westwind is casting a spell, please stand by...

Suldae Westwind:

6

Higher Level Cast

9

Healing

60 feet

Healing Word
Suldae Westwind



Hiere Unthere: (ouch)



Suldae Westwind: (holy SHIT)

COUNTERCHARM

Class: Bard

At 6th level, you gain the ability to use musical notes or words of power to disrupt mind-influencing effects. As an action, you can start a performance that lasts until the end of your next turn. During that time, you and any friendly creatures within 30 feet of you have advantage on saving throws against being frightened or charmed. A creature must be able to hear you to gain this benefit. The performance ends early if you are incapacitated or silenced or if you voluntarily end it (no action required).

The prayer feels like it is ripped by the wind, yet some of it still reaches the destination! Suldae breathes in and out as her hands start moving across the guitar strings.

Music fills the air, disrupting the effect of Strahd's presence.

(Suldae would attack herself, but he vanished...)

GM: (EoT?)



Suldae Westwind: EoT

GM: (Marcus, you'

(You're up!)



Hiere Unthere: re up)



Marcus Veranius smirks, not quite sure what Vorgansharax is mumbling about. Whomever he's referring to just seems to be lost in the wind



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd's not coming to save you. Beg for mercy, and I might forgive you."

He flies back 100 ft and prepares more arrows.

14 + 1

600

Oathbow (+12)
Marcus Veranius

9

Piercing

9

Piercing

18 + 4

600

Oathbow (+12)
Marcus Veranius

15

Piercing

10

Piercing

13 + 2

600

Oathbow (+12)
Marcus Veranius

11

Piercing

11

Piercing

GM: (1st and 3rd are misses)



Marcus Veranius: [25 Magical Piercing Damage]



Vorgansharax the Black: "STRAHD, THIS PUNY BEING INSULTS YOUR POWER! HE DARES TO STRIKE AT ME!"



Suldae Westwind: (im laughing so hard)



Strahd von Zarovich: A faint chuckle can be heard on the breeze.

GM: (EoT? Additional RP?)



Marcus Veranius: "What makes you think Strahd cares for you more than his girlfriend?"

"In fact, what makes you think Strahd cares about you at all?"

"He sent you here as a sacrifice, and no longer needs your services."



Hiere Unthere: "he's a bit clingy" Hiere explains to the two unconscious people next to him.



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]

Suldae Westwind: (Hiere how tf can you hear what htey are saying up in the clouds)
(i guess its future visionnnnn)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Divination)



Hiere Unthere: (hes a screaming dragon right)



Marcus Veranius: (Hiere stole the script)



Hiere Unthere: (they're pretty loud)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Dammit, they're too far away! I've got nothing!"
"Wait, maybe I have something!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Welcome to the club"



Ismark Kolyanovich:

Spider Climb

Transmutation 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: One willing creature you touch

Components: V, S, M (A drop of bitumen and a spider)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 hour

Until the spell ends, one willing creature you touch gains the ability to move up, down, and across vertical surfaces and upside down along ceilings, while leaving its hands free. The target also gains a climbing speed equal to its walking speed.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh"



Suldae Westwind: is... is there a surface



Ismark Kolyanovich walks right up the nearest pine tree.

It's very visually disturbing.



Suldae Westwind: omg

GM: (Hiere, you're up!)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Magic is so wierd"



Hiere Unthere: (are suldae/Ireena in range?)

GM: (They're both pretty close to you, although you're in the rope trick)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Ireenas in the rope trick with you I think)

GM: (Ireena hasn't ducked inside, she just pushed the other two in there)

Hiere Unthere: (ok nvm all my buffs are conc)

Hiere watches from his peephole, looking around for fates to twist. Its pretty chill in there.

[EoT}



Henry of Willowsbrook: (you could slap the other 2 awake)



Hiere Unthere: (oh right, can I do that GM?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I'm assuming Hiere know how the Sleep spell works)



Hiere Unthere: (who can even tell nowadays)



Suldae Westwind: (its regular sleep, lasts max a minute or until an action is expended to wake them up)



Hiere Unthere: (yo GM)



Suldae Westwind: (you def can one of them)

GM: (I'd let you wake both of them)



Hiere Unthere: (I'm just asking cut I declared EoT)

(ooh)

GM: (As long as you do something really annoying to do it)



Suldae Westwind: (i love this group)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere pulls out his rations and waterskin, opening the cap to take a swig. "Its just getting good I should've brought my corn-heated-till-the-kernels-make-a-pop-sound" when he drops his waterskin, spilling said drink over the other two. "FUCK"

Outside, a waterskin appears to drop into existence out of nowhere,

.*



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "What the--!"



Rictavio: "What?! What happened? How long was I out!"

"Don't be concerned, it's just the narcolepsy. Got it from a biting sleepwalker on a bad hunt."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "What?"



Hiere Unthere: "that was totally on purpose guys don't worry about it"



Vorgansharax the Black: "I'M COMING FOR YOU, MARCUS! I WILL EAT YOU AS I ATE THE REST OF YOUR FAMILY! I WONDER IF YOUR FLESH SHALL BE AS SWEET AS THEIRS WAS."



Suldae Westwind: (fucking rip)

(thanks raven queen)



Vorgansharax the Black closes the distance to 250 feet, still beneath the banks of rolling cloud.



Strahd von Zarovich: "Ah, Marcus. I'm afraid I cannot let you take such a useful servant from me."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "ARE ALL DRAGONS THIS FUCKIN WHINY OR IS THAT YOUR SHTICK" Henry

yells up rubbing his ears from the constant booming

As the voice of Strahd says this, he and the Nightmare manifest mere feet from Marcus in the air.



Strahd von Zarovich:

MULTIATTACK (VAMPIRE FORM ONLY)

Strahd von Zarovich

Strahd makes two attacks, only one of which can be a bite attack.

UNARMED STRIKE (VAMPIRE FORM ONLY)

Strahd von Zarovich

Attack: 17

If the target is a creature, Strahd can grapple it (escape DC 18) instead of dealing the bludgeoning damage.

Damage: 11 bludgeoning + 12 necrotic

UNARMED STRIKE (VAMPIRE FORM ONLY)

Strahd von Zarovich

Attack: 18

If the target is a creature, Strahd can grapple it (escape DC 18) instead of dealing the bludgeoning damage.

Damage: 9 bludgeoning + 17 necrotic



Suldae Westwind: (im assuming Suldae can hear this just so she can do a thumbs up)

GM: (Hiere, did you want to use that portent?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: +2 Ac from Haste don't forget



Marcus Veranius: (Miss, Miss)



Suldae Westwind: (this is beautiful)



Hiere Unthere: (lmao didn't even need to)



Strahd von Zarovich: "Come now, don't writhe so! When I catch you I shall pluck your feathers and make myself a cloak."



Beucephalus:

HOOVES
Beucephalus

Attack: 18 | 17

Damage: 12 bludgeoning +
10 fire

The Nightmare's hooves thrash the air like meteors, missing Marcus by inches.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Look, Hierie, much as I like you, I don't think this rope trick will stand the test of Strahd. He saw us disappear into it. We've got to get to the ground somehow."

"That being said... Bye."

Ezmerelda leaps through the mouth of the rope trick, transforming into hybrid form in midair. She flies straight down at maximum speed.



Suldae Westwind: (wow, nasty lol)



Ireena Kolyana:

5

WISDOM (2)

"STRAHD! YOU WANTED ME? COME AND CATCH ME!"

Ireena transforms into human form, and immediately begins to plummet towards the earth. Her mirror images dance around her, obscuring her exact position.



Suldae Westwind: (holy shit)

(that wis roll is, like, mood)



Ireena Kolyana: In midair, Ireena points a finger at Henry far below, sending a *Message*. "Henry, Strahd incoming. Get below me!"



Marcus Veranius: "Tatyana's falling again, Strahd. How many times will you cause her death?"



Marcus Veranius smirks at the count



Suldae Westwind: (N A S T Y)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Where'd my turn go?)



Rictavio: "Well, bugger me. I can't fly. What do you think, Fortuneteller? Are we safe here?"

GM: (Whoops! Not sure how I did that. You're up! You were after Ireena)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (You could do Rics now while I type my GM fiat reliant plan up in discord)



Hierie Unthere: "the fates say fuck you how would I even know that"



Rictavio: "Don't you have some... I don't know, cards to draw? Dice to roll?"

"Fine, I'll do it myself."

Rictavio pulls out a sack of dragon knuckle bones and casts them across the ground.

Augury
Divination 2 (ritual)

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: Self

Components: V, S, M (Specially marked sticks, bones, or similar tokens worth at least 25gp)

Duration: Instantaneous

By casting gem-inlaid sticks, rolling dragon bones, laying out ornate cards, or employing some other divining tool, you receive an omen from an otherworldly entity about the results of a specific course of action that you plan to take within the next 30 minutes. The DM chooses from the following possible omens.

- Weal, for good results
- Woe, for bad results
- Weal and woe, for both good and bad results
- Nothing, for results that aren't especially good or bad

The spell doesn't take into account any possible circumstances that might change the outcome, such as the casting of additional spells or the loss or gain of a companion.

If you cast the spell two or more times before completing your next long rest, there is a cumulative 25 percent chance for each casting after the first that you get a random reading. The DM makes this roll in secret.

"Weal and Woe. Well, that's bloody helpful."



Hiere Unthere: (that's a 10 round spell my dude)

GM: (Shhhhhh)



Rictavio:



(<https://media.giphy.com/media/3owzVUJEymbhNL7ji0/giphy.gif>)



Suldae Westwind: (looks up and whistles unwilling to bring up mending)

Henry of Willowsbrook: (rules=guidelines really)

GM: (Plus it's effing stupid that it would take an experienced card/bone reader 10 minutes to do a reading)



Suldae Westwind: 1 minutes

but not 6 seconds

(im sorry im shutting uP)

GM: (Hmmm... That's slightly more realistic)

(But feck it)



Marcus Veranius: (Maybe it takes less time if you use fresh dragon bone. I can get you some)

GM: (Lol!)



Strahd von Zarovich: **"TATYANA!"**

Strahd's voice booms with a note of true desperation. The pain of his past blinds him with madness.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry hears Ireenas voice in his mind and begins to move. He hates this. Being powerless and unable to help while his friends fight for their lives. "No" he murmurs anger at his inability to help nearly blinding him "no more". He plunges his sword into the ground and begins to reach out "You chose me because you belived I could do something but I accepted because I know I alone cannot" He breathes deeply finding his courage. "Please give me your Strength so I May Fight FOR THOSE THAT CAN NOT" Henry yells "please Oh Spirits that Guide me allow me to STirke down this Devil"

The earth moans. The ground begins to shift around Henry. Nature has heard his call.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "STRAHD YOR END IS NEIGH PREPARE YOURSELF FOR OBLIVION!" Henry roars guiding nature with but One thought 'Up'

The earth breaks beneath Henry. Masses of roots from all the nearby trees spike upwards, thrusting him into the sky. Within seconds, he is above the nearest trees, his cloak fluttering in the wind of his passage. He rockets skyward, directly beneath the falling Ireena, who bursts through the cloud layer and twists towards him as he rises. She has not fallen far -- but she has fallen far enough for Strahd to lose sight of her.



Ireena Kolyana: "Woah," says Ireena, a moment before she lands in Henry's massive arms.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I'll just mark of my Channel Divinty for that if thats ok)

GM: (Works for me)



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae feels the echo of Henry's prayer and shivers from the power. She knows in her heart, now, Ireena is safe. As safe as she can be.

She looks up, now.



Suldae Westwind: (one sec)

Now that Ireena isn't in the range of his sweet talking, Suldae takes her hands off the guitar. Instead, she puts both her hands on the holy symbol. Her eyes are on the horse!



Suldae Westwind is casting a spell, please stand by...



Suldae Westwind:

14

120 feet

Guiding Bolt (+6)
Suldae Westwind

15

Higher Level Cast

17

Radiant

(im gonna use my inspiration on this)

GM: (If you take Hiere's 11 Portent, that's a hit)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Suldae is still blessed)



Suldae Westwind: (i am?)

GM: Inspiration or Bless would also bring it close



Suldae Westwind: (thats what i get for not keeping my eye on the token)

(i said inspiration and im doing inspiration fuck it)

rolling d20

(18)

= **18**

GM: (Definite hit!)



Suldae Westwind: (oh THERE we go)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Yep so are Hiere and Ezme for eh 24 to 18 more seconds)



Suldae Westwind: A flash of light streaks towards the hellbeast.

The last verse of the whispered prayer pulses with power, and Suldae feels herself washed in restorative energy.

8

Higher Level Cast

9

Healing

60 feet

Healing Word
Suldae Westwind

The Guiding Bolt strikes with a splash of golden nebulas, and the heart of the Nightmare glows within its coal-black chest, marking it as an easy target.



Suldae Westwind: EoT

The Nightmare screams in pain!

GM: (Marcus, you're up!)



Marcus Veranius is lowkey freaking out, but as long as he wears a smug grin and makes cutting remarks, no one will call him out on it



Suldae Westwind: (mood)

(whats his cha again)



Marcus Veranius: He ignores Strahd, rather certain on who he'll choose to save. Love is the bane of all creatures.

29 + 2

600

Oathbow (+12)
Marcus Veranius

7

Piercing

10

Piercing

31 + 3

600

Oathbow (+12)
Marcus Veranius

12

Piercing

9

Piercing

32 + 3

600

Oathbow (+12)
Marcus Veranius

14 + 8

Piercing

7 + 7

Piercing

GM: (OH JEEZ)



Suldae Westwind: (rip in many many pieces huh)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Hell yeah fuck him up)



Suldae Westwind: (metaphorically)

(coz piercing damage lol)

Marcus Veranius: (74 Magical Piercing)



Suldae Westwind: (rip in porcupine)



Marcus Veranius: ...

GM:



(<https://media0.giphy.com/media/oPy20jS0OqLVC/giphy.gif>)



Marcus Veranius: It was then that Marcus noticed the strangest thing.

Right on Vorgansharax's chest, where an invincible armored hide protected most of his body, was a missing scale. Right above its heart.



Suldae Westwind: (HAHAHHAAAAHAHAHA)

GM: (LMAO)

(He's not dead, just so you know)



Marcus Veranius: (I'm throwing this in now while I have a crit)

GM: (It works for me -- I'm always down for a Tolkien tribute)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus's trophy scale came from SOMEWHERE)

[EoT]



Ismark Kolyanovich: "What the fuck, Henry!?"



Suldae Westwind: (it probably scratched his heart but wasnt enough to kill him altogether)

(coz huge)



Marcus Veranius: (There's a lot of heart that needs to be smashed through)



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark races up his tree, and soon reaches the peak. From here, he is just barely within range of the battle.

GM: (Hiere is up...)

(We'll hold his turn for him)



Suldae Westwind: (exactly re: a lot of heart)



Vorgansharax the Black: "I'M COMING FOR YOU, MARCUS!"

Vorgansharax the Black closes the distance to 70 feet, his maw brimming with emerald flame.



Vorgansharax the Black:

FRIGHTFUL PRESENCE

Ancient Black Dragon

Each creature of the dragon's choice that is within 120 feet of the dragon and aware of it must succeed on a DC 19 Wisdom saving throw or become frightened for 1 minute. A creature can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success. If a creature's saving throw is successful or the effect ends for it, the creature is immune to the dragon's Frightful Presence for the next 24 hours.



Marcus Veranius: (Uh oh)

GM: (Marcus is the only one within range of it)



Marcus Veranius:

8 + 3

WISDOM SAVE (2)

Marcus Veranius

(I would like to use Inspiration)



Suldae Westwind: (maybe you should have been flying around ot maintain distance lol)



Marcus Veranius:

22 + 1

WISDOM SAVE (2)

Marcus Veranius

GM: (Booyah)



Suldae Westwind: (LMAO I THINK THAT WORKS)

GM: (That deserves some RP I think)

(This cat is purring soooo loud)



Marcus Veranius has seen this show before. He's not afraid anymore. Years of being burned, scarred, melted beyond recognition.



Marcus Veranius: That molten mouth was not a symbol of fear, but a beacon of hope.

The clouds no longer hid Vorgansharax

GM: (Ooooooooooooooh)



Strahd von Zarovich: "Deal with this peasant!" Strahd roars, leaping from Vorgansharax in a swirl of black cloak. In midair he bursts into a figure of mist, which darts towards the "falling" Ireena with incredible speed.

"WHAT THE?!"



Suldae Westwind: leaping from what?

he was on beucephallus

GM: (From Beucephalis, sorry)



Marcus Veranius: (Strahd's little pony)



Suldae Westwind: (i spelled it that way on purpose btw)

Strahd is visibly shaken by the display of nature's power -- and by the fact that it has so clearly chosen a side.



Strahd von Zarovich: "GIVE HER TO ME!" Strahd roars.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "GO FUCK A RAKE"



Strahd von Zarovich:

Command

Enchantment 5

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range

Components: V

Duration: 1 round

You speak a one-word command to a creature you can see within range. The target must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or follow the command on its next turn. The spell has no effect if the target is undead, if it doesn't understand your language, or if your command is directly harmful to it. Some typical commands and their effects follow. You might issue a command other than one described here. If you do so, the GM determines how the target behaves. If the target can't follow your command, the spell ends. Approach. The target moves toward you by the shortest and most direct route, ending its turn if it moves within 5 feet of you. Drop. The target drops whatever it is holding and then ends its turn. Flee. The target spends its turn moving away from you by the fastest available means. Grovel. The target falls prone and then ends its turn. Halt. The target doesn't move and takes no actions.

A flying creature stays aloft, provided that it is able to do so. If it must move to stay aloft, it flies the minimum distance needed to remain in the air.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can affect one additional creature for each slot level above 1st. The creatures must be within 30 feet of each other when you target them.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

12

WISDOM SAVE (6)
Henry of Willowsbrook

26

WISDOM SAVE (6)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(I was going to use my Inspiration anyway if I rolled low"

GM: (I think you still had Inspiration too if you want to use it to take that sweet sweet nat 20)
(Lol)



Henry of Willowsbrook: ye



Strahd von Zarovich: Disturbed by the power of Henry's will, Strahd remains at a slight distance, still in the form of a billowing figure of mist.



Beucephalus:

HOOVES
Beucephalus

Attack: 20 | 17

Damage: 17 bludgeoning + 6 fire

Beucephalus's flailing hooves strike with supernatural accuracy, clipping Marcus with a flaming blow!



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I REITERATE GO FUCK YOURSELF"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir flies straight to Henry and alights beside him in hybrid form, her hands already filling with lightning.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "BEGONE, DEMON!"

DC14

Half damage

Dexterity Save

1

Higher Level Cast

31*Lightning**Self***Lightning Bolt****Strahd von Zarovich:****DEXTERITY**
*Strahd von Zarovich***Ability: 14 | 19**

"Agh!" Strahd hisses, as the blast of lightning rips through his misty form. He manages to avoid most of the damage.



Ireena Kolyana: "I'll never come with you, Strahd! Fly back to your castle and pout! My friends and I will resist you to the last breath! Fly back home and cry in your crypt, because we're *coming for you!*"

You create three glowing darts of magical force. Each dart hits a creature of your choice that you can see within range. A dart deals 1d4 + 1 force damage to its target. The darts all strike simultaneously, and you can direct them to hit one creature or several.

At Higher Levels: When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, the spell creates one more dart for each slot above 1st.

3*Force**120 feet***Magic Missile**

GM: (For some reason that spell never casts right)

(Rolling appropriate dice for a 3rd level casting: **15**)

(Henry, you're up!)

(Unless Hiere has caught up yet)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (How close is Strahd and could I root surf into 5ft of him)

GM: (He's about 15 feet away but you could easily root surf towards him)



Suldae Westwind: (aaah its so great to see Ireena have some confidence)

GM: (brb, gimme a few minutes -- go ahead and play Henry and Hiere's turns)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere continues his intermission, taking some time out of his day to promote Not Dying Instantly.

Mage Armor*Abjuration 1***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** Touch

Target: A willing creature who isn't wearing armor

Components: V, S, M (A piece of cured leather)

Duration: 8 hours

You touch a willing creature who isn't wearing armor, and a protective magical force surrounds it until the spell ends. The target's base AC becomes 13 + its Dexterity modifier. The spell ends if the target dons armor or if you dismiss the spell as an action.



Suldae Westwind: touch range? who are you casting it on?



Hiere Unthere: me



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha)



Hiere Unthere: (EoT)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "STRAHD" Henry roars golden and emerald light surrounding his body as he directs the roots under his feet to take him to the bastard "Oh how I have longed for this" He growls raising his sword (Does guiding bolt give advantage on only the first attack?)



Suldae Westwind: (its on the horse)

(the horse is up there)

(sorry)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh ok)

(was gonna use fighting spirit anyway)

25

26

Longsword (5 ft) (+9)
Henry of Willowsbrook

7

Radiant Smite Damage/Undead Smite

9

Slashing

24

15

Longsword (5 ft) (+9)
Henry of Willowsbrook

13

Radiant Smite Damage/Undead Smite

14

Slashing

GM: (Two hits!)



Suldae Westwind: (GOOD SHIT)



Henry of Willowsbrook: 20 radiant and 23 shlaing with a silvered sword



Strahd von Zarovich: "Aargh!" says Strahd, as the blade cleaves his misty form.

"A worthy blow!"



Henry of Willowsbrook:

SHIELD MASTER

Feat: Human Bonus Feat

If you take the Attack action on your turn, you can use a bonus action to try to shove a creature within 5 feet of you with your shield.

If you aren't incapacitated, you can add your shield's AC bonus to any Dexterity saving throw you make against a spell or other harmful effect that targets only you.

If you are subjected to an effect that allows you to make a Dexterity saving throw to take only half damage, you can use your reaction to take no damage if you succeed on the saving throw, interposing your shield between yourself and the source of the effect.

21

15

Shield Shove (+9)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Make a Strength (Athletics) check contested by the target's Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check (the target chooses the ability to use). If you win the contest, you either knock the target prone or push it 5 feet away from you.

>A prone creature's only Movement option is to crawl, unless it stands up and thereby ends the condition.

>The creature has disadvantage on Attack rolls.

>An Attack roll against the creature has advantage if the attacker is within 5 feet of the creature. Otherwise, the Attack roll has disadvantage.

10*Radiant Smite Damage/Undead Smite***Strahd von Zarovich:****STRENGTH**
*Strahd von Zarovich***Ability: 11****Henry of Willowsbrook:** that does not to damage**GM:** Lol

Henry's shield blitzes with light as he shoves it towards Strahd, and the billowing mist is thrust backwards.

**Strahd von Zarovich:** "You will be a worthy thrall..."**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (can i knock the mist prone?)**GM:** ('Fraid not)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (d'aw) "You suffer from truly deep seated dilusions if that is what you believe will happen" Henry snarls EoT**Rictavio:** "Well, Fortuneteller. What should we do? Do we jump for it? I still feel a bit of a spring in my step from the spell the girl cast."**Hiere Unthere:** "if that means you'll be farther away from me then by all means"**Rictavio:** Rictavio chuckles. "In that case, see you on the other side, my friend."

Rictavio throws himself out of the rope trick and begins to slowly fall towards the earth below.

Death Ward*Abjuration 4***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** Touch**Components:** V, S**Duration:** 8 hours

You touch a creature and grant it a measure of protection from death. The first time the target would drop to 0 hit points as a result of taking damage, the target instead drops to 1 hit point, and the spell ends. If the spell is still in effect when the target is subjected to an effect that would kill it instantaneously without dealing damage, that effect is instead negated against the target, and the spells ends.

In midair, he casts Death Ward upon himself.

...Just in case.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: (here!)

(sorry, mom was talking to me)

GM: (No worries!)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae amps up the pressure. She can only do so much before her strength flags, but she will do all she can!



Suldae Westwind is casting a spell, please stand by...



Suldae Westwind:

14

120 feet

Guiding Bolt (+6)
Suldae Westwind

22

Higher Level Cast

4

Radiant

GM: (Oh damn)

That hits the Nightmare, if that's what you're aiming for



Suldae Westwind: aye



Beucephalus: The demon horse whinnies in pain as the radiant power blasts over its form!



Suldae Westwind: EoT

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus considers his situation, then grins maliciously. He makes an attack (via haste)

12 + 1

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

15

Piercing

24

Piercing

rolling 1d20+7+1d4

(8)+7+(3)

= 18

(No dice)

He readies another arrow towards the dragon, then ducks behind Strahd's horse.

"Time for a bath! I warn you, *it won't be pleasant.*"



Marcus Veranius: [EoT, Marcus will fire another arrow at Vorgansharax after his breath weapon goes off]



Ismark Kolyanovich: "GET AWAY FROM MY SISTER, YOU EVIL CREEP!"

Ismark, standing horizontally on the tree, raises a hand. Three spears of Eldritch flame beam from his palm, racing towards Strahd!

Eldritch Blast

Evocation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 300 feet

Target: A creature within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

A beam of crackling energy streaks toward a creature within range. Make a ranged spell attack against the target. On a hit, the target takes 1d10 force damage. (Plus Charisma modifier due to an Invocation) The spell creates more than one beam when you reach higher levels: two beams at 5th level, three beams at 11th level, and four beams at 17th level. You can direct the beams at the same target or at different ones. Make a separate attack roll for each beam. (

10 & **25** to hit, **10** & **7** on a hit

The first beam streaks past, missing Strahd by a foot. The second strikes him square between his misty eyebrows, blitzing out in a nimbus of crimson flame.

GM: (Hiere, you're up)



Hiere Unthere: (>Three spears)

GM: (He's not level 11 yet)

(My bad)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere Minor Illusion's some chill beats. Rictavio was no longer around. Life was good. (EoT)

GM: (Lol seriously)



Suldae Westwind: (Hiere has the best way to be useless)



Hiere Unthere: (if hiere gets hit then Marcus is screwed so he's playing it safe)



Suldae Westwind: (just chilling)
(its great)

(the useful way of being useless)



Marcus Veranius: (Hiere is the only reason Dragon Fight is even happening. He's not useless in the slightest)



Vorgansharax the Black rises through the clouds, his maw brimming with acid. Within seconds, he has closed the distance almost completely. He unleashes his blast of acid right as he bursts through the clouds. (Vorgansharax and Marcus must both pass a DC 22 Dex save to avoid taking

68 acid damage (half on success))



Beucephalus:

DEXTERITY
Beucephalus

Ability: 20 | 16



Marcus Veranius:

15 + 1

DEXTERITY SAVE (10)
Marcus Veranius

Absorb Elements

Abjuration 1

Casting Time: 1 Reaction

Range: Self

Components: S

Duration: 1 Round

Cast when you take when you take acid, cold, fire, lightning, or thunder damage.

The spell captures some of the incoming energy, lessening its effect on you and storing it for your next melee attack. You have resistance to the triggering damage type until the start of your next turn. Also, the first time you hit with a melee attack on your next turn, the target takes an extra 1d6 damage of the triggering type, and the spell ends.



Hiere Unthere: (cover gives Adv on dex?)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah hes not useless but hes ACTING useless its distinct concepts)



Hiere Unthere: (nvm it don't)

With a scream of horrendous agony, Beucephalus the demon horse is destroyed by a stream of scalding acid. Black flesh melts away, black bones dissolve, and the crumbling creature tumbles in a dozen disparate parts, all steaming.



Strahd von Zarovich: "NO!"



Suldae Westwind: (BEAUTIFUL)



**Marcus Veranius holds out a circle of magic, absorbing most of the damage with a smug grin.
He fires his shot; Strahd loses both his mounts in one fell swoop!**



Marcus Veranius:

11 + 3 | **8 + 3**

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

10

Piercing

20

Piercing

(Fuck)



Hiere Unthere: (you used your reaction already)



Marcus Veranius: (Shit, ur rite)

(...)

(Marcus just... doesn't fire the shot then?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Held action is different from reaction no?)



Hiere Unthere: (readied actions require your reaction to trigger)

GM: (So the absorb elements grants you resistance, but you still take 34 points of acid damage right)



Marcus Veranius: (Yeah, held action is reaction so no shot)

GM: (Have you already subtracted that, I didn't see your HP before)



Marcus Veranius: (Yee, Marcus is now at 28 HP and no reaction)

(He was at 62)

GM: (Gotcha)



Strahd von Zarovich: "VORGANSHARAX, YOU TWIT!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yes" Henry says hearing Strahd, he wasn't sure what happend but Strahd could go suck it

(thats supposed to be after the no)



Strahd von Zarovich:

BITE

Ancient Black Dragon

Attack: 35

**Damage: 24 + 13 piercing
+ 11 + 9 acid**

Vorgansharax's speed does not abate, and within a few seconds he is within 5 feet of Marcus!

GM: (Moving up 65 feet)



Marcus Veranius: The bite means nothing, but the acid burns deep. Marcus is on his last legs, but so must the dragon.

GM: (Wait wait, he wasn't supposed to bite -- that's a misclick)

(He can't do a bite attack and a breath attack in the same turn except as a legendary)

(And his attacks count as magical, btw -- so it would suck to be bitten)



Marcus Veranius: (Oh)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (if Marcus is at 28 hp that 37 piercing and 10 acid would have knocked his ass out)



Marcus Veranius: (In that case, Marcus is about to die)



Suldae Westwind: (he didnt bite)



Strahd von Zarovich: "This ends here. If I cannot have you alive, I shall take you dead!"

Strahd raises a swirling hand of mist. Power sparkles through the cloud.

DC18

Half damage

Dexterity Save

21

Higher Level Cast

33

Fire

150 ft

Fireball

GM: (Ireena, Henry, Ezmerelda, and Ismark must all pass a DC 18 Dex save)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

3

4

DEXTERITY SAVE (2)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (WELP)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I forgot I had advantage on sorry



Ireena Kolyana:

Counterspell
Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take
when you see a creature within 60 feet of you
casting a spell

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature in the process of casting a spell

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect. At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.

18

INTELLIGENCE (1)

GM: (Sadly, not quite enough)



Hiere Unthere:

Counterspell

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature in the process of casting a spell

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect. At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.

GM: (Hiere is not within 60 feet)



Hiere Unthere: (aw)



Henry of Willowsbrook: What level did srahd cast that at 9?

GM: (Yup)



Henry of Willowsbrook: dick

GM: (He tries)



Ireena Kolyana:

5

DEXTERITY SAVE (1)



Suldae Westwind: w

oh boi



Ismark Kolyanovich:

9

DEXTERITY SAVE (3)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

DEXTERITY
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Ability: **8**



Henry of Willowsbrook: (well my +2 to saves in 10 ft does nothing

Ireena and Henry stand alone amid the fading flames. Ireena does not understand, at first, why she is still standing -- then she remembers. Rictavio's Death Ward has saved her life.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (54 damage right?

GM: (Si. I already subtracted it from you)

(You have 17 HP remaining)



Henry of Willowsbrook: I had 5 temp hp from fighting spirit I think

Ezmerelda falls unconscious, her body blasted and steaming.

Ismark plummets out of the tree, striking the earth with a dull finality.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Im at 22)



Strahd von Zarovich: "You have already spent the lives of two companions, my dear! Will you spend the life of this brave warrior, too?"



Henry of Willowsbrook:

17

CONSTITUTION SAVE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(and bless is gone



Strahd von Zarovich: "Come with me, if you wish to spare your friends."



Ireena Kolyana:

6

WISDOM SAVE (2)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is visible in the sky streaking towards Ireena as she sees this



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks at Henry.

"Tell Suldae... I'm sorry."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I knock her ass out if she goes past me)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: 4 Death Saving Throw



Ireena Kolyana disengages, and leaps into the mist.

GM: (Henry, you're up!)



Suldae Westwind: reaction?



Henry of Willowsbrook: "GET YOUR ASS BACK HERE" Henry yells pain searing him

(Disengage as an action stops me from opportunity attacks)



Suldae Westwind: (got it)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

FIGHTING SPIRIT

Class: Fighter 3 Samurai

Starting at 3rd level, as a bonus action on your turn, you can give yourself advantage on weapon attack rolls until the end of the current turn. When you do so, you also gain 5 temporary hit points. The number of temporary hit points increases when you reach certain levels in this class, increasing to 10 at 10th level and 15 at 15th level. You can use this feature three times, and you regain all expended uses of it when you finish a long rest.

GM: (A grapple check could save her -- but it would be contested by Strahd)

(There are probably other things you could do that would save her)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Strahds getting tow attacks

18

16

Longsword (5 ft) (+9)
Henry of Willowsbrook

15

Radiant Smite Damage/Undead Smite

15

19**20****Longsword (5 ft) (+9)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**17***Radiant Smite Damage/Undead Smite***9***Slashing***24****26****Longsword (5 ft) (+9)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**19***Radiant Smite Damage/Undead Smite***10***Slashing***GM:** (Both solid hits!)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** 32 radiant 24 slashing**18****21****Shield Shove (+9)**
Henry of Willowsbrook

Make a Strength (Athletics) check contested by the target's Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics) check (the target chooses the ability to use). If you win the contest, you either knock the target prone or push it 5 feet away from you.

>A prone creature's only Movement option is to crawl, unless it stands up and thereby ends the condition.

>The creature has disadvantage on Attack rolls.

>An Attack roll against the creature has advantage if the attacker is within 5 feet of the creature. Otherwise, the Attack roll has disadvantage.

17*Radiant Smite Damage/Undead Smite*

Ireena is getting punted back

GM: (So you're moving past her to attack Strahd, and punting her back towards the center of the tree thingy -- right?)

(That works)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Yeah



Ireena Kolyana:

1

ATHLETICS (0)

GM: (Lmao)



Hiere Unthere: (gg)

Henry's shield strikes Ireena, tumbling her head over heels and rolling her right back to the middle of the rising roots.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Tell are whatever it is you want you damn idiot" Henry yells at her while willing the roots to envealope her and the others

The roots close over Ireena and the others, sealing them within.



Suldae Westwind: (for once ireena's shit rolls come in handy)

GM: (Right!?)

(If she were a player in a physical game I would take the dice from her and give her a different set)

(Shit's bananas)



Suldae Westwind: (ikr(



Ireena Kolyana: "I WANT YOU TO LIVE!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "and again I say Go. Fuck. Yourself. Bitch." Henry says tone colder than possible for a man that just got roasted like a pig

EoT



Suldae Westwind: Suldae, who is flying up, cannot even tell who he's talking to

she sympathizes

a little



Rictavio: "Oh, gods... No..." Rictavio, falling above the forest, sees the scene laid out like a panorama.

"STRAHD!"

HAND CROSSBOW

Rictavio

Attack: 5

Damage: 6 piercing + **10**
piercing

HAND CROSSBOW

Rictavio

Attack: 22

Damage: 2 piercing + 16
piercing

HAND CROSSBOW
Rictavio

Attack: 20 | 5

Damage: 2 piercing + 9
piercing



Rictavio loses two crossbow bolts which fall far short of the demon king of Barovia.

GM: (Suldae, you're up!)



Suldae Westwind: (i have a question about distance and gravity)

(Suldae is going as fast as she can in the direction of down)

(can i assume she can do that without taking up her action or taking falling damage at the bottom or do i need to make a check or)

GM: (You can assume she can do that without taking up her action or taking falling damage)

(You're part bird now, I think we're past all that)

(By this point you would have overtaken Rictavio, and you'd probably be within range of Strahd)



Suldae Westwind: (ah but can she reach the ground and land safely is the question)

GM: (Sure)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)

GM: (You could make an acrobatics check, if you want to add some drama)



Suldae Westwind: (i would rather establish precedent for Suldae being able to do this, WE HAVE ENOUGH DRAMA)

(she is trained in acrobatics and has been training in bird)

(it makes sense!)

(we have VERY ENOUGH DRAMA)

GM: (Oh good)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shoots down from the sky and lands somewhat less than gently next to Ezmerelda. Her eyes are burning with anger, and she cannot bring herself to aim any of it at Ireena right now - she saw how close she came to death.

She touches Ezmerelda, hoping Ismark can somehow recover on his own but not sparing him more than half a thought - too busy.

Spare the Dying
Necromancy Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: A living creature that has 0 hit points

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

You touch a living creature that has 0 hit points. The creature becomes stable. This spell has no effect on undead or constructs.

She wheels around towards Henry as she stands up, and the holy power flares to the extent of her ability.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda's ragged breathing calms.



Suldae Westwind:

9

Higher Level Cast

9

Healing

60 feet

Healing Word
Suldae Westwind

She stares at Strahd, face stone calm, only eyes reflecting a little of what she feels inside.
EoT



Henry of Willowsbrook: (who was healed)

GM: (Who's the healing word for?)



Suldae Westwind: 'she wheels around towards Henry' was meant to indicate it
sorry

GM: (Oh derp that makes sense)

(Marcus, you're up! For all the beans, make this turn count)



Marcus Veranius could try to flee, and be clawed to pieces. Or he could use magic to flee, and be crushed in another hailstorm. Or he could stop running. Stay. Die, but die with a measure of pride.



Marcus Veranius: The deed was done. Strahd would not forgive Vorgansharax for the death of his horse, and so the dragon died today.

May Ezmerelda someday forgive this foolish charge into oblivion.

"Goodbye, my oldest friend. May we burn together in hell when all this is done."

$$\begin{array}{c|c} 9 + 1 & 16 + 1 \\ \hline 600 \end{array}$$

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)
Marcus Veranius

7

Piercing

22

Piercing

$$\begin{array}{c|c} 23 + 2 & 14 + 2 \end{array}$$

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

9*Piercing***21***Piercing*

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

11*Piercing***6***Bonus Accuracy***[Precision Attack]**

Marcus Veranius

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (bless is gone btw)**Marcus Veranius:** (Oh)

(22, 23 to hit)

GM: (Both hits)**Marcus Veranius:** [59 Magical Piercing Damage]**Suldae Westwind:** (now action economy says you can disengage and haste away right)**GM:** (It's possible, I think)**Marcus Veranius:** (Is it within 100 ft?)**GM:** (Sure)

(I hate to do this, but BRB -- gotta eat real quick)

**Marcus Veranius:**

Zephyr Strike

*Transmutation 1***Casting Time:** 1 Bonus Action**Range:** Self**Components:** V**Duration:** Concentration Up to 1 Minute

You move like the wind. Until the spell ends, your movement doesn't provoke opportunity attacks.

Once before the spell ends, you can give yourself advantage on one weapon attack roll on your turn. That attack deals an extra 1d8 force damage on a hit. Whether you hit or miss, your walking speed increases by 30 feet until the end of that turn.

15 + 2 | **15 + 2**

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

9

Piercing

19

Piercing



Marcus Veranius botches a final attack and decides heroic stands are best left for the heroes. He flies into Hiere's rope trick, using magic to avoid a retaliation



Marcus Veranius: Shoemakers run when the running's good.



Hiere Unthere:

13

ARCANA (9)



Marcus Veranius crashes into the rope trick with a less than graceful landing, breathing deeply in exhaustion.



Marcus Veranius: "...ok, I softened it up a bit. Now how do we finish off a dragon?"

[EoT]



Hiere Unthere: Hiere sees that one dude with the bow start firing at the dragon. "Yeah he's not going to make it. Ugh. Time to relocate" He tugs on the fabric of the weave, shifting the rope trick like a tablecloth from under dinner. He pokes his head out for Marcus, pretending as though he was here all along. "Your next line is 'ok, I softened it up a bit. Now how do we finish off a dragon?'"

"Well that's easy isn't it. we Burn it"

DC 17

Dexterity Save

9

Fire

Higher Level Cast

33

Fire

150 feet

Fireball

"ok it might take a bit more Burn."

GM (GM):

DEXTERITY
Ancient Black Dragon

Ability: 17

**Hiere Unthere:** (rude)**GM (GM):** 21**Vorgansharax the Black:** "Oh, that tickles!"**Marcus Veranius:** "Do you have anything stronger than fire?"**Ismark Kolyanovich:** Ismark's body begins to rot swiftly. Within a few seconds, only bones are left... Something spectral drifts away from the fallen corpse.**Vorgansharax the Black:** Assuming that Marcus has merely ducked into the clouds, Vorgansharax circles the area, his eyes hunting the cloud-tops. "Where are you, little shoemaker? I am not yet done with you!"

PERCEPTION
Ancient Black Dragon

Skill: 21

Vorgansharax senses the way the Weave moves around the rope trick. "Ah... So your companions have not abandoned you, then. That is good. This battle has made me hungry!"

"How long do you think you can hide in there, little shoemaker?"

**Marcus Veranius:** "Well, at least I get to die next to a fellow fan of hats."**Hiere Unthere:** Hierle tips his headpiece**Vorgansharax the Black:** Vorgansharax hovers near the mouth of the rope trick, readying his action to attack the first limb, head, or other body part that emerges from it.**Strahd von Zarovich:** "Very well... I shall see you all soon enough. This isn't over."**Strahd von Zarovich disengages and drifts skyward, quickly fading into the dense clouds.****Strahd von Zarovich:**

STEALTH
Strahd von Zarovich

Skill: 16

**Marcus Veranius:**

28

21

PERCEPTION (10)
Marcus Veranius

(Should be normal, no advantage)

**Henry of Willowsbrook:**

9

PERCEPTION (4)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (Since you're currently above the clouds, and he's still beneath them, I don't think there's a way Marcus could see him yet)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh come on)



Marcus Veranius: (Rippo)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir awakens painfully. She immediately begins to scream in pain. The burns which cover most of her body are horrendous.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

PERCEPTION
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Skill: 24

She sees the skulking Strahd.

"I CURSE THEE, STRAHD!"

CURSE (RECHARGES AFTER A LONG REST)
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Ezmerelda targets one creature that she can see within 30 feet of her. The target must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or be cursed. While cursed, the target has vulnerability to one type of damage of Ezmerelda's choice. The curse lasts until ended with a greater restoration spell, a remove curse spell, or similar magic. When the curse ends, Ezmerelda takes 3d6 psychic damage.

"MAY THE HOLY LIGHT BURN YOU LIKE NEVER BEFORE!"



Strahd von Zarovich:

WISDOM SAVE
Strahd von Zarovich

Save: 18

Strahd simply laughs as he drifts away.

"I am already cursed, child! You can do nothing to me now."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena throws herself into Suldae's arms. Her whole body is shaking.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (she is inside a roots cocoon but ok)

GM: (Oh derp)

(Let's assume Ezmerelda cast her curse through the cracks between branches)

(And skip the Ireena RP)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena drinks a healing potion and hands one to Ezmerelda.

7

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Are you done throwing a tantrum Ireena?" Henry asks tone thawing



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh, forgive me for trying to save your life!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "How awfully presumes of you to assume I would want you to sacrifice yourself for me you bloody martyrical MORON" He snaps

GM: (We somehow always manage to end the session in the middle of Henry's turn)

(Sorry Henry!)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (nah all good I got no idea what to do but I might get an idea for next time)



GM (GM): 2387.5

rolling 1d10 hp

(9)

= 9



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling d10

(9)

= 9

rolling d10

(8)

= 8



Liliet (Suldae):

Roll for HP

Roll 1:

3

Average for HP

Average:

5

Roll for HP	
Roll 1:	1
Average for HP	
Average:	5



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I mistakenly rolled twice for hp we only got 1 level up)



Tops K.: Discord's being a shit this weekend so I'm hanging out here



Able: STOP. HAMMERTIME.



Tops K.:



GM (GM): Good morning all!



Tops K.: Mornin!



Liliet (Suldae): ^^

GM (GM):



(https://media3.giphy.com

/media/3owvJXPRVdfvynuxZS/giphy.gif)

Henry, I do believe you are up



Zanshuken: (yes I am)



Liliet (Suldae): ...would anyone be so kind as to remind me what the marks on the tokens mean...



Tops K.: I know Marcus has a Flying Marker, and is under the effects of Haste and Zephyr Strike



GM (GM): I want to say the hearts on Ezme and Suldae are Death Ward

But I'm not sure

The shield on Ireena was probably Mirror Image



Suldae Westwind: ooooh yeah that makes sense



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry first places a hand on his chest frowning at the way his breastplate has been warped by the recent heat (lay on hands for 10 on himself) "Let's see what

else we can do " he says knelling to place a hand on the charred roots ' Can you bind it or atleast get me close?' he silently inquires



Suldae Westwind: re: Death Ward

I do remember that

(What's the ones on Suldae and Henry)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (mines bardic inspiration)



Suldae Westwind: (Thank you that makes sense)

(Doesn't help me a lot though)



Henry of Willowsbrook: EoT unless my friends the plants are responding



GM (GM): (What are you trying to have the plants do?)



Suldae Westwind: (Ooooh that's who you were addressing)



Henry of Willowsbrook: get me further up to the dragon or drag it down



Suldae Westwind: (Remember, Suldae can help with that by casting Speak to Plants)

(I think I haen't done that yet)

(yeah wasn't around for the paladin feats of divine connection)

Henry senses that the plants are willing to help him, but lack the strength to take him so high.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "the intend is appreciated" Henry mmurmurs

Rictavio, still slow-falling towards the ground, twists around in midair and aims his crossbow to the sky.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glances at him. "What are you trying to do?" she asks.



Rictavio:

HAND CROSSBOW

Rictavio

Attack: 17 | 16

Damage: 6 piercing + 8
piercing

HAND CROSSBOW

Rictavio

Attack: 22 | 9

Damage: 1 piercing + 5
piercing



Suldae Westwind: She's trying to not think about a couple of things right now, so the distraction is appreciated.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at her then his sword then the dragon then his sword again before shrugging

Both of Rictavio's shots fall far short of the circling dragon.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae reaches for the plants' spirits, which she can almost feel pulsating under and around her, kneeling down again. She touches them gently, and gathers the awareness granted her by Correllon and her ancestry to ask a question.

'Can I help you help him?'

30

RELIGION (11)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae feels the harmonies of nature swirl around her. She senses the will of Henry and the presence of the nature spirits.



Suldae Westwind: (Specifically, the question is meant to inquire if she can cast her spell to bridge the strength gap. I'm sure the plants can tell)

Quite suddenly, the form of the new-made tree shifts, vines twisting, enlarging, hollowing, hardening. Some of the vines begin to rise into the sky, extending upwards in a thicket of straight, bamboo-like forms.

There is a sound like the hammering of a thousand woodpeckers. Holes begin to appear in the wooden pipes.

A vine rises towards Suldae, twisting itself gently into a familiar form -- the mouthpiece of a woodwind instrument.

A voice at her left ear whispers audibly: "play."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae feels the whole of the instrument. She understands what she is meant to do, and gently takes it. She begins to blow, and her lungs immediately start burning as it is too large for her to fill, but the magic flowing through her fills the gap, and the notes rise, louder, louder, louder.

It's a slow melody at first, like the trickle of a stream. But Suldae's fingers begin running faster and faster along the holes as she gains familiarity with the instrument, and the music quickens.

Spring is coming. The seeds are sprouting, and overnight black ground is covered in green. The leaves are opening, the flowers begin to bloom, birds begin to sing.

Suldae loses herself in the melody, as it twirls and laughs, high and low, quicker than she thought she could hear, let alone play.

A zephyr flows by Suldae, ruffling her hair. The wind-spirit fills the pipes, and the forming tune suddenly roars over the countryside with all the majesty of dawn. For miles around, the trees, quite suddenly, bloom. White blossoms cover the landscape like snow, and the winds begin to howl with hurricane force.

The wind rips the flowers from the trees, and suddenly there is a storm of white petals filling the sky. The rising storm tightens into a towering funnel of whirling white flowers, and the clouds stretch down towards it.

Vorgansharax finds himself caught in a sudden, overwhelming downdraft. His wings fail him!



Vorgansharax the Black: "WHAT?"

Surrounded by spiraling petals, the great black dragon falls through the clouds.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "FEEL NATURES WRATH YOU GIANT TWIT!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glances up, still playing, then focuses her eyes forward. She just... has to trust. Everything'll be fine. Really. A dragon falling on them is just as planned.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry yells while laughing with joy at the events



Marcus Veranius turns to Hiere with a grin. "That's our window! Let's finish this; together!"



Suldae Westwind: By Henry, it seems like. So, yes, everything is *definitely* fine.

At the final moment when he would be upon the trees, he flares his great wings and catches himself, and lands heavily on the treetops of four different trees. The blast of wind from him catching himself nearly topples several trees. (Suldae, Henry, Ezme, and Ireena must make a DC 23 DEX save)



Vorgansharax the Black:

WING ATTACK (COSTS 2 ACTIONS)
Ancient Black Dragon

The dragon beats its wings.
Each creature within 15 ft. of

the dragon must succeed on a DC 23 Dexterity saving throw or take 15 (2d6 + 8) bludgeoning damage and be knocked prone. The dragon can then fly up to half its flying speed.



Able: "After you"

oop



Hiere Unthere: "After you"



Henry of Willowsbrook:

21

DEXTERITY SAVE (2)
Henry of Willowsbrook

inspiration

rolling d8

(4)

= 4



Vorgansharax the Black: **14** (Here's the damage roll)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

DEXTERITY
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Ability: 12



Henry of Willowsbrook: 25 total for me



Suldae Westwind:

13

DEXTERITY SAVE (7)
Suldae Westwind



Ireena Kolyana:

6

DEXTERITY SAVE (1)

The blast of wind from the wings of Vorgansharax shatters the pipes of the great organ and slams Ezmerelda and Ireena both to the ground, knocking both women unconscious.

Suldae is buffeted by the winds and knocked off her feet. The song echoes over the landscape only a few moments longer.

Henry alone remains standing, unperturbed by the wings of the great beast.



Suldae Westwind: EoT

Suldae drags herself back up on her feet.

(NOW EoT)



Vorgansharax the Black: "You have made a bad play, little knight!"

6



Marcus Veranius gives a salute tie Hiere, then jumps out of the Rope Trick. His wings stretch out like a Valkyrie descending from the heavens, and delivers a missive from on high.

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius: Death.

19		21
600		

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)
Marcus Veranius

13
Bonus Damage/Piercing

18
Piercing

8		21
600		

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)
Marcus Veranius

16
Bonus Damage/Piercing

22
Piercing

19		17
600		

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)
Marcus Veranius

15
Bonus Damage/Piercing

17
Piercing



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You are whinest dragon I've ever heard of" Henry retorts

Vorgansharax the black breathes in, and from deep in his gullet a greenish glow illuminates the night.

GM: (AC is 22)



Marcus Veranius: (FAK)



Suldae Westwind: (RIP)



Marcus Veranius: ...Marcus jumps back in the rope trick and curls into a ball of shame



Suldae Westwind: (are you out of Bardic Insp?)



Marcus Veranius: (I used it on the last heroic charge)

Marcus's arrows clatter pointlessly on the armored back of Vorgansharax.



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha)

Ismark continues his journey...

GM: (Hiere, you're now their only hope)



Suldae Westwind: (Help me, Obi Wan,)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere pops his head out from the rope trick. "You guys doing okay? Yeah you're probably fine."

DC 17

Dexterity Save

9
Fire

Higher Level Cast

21
Fire

150 feet

Fireball



Vorgansharax the Black:

DEXTERITY SAVE
Ancient Black Dragon

Save: **21**



Hiere Unthere: Hiere drops his mixtape, and retreats back into the rope trick.

A red star falls from Hiere's hand and bursts into a nova of crimson flame that licks over Vorgansharax's body. At the exact moment of detonation, a nearby zephyr throws itself upon the blossoming fireball, and with the sacrifice of its life, it feeds the flame. 43



Vorgansharax the Black: "AAARGH!" Vorgansharax roars, as his scales crisp and char and the flames sear his flesh.

"A curse upon wizards!"



Suldae Westwind: "Fuck you!" Suldae yells, catching eloquence from Henry.



Marcus Veranius is down with that hot beat

Vorgansharax the Black: Vorgansharax says nothing. From deep in his throat, emerald bile rises.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "DO YOUR WORST"



Vorgansharax the Black: With a roar, Vorgansharax the Black spews his acidic fury!

ACID BREATH
(RECHARGE 5-6)
Ancient Black Dragon

The dragon exhales acid in a 90-foot line that is 10 feet wide. Each creature in that line must make a DC 22 Dexterity saving throw, taking 67 (15d8) acid damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

57



Henry of Willowsbrook:

6

DEXTERITY SAVE (2)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: "Actually please don't!" Suldae screams out as she tries to dodge out of the way AND tug Irenea with her.

(how do I do this mechanically)

GM: (the Dex save will count for that)



Marcus Veranius: (Are Irenea and Ez still under the tree?)

GM: (I think so? I know Ezme is)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (welp we did agree that my Warding Aura gives resistance for the breath weapon)

GM: (Yup yup)



Vorgansharax the Black: 28.5

GM: (In that case you take only 28 points of acid damage for not passing the save)

(How big is that aura? Are the others inside it?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: 10 ft

GM: (That encompasses Suldae and Irenea at least)



Suldae Westwind:

DISRUPT
Cutting Words

When a creature that you can see within 60 feet of you makes an Attack roll, an ability check, or a damage roll, you can use your Reaction to expend one of your uses of Bardic Inspiration, rolling a Bardic Inspiration die and subtracting the number rolled from the creature's roll. You can choose to use this feature after the creature makes its roll, but before the GM determines whether the Attack roll or ability check succeeds or fails, or before the creature deals its damage. The creature is immune if it can't hear you or if it's immune to being Charmed.

rolling d8

(3)

= 3

...He does 3 less damage!

GM: (Lmao)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's 'please don't' comes out with the force of a gale wind, forcing some of the acid aside.

GM: (So that's 25 points of acid damage if you fail the save)



Suldae Westwind:

20

DEXTERITY SAVE (7)
Suldae Westwind

GM: (And only 12 points if you pass!)



Suldae Westwind: (Hm. This is without accounting for Henry's aura, or does it just do the reducing by half thing?)

(I wasn't keeping track the mechanics)

11

CHARISMA SAVE (10)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: cuts damage by half at the end)



Suldae Westwind: (pls ignore this)

Henry: y's Aura reduces the damage by half, passing the save reduces it by half again)



Suldae Westwind: And that +2 to saves doesn't apply?



Henry of Willowsbrook: it does
(two different things both with 10ft radius)



Suldae Westwind: Oh!

GM: (In that case, you pass the save and take only 12 points of acid damage)



Suldae Westwind: :D

GM: (If you take an additional 12, you can shield Ireena with your body and she will take no damage)
(Ezme is in no immediate danger)



Suldae Westwind: I was about to ask.

GM: (Unless Ireena was in the tree too? I forget)



Suldae Westwind: She was tho
she was under the roots bc Henry stuck her there to not get eaten by Strahd

GM: (In that case, she's in no immediate danger either)



Suldae Westwind: ^^
thank you plants



Henry of Willowsbrook: "IS that all you can do? I had baths more unpleasant than this you jackass!"
Henry yells out ignoring the pain and smell of what he was pretty certain was his armor and skin melting



Vorgansharax the Black:

FRIGHTFUL PRESENCE

Ancient Black Dragon

Each creature of the dragon's choice that is within 120 feet of the dragon and aware of it must succeed on a DC 19 Wisdom saving throw or become frightened for 1 minute. A creature can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success. If a creature's saving throw is successful or the effect ends for it, the creature is immune to the dragon's Frightful Presence for the next 24 hours.

Ezme struggles not to die... **12**

Ireena is on the same journey... **16**

GM: (Henry, you're up!)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wis save?)

GM: (Yes, unless you have a mechanic to resist it)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

8

WISDOM SAVE (6)
Henry of Willowsbrook

oh for fucks)

GM: (Doesn't one of your auras do something about that?)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is grateful for Henry's words for about half a second before fear seizes her.



Henry of Willowsbrook: nope)



Suldae Westwind:

19

WISDOM SAVE (3)
Suldae Westwind

Don't paladins have anything mechanical about fear?

GM: (I swear they did)



Suldae Westwind: (I'm gonna google)

GM: (Maybe it's a different oath though)

(looks like oath of conquest has something for it)



Suldae Westwind: (I remember in 3.5 they were straight up immune to fear effects)

(...yeah google turns up stuff for Conquest)

(Well, good news! Suldae passed the save)

GM: (With good RP, I will allow you to trade saving throws)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (would Heroism remove my fear if I cast it now?)



Suldae Westwind: (let me check what being frightened *does*)

GM: (I would rule yes on that)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

Heroism

Enchantment 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: A willing creature you touch

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

A willing creature you touch is imbued with bravery. Until the spell ends, the creature is immune to being frightened and gains temporary hit points equal to your spellcasting ability modifier at the start of each of its turns. When the spell ends, the target loses any remaining temporary hit points from this spell.
At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot level above 1st.

GM: (A frightened creature has disadvantage on Ability Checks and Attack rolls while the source of its fear is within line of sight. The creature can't willingly move closer to the source of its fear.)

(Not much point to it now though lol)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)



Marcus Veranius: (We abused the hell out of Marcus's fear arrows in the Death House. Fear's a powerful debuff)



Vorgansharax the Black: "Cower before me, petty mortal!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae feels fear go through her and slide off, as she feels its artificial nature. There is already plenty she's scared of right now, the dragon just... It's not so much that it doesn't make the cut, it's that the slots are taken. She's too *busy* to be scared right now.

Also, she has to admit, Henry's banter does a *lot* to relieve the pressure. This is supposed to be her job!

(Yeah I remember that

(Wouldn't have interfered with healing, though, though I'd have had to finagle RP for that)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry staggers over to Suldae to grab her biting down on the impulse to run "I will not yield to such a beast of base cruelty" he groans out as he casts the spell

(we both get 2 temp hp at the start of our turns till I lose concentration)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Potions are an action right?)



Suldae Westwind: (base rules, yes)



Henry of Willowsbrook: than that's EoT



Suldae Westwind: (Rictavio was Feather Falling, right?)



Rictavio: Still slowly falling, Rictavio curses and mutters to himself while he reloads his crossbow.

HAND CROSSBOW
Rictavio

Attack: 9 | 16

Damage: 2 piercing + 10
piercing

HAND CROSSBOW
Rictavio

Attack: 14 | 13

Damage: 5 piercing + 14
piercing



Suldae Westwind: (Would he have gotten buffeted out of th way with the wind?)

His bolts scatter off the armor of Vorgansharax, and he slowly falls into the aura of the dragon's fear.



Rictavio:

WISDOM
Rictavio

Ability: 14 | 9

"Shit! Shit!"

"Why is this dragon so bloody HUGE!?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Is Ric still out of range or why the disadvantage (not that it matters much now))

GM: (Just a misclick)

(Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes in and exhales deeply, and the remnants of the musical wind around her carry the sound of the sigh to the teammates around her.

6

Healing

60 feet

Mass Healing Word
Suldae Westwind

(wait a sec)

(I think I didnt put in the bonus from the thing)

(the cleric feature)

(yep I didn't)

Both Ezmerelda and Ireena come back to consciousness just in time to experience the arcane fear radiating from the dragon.



Ireena Kolyana:

15

WISDOM SAVE (2)



Suldae Westwind: (that's a +5)

Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

WISDOM
Ezmerelda d'Avenir
 Ability: 20



Suldae Westwind: (given this is 3rd level)

GM: (So total healing: 11?)



Suldae Westwind: (so actually its an 11 to everyone in range)

(yeah)

Suldae breathes in, then breathes out sharply as she screams:

"STOP!!!"

Command

Enchantment 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range

Components: V

Duration: 1 round

You speak a one-word command to a creature you can see within range. The target must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or follow the command on its next turn. The spell has no effect if the target is undead, if it doesn't understand your language, or if your command is directly harmful to it. Some typical commands and their effects follow. You might issue a command other than one described here. If you do so, the GM determines how the target behaves. If the target can't follow your command, the spell ends. Approach. The target moves toward you by the shortest and most direct route, ending its turn if it moves within 5 feet of you. Drop. The target drops whatever it is holding and then ends its turn. Flee. The target spends its turn moving away from you by the fastest available means. Grovel. The target falls prone and then ends its turn. Halt. The target doesn't move and takes no actions. A flying creature stays aloft, provided that it is able to do so. If it must move to stay aloft, it flies the minimum distance needed to remain in the air.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can affect one additional creature for each slot level above 1st. The creatures must be within 30 feet of each other when you target them.



Vorgansharax the Black:

WISDOM
Ancient Black Dragon

Ability: **6**



Suldae Westwind: (Uh. Consider it 'Halt')

GM: (Burning a legendary resistance)



Suldae Westwind: (HA!)

For a moment, Suldae feels the spell take hold on the crooked mind of the great black dragon. A second later, she feels that mind slip out from under its power. "A worthy attempt!"



Suldae Westwind: EoT



Ireena Kolyana: "AAAARGH!"

Ireena wakes to terror.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda wakes to calm certainty. She senses the power of the dragon, but it does not petrify her.

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Hiere Unthere: (he typin)



Marcus Veranius jumps out of the rope trick again, not liking how this assassination has slowly become a straight fight. No man can hold their own against such a beast.



Marcus Veranius:

15 | 11
600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)
Marcus Veranius

15
Bonus Damage/Piercing

22
Piercing

17 | 26
600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)
Marcus Veranius

13
Bonus Damage/Piercing

21
Piercing

10

19

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

13

Bonus Damage/Piercing

20

Piercing

34 Piercing

Arrows streak through the night. The first clatters off Vorgansharax's armored head harmlessly. The second slips between two charred scales and strikes the great beast in the heart. With a sudden gasp of shock, Vorgansharax the black learns the truth of his own mortality.



Suldae Westwind: (Thankfully to stay in the air he has to be circling so he wouldn't be *directly* above us right)

The black dragon stares wild-eyed into the night for a long moment. He breathes in, a greenish glow emanating from his mouth. He gurgles. He clings desperately, spasmodically, to the trees, as his strength begins to fail.

He slides backwards, his grip fails, his eyes darken. The great black dragon tumbles between the trees, crashing through branches on his way to earth. He strikes with a boom that shakes the treetops for miles around.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stands there, swaying slightly on her feet.

Did they... win?

Is it done?

Sprawled like a great black cathedral, legs in the air, wings around him like the black sails of a shipwreck, the great black dragon releases a final gasp.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena shakily gets to her feet.

The fear aura fades. Sanity returns to her.



Suldae Westwind: (Ireena is STILL under the roots)



Marcus Veranius: ...no one could win a fair fight against Vorgansharax. Which was why Marcus knew to cheat.



Hiere Unthere: "WOoooooooooooooooooooo! UP TOP"



Rictavio: Rictavio lands gently on the wooden platform next to Suldae.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry leans down touching the embodiment of nature's fury " Could you let us down"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae closes her eyes and whistles a simple tune, still not looking in Ismark's direction.

The tree immediately begins to shrink, untwisting its form. Ezmerelda and Ireena are both loosed

from the roots. A wooden staircase grows from the tree, spiraling down toward the ground.



Suldae Westwind:

Goodberry

Transmutation 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: See text

Components: V, S, M (A sprig of mistletoe)

Duration: Instantaneous

Up to ten berries appear in your hand and are infused with magic for the duration. A creature can use its action to eat one berry. Eating a berry restores 1 hit point, and the berry provides enough nourishment to sustain a creature for one day. The berries lose their potency if they have not been consumed within 24 hours of the casting of this spell.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell at a higher level, the berry restores 1 more hit point for each level above 1st.

(This is wrong numbers)



Marcus Veranius stares at the fallen dragon through their rope tricks window, unsure of what emotions were going through his mind. A hand wobbily raises to Hiere, eyes not meeting his gaze.



Suldae Westwind: (4HP/berry)



Henry of Willowsbrook: " I am speaking to plants " He whispers to himself before beginning to laugh loudly "KAHAHAHAHAHA WE WON YOU MOUTH TWAT WE FUCKIN WON YOU HEAR ME"



Suldae Westwind: (5 rn)

A second later, Suldae's hands are filled with fruit.



Rictavio: "I don't think he can hear you," Rictavio says.



Suldae Westwind: She gives one to all of the four companions surrounding her.



Rictavio: He looks around. "Where's Ismark?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Ismark?"



Marcus Veranius: "...he was a dread menace, but that dragon was all I had from before Barovia. This country is now my everything."



Henry of Willowsbrook: *mouthy



Ireena Kolyana: "ISMARK!?"



Suldae Westwind: (Where is Marcus right now?)



Marcus Veranius: (In the Rope Trick with Hiere)

(About to collapse from Haste)

Suldae Westwind: (ok so hes not here gotcha)

Suldae forces a fruit into Ireena's hand.

She hugs her fiercely, pressing her to herself.

The fruit end up in front of Ireena, barely not falling.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ireena do you know about Ismarks nature?"



Suldae Westwind: "He might be fine, yet," she whispers, not sure herself of the thought.



Ireena Kolyana: "Suldae! Suldae, where is Ismark?! I lost sight of him in the battle!"

"I can't lose him again!"



Hiere Unthere: Hiere peeps out again. "Hey.. uh.. can someone help us down from here?"



Suldae Westwind: "Give me a second," Suldae whispers to her.



Marcus Veranius: "Oh! I can! Just grab on and..."

Haste wears off



Marcus Veranius falls to the floor of the rope trick



Suldae Westwind: She breathes in deeply, then focuses on the divine connection burning in her mind.

The prayer is simple and fierce.

"What will happen to him?"

18

RELIGION (11)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae feels no immediate response. After a long time, she hears a tune... It seems to be the melody of "Vengeance Immortal" -- a little-known opera about a man who returns from the dead again and again until he can complete his vengeance. She senses somehow that this will be Ismark's fate.



Suldae Westwind: "He fell," she says tightly. "But he'll be back."

"You won't lose him until Strahd is dead."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ireena look at me please. Did you know about Ismarks nature?" Henry asks her gently



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks into Suldae's eyes, searching them for the truth. She relaxes a little.

"Thank you."



Suldae Westwind: "Strahd *wishes* he could kill him."



Ireena Kolyana: "We knew he had died..."

"But he came back to us."

"We knew he was undead."



Suldae Westwind: "Now eat," Suldae closes her fingers on the fruit she gave her.

Ireena Kolyana: Ireena eats.



Suldae Westwind: (Henry, Ezme and Ric also all have one.)

(Each restores 5HP)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods "He'll be back before we know it I'm sure"



Rictavio: "This is a very good berry!"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Surprisingly filling!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks up into the sky, where Marcus and Hiere are.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Should we help them get down?"



Suldae Westwind: They should be fine, right? They'll make ti down.

"Check on Marcus, if you wil," Suldae tells her.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Thank you darling" Henry says while winking at Suldae



Suldae Westwind: She sags down herself, sitting down on the forest floor and remaining roots and branches under their feet.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere waves for help



Suldae Westwind: She puts down the fruit (6 remaining)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda transforms into her hybrid form and flies swiftly up to Hiere's waving hand.



Suldae Westwind: She flips the guitar over to her front and realizes it's damaged.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Marcus!" Ezmerelda says, immediately upon crawling into the portal.

"You're injured!"

She herself is still badly burned.



Suldae Westwind: After half a minute of careful breathing she whistles as she raps on the still-intact parts.

Mending

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: Touch

Target: A single break or tear in an object you touch

Components: V, S, M (Two lodestones)

Duration: Instantaneous

This spell repairs a single break or tear in an object you touch, such as a broken chain link, two halves of a broken key, a torn cloak, or a leaking wineskin. As long as the break or tear is no larger than 1 foot in any dimension, you mend it, leaving no trace of the former damage. This spell can physically repair a magic item or construct, but the spell can't

restore magic to such an object.

The guitar is fine. Suldae is also fine. Everything is fine.

She starts playing, no particular direction, just improvising, allowing music to take her mind off everything.



Marcus Veranius flopillly raises a thumbs up to confirm Ezmeralda's diagnosis, then flops back down



Suldae Westwind:

SONG OF REST

Class: Bard

Beginning at 2nd level, you can use soothing music or oration to help revitalize your wounded allies during a short rest. If you or any friendly creatures who can hear your performance regain hit points at the end of the short rest by spending one or more Hit Dice, each of those creatures regains an extra 1d6 hit points.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Now if you'll excuse me I have a corpse to stab cartharsis an ole that" Henry say walking over to the Dragon corpse



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda crouches beside Marcus. She starts laughing.

"You did it. We did it."

"We can do this."

"We can take him down, I know it."

"But on the immediate side of things, do either of you need a ride?"



Ireena Kolyana:

5

HIT DICE (D6+0)

4



Henry of Willowsbrook: (If I were to skin the dragon what would I roll)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere raises a hand



Marcus Veranius shifts into convenient, birb sized carrying shape. He'd celebrate the dragon's death later when his limbs felt more alive



Ireena Kolyana: **7**

8



Suldae Westwind: "Take more fruit, too," Suldae says perpendicular to the melody as her fingers pluck the strings with a simple rhythm. "You're one of the most badly injured, here."



Ireena Kolyana: "That's such a soothing little tune, Suldae..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (we are short restin g right?)

GM: (For skinning the dragon it will have to be several survival rolls -- one for each limb, one for the head, one for the tail, one for the body, and one for each wing. It's a lot to skin)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae doesn't respond to the compliment outwardly much. Inside, she's feeling... warm.

GM: (Yes, we are short resting)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda puts Marcus on her shoulder and takes Hiere, then departs the rope trick and flies slowly back down to the others. Within a few moments, she lands.



Suldae Westwind: rolling 2d8

(5 + 2)

= 7

rolling 2d6

(5 + 3)

= 8



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: 13 + 11



Suldae Westwind: "Eat," Suldae invites people in between humming to the music, nodding towards the spread in front of her.



Rictavio: 7 + 4



Henry of Willowsbrook:

10

HIT DICE (D10+3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

12

HIT DICE (D10+3)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Hiere Unthere: Hiere flops to the floor, hat on chest.



Marcus Veranius:

11

HIT DICE (D10+2)
Marcus Veranius

11

HIT DICE (D10+2)
Marcus Veranius

rolling 2d6

(**6** + **3**)

= **9**



Henry of Willowsbrook:

6

HIT DICE (D10+3)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Hiere Unthere:

8

HIT DICE (D6+2)

7

HIT DICE (D6+2)

3

HIT DICE (D6+2)



Rictavio: "Well," says Rictavio. "That's certainly the *biggest* dragon I've ever slain."



Marcus Veranius:

3

HIT DICE (D10+2)
Marcus Veranius

7

HIT DICE (D10+2)
Marcus Veranius



Hiere Unthere:

7

HIT DICE (D6+2)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 2d6

(**3** + **4**)

= **7**



Hiere Unthere:

8**HIT DICE** (D6+2)

Rictavio: "I don't think I could have done that one single-handed. It is good to be part of a... Team."



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling 3d6

(4 + 2 + 4)

= 10



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smiles at him tiredly.

He's irritating, but still someone it's good to have on your side.



Rictavio: It seems almost painful for Rictavio to say this. His eyes stare off into the distance, thinking of other times -- other people, perhaps.

He seems worried, for some reason.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

12

HIT DICE (D10+3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

rolling d6

(4)

= 4



Marcus Veranius caws in agreement



Ireena Kolyana: "What should we do now?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I don't think it would be wise to stay here. Not out in the open."



Suldae Westwind: "Kasimir," Suldae answers.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Strahd will only send more monsters our way..."



Rictavio: "Yes, we must save Kasimir."



Suldae Westwind: "I cannot rest at night," Suldae says, looking at the darkening sky and first stars appearing.

"He still needs our help."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Marcus how about we take some of this twat first while we got the chance" Henry says" than we move to help Kasimir"



Ireena Kolyana: "I think we managed to go further away from him while we were fleeing the dragon," Ireena says.

Suldae Westwind: "Yeah..."



Ireena Kolyana: "Dragon skin is said to have many curious properties, it would be foolish to let our enemies have it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We believe he his south of here"



Suldae Westwind: "We rest, we gather trophies," Suldae glances towards the corpse, "and then we go south?"



Rictavio: "How much time do we think we really have to spare?"



Marcus Veranius un-birbs at Henry's suggestion. "Scales are more sturdy for armored crafts, but the flexibility of wing membrane is better for general leatherworking."



Rictavio: "Kasimir could be dying as we speak."



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, we won't be doing him much good in this state."



Marcus Veranius: "Let me make an alternative suggestion. The more parts we take off this dragon, the harder it'll be for someone to resurrect it."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Wait!"

"Why not just polymorph the dragon into something smaller?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Additionally we barely know what we're up against we won't to him any good charging in headlessly"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "We could take it with us, and break the spell when we have a more convenient time?"



Suldae Westwind: "That seems like a good idea," Suldae perks up.

"We couldn't carry this much otherwise, anyway."



Marcus Veranius nods



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how long does polymorph last?)

GM: (Up to one hour, but it's concentration)

(So shenanigans are likely to ensue)



Suldae Westwind: "Who can cast Polymorph, other than me?"



Hiere Unthere: Hiere puts forth an argument, "the Weave will not bend the dead"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hiere can I believe"



Hiere Unthere: (The spell has no effect on a shapechanger or a creature with 0 hit points.)



Suldae Westwind: "Oh."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Oh, damn."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "well bugger taht"

Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Maybe we could sink the body? Lake Zarovich isn't far from here."



Henry of Willowsbrook: that



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Strahd cannot enter running water, we could put it into one of the streams that feeds the lake."

"Maybe?"



Ireena Kolyana: "I'm not convinced we could even *drag* the body."



Suldae Westwind: "I could ask the plants to bury it," Suldae suggests. "After we take as much as we want to carry."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I don't want to sink your plans here Ezme but well its huge and we are liitle and puny ... well you guys are anyway"



Ireena Kolyana: "The last thing we need is a dragon tree."



Rictavio: "No, the last thing we need is a Dracolich."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Whatever that it is I agree I don't want any of it"



Marcus Veranius moves to start getting some of that wing membrane he mentioned earlier.



Marcus Veranius: "Ez, could you give me a hand?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry decides to help



Marcus Veranius: (Or Henry o3o)



Rictavio: "If we leave the bones intact, they can be used to resurrect the dragon as an undead beast. It would be even less pleasant to fight that."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda joins Marcus eagerly.



Marcus Veranius:

23

9

SURVIVAL (6)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: "So a dragon tree is the best option of what we have currently available?" Suldae asks.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well how about this Ric you and me we debone it like a sunday roast while Marcus gathers some trinkets"

GM: (The DC is 18 for total success, 15 for partial success)



Ireena Kolyana: "I wonder if we could take the skull?"

"Maybe with telekinesis... Damn, I should have learned that one."

Ireena pulls out her spell books and starts flipping through them, looking for something useful.





Henry of Willowsbrook: "In pieces maybe" Henry chuckels comparing the skull to his companions





Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives a philosophical sigh to the fact that the spell she knows for animating


the inanimate only works on small objects.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Aha!" Ireena points to a spell in her book, and shows it to Suldae. In an intricate hand, the words *Floating Disk* are inscribed at the top of the page. "We could take the skull on this!"

 **Suldae Westwind:** Sure, maybe it'd make her effectively a necromancer, but nature can be macabre.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "It will take me a few minutes to figure out the casting, I've never done this one before."


 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae smiles to her encouragingly


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Man I really wish I had a logging axe right about now" Henry says rolling his shoulders "The cut doesn't need to be clean right?" he says moving to the beasts neck

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "No, it doesn't."


"I don't think your sword will be able to break through the bone, though, so you'll have to go between the vertebrae."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "A


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "And watch out! He may still have some acid in his throat, it could damage your sword."

 **Rictavio:** "When did you become so knowledgeable about dragons?"

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "any help is appreciated"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Listen buddy I had a *lot* of time to read while you were all running around the countryside without me."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "She's right about the sloppy cuts. Given how much dragon there is, you can easily shave a bit off to straighten it later."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena approaches the fallen dragon, and examines it intently for a moment or two. She points her finger like a divining rod, letting it wander up and down the length of the neck.

True Strike

Divination Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A target in range

Components: S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 round

You extend your hand and point a finger at a target in range. Your magic grants you a brief insight into the target's defenses. On your next turn, you gain advantage on your first attack roll against the target, provided that this spell hasn't ended.

"There. Strike it there."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Attack Roll?)

 **Ireena Kolyana:** (with advantage)

Henry of Willowsbrook:

20

19

Longsword (5 ft) (+9)
Henry of Willowsbrook

9

Slashing



Hiere Unthere: (true strike is self??)

(oh nvm)

GM: (Oi am I or am I not the GM)



Hiere Unthere: (that's in 3.5)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "This might take a moment"



Suldae Westwind: (Range is 30ft)

(Right there)

Meanwhile, Marcus manages to get the skin of an entire wing off in pristine condition.



Suldae Westwind: (ah nm)



Marcus Veranius rolls it up into a convenient bundle. Softer part of the dragon, but easily transported.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I like foldover cuffs and about an inch of heel," Ezmerelda whispers playfully into Marcus's ear.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry seaths his sword swapping to the halberd "I think I get better leverage with this"



Marcus Veranius pauses to consider. Normal heels are usually woodstock; would dragon bone affect the comfort at all?



Marcus Veranius: Only one way to find out!



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Can you do a concealed knife in the toe that pops out when I click my heels together?"

"A silvered blade, obviously."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (do I just keep Swinging?)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Maybe a holy symbol on the boot-heel..."

GM: (Swing again, yes)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

29

15

Halberd (10 ft) (+9)

Henry of Willowsbrook

15 + 9
Slashing

With an effortless sweep of his halberd, Henry makes a perfect cut through the neck of the Dragon.



Marcus Veranius: "I could certainly TRY. I picked a good shade of dragon to make enemies with, so it'll look great regardless."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena whistles softly. "Good cut."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Watch out this might spary a little" Henry grunts as he brings the weapon down with all his might

A small dribble of acid sizzles out of the severed neck and sears the grass.



Henry of Willowsbrook: spray

The dragon's blood is viscous, oily, and black.

It looks highly flammable...



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry gets out his empty potion vial and gathers some



Suldae Westwind: Suldae keeps playing as she watches her friends defile the highly deserving corpse with satisfaction



Marcus Veranius: "...one of you more knowledgeable-folks ought to handle the head. All the arcane-useful stuff's in the organs, right?" Marcus comments as the others do their work.



Suldae Westwind: The melody has, subconsciously on her part, changed towards a fairly popular dragon slaying song.



Marcus Veranius: Eye of Dragon was probably a spell component for SOMETHING



Ireena Kolyana: "The eyes are good for divination and scrying orbs, once they've been properly dried. The teeth can be powdered to make deadly poisons. The blood should be even more explosive than Alchemist's Fire."

"The skull plate above the eyes is said to be almost indestructible, I've heard of legendary shields made out of them."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I'll mark down 1 vial of dragon blood if it's alright)

GM: (Go right ahead)



Marcus Veranius: "Sounds about right to me. Memory can confirm he was rather thick-headed."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry glances at his shield "Oh Marcus would you be a dear and get that for me"


"I promise to put it to good use" he says grinning like a fox that found a hole in the fence




Ireena Kolyana sits cross-legged on the ground, her spell book open in her lap. She reads carefully, muttering to herself and moving her hands through arcane forms. Intricate displays of colored light nimbus around her hands.


Suldae Westwind: Suldae wonders if the dragon has a bone small enough to make a flute out of.


Silently, the skull rises into the air, suspended on an invisible disk of arcane power.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Ha!" says Ireena, triumphant. "It's done."

Suldae notices many horns on the dragon. Some of them are just scales, but others seem to be rooted to the bone.


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Remind me friends where did we land on treeing this corpse" Henry asks "Rictavio feel free to answer aswell"


 *Marcus Veranius shifts his attention to the other wing while the others deal with head and location. Might as well go with the easier-to-handle parts of the dragon*


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I've heard that some dragons -- especially those who are gifted in magic -- have an arcane appendix. If we can get one of the arcane appendix stones, they can be used as an arcane focus, or powdered to make an ingredient that can make a potion to restore one's magical power."
"I think if we remove that piece, the dragon's natural magic will start to fade, and it shouldn't be that dangerous to bury it anymore."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Ireena," she calls out, still strumming. "I could use a new flute. Would dragon bone be a fitting material??"
(ignore the second ?)

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Where would those be?"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Somewhere in the guts," says Ireena. "I'm not sure. I'd guess near the heart?"
"As to a bone flute -- yes, I think it would work well! It might even have magical properties."

 **Rictavio:** "I still feel uncomfortable trusting such a powerful creature to this still-corrupted soil. If we can sanctify the space it is buried in, I will feel better about it."


 **Marcus Veranius:** (assuming I still have Ezmeralda helping for advantage)


7 | 10
SURVIVAL (6)
Marcus Veranius

(oof)

Unfortunately, the second wing tears right as Marcus gets to the middle of it.


He manages to get some scraps, but nothing that will be all that useful.

 **Marcus Veranius:** What? How could this one be so fragile!?

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "hmm" (GM level with me here could I split the dragon open via plant growth like gras breaking pavement to make harvesting the inside easier)

 *Marcus Veranius takes a second look and finds arrow holes*

 **Marcus Veranius:** "...oh."

 **Suldae Westwind:** (I was about to suggest that lmao)

GM: (Yes, that could work)



Suldae Westwind: (wrt arrows)



Marcus Veranius: "Are we sure this soil isn't sanctified already? Bunch of trees and shit popped up like, 15 minutes ago. That kindof fixed things for the winery."



Marcus Veranius has no idea how magic works



Suldae Westwind: Suldae wonders about that.

13

RELIGION (11)
Suldae Westwind



Rictavio: "I honestly don't know."

"But a proper burial couldn't hurt our chances."



Suldae Westwind: (oh wow thats a low roll. GOOD THING I HAVE FUCKING +11)



Marcus Veranius: "Do I have to give a heartfelt speech?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Step back please I have an Idea " Henry looks to find one of Marcuses arrows before tapping into that familiar well of power 'Grow 'he asks the wood

The wood begins to grow immediately. With a rupturing sound, the flesh of Vorgansharax bursts open, forced apart by swift-growing roots and vines.

The innards of the dragon are a slimy, multicolored frenzy of gore, and thick black blood spills across the grass, steaming in the cold night air.



Rictavio: "Warm-blooded? How curious."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "That felt strangely good I must say" Henry says with a low whistle



Ireena Kolyana: "Dragons aren't cold-blooded, usually -- even ice dragons. Otherwise they'd always be lethargic."

"Let's see, I think I brought it..." Ireena digs in her book bag for a moment or two.

"Aha!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (can I roll Nature to identify organs?)



Ireena Kolyana: She pulls out a tome and cracks it open. She flicks through the pages quickly.

GM: (Yes, you may)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

19

18

NATURE (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Ireena Kolyana: "Ok, I have a chart of the organs, but it doesn't look anything like real life... Looks like the artist didn't have first-hand knowledge."

GM: (Henry is able to recognize the major organs by their similarity to the organs of other beasts.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Huh It looks strangely ordinary, thats the intestine, thats the live, and that over their is a kidney I believe"

liver

GM: (He quickly recognizes a few organs that other creatures do not have -- an acid bladder, and a strange appendix-like organ near the heart.)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae asked if the place is sanctified and what it would take if not)

(got a 13 on a Religion check)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ireena, darling is that the appendix thing you meant?" Henry asks while indicating

Suldae realizes that the place is not sanctified, although several powerful nature spirits have been in the area, and the lingering effects of their presence will remain for several hours -- perhaps days.



Ireena Kolyana: "Yes! I think so. It must be!"

"Be careful, a dragon's soul can linger there for a while after death... Don't touch it with anything but your blade!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Looking over the gore and after taking a deep breath Henry turns to her "Trust me last thing I want to do is touch that with my hands"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir begins working on the Dragon's tail, using her silvered short sword.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

<p>SURVIVAL Ezmerelda d'Avenir</p> <hr/> <p>Skill: 12</p>
--



Marcus Veranius gives aid



Suldae Westwind: Does Suldae know how to sanctify the place?



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

<p>SURVIVAL Ezmerelda d'Avenir</p> <hr/> <p>Skill: 12</p>
--



Suldae Westwind:

14

RELIGION (11)
Suldae Westwind



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Fuck."



Suldae Westwind: (Gee, that's better)

(re: my roll)



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"You know, it's a lot easier tearing it apart than it is keeping it together."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (what do I roll for appendectomy (appendix removal)?)

GM: (Henry: Survival)



Suldae Westwind: (Isn't there an assist mechanic?)

(Maybe it'll go better if multiple people help each other lmao)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (help is advantage and Suldae could inspire but that's it)

Suldae realizes that a Hallow spell is the best way to do it. Failing that, it should be possible to sanctify the place with holy water, prayer, and song.



Ireena Kolyana: "I have an idea."

"It might be a bad one."

"I know certain warding glyphs that can cast a spell when an enemy gets too close. We could inscribe those over the burial site, and turn it into a trap."

"The danger is that there is a chance Strahd will spot the spell, and break it."



Marcus Veranius: "You know, maybe I could try grabbing it. Vorgansharax spent a good year poking me with its magic experiments; maybe I'd be more resistant."



Marcus Veranius pipes up, having no luck with the tail



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We tried to out race a dragon on birds so we are past the part where bad ideas die as ideas"



Hiere Unthere: "Even if he doesn't.. what's to say he doesn't just tank all our magic?"



Marcus Veranius: Worst case scenario, he breaks it like the other parts and problem is gone



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Let's get to cutting doctor Marcus"

In Ezmerelda's hands, only the top layer of scaly skin comes off, leaving the under-layer behind.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Dammit, I ruined it!"



Marcus Veranius: (Will the appendix be a separate roll from the body, or same?)

GM: (Separate)

(A bad roll might have consequences)



Marcus Veranius: (THE CHART GETS UPDATED)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry assists



Marcus Veranius:

24

9

SURVIVAL (6)
Marcus Veranius

GM: (That's a total success)

Henry of Willowsbrook: (Maybe Inspiration or nevermind if the appendix has the same dc)

(Yay)

(meant bardic inspiration btw)

Marcus manages to cautiously remove the arcane appendix. He can feel the malevolence of the spirit lingering within. It hates him passionately -- enough, perhaps, to fight its way out of the hells, if it can make the right pact.



Ireena Kolyana summons a mage hand and uses it to rummage around inside the bladder. It emerges a few moments later bearing several small, pink crystals.



Ireena Kolyana: "Perfect."

Marcus senses the soul fading from the now non-magical appendix.



Ireena Kolyana: "Suldae, here, take one. When you make your flute, incorporate it somehow."



Marcus Veranius murmurs to himself. "Rest in peace you scary git."



Hiere Unthere: "really? in peace?"



Ireena Kolyana: "One for you too, Hiere. You could put it in your hat!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has incense, a holy symbol and a direct line to her god. No holy water, though, just regular water. She's wondering what she can tinker up with that.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere perks up at the thought of accessorising his hat



Suldae Westwind:

14

RELIGION (11)
Suldae Westwind

(FUCKING REALLY)

Suldae takes a crystal from Ireena carefully, pausing her playing for a second.

She then resumes it after putting it into her bag.



Marcus Veranius takes a moment to bury the appendix and gives it a proper marker of tail bone scrap. It was hard to admit, but Vorgansharax didn't have anyone either. As rivals, they were closer to each other than anyone else.

GM: (A Cleric or Paladin may create holy water by performing a Special ritual. The ritual takes 1 hour to perform, uses 25 gp worth of powdered silver, and requires the caster to expend a 1st-level spell slot.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So earlier there was talk of a head scale that makes fantastic shields could we maybe get that one to while we're still at it" Henry almost sounds like a child wanting to stay up late for the harvest festival or so he imagined



Ireena Kolyana: "It'll be tricky. Our best bet is to just burst the skull somehow, the harder bone plate should be almost inde

*indestructible, so it's just a matter of breaking the destructible pieces off."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir is admiring the claws of the dragon's forelimbs. "These would make some

interesting knives..."

Henry of Willowsbrook: "I got a hammer and unbrideled gree-eh work ethic unbrideled work ethic"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena laughs.



Rictavio: Rictavio stiffens. "Someone is coming."



Marcus Veranius: "Give me just a moment, I'll help you in a bit."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae considers her silvered crossbow bolts.



Marcus Veranius: ...or not.



Suldae Westwind: (What do I even roll for this)

GM: (Marcus and Henry both sense a single undead approaching from the southwest.)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere gets his rope ready



Suldae Westwind: Suldae laughs at Ireena's joke, more out of happiness that she *made* one than anything else.



Marcus Veranius *hastily scribbles an epitaph for the late dragon onto the grave marker; a final goodbye to an evil, but proud soul.*



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry spins around Halberd raised "Way to ruin the damn mood" he grumbels



Marcus Veranius: "One undead. Maybe a messenger? Marcus comments as he draws a hand crossbow.

GM: (For the ritual itself, it's a ritual so there's no roll necessary -- consider it a spell you know how to cast. For getting the silver off your arrow, that would probably be an artisan's tool check of some kind, and you would probably need to specify what tool you're using to do it.)



Rictavio: Rictavio raises his crossbow, pointing it in the general direction of the enemy he senses.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda turns in that direction, clutching her blood-slicked short-sword.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena prepares to cast Mirror Image again.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae turns around to face the direction everyone else is, and flips the guitar around again.

She stands up.

Staggering between the trees comes a single male figure. In the dappled shadow of the forest, you see that his body is rotted and mostly flesh-less, but that it also seems to be shifting, changing... Growing...



Henry of Willowsbrook: "WOULD YOU HURRY IT UP WE GOT THINGS TO DO AND YOU ARE LATE YOU UNDEAD SACK O'SHIT" Henry calls out in its direction

"HHHHHHHeh..." Says a ragged, lipless voice.



Suldae Westwind: "Who are you?" Suldae asks, not hurrying to attack.

"Don't... shoot...."



Marcus Veranius squints, then lowers his crossbow



Suldae Westwind: "...Ismark?"

The figure moves closer. Those with dark vision can see the face still changing, shifting, gaining flesh.

It is becoming recognizable.



Hiere Unthere: "is it Kasimir"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!"



Marcus Veranius: "I'll give you another guess."



Hiere Unthere: "please sort tell me its Kasimir"

"oh its the emo one"



Suldae Westwind: "There you are," Suldae breathes out in relief and sits down again.



Marcus Veranius: "I already said it wasn't Kasimir!"

Ismark stumbles closer, and slumps to his knees, exhausted.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ismark? YOU HEARD ME ISSY MOVE THOSE CHEEKS!"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I woke up in a grave..."



Hiere Unthere: "what"



Suldae Westwind: "So, everyone, I can sanctify this space if I somehow manage to get a bunch of powdered silver. I have these crossbow bolts, anyone can help me get silver off the arrowheads?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark seems... haunted.



Ireena Kolyana: "Ismark!"

Ireena runs to him and wraps him in a tight embrace.

"I was so worried!"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "This isn't my body... I had to take this one."



Hiere Unthere: "what"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark doesn't look as good as he did before...



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Couldn't we use some of these?" Henry says pulling out some silver coins
"Those blots are probably gonna be more useful Suldae"



Ismark Kolyanovich: He seems patchier, grayer, paler.



Marcus Veranius squints at Ismark, putting on a mock stern face.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shifts to Ismark instead.

"I thought something like that might happen," she says gently.



Marcus Veranius: "Did... did you get taller just to spite me? How dare you! You know I'm insecure about my height!"



Marcus Veranius tries to lighten Ismark's mood with a joke



Hiere Unthere: Hiere looms menacingly



Marcus Veranius turns to hiere. "Don't you start with that too!"

GM: (I just realized that if you use silver pieces to get 25 gp worth of powdered silver you're talking about 250 silver pieces, which seems like a shitload)



Suldae Westwind: (..Yeah. Yeah, it would be. I don't think we have that much)
(RIP)



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark cracks a smile. He laughs croakily. "Same old... Marcus..."



Suldae Westwind: (Maybe we can improvise holy sanctification with other means)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (we also don't have that much silver to begin with)



Suldae Westwind: (Yeah)

GM: (Some of your companions may have holy water already)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus has 115 silver between his and the party funds)



Suldae Westwind: "...Does anyone have holy water?"



Rictavio: "I have five vials. Do you need one for something?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes out. This just got much easier.



Marcus Veranius: (CURSE ME EXCHANGING COIN FOR PLATINUM)



Suldae Westwind: "Yes. To sanctify this place."

"And then Henry and I will make a tree grave, to make it even safer."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Strahds true curse is inflation)



Rictavio: "Here, I may as well distribute these anyway."



Suldae Westwind: (Inflation in Barovia makes perfect sense as they would have a deficit of goods but a lot of money from adventurers wandering in and stuff)



Rictavio gives a vial to Suldae, one to Hiere, one to Henry, one to Marcus, and one to Ezmerelda.



Suldae Westwind: "I'll be using this one, then," Suldae says and gets to work setting up the ritual.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'll help you asmuch as I can anyway" Henry says shrugging



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Claws?" Ezmerelda pleads, in Marcus's general direction.



Marcus Veranius nods and attempts to do more dragon skinning. They got till dawn till the

Oathbow recharges.**Marcus Veranius:****26****16****SURVIVAL (6)**
Marcus Veranius**Ezmerelda d'Avenir helps Marcus.****Marcus Veranius:** (Targeting right arm)**Marcus is able to remove the skin perfectly, and acquire five long, curved, blade-like dragon claws.****Hiere Unthere:** Hiere tries to be as pure as possible**Hiere has a premonition -- someone is about to scry on the party.****Hiere Unthere:** Hiere raises a hand to his forehead. "Did anyone leave their body parts around?? We're about to get scryed"**Ireena Kolyana:** "Oh! I have something for this!"**Marcus Veranius:** "...hide in a rope trick?"**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Can we stop that?"**Ireena Kolyana:**

Nondetection

*Abjuration 3***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** Touch**Target:** A willing creature, a place, or an object no larger than 10 feet in any direction**Components:** V, S, M (A pinch of diamond dust worth 25 gp sprinkled over the target, which the spell consumes)**Duration:** 8 hours

For the duration, you hide a target that you touch from divination magic. The target can be a willing creature or a place or an object no larger than 10 feet in any dimension. The target can't be targeted by any divination magic or perceived through magical scrying sensors.

**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae comes closer to Ireena and herds everyone else, too, as she realizes what she's doing.**Marcus Veranius:** "On second thought, let's cut to the chase and work on the hard scales. We may not have much time."**Suldae Westwind:****14****ARCANA (11)**

Suldae Westwind



Ireena Kolyana *swiftly digs into her bag and grasps a vial of powder, which she flings into the air. She spreads her hands. A circle of light ten feet in radius extends from her in all directions, encompassing the party.*



Suldae Westwind: (She totally does, see)



Marcus Veranius *rushes to work on the body while Ireena wards*



Ireena Kolyana: "He'll be able to see the body! But with any luck, he won't see us."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "huh so that is what this feels like" Henry says feeling Ireena's aura wash over him "Kinda tingles at the back of the neck wait what do mine feel like to you guys?"



Suldae Westwind: "Maybe we should stop working on the body, for the moment," Suldae suggests.



Marcus Veranius: "...good plan."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs at Henry's question. She perceives patterns of the Weave directly enough that she's never paid attention to notice any effect his auras had on her other senses.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I think we should take that as a sign to get going soon"



Suldae Westwind: "Which is to say, our handy half of the party finishes dismantling it while you and I sanctify it, then we grow a tree here and get going," Suldae says.

She has sprinkled holy water in a rough circle around the dragon's dead body already, and come up with something of a chant to use.

"South, to find and help Kasimir."

"I'm mostly spent, but not entirely, and I cannot rest until dawn, and we cannot wait that long."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It's like you read my thoughts" Henry says grinning before putting on an overly serious grimace "If you are please stop"



Marcus Veranius: "We don't have the Oathbow if we don't wait till dawn."

"Do you think we can handle Baba Lysaga without it?"



Suldae Westwind: "How much of a difference do you think it will make to Kasimir's chances?"

"Good question."



Marcus Veranius: "I personally think we're too late as-is, given Strahd's complete offensive."

"But... we can fix that too."



Suldae Westwind: "...Good point."

"Where do we go if not south? To Vallaki?"



Marcus Veranius: "To Vallaki to secure our means of resurrection and to rest properly. Then south to secure the body, or if we're lucky, our friend in tact."



Suldae Westwind: "...Yeah. So if I go to sleep at dawn, that'll have us setting out in the morning, before noon though."



Marcus Veranius: "...I've got a pillow and a backpack so you can rest when we move south."

Henry of Willowsbrook: "We still have that hat right? for her" Henry says pointing at Ireena



Marcus Veranius: "Yes but actually no."



Suldae Westwind: "...Marcus, you mind sharing?"

"Are you still inavoidably birdy?"



Marcus Veranius: "LOOK, I didn't think we'd need to hide multiple people with the hat when I made that contract, alright!?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I have a disguise kit!"



Marcus Veranius: "It's attunement anyways."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Don't worry, we can make her unrecognizable."



Suldae Westwind: "Me too. Or she can shift into a bird."

"And there's also the Polymorph spell."

"The hat's just the most convenient. Don't worry about it, seriously."



Marcus Veranius grumps. It was a GOOD idea at the time.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Now, would you prefer to be a man, an old woman, a blonde, a redhead?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena laughs.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae watches the work of a master with rapt fascination.



Marcus Veranius: Until everyone else did the responsible things and bonded with their spirits via friendship and not contract law.



Ireena Kolyana: "What do you think, Suldae?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I may need some of that too... I'm not feeling quite as alive as I was yesterday."



Suldae Westwind: "I'm tempted to just ask Ezmerelda to do her worst. I want to SEE it," Suldae says semi-seriously.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Let's finish up here first, oh how are we getting that into town" Henry says pointing the huge severed Dragon head



Suldae Westwind: "Great point," Suldae comments. "How long does an Invisibilty spell last?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: pointing at



Rictavio: "Let's get that skull-plate and leave the rest to rot somewhere. We can sink it into the lake, or into one of the rivers we pass on the way."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "fine with me"



Suldae Westwind: "Or bury it with the rest of the body."



Marcus Veranius assumes the scrying finished up sometime mid-conversation and rushes with the body

Suldae Westwind: "Skull plate, eyes and something else, right?"



Rictavio:

Greater Invisibility

Illusion 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You or a creature you touch becomes invisible until the spell ends. Anything the target is wearing or carrying is invisible as long as it is on the target's person.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "teeth maybe??"



Marcus Veranius: "Horn for a flute? Those things are hollow."



Suldae Westwind: (RIP)

GM: (Misclick, ignore)



Suldae Westwind: (one minute isnt very long)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Invisibility doesn't last very long, unfortunately."



Suldae Westwind: "Yes please!" Suldae perks up.

"Yeah, let's just loot it and leave it. Sorry, Ireena, your effort is appreciated anyway," Suldae hugs her to prove her point.



Marcus Veranius:

23

8

SURVIVAL (6)
Marcus Veranius



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda opens up her disguise kit and begins working on Ireena.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes out his hammer from his pack "Breaking the Head plate is not a concern right ?"



Suldae Westwind: "Marcus, tell us when to start," Suldae says to him in position to start sanctifying, while she watches Ezmerelda's work with fascination.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I'm afraid we can't let you stay gorgeous, or you'll draw too much attention to yourself. So let's make you an ugly old man... Conveniently, we have a model to work from." Ezmerelda gives Rictavio a mischievous side-eye.



Marcus Veranius: "Ow."



Marcus Veranius felt that and he aint even Rictavio



Ireena Kolyana: While Ezmerelda continues brushing her face with various makeups, Ireena answers Henry. "Don't worry, if it's as strong as they say it is, there's no way you could break it."

GM: (Marcus, your roll was a success -- what were you looting?)



Marcus Veranius: (Body)

(Should I just roll for the rest of the parts too?)

GM: (Go for it)



Marcus Veranius: (Anyone wanna give a hand?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Normally I would take that as a challenge but I'd really like that shield"
Henry says sauntering over to help marcus



Marcus Veranius: (Arm, Leg, Leg, Head. Wouldn't mind Bardic Inspiration on the last one)

25		22
SURVIVAL (6) Marcus Veranius		

25		17
SURVIVAL (6) Marcus Veranius		

12		24
SURVIVAL (6) Marcus Veranius		



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Tell me where to rip and tear and I'll see it done" Henry says while helping Marcus with his brawn



Marcus Veranius:

17		17
SURVIVAL (6) Marcus Veranius		

(BARDIC INSPIRATION D:)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (no ma shield :O)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is idly strumming as she watches Ezme work.

The music is filling the clearing Vorgansharax made, conferring the impression that they can all do *anything*.

(Anyone who wants take Bardic Insp, I'll write it off my list)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d6

(4)

= 4



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Lights be damned this shit really is though



Marcus Veranius: (Head is a pass)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (inspiration is a d8)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d8

(8)

= 8



Henry of Willowsbrook: (WUHU COME TO PAPA)



Marcus Veranius: "So like, we need to break the weaker bone around the stronger bone?"

"Why don't we like... drop it from the sky."

GM: (That's 20 dragon claws total, fifteen spikes of varying sizes ranging from 15 feet down to two feet in length, approximately 250 square feet of black dragon skin and scale, an indestructible plate of bone, two dragon eyes, 50 dragon teeth, four dragon fangs, four dragon horns)

(Continue the RP though, this is good stuff)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hm" Henry takes a full bodied swing with his hammer near the skullplate

CRACK.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Huh that worked "

The blow strikes the hardened plate of bone, and all the bone around it fractures instantly.



Marcus Veranius: "On second thought, I forgot you're strong as an ox."

The central plate is completely undamaged -- not even chipped. Henry realizes that it has scratched the head of his hammer.



Ireena Kolyana: "Marcus, can you save a little bit of that head-skin for me? I want to use it to make a cover for my spell book."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Hold still, this bit's tricky."



Marcus Veranius: "...so how do we hammer in a handle for the shield if the head is indestructible?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Thank sbut seriously this didnt even scratch it" Henry says "I'll find a way trust me" Henry says grinning widely with glee



Suldae Westwind: "Glue?"



Rictavio: "Sovereign glue should do the trick, if we can get our hands on some."

"In the meantime, I'm sure there are other solutions that could be attempted."



Marcus Veranius stacks the looted material on Tenser's Floating Forklift



Henry of Willowsbrook: "This feels like the begining of a beautiful partnership" Henry says picking up the plate



Suldae Westwind: "...So are we going to just be taking that through the city like it's normal?" Suldae wonders. "Do we have a tarp or something?"

"I guess it could raise morale if everyone realizes we killed the dragon."

"Might also make the guards too scared to mess with us, which could be a bonus."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "It might give us some leverage over the politicians there."

"When one rules by fear, one knows its power."



Marcus Veranius: "I **DID** promise the guards to take care of the dragon when we first walked in."



Suldae Westwind: "Exactly," Suldae agrees, nodding to a fairly unexpected source of wisdom. Looks like death did Ismark some good, ironic and horrifying as the thought is.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Could make a harness of stell bands to frame it" Henry shrugs " Most of the guards know me and those that don't probably heard about me" he thinks back for a second "I...I might have been a bit harsh when helping them train"



Marcus Veranius blinks



Suldae Westwind: "..."



Marcus Veranius: "Right, so Henry walks in first."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I had a lot of bad days before you meet me"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "There. We're done." Ezmerelda holds up a small mirror to Ireena. "What do you think of your new look?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena bursts out laughing. She could now pass for Rictavio's slightly younger brother. She is now a bucktoothed, beak-nosed, weak-chinned, chrome-domed man with wispy white hair above her ears, a patchy goatee, and several boils. She has dozens of new wrinkles, too.

"Well, now we just need an appropriate outfit and the look is complete."



Rictavio: "I have something that might fit, in my pack," Rictavio says.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Wow those are some great details around the eyes great work Ezme" Henry says apreachiating the costuming



Marcus Veranius giggles. The beak nose is rather ironic in retrospect



Henry of Willowsbrook: (who wrote down our dragon loot btw I would but I'm not at my usual pc)

GM: (I just put it on the discord in a pinned message, for easy reference.)



Marcus Veranius: (I put all but the plate in Marcus's party assets page)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how heavy would that one be you'd think?)



Marcus Veranius: (YES Heavy. Which is why we need to figure things out when we get to town)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (6 pounds is a normal shield so 8? 10?)

GM: The floating disk can only hold 500 lbs, so for convenience's sake, the total loot pile weighs less than that. The bone plate weighs probably 20 pounds. It is about the size of a tower shield, and has roughly the same shape -- a long, round-edged rectangle.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (It is now strapped to Henry's back)

)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is marveling at Ireena's face, and she actually stops playing as she's too busy admiring Ezme's handiwork.

"I miss your face already," she admits, "but this is incredible."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well now to give us some peace of mind" Henry begins to clutch both the holy water and his holy symbol " Oh Spirits Oh Sublime Light hear your humble servants call and shield this place from the vile clutching grasp of undeath"



Rictavio: Rictavio gives Ireena a set of his clothing. It's a little ostentatious, but plainer than what he is currently wearing.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae lifts the ocarina for this one, echoing Henry's words with a melody.



Marcus Veranius *stares at the carved dragon leg hide as he loads it onto the disk, a curious idea popping into his head.*



Suldae Westwind: High and sharp, it pierces the evening's quiet.



Marcus Veranius *goes back to fetch that appendix. He had a scheme*



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry begins to recite what hymns he remembers while leaning into that connection in the back of his mind that has already become a like natural extension of himself



Rictavio: Rictavio takes out a holy symbol, and joins the ritual as well.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda gets to her feet and pulls out a golden symbol of the Morninglord, and begins to pray silently.

Those with a sense of the divine begin to feel its presence strengthening here... This place is becoming holy.



Ireena Kolyana: "I'll be right back, just need a little privacy..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "and in gentle twilight shall thy soul find eternal rest. Látom"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena heads off between the trees, into the shadows. She stays relatively nearby.



Rictavio: Rictavio finishes chanting a call to Tyr, god of justice. The final words are:

"...and may resurrection never find the soul of this foul being, and the devils never cease to cling and weigh him down into the hells."

Rictavio says a word in elvish that translates roughly to a formal "May it be."

The forest seems almost to sigh.

The area is now sanctified.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "AHHHH! OW! OW!"

Ismark *flees the area, swatting at the flames sprouting on his skin.*



Suldae Westwind: Suldae lowers the ocarina as the last high notes fade into silence. They do not finish fading; it feels as though they keep reverberating on the edge of hearing as long as you're standing close enough.

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Shit forgot about that SORRY ISSY!"



Suldae Westwind: "Sorry!" Suldae calls out to Ismark guiltily.



Ismark Kolyanovich: 100 feet away from the dragon's corpse, Ismark sighs as the flames stop burning. "No worries! I should have realized..."



Suldae Westwind: Actually she'd assumed he'd have the sense to get far away in time. Oops.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena returns a moment later, now dressed in Rictavio's clothing. "What do you think?"



Suldae Westwind: "Lesson learned," she says, still shades of guilt in her voice.

"We'll be more careful next time."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I think you'd better not talk much in Vallaki, or your voice will give you away. We'll have to pretend you're deaf/mute."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae swallows a remark about great advantage over the original. Too mean.



Marcus Veranius: "...at least we know the spell works."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You look like gaudy old man heckeling kid actors after he had a few too many at the summer fair so perfect" Henry says grinning while giving her a thumbs up



Marcus Veranius pauses



Marcus Veranius: "SPEAKING OF PLACES WHERE UNDEAD START TO CATCH FIRE."

"Vallaki had its wards repaired last we visited."



Suldae Westwind: "Oh."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "No I'm not still bitter" Henry deflects preemptively

"Oh right yeah we did help with that didn't we"



Suldae Westwind: "But wait, didn't Ismark pass through those fine?.."



Marcus Veranius: "...when the bones were missing."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Well, if I stay outside Vallaki and wait for you, that saves us the trouble of having to disguise me."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I've just realized, you being deaf/mute makes you officially better than the original Rictavio!"



Rictavio: Rictavio snorts.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sighs. So much for restraint.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena summons her familiar with a wave of her hand. A black cat appears, stepping out of thin air.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh come on it's not like that is even remotely difficult" Henry snorts



Ireena Kolyana: "Keep him with you, Ismark. We can talk to each other through him."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rolls her eyes. Playful ribbing is fine, but she does worry about limits on that.



Rictavio: "Right, shall we bury this dragon? And the hatchet too, please?"

"Kasimir cannot wait forever. It's hard to resurrect an incomplete body."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods.

She starts up the song again, a different one this time, slower and more lyrical.

Speak with Plants

Transmutation 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self (30-foot radius)

Target: Plants within 30 feet of you

Components: V, S

Duration: 10 minutes

You imbue plants within 30 feet of you with limited sentience and animation, giving them the ability to communicate with you and follow your simple commands. You can question plants about events in the spell's area within the past day, gaining information about creatures that have passed, weather, and other circumstances. You can also turn difficult terrain caused by plant growth (such as thickets and undergrowth) into ordinary terrain that lasts for the duration. Or you can turn ordinary terrain where plants are present into difficult terrain that lasts for the duration, causing vines and branches to hinder pursuers, for example. Plants might be able to perform other tasks on your behalf, at the GM's discretion. The spell doesn't enable plants to uproot themselves and move about, but they can freely move branches, tendrils, and stalks. If a plant creature is in the area, you can communicate with it as if you shared a common language, but you gain no magical ability to influence it. This spell can cause the plants created by the entangle spell to release a restrained creature.

(Plant Growth is def more useful but I'm sure there's synergy there)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Right" Henry says "Grow" he murmurs pushing out with his will again

"To Vallaki then" Henry says pulling out a lantern (It is evening Ilrc)

The grass rises, growing from a scruffy lawn into a savannah-worthy wall of towering leaves. The roots break up the soil, and the ground parts beneath the dragon. Soon it sinks below the grass, which begins to close around it and harden into woody, basket-like stalks. They sink into the earth, a woody coffin. Within a few moments the remains are gone.

Rictavio: "To Vallaki."

"South, from here, I believe. It would be wise to get to the road."

1



GM (GM): Good morning, all!



Able: able able



Marcus Veranius: If we let our wizard lead the party, would we be enAble-ing him?



GM (GM):



(<https://media3.giphy.com/media/l1J9GOHzv61L2UyYM/giphy.gif>)



Henry of Willowsbrook: we might just get lost to be honest



GM (GM): Anyway, where were we
Also, what time is it in-game now?



Marcus Veranius: On the last episode of Dragonball Z, the party finished a proper funeral for an undeserving dragon.



Henry of Willowsbrook: makin our way down to the town wlaikin fast
I would say late afternoon to early evening we left krezk around mid day right?



GM (GM): The dragon fight was all at night, though



Marcus Veranius: Its been a long night



GM (GM): By my estimation you would probably arrive at Vallaki a few hours before dawn



Hiere Unthere: (What level are we again?)



Marcus Veranius: Might be fair to say that between butchering a colossal beast and funeral rites, it

may well be morning, yee



Henry of Willowsbrook: 10



Hiere Unthere:

4

Force

120 feet

Magic Missile

that was by mistake



Henry of Willowsbrook: Best guess it's dark out and might be less dark when we reach Vallaki



GM (GM): Whatcha shootin' at there, buddy?



Hiere Unthere: (adane)



GM (GM): Right

Let's get this show on the road

We may have a shorter session today, I have a lot on my plate today unfortunately



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh GM Magic missile works just fine on roll20 you roll damage once for all darts(if you want to roll for each dart thats fine by me))



Marcus Veranius takes lead in guiding the party back to Vallaki. Heaven forbid they get lost and get into more fights without rest.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere pretends like he didn't fall asleep through those boring ass funeral rites



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry lights his lantern

The mist swirls around the base of the trees. Before the first hour is over, the party reaches the road.



Hiere Unthere minor illusions some ill beats he'd been working on while hiding in his rope trick

Soon the party reaches the crossroads where the road forks east towards the bridge to Vallaki. The corpses of a man and a woman hang from a tree near the road sign on one side of the crossroads. Both corpses are wearing bags over their heads and wooden signs which read: "WITCH".



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"That's right! We flew over the crossroads on our previous exit from town!"

"I almost forgot the local hospitality. Let's try to keep magic to a minimum."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "..." Henry looks at Hiere and his auditory creations



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, shoot. This makes things more complicated."



Hiere Unthere lets the ill beats chill out for a sec



Rictavio: "I'm sure we can all refrain from being obviously witches for a day or two."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Speak for yourself!"



Marcus Veranius turns to look at Hiere

Ismark Kolyanovich: "I think I'm going to enjoy *not* going into town, under the circumstances..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: How long have bodies ben hanging ?
been

GM: (You can determine this with a Nature or Survival check -- or possibly an Investigation roll)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

11

NATURE (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (They seem recent, to Henry)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Like under a week ?)

GM: (It's difficult to tell, given that the bodies do not seem to have been picked at yet, and there are few flies if any. Under a week for sure, perhaps less time than that.)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus lifts the hood to see if its anyone they know



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Marcus I don't think we would have seen 'these' bodies when we left anyway"

The male body appears to be that of the Coffin maker.

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry removes the hood from the femal corpse

The female body is that of a young were raven you met at the Blue Water Inn. You never got her name...



Marcus Veranius: "..."
me puts the hood back



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sighs deeply before collecting himself also putting the hood back "We- We should keep moving"



Marcus Veranius: "We have three resurrections. She's as good as family."
"...should we?"



Rictavio: "I hate to be a bitter prick, but I think we will probably need all three of those. Especially if Strahd decides to stop toying with us."



Ireena Kolyana: "Toying with us? *Toying with us?* We kicked his ass."



Marcus Veranius puts his hat to his chest, a tear in his eye. "No, he's right."



Rictavio: "Precisely. How many times do you think adventurers have managed to do that?"



Marcus Veranius: "We broke Strahd's toys. All he's got left is soldiers."



Rictavio: "He is a nobleman. They are trained from birth to hold a grudge, and to forgive no insult."

When Strahd comes for us next time it will be with subtlety and cruelty."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "We will see."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Should we take them down?" Henry asks



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Who would be fool enough to try and stop us?"



Marcus Veranius: "Unfortunately, quite a number of fools."

"The town's local head guardsman for one. Izek Stranzi."



Ireena Kolyana: "So is anybody else feeling like it's time for a change in government?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I mean, it's pretty late. Maybe in the morning?"



Hiere Unthere: "what's a government"



Marcus Veranius shakes his head. "And let Strahd send in his replacement Wachter to take over?"



Ireena Kolyana looks at Hiere like he might be a space alien.



Marcus Veranius: "The burgomaster is bad, but we know for certain he isn't working with Strahd."

"That's a blessing we seldom have."



Rictavio: Rictavio laughs mirthlessly.

"No, he's just a useful idiot."

"I'm not sure that's any better."



Hiere Unthere looks at Ireena like he might be a space alien



Ireena Kolyana wishes she had prepared "Identify."



Marcus Veranius: "He keeps up the barrier, that's useful enough for us."



Ireena Kolyana: "I thought that was the bones' doing?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I really fuckin hate this place" Henry says rubbing the bridge of his nose



Marcus Veranius: "The bones AND his festivals. Which now cover the gaps come lunar phases."

"Burgomaster falls and Vallaki becomes vulnerable. Vorgansharax was the town's only weakness, and now that's gone."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "W



Marcus Veranius frowns. "I don't like the position we're in, but we've not the time or resources to oversee a coup in our favor."



Ireena Kolyana sighs. "You're probably right."



Marcus Veranius: "Not to say we CANT, but not at this very second."

"Kasimir's waiting on a rescue."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We are also not really in the right place for it you know in the middle of the woods" Henry snarks



Marcus Veranius starts to resume his stride towards Valaki. "We best be on our way. Still need to break the news to Urwin about his father."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'm sorry I got frozen and burned a bit to often today for my tastes" Henry says "Which is apparently a concern for me now" he adds under his breath



Marcus Veranius: "Better that than acid. Glad I got to keep my nose this time."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Thank you for reminding me I also got hit by Acid and plummeted out of the damned sky"

"Fuck Today and hello tommorow" Henry grumbles

Soon the party is passing by low, ramshackle huts which line both sides of the mist-shrouded road. In the darkness you see no lights in any of these small huts, which seem more decrepit than the last time you passed by. It looks as though they have been abandoned. Two torches burn on tall poles at the gate, and by their light you can see that the gates are closed and that the forest which once grew from the palisade has been forcibly trimmed away.



Guard: "Halt! who goes there?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Forest waas at the south gate I don't think we can see that from over here)



Marcus Veranius: "Marcus Veranius. Although you may better know me now as the **Slayer of Vorgansharax.**"

GM: (The entire palisade bloomed, but they've trimmed it back again)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Thats the Dragon in case you didn't know"



Guard: "Y-you slew the dragon?"

"Do you have proof!?"



Marcus Veranius: "I said I'd do it last time I was in. Did you think I spoke in jest?"



Marcus Veranius draws a roll of scale from his pack



Guard: "You're not the first adventurer to promise the unachievable!"



Marcus Veranius: "Either he's dead, or he's mighty uncomfortable without this."

"I'd bring you the head but my shiny friend here smashed it open."

The guard in the gate watchtower peers through the darkness at the glittering scaly hide.



Guard: "This is above my pay grade. Wait here!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh for the love of Jan is that you? Let us in already" Henry calls after him of, jan*



Guard: "Henry? You're with these people?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Obviously or I would still beat you and Reihmer silly every morning" Henry says tone overly annoyed



Guard: The guard laughs a little nervously. "I'm sorry sir, but even for you I'll have to clear this with Izek. We're under strict orders!"

"It won't take long, he's on duty."

"Just... Don't go anywhere."



Marcus Veranius shrugs. "Procedure is very important. Take your time; we ain't out here with a dragon anymore."



Guard: "And stay in the light! There's a crazed murderer on the loose."



Hiere Unthere: "Now we're talking"

The guard leaves.



Henry of Willowsbrook: to the others he adds "they have the bad habit of dropping their shields when thinking of where to strike I#m not just beating them up for the fun of it"



Hiere Unthere doesn't look convinced



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well it was maybe a little fun and I had some really shitty days before that so i needed entertainment(BRB gotta eat real quick)

A few minutes pass. After a while, the gate opens slightly and Izek Strazni emerges from it, flanked by two guards. His yellow eyes flicker in the torchlight and his black cloak still drapes over his monstrous right arm.



Izek Strazni looks at the party for a long, silent time.



Hiere Unthere whispers, "oh what the fuck"



Marcus Veranius smiles. "Isek! It's been too long!"



Izek Strazni: "So," he says at last. "You killed the dragon?"

He seems uninterested in being very friendly.



Marcus Veranius: This was standard for Izek, but it didn't mean Marcus couldn't be friendly in return. Better than to injure an ego.



Marcus Veranius holds up the roll of scale. "We've also got some bone, teeth, horns. Wing membrane."



Izek Strazni examines the specimens carefully.



Izek Strazni: "Impressive."

"Open the gates," he orders, and the guards within the walls swing them open. Inside, lining both sides of the main road through Vallaki, you see about eighteen guards standing at attention with halberds. They seem to have been placed here just for you.

"Come with me. The burgomaster will want to talk to you. He has a thorny little problem to deal with, and your aid would be useful."



Hiere Unthere: "man we can never catch a break"



Marcus Veranius follows. "My apologies for disturbing him at this hour."



Ismark Kolyanovich whispers to Ireena: "See you when you get back out."



Ireena Kolyana whispers back: "Don't get murdered."



Izek Strazni: Izek stiffens and turns around. He looks at the party as though trying to figure out whose voice that was.



Hiere Unthere whispers "hey what are you guys whispering about"



Izek Strazni: Slowly, he turns back towards the road and continues walking.

The guards salute you as you pass between them.



Marcus Veranius turns to Hiere. "You weren't with us last we visited Vallaki. The burgomaster, Baron Vallakovich, is a VERY IMPORTANT MAN."



Marcus Veranius: "He's so important, he's won every re-election with a landslide vote. So please be on your best behavior."



Hiere Unthere doesn't know what you're talking about

Even for a night in Vallaki, the place seems more subdued than the last time you came through. Some of the houses are boarded up, and many wood print posters are pasted to walls and doors. The posters show faces and names, above the slogan: "MISSING."

Izek leads you through Vallaki. At an intersection, he pauses to rip down a poster.



Izek Strazni: "We found that one," he says, by way of explanation. "Or what was left of him, anyway."



Marcus Veranius frowns



Izek Strazni hands the poster to a guard. "Inform the relatives."



Guard: "I don't think he had any relatives, sir."



Izek Strazni: "Then get back to your post."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (bACK9

The Burgomaster's mansion has walls of plastered stone that display many scars where the plaster has fallen away from age and neglect. Drapes cover every window, including a large, arched opening above the mansion's double entrance doors.

In one of the upper windows, a light still burns, despite the late hour.

Marcus and Henry recognize it as the window where they saw a flash of colored light, last time they were in Vallaki.

Rictavio and Ireena stay towards the back of the group, but Ezmerelda moves up to stand beside Marcus.



Izek Strazni bangs on the door with his human arm.



Marcus Veranius takes Ezmerelda's hand

After almost a full minute of waiting, a small slit opens in the door at eye level, and a woman's eyes peer out. Seeing Izek, the maid unlocks the door immediately.

Maid: The Maid whispers, "Come in please. You're here for the Burgomaster?"



Izek Strazni nods silently.

Framed portraits adorn the walls of the grand foyer, which features a wide staircase with a sculpted railing. A long, carpeted hall attached to the foyer stretches almost the length of the mansion and has several doors leading away from it, including one at the far end. Bundles of twigs are heaped against the walls.



Marcus Veranius: "...Burgomaster does does love his kindling it seems."

The maid -- who is wearing a nightgown and clutching a small brass candlestick holder with a single candle -- heads upstairs, taking the only light in the house with her.

Izek seems not to mind.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Only his kindling apparently"



Hiere Unthere takes a closer look around with his darkvision

Hiere sees that the people depicted in the portraits are clearly related.



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: The voice of the Burgomaster can be heard as he descends the stairs. "This had better be good, Izek, I don't enjoy being —" Just then, he comes into view, clutching a candelabra and wearing a red bathrobe over his nightshirt. "--Oh! What's all this, then?"



Izek Strazni: "These people killed the dragon."



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: The Baron seems to process this for a while.

"I see..."

"Let's get more comfortable, shall we? It's not every day we have such esteemed guests in the village."



Baron Vargas Vallakovich leads the way down the main hallway, his candelabra illuminating the sour-faced nobles in the portraits on both walls.



Marcus Veranius smiles as he moves along. Best manners.



Baron Vargas Vallakovich takes a large brass key from the pocket of his bathrobe and unlocks one door. He holds it open for you with a smile.



Marcus Veranius: "Ah, thank you kindly."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry now realizes that most of them look, well like they thought a dragon after fighting some undead after jumping into a lake while occasionally being blown nearlay to the hells with spells. He also realizes that he really doesn't care

Padded chairs and couches line the walls of this cozy, carpeted den. The room reeks of pipe smoke, and mounted on the east wall is the head of an angry-looking brown bear.



Baron Vargas Vallakovich seats himself in the largest and most comfortable armchair.

Izek stands under the mounted bear's head and watches the room with his piercing yellow gaze.



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "You have done Vallaki a great service, if what Izek says is true."

"I have no doubt, of course, that it is — Izek would not be so much a fool as to wake me in the middle of the night without some verification of such a claim."



Baron Vargas Vallakovich tamps some tobacco into a large, ornately carved bone pipe, lights it, and begins to smoke.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wait weren't we using tensors floating disk to carry most of our dragon bits? what did we do with that?)



Marcus Veranius nods. "We already broke down the head; may I offer you a horn for the trophy room?"



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "I would be honored! It is said that powdered dragon horn is among the most potent of aphrodisiacs."

"Since I'm back on the market, I will make good use of it."



Baron Vargas Vallakovich says this with the faintest wince of pain.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry unslings skull plate from hi back to take a seat loudly dropping it on the floor



Marcus Veranius quickly puts his face to his backpack, knowing full well he couldn't keep a straight face after that comment



Marcus Veranius draws one horn and places it on the Burgomaster's side table



Hiere Unthere tries to not get too much mud on the carpet



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Was your wife a victim of this killer Izek and the guards mentioned?"



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "It is to be presumed, yes."

"She disappeared several days ago. She was among the first to vanish."

"I cannot imagine who would want to harm her. She had such a charming laugh! And her charity work -- her tea parties for the poor women, and such -- well, let us just say that she has been sorely missed by the community."

"Her aid with the organization of the festivals was always invaluable to me."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "We believe that the disappearances are the work of a coven of witches, here in Vallaki."



Izek Strazni: "We have good reason to believe that."



Marcus Veranius: And there's the lynchpin. Kidnappings to cover a most valuable person's disappearance.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Witches huh? what leads you to blieve that If you don't mind me asking"



Izek Strazni: "Witnesses have seen witches transforming into ravens and black cats, flying through the night on their broomsticks, and reading Tarokka cards. Even after banishing the Vistani such things have been seen."

"Even after rooting out the cult of Lady Wachter, people have continued to disappear. The bodies that

have been found have been killed almost ritualistically."

"Whatever or whoever killed them was capable of truly horrific violence."



Marcus Veranius: "I don't disagree with the assumption, but maybe not the scope. No doubt that Strahd has a hand in this."



Izek Strazni: "It is possible, I suppose..."



Marcus Veranius: "We saw the coffinmaker on the way here."

"And as we both know, he was responsible for the Bones' theft."



Izek Strazni: "Yes. We believe he was one of the ring-leaders."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Of these killings?"



Izek Strazni: "Of the covenant."



Marcus Veranius: "What might not be so obvious is that he was SMUGGLING undead into the walls by means of gravesoil."



Izek Strazni: "Smuggling undead?"

"How fascinating."

"Why did you not report this earlier?"

"We could have snuffed the covenant out before it even established roots."



Marcus Veranius: "Six boxes, six vampires. I am ashamed to say that I thought we DID snuff it out."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh come on Markus that old sap couldn't lead rain to the ground He was a tool for Strahd nothing more" Henry grunts out



Izek Strazni: "All the same, the fact that you chose to hide such a matter from the town guard is... Unfortunate."



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: Turning to Henry, the Burgomaster says: "What makes you say that?"

"And Izek, I think we would be wise *not* to mistrust the Dragon Slayers. After all, they were not here for the disappearances, and cannot possibly have had anything to do with them."



Marcus Veranius shrugs. "Regardless, it would be easy enough to determine whom if any are vampires smuggled in by the coffinmaker."



Marcus Veranius: "Host a parade. Name it in your honor. Have the townsfolk march across the barrier and let the undead burn in it."



Izek Strazni: "We tried that."

"Nobody burned."



Marcus Veranius: "A pity. That rules out the coffinmaker then, and associates."



Marcus Veranius thinks on it



Henry of Willowsbrook: "He was under the influence of a charm and further threatend into cooperating. Some one like him would never be a ringleader of any kind." Henry remarks



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Hosting a parade in my honor was one of the first ideas we had," says the

Baron.

"So he was a patsy all along... Izek, we have yet to find the real ringleader, then."

"It is likely he was under the influence of spell craft."

"A pity. Now we have no coffin maker."



Izek Strazni seems unperturbed.



Marcus Veranius: "He DID give us a name, and I did report it. Vazili Von Holtz; did anything come up with him?"



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "An alias for Strahd, from what we have been able to unearth. He has apparently been using it for centuries. In the records of my great grandfather the name comes up several times."



Marcus Veranius frowns. "And I can assume following up led to no suspects. Do we have any supposed leads?"



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "We have failed to find a link between the disappearances. First was Lady Wachter's insane daughter -- snatched from within her locked bedroom. The second was my wife, Lydia, snatched from her own locked room here in my very house. The third was a peasant girl just outside the village. The sister of a pair of popular wolf hunters, I believe."

"Then there was that nasty business with the boy from the church. What was his name?"



Izek Strazni: "Milivoj."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Yes, that boy. He tried to pick a fight with the guards, claiming they hadn't done enough to find his sister."

"He actually managed to beat a few of them, too..."



Marcus Veranius: "...is it too late to consider conscripting him to the guard?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "A list of confirmed victims and where they were found would also be quite helpful. Of course that is assuming we are supposed to help" Henry says cutting him off knowing where this was going



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Then there was the woman from the Stockyard. Yelena, I think."



Izek Strazni: "The guard is no place for a rebellious, hot-headed temperament."



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "The dungeon, on the other hand, is just the place to reform such a temperament!"

"In time I have faith that he will become more emotionally stable. When that day comes, we may consider his application favorably."

"A list... Yes, that probably would be helpful."

"Izek, do you have a list?"





Marcus Veranius sighs. At least the boy's still alive. There was some blessing in this.



Izek Strazni: Izek flushes slightly. "I hadn't seen the need for one. The printer has been keeping a tally."


Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "At any rate, the deaths are clearly part of some kind of occult ritual. Witches abound, worshipping the devil Strahd and casting their spells every which way. I am sure of it! With your skills, it should be no difficulty to root out the coven."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "We are pleased to be of assistance to the people of Vallki and their plights"
Henry says with a bland smile

 **Marcus Veranius:** "At the very least we can rule out the Martikovs. Strahd made sure to burn their winery to cinders; very clear they are NOT on friendly terms."


"Speaking of, I might recommend drinking wine sparingly. Won't be a shipment for a long while."

"Baron of Krezk has been having us check up on things. He's equally disappointed."


 **Baron Vargas Vallakovich:** The Baron's jaw drops and a look of horror comes over his face. "By the gods..."

"No wine!?"


"We will have a revolution on our hands! This is terrible news!"


 **Izek Strazni:** Izek seems disturbed by the news too.

"No wine at all?"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "The vines are still good. The owner is dead but his son has taken over."

 **Baron Vargas Vallakovich gets to his feet and begins pacing urgently.**

 **Baron Vargas Vallakovich:** "We will have to research other means of fermentation in the meantime, and stretch the stores as much as possible. We will have to begin rationing."


 **Izek Strazni:** Izek relaxes. "Yes, rationing should do the trick."


He seems to think he will be in charge of that...

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I might recommend giving the Wolf's Head a wide berth for the current time. This is a very precarious situation and barging into their inn again will only make it worse."


"We will see what can be done about these disappearances, you work on keeping control. With any luck, we'll survive another year as we've always done."

[ERATA: Marcus said Blue Water Inn. what's a wolf's head]


 **Baron Vargas Vallakovich:** "Do you know if Urwin has been informed of his father's death yet?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "He... has not. That was to be my burden to bear."


"He WILL find out sooner or later. Best he hear it from a familiar."

 **Baron Vargas Vallakovich:** "Yes yes, I quite agree... Will you let him know that Vallaki stands with him, in his hour of need?"

 **Marcus Veranius nods**

 **Baron Vargas Vallakovich:** "Whatever they need in order to produce more wine as quickly as possible, I will be happy to provide. From my own coffer, if necessary."

"Such horrible emergencies have toppled empires, if my great great grandfather's history books are to be believed."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "If you could get us the list and anything else related to these disappearances

written up and send to us as soon as possible we would be grateful" Henry reminds the Baron



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "I will have Izek drop it off at the Blue Water in the morning. That's where you'll be spending the night, yes? Under ordinary circumstances I think my people would be more than happy to invite you into their homes, but alas, these are unhappy times."



Marcus Veranius: "It is alright. We've got coin for a few nights. The inn will be fine."

"Thank you for the recommendation."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Indeed they are if you don't mind I believe it would be best for us retire for the night now" Henry says "It would be most impolite to impose to long"



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Yes, yes. There are still a few hours until morning... I would very much like to go back to sleep. I will leave you to your investigation until tomorrow evening, say, around six. You can stop by and give me a progress report, and join me for dinner. Good luck finding the coven! Vallaki thanks you for your service."



Izek Strazni: "I will walk you to the Blue Water. Just in case the murderers are on the prowl tonight."



Marcus Veranius smiles. "I'd be honored."



Hiere Unthere stops himself from reminding Izek that they have in fact just ultra murdered a fucking dragon



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry picks up the skull plate and nods at Izek face blank



Marcus Veranius hates both these people very much, but kind words make effective chains.



Izek Strazni leads the way to the Blue Water Inn, his eyes searching every shadow.

Make a Perception Check.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

6

PERCEPTION (4)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius:

26

PERCEPTION (10)
Marcus Veranius



Hiere Unthere:

6

PERCEPTION (5)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (ain't seein shit yo)



Hiere Unthere examines his feet carefully

Henry and Hiere do not notice, but Marcus has a funny feeling that the party is being watched. It seems to be coming from behind.

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry yawns surprisingly loudly



Marcus Veranius stumbles on a cobblestone, looking backwards for a moment as he picks himself up

Marcus sees the light in the upper window, and catches the movement of someone pulling away from the window in haste. The curtain falls over the window a moment later.



Marcus Veranius: "...the Baron's son, is he doing well?"

"I don't think we've met."



Izek Strazni: "He's a little funny in the head. He doesn't leave his chamber often."

"He does alchemical research, I believe. Attempting to turn lead into various substances."

"A noble pursuit, if a pointless one."



Marcus Veranius nods and turns his attention back to the road



Hiere Unthere looks to Marcus. "Mind pointing it out to me?"



Marcus Veranius glares at Hiere for a moment, making a hand motion suggestion him to not



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Poor kid must miss his mother aswell" Henry remarks



Izek Strazni: "One imagines. They were not terribly close. Lydia always wanted a daughter."

"We're here. Congratulations, you have not been murdered. I will see you in the morning."

The door to the Blue Water Inn is closed and locked, due to the lateness of the hour.



Marcus Veranius politely knocks on the door

After several minutes, the door is opened slightly.



Marcus Veranius: [Roll a 1d20 to determine which one of these one-off NPCs was the signpost maiden]



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Charming as ever that man, almost keeps me from wanting to beat him up...almost" Henry says after Izek left



Marcus Veranius: "Sorry for the late hour. Are there rooms still available?"

Urwin: "Marcus!"

"Henry! Suldae! Ezmerelda! Rictavio! Two people I don't recognize! Please, come in, come in!"

"I was not expecting to see you again so soon! How have things been treating you? You all look a little... Worse for wear."



Marcus Veranius takes a step inside, dropping the mock smile now that they were in safe hands. This day was anything but a happy one.

Urwin: "What's the matter?"



Marcus Veranius: "It... hasn't been going well."

Urwin: "I don't see Ireena... Or Ismark... Did you... Did Strahd...?"

Marcus Veranius: (Has Izek left the area?)



Ireena Kolyana: "It's me!" says Ireena, tugging down on her false beard for a moment.

GM: (Izek has left, yes)



Marcus Veranius: "...a bit worse than that."

Urwin: "Good gods, what an incredible disguise!"

"I thought for a moment there we had two of Rictavio! I was dreading it, to be honest."



Rictavio grimaces.



Marcus Veranius takes a seat next to Urwin, dropping his hat in shame



Henry of Willowsbrook: "And no this guys not Ismark" Henry says pointing at hiere

Urwin: "Well come, take a seat, have some wine. Have you eaten?"



Hiere Unthere curses at being exposed like that

Urwin: "Urwin Martikov," says Urwin, to Hieré, by way of introduction. "You are in good company, if you travel with these fine people."



Marcus Veranius: Best to be blunt. Sugar-coated words helped no one.

"Urwin, Strahd attacked the winery."

Urwin Martikov's face falls. Worry clouds his broad features.



Marcus Veranius: "It was already under siege by the Druids and Baba Lysaga, and Strahd sent his dragon in for a finishing blow."

Urwin: "Gods above..."



Marcus Veranius: "Most everyone survived."

Urwin: "Most everyone?"



Marcus Veranius: "...Davian sacrificed himself to save everyone else."

Urwin Martikov becomes stony-faced. His expression is now unreadable. His fists clench and unclench several times on the table.

Urwin: "I need a drink."

He goes behind the counter and procures a small bottle and brings it back to the table with several glasses.

He pours himself a thimbleful of black-looking liquid. The smell of the alcohol is terrifyingly potent.

"Did he receive a proper send-off?"



Marcus Veranius frowns, keeping his head low



Marcus Veranius: "He did."

"We assured that at the very least."

"Strahd's weapon that did the deed was butchered several hours ago."

"...I'm sorry."

Urwin Martikov slams back his drink and pours another -- slightly dizzily.

Urwin: "He is avenged. Do not be sorry, my friend. You have done more than family could have."



Marcus Veranius: "I AM family, Urwin. Maybe not by blood, but I will honor him the best I can."

Urwin: "You are my brothers and sisters now. My father was a stubborn man. He will have died as he lived."



Marcus Veranius: "...would you like company until the morning?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "He seemed like a kind man" Henry says in ways of condolences taking a glass

Urwin: "He was never a kind man. He was a stubborn old git, and I hated him for it. But he was my father, and he will be missed. I am pleased to hear the rest of the family is intact, and that they still have each other."

"I think... I think I need some time to think. Do you want the same rooms you took last time?"



Marcus Veranius: "For the rest maybe. I have a project in mind, and would like a spare barrel if you have one to spare."

Urwin: "A spare barrel? You're in luck, I have a few empties at the moment."



Marcus Veranius: "I find that when frustrations can't be tackled head-on, sewing your enemies into boots helps."

Urwin: "That wolf-hunter has been drinking a lot, since his brother and sister passed."

"Boots?"

"Oh! The Dragon!"

Urwin gives a relieved chuckle. "You had me worried there, Marcus!"



Marcus Veranius: "I haven't made boots of Dragon yet. Would you like a pair?"

Urwin: "I would have less use for them than you, I think."

"Kit out your friends. The war is far from over."



Marcus Veranius smiles



Hiere Unthere: (just going to put this out there: Hiere can seance)



Marcus Veranius: [BOI, I WAS STUCK IN THE WOODS FOR WEEKS AND YE STILL LOOK SCRUFFIER THAN ME!]



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Urwin do you know anything about what is going on in Vallaki right now" Henry asks



Marcus Veranius: [I'M FUCKING DEAD AND YOU STILL LOOK WORSE]

[BOI]

Urwin: "I know some. Not much, I'm afraid. Whatever is killing these people -- I don't think they're just disappearances, given the state of the bodies that have been recovered -- I don't think it's

human."



Hiere Unthere: "please let it not be werewolves"

Urwin: "The common belief in town is that there is some coven of demon-summoning witches or something. Naturally, some of the attention has been focused on the Keepers, due to a few unfortunate incidents with witnesses. We lost Marina that way."

"It's pretty hard to persuade an ignorant villager that the person who can transform into a Raven is not a witch."

"What bothers me is the inconsistency of their views, though. No one bats an eye at Izek's arm or the Burgomaster's flashing lights."



Marcus Veranius takes a sip of liquor, if offered. "Not happening again. Made sure to cut that beast off too."

Urwin: "The cult-hunting craze really got out of hand after Lady Wachter's little organization was cleaned up."



Hiere Unthere: "Why does that dude have a monster arm again?"

Urwin: "Careful with that liquor, it's dragon bile. One of the strongest alcohols known to mortals."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Fear does not lend itself to reasoning I_m afraid"

Make a Con save if you drink the liquor.



Marcus Veranius pauses



Henry of Willowsbrook:

6

CONSTITUTION SAVE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Urwin: "No one knows why Izek has that arm. He just woke up with it one morning -- or so he claims."



Marcus Veranius puts down the bottle before a pour

Henry of Willowsbrook is now utterly shitfaced.



Marcus Veranius: "You said that about the Dwarven Ale. And was right."

Urwin: (Con Save: **12**)



Marcus Veranius: "Burgomaster knows about the wine shortage. He's giving the Blue Water a wide berth in fear of a revolt, which means we have some level of safety."

Urwin Martikov clutches his head as a wave of dizziness comes over him. His entire head flushes bright red. Smiling laconically, he says: "Aye, I did say tha'. They're close to equal in potency, I think."

Urwin: "Thank you," says Urwin. "The last thing we need is Izek nosing around this place while we're all tryin' ta grieve."

Urwin hiccups.



Marcus Veranius: "Thank your father. He's still keeping us safe it seems."



Marcus Veranius stares across the bar



Henry of Willowsbrook: (would Lay on Hands cure drunkness? it says it can neutralise one poison affecting a creature for 5 points)



Marcus Veranius: (Lay on Drunk)

GM: (Yes, it would cure drunkenness)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (good to know)

Urwin: Urwin grimaces at the mention of his father. He takes another drink. **11**

Urwin slumps forward suddenly, unconscious.

he begins to snore quite loudly.



Ireena Kolyana: "Goodness."

"Poor man..."



Rictavio: "He didn't happen to give anyone the keys to the rooms, did he?"



Marcus Veranius starts scribbling a note explaining the situation for Danika to find. Best to cut the confusion early



Ezmerelda d'Avenir moves behind the counter and digs through drawers for a moment or two. "Found them," she says, holding up a keyring.



Marcus Veranius: "...on the matter of 'kitting out your buds', I just remembered something important."

"We don't really HAVE a means of making proper equipment from these dragon hides."

"I don't suggest this lightly, but the Raven Queen is recalling her court under the new moon in three days."

"Might be proper craftsmen in their ranks."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry slumps over onto the table "Y'all know what I really fuckin had it for today so I'll go sleep now. Scream if something tries to kill us all which might happen cause of cause theres a killla on tha lose now a break would be to much to ask or what man I hate this provice" Henry drunkenly mutters while pawing a key and wandering up the stairs



Ezmerelda d'Avenir slings her wooden leg up onto the table in front of Marcus, lifts her skirt above her knee, and thumps a fist against one side of the wooden leg. A secret compartment pops open, and she draws out a small box.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir gives this box to Marcus.



Marcus Veranius 's eyes drift back and forth, unsure of what to look at. The skirt, or the fine craftsmanship on this leg.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "There, that's a leather working kit with some wood carving tools too. It should be enough to get some things started."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir winks.



Marcus Veranius: "...I might be able to do something with this, yeah."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Oh, and by the way..." Ezmerelda leans low and whispers to Marcus: "We're taking the private room."

"Unless, of course, you want me to keep playing hard to get..."



Marcus Veranius sweats nervously



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena seems distinctly uncomfortable.

"Right, well. Bedtime! See you all in the morning."



Suldae Westwind: "Wait for me!"



Hiere Unthere casts fog cloud and extracts himself from the situation.

Urwin Martikov belches.



Hiere Unthere:

Fog Cloud

Conjuration 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A point within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 hour

You create a 20-foot-radius sphere of fog centered on a point within range. The sphere spreads around corners, and its area is heavily obscured. It lasts for the duration or until a wind of moderate or greater speed (at least 10 miles per hour) disperses it.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, the radius of the fog increases by 20 feet for each slot level above 1st.



Rictavio: "I'll just put this back for him," says Rictavio, taking the bottle away. It takes some force, since Urwin's grip is surprisingly strong.



Rictavio puts the bottle back where it came from with a reverence bordering on fear.



Marcus Veranius: "You know, I think I can get started on these boots in the morning. HaveaniceeveningRictavio!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry ascends the stairs with grace and the sound of a bucket of nails falling down said stairs



Rictavio: Wandering blindly through the fog cloud with his arms outstretched, Rictavio finds the staircase and ascends. "Blasted wizards..." He mutters.



Hiere Unthere prides himself on knowing how to diffuse an awkward situation



Ezmerelda d'Avenir feels her way along the wall on the second story until she reaches one of the guest room doors -- the room which used to be Rictavio's.



Henry of Willowsbrook: after taking some time fighting the lock on the room Henry enters and begins shed his armor



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Come on, Marcus!"



Hiere Unthere: (the fog cloud is only on the first floor)



Marcus Veranius rushes up the stairs, fading to black as he enters the private room with a stupid grin

GM: (20 foot radius sphere, my dude -- it's definitely on both floors)



Hiere Unthere: (doesn't go through walls??)

The second floor is open to the first, there's a balcony running around

GM: (That was meant to be a GM aside, not a description

(Observe)



Hiere Unthere: (as you wish)

GM: (That was not meant to be like "OBSERVE OH UNOBSERVANT ONE" but more like a "Here I'm moving the screen so you can see"

Since this is Hiere's first time in the tavern I should have described the interior but I didn't and that's on me

)

The remainder of the night passes uneventfully.

In the morning, Marcus wakes alone. Ezmerelda is not in the room.

Rictavio, Ireena, and Suldae are already downstairs, eating breakfast. Danika is at the bar, filling in for Urwin today.



Marcus Veranius frowns. He knew this was going to happen after the disaster of last night's activities. Why didn't the Feathers mention the finer points of Bird Anatomy during orientation!?

A second look at the room will reveal that Suldae is not actually there, as she is still sleeping upstairs.



Hiere Unthere: As you look closer you see it is none other than Hiere
What a weird mistake to make



Marcus Veranius: He dresses up and walks downstairs, groggy and upset.



Ireena Kolyana: "Ezme's still sleeping, huh?" Ireena asks, catching Marcus's eye.

"We've got some pretty thin walls here, you might want to be less... *overwhelming* tonight..."

"But I'm happy for you both."



Marcus Veranius: "She's not here. I wouldn't be either."

Ireena Kolyana: "I haven't seen her this morning..."

"I got up pretty early, too."



Marcus Veranius: "Did you know most species of bird do not have proper equipment?"



Rictavio: "I do not need this information."

"I am eating eggs."



Hieres *Unthere spurts out his drink*



Henry of Willowsbrook:

Find Steed

Conjuration 2

Casting Time: 10 minutes

Range: 30 feet

Target: An unoccupied space within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

You summon a spirit that assumes the form of an unusually intelligent, strong, and loyal steed, creating a long-lasting bond with it. Appearing in an unoccupied space within range, the steed takes on a form that you choose: a warhorse, a pony, a camel, an elk, or a mastiff. (Your GM might allow other animals to be summoned as steeds.) The steed has the statistics of the chosen form, though it is a celestial, fey, or fiend (your choice) instead of its normal type. Additionally, if your steed has an Intelligence of 5 or less, its Intelligence becomes 6, and it gains the ability to understand one language of your choice that you speak. Your steed serves you as a mount, both in combat and out, and you have an instinctive bond with it that allows you to fight as a seamless unit. While mounted on your steed, you can make any spell you cast that targets only you also target your steed. When the steed drops to 0 hit points, it disappears, leaving behind no physical form. You can also dismiss your steed at any time as an action, causing it to disappear. In either case, casting this spell again summons the same steed, restored to its hit point maximum. While your steed is within 1 mile of you, you can communicate with it telepathically. You can't have more than one steed bonded by this spell at a time. As an action, you can release the steed from its bond at any time, causing it to disappear.



Marcus Veranius drops his head on the bar in frustration

Henry of Willowsbrook: (sorry was sorting out my preped spells



Ireena Kolyana: "I mean, judging from the, uh... Volume... I'd say you managed just fine last night."



Rictavio: "Please stop."

"I am eating."

"Just because your brother is not here does not mean you need to fill in for him."



Ireena Kolyana: "What's that supposed to mean?"



Rictavio: "Ordinarily he would be the one to make crass, thoughtless comments."



Hiere Unthere: "Now we have you"



Hiere Unthere passes Rictavio some ketchup for the harshbrowns he just served



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rolls out of bed and onto his haphazrdly placed armor making noise both with the resulting crash as well as with his loud cursing

Danika: "Marcus, the trick is to make sure you're *not* in hybrid form."

"I've been up since before dawn and I haven't seen your friend."



Marcus Veranius: "I figured that out pretty quickly. Suprised it didn't come up sooner."

"..."



Ireena Kolyana: "Should we be worried?"



Marcus Veranius: "Wait, hold up. She didn't come downstairs?"

Danika: "No, not that I saw. Unless she was particularly quiet and I was in the back room at the time."

"I suppose she might have, uh... 'flown off,' as we sometimes say."



Marcus Veranius 's eyes widen, running back upstairs to search the private room

Make an Investigation Check.



Marcus Veranius:

13

INVESTIGATION (0)
Marcus Veranius

rolling 1d20 Lucky

(5)

= 5



Henry of Willowsbrook: After dressing and pulling on his armor Henry shambels out of his room "Hey Marcus you alright?"



Marcus Veranius: (Not so lucky)

"EZMERELDA'S MISSING!"

Ireena Kolyana: "Oh, Henry. That list you were asking about came this morning by messenger." Ireena hands Henry a small envelope.



Hiere Unthere: "Do you want me to find her for you?"



Marcus Veranius is frantically searching the room for any sign of her whereabouts. A missing leg, left behind anythings

Marcus finds no useful clues in the room -- save for a set of long scratch marks on the floorboards.

It is difficult to say, with the night's excitement, whether or not those were there the night before.

All of Ezmerelda's belongings remain as she left them.

In fact, her clothes -- with the exception of a white nightgown -- are still where she threw them.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Thanks also Ow volume control Marcus what in the bright morning light is going on?" Henry asks from the doorway



Hiere Unthere: Hiere rushes up the stairs. "Her leg, does she still have her leg??"



Marcus Veranius grabs Ezmerelda's coat, staring into it with a loss of words.



Hiere Unthere shakes the fucker



Marcus Veranius: "No, no, NO! GODS DAMN IT!"



Marcus Veranius throws it to the ground and kicks a dresser



Hiere Unthere takes this to be a yes and gets to work.



Hiere Unthere:

Locate Object

Divination 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V, S, M (A forked twig)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

Describe or name an object that is familiar to you. You sense the direction to the object's location, as long as that object is within 1,000 feet of you. If the object is in motion, you know the direction of its movement. The spell can locate a specific object known to you, as long as you have seen it up close—within 30 feet—at least once. Alternatively, the spell can locate the nearest object of a particular kind, such as a certain kind of apparel, jewelry, furniture, tool, or weapon. This spell can't locate an object if any thickness of lead, even a thin sheet, blocks a direct path between you and the object.



Rictavio: Rictavio quite sternly stomps across the room and slaps Marcus across the face. "Get ahold of yourself, man. Ezmerelda needs you now."

"Think back. Were there any noises in the night? Did you wake from slumber at all?"

"Even a dream could hold a useful clue."



Hiero Unthere: (ahem)



Marcus Veranius: (What should I roll for remembering?)

GM: (Roll Intelligence)



Marcus Veranius:

15

INTELLIGENCE (0)
Marcus Veranius

Hiero senses that Ezmerelda's leg is almost due east.



Hiero Unthere points, "She's that way."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry walks over to Irenea and grabs the list looking it over briefly (Is it just names or also stuff like last seen place and where the body was found if it was found?)

Marcus recalls a nightmare. In the dream, he woke in the middle of the night and saw a figure standing at the foot of the bed. At the time, he had taken it for sleep paralysis, something which had happened several times over the years. The figure had been a towering shape of darkness, with huge, elongated limbs and a creeping motion that seemed terribly unnatural. He had not watched it long before slipping back into dreams.



Hiero Unthere: "Are we gonna go find her or nah?"

Marcus sees a pair of dragon-skin boots sitting in the corner. Perhaps he made them in his sleep?



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Of course we will" Henry says



Marcus Veranius clutches his head, memories in a blur. He's not sure why he's so worked up, as if he was thinking of someone else.



Hiero Unthere points his other hand in the same direction to emphasise his point



Marcus Veranius: It didn't matter. He puts on the boots, his equipment, and grabs the Oathbow. This kidnapper made his last mistake.

"Lead me there. Now. We are making short work of this monster."



Hiero Unthere does not dally



Hiero Unthere: dally*



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry cracks his neck and rolls his shoulders pulling on the rest of his gear
"Some light exercise will do wonders for my hangover"

Marcus feels the boots shrink to perfectly fit his feet. He senses that the boots have many unexplored magical qualities...

As the party emerges from the tavern, you hear a feeble voice say: "Marcus..."



Marcus Veranius looks around in a panic

Make a Perception Check



Marcus Veranius:

15

PERCEPTION (10)
Marcus Veranius

rolling 1d20+10

(17)+10

= **27**



Henry of Willowsbrook: (him or all of us?)#

Marcus realizes that the voice is coming from inside the well.



Marcus Veranius makes a beeline for it



Marcus Veranius: "Ezmerelda? Ezmerelda!?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follows him closely

As he peers over the edge, he sees her. She is in the water, clinging to the rope and the bucket. She looks like she has been there for hours. Her nightgown floats around her in the dark water and even from here he can see that she is severely injured. Her face is bloodied and swollen.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Let me" Henry begins to pull up the rope

As she sees Marcus, she smiles feebly. She falls unconscious, and loses her grip, and begins to sink.



Marcus Veranius jumps down the well

Her wooden leg is floating in the water separate from her.



Marcus Veranius: "No, no, don't you dare!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Marcus catch!" Henry drops a healing potion down to him as soon as he looks



Marcus Veranius grabs the potion and rushes to bring Ezmerelda above the water line. He ignores the useless, always-falling-off leg

Marcus manages to get ahold of her and keep her head above water. She seems pale -- from the cold or from blood loss. There are several huge cuts on her torso. They look almost like the slash-marks of a sword.

The cuts all run in parallel pairs.



Marcus Veranius: "Ez, ez, drink this please. I can't lose you..."



Marcus Veranius struggles to feed her the potion

Ezmerelda d'Avenir wakes up just enough to drink. As she drinks, she seems to wake more. She grips the bottle and chugs it down.

Shivering, Ezmerelda clings to Marcus.

Marcus Veranius: Oh thank goodness! Marcus holds her close in one arm, grabbing the well's rope in the other

"I'm sorry, I don't know what happened. This was my fault. I wasn't keeping an eye out. I thought we'd be safe. I..."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "It wasn't you..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'll get you guys out" Henry says completely forgetting they are both capable of flying on their own



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "It was something... Awful."

Henry's rippling muscles make short work of the rope. Within a few seconds, Marcus is level with the top of the well.



Marcus Veranius: "All the victims were women. I should have been more careful!"



Hiere Unthere: (f in chat for karl)



Marcus Veranius: (Karl keeps with the pattern because he is a cunt)
(Also I thought Izek killed him with the rest of the Wachters)

GM: (Yevgeni is a dude)



Marcus Veranius climbs out of the well, not letting go of Ezmerelda. He storms back towards the inn

GM: (The Wachters weren't all in on the cult, the sons were not involved)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Where's Rictavio?"



Rictavio: "I'm here," says Rictavio.



Marcus Veranius: "He's here. We're all here. DANIKA I NEED A BED!"

Danika: "Take her straight upstairs!"

"I'll bring my healer's kit."



Marcus Veranius rushes for the... no not the private room. He's not trusting it.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "It was... It was the same thing we fought at Blackwater. Exactly... The same..."
"I wasn't strong enough... I wasn't ready..."



Marcus Veranius kicks open the other room's door and places Ezmerelda on whatever bed is farthest from the door or windows

Rictavio 's expression grows cold, as though lost in a dark memory.

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry again looks over the List Izek left them while keeping close to the others starting



Marcus Veranius: "...Ric, what's this Blackwater?"



Rictavio: "It's a town. Or it was."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "A place I presume more importantly what was in blackwater?"



Rictavio: "The monster we faced there was -- well, I hoped it was -- one of a kind."

"There were murders then, similar to these. Dismemberments. Disappearances."

"The beast could emerge from any shadow, and vanish into it just as easily."

"It seemed to me to be the work of a devil of some kind. A being of pure evil, doing the bidding of a hateful soul."

"We never stopped it. The killings tapered off and eventually there were no more."

"We assumed it had something to do with the eclipse, at the time, but we never did find out how to destroy it."



Rictavio: "It was my private theory that it was the work of some kind of summoner."

"There were a number of suspects, but there was nothing I could prove."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Did you find out what it was? a demon? a Devil? or something else?"



Hiere Unthere: (arcana to see if hiere recognises?)



Marcus Veranius: "The baron's son."

GM: (Go ahead)



Hiere Unthere:

18

ARCANA (9)



Rictavio shakes his head. "No, we never learned what it was."



Marcus Veranius: "He's been meddling with those damned circles. Since the first time we were in town."

"Different summoner, same demon."

Hiere recalls reading about something like this. The beast was said to be the result of a failed attempt by a necromancer to transform into a lich. The creature had a fifteen-foot reach and claws long enough to skewer a boar. It moved swiftly, teleporting from shadow to shadow. It served a master -- sometimes an unwitting one. The beast had a name -- a rather stupid one, given the circumstances. "Boneclaw."



Marcus Veranius: "It has to be; Baron said the first victim was his to-be bride."



Hiere Unthere relays this information to the group



Marcus Veranius: "The wachter family daughter."



Rictavio: "Even if it is... Can we really expect the Baron to take an accusation like that without

evidence?"

"After all, it's his only son."

"And even if he does take it... What do we do with that information?"

"From what your wizard friend has said, it seems the summoner may not even realize he is behind the killings."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Finding out who the master is might allow us to find this thing and end it"



Marcus Veranius clenches his fist. "Well what do you suggest then!?" Marcus raised his tone, despair dripping from his person. He felt useless in the face of something attacking his loved ones.



Hiere Unthere: "Well we should inform the guard, no one is safe."



Rictavio: "I suggest we guard ourselves more cautiously."

"And I also suggest we keep as low a profile as possible. It may be wise to lead the town to believe that Ezmerelda is among the dead. To that end, we should print fliers of her, like the others."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (silly question how long would it take to search the entire town with Detect Good and Evil)



Marcus Veranius closes his eyes for a moment, attempting to sense his favored enemies within the area. If this creature was a product of necromancy then maybe, just maybe, he may be able to spot it like all the rest.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

Detect Evil and Good

Divination 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

For the duration, you know if there is an aberration, celestial, elemental, fey, fiend, or undead within 30 feet of you, as well as where the creature is located. Similarly, you know if there is a place or object within 30 feet of you that has been magically consecrated or desecrated. The spell can penetrate most barriers, but it is blocked by 1 foot of stone, 1 inch of common metal, a thin sheet of lead, or 3 feet of wood or dirt.



Marcus Veranius:

**PRIMEVAL AWARENESS
(UNDEAD)**

Class: Ranger 3

You can attune your senses to determine if any of your favored enemies lurk nearby. By spending 1 uninterrupted minute in concentration (as if you were

concentrating on a spell), you can sense whether any of your favored enemies are present within 5 miles of you. This feature reveals which of your favored enemies are present, their numbers, and the creatures' general direction and distance (in miles) from you. If there are multiple groups of your favored enemies within range, you learn this information for each group.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (or that, that works to I guess)



Marcus Veranius: (This also detects any Dragons within 5 miles)

Marcus senses.... Nothing. There are some zombies in the forest, and an undead dragon somewhere to the southwest, but that is all he senses.

The undead dragon is two and a half miles due southwest.

Its essence does not feel like Vorgansharax...



Rictavio: "It is possible that the creature only emerges from its nether realm at night."

"I do not sense it either."



Marcus Veranius: "...bah. If we're pretending the hunt succeeded, then I shall remain here in 'mourning'."



Rictavio: "It may be wise to find some way to spy on the Burgomaster's son, if we can."

"One imagines he would not be *too* suspicious of an inconspicuous raven?"

"Or perhaps some other polymorphed form. A spider, maybe?"

"We could also attempt scrying, although that may give the game away."



Marcus Veranius: "Spider definitely. Izek's paranoid about the birds and cats."

(can you switch to the Vallaki map for a moment?)

(With daytime?)

(OK thank you)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We are invited to his house this evening that should make sneaking close to the son much easier if we use transformation"



Rictavio: "One imagines a few of the departed souls might be willing to speak with us, if your wizard friend knows how to hold a proper seance. Although I cannot imagine we would gain much useful information from them, other than perhaps testimonials that would not hold up in a Vallakian court of law. They may give us a common thread of acquaintances though."

"This is true..."

"And a mourning man is not likely to want to join us for dinner, so his absence can be easily excused..."

Rictavio looks at Marcus meaningfully.

Marcus Veranius: "Send me a message with magic if things go south. I'll shoot out a window."



Rictavio: "In the meantime, we should attempt to look busy. We should have something to report on, for the Burgomaster's sake."



Marcus Veranius: "And someone ought to pick up that wedding dress. We might need the resurrections."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So thats the plan then spy on the son this evening with Suldae hopefully awake" Henry says "I want to check if there is something we can learn by checking the other attack sites and body locations"



GM (GM): Good morning all!



Zanshukun: hey



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I'll test roll my warpick real quick)

22

5ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook

15
Piercing

4
Acid

The afternoon rolls on. Rictavio returns from the church with troubling news: Father Lucian is nowhere to be found. Ezmerelda waits at the tavern, impatient for the night's adventure. She does not like being cooped up. Ismark spends the day irritably wandering the woods, killing the few stray zombies he manages to find. Ireena and Suldae spend several hours with Blinsky, the toymaker. The payment they ultimately give him for his work is many times his requested amount, and at the sight of their generosity he weeps like an overgrown, overweight, bearded little boy. The monkey brings him a tissue and holds it out, looking at the girls with a slightly put-upon expression.

"With this much, I can buy whole new shop! No need for Blinsky to live in squalor! I can buy the tools I need to pursue the craftsmanship even of the maestro, Fritz von Weerg!"



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae smiles, proud to the bones.

"It's only what your work is truly worth, master. I cannot wait to see what you can make with a bigger shop!"



Marcus Veranius stays cooped up with Ezmeralda in the tavern, preparing their light room and crafting boots as requested. He does his best with the replacement prosthetic leg, drawing from experience in shoe-crafting in hopes it fills the gaps in skill.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

Spells this instrument can cast:

Gust (At Will)
Call Lightning (3rd Level)
Protection from Energy
Charm Monster
Dream
Fly
Misty Step
Blink

Horn Flute:

Counts as an Instrument of the Bards:
An instrument of the bards is an exquisite example of its kind, superior to an ordinary instrument in every way. Seven types of these instruments exist, each named after a legendary bard college. A creature that attempts to play the instrument without being attuned to it must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or take 2d4 psychic damage.

You can use an action to play the instrument and cast one of its spells. Once the instrument has been used to cast a spell, it can't be used to cast that spell again until the next dawn. The spells use your spellcasting ability and spell save DC.

You can play the instrument while casting a spell that causes any of its targets to be charmed on a failed saving throw, thereby imposing disadvantage on the save. This effect applies only if the spell has a somatic or a material component.

The horn flute is slightly curved, following the shape of the horn it was carved from. There are carvings of vines along its length, leaves clustering around the holes, making them easy to find by touch. Along the side elvish runes spell out "Wind and shadow"

Spells:
Gust (At Will)
Call Lightning (3rd Level)
Protection from Energy
Charm Monster
Dream
Fly
Misty Step
Blink

Ultimately, all party members — with the notable exception of Ismark — find themselves back at the Blue Water Inn. Suldae and Ireena arrive bearing four new items. The hour of the dinner party draws near, and the sun is already low on the horizon. It is time to discuss final preparations, and share whatever information has been gained by the day's labor.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is tooting on her new flute, familiarizing herself with the range

It's much wider than on her old ocarina, and the sound is clearer, although old wasn't bad either.

This one is just that much better.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well..." Henry begins (Did I learn anything?)



Marcus Veranius stares at the toy crossbow



Suldae Westwind: She can hear the weave echo with every note, and she doesn't expect someone who isn't a bard to be able to play this without ah... unpleasant side effects.



Marcus Veranius: "This is going to be a family heirloom."



Suldae Westwind: *the Weave

"Blinsky said that with how much we paid him he can buy new tools and a bigger shop. Imagine THAT"



Marcus Veranius: "Good for him! He deserves it."



Suldae Westwind: "He said he would be able to craft things he wasn't before," Suldae clarifies her point.

"Imagine THAT."



Marcus Veranius: "...huh."



Suldae Westwind: She continues tooting, testing how to play the most basic and familiar melodies interspersed with trying out new harmonies.

Henry learned that most of the girls at the Wachter household have moved on to other positions. Two of them now work at the Arasek stockyards, and the cook now works for the Baron. (Roll Investigation for the Crime Scenes too please, Henry)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

4

INVESTIGATION (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

At one particular trill on the flute, a roll of thunder moves through the cloudless sky.

Unfortunately, Henry found no new evidence at any of the crime scenes.

GM: (Did Henry interview anyone? That could be a Charisma check)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I learned nothing we didn't already know or could guess at from the crime scenes" (He was also doing that)

Straight Cha?

GM: (Intimidation, Persuasion, or Cha — your call. The approach changes the potential ramifications of a bad roll though.)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

8

PERSUASION (2)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry found the guards and the other people he interviewed unwilling to help him. They seem to be afraid of getting on the hit list somehow. Most people are superstitious about the killings, and the general consensus is that Strahd may be behind them somehow and it would be unwise to anger him.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I continue to roll to form haha ha)

GM: (It's a good thing we're getting these bad rolls out of the way before the Boneclaw shows up to wreck everything)

Henry of Willowsbrook: "And the people were about as helpful as you'd think" he adds



Rictavio: "I

"I'm shocked. Shocked, I say."



Ireena Kolyana: "Is there anything else we should do to prepare, before heading over to the burgomaster's?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Suldae, check out these boots Marcus made! Aren't they incredible?"

"And watch *this!*" — she clicks her boot-heels together and a silver blade springs forth from the toe of one of them.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well we should go over who will be where" Henry posits



Suldae Westwind: Suldae goes slower after that, paying more attention to the shifting of the Weave from the notes. After a while she figures out the patterns she can access now that she only had a vague understanding of before.

Suldae gives a victory trill - setting a silent mini-firework off over everyone's heads
then puts the flute down and claps



Marcus Veranius smiles, proud of his work. "Turns out making a prosthetic isn't too different from shoemaking! You just leave the shoe block in."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae laughs to that.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "In regard to positioning, since I'm dead, I'll remain here."



Marcus Veranius: "I've got the sniper's nest set up upstairs. Beast won't be able to shadow jump inside, and we'll be able to send arrows out."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere leans forward and says in a hushed tone. "how many ninja boots have you made?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods. She doesn't like the idea of not having Marcus there, but the plan *does* make sense.



Marcus Veranius: "Just try to keep the fight within visual of the north side windows."



Suldae Westwind: "...We'll try to," Suldae says without much confidence.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere gazes into the Dragoneye.

,

"I sense some bad luck in the future"



Ireena Kolyana: "I didn't see too many windows on the north side of the manor..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So Ric, Suldae, Hiere, Ireena and I will attend the diner" Henry says




Ireena Kolyana: "When it does come time to fight this thing, it may be best to take the battle to the street, and stay under a streetlamp or something."




Henry of Willowsbrook:


Rictavio: "We should bring light sources, as well. Does anyone know that cantrip?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Also a good plan."

 **Hiere Unthere:** "Indeed, and Marcus will be busy being sad how dead Ez over here is"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "..."

 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Oh, Marcus. You poor, grieving man."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Now's not a good time for jokes Hiere."



Hiere Unthere turns to Ric

 **Hiere Unthere:**

Dancing Lights

Evocation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: Four points within range

Components: V, S, M (A bit of phosphorus or wychwood, or a glowworm)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You create up to four torch-sized lights within range, making them appear as torches, lanterns, or glowing orbs that hover in the air for the duration. You can also combine the four lights into one glowing vaguely humanoid form of Medium size. Whichever form you choose, each light sheds dim light in a 10-foot radius. As a bonus action on your turn, you can move the lights up to 60 feet to a new spot within range. A light must be within 20 feet of another light created by this spell, and a light winks out if it exceeds the spell's range.



Marcus Veranius frowns. The morning's events weren't too plesant.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Question could I swap out Magic Weapon for Branding Smite GM?)

GM: (Go for it)



Ireena Kolyana summons her black cat familiar once again. "I'll leave this little guy here, so we can instantly communicate."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae spontaneously hugs her upon the realization that this means she's coming.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I'd better touch up that disguise before you go..."



Suldae Westwind: The flute is danging on a small chain from her belt with a simple yet reliable locking mechanism Blinsky added in a fit of inspiration.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I might have something that will help keep track of this bonny bastard"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

DECEPTION
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Skill: 15

GM: (The roll required to pierce the disguise is now a 15)

(That's higher than anyone except the most astute observer's passive perception, so it's not likely to come up unless someone grows suspicious and closely observes her)



Marcus Veranius: (...Marcus helps for advantage?)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

PERCEPTION
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Skill: 26

GM: (Whoops, that should have been Deception)



Suldae Westwind: (OH I LIKE THIS)



Hiere Unthere: (DAMN)

GM: (But a nat 20 would put that at 29 actually)



Suldae Westwind: (:D)



Hiere Unthere: (watch this nat 1)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Good lord, Marcus. Who knew you were such an artist? I can't even recognize her now!"



Hiere Unthere: (hoooooh boy)

GM: (This is now an almost impenetrable disguise. Strahd himself couldn't pierce it without the dumbest of luck)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere goes to find Ric and warn him about the better looking old fart in town



Rictavio: "Ha. Ha ha. Ha."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae prepares herself for an evening of pretending this old man isn't actually her girlfriend.

19

PERFORMANCE (9)
Suldae Westwind



Ireena Kolyana tries out a deep, manly voice. (To Suldae) "Hey there. You come here often?"




Suldae Westwind: Suldae answers this with a flat cold stare. She has no idea why this strange old man is coming onto her.


(but yeah anyone now can beat that Performance to realize there's some kind of relationship there...)





Marcus Veranius: "Listen. The key to a good disguise is to distract one's eyes away from the seams."


"A good pair of boots will do that."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Ireena more belly less throat it will sound more natural and you'll hurt less if you have to speak a lot" Henry adds with a casual tone


 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae considers moving to the other side of the gathering from Ireena, then realizes this will lead to compulsive checking on her every minute.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I think we should continue to pretend that I'm deaf/mute. I don't think my voice will be very convincing."

 **Rictavio:** "Are we ready to proceed?"

 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Wait, didn't you say something about the church?"

 **Rictavio:** "Yes. The doors are barred, and there was no answer from within. I could not find any sign of Father Lucien."

 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "I think we can safely assume the worst and hope for the best, there..."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Milivoj might be the only remaining of the clergy..."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Poor boy..."


"I wonder if anyone has looked in after his family?"


"Didn't he have young siblings?"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "..."

"Grim times indeed."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry looks outside while limbering up his shoulders "Sooo who's ready to rattle some bones?" Henry asks tone forcibly lighter than it should be given the statement

 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae gives another victory trill, this time with fireworks of a different color.
(I love Minor Illusion)

 **Izek Strazni:** "Good evening."
"I have come to escort you to the burgomaster's manor."


 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae gives a bow and a shy smile, instantly folding on herself a little - harmless, this girl is purely harmless!


24

PERFORMANCE (9) Sulda Westwind

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Hello Izek almost didn't not miss seeing you" Henry says

 **Hiere Unthere:** "I think he's coming onto you" Hiere whispers

 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae looks up and one can see her lips moving as she counts the negatives.

 **Izek Strazni:** Izek raises one eyebrow but gives no response. Perhaps because he is not sure what is meant by the statement.



Suldae Westwind: She is not sure what Henry meant too, in th end.



Izek Strazni: "Enough dallying. The light is fading, and the burgomaster is not a patient man."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Please do lead the way"

As the party emerges from the Blue Water Inn, they find six guards waiting for them outside.



Marcus Veranius: "Send the Burgomaster my best wishes. My heart was killed last we met. Today I spend alone in tears."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir remains under the table, out of view, where she dove when the door first opened.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

STEALTH
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Skill: 9



Marcus Veranius is standing in front of said table, providing help in hiding Ezmeralda



Marcus Veranius: (pls no low roll)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

STEALTH
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Skill: 9



Marcus Veranius: (OH NO)



Izek Strazni: Izek, who clearly saw the boots of the woman under the table, makes no comment upon them.

"As you wish. As long as your friends can make the report of your day's efforts, he will not miss one or two of you."

Izek begins to lead the way across town.

Along the journey, you see several posters with loose sketches of Ezmerelda on them. They look much like the other 'missing' posters.



Rictavio: Rictavio smiles at his handiwork.

Soon the party finds themselves before the gates of the Burgomaster's manor. The guards wait outside the doors while Izek knocks.

GM: (Changing map, one second)

(Marcus, I'm leaving your token in the room so you can still see it, but you're not actually here)

(You can move the token to imitate peering in through various windows)



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Ah, my friends! How good of you to join me again. Please, come into the study. Dinner is almost prepared, but I would hear the news of the day's events."

"Pray, tell me. What have you learned of our vicious assassin?"

Henry of Willowsbrook: "It appears that we are dealing with an undead being in particular the remains of a failed attempt at eternal live via lichdom" Henry explains "Such beings are commonly refered to as Bone Claws"



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "A lich? Here? In Vallaki?"



Baron Vargas Vallakovich scoffs.



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Preposterous. The bones of St. Andral would never allow such evil within the walls."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Not a lich what remains of some fool that tried to become a lich and failed"



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "I see... I cannot pretend to know much of such matters. Izek? What do you think?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is hanging back and observing.

17

ATHLETICS (1)
Suldae Westwind

22

INSIGHT (6)
Suldae Westwind

(ignore that first one lmao)



Izek Strazni: Izek scratches his monstrous arm thoughtfully. "It makes sense. If the witches have been trying to make a lich, one of their failed experiments might result in some kind of monster."

"I have never heard of this 'Bone Claw' creature."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "And regretfully the bones were missing even if it was only briefly it might have been enough for some fool to call upon such a being"



Suldae Westwind: (anything on Suldae's Insight roll?)



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Very well. If such a creature does exist, here in Vallaki... How do we catch it?"

GM: (Suldae realizes that both Izek and the Baron are pretty ignorant, and they don't enjoy looking stupid. They both remain convinced that witches are ultimately behind this.)



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "And where is that charming young man in the hat? And his lovely companion?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's face falls as she visualizes the scenario they're pretending is true. "Ezmerelda..." she says softly.



Hiere Unthere: "The boneclaw came for her"

GM: (Make Deception checks)



Hiere Unthere: (wasn't lying)

Suldae Westwind:**16****DECEPTION (7)**
Suldae Westwind**GM:** (Clever, I'll let it slide)**Suldae Westwind:** (also that)

(well, Suldae was deceiving)

(Henry wasn't lying)

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "That will be difficult as Bone Claws have one particularly deadly talent, teleportation via shadows, which makes them hard to impossible to pin down" Henry barrles on "Unless you were to attack whoever summoned it"**Baron Vargas Vallakovich:** Seeing the sadness on Suldae's face, the Baron sighs. "Alas, what a tragedy."

"So we are back where we started, no? A coven of witches has summoned a deadly beast, and to slay it we must root them out."

**Suldae Westwind:** "They might be anywhere," Suldae says quietly.**Baron Vargas Vallakovich:** "Now that you have a personal stake in the matter, I hope you will see that we must dismantle the coven at any cost."**Suldae Westwind:** "Even..."

"The worst thing is that the coven does not have to be large to do this."

**Baron Vargas Vallakovich:** "Oh?"

"That is troubling... Do you think they could begin to summon more of the beasts?"

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry raises a hand "If it was intentionally summoned? Possibly I must admit I'm not to fammilar with the process that would involve"**Izek Strazni:** "We should declare a state of emergency. Lanterns and torches should be distributed to all citizens."**Baron Vargas Vallakovich:** "Perhaps while doing so, we could root around in the houses and look for occult artifacts. That may be the best way to root out the coven."

"Perhaps that toymaker? His works have often struck me as devilish."

**Suldae Westwind:** "We should start with ruling out the least likely suspects," Suldae suggests.**Izek Strazni:** Izek squirms a little. "I think the toymaker is no threat."**Baron Vargas Vallakovich:** The Baron chuckles. "Yes yes, I know all about your little 'custom commissions.'"

"All the same, we should not rule anyone out at this point."

**Suldae Westwind:** "For example, knowing no-one in this house - not even guards or servants that might have entrance - have left any trickery anywhere could give us a secure base to work from."**Hiere Unthere:** Hiere's eyes bulge at this the Baron's statement



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "In *this* house?"



Suldae Westwind: "A horrifying thought, isn't it?"



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "I assure you, child. None of my servants would ever be involved in such matters."

"Izek vetted them all quite thoroughly."



Suldae Westwind: "Unless they were charmed into it."

"Witches have horrible abilities."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "No one here dabbles in matters arcane?"



Suldae Westwind: "Everyone knows that to hide something best, you need to put it where no-one will look."



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "No one here would dare to dabble in such matters," says the Baron. (Roll Insight)



Suldae Westwind:

16

INSIGHT (6)
Suldae Westwind



(To GM):

DECEPTION <i>Baron Vargas Vallakovich</i>
Skill: 23



Henry of Willowsbrook:

17

INSIGHT (4)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (Hiere, you too)



Hiere Unthere:

15

INSIGHT (1)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Izek did tell us that the son was atleast alchemically dabbeling I will remind everyone)



(To GM):

CHARISMA <i>Izek Strazni</i>
Ability: 19



Suldae Westwind: "Witches are also capable of taking over rituals that are more harmless and harming other practitioners."

"Anyone who does magic in this town would be a target, as they would fear discovery by such a person."



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "I assure you yet again: no one in this house would dare to dabble in such matters under my roof. Izek, do you not agree?"



Izek Strazni: "Aye, my lord."



Suldae Westwind: "No one would *willingly* dare dabble, I agree. Yet we've seen even Strahd's worst enemies turned to momentary confusion by his foul magics."

"You might be underestimating the severity of the threat."

22

PERSUASION (9)
Suldae Westwind



Izek Strazni:

<p>CHARISMA <i>Baron Vargas Vallakovich</i></p> <hr/> <p>Ability: 19</p>



Baron Vargas Vallakovich:

<p>CHARISMA <i>Baron Vargas Vallakovich</i></p> <hr/> <p>Ability: 12</p>

"Hmmm..."

"A troubling suggestion."

"Strahd is, indeed, quite devious..."

The Baron looks at Izek, who returns his gaze steadily. They seem to be having a silent conversation in that stare.

"Perhaps you are wise. I will call in the servants. You can interview them at length. I would prefer to avoid using any serious tortures, but you may compel them to speak in whatever manner you believe is best."



Suldae Westwind: "You, too, would be a priority target, due to the protection you provide for this town..." Suldae adds more quietly, as if she fears scaring him.



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Only don't harm their hands, I quite like the way they handle the cooking and cleaning."



Suldae Westwind: "Their memories might be erased. Searching the manor itself might be necessary as well."

"We would, of course, avoid any areas where servants are not permitted entrance."



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: Slightly aghast at this suggestion, the Baron begins to turn bright red.

"Do you really dare to suggest that *my very home* may be the place where such villainy is conducted?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae puts up her hands, looking scared.

And duly intimidated.

Meanwhile, outside the windows, the sun is beginning to set.



Suldae Westwind: She's trying to gauge if the issue is that he's genuinely not buying it or if fear of discovery of something else is overriding his worries.

23

INSIGHT (6)
Suldae Westwind

Marcus sees a pulse of purple light from one of the upper windows of the Burgomaster's house.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Would you gamble with the lives of Vallaki including your own that it isn't?"
Henry asks tone frigid



(To GM):

<p>CHARISMA Baron Vargas Vallakovich</p> <hr/> <p>Ability: 7</p>

The Burgomaster is transparently attempting to avoid the discovery of something.



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "I will not have a group of vagabond warriors rummaging through my mansion! It is out of the question!"



Marcus Veranius stares at the light, mumbling to Ezmerelda



Suldae Westwind: "We should at least search the servants' own rooms," Suldae adds in a shaking tone.



Marcus Veranius: "Think we ought to give them a signal to the light?"



Suldae Westwind: It won't let them find the Baron's secret, by itself, but it would just be odd if she didn't insist, to her own understanding of the persona she's inhabiting right now.
Besides, it will open some doors at least.



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "I will have Izek search their rooms, if you insist."



Suldae Westwind: "You should do that," Suldae nods with a look of relief on her face.



Marcus Veranius looks at the roof of the household, wondering if there's anything dangling near the son's room



Suldae Westwind: "I apologize for any disrespect I might have implied - none was intended. I was merely concerned for the safety of this town - your own is too important for it."



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Izek? You may do so now."



Suldae Westwind:

20

PERSUASION (9)
Suldae Westwind



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: Stroking the Baron's ego seems to work. He calms down visibly.

Henry of Willowsbrook:

27

CHARISMA SAVE (8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

14

CHARISMA (2)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "I understand your concern, as unwarranted as it may be."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods, looking duly chastised.



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Now. Before we interrogate my servants and cause them undue stress and discomfort, shall we go in and eat?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smiles gratefully.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a deep breath and then another and then another fighting down his anger



Izek Strazni leaves the room, off to search the servants' quarters.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "IF



Hiere Unthere: Hiere puts a hand on his shoulder and whispers something to him, "Distract him"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Who" Henry whispers back hiding his mouth by scratching himself



Hiere Unthere: Hiere looks towards the Baron
He nods politely



Suldae Westwind: All of this is doing a very good job of keeping Suldae's attention off definitely-not-Ireena-just-an-old-man-tagging-along-for-some-reason.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Baron Vallokovich I believe It would be best to to eat now oh and I noticed the paintings in the hall would you be so kind as to tell me something about them I must admit I am a little intriuged by them"



Marcus Veranius notices a weathervane near the room. If that thing were to fall off, it'd likely cause a bit of noise



Hiere Unthere: Hiere uses this time to cast
Arcane eye



Marcus Veranius attempts to stealthily knock it down with an arrow, using one of the ones looted from the Death House to keep its owner's identity hidden.



Marcus Veranius: Heaven forbid they find something identifiable



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Ah yes, this here is my great grandfather, the fifth Burgomaster of Vallaki. And that one there is my great aunt Imelda, she was the one who began the festivals. The Vallakovich line has been here for...." (The Baron continues rambling about his lineage)

Marcus Veranius:**16**

600

Oathbow (+12)
Marcus Veranius**13***Bonus Damage/Piercing***11***Magical Piercing*

(Precision)

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

4*Bonus Accuracy***[Precision Attack]**

Marcus Veranius

(20 to hit, no bonus damage because Weatherveins are neither a favored enemy nor has Marcus sworn vengeance against them)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "hmm." Henry continues to nod and occasionally repeat certain things pretending to closely listen to the Barons ramblings



Suldae Westwind: Suldae trails after the Baron, making small 'ooh' and 'ahh' noises in appropriate moments - just enough to make him feel appreciated but not interrupted.



Hiere Unthere: (does hiere get off his cast?)



Suldae Westwind: She asks clarifying questions whenever it seems like he's particularly excited by a topic.



Rictavio: Rictavio tags along, nodding thoughtfully from time to time.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Ah nobles, always up for a bit of bragging about their ancestors great accomplishments)

In the living room, an invisible, magical eye appears within 30 feet of Hiere.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere yeets that shit out, time to go exploring

GM: (There is now a yellow token to represent the eye -- you can see through it)



Hiere Unthere: (do I move it around?)

GM: (Yes, but only 30 feet at a time)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (move it to where you wanna snop)

Suddenly, there is a sound like an iron weathervane being viciously struck from afar, breaking off of its stand, and falling off the roof.



Suldae Westwind: (30ft is like 6 squares)



Rictavio: "What was that?"



Ireena Kolyana: (Via Message to Suldae) "Marcus says there was a flash of light in the third floor window.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It sounds like it came from the roof" Henry says voice tense



Suldae Westwind: "Have I mentioned an attempt would likely be made on your life?" Suldae asks tensely, looking up at the baron with fear in her eyes.

19

PERFORMANCE (9)
Suldae Westwind



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Surely no one could be so foolish! With Izek at my side?"

INSIGHT <i>Baron Vargas Vallakovich</i> <hr/> Skill: 20



Suldae Westwind: "Witches are not known for their great judgement..."

"I admit I am more worried for possible bystanders..."



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Why do I get the feeling that you are all trying to distract me from something?"

"Izek!"



Izek Strazni: "Yes, my lord?"



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Go see what that noise was. Have guards surround the house. I want lanterns in all hands."



Suldae Westwind: "Good plan," Suldae says seriously, relaxing a little.

18

PERFORMANCE (9)
Suldae Westwind

(welp)

(hey Hiere can I have an 11)



Baron Vargas Vallakovich:

INSIGHT <i>Baron Vargas Vallakovich</i> <hr/> Skill: 9
--



Suldae Westwind: (oh nm)



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Yes, yes. A very good plan, if I do say so myself."



Hiere Unthere: (you gotta ask before you roll my dude)



Marcus Veranius closes the blinds of the bright room, trying to remove it as an origin point. Plenty of other buildings between him and the burgomaster's house



Baron Vargas Vallakovich pulls a small silver bell out of his pocket and rings it viciously.

Two cooks emerge from the kitchen. You recognize one of them as a former employee of Lady Wachter. A maid emerges from setting the dining room.

Servants: "Yes, my lord?"



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Take every candle we have from the storehouses and light them all. I want no shadows! No shadows at all, anywhere in the house! Do you understand me?"

The Servants seem a little confused by the request, but scurry off to fulfill it.



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "It seems dinner will have to be delayed."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Milord If you were to allow it I would gladly help light the building"



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Oh?" says the Baron. "In what manner?"



Izek Strazni leaves.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry supresses an annoyed sigh before fishing a tinder box out of a pouch and holding it up "More Hnads light more candles milord"
hands



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "I think my servants can manage. I would rather have your prodigious frame nearby, if possible."

"Just in case..."



Henry of Willowsbrook:

7

CHARISMA (2)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Izek Strazni returns, bearing a weathervane and an arrow.



Hiere Unthere commands the eye to move to wear he was told the Baron's son lived.



Hiere Unthere: *where



Izek Strazni: "My lord, look. The weathervane fell off the roof. This old arrow seems to have done it."



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "An arrow? An arrow?"

"Surely this is the work of witches! Is there not an old curse which proceeds in that manner? Strike down the weathervane, and storms will come?"



Izek Strazni: "...Maybe?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Certainly certainly" Henry murmurs audibly venomous "Of cause I will stay close by if his lordship so wishes"



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: The Baron seems to be growing more and more paranoid as nightfall grows nearer.



Suldae Westwind: "I am not sure what this might do," Suldae says, anxiety in her voice - real anxiety being allowed through from her uncertainty about what might be happening in this house.

"Surely you would at least accompany us throughout the house to check for obvious witchery effects in the corridors?"

"You might be under attack right now."

The Arcane Eye finds the bedroom of a young man. This handsomely appointed room contains a canopied bed, a low bookshelf, and a full-length mirror in a wooden frame on the wall across from the door. Set into the north wall is an arched window of leaded glass. Nothing here seems unusual.

The room currently has no occupants. The bed is neatly made.



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Yes, yes... Yes, we should all go together. We should move together, as a group. I will stand in the exact center."



Hiere Unthere: Hiereye looks for any exploitable gaps in the walls.



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: To Henry, he says: "You, boy. I want you at my side. Izek, you stay at my right hand. You two gentlemen can stay at the back of the group, and hold candles. You, girl. Stay near this armored fellow. And where did that man in the top hat get off to?"

Hiere finds no gaps in the walls.

It is possible the Eye has misunderstood his command.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gestures to Hiere to get over here.



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Now, how shall we proceed?"



Hiere Unthere: Hiereleaves the eye alone for a sec and gets over there



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Shall we search the first floor first, or the second floor?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "He must have dosed of again" Henry says to cover for Hiere



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Ah, a narcoleptic. I have read extensively of such disorders! A tincture of ginger root and coffee powder can cure what ails him!"

"We can't have him falling asleep on the job. Let's go to the kitchen and get such a concoction assembled. I believe we have ginger root in the pantry."

"In fact, such a concoction might be a good idea for all of us. It seems this may be a long night."

"The witches must be all around the house, now! I can practically hear their incantations!"



Hiere Unthere: Hiere perks up at the mention of coffee.

One does not simply give Hiere caffeine.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae feels a surge of fear go through her.

It is however tinged with excitement.



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Now, let us link arms so we are not separated. Good lord, man. Your arms are as thick as tree trunks!"



Suldae Westwind: She *does* want to see what happens if Hiere gets coffee in him.



Hiere Unthere: "Thanks, I've been working on them"



Baron Vargas Vallakovich *puts himself between Henry and Izek, hooking elbows with them.*



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has to bite her lips to keep herself from replying to Hiere, there.

The two cooks emerge from the kitchen once again, bearing a crate of candles.

Servants: "This is everything we have for candles, sir."



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "So few? Quickly! Before the night falls in earnest, one of you must run to the Arasek stockyards and purchase more."



Suldae Westwind: "The witches might be aiming to keep us on edge to muddle our thinking," Suldae speaks up. "I could play some music to clear up our heads."



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Take one of the guards with you!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rolls his eyes with all his might hoping it would help



Suldae Westwind: "It's important to keep our emotional equilibrium."

"A little known yet important element to fighting witches."

The Servants look at one another, eyes wide with panic. None of them seems to want to be the one to leave the house.



Suldae Westwind:

DC14

Dexterity Save

10

Radiant

60 feet

Sacred Flame

Suldae Westwind

(sorry)

(misclick)

GM: (Whoosh! The Burgomaster ignites.)

(JK JK -- although Henry might enjoy that)



Suldae Westwind: (look its not my fault all the spells on my char sheet suddenly have extended descriptions and i have to click i to hide them >x>)

(I know he would...

GM: (Yeah what's up with that?)

(They must have pushed out an update)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah)



Hiere Unthere: (yeah that happened to all spells below level 4 for me for some reason)



Suldae Westwind: (Did the Burgomaster note Suldae's suggestions?)



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "No no, no music! We must keep our ears open, to listen for the muttering of incantations and the casting of spells."

(To the servants:) "Come along now, hurry! Unless you wish to be quick to find another job!"



Hiere Unthere: Hiereye decides to snoop under the bed.

Cook: "I'll go."



Suldae Westwind: Well, there goes that plan.

The other servants look at her fearfully, but the relief is plain on their faces.

The Cook leaves.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae starts quietly humming under her breath instead. No magic flute, but she can just blame this on nerves if the Baron protests.

Detect Evil and Good

Divination 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

For the duration, you know if there is an aberration, celestial, elemental, fey, fiend, or undead within 30 feet of you, as well as where the creature is located. Similarly, you know if there is a place or object within 30 feet of you that has been magically consecrated or desecrated. The spell can penetrate most barriers, but it is blocked by 1 foot of stone, 1 inch of common metal, a thin sheet of lead, or 3 feet of wood or dirt.

She also steps a little back so it's not right in his ear.



Baron Vargas Vallakovich *leads the way to the kitchen and busies himself (and the cook. And the maid) with the making of several large pots of coffee.*

Meanwhile, Izek begins lighting candles all throughout the lower floors. Through the windows, you can see guards patrolling outside with torches.



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "There now. Drink up! We have a long night ahead of us."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere downs a pint and starts vibrating softly.

"m-many thanks"



Marcus Veranius *murmurs to himself. This was a bad idea; no way he'd be able to provide further support till the beast arrived.*

The ginger-root coffee is coal-black and bitter as sin.

Suldae Westwind: (Hey, what do I see?)

(Detect?)

(Feel?)

So far, Suldae feels no untoward presences.



Suldae Westwind: (augh dammit i forgot to make tiny servants before coming in, ah well)

Outside, the last ray of the sun begins to fade. Night has fallen.



Marcus Veranius ***decides to focus his senses inward to detect undead within the city, ready for when the beast finally showed itself***



Suldae Westwind: Suldae drinks a sip politely before putting the cup back.

Marcus senses the sudden appearance of one powerful undead entity. It seems to have manifested on the roof of the Burgomaster's mansion.



Suldae Westwind: "Detect magic," she whispers in Hiere's ear, momentarily leaning forward.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Shall we begin the search then, to make sure the house is save of witchly machinations?" Henry says



Suldae Westwind: (Does Suldae feel it as well?)

(30 feet up)

With his keen eyes, he can see the pale figure wrapped in shadows. Its form is humanoid, by some interpretations of the word. It is not within 30 feet of Suldae, so she does not feel it yet.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (to much stuff in the way)



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha)

(Let's all remember Ireena's familiar)

(and the Message cantrip)



Hiere Unthere: "I-i'm trying to concentrate on something hiere" he whispers back



Suldae Westwind: "Okay," she whispers and focuses on her own spell instead.

Nothing, yet. That doesn't make her much less nervous, especially considering the size of the house.



Marcus Veranius: "Ireena, it's on the roof of the Burgomaster's house."

"Why would it be there..."



Ireena Kolyana: (Via Message, to all party members present) "It's here. On the roof."



Marcus Veranius: "Either that's where it starts its nights come sunset, or... is it ALSO investigating the weathervane?"

Marcus watches the sparkling eyes of the beast turn, gazing over the city. For a single moment it seems almost to lock eyes with him -- even across the distance.

Then it continues its searching gaze. Its eyes seem to alight on the form of a servant girl and a guard, headed towards the Arasek stockyards.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae finds herself torn. She wishes Marcus was here, to make a plan.

"If we go on the roof, we can see farther out for threats," she finally suggests.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere diverts the eye right up there.



Marcus Veranius turns his attention to the Burgomaster's son's room. Is there any developments there?



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "On the roof? How do you plan to get up there? We would have to send for a ladder."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a moment to consider before opening a window and leaning out

DIVINE SENSE

Class: Paladin 1

As an action, until the end of your next turn, you know the location of any celestial, fiend, or undead within 60 feet of you that is not behind total cover. You know the type of any being whose presence you sense, but not its identity. Within the same radius, you also detect the presence of any place or object that has been consecrated or desecrated. You can use this feature a number of times equal to 1 + your Charisma modifier. When you finish a long rest, you regain all expended uses.



Suldae Westwind: Actually confronting the creature would at least give them a good excuse to knock out the Baron and Izek and blame it on witches later.

There are no notable developments from the window on the third floor of the house, which appears to be the Burgomaster's son's workshop -- not his bedroom.



Suldae Westwind: The perfect crime.

Henry senses the beast on the roof, on the east side of the house.



Suldae Westwind: "How do chimney sweeps get on there?" Suldae asks one of the servants present.

Cook: "Chimney sweeps bring their own ladders," she says. "Usually."



Suldae Westwind: "Oh."

"Surely there must be ladders in the house?"

Maid: "One time he had to use a rope, remember? That was pretty funny. Up until he broke his leg, I mean."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "How do you get on the Roof" Henry asks closing the window whilst rolling his shoulders

Marcus sees the beast vanish in a swirl of shadows.

Henry no longer senses the beast. Marcus senses it farther to the east, reappearing in an alley on the way to the stockyards.



Marcus Veranius resumes his senses, trying to pick up where it went to



Suldae Westwind: Suldae wishes she could cast magic silently.



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Come now, let us get this expedition underway!"

"Oh, goodness. This would be exciting, if it weren't so terrifying!"



Marcus Veranius: "It's making its attack for the night. If we think the son's behind it, we might want to barge into the workshop for an emergency call back home."



Suldae Westwind: (Hiere, where's your Eye?)



Marcus Veranius: "Otherwise I'm going to need to leave the light room to stop it, and that won't end well."



Ireena Kolyana: (via Message) Ireena conveys this information.



Suldae Westwind: (Has it found the workshop yet?)

Hiere's Arcane Eye makes its way to the roof of the house, as instructed. It sees an empty roof.



Marcus Veranius: "Third floor by the looks of the window."

"Beast has moved. We have no time."



Suldae Westwind: (We know where the workshop is by the window, right? Can figure it out inside the house?)

(with an Intelligence check or something?)



Ireena Kolyana: (Via Message): "Third floor. East side. Should be where the flashes of light were coming from."



Henry of Willowsbrook:

6

WISDOM (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Hiere Unthere: Hiere looks to Ireena. Goddammit. Better go there instead



Ireena Kolyana: (Via Message): "Wait, he must mean the attic!"



Hiere Unthere: Hiere is now quiet miffed.

quite*

Hiere's Eye struggles to find the way to that room, since it cannot pass through solid barriers.

It seems the route to the attic must be concealed somewhere on the second floor.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (welp) Henry reaches through the telepathic link to his steed to summon it to the manor

Suldae Westwind: Suldae hums a different tune while bending down and tapping her fingers on a small knife she sees.

It ultimately arrives in a bedroom. Time has faded the grandeur of this master bedroom. The furnishings have lost some of their color and splendor. A short pull-rope hangs from a wooden trapdoor in the ceiling.



Suldae Westwind: It's flat enough to pass under not-too-well-secured doors.

The sound of galloping hooves can soon be heard.



Suldae Westwind:

Tiny Servant

Transmutation 3

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: Touch

Target: Tiny, nonmagical object that isn't attached to another object or a surface and isn't being carried by another creature

Components: V, S

You touch one Tiny, nonmagical object that isn't attached to another object or a surface and isn't being carried by another creature. The target animates and sprouts little arms and legs, becoming a creature under your control until the spell ends or the creature drops to 0 hit points. See the stat block for its statistics.

As a bonus action, you can mentally command the creature if it is within 120 feet of you. (If you control multiple creatures with this spell, you can command any or all of them at the same time, issuing the same command to each one.) You decide what action the creature will take and where it will move during its next turn, or you can issue a simple, general command, such as to fetch a key, stand watch, or stack some books. If you issue no commands, the servant does nothing other than defend itself against hostile creatures. Once given an order, the servant continues to follow that order until its task is complete.

When the creature drops to 0 hit points, it reverts to its original form, and any remaining damage carries over to that form.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you can animate two additional objects for each slot level above 3rd.

(NOT concentration, so the other spell is still up)




Hiere Unthere: Hiere looks to Ireena and shakes his head no. Maybe Marcus could help.




Henry of Willowsbrook: He breaths out loudly before turning to his friends "I refuse to let anyone else

suffer so I apologise" he says before running of towards the front door


 **Sulda Westwind:** The knife is given instruction to find the room Sulda approximates the location of.


GM: (So the Tiny Servant does not mention you being able to see through it, but it can carry out your commands)


 **Sulda Westwind:** (Yeah, we discussed this)

GM: (Yes, you should be able to 'feel' what it feels, iirc)


 **Sulda Westwind:** (Mhm)

 **Marcus Veranius:** "...bollocks, Henry's moving."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** As soon as he reaches the outside he bounds on to his horse

 **Marcus Veranius:** "We need to set up in a different room. Which window faces the stockyard?"


 **Hiere Unthere:** "HenRY???"

 **Sulda Westwind:** "I think he felt the monster elsewhere," Sulda says.


"He's a paladin, he can get divine insights..."

"I believe your guards and Izek might be sufficient for your safety, if we find the monster elsewhere."

GM: (I'm going to need a Sleight of Hand roll for the subtle spell casting, or a Performance roll to distract from it)

 **Baron Vargas Vallakovich:** "My goodness, he left in a hurry."


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Ireena, tell Sulda and Hiere to continue their investigation. I'll support Henry."

 **Baron Vargas Vallakovich:** "What a magnificent horse, too!" (He can see it because the doors are still flapping after Henry freight-trained through them)

 **Sulda Westwind:** Sulda had made a show of tripping, when she did that.

11

PERFORMANCE (9)
Sulda Westwind

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry rides hard for the place Ireena mentioned it apparated to

 **Sulda Westwind:** (well, FUCK)

 ***Marcus Veranius prepares to move the lanterns to a stockyard-facing room***

GM: (With advantage, due to Henry's genius distraction tactics)

 **Sulda Westwind:**

28

PERFORMANCE (9)
Sulda Westwind

(THANK YOU HENRY)

The small knife sprouts little steel arms and legs and scuttles away, unnoticed in the commotion.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (HA Tactic ggod one)
good

Meanwhile, Henry's galloping steed races through the streets of Vallaki. Within seconds, he has caught up with the Cook and the guard. It is the same Cook from Lady Wachter's house.

He senses the being in the shadows of an alley up ahead, waiting to ambush.



Hiere Unthere: (uh is hiere supposed to be alone)



Suldae Westwind: (no you're supposed to cme back and be with us)

"...Ah, I suppose we'd better stay."

"We'd only hold him back."



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Izek, don't you go anywhere!"



Hiere Unthere: (he was still in the living room, moved him to the kitchen)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has to suppress a pang of worry.

(ah)



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Why did that stalwart young chap race off like that?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "oh no you won't" Henry murmurs to him self unslinging his new weapon and Shield"



Suldae Westwind: (did you miss Suldae's commentary)

(she provided some)



Henry of Willowsbrook:



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: (I did miss that, saw it now)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Branniding smite wont show up)



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Ah, well, that's good then. At least we know the monster is not within the house."



Suldae Westwind: "It might not be the only threat... in fact, it might even be a distraction from an attempt on your life," Suldae goes back to the previous tack.



Henry of Willowsbrook:



Suldae Westwind: "I'm sorry, I might be too paranoid..."



Marcus Veranius aims the Oathbow street-side, ready to support Henry's charge



Suldae Westwind: "It's just that it's hard to think of a worse-case scenario."



Boneclaw:

<p>STEALTH</p> <p>Boneclaw</p>

Skill: 16



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: The Baron's fear seems to be escalating in the excitement.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

DIVINE SENSE

Class: Paladin 1

As an action, until the end of your next turn, you know the location of any celestial, fiend, or undead within 60 feet of you that is not behind total cover. You know the type of any being whose presence you sense, but not its identity. Within the same radius, you also detect the presence of any place or object that has been consecrated or desecrated. You can use this feature a number of times equal to 1 + your Charisma modifier. When you finish a long rest, you regain all expended uses.



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus has Passive 20)



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Perhaps... Perhaps Izek and I should just stay here. In the kitchen. Surrounded by candles."

"The rest of you should be good on your own, no?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: No hiding from Divine Sense either

Henry senses the creature lurking in the shadows, much to its surprise.



Boneclaw: Deadly Reach: In response to a visible enemy moving into its reach, the boneclaw makes one claw attack against that enemy. If the attack hits, the boneclaw can make a second claw attack against the target. (15 foot reach)



Suldae Westwind: "...The kitchen should be safe, yes," Suldae agrees.



Marcus Veranius: (REVERSE OPPORTUNITY ATTACKS!)



Suldae Westwind: "Especially when we investigate outwards from it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "RUINATION" Henry yells as he hurls his weapon at it from 50 ft away charged with the branding magic

Marcus has a clear shot.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

31

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+11)

Henry of Willowsbrook

31

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook

17 + 4 Piercing	4 + 7 Acid
---------------------------	----------------------



Suldae Westwind: (HOLY SHIT)



Hiere Unthere: (TWO NAT 20S))))))



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling 2d6

(**6** + **4**)

= **10**

rolling 2d6

(**4** + **6**)

= **10**



Marcus Veranius:

12	23
-----------	-----------

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)
Marcus Veranius

21
Magical Piercing

18	24
-----------	-----------

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)
Marcus Veranius

20
Magical Piercing



Hiere Unthere: (YO WHAT THE FUCK)



Marcus Veranius:

14

14

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

17

Magical Piercing

(Precision)

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

1

Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]

Marcus Veranius

**Hiere Unthere:** (Imao)**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae pulls the rest of the party out of the room with her, taking advantage of the Baron's fear.**GM:** (Final numbers?)**Suldae Westwind:** Hieria, Ireena, Rictavio are coming with her, correct?**GM:** (Yes)**Marcus Veranius:** (Will a 15 hit?)**GM:** (No)**Marcus Veranius:** 49 Magical Piercing after Favored Enemy**Henry of Willowsbrook:** 89 total with 20 radiant and 30 acid

rest is piercing

oh and what is the Bone Claws CR ?

it is higher than 5 right

so no instant death

**Suldae Westwind:** The knife is scurrying in search of the aforementioned room.


Suldae is leading the party in the same direction.

Two arrows strike in the moment before Henry's war-pick hits its target. The Boneclaw screeches horrifically as the arrows stick into its 'flesh.' Then the Warpick lands. There is a pulse of light visible throughout the city. A shockwave of arcane power ripples across the street, knocking road-dust out of the cobblestones. Several nearby windows burst.

The Boneclaw is completely obliterated.

 **Boneclaw:** 3


It will reappear at the end of 3 hours.

 **Hiere Unthere:** "did you guys feel that?"

The Cook faints from the sheer awesomeness of Henry's smite.


The Guard faints on top of her.


 **Marcus Veranius returns the Oathbow. As he suspected; didn't need the full party**

 **Marcus Veranius:** Not when Henry is angry
"It's down... for now. We still need to find its origin point."


Suldae, Ireena, Rictavio, and Hiere make their way through the second story of the house, and find themselves in the master bedroom.


Suldae has a funny feeling about the door on the southern wall.


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (We never agreed on how long it stays activated did we how about 10 minutes? or 1min which would say sounds plenty deadly)

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Someone check the workshop; its master might have suffered some kind of feedback from the beast being knocked out."

A rope hanging from the ceiling seems to be connected to a trapdoor, which might lead into the attic.


 **Suldae Westwind:** Can the knife fit under doors here?

 **Marcus Veranius:** "At the very least he's not gunna be happy."


 **Hiere Unthere:** Hiere yanks on the rope, just managing to not cast rope trick.

 **Suldae Westwind:** (It's a kitchen knife, with a relatively flat handle)


 **Marcus Veranius says to Ireena**

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae pulls the door's handle.


GM: (The knife can fit under doors, yes)

 **Suldae Westwind:** (regardless of the answer, though I also want to have it)
(ty)

Suldae pulls the handle. Is the door locked?

 **Marcus Veranius attempts to re-assemble the Bright Room to the original location just in case**
As Hiere pulls on the rope, the trapdoor to the attic opens and a ladder drops down into the room.

The door to the south is not locked.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry checks on both the Cook and the guard to make sure they are okay

The Cook and the Guard are fine, and easily roused.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae opens it and looks inside.

When the Cook awakens and sees Henry's face over her, she faints again.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere sends up Hiereye

Suldae sees a room which smells of powder and fine perfume. A vanity with a mirror stands against one wall next to a faceless wooden mannequin wearing a white bridal gown. Mounted on another wall is a full-length mirror with a gilded frame. A door in one corner leads to a garderobe. The mirror radiates an aura of conjuration magic.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae narrows her eyes at the mirror.

"Well, we found the dress."

"Also, this mirror..."

Hiere sees a small room above the trapdoor. This dusty, twenty-foot-square room has a high-pitched ceiling that reaches its peak twenty feet above. The wooden rafters are shrouded in cobwebs. Except for an old table with a lantern on it, the room is empty.

There is a door in the south wall.



Hiere Unthere: "There's another door up there, who wants to have a look?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Are the two of them Okay?)

The Guard and the Cook are both fine.

The Guard thanks Henry profusely, blushing like a schoolgirl, overawed by the glory of his presence. He says he can stay to keep an eye on the Cook, and make sure she gets home safely.



Suldae Westwind: (oh btw: we already know this coz Marcus told Ireena's familiar and she told us, right?)

GM: (Yes)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae frowns at the mirror.

"Isn't conjuration the thing for summoning?"

"This mirror..."

"Ireena, Hiere, Rictavio, mind taking a look?"



Hiere Unthere: "Say what?"

(arcana?)



Suldae Westwind: It's a little disorienting to be in a room of magic experts.

And pleasant.



Ireena Kolyana: "It's definitely magical..."

"I could cast Identify, I suppose?"



Hiere Unthere:

11

ARCANA (9)

(really having fun with these rolls)

Hiere determines that the mirror is, in fact, magical.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Thank you I'm glad the two of you are save" He says before turning his horse around to return to the Burgomeisters home "Let's move Corazon"

Within seconds, Henry is back at the Burgomaster's mansion.



Ireena Kolyana: "Do you think we have the time to spare, if I wanted to cast Identify? It only takes a minute."



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "Ah! Brave warrior! Were you successful in your quest?"
"Is the beast dead?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: He dismounts patting his steeds thick neck before moving inside
"It is gone for now but with beings of undeath it is hard to be certain Rictavio what do you think?"
Henry says



Rictavio: "I'm up here!" Rictavio says, his keen ears hearing Henry even through the floorboards.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere, satisfied with his assessment of the mirror, leaves it alone and heads up into the attic to test out the new door.



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: Looking abashed, the Burgomaster says, "Yes, I, er... I sent your friends to search the house. They are upstairs at the moment."



Suldae Westwind: "We have a minute," Suldae assures her.

The door in the attic is not locked.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods and moves to join them

Ireena begins to ritually cast Identify.



Hiere Unthere: He opens it a crack and sends in The Eye.

Hiere's Eye finds a large attic room full of old, forgotten things draped in white sheets. Piled around them are barrels, crates, trunks, and old furnishings covered with cobwebs and dust. He sees a clear footpath through the maze.

A single set of human footprints in the dust leads to the eastern side of the attic.



Hiere Unthere: He points through the floor towards the others.

Message

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A creature within range

Components: V, S, M (A short piece of copper wire)

Duration: 1 round

You point your finger toward a creature within range and whisper a message. The target (and only the target) hears the message and can reply in a whisper that only you can hear. You can cast this spell through solid objects if you are familiar with the target and know it is beyond the barrier. Magical silence, 1 foot of stone, 1 inch of common metal, a thin sheet of lead, or 3 feet of wood blocks the spell. The spell doesn't have to follow a straight line and can travel freely around corners or through openings.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Blinsky is terrifyingly good at what he does" Henry comments hand briefly righting his new weapons lay on his hip



Hiere Unthere: "He's up here"



Ireena Kolyana: "Almost done..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Upon noticing the bridal gown Henry nudges Suldae "Should we just?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Alright, I'm done."



Hiere Unthere: "you guys coming or what"



Ireena Kolyana: "There's some kind of spirit bound to this mirror. An assassin of some kind? I've also managed to reveal a small inscription."

GM: (See handout for inscription)



Suldae Westwind: "...How likely is this to be the Boneclaw?" Suldae inquires from the expert.
That's Ireena.



Ireena Kolyana: "It doesn't seem that likely, to me. It's alarming that they would have something like this in the house, but I don't know that it's related."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae frowns thoughtfully.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Anyone else reminded of something" Henry says drily after reading the inscription



Suldae Westwind: "Too many things," Suldae admits.
"My recollection is being unhelpful here."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hiere I'm coming up"



Rictavio climbs the ladder to the attic.



Suldae Westwind: "..."



Marcus Veranius: "If we're talking literally, that Monster was summoned from the Burgomaster's house when night fell, then went on a murderous rampage."

Suldae Westwind: "We should probably offer to buy the dress from the baron."



Marcus Veranius: "Sounds like the boneclaw situation in a shellnut."



Suldae Westwind: "Say we have a friend who collects them."

"Not untrue."



Ireena Kolyana: "Marcus thinks it's related. He says it sounds like the boneclaw situation in a shell nut?"



Hiere Unthere: Hiere waits for the literal holy warrior to take the lead.



Ireena Kolyana: "Should we try to break the mirror?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You think on that" Henry says "So what is going on up here except my desire to bathe"



Ireena Kolyana: "There might be unintended consequences, of course..."



Marcus Veranius: "It's bad luck, but maybe? Can we remove curses yet?"



Hiere Unthere: "There's a path through there." he points to the door. "I'm scared"



Marcus Veranius: "At the very least it'll piss off the Burgomaster if we don't get his OK first."



Ireena Kolyana: "Judging by the decor in here, I'd say this was probably his wife's room."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I think I could make you fearless if you want"



Ireena Kolyana: "His *deceased* wife's room, I should add."

"He probably won't take kindly to us breaking something of hers."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (How is the lighting in the attic?)

The attic is completely unlit.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I can't see shit"



Hiere Unthere: Hiere stops concentrating on the eye and throws up some lights.



Marcus Veranius: "I'll say it again, the Burgomaster's sun has a sufficient Revenge motive against the earlier targets. The wife that rejected his marriage, then maybe an uncaring mother."

"Maybe the Boneclaw continued afterwards because once it starts it can't stop."

The lights illuminate the gloomy chamber, revealing a great deal of junk, and one winding set of footprints which passes through the dust, to a door on the eastern side of the chamber. Someone has carved a large skull into that door. Hanging from the doorknob is a wooden sign that reads "ALL IS NOT WELL!"



Marcus Veranius: "..."

A young man's voice can be heard beyond the door.



Marcus Veranius: "Where **IS** the Burgomaster's son anyways?"

Ireena Kolyana: "Marcus has a pretty good theory..."

(Ireena conveys Marcus's message)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry raises his shield and pick now that he his able to see "Let's see what is behind ominous door number I don't remember shall we?"

Henry waits until Rictavio and Hiere are close before opening the door whilest holding his shield up to cover them best he can



Ireena Kolyana: 18

There is a blast of light! Lightning crackles across Henry's shield and armor, and a blast of thunder rolls through the room.

Rictavio, Henry, and Hiere all take 18 points of lightning damage from the triggered Glyph of Warding.



Henry of Willowsbrook: halved

The sound is audible throughout the house.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae,deciding to roll the dice on how cursed one person can even _be_, picks up a chair, mtions for Ireena to stand aside, and breaks the mirror.



Henry of Willowsbrook: 9 points if Lightning

GM: (Correct, 9 points of lightning)



Hiere Unthere: (to all?)

GM: (Yup. Already applied it)



Rictavio: "Ow."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yeah"

The mirror cracks like any ordinary mirror. For a moment, Suldae sees a shade -- a reflection of someone who is not in the room with them. Then the image fades, and the mirror's magic seems to break.



Rictavio: "Shall we attempt to open the door again?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry kicks it

21 *Lightning damage crackles across the trio once again, halved by Henry's shield. (Roll Athletics to see if you busted the door in)*



Henry of Willowsbrook:

11

ATHLETICS (9)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Seems to be a very sturdy door, unfortunately.



Henry of Willowsbrook: 10 to all

Rictavio: "Good gods, how many glyphs are on this door?"

"Can we smash it with something *from a distance*?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "hm what are the odds they warded the walls around it?"



Ireena Kolyana: (To Suldae): "I think that did it. I don't sense any more magic from the mirror."



Rictavio: "If the son is anything like the father — that is, bloody paranoid — I'd say the odds are good."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: (To Marcus): "Can you see anything?"

"This is torture, not knowing what's going on..."



Suldae Westwind: "Well, good. We'll say we had a fight with some witches."

"I'm pretty sure the Baron will buy it."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere steps back so as to not get fried. He points his rod straight at the door in preparation.



Suldae Westwind: "At this point."

"Let's go upstairs."

Suldae goes up.



Ireena Kolyana: "Even if he doesn't buy it I'm sort of past the point of caring."



Ireena Kolyana follows.



Suldae Westwind: "I can relate to that," Suldae agrees with her.

She takes the knife with her.

oops

(ty)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So anyone have anything to bust through here"



Hiere Unthere:

Telekinesis

Transmutation 5

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: See text

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

You gain the ability to move or manipulate creatures or objects by thought. When you cast the spell, and as your action each round for the duration, you can exert your will on one creature or object that you can see within range, causing the appropriate effect below.

You can affect the same target round after round, or choose a new one at any time. If you switch targets, the prior target is no longer affected by the spell. Creature. You can try to move a Huge or smaller creature. Make an

ability check with your spellcasting ability contested by the creature's Strength check. If you win the contest, you move the creature up to 30 feet in any direction, including upward but not beyond the range of this spell. Until the end of your next turn, the creature is restrained in your telekinetic grip. A creature lifted upward is suspended in mid-air. On subsequent rounds, you can use your action to attempt to maintain your telekinetic grip on the creature by repeating the contest. **Object.** You can try to move an object that weighs up to 1,000 pounds. If the object isn't being worn or carried, you automatically move it up to 30 feet in any direction, but not beyond the range of this spell. If the object is worn or carried by a creature, you must make an ability check with your spellcasting ability contested by that creature's Strength check. If you succeed, you pull the object away from that creature and can move it up to 30 feet in any direction but not beyond the range of this spell. You can exert fine control on objects with your telekinetic grip, such as manipulating a simple tool, opening a door or a container, stowing or retrieving an item from an open container, or pouring the contents from a vial.



Rictavio looks very pointedly at the enormous warlock in Henry's hand.



Rictavio *warpick



Hiere Unthere: (whoops was looking at the description)

GM: (Make an Arcana check, Hiere)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sends the knife under the door with the order to unlock it from inside.

GM: (Or not, if you're not casting it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how big was the shok radius?)

The knife scuttles under the door.

GM: (About ten feet in all directions)

There are strange, screeching, monstrous sounds inside.

Suldae feels teeth latching into her psychic sides — then the knife disappears from her senses. It seems to have been 'killed.'



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well sure I can try" Henry says rearing back to hurl his weapon at the door from 15 ft away

26

30ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)

Henry of Willowsbrook

16

Piercing

2

Acid

13

30ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)

Henry of Willowsbrook

15

Piercing

2

Acid

**Suldae Westwind:** "Be careful," Suldae informs everyone.

"Something killed my... knife."

**Hiere Unthere:** Hiere takes note.**Suldae Westwind:** She likes standing directly behind Henry very much.

The warpick smashes cleanly through the door, leaving a few ragged wooden shards swinging from the hinges.

Someone has taken old, mismatched furniture and created a study in this dusty, lamplit chamber. Tables are strewn with pieces of parchment, on which strange diagrams are drawn, and a freestanding bookshelf holds a collection of bones. A dusty rug covers the floor in front of a pine box, on which lounges a skeletal cat. Several more skeletal cats skulk about. Most unnerving of all is the sight of three small children standing with their backs to you in the northeast corner of the room.

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "House keeping sorry for the disturbance"

One of the skeletal cats has a kitchen knife on the floor, and is playing with it as though expecting it to move again.

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "So is going to shook us again?" Henry murmurs to the others**Hiere Unthere:** "Henry there's no fuckin door left"**Rictavio:** "Those cats... There's something about them. I don't sense them as undead."**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Do I look like I understand magic?" HEnry asks over his shoulder walking through the door**Rictavio:** "Perhaps some kind of animating spell? Not quite necromancy, then. Temporary, perhaps?"

Rictavio muses to himself.

"They don't seem dangerous to me."

**Hiere Unthere:** "Is that still not raising the dead?"**Suldae Westwind:** "Constructs?" Suldae suggests, remembering the fake brides.**Rictavio:** "Perhaps..."**Hiere Unthere:** "Dammit blinky was this you"



Rictavio: "Do you see that? They're held together with wire."



Suldae Westwind: She is still concentrating on her Detect Good and Evil spell.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Or something like Hiere did with those wine barrels"

Suldae detects that the cats are neither good nor evil, but simply unaligned constructs of some kind.



Hiere Unthere: (are either of the windows open?)

Both windows are closed.

The shutters are open and the curtains are not drawn.



Rictavio: "I could have sworn I heard someone speaking in here a moment ago."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere raises his Rod and casts detect magic.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"I really wish I picked a different side of the house to spy on."

Hiere senses evocation magic under the rug.



Marcus Veranius attempts to sense for undead again



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes up to the children.

30

PERCEPTION (10)
Suldae Westwind



Hiere Unthere: "Hey guys might wanna not go near that rug"

He also senses an aura of magic around the cats. It reminds him of the animating magic he used on the barrels.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Is it going to explode as well?"



Hiere Unthere: "Probably."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry begins to look over the tables and paracements



Hiere Unthere: (what about magic from the children?)

Suldae, meanwhile, realizes almost instantly that these are not, in fact, children. They are child-sized mannequins, crudely made of scrap parts. They wear the old clothing of a young nobleman — possibly something he grew out of in the past. She also notices two footprints in the dust — very fresh — as though someone very quickly ran to this corner of the room and stood there for a time. She does not see footprints leading away from the spot.

Hiere detects no magic in the 'children.'



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks up.



Hiere Unthere: "Anything, anyone?"

Suldae, make a Wisdom save.

With advantage!



Henry of Willowsbrook: (and +2)



Hiere Unthere: (You want a portent?)



Suldae Westwind:

10

WISDOM SAVE (3)
Suldae Westwind

4

WISDOM SAVE (3)
Suldae Westwind

(holy SHIT)

(I think I might be fucked)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (12!)

Suldae hears a young man's voice. He sounds terrified. She does not sense the magic working its way into her mind as he whispers to her. "Please don't let them know I'm here!"

She feels oddly compelled to help.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (we rollin like gods y'all)



Victor Vallakovich:

Suggestion

Enchantment 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 ft

Components: V, M (A snake's tongue and either a bit of honeycomb or a drop of sweet oil)

Duration: Concentration Up to 8 hours

You suggest a course of activity (limited to a sentence or two) and magically influence a creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you. Creatures that can't be charmed are immune to this effect. The suggestion must be worded in such a manner as to make the course of action sound reasonable. Asking the creature to stab itself, throw itself onto a spear, immolate itself, or do some other obviously harmful act ends the spell.

The target must make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, it pursues the course of action you described to the best of its ability. The suggested course of action can continue for the

entire duration. If the suggested activity can be completed in a shorter time, the spell ends when the subject finishes what it was asked to do.

You can also specify conditions that will trigger a special activity during the duration. For example, you might suggest that a knight give her warhorse to the first beggar she meets. If the condition isn't met before the spell expires, the activity isn't preformed.

If you or any of your companions damage the target, the spell ends.



Ireena Kolyana: "Maybe he teleported?"



Hiere Unthere: (animate objects is concentration if that changes anything)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Possibly"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae walks off to the side, still looking up.

This occurs to her as a good way to make others think she's already seen everything that's there to see.



Hiere Unthere: (also if he is invisible detect magic would've popped off)



Ireena Kolyana picks up a few of the notes on the table. "These look like instructions to make some kind of teleportation circle."



Suldae Westwind: (guess who's not a good liar to people whose intelligence she DOESN'T despise!)

(Hiere, wouldn't Detect Magic have sensed the Suggestion?)

(Or does it not work that way?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (nah he is just hiding in the rafters)



Marcus Veranius: "We already knew about the circle."



Hiere Unthere: (Not sure)



Marcus Veranius: "Sensed it the many times it didn't work."



Hiere Unthere: (For the duration, you sense the presence of magic within 30 feet of you. If you sense magic in this way, you can use your action to see a faint aura around any visible creature or object in the area that bears magic, and you learn its school of magic, if any.)

(YUP)



Marcus Veranius: "Do we have sight of the circle he was trying to draw? Maybe we can figure out its intended destination?"

Hiere does sense another source of magic in the room, but he can't see its aura. It feels faintly like illusion magic.



Suldae Westwind: (Hiere should be able to sense the spell being cast, yes?)

Hiere Unthere: "SOMEONE'S HERE" He plants his Rod into the ground, activating it's protective aura.

Instantly, a young man appears in the corner.



Ireena Kolyana: "What? **NO!**"

(Dammit that should have been Victor one sec)



Victor Vallakovich: "What? **NO!**"



Suldae Westwind: "Where?"



Marcus Veranius: (That young man looks older than Rictavio)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh well hello there young man mind if we ask you a couple questions? We won't be long I swear"



Victor Vallakovich: "You'll never catch me!"



Hiere Unthere: Hiere casts polymorph, the man's dice is a 7.
die*



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is wildly looking around.

TheThen she realizes the jig is up.

The compulsion wears off.

She glares at the buy.



Hiere Unthere:

Polymorph

Transmutation 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (A caterpillar cocoon)

Duration: Concentration Concentration, Up to 1 hour

This spell transforms a creature that you can see within range into a new form. An unwilling creature must make a Wisdom saving throw to avoid the effect. The spell has no effect on a shapechanger or a creature with 0 hit points. The transformation lasts for the duration, or until the target drops to 0 hit points or dies. The new form can be any beast whose challenge rating is equal to or less than the target's (or the target's level, if it doesn't have a challenge rating). The target's game statistics, including mental ability scores, are replaced by the statistics of the chosen beast. It retains its alignment and personality. The target assumes the hit points of its new form. When it reverts to its normal form, the creature

returns to the number of hit points it had before it transformed. If it reverts as a result of dropping to 0 hit points, any excess damage carries over to its normal form. As long as the excess damage doesn't reduce the creature's normal form to 0 hit points, it isn't knocked unconscious. The creature is limited in the actions it can perform by the nature of its new form, and it can't speak, cast spells, or take any other action that requires hands or speech. The target's gear melds into the new form. The creature can't activate, use, wield, or otherwise benefit from any of its equipment.



Victor Vallakovich: Victor casts *Misty Step* a split second before Hiere's Polymorph takes hold.

GM: (What form does he reappear in?)

(With a 7, his final roll is only an 8, so that's an automatic fail)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (what can he even see 30ft away from where he is?)

GM: (He can see out the window, for one thing)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (right windows forgot about those)

GM: (Form of: an artichoke? I've always wondered if you can polymorph into plants)

(I suppose 'beast' rules that out though)

(Magic is funky)



Hiere Unthere: (Elephant)

Poof! Victor Vallakovich disappears. Simultaneously, a large grey elephant manifests on the front lawn, looking utterly bewildered.



Hiere Unthere: "So you guys might have to catch an elephant."

"It's the caffeine"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry walks up to the window and Misty steps onto the elephants back but not before saying "Really couldn't you have picked something more managable??"



Ireena Kolyana:

INITIATIVE
Elephant

Initiative: 8



Hiere Unthere:

12

INITIATIVE (3)

GM: (Is it even worse going to initiative order for this? Seems like kind of a foregone conclusion)
(worth*)

Ireena Kolyana:

INITIATIVE

*Ireena Kolyana**Initiative: 14***Hiere Unthere:** (I mean he isn't getting away while in the city)**Ireena Kolyana:**

INITIATIVE

*Rictavio**Initiative: 19***Henry of Willowsbrook:****6.1**INITIATIVE (0.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook**Hiere Unthere:****23**

INITIATIVE (3)

(I had advantage on init)

Marcus sees a large elephant spontaneously appear on the front lawn of the manor, and has a sneaking suspicion that Hiere might have something to do with it.**Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Is that... Is that an elephant?"**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Did I Misty Step before Initiative?)**Marcus Veranius:** "Well Ezmerelda, you got your wish."

"You can see what's happening now."

"Pretty hard to miss that."

GM: (Sure, the misty step can happen before initiative)***Marcus sees Henry appear on top of the elephant's back.******Marcus Veranius doesn't shoot yet, unsure if it's Hiere or someone else.*****Henry of Willowsbrook:**

Misty Step

*Conjuration 2***Casting Time:** 1 bonus action**Range:** Self**Target:** Self**Components:** V**Duration:** Instantaneous

Briefly surrounded by silvery mist, you teleport up to 30 feet to an unoccupied space

that you can see.



Marcus Veranius: Wait, no. Definately Hiere



Ireena Kolyana:

HIT POINTS

Elephant

Hit Points: **70**



Hiere Unthere: "I think someone should inform the Baron his son will be an elephant for a while."

GM: (Suldae and Marcus, initiative?)



Hiere Unthere: "Not it."



Ireena Kolyana: "I think we should just let the elephant rampage a little bit. Just a teensy little bit."
"Preferably through the burgomaster's mansion."



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus isn't going to act yet)



Hiere Unthere:

TRANCE

Racial: Elf

Elves don't need to sleep. Instead, they meditate deeply, remaining semiconscious, for 4 hours a day. (The Common word for such meditation is "trance.") While meditating, you can dream after a fashion; such dreams are actually mental exercises that have become reflexive through years of practice. After resting in this way, you gain the same benefit that a human does from 8 hours of sleep.

(eek sorry)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's initiative is **7.15**



Henry of Willowsbrook: What do I roll do cling to its back btw?

GM: (That's a grapple, so athletics)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

20

ATHLETICS (9)

Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (Hiere's narcolepsy strikes again)

(Hiere, you're up)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena rapidly conveys the situation to Marcus.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere shrugs. "I got nothing."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is *really* annoyed at herself for getting Suggested.
Again>



Marcus Veranius bangs his head against the wall



Suldae Westwind: She's too busy doing that to react faster than the elephan.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "What is it? What's wrong?"



Suldae Westwind: t



Marcus Veranius: "That elephant is the Burgomaster's son."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Ahahahahahaha!"
"Oh, you're serious."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere spends his turn concentrating on maintaining such a ridiculous spell. Even if fate demanded it and all. (EoT)



Marcus Veranius: "I wish I wasn't."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "That makes me wonder what his mother looked like."



Hiere Unthere: "If anyone hits me he turns back to normal so don't"



Rictavio: "I don't... I don't know what to do with this situation."



Suldae Westwind: "Hiere," Suldae says. "Maybe we *should* hit you."
"Have you considered that?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Is Viktor even CR or level 4?)

GM: (He's CR 6, believe it or not)



Marcus Veranius: "Whatever happens it's not ending well. Someone tell Danika to expect trouble."



Rictavio: "Suldae, shall I?"

"Oh, what the devil. I'll just shoot the blasted thing."



Hiere Unthere: "He was going to escape! Be thankful he wasn't still in the room!"



Rictavio: Rictavio kicks out the window and shouts: "Heads up, Henry!"

HAND CROSSBOW*Rictavio***Attack: 21****Damage: 2** piercing + **11** piercing**HAND CROSSBOW***Rictavio***Attack: 17****Damage: 3** piercing + **14** piercing**Hiere Unthere:** "HENRY'S ALREADY ON IT WHY WOULD YOU SHOOT THE ELEPHANT"***Two crossbow bolts stick in the elephant's leathery hide. It seems not to notice.*****Rictavio:** "WHAT ELSE WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO?"**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "WHY IS HE AN ELEPHANT IN THE FIRST PLACE AND NOT SOMETHING LIKE A FERRET" h**Ireena Kolyana:** "At least we know where he is, now!"**Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry shouts back up**Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena casts *Feather Fall* on herself and Suldae, then leaps through the window.**Feather Fall***Transmutation 1***Casting Time:** 1 reaction, which you take when you or a creature within 60 feet of you falls**Range:** 60 feet**Target:** Up to five falling creatures within range**Components:** V, M (A small feather or piece of down)**Duration:** 1 minute

Choose up to five falling creatures within range. A falling creature's rate of descent slows to 60 feet per round until the spell ends. If the creature lands before the spell ends, it takes no falling damage and can land on its feet, and the spell ends for that creature.

***Ireena Kolyana lands lightly in the grass nearby.*****Elephant:** A very confused elephant trumpets loudly and attempts to shake the big man off its back.

STRENGTH
Elephant

Ability: 25 | 24

Henry lands heavily beside the elephant, not falling far enough to take any damage.

The elephant, seeing red, turns and rears on its hind legs, and smashes its feet against the walls of the house.



Elephant: 23 for 21 melee damage.

The front wall of the house caves, just above the door. Luckily, no load-bearing pillars are harmed. The Burgomaster's screams can be heard from within the house, along with Izek's shout of alarm.



Hiere Unthere: "Oh no."

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: (im fucking dying laughing @ all this)

GM: (same)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Fucking magic bullshit" Henry hisses standing up



Hiere Unthere: (can someone calm emotions or some shit)



Suldae Westwind: (I can cast suggestion)

(close enough right?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Action surge 4 attacks if anyone of them kills it I grapple Viktor instead



Hiere Unthere: (HENRY NO)

(HE HAS MAGIC HE'LL FUCK OFF)

GM: (...Which would prove that he's a witch, right?)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

29

30ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)

Henry of Willowsbrook

17

Piercing

5

Acid

27

30ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)

Henry of Willowsbrook

12

Piercing

6

Acid



Hiere Unthere: (no one would see him though right)

Henry of Willowsbrook:

22

30ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook

13
Piercing

6
Acid



Hiere Unthere: (welp)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

26

30ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook

12
Piercing

4
Acid



Hiere Unthere: (85 damage)
(approx)



Henry of Willowsbrook: 23 18 19 16 are the intervalls

Three dizzying blows take the elephant down, and as it shrinks into the form of a battered-looking young man, Henry puts him firmly in a headlock, even managing to grip his hands and cover his mouth.



Victor Vallakovich: "Mph mph mmmmh!" (How dare you!)



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh. That wasn't as bad as I thought it would be."



Hiere Unthere: "All part of the plan"



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "What is the meaning of this? Unhand my son!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "THE WITCHES CURSED YOUR SON AND TURNED HIM INTO A RAMPAGING BEAST! I BARELLY MANNAGED TO STOP IT FROM BE COMING PERMANENT" HENRY YELLS towards the BaRON



Izek Strazni: "Sir, we saw it with our own eyes!"



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "I DON'T CARE! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF MY BOY!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sure " Henry lets go of him



Marcus Veranius: (Are we out of initiative?)



Victor Vallakovich: Victor bursts into tears and runs to his father. Racked by huge, false sobs, he begins to splutter: "These people attacked me! I w-w-was j-j-just s-s-studying and they broke down the door and tried to hurt me!"



Izek Strazni: Izek rolls his eyes.

Victor Vallakovich:

INTELLIGENCE

*Victor Vallakovich*Ability: **19****Baron Vargas Vallakovich:**

INSIGHT

*Baron Vargas Vallakovich*Skill: **12****Hiere Unthere:** (intelligence??)**Baron Vargas Vallakovich:** "There there, my boy. You're safe now! They were only trying to protect you from the witches."**Marcus Veranius:** "Why can't we just be invited to dinner and NOT destroy the place?"**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "You were clearly locked in there with magical means" Henry says indicating the lightning marks on his armor#**Baron Vargas Vallakovich:** "You see how they turned you back to human?"**Victor Vallakovich:** "They turned me into an elephant in the first place! It wasn't witches, it was *him!*"
He points to Hierle.**Baron Vargas Vallakovich:** The Baron looks at the lightning blast marks on Henry's armor.
He looks at Hierle.

He does not seem to know what to believe. For a single moment you see genuine pain and fear on his face.

A piece of him seems to know the truth.

His pride may yet prove too strong.

**Hiere Unthere:** Hierle looks at the Baron, wondering whether he can see the 29 points of lightning damage.

He coughs up some blood.

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (19)**Suldae Westwind:** "There are still some traces of the witches' magic up there," Suldae says.

She's betting the Baron will go with the witches explanation over admitting it was his son's magic.

**Baron Vargas Vallakovich:** "Witch magic. In my house?"

"Within my very home?"

"Dark times indeed..."

"Come, my boy. You must be confused. These kind people have helped us. You are only safe because of them."

**Victor Vallakovich:** "I hate them. I hate them all."



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "I can deal with this from here. Your services are no longer required. I would suggest not lingering within the city limits. Izek, see that they are paid for their aid."



Izek Strazni: Izek seems confused. Even he can see that there is a leap in logic happening here.

"But sir, they just proved themselves capable of fighting the witches! We may need their aid!"



Baron Vargas Vallakovich: "DO NOT DEFY ME, IZEK! I MADE YOU. NEVER FORGET THAT. Get them their coin and get them out of my city."

"Come, my boy. Would some nice wine cheer you up?"



Henry of Willowsbrook:

17

CHARISMA (2)
Henry of Willowsbrook

They begin to enter the house through the wrecked front entryway.



Marcus Veranius: "Ez."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Yes Marcus?"



Marcus Veranius: "We don't know if the beast is gone for good."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Do you have a shot?"

"Are you *sure* he's the one?"



Marcus Veranius: "I don't know."

"In fact, I'm having second thoughts."

"But if we're kicked out of the city, we won't know for sure."

"..."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Unless it comes for us again..."

"Over and over... No matter how many times we put it down..."



Henry of Willowsbrook:

10

CHARISMA (2)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius: "There's a kind boy in the city dungeons. You haven't met him, but I think he'll be someone great someday."

"Burgomaster has him locked up. Might stay that way for a while."

"Might not."



Marcus Veranius draws the Oathbow and aims it towards the house



Marcus Veranius: "...should I? Knowing what chaos it'll bring to the town, if it means that boy might live to his potential?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I'm with you. Whatever you choose."



Marcus Veranius nods.

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry keeps trying to control his breathing to fight down his anger but right now he fails "LISTEN HERE YOU PATHETIC BLUEBLOODED HEMEROIHD I AM DONE WITH THIS FARCE" He roars stalking after the VAllakovichs



Marcus Veranius: "Swift death to my enemies."

18

25

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

11

Piercing

17

Magical Piercing

27

9

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

9 + 11

Piercing

23 + 5

Magical Piercing

9

19

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

8

Piercing

23

Magical Piercing

27

19

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

5 + 13

Piercing

18 + 3
Magical Piercing

10 | 16
600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)
(+7)
Marcus Veranius

10
Bonus Damage/Piercing

20
Magical Piercing



Marcus Veranius:

12 | 8
600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)
(+7)
Marcus Veranius

11
Bonus Damage/Piercing

24
Magical Piercing

GM: (Intended targets?)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus fires 6 shots at the Burgomaster

Six arrows streak in over Henry's head, practically ruffling his hair. The Burgomaster, pincushioned, gives a single gasp of surprise before collapsing.



Victor Vallakovich: "NO!" Victor screams, a bloodcurdling cry.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae respects Henry.

So she's not doing anything right now.



Hiere Unthere: "WHAT THE FUCK"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I AM DONE PUTTING UP WITH YOUR DELLUSIO..WHAT?!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pulls out her flute.

Time to deescalate.

(im going to cast Sleep)



Victor Vallakovich: "I *HATE YOU ALL!*" Victor screams, turning to the party. His eyes have turned a bright, piercing yellow.

He raises his hand, and mists and ice swirl around his palm. The shadows darken behind him and candles gutter throughout the house.

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh Fuck of you whiney prick"



Marcus Veranius: "...and now the second monster shows his face."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere once again casts polymorph, replacing his die with an 11.



Suldae Westwind:

13

Higher Level Cast

25

Hit Points of Creatures

90 feet

Sleep

Suldae Westwind

(Suldae is casting it to get as many guards/servants/whoever else, and also the guy)

(If any of the party are in the radius she ignores that, betting they can shrug it off)

(It targets lowest HP first)



Hiere Unthere: (hiere is at 30)

Victor's eyes roll back into his head. The shadows fade, and he collapses.



Marcus Veranius: (Now would be a good time for pause)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You are responsible aren't you you little shit, you had it kill all these woman even your own mother. Answer ME!!" Henry yells

Several guards collapse where they stand.

GM: (Yes, this is a good place to end the session -- but I want to see where Henry's rp goes here)



Hiere Unthere: "well someone got there first"



Suldae Westwind: "Henry, he' cannot hear you," Suldae informs him, lowering the flute.



Ireena Kolyana: "This isn't over. If he lives, that thing will only keep hunting us."



Suldae Westwind: "I can keep them asleep for as long as I keep playing, but we might want a plan from here."

"Like... what happens to Vallaki now?"



Marcus Veranius: "Let the people decide."

"Maybe even the Feathers."



Izek Strazni: "What is this madness?"



Hiere Unthere: (Marcus you're 20000000miles away)



Izek Strazni: "The boy was..."

"But the burgomaster..."



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus assumed to be talking through Ireena relay)



Suldae Westwind: "He was the one summoning the monster, Izek, most likely. The Baron guessed, but got in the way of the investigation. You saw it."

"We might have been able to make sure, if not for..."



Rictavio:

SLEIGHT OF HAND

Rictavio

Skill: 18



Suldae Westwind: "And now the Baron is dead."

"And we don't know what the boy will do next."

"I doubt he's fit to rule the city."



Rictavio: Rictavio, stepping casually over the unconscious boy on his way out of the building, casually performs a subtle coup de grace. He continues walking. His walking stick and its concealed blade provide the perfect cover. Without much more than a calm, benign smile, he steps away from the 'sleeping' boy, approaching the rest of the party.

"Well, I'm glad that's over with."

"Witches, am I right? Awful things."



Henry of Willowsbrook: A wordless scream works itself out of Henry's lungs. Light fills his form before turning to Izek with a low growl. "I would carefully consider the situation Izek before making a decision you might not live to regret."



Rictavio: "You had a narrow escape there, Izek."

"A narrow, narrow escape."



Izek Strazni: Izek's eyes narrow.

He looks from one member of the party to the next, weighing his options.

He swallows firmly.

"Thank you for your service to Vallaki."

"I will see that you are paid well."

"Please do not come back."



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh, there was one other thing!"

"We noticed a wedding gown. Is that in use? May we take it? It is a bargaining chip in a war far beyond your understanding."



Izek Strazni: Defeated, Izek says: "Take what you want. I cannot stop you."



Suldae Westwind: "I'm sorry," Suldae says quietly. "We did not start this. We are only doing what we can to help."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "It was a good, clean kill," says Ezmerelda to Marcus. "I believe you did the right thing."

"I understand if that doesn't mean much, coming from me."



Izek Strazni: Izek looks at Suldae. Confusion and pain whirl behind his eyes.



Marcus Veranius: "No, it means the world."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Fuck this town. fuck this realm and Fuck the one responsible" Henry mutters sitting down on the steps of the manor before praying with a defeated look on his face "..and may the gentle light guide them to peaceful rest, Latom" he finishes



Suldae Westwind: "You are telling us not to come back, Isek, but this town still needs protection, maybe now more than ever."

In death, Victor Vallakovich's face relaxes. He seems at peace.



Suldae Westwind: "Are you really willing to bet we won't be needed again?"

GM: (Roll Persuasion)



Suldae Westwind:

12

PERSUASION (9)
Suldae Westwind

(HOLY FUCK)



(To GM):

WISDOM
Izek Strazni

Ability: 7



Hiere Unthere: (mate just take the damn portent)



Suldae Westwind: (can i do that)

(please)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Would the entire display here warrant advantage?)



Suldae Westwind: (also a good point, kind of got a lot backing up this here lol)



Izek Strazni: Izek sighs heavily.

"Fine. Stay. Go. I do not care. It is time I left Vallaki. The Burgomaster was not wrong. He made me, and now that he is gone, I am unmade."

"I shall seek out other opportunities."



Suldae Westwind: "We'll take care of the people you've been protecting, Izek, I promise."

"Your work will not be forgotten."

"And it will not be for nothing."



Izek Strazni: "I don't care. All I want are my dolls."

"I will take them, and I will seek her out."

"And when I find her, we shall be reunited at last."



Hiere Unthere: "???"



Suldae Westwind: She's not sure how right she is in attributing Izek altruistic motives, but it never

hurts to pile it on.



Marcus Veranius: "Dear me, I've been so worried all day that I forgot to have breakfast. Care to join me?"



Suldae Westwind: She steps closer to Ireena, half-consciously.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks at Izek with a strange expression, as though wondering if she recognizes him somehow.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I'm famished. Let's eat."

"We should order room service. That way we can... Stay in."



Marcus Veranius takes Ezmerelda's hand and heads downstairs.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry removes the arrows from the Baron both to give him a bit more dignity than he might even deserve and to reclaim them for Marcus



Suldae Westwind: "If you have any idea what that was about, it might be important," Suldae murmurs to Ireena, squeezing her hand.

She no longer cares about the pretense.

Also, it's night.



Izek Strazni: Izek raises an eyebrow, confused by the relationship between this elf and the old man. Realizing that the elf could be hundreds of years old, he shrugs slightly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (tops left probably for his other game)



Izek Strazni: Perhaps she was the one robbing the cradle, and not the other way around.

GM: (We should wrap it here, it's as good a place as any)

(In fact, it's probably a better place than most)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Man I did not expect all that coming into today It was great really glad I get to play with y'all)



Hiere Unthere: (don't think anyone did)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah Imao)

(bless Ireena for remembering the dress, I forgot entirely)



(To GM):

VORPAL LONGSWORD
(ONE-HANDED)
Strahd von Zarovich

Attack: 24
Requires Attunement

You gain a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. In addition, the weapon ignores resistance to slashing damage.

When you attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without the lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

Damage: **15** Slashing + **15** Necrotic



(To GM):

VORPAL LONGSWORD (ONE-HANDED)

Strahd von Zarovich

Attack: 16

Requires Attunement

You gain a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. In addition, the weapon ignores resistance to slashing damage.

When you attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without the lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage

from the hit.

Damage: **13** Slashing +
16 Necrotic



(To GM):

VORPAL LONGSWORD
(ONE-HANDED)
Strahd von Zarovich

Attack: **30**

Requires Attunement

You gain a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. In addition, the weapon ignores resistance to slashing damage.

When you attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without the lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

Damage: **18** + **5** Slashing
+ **8** + **15** Necrotic



(To GM):

DANCING SILVER SWORD
(X3)
Strahd von Zarovich

Attack: **18**

Requires attunement

You can use a bonus action to toss this magic sword into the air and speak the command word. When you

do so, the sword begins to hover, flies up to 30 feet, and attacks one creature of your choice within 5 feet of it. The sword uses your attack roll and ability score modifier to damage rolls.

While the sword hovers, you can use a bonus action to cause it to fly up to 30 feet to another spot within 30 feet of you. As part of the same bonus action, you can cause the sword to attack one creature within 5 feet of it.

After the hovering sword attacks for the fourth time, it flies up to 30 feet and tries to return to your hand. If you have no hand free, it falls to the ground at your feet. If the sword has no unobstructed path to you, it moves as close to you as it can and then falls to the ground. It also ceases to hover if you grasp it or move more than 30 feet away from it.

Damage: **14** slashing



(To GM):

DANCING SILVER SWORD (X3)

Strahd von Zarovich

Attack: **17**

Requires attunement

You can use a bonus action to toss this magic sword into the air and speak the command word. When you do so, the sword begins to hover, flies up to 30 feet, and attacks one creature of your choice within 5 feet of it. The sword uses your attack roll and ability score modifier to damage rolls.

While the sword hovers, you

can use a bonus action to cause it to fly up to 30 feet to another spot within 30 feet of you. As part of the same bonus action, you can cause the sword to attack one creature within 5 feet of it.

After the hovering sword attacks for the fourth time, it flies up to 30 feet and tries to return to your hand. If you have no hand free, it falls to the ground at your feet. If the sword has no unobstructed path to you, it moves as close to you as it can and then falls to the ground. It also ceases to hover if you grasp it or move more than 30 feet away from it.

Damage: **12** slashing



(To GM):

DANCING SILVER SWORDS

Strahd von Zarovich

Attack: **16**

Requires attunement

You can use a bonus action to toss this magic sword into the air and speak the command word. When you do so, the sword separates into three identical blades which all begin to hover, fly up to 30 feet, and attack one creature of your choice within 5 feet of it. Each sword can move and attack a separate target, or they can move in tandem and attack the same target. The swords use your attack roll and ability score modifier to damage rolls.

While the swords hover, you can use a bonus action to cause them to fly up to 30 feet to another spot within

30 feet of you. All three swords move simultaneously but individually (I.E. Each can select a different target). As part of the same bonus action, you can cause each sword to attack one creature within 5 feet of it.

After the hovering swords attack for the fourth time, they fly up to 30 feet, join into a single blade, and try to return to you. If you have no hand free, the united sword falls to the ground at your feet. If the sword has no unobstructed path to you, it moves as close to you as it can, then falls to the ground. These swords also cease to hover if you grasp them or move them more than 30 feet away from yourself.

Damage: **14** slashing



(To GM):

DANCING SILVER SWORDS

Strahd von Zarovich

Requires attunement

You can use a bonus action to toss this magic sword into the air and speak the command word. When you do so, the sword separates into three identical blades which all begin to hover, fly up to 30 feet, and attack one creature of your choice within 5 feet of one of the blades. Each sword can move and attack a separate target, or they can move in tandem and attack the same target. The swords use your attack roll and ability score modifier to damage rolls.

While the swords hover, you can use a bonus action to cause them to fly up to 30 feet to another spot within

30 feet of you. All three swords move simultaneously but individually (I.E. Each can select a different target). As part of the same bonus action, you can cause each sword to attack one creature within 5 feet of it.

After the hovering swords attack for the fourth time, they fly up to 30 feet, join into a single blade, and try to return to you. If you have no hand free, the united sword falls to the ground at your feet. If the sword has no unobstructed path to you, it moves as close to you as it can, then falls to the ground. These swords also cease to hover if you grasp them or move them more than 30 feet away from yourself.

ATTACK 1: 30 to hit, **13** magical slashing damage.

ATTACK 2: 30 to hit, **9** magical slashing damage.

ATTACK 3: 21 to hit, **15** magical slashing damage.

Damage: **12** slashing



(To GM):

DANCING SILVER SWORDS

Strahd von Zarovich

Requires attunement

You can use a bonus action to toss this magic sword into the air and speak the command word. When you do so, the sword separates into three identical blades which all begin to hover, fly up to 30 feet, and attack one creature of your choice within 5 feet of one of the blades. Each sword can move and attack a separate target, or they can move in

tandem and attack the same target. The swords use your attack roll and ability score modifier to damage rolls.

While the swords hover, you can use a bonus action to cause them to fly up to 30 feet to another spot within 30 feet of you. All three swords move simultaneously but individually (I.E. Each can select a different target). As part of the same bonus action, you can cause each sword to attack one creature within 5 feet of it.

After the hovering swords attack for the fourth time, they fly up to 30 feet, join into a single blade, and try to return to you. If you have no hand free, the united sword falls to the ground at your feet. If the sword has no unobstructed path to you, it moves as close to you as it can, then falls to the ground. These swords also cease to hover if you grasp them or move them more than 30 feet away from yourself.

ATTACK 1: **25** to hit, **8** magical slashing damage.

ATTACK 2: **23** to hit, **14** magical slashing damage.

ATTACK 3: **13** to hit, **8** magical slashing damage.



(To GM):

Command

Enchantment 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range

Components: V

Duration: 1 round

You speak a one-word command to a creature you can see within range. The target must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or follow

the command on its next turn. The spell has no effect if the target is undead, if it doesn't understand your language, or if your command is directly harmful to it. Some typical commands and their effects follow. You might issue a command other than one described here. If you do so, the GM determines how the target behaves. If the target can't follow your command, the spell ends. Approach. The target moves toward you by the shortest and most direct route, ending its turn if it moves within 5 feet of you. Drop. The target drops whatever it is holding and then ends its turn. Flee. The target spends its turn moving away from you by the fastest available means. Grovel. The target falls prone and then ends its turn. Halt. The target doesn't move and takes no actions. A flying creature stays aloft, provided that it is able to do so. If it must move to stay aloft, it flies the minimum distance needed to remain in the air.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can affect one additional creature for each slot level above 1st. The creatures must be within 30 feet of each other when you target them.



GM (GM):

Misty Step, 3/day
Conjuration 2

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: Self

Components: V

Duration: Instantaneous

Briefly surrounded by silvery mist, you teleport up to 30 feet to an unoccupied space that you can see.



Zanshukun:



GM (GM): Howdy!

How's everybody doing today?



Zanshukun: Still dealing with sickness induced tiredness but otherwise quiet well



GM (GM): Seems like everybody is getting sick these days

My whole family has had something kind of like the flu

It just lingers and lingers and lingers



Henry of Willowsbrook: Holidays did a number on me



GM (GM): I think I gained like 15 pounds over the winter holidays



Liliet (Suldae): nice



GM (GM): Most of those calories probably came from alcohol



Liliet (Suldae): ok thats less nice



GM (GM): And my mom had whatever this flu thing is first, so we all got it from her



Liliet (Suldae): oof



GM (GM): <

<. <

Hmm

That's weird



GM (GM): _

When you try to do < and _ and < to make the little face

It makes a blank line instead

I wonder why?



Liliet (Suldae): huh



Henry of Willowsbrook: I had to sit out my grandparents 50th wedding anniversary cause I got to sick to move



Liliet (Suldae): i kno i had to make a note to use E> for the heart emoji
oof



GM (GM): Oh jeez, that's rough

I haven't been too sick to move yet

My brother was like that for a day or two

I think I just got lucky and got a lesser version of whatever it was

Either that or the alcohol fought off the infection



Henry of Willowsbrook: I have the terrible habit of getting migranes whenever I get sick so I usual become utterly useless for atleast 1 day when sick
but anyway let's dungeon some dragons



GM (GM): Alrighty

So there are two ways we can approach the fundamental problem of the power vacuum

Option 1: We RP it out tediously over the course of four hours

Option 2: Y'all collude on an acceptable solution and we implement it off-camera, and pick up the journey with y'all leaving Vallaki with the wedding dress, to go (presumably) rescue what's his face



Marcus Veranius: Kasimir

GM (GM): That's the guy



Liliet (Suldae): I like option 2 if we manage it



Henry of Willowsbrook: I'd also prefer 2



Suldae Westwind: and I'm still nominating the Martikovs

They are reasonable and reliable so far, have a lot of tools for managing the city and likely a lot of contacts, are aware of everything we've found out so far (I assume lol) and they put us close to power in Vallaki

since the wereravens in the party are basically adopted into the family



Marcus Veranius: I second the Martikovs. They hold the wine, which means they hold the power. Speaking realistically, it's them or anarchy.



GM (GM): Aight, so there are some ground rules:

Whoever takes over as "Burgomaster" must be a single character you already know. You'll spend some coin getting them elected, because everyone knows it's all about advertising costs. At this point you have the Guard faction on your side. In the Burgomaster's mansion you found a calendar of all the parades and ceremonies, so those traditions can be carried on.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Or them working with whoever else we put into power



Marcus Veranius: Strahd is declaring war on Ravenkind. We're going to need a defensive perch and Vallaki is as good as any.



Suldae Westwind: I'd nominate Danika, but honestly she can nominate whoever she thinks is right for the job



Marcus Veranius: Having the Feathers control Vallaki directly reduces Izek-like complications



Suldae Westwind: Mhm

I don't think we have the information on who in the Martikov family / Keepers of the Feather does what best, but I bet Danika does, so going to her for this sounds reasonable. So effectively we're putting the power in her hands, but she's not necessarily the one holding the seal in the end

I admit I also don't remember any other Martikovs separately

>x>

Tops has the NPC hart right



Marcus Veranius: Her husband Adrian, their children, and 15-20 randomly named wereravens



Suldae Westwind: *chart



GM (GM): I believe the husband's name is Urwin



Suldae Westwind: that ounds right



Marcus Veranius: Err

Yes

Urwin



GM (GM): Danika is the one who runs the bar, though, so she is more likely to have name-recognition in Vallaki

Now, did you want to do anything about the prisoners?



Henry of Willowsbrook: Who are those?



Marcus Veranius: Milivij goes free.



GM (GM): Supposed rebels, mostly

Danika will take whatever recommendations you give her



Hiere Unthere: (sorry I'm late forgot about the timezone change)



GM (GM): Father Lucien still has not been seen, so the church is currently unmanned.



Marcus Veranius: Father Lucien has his church boy and the church boy has Milivoj



Suldae Westwind: We don't actually know these people personally and she presumably does



GM (GM): Aight

I think that puts things in a relatively stable position

If nobody objects to the arrangements so far, or has anything else they'd like to do before leaving Vallaki

Oh, advertising costs: **82** gold pieces



Marcus Veranius: In addition to Milivoj, assuming we have arrest records: Pardon any prison arrested for crimes against the burgomaster's pride



Suldae Westwind: i'll put that in the ledger

oh yes lol

good point



Marcus Veranius: I'm not saying release the guys who actually murdered people. Or evaded taxes.

But I assume the prisons are full of those that looked at the Burgomaster funny and got brigged for it



Suldae Westwind: honestly it would be fascinating to try and make sense of how Vallaki is run and how it should be run

but I don't think *all* of us would love to spend 4 hours discussing that



GM (GM): To be completely transparent, it would be very painful to me. The notes on Vallakian government are very slim, and I would have to make up a bunch of BS about their laws and tax codes. It also will have almost no bearing upon future gameplay.



Suldae Westwind: Oh, we should talk to Danika about exactly how much of an asset Blinsky can be, if given tasks he finds interesting and creative space



GM (GM): Basically, all of the ruling class is dead




Suldae Westwind: and especially assistance, funding and whatever he needs

yeeeeep





Hiere Unthere: all 2 ruling class?

 **Suldae Westwind:** that's p much what I thought so

 **GM (GM):** Yes

 **Marcus Veranius:** **ARREST STRAHD FOR TAX EVASION UNDER THE ALIAS OF VASILI VON HOLTZ**

 **GM (GM):** Basically it's the Burgomaster and the Wachterhouse, and that's as far as they get for having nobles in Vallaki, at least per the module


 **Suldae Westwind:** oooo Marcus how did you do that


 **GM (GM):** Asterisks, I believe


 **Suldae Westwind:** like this?


ooooo

neato

 **Marcus Veranius:**

 **Suldae Westwind:** I'm not going to abuse this I promise


 **GM (GM):** You can do *italics* too


 **Suldae Westwind:** yeah i found those already XD

 **Hiere Unthere:** ~~whaaaat~~

 **Suldae Westwind:** rip

 **Hiere Unthere:** oh wait nvm

 **Suldae Westwind:** i was just going to try that

 **GM (GM):** ~does it do slash through?~


Nope

 **Suldae Westwind:** third!


`\can I do this?`

no

rip

 **GM (GM):** But you can do ***Bold And Italics***

 **Hiere Unthere:** what about `

 **GM (GM):** And `Code`

`code``

 **Hiere Unthere:** `code``

 **GM (GM):** Code `

 **Hiere Unthere:** `reeee``

GM (GM): Why so glitchy



Henry of Willowsbrook: Barovia is a county or a mark so having three nobel houses next to strahd sounds about right



GM (GM): Code



Suldae Westwind: anyway Blinsky is a priceless asset and the Martikovs need to appreciate hat



Hiere Unthere: code?`
`codee`



GM (GM): On your recommendation, they will do so



Hiere Unthere: ok got it



GM (GM): He will be taken as a member of the fledgling government



Marcus Veranius: o-o

Maybe don't make Blinsky a government official?



Suldae Westwind: Suldae, as a bard, would emphasize that they need to 1) keep an eye on his projects and 2) not pressure him into anything he doesn't want to do



GM (GM): Not necessarily an official



Hiere Unthere: dew it



GM (GM): More like a consultant



Marcus Veranius: He's an artist and a brilliant man but not the kind of brilliant I want in Vallaki's government

Kindof the same Brilliant the Burgomaster had



GM (GM): Basically it's an excuse to give him a steady income and refer to him with technical problems he might be able to solve



Suldae Westwind: I was thinking more like magic anti-vampire crossbows for the city guard, etc and that!



Marcus Veranius: Oh, yeah. That'd be good enough



GM (GM): Also, this way they can pay him specifically to do research projects



Suldae Westwind: Mhm!



Marcus Veranius: Just... I dont want to come back and see Vallaki's walls replaced with bone pillars that giggle menacingly to ward off intruders



Hiere Unthere: do we need an official festival holder?



GM (GM): You're more likely to come back to autonomous guards
Or autonomous festivals

Suldae Westwind: Have I mentioned 'keep an eye on his projects'?

I think I did



Henry of Willowsbrook: Only thing I can think of for Henry would be checking in on the Cook before we leave town (we should give her a name at this point to)



Suldae Westwind: those two options sound good lol

So, a fascinating question. Is there anyone left in the town who'd make trouble for Ireena if she showed her real face?

* who'd make effective, real trouble that would have long term negative consequences for the party or for the town?



Marcus Veranius: Strahd. :u



Suldae Westwind: *in the town*



Marcus Veranius: Implying he doesn't have eyes on the town



Suldae Westwind: He already knows she's with us



Marcus Veranius: Fair...



Suldae Westwind: If his eyes are stupid enough to mess with us if she shows her face, we get bonus 'flushed out Strahd's spies' points



GM (GM): Izek was the last threat to her safety within the town, actually



Suldae Westwind: Thought so.



GM (GM): Although Strahd does have loyal followers here still



Suldae Westwind: Makes sense :)



GM (GM): Most of them are rats

BRB



Suldae Westwind: While the advertising campaign is ongoing, Suldae takes the opportunity to make as much of it as possible an ongoing date with Ireena

I'm going to assume most of the advertizing actually falls on the party bard, but Ireena can *be there* too.

Copious abuse of Thaumaturgy and Prestidigitation is to be assumed.



Henry of Willowsbrook: I would assume having Henry around to publicly endorse Danika helps with the advertising



Suldae Westwind: I imagine so :D



Marcus Veranius: "I want YOU, to vote Danika as mayor!"



Suldae Westwind: I never said it was *only* Suldae and Ireena who were doing this.



Marcus Veranius: >Henry pointing



Suldae Westwind: Henry presumably gets the city guard to be visibly, audibly and tangibly with us

putting up fliers and whatnot



Henry of Willowsbrook: That or "extra drills"



Suldae Westwind: The *important* part is taking care of Ireena.

Suldae trusts Henry to figure it out, really



Henry of Willowsbrook: So thats the Leadership sorted, Blinsky employed and Ireena and Suldae get to be lovy-dovy in public for a bit anything else?



GM (GM): Any last-minute purchases?

With gooseberry, rations become sort of meaningless

goodberry*

Arrows, Crossbow bolts, Lantern oil, Alchemist's Fire?

Anybody want to make some Holy Water in the church's big fancy bowl?



Henry of Willowsbrook: hm no my Pick takes care of Henrys lack of reliable ranged options so



Suldae Westwind: (I'm not going to rp dates in detail, but I would like to formally note that Suldae is *attentive* above all and what opinions/wishes/etc Ireena has she'll know. If something comes up, I'll be asking the DM what Ireena thinks about something as if Suldae would know that)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus will receive his toy crossbow commission and restock up on rations. Inner Birb is particular about meals and would be upset about cheating with Goodberry



Suldae Westwind: Goodberry is not cheating, it's a quality magic banana



Hiere Unthere: Hiere will pick up some alchemists fire just in case



GM (GM): Ireena will spend some time researching the magic gems that we all forgot about, which were taken from the dragon's gullet



Suldae Westwind: OH

I know what Suldae wants to buy



Henry of Willowsbrook: Right we had some of those



Marcus Veranius: I think we put a few of them in the items in hopes ot makes them magic



Suldae Westwind: Dear party! What are your sguggestions about useful Tiny Servant items?



Marcus Veranius: Tiny servant items?



Suldae Westwind: I remembered the gem, it was in my notes



Hiere Unthere: ooooh we gotta get something for Animate Objects too



Suldae Westwind: Suldae can use the 3rd level Tiny Servant spell that lasts 8 hours



GM (GM): I've always heard caltrops or ball bearings are good for both of those



Suldae Westwind: last time i used it on a knife so it could get through doors

ooooooooo

GM (GM): Although an animated Net wouldn't be a bad idea



Henry of Willowsbrook: Caltrops was what I was going to suggest



GM (GM): For the purposes of Tiny Servant I am going to treat it as though they have spider-climbing abilities, because it's just more humorous that way

Anybody recall how many of those little magic gems there were in total?



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry wants to check in on the Cook before we leave just out of concern for her wellbeing nothing else nope no other reason)

Cook: "Oh! It's you! Every time you come into town, I lose an employer!"



Suldae Westwind: hmm, would connecting them with a thin chain make it so I can animate several at once as a single Servant?



Henry of Willowsbrook: "well I uh hmm I'm sorry? It's not on purpose"

The Cook comes closer, drying her hands on her apron. She extends a strong but graceful hand to shake. "My name is Joan. You've now saved my life, and saved me from a bad employer — twice."

Joan: "Say, you wouldn't happen to be hiring, would you?"

"I've always wanted to travel, more."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh gods no I mean I-We would certainly hire you but well travel in Barovia is a dangerous affair" Henry sputters out eyes wide "But when it comes to time to leave here I-we'd certainly be glad to have you accompany us"

"I'm Henry by the way" he adds taking her hand

The Cook smiles.

Joan: "I'm not afraid. As long as you're around, what's to be afraid of? I have lived my whole life in fear, but knowing someone like you is around, I feel safer than I ever have."

"I promise I don't cost much, and I mostly keep to myself. I'm very tidy, and my cooking is worth it."

"Please, sir. It would be an honor to work for a knight such as yourself."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'm no knight and Joan, we are going to get into a whole lot of danger in the time to come and I couldn't live with myself if I were to drag you into it" Henry says

Joan: "Well, I don't see how you're going to physically stop me, and I've already packed a bag."

"You'll see after the first meal if I'm worth the coin or not."



Suldae Westwind: (Henry, are you following the horses discussion in the chat?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh Light have mercy there is no stoping you is there" Henry whispers



Suldae Westwind: (Presumably by the time this talk takes place you're already aware we're buying horses)

(Which means that either Joan needs one, or she can't keep up)

Joan: "I won't even need a horse, I can ride with you."

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Lorelei all over again" Henry whispers to himself "Okay fine Joan consider yourself hired" He says with an overly defeated tone "Now let's introduce you to the others"



Suldae Westwind:

13

PERSUASION (9)
Suldae Westwind

25

PERSUASION (9)
Suldae Westwind

Joan smiles



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Friends, Rictavio meet our new employee Joan who'll come with us from now on" Henry says to the rest meeting them in the Inn

Joan: "Hello all! Thank you so much for hiring me, I won't let you down!"



Hiere Unthere: (is hiere floating midair)

Danika: "Oh, that reminds me, the food from the Burgomaster's mansion. I had Urwin take it into the storehouses because it was only going to rot. We will be distributing it to the poor and needy, but I wanted to send some of it with you."

"At least now you'll have someone who knows how to prepare a traditional Vallakian feast."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We basically had to hire her" Henry says tersely "Practically no choice"



Ireena Kolyana: "Eureka!" Shouts Ireena, loud enough to shake the rafters. She comes barreling down the stairs two at a time. Something small and pink is flashing as it circles her head. "I figured out how to activate them! They're a few magic words away from being loun stones!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Amazing" Henry says before turning to look at Ireena and tilting his head "What's an loun stone?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh, hello. Who's this?"

Joan: "Joan. I'm your new cook!"



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh! Pleasure to meet you. About time we had a proper cook."

"Right, sorry, loun stones."

"An loun stone is a magical item that grants a certain power or protection. It orbits the bearer, like so:" She points at the small pink gem currently floating around her head, pulsing faintly with pink light.

"This one is acting as a stone of Absorption. It can absorb spells that are cast at me! Well, as long as the spell doesn't have too much energy, at least."

"Each of the gems we got seems to have a natural harmonic energy, and by enhancing that, I've been able to bring out the attributes of each of them."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere nods sagely from wherever he is.



Ireena Kolyana: "This one is a Stone of Absorption. That one is a Stone of Awareness. This one is a Stone of Fortitude. This one is a Stone of Mastery. This one is a Stone of Protection. And this one is a Stone of Intellect!"

As she speaks, she holds out a handful of small, colorful gems, and points at each in turn with her fingertip.



Suldae Westwind: "Can I have the Mastery one?" Suldae perks up. She knows what these are from her arcane studies, and is pretty sure that particular one will be more useful with her than with anyone else in the party.



Ireena Kolyana: "Sure!"



Suldae Westwind: (my dicord froze)
(and this too)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Just talking loun stone distripution

GM: (Suldae, you still alive?)
(Also, Able?)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae reverently holds her hands out and touches the stone. She'd hoped she would get to see some of the legendary treasures she'd learned about at the temple, but actually *owning* one is far beyond her imagination. Many things have been, on this journey - including the woman holding the stones right now - but it's still *special* special when her vision tints green for a moment, and she feels her memory and focus, vision and hearing, even touch and reflexes sharpen. It's as if a veil had been removed from the world. This actually scares her - what will she feel like if it's ever gone? But the mission they're on right now is too dangerous for her to avoid the stone because of that hypothetical. She asks her raven sister - who is enjoying the benefits of it just as much as she is - to remind her to practice parting with it as soon as it's safe enough, and she reluctantly agrees. Relying on one's own wings is always better.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hm I'll take these if noone minds" Henry says reaching for Apsorption and Awareness



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena reluctantly gives up her Absorption stone so that Henry can have it.



Suldae Westwind: (ok so I could not read the flavor text wwhile everything was frozen, just pretend the second half of this takes place after a short rest of attunement)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Lliet we totally picked up that Magic Armor we had definately made)

GM: (No attunement required for these particular stones -- no worries)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "hm" Henry decides to let Ireena keep the absorption stone "Know what I'll take this one instead" reaching for Fortitude



Suldae Westwind: have i mentioned my everyting froze?



Henry of Willowsbrook: Yes



Suldae Westwind: (actually ill rewrite the hole thing)
i hate it when things freeze
ok gotcha



Ireena Kolyana: There's no need to rewrite the thing :)

GM: (There's no need to rewrite the thing -- it works because there's no attunement required for these particular loun stones, so you're all good)



Suldae Westwind: oh, no attunement okay

GM: (Looks like Able's computer died, but he can pop back in when he manages to)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (can we ignor my last thing with the Absorption stone)



Suldae Westwind: i had not yet seen wht you typed when i wrote that you see

GM: (I'm confused: are you taking the Absorption stone or not?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I take it and Awareness)

GM: (Okie doke)

(Ireena will take Fortitude, if no one else wants it)



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, should we get a move on? We're wasting daylight here."

GM: (BTW, what time is it?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (In game or irl?)

GM: (Shall we assume it's the morning following the assassination of the Burgomaster?)

(In-game, naturally)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Morning to early afternoon after seting everything up and talking to Joan I'd say)

GM: brb



Marcus Veranius: Marcus (and presumably Ezmerelda) return from shopping with all the equipment requested by the party. Nothing like an afternoon of shopping for hunting gear!

"I see, so THESE arrow points are the ones I ought to be investing in? Kindof just assumed anything pointy and aimed at the enemy would do."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Marcus, Ezme this is Joan our new cook,"

Joan: "Pleased to meet you."



Marcus Veranius blinks. He recognizes this person.



Marcus Veranius: ...he never figured out of she caught on to Suldae's 'condition' during their raid of the Wachter estate.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry walks over to Marcus and whispers in his ear "She hired herself when I went to chek on her this morning"




Marcus Veranius: "Pleasure to work with you again! My apologies for our earlier meeting."

Joan: "Think nothing of it. You've now saved me from two bad employers, and I'm happy to have the chance to work for some heroes for a change."





Ireena Kolyana: "Well, we'd better start thinking about hitting the road. If Kasimir has died, we're on a tight schedule to get him back."


Joan: "You would revive the dead?"


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Don't worry, it's not in a necromantic way."

Joan: "Yes, there's nothing romantic about the idea..."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I mean it's not dark sorcery or anything."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry suppresses a chuckle before turning serious "It is a complicated story"

 **Marcus Veranius smirks. *"I'd worry about who we're stealing the corpse from before we talk about how its coming back to life."***


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Did you mention we were going after Baba Lysaga?"


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Yes," says Ireena.


Joan gasps audibly.

Joan: "The Baba Lysaga?"

"How exciting!"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Ah, so you've heard stories about her!"

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "...Not the reaction I would have ho-expected" Henry weakly says


 **Marcus Veranius:** "...please inform me of them, because I have no idea who she is outside of being some witch."


Joan: "It's said that she is a powerful old hag who lives in a swamp, surrounded by evil, animated scarecrows. She steals children, or her cultists do — or that was always the rumor, anyway. There have always been rumors that she had some connection to the haunted windmill outside town."

"I don't know much about her."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Excuse me, when you say 'hag'..."


Joan: "Yes, *that* kind of hag."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Ah. Well, this should be fun."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Excuse me when you say 'Haunted Windmill Outside of Town'."
"That wouldn't happen to be the Bonegrinder?"

Joan: "Yes, that's the one. Old Bonegrinder."


"Creepy name, right? I always wondered why it was called that."

 **Marcus Veranius frowns. *So Lysaga was the one responsible for his windmill's supposed squatters...***

GM: (Did y'all ever clear the windmill? I can't recall)

 **Marcus Veranius:** (A bird told us not to go in there so we didnt)

GM: (Oh, excellent)

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Hag you say" Henry says dismayed remembering the stories his Nan had told him and his sister about those "Well this ought to be interesting"

GM: (I mean oh, good to know)



Marcus Veranius: (GM hastily merges two encounters into one)



Ireena Kolyana: "We should be very cautious. Hags usually live for centuries, and they don't do that by being stupid or weak."

"Hags can produce more hags, too. It's said they can consume a human child in a dark ritual, and produce another hag by that means."

"One hag is a terrifying threat. Multiple hags? That's a real danger."

"It's said that their coven-magic is equal to that of powerful wizards."



Marcus Veranius: "...should we clear the Windmill out first then? Cut Baba Lysaga off from her coven?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Do we have the time?"



Rictavio: "In my personal experience, killing the leader of a coven first is the wiser approach."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I don't know... If there is a coven of them, leaving them alive is a sure-fire way to ensure that they seek out vengeance."



Marcus Veranius: "It's been a single day. Given that I can help us cut through off-roads brush without a speed delay, we have time to remove both."



Rictavio: "Personally, I would rather take a powerful hag unawares, and suffer the vengeance of her brood, than to eradicate the brood, and leave an enraged arch-hag on the loose."

"Hags are crafty and devious, and they can disguise themselves at will."



Marcus Veranius: "We are NOT catching Baba Lysaga unawares. She's naturally our next target."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Marcus has a good point there."



Marcus Veranius: "Where else would we go? She has our friend."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "And if we're fast enough, we can wipe out the whole coven in one day."



Ireena Kolyana: "What if they slow us down, though? We don't have unlimited time. Even if we get to Kasimir in time, we still have to take him all the way to Krezk."



Marcus Veranius: "Our travel times are in hours. Assuming one day has passed and one more in total of travel..."

"Five days. We have five days to destroy a coven."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I say we go after Lysaga first even if the coven comes after us later we would both get Kasimir back and deprive Strahd of another asset" Henry says



Marcus Veranius: "Aight then, we go straight for the head."



Ireena Kolyana: "Suldae? What do you think?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs, busy trying trills on her flute with the new clarity of the stone floating around her head.

"I would be onboard with either plan."

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well then let us go kill a witch...and her posse" Henry says

The party leaves Vallaki, mounted on their new black warhorses.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (mines brown tho)

Henry's heavenly steed is a heavenly shade of brown, unlike the black warhorses ridden by the rest of the party. After journeying west across the Luna River bridge, the party heads south along the river's edge.

Halfway along the journey, they see, to the west, a quiet promontory upon which looms a sepulchral mansion, its turrets capped with fairytale cones, its towers lined with sculpted battlements. A third of the structure has collapsed, as has part of the roof, but the rest appears intact. A dark, octagon tower rises above the surrounding architecture. As the party sees Argynvostholt for the first time, there comes a distant peal of thunder through the fog, quickly accompanied by the howling of wolves in the woods nearby. The house stands silent, seeming like the fossilized remains of some long-dead thing smote upon the mountainside.



Rictavio: "That, then, must be Argynvostholt."



Marcus Veranius: "Revenant castle."

"That's where that Silver Dragon soldier hailed from, per his claims."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "According to my map, that means we're getting close. Berez should be just up ahead. How do we want to proceed?"

GM: (Naturally, Ismark has reunited with the party by this point, to much fanfare)



Marcus Veranius: "She's expecting wereravens to retaliate for the mill. I don't see a feasible ambush point."



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae's horse is named Twilight)

(This is important information)

Ahead, the dirt and grass of the trail soon turns to mash as the trail dissolves into spongy earth pockmarked with stands of tall reeds and pools of stagnant water. A thick shroud of fog covers all.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We should avoid putting our backs toward the river, wouldn't want limit our way of retreat ourselves"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is tooting on the flute as quietly as is possible. The fog helps mask the sound - only the party can hear her.



Rictavio: "I would argue that the odds are very good that she already knows we are here."

"Stealth seems to me to be a pointless waste of effort."

"Scouting the terrain is not a bad idea, though."

"Who knows what kinds of ambushes might be possible, here in the swamp?"



Marcus Veranius: "A number too many. I could guide us through the more difficult mountainside and we can attack from high ground."



Suldae Westwind: "That sounds good to me," Suldae offers, pausing her playing for a moment.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I agree"

Suldae Westwind: Oh! Also, we got only 7 horses, with the assumption that some of the party members will be traveling in raven form.

This sounds like Ireena and Ezmerelda are birds rn
either that, or sharing the saddle

The party journeys along the mountainside, approaching Berez from the northwest.

GM: (One word of warning -- this map is gigantic, each square is 100 feet)
(The fog makes it impossible to see more than 120 feet)



Tops K.: (Well GOOD NEWS. The fog extends to my max crossbow range)



Hiere Unthere: (charge has returned)

Scattered throughout the marsh are old peasant cottages, their walls covered with black mildew, their roofs mostly caved in. These decrepit dwellings seem to hunker down in the mire, as though they have long since given up on escaping the thick mud. Everywhere you look, black clouds of flies dart around, hungry for blood. From your vantage point on the hillside, you can see down onto the lake of fog which seems to swirl and twist its way above the marsh. The dark structures emerge from it like the bones of some ruined beast, languishing in a sea of white mist.

To the east, the nearest structures seem like crumbled peasant cottages. To the south you see the empty shell of an old stone church, and beyond it, something that resembles a mansion.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stops playing, so it's easier to hear anything off.

On the far side of the river, to the east, the fog seems thinner. A circle of standing stones is there, and in the midst of them you see what looks like a lantern's light.

The fog lies thickest in the middle of the village. It seems to swirl there with an almost unnatural movement...



Suldae Westwind: Suldae points towards the light.

"I'd suggest we check whatever's there first"



Rictavio: "And how do you propose we cross the river?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "One or two of us could just fly over."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry unslings his shield from his back and quietly says to Joan "When things get dangerous get on Corazon here okay? She'll keep you save"



Suldae Westwind: (Joan has her own warhorse and is leading another one)

(Well, okay, someone's probably riding that one, probably Ezme)

(But Joan had her own horse)

(Remember, we're mounted now)

Joan: "Alright." She seems quiet and pale, in the chilling atmosphere of the swamp.



Suldae Westwind: (That horse was the spare one in my calculations)

(And one more for Kasimir)

Joan: "Should I stay with the horses?"

"I can try to get us set up for some dinner."



Marcus Veranius: (Err, there isnt a river between us and the stone circles?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Mine can telepathically tell me if they are under attack and I can find it eaasily if it is not dead)



Suldae Westwind: > On the far side of the river, to the east, the fog seems thinner. A circle of standing stones is there, and in the midst of them you see what looks like a lantern's light.



Marcus Veranius: (Wew, its not drawn on the map)

GM: (The stone circle is (rather stupidly) not drawn on the map)

(It is marked, however -- I'll drop the marker so you can see it. It's "U6")



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is off her horse in a flash. Her guitar stays strapped to the saddle, and after a second's trepidation she leaves the bag with the tiny servant miscelany behind, too. This does not seem like the best environment for that.



Marcus Veranius: "May I make a suggestion before we move any further?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (river is 300ish ft wide we are not getting over there easily)



Marcus Veranius: "Another casting of Locate Object on Kasimir's belongings, assuming the corpse isn't too far from them."

"...hopefully not a corpse either."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere holds out his Dragoneye rod. "We can do better than that"



Suldae Westwind:

Blink

Transmutation 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 minute

Roll a d20 at the end of each of your turns for the duration of the spell. On a roll of 11 or higher, you vanish from your current plane of existence and appear in the Ethereal Plane (the spell fails and the casting is wasted if you were already on that plane). At the start of your next turn, and when the spell ends if you are on the Ethereal Plane, you return to an unoccupied space of your choice that you can see within 10 feet of the space you vanished from. If no unoccupied space is available within that range, you appear in the nearest unoccupied space (chosen at random if more than one space is equally near). You can dismiss this spell as an action. While on the Ethereal Plane, you can see and hear the plane you originated

from, which is cast in shades of gray, and you can't see anything there more than 60 feet away. You can only affect and be affected by other creatures on the Ethereal Plane. Creatures that aren't there can't perceive you or interact with you, unless they have the ability to do so.

SORRY

this was not intended

"Take care of Twilight," Suldae tells Joan seriously, patting the horse.

Joan: "I will."



Ireena Kolyana: "Before we go, I'd like to set up a place of security," says Ireena, dismounting. She takes Joan a short ways away from the horses and casts *Tiny Hut*.



Hiere Unthere:

Srying

Divination 5

Casting Time: 10 minutes

Range: Self

Target: A particular creature you choose that is on the same place of existence as you

Components: V, S, M (A focus worth at least 1,000 gp, such as a crystal ball, a silver mirror, or a font filled with holy water)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

You can see and hear a particular creature you choose that is on the same plane of existence as you. The target must make a Wisdom saving throw, which is modified by how well you know the target and the sort of physical connection you have to it. If a target knows you're casting this spell, it can fail the saving throw voluntarily if it wants to be observed. Knowledge Save Modifier Secondhand (you have heard of the target) +5 Firsthand (you have met the target) +0 Familiar (you know the target well) -5 Connection Save Modifier Likeness or picture -2 Possession or garment -4 Body part, lock of hair, bit of nail, or the like -10 On a successful save, the target isn't affected, and you can't use this spell against it again for 24 hours. On a failed save, the spell creates an invisible sensor within 10 feet of the target. You can see and hear through the sensor as if you were there. The sensor moves with the target, remaining within 10 feet of it for the duration. A creature that can see invisible objects sees the sensor as a luminous orb about the size of your fist. Instead of targeting a creature, you can choose a location you have seen before as the target of this spell. When

you do, the sensor appears at that location and doesn't move.



Ireena Kolyana: The ritual takes only a few minutes to complete, and when she is done, a dome of apparent darkness surrounds Joan.



Suldae Westwind: "...Couldn't you have set that to cover all of us in need?" Suldae asks, having been distracted for the duration.

GM: (Let's assume she did)

(The hut cannot move, but it will provide a place of safety if you retreat. It cannot cover the horses, unfortunately.)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere focuses on the thought of sweet, sweet, Kasimir.

"Does anyone have anything that previously belonged to Kasimir?"



Kasimir Velikov:

WISDOM SAVE
Kasimir Velikov

Save: 9



Suldae Westwind: (Looks like he's alive!)

Hiere's sensor manifests in a place of complete darkness. He can hear Kasimir's steady breathing in the gloom. The space feels tight and narrow. He smells dirt and fresh-cut pine.

Kasimir seems to be meditating.



Hiere Unthere: "He's alive! In the forest somewhere? It smells of freshly cut pine."



Marcus Veranius: "Freshly-cut pine... what else?"



Marcus Veranius is visibly happy to hear the news



Suldae Westwind: Suldae perks up as well, gladly.



Ireena Kolyana: "He's alive!?"



Rictavio: "Yes, that is very troubling..."



Marcus Veranius: "He's alive!"



Hiere Unthere: "Dirt.. I think he's trapped or hiding"



Rictavio: "The question we must ask ourselves is this: *Why* has he been kept alive?"



Marcus Veranius pauses.



Marcus Veranius: "...dirt, and fresh cut pine."



Rictavio: Rictavio laughs. "Well, that's grim."



Marcus Veranius: "Do... do you know anything else?"



Marcus Veranius doesn't look so happy anymore

Rictavio: "Suldae, my dear, how long do you think an elf in trance can control their breathing?"



Hiere Unthere: "It's completely dark, I can only hear his breathing"



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"Buried alive..."



Marcus Veranius clenches his fist



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh for fucks sake, burried alive ...really? What is this chapbook villaniy?"



Rictavio: "It does make him harder to find. And it keeps him as a bargaining chip."



Marcus Veranius: "We need to get to the center of the ruins. I can pinpoint his belongings with Locate Object, but it's range can't hit everything from here."



Rictavio: "One has to assume intent here."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena starts counting on her fingertips.



Suldae Westwind: (What do I roll to estimate that?)

(Suldae does not trance and has not grown up with her elf parent, but she is very well-educatd and would have paid attention to elf things)

GM: (Roll History with advantage)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena says "If she used magic to bury him, he could be as much as 120 feet down."

"Maybe deeper, if she can fly."



Hiere Unthere: (hiere is an elf- just saying)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (we keep forgetting that)



Marcus Veranius: "Well we

"We can just un-bury him."



Marcus Veranius doesn't sound confident...



Suldae Westwind:

15

10

HISTORY (7)
Suldae Westwind

"Hiere?" asks Suldae, who was paying more attention

(I wasn't but she was)



Hiere Unthere: (does he just know?)

GM: (Hiere would know from personal experience that a skilled elf can maintain the trance state indefinitely, breathing as little as a cubic foot of air per day.

(Suldae knows that an elf in trance can stay there, and that their breathing slows significantly. She does not have exact measurements.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Wait Hiere how much room is around him?"



Hiere Unthere: "It's quite tight, I cannot see *_anything_* though"
anything



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, we know who *does* know where he is."
"And I, for one, am eager to meet her."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (don't elves have dark vision and scrying says as if you were there so you should see something) "Ismark that thing you did when we were falling, do you think you could do that twice?"
"You would need to have space where ever you come out right?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Do you mean Dimension Door?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yes that



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Yes, I can do that. But I have to know the exact direction and distance, if I can't see the spot or visualize it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "hm something to keep in mind than" Henry says scratching his head
"Anyway let's go kill a witch"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes in and out. If Kasimir has held out for this long, he should be fine for the time it takes them to get to him, too.
"I still propose we circle around and check out the stones first."



Ireena Kolyana: "Wait, Hiere... You say you can't see *anything*? Not even shades of grey?"
"I thought elven eyes could pierce the darkness?"



Hiere Unthere: "absolutely nothing"



Marcus Veranius: "Magic horseshit maybe?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Magical darkness, maybe..."



Suldae Westwind: "We could detect that if we're close"



Ireena Kolyana: "It does make me wonder why he hasn't tried to teleport out..."



Marcus Veranius: "Do you think magical darkness counts as an object per Detect Objects?"



Ireena Kolyana: "It couldn't hurt to try? Maybe?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well we need to get closer no matter what" Henry says dismounting



Marcus Veranius: "Unless Henry can interrogate the swamp for more details."



Marcus Veranius starts heading towards the ruins



Suldae Westwind: Suldae perks up.

"Why Henry?"



Marcus Veranius: "Because... because I was being sarcastic."

"Don't tell me that's an option."



Suldae Westwind: "I can ask plants what happened. In a fairly small circle, though."

"30 feet radius or so."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Not how that works unless you are up to solving some needlessly cryptic riddle"



Marcus Veranius facepalms. Magic is nonsense



Suldae Westwind: "As long as what happened was within the circle and within a day, they'll tell me."

"Only, it's been more than a day.."



Ireena Kolyana: "Plants have short memories, I suppose."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods.

"Anyway, Marcus, do keep that in mind... for future opportunities that are not now because it took too long," her voice gets quieter towards the end of the line.

GM: (Who is casting the gigantic grey aura?)

(Ah, I see)

(I presume that's for Locate Objects)



Marcus Veranius: (Yee)

(That be the radius for Locate Objects when its cast)

(Smaller grey aura is the 120 vision ran-oh no)

Almost as soon as Marcus and Henry enter the fog, they are accosted by a swarm of biting flies.



GM (GM):

BITES (SWARM HAS MORE
THAN HALF HP)
Swarm of Wasps

Attack: **14** | **4**

Damage: **10** piercing

Luckily, the flies are not able to get past their armor — for now.



Marcus Veranius: "BEES"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ugh"



Suldae Westwind: (Wait, what's the plan? Why are just Marcus and Henry going somewhere? What did I miss?)

The flies are huge and hideous, with distended bodies and visible, spiked proboscii. They have clearly been enhanced by magical means, and are no natural beasts.

GM: (They were just the first to mention walking towards the swamp)



Marcus Veranius: "Oh god they get bigger every year!"



Suldae Westwind: (Ah, okay)

Suldae toots her flute and tries to blow the flies away.

(Flute) Gust

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 Action

Range: 30 ft

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

You seize the air and compel it to create one of the following effects at a point you can see within range:

One Medium or smaller creature that you choose must succeed on a Strength saving throw or be pushed up to 5 feet away from you.

You create a small blast of air capable of moving one object that is neither held nor carried and that weighs no more than 5 pounds. The object is pushed up to 10 feet away from you. It isn't pushed with enough force to cause damage.

You create a harmless sensory effect using air, such as causing leaves to rustle, wind to slam shutters shut, or your clothing to ripple in a breeze.

The sound is long and breathy.

GM: (They are physically incapable of resisting)

The flies are instantly blown away, and the fog is pushed back by about ten feet.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae keeps playing, encouraged by the effect.

The melody sounds more like a giant creature inhaling and exhaling, than anything.



Ireena Kolyana: "Maybe just... Keep playing that tune for a bit."

By the power of Suldae's magic, the fog is kept 30 feet away, increasing the visibility to 150 feet.



Marcus Veranius attempts to fire an arrow at bees



Marcus Veranius:

24

10

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork)

Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

22
Piercing



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rolls her eyes.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry swings his Pick at the closest large cluster



Suldae Westwind: The flies cannot approach.



Henry of Willowsbrook: cluster

31

30ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook

11 + 6
Piercing

2 + 5
Acid

(AHAHAHA)

Marcus manages to kill half the flies in the swarm with a single shot. Henry's huge Warpick comes hurtling through the remains of the swarm, and returns to his hand a moment later.



Suldae Westwind: (This strongly reminds me of shooting a crossbow at the broomstick that one time)

GM: (Well, they have resistance to piercing and bludgeoning. But Marcus is a damn good shot.)



Suldae Westwind: (Perhaps our mages should do something)

GM: (I'm picturing him shooting the wings off the flies.)



Suldae Westwind: (Well, if the flies are larger, the arrow *would* do more than just push them away with wind as it's flying through)

For the moment, the flies seem to be taken care of.



Marcus Veranius: (I'm imagining Source Film Maker quality as Marcus takes an arrow and smacks the bees)

"Goddamn bees!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stops playing for a moment. Not putting the flute far away from her lips she says: "Not to discourage our brave warriors, but perhaps if we're accosted by *flies* again one of our mages would be more effective"

"Who can blast fire that's smaller than fireball?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "These aren't be-y'know what I don't really care"



Hiere Unthere: "My fire is quite a large fire"



Suldae Westwind: "Or not fire, literally anything that's not trying to *shoot* a fly swarm."

"I know it worked, but it cost an arrow."

"It didn't have to."

"Those are flies."

"Don't... I'm not sure why I have to say 'don't shoot at flies' but apparently I do."

"...Ironically, Kaisimir seems like he would be the most helpful here," she adds in a quieter tone.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I don't know, I thought it was pretty impressive."



Hiere Unthere: "On the other hand- Marcus you are ridiculously good at shooting flies"



Suldae Westwind: *most

"It was. Just.. No. I'm not commenting on this any more."

Suldae resumes playing.

To the south, through the fog, you see a cemetery of leaning gravestones enclosed by a disintegrating iron fence. Half the cemetery has sunk into the mire. Beyond it, you see the empty shell of an old stone church.

To the east, through the fog, you see the crumbled walls of peasant huts. All that remains of them are stacked stone walls no more than three feet in height.



Marcus Veranius points towards the church. "If we can get closer to there, I can hit about half of the ruins with Detect Object."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So do we go through there to quickly learn if the graves occupants can visit us for a quick bite or do we go around and save us the surprise?"



Marcus Veranius: "I'd be surprised if they were. Strahd has to be running out of corpses by now."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I wouldn't bet on it."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir points to the cemetery, where several standing figures can be seen among the gravestones.



Marcus Veranius: "Well one can hope."



Marcus Veranius approaches the cemetery, hoping to get a better reading for his spell



Suldae Westwind: "There's probably a pretty good chance of Kasimir being in one of the graves," Suldae notes in between restarting the melody.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stays in front of Marcus as he approaches

Suddenly, from the fog just to the southeast, you see a figure standing on a single wooden post, arms akimbo.

At first, it seems human. Then you realize that it is a scarecrow.



Marcus Veranius raises his crossbow in surprise, then lowers it

It seems to be stuffed with raven feathers.



Marcus Veranius: "...what is this, Halloween?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "A Scare-Raven?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Animated scarecrows was it? Joan mentioned them"



Marcus Veranius: "Oh."

"Well that's a bit less tacky."



Marcus Veranius raises his crossbow again



Ireena Kolyana: "Wait! We can save the bolt."



Suldae Westwind: "Can anyone burn it easily?" Suldae asks.



Ismark Kolyanovich:

Eldritch Blast

Evocation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A creature within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

A beam of crackling energy streaks toward a creature within range. Make a ranged spell attack against the target. On a hit, the target takes 1d10 force damage. The spell creates more than one beam when you reach higher levels: two beams at 5th level, three beams at 11th level, and four beams at 17th level. You can direct the beams at the same target or at different ones. Make a separate attack roll for each beam.



Suldae Westwind: "...Yeah, like that."



Ismark Kolyanovich raises his finger and looses three bolts of crimson energy, which spear into the immobile creature. 10 to hit, 23 to hit, 29 to hit, dealing 8, 11, and 12.

The Scarecrow bursts into flames, and soon withers in a shower of sparks and burning feathers.

Within seconds, all that remains is a wooden pole.



Rictavio: "She can't seriously think that this would protect her from us..."



Suldae Westwind: (I just checked, and boht Ezmerelda and Hierie have Fire Bolt)
(Which is what Suldae was heavily hinting at)



Marcus Veranius: "From us? No. Does make a good assurance that only we show up for the big guns."



Suldae Westwind: "Let's just keep moving," Suldae suggests and starts playing again.



Marcus Veranius moves towards the side of the graveyard, hoping to get as much ruins into his spell range as possible



Marcus Veranius: "Alright, I think this is good."

The fog to the east is impenetrable — it seems to have closed down around something in the midst of it, shielding it from view.

Marcus Veranius: "That... is concerning."

Suldae and Henry both sense a malevolent presence there -- an arcane presence like the feeling of a nature spirit, but twisted into darkness.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae frowns at that direction.

"There's something... there. Like a nature spirit, but corrupted."

"What would have happened at the winery if we weren't there, I'm guessing"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Fuck a fowl that feels rotten"



Marcus Veranius: "Baba Lysaga IS in posession of one Winery seed of three."

"Perhaps she's corrupted it for her own uses."

"I can only assume anything that can give Strahd a finger on his no-farms policy has to be innately powerful."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Keep looking or home visitation?"



Suldae Westwind: "I'm going to repeat my suggestion to check whatever's across the river first."

"The fog was thinner there."



Marcus Veranius: "Let's pause for a bit and do some arcane recon. If Kasimir is within the primary ruins, I'll be able to find him."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Only you two Ireena and Ezme can easily cross the river"



Suldae Westwind: "Good point."

"And yeah."

"But we should all get closer first."



Marcus Veranius casts his spell



Marcus Veranius:

Locate Object

Divination 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V, S, M (A forked twig)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

Describe or name an object that is familiar to you. You sense the direction to the object's location, as long as that object is within 1,000 feet of you. If the object is in motion, you know the direction of its movement. The spell can locate a specific object known to you, as long as you have seen it up close—within 30 feet—at least once. Alternatively, the spell can locate the nearest object of a particular kind, such as a certain kind of apparel, jewelry, furniture, tool, or weapon. This spell can't locate an object if any thickness of lead, even a

thin sheet, blocks a direct path between you and the object.

(OH! its 10 minutes!)

(I can just hold this)



Suldae Westwind: (I was assuming you already were lmao)

GM: (What are you attempting to locate?)



Suldae Westwind: (and then I realized you weren't and thought it didn't work like that)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I can as well with this but I'd have to swim and I'd rather not this close to Baba Lasgas haunt"



Marcus Veranius: (Well you see, I'm a dumbass)



Suldae Westwind: (This is not worse than the Rope Trick fiasco)



Marcus Veranius: (Nothing can be worse than Rope Trick)



Suldae Westwind: (dont SAY that)



Marcus Veranius attempts to sense for Kasimir's specific style of clothes with the spell, assuming he hasn't been stripped naked in his prison

Marcus senses that Kasimir's clothing is within the large structure to the south of the church.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (we lost our Elf Wizard...the funny one I mean)



Marcus Veranius: "Kasimir's clothes are there."

Marcus senses Kasimir's clothes are several hundred feet underground.



Marcus Veranius: "...he's several hundred feet underground."

"Let's hope for an extensive basement."



Marcus Veranius starts following the spell's direction



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I have been slacking with my church going, my Ma would be disapointed"
Henry says rolling his shoulders to limber up following Marcus

The structure seems to be a mansion, which was once built on higher ground. It has been reduced to piles of stone and rotting timber. Empty, arched windows stare at you. South of the ruin, an untamed garden runs rampant, surrounded by broken walls that are no longer able to contain it. East of the ruin, someone has erected a crude wooden fence, forming a circular yard in which several goats are penned. Surmounting the fence posts are human skulls.




Suldae Westwind: Suldae snorts and follows, abandoning her flute playing for the moment to clutch the holy symbol.

The church lies to the west of the crumbled mansion. As you pass towards the mansion's doors, you can see through the crumbled windows of the church, and see the vast bell, sitting atop the altar, where it fell when the tower collapsed.





Marcus Veranius: "This might have been quite the town back in its day."

"Shame it's ended up like this."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I wonder what happened here?..."


 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae shivers.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena seems oddly thoughtful, as though she is remembering something from long, long ago.
She seems puzzled.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "If Vallaki is a good example, plenty of things."

 **Rictavio:** "One imagines that Strahd happened here," says Rictavio.

 **Suldae Westwind:** For once, her bard curiosity takes the back seat to pure horrified "I don't want to know"
She doesn't say that though.


 **Rictavio:** "A wizard of his power could easily cause the river to flood, forming the marsh."


 **Suldae Westwind:** And she notices Iren's condition.


"Ireena, do you know anything?"


"I'm not sure the river just flooding once would be enough for a marsh, but... this place is messed up."


"The whole of Barovia, I mean."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "If intuition says anything, this is what Valakii will look like if we don't stop Strahd."
"Maybe a bit less wet."


 **Rictavio:** "Once they no longer entertain him, yes. I imagine the lake to the north of Vallaki could be easily made to do something similar."


 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Quit empathizing with the ancient Vampire, Ricky. It makes you seem macabre."


 **Rictavio:** "I *am* macabre! I have spent many years cultivating just such an appeal."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "That was empathizing?"


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "You have appeal?"

 **Suldae Westwind:** "I suppose Rictavio doesn't know how to do it properly."

 **Marcus Veranius ignores the bickering and enters the mansion proper, hoping his spell might reveal a way downwards soon enough**

 **Suldae Westwind:** (we lost most of the party)

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Shows that effort spend doesn't equal resluts"
results

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae abandons the spell as she looks around and listens carefully instead.

26

PERCEPTION (10)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: (This already compressed map isnt big enough for 8 tokens walking about)
(We'll jump them over when combat starts)



Suldae Westwind: (fair)

Suldae notices that there are nine goats in the pen to the east of the mansion. They appear to be ordinary goats. There are fifty human skulls, impaled on the fenceposts of the gateless enclosure.

The ruined mansion is littered with the rotted and mildew-covered remains of furniture and grand decor. It must once have been even grander than the Wachterhouse or the house of the Burgomaster of Vallaki.

There are several doorways leading onward into other parts of the mansion. The stairs rise halfway to the crumbled second floor, then they break, and their remains litter the floor.



Marcus Veranius treads carefully, trying not to test what remains of this house's durability



Marcus Veranius: "Right then, start looking for a basement."



Suldae Westwind:

8

INVESTIGATION (5)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius peeks about for a ladder or trapdoor



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is too busy looking at everything to actually search for trapdoors.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I mean it's not that bad, a couple nice rugs and a bit of work and this place could be a nice little home" Henry jokes

Quite suddenly, the fog races in through the gaping windows, and swirls tightly in the middle of the grand entry hall. A figure takes its shape from the fog, assuming the form of a giant of a man, his features mutilated and his entrails hanging out like frayed ropes. Despite its intimidating presence, the apparition has a cringing light in its eyes. "Why do you invade my home? Begone, I beseech you!"



Marcus Veranius is rather sick of this land's ghostly lords and their haunted estates



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Huh sorry we took the lack of door...or walls as a sign this lot was open to all comers2

"



Marcus Veranius: "Assist me in removing my stolen friend from your property and you will have all the peace you desire."

"Not a second sooner."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We really won't trouble you long"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae bows to the guy.



Henry of Willowsbrook: 'one way or another' He adds mentally

The ghost looks over the gathered adventurers.

"Aren't you frightened? You should be frightened."

"Is not my visage horrific?"



Marcus Veranius: "You are quite frightening ser, I will give you that. But I care very much for my acquaintance, whom I would be dead without."

"The devil himself wouldn't keep me out of this estate."



Suldae Westwind: "We're frightened of everything around here," Suldae pipes in.

"You just stop reacting after a while."



Ireena Kolyana: "We've seen worse."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Eeh I have seen worse in my nightmares, even the ones that weren't personal" Henry says "I maybe shouldn't have said that out loud"

At the sound of Ireena's voice, the ghost seems to freeze in place. His eyes widen. His lip trembles.

"Marina...?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae touches her holy symbol and sends a whispered prayer to Corellon for insight into what kind of creature this is

23

RELIGION (11)
Suldae Westwind

"..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ah...Shit"



Suldae Westwind: Ah, reincarnation.

Suldae realizes that this man is, in fact, a ghost. He has been bound by a curse, and a great evil power binds him to this plane. He cannot rest, because this power will not let him.

"Forgive me, Marina... It seems I was not strong enough to save you."



Suldae Westwind: ...Well, that sounds bad.

"Her name is Ireena, these days," Suldae says gently.

"You can help."

"She is still not Strahd's."

That this man would be happy about that is a guess. An educated one, though.

The ghost collapses to the floor, and struggles against tears.



Marcus Veranius holds firm, polite as he can but with unbreakable resolve. It may seem almost cruel, but more cruel were these circumstances.



Marcus Veranius: "Where did the hag bury my friend?"

"I killed you for nothing..."



Ireena Kolyana: "What do you mean?"

Ireena's voice shakes.

She seems, almost, to be remembering something...



Suldae Westwind: Suldae edges closer to Ireena and takes her hand.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Light be kind" Henry murmurs

"Of course, you don't remember... You were my daughter, once. Marina. The bastard-king saw you, and loved you, and by his power he seduced you. You were turning, my child. You were becoming like him. I could not bear it. I and the priest, Brother Grigor, killed you -- to save your soul from damnation."

"Strahd slew us in his rage, and cursed me, and cursed the village. The river rose. The people fled. The marsh crept in."

"And all this time, I have lingered here, not knowing... Not knowing if what we did was wise..."



Ireena Kolyana: A tear rolls down Ireena's cheek.

"It was wise."

"You can rest now. But not before you answer my friend's question."



Marcus Veranius: "There are no right choices when fighting a monster. But there are also no wrong choices."

The ghost points behind himself, into the garden. "She did it there. She buried the elf in a box, deep beneath the garden. She laughed as she did it."



Marcus Veranius: "Ser. I have met other lords of this land who have been forced into the same decision."

The ghost seems to take some solace in this.



Marcus Veranius: "Some with heavy hands. Some without resolve to do what they thought was right."

"Guilt hurts, but it is the surest sign of good men. For to be guiltless is to truly be lost."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hugs Ireena from the side, as tight as she can.

"It won't come to that this time," she murmurs.

"We'll just win."



Ireena Kolyana: "Listen to him, father. Listen to him. It won't be like last time... Or the time before."



Marcus Veranius: "Be at ease, good ser. You did what you could, and that's all that matters."



Ireena Kolyana: "Rest."

The ghost smiles for the first time in what seems like centuries.

A moment later, there is no ghost -- only a dissipating gust of mist.

Ireena Kolyana: Ireena buries her face in Suldae's shoulder and cries.



Suldae Westwind:

12

RELIGION (11)
Suldae Westwind



Ireena Kolyana: "How many fathers have I lost, Suldae?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae holds her tight, too busy clutching her to really pay attention to the ghost.



Ireena Kolyana: "How many lives...?"



Marcus Veranius puts his hat to his chest for a moment. Half out of respect, but by now, almost out of instinct.



Suldae Westwind: "More than anyone should ever have," Suldae murmurs her the only answer she has.



Marcus Veranius: It was cruel how often he had to pay respects in this land.

"Baba Lysaga may be laughing, but it is her own shovel that shall free our friend."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "There will be no more" Henry "My the light shine gently on him forevermore"



Marcus Veranius: "Hiere; remember that devil mole that attacked us back at the winery? That shape the druid took?"

Henry feels power move from him, and enter the world of spirits. He senses a powerful curse breaking, like ice under rain.

Outside, the sounds of the marsh grow eerily silent.



Suldae Westwind: "...I could summon something like that, probably. Or turn someone into it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "'Let#s get him out and BURN her out after"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's still holding Ireena.



Henry of Willowsbrook: 'Evening the score one small victory at a time' Henry thinks 'till the levie breaks and drowns you Strahd'

GM: (And on that note, let's pause the session here. Thank you all for playing! This was a fun session for me, and we can pick up next session with some interesting encounters.)



Suldae Westwind:

E>



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I had a lot of fun even with the choppy first 1/3 of the session)

GM: (Yeah, we probably should have done that all during the week, but I was unfortunately busy)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Eh no worries I wasn't in the Headspace for DnD either during the week)



GM (GM): (Good morning all!)



Henry of Willowsbrook: hello



Marcus Veranius is looking about for a shovel



Marcus Veranius: GOAT



Liliet (Suldae): hi ^^

Marcus Veranius sees a shovel leaning against one wall of the garden.

Beside it is a pickaxe and a hoe, and a number of other gardening instruments.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Let's start digging" Henry says grabing the pickaxe



Marcus Veranius: "You wouldn't think a pickaxe would be necessary for gardening, but when you're digging as deep as Baba Lysaga..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae eyes the gardening implements.

"Yeah, I'm contributing with magic..."

There is a hint of fear in her eyes

Conjure Animals

Conjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: Unoccupied spaces that you can see within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 hour

You summon fey spirits that take the form of beasts and appear in unoccupied spaces that you can see within range. Choose one of the following options for what appears: One beast of challenge rating 2 or lower Two beasts of challenge rating 1 or lower Four beasts of challenge rating 1/2 or lower Eight beasts of challenge rating 1/4 or lower Each beast is also considered fey, and it disappears when it drops to 0 hit points or when the spell ends. The summoned creatures are friendly to you and your companions. Roll initiative for the summoned creatures as a group, which has its own turns. They obey any verbal commands that you issue to them (no action required by you). If you don't issue any commands to them, they defend themselves from hostile creatures, but otherwise take no actions. The GM has the creatures' statistics.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using certain higher-level Spell Slots, you choose one of the summoning options above, and more creatures appear - twice as many with a 5th-level slot, three times as many with a 7th-level slot, and four times as many with a

9th-level slot.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You haven't dug a lot have you?"



Marcus Veranius: "We still have the Hiere Mole."



Suldae Westwind: "And I do not plan on starting," Suldae says and takes the flute to her lips.

15

ARCANA (11)
Suldae Westwind

(trying to summon something that can help us dig helpfully)

Quite suddenly, the Pickaxe jolts in Henry's hands, and takes a swing at his head. 27 to hit.



Suldae Westwind: The melody is slow and rhythmic.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I meant Marcus, pickaxes are quite helpful and even nesscar ouch
"

The pickaxe deals a whopping 21 bludgeoning damage.



Suldae Westwind: "The broom..." Suldae whispers as she finishes the song.
(so what do I summon)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Fuckin bullshit ow"
is the pickaxe still moving or did it stop after I tried to grab it

The pickaxe is still frantically jerking around in Henry's hands, and will likely whip him again.

Whap*



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tosses it



Marcus Veranius aims his crossbow at the pickaxe. Why did every tool in Barovia have to hold grudges?



Suldae Westwind: "The crossbow, Marcus? Really?"
(What do I summon)
(I did a spell)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry draws his war pick "can have one thing in this damn shit hole that isn't full off hate can you?"

Suldae's song summons eight magnificent giant badgers.



Marcus Veranius: "YES THE CROSSBOW! It's a nice crossbow!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry swings at the moving pickaxe



Marcus Veranius: "Blinsky carved my name into the bottom of it with a little heart. Do you know how nice that is?"



Henry of Willowsbrook:

23

30ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook**13**

Piercing

6

Acid

15

30ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook**15**

Piercing

3

Acid

**Marcus Veranius:****22**

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork**Crossbow) (+8)**
Marcus Veranius**22**

Piercing

13

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork**Crossbow) (+8)**
Marcus Veranius**18**

Piercing

25

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork**Crossbow) (+8)**
Marcus Veranius**18**

Piercing

The Pickaxe flies from his hand, hovers briefly in the air, seems to gesture towards its companion tools with a jolt of its spiked head, and darts straight for Henry again. A split-second before it can hit him, Henry smashes it to pieces, and Marcus kills the pieces.

The shovel and the hoe decide that maybe it's better to continue pretending to be inanimate... For now.

They hold pure hatred in their wooden hearts, however, and bide their time maliciously.



Marcus Veranius gives them the stinkeye

They return the favor.

Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes in and out, then turns to the badgers and gives a bow.

"Our friend is buried in a box underground here. Could you please help dig him up?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Smash the rest while we're at it?" Henry says trying to ignore the ache in his temple



Suldae Westwind: "Meanwhile," Suldae turns to the gardening implements and closes her eyes, holding her holy symbol in her hands.

DC14**Dexterity Save****13***Radiant**60 feet***Sacred Flame**

Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook:

12*30ft***Dagonbone Warpick (+11)**

Henry of Willowsbrook

14*Piercing***6***Acid***22***30ft***Dagonbone Warpick (+11)**

Henry of Willowsbrook

14*Piercing***2***Acid*

The badgers turn as one, and march out like a tiny army, into the wild garden. Moving down the path, sniffing the grass, they wind between the sculptures of nude, handsome men and women, warriors, knights, wizards, elves, dwarves... There are a lot of statues. They stop in the middle of the garden.

Something moves in the underbrush.

Four somethings, actually... (Roll Perception)



Suldae Westwind: (Uh. A lot of statues you say)

25**PERCEPTION (10)**

Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius:

27

PERCEPTION (10)
 Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook:

14

PERCEPTION (4)
 Henry of Willowsbrook

Suldae and Marcus both spot four enormous, brightly-colored snakes. This is not the kind of "enormous" that Mother Nature likes to do — this is the kind of "enormous" that only magic can create. These poisonous serpents could constrict an elephant — and eat it, after it was dead.

They move with mindless intensity, headed straight for the badgers.



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Giant Poisonous Snake

Initiative: 14

INITIATIVE
Giant Poisonous Snake

Initiative: 20



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Did I kil the shovel?)



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Giant Poisonous Snake

Initiative: 7

INITIATIVE
Giant Poisonous Snake

Initiative: 14



Marcus Veranius:

27

INITIATIVE (8)
 Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook:

10.1

INITIATIVE (0.1)
 Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry smashes the shovel, but fails to smash the hoe.



Suldae Westwind:

24.15

INITIATIVE (4.15)
 Suldae Westwind

oh what the fuck

~no token was selected~

The hoe bursts into flame as Suldae's Sacred Flame falls upon it, and the radiance of her power cleanses its black heart. The hoe is now inanimate.



Henry of Willowsbrook: yeah same I also forgot



Suldae Westwind: (EXCELLENT)

GM: (You're on the initiative now)

(The badgers will have a single shared turn)



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE

Giant Badger

Initiative: **15**

GM: (It's sort of fitting that Marcus and Suldae will act first, since they saw the serpents just in time.)



Marcus Veranius spots a snake loom up at his position.



Marcus Veranius: "No, no, NO, NO, NO!"



Marcus Veranius solves this problem the normal way



Marcus Veranius:

11

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

22

Piercing

11

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

22

Piercing

(these should be with advantage)

12

12

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

20
Piercing

28		22
120		

>**Sharpshooter (Clockwork Crossbow)** (+8)
Marcus Veranius

19 + 5
Piercing

20		14
120		

>**Sharpshooter (Clockwork Crossbow)** (+8)
Marcus Veranius

18
Piercing



Marcus Veranius:

27 | **25**
120

>**Sharpshooter (Clockwork Crossbow)** (+8)
Marcus Veranius

22
Piercing

11 / 12 / 28 / 20 / 27 to hit



GM (GM): (Two hits, the 27 and the 28)



Suldae Westwind: (give me a minute I'm trying to figure something out)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d8 Dread Ambusher (last attack)

(5)

= 5

51 damage

GM: (This map is too damn big)



Marcus Veranius:

When you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can expend one superiority die to maneuver one of your comrades into a more advantageous position. You add the superiority die to the attack's damage roll, and

you choose a friendly creature who can see or hear you. That creature can use its reaction to move up to half its speed without provoking opportunity attacks from the target of your attack.

3

Bonus Damage

[Maneuvering Attack]

Marcus Veranius

"SULDAE! Get back!"



Suldae Westwind: (is it possible to make a smaller one out of this segment)



Marcus Veranius: (These snakes are 100ft across by map measurements)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae calmly breathes, backs away, then takes up the flute and starts playing a new melody. She is not sure if it will work, but she is fairly confident it's the best move if it does. The music is rhythmic and soothing, just quiet enough to be on the edge of hearing.

The Weave shifts around the snake at the rear.

(Flute) Charm Monster, 1/day

Enchantment 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 ft

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 hour

You attempt to charm a creature you can see within range. It must make a Wisdom saving throw, and it does so with advantage if you or your companions are fighting it. If it fails the saving throw, it is charmed by you until the spell ends or until you or your companions do anything harmful to it. The charmed creature is friendly to you. When the spell ends, the creature knows it was charmed by you.

(Flute) Charm Monster, 1/day

Enchantment 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 ft

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 hour

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(nm just one of these)



Marcus Veranius: (I'm waiting for the map situation to be settled before I have Marcus retreat behind the badger wall)



Suldae Westwind: (good plan)

GM: (This is lazy bu it will work)



Marcus Veranius: (Can I not have rolled the "Suldae may Retreat" maneuver now that she isnt next to snake?)

GM: (Yes)



Suldae Westwind: (this is an excellent solution btw)



Marcus Veranius retreats behind the manor's rubble



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Suldae Westwind: (oh shit distance)

GM: (I have adjusted the squares to make them more manageable, but yes, you are far)

(The squares on the original map were 100 feet. I don't know who the fuck thought that would be a good idea.)



Suldae Westwind: (uh, this seems a bit much)

(these seem like normal 5ft squares)



Marcus Veranius: (It's a mansion's garden)

(Seems to-scale to me)

GM: (These are 10 ft squares now, to keep the distance accurate to the original map)



Suldae Westwind: (or if they are not can we have smaller tokens?)

(gotcha)

(smaller tokens pls?)

(I have a question. Are those teleporting badgers? That's awful fast they got all the way over there)

(though I guess it was in the narration, rip)

GM: (Yup, that'll get ya)



Suldae Westwind: (smaller tokens? please?)



Marcus Veranius: (The initiative is also on the other map)



Suldae Westwind: (ty!)



Marcus Veranius: (

GM: (Can y'all see the initiative order? I still have it)



Suldae Westwind: (I don't)

(Also Suldae was close to Henry the enter time)



Marcus Veranius: (Its linked to tokens in another map so we can't see it)



Suldae Westwind: (And I think Marcus wouldn't have gone that far either, no?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (which snake got marcused?)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus's tactic is always "Shoot and Scoot")

GM: (For my own record to recreate the initiative: Marcus: 27, Suldae: 24, Snake 1: 20, Badgers: 15, Snake 2: 14, Snake 3: 14, Henry: 10, Snake 4: 7)



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Giant Poisonous Snake
Initiative: **6**

INITIATIVE
Giant Poisonous Snake
Initiative: **16**

INITIATIVE
Giant Poisonous Snake
Initiative: **20**

INITIATIVE
Giant Poisonous Snake
Initiative: **9**

INITIATIVE
Initiative: **15.1**

INITIATIVE
Initiative: **23.15**



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Initiative: **25**

-- please stand by

INITIATIVE
Giant Poisonous Snake
Initiative: **17**

INITIATIVE
Giant Poisonous Snake
Initiative: **15**

INITIATIVE
Giant Poisonous Snake

Initiative: **23**

INITIATIVE
Giant Badger

Initiative: **5**



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Giant Poisonous Snake

Initiative: **23**

INITIATIVE

Initiative: **10.1**

INITIATIVE

Initiative: **21.15**



Marcus Veranius: (We gotta get the rust off from two/three weeks. Its k)



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE

Initiative: **11**

GM: (Aight)



Suldae Westwind: (Nevermidn the spell, then. It doesn't work from that far)

GM: (Go ahead and reposition yourselves within 10 feet of the walls of the mansion, however you think you would have been arranged at the time.)



Suldae Westwind: (retcon my entier turn)

GM: (I mean, they can hear the flute)
(I'm fine with it)



Suldae Westwind: (Okay, so my question sticks: which snake got Marcus'd?)

GM: (It's circled)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)

(Huh, can I stick with the rearmost snake?)

GM: (Yup)



Suldae Westwind: (TY)

Suldae attempts to charm the snake!



GM (GM):

WISDOM
Giant Poisonous Snake

Ability: 4 5

GM: (It's not very wise)

(It is now charmed)

The rear-most Snake hears the lilting lullaby of Suldae's flute, and raises its head to turn its yellow eyes upon her. Its tongue flickers out curiously. It has never heard music quite so fine...



Suldae Westwind: Suldae lowers the flute, locks eyes with the snake and lowers her head in a bow. Then she keeps playing.

*lowers herself

a bow, not a nod

GM: (EoT?)



Suldae Westwind: EoT

GM: (The next turn is for the charmed snake)

The charmed serpent begins to slither towards the party, entranced by the music.

The Giant Badgers sense that something is wrong. They immediately set to digging.

Working together, within six seconds they are 40 feet underground.

A massive serpent slithers towards them, and half of its body enters the tunnel. It does not quite reach the badgers, as they are busily flicking dirt in its general direction.

The Serpent's tongue tastes the air irritably. Why was lunch so hard to manage?

The other Serpent, seeing its sister take the crossbow shots, turns towards the party and races through the underbrush at sickening speed.

GM: (Henry, you're up)

(Marcus, are you positioned the way you want to be?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "..And I'm already tired of this" Henry says hurling his warpick at the approaching snake after taking measure

FIGHTING SPIRIT*Class: Fighter 3 Samurai*

Starting at 3rd level, as a bonus action on your turn, you can give yourself advantage on weapon attack rolls until the end of the current turn. When you do so, you also gain 5 temporary hit points. The number of temporary hit points increases when you reach certain levels in this class, increasing to 10 at 10th level and 15 at 15th level. You can use this feature three times, and you regain all expended uses of it when you finish a long rest.

12

26

30ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook

16

Piercing

6

Acid

13

24

30ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook

11

Piercing

2

Acid

GM: (That's a hit and a miss)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae lowers her flute for a moment, taking advantage of a pause between beats. "Henryoneofthemisfriendly" she says quickly, then resumes the melody.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (25AC? boy that seems harsh)
22 damage

GM: (They are a special breed of quick snek)

Henry's warpick crashes through the underbrush like a steel meteor, and slams into the approaching serpent before returning to his hand.

GM: (Any additional actions/bonus actions/movement?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: EoT

The serpent wounded by Marcus's crossbow bolts makes a beeline straight for him, racing through the undergrowth. It moves swiftly, but it passes by Henry's feet as it does so.

GM: (AoO)

Henry of Willowsbrook:**30**

30ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook**13**
Piercing**1**
Acid**GM:** Niiiiiice

Henry gets a good swipe at the massive serpent during the several prolonged seconds in which it is slithering past him. His hammer smashes into scaly flesh, dealing considerable damage. The serpent seems injured, but its movements are not slowed. If anything, it seems to get more frantic...

GM: (Marcus, you're up)\

(Also, if you are not positioned the way you wanted to be for the start of the battle, go ahead and reposition yourself before you start your turn.)

(Oh derp, where's all the NPCs)

**Zanshukun:** (right we had those)**GM:** (It really has been a while lmao)**GM (GM):****INITIATIVE**
Ireena KolyanaInitiative: **3****INITIATIVE**
Ezmerelda d'AvenirInitiative: **12****INITIATIVE**
RictavioInitiative: **15****INITIATIVE**
Ismark KolyanovichInitiative: **16****Suldae Westwind:** (oh lmao i wanted to bring them up when we were talking about the gardening tools)**Marcus Veranius takes more shots at the snake, rather nervous about how close it was to their front line****Suldae Westwind:** (and then got distracted)**Marcus Veranius:****26**

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

20
Piercing

17

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

18
Piercing

11

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

21
Piercing

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

2
Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]
Marcus Veranius

(Throwin a lucky die on the second attack)

rolling 1d20

(7)

= 7



Marcus Veranius: (oof)

GM: (Oof indeed)

(Well, that's one hit)



Marcus Veranius: (Feck it, all the NPCs are there. ACTION SURGE)

18

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

23
Piercing

15

120

>**Sharpshooter (Clockwork)**

Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

20
Piercing

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

4
Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook: (...)



Marcus Veranius: 22 to hit

A flurry of shots flies from Marcus, but only a single bolt in that storm of ammunition strikes the swiftly-slithering serpent.



Marcus Veranius: (22 is a miss!?)

Luckily, it's a very good shot, and it half-blinds the massive, obviously magical serpent.



Marcus Veranius: (OH NO)

[EoT]



Suldae Westwind: (I mean you're trying to shoot a snake from a crossbow)

GM: (Also what's Marcus's passive perception. For reasons.)



Suldae Westwind: (dodging is part of AC)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (yeah 25 seems to be the lucky number)



Marcus Veranius: Passive 20

GM: (Suldae is up)

Ok cool



Suldae Westwind: (I have a hard time seeing what's happening because of the nametags)

(lets go though)

With the snake right in front of her, Suldae alters the melody for a moment, changing it to a sung prayer to Corellon.

17

120 feet

Guiding Bolt (+6)
Suldae Westwind

8

Radiant

(wait no)

(does that target AC)

GM: (It does)



Suldae Westwind: (im retconning this decision)

GM: (That's probably wise)



Suldae Westwind: (before any result is announced)

DC14

Dexterity Save

11

Radiant

60 feet

Sacred Flame
Suldae Westwind

GM: (Faerie Fire would work without targeting AC)

(That works too)



Suldae Westwind: (this is also not great but better)



GM (GM):

<p>DEXTERITY <i>Giant Poisonous Snake</i></p> <hr/> <p>Ability: 16</p>
--



Suldae Westwind: (I have three damage dealing spells and one of them is concentration)

(rip)

(that didnt work)

GM: (Care to RP it?)

(And also take any additional actions/bonus actions/etc)



Suldae Westwind: (I did already rp the music change above)

(I don't think I have anything to do with my bonus actions but I should remember i have disrupt lol)

(should I rp the failure of the spell? I could)

Holy fire wraps around the serpent, which slithers through it effortlessly, unscathed.

GM: (You can if you want to)

(I need to feast on some quality RP)

The charmed serpent continues to approach the music curiously.



Suldae Westwind: The prayer works, but there is only so much divine aid can do when the foe is well-matched.



Ismark Kolyanovich:

Command

Enchantment 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range

Components: V

Duration: 1 round

You speak a one-word command to a creature you can see within range. The target must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or follow the command on its next turn. The spell has no effect if the target is undead, if it doesn't understand your language, or if your command is directly harmful to it. Some typical commands and their effects follow. You might issue a command other than one described here. If you do so, the GM determines how the target behaves. If the target can't follow your command, the spell ends. Approach. The target moves toward you by the shortest and most direct route, ending its turn if it moves within 5 feet of you. Drop. The target drops whatever it is holding and then ends its turn. Flee. The target spends its turn moving away from you by the fastest available means. Grovel. The target falls prone and then ends its turn. Halt. The target doesn't move and takes no actions. A flying creature stays aloft, provided that it is able to do so. If it must move to stay aloft, it flies the minimum distance needed to remain in the air.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can affect one additional creature for each slot level above 1st. The creatures must be within 30 feet of each other when you target them.



Ismark Kolyanovich steps past Marcus, raising a hand. "Here, let me help!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stands between her friends and continues playing for the snake that is listening. She hopes it likes the music.



Ismark Kolyanovich points his hand at the approaching snake and Commands it:



Ismark Kolyanovich: "FLEE."

The words that come out of his mouth are no ordinary speech, and even the air around him darkens at the sound as his eyes hollow to voids of inky black, lit by crimson stars for pupils. The reverberating tones of the strange language seem somehow noxious, foul, unholy. *Abyssal*.



GM (GM):

WISDOM <i>Giant Poisonous Snake</i> <hr/> Ability: 17

GM: (That's his exact DC...)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (max DC at our level unless your casting stat is >20

)

The Serpent hears, and understands — and feels no fear.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Oh, fuck."



Suldae Westwind: (note to self for spell selection in the future - do NOT make all your best spells concentration)



Rictavio reaches out and touches Marcus, bestowing Protection from Poison upon him with hardly a muttered word.



Suldae Westwind: (wait, where is he?)



Rictavio: Then he draws his blade, and lunges for the serpent.



Suldae Westwind: (ah okay lol)



Rictavio:

SWORD CANE (AS SILVERED SHORTSWORD) <i>Rictavio</i> <hr/> Attack: 15
--

Damage: 6 piercing

SWORD CANE (AS SILVERED SHORTSWORD) <i>Rictavio</i> <hr/> Attack: 12
--

Damage: 7 piercing



Rictavio makes two swift stabs, but the serpent is swifter. It rears back, coiling and writhing, hissing wildly.

The badgers continue to burrow, reaching 80 feet of depth.

Swiftly, the serpent that Henry managed to strike with his thrown hammer comes straight for him, baring foot-long fangs as it strikes!

**Rictavio:****BITE***Giant Poisonous Snake***Attack: 20**

and the target must make a DC 19 Constitution saving throw, and suffer the poisoned condition on a success, or one minute of paralysis on a failure. Whether they pass or fail the save, they take 6d6 poison damage.

Damage: 33 piercing +
24 poison

GM: (Lmao. Rictavio bites you, apparently)**Rictavio:** Let's disregard that, and do it again**GM (GM):****BITE***Giant Poisonous Snake***Attack: 19**

and the target must make a DC 19 Constitution saving throw, and suffer the poisoned condition on a success, or one minute of paralysis on a failure. Whether they pass or fail the save, they take 6d6 poison damage.

Damage: 17 piercing + **25**
poison

OK, you were saved by my flub

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** My Ac is 22**GM (GM):** Well, it would have missed either way*The serpent's fangs clash against Henry's shield and glance off with a scream of bone on steel.**The serpent in the burrow continues to pursue the badgers, although it is in no hurry...***Ezmerelda d'Avenir:****9****Higher Level Cast**

14

Force

120 ft

Magic Missile

Ezmerelda, seeing Rictavio in peril, snarls furiously and unleashes her most powerful casting of Magic Missile. Six darts of power spring from her hand and strike the serpent, punching into its body no matter how swiftly it moves to dodge them. Within seconds, the serpent collapses, dead.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Henry, bring it down!"

GM: (Henry, you're up)

Marcus feels someone tap him on the shoulder.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "No nneed to tell me twice"

27

30ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook

14

Piercing

2

Acid

27

30ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook

14

Piercing

3

Acid

GM: (Niiiiiiice)

(That's two hits)

33

(It's still very much alive, do you want to smiiiiite?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry hacks down twice letting the momentum carry him light dripping of him

I very much would

2 first level

rolling 4d8

(5 + 6 + 4 + 7)

= **22**

Henry's massive strikes send thunder rolling through the garden and cast brilliant flashes of light through the fog. Both strokes make contact, and the serpent twists away from him with rage in its beady yellow eyes, rearing as if to strike.

It is badly injured, singed, bruised, and enraged.

Henry of Willowsbrook: Action Surge and fighting Spirt

GM: (By all means)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

24		25
30ft		
Dagonbone Warpick (+11) Henry of Willowsbrook		
15 <i>Piercing</i>		5 <i>Acid</i>
20		14
30ft		
Dagonbone Warpick (+11) Henry of Willowsbrook		
17 <i>Piercing</i>		6 <i>Acid</i>

GM: (The first is a hit, the second is a miss)



Henry of Willowsbrook: 20 more

In a frenzy, Henry strikes again. The serpent is on its last metaphorical legs, but it seems intent on taking someone with it to the afterlife...

GM: (It is at 3 HP)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Could I smite still?)

GM: (By all means)



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling 2d8

(6 + 6)

= 12

GM: (Please RP your smite blasting this things scales off)

(thing's)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh I don't thing so" Henry says to the beast thrasing after the third strike and sets the last bit of divine engery clinging to its wounds of in a secondary expolsion of heavans fury

The serpent is no more. A pile of scale-less sludge, slightly steaming, lands in the grass.

GM: (EoT?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: EoT



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena points a finger at the charmed serpent and seems to concentrate.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to do anything yet... I just want to gain some insight on these creatures."

9

ARCANA (2)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods gratefully.



Ireena Kolyana: "Whatever magic did this... It's powerful. And old."



Suldae Westwind: She was not going to interfere with whatever Ireena wanted to do, trusting her, but a clarification was much appreciated.

"Idontwanttoharmit", Suldae says, taking a moment between beats.



Ireena Kolyana: "I think we will have to. It's pure evil."

GM: (Marcus, you're up)

Marcus feels a second, more insistent tap on his shoulder.

There is a very faint "hem hem," as of someone clearing her throat delicately.



Marcus Veranius turns around in a panic, aiming his crossbow

GM: (Make a DC 14 CON save.)



Marcus Veranius:

16

CONSTITUTION SAVE (2)

Marcus Veranius

Marcus finds himself face-to-face with a Medusa.

The Medusa smiles politely and gives him a little wave, expecting him to instantly turn to stone. He averts his eyes just in time.



Ireena Kolyana:

INITIATIVE
Medusa

Initiative: 19



Marcus Veranius: "WE GOT COMPANY!"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "What?"

Ezmerelda and Ismark, the nearest, both turn to look...



Marcus Veranius: "DON'T LOOK BEHIND YOU!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "MORE SNAKES?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

CONSTITUTION*Ezmerelda d'Avenir***Ability: 11****Suldae Westwind:** (WELP)

(AMAZING)

**Ezmerelda d'Avenir:****24****CONSTITUTION (5)****GM:** (The 24 was Ismark's, not Ireena's)**Suldae Westwind:** (you mean not Ezmerelda's)**Marcus Veranius:** (Can they turn to look off their turn? o-o)**Suldae Westwind:** (I'm sorry Marcus I think they can)

(it's no less a free action than yelling)

**Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** Ezmerelda gets a full glimpse, and grayish flakes suddenly begin to cloud her skin as she stiffens. She is beginning to turn to stone, and is restrained. She will repeat the saving throw at the end of her next turn.**Ismark Kolyanovich:** Ismark catches a glimpse, but manages to avert his eyes. "MEDUSA! IT'S A MEDUSA!"**GM:** (You're still up, btw)***Marcus Veranius has no idea what that means, but fires more shots regardless*****Marcus Veranius:****27**

120

>**Sharpshooter (Clockwork****Crossbow) (+8)**

Marcus Veranius

21*Piercing***26**

120

>**Sharpshooter (Clockwork****Crossbow) (+8)**

Marcus Veranius

20*Piercing***14**

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork**Crossbow) (+8)**
Marcus Veranius**21***Piercing*

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

5*Bonus Accuracy***[Precision Attack]**

Marcus Veranius

27, 26, 19

GM: (Three hits)**Marcus Veranius:**

When you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can expend one superiority die to attempt to frighten the target. You add the superiority die to the attack's damage roll, and the target must make a Wisdom saving throw [DC 18]. On a failed save, it is Frightened of you until the end of your next turn.

>A frightened creature has disadvantage on Ability Checks and Attack rolls while the source of its fear is within line of sight.

>The creature can't willingly move closer to the source of its fear.

6*Bonus Damage***[Menacing Attack]**

Marcus Veranius

(I'm the medusa now)



Suldae Westwind: "HANG ON!" Suldae cries out as she feels the Weave shift around Ezmerelda and glimpses what's happening with the corner of her eye.

**Medusa:****WISDOM**
*Medusa***Ability: 19 | 13**

Marcus Veranius: (68 Piercing regardless)



Medusa: The Medusa takes three crossbow shots to the chest, and unhinges her jaw to hiss, baring massive fangs. Despite the menace in Marcus's eyes, she is not afraid.

Quite suddenly, her scales ripple and she becomes as transparent as glass. (Reaction to camouflage)



Medusa:

STEALTH
Medusa

Skill: 20 | 14

She becomes almost impossible to see...



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind:

BARDIC INSPIRATION

Class: Bard

You, the target, get a Bardic Inspiration die - a d6 initially, a d8 starting from level 5, a d10 starting from level 10, a d12 starting from level 15. You keep it for 10 minutes. During these 10 minutes you can use it up by rolling it and adding the result to one ability check, attack roll or saving throw. You can only have one at a time and uses refresh at short rest, so use it up!



Suldae Westwind inspires



Suldae Westwind: (on Ezmerelda)

GM: (A d10, right?)

(That should help)



Suldae Westwind: (it does not clarify if its character level or bard level in the text~)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (bard level)

(sorry)



Suldae Westwind: (rip)

(then d8)

GM: (Should still help)



Suldae Westwind: a question: does the 'creature you can see' requirement on the Command spell necessitate that Suldae look at the Medusa with her eyes, or is knowing her general direction and her

being right there in earshot enough?

GM: (RAW it would require you to look at her)

(Since you're playing a flute and we've been rolling with sound, I'm fine with fudging it for ya)



Marcus Veranius: (Look at her tail)

GM: (Also, you can't see her right now)



Suldae Westwind: (Yeah that is also part of my question)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (she camouflaged btw guys)

GM: (Unless you roll above a 20 on perception, or have passive perception 20 or higher)



Suldae Westwind: (actually my passive perception is 20)

GM: (Hmmm)



Suldae Westwind: (coz wereraven)

GM: (Then I'd say you're good)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae runs her fingers along the flute, producing a commanding trill. She turns in the direction where she understands the Medusa is without attempting to focus her eyes on the faint movement she spots, but addressing it.

"Grovel," she speaks, one hand on the holy symbol on her neck. It is, in truth, more comfort than need right now - Corellon is a god of music, as well.

(I am going to go with musical prayers too if you don't mind :D it should make sense for Suldae to figure out)

Command

Enchantment 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range

Components: V

Duration: 1 round

You speak a one-word command to a creature you can see within range. The target must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or follow the command on its next turn. The spell has no effect if the target is undead, if it doesn't understand your language, or if your command is directly harmful to it. Some typical commands and their effects follow. You might issue a command other than one described here. If you do so, the GM determines how the target behaves. If the target can't follow your command, the spell ends. Approach. The target moves toward you by the shortest and most direct route, ending its turn if it moves within 5 feet of you. Drop. The target drops whatever it is holding and then ends its turn. Flee. The target spends its turn moving away from you

by the fastest available means. Grovel. The target falls prone and then ends its turn. Halt. The target doesn't move and takes no actions. A flying creature stays aloft, provided that it is able to do so. If it must move to stay aloft, it flies the minimum distance needed to remain in the air.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can affect one additional creature for each slot level above 1st. The creatures must be within 30 feet of each other when you target them.



Medusa:

WISDOM
Medusa

Ability: 2



Suldae Westwind: (OH I LIKE THIS)

The Medusa becomes visible, falls to her serpentine "knees", hands flat to the floor, and bows her slithering head.



Medusa: "Please don't kill me!"



Suldae Westwind: ...This should not be as difficult as it is.

Suldae takes out the mirror from her bag. "Marcus, catch!" She tosses it to him.

EoT

The charmed serpent continues to approach the source of the delightful music.



Medusa: "Please don't kill me, I don't want to die!"



Suldae Westwind: (fuck, shoulda tossed the mirror to Ismark)

(alas, initiative order is not in-universe obvious rip)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Then I suggest you continue to GROVEL."

Command

Enchantment 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range

Components: V

Duration: 1 round

You speak a one-word command to a creature you can see within range. The target must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or follow the command on its next turn. The spell has no effect if the target is undead, if it doesn't understand your language, or if your command is directly harmful to it. Some typical commands and their effects follow. You might

issue a command other than one described here. If you do so, the GM determines how the target behaves. If the target can't follow your command, the spell ends. Approach. The target moves toward you by the shortest and most direct route, ending its turn if it moves within 5 feet of you. Drop. The target drops whatever it is holding and then ends its turn. Flee. The target spends its turn moving away from you by the fastest available means. Grovel. The target falls prone and then ends its turn. Halt. The target doesn't move and takes no actions. A flying creature stays aloft, provided that it is able to do so. If it must move to stay aloft, it flies the minimum distance needed to remain in the air.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can affect one additional creature for each slot level above 1st. The creatures must be within 30 feet of each other when you target them.



Medusa:

WISDOM
Medusa

Ability: 16



Sulda Westwind: (mental high five from Sulda)

GM: (To keep her trapped next round too)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wuhu for chain cc)



Medusa: "I WILL! I WILL!"

"Please don't kill me, please don't kill me, I have babies!"

"I'm under an awful curse!"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark pointedly moves *far* away.

The Giant Badgers continue to burrow, reaching 120 feet in depth.



Sulda Westwind: Babies, Sulda wonders, glancing at the snake moving in her direction.



Rictavio: Rictavio's glasses flash as he looks at the kneeling serpent-woman.

His blade turns slowly in her direction, as though he is contemplating his action carefully.



Sulda Westwind: (our favorite loose cannon)

(okay at least hes contemplating lmao)



Rictavio: Rictavio sheathes his sword, and approaches her.

He places a hand upon her head.



Sulda Westwind: (Marcus has a mirror)

(Suldae tossed it to him)



Rictavio: "I absolve you from your curse."



Suldae Westwind: (ooooooooo)



Rictavio:

Remove Curse

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

At your touch, all curses affecting one creature or object end. If the object is a cursed magic item, its curse remains, but the spell breaks its owner's attunement to the object so it can be removed or discarded.

The spell has no effect.



Medusa: The Medusa begins to weep black, oily tears.

"Alas, no simple spell can break my curse!"

"I am bound by the will of Baba Lysaga!"



Rictavio: "Ah, well. In that case, you're in luck. We are going to kill her. Will that free you?"



Medusa: The Medusa shakes her head, still sobbing pitifully.

"Alas, no. As long as she has my soul, I will be hers to command."

"She keeps it in a chest. She guards it jealously. For all your might, I do not think you will be able to take it from her."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (can henry hear this?)

GM: (Yes)

The serpent in the burrow continues to work its way deeper into the tunnel.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

CONSTITUTION

Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Ability: **14**

Ezmerelda manages to shake off the effects of the Medusa's gaze.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Oh, thank the gods."

"I was sure I was going to be the prettiest statue in this garden!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I don't normally condone grave robbing but eh well how about we grave robb the Hag" Henry yells over



Marcus Veranius looks to Ezmerelda with a sigh of relief. He wasn't looking forward to marrying

a sculpture

Suldae Westwind: Suldae swallows an automatic comment about how she would be. They are *both* otherwise involved and it *does* sound like flirting to her own ears.

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how deep intop the burrow is that snake?)

GM: (The snake is 90 feet into the 120 foot burrow)

(At least, its head is)

(Its tail is about ten feet in)



Suldae Westwind: (l o v e l y)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Imma Moonbeam its butt)

DC14**Constitution Save****6***Radiant**120ft. (5ft. r 40ft. h cylinder)***Moonbeam**

Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (the badgers are digging so there will be ground between the snake and them)
(they should be fine)

**GM (GM):**

CONSTITUTION
Giant Poisonous Snake

Ability: **7**

CONSTITUTION
Giant Poisonous Snake

Ability: **12**

The Moonbeam sears the snake's tail. There is a hiss of pain, and a popping sound as something that used to take up a lot of room suddenly takes up a lot less.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's eyebrows shoot up as she hears that.
She looks at 'her' snake.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "What in the ever resplended Light"



Suldae Westwind: "Can someone try to detect magic on it in more detail? I know you already did, Ireena, but it seems there's more to be found."

"I think you should look, Henry."

Babies, huh.



Ireena Kolyana: "Does that mean some of them are... Shape-changers?"

"All of them...?"

"But a shape-changer usually reverts to their normal form upon death..."



Marcus Veranius: "That wasn't the case at the Winery..."



Ireena Kolyana: "Maybe it depends on their affinity for the form..."



Suldae Westwind: "Could it be a curse?"



Ireena Kolyana: "I guess?"

"If the Medusa is telling the truth, it would make sense."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (could I have a Moon token plox?)



Ireena Kolyana:

INITIATIVE

Medusa

Initiative: 12



Henry of Willowsbrook: (5ft radius circle)

GM: (There ya go)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (thanks

GM: (Any additional stuff on your turn?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (EoT)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena crouches by the body of one of the serpents and begins to concentrate.

"This will take about a minute..."

"But I think *Identify* should tell me everything we need to know about these serpents..."

Identify*Divination 1 (ritual)***Casting Time:** 1 minute**Range:** Touch**Target:** One object that you must touch throughout the casting of the spell**Components:** V, S, M (A pearl worth at least 100 gp and an owl feather)**Duration:** Instantaneous

You choose one object that you must touch throughout the casting of the spell. If it is a magic item or some other magic-imbued object, you learn its properties and how to use them, whether it requires attunement to use, and how many charges it has, if any. You learn whether any spells are affecting the item and what they are. If the item was created by a spell, you learn which spell created it. If you instead touch a creature throughout the casting, you learn what spells, if any, are currently affecting it.

**Suldae Westwind:** (thats 10 rounds)**GM:** (So that will take 10 rounds...)**Suldae Westwind:** (heh)**GM:** (But as long as nothing distracts her from it, she'll get there)

(Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius takes a deep breath, mind no longer clouded with worry. He holds out the mirror towards the Medusa.

**Suldae Westwind:** (well, charm monster lasts an hour)**Marcus Veranius:** "If your word is true, then we shall recover your soul. But you must first bind yourself outside Baba Lysaga's immediate control. That is my offer to you; we will return."**Medusa:** "I won't be free as a statue," says the Medusa, with disgust. "You lie. Just like all the others who have died here.""I don't even believe you *can* defeat her."**Marcus Veranius:** "That is my only offer. Be petrified for however long it takes to defeat her, or be dead this instant."**Medusa:** "Please don't kill me!"**Marcus Veranius is firm.****Medusa:** "Please, don't kill me..."

"If you turn me into a statue, I'll be dead just the same!"



Marcus Veranius: "You will not. My word is true; I will have you restored."

"But nothing will fix your death if you do not take this mercy."



Marcus Veranius holds out the mirror for Medusa to take



Medusa: The Medusa is too busy groveling to lift a hand and take it. She clenches her eyes shut and looks away.

"No, I won't give up like that! I can't!"

"Your mercy is cruelty!"



Suldae Westwind: "It's nothing you haven't done to others."

(my turn is next)

(can I take it rn?)

(for conversational flow)

(mid Tops's turn)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus is about to finish her off if you don't have an alternative solution)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We will not fight that witch with you around one way or another" Henry calls over



Suldae Westwind: (I do)

(I feel like I should at least try and I feel like it fits well *before* you make a decision)



Marcus Veranius readies an attack to finish off the medusa, pending Suldae's solution



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Suldae Westwind:

Suggestion

Enchantment 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you

Components: V, M (A snake's tongue and either a bit of honeycomb or a drop of sweet oil)

Duration: Concentration Up to 8 hours

You suggest a course of activity (limited to a sentence or two) and magically influence a creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you. Creatures that can't be charmed are immune to this effect. The suggestion must be worded in such a manner as to make the course of action sound reasonable. Asking the creature to stab itself, throw itself onto a spear, immolate itself, or do some other obviously harmful act ends the spell. The target must make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, it pursues the course

of action you described to the best of its ability. The suggested course of action can continue for the entire duration. If the suggested activity can be completed in a shorter time, the spell ends when the subject finishes what it was asked to do. You can also specify conditions that will trigger a special activity during the duration. For example, you might suggest that a knight give her warhorse to the first beggar she meets. If the condition isn't met before the spell expires, the activity isn't performed. If you or any of your companions damage the target, the spell ends.

"Look, or die."

Suldae's voice fills the yard, resonating with the Weave.



Medusa:

WISDOM
Medusa

Ability: 17



Suldae Westwind: (dc 17)

(beh)



Medusa: "Even when you offer me a choice, you force me to choose as you wish. What mercy is this? What heroes are these?"



Suldae Westwind: (this unlucky medusa)



Marcus Veranius: (Advantage for being within 5 ft of a prone target)

"I'm not a hero. I'm a shoemaker."

19

12

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

22

Piercing

Marcus's crossbow bolt punches through her skull, and the Medusa slumps forward, dead.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Goddamn, babe."



Rictavio: "Bravo."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Is it dead yet? Can I look?"



Marcus Veranius: "...there's no winning when prisoners are the guards."

[End of Reaction]



Rictavio: "For all we know, she may have been lying. My spell did not break her curse, after all."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes in, then out.

"I tried, at least."



Rictavio: "A forked tongue is more than a metaphor, with such creatures."



Suldae Westwind: There's a measure of peace, in that.



Ireena Kolyana: "You did try," says Ireena.

"It was worth the effort, I think."

A charmed giant serpent slithers through the grass towards the musician who has entranced it. Ismark nearly jumps out of his skin as it stealthily glides past him.



Ismark Kolyanovich bolts through the garden, vaulting over bushes and low walls and zipping between statues to get to the moonbeam.

The Giant Badgers continue to burrow, reaching a depth of 160 feet. They have found something...

Everyone make an Arcana check.



Marcus Veranius:

19

ARCANA (0)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook:

6

17

ARCANA (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

whoops forgot that

GM: (You too, Suldae)



Suldae Westwind:

13

ARCANA (11)
Suldae Westwind

(fucking wow)

(well its still a 13)

Ezmerelda, Ireena, Rictavio, and Ismark all look towards the middle of the garden. The Weave around Suldae is too disturbed by her recent casting for her to sense the ripple that moves through it, seeking souls. Henry and Marcus both feel it. It seems to be coming from deep in the burrow. The spell seems to be... Counting.




Ismark Kolyanovich: "Did you feel that?"





Ireena Kolyana: "That felt like... Like an Alarm spell?"

"Sort of..."

 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae glances around worriedly. She felt nothing, but very much takes everyone's word for it.

 **Rictavio:** "CALL BACK THE BADGERS! CALL THEM OUT, NOW!"

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Come out!" Suldae calls.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "WHAT ABOUT KASIMIR!?"

 **Rictavio:** "BRACE YOURSELVES!"

The Badgers stop their burrowing — a moment too late.

A coffin is touched. An arcane sigil of ludicrous power is triggered.

Instantly, the earth in the middle of the garden bucks as a tremendous explosive force detonates. Clods of dirt and rock rain down upon the garden as the shockwave spreads its wings. The Badgers are atomized. Ismark and Henry must both make DC 18 Dexterity saves. Everyone else must make a DC 14 Dexterity save.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:**


15 + 2

DEXTERITY SAVE (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:**

7

DEXTERITY (3)

 **Marcus Veranius:**

24

DEXTERITY SAVE (10)
Marcus Veranius

 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:**

DEXTERITY
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Ability: **22**

 **Rictavio:**


DEXTERITY
Rictavio

Ability: **13**

 **Sulda Westwind:**

24

DEXTERITY SAVE (7)
Sulda Westwind

 **Ireena Kolyana:**

4

DEXTERITY (1)

*Henry and Ismark both take **34** Bludgeoning damage and are temporarily deafened by the explosion. Rictavio and Ireena are both knocked prone, taking **21** damage each and becoming temporarily deafened. The rest are able to cover their ears in time, and find cover from the blast wave.*



Henry of Willowsbrook: (is this magical?)

GM: (Yes)



GM (GM):

<p>DEXTERITY Giant Poisonous Snake</p> <hr/> <p>Ability: 10</p>
--



Marcus Veranius: "NO!!!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: then only 17 damage for Henry

GM: (Have you already adjusted his HP)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

15 + 2

CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(yes

He'S at 71 now)



Rictavio: "WHAT? DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (and maintains concentration)



Ireena Kolyana: "KASIMIR!"

GM: (We are no longer in initiative order.)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae finds herself oddly calm. She'd never truly believed they would find him alive, she realized.

Not since Strahd delayed them from getting to him immediately.



Marcus Veranius: Maybe... maybe that wasn't the right coffin. The badgers couldn't have dug several hundred feet in a minute, right? It's just another trick, right?



Suldae Westwind: Perhaps there's still hope.

Or maybe not.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "AHH RADIANT DAWN MY EARS"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena runs to the edge of the smoldering crater and looks down into it.



Marcus Veranius runs for the crater

Ireena Kolyana: She turns to wave to the others. "THERE'S STILL SOMETHING HERE!"
"IT'S BURIED, BUT IT'S CLOSE TO THE SURFACE!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae steps within range of everyone who was hurt.
She takes out her flute and begins playing a calm, soothing melody.
First things first.

14*Healing**60 feet*

Mass Healing Word
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius readies to jump into the hole, short of someone stopping him

Ruptured eardrums are swiftly repaired.

Deafness fades, and hearing returns.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (who all got healed?)

GM: (Everybody)



Suldae Westwind: (up to 6 people)

GM: (Already distributed it)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark accidentally steps into the Moonbeam. "Ow!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'll go ahead Ok?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Be careful!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hesitates, looks at her friends who still are rattled, then keeps playing.



Ireena Kolyana: "There may be more spells."



Suldae Westwind: She then steps back to keep an eye on the snake.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves it aside for the time being



Suldae Westwind:

5

Higher Level Cast

11*Healing**60 feet*

Mass Healing Word
Suldae Westwind

GM: (You should be able to control the moon symbol, Henry)



Suldae Westwind: (more healing for everyone who got hurt)
(except for the snake, alas)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (nope)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae then starts playing again. The snake is dangerous, but she has something it wants.

GM: (Try it now)

The snake approaches her like a tame kitten.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (back at 101hp) "Anybody able to teel me if I'm about to triiger another trap?"

Anyone with a Passive Perception score greater than 19 hears a strange whizzing sound from the above and to the east.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena reaches out to the Weave, attempting to feel the magic in the area.

It takes a few seconds...



Marcus Veranius: "Well, now she knows we're here for sure!"



Ireena Kolyana:

Detect Magic

Divination 1 (ritual)

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

For the duration, you sense the presence of magic within 30 feet of you. If you sense magic in this way, you can use your action to see a faint aura around any visible creature or object in the area that bears magic, and you learn its school of magic, if any. The spell can penetrate most barriers, but it is blocked by 1 foot of stone, 1 inch of common metal, a thin sheet of lead, or 3 feet of wood or dirt.

"There's definitely more magic down there... I see a coffin under the dirt. It's... It's *coated* in sygils."

"We only triggered one..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Off how many?" Henry asks unsure if he really wants to know the answer



Ireena Kolyana: "Hundreds..."

"This must have taken years to create."

"It can't have been meant for Kasimir..."



Marcus Veranius: "...Strahd maybe?"

"That'd be a good way of keeping someone off of Strahd."



Ireena Kolyana: "I suppose, if he ever wanted to rest for a while..."

"Or if he needed to be sure that a particularly dangerous enemy couldn't get to him..."



Marcus Veranius: "Given that the coffin is untouched, it'd make a sufficiently sturdy bunker."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Okay so, what are WE gonna do about it now?"



Marcus Veranius: "There's gotta be a way to break more than one of these at a time."



Ireena Kolyana: "I've got a really dumb idea."

"Rope trick."

"The sigils should break after they've been triggered."

"But we have to trigger *all* of them."

"There are probably smarter solutions."



Marcus Veranius: "Would... would it be possible to levitate the coffin without triggering the sigils? I have an even worse idea."



Rictavio: "Perhaps they can be dispelled?"



Ireena Kolyana: "I have *Floating Disc*. That could work to levitate it. But I'd have to get close."



Suldae Westwind: "Ireena. Can I ask you to try with the snake again?" Suldae ask tensely, taking a momentary breather from playing.



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh, right."



Ireena Kolyana turns towards the charmed snake and touches it with one hand, concentrating.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Marcus what was your Idea?2

"



Marcus Veranius: "What if we threw the coffin at Baba Lysaga?"



Suldae Westwind: Hope is cruel. Suldae keeps playing, concentrating on doing what she can think of right now.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "If you were to make a coffin full of hundreds of magical traps how dumb would you have to be to make it so they could blow up in your own face ...literally" Henry asks



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes anotehr breather from playing.

"So can we verify whether Kasimir is there rith now?"



Marcus Veranius: "Exactly. If redirected at its creator, she'd either die or be forced to trigger its failsafe."



Suldae Westwind: (...funny and unfortunate thing about Hiere's absence)

(thats why i asked someone else to play Suldae in my absence for yalls i)



Marcus Veranius: "Either of which solves our problem."



Ireena Kolyana: "That's a good idea, I... think... But *Floating Disc* doesn't work like that. We'd have to

use Telekinesis or Catapult, neither of which are in my repertoire."

"Say, where did the wizard with the funny hat go?"

"I could have sworn he was with us..."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Okay i get where your coming from but what if they don't even trigger around her? besides us not being able to touch or probably even get near the damn thing"



Marcus Veranius: "**Hiere can animate the coffin like those barrels and return the coffin to its maker.**"



Suldae Westwind: "I repeat again."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yeah wait where is that clown?2



Suldae Westwind: "Can we tell if Kasimir is there?"



Marcus Veranius: "I... have Locate Object still."

(Has it been 10 minutes about?)



Suldae Westwind: "And can we be sure the coffin can withstand all of them triggering?"

(Marcus, have you been concentrating on it?)



Ireena Kolyana: "Whether it was meant to contain Strahd or to protect him, it's designed to withstand the effects of the sygils. That much is clear."



Marcus Veranius: (...probably? I dont see why he wouldn't be concentrating on the Kasimir Locator)

GM: (Marcus would sense that Kasimir's belongings are inside the coffin.)



Marcus Veranius: "His belongings are inside the coffin at the very least."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Uh what are we gonna do about the remaining snake by the way?2



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"Stand back and have it touch the coffin?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Ok," says Ireena, after a long moment of concentrating on the snake. "There are several spells in effect on this snake. First off, it's not a snake. It's a Medusa who has taken this form by magical means. Second off, it's not a Medusa in the traditional sense of the word. It seems like it was once an ordinary human being, but it has been put under a profoundly powerful curse..."



Suldae Westwind: "A nesting doll," Suldae says blandly. "Wonderful."

"Any ideas on what to do about that?"

"I still don't want to harm it, if there's another way."



Ireena Kolyana: "Not really..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Kill the Witch" Henry says blandly and automatically



Suldae Westwind: "Hmm, I have an idea."

She plays another trill of the flute and motions for Ireena to lean to her to hear a whisper.

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ought to solve a lot of problems"



Suldae Westwind: "A moonbeam from Henry and Marcus's mirror, surprise it and it might work"

"Yes, Henry, but are you sure we can do that within the hour?"



Ireena Kolyana: "That could work..."

Make a Perception Check.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I can end the snake form for now"

23

PERCEPTION (4)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry, out of the corner of his eye, catches sight of something flashing in the air directly above the party. A large glass bottle seems to be falling through the fog — very quickly — directly above him.



Suldae Westwind:

14

PERCEPTION (10)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae does not notice it.



Marcus Veranius:

11

PERCEPTION (10)
Marcus Veranius

(lucky)

21

PERCEPTION (10)
Marcus Veranius

Marcus spots it as well.



Suldae Westwind: (our passive perception is 20)

(im p sure this is the exact case passive perception is for)



Marcus Veranius: "SHIT, SHE STOLE OUR PLAN!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "SCATTER!"



Marcus Veranius attempts to shoot the bottle while it's still high in the air



Marcus Veranius:

24

120

Clockwork Crossbow (+13)
Marcus Veranius

13*Piercing***Suldae Westwind:****(Flute) Gust***Transmutation Cantrip***Casting Time:** 1 Action**Range:** 30 ft**Components:** V, S**Duration:** Instantaneous

You seize the air and compel it to create one of the following effects at a point you can see within range:

One Medium or smaller creature that you choose must succeed on a Strength saving throw or be pushed up to 5 feet away from you.

You create a small blast of air capable of moving one object that is neither held nor carried and that weighs no more than 5 pounds. The object is pushed up to 10 feet away from you. It isn't pushed with enough force to cause damage.

You create a harmless sensory effect using air, such as causing leaves to rustle, wind to slam shutters shut, or your clothing to ripple in a breeze.

Suldae alters the melody of the flute.

The Crossbow bolt strikes the gigantic bottle of Alchemist's Fire, which bursts into a dramatic nova of falling, flaming liquid.

Which is instantly buffeted away from the party by Suldae's wind.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "that could have been real ugly"

Liquid flame falls all around the party, encircling them in an inferno of unnatural heat.



Suldae Westwind: "...Marcus. I appreciate your reflexes. But."

Above, there is an insane cackle.



Suldae Westwind: "You know what would have worked better?"

"If you did not do that."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Correction it is real ugly"



Suldae Westwind: This is hard to make out, as Suldae mutters it in between blowing into the flute. She keeps playing to keep the fire away from them.

She just feels it *really* needs saying.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ez how long would you reckon this much will burn for"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Half an hour, maybe more..."

"WATCH OUT!"

Two more bottles are now falling.



Suldae Westwind:

(Flute) Gust

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 Action

Range: 30 ft

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

You seize the air and compel it to create one of the following effects at a point you can see within range:

One Medium or smaller creature that you choose must succeed on a Strength saving throw or be pushed up to 5 feet away from you.

You create a small blast of air capable of moving one object that is neither held nor carried and that weighs no more than 5 pounds. The object is pushed up to 10 feet away from you. It isn't pushed with enough force to cause damage.

You create a harmless sensory effect using air, such as causing leaves to rustle, wind to slam shutters shut, or your clothing to ripple in a breeze.

The wind is still poofing around at the flute's command.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "ISmark grab Ric and door out rest of you FLY!"



Suldae Westwind: (I know it says one object, but if ther'es two bottles...)

(Like if theyre together)

(a single blast of wind should affect both equally)

GM: (A gallon of oil weighs about 8 pounds)

(Alchemist's Fire is essentially a kind of oil, so the weight is about the same)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Could we leave The Ring Of Fire?)



Suldae Westwind: (rip)



Ireena Kolyana: "SULDAE, MAGE HAND!"

Marcus Veranius: "SAFETY HUT!"

Ireena reaches skyward and a spectral hand shoots from her palm, grasping one of the falling bottles.



Suldae Westwind: "I DONT FUCKING HAVE IT" Suldae would say if she wasn't too busy casting something else she is still thinking of what give me a second



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Ric and ismark can DD out if need be and I have Misty step so all can leave the circle)



Suldae Westwind: (oh yeah good)
"Get OUT!"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark grabs Ireena and instantly vanishes in a blast of crimson smoke, taking her with him.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shifts and flies up
Ireena can also fly but a protective brother's instincts are understandable.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "She can fly you godsdamn ugh"



Marcus Veranius does the same



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda reaches skyward, and a mage hand shoots from her hand as well, catching the second falling bottle just in time.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (dimensions of the fire ring width and height?)

The Ring of Fire is now 70 feet in diameter and a towering 30 feet in height.



Marcus Veranius: (The hole is 170 ft down. Ring ought to be crossable there)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (welp there goes my 'chuck Ricky over the fire plan')



Suldae Westwind: Suldae grabs Rictavio's hand.
She glances at Ezmerelda.
(Hybrid forms have wings AND arms by earlier rulings)
(we can fly and do shit, right?)

Ezmerelda carefully begins to lower the bottle.

A faint ticking sound is coming from it...



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's gaze shifts to Marcus.
"CHUCK IT!"
she says at the same time as glowering at Marcus suggestively.
Multitasking!



Ezmerelda d'Avenir shifts into hybrid form and flies over the flames, still clinging to the bottle with her mage hand.



Marcus Veranius *hurls it as far as he can (which I think is 60 ft thrown)*



Suldae Westwind: "MARCUS EZME SOMEONE HELP ME FUCKING CARRY HIM"



Marcus Veranius: "I GOT THE BOMBS OR THE PALADIN! TAKE YOUR PICK!"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir *begins moving the bottle north, towards the mansion. It is still ticking.*



Ireena Kolyana *moves her bottle in the same direction, taking it away from the party.*



Marcus Veranius: Oh, Marcus doesnt have either. He lifts with Suldae



Henry of Willowsbrook:

Misty Step

Conjuration 2

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V

Duration: Instantaneous

Briefly surrounded by silvery mist, you teleport up to 30 feet to an unoccupied space that you can see.



Suldae Westwind: Together they fly Rictavio over the fire.

(there he is lmao)

(couldnt see him bc of the hp bar)

(why are we going in different directions)

The charmed serpent, still in the ring of fire, looks around — confused.



Marcus Veranius: (Because the fire ring is lower to the south cause of the crater)

It slithers towards the center of the ring.



Suldae Westwind: "GO THROUGH THE CRATER!" Suldae yells to it, feeling momentarily bad for it even though it's Evil.

The flames are thinner on the sloping walls of the crater, but they still burn with fierce intensity, although there is nothing but earth and stone to burn. The serpent, trusting Suldae, slithers that way.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shifts the Moonbeam cylinder up where the jugs came from hoping to clip something before it disapateds
dissipates

The beam of Moonlight strives to reach whatever is above the party, but with the fog and the distance, it is unable to get near. (Moonbeam is 40 feet in height, she's floating higher than that)

(Which kind of doesn't make a lot of sense, since the visual I have of Moonbeam is a literal beam of moonlight descending from on high)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (can't lift it of the ground can I huh?)

(But a 40 foot cylinder, apparently)

GM: (It just says "a point within range")

(So there's no reason that couldn't be in the air, same as a fireball)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (floating cylinder time)

GM: (Which means you could hypothetically get it to reach as high as 160 feet)



Henry of Willowsbrook: for however much is left of the 1 min concentraion time



Suldae Westwind: (Maybe it's a beam reaching not from the skye but like through a portal)
(and you gotta move the portal)

GM: (That visual works for me)

(We will allow the dice to decide this)

(There is a 75% chance that the moonbeam does not touch her, since she is a moving target that you cannot see)



Suldae Westwind: oh btw

Suldae looks up



Henry of Willowsbrook: (What should I roll?)

GM: (So on a 25 or lower on a d100 roll, it hits her)

Suldae sees thick fog above the party, blanketing the sky completely.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (K here goes)

rolling d100

(18)

= 18



Suldae Westwind: (BOOM)

(I wish I had stronger airbending spells lmao)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry casts Searchlight apparently)

The Moonbeam moves through the Fog, illuminating it as it goes. It manages to center upon something — something huge, and round, and gleaming almost like the moon. It seems to be a gigantic skull.

GM: (Roll damage)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

DC14

Constitution Save

13
Radiant

120ft. (5ft. r 40ft. h cylinder)

Moonbeam

Henry of Willowsbrook

The holy light gleams upon the skull, searing its surface and blistering the bone.

With a gleeful cackle, the unseen pilot of this strange vehicle urges it to move.

It moves with tremendous speed, zooming away to the east.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "FOUND YOU YOU DAMN BITCH!"



Baba Lysaga: "Oh my, what a foul-mouthed young man!"

Make a Constitution saving throw.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

21 + 2

CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)

Henry of Willowsbrook

(pass?)



Baba Lysaga: **63**

*Henry feels a power move over him. He takes **31.5** points of necrotic damage.*

(Which is probably reduced by his features)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I just got finger of death didn't I?)

(I take 15)

"GAH_HAHAHAH THAT ALL YOU CAN DO YOU DAMN HAG"



Baba Lysaga: With these words and this curse, Baba Lysaga zooms off into the mist, vanishing completely into its swirling white.

Simultaneously, both gallons of Alchemist's Fire explode. Luckily, they are far from the party.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae plays a sing-song prayer that does not in any way express her exasperation.

Goodberry

Transmutation 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: See text

Components: V, S, M (A sprig of mistletoe)

Duration: Instantaneous

Up to ten berries appear in your hand and are infused with magic for the duration. A creature can use its action to eat one berry. Eating a berry restores 4 hit points, and the berry provides enough nourishment to sustain a creature for one day. The berries lose their potency if they have not been consumed within

24 hours of the casting of this spell.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell at a higher level, the berry restores 1 more hit point for each level above 1st.

Ten bananas appear in the air in front of her and she snatches them up.



Marcus Veranius scowls in frustration. This damnable fog was the bane of his bow!



Suldae Westwind: Suldae walks around the party distributing bananas.



Ireena Kolyana: "Thank you."



Suldae Westwind: 10 times 4hp



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Ooh, I love bananas!"



Rictavio: "What a strange-looking fruit!"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Now what?"



Suldae Westwind: No less than three bananas go to Henry.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Do we just wait for her to come back and bomb the hell out of us again?"



Suldae Westwind: "No," Suldae says, looking into the circle. How's the serpent?



Marcus Veranius: "Given how many runes were on that coffin, I'd say she might be the only one with more alchemist fire than you do Dearest."

The Serpent is curled up under a large rock which was exposed by the explosion. It has not yet worked up the courage to attempt to cross the circle of liquid flame.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I burn my Channel divinity to get a 1st level spell back)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I mean, she can't have an unlimited quantity."

"But I, for one, would prefer not to tax her reserves."

"Especially since they could be useful to us, if we can get them after she's dead."



Marcus Veranius: "How many bottles did you have, Ez?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I had a thousand."

"I was well prepared."



Marcus Veranius: "Then let's assume that much at the minimum."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how much healing was a banana again?)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Incidentally, that was a lot of money. It's lucky killing ancient vampires is such a lucrative business, or I would be holding you in my debt."



Suldae Westwind: 4hp each



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I'm sure you could find some... Interesting... Ways to repay me."



Marcus Veranius: "Well you've got my heart already. But that's a payment plan we can work on later."



Suldae Westwind: "Could you two keep to a private room?" Suldae says, wrapping herself up obviously around Ireena.

But quietly, which is an advantage.

*keep it

(best hypocrisy is blatant hypocrisy)



Rictavio: "Come on, focus. Kasimir still needs our help."

"You... You young people."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Henry, I'm single. Are you single?"



Suldae Westwind: "Mhm." Suldae looks into the crater. Some of the fire would have landed on the sigils, but didnt' activate it?



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Just feeling a bit left out, is all."

It seems the sigils are activated only by living beings.



Suldae Westwind: Well.

A curious, but understandable stipulation. An undead creature is unlikely to trigger it.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So what are we gonna do about that" Henry says around the three bananas Suldae had handed him "Well no but techincally yes Ismark"



Suldae Westwind: Can the sigils be disrupted by physical damage?



Marcus Veranius: "...I REALLY hate to push the subject, but do you think Ismark might be able to open the coffin without worry?"



Suldae Westwind:

20

ARCANA (11)
Suldae Westwind

"There are easier ways."

The sigils cannot be disrupted by physical damage.



Suldae Westwind: "It's possible a charmed object can work."

"...assuming I can come up with something for it to do."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (we have an undead buddy is what the Dm is trying to signal here)



Suldae Westwind: "But the same holds for Ismark."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Sorry, what are we wanting me to do?"



Suldae Westwind: "Exactly. I have no idea."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Guys, dying isn't fun."



Marcus Veranius: "If it was meant for an undead like Strahd to open, a Revenant might have just as much ease."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks to the snake..



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Oh."

"It might also blast me to a fine powder."



Suldae Westwind: "Stay there for the moment," she says after some hesitation.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "And then I'd have to find another corpse to... To... To come back in."



Suldae Westwind: "The fire might die down with time."

"Yeah let's keep that to a backup backup backup plan."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I would estimate another twenty minutes on that, at the very least."

"Alchemist's fire burns for a long, long time, especially in large quantities."



Suldae Westwind: "Let's assume that one way or another we CAN touch it. What do we actually do?"



Marcus Veranius: "...open it?"



Suldae Westwind: "Well, there's one way to check if it's locked."

There is a large and obvious padlock on one side of the coffin.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Your valliant sacrifice will be remembered well Ismark"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes out a ball of string.

"Shut up," Suldae says gently.



Marcus Veranius: "We aren't trading Ismark for Kasimir."

"Everyone makes it out."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Aw, shucks. If *you* think it's valiant, then I'm all for it."



Suldae Westwind:

Tiny Servant

Transmutation 3

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: Touch

Target: Tiny, nonmagical object that isn't attached to another object or a surface and isn't being carried by another creature

Components: V, S

You touch one Tiny, nonmagical object that isn't attached to another object or a surface and isn't being carried by another creature. The target animates and sprouts little arms and legs, becoming a creature under your control until the spell ends or the creature drops to 0 hit points. See the stat block for its statistics.

As a bonus action, you can mentally command the creature if it is within 120 feet of you. (If you control multiple creatures with this spell, you can command any or all of them at the

same time, issuing the same command to each one.) You decide what action the creature will take and where it will move during its next turn, or you can issue a simple, general command, such as to fetch a key, stand watch, or stack some books. If you issue no commands, the servant does nothing other than defend itself against hostile creatures. Once given an order, the servant continues to follow that order until its task is complete.

When the creature drops to 0 hit points, it reverts to its original form, and any remaining damage carries over to that form.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you can animate two additional objects for each slot level above 3rd.

A length of string of about 10cm sprouts arms and legs.

Suldae sends it down to try and tinker with the padlock from the inside.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I was mostly joking unless he reall wants to try it"



Suldae Westwind: "Hopefully my tiny servant can manage it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (is the coffin in our outside the Johnny Cash song?)

The tiny string-being descends into the crater and approaches the flames currently covering the majority of the coffin. It is able to access the padlock without touching the fire.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae commands it to try to unlock it.

It's kind of like a tiny sentient lockpick.

The string works its way into the mechanism and struggles to affect it in any meaningful way...



Suldae Westwind: Suldae contemplates the situation.

She cuts off two more lengths of string.

Tiny Servant

Transmutation 4

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: Touch

Target: Tiny, nonmagical object that isn't attached to another object or a surface and isn't being carried by another creature

Components: V, S

You touch one Tiny, nonmagical object that isn't attached to another object or a surface and isn't being carried by another creature. The target animates and sprouts little arms and legs, becoming a creature under your control until the spell ends or the creature drops to 0 hit points. See the stat block for its statistics.

As a bonus action, you can mentally command the creature if it is within 120 feet of you. (If

you control multiple creatures with this spell, you can command any or all of them at the same time, issuing the same command to each one.) You decide what action the creature will take and where it will move during its next turn, or you can issue a simple, general command, such as to fetch a key, stand watch, or stack some books. If you issue no commands, the servant does nothing other than defend itself against hostile creatures. Once given an order, the servant continues to follow that order until its task is complete.

When the creature drops to 0 hit points, it reverts to its original form, and any remaining damage carries over to that form.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you can animate two additional objects for each slot level above 3rd.

*three more lengths of string

There are now four tiny servants trying to unlock the padlock.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "how about something sturdie"



Marcus Veranius: "If an explosion won't break that lock, we probably won't be able to either."



Suldae Westwind: "It could be magically protected against an explosion"

By the power of four strings combined, the lock's keyhole is now full of string.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "String doesn't make for great keys in my experience)

"



Suldae Westwind: It sprouts ARMS AND LEGS

and has Str 4

The lock's keyhole is now full of ludicrously weak strings with arms and legs.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Maybe a bit of wire?"



Suldae Westwind: "Well, that doesn't work," Suldae says after it becomes clear it doesn't, and calls the strings back.

"Won't make a difference."

"You can push, drag, or lift a weight in pounds up to twice your carrying capacity (or 30 times your Strength score)."

(This is a quote from the rules)

(Not Suldae saying this)

(sorry)



Ismark Kolyanovich: **600**

120

GM: (So... A creature with Strength 4 can move 120 pounds)



Suldae Westwind: (mhm)



Marcus Veranius: "Can we animate the lock to unlock itself?"



Suldae Westwind: (and theres four of them)

"No, it cannot be attached to anything else"

"And I cannot animate the whole coffin."

GM: (For a tiny creature the weight is halved)



Suldae Westwind: (fair)

GM: (But that's still 60 pounds)

(Which is insane)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Also she seems to need to touch it and well we established thats a bad Idea



Suldae Westwind: (its 5e RAW)

(i do not insist on it if theres a saner version)

(my point is more that 4str is in fact noticable)

(and 4x4str is also noticable)

"Yes, also what Henry said," Suldae says, cringing.

She got some feedback from the badgers.

It seems the strings are not quite coherent enough to work the complex mechanism of this well-made lock. It may not be a matter of strength.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (would they be strong enough to break it open if I where to give them a crowbar)

GM: (It is highly unlikely)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (i figured)

GM: (It's possible)

(But it's not likely)



Suldae Westwind: (coherent?)

GM: (They would need to work together and figure out the mechanism and pick the lock)



Marcus Veranius: (I can't get a team of 6 to push the cart in Overwatch. How's a team of 4 string pieces gunna pick a lock?)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae can coordinate them to a degree)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Could Marcus shoot the Lock open? or would that blow us all to Kingdom come?"



Suldae Westwind: "That is highly unlikely to work"

(rip, 2 int)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Cause we would blow up? Or because the shoot won't work?"

GM: (Suldae can command them, but they have their own stats)



Marcus Veranius: (That's two int higher than most of the randos I play overwatch with)



Suldae Westwind: "Hmm. If I could draw a scheme of the lock, then figure out how to open it, then command them to do that specifically..."

(boom)

(I refuse to give up on the tiny servant lockpick idea unless anyone has a better one)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (doesn't Marcus have thieves tool prof?)

GM: (He does! He would have to get close to use them, however)



Suldae Westwind: "Is anyone here an expert on lockpicking? Ismark, you wouldn't happen to be? Not that there's a particular reason I'm asking you in specific."



Marcus Veranius: "Have your servants check the lock for arcane runes. I'll risk it for Kasimir."

"It's only fair. He did the same to deliver a message for us."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae commands the servants to check the locks for arcane runes.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (give lock pick to the tiny servants and have Marcus relay instructions)



Suldae Westwind: (Marcus would need feedback to do that)

GM: (-4 Arcana)

The Strings detect no arcane sigils on the lock.



Marcus Veranius: (It'd be perception to spot a visible sigil, wouldn't it?)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae commands the servants to check the lock for any ink or embossing.
Or any continuous line-like changes in the surfaces at all.



Marcus Veranius starts flying down towards the coffin lock



Marcus Veranius: (assuming he's been given the clear)



Suldae Westwind: "Wait!"

(16 Perception)



Suldae Westwind: No, he has not

The Strings do embossed lines and engravings.



Marcus Veranius: (He waits to be given the go-ahead)

Do detect*



Suldae Westwind: "There are absolutely arcane runes on the lock. Do not."

Marcus Veranius stops



Suldae Westwind: Just in case, Suldae commands the servants to check for any gap between the coffin and its lid that a string could possibly fit into.

Not that that would help much.

Although...

it could.

If.

The coffin appears to be hermetically sealed...

There is no gap — none whatsoever.



Ireena Kolyana: "Damn, I wish I had learned *Dispel Magic*."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Hey, I've got a dumb idea."



Suldae Westwind: "Rictavio, anyone?"

"What is it?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Dimension Door. I'd have to do it perfectly, but as long as there's enough room inside the coffin for me to teleport in, I could get him out."



Suldae Westwind: "Coud you Dismension Door into the-"

"That is the exact thing I was thinking of"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I proposed that excat thing last session lol)



Marcus Veranius: "Do we have something to shrink Ismark? It was pretty cramped in there according to our scrying earlier."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "If I could see inside the coffin, it would work better."

"It seemed risky before, and it's still risky, obviously, especially if there are traps to prevent just such an attempt. But now that I think about it, it's not a terrible idea. The coffin is a lot bigger than I would have thought."



Suldae Westwind: "Is there a variation of Polymorph that-"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wait does Ismark have 2 casts in him still?)



Suldae Westwind: "Hmm. If we turn you into a pixie, could you still get him out?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You can't cast when shapeshifted I believe right?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Into a what now?"



Suldae Westwind: (Also, can Polymorph do that, or is it beast-only?)

"A kind of creature I've read about. They are tiny."

"No, it probably couldnt work in the first place."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I... I think I would prefer to avoid turning into anything."

Henry of Willowsbrook: (Polymorph is beast only and he couldn't cast Dimension door while transformed not to mention Dimension doors size limitation for taking a passenger)

"Ismark could you go in and out right now? Assuming it would work"



Suldae Westwind: "Right. Ireena, can you Message Kasimir inside that?"

"Huh, wait. If he's tracing, perhaps I could..."

"No, he's an elf. It won't work"

*transing

"It won't work with trance"



Ireena Kolyana: "I can use *Sending* to communicate with him."

"What would you like me to say?"



Suldae Westwind: "That he should press against one wall. We, uh, need to figure out a way to determine which"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Is the coffin laying flator is it tilted?)



Suldae Westwind: (OH GOOD Q)

GM: (The coffin is laying flat, at the exact center of the bottom of the crater)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Damnit



Suldae Westwind: "Ireena, could you cast your floating disk spell to tilt it?"

"Alternatively, could we make it easier and just - Ismark, can you try to do it as is?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I can try, but if it doesn't work, we'll have wasted our only shot. I only have enough left in me to cast the spell twice."



Ireena Kolyana: "I can tilt it, but I'd have to get within 30 feet."



Suldae Westwind: "You can fly"

"I'm pretty sure the runes did not trigger before they touched it."



Ireena Kolyana: "Alright, I'll try it."



Ireena Kolyana shifts into hybrid form and flies down into the crater. Hovering 30 feet above it, she casts Floating Disc. The coffin tilts as desired.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae turns into hybrid form as well to go with Ireena.

"Now if you can Send for him to curl up into a ball at the bottom probably?"



Ireena Kolyana: *"Kasimir. We are here to save you! Curl up at the bottom of the coffin, and cast Light!" (18 words. Anything you want to say with the remaining 7 words?)



Suldae Westwind: (The message seems perfect to Suldae)

Marcus hears the whizzing of a familiar floating skull...



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ismark if this works I will do you any favor you ask of me with in reason"
Henry says to encourage the nobelborn

Ismark Kolyanovich: "Oh my, how kinky."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae feels like he might regret that.



Ismark Kolyanovich vanishes with a blast of crimson smoke.

Ismark Kolyanovich does not, immediately, reappear.



Marcus Veranius readies his bow



Marcus Veranius: "We're running out of time..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is definitely not freaking out.



Ireena Kolyana: "Ismark, quit fucking around!"



Suldae Westwind: She's hovering close to Ireena, ready to... protect her in any way it takes, if anything.

Marcus hears the whizzing of the floating skull, moving into position directly above the party.



Marcus Veranius: "Right then."



Marcus Veranius says his oathbow chant and begins firing arrows directly above



Marcus Veranius:

22

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork
Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

15

Bonus Damage/Piercing

22

Piercing

wrong weapon)

20

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)
(+7)
Marcus Veranius

18

Bonus Damage/Piercing

20

Magical Piercing



Suldae Westwind: Suldae drags Ireena out of the crater.



Marcus Veranius:

25

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

13

Bonus Damage/Piercing

18

Magical Piercing

23

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

15Bonus Damage/Bonus
Damage/Piercing**24**

Magical Piercing

**Suldae Westwind:** While she's at it, she picks up the snake and moves it outside.

Assuming she can lift it

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (the snake is Elephant eating big ... IO would assume no)**Marcus Veranius:** "We need a new plan, now!"**Suldae Westwind:** (Snakes tend to be long and thin)

(Relatively to length)

(Suldae gives it a valiant try, at least)

Four arrows fall back to earth, tips broken. It looks as though they struck some kind of completely immovable object...

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (form does very little to weight)**Suldae Westwind:** (yes but length:mass ratio depends on shape)

Suldae is able to lift a ten-foot-long portion of the 80-foot-long snake, and move it outside. The rest of the snake sort of... Flops along the ground.

With Ireena's help, they are able to lift the snake above the flames — just barely — and get it out of the circle of fire.

**Ireena Kolyana:** "ISMARK GODSDAMMIT HURRY UP!"**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Marcus the moment she tries to attack us shoot her I doubt she can hit us while protecting herself...well I hope she can't"**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae flies up, looking for the attacker.

CLANK. A massive iron cauldron spontaneously appears near the coffin and lands heavily.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...oh I'm gonna hate this aren't I" Henry grunts eyeing the cauldron



Suldae Westwind: okay so this is not the greatest moment to cliffhanger the session on

but

its nearly 11pm



Marcus Veranius: "I'm going up to kill her ride. Smash the lock, hex the lock, plead with the lock. Do SOMETHING!"



Suldae Westwind: and tomorrow is monday)=

Suldae, rising into the fog, suddenly finds herself face-to-face with what seems like a huge wall of glass in the mist.

She recognizes it as a Wall of Force.

GM: (We can end the session here)

(It's a good cliffhanger)



Suldae Westwind: (how is the wall oriented?)

(yeah it is)

love yall E> E> E>

GM: (It is horizontally oriented, making a barrier between the ground and her — assuming she is still above it.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (probably parralel to the ground)

GM: (Thank you all for playing! This was a fun session, and an especially fun session to get back to this campaign in.)



Suldae Westwind: (wait, it's between the ground and her? while she's flying up?)



Marcus Veranius: (How'd she send a cauldron through it if it blocks off ethereal as well as physical?)

GM: (She didn't send the cauldron, she summoned the cauldron.)



Marcus Veranius: (Oof)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Well Good Game Everyone)



Suldae Westwind: (yasss)



Marcus Veranius: (Wouldn't Wall of Force also block summoning if she doesn't have direct line of sight? Glass blocks magic)



Suldae Westwind: (not if she moved to the side of it)

GM: (This is also her lair, technically)



Suldae Westwind: (if its flat then it has boundaries)

(is it flat?)

GM: (It is flat)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)

(10 10x10 panels)

"POOF!" Ismark and Kasimir both appear nearby. Both of them take a huge, gasping breath of air, and fall to their knees, sucking in the fresh oxygen.



GM (GM): Good morning all!

Now, where were we...



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Sorry about the delay," says Ismark.



Marcus Veranius:



(<https://media1.tenor.com/images/e9adf53122215f27381c51a5f4777ee3/tenor.gif>)

"THERE IS FIRE EVERYWHERE! WE NEED TO REGROUP!"



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir seems weak. He is covered in bruises and cuts. It looks as though Baba Yaga tortured him for a while before locking him up, and he has not had time to recover.

"You... Came for me...!?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well shit's fucked but it kinda was before you did your thing Izzy so no problem here hi Kaismir how are you" Henry says with affected calm



Kasimir Velikov: "You fools! Baba Lysaga will kill us all!"



Marcus Veranius: "Good news! That was her plan BEFORE we came here!"



Marcus Veranius moves to help Ismark in carrying Kasimir



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Should we retreat?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark helps Marcus carry Kasimir.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks closely at the cauldron which has spontaneously appeared on the battlefield.



Marcus Veranius: "Yes! Very much! Reunion can happen when we aren't being lit on fire!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "What? NO! We have her right where we want her, lording over us with all the aces up her sleeves" Henry says "No way she can beat us now!"

Ireena Kolyana:

13

ARCANA (2)

"This cauldron...! It's an opening portal!"

"Something's about to come through!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Of cause it is why couldn't it be just soup for once I miss vegetable soup"



Rictavio: "I am genuinely beginning to dislike this old lady."



Marcus Veranius is not in the mood for reinforcements



Marcus Veranius: "I'm gunna mess with the recipe then!"



Marcus Veranius reaches for his pocket, uncorking a vial of holy water and hurling it towards the cauldron. Maybe, just maybe, it might be enough to sabotage the brew in their favor



Marcus Veranius:

26

Thrown Object (+12)
Marcus Veranius

20

*Bonus Damage/Bonus
Damage/Piercing*

(Ignore the damage. I forgot to turn off my attack mods)



Rictavio:



(<https://media.giphy.com>

[/media/GQnsaAWZ8ty00/giphy.gif](https://media/GQnsaAWZ8ty00/giphy.gif))

The vial of holy water explodes inside the cauldron, and the scream of ten thousand demons echoes over the marsh. The cauldron sizzles and seethes, and suddenly its sides split, and greenish, crackling liquid gushes out, searing the grass and blackening the earth. It puddles outward, inert. Baba Yaga's summoning potion has failed.

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well lets get moving then my lovelies our dear host doesn't seem inclined to show us her face even after we took time out of our day to come see her" Henry says with fake cheer



Baba Lysaga: "YOU BRATS! I SPENT AGES ON THAT POTION!"

"Oh, I'll have your skins for a handbag and your spines for a chair!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "EAT SHIT" he yells upwards



Marcus Veranius: "You look like you spent ages on it!"



Liliet (Suldae): While all this happening, Suldae navigates her way around the force pane



Baba Lysaga: There is a faint whizzing sound as Baba Lysaga's curious vehicle zooms off into the mist, headed east. Within a second or two, she is completely out of sight and hearing.



Liliet (Suldae): which she knows is limited in size

okay too late

Suldae manages to get around the force plane a moment before it dissipates.

She sees Baba Lysaga's vehicle, and she is not far behind.



Suldae Westwind: Realizing she's late, Suldae lands.



Marcus Veranius: "Right then. Let's not be here when she brings Brew Number 5."



Suldae Westwind: ooh

can we wait a minute so i can think? please?

like just pause the dialogue

a split second decision is being made



Henry of Willowsbrook: "And 6,7,8,and 10" henry says "9 might just be alright" he jokes



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows Baba Lysaga at the top speed her feathery wings can muster

Baba Lysaga's flying skull moves with a speed few mortal creatures could match. Every six seconds it is 80 feet farther than it was a moment ago.

Suldae would soon begin to lose her, if not for the lucky fact that Baba Lysaga is not going far. In the middle of the marsh, she begins to descend...



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is in raven form, and tries to stay out of immediate sightline as she follows.

GM: (Roll stealth with advantage.)



Suldae Westwind:

19

24

STEALTH (4)
Suldae Westwind

Unseen, Suldae descends into the fog...

She sees what appears to be the stump of an old tree, standing on four roots. The top half of the stump has been made into an ugly hut, from which an eery light comes.

Suldae Westwind: Suldae does a flyby looking inside

GM: (Actually, let me redo that description real quick -- there's an official one)

Someone has built a ramshackle wooden hut on the stump of what was once an enormous tree. The rotting roots of the stump thrust up from the mire like the legs of a gigantic spider.

An open doorway is visible on one side of the hut, beneath which floats the upside-down, hollowed-out skull of a giant. Flanking the hut's doorway are two iron cages that dangle like hideous ornaments from the eaves. Scores of ravens are trapped in each one. They squawk and flutter their wings excitedly as you approach.

The ravens are screaming, and Suldae can hear them. "Run away! Run away!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how far away are Baba and Suldae from us now?)

Peering through the window during her flyby, Suldae sees that the hut is fifteen feet on a side and packed with old furniture, including a wooden cot, a wicker cabinet, a slender wardrobe, a wooden table, a stool, a barrel-topped wooden chest reinforced with brass bands, and an iron tub stained with blood. In the middle of the room is a ghastly wooden crib with a small, angelic child sitting in it. All the furnishings except for the crib are bolted to the floor. Beneath the crib, green light seeps up through cracks between the rotting floorboards.



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus does NOT have the resources to take on Baba Lysaga until we take a short rest)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae appreciates the thought of the ravens and will take that under advisement)

GM: (Suldae and Baba Lysaga are about 600 feet away)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae really wishes she had Sending, OR thought to invite Ireena along.

Suldae examines the cages as she flies by. How difficult would it be to break them so the ravens can leave?

The cages are not locked by any visible lock, but Suldae senses a powerful magical binding spell on each. It seems it would take great force, or else magical means.

GM: (brb)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae considers her options. What's the worst thing that can happen? Well, obviously, Baba Lysaga killing her. Although, the environment *is* conducive to hiding, and she *does* have a couple of tricks up her sleeve...

She turns into hybrid form at an angle that will make her invisible from the hut, and plays a short prayer on the flute.

DC14

Dexterity Save

11

Radiant

60 feet

Sacred Flame
Suldae Westwind

While she has time, she also does a second one.

DC14

Dexterity Save

9

Radiant

60 feet

Sacred Flame
Suldae Westwind

With hope, this will be enough to disrupt the enchantments.



Suldae Westwind: (She also prepares to turn back and dive into fog out of the way immediately after, whatever the results are)

The Sacred Flames flash in the mist, to no effect upon the cages, but to startling effect upon the hut itself. It rises suddenly, creakily to its full height, each of its massive roots extending like a leg. It begins to turn around, roots stamping the earth. It seems Suldae has frightened it.



Baba Lysaga:

WISDOM
Baba Lysaga

Ability: 5 | 18



Baba Lysaga is unable to see her attacker, but she takes precautions anyway.



Baba Lysaga opens her wardrobe with a word, and a torrent of bats comes pouring forth! They fill the hut and surge out the windows and the swarm expands like a cloud, surrounding the hut entirely and obscuring it from view.



Suldae Westwind: Fortunately, Suldae can still see the bat swarm herself. She is dissatisfied with the result, but she appreciates not being dead yet.

Within a few seconds, Suldae is back with her companions.



Suldae Westwind: (Wait, am I? How?)

GM: (Oh wait, I misread your prepared action)



Suldae Westwind: (the prepared action was to dive out of the way, not leave entirely)

GM: (You're just diving into the fog, not back to your buddies, gotcha)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah - yet)

GM: (Sorry about that)



Suldae Westwind: (sorry everyone)

(yall can like. have time to rp while Suldae is observing)



Ireena Kolyana: "Hey, where's Suldae?"



Suldae Westwind: (i dont mind a timeskip where Suldae is just playing spy and nothing much happens)

Ireena Kolyana: "We can't leave without her!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh light don't tell me of all the times to mimic Marcus now's really not one of them"



Kasimir Velikov: "I cannot fight today, I am sorry. I have nothing left to give."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Don't worry pal, we've got you."



Rictavio: "I second the motion to retreat and recuperate," Rictavio says, his glasses flashing in the light of the flames.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I think we can still take her. She doesn't have her potion, we've got her unprepared."

"It is worrying that Suldae's not back yet..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Okay quick sign off who is still able to go full force? and Who is not?"

The swarm of bats begins to methodically expand... It seems she is determined to find the one who has dared to cast at her.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda raises her hand. "I'm good to go."



Marcus Veranius: "Kasimir, you being alive is giving enough. Let's retreat to camp."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark makes a thumbs-down. "I don't have any more high-power magic in me."



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae stays out of the range of the swarm, darting from tree to tree)



Rictavio: "I am content either to retreat or to continue."



Marcus Veranius: "I don't know where suldae went but I'm sure she knows where camp is. I trust her intuition."

The expansion of the swarm continues unabated, and the cheeping roar of the bat's sonar fills the mist.

The party hears a sound like millions upon millions of bats from the northeast.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I could keep going but I could use a bit to recollect"



Ireena Kolyana: "I'm not leaving without Suldae."



Marcus Veranius: "We are NOT leaving! We are retreating to our camp to prepare for the next assault."

"Because our ability to fight is running thin and we're sitting ducks if we stay."



Ireena Kolyana: "We *just* dug up Kasimir. Do you really want to have to dig up Suldae too?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I'm sure it won't come to that."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (does it look like the fire is spreading?)



Marcus Veranius: "We aren't going to be doing any digging at all if we keep getting pelted with brews!"

The fire is not spreading, nor is it diminishing. It continues to burn, nearly as bright as it was in the beginning.



Marcus Veranius: "Suldae knew we were retreating. She'll meet us at the camp."



Suldae Westwind: (To the degree that she can without compromising her stealth, Suldae is going in a spiral around the swarm, hoping to catch it if anything else goes out of the radius)



Marcus Veranius starts directing the others to evacuate the mansion

GM: (Roll stealth once more, this time without advantage. The fog does not affect the bats' ability to detect things, since they are not using their eyes to do so.)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks at the snake.

"The snake is still charmed. That means Suldae is still alive..."

She looks into the mist.

"Be careful."

She leaves with Marcus, Ezmerelda, Rictavio, Ismark, and Kasimir (and, presumably, Henry and Hiere)



Suldae Westwind:

24

STEALTH (4)
Suldae Westwind

(omg)

(the dice are on my side today)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves to leave slower than the others looking east

By using the trees and the buildings as cover, Suldae is able to avoid detection by the bats. She intuitively grasps the echolocation of these creatures, and at one point she creates — with her raven beak — the exact sound required to nullify the sonic waves. She is effectively invisible to these creatures.

She is able to get within the swarm, if she so chooses. She does not see anything other than bats leaving the area, but through the swarm and the mist she does see the eerie green glow of the hut, marching steadily to the east, farther into the gloom.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows the hut.

She is well aware this is a terrible idea and the party will be worried, but... well, they'll be able to find her eventually, at least.

And this is the one advantage they have.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena sends a Message which Suldae can reply to with up to 25 words.

"Are you safe? Why are you taking so long to come back?"



Suldae Westwind: "Following Lysaga's hut. Safe for now. Where the bats are. Rest and recuperate, then find me. Love you"



Ireena Kolyana: "She's alive," says Ireena. "She's following the hut. I don't know what the hell she's thinking."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "She's thinking like a Vistana," says Ezmerelda. "I like it."

Soon the party is back at the camp — without Suldae.



Marcus Veranius: "If she has the energy to do so. It's not like we're in a condition to chase after her."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Stupid ideas are part of the culture?" Henry asks sarcastically

Joan has a pot of stew going already, and she smiles broadly to see you all.

Joan: "Hey! You're back! How did it go?"



Marcus Veranius thousand-yard stares at the pot



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We got expolded!"

Joan makes a beeline for Henry while saying this and it's hard to tell if she means it for anyone other than him.

Joan: "Who is *he*?"



Kasimir Velikov: "Kasimir Velikov, at your service."

"After a nap, perhaps..."



Marcus Veranius: "He's the reason we declared war on Baba Lysaga."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "And nearly got our asses handed to us."



Rictavio: "I wouldn't say that. She retreated as well, did she not?"

"Round one: a tie."

"Round two will go all the better for knowing what we're up against. Suldae's decision is a wise one, if a dangerous one."



Marcus Veranius nods



Suldae Westwind: (If Suldae can get close enough without compromising her stealth, she tries to get within sight of the hut and look inside again)



Marcus Veranius: "It was foolish to not consider what brews Baba Lysaga had at her disposal. We are dealing with both magic and alchemy."

"I don't think she'll get the drop on us again."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "And of cause she can fucking fly too" Henry says sitting down with a grunt

Now that Suldae is within the outer limits of the swarm, she is easily able to get another view of the interior of the hut. She sees Baba Lysaga leaning over a table, poring over a heavy tome. With her keen Raven's eyes, Suldae is able to tell that it is written in Abyssal.



Rictavio: "I think, not of her own power."

"That seemed to me to be a vehicle of some kind."



Suldae Westwind: (What's up with the kid?)



Rictavio: "Hags are not known for flying without brooms or similar magic."



Marcus Veranius: "That skull will be her bane should she rely on it to escape."

"Do you think it's undead?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "hm it say no I'd guess it is closer to Hieres and Suldaes tricks"



Marcus Veranius: "One way to find out."



Baba Lysaga: "Now, my little Strahd, we shall make them pay for trespassing on Mama Lysaga's land..."

"Yes, yes we shall, my sweet, my pet. We shall make them pay..."



Baba Lysaga appears to be speaking to the child.



Marcus Veranius:

**PRIMEVAL AWARENESS
(UNDEAD / DRAGONS)**

Class: Ranger 3

You can attune your senses to determine if any of your favored enemies lurk nearby. By spending 1 uninterrupted minute in concentration (as if you were concentrating on a spell), you can sense whether any of your favored enemies are present within 5 miles of you. This feature reveals which of your favored enemies are present, their numbers, and the creatures' general direction and distance (in miles) from you. If there are multiple groups of your favored enemies within range, you learn this information for each group.



Suldae Westwind: (Does the child seem okay, physically? Not mistreated or upset?)

Marcus does not sense any undead presence nearby.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (we are short resting right?)



Marcus Veranius: (Yes)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

7

HIT DICE (D10+3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

The child seems fine. It appears to be an angelic little human child with dark hair and eyes. It burbles happily as Baba Lysaga speaks to it.



Marcus Veranius: "...bollocks, you're right. A construct of some kind."

GM: (Make an investigation roll, Suldae)

Suldae Westwind:

13

INVESTIGATION (5)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae is able to determine that the child is not a vampire, at least, not yet. She recalls stories of the many awful things that hags are known for. Not least among their horrors is the reproductive cycle, which involves the eating of a human infant, which is ultimately reborn as a baby hag. Baby hags appear normal until they reach thirteen years of age, then they become the spitting image of their hag mother.



Suldae Westwind: (Appear normal - as in 'age normally'?)

GM: (Hags are not human, they are a separate species. A baby hag will appear human until it is thirteen, then it begins to look more like the hag which spawned it. There are many varieties of hags, each with different powers and habits.)



Suldae Westwind: (basically I'm asking - does it looking like a baby mean it IS a baby?)
(of age, that is)

GM: (Oh, yes, hag babies age just like normal human ones)



Suldae Westwind: (aha ty)



Rictavio examines Kasimir's wounds and applies some Spellcraft to them, sealing cuts and mending bruises.



Rictavio: "Now, my boy, you must tell us everything that she knows about us. Everything that was extracted from you. Feel no shame about it! Hags are notoriously devious creatures, with powerful spells and magic. It would be a miracle if you were able to keep anything that she wanted from you."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir seems ashamed, in spite of Rictavio's advice.
"I..."



Marcus Veranius nods. "Given that Ireena is still here, the absolute worst has not come to pass."



Marcus Veranius: "Anything else is inconvenient at best."



Ireena Kolyana: "The absolute worst?"



Marcus Veranius: "You're Strahd's target number one. His raid failed, so that's probably the worst that could have come out of an interrogation."



Kasimir Velikov: "She knows your names. Your abilities, such that I have seen. She knows the tale of your journey from beginning to end. I saw her use a crystal to communicate with Strahd. He cares not for her, but uses her endlessly. She is mad with love for him. She sees herself as his one, true mother."
"Strahd knows everything... Everything..."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Even about the Keepers of the Feather?"



Marcus Veranius: "He doesn't know about our deal in Krezk. Or the dragon's fate."




Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir clenches his eyes and nods.


"What deal in Krezk?"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "...oh."


 **Kasimir Velikov:** "Wait, you slew the dragon?"


 ***Marcus Veranius pauses***

 **Marcus Veranius:** "...one problem down, ten more in its place."


 **Kasimir Velikov:** "Gods above, you have become mightier than I could have believed..."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Well I kind of kicked him in his pointy teeth when Ireena here tried to to play the hero so Strahd is more than 'familiar' with my capabilities anyway"


 **Kasimir Velikov:** "He will prepare for you. He will not leave his castle now, not when he knows that you must come to him if you wish to leave."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "A mixed blessing."

 ***Marcus Veranius ponders their circumstances***

 **Kasimir Velikov:** "I fear that he will send his manservant to Vallaki, if he believes the Keepers pose a genuine threat to him. Or if he believes that harming them will harm you."

"You must warn them! Rahadin is a terror."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "...the Keepers have full control of Vallaki at this current moment. He'd have to siege against the entire city."


"Subtlety won't work anymore."


 **Kasimir Velikov:** "No, he would not."

"Rahadin is a powerful spell caster and a subtle mind. He would arrive in disguise, penetrate the city, and slay them in their sleep."

"He is a living elf, a traitor to his whole race."

"They say that to stand near him is to hear the screaming of the many souls he has murdered."


 **Marcus Veranius:** "That's... not good. Ireena; can you get a message out?"


 **Kasimir Velikov:** "You must warn the Keepers to seal the city and keep constant watch. No traveller can be permitted entry, no matter how benign they may appear."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I can."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "If you would"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "What would you like me to say? Has to be 25 words or less."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Let's hope then that he hasn't breached the walls then."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Seal the City none enters, Strats attack hound might be on the loose" Henry proposes

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Ought to throw a name in there"

Meanwhile, the hut finally settles down into the marsh with a squelching of deep mud. The terrain

she has selected is nothing but sinking mud.



Baba Lysaga: "Yes, yes, this ought to really foul them up. Hehe. Hehehe. HEHEHEHE..." (continued cackling)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena casts *Message*. "*Seal the City, none can enter. Rahadin the mage is on the loose. May appear to be normal traveler. Keep guard at all times!*"

Ireena stares into space, concentrating for a while.



Suldae Westwind: (Does Baba Lysaga appear to be doing anything, or does the remark seem to be related to where she is?)



Ireena Kolyana: "Danika's responding. She says... Gates already sealed... Antimagic fields in force at east and west gates... Militia training continues... Winery attacked... Family all here. Be safe out there."

Baba Lysaga speaks a long sentence in Abyssal, hands upraised. The mud begins to churn as strange creatures beneath it come to life, animated by a powerful curse. The mud settles and lies still, odoriferous and dank.



Ireena Kolyana: "Alright," says Ireena. "That's me spent. I need some time to rest."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae really wishes Ireena would message her right now but has unfortunately not mastered telepathy herself.

She sends a silent prayer to Corellon that everything work out for the better (and maybe, just maybe, that her friends get a genius idea to contact her, even though it's not really his domain) and continues to track the situation.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (short rest is 1 hour right?)



Marcus Veranius: (Yes)

GM: (Yes)



Ireena Kolyana: "Gods dammit, where the hell is Suldae?"

"If I had the energy left I'd try to contact her..."

(Ireena is out of level 3 spell slots)

GM: (She's been using *Sending* to send the 25-word messages, not *Message* -- my bad. *Message* has a range of only 120 feet.)



Marcus Veranius: "It can't be that hard to track a moving house."



Rictavio: "In this mud and fog, it might be difficult. Although I do not doubt your skill would be equal to the task."



Suldae Westwind: (level 3 and higher?)

(wasnt short rest like 15 minutes?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Maybe she plans on us meeting up with her after we rest up?" Henry says "So she stays and has an eye on things "



Suldae Westwind: (nm, 1 hour)

GM: (She still has two level 4 Spell slots, but she is likely to hang onto them just in case she needs to cast Counterspell or Resilient Sphere)



Suldae Westwind: (v fair lol)



Ireena Kolyana:

ARCANE RECOVERY

Class: Wizard

You have learned to regain some of your magical energy by studying your spellbook. Once per day when you finish a short rest, you can choose expended spell slots to recover. The spell slots can have a combined level that is equal to or less than half your wizard level (rounded up), and none of the slots can be 6th level or higher.

For example, if you're a 4th-level wizard, you can recover up to two levels worth of spell slots. You can recover either a 2nd-level spell slot or two 1st-level spell slots.

GM: (Forgot about this feature, one sec)



Suldae Westwind: (OOO)

(What are the mud creatures doing, meanwhile?)

GM: (The mud creatures are lying under the mud, apparently inert. They are undetectable from above the mud.)



Suldae Westwind: (aha ty)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so do we just skip the 1 hour ahead now?)



Ireena Kolyana: "Ok, I feel like I've had my second wind. I'm going to try to contact Suldae."

Casting *Sending*. "Suldae? Where are you? What's going on?"

GM: (Yes, let's skip the end of the hour)



Marcus Veranius: (Yee)

(Rahadin and the Deva added to our to-do list)



Suldae Westwind: (Oh, one thing Suldae would have done by now: tried to rise above the hut and see if there are any landmarks by which she could find her way to the hut precisely)


(if she were to go elsewhere)


GM: (Suldae would see that the hut is now on the western bank of the river, just to the northeast of a set of abandoned cottages.)





Henry of Willowsbrook: "So how is everyone feeling? Up for some Hag hunting with a side of


revenge?" Henry asks rolling his shoulders


 **Sulda Westwind:** "Near hut. Seems to have stopped. Mud golems under it. Going back now. Wait for me where camp was"


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Well, she's still alive. She's coming back to camp now."
"Something about 'mud golems'?"


 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae flies off towards the camp, keepign careful track of where the hut is and how to go back to it.


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Mud golems."
"Do you think we might be able to fly at the hut directly?"


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry points at himself Rictavio kasimir and Ismark "Still can't fly" he says deadpann

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Then we have problems."

 **Sulda Westwind:** (...Suldae has totally updated the party on her spell list and she has 1/day Fly she hasnt used yet)
(gotta edit the spell list on discord)


 **Marcus Veranius:** "WAIT! THE RIVER BANK!"

 **Marcus Veranius grins widely, scheming a nasty plot. "She's expecting birds coming in from the air. What if we swam to her hut from downstream?"**

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "You want to attack her from the water? That... would be pretty surprising I guess"


 **Sulda Westwind:** (How does Marcus know about the river bank?)

 **Marcus Veranius:** (I misread the message and assume Suldae gave us a location >.>)

 **Sulda Westwind:** (Suldae didn't say anything about it to Ireena and isn't back yet, I think)

 **Marcus Veranius:** (Marcus does NOT suggest the Navy Seals approach)


 **Marcus Veranius considers the situation.**

 **Marcus Veranius:** "We can't exactly walk in if she's going to rise an army around our ankles. Armor or not, that's suicide."

Suldae arrives.

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Hi everyone!" she says brightly. "Sorry for flying off like that. On the bright side, I know where she is!"

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Wait Kasimir made us fly before is that in the cards right now?"

 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae proceeds to describe the directions to the hut and what she saw both in and around it.
She does not mention the child yet.

Ireena Kolyana: Ireena seems like she wants to slap Suldae and kiss her at the same time.

"Don't... Do that again."



Kasimir Velikov: "I could cast that spell a single time. I have the power yet."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yeah" Henry agrees lazily chopping her on the head



Suldae Westwind: "I wished you were with me," Suldae admitted. She looks at Kasimir.

"Oh thank the *gods* you're okay."



Marcus Veranius: "Are you sure Kasimir? You're still in bad shape."



Suldae Westwind: "I was just so... angry. Nothing seemed to be working."

"She just came and went as she liked, and we could only react."

"This gives us back the initiative."



Kasimir Velikov: "I would prefer a day to rest, if you wish to know my honest opinion. I am in no state for a drawn-out conflict."



Ireena Kolyana: "Honestly I'm mostly spent too."



Suldae Westwind: "That's probably a good idea," Suldae agrees.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I'm doing fine, honestly."



Suldae Westwind: "I don't figure she'd be in much of a hurry."

"I'm exhausted myself."



Rictavio: "It is irritating that we must come to her..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We would also allow her to recuperate and prepare"



Rictavio: "Especially given that she will have that flying contraption, while we will wrestle in the mud."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "By the morning she might have moved the hut a hundred miles. I'm sure she wasn't always here in the swamp."

"This might be our only chance to take her."



Marcus Veranius: "No, we can't afford to let her leave."



Suldae Westwind: "She has prepared a welcoming committee for us," Suldae points out.

"Does anyone have any idea what it might be or how long it would last?"



Marcus Veranius: "That wall and cauldron trick has to have been as draining to her as our defense was to us."

"Golems couldnt have been easy either."



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae was too on edge and busy with stealth to check herself)



Marcus Veranius: "She's depleted as much as we are, but there's only one of her to our numbers."



Suldae Westwind: Now, in retrospect, Suldae tries to figure out if those were mud golems or something else.



Ireena Kolyana: "I might have something for the mud, actually."



Suldae Westwind:

20

ARCANA (11)
Suldae Westwind



Ireena Kolyana: "Actually..."



Marcus Veranius: "Did you mention her hut camped by the river? Most of us that can't fly can swim instead."



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh, I have the nastiest plan."



Marcus Veranius: "I'll bet you mud creatures can't swim."



Ireena Kolyana: "Have you heard of the spell *Control Water*?"



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"Magic can control the water?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena takes out her spell book and briefly describes the spell.

Control Water

Transmutation 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 300 feet

Target: Any freestanding water inside an area you choose that is a cube up to 100 feet on a side

Components: V, S, M (A drop of water and a pinch of dust)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

Until the spell ends, you control any freestanding water inside an area you choose that is a cube up to 100 feet on a side. You can choose from any of the following effects when you cast this spell. As an action on your turn, you can repeat the same effect or choose a different one. Flood. You cause the water level of all standing water in the area to rise by as much as 20 feet. If the area includes a shore, the flooding water spills over onto dry land. If you choose an area in a large body of water, you instead create a 20-foot tall wave that travels from one side of the area to the other and then crashes down. Any Huge or smaller vehicles in the wave's path are carried with it to the other side. Any Huge or smaller vehicles struck by the wave have a 25 percent chance of capsizing. The water level remains elevated until the spell ends or you choose a different effect. If this effect produced a wave, the wave repeats on the start of your next turn while the

flood effect lasts. **Part Water.** You cause water in the area to move apart and create a trench. The trench extends across the spell's area, and the separated water forms a wall to either side. The trench remains until the spell ends or you choose a different effect. The water then slowly fills in the trench over the course of the next round until the normal water level is restored. **Redirect Flow.** You cause flowing water in the area to move in a direction you choose, even if the water has to flow over obstacles, up walls, or in other unlikely directions. The water in the area moves as you direct it, but once it moves beyond the spell's area, it resumes its flow based on the terrain conditions. The water continues to move in the direction you chose until the spell ends or you choose a different effect. **Whirlpool.** This effect requires a body of water at least 50 feet square and 25 feet deep. You cause a whirlpool to form in the center of the area. The whirlpool forms a vortex that is 5 feet wide at the base, up to 50 feet wide at the top, and 25 feet tall. Any creature or object in the water and within 25 feet of the vortex is pulled 10 feet toward it. A creature can swim away from the vortex by making a Strength (Athletics) check against your spell save DC. When a creature enters the vortex for the first time on a turn or starts its turn there, it must make a Strength saving throw. On a failed save, the creature takes 2d8 bludgeoning damage and is caught in the vortex until the spell ends. On a successful save, the creature takes half damage, and isn't caught in the vortex. A creature caught in the vortex can use its action to try to swim away from the vortex as described above, but has disadvantage on the Strength (Athletics) check to do so. The first time each turn that an object enters the vortex, the object takes 2d8 bludgeoning damage; this damage occurs each round it remains in the vortex.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well I can swim faster than I can walk" Henry says pulling at the collar of his cloak



Ireena Kolyana: Well, she thinks it's a brief description, but it's actually very thorough.



Suldae Westwind: "I love this spell," Suldae says with feeling.



Marcus Veranius: "...if we can pull her hut into the river with a whirlpool, and if she's keeping the skull underneath as she described..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Okay that is the spell what is the plan?"



Marcus Veranius: "That locks her away from an army of golems and into our favored terrain!"



Suldae Westwind: "Honestly, in a bog, do we even *need* a plan with that spell?"

"Incidentally, I think I can make everyoen fly who normally cannot."



Marcus Veranius: "Yes. Bend the bog to our will and we'll only need to deal with one caster."

"The Oathbow is good at handling a single entity."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So we are attacking now?"



Suldae Westwind: "...okay, no, I can only make one person fly, sorry."

"Can still summon mounts though."



Ireena Kolyana: "I can only cast this spell twice, so we'll have to be careful how we use it. I think we could raise the water level to drown the hut and force her out."



Marcus Veranius: "Whoever can't swim or fly, Kasimir can make fly."

"Hiere might be able to help with some of the others."



Suldae Westwind: "There is a baby in the hut," Suldae says. "It's probably a hag baby, but - well, it's a baby."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: "She, uh, also called it little Strahd. Seemed like a normal baby though."



Kasimir Velikov: I can cast it upon myself and two others."



Ireena Kolyana: "Wait, I'm sorry, what? A baby?"

"Well, there goes that plan..."



Marcus Veranius: "...is the baby an immediate concern or can we handle it after?"



Suldae Westwind: "I can cast it only on one person, sorry," Suldae says. "It's not exactly a bard thing, and - well, the flute is only willing to do so much for me."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "How about this we circle around Berez to the north till we hit the river and thenmove sou-what."



Suldae Westwind: "I was bringign up the baby regarding the 'drown the hut' thing."



Ireena Kolyana: "I won't have the kind of refined control over the water to protect a baby while smashing everything else."



Suldae Westwind: "Of course, *she* would likely protect it, I think."



Marcus Veranius: "...would it at least be possible to flood the mud and anchor the hut in place?"



Suldae Westwind: "She seemed fond of it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Uhm are are we sure it is real?"



Suldae Westwind: "But... I don't know."

"I don't think she knew I was looking."

"And like I said, it's not very likely to be a *human* baby."

"Even though it looked like one."

"Can't say I advocate that as a reason for baby killing..."



Ireena Kolyana: "I think I could flood the mud easily, or maybe even dry it out."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I-I admit I'm not sure the baby isn't a trap"



Suldae Westwind: "Fact is, it can be a hostage for one side or the other, depending on the hag's attitude and ours. Or it can be safe, or it can be a casualty."



Marcus Veranius turns to Richten



Ireena Kolyana: "I can maintain control over the spell for up to ten minutes, so that would give somebody time to get in, get the baby, and get out before I drop a wall of water on everything."



Rictavio: Van Richten looks at him steadily.



Suldae Westwind: "Well," Suldae breathes in and out. She is not sure about this. "Rictavio, what do you know about hag babies?"

"Or their habits of making babies as illusions, or-"

"Whatever that can be."



Rictavio: "The reproductive cycle of a hag coven is a bit horrific. They devour a human baby, which causes them to become pregnant. A few short weeks later, they give birth to a baby hag. It appears much like the original child, and grows normally until it reaches the age of 13, at which point it reverts to its nightmarish true form and joins the Coven or the network of Covens, as the case may be."

"I've never heard of a hag using an illusory baby for any reason, but if Baba Lysaga does consider herself the true mother of Strahd, and if she is as mad as Kasimir indicated... Well, I suppose it's not out of the question."

"So it's either a human baby she has not eaten yet, a hag baby she has already produced, or some third option."



Marcus Veranius: "Is there any reason she WOULDN'T convert a baby outright?"



Rictavio: "Sometimes they wait for opportune moments in the cycles of the moon. Their habits are poorly studied, and much of their magic remains mysterious to scholars."

"The few hags that have survived conflicts with hunters and have later been interrogated often lie through their teeth."

"It's possible that is a true, human child."



Marcus Veranius: "...then we'll just anchor the hut somehow. Sink its legs in the mud and dry it out. Make it a non-option."

"Storm the place and handle whatever horrors are inside."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae does not like the inside of her head right now, which is whispering that *perhaps they should not worry about the baby at all.*



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns inward for a moment 'Oh Lands I know I have asked for much already but again I must beseech you, Offer me guidance Oh Great and Wise Spirits what is the child in the Hags domain' He asks for a sign

(Do you want a roll for that?)

Suldae Westwind: Many more babies than that one are at stake, in the long term, and there is a boundary between honorable and stupid. Allowing the knowledge that the hag has a child in its care hobble them... As if it wasn't a dangerous enough enemy already.

She prays as well.



Marcus Veranius: (We can't flood the hut anyways cause there are cages of ravens tied to it)



Suldae Westwind:

12

RELIGION (11)
Suldae Westwind

(we should unlock the cages somehow yeah)

GM: (Yes, a roll would be appropriate for that)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae has told everyone)



Marcus Veranius: (RPG logic says that killing the boss undoes all magical locks they set)



Henry of Willowsbrook: 'Please guide my hands so they shall not spill an innocents blood' He asks (what do I roll? Nature?)

GM: (Nature or Religion)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

14

NATURE (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Neither Suldae nor Henry feels any answer from their gods... This land is cursed, and this patch of land doubly so. It denies their prayer mindlessly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So what Do we do now?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is not happy to realize that maybe she would rather kill a baby than allow Strahd to win, here.

Maybe there's no need for extremes though.



Kasimir Velikov: "I can cast *Greater Invisibility*."



Marcus Veranius: "What we do is ignore the baby and focus the hag."



Rictavio: "There must be something she wants. There must be some way to lure her out of a fortified position."



Marcus Veranius: "Unless its got a knife, babies are typically non-issues."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods.



Rictavio: "Marcus is right, though. She is unlikely to harm the child, and if we are cautious we will not harm it either."



Suldae Westwind: Nodding is a great strategy, she feels.



Rictavio: "Whether it is a human baby or a hag one, she needs it intact."



Marcus Veranius: "If we nullify the mud be it attacking from the river or sabotaging the terrain, all we have to worry about is the caster."

"I like those odds."



Suldae Westwind: "But we should probably not attempt to use the baby as a hostage *against* the hag," Suldae says.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We should start to move if we want to attack her now better not give her more tiime then nescessary"



Suldae Westwind: "That would be wrong, right?"



Rictavio: Rictavio shrugs.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda boxes his ear.



Suldae Westwind: She blinks apologetically, *not* looking at Henry.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Yes, Suldae. That would be wrong."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Let's deal with that when it gets to it"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "We are not our enemies. We must continue to be clear in what defines us."



Marcus Veranius: "I'm not sinking to Strahd's level."



Suldae Westwind: "Yeah, I thought so. Just thought to clear that up."



Marcus Veranius: "If the baby becomes a problem we'll deal with it then. But I'm not about to make it a problem."



Ireena Kolyana: "Well... Shall we prepare to approach?"

"Do we feel like we have a plan?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well no but plans are like seedlings in a garden, best not to get overly attached they die easily"



Suldae Westwind: "Everyone flies, you control the water, who thinks they can do anything to unlock the cages? I really think we should try to do that as soon as possible."



Marcus Veranius: "Here's the plan as I understand it."

>We approach from the river. Anyone that can't swim or fly, Kasimir casts Flight on.

(As an aside, Kasimir is not leaving camp. He's sitting this out.)

>Ireena manipulates water to sink the hut and dry up the mud, locking down Baba Lysaga's means of movement.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "They are magic? Pass I'll deal with Her and her bag of tricks"



Marcus Veranius: >We storm in from the river, attacking a cornered hag with no place to run/

Suldae Westwind: "Except backwards," Suldae points out.

"She still has that... flying thing."



Marcus Veranius: "You said its parked under the hut? If the hut sinks, so does her skull."



Suldae Westwind: "So what?"

"So it's underwater, what does that do?"



Marcus Veranius: "Under MUD preferably."

"Preferably to the point where the hut's entrance is ground level."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well I think we reached the bottom of our tactical acumen so lets get going"



Marcus Veranius: "At that point, we climb to shore at its entrance."



Ireena Kolyana: "Point of order: I can control *water*, but not mud. I can draw the moisture out of the mud to solidify it, or add moisture to it to make it runnier. I can't actually control the mud itself."*



Suldae Westwind: "If you make water flow everything *in* the water goes with it," Suldae points out.



Ireena Kolyana: "And it's possible she knows the same spell."



Marcus Veranius: "You'd just need to make the mud runnier to the point where the hut sinks, then drain moisture so it stays there."

"Which is more than possible on the shoreline."



Ireena Kolyana: "That works."



Marcus Veranius: "If she was anywhere else this would be impossible."



Rictavio: "Time is wasting. Shall we?"

Joan: "Oh, be careful Henry! And the rest of you, I suppose."

"Don't sink in the mud!"



Suldae Westwind: "We'll try," Suldae tells her seriously.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We'll try not to"

Kasimir prepares to cast Fly on whoever requires it.



Rictavio: Ezmerelda and Ireena both take hybrid form.

Rictavio accepts a casting of "Fly."

"Oh, I hate this part," he says, as he begins to weightlessly rise into the air.



Suldae Westwind: (Henry and Ismarck)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a deep breath and nods to Kasimir "I'll stay low if you all don't mind"

"Give me wings Magic Man" he says with a entirely fake board grin



Marcus Veranius: "Err... as a reminder to those who have my fine quality boots!"

"They walk on water."

Suldae Westwind: Suldae turns into hybrid form. She has her guitar with her - she can play the flute when she turns human, on a tree branch or something, but not while having a beak.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so Marcus and Ezme can jesus around)



Marcus Veranius: (So can Henry and Suldae)

(And Hiere, if he was Here)

(Peter Pan strats are for the NPCs and anyone who wants to not be water-locked)

Kasimir casts Fly on Ismark and Henry as well.



Kasimir Velikov: "I am spent. I shall retire. Happy hunting."

"When you are finished... Bring me her head."

"I would look into her eyes as the light fades."



Marcus Veranius smiles. "Glad to have you back Kasimir."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shivers at that mental image.

"...Rest well," she says.

He probably has good reasons for that attitude, really.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Welll let's go kill this witch bitch" Henry says floating of ahead



Marcus Veranius readies his arrows. Time for the marine approach



Marcus Veranius: (We probably want to approach from the south cause that area's already cleared out)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (noone said anything about my proposed way of approach)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sticks close to Ireena



Henry of Willowsbrook: (sure)



Suldae Westwind: (what wsa your plan?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (mine waas the blue line)



Suldae Westwind: (ah)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so we follow the Red line)



Marcus Veranius: (MICROSQUARES)

GM: (This map is so stupid, I don't know why they didn't give smaller sections of it. The map of Berez is supposed to be 100ft per square which is just useless for combat.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pulls up the hood of his Cloak of the Manta Ray



Marcus Veranius: (The best part of killing Baba Lysaga now is that this map goes with her)

GM: (I will be very happy when it does)

(Ok, so you have the drop on her for now, so you can arrange your approach however you wish and begin when you are ready.)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

**CLOAK OF THE MANTA
RAY**

Other: Item

While wearing this cloak with its hood up, you can breathe Underwater, and you have a swimming speed of 60 feet. Pulling the hood up or down requires an action.



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae wants to stick with Ireena, but also to the shore, because trees as perches and the flute)

(Can we both be at the shoreline?)



Ireena Kolyana: "Let me know when you're ready for me to cast. I have to get within 300 feet of the hut."



Marcus Veranius joins Henry underwater with his Swimming boots

GM: (Feel free to position yourself where you want to be, and I'll move the NPCs in accordance with your plan.)



Suldae Westwind: (one sec)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry is not underwater he just has the hood up)



Marcus Veranius: (oh)

GM: (brb)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae moves A LITTLE closer but she'll stay there) (Ireena to her pls)



Marcus Veranius: (Would Hiere be able to give Marcus a casting of Haste or does Able need to be here for that?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I think he would have to be here)



Marcus Veranius: (I miss him already)

29

STEALTH (10)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae is in a tree, also)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry now drops into the water keeping his head above the water to communicate



Marcus Veranius follows suit

Suldae Westwind: So anyway as action one Suldae positions herself on a tree branch comfortably, takes out the flute and plays.

The music is like the coming of storm, low and slow and swelling.

DC17

Dexterity Save

21

Lightning

120 feet

(Flute) Call Lightning, 1/day
Suldae Westwind

no wait wrong one sec

(Flute) Call Lightning, 1/day
Conjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A point in the air where a storm cloud could appear 100 feet directly above you

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

A storm cloud appears in the shape of a cylinder that is 10 feet tall with a 60-foot radius, centered on a point you can see 100 feet directly above you. The spell fails if you can't see a point in the air where the storm cloud could appear (for example, if you are in a room that can't accommodate the cloud). When you cast the spell, choose a point you can see within range. A bolt of lightning flashes down from the cloud to that point. Each creature within 5 feet of that point must make a Dexterity saving throw. A creature takes 3d10 lightning damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. On each of your turns until the spell ends, you can use your action to call down lightning in this way again, targeting the same point or a different one. If you are outdoors in stormy conditions when you cast this spell, the spell gives you control over the existing storm instead of creating a new one. Under such conditions, the spell's damage increases by 1d10.

THERE



Suldae Westwind: A storm brews up above the hut, but no lightning is striking yet.

...im calling this close enough lol

there :D



Ireena Kolyana: "Good idea, Suldae..."

Ismark Kolyanovich: "Now you're a weather witch too?"

"Cool."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smiles at him without pausing the playing.

The melody is still slow and rumbling, brewing bit by bit.

She feels the air currents and the weave shifting with them, the power of the storm, the danger of the sky.

For the moment, it's dancing to her tune.

As the party approaches the hut, they notice several strange orbs of light dancing around it, much like the lights of a Dancing Light spell. These pulse with a varying intensity, gradually getting brighter before fading back to dimness. They are oddly enchanting to look at...



Henry of Willowsbrook:

Bless

Enchantment 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: Up to three creatures of your choice within range

Components: V, S, M (A sprinkling of holy water)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You bless up to three creatures of your choice within range. Whenever a target makes an attack roll or a saving throw before the spell ends, the target can roll a d4 and add the number rolled to the attack roll or saving throw.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot level above 1st.



Rictavio: "When the time is right, I can signal everyone at once..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry casts on himself Marcus Rictavio and Ezmeralda

"Light guide us"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda walks on the water near Henry and Marcus, still relatively well hidden in the fog, despite her brightly-colored clothing.



Rictavio: Rictavio hovers nearby, between the two groups.

He casts *Guidance* upon Marcus.

Guidance

Divination Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You touch one willing creature. Once before

the spell ends, the target can roll a d4 and add the number rolled to one ability check of its choice. It can roll the die before or after making the ability check. The spell then ends.

"If you have a clean shot, take it..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (ability check)



Marcus Veranius: "Will do."

GM: (Derp)



Marcus Veranius: (It's good advice either way)



Suldae Westwind: Before Suldae goes into position, she briefly hugs Marcus, Henry, Ezme and Ireena.



Rictavio: Rictavio actually casts Death Ward, not Guidance.



Suldae Westwind: (4 bardic insps)
(each of you take one)



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark whispers: "What, don't I get a hug?"



Marcus Veranius: (whats the die?)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs and dances away through the air. Hug inspiration strikes as it will.
"Another time, maybe~"



Marcus Veranius gives Ismark a soggy, sea hug



Suldae Westwind: d8

BARDIC INSPIRATION

Class: Bard

You, the target, get a Bardic Inspiration die - a d6 initially, a d8 starting from level 5, a d10 starting from level 10, a d12 starting from level 15. You keep it for 10 minutes. During these 10 minutes you can use it up by rolling it and adding the result to one ability check, attack roll or saving throw. You can only have one at a time and uses refresh at short rest, so use it up!



Suldae Westwind inspires



Suldae Westwind: d8 yeah



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ready when you are" Henry says to all of them



Rictavio: "Beware," says Rictavio. "Those little lights are Will of the Wisps."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Will-o'-Wisps," Ezmerelda corrects him.



Rictavio: "Are we ready?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yes"



Marcus Veranius: "Ready. Sink the hut at your liesure."



Rictavio: Rictavio casts Thaumaturgy. His voice booms with thrice its ordinary volume, and he shouts:
"BABA LYSAGA. FOR YOUR CRIMES, YOU SHALL FACE JUSTICE. PREPARE TO DIE!"



Baba Lysaga: Baba Lysaga screams back: "Wait! I have a baby! You wouldn't hurt a baby!?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nearly goes off tune at hearing that.

The first thing, that is.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "WE DON'T FUCKIN BELIEVE YOU HOW ABOUT THAT!"



Marcus Veranius: "We know you would!"



Marcus Veranius aims his shot for when Baba Lysaga is in sight



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena's eyes glow with arcane power. She draws back her hands as her hair begins to flow around her as though she is underwater. The waves of the river become still, as though holding their breath. The water beneath the hut begins to rise, drenching the mud. The hut instantly begins to sink more deeply. It thrashes its wooden legs around, but they are unable to find purchase in the swamp, and the hut sinks, crushing the skull into the mud. It settles with its foundation flat to the earth.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry dives and aproaches further



Ireena Kolyana: Then Ireena parts her arms, and the water rushes away, seeping through the mud. The mud hardens and shrinks, cracking and splitting as the liquid seeps from it and back into the river.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae readies lightning for whenever Baba Lysaga emerges



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena cups a hand, and the hut becomes surrounded by a 20-foot-tall standing wave which does not move.

The wave is only on the right-hand side of the hut, where it can still be connected to the river without having to rise from the mud.



Marcus Veranius: "OK ramblers, let's get rambling!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hopes the hag does not emerge *holding* the baby.



Baba Lysaga: A mad cackle begins, inside the hut. The doors and windows remain sealed.

The Will-o'-Wisps spiral more energetically around the hut.

"Arise, my pretties! Arise, my lovelies! Arise, and defend your maker!"

The mud cracks, and breaks open, and unleashes eight horrors of tangled vine and madness. Eight shambling mounds have emerged!



Suldae Westwind: Lightning flashes down to one, as the melody goes high for a moment.

(are we goign to... roll initiative)

(at any point)

GM: (Yup, roll initiative)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (...really shambling mounds with will-o-wisps? GM you are cruel)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's initiative is **24.15**



Henry of Willowsbrook:

4.1

INITIATIVE (0.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (holy shit)



Marcus Veranius: (I don't like these numbers...)

GM: (The Shambling mounds literally cannot harm four of the characters)



Rictavio:

INITIATIVE
Shambling Mound

Initiative: 6



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Shambling Mound

Initiative: 0



Suldae Westwind: (omg)



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Shambling Mound

Initiative: 14

INITIATIVE
Shambling Mound

Initiative: 1

INITIATIVE
Shambling Mound

Initiative: 5

INITIATIVE
Shambling Mound

Initiative: 9

INITIATIVE
Shambling Mound

Initiative: 6

INITIATIVE
Shambling Mound

Initiative: **0**



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Shambling Mound

Initiative: **11**

INITIATIVE
Will-o'-Wisp

Initiative: **13**

INITIATIVE
Will-o'-Wisp

Initiative: **20**

INITIATIVE
Will-o'-Wisp

Initiative: **21**

INITIATIVE
Will-o'-Wisp

Initiative: **26**

INITIATIVE
Will-o'-Wisp

Initiative: **25**



Marcus Veranius:

19

INITIATIVE (8)
Marcus Veranius



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Will-o'-Wisp

Initiative: **18**

INITIATIVE
Baba Lysaga's Creeping Hut

Initiative: **11**

INITIATIVE
Baba Lysaga

Initiative: **16**



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I know the chees that monster combo can do and I am scared



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE <i>Rictavio</i> <hr/> <i>Initiative: 4</i>
--

INITIATIVE <i>Ireena Kolyana</i> <hr/> <i>Initiative: 12</i>

INITIATIVE <i>Ismark Kolyanovich</i> <hr/> <i>Initiative: 8</i>
--

GM: (Is that everyone?)

(Go ahead and unleash your lightning, Suldae, before the round begins properly)



Suldae Westwind: Lightning flashes down on the Mound nearest to Suldae (the southernmost one)

GM: (Roll it)



Suldae Westwind:

DC17

Dexterity Save

21

Lightning

120 feet

(Flute) Call Lightning, 1/day
 Suldae Westwind



Shambling Mound:

DEXTERITY <i>Shambling Mound</i> <hr/> <i>Ability: 2</i>



Suldae Westwind: (the distance indicated is inaccurate - it needs to be within the 60ft circle indicated by the blue circle)

Lightning strikes the Shambling Mound, and crackles through its form. It seems... Unfazed.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae cannot say this is particularly unexpected.
 Worth trying though.

As Suldae watches, she sees it sprout several new tendrils and crazed extensions, as though he lightning has in fact added to its power.



Rictavio: "Shambling mounds... Shambling mounds! Don't use lightning! Whatever you use, not lightning!"



Suldae Westwind: Okay, maybe trying was also a bad idea.

A Will-o'-Wisp hovers daintily over to the nearest Shambling mound and touches it briefly.



Will-o'-Wisp:

SHOCK
Will-o'-Wisp

Attack: 24 | 24

Damage: 10 + 9 lightning



Marcus Veranius: 900F)

There is a crackle of electricity at the contact, and the Shambling Mound it touched suddenly increases in size.



Will-o'-Wisp:

SHOCK
Will-o'-Wisp

Attack: 23 | 16

Damage: 9 lightning



Suldae Westwind: Okay, so maybe she *should not have given Baba Lysaga ideas*

Another Will-o'-Wisp attempts the same maneuver on another creature.



Rictavio: "These are distractions!" Rictavio shouts.

"We must get to her, and destroy the hut!"

"If she dies, they will die with her! I'm sure of it!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae chooses to take the wise advice, and targets the hut instead.

DC17

Dexterity Save

22

Lightning

120 feet

(Flute) Call Lightning, 1/day
Suldae Westwind

The hut, unable to move, takes the full brunt of the lightning blast.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (why do the sips have advantage?)

GM: (They're hitting a friendly target that wants to be hit)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (ah)

The blast of lightning damages the roof and ignites the thatch, which continues to burn slowly.



Suldae Westwind: EoT



Will-o'-Wisp:

SHOCK
Will-o'-Wisp

Attack: 23

Damage: **11** lightning

SHOCK
Will-o'-Wisp

Attack: **19** | **20**

Damage: **5** lightning

GM: (Marcus, you're up)

Two Will-o'-Wisps perform the same maneuver as before.



Marcus Veranius: (Question from discord still stands)

(Is Marcus under the affects of his oathbow oath against Baba Lysaga, or is it not in affect cause Forcewall blocked the attacks)

(I'm weapon-restricted if it is)

GM: (the target of your attack becomes your sworn enemy until it dies or until dawn seven days later, so hitting the sworn enemy doesn't really factor into it)



Marcus Veranius: (Blocking obstacle means she couldn't be targeted)

GM: (Ah, fair enough)

(In that case, you're good)



Marcus Veranius draws the clockwork crossbow, readying a number of shots at the hut



Marcus Veranius:

25 + 3

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

21

Piercing

16 + 3 | **14 + 3**

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

19

Piercing

28 + 1 | **15 + 1**

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

21 + 6

Piercing

$$\begin{array}{c|c} 12 + 2 & 27 + 2 \\ \hline 120 \end{array}$$

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

18
Piercing

(Action, action, bonus action, first round ambush)

rolling 1d8 Dread Ambusher

(4)

= 4

GM: (I'm going to say anything above a nat 1 will hit this non-moving side of a barn)
(So final damage?)



Suldae Westwind: (Note: because Suldae got her pick of the tallest tree around, and because the hut sunk, Suldae can actually see the roof from above, albeit at a fairly flat angle)



Marcus Veranius: 89 damage
Magical Piercing

**Marcus's flurry of arcane-boosted shots rip into the frame around one of the windows methodically.
A second later, the window and both shutters simply falls off the hut.**



Baba Lysaga: "Egads!"



Marcus Veranius adjust the clock



Marcus Veranius: "IT'S MIDNIGHT!"
[EoT]



Suldae Westwind: "I'm going to say anything above a nat 1 will hit this non-moving side of a barn"
I'm going to guess you meant miss
also its like 2 in the afternoon or someshit



Marcus Veranius: Blinksy says its midnight



Will-o'-Wisp:

SHOCK
Will-o'-Wisp

Attack: 16 | 19

Damage: 14 lightning



Henry of Willowsbrook: (read the Item on Dicord Lil)

Suldae Westwind: (excellent)

(oooh nice)



Baba Lysaga: "Oh, you little brats! Oh, oh, oh, my poor hut!"

"I'll show you all!"



Baba Lysaga chants a word and moves her hands in a grand gesture.



Baba Lysaga:

Enlarge Reduce

Transmutation 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 ft

Components: V, S, M (A pinch iron powder)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You cause a creature or an object you can see within range to grow larger or smaller for the duration. Choose either a creature or an object that is neither worn nor carried. If the target is unwilling, it can make a Constitution saving throw. On a success, the spell has no effect.

If the target is a creature, everything it is wearing and carrying changes size with it. Any item dropped by an affected creature returns to normal size at once.

Enlarge. The target's size doubles in all dimensions, and its weight is multiplied by eight. This growth increases its size by one category - from Medium to Large, for example. If there isn't enough room for the target to double its size, the creature or object attains the maximum possible size in the space available. Until the spell ends, the target also has advantage on Strength checks and Strength saving throws. The target's weapons also grow to match its new size. While these weapons are enlarged, the target's attack with them deal 1d4 extra damage.

Reduce. The target's size is halved in all dimensions, and its weight is reduced to one-eighth of normal. This reduction decreases its size by one category - from Medium to Small, for example. Until the spell ends, the target also has disadvantage on Strength checks and Strength saving throws. The target's weapons also shrink to match its new size. While these weapons are reduced, the target's attacks with them deal 1d4 less damage (this can't reduce the damage below 1).

Henry of Willowsbrook: (what grows?)

With a creak and a groan of ancient timber, the hut begins to swell ominously. It splits the hardened mud as it thickens and grows, slowly doubling completely in size.

With increased strength, it prepares to wrestle against the dirt, and it seems likely that it will free itself. On its newly enlarged legs, it will stand with its base approximately thirty feet above the ground. (It cannot attempt to free itself until its own turn.)



Baba Lysaga: "Eheheheheheheheheeeee!"



Shambling Mound: A Shambling mound surges closer to the general direction of the party.



Will-o'-Wisp:

SHOCK
Will-o'-Wisp

Attack: 12 | 15

Damage: 11 lightning



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh god, oh fuck... What should I do?"



Suldae Westwind: (question to DM: how tall are you willing to allow the tallest tree in the area, which Suldae is in, to be?)

Suldae pauses the playing for the moment.

"You could try to wash those away?"

"Our folks can fly"

GM: (Since it's a withered dead tree in a swamp, it won't be super tall. Taller than the hut was when it was short, but not tall enough to see over the hut now that it is grown.)



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha ty)



Ireena Kolyana: "Perfect, that's perfect. I'll try it."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smiles, then resumes the melody. It ebbs and flows, matching the air currents' dance.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena raises the water level once again, saturating the mud and causing the river to flood its banks and pool out towards the hut and the Shambling mounds.

The rising tide lifts all the Shambling Mounds, and a powerful wave carries them to the north.

The Will-o'-Wisps spark fitfully in the sudden wash of water, and die.



Baba Lysaga's Creeping Hut struggles in the swamp. It weighs many times more than it did previously, and its strength has grown at a different scale.



Baba Lysaga's Creeping Hut:

STRENGTH
Baba Lysaga's Creeping Hut

Ability: 13



Baba Lysaga's Creeping Hut is unable to free itself from the mud.



Shambling Mound: The Shambling Mounds drift on the water like mats of sentient algae, swimming lazily towards the party.



Suldae Westwind: (Does the river have a current? Is it strong?)

GM: (It has a southward-moving current but it's not terribly strong. Ireena has changed the flow here, to push them north. They are technically dashing (40 ft) but only managing to move 20)



Ismark Kolyanovich:

Eldritch Blast

Evocation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A creature within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

A beam of crackling energy streaks toward a creature within range. Make a ranged spell attack against the target. On a hit, the target takes 1d10 force damage. The spell creates more than one beam when you reach higher levels: two beams at 5th level, three beams at 11th level, and four beams at 17th level. You can direct the beams at the same target or at different ones. Make a separate attack roll for each beam.

ELDRITCH INVOCATION:

ELDRITCH SPEAR

Class: Warlock

When you cast eldritch blast, its range is 300 feet.

PACT OF THE BLADE

Class: Warlock

You can use your action to create a pact weapon in your empty hand. You can choose the form that this melee weapon takes each time you create it (see chapter 5 for weapon options). You are proficient with it while you wield it. This weapon counts as magical for the purpose of overcoming resistance and immunity to nonmagical attacks and damage. Your pact weapon disappears if it is more than 5 feet away from you for 1 minute or more. It also disappears if you use this feature again, if you dismiss the weapon (no action required), or if you

die.

You can transform one magic weapon into your pact weapon by performing a special ritual while you hold the weapon. You perform the ritual over the course of 1 hour, which can be done during a short rest. You can then dismiss the weapon, shunting it into an extradimensional space, and it appears whenever you create your pact weapon thereafter. You can't affect an artifact or a sentient weapon in this way. The weapon ceases being your pact weapon if you die, if you perform the 1-hour ritual on a different weapon, or if you use a 1-hour ritual to break your bond to it. The weapon appears at your feet if it is in the extradimensional space when the bond breaks.

GM: (Whoops, wrong thing, one sec)



Ismark Kolyanovich:

**ELDRITCH INVOCATION:
AGONIZING BLAST**

Class: Warlock

When you cast eldritch blast, add your Charisma modifier to the damage it deals on a hit.



Ismark Kolyanovich casts Eldritch Blast, launching two powerful beams of arcane power at the roof of the hut, where it was formerly struck by Suldae's lightning. 15, 3 to hit for 7, 12 damage.



Suldae Westwind: "Ezme, Rictavio!" Suldae calls out, lowering her flute for a moment. "Get to the shore! Ireena, next time get them *south*! Get them into the river!"

"Let the current do our job for us!"

The blasts of arcane power both strike the roof, but only one strikes the spot which was formerly struck by lightning.

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (How far is the Window Marcus blasted open away?)

GM: (The window is on the southern side of the hut, about 35 feet away from you)

(The water comes high enough you could swim to it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Well lucky me)

"Watch me do something mind numbingly stupid Marcus" Henry says before rocketing of in the water

before rising up and dive bombing the open window

(Do I get inside and do I see Baba?)

Henry rockets in through the window and lands lightly inside the hut. Baba Lysaga says: "Oh fuck."

The hut is fifteen feet on a side and packed with old furniture, including a wooden cot, a wicker cabinet, a slender wardrobe, a wooden table, a stool, a barrel-topped wooden chest reinforced with brass bands, and an iron tub stained with blood. In the middle of the room is a ghastly wooden crib with a small, angelic child sitting in it. All the furnishings except for the crib are bolted to the floor.

Beneath the crib, green light seeps up through cracks between the rotting floorboards.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "As Dawn arrives there is only one thing left for Creatures of the Dark" Henry says slowly rotating the arm holding his War Pick "Ruination" he says in draconic before hurling the Pick at her

FIGHTING SPIRIT

Class: Fighter 3 Samurai

Starting at 3rd level, as a bonus action on your turn, you can give yourself advantage on weapon attack rolls until the end of the current turn. When you do so, you also gain 5 temporary hit points. The number of temporary hit points increases when you reach certain levels in this class, increasing to 10 at 10th level and 15 at 15th level. You can use this feature three times, and you regain all expended uses of it when you finish a short rest (long) rest. (Praise GM for he is kind)

28 + 2

22 + 2

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+11)

Henry of Willowsbrook

12

Radiant Smite Damage

16

Piercing

5

Acid

23 + 4

24 + 4

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+11)

Henry of Willowsbrook

9

Radiant Smite Damage

11

Piercing

7

Acid



Baba Lysaga: As someone who understands Draconic, Baba Lysaga is very much afraid. She has not encountered adventurers of this caliber before, not in all her many hundreds of years in the service of Strahd. She fears for herself, but she fears even more for Strahd. As the hammer falls upon her, she screams out: "Strahd! Strahd, help me! Help your Baba!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: 27piercing 12 acid 21 radiant

The twin blows deal devastating damage, spinning the old hag completely around. She glares angrily past a swelling eye, raising her finger as though about to cast a curse (on her turn)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (concentration please 33 first attack 27 second)



Baba Lysaga: "Strahd, help me!"

CONSTITUTION
<i>Baba Lysaga</i>
Ability: 17 6



Henry of Willowsbrook: (you know what lets live a little Action Surge)

$$15 + 3 \quad | \quad 22 + 3$$

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+11)

Henry of Willowsbrook

4

Radiant Smite Damage

17

Piercing

9

Acid

$$29 + 3 \quad | \quad 19 + 3$$

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+11)

Henry of Willowsbrook

11

Radiant Smite Damage

11

Piercing

8

Acid

Baba Lysaga's concentration holds for the first blow, but the second blow breaks it. The hut begins to shrink...

WHAM, WHAM.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (without smites I'm sorry

She can't take much more of this.

GM: (30 and 30)

Correction, she can't take any more of this.



Henry of Willowsbrook: no simte damage sorry
I have no spell slots left for the last two attacks

GM: (Shhhhhh, shhhhhh)

(It's ok)

(You're near a powerful nature artifact so you're ok)



Suldae Westwind: (its a smite because the spirits of the land just really dont like her XD)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (well ok then nevermind)

The final blow whips her head completely around, three hundred and sixty degrees, with a ratcheting sound like the sudden twisting of a damp piece of wood. She drops where she stands. The baby instantly disappears. The Shambling Mounds dissolve. The hut continues to shrink and settle, becoming less magical by the moment.

Henry senses something beneath the floorboards, under the crib. A greenish light glows there...



Henry of Willowsbrook: "huh" Henry lets out



Marcus Veranius sees the hut shrinking and immediately books it for the raven cages



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to look outside "SHE IS DEAD"
he yells out



Ireena Kolyana: "Wait, what?"
"Really?"



Marcus Veranius: "It's midnight somewhere in the world!"

The ravens in the cages are squawking noisily as they begin to sink into the water.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I DO NOT WANT TO TOUCH ANYTHING CAUSE IT IS STILL A HAG HOUSE
CAN YOU MAGICY FOLK PLEASE COME OVER"



Marcus Veranius: "LITTLE HELP HERE!"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena swings her hands, and the water recedes as swiftly as it arrived, leaving the hut sunk in dry mud.



Marcus Veranius attempts to shoot out the wood holding the bird cages to hut since he lacks anything else to fire at



Suldae Westwind: Suldae finishes the song with light, airy notes, as the cloud dissolves.
She flies over to the hut.



Ireena Kolyana: 3085.7142857142862

GM: (You each gain 3086 points of XP)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh and the Baby wasn't real I think? It Disappeared as she died so..." Henry says shurging seeing his friends come closer

Marcus Veranius: "Incidentally, I'm getting married in a few days! Do clean yourselves up; gotta look your best for the bride yes?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae lets out a breath as she hears about the baby.

She approaches the seed.

22

ARCANA (11)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: (glowing under the crib)



Marcus Veranius: (GM is gone. Someone wanna set up a downtime channel in discord?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Gm left so no exposition for now on roll20)



GM (GM): Hello all!

Does it feel a bit like being late to class but the professor coming in five minutes after you do?



Tops K.: If Strahd is late by 15 minutes we are legally allowed to leave Barovia



Suldae Westwind:

E> E> E>



Ismark Kolyanovich examines the skull of the Giant, which still protrudes slightly from the mud.

Suldae opens the wardrobe and examines the inside, careful not to touch anything she's not confident about.



Ismark Kolyanovich:

Suldae sees a large mirror in a black crystal frame, and a set of wooden pigeonholes containing dozens of rare and mysterious dried ingredients, some of which appear to be distinctly human. She also spots three spell scrolls and a wand of twisted bone. There is also a pewter mortar and pestle, and several bottles, beakers, and vials, all corked and empty. On the door of the wardrobe are three red potions and three blue potions, and a seventh potion with strange and swirling patterns of color.



Ireena Kolyana: (Previously:) "Well, it's disarmed but still locked." (Ireena speaking about the chest)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae carefully picks up the scrolls one by one and examines them.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Want to see a magic trick?" Henry says walking over to the chest and fishing out a crowbar



Marcus Veranius leaves the others to their meddling of the witch's belongings, not feeling like getting cursed today



Marcus Veranius: He instead consorts with the other Feathers outside



Henry of Willowsbrook: (do I roll for opening the chest?)



Marcus Veranius: "So, I don't suppose you overheard anything about that third Winery Seed from the baba's lips? We've still not a clue as to where it might be."

Suldae determines that the first spell scroll is a scroll of Contagion. The second is a scroll of Dominate Person. The third is a scroll of Greater Restoration.

GM: (For the chest that's athletics with advantage due to the crowbar. DC 20)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

11

11

ATHLETICS (9)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(wow)

Wereraven: "I'm afraid their origins are a true mystery, but they long helped our brethren in the winery to support living vines and fruiting plants. Without these, I fear the vineyard will begin to crumble..."

Henry strains against the lock, but finds it too sturdy for simple force to break — even for his mighty muscles.



Marcus Veranius: "Not so worried about where they came from so much as where they went. One's here, one's with the druids in their camp. But a third was stolen before those, and I've not the slightest clue where."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "okay slightly annoying" Henry says putting the crowbar away and again drawing his Pick "if you can't find a way, make one" and he takes a swing at the top of the chest



Marcus Veranius: "I had thought Baba Lysaga might have arranged its theft but if she was silent..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae calls Ireena over to look at Lysaga's storage. This all seems more like a wizard thing, though she does tuck the scrolls into her own bag - after showing them to Ireena, of course. Nasty, these.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

15

30ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook

12

Piercing

2

Acid

19

30ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook

12

Piercing

5

Acid

SMASH. SMASH.

Henry makes a large hole in the top of the chest.

Dust begins to settle into the dark innards of the chest. Then, quite suddenly, something like a huge, hairy-knuckled spider scuttles out of the hole and scurries down the side of the chest, lickety-split.

A moment later, three others follow.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh what?"



Crawling Claw:

CLAW <i>Crawling Claw</i> <hr/> Attack: 4 23 claw's choice.
--

Damage: 2 + 4 bludgeoning or slashing

Something suddenly leaps across the room like a disembodied fist, socking Henry in the jaw.

It continues to hang onto his face. Suldae sees that it is, in fact, a hand.

GM: (You may roll initiative if you want to, but these things are stupidly easy to kill so it may be faster not to)



Suldae Westwind: When in doubt, play. This old bardic wisdom. Replace "l" with "r" and you'll get the cleric one. Either way Suldae raises the flute to her lips.

DC14

Dexterity Save

7
Radiant
 60 feet

Sacred Flame
 Suldae Westwind



Crawling Claw:

DEXTERITY <i>Crawling Claw</i> <hr/> Ability: 11
--

FWOOSH. The Crawling Claw on Henry's face is consumed in flickering holy radiance, and falls to the ground, immediately curling in on itself like a flash-fried tarantula.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh fuck this" Henry hurls his pick at two of the other ones

16

30ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
 Henry of Willowsbrook

15
Piercing

4
Acid

27

30ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
 Henry of Willowsbrook

17

0

***Two Crawling Claws find themselves turned into a fine paste of rot, smeared across the floorboards.
Henry's Warpick returns to his hand.***



Suldae Westwind: Suldae checks over the chest to make sure there aren't more of these.



Ireena Kolyana:

Mage Hand

Conjuration Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A point you choose within range

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 minute

A spectral, floating hand appears at a point you choose within range. The hand lasts for the duration or until you dismiss it as an action. The hand vanishes if it is ever more than 30 feet away from you or if you cast this spell again. You can use your action to control the hand. You can use the hand to manipulate an object, open an unlocked door or container, stow or retrieve an item from an open container, or pour the contents out of a vial. You can move the hand up to 30 feet each time you use it. The hand can't attack, activate magic items, or carry more than 10 pounds.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (there is one more)

(for now)

Ireena's mage hand shoots out and grasps the last one, which was about to drop from the rafters onto Suldae's head.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena keeps it gripped in her mental grasp.

"Anybody want it?"



Suldae Westwind: (rip)

Meanwhile, Suldae sees no signs of more in the chest.



Suldae Westwind: "Do you want it?" Suldae questions as she backs away from under the thing after making sure there aren't more.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It almost made me bite my tounge" Henry complains





Ireena Kolyana: Ireena says, "It's giving me the heebie jeebies, honestly."




Suldae Westwind: "You're welcome," Suldae mutters, not taking her eyes off the one on the ceiling.
"Ireena, thank you"

Ireena Kolyana: Ireena's mage hand brings it lower, dangling it in front of Suldae teasingly.

 **Suldae Westwind:** It's not that Suldae has anything against spiders or spider-like creatures. She loves all nature, really. As long as it's not jumping on her head.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Careful, I might drop it!"

The severed, rotting hand makes a rude gesture in Ireena's direction.

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae backs away another step.
"Just as long as it's not *on* me, thanks."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:**

24


30ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook

15
Piercing


4
Acid


GM: (Go ahead and RP that)
(Goodbye, piñata)


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "I'm not dealing with this langer than I have to" Henry says swinging overhead down at the hand-thing

SMASH.


The Claw feebly twitches, and lies still.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I feel kind of bad for whoever she took those from," Ireena says.
"Probably previous thieves..."
"Oh well. Shall we look inside the chest now?"

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Yeah" Henry says leaning over to look into the chest Pick at the ready this time

 **Suldae Westwind:** "You know, that's very fair," Suldae says, even though she wanted to protest the reason she didn't kill the thing was that Ireena sounded like she wanted it. For... something.
Probably just to tease her.
But you can't just ASSUME.

The chest contains a large sack of coins, a small silver box, a vial of clear, gelatinous oil, sparkling with tiny, ultra thin silver shards, two crumbling scrolls of great power, a small leather pouch containing what sounds like ball bearings but feels strangely magical, and a set of bone pipes with a skull motif.

 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** Ezmerelda looks at Marcus. "Sounds like they're making something of a Ruckus in there. Should we help them out?"

 **Rictavio:** Rictavio and Ismark are now both interested in getting the skull out of the mud, and are working on doing so. "Don't mind us," Rictavio says.

Suldae Westwind: (Bone pipes, as in?...)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well let's take all this and the potions and meet up with Kasimir and Joan we can look at all these when we are somewhere less ,,this"



Marcus Veranius shakes his head. "I genuinely don't want to poke around in there. It's probably all fancy shmancy magic stuff."



Marcus Veranius: "What's your take on the seed hunt then? If Baba Lysaga and the Druids aren't responsible for the third seed's disappearance, then who might?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I imagine the only person left who could have any use for it would be Strahd himself."

"Unless it was taken by someone benign, to protect it. But I think, in this land, we must not assume that."



Marcus Veranius: "Except Strahd's only recently woken up, yeah?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Did someone say that? I don't recall."

"If that *is* the case, then maybe we should be asking around a little more."



Marcus Veranius: "Davian said the seed was stolen under Urwin's watch. Assuming that was when he was a lad... maybe 10-20 years ago?"

"Not ancient times, but long enough that the seed's power might have noticeably leaked into the area around it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks around for a sack or pouch to put all the magic things into so that they can work out what it all does later



Marcus Veranius: "Has the rumor mill mentioned anything of a wellspring of life around Barovia as of late?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena casts *Floating Disc*. The chest lifts off the ground silently.

"We can take the whole thing."

Wereraven: "Not that I am aware of..."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I have to say, Barovia and Ravenloft are both known for being rather... Desolate.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Right I keep forgetting you can do that" Henry begins to place the potions and alchemy supplies carefully in the now floating chest



Marcus Veranius turns his attention to the hut. "I suppose if the seed was implanted in a construct then it wouldn't have improved the land's quality as its intended purpose."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "That's fair... Now we have to wonder what kind of horrifying constructs one might be able to raise with it."



Marcus Veranius: "Only ones I can think of that are manipulating life at the moment is the Deva and his flesh golems..."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Flesh golems..." Ezmerelda mouths, thoughtfully.



Marcus Veranius: "...well, Henry's been pretty good at growing trees everywhere."

"Maybe HE'S the third seed and we don't know it!"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I think... Didn't the Deva say he's been working on that little project of his for a while now?"

"Although it's not out of the question to assume that he could use his own power to raise such things... The powers of angels are mysterious, and their magic is far mightier than that of mortals."



Marcus Veranius: "We don't exactly get a second chance if we kill him over a seed that may or may not be in his possession."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So all done let's get out of here" Henry says shooing Ireena and Suldae out of the hut



Marcus Veranius: "...although the proximity to the Winery checks out."



Ireena Kolyana: The Chest floats along behind Ireena.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "And he would feel entitled to it. And like he was protecting it..."



Marcus Veranius: "Bollocks. Well, I could try a Detect Objects spell in proximity to his estate."



Suldae Westwind: "Maybe we can talk him into giving it back," Suldae suggests.

"He is still in principle driven by wanting to help."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Assuming he has it, that is."

"He may not."



Ireena Kolyana: "With his senses, he may know who does."



Rictavio: "Aha!"

Rictavio and Ismark have managed to pull the skull from the mud.

They are oohing and aahing over it like a pair of teenagers with a shiny red Porsche.



Ireena Kolyana: "Don't play with that thing, Ismark. You don't know what it can do."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "You're not the only one with some magical know-how, sis."

Ismark hops into the hollowed cranium of the skull.

He begins to make zooming noises with his mouth, and pretend that he is piloting it.



Rictavio: Rictavio clumsily heaves himself over the side.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry waits until he is alone in the hut to turn to Lysagas corpse "Kaismir you morbid git well I said I would" he murmurs looking for a cleaver as to not have to use his sword



Rictavio: "Here, budge over."

There is a conveniently placed silver dagger on the wardrobe dresser, beneath the mirror in its black crystal frame.

Henry senses a dark power in that mirror... A dark, and ancient, and watchful power not of this plane.



Marcus Veranius: "We still need to go back to the Deva's estate with that dress. At least to revive the Heir of Kresk."

"Wouldn't be a bad time to do some poking around."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Should that be our next stop?"



Marcus Veranius: "We'll want to be in proper sanctuary for when the moon comes in two days."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Oh, look! Abyssal runes!"



Marcus Veranius: "Really should be our next stop."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I can read these. How much you want to bet it's a command word?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks into the mirror for a moment grabbing the dagger He flares his power, first deep emerald green to radiant gold "Oh I hope you are watching this whatever you are" he says beheading Lysaga

The dagger cuts through Lysaga like she is nothing but mist. Henry has never felt an edge cut like this...

Lysaga and her head are now separated.

The entity in the mirror suddenly seems to retreat... Henry has the strangest feeling that he has pleased it somehow.

The dagger feels warm in his hand. It has kept not a drop of blood on its strange, black-ish blade.

Henry has the strangest feeling that he does not want to share this dagger... After all, in the wrong hands, it could be very dangerous.

There is a scabbard for it on the dresser. It is simple, but it seems like craftsmanship beyond the skill of this world.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well atleast something here was well maintained" he says wrapping the head in a sheet

GM: (A sheet from the bed or a sheet from the crib?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (anything that would cover it the more mundae the better)

Taking a sheet from Baba Lysaga's bed, he wraps her head in it and makes a nice bundle with a grip-able knot.



Henry of Willowsbrook: He also sheets the dagger and places it on his belt absentmindedly before walking out

GM: (Was that sheets or sheathes)

(Because it will go right through anything you wrap it in, other than its own sheath)



Henry of Willowsbrook: sheath

GM: (Gotcha)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (typo stikes again)



Suldae Westwind: (well now I'm imagining Henry trying to wrap the dagger in a sheet and it just kidn of ocming apart)

(like objects clipping thru each other in video games)

(collision turned off)

Henry emerges from the hut and sees the others gathered nearby. Ireena, with a chest floating behind her, next to Suldae. Rictavio and Ismark inside Baba Lysaga's Giant Skull vehicle. Ismark appears to be reading some ancient runes etched into the interior of the skull, which may or may not be a good thing. Ezmerelda stands beside Marcus and several were raven captives, recently freed.



Marcus Veranius: "I swear to god, we're all gunna end up under some Night Mother curse at this rate."

"All we need is one person who can't sleep in the day and one who can't sleep at night. Then our group is bollocked."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "You'd need to get the curse of the Day Daddy for that one," says Ezmerelda.



Rictavio: Rictavio grimaces.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So anything else? If not let's go place is starting to make everything I own slightly damp and I hate it"



Ismark Kolyanovich: ~~"NONE MOTHER LET YOU SERVE"~~



Marcus Veranius: "Agreed. Ismark; leave the..."

:|



Suldae Westwind:

13

ARCANA (11)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius starts stepping away from the skull

Suldae feels Arcane power gathering in the Skull. In the empty sockets, two yellow stars begin to glow.

The skull jolts suddenly, and begins to rise steadily into the air.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Haha! See! Told you!"



Rictavio: "Well, this changes our logistics a bit... I wonder how many it can carry?"

"Can you control it?"



Marcus Veranius: "ISMARK turn that thing off! The night mother very much doesn't like our group as is! I don't trust that thing to not bite us in the night!"



Suldae Westwind: "...Right," Suldae says, faintly worried. "We can trust his judgement, right?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena, hearing Suldae say this, grows quite pale.



Suldae Westwind: She has warmed up to Ismark considerably since the beginning of their acquaintance, but...



Ireena Kolyana: "Right... No, no we cannot."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ismark I have to fight one more moving bodypart because of you I swear by

the light I will deck y-oh huh neat" Henry breaks of his angry tyraid "Can we go now?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark concentrates.

The skull makes a quick orbit of the hut, then glides smoothly down to land before the group.

"Neat."



Marcus Veranius: "There is no way Strahd isn't going to be tracking his mom's car!"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Anybody want a ride?"



Marcus Veranius: *cart



Suldae Westwind: "Ireena, you can examine this thing to make sure it's not cursed, right?"

"Right?"



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: "No offense, Ismark. I'm sure you checked," Suldae lies baldly.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena comes closer to the skull and places her hand upon it. She concentrates for several minutes...



Marcus Veranius grumps. He wants a ride but isn't going to break his pride



Suldae Westwind: "I'd just rather double check."



Ireena Kolyana: After a long time, Ireena straightens up and dusts herself off.

"Well, it's not *cursed*."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Just a flying skull"



Ireena Kolyana: "It's just a construct with some command words, and a permanent psychic link to one pilot."

"It's attuned to him now, so I think it's fine."



Suldae Westwind: "Permanent psychic link doesn't happento mean anything like 'if the skull is damaged he gets damaged too' or anything?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Of course, if Strahd knows we have it, he could very easily use it to scry upon us."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (How long has it been since we left Kasimir and Joan to fight? more than an hour?)

GM: (Probably)



Ireena Kolyana: "But we have means to protect against that. I have Nondetection, and Private Sanctum."

"I don't think Ismark would be harmed by it being damaged..."



Suldae Westwind: "...So, how many people can fit inside this?"

Suldae eyes the skull quite happily.

Judging by the size of the skull, it seems able to hold about five people with standing room only.

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Great well let's go" Henry repeats in a monotone



Suldae Westwind: "...Let's go back to camp. I think our logistics just improved."

And they *just* got horses. Ah well, more is better, right?

(Assuming there is no objection) The party is soon approaching the camp, where Joan waits anxiously for Henry. And the others, probably.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a runup and vaults into the skull

(no objection just showing off)



Marcus Veranius is walking to camp as everyone else rides the skull cart



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda walks with him.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rides on top of the skull in raven form.



Marcus Veranius has a look of exhaustion, either from the fighting or the skull cartery going on behind him



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena has to walk, so that the floating disc doesn't lag behind too much. It cannot move as quickly as she could in raven form or by riding the skull.



Suldae Westwind: *Suldae rides on top of the chest.

Along the way back to camp, the party spots several rotting scarecrows. They have become truly lifeless, without their master.



Ireena Kolyana maintains a respectful distance from Marcus and Ezmerelda, so that she can just barely see them in the fog ahead. This is as much for their privacy as for her and Suldae's.



Marcus Veranius: "...so, I have a confession to make. Don't be mad."

The skull lands near the camp, some time before the walking members reach it.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Ok, I'm ready to be mad."



Marcus Veranius flinches



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Kasimir? Are you still awake?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I'm teasing, Marcus. What's got you so nervous?"

Joan: (Shushing) "No no, he's sleeping. At least, I think he's sleeping... His eyes are open and he's sitting up. It's a bit creepy, if you ask me."

Rictavio and Ismark hop out of the skull and proceed to chow down on Joan's latest stew with gusto, despite eating not that long ago.



Marcus Veranius: "...so you know how Kasimir was talking about Strahd's henchman running about? This Rahadin fellow?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Yes?"



Marcus Veranius: "Well, I assume he's going to be trying to cut at our party's heartstrings."

"I also assume Strahd is going to scry what went on at the Baba's shack at the time of her death, and knowingly talked of our wedding as the happiest time of my life."



Ireena Kolyana: "We make a pretty good team," Ireena says to Suldae, quietly, as she walks on through the mist.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda nods thoughtfully to what Marcus is saying.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Elves don't sleep I think" Henry says walking over to Kasimir "I got something for you if you can hear me sorry for waking you up"



Marcus Veranius: "...which, if I'm lucky, may have given Rahadin invitation to our wedding as a crasher."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I see."

"Well... We will have to make certain that we do it somewhere even he cannot reach."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae turns humanoid again and bumps her shoulder with her own.

"Yeah."



Marcus Veranius: "No, I think we should let him try to crash it."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir's eyes — still open — suddenly focus on Henry's face. He sees the thing in the sack.



Marcus Veranius: "It's our best chance of cornering an invisible man."



Suldae Westwind: "I just... I keep trying to picture things being better after we're done here."



Kasimir Velikov: His face splits into an uncharacteristically wide and malicious grin.



Suldae Westwind: "I'm too scared."

"But it's not impossible, right?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Nothing is impossible."

"That's one thing learning magic has taught me."

"I never thought I'd be a wizard, Suldae."

"It's changed how I see a lot of things."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "You know what?"

"I like the way you think, Marcus."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Gods please don't do that it's freaking me out" Henry says seeing the smile but hands over the sack



Suldae Westwind: "Bards and wizards study magic differently," Suldae says, "but we both do. I think I know a little of what you mean."

"You tell me, though."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir unwraps the sack very slowly. He gazes — almost lovingly — down into the dead eyes of Baba Lysaga.

"Thank you, Henry. You are a good friend."

"I am in your debt."



Marcus Veranius: "...this DOES of course sabotage our special day a bit. Which is why I apologize for bringing business to the table."

"Can I make it up to you?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda grins mischievously. "Oh, I imagine there are... Certain *things* you could do."

"It might take a few hundred attempts to really satisfy me though."

"For starters, how about this: we kill Rahadin together."

"A wedding gift to each other — and a party favor for Strahd."



Marcus Veranius blushes



Henry of Willowsbrook: "About that could you take a look at this" Henry says offering him the dagger "I-I don't remember taking it with me and I don't want to freak out the others...this blade is wicked and I'm not just talking about it's cutting edge"



Marcus Veranius: "How many weapons do you think can be snuck under a wedding dress?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena, to Suldae, says: "Well, it's like this. The world doesn't usually change for just one person. Not in a meaningful way, not in an immediate way. The will of one person doesn't shape the cosmos. But when you study magic, you learn... Well, you learn that your will *can* turn back rivers, and make a swamp into dry land, or make dry land into a lake. The world itself starts to reshape itself for you — just a little bit at first, but soon enough in bigger and bigger ways."

"I don't want to stop learning magic."

"But I have to admit that the power of it does frighten me a little sometimes..."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir looks at the dagger. He refrains, very carefully, from touching it.

"That is a *vorpal dagger*. Take very, very good care of it."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "That depends on how magnificent the wedding dress is."

"Don't expect me to walk down the aisle wearing white, either."

"The Vistana wear bright crimson on their wedding day."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir places both hands to the sides of Baba Lysaga's head.

Lightning crackles quietly at the contact, and electric power pulses into the skull.



Marcus Veranius ponders. "Can we compromise to Raven Queen black? Given the arranged nature of this whole party, we might have more luck with a tailor there than here."



Kasimir Velikov: Baba Lysaga's face twitches horribly, revived temporarily by the sudden infusion of arcane power. Such is Kasimir's control of the lightning that he is able to stimulate her brain just enough to continue the patterns of her soul... He seems to enjoy the look of horror she gives him as the lightning begins to fade once again. The light fades from her eyes and her hair stops standing on end.

"There."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods thoughtfully.

"It's... different, for bards. We don't really change the world in that way, we just... nudge it. Push it along the lines it already wants to go. It's different, because it's - it's about other people. I can't cut down a mountain because just / want it, but I could get it done if others had reason to want it to."



Kasimir Velikov: "That's better."

"Now I can rest."



Suldae Westwind: "It's.. safer. It's also more dangerous, more fragile. When you grow stronger, you'll be able to protect yourself in ways I can't." Suldae does not sound concerned about it, because she isn't. This is *right*.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I suppose we could compromise, yes. Since we'll both be joining the traditions of our new culture."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Wait Vorp! Like Leonids sword in the Chronicles of the Griffon? Light be kind"



Suldae Westwind: "Maybe I'll be able to protect you from bad decisions, though," she suggests after a short pause. "It's a bard's job, in many ways."



Ireena Kolyana: "I'd like that."



Kasimir Velikov: "Where did you get this dagger?"



Suldae Westwind: "I like the idea of... being a powerful wizard's consort, among all other things I'll undoubtedly do," Suldae glances at her, smiling shyly.



Ireena Kolyana: "Consort? *Consort?*"

"I'm sure we can get you a better title than *that*."

"Concubine, maybe."

"Hmm..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "In her hut used it to cut her head of didn't want her blood on my sword"



Marcus Veranius: "We do have ONE advantage in identifying Rahadin at the very least. If Kasimir's testimony is true, to stand near him is to hear the souls of all he's killed."



Ireena Kolyana: She smiles teasingly.



Kasimir Velikov: "Be very cautious how you use that blade."

"Such things are... Complicated."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae giggles helplessly, pushing her forehead into Ireena's shoulder.



Marcus Veranius: "Just gotta keep an eye out for loners standing away from everyone else. Easier at the altar when we have a full view of the chapel."



Suldae Westwind: Ireena's like a head taller than her. It's *excellent*.

Joan: "Would you like some more stew, Henry?"

"Or perhaps some roast chicken? It's almost ready."



Suldae Westwind: "Words have power, Ireena. Trust a bard on that."

Joan: "I made some bread, too."



Suldae Westwind: "It's up to you which ones you want to say."



Ireena Kolyana: "I trust you," Ireena says, suddenly deadly serious.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well it's not really my style so worry not" He says gesturing at his weapons and armor "Thank you I'll take some when the others get here"



Ireena Kolyana: There is a pain and sorrow in her eyes — often masked, but for once unveiled.

Joan: "Surely you need the food more than they do. After carrying them on your back for so many long hours!"



Suldae Westwind: "I'm scared," Suldae admits to her. "I trust you, too, and - I'm so scared of what we're doing, of what's going to happen, of what can happen. We're trying to change the fate of an entire plane. Can you honestly tell me we know the slightest bit of what we're doing?"



Ireena Kolyana: "No."

"No, I can't."

"I know we're not the first to try, but..."

"I feel like we'll be the last."

"Somehow, I feel that."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae bumps into her with her forehead again, grateful. "Hopefully because we win and not because we kill everyone inside, right?"

"I'm happy enough doing it with you, you know. It's... it's enough to try. I'm not paralyzed by fear or anything."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir twists the Weave, and Baba Lysaga's head bursts into flame in his hands. The flame reflects in his eyes as the flesh blazes off the skull. Within a few moments all that remains is a pile of greasy ash.

Kasimir disperses it with a wave.



Suldae Westwind: "I think I just can't quite believe it until it's done. Call it a bard's silly superstition."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena puts an arm around Suldae's shoulders.

"I think, together, we're unstoppable."

"We just have to make sure everybody stays together."



Suldae Westwind: "Yeah," Suldae perks up. "We can do that work together, right?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stands up and stretches before walking over to Joan placing a hand on her shoulder and looking at her sternly "They are my friends and also your employers same as me so I'd rather you take care of them as you would take care of me"



Ireena Kolyana: "As long as you don't go running off like that again."

Joan: "Well, do you know how much longer they'll be? The food is hot now. Oh, that reminds me, I'd better check on the champagne."



Suldae Westwind: "I was going to say that to *you*," Suldae jabs her side with an elbow slightly. "Okay, I promise I won't go scouting on my own again without taking you with me. Deal?"

Joan briefly leaves the circle of firelight and pulls two bottles of champagne out of the mud.

Joan: "Courtesy of the former Burgomaster of Vallaki," explains Joan. "The mud is cold enough to chill them a little."



Ireena Kolyana: "Deal."



Suldae Westwind: It would be reasonable to just say "without telling you", of course, but Suldae wants to get Ireena to agree to come with her, sneakily.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Well, there's the camp..."



Suldae Westwind: It feels like an excellent plan.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I'm ready for dinner, are you?"



Suldae Westwind: They finally reach the camp, at that.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "One moment" Henry says seeing the bootles walks a bit in the direction the others will come from " COULD YOU oh already here"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark seats himself next to Kasimir. He has been watching Kasimir's morbid display with interest.

He says nothing. Kasimir says nothing in return. They seem to be highly aware of one another's presence, despite the lack of words between them.

Joan: "Ah, they're finally here!"

"Come on in! I have roast chicken, fresh bread, and stew!"

"I also have ChAmPaGnE!"

"Enough for a glass or two all round!"



Rictavio: "Excellent, I'll take three."



Marcus Veranius nods, heading into camp fashionably late. Turns out walking is slower than flying skulls



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smiles broadly to everyone, plopping down in exhaustion.

Sure it's only mid-afternoon, but it's been a quite full day.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well Let's eat and check what evil we looted this time" Henry says with a morbidly wide grin before laughing and digging in to some food



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena commands the Floating Disc to deposit the chest near the fire, where everyone can check it out.

The chest contains a large sack of coins, a small silver box, a vial of clear, gelatinous oil, sparkling with tiny, ultra thin silver shards, two crumbling scrolls of great power, a small leather pouch containing what sounds like ball bearings but feels strangely magical, and a set of bone pipes with a skull motif.

It also contains three red potions, three blue potions, and a small vial of something translucent, in which silvery threads dance sparkingly.

GM: (Wait that last potion is not that one)

(Last potion is a multicolored concoction that keeps changing colors)



Marcus Veranius: "So about how much of this stuff do you think is cursed?"



Suldae Westwind: "So, how much of this is cursed?" Suldae asks, looking into it bright eyed. Her gaze keeps shifting to the pipes.

"HA"



Marcus Veranius: "Like minds!"



Suldae Westwind: She offers Marcus a high five.



Marcus Veranius accepts that offer



Ireena Kolyana: "Well..."

"Let's see."

"Kasimir? Ismark? Can you help?"



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir and Ismark stand at the same time and approach.

They both stare down into the chest with Ireena.

Kasimir plucks out the small vial of clear, gelatinous oil. "Oil of Sharpness."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark picks up the pouch of ball bearings and opens it. "Ooh, magic sling bullets!" (+1 sling bullets, 10 of them)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena picks up the pipes. "Fear-inducing magic pipes... I guess you could call them *Pipes of Haunting* or something like that."



Marcus Veranius: "Spooky."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir picks up the silver box and opens it. His expression does not change, but both Ismark and Ireena go "Oooh!"



Ireena Kolyana: "Gemstones!" Ireena says.

"Each of this must be worth... Gosh, 500 gp or more."



Suldae Westwind: "I'm not very intimidating," Suldae says cheerfully as she reaches for the pipes.

"I'm sure these can help"



Marcus Veranius: "Material components maybe?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Let's see... Two diamonds and three rubies. Each worth about 500 gold pieces."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark picks up something else from inside the silver box. "And what is this, I wonder?"

Kasimir looks over his shoulder at it.

Ismark's eyes blaze with darkness and hidden fire.



Kasimir Velikov: "A... *A stone of good luck*. I've never seen one in person."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena turns to examine the other potions.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes the red and blue potions uncorking one each and sniffing them



Suldae Westwind: Suldae moves a foot away from others and starts tooting on the flute carefully, exploring its sounds and effect on the Weave.

(do i roll performance or arcana for this XD)

GM: (Henry can make an Arcana check for each type of potion, with advantage if he has an alchemy kit or alchemical proficiency)

(For the check from Suldae, either one will suffice)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

18

ARCANA (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

10

ARCANA (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry is able to determine that the red potions are Potions of Superior Healing.

He cannot determine what the blue potions are, he is unfamiliar with the scent.



Marcus Veranius: "You know, this stone of luck might have helped a bit more if the Baba kept it on her person."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena wordlessly hands the sack of coins to Marcus. "Here, you have counting experience."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "These are healing ones more potent then the ones we have" he says putting the red ones away "These I got no clue"
holding out the blue ones



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena takes one of the blue potions, uncorks it, and tips the tip of her finger into it. She dabs it to her tongue and concentrates thoughtfully.

"Oh wow..."

"This must be her own personal recipe."

"This potion, it... It restores arcane power."

"Drinking the whole bottle would probably restore even a *powerful* caster to a fully-rested state."

"We should save these."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir examines the last potion. He swirls it several times before his eyes.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yeah we should"



Marcus Veranius flexes his counting experience and starts tallying the wealth



Kasimir Velikov: "This is..."

"Phenomenal. This is a..."

"This is a potion of Storm Giant strength."

He hands it wordlessly to Henry.

Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark frowns. "Hey, what if I wanted it?"



Marcus Veranius: "So we can be half as strong as Henry then."



Kasimir Velikov: "Your strength is in the force of your soul," says Kasimir, gently.



Suldae Westwind:

25

ARCANA (11)
Suldae Westwind

+2



Henry of Willowsbrook: "nah a Storm Gaint would snap me like a tooth pick if the storys are true"

The sound of the Pipes is a haunting, eery tune, which sends chills down the spines of all who hear it.

GM: (A potion of Superior Healing does 8d4+8 points of healing)



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark seems flattered by Kasimir's remark, then a little terrified by Henry's.

"Gods. So if *you* drank it, maybe you could snap Strahd in half too?"

"Or maybe his whole castle."

Joan begins to pass around glasses of champagne.

GM: (Marcus, make an intelligence check with advantage)



Marcus Veranius: "Ah, thank you."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I could for damn sure make an effort for it"



Marcus Veranius takes a sip



Marcus Veranius:

2 | **15**

INTELLIGENCE (0)
Marcus Veranius

The champagne is light, sweet, and slightly dry. It has a marvelously smooth fizz.

Marcus finishes counting. There are 1,300 gold pieces in the sack.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena picks up the two spell scrolls.



Suldae Westwind: (I don't get a more detailed description, do I?)

GM: (Check the popup for Pipes of Haunting, there's a handout)



Marcus Veranius: "1300 gold. Any objections to me putting it with the rest of our group funds?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Not from me"



Marcus Veranius attempts to lift the bag

Ireena Kolyana: "No objection here," Ireena says. She can't seem to make heads or tails of the spell scrolls.



Marcus Veranius drops the back



Marcus Veranius: "On second thought, I have an objection."



Ireena Kolyana: She passes them to Kasimir, who shakes his head after a brief glance and hands them to Ismark.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark says "These are beyond me."
He hands them to Suldae.



Marcus Veranius: "This thing weights like 30 pounds!"
(Marcus does not have the carry capacity to hold this much gold)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae examines the scrolls as well.
(Do I make an Arcana check or?)

GM: (Go ahead)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (we really need like a bag of holding or something)

GM: (With advantage)



Suldae Westwind:

$$14 + 1 \quad | \quad 33 + 1$$

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

(wait, what?)



Marcus Veranius: (coinpurse of holding)

Suldae realizes instantly that these are both powerful cleric spells.



Marcus Veranius: (SKULL OF MONEY STORAGE)

One is a scroll of Mass Cure Wounds, and the other is a scroll of... Revivify.



Suldae Westwind: (right, ignore the +1, I'm turning that off)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Can't we just lug everything around in the skull now?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae whistles slowly.



Marcus Veranius: "Sounds like a good way of getting robbed."



Suldae Westwind: "...Well, I'm taking those," she says after a second.





Ismark Kolyanovich: "I resent that," says Ismark. "It's not like I would just fly away with all the party gold, cackling gleefully like an old witch as I got away Scott free."




Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir raises an artful eyebrow.

Marcus Veranius: "I don't mean you Ismark."


 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Well, maybe you should have."


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Seems a poor idea to leave property in a flying vehicle."


 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "A flying vehicle which only I can pilot, but still. I see your point."


 **Marcus Veranius:** "We'd never be able to catch it if it goes rogue"

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "So who takes what of this"

 **Suldae Westwind:** "I'm taking the scrolls and the pipes, unless someone else can play those?" Suldae raises an eyebrow.

 **Kasimir Velikov:** "I shall take none of it," says Kasimir, taking his glass of champagne from Joan. He seats himself once again, curiosity sated, and sips his champagne, and eats his dinner.


 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "I'm good with the scraps," says Ismark. "I think I have an easier time recovering arcane power than the other casters."

 **Rictavio:** "Do any of us even *have* a sling?"


 ***Marcus Veranius takes the superior healing potion***


GM: (There are three)


(And three of the Mana potions)


 **Marcus Veranius:** "We have enchanted weapons. Ammo's cost-inefficient."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Now I want to know if Baba Lysaga had a sling. That could have been funny to see."


 **Rictavio:** "I imagine these are items stolen from slain adventurers, with the exception, perhaps, of the potions."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "I fly above you in a flaming skull... fear my sling!"


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Say, we never did find bottles of Alchemist's Fire..."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "No wonder they were slain if balls was their best trick."
"Must have been crushing for luck stone guy to realize his luck ran out."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "I'd take this If none of you object" Henry takes a Superior Healing potion the Giant Strentgh and a Mana Potion

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I don't want to lay claim to something other people will want to use, but I would like one of those blue potions, please."

 ***Marcus Veranius passes one to Ireena***

 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena takes it gladly.

GM: (The Mana Potions restore full spell slots if the entire bottle is drunk. Can restore 1/3rd of total spell slot levels if you drink 1/3rd of it.)

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry pause for a moment holding up the Oil of Sharpness "Don't think this

would help with working on that indestructible piece of bone would it?"

GM: (That's levels of spell slots — so Ireena has (4+6(3 second level)+9(3 third level)+8(2 fourth level)= **27**) levels of spell slots)



Marcus Veranius: "I hope it wouldn't."

"Not that I don't want you having a shield faster, but it'd be a bit of a bummer if some plant juice can break through what weapons cant."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark seats himself by Kasimir again and clinks glasses with him. He seems chummier with Kasimir than one might recall.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You want it we are basicly the only ones who are going to get a use out of it"



Rictavio: Rictavio takes his champagne eagerly and downs it like a shot. He appears to have a habit of dipping his bread in the stew, too.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry asks Marcus



Rictavio: Mouth full, Rictavio says: "Thif if deliffous, Joan!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae eyes Ismark and Kasimir and holds back allllll the comments that occur to her regarding that and the long, long time it took them to get out of the coffin.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Hear hear!"



Marcus Veranius blinks



Marcus Veranius: "I use a bow. They aint sharp; they're pokey."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Pokeys are but really tiny cuts my friend" Henry says grinning "but I can take it if you don't want it"



Marcus Veranius nods



Marcus Veranius: "You'll get more use out of it."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae digs into the food. She smiles at Joan in between bites in a way meant to rather definitively get across how much she's enjoying it.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda says: "Who will be taking that little stone of luck? And the gemstones?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so we have one more healing potion, one mana potion and the luck stone)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Does anyone have a use for them?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena takes the last healing potion and hands it to Suldae, along with a mana potion.



Marcus Veranius: "I assume our cleric could use the diamonds. Being made alive again is pretty useful."




Ireena Kolyana: "Look, if we start dying..."

"You'll need these."



Rictavio: "You know, I imagine those sling stones could be useful for an animate objects spell. Perhaps

that wizard friend of yours who keeps disappearing could use them if he returns?"


 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae shakes her head. "I cannot cast those spells yet, won't be able to for a long time, likely. You've been handling our resources."

She hesitates, then takes the mana potion.

"You keep the healing one. You're the one who can magically give it out to other people, not me."



Marcus Veranius will hold onto the stones for now

 **Sulda Westwind:** "And I can help people in other ways."

"And I am usually not the one who gets hurt."



Ireena Kolyana: "But if you were to fall, then where would we be?"

"You should take it."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae rubs her arm half-subconsciously in the place where she remembers Ireena's - yeah.

"I can take care of myself," she says. "I have a couple of last-ditch tricks up my sleeve."

"If people are injured, it's better if multiple people can treat them."

"Please?" she looks at Ireena imploringly.



Marcus Veranius offers the luck stone to Suldae



Ireena Kolyana: "Look."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae shakes her head at Marcus. "I thought Henry should have it."



Ireena Kolyana: "I am not the one that Strahd is likely to attack."



Sulda Westwind: "Yes, which is why you're likely to be the one standing to be able to *give it to someone*."



Marcus Veranius: (I didnt realise it was claimed. Henry's dibs override)



Sulda Westwind: Suldae glares at her.

(I don't think Henry had dibs)

(I just thought he should take it)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena glares right back.



Marcus Veranius: (I think it should go to whomever has the best diplomacy)

(Gotta stack those friendship points!)



Sulda Westwind: (you know what thats a great call, this sounds like an opposing Charisma check)

12

CHARISMA (5+2)
Sulda Westwind



Ireena Kolyana:

7

CHARISMA (3)



Suldae Westwind: (LMAO AND I THOUGHT I ROLLED BADLY)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena deflates.



Marcus Veranius: (All skill checks are ability checks. So it's a stone of +1 to skills and saves)



Ireena Kolyana: "Fine."



Suldae Westwind: (Marcus, yes, and when was the last time Suldae failed an ability check?)
(Well, okay, there have been a couple of times)



Marcus Veranius: (STACK STACK STACK STACK STACK)



Suldae Westwind: (FAIR)



Marcus Veranius: (SULDAE'S WORD IS LAW)



Suldae Westwind: (I just think Henry should get to stack, like, everything)
(note that he's also a party healer)
(see: concerns about being the last one standing)
(so what happens with the stone, again?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (none has the stone and the two potions are currently with who?)



Ireena Kolyana: (Ireena has taken 1 potion of Superior Healing and 1 Mana potion)
(I think she's the only NPC to take anything so far)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Ok so one Mana potion is left and the stone



Suldae Westwind: (Kasimir is also a spellcaster)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I think Kasimir should have the last mana potion," says Ismark.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Fine by me"



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir shakes his cowed head. "No, it should—"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "It should go to Kasimir."
Ismark seems quite firm on this.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods in agreement.



Marcus Veranius: "It should go to the person whose spells saved our group on multiple occasions."
"...so Kasimir."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir bows his head, seeming humbled by this statement.



Marcus Veranius smiles



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark's mage hand flies across the campground, takes the potion, and zooms it back into Kasimir's lap.

"Look at it this way. We've missed you, and we don't want you to get captured again."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir seems deeply touched.

He keeps his head low, over the bowl of stew, so that his hood hides his features.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Perhaps covering for his discomfort, Ismark turns to the group. "So," he says. "What's next on the agenda?"

"Where do we go from here?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "We could go back to Krezk. We have the wedding dress now."



Rictavio: "We could examine that manor we passed on the way here... Argynvostholt."



Ireena Kolyana: "We could head to Yester Hill, and try to collect another one of those pinecones."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir's voice shakes slightly. He says: "We could go to the Amber Temple."



Marcus Veranius: "I agree with Ireena. Yester Hill is on the way back to Krezk."



Kasimir Velikov: "It is... not far from here."



Marcus Veranius: "We DO need to visit the Amber Temple, but time has us pressed. It sounds deep enough that two moons might not be enough time to reach its depths."



Suldae Westwind: "Krezk, Yester hill, Argynvost, Amber Temple, and what Henry got told by an owl," Suldae suggests.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So I'll be taking this too then" Henry says tossing the Luck stone up and catching it



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "What about the burgomaster of Krezk?" says Ezmerelda. "His son's death does not permit us much time, if we wish to have the angel revive him."



Suldae Westwind: "Or own first, Amber Temple next"

"Krezk first," Suldae agrees with Ezme.



Marcus Veranius: "We have five days on the resurrection."

"Stopping by Yester Hill, we'll be there within a single day."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir is thoughtful. "It depends on the means of resurrection."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (So I take the Luck Stone everyone one OK with that?)



Marcus Veranius: (yee o3o_



Suldae Westwind: "I think the guy who promised it to us specified that it's that one," Suldae tells Kasimir.

"Incidentally, it's *reallly* great to find you alive."



Marcus Veranius: "AND, if the Deva truly has the missing pinecone, then we'll have all three within a day."



Suldae Westwind: "...and what do we do with them, actually?"



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"...return them to the winery on the way to the Amber Temple?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Well, they'd make nice mantelpiece decorations."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rolls her eyes. "Let's go with Marcus's idea over that one."



Ireena Kolyana: "I don't think they'll be safe at the winery."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "They are the Hearts of Dryads that sacrificed themselves to give this land a chance" Henry says



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks at Henry. "Dryads?"



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir's eyes widen.

"There have been no Dryads in this land since the curse began..."



Marcus Veranius: "I'm sorry, they're what now?" Marcus turns to Henry with a look of concern

"Except these ones apparently, which were planted before the curse took root."



Kasimir Velikov: "Spirits of the trees," says Kasimir.

"Beings of the Feywild, as ancient as the elves."



Rictavio: "And a right bitch to kill, when the need occasionally arises."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir seems mortally offended by this. "You have *slain* them!?"



Marcus Veranius: "He hasn't slain these ones. Let's not get off track."



Rictavio: Rictavio shrugs. "Not all of them are good. Sometimes they take umbrage with the idea of human settlers near their woods."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "They will be freed once the land is freed" Henry says "Sylvanus himself sent them before the curse trapped them as well" he pauses "Who is Sylvanus?"



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir looks at Henry blankly and shrugs.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena does not seem to know.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark shrugs.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda seems thoughtful, but she turns to Suldae. "Have you heard that name before?"

GM: (Religion check with advantage)



Suldae Westwind: (gimme a sec)

(oh nice)

29 + 2

15 + 2

RELIGION (13)
Suldae Westwind

(I was already waiting for my browser to let me access my skill rolls before Ezme's line lol)

(wait shit i need to turn that off again)

(ignore the +2)



Suldae Westwind: (found it)

Suldae remembers the Legends of Lathander, Son of Pelor, God of the Dawn, and his great champion: Sylvanus, God of Wild Nature. Sylvanus is known for his love of forests, his compassion for the wilderness, and his hatred of Talos the Storm Lord, Talona, the Lady of Poison, and the Beastlord Malar. He has many servants: Gwaeron Windstrom, god of Rangers. Lurue, the Unicorn Queen and Queen of the Talking Beasts. Shiallia, Protector of Seedlings. He is also famous for the glory and power of his two divine daughters: Mielikki the Forest Queen, Goddess of Autumn, and Eldath, the Green Goddess, She of the Healing Waters.



Suldae Westwind: (anything on his relationship with Correllon?)

She recalls that in the time in which Lathander and Correllon were lovers, before Correllon created the elves, Correllon gifted Sylvanus to Lathander as something of a house-warming gift for the creation of the First Feywild.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (one sec please Ignor the rolls need to test something)

10.1

INITIATIVE (0.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

19 + 3

CHARISMA SAVE (6)
Henry of Willowsbrook

19 + 1

NATURE (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(Kay everything works sorrry)

GM: (No worries)



Suldae Westwind: "God of Wild Nature," Suldae says.

"His domain is part of Correllon's."

"I..." she looks at Henry.

"I feel like this makes them my responsibility, but I'm honestly kind of blanking on ideas."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I knid of meet him sort of..." Henry says trailing of "Real indimidating fella even if weren't 7 feet tall and broad as a bull"

kind



Ireena Kolyana: "It seems, in some ways, they are sort of the responsibility of all of us," says Ireena thoughtfully.

"They gave themselves to protect this land. We have to keep them save, and free them if we can."



Marcus Veranius: "At the very least we owe them for like, the three trees they grew for us at convenient times."

"Three seeds sounds like a fair trade."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hmm" Henry fishes the seed out of his pouch and carefully holds it up

"Might aswell try asking"



Suldae Westwind: "Not sure what you're trying to say is being traded for what, but... yeah, asking is generally a great idea."

Suldae turns from Marcus to Henry as she speaks.

She looks at the seed with a new subdued awes.

*awe



Marcus Veranius: "Well, Sylvanus grew us a tree in the Vallaki gate that one time."

"And at the winery."

"And on top of a dragon."



Suldae Westwind: "I'm just saying I think that adds, not balances out."



Marcus Veranius: "And those were key to us not dying."



Suldae Westwind: "It's on the same side of the equation"

"And the other side is us hopefully managing to not kill everyone in Barovia."

So much optimism!



Henry of Willowsbrook: 'What would you want us to do until we we break the Curse' Henry pushes the question gently with his mind

Henry hears a voice in Sylvan whispering wildly.

Growing frustrated at his inability to understand her, the Dryad Queen touches something deep in the seat of his mind. A flurry of small vines sprout from his right ear, spreading themselves across a small area of his face and into his hair.

Henry has learned Sylvan.

The Queen repeats herself: "Protect me, and find my sisters. Our power is best dispersed from you."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is... a little startled by that.

A little.

It surely can't be bad, right?



Marcus Veranius: "Err. Alright."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So a she says to protect her and find her sisters" Henry repeats don't think leaveing them is in the cards



Marcus Veranius: "So we're cool with Henry as designated seed-bearer then?"



Marcus Veranius stares



Henry of Willowsbrook: 'Can I take this out of my ear or will it have to stay?'

,

He asks in his mind



Marcus Veranius: "I like the Izek Strazni look you got going on, but it aint me."

Suldae Westwind: "I get the impression the dryad wants him to be..."

The vines recede... For now.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh Light that fells wierd" Henry says in Sylvan



Ireena Kolyana:

15

Alchemy



Marcus Veranius: This is why Marcus didn't touch anything in the witch shack. He KNEW this was gunna happen.

"WELL THEN! To Yester Hill?"

GM: (Ignore the roll)



Rictavio: "Works for me," says Rictavio.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Should we rest a bit first? Kasimir did just almost die."



Kasimir Velikov: "In your estimable company, I have no terror of death."

"You can take me in the skull. I can rest as we fly."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tries to make a joke out of it in her mind, but honestly it's too sweet.



Marcus Veranius remembers that he's exhausted



Ireena Kolyana: "I could use a rest, to be honest."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I could be better"



Marcus Veranius: "A nap in the now-empty swamp, THEN Yester Hill."



Ireena Kolyana: "And Suldae will need to rest before the sun goes down."

"We've got a few hours before that, so hopefully that's enough time..."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I'm fine, honestly."



Suldae Westwind: "...it's not," Suldae says, counting hours.

"I slept in the morning, it's fine."



Rictavio: "Personally, I should like to rest my aching, elderly bones for more than a few hours between killing sprees."



Suldae Westwind: "...Maybe let's *just* go to Krezk?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Might be better if we are not careful we might get stuck camping outside for the night"

GM: (For reference, Yester Hill is the "Y" on the map, to the west)



Suldae Westwind: "...Isn't Argynvostholt right next to us, by the way?"

"It shouldn't be dangerous, right?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "We passed it on the way here, I think. Assuming that's the big manor house."



Marcus Veranius: "It's 8 miles if we go north around the mountain towards Argysvotholt. Nine if we go west towards Yester Hill."

"A day's travel either way."



Ireena Kolyana: "Yes, we can't forget we're traveling with horses now. As convenient as it would be to just fly where we want to go, it would mean splitting the party up. Someone would have to stay with the horses."



Marcus Veranius: "I CAN guide the horses through difficult terrain. Offroading still isn't a problem, though sheer cliffs of a mountain is a bit much."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: (Looking at the map) "Yes, the elevation changes and the forest do make it a little rougher."

"I wouldn't count on our journey remaining undisturbed, either. We *did* just kill Strahd's mommy."



Marcus Veranius: "As long as we're not dealing with elevation, forest and swamp is as good as road."

"If anything, it'll give fewer ambush points like that bridge if we take the less traveled path."

NATURAL EXPLORER (GROUP BENEFIT)

Class: Ranger 1

You gain the following benefits when traveling for an hour or more:

>Difficult terrain doesn't slow your group's travel.

>Your group can't become lost except by magical means.

>Even when you are engaged in another activity while traveling, you remain alert to danger.

>If you are traveling alone, you can move stealthily at a normal pace.

>When you forage, you find twice as much food as you normally would.

>While tracking other creatures, you also learn their exact number, their sizes, and how long ago they passed through the area.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "That's a good point, actually."



Marcus Veranius points at the map. "I REALLY don't like the look of this mountain pass."

Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda looks over his shoulder. "Tsolenka pass... Yes, that does sound treacherous."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So we cut west up the hill and head for Krezk via Yester Hill?" Henry says scratching his chin "Sounds good but we really should be ready to bolt if those Druids pull stuff like the things at the winery again"



Ireena Kolyana: "Which they definitely will."



Marcus Veranius: "We follow the mountain's edge south towards Luna Lake, then cut through Svalich Woods."



Ireena Kolyana: "After all, if Baba Lysaga was some kind of priestess of Mother Night... She's going to want revenge."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well If we can we decide if we want to fight today after having a look"



Marcus Veranius: "We do run into the small problem of traveling woods in Druid territory. At this point it's a tossup to see who has better control of the forest."



Ireena Kolyana: "True, as long as we're stealthy, it shouldn't be too much trouble to take a look around and get a sense of what we're up against."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Ooh, that's a good point."



Marcus Veranius: "Trackers or Treehuggers."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Home turf advantage is no joke."
"Especially with beings who can turn into creatures."



Marcus Veranius: "Well, it's my turf too."
"My vote is the forest. Let's get some fresh shoe leather."



Ireena Kolyana: "So, chilling thought..."
"Whatever happened to that snake Suldae charmed?"
"The 'shoe leather' comment made me think of it."



Marcus Veranius: "..."
"Witch is dead. Its curse is probably over."



Rictavio: "Assuming it was a curse," says Rictavio. "My spell could not break it."



Marcus Veranius: "Knowing our luck with people we spare, it's probably running to Castle Ravenloft with a report for Strahd."



Ireena Kolyana: "I'm pretty sure it was a curse. But if it was broken by killing Baba Lysaga... Where is she?"
"This human person who became a medusa?"
"And what was she *before* she became a Medusa?"
"What caught the eye of Baba Lysaga, and made her want to curse this person?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Unless anyone feels like going to go check we have no way of knowing"



Rictavio: "I am content with uncertainty," says Rictavio.

"She knows that if she follows us, we will kill her without hesitation."



Ireena Kolyana: "Or charm her into submission," says Ireena.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Also: other logistics. Do we want to hunt for Alchemist's Fire? Baba Lysaga *must* have had a stash of it somewhere."

"Unless she used her only bottles on us, which I find an unlikely possibility."



Marcus Veranius: "Well, if our less tired individuals want to check."



Kasimir Velikov: "The ingredients in her cabinet should be sufficient to create more, if I have access to a cauldron and a few hours of spare time."



Marcus Veranius: "Err."

"I broke it."



Kasimir Velikov: "Cauldrons are easy to come by," says Kasimir.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You know I wouldn't have minded this if we somehow remembered this earlier" Henry muses



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh, I brought the ingredients," says Ireena. "I didn't think it was worth mentioning at the time, but I took everything from the cabinet."

"Picked it clean, you might say."



Marcus Veranius is willing to scout the swamp for supplies over the long rest



Ireena Kolyana: She gives several bottles, beakers, and vials to Kasimir, along with dozens of strange ingredients...



Marcus Veranius: (Wait no I'm out of spells)



Ireena Kolyana: All together, it constitutes an *Alchemy Kit*.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (we really could use a long rest)

GM: (Yes, I think you could)



Marcus Veranius: (Long rest, maybe an hour to scout, then to Yester Hill)

Start of next week



Henry of Willowsbrook: (sure but we'd be in for A Night On Yester Hill... if that ain' the title for next session right there I'm down for a Long rest)



Marcus Veranius: (Sounds like an orchestra in waiting. I'm in.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (So we pick up after the long rest next week)

GM: (Works for me. Thank you all for playing! This was a fun session :))



Henry of Willowsbrook: (GG thank you)



GM (GM): Good morning all!

Suldae, are you really there?

Fuck, this coffee is hot



Liliet (Suldae): im here!

^^



GM (GM): Yay!

Alrighty, where were we?

Ah yes, the swamps

You had just found a stash of Alchemist's Fire

Fifteen gallons, in fifteen separate gallon-sized containers



Henry of Willowsbrook: We decided to long rest before going to krzek via Yester hill



GM (GM): Probably wise

What time does this put your departure at?

And is there anything in particular you would like to do during the long rest? Any conversations or scenes you would like to have, any items you would like to examine, etc?



Henry of Willowsbrook: we Identified everything I believe (except for the Vorpall Blade9



Suldae Westwind: checking time: *can* Suldae do that with the remaining daylight?

Or does 'night' for this purpose start at midnight?



Henry of Willowsbrook: we are at 2-3 pmish

I think

So we would go at 10 or 11 pm



GM (GM): Does Suldae sleep or trance?

If she trances, she only needs four hours, I think

Night starts as soon as the sun goes down, for the purposes of her curse



Tops K.: Marcus is currently doing math to determine if this is enough Alchemist Fire to make up for that explodified cart back at the wizard tower.



Henry of Willowsbrook: when is Sunset in Baraovia

barovia



Marcus Veranius: ~~Does Barovia recognise daylight savings time?~~



GM (GM): The sun tends to set around 7 PM

However, I have just realized something



Rictavio: "Suldae," says Rictavio. "I have been doing some thinking about the nature of your curse."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sleeps



Rictavio: "I believe it may be possible for me to *cure* it."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae perks up

Rictavio: "Now that we seem to have the ear of Correllon and Sylvanus, I believe I can do it."

"Earlier, I hesitated to do so for fear of the reprisal of Mother Night."



Marcus Veranius: "Now's probably a good time to make the attempt. She ain't going to be too happy after we storm Yester Hill."

"Might not be all that happy we took Lysaga either."



Rictavio: "I shall attempt it," says Rictavio.

He approaches Suldae almost apologetically, and places a hand on her forehead as though checking for a fever.

His eyes seem to stare between the walls of the world, probing the spiritual essence of the curse.

He speaks an invocation which Suldae and Henry both hear like a whisper of half-forgotten prayer...



Suldae Westwind: Suldae quietly prays to Correllon that it work or at least, not backfire on Rictavio



Rictavio: Suldae feels something break, some shadow which has long had its hold over her. The nightmares can no longer clutch her sleeping spirit.

She no longer feels the nightmares waiting for her.

"There," says Rictavio. "It's done."

"That was a... Powerful curse."

Rictavio seats himself once again by the fire, seeming lost in thought.

GM: (Are there any other logistical considerations or RP scenes you'd like to do during this long rest?)



Suldae Westwind: "Thank you," Suldae says.

After a brief hesitation, she gives him a hug.



Marcus Veranius: "So if a gallon of oil is 7 pounds, bottles of Alchemist Fire are in 1 pound, an we have 15 gallons, that's about 105 bottles worth in Baba Lysaga's stash."



Rictavio: Rictavio smiles. "It was my pleasure."



Marcus Veranius: "...which is a third of what was in your cart, Ezmerelda."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Damn, I would have figured she'd have more..."



Kasimir Velikov: "She had the means to produce more, certainly."



Marcus Veranius: "I don't know whether to be impressed or frightened."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir spends the downtime experimenting with the Alchemist's Kit he managed to assemble from Baba Lysaga's stores.



Suldae Westwind: "So, uh," Suldae speaks up. "Today we found out that we as a group don't really have a settled way to make use of our ability to *fly*. I flew off and, well, apparently worried everyone."

"And I still think I was right to do it, but, well. I didn't handle that the best way."



Marcus Veranius: "Ah, well. I think that less has to do with the flying and more scouting in a fog we could barely see through."

"What would have happened if you got lost somewhere? How'd we find you then?"



Suldae Westwind: "There will be problems like that in the future, too."

"I mean I do propose to form a scout squad with Ireena."



Henry of Willowsbrook: GM I wish to attune to the Vorpall Blade



Suldae Westwind: "Myself and her, and she can communicate from anywhere."



Marcus Veranius: "Not a bad plan for the future."

GM: (Henry, gib RP for how you are attempting to attune)

(And roll Investigation)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

8 + 1

INVESTIGATION (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: "I also propose a similar buddy system for Marcus and Ezme - you two keep track of each other and don't go anywhere alone. How does that sound?"



Rictavio: "I think it might be wiser to stick together as much as possible," says Rictavio.

"But in circumstances where such a scouting party is required, it would be wise to go in pairs, yes."



Kasimir Velikov: "Ismark and I shall be one pair," says Kasimir. "I can communicate through magic just as easily as she can. Ismark's ability to slide between Dimensions should be sufficient to keep us from getting cornered."



Suldae Westwind: "Yes," Suldae nods, "that's the kind of thing I'm talking about. Sooner or later circumstances WILL force us to separate. Kasimir went on his own, and..."



Ireena Kolyana: "Yes. No one goes alone anymore."



Henry of Willowsbrook: whilst trying to avoid attention Henry takes the Blade from his belt and stares at his reflection in the blade 'When did I decide to take it with me? Did I ever decide? No I did not but I took it anyway so why?' "What are you?" He staring at his reflections washed out blue eyes he whispers

The blade reflects his eyes with mirror-like clarity. He seems to see his reflection as though staring through a black crystal window into the eyes of a twin.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (missed that)

The blade does not reveal its secrets.



Suldae Westwind: "Myself and Ireena, Marcus and Ezme, Kasimir and Ismark. Henry and Rictavio?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: He stares for a bit longer before putting the Blade away going quiet afterwards for a while



Rictavio: "I would still prefer for us all to stick together as much as possible. If we are divided, we become easy pickings."

"Especially in a land where even the weather is at the whims of our enemy."

"Speaking of which, those storm clouds look ominous..."



Suldae Westwind: "I agree," Suldae tells Rictavio.

"But that is not logistically possible all the time."



Rictavio: Rictavio nods to the south, where thick, dark clouds seem to roll in off the mountains.



Suldae Westwind: "When we do have to split up, it's better to have agreed upon groups, so there's no need to spend time coordinating."



Marcus Veranius: "...well, least our choice of path has some measure of tree cover."



Suldae Westwind: "Split second decisions can be made."

Suldae squits at the horizon.

"...Yeah."



Marcus Veranius: "Pretty great how the fog cleared up enough for us to see how angry the sky is. That's how you know Strahd is miffed."



Suldae Westwind: She cannot quite muster worry. The relief from the curse being gone is too great. She hadn't realized how much it was bothering her until it was gone.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (the storm approaches during the rest right?)



Suldae Westwind: "Henry, Rictavio, are you two down with specifically looking for and after each other if we ever have to split up?"



Rictavio: Rictavio licks a finger and holds it up into the wind.

INTELLIGENCE

Rictavio

Ability: 12



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I don'T mind"



Rictavio: "Hard to say when we'll have to deal with that weather..."

GM: (A nature check can be made to determine when the storm will hit)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

18 + 1

NATURE (7)

Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry ponders the clouds for a moment

Henry is able to determine that the storm will likely be dumping on the party by 10 PM.

In the mountain passes, any precipitation is likely to fall as snow.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Should hit us right when we are about to leave, as is expected when the waether is controlled by a vindictive twat"



Suldae Westwind: "...we could spend the night in shelter, couldn't we? How long can it last?" Suldae looks at Rictavio.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena pipes up. "Tiny Hut lasts 8 hours, but it only takes ten minutes to cast a new one as a ritual."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hm hard to tell could be 10 minutes, 1 hour or the entire night"



Suldae Westwind: "We can spend ten minutes casting in the previous Tiny Hut, right?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Actually, hang on, I've got something better than Tiny Hut now..."



Marcus Veranius shrugs. This wasn't covered in his ranger training.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena gets to her feet, and twists the Weave.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at ther in wonder.



Ireena Kolyana: The air around the party seems to thicken with magic, and within a few moments a 100-foot cube of space is warded by Ireena's variation on Private Sanctum.

"There, that should keep the rain off our heads. And it should protect us against Divination and teleportation. Or Ethereal horses, as the case may be."



Kasimir Velikov: "Private Sanctum does not defend against rain," Kasimir says, quietly.



Ireena Kolyana: "It does when you know how to combine some of its effects with the power of *Control Water* and *Tiny Hut*," says Ireena.

"Just took a bit of fiddling, that's all."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae goggles at the spell. For all that she is not without education of her own in magic, she hadn't *actually* met a powerful wizard before Barovia.



Kasimir Velikov: "And you're sure it will work? You have never tried it before."



Ireena Kolyana:

10

ARCANA (6)



Suldae Westwind: Her understanding of the Weave is just enough to really *appreciate* the intricacy of the work.



Ireena Kolyana: "Yeah, I'm fairly sure it should work."

(it might not)



Kasimir Velikov: "Hm."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stands up to check, reaches for her flute.

20

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

15

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

(ACCIDENTAL DOUBLE CLICK NEVER MIDN THE SECOND ONE)

Suldae realizes that the spell will be fine with rain, but it won't do a damn thing against lightning.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae plays and plays, attempting to guide the Weave into bending more closely to the shape Ireena had originally intended.

(Can I spend spell slots I still have to fix this?)

(I got 5th level 2)

GM: (Yes, you can burn a level 4 spell slot or higher)



Rictavio: "Well, if we have shelter... Do we want to wait out the storm?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I don't know if we can afford the delay."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Strahd is counting on it."



Suldae Westwind: The melody reaches for the power she'd accessed to guide lightning at her will. She cannot do that again so soon, but she doesn't need to - all she wants is to ward the lightning away, and the spell is already intended to do that. Any accidental tangles and eddies are smoothed out, and Suldae hopes Ireena is watching and can reproduce what she did next time.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Think about it. Why would he send a storm if not to make us hold our position?"



Suldae Westwind: (burning a 5th level - i dont have 4th level ones)

"..."

Suldae realizes that maybe investing in this position was not the best of moves.



Kasimir Velikov: "It may be a natural storm," says Kasimir. "Though I find the thought unlikely."



Suldae Westwind: "I suggest we change position to somewhere Strahd will not so easily find us, and then wait out the storm there."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It will hit us at the tail end of our rest as it stands"



Suldae Westwind: "So move first, and then rest?"

"I can do again what I just did, if only once."

She looks at Ireena.



Marcus Veranius: "I'd rather get a full rest then deal with the storm. If it's magical it'll only move with us."



Ireena Kolyana: "I can only cast Private Sanctum once more without a solid rest."



Kasimir Velikov: "Marcus is correct. If this storm is of magical origin, it would be foolish to think we can outrun it."



Rictavio: "I find myself more concerned with the idea of what sorts of creatures might travel under its cover," says Rictavio.

"We should fortify our position here."




Ismark Kolyanovich: "So we can stay here forever?"


"How long do you think a storm in Barovia can last?"

"Because I can remember storms that lasted weeks, when Strahd was displeased with the village."


 **Sulda Westwind:** "..."


 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Weeks?"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "aS IOnG aS tHe LaNd WiLiS iT!!!" Marcus states in a mocking tone.

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Okay, properly resting here, then moving through the storm if we have to is a good plan too."


"Though perhaps waiting for morning would still be wise."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "So we either press on with out rest and try to beat the storm to Krezkn or we brave the storm after resting up here"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "We're all exausted. Rest, forest, and pretend the storm isn't happening."
"Either way, it won't impede our travels with my guidance."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Looking at that storm I doubt waiting longer for the sunrise will help with anything but maybe slightly warmer rain"


 **Rictavio:** "I agree."

 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "We may want to consider the nocturnal creatures, though."


 **Sulda Westwind:** "It will weaken Mother Night's power," Sulda points out.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "That's a good point."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Hm but waiting for Sunrise would mean delaying for what 10 more hours after the storm hits us"

 **Sulda Westwind:** "It *might* also subside at some point during that time," Sulda adds.


Joan: "It would give me time to cook you all a proper breakfast before we set out," says Joan.


 **Sulda Westwind:** "It *can* last longer, but there's no guarantee it will."
"Also that is an important consideration," she nods to Joan seriously

 **Kasimir Velikov:** "On the other hand, coming upon the druids of Yester Hill in the night is likely to mean catching them unawares."

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Or walking through a dark forest inhabited by a bunch of animal shapeshifters who worship Mother Night. At night."
"I'm with Sulda on this one."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "We're on multiple time limits and really can't delay."

 **Rictavio:** "I think the element of surprise — a little shock and awe — it could serve us well."
"I don't think we have much to fear from the beasts of the forest."
"It's whatever Strahd might send our way that bothers me."

 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Assuming he's not just toying with us."



Marcus Veranius: "What are they going to do? Bite us and turn us into lycanthropes?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda laughs.



Suldae Westwind: "Well, some of us," Suldae points out.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry coughs at that indicating Joan, Kasimir and himself and Rictavio



Marcus Veranius: "We have two days until the new moon, which is exactly enough time to reach Yester Hill and Kresk with a rest in between. If we rest longer than we need to, we forfeit the trip entirely."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "They might bite us and turn us undead," says Ismark, drily.

Joan: "They can *do* that?"



Marcus Veranius: "This is a decision we made before the storm. Strahd is going to throw his best at us regardless of what we do, so let's ignore his move until it tries to bite us."

"One long rest and we move. Rain or no rain."

"Time will do nothing now that two of Strahd's generals are in the ground."



Suldae Westwind:

15

RELIGION (13)
Suldae Westwind

(CAN they do that?)

(This is just curiosity, want to reply to Joan)

GM: (A particularly nasty bite from a Ghast or a Ghoul can become infected with a necrotizing disease that does end with the bitten person transitioning into a zombie, yes)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes of his armor before hitting the ground as gracefully as a sack of potatoes "Whatever we do I'm gonna take a nap"

GM: (It's rare though, since Ghosts and Ghouls both like to eat the corpses of their slain. Not much left to animate after that.)



Kasimir Velikov: "I shall meditate," says Kasimir.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I don't sleep anymore," says Ismark, eyes flickering with inner hellfire.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks up at him, concerned.

"I think I'll catch some sleep as well."



Suldae Westwind: "Some of them can," Suldae confirms to Joan. "That's never not been true, and honestly, we *did* try to warn you away, didn't we?"



Rictavio: "We all should. We can take turns at the watch, and keep Ismark company."



Suldae Westwind: "You get a higher than average chance of getting bitten by something nasty, traveling with us."

Suldae nods to Rictavio.



Marcus Veranius rolls out his sleeping accommodations. "Rest while you can. We are packing up and moving out in..."



Marcus Veranius: >Checks his crossbow

"...seven and a half hours."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You can take that time than to think of what you want from me Izzy" Henry says yawning



Suldae Westwind: "Why?"

"We can take longer for those who keep Ismark company on watch to get more sleep as well."



Marcus Veranius: "Because Strahd likes to send dragons at us when we're indecisive."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Oh, I already know what I want," says Ismark. "But I'm going to save that favor for later."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Let's rest and asses the situation later as to if we go or not



Suldae Westwind: "I don't think two hours will make a difference in whether there's another dragon after us," Suldae says dryly.

"Not compared to eight we spend as sitting ducks first."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry yawns again jostles around a bit and is now out like a light



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir sits cross-legged beside Ismark, his eyes glazing over as he enters the trance of his many past lives.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena watches him and Ismark curiously. Even in the trance, Kasimir seems to be conscious of Ismark's presence. He is, in some strange way, keeping him company even while dreaming.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rolls her eyes. "Fine, one person watch. Suit yourselves. I'm going to sleep. Mmm, sleeping at night..." She curls up in blankets beside Ireena.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena cuddles up to Suldae gratefully. She's missed the ability to actually sleep at the same time as her.



Rictavio: Rictavio looks from Ismark and Kasimir to Ireena and Suldae to Marcus and Ezmerelda to Henry and Joan.

He scoffs quietly beneath his breath, cleans his glasses, smokes the last of his pipe, and sleeps.

Joan: Joan finishes packing up the "kitchen" before bundling herself in her bedroll and sleeping with her cookbook for a pillow.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda sits by Marcus, watching the fire for a little while.

"Those mountains make me nervous," says Ezmerelda. "We'll have to cut through them quickly."

As the party rests, the storm rolls in...



Marcus Veranius: "We won't need to. Not if we stick by the river."

At ten o'clock, the storm is directly above the party. With a roll of thunder, it begins to unleash its

watery burden — in the form of bitterly-cold, frighteningly blinding snow.

Everything within sight is now lightly obscured by the falling snow.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena wakes, and looks up to see the snow piling on the barrier she and Suldae made.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae presses closer to Ireena for warmth, half-awake.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir and Ismark seem to have spent the last several hours whispering to one another in low voices.



Marcus Veranius doesn't have enough feathers for this weather. As if Barovia wasn't cold and murky enough



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda wakes with a snort, throwing masses of black curls out of her face.
"Wazzat?"

"Snow?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry wakes felling sluggish from the cold decideing to wale himselv up with some light exercise



Suldae Westwind: "Mm," Suldae blinks blearily. "I'm surprised. This is my surprised face."

Joan: "I made some coffee,"



Marcus Veranius: "A downright awful blizzard, traveling north."



Suldae Westwind: Her face is not, in fact, expressing any particular surprise.



Rictavio: "It is probably headed to Krezk," says Rictavio.



Marcus Veranius: "Lovely. So we'll have it no matter which path we take."

Joan bustles around the camp, handing out tin mugs of piping hot coffee. She gives out each with a hand-knitted hotpad.



Ireena Kolyana: "Should we get a move on?"



Marcus Veranius: "Plan remains. Yester Hill has the second seed, and Kresk has the third. We'll have both by wedding day."



Suldae Westwind: "Food first."

"But then, yes, sounds right."



Henry of Willowsbrook: During some push ups Henry comments "It will be easier in the woods atleast the snow won't be as deep"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gets up enough to start twanging on her guitar, watching everyone else go throug their morning routine.



Marcus Veranius nods. "Mountain Path is right out. No way in this weather."



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe Strahd was expecting us to take a proper road."



Kasimir Velikov: "The Tsolenka Pass is deadly even on the finest sunny day. Strahd may have

assumed we would walk it."

"Or perhaps he is frightened that we intend to make our way to the Amber Temple."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Or perhaps he means to hurt Krezk for helping us."



Suldae Westwind: "Or all of the above, as an either-or," Suldae suggests.

"What does it really cost him to do this?"



Marcus Veranius: "Nothing."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "We don't know," says Ezmerelda.

"Perhaps there are costly ingredients to the spell?"



Ireena Kolyana: "I doubt it."



Marcus Veranius: "Relatively speaking. If he's got full control of the environment, literally nothing to him."



Ireena Kolyana: "And even if there were, he has them all."



Marcus Veranius: "I haven't seen the sun once since stepping foot in Barovia. What's a few more clouds to that?"



Rictavio: Rictavio sips his coffee gratefully.



Suldae Westwind: "He probably doesn't want the entire population of Barovia to starve to death, as that would not leave room for reincarnation," Suldae says and winces at her own words.

"That's probably the real limit why he's not doing this all the time."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Standing up Henry begins to put on his armor and arms, sword left hip, pick right hip Vorpall blade small of his back and the Halberd across his back "Well then" he says checking the straps and clasps "Not like this changes much"



Suldae Westwind: She presses closer to Ireena.



Ireena Kolyana: "We knew we'd have a treacherous path to walk, no matter what. We'll just have to keep our eyes peeled."



Marcus Veranius *is somewhat thankful this is a night trip. Wereraven hours meant a little more down to keep warm. Wouldn't be too bad a walk.*



Marcus Veranius: "Around the Luna River till we hit Svalich Woods. Cross our fingers from there."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Let's go."



Rictavio: "Should we ride, or walk the horses?"



Suldae Westwind: "Sounds like a plan," Suldae says cheerfully, packing up.

Joan packs up the coffeepot and the mugs, once everyone is finished.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry lights his lantern "A Night hike in the snow if we were anywhere else I might#ve even looked forward to this"



Suldae Westwind: The stone is orbiting her head, the guitar is on her back, the flute is on her belt, the

bag is on her shoulder, Ireena is *right there*. Everything in place.

GM: **7**



Marcus Veranius will lead the party on foot, using his intuition and training to pick an ideal path for the rest



Suldae Westwind: Suldae proposes that Joan take the skull ride with Ismark, with her pots and pans and everything.

The journey is, for the most part, uneventful. The snow continues to fall more and more thickly. After an hour, Marcus knows they should be almost to the forest.



Suldae Westwind: (can anyone remember offhand how many horses we have exactly)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (ugh no)



Suldae Westwind: (we had fewer horses than party members i want to figure this out)
(gimme two minutes)

Before they can reach the cover of the trees, the snow begins to fall more thickly, heavily obscuring the view.



Suldae Westwind: (please give me two minutes before continuing)



Marcus Veranius: (We also had a wagon for the rest)



(To GM): **29**

GM: A heavily obscured area--such as darkness, opaque fog, or dense foliage--blocks vision entirely. A creature effectively suffers from the blinded condition when trying to see something in that area.
Blinded



Rictavio:

GM: A blinded creature can't see and automatically fails any ability check that requires sight. Attack rolls against the creature have advantage, and the creature's Attack rolls have disadvantage.



Henry of Willowsbrook: We have one lit bullseye lantern currently



Marcus Veranius 's Natural Explorer prevents the party from getting lost regardless of weather conditions



Liliet (Suldae): 7 horses: Suldae, Ireena, Henry, Kasimir, Rictavio, Ezme
Marcus is on foot, Ismark and Joan are flying if my suggestion was taken
and one free horse

The snow falls more and more thickly. Looks like a white-out blizzard... Marcus still knows the way, intuitively sensing his directions.

All the same, the party seems almost closed in by a wall of blinding white.



Suldae Westwind: We ARE riding, right? All except Marcus, Ismark and Joan?
I would like to not be ignored on questions of logistics please

Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark brings the Skull down a little lower to be close to the Party, within the limit of visibility. He has Joan in the skull with him and Kasimir.



Suldae Westwind: aha ty
two free horses



Henry of Willowsbrook: if the snow allows us to stay on the horses sure why not



Marcus Veranius: "We only need to reach the forest line! Blizzard won't be able to cut through trees as easily!"

GM: (Give me Perception checks with Disadvantage from Marcus and Suldae)



Marcus Veranius:

13

14

PERCEPTION (10)
Marcus Veranius

GM: (That is: Marcus and Suldae, make Perception checks)
(Both will be at Disadvantage)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d20+10 Lucky

(1)+10

= 11



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha)



Marcus Veranius: "Lucky"



Suldae Westwind:

32

PERCEPTION (12)
Suldae Westwind

22

PERCEPTION (12)
Suldae Westwind

(rolling twice is basically rolling with disadvantage right)



Marcus Veranius: (Yes)



Suldae Westwind: (this was a rhetorical question XD)

Suldae hears something... Something large, the heavy breathing of something on the wind. It seems to be directly in the party's path.

No one else notices the sound.



Suldae Westwind: "Stop!" she calls out.

"There's something ahead of us."

"I can hear it."



Marcus Veranius stops



Henry of Willowsbrook: "How far out?" Henry asks stopping

It is impossible to say, without knowing the size of the creature.

Certainly not far ahead.



Suldae Westwind: "...Close enough I can hear it, but that's all I can tell you."

"Would have to be near my ear if it was a kitten."

"Clearly it's not."

(The kitten thing is in fact an exaggeration, Suldae can hear a kitten's breathing further than that. Though, in this blizzard...)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Straight ahead?"



Marcus Veranius: "Let's play a game then. Who's more blind."



Marcus Veranius draws his crossbow and fires forward

GM: (Roll the attack with disadvantage)



Marcus Veranius: (Can the target see through this blizard?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry toses his Warpick the full 60 ft forward

GM: (It's not relying on sight)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

16	26
30ft	
Dagonbone Warpick (+11)	
Henry of Willowsbrook	
17	6
Piercing	Acid
21	20
30ft	
Dagonbone Warpick (+11)	
Henry of Willowsbrook	
13	1
Piercing	Acid



Suldae Westwind: Suldae attempts to clear away some of the blizzard with her flute's sharp command.

(Flute) Gust <i>Transmutation Cantrip</i>
--

Casting Time: 1 Action

Range: 30 ft

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

You seize the air and compel it to create one of the following effects at a point you can see within range:

One Medium or smaller creature that you choose must succeed on a Strength saving throw or be pushed up to 5 feet away from you.

You create a small blast of air capable of moving one object that is neither held nor carried and that weighs no more than 5 pounds. The object is pushed up to 10 feet away from you. It isn't pushed with enough force to cause damage.

You create a harmless sensory effect using air, such as causing leaves to rustle, wind to slam shutters shut, or your clothing to ripple in a breeze.



Marcus Veranius: (If the creature is ALSO blinded by the blizzard, I have advantage. Which cancels my disadvantage)



Suldae Westwind: (ahead of them, specifically)

GM: (The creature is not blinded by the blizzard, and is currently under cover and concealed)



Marcus Veranius: (Wew)

$$\begin{array}{c|c} 19 + 4 & 23 + 4 \\ \hline 120 \end{array}$$

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

20
Magical Piercing

GM: (Was that supposed to be two attacks from Henry?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: yes

60 ft long range



Marcus Veranius:

$$\begin{array}{c|c} 10 + 2 & 11 + 2 \\ \hline 120 \end{array}$$

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

22*Magical Piercing*

(I forgot to turn off Bless)

(Just the 19 on that first one)

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** 16 and 20 from me**Marcus Veranius:** (Should I make my Dread Ambusher attack as well?)

The gust of wind does not do much to affect the blizzard, other than causing the flurries to swirl more vigorously for a moment.

Crossbow bolts fly, and a hammer sweeps into the blinding snow. The hammer returns to its bearer's hand, unbloodied. It is impossible to say if the Crossbow bolts hit anything.

**Suldae Westwind:****10***120 feet***Guiding Bolt** (+7)
Suldae Westwind**8***Radiant*

Suldae decides to try something else.

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Well that went about as well as I thought it would"**Suldae Westwind:** (I dont think I need to roll for disadvantage w/ as low as the first roll is...)

Suldae's Guiding Bolt blazes through the snow, illuminating it like a lantern as it shoots between the falling snowflakes.

**Suldae Westwind:** (Does it let us actually see anything?)**Rictavio:** Though it does not hit anything, by the sudden passing light you see the glitter of two staring eyes, in a hill of snow just twenty feet before you.

Though it does not hit anything, by the sudden passing light you see the glitter of two staring eyes, in a hill of snow just twenty feet before you.

GM: (Sorry, not Rictavio saying that)***Make a DC 18 CON save, Henry*****GM:** (And roll Initiative)**Henry of Willowsbrook:****21 + 3** | **23 + 3****CONSTITUTION SAVE** (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook**Marcus Veranius:**

21

INITIATIVE (8)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's initiative is **5.15**



Henry of Willowsbrook:

9.1

INITIATIVE (1.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (holy shit lmao)

Henry feels a powerful chill reach for his bones, but the light of nature burns through it before it can freeze him in place. The Chilling Gaze seems to have magical effects.



Rictavio:

INITIATIVE
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Initiative: 9

INITIATIVE
Kasimir Velikov

Initiative: 3

INITIATIVE
Ireena Kolyana

Initiative: 15

INITIATIVE
Rictavio

Initiative: 17

INITIATIVE
Ismark Kolyanovich

Initiative: 23

INITIATIVE
Abominable Yeti

Initiative: 17.1



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark spots the beast from on high in his flying skull.

"YETI!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh whatever you just tried I hope you are already regretting it failed" Henry says shaking of the magical chill "Cause your times is running out now"



Marcus Veranius: "He's about to."



Ismark Kolyanovich:

19*300 feet***Eldritch Blast (+9)**

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet,
add CHA modifier to damage)

9**15**

GM: (still with disadvantage due to falling snow, but he knows the general position)



Ismark Kolyanovich:

22*300 feet***Eldritch Blast (+9)**

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet,
add CHA modifier to damage)

13**7**

Ismark's blasts of eldritch power strike what seems to be the lip of a cave mouth where the beast is hunkered, waiting for passers by. The snow sizzles and steams but the Yeti is unharmed.

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius: (Am I still blinded?)

GM: (As long as the snow is falling, yes)

(You know his location, though)

(And Ismark's blasts would have illuminated the area briefly)



Marcus Veranius isn't quite sure where the beast is, but he can hear where attacks are going off. Time to trust in Blinsky's craftsmanship



Suldae Westwind: "Hey," Suldae calls out. "Ireena, can you do anything about the snow?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Uh... Maybe?"



Marcus Veranius:

19

18

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

18

Magical Piercing

12

24

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

19

Magical Piercing



Ireena Kolyana: "I can try!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (if tis not in full cover marcus ignores cover)

Marcus's first shot strikes home, though his second misses.



Abominable Yeti: "ROAR."



Marcus Veranius: "You earned it!"

[EoT]

The beast springs from its shelter, enraged by the crossbow bolt. It roars, unleashing an icy blast of elemental power.



Marcus Veranius: (That

Marcus, Henry, Suldae, Ireena, Rictavio, and Ezmerelda must make DC 18 CON saves.



Abominable Yeti:

COLD BREATH
(RECHARGE 6)
Abominable Yeti

The yeti exhales a 30-foot cone of frigid air. Each creature in that area must make a DC 18 Constitution saving throw, taking 45 (10d8) cold damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.



Marcus Veranius: (That's probably an auto-fail if we're blinded)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

6 + 3**CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**Abominable Yeti:** **48****Suldae Westwind:****20****CONSTITUTION SAVE (2)**
Suldae Westwind**Ireena Kolyana:****17****CONSTITUTION SAVE (5)****Henry of Willowsbrook:** anyone in 10 ft of me has +2 remember**Marcus Veranius:** (Oh wait, Con save. Not dex)**8 + 2** | **10 + 2****CONSTITUTION SAVE (2)**
Marcus Veranius**GM:** (Thanks to Henry's aura, Ireena passes)**Marcus Veranius:** (DIDNT MATTER)**Ezmerelda d'Avenir:****CONSTITUTION**
*Ezmerelda d'Avenir***Ability: 13****Rictavio:****CONSTITUTION**
*Rictavio***Ability: 8****Henry of Willowsbrook:** (so the horses are fuckin dead)**Suldae Westwind:** (the horses are tough!)***The blast of icy wind screams over the horses and their riders, sprouting icicles like speed lines.*****Marcus Veranius:** (NOT EVEN KILLING THE DRAGON STOPS THE BREATH WEAPONS)**Suldae Westwind:** (i believe in our horses)***The horses whinny, refreshed by the sudden chill. (They are immune to cold)*****Henry of Willowsbrook:** (horses have about 20 hp)

Suldae Westwind: (NICE)

does damage round down?

GM: (It does. It was 48 points of ice damage, so it would be 24 points for half)

raises his hand and a star blazes with light in his palm.



Rictavio:

Beacon of Hope

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: Any number of creatures within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

This spell bestows hope and vitality. Choose any number of creatures within range. For the duration, each target has advantage on Wisdom saving throws and death saving throws, and regains the maximum number of hit points possible from any healing.



Suldae Westwind: (it was 45 points)

(which is why i asked)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (45 is the average GM rolled 48)

GM: (45 is the average, I rolled 48)



Suldae Westwind: (ah gotcha)

(missed that)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena flips wildly through her spell book, looking for something that might help with the snow.

"Fuck it!" She says at last, and unleashes *Dancing Lights*. Orbs of pulsing light fly from her palm and surround the Yeti, revealing his silhouette in the falling snow and dazzling his sensitive eyes.

"Get him, Henry!"



Suldae Westwind: "Good plan!" Suldae calls out

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh I will! HO Corazon!" Henry charges his mount at the Yeti

The spiritual warhorse breaks into a mighty charge. By its speed, Henry's blows will be strengthened! (Henry can add a d12+4 to his damage dice for the first attack made while charging)



Henry of Willowsbrook: getting in close to it Henry Swings for its head and then back riding past it

25

30ft/60ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)

Henry of Willowsbrook

10
Radiant Smite Damage

16 Piercing		2 Acid
-----------------------	--	------------------

29
30ft/60ft
Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook

4
Radiant Smite Damage

15 Piercing		6 Acid
-----------------------	--	------------------

rolling d12

(4)

= **4**

GM: (Two solid hits)



Henry of Willowsbrook: 36 damage on the first and 25 second



Suldae Westwind: (holy *shit*)



Abominable Yeti: "RRAAWWRRGHH!"

<p>STRENGTH <i>Abominable Yeti</i></p> <hr/> <p>Ability: 25</p>

Despite the fury of Henry's blows, the Yeti manages to keep its footing, and is not knocked prone.

The first blow dislocates its jaw, smashing a tooth away, and the second blow cracks against a mighty ribcage.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

<p>SECOND WIND <i>Class: Fighter 1</i></p>

<p>At first level, on your turn, you can use a bonus action to regain hit points equal to 1d10 + your fighter level. Once you use this feature, you must finish a short or long rest before you can use it again.</p>

GM: (EoT or any additional?)

(He's below half)

(Don't forget to maximize the healing from that, due to Beacon of Hope)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so 13 hp)



Suldae Westwind: (Also don't forget you're not the only healer in the party)

(but we did take a lot of damage)

(this is probably warranted)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Bringing his horse around Henry raises his weapon in a mock salute to the Yeti "Come and get me" EoT



Abominable Yeti: The Yeti's piggish little eyes are fixed on Henry now.



Ezmerelda d'Avenirir:

DC14

Half damage

Dexterity Save

32

Lightning

Self

Lightning Bolt

Ezmerelda raises a finger and unleashes a bolt of lightning, which streams through the Yeti. A crack of thunder echoes through the snow.



Abominable Yeti:

DEXTERITY
Abominable Yeti

Ability: 8

Shocked by the sudden jolt, the Yeti seems to reconsider these small animals.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae plays. The song is low and melodic, evoking warmth and light, healing light... and searing light.

12

Healing

60 feet

Mass Healing Word

Suldae Westwind

17

120 feet

Guiding Bolt (+7)

Suldae Westwind

17

Radiant

(all healing is maxed, so 14 healing)

GM: (Healing is maximized, so that should be 14 points of HP I think)

Suldae Westwind: (yep)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (You can not cast 2 leveled spells in a turn)



Suldae Westwind: (one is bonus action)



Henry of Willowsbrook: cast



Suldae Westwind: (are you sure thats a rule?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: yes I know Action can only be a cantrip then

If you cast a spell with casting time 1 bonus action you can only cast cantrips for your action



Suldae Westwind: gotcha

DC15

Dexterity Save

7

Radiant

60 feet

Sacred Flame

Suldae Westwind

changing that to this

(action description stays the same :P)



Abominable Yeti:

DEXTERITY
Abominable Yeti

Ability: **14**

GM: (EoT?)



Suldae Westwind: EoT

Holy flame dances around the Yeti, singeing its hair.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir, in the flying skull, raises both hands. Two jets of flame stream from his palm and land in the snow, writhing beside the Yeti. The two *Fire Snakes* lunge!

Conjure Minor Elementals

Conjuration 4

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: 90 feet

Target: Unoccupied spaces that you can see within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 hour

You summon elementals that appear in unoccupied spaces that you can see within range. You choose one the following options for what appears: One elemental of challenge

rating 2 or lower Two elementals of challenge rating 1 or lower Four elementals of challenge rating 1/2 or lower Eight elementals of challenge rating 1/4 or lower. An elemental summoned by this spell disappears when it drops to 0 hit points or when the spell ends. The summoned creatures are friendly to you and your companions. Roll initiative for the summoned creatures as a group, which has its own turns. They obey any verbal commands that you issue to them (no action required by you). If you don't issue any commands to them, they defend themselves from hostile creatures, but otherwise take no actions. The GM has the creatures' statistics.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using certain higher-level Spell Slots, you choose one of the summoning options above, and more creatures appear - twice as many with a 6th-level slot and three times as many with an 8th-level slot

INITIATIVE

Fire Snake

Initiative: 13

"Finish him," says Kasimir.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I intend to," says Ismark.

His eyes darken with Eldritch Sight...

ELDRITCH INVOCATION:

ELDRITCH SIGHT

Class: Warlock

You can cast detect magic at will, without expending a spell slot.



Suldae Westwind: (brb, hopefully before my turn / before end of combat rp ends lol)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "He's... He's not a Yeti!"

"He's a druid!"

12

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

6

9

Ismark's blast of streaming eldritch power misses the yeti by several feet.

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius takes more blind shots, considering a change in position to dodge further ice blasts



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wouldn't it be 2 blasts? you roll the attacks per blast)



Marcus Veranius:

15 | 28
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork
Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

18
Magical Piercing

23 | 27
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork
Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

21
Magical Piercing



Henry of Willowsbrook: (for eldritch blast I mean)



Marcus Veranius bumps into a lizard.



Marcus Veranius: ...what?

[EoT]

(Shit, I forgot Second Wind. Can I use that too?)

GM: (You are correct, I combined them to simplify the damage dice rolls but you're right that there should be another attack roll.)

(Yes you may)

(Also, you just killed this thing)

(Care to RP it?)



Suldae Westwind: (back)



Marcus Veranius hides behind the lizard, waiting for a retaliation



Marcus Veranius: And waiting

And waiting.....

And waiting.....

....

"I'm not sure if it's dead. Can someone check if it's dead?"

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry watches as the Yeti gets hit by a crossbow bolt and collapses

GM: (625 XP each)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Dead"



Marcus Veranius: "I hate the snow so much!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae approaches the yeti and checks, just in case

20

MEDICINE (7)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: (we are still in innitiative)
or not?)

As she examines the Yeti, she suddenly realizes something is moving inside the Yeti. With a gory eruption, a humanoid figure — wrapped in furs and covered in blood — bursts from the corpse of the Yeti and flees into the snow, headed due west.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (reaction? I was I melee range?9

GM: (Go for it)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

14

30ft/60ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook

13
Piercing

1
Acid

GM: (That hits



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh if Only I had Sentinel) "Shit" Henry lashes out at the figure

Henry manages to hit the escaping figure, staggering him but not dropping him completely as he flees.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "OI get back here!"



Kasimir Velikov: "Get him," says Kasimir, to the fire serpents, which slither swiftly forward, leaving steaming trails in the snow.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry also gives chase on horseback

Unfortunately, the druid is just as swift as they are, and he knows the forest better. The serpents continue to illuminate his fleeing form.

Henry could drop him from horseback or Marcus could peg him with an arrow due to the extra illumination.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hops on her horse and motions everyone else to follow Henry.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

17

30ft/60ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook

11

Piercing

4

Acid

27

30ft/60ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook

10

Piercing

3

Acid



Marcus Veranius:

27

10

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

19

Magical Piercing



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I said Get back here"



Marcus Veranius:

13

15

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

18

Magical Piercing

(Will 15 hit?)

(13 rather)

Henry's mounted blow turns the man's head into a flying polo ball, which Marcus's crossbow bolt strikes in midair.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I think you got him," says Ezmerelda.



Marcus Veranius: "On second though, a bit less gore to look at when it's blacked out."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...good shot"



Marcus Veranius: "Whited out."



Marcus Veranius checks the hidey-cave for good measure. Seems the Yester Hill druids were expecting them



Suldae Westwind: (Hidey-cave?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a look at the remains



Rictavio: Suldae hears Rictavio mutter what *sounds* like a Prayer.

GM: (Everyone takes 20 points of healing)



Rictavio:

14

Healing

30 feet

Prayer of Healing



Marcus Veranius: (Yeti was waiting for us at the mouth of a cave)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shoots him a curious glance, but does not press.

The cave is small, but it does seem to open into a tunnel that continues underground, into the darkness, headed northwest. Inside the hidey hole, Marcus finds two barrels of wine, obviously stolen from a caravan. He also finds several high-quality animal pelts; deer, wolf, elk, and bear.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pokes her nose in after Marcus.

How big is the tunnel? As compared to, say, a person on horseback?



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry dismounts rolling over the corpse take a btter look

The tunnel is large enough for an ordinary human to walk in it, but not large enough for a horse or a flying skull.

Henry examines the corpse of the Yeti.



Marcus Veranius considers how the druid popped out of that beast and shudders a bit, considering the strange quality of these furs



Henry of Willowsbrook: (no the druid corpse)



Marcus Veranius: "Well, we solved our warmth problem."



Marcus Veranius takes the furs to their wagon

Henry examines the corpse of the Druid. The man is clad in leather and furs, and has antlers bound to his head. Small charms and trinkets — most of which seem to have been severed from animals — adorn his figure.



Suldae Westwind: (WE STILL DONT HAVE A WAGON())

(we have packs on horses and a flying skull)



Marcus Veranius: (What do you mean we dont have...)

(FAK)



Suldae Westwind: (We don't have a wagon!)



Marcus Veranius: (Why did I think we had a wagon)



Suldae Westwind: (I can double check in party expenditures but im like 99% sure we dont have a wagon)

Henry finds a small pouch of what seems to be potion ingredients or spell components.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (well we have one but we didn't bring it to the swamp)



Marcus Veranius: (...)

He also finds a small raven-skull necklace which is definitely magical.



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus has a concussion still from all those alchemy fire bombs)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Oh, you brought us some padding for the skull!" Ismark says, causing it to fly down for Marcus to load the furs into.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes the skull and pouch before looking at the fire snakes "ah all yours?" Before returning to the others



Marcus Veranius: "And whomever wants them. Given how our friend went west I can only assume the cave doesn't go where we want it to."



Marcus Veranius passes the furs up



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir takes them gladly and arranges them around the skull, to provide additional warmth and comfort for Jean and Ismark.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Here found these on him" Handing of the Skull and puoch



Rictavio: "Do we continue into the forest?" Rictavio asks.

"This accursed snow is such a nuisance..."



Ireena Kolyana: "Between the Fire Snakes and some Dancing Lights, I think we can manage. But we'll be announcing our presence everywhere we go."



Kasimir Velikov: "Unless we wish to Pass Without Trace," says Kasimir.

"Between my magic and Marcus's woodcraft... We could perhaps pass through the forest in secret."

"There is no telling what kinds of animal forms they will bring to bear to try and find us, if we assume that they are, in fact, looking for us."

"Even if they are not, we will be passing through the heart of their territory."



Suldae Westwind: "Wouldn't it be easier to pick them off one by one?"

"As opposed to confronting the whole lot at the heart of their territory?"



Marcus Veranius: "Stealth may be impossible if they're preparing ambushes, but perhaps we can get around some of the simpler ones that way."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Do we have the time for picking off druids one by one?"

"I have an idea, but it's kind of fucked up."



Marcus Veranius: "If they're all going to fight like that yeti, probably not."



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh no," says Ireena.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Do share Ismark"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark holds up a bottle of Alchemist's Fire.

"Firebomb the forest."



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"We... umm... we're supposed to be SAVING Barovia. Right?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Firebomb the forest? the Very same Forest we plan on going through?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Make a direct line of flame from here to the hill, and while they're scattering, we take trips in the skull. Somebody will have to lead the horses around the forest to the north, but we could shuttle all or most of us straight to the hill."



Suldae Westwind: "...I propose we do not burn down the forest."

"Although the fire is unlikely to spread in this weather... I think?"

27

NATURE (8)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: "This is the same forest connected to my extended family's winery. I don't like the risk."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Forset fires are many things and controlable isn't part of that"



Marcus Veranius takes a moment to look at henry's findings, squinting with concern at the raven skull trinket



Suldae Westwind: (I request roll of 27 worth of information on how likely the fire would be to spread XD)



Marcus Veranius: (I'd be surprised if the forest could light at all given Barovia's all-foggy status)

If this were a natural storm, Suldae knows, one could expect it to smother the flame. Since it is not a natural storm, conditions are less predictable. Hypothetically, however, given the current precipitation and the general wetness of this particular evergreen forest, when considered in hand with the rottenness and deadness of most of the trees, Suldae can say the odds are two-to-one that the fire will not spread badly.



Marcus Veranius: "Not to be a downer, but it's four miles to Yester Hill from our location... if the map reads right."

"Doubt we'd be able to stretch 15 gallons that thin."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "And the only way 'around' the forest is on the Tsolenka Trail, which is deadly even in the best weather."



Suldae Westwind: "...also, while the odds are against it spreading, they're not *that* badly against it."

"Let's not."



Marcus Veranius: "THAT BEING SAID, I do notice the hill itself is a mile-wide clearing with little vegetation to spread."



Suldae Westwind: "A lot of this vegetation is dead."

"That being said indeed..."

GM: (Unfortunately, I have to start getting ready to go out and get some things done, so we will have to do the rest of the planning on Discord before next weekend)



Marcus Veranius: "We'd need to get the Winery Seed out first. But after that..."

GM: (Thank you all for playing!)



Marcus Veranius: (Have a nice night!)



Suldae Westwind: (have a nice night!)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (or day I think its noon in California)



Suldae Westwind: (whichever XD)



GM (GM): Good Morning!



Zanshukun: heyho



GM (GM): Looks like we may be starting an hour behind schedule to give Suldae a chance to catch up to us. I know our sessions are usually in the afternoon for her, so her schedule may not allow her to join us before the usual time in her part of the world.



Zanshukun: She'll switch to daylight savingstime on the 29th same as me so that might help
ARE.WE.READYYYYY??????????



Liliet (Suldae): IM HERE



Suldae Westwind: (in my defense, i'm a dumbass)



GM (GM): Ready!

Now, where the fuck were we...



Henry of Willowsbrook: we murderized a furry



Suldae Westwind: we were discussing NOT setting the forest on fire



GM (GM): And there was a raven-skull necklace that was magical IIRC



Henry of Willowsbrook: ye



Tops K.: Am here



Marcus Veranius: (Was a bit late managing a thing in a West Marches server)



GM (GM): No worries!



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So we are not going around the forest because the pass is shit even if we

weren't knee deep in snow and we are probably not setting fire to the forrest we are planning to travel through soooooooo what ARE we doing?" Henry says pulling his hood further down



Rictavio: Rictavio leans on his cane, looking west, into the snow-covered forest.



Marcus Veranius continues to squint at the skull necklace



Suldae Westwind: Suldae notices Marcus studying the necklace and bends over hersefl

16

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

The necklace is a piece of twine looped through a raven's skull, which has been intricately covered in small carvings. It is definitely magical.



Rictavio: "Well?" says Rictavio. "What's the plan?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Relax, Ricky."



Suldae Westwind: "Ireena, Ezme, Rictavio, Kasimir," Suldae says.

"Look at this."



Ireena Kolyana: "Ooh," says Ireena, examining the necklace.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Seems magical," says Ezmerelda.



Kasimir Velikov: "What curious little carvings... Druidic, perhaps?"



Rictavio: "Definitely druidic... But it's a bastardized druidic."



Ireena Kolyana: "If you want to know what it does, I can Identify it. Should take about ten minutes."

"Ten minute time-out while I identify?"



Suldae Westwind: "I think we can spare ten minutes."



Marcus Veranius: "Should I feel uncomfortable about this as a shapeshifter? Is that normal?"



Marcus Veranius mutters to himself, taking out the map to plan a route.



Suldae Westwind: "No, I agree," Suldae says.

"This is definitely uncomfortable"



Ireena Kolyana: "It is pretty disturbing..."



Marcus Veranius: "Ten minutes is plenty of time to chart a direction."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Can you do that while we are moving we really shouldn't stay still to long in this weather"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena hops into the skull and sits cross-legged among the furs, leafing through her spell book and concentrating on the necklace.



Marcus Veranius: "AHA! Here's an idea."

"Loud Stealth."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae goes to chat with Joan. Who is she, where is she from, why does she want to come with them?



Marcus Veranius: "Their sentries don't have a communication network, if our retreating druid is anything to go by."

"We go into the woods about halfway, but THEN..."



Marcus Veranius drifts his finger on the map across the river



Marcus Veranius: "Swap banks, let them prepare for an ambush on the route we're no longer taking. Enter Yester Hill from the back."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "What if we can't cross the river?"



Marcus Veranius: "Why wouldn't we be able to cross the river?"

"Between shapeshifters and flying skulls anyways."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...". Henry wordlessly gestures at his and the others horses



Marcus Veranius compares the size of the skull to that of the horses



Marcus Veranius: "...well that's just inconvenient."

Joan: gives an interesting and extensive backstory with lots of surprise twists and turns. She wasn't born in Barovia, but stumbled into it one night with her family. Her parents and her sister were eaten by vampire spawn, and she spent many years in the village of Barovia before venturing west to Krezk. She has been academically trained as a chef for noble houses, and holds certifications in both soups and pastries. Joan is the kind of person who believes that you can feed the fate you want to triumph, and though she does have a vendetta of vengeance upon Strahd, she is not a vengeful person by nature, preferring to nourish heroes rather than to slay monsters. Between her and Suldae, she's mainly tagging along for Henry's sake — poor boy looks like he misses the comfort of home and hearth, but he puts on such a brave face.



Marcus Veranius: "Right, just the Loud then."



Kasimir Velikov: "I have another idea..."



Suldae Westwind: Joan used NEW BEST FRIEND on Suldae. It's super effective!

"...We could ask Joan to stay with the horses again."

"Admittedly this raises the question of creating a sufficiently protected shelter..."

"Or just the loud."

"Or?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Alone? In a blizzard? at Night?" Henry says befuddled



Suldae Westwind: "Not necessarily alone, too," Suldae says. "But no, I'm not insisting that this is a good plan."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir thinks for a moment. He looks at Ireena.

"Do you have *Resilient Sphere*?"

"I knew it once, long ago, but have since forgotten."



Marcus Veranius: "We don't have time for a return trip anyways."

Ireena Kolyana: "Yes, I know that one. Why?"



Marcus Veranius: "No more splitting up for a while. We only just fixed our mistake the last time we made it."



Kasimir Velikov: "Are you familiar with the Elven game of *Bowling*?"



Suldae Westwind: "Okay, that is a very good point"
"Kasimir, what?"



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir summons a mage hand.
"Resilient Sphere ensconces one individual in an impenetrable barrier of force—a weightless sphere."
"In other words, a battering ram."



Marcus Veranius: "That... doesn't seem like it'd work well on a hill. Or in a forest. Or on a hill surrounded by forest."
"We could just go in the normal way."



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh, I think I understand what he's saying."
"Mage hand can lift the sphere and whatever's inside it. Then it's just a matter of getting enough speed going... But I don't think it would be very effective as a ram, since it loses all mass?"

Expeditious Retreat

Transmutation 1

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

This spell allows you to move at an incredible pace. When you cast this spell, and then as a bonus action on each of your turns until the spell ends, you can take the Dash action.

(ignore that)



Kasimir Velikov: "An idle thought, then. Forgive me."



Rictavio: "I have a thought."

"We are unlikely to deal with archers, if the druids are mostly in animal form."

"Any additional light is likely to serve us more than it serves them."



Ireena Kolyana: "I have *dancing lights*."



Kasimir Velikov: "I can summon the fire snakes once per hour, but I can only do so two more times."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I think, if we're all going in together, anybody who has some serious range on their hands should be in the skull with me and Joan."



Suldae Westwind: "My range isn't very good... except for one spell."

"But I can only cast that one once per day."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So do we have any other plans beside the tried and true 'kick in their front door'?" Henry asks "and yes I know forests don't have doors"



Suldae Westwind: "They might if there are houses in them."

"I don't have a plan."

She looks at Marcus.

"Except to actually try to get over the river."

"Before we give up."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "might as well have a look at the river before abandoning that plan"



Marcus Veranius looks a bit frustrated.



Marcus Veranius: "We don't need a super-complex plan for this. It's four miles of forest, and we killed a dragon last week."



Suldae Westwind: "It's four miles of forest with druids in it," Suldae points out.

"Doesn't pay to underestimate the enemy."



Marcus Veranius: "If we can't cross the river, fine. Let's save finer tactics for when we're at their compound."

"Doesn't do us good to tire ourselves out being flashy before the siege."



Suldae Westwind: "We haven't failed to cross the river yet."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs turning to ride in to the forest "Current plan: we make one when we get there"



Suldae Westwind: "I think it's a good one"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Right then, who's where?"



Ireena Kolyana: "I'm done Identifying!"

"It's the skull of a wereraven. There's a command word which allows the wearer to step into a living creature and control it from inside. This is... *Heinously* evil magic."



Suldae Westwind: "...Congratulations on being right about that discomfort, Marcus," Suldae says faintly.

"...So how likely are all of them to have those, and how hard is it to use?"



Rictavio: "Right, let's stay on task here. I'm an old man and it's cold as the frigid wastes of Stygia out here."



Marcus Veranius: "I'd say there were only so many wereravens, but Baba Lysaga did a good job snatching them up..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "What can't here you currently riding into a forest" Henry jokes calling back



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena shrugs. "This skull is a few centuries old."

"There's no way to know how many might have been accumulated over the years."



Marcus Veranius nods to Rictavio and starts guiding the horses forward



Ireena Kolyana: "It's definitely not hard to use... You just have to be able to touch the creature."



Suldae Westwind: "No letting them touch us, then."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena and Kasimir both stay in the skull with Ismark and Joan.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "probably what happend to that Yeti"



Rictavio: Rictavio and Ezmerelda ride horses by Marcus.

GM: (Marching order?)

(Also, which path are you taking? Have you decided against aiming for the river?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry in front currently



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is riding and leading the extra horses.

In the back.

GM: (Cool beans **15**)

(To be clear: we are not aiming at stealth here? The Fire snakes are out in front and dancing lights are flying around to illuminate the falling snow?)

(It's not a bad plan, all things considered)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Can horse even stealth?

horses



Suldae Westwind: relatively, i imagine yes

GM: (You can always travel stealthily, and with Marcus's aid it doesn't even slow you down)

(If you're charging in at top speed, not so much, though)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Iwas being facetious)

GM: (But I'm picturing a not-quite-top-speed but not-quite-sedate-and-passionless ride here)



Marcus Veranius: (Stealthily until someone's able to retreat.)

(Then we charge full speed)

GM: (Until someone's able to retreat?)



Marcus Veranius: (Right now we aren't caught cause Yeti Druid didn't sound the alarm fast enough)

GM: (Not sure I follow)

(Oh, so you'll be chasing down any fleeing guards)

(Gotcha, gotcha)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (stealth until we get caught then CHARGE!)

The party moves into the forest. Kasimir releases the two fire serpents, but can call them again at a moment's notice.

The snow falls thickly all around you, even here, beneath the bare branches of the towering trees.

The ground is a slushy mess, which would ordinarily make movement more difficult. With Marcus's keen guidance, the party is not slowed down, and moves stealthily through the darkness.



Marcus Veranius: It wasn't a bad forest, troubling as the times and occupants were. Perhaps they could take another stroll through in more pleasant times.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry uses Channel divinity to regain a first level spell slot

There is a disturbing lack of sound here, amid the trees. No birds call, no wolves howl, and cold silence watches you from all sides.

An hour passes.

Suldae and Henry both have a sudden, violently uneasy feeling. Marcus hears the creak of pine bark, though there is no wind.

The horses, unaware, continue trotting on unless stopped.



Suldae Westwind: "Hold," Suldae says.

And pulls on her own reins.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda's horse stops. "What is it, Suldae?" She whispers.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Somethings off"



Marcus Veranius looks around, trying to catch the source



Rictavio: Rictavio has had his crossbow in hand the whole time, but now he grips it more tightly.

GM: (Make a Perception check)

(For Marcus, since he's looking around)



Marcus Veranius:

15 16

PERCEPTION (10)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind:

14

PERCEPTION (12)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae looks around as well.

"...Something feels off."

The mist and snow are thicker now than they were when you entered the forest. It is difficult to see the trees nearest you, let alone anything beyond them.

Marcus knows he has heard the sound before... At the winery.



Marcus Veranius: Strahd wouldn't be foolish enough to play his hand personally in this... would he? While the party was at full strength, with no traps?



Henry of Willowsbrook: (attack of the twigs 2; the reckoning)

GM: (Henry and Suldae, make Religion checks please)



Suldae Westwind:

21

RELIGION (13)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook:

5 + 1

RELIGION (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(may I use Nature instead)

GM: (You may)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

10 + 1

NATURE (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius: "...I thought we destroyed that staff of twig control. It can't be a second..."

Suldae hears, in the music of nature, a sorrow. A regret, a pain—the sound of an old forest doing what it does not want to do, and begging for forgiveness as it does it.



Suldae Westwind: "...I think they might have a second, yes..."

Henry feels the Queen Dryad twisting in the pinecone.



Suldae Westwind: "These are druids, Marcus. What do you think they *do*?"



Rictavio: "Well, we can't stand here forever..."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "What do we do?"



Marcus Veranius: "We continue forward."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Keep moving on"



Suldae Westwind: "...As good a plan as any. I will note however that I have several spells that work on an area."

"So when there IS an engagement, it would be convenient to fortify."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "No point swinging at shadows just yet"



Marcus Veranius: "You have as much right to this forest as the druids do, Henry. You bear the ancients' crest on your shield, their blessing in your pocket."



Suldae Westwind: "The forest certainly likes us better."



Marcus Veranius: "So long as you lead the march, this forest can have no sway."



Suldae Westwind: "Unfortunately they're not asking it."

The party continues onward.

A large old oak tree stands in a small clearing, surrounded by the dead pines. The oak still seems to have some life in it, though its sparse and balding head of leaves is crowned in snow.

The route continues on to the northwest.



Suldae Westwind: Wait, where's the oak? Are we passing it?

GM: (Yes, if you take the direct route, you will pass right by it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry separates slightly from the others to approach the Oak

He notices a long branch of curiously braided wood, lying in the snow nearby, half-covered by the snow. It looks like the staff of a giant.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes to the oak and dismounts.

She takes out the flute and begins to play.

Speak with Plants

Transmutation 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self (30-foot radius)

Target: Plants within 30 feet of you

Components: V, S

Duration: 10 minutes

You imbue plants within 30 feet of you with limited sentience and animation, giving them the ability to communicate with you and follow your simple commands. You can question plants about events in the spell's area within the past day, gaining information about creatures that have passed, weather, and other circumstances. You can also turn difficult terrain caused by plant growth (such as thickets and undergrowth) into ordinary terrain that lasts for the duration. Or you can turn ordinary terrain where plants are present into difficult terrain that lasts for the duration, causing vines and branches to hinder pursuers, for example. Plants might be able to perform other tasks on your behalf, at the GM's discretion. The spell doesn't enable plants to uproot themselves and move about, but they can freely move branches, tendrils, and stalks. If a plant creature is in the area, you can communicate with it as if you shared a common language, but you gain no magical ability to influence it. This spell can cause the plants created by the entangle spell to release a restrained creature.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry picks up the Staff after dismounting

The staff is fifteen feet long and shockingly heavy, as though it were made of iron and not wood.



Suldae Westwind: "I want to talk to this oak," she says for others' benefit before starting the music.

Suldae feels something strange about the way the magic takes effect on the Oak.

It feels as though it was... Already alive.



Suldae Westwind: "Hello?" Suldae says softly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how long a staff are we talking btw?)

Oak: *"Run, little one...!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (sorry missed the 15 ft)



Suldae Westwind: "Run from?..." Suldae clarifies. "Are you speaking of the staff?"

GM: (Make an Acrobatics check)



Suldae Westwind:

14

ACROBATICS (7)
Suldae Westwind

GM: (**23**)

A branch whips around and slams into Suldae, crushing her to the trunk of the old tree.

Oak: "You must run!"

"It is too late for you! Tell your companions to flee!"

*The Oak swings a huge branch at Henry. **23** to hit.*



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh that won't do" Henry jams the staff in to the ground

14 bludgeoning.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Shit"



Suldae Westwind: Do we roll initiative?



Marcus Veranius draws his crossbow

GM: (Roll Initiative)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

INITIATIVE
Treant

Initiative: **14.08**



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's initiative is **10.15**



Marcus Veranius: "Right then. A not-so-nice tree."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

INITIATIVE
Ismark Kolyanovich

Initiative: **7**

INITIATIVE
Kasimir Velikov

Initiative: **7**

INITIATIVE
Ireena Kolyana

Initiative: **8**

INITIATIVE
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Initiative: **22**

INITIATIVE
Rictavio

Initiative: **5**



Henry of Willowsbrook:

20.1

INITIATIVE (1.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius:

15

INITIATIVE (8)
Marcus Veranius



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "SULDAE!" Ezmerelda shouts, seeing her pinned to the tree.



Suldae Westwind: (Can I attempt to turn into a raven and flee as a reaction, or should I wait for my turn?)

GM: (On your turn)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

CURSE (RECHARGES
AFTER A LONG REST)
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Ezmerelda targets one creature that she can see within 30 feet of her. The target must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or be cursed. While cursed, the target has vulnerability to one type of damage of Ezmerelda's choice. The curse lasts until ended with a greater restoration spell, a

remove curse spell, or similar magic. When the curse ends, Ezmerelda takes 3d6 psychic damage.



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha)



Treant:

WISDOM

Treant

Ability: **23**



Suldae Westwind: "It's not the tree's will!" Suldae yells out.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "A CURSE UPON YOU, OLD TREE!" Shouts Ezmerelda.

Oak: "Ha... Ha... Ha... I am already cursed..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: ("oh tree what is your wisdom" "fuck of")



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

+1 HANDAXE (RANGED)

Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Attack: **8**

Damage: **4** slashing

+1 HANDAXE (RANGED)

Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Attack: **7**

Damage: **4** slashing

+1 HANDAXE (RANGED)

Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Attack: **12**

Damage: **4** slashing



Ezmerelda d'Avenir hurls three hand-axes, all of which stick in the bark of the old tree without causing any apparent harm.

GM: (Henry, you're up.)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

Searing Smite

Evocation 1

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: Self

Components: V

Duration: Concentration up to 1 minute

The next time you hit a creature with a melee weapon attack, the attack deals an extra 1d6

fire damage to the target and sets them on fire.
The fire goes out if the spell is ended.

At the start of its turns, the target must make a Constitution saving throw. On a failure, it takes 1d6 fire damage. On a success, the spell ends. If the target or a creature within 5 feet of it uses an action to put out the flames, or if some other effect puts out the flames, the spell ends.

At Higher Levels. The initial extra damage dealt by the attack increases by 1d6 for each slot above 1st.

20

Vorpal Dagger (+12)
Henry of Willowsbrook

11

Slashing/Piercing

21

Vorpal Dagger (+12)
Henry of Willowsbrook

14

Slashing/Piercing

(hits?)

GM: (Both hits)



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling d6

(2)

= 2

25 slashing and 2 fire

Henry shrugs of the hit he took from the branch anoyed he missed the timing to block proprely before drawing the short sword from his back and attacking the tree

The Vorpal Dagger cuts through the old wood like a hot knife through mist, and flame spreads from the cut, quickly growing on the old bark.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Burn" he commands causing flame to wreath his blade and then the tree Eot

Oak: "Yes, yes! Burn me! You must destroy me! Please, I beg of you!"

GM: (Marcus, you're up. Suldae is still pinned to a tree that is going to be engulfed in flames in a minute)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is a little traumatized by hearing this.



Marcus Veranius: "I don't take orders from a tree."

Suldae Westwind: (Can anyone other than Suldae hear the tree)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (ah shit I was gonna try to cut her free but forgot)



Marcus Veranius: (This is a good point. Can Marcus hear this?)

GM: (I believe Suldae is the only one who would be able to understand it ordinarily, but since the Treant is speaking Common at the moment, you can understand it as well)



Suldae Westwind: (ty!)



Marcus Veranius *doesn't take orders from a tree. He draws a shortsword and attempts to prune the tree into nonlethal submission*



Marcus Veranius: (First round advantage since the treant hasn't acted in initiative?)

23

19

Silvered Shortsword (+10)
Marcus Veranius

12

Piercing

20

29

Silvered Shortsword (+10)
Marcus Veranius

8

Piercing

21

18

Silvered Shortsword (+10)
Marcus Veranius

3

Bonus Damage

9

Piercing

GM: (Sure, that's from a Ranger feat?)



Marcus Veranius: (Ranger base)

GM: (Gotcha)

(Any additional damage? That's three hits)



Marcus Veranius:

NATURAL EXPLORER (PERSONAL BONUS)

Class: Ranger 1

At 1st level, you have the following benefits:

>You ignore difficult terrain.

>You have advantage on initiative rolls.

>On your first turn during combat, you have advantage on attack rolls against creatures that have not yet acted.

GM: (Also, are you attempting to cut Suldae free, or to hurt the tree?)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus is attempting to knock the tree unconscious, which would in turn free Suldae)

GM: (So going for non-lethal damage, gotcha)

32

(EoT?)



Marcus Veranius: 9EoT)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Con save please



Treant:

CONSTITUTION
Treant

Ability: **23**

GM: (CON save for the fire)



Henry of Willowsbrook: no longer on fire

The old bark ceases to burn, too tough and old and long-ago water-damaged to really burn well.

Oak: "Please, I don't want to hurt you!"

Magical power pulses through ancient roots.

Two pine trees behind the party groan and creak, and burst to life.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I belive you"



Treant:

SLAM
Treant

Attack: **14**

Damage: **15** bludgeoning

The Treant attempts to crush Suldae to itself, and here a curious thing happens.

Suldae knows that under ordinary circumstances, she would be squished like a mouse under a boot by the strength of this old oak. Her wereraven body is immune to certain forms of damage — which seems to include this form.

The tree wrestles and grapples and strains, but Suldae is not harmed. It's just a very uncomfortable and protracted wooden hug.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: "..."



Treant:

INITIATIVE <i>Treant</i> <hr/> <i>Initiative:</i> 15.08

INITIATIVE <i>Treant</i> <hr/> <i>Initiative:</i> 4.08
--



Suldae Westwind: So my question is, what are Suldae's odds of success as-far-as-she-can-eyeball on the turn into a raven and flee thing?

Because once she becomes smaller, if she cannot escape, she probably cannot get bigger again.

GM: (I'd say 75% good odds)

(25% chance it doesn't work out)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tries to slip out by turning into a raven.

15

ACROBATICS (7)
Suldae Westwind

GM: (1 On a 1, it fails)

(Since that was a roll to escape the grapple, the Treant will contest it too)



Suldae Westwind: (augh)



Treant:

STRENGTH <i>Treant</i> <hr/> <i>Ability:</i> 9
--



Suldae Westwind: ^^

Suldae transforms into a raven at just the right moment of her own wriggling, and manages to burst free from the old Treant's embrace.

Oak: *"Yes, flee! Flee, before the others come!"

"Flee, and forgive me."

GM: (Can't believe I didn't think about the contested grapple rules, that's a way better way to deal

with that)

(Any additional on your turn?)



Suldae Westwind: question

does Suldae know how fast treants are / what to roll for that

GM: (Treants have a movement speed of 30 feet)

(Suldae would be cognizant of that, it's not her first experience with them)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is thoroughly unnerved by the treant's distress.

"Let's go!" she yells after turning back into her regular form on her horse. "There's more coming and / for one don't want to fight any of them!"

GM: (EoT?)



Suldae Westwind: EoT



Ireena Kolyana: A thick cloud of fog suddenly billows into existence around the Treant, obscuring it completely from view. Ireena's eyes glow.

"Go! Go while it's distracted!"

Fog Cloud

Conjuration 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A point within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 hour

You create a 20-foot-radius sphere of fog centered on a point within range. The sphere spreads around corners, and its area is heavily obscured. It lasts for the duration or until a wind of moderate or greater speed (at least 10 miles per hour) disperses it.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, the radius of the fog increases by 20 feet for each slot level above 1st.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark looks at the two pine trees awakened by the Treant.

"We can't let them escape... They'll warn the whole forest!"



Marcus Veranius: "They were summoned by magic. Would taking out the source work?"



Kasimir Velikov: "Yes!"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark's eyes fill with hellfire. He raises his hands, and the ground beneath the Treant suddenly bristles with flame. A jet of fire blasts forty feet into the sky, completely engulfing the old tree. **12** Fire damage on a failed DEX save.



Suldae Westwind: "..."



Treant:

DEXTERITY*Treant***Ability: 4**

Kasimir Velikov: "Ismark, I think you may have just done the job *for* them."



Suldae Westwind: "..."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir seems to assess the situation for a moment.



Suldae Westwind: "That staff," Suoldae says.



Kasimir Velikov: "DRUID! YOU SHOULD COME OUT OF THE TREANT, AND GIVE YOURSELF UP BEFORE YOU ARE BURNED ALIVE!"

Suggestion*Enchantment 2***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 30 ft

Components: V, M (A snake's tongue and either a bit of honeycomb or a drop of sweet oil)

Duration: Concentration Up to 8 hours

You suggest a course of activity (limited to a sentence or two) and magically influence a creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you. Creatures that can't be charmed are immune to this effect. The suggestion must be worded in such a manner as to make the course of action sound reasonable. Asking the creature to stab itself, throw itself onto a spear, immolate itself, or do some other obviously harmful act ends the spell.

The target must make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, it pursues the course of action you described to the best of its ability. The suggested course of action can continue for the entire duration. If the suggested activity can be completed in a shorter time, the spell ends when the subject finishes what it was asked to do.

You can also specify conditions that will trigger a special activity during the duration. For example, you might suggest that a knight give her warhorse to the first beggar she meets. If the condition isn't met before the spell expires, the activity isn't preformed.

If you or any of your companions damage the target, the spell ends.

Druid:

WISDOM
Druid

Ability: 20



Kasimir Velikov: Seeing no response from within the burning Treant, Kasimir sighs. "Well, it was worth a shot."



Suldae Westwind: rip



Rictavio: "Wait a minute. The necklace!"

"I'd wager there's room in there for more than one person!"

"And if there *isn't*..."

"Oh, hold the quill, I've got a better idea.

"BEGONE!"

Banishment

Abjuration 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: One creature that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (An item distasteful to the target)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You attempt to send one creature that you can see within range to another plane of existence. The target must succeed on a Charisma saving throw or be banished. If the target is native to the plane of existence you're on, you banish the target to a harmless demiplane. While there, the target is incapacitated. The target remains there until the spell ends, at which point the target reappears in the space it left or in the nearest unoccupied space if that space is occupied. If the target is native to a different plane of existence than the one you're on, the target is banished with a faint popping noise, returning to its home plane. If the spell ends before 1 minute has passed, the target reappears in the space it left or in the nearest unoccupied space if that space is occupied. Otherwise, the target doesn't return.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 5th level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot level above 4th.

**Treant:**

CHARISMA
Treant

Ability: 21



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh my god)



Marcus Veranius: (ITS THE TREE OF CRITS!!!)
(SOURCE OF ALL NAT 20S!)

Rictavio's Banishment spell—which would ordinarily have sent the Treant back to the Faewild and, perhaps, freed it from the druid possessing it—fails.



Rictavio: "Dammit!"



Suldae Westwind: "..."

One of the pine trees begins to run away. It would be comical if it weren't so unnerving: the roots writhe, and the tree glides away, swaying like the mast of a ship.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Suldae! What should we do?"

"I don't want to hurt this tree, if you think we shouldn't."



Suldae Westwind: "...the staff," Suldae says.

She's not very coherent at the moment.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "The Staff?"

"What should I do?"



Suldae Westwind: "..."

Suldae is not very up to speaking right now.

That was as much input as anyone's getting out of her right now.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda dismounts from her horse and runs to the staff.

ARCANA
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Skill: 13

"I don't know how to use it!?"

GM: (Henry, you're up)

(Don't forget you can use Treestride)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Light guide me and let Night fade" Henry says wreathing himself in light 'hope this works' Henry charges the Treant hoping to possibly drag the druid out of it 'All I need is faith right?'

TREE STRIDE

Other: Magic

Once on your turn, you can use 10 ft. of movement to step magically into one living tree within reach and emerge from a second living tree within 60 feet of the first tree, appearing in an unoccupied space within 5 feet

of the second tree. Both trees must be large or bigger.

GM: (Make a grapple check)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

20 + 1

ATHLETICS (9)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Druid:

DEXTERITY
Druid

Ability: 20

Henry dives into the Oak, and bursts out of another tree nearby, clinging to a fur-covered individual in antlers.

He has the man firmly in a headlock.

Oak: "Sleep, my brothers! Return to your slumber!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (does that count as an action?)

The two fleeing animated Pine Trees both stop moving and root themselves in place.

GM: (It does)

(We are no longer in initiative order)



Marcus Veranius frowns. "Is nothing sacred then? Not the beasts nor the trees, nor the land itself as you so worship it?"



Marcus Veranius turns his attention to the druid



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes out in relief.

She sways a little.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir summons a Cone of Cold with a minor alteration, carefully controlling the wind. The flames die down, and the old oak steams — injured, but not too badly.



Druid: The Druid says something that sounds like it might be a Druidic swear word.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Let me ask you something 'Druid' do you regret the path you choose yet?"
Henry whispers in his ear

14 + 1

INTIMIDATION (6)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Druid: The Druid begins to laugh.

CHARISMA
Druid

Ability: 7

Then, feeling the condemnation of Nature's Chosen, he stops laughing abruptly, and clamps his mouth

shut.

He *does* seem ashamed.



Marcus Veranius: "...."

The old Oak quietly picks up his staff and leans on it, watching you all with mild interest.



Marcus Veranius doesn't know why he feels so disgusted by these disgraces to druidic arts.

Oak: "Who are you, brave adventurers?"

"You have saved me from a fate worse than death."



Marcus Veranius: "A shoemaker."

Oak: "I would be honored to repay you in any fashion I can."



Marcus Veranius: "Do forgive me, you're not my usual clientele."

Oak: "Alas, I have never needed shoes, though I have often admired them from afar."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae giggles helplessly.

She's not very okay right now.

Oak: "Are you alright, little one?"



Suldae Westwind: "..."

"Yes, I am."

Oak: "I am terribly sorry..."



Suldae Westwind: "No, it's fine, I am unharmed."

"Don't worry."

Oak: "I have never wanted to hurt one of the singing voices. I am truly sorry."

"It was the songs of your people that first awakened my kind, millennia ago, at the dawning of the worlds."

"To think that I should have betrayed that trust... It is unthinkable."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh no worries not like that smack almost dislocated my arm or something"
Henry sardonically says dragging the druid closer

Oak: "Shall I squish this little human for you? I have long desired to kill this living piece of rot and his companions."



Suldae Westwind: "Tell us more about them," Suldae requests.

"I wanted to ask about them in the first place."

Oak: "You are stout-hearted, Chosen of Sylvanus. I apologize to you as well... Have I harmed you?"

"The Druids were once a good people, many centuries ago, before the Devil-King came and poisoned all the land."

"They helped me care for this forest, and tend to its Dryads and Nyads. Now they have become evil, corrupted by the worship of their new master."

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Would you happen to know how many of them there are?" Henry laughs at the question grinning broadly "I had worse certainly woke me up in this damned cold"

The old Oak shakes his leafy head sadly.

Oak: "Alas, I do not. I know there are at least seven, since they have rotated their duties in 'watching' me."



Marcus Veranius: "Before or after the five from the winery?"



Druid: "You should let me go. More will be coming soon... Always more."

Oak: "The winery? What winery?"



Marcus Veranius squints, turning his attention to the Druid



Marcus Veranius: "Of course, even shoemakers know the importance of respecting good sources of leather. Cycles of nature or something; it's all magic nonsense to me."

Oak: "I was not aware that grapevines had begun to take root again... That is a good sign."



Druid: "Leather...?"

He looks confusedly at the party, as if thinking: *They wouldn't really, would they...?*

"Human leather is no good," says the Druid.

"It always turns out too thin."

Oak: "May I squish him? Please?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Superior craftsmanship does wonders for poor materials"



Druid: The Druid swallows. He notices that the party's boots are *very* well made.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry says with a nasty chuckle



Marcus Veranius frowns. "I wouldn't even consider it. Not something so CRUDE anyways."



Druid: The Druid is now feeling self-conscious.



Marcus Veranius: "Let him go. If he returns to Yester Hill, he marches to death."



Druid: His skin isn't *that* bad. A bit muddy, sure, and a bit hairy, certainly. And the hair is a bit matted, maybe. And a bit stinky.

"You're going to Yester Hill?"

"You must be mad."

"Or suicidal."



Marcus Veranius: "Well I'm not happy."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "How many more are there little one?" Henry coos in his ear "I charged a tree my 'friend' our sanity should be the least of your worries"

The old Oak bends low towards Suldae. "Little one... In days long ago, the singing voices used to heal my people with song. I don't suppose you... You would not happen to know any such songs? I am in considerable pain."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae begins to play.

She is not certain if she knows the song, but she can damn well try.



Druid: "There are two hundred druids in the coven," says the Druid.



Suldae Westwind: For as long as it takes.



Druid: "And you've definitely pissed off all of them!"

Oak: "Ah... That tune does good to my soul, little one."



Henry of Willowsbrook:

17 + 1

INSIGHT (4)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Oak: "Thank you."

GM: (The Druid is lying desperately)

(The number is probably far lower, and they don't know the party is coming yet.)



Marcus Veranius:

16 18

INSIGHT (6)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is playing a song of mending, of spring, of new growth. Of sun coming out and snow melting away, eventually. Of slow recovery and healing, of hope and knowledge taht even if days are bleak right now, spring will come again.



Marcus Veranius: "Two hundred... and they sent YOU?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry grabs one of his arms and dislocates it "Honesty is a virtue my friend"



Suldae Westwind: The sone of patience, of roots breaking stone.

*song



Druid: "AAARGH!"

"Twenty! Twenty! There's only twenty."

"Please let me go..." (The man begins to sob)

Oak: "Ah... What is your name, little one?"



Marcus Veranius: "You, your land, and your baba have threatened my family enough. That will cease being a threat before dawn breaks."



Marcus Veranius turns to Esmeralda



Suldae Westwind: "Suldae Catherine Westwind"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes anything that looks like it could be used for spell casting from

the Druid before popping his shoulder back in without warning

Oak: "I am *Yorhish M'wahassa*, Treant of the Western Woods.



Druid: "Aaargh!"

Henry claims a component pouch and another wereraven skull.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae does a bardic bow with a flourish.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ric catch" Henry says tossing the things over



Suldae Westwind: "It is an honor and a pleasure to meet you.. Well, pleasure to help, at least," she adds with a slight smile.



Marcus Veranius turns back to the Druid's attention

As Suldae plays, the Treant's broken limbs begin to mend themselves. His charred bark heals, his branches thicken, and he even grows more leaves. He seems younger and more alive now than he did when the party first encountered him.



Rictavio: Rictavio catches the things.



Suldae Westwind: (Does this cost Suldae's spell slots?)



Marcus Veranius: "Enough people are going to die on the hill."

GM: (Not unless you feel it would be appropriate)



Marcus Veranius: "Consider this a second chance. I recommend you take it."



Druid: "I'll take it, I'll take it!"

"I'll be a better person, on me life I will!"



Suldae Westwind: (I mean it mostly determines whether I can ask for these effects whenever I feel like it would be appropriate and feel like im not asking for too much bc im paying with spell slots as a resource)

(so this is very much an up-to-you thing)

GM: (In that case, yes, it will cost one spell slot)



Marcus Veranius: "Prove it. Barovia Village could use aid."



Druid: "Barovia village?" The young man balks. "But that's so far from here!"



Marcus Veranius: "It happens to be the exact opposite of where we're going, yes."

"Because I don't want to see you near these druids again."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I recommend you rest that shoulder for a while or it might jump the socket"



Marcus Veranius:

18 24

INTIMIDATION (5)
Marcus Veranius

(Just the 18 on this)

(Forgot to turn off my toggle)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

DRAGON SCALE ARMOR

Other: Magic Armor

+1 Plate Armor

Grants immunity to acid damage

Grants resistance to necrotic damage and force damage

Grants advantage on Charisma saves

Grants advantage on Intimidation checks. If the wearer already has advantage on Intimidation or Charisma checks due to a spell, a feature, or another magic item effect, grants a +5 to Intimidation checks instead.



Druid:

CHARISMA

Druid

Ability: 3

The Druid sees something in Marcus's eyes.



Marcus Veranius: (Oh wait, it IS the 24!)



Druid: It is the same thing that the Medusa saw, a moment before he perforated her skull at point-blank range.

Marcus isn't fucking around, and the Druid realizes this with cold and absolute certainty.

He nods silently.

"Barovia village, here I come—and gladly."



Marcus Veranius: "The woods will be kind. They always are, even when wounded."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry lets go of him



Druid: The Druid bolts, fleeing due east.



Suldae Westwind: (GM, what level)



Marcus Veranius sighs



Suldae Westwind: (i have up to 5)



Marcus Veranius: "I really hope they don't march to the castle this time."



Suldae Westwind: (speak with plants is 3)





Marcus Veranius: "I've had bad luck letting people go."




Henry of Willowsbrook: What wicked and vile emotions Henry might have shown cascade off of him as soon as the druid is out of sight as he takes a deep breath


GM: (Any level)


 **Sulda Westwind:** (ok lvl 1 then because i am 100% not up to draning my own resources if i dont have to :P)

 **Marcus Veranius:** (Does the flute have charges? Count it as a charge for the flute)

 **Sulda Westwind:** (doesnt)

 **Rictavio:** Rictavio claps Marcus on the shoulder. "I have a funny feeling he'll be obedient..."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "No complains about the arm thing?" Henry asks the others in a tone that seems to almost invite them to complain


 **Sulda Westwind:** (just individual 1/day spells)


 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "So Yorhish, what are your plans now?"


 **Sulda Westwind:** Sulda shrugs.

"It seems like it'll heal, though I'd rather compel him magically."


"Which is something I can do, I'd like to remind everyone."


 **Rictavio:** "I was proud of you," says Rictavio, perhaps unsurprisingly.


 **Sulda Westwind:** "We don't need torture."


 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "It seemed a bit much, to me."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Was?"


 **Yorhish M'wahassa:** "Plans... Plans... I have not been free enough to have plans in many years."


 **Rictavio:** "Well, *am*, but also was."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry smiles slightly at Ezme and Suldaes comments before adopting a serious face "Yeah it might have been a bit much"


 **Rictavio:** "So, if there were only twenty druids to begin with... How many do we have left to face?"
"I've lost track."

 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Thirteen? I think?"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Five from the winery, finished off."
"One dead in the snow, one retreating."

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Seriously, please remember what we can do with magic."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "6 at the vineyard 2 on the way here"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Oh... that'd make 12 then."

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Five or six?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Hold on, that number doesn't add up. How many were inside the winery, how many were outside with the ritual?"

Rictavio: "Mister tree, if I may, I'd like to ask you a question. How likely do you think it is that the druids might control other trees?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I believe 6 2 badgers one died instantly 3 did the shadowwalker fusion macarena)



Yorhish M'wahassa: "There are no other Treants in this forest. I do not think their magic allows them to control unawakened trees."



Marcus Veranius: "There were five performing the ritual, and I think we caught an additional four in the vineyard."



Suldae Westwind: "..."

"So are there like three left"

(Suldae does not math)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "2 were in the Winerey one got Hiere the other was killed by Marcus ion the office"



Marcus Veranius: "No, there was one by the vats."

"And one in the basement..."

"One in the office."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Right yes"



Marcus Veranius: "And I assume Hiere painted the storeroom with a fourth."

"Unless he found a suitable supply of tomatoes at the last minute..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Should leave 9 or 8 remaining"



Marcus Veranius: "...we haven't been doing a good job sparing them. But in all fairness, Strahd's dragon finished off those we left alive."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae winces.

"We're doing what we can..."



Rictavio: "Cornered animals..."

"We must be cautious."

"The druids who remain are the ones who did not find it prudent to go to the vineyard... Perhaps the oldest, or the most powerful."

"Or perhaps the sickest, who can say?"

"That young fellow didn't look like he'd had a square meal in a few days."

"I would feel bad for them, if they weren't wearing the bones of your family members."



Marcus Veranius: "Remember, we HAVE to sneak into the hill. No going loud until we've secured the Dryad Seed."

"After that, let the cards fall where they do."

"I can track it once we get within sight of Yester Hill."



Suldae Westwind: "Let's just all remember that ravens randomly flying into places are NOT

inconspicuous"

"They are very much aware of wereravens."

"As we can easily tell."



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"How about Scarecrows?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes the Staff from Ezme and fixes it to his saddle felling it might come in handy



Suldae Westwind: "Scarecrows randomly flying into places?"

"Honestly I think taht could work"

"They would be too confused to notice us sneaking in through the other entrance"



Yorhish M'wahassa: "May I have my staff, please?" Yorhish asks, almost sheepishly.



Marcus Veranius rolls his eyes. "Not what I meant! Very funny!"



Marcus Veranius: "Baba Lysaga's passing is not current news yet, and these druids hold to her some loyalty."

"Living Scarecrows were of her ranks."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives a deep bow with a flourish at the "very funny" remark



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh I apologize I didn't relize it was yours"



Marcus Veranius: "Look, perhaps someone more charismatic could disguise themselves as an animated scarecrow."

"Hell, Hiere could flat out animate one himself."

"I can hide well in shadows."

"We have options."

"And if those options fail, we have arms."



Suldae Westwind: "Also I think at least one of us had invisibility spells..."



Marcus Veranius: "But if it comes to that, any one of these druids could turn to Mother Night for aid, and I'd rather it didn't come to that."

"Not after our last round of fighting."



Suldae Westwind: "I'm just saying, stealth doesnt' ahve to be complex."



Kasimir Velikov: "I can cast both *Greater Invisibility* and *Pass Without Trace*."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry hands over the staff placing a hand on his bruised shoulder Lay on Hands on myself for 15



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I have *Greater Invisibility* as well."



Marcus Veranius: "As long as I avoid light, I need neither."

"Although Pass without Trace would help."

UMBRAL SIGHT

Class: Ranger Gloom Stalker

At 3rd level, you gain darkvision out to a range of 60 feet. If you already have darkvision from your race, its range increases by 30 feet.

You are also adept at evading creatures that rely on darkvision. While in darkness, you are invisible to any creature that relies on darkvision to see you in that darkness.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We should get closer first I think we might get a better Idea of what to do once we see the place"



Marcus Veranius nods



Yorhish M'wahassa: Yorhish takes up his staff.

Ancient Sylvan runes blaze down the length of it, flashing with emerald light.

He stiffens, sensing something.

He looks at Henry curiously.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry winks at him



Yorhish M'wahassa: He bows deeply. Voice thick with emotion, he says: "My lady..!"

He says this in Sylvan.

It sounds like the wind moving through a forest.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well your presence has been requested milady" Henry says in Sylvan it sounds like a the splashin of a forest creek



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena leans over to Suldae and whispers in her ear: "Are we taking this big guy with us...?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks up at Yorhish.

"Would you like to come with us? You could be backup, if your duties don't need you elsewhere"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry also gently takes out the heart

The emerald pinecone pulses with light, and thin tendrils of vine suddenly sprout from Henry's tear ducts and writhe over his eyes. He is momentarily blinded. A pair of green and glowing eyes looks out from his face, and Henry sees, in the darkness, the glowing life force of the ancient Treant and the few living trees nearby. Most of the forest is dead, frozen, rotting from within. He sees the roots of something, stretching away to the west but connected to almost every dead tree in the forest. It looks almost like some vast tree has sucked the life right out of the others.

The green eyes that are not Henry's eyes look up at Yorhish. A whisper of Sylvan comes from somewhere near Henry.

"Your life is owed to this Saint."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Please do not call me that"

in sylvan



Yorhish M'wahassa: Yorhish bows deeply once more, solemn, as though receiving a powerful benediction. *"I understand."*

In Common, and more cheerily, Yorhish says: "I have no duty now but to cleanse this forest of the disease at its heart."

"I will join you."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stares at what is happening to Henry. She is uncomfortable, but also... not. It seems natural, and that almost makes her more uncomfortable.



Rictavio: Rictavio balks. "How are we going to hide this guy?"



Suldae Westwind: "Just have him stay outside."



Yorhish M'wahassa: "I will hear you, if you call me in Sylvan. No matter where you are."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Issy my friend it seems your enthusiasm for lumber jacking and general arson will not be wasted tonight"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Yay!"



Yorhish M'wahassa: Yorhish seems a bit dismayed by this.

"Lumberjacking? Arson?"

"These are bad things..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We are gonna fell our self an evil life sucking tree"



Yorhish M'wahassa: Yorhish raises a patch of moss that might be an eyebrow.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Context my dear friend"



Yorhish M'wahassa: "A Gulthias tree... Of course..."



Suldae Westwind: "I think that was a joke," Suldae tells him softly.



Marcus Veranius: "Life-sucking tree?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "In that case sorry for not being familiar with tree humor" Henry retorts with an exaggerated eye roll and bow

The vines fall from Henry's eyes, aging through fall and winter in seconds. In a moment, the dry twigs of them slide out of his tear ducts and fall away. His eyes are a bit watery and itchy, but unharmed.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "What the fuck, my guy."



Ireena Kolyana: "Gulthias tree..."

"I've heard of that."

"It's a tree that grows from the stake which slew a vampire."



Suldae Westwind: *him being the tree

not Henry

Suldae is elaborating on the lumberjack thing



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry was competely serious



Ireena Kolyana: "Well... Should we continue on?"

GM: (I have to leave in a minute, but I want to give you guys the lay of the land at least)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Lets get closer"

The party journeys on, unimpeded. As they near the hill, one imagines they begin to take precautions (which can be discussed in downtime). Unseen, they manage to get a view of the hill...



Marcus Veranius: (For reference sake, can you also mark where the Dryad Seed is? Assuming Marcus uses Detect Objects)

(The aura is my range)

The hill is covered with dead grass and cairns of black rock. Dark, ominous clouds gather high above, and a single bolt of lightning strikes the hilltop. West of the hill, the land, the woods, and the sky vanish behind a towering wall of fog. Dirt trails run along two concentric rings of cairns that encircle the hillside. Each cairn is a ten-foot-high mound of slimy black rocks. Atop the hill is a wide ring of black boulders and smaller rocks that collectively form a makeshift wall enclosing a field of dead grass. Lightning strikes the edge of the ring from time to time, illuminating a ghastly, fifty-foot-tall statue made of tightly woven twigs and packed with black earth. The statue resembles a towering, cloaked man with fangs. Marcus senses the seed within this statue, somewhere at the center of it.

As if this effigy of Strahd were not bad enough, hanging in the air behind it, black cloak billowing on the wind, staring west into the fog, you see the man himself. He is hovering two hundred feet in the air, backed by the lightning.

On the hill, nine elderly druids are frantically chanting, waving black and twisted staffs. Surrounding them is a small army of vine blights.

They seem to be casting some kind of ritual which involves the statue...



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well looks like we came right on time to crash this party"

GM: (And with that, I have to leave! Thank you all for playing!)

(Go ahead and discuss what kinds of precautionary measures you are taking in Discord, and come up with the plan you want to execute next week.0

(The scale of this map is a bit wonky, btw—squares are 50 feet)

(Which... Seems excessive)



Marcus Veranius: (HERE WE GO AGAIN)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Its a big hill)



Suldae Westwind: (wow i dislike not getting a normal tactical 5x5 map)

SONG OF REST

Class: Bard

Beginning at 2nd level, you can use soothing music or oration to

help revitalize your wounded allies during a short rest. If you or any friendly creatures who can hear your performance regain hit points at the end of the short rest by spending one or more Hit Dice, each of those creatures regains an extra 1d6 hit points.

oops

misclick



GM (GM): Good morning all!

Oh my, there are all sorts of little diagramd diagrams*



Zanshukun: tops been busy it seems



Liliet (Suldae): hell yeah



GM (GM): How's everybody's Sunday going so far?



Suldae Westwind: EXCELLENT



GM (GM): Hahaha

Well, I'm ready when y'all are



Tops K.: I have constructed a Tom Brady sports play to open our siege of Yester Hill
Just gotta wait for Hieres's piece



GM (GM): Well

In the meantime, let's get an initiative order going. We won't use it for the first round, since you're all acting practically simultaneously, but we will use it for round 2



(To GM):

INITIATIVE
Strahd von Zarovich
Initiative: **15**



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Vine Blight
Initiative: **7**

INITIATIVE
Druid
Initiative: **17**



Tops K.:

24

INITIATIVE (8)
Marcus Veranius**GM (GM):****INITIATIVE**
*Druid***Initiative: 14****INITIATIVE**
*Druid***Initiative: 4****INITIATIVE**
*Druid***Initiative: 12****INITIATIVE**
*Druid***Initiative: 18****INITIATIVE**
*Druid***Initiative: 10****INITIATIVE**
*Druid***Initiative: 8****GM (GM):****INITIATIVE**
*Druid***Initiative: 6****Suldae Westwind:** Suldae's initiative is **20.15****Zanshukun:****18.1****INITIATIVE (1.1)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**12.1****INITIATIVE (1.1)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**GM (GM):****INITIATIVE**
*Kasimir Velikov***Initiative: 17****INITIATIVE**
Ismark Kolyanovich

Initiative: 21

INITIATIVE

Rictavio

Initiative: 14

INITIATIVE

Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Initiative: 5

INITIATIVE

Ireena Kolyana

Initiative: 14

INITIATIVE

Treant

Initiative: 12.08



Suldae Westwind: (So I'm assuming everything has been explained/orchestrated and we don't have to rp Marcus ordering the team around, just write what we should do)

(Suldae default presumption: cast Call Lightning, then use the first strike on?... Strahd?)



Marcus Veranius: (Strahd if he's still up, free target if not. Big thing here is we're stealing his cloud)

(7+1 shots ought to botch his concentration)



GM (GM): (One thing to note on the map: those altitude lines are still based on the old map scale, which was stupid big)

(So the altitude lines don't actually represent 100 feet each, otherwise this would be a cliff)



Suldae Westwind: (how much did we reduce the scale?)



GM (GM): (by 5)



Suldae Westwind: (50 to 10, right?)

(so they represent 20ft)



GM (GM): (So **80** at the tallest)

(More of a molehill than anything)

(Although 80 feet is still significant, I suppose)



Marcus Veranius: (Strahd is like 200 ft in the air. Mountain won't affect the opener)



GM (GM): (Strahd is in midair, so he's still visible, but the blights and druids on the far side of the hill probably wouldn't be. We'll say you can spot the black tree. I'm not going to bother calculating how high Strahd is at the moment because you've already planned on being in a position where you can hit him, so he is within range)



Suldae Westwind: (doesn't Ireena have any buffs?)

(I just read the battle plan)

(it seems inefficient)

Henry of Willowsbrook: besides Marcus has 600ft range with his longbow so there is little thats not in range



Marcus Veranius: (LONGBow)

(Ireena dropping buffs would be alright. That would drop stealth though)

(Which we preferably want until Strahd is out of the picture. At least for Ireena)



Suldae Westwind: (He's going to presume she's here anyway)

(she can do buffs from forest - and treant - cover)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (If she had any according to the spelllist on discord the closest think she has to a buff is Mirror Image)



Marcus Veranius: (A turn stalled finding her location is an extra round of attacks to stop his advance)



Suldae Westwind: (fun fact! Suldae can cast her thing from forest cover too)

(if she casts buffs before we start, how tf would Strahd know?)

(ah, no buffs is fair)



GM (GM): (She doesn't really have anything that could be considered a buff, unfortunately)



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha)



Marcus Veranius: (Strahd is a cheeky bugger and I don't want to make assumptions of what he can and can't do)



GM (GM): (I mean, she has... Resilient Sphere, Private Sanctum, Tiny Hut, Nondetection, Magic Circle...)

(She could cast some protective spells to shield herself and Jean)



Marcus Veranius: (Nondetection on self)



Suldae Westwind: (and Jean)

(and something protective from aoe effects)



GM (GM): (With 12 minutes of prep time she could cast Magic Circle, Private Sanctum, and Tiny Hut)

(That combination would prevent ... Wait wtf is this music)



Suldae Westwind: (is that... definitely music)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Rave on Yester Hill)



Suldae Westwind: (it doesnt sound music-y)



GM (GM): (That combination would prevent teleportation, vision, spell casting, sound, divination spells, and physically passing through)



Suldae Westwind: (good shit!)

(i think she should do that yeah)



GM (GM): Alright, we'll say she does that before you guys spring on Strahd

Magic Circle

*Abjuration 3***Casting Time:** 1 minute**Range:** 10 feet**Target:** A 10-foot-radius, 20-foot-tall cylinder centered on a point on the ground that you can see within range**Components:** V, S, M (Holy water or powdered silver and iron worth at least 100 gp, which the spell consumes)**Duration:** 1 hour

You create a 10-foot-radius, 20-foot-tall cylinder of magical energy centered on a point on the ground that you can see within range. Glowing runes appear wherever the cylinder intersects with the floor or other surface. Choose one or more of the following types of creatures: celestials, elementals, fey, fiends, or undead. The circle affects a creature of the chosen type in the following ways: The creature can't willingly enter the cylinder by nonmagical means. If the creature tries to use teleportation or interplanar travel to do so, it must first succeed on a Charisma saving throw. The creature has disadvantage on attack rolls against targets within the cylinder. Targets within the cylinder can't be charmed, frightened, or possessed by the creature. When you cast this spell, you can elect to cause its magic to operate in the reverse direction, preventing a creature of the specified type from leaving the cylinder and protecting targets outside it.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the Duration increases by 1 hour for each slot level above 3rd.

Tiny Hut*Evocation 3 (ritual)***Casting Time:** 1 minute**Range:** Self (10-foot-radius hemisphere)**Target:** A 10-foot-radius around and above you**Components:** V, S, M (A small crystal bead)**Duration:** 8 hours

A 10-foot-radius immobile dome of force springs into existence around and above you and remains stationary for the duration. The spell ends if you leave its area. Nine creatures of Medium size or smaller can fit inside the dome with you. The spell fails if its area includes a larger creature or more than nine creatures. Creatures and objects within the dome when you cast this spell can move

through it freely. All other creatures and objects are barred from passing through it. Spells and other magical effects can't extend through the dome or be cast through it. The atmosphere inside the space is comfortable and dry, regardless of the weather outside. Until the spell ends, you can command the interior to become dimly lit or dark. The dome is opaque from the outside, of any color you choose, but it is transparent from the inside.

Private Sanctum

Abjuration 4

Casting Time: 10 minutes

Range: 120 feet

Target: An area within range

Components: V, S, M (A thin sheet of lead, a piece of opaque glass, a wad of cotton or cloth, and powdered chrysolite)

Duration: 24 hours

You make an area within range magically secure. The area is a cube that can be as small as 5 feet to as large as 100 feet on each side. The spell lasts for the duration or until you use an action to dismiss it. When you cast the spell, you decide what sort of security the spell provides, choosing any or all of the following properties: Sound can't pass through the barrier at the edge of the warded area. The barrier of the warded area appears dark and foggy, preventing vision (including darkvision) through it. Sensors created by divination spells can't appear inside the protected area or pass through the barrier at its perimeter. Creatures in the area can't be targeted by divination spells. Nothing can teleport into or out of the warded area. Planar travel is blocked within the warded area. Casting this spell on the same spot every day for a year makes this effect permanent. At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 5th level or higher, you can increase the size of the cube by 100 feet for each slot level beyond 4th. Thus you could protect a cube that can be up to 200 feet on one side by using a spell slot of 5th level.

(So Jean, the horses, and Ireena are secure)

(Are we waiting for Hiere)



Marcus Veranius: (Yee)



GM (GM): (Because this is becoming a long shower)

(Any other logistics to take care of?)



Marcus Veranius: (Starting positions)



GM (GM): (x)[<https://media3.giphy.com/media/tjpOYwb6PkIO0/giphy.gif>]



(<https://media3.giphy.com>

[/media/tjpOYwb6PkIO0/giphy.gif](https://media3.giphy.com/media/tjpOYwb6PkIO0/giphy.gif))



Marcus Veranius: (We're gunna need the Skull Wagon somewhere next to Treant)



GM (GM):



(<https://media1.giphy.com/media/10GUjBGugMIHDa/source.gif>)

(This is the weirdest shit)



Marcus Veranius: (The nineties were a weird time for music)



Suldae Westwind: so everyone who can fit in the dome when its first cast does, right?
so everyone in the party can pass freely through it



Marcus Veranius: (Zeus raves while punishing you for all eternity)
(.mp3)



GM (GM): (Yes, the party members can pass freely through it)



Suldae Westwind: if Ireena moves 10 squares closer her hut will be within one move distance from Suldae's position



GM (GM): Where do you want her? You can ping on the map



Suldae Westwind: one sec



Henry of Willowsbrook: (funny how we all seem to have vastly different ideas what could be considered 'appropriate background music')



Suldae Westwind: ^^



Marcus Veranius: (And all are correct opinions! [except marcus])



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I am in a constant struggle to not go full weeb on all y'all)



Marcus Veranius: (We should probably space out when ending round 1, try not to be too close for AoEs)

(Do it Henry. Drop Snow Halation on us)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae is staying at call lightning distance)

(that will hamper healing but yall know where she is)

(come back if you need it (tm))



Marcus Veranius: (Shower is at 40 minutes. Do we want to just give Hiero a "I predicted you would do that" surprise action when he pops in?)



GM (GM): (Works for me)

(But if you're relying on him for that Haste, well)



Marcus Veranius: (Haste is nice, we aint relying on him for anything)

(Or rather, Haste isn't a big thing for surprise round)

(Hiero dropping AoEs at a later point is just as cool)



GM (GM): (Alrighty then, your call)

(Y'all can vote on it)



Suldae Westwind: (im down

i think 40 min shower is reasonable but you should not start taking it literally as the session starts)



Marcus Veranius: (OH NO, MARCUS ONLY HAS [SEVEN] ATTACKS INSTEAD OF [EIGHT]! WHATEVER WILL WE DO?)



Suldae Westwind: (OH)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I'm reved up and ready to rock)



Marcus Veranius: (Nevermind Able here)



Suldae Westwind: (can i use my channel divinity before the surprise round to grant Marcus 1 extra attack?)

CHANNEL DIVINITY: LIFE'S

FLOURISH*Class: Cleric*

At level 2, you can use your Channel Divinity to grant an extra attack or non-attack action to an ally that they can use on their next turn, as a standard action.



Marcus Veranius: (If so, my follow up question is how Henry can contribute to the Oathbow Spirit Bomb)



Able: (I am arrived)



GM (GM): (RE: Suldae's question: YES)

(And Henry might have something for that too)



Marcus Veranius: (Channel Divinity won't let you take control of the storm though [?])



Henry of Willowsbrook: (he can't his range ends at 60ft)



Able: (I heard someone needed a Haste?)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus could use Haste, unless you wanna drop another spell down for Round 1)



Able: (nope deffo haste)



GM (GM): (We're assuming the order of events here is: Suldae cats's Channel Divinity, *then* begins to take over the storm right as Marcus cuts loose an insane flurry of shots)
casts*



Yorhish M'wahassa: (I am the Lorax and I speak for the trees)



Marcus Veranius: (Do you wanna ride with the other mages in the Skull Wagon?)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah)



Hiere Unthere: (the what now)



Suldae Westwind: (omg you missed so much)



GM (GM): (You've been on a vision quest for a while now)



Marcus Veranius: (We stole Strahd's Mom's flying skull cart)



GM (GM): (Luckily, you've never needed to not be confused)



Suldae Westwind: (we have aerial artillery now)



GM (GM): (There's a Giant's Skull that's been enchanted to fly, Ismark can pilot it)
(Currently, Kasimir and Rictavio are riding in it)



Suldae Westwind: (oh right whats Ezme doing)



GM (GM): (It's probably the fastest way to get around)

Suldae Westwind: (backing Suldae up from 120 ft distance?)

(does she have anything long range?)

(in principle shes a wereraven too and so can also attack from flight on her own)

(backing Marcus up works better i suppose)



GM (GM): (Ezmerelda has Magic Missile, Lightning Bolt, Greater Invisibility, Fire Bolt... Lots of options)

(I imagine she will want to stick close to Marcus after he aggroes the evil god)



Suldae Westwind: (move closer to Suldae? range isnt all that great on heals)

(nm its good)

(60ft)



GM (GM): (What about Suldae in the branches of the tree)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Okay everyone ready?)



Suldae Westwind: (just dont run away)

(yesss)

(Suldae is in a tree)



GM (GM): (I am absolutely sure your Treant friend would be more than happy to be your vehicle)



Suldae Westwind: (he isnt on the map hmm)



GM (GM): (He's next to Henry)



Marcus Veranius: (He smol)



GM (GM): (Yorhish)



Marcus Veranius: (One more size up)



GM (GM): (Made him a bit bigger)



Suldae Westwind: (aha i see him)

(yeah Suldae on a treant is an excellent option im down)



Marcus Veranius: (He's a huge boi)



Suldae Westwind: (pls make Suldaes token be on top of his)

(layering)



Hiere Unthere: (holy shit there's a battle plan and everything)



Suldae Westwind: (oh ok i can see it)




GM (GM): (He'll use his turn mostly to move as you command, unless you ask him to attack instead)





Suldae Westwind: (yeah we are springing a prepared attack for once)


(its great)

GM (GM): (You should have access to his stat block and attacks)


 **Sulda Westwind:** (i think im fine with sticking to tree cover for now lmao)


 **GM (GM):** (Tree in the trees, that's pretty well hidden)

 **Sulda Westwind:** (ty!)
(yeah lmao)

 **GM (GM):** (Aight, any other last minute things)
(Or should we get this party StArTeD)

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (No sir)

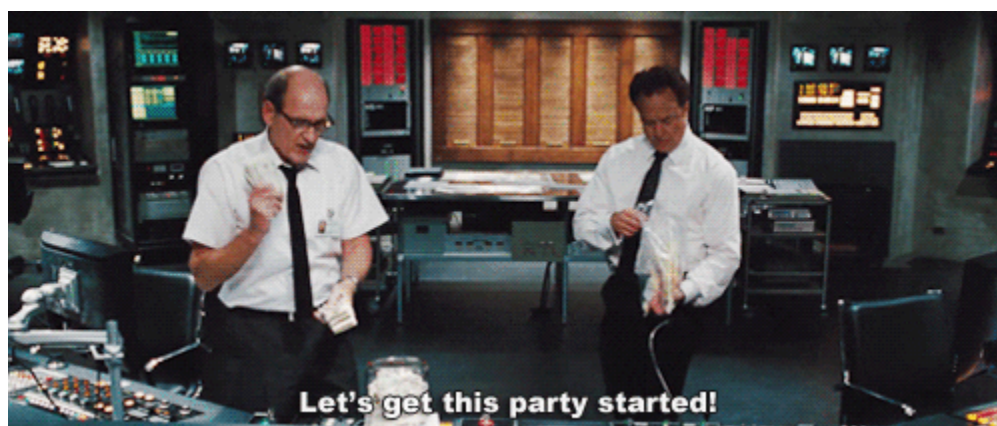
 **Hiere Unthere:** (should I be at 30hp?)

 **Sulda Westwind:** (and branches positioned so Suldae has excellent visibility but basically cannot be spotted herself)

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Hiere is fully rested)
(PORTENTS!)





GM (GM):




(<https://media2.giphy.com/media/WMWiLplqngZHO/giphy.gif>)

(Suldae has $\frac{3}{4}$ cover because Yorhish is actively trying to shield her with his branches)


 **Suldae Westwind:** (I'm presuming that unless Yorhish throws a rock or Suldae somehow manages to play loudly enough to reach them from 120 ft away no-one can tell shes there without magic senses)
(ty!)


 **GM (GM):** (You'll have to remember that because I won't)

 **Suldae Westwind:** (i will :D)

 **GM (GM):** (And yes, roll those portents, Hiere!)

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Did on discord 11 and 19)

 **Hiere Unthere:** (rolled and pinned)

 **GM (GM):** (Neat)
(Well, shall we?)

Suldae Westwind: (yup, im taking down the channel divinity)

(OH)

(BARDIC INSP)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I always wanted to crash a party y'know" Henry muses "Never planned for it to be quite this violent but thats just the way things are here I guess"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae whispers words of encouragement to party members, hugging them before the fight.

-counts- Marcus, Henry, Kasimir, Rictavio, Ismark

-5 Bardic insps

The hill looms, backed by the crackling lightning of Strahd's storm. The towering effigy seems almost to breathe in the chants of the druids and their dancing hordes of blights. A black tree atop the hill stretches its bare branches to the sky, and Henry senses the life-blood of the whole forest — trapped there. This, then, must be the Gulthias tree. It seems intricately connected to whatever ritual is being performed on the hill. In the distance, Strahd hangs in space, staring due west, out into the fog. He seems uninterested in the ritual.



Suldae Westwind: RECORD THEM

RECORD THE BARDIC INSPIRATION PEOPLE



Ireena Kolyana: From within her protective wards, Ireena waves goodbye to Suldae. This will be the first time since being together that they have not fought side by side, and it seems to be hard on her.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "You ready, love?" Ezmerelda mutters, standing by Marcus.



Marcus Veranius stares down Strahd in the distance, Oathbow aimed true.



Marcus Veranius: "Ready as ever."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark gives Kasimir's pale hand a squeeze.



Marcus Veranius: "More ready than our usual assaults."



Rictavio: Rictavio, in the skull, pretends not to notice.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pumps a fist so Ireena can see her and climbs into the branches after giving Marcus what blessing she can. This will work.

GM: (Will Hierie be riding in the skull?)



Hierie Unthere: (how far away from Marcus is the skull planning on going?)



Marcus Veranius: (All the way to Cone 2)

(Haste will go before the skull moves though)



Hierie Unthere: (oh I just need to be in range when its casted)

(so I'll get on and lay down a haste, yeah?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (also roll initiative Able)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah)

(yours is turn 0, woo!)



Hiere Unthere:

22

INITIATIVE (3)



Suldae Westwind: (RECORD THE BARDIC INSPS ON THE NPCS PLEASE)

(Rictavio, Kasimir, Ismark)

(actually no)

(if Hiere is in the skull then Kasimir, Ismark, Hiere)

(insp'd: Marcus, Henry, Kasimir, Ismark, Hiere)



Hiere Unthere: (I won't be needing an insp)



Suldae Westwind: (not, in fact, Rictavio, sorry)

(okay)

(then Rictavio)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Now if Hiere would do the honor of gloriously return with his casting?so that we can get this show on the road)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah surprise round is not in init order)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere has been completely present this whole time. Dragoneye staff in hand, he starts to leave some heaving weave upon Marcus, adding one (1) Haste attack to the already ridiculous number of attacks he is capable of making in 6 seconds.



Marcus Veranius: [9 shots. 2 Normal +1 Dread Ambush, +3 Action Surge, +1 Snipe Maneuver, +1 Haste, +1 Channel Divinity]

"Swift death to you who have wronged me."

GM: (Merciful Christ)



Marcus Veranius releases arrowgeddon



Marcus Veranius: The Oathbow will help them hit their mark



Henry of Willowsbrook: (There is only one God here and He is fresh out of Mercy)



Marcus Veranius:

15

9

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

13

Bonus Damage/Piercing

22

Magical Piercing

19 | 16

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

16

Bonus Damage/Piercing

17

Magical Piercing

12 | 14

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

14

Bonus Damage/Piercing

18

Magical Piercing

20 | 24

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

16

Bonus Damage/Piercing

20

Magical Piercing

26 | 19

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

15

Bonus Damage/Piercing

21

Magical Piercing

10 | 21

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

17

19*Magical Piercing***Marcus Veranius:****13****14**

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)**(+7)**

Marcus Veranius

19*Bonus Damage/Piercing***19***Magical Piercing***23****16**

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork**Crossbow) (+8)**

Marcus Veranius

17*Bonus Damage/Bonus
Damage/Piercing***23***Magical Piercing*

(Whoops, one of those was the wrong weapon)

17**25**

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)**(+7)**

Marcus Veranius

19*Bonus Damage/Bonus
Damage/Piercing***18***Magical Piercing*

(Droppin some precision)

GM: (When you're done, go ahead and give me the total damage. His AC is 16)**Marcus Veranius:**

As a bonus action, you can expend one superiority die and make a ranged weapon attack. You can draw a thrown weapon as part of making this attack. If you hit, add the superiority die to the attack's damage roll.

5*Bonus Damage***[Snipe]**

Marcus Veranius

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

5*Bonus Accuracy***[Precision Attack]**

Marcus Veranius

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

3*Bonus Accuracy***[Precision Attack]**

Marcus Veranius

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

7*Bonus Accuracy***[Precision Attack]**

Marcus Veranius

(All hits after precision dice)

GM: (Total damage?)



Hiere Unthere: (many)

GM: (Accurate)

(But Strahd has the many of the hit points as the well)



Marcus Veranius: (...291 if I did my math right)

GM: (Looks about right... Give RP)

323

(The total I come up with is 323...)

(Oh wait... One of the attacks was the wrong weapon, right?)

(**286**)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (minus40)



Marcus Veranius: (Yee)

(+5 damage from Snipe)

(Also one of those precisions was on the wrong weapon cause Im bad)

GM: (291 it is then)

(Gib RP when you're ready)



Marcus Veranius lets his arrows fly forth, streaking across the sky. They drift between clouds of their own volition before correcting, converging on their chosen target. Missiles on all sides, aimed at Strahd's center of mass. One was bound to strike true in the heart.



Marcus Veranius: These white arrows were brought here by a fallen archer for this purpose. May they rest with the tyrant they were carved to slay.

"CHARGE!!!"



Suldae Westwind: (will Strahd roll Concentration?)

(or does it get dropped by default)



Marcus Veranius: (Nine rolls on concentration)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (or do we get a baba repeat of asking for redundant concentration checks cause got wiped)

Strahd Von Zarovich has never been so deeply or so suddenly wounded, save for the moment in which he learned that Tatyana loved another. Pain sweeps through him in a blinding tidal wave, shattering his concentration. Here has a vision: a crystal heart, pulsing with ancient hate, hanging in the darkness of a vast tower. It cracks, and screams, and begins to bleed... But does not break completely. Just as suddenly as the vision comes to him, it fades away.



Strahd von Zarovich turns towards the forest, eyes flashing with arcane power.

GM: (What's next?)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae starts up the melody. It is one she has played before, and in truth, it would be too complex for her - but the flute is helping, she can feel her fingers move that extra bit faster, as though guided, and wind move through her lips faster, as though called.

The Weave shifts, connecting her will to the vast storm above, and for a moment she feels lightheaded. It is less like moving pieces on the board and more like riding a horse - a large horse, when you are a small child, and rely only on its goodwill to keep yourself seated.

But this place's nature holds goodwill towards her indeed.

DC18

Dexterity Save

19

Lightning

120 feet

(Flute) Call Lightning, 1/day
Suldae Westwind

rolling 1d10

(7)

= 7

Lightning streaks down towards these winds' usual master and hated foe.

**(To GM):**DEXTERITY SAVE
Strahd von Zarovich

Save: 16

**Strahd von Zarovich:**DEXTERITY SAVE
Strahd von Zarovich

Save: 30

**Suldae Westwind:** (the arrows knocked him out of the way lmao)**Strahd von Zarovich moves so quickly it looks as though he flickers in place. The lightning streaks through him, still harming him but not severely.**

GM: (Treant now?)

**Tops K.:** (Yee)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (me please

(I need to ride through cone 1)

GM: (Lol go ahead)

**Marcus Veranius:** (Shit, ur rite)**Suldae Westwind:** (lmao)

(yep)

**Yorhish M'wahassa hefts the gallon of Alchemist's Fire, flinching slightly at the thought of the flames inside. He hesitates, seeing Henry charge forward, and chooses to wait just a moment longer before throwing.****Henry of Willowsbrook:** "You heard him Corazon" Henry says raising his War Pick and shield gathering holy light around himself "NIGHT FADES BEFORE DAWN!"**Hiere Unthere:** (holy fuck that is a fast boye)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (I have a horse)**Hiere Unthere:** (ah)

Henry of Willowsbrook: Arriving at the effigy Henry leaps at it hacking away to get the seed



Suldae Westwind: (does the treant move to get cone 1 going?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: *A shining beacon thunders up the hillside as lightning booms
(so do I attack to get at the seed
?)

Henry sees undead roots rising from the ground, binding the massive statue in place. It seems it will not be possible to topple the statue unless the Gultias Tree is first slain. Up close, Henry can sense the Dryad Queen in the heart of the statue, which is 50 feet tall. He knows that he will have to climb to reach it.



Marcus Veranius: (Horse is dashing, not henry. You get an attack)

GM: (Yes, go ahead and make an attack)



Marcus Veranius: (And an object interaction to grab the seed should it be knocked free)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

21

30ft/60ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook

12

Piercing

1

Acid

27

30ft/60ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook

10

Piercing

2

Acid

(25)

Henry's massive Warpick cracks into the structure, crunching through gnarled, undead roots... But as quickly as he breaks them, new ones sprout and spread, binding the statue into its form.

The statue's head turns and looks directly at him, and green arcane eyes blaze to life in the shadowed face.



Yorhish M'wahassa unleashes a gallon of Alchemist's Fire.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well shit you are even uglier upclose!" Henry says with an annoyed expression "Sorry they made you look like this when they made you"



Yorhish M'wahassa: Yorhish covers his face as the flames burst up, brilliantly illuminating the night



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd snarls at the sight of the flames.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae leans back and touches the crown of her head to his trunk comfortably, still playing

[6] Fire damage right off the bat...



Marcus Veranius: (OOF)



Suldae Westwind: (ouch Imao)

Flames bathe the hillside, engulfing a dozen screaming twig blights and two druids.

GM: (The vine blights are vulnerable to fire, so it dealt double damage to them anyway)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Ok, here we go, boys..."

Ismark speaks a word in Abyssal, and the skull rockets skyward, breaking from the tree-line.

[9] Fire damage right off the bat...



Marcus Veranius: (OOOOF)

Dozens of twig blights are vaporized, a number of vine blights nearly follow suit, and the entire Gulthias Tree goes up in flames. It screams like a thousand tortured souls. The statue, nearby, sympathetically bursts into flame as well.



Suldae Westwind: (aint it great Henry wasnt climbing it?)



Hiere Unthere: "WOOOOOOOOOOO"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (nah he was in font of it smashing it up)

(wait you said ain't)



Marcus Veranius: (There's two ritual sites)'

(Henry is at Site A, skull at Site B)

(Wait I misread :O)



Kasimir Velikov waves his hand, unleashing a red star which jets down towards the Gulthias tree and erupts into a brilliant sphere of blue flame.



Kasimir Velikov:

DC16

Half damage

Dexterity Save

7

Higher Level Cast

36

Fire

150 ft

Fireball



GM (GM):

DEXTERITY
Tree Blight


Ability: **17**

Blue flames engulf the Gulthias Tree, but its many branches flicker and dance, shaking off the main effects of the blast.

It seems this tree is somewhat arcane in nature...

21.5

All the same, the tree's natural weakness toward fire causes it to take severe damage from the explosion.

 **Kasimir Velikov:** "It's still alive. Hiere, finish it off!"

 **Hiere Unthere:** (back to me?)

GM: (Yup)

(Oh, also, that first fireball took out the vine blights near the tree)

 **Hiere Unthere:**

DC 17

Dexterity Save

3
Fire

Higher Level Cast

21
Fire

150 feet

Fireball





GM (GM):

DEXTERITY
Tree Blight


Ability: 2

The Gulthias Tree takes 48 points of fire damage.


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (oof thats alot of 1s in that fireball, still effective but oof)

 **Suldae Westwind:** (the dice gods favor strahd today)
(its the ritual)

The Tree screams like all the blasted souls of the Abyss, but does not yet die. Fire dances all around it and over all its branches, and though it knows it is not long for this world, its hatred burns all the more fiercely in the midst of the fire.

 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** Ezmerelda stares at the distant Strahd, and her eyes narrow.

Marcus feels the power inside her suddenly concentrate and tighten, as though she were spending sorcery points or something odd like that.

 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir opens her palm and looses a mighty Magic Missile with 240 feet of range.**
The darts stream across the distance...

Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

10

Higher Level Cast

7

Force

120 ft

Magic Missile

Strahd catches all the darts on his open palm, taking some damage but not enough to matter.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "It was worth a shot..."



Hiere Unthere: (wow the 1s)

GM: (Yeah no kidding)

(Alright, have I missed anyone?)

(Has everyone acted?)



Marcus Veranius: (What is Chef cooking?)

GM: (Do you want the skull to retreat? Ismark still has about 40 feet of movement on the skull I think)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Ric still hasn't)

GM: (Chef is cooking a pot-roast)

(Rictavio threw the alchemist's fire)



Marcus Veranius: (Skull had to use all its movement to get there unfortunately)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh right)



Marcus Veranius: (Wait, it can retreat 10 ft)

(My calculations were based on it moving from the treeline)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I think they are now fully aware of our presence)

GM: (Alright, top of the round, the fire starts to expand downhill)

(Marcus, you're up)\



Marcus Veranius readies more shots on Strahd, hoping to draw his ire away from the others' efforts



Marcus Veranius: [2 normal, 1 Haste, 1 Snipe (last maneuver die)]

23

23

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)

Marcus Veranius

15

Bonus Damage/Piercing

18*Magical Piercing***11****11**

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)**(+7)**

Marcus Veranius

14*Bonus Damage/Piercing***22***Magical Piercing***26****9**

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)**(+7)**

Marcus Veranius

17*Bonus Damage/Piercing***17***Magical Piercing***8****12**

600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)**(+7)**

Marcus Veranius

17*Bonus Damage/Piercing***21***Magical Piercing*

As a bonus action, you can expend one superiority die and make a ranged weapon attack. You can draw a thrown weapon as part of making this attack. If you hit, add the superiority die to the attack's damage roll.

2*Bonus Damage***[Snipe]**

Marcus Veranius



Marcus Veranius: (Lemme check how many lucky dice I can use to fix this)

(One per attack, no limit per round. Using one each for the 12 and 11)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Bardic Inspiration d8 you have one)



Marcus Veranius: (OH, lets use that instead)

rolling 1d8 Bardic Inspiration

(4)

= 4

12 now hits

rolling 1d20+7 Lucky Die

(7)+7

= 14

(11 still misses)



Henry of Willowsbrook: plus the 2 from snipe?



Marcus Veranius: (Snipe is a damage mod)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh)



Marcus Veranius: 107 Magical Piercing on Strahd

A flurry of arrows pierces Strahd. Hiere again has a momentary flash of imagery: a crystal heart, bleeding freely, cracked nearly through...

Strahd's voice booms over the battlefield.



Strahd von Zarovich: "Enough of this..."

GM: (EoT?)



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]

GM: (Hiere, you're up)



Hiere Unthere: (again!?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "WHAT? I CAN HEAR YOU" Henry yells back at Strahd

cna't

can't



Marcus Veranius: (One preround, 1 ambush round, now for Round 2)

(I assume...)

GM: (This is correct)



Hiere Unthere: (wow i should really go easy on the conc spells)

Marcus Veranius: (Hiere is exploiting half A-presses for additional actions. Its why he wasn't casting during Baba Lysaga)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (able when in doubt Fireball (unless you actually have a plan))



Hiere Unthere:

DC 17

Dexterity Save

3
Fire

Higher Level Cast

29
Fire

150 feet

Fireball



Suldae Westwind: the fucking dice

GM: (Where are you putting that fireball?)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere drops another fireball on the G-man, wondering whether they were aware of their extreme susceptibility to being set on fire.

(I'll try getting the two twinges on the edge in range too)



GM (GM):

DEXTERITY
Tree Blight

Ability: **9**

Hiere's fireball erupts, engulfing two vine blights and the Gulthias Tree. All three creatures are instantly blasted to ash.



GM (GM):

DEXTERITY
Druid

Ability: **21**

16

A nearby druid survives only by hurling himself out of the way at the last possible second.

GM: (EoT?)

The statue standing over Henry screams with the voice of a thousand tortured souls, and stumbles forwards, falling to one knee.

It seems on the verge of collapse...



Hiere Unthere: (EoFT)



Ismark Kolyanovich raises his hands, and his eyes fill with hellfire. At his command, spoken in

Abyssal, a roaring pillar of fire consumes a nearby druid and his vine blights.



Ismark Kolyanovich:

DC17

Dexterity Save

17
Fire

60 feet

Flame Strike



GM (GM):

DEXTERITY
Druid

Ability: **6**



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark then speaks another word of Abyssal, and sends the Giant Skull hurtling northwards.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is not giving the treant any of the pre-agreed-upon signs for him to move in an indicated direction or do any other action, and simply keeps up the melody, with the sky sending another strike at the vampire under it.

DC18

Dexterity Save

11
Lightning

120 feet

(Flute) Call Lightning, 1/day
Suldae Westwind

rolling 1d10

(3)

= **3**



Strahd Zombie:

DEXTERITY SAVE
Strahd von Zarovich

Save: **28**



Suldae Westwind: (fucking wow)



Marcus Veranius: ("You dare attack me with MY cloud!")

Once again, Strahd seems almost to shiver in place, and the lightning passes through him almost harmlessly.

Strahd von Zarovich: "You dare attack me with the storm of my own creation?"

"If you want lightning, I will *show* you **lightning!**"



Suldae Westwind: "Yes," Suldae wants to say, but her mouth is busy.

Also, she's in hiding.

And stuff.

GM: (Any additional action?)



Suldae Westwind: EoT



Druid: **"MOTHER NIGHT, HEAR THE CALL OF YOUR SERVANTS!"**

"HELP US, MOTHER! WE ARE OVERWHELMED!"

Suldae feels the whisper of a familiar spiteful soul. She senses what seems almost like an invisible smirk...



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tenses up, ready for the inevitable Something Bad, but does not let it stop her playing.

The Druid's form begins to twist... Scales cover her flesh, and she seems, suddenly, to have too many arms, and too few legs...



Druid: **89**

[[1d3

1

The twisted druid, now a six-armed, serpentine female with six black scimitars, speaks a word in some hellish tongue. Immediately, a blast of flames splits the ground nearby, and something scaly and red, with huge, lobster-like claws and a draconic head, pulls itself forth from the dirt.



Druid:

INITIATIVE
Glabrezu

Initiative: **20**

"NIGHT MOTHER, PLEASE!"

It seems the Night Mother doesn't like this particular druid as much...

The druid's form shifts, and devolves, until is an eight-legged fur ball with glinting fangs and spinnerets.



Kasimir Velikov: "TAKE OUT THE DRUIDS!" Kasimir shouts, his voice carrying over the battlefield.

DC16

Dexterity Save

52

Lightning

150 feet

Chain Lightning

Henry of Willowsbrook: (damn Kasimir ain't playin around)



Kasimir Velikov raises a hand and unleashes the most powerful bolt of lightning he has ever produced. It strikes a nearby un-transformed druid and instantly leaps from him to three others, jumping nearly 30 feet each time.



Druid:

DEXTERITY
Druid
Ability: **19**

DEXTERITY
Druid
Ability: **13**

DEXTERITY
Druid
Ability: **9**

DEXTERITY
Druid
Ability: **4**

Four druids explode, atomized by the sudden streak of arcane lightning.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir slumps in the skull, dizzied by the effort of the spell.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "KASIMIR!?"



Suldae Westwind: (NICE)

GM: (Suldae, make a Religion check AND an Arcana check)



Suldae Westwind:

14

RELIGION (13)
Suldae Westwind

21

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

(fucking wow)



Strahd von Zarovich:

ARCANA
Strahd von Zarovich
Skill: **34**

Suldae feels the power of the Storm slipping from her grasp. Someone whose power far exceeds hers seems to lay claim to it, and even the power of Correllon — weakened here, in Barovia, — is not enough to prevent it.



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd's eyes fill with lightning.
He makes a downward, striking motion with his hand...



Suldae Westwind: (hey can I ask Hiere for a portent)

GM: (Absolutely)



Hiere Unthere: (yup have the 19)

GM: (It won't beat the 34, unfortunately)



Hiere Unthere: (welp)

GM: (Unless you cast Bardic Inspiration on yourself as well?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (she can't atleast not at this level)

GM: (In that case, you might wish to save that portent for later)



Hiere Unthere: (now that
that is probably a good idea)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah)
(agreed)



Strahd von Zarovich:

DC23

Dexterity Save

34

Lightning

150 feet

Chain Lightning



Suldae Westwind: welp



Henry of Willowsbrook: (where's he casting?)

Lightning falls from the heavens and smites the Flying Skull, electrocuting everyone inside it with the exception of Hiere.



Hiere Unthere: (nice)



Ismark Kolyanovich:

6

DEXTERITY SAVE (3)



Kasimir Velikov:

20

DEXTERITY SAVE (2)

Henry of Willowsbrook: (they have d8 Bardic inspirations)



Rictavio:

DEXTERITY
Rictavio

Ability: **6**

Kasimir **4**



Hiere Unthere: (clutch)



Kasimir Velikov:

Counterspell

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell

Range: 60 ft

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.

26

ARCANA (8)

As the lightning falls, Kasimir raises a hand with lightning speed, and catches the lightning in his palm. Lightning flares back into the sky, and Kasimir slumps to his knees with a shout of pain.



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd snarls, and touches his chest with a spell. Power ripples around him...



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena bites her nails.



Hiere Unthere: (lightning was used 4 times in that sentence)

(s)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how come Strahd can cheat the bonus action casting rule)

(I know he is a boss I'm just being petty)



Strahd von Zarovich: (Because he's cool)



Rictavio:

HAND CROSSBOW*Rictavio***Attack: 8****Damage: 6** piercing + **8** piercing**HAND CROSSBOW***Rictavio***Attack: 20****Damage: 5** piercing + **10** piercing

Rictavio looses two crossbow shots at Strahd.

Strahd catches the first one easily, but the second strikes him. He snarls irritably.



Marcus Veranius: (If Ric can hit strahd from double the max range of a Hand Crossbow, Strahd can extra spell)

(Its only fair)



Druid: The Druid in the flames takes **5** fire damage at the start of his turn.

The Druid flees the flames, and throws himself to the ground, rolling frantically to attempt to put out the fire.

DEXTERITY*Druid***Ability: 13**

The Druid manages to extinguish the flames.

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks up at the effigy that is now slumping and looming over him looking for the heart

Henry spots it in the heart of the statue, clutched in many black and thorny vines.

It glows feebly, pained by the cursed contact.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "'Ruinatation' falls upon thee" he says hrling his pick at the vines holding the heart careful to not hit it

25*60ft***Baleful Dragonbone Warpick****(+11)***Henry of Willowsbrook***12**
*Piercing***12**
*Acid***13**

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

Henry of Willowsbrook

17
Piercing**11**
Acid

rolling d8

(2)

= 2

(does 15 hit?)

Henry's mighty warpick rips through the vines and rotting wood, and an explosion of holy fire erupts from the momentary contact with this being of darkness.

The crystal pinecone falls...

GM: (Make a Dex check to catch it)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

8DEXTERITY (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Hiere Unthere: (want a portent on that?)

(well)

GM: (Do you take the portent?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I'll take the 11 for a 12 with the luckstone)

Henry just barely catches the falling Dryad Queen.

He feels her gratitude bloom in him, and senses how fragile her crystal housing has become. In a few more moments, she would have been broken into, and the darkness of Barovia would have found her heart.

It's a good thing he didn't let her fall.



Henry of Willowsbrook: It is quite hard to catch both a precious heart and a weapon with the same hand who knew



Suldae Westwind: you have 2 hands

The weapon hovers beside him, waiting for his hand upon it.



Henry of Willowsbrook: and a shield in the other



Suldae Westwind: a shield is fixed on the arm more than held, right?

GM: (I think Henry is correct that it occupies his hand)

Suldae Westwind: (fair)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (yeah yeah rub it in that Henry has turtle reflexes will you)

GM: (Otherwise you end up with all sorts of shenanigans)

(Any additional movement/bonus actions?)



Suldae Westwind: (i figure you can like hold something small in it but you cannot actually do anything much with it)

(but yeah most def not catch stuff)



Hiere Unthere: (two handed weapon with shields in both hands when?)



Suldae Westwind: (and a -10 to hit)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stows the heart next to the other one turning his horse south

GM: (Seeeeeee all it takes is one player who is shenanigan-minded and then the ruling 'shields don't occupy your hand' suddenly is broken to hell)



Suldae Westwind: (rulings should be visualized not looked up as text)



Hiere Unthere: ('shenanigan-minded' keeping this)

GM: (I think it's a good description)

(EoT?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: ye EoT



Suldae Westwind: (id rule 'you can hold things in the shield hand but you cannot make attacks with it or actions that require a dexterity check')

GM: (Well, it's not super relevant at the moment)



Hiere Unthere: (arcane focus time)



Yorhish M'wahassa: "What should I do, little one?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae taps M'whassa to move forward



Yorhish M'wahassa: "His power is so..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wouldn't help cause henry would still be a turtle reflex wise so whatever)

GM: (Where do you want him to move?)



Suldae Westwind: She is getting the impression they will be needed soon

one sec

hm actually dash

GM: (You can move his token)



Suldae Westwind: (right)

Suldae guides Yorhish closer to the party, but at a distance from the fire.

GM: (Vine blights in the fire take **4** Fire damage at the start of their turn (they are vulnerable to it, so it will be doubled))

The many Vine Blights on the hill all converge on Henry mindlessly, seeking the Dryad Queen.

GM: (They have a movement speed of 10 feet, so most of them will be dashing)

(Is Henry still within the circle of stones?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (sorry he moved around)



Vine Blight:

CONSTRICT
Vine Blight

Attack: 22 | 9

and a Large or smaller target is grappled, escape DC 12. Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained, and the blight can't constrict another target.

Damage: 10 bludgeoning

GM: (Sorry, not with advantage)

(So taking the first roll, a 22)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (hits just barely)



Vine Blight:

CONSTRICT
Vine Blight

Attack: 14

and a Large or smaller target is grappled, escape DC 12. Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained, and the blight can't constrict another target.

Damage: 8 bludgeoning

ENTANGLING PLANTS
(RECHARGE 5–6)
Vine Blight

Grasping roots and vines sprout in a 15-foot radius centered on the blight, withering away after 1 minute. For the duration, that area is difficult terrain for nonplant creatures. In addition, each creature of

the blight's choice in that area when the plants appear must succeed on a DC 12 Strength saving throw or become restrained. A creature can use its action to make a DC 12 Strength check, freeing itself or another entangled creature within reach on a success.

ENTANGLING PLANTS (RECHARGE 5–6)

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GM: (Henry must make two DC 12 Strength saves)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

19 + 3

STRENGTH SAVE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook

14 + 3

STRENGTH SAVE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (He has also been grappled, escape DC 12)



Vine Blight:

ENTANGLING PLANTS (RECHARGE 5–6)

Vine Blight

Grasping roots and vines sprout in a 15-foot radius centered on the blight, withering away after 1

minute. For the duration, that area is difficult terrain for nonplant creatures. In addition, each creature of the blight's choice in that area when the plants appear must succeed on a DC 12 Strength saving throw or become restrained. A creature can use its action to make a DC 12 Strength check, freeing itself or another entangled creature within reach on a success.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (on my turn right?)

GM: (3 DC 12 Strength saves)

(The saves are right now, the escape DC is on your turn)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

6 + 3

STRENGTH SAVE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Vine Blight:

ENTANGLING PLANTS
(RECHARGE 5–6)
Vine Blight

Grasping roots and vines sprout in a 15-foot radius centered on the blight, withering away after 1 minute. For the duration, that area is difficult terrain for nonplant creatures. In addition, each creature of the blight's choice in that area when the plants appear must succeed on a DC 12 Strength saving throw or become restrained. A creature can use its action to make a DC 12 Strength check, freeing itself or another entangled creature within reach on a success.

GM: (That's a total of 4 DC 12 Strength saves now)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (can I be restrained multiple times by the same thing?)

GM: (You're being restrained by multiple different 'spells')

Suldae Westwind: (im guessing its overlapping tangles)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (kay)

7 + 3

STRENGTH SAVE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook

23 + 3

STRENGTH SAVE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook

25 + 3

STRENGTH SAVE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(two got me and I took 10 damage right?9

)

Dozens of little vine sprites lunge for Henry. The nearest ones explode into tangling vines, which snarl Henry up. He bursts free from two of them, but two manage to tangle him. One even manages to leap on his back and crush him a little bit, but not enough to make a huge difference.

GM: (Two got you with their entangle action, one got you with a constrict action for 10 damage)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Seeing Henry entangled, Ezmerelda frowns.

"Henry, duck!"

GM: (Henry will have advantage on the dex save)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

DC14

Half damage

Dexterity Save

28

Lightning

Self

Lightning Bolt



Henry of Willowsbrook: (restrained gives disadvantage)

GM: (In that case, it's a flat roll)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

18 + 3

DEXTERITY SAVE (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(nice no damage)

SHIELD MASTER

Feat: Human Bonus Feat

If you take the Attack action on your turn, you can use a bonus action to try to shove a creature within 5 feet of you with your shield.

If you aren't incapacitated, you can add your shield's AC bonus to any Dexterity saving throw you make against a spell or other harmful effect that targets only you.

If you are subjected to an effect that allows you to make a Dexterity saving throw to take only half damage, you can use your reaction to take no damage if you succeed on the saving throw, interposing your shield between yourself and the source of the effect.

Hoping that Henry will be strong enough to survive the lightning, and knowing that he has the shield, Ezmerelda unleashes a crackling line of lightning.

Henry finds himself freed.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Wait wh- OH SHIT!" Henry brings up his shield barely intime

A Druid takes 2 Fire damage at the start of her turn.

The Druid flees the flame, and throws herself to the ground, attempting to put out the fire.



Druid:

DEXTERITY
Druid
Ability: 3

Unable to put out the fire, she continues to burn, taking 3 fire damage.

GM: (Top of the round, the fire expands.)



Marcus Veranius: (HMM)

GM: (Marcus, you're up



Marcus Veranius: (This is getting dangerously close to the tree line...)
(I may have fucked up)

A Vine Blight, caught by the fire on its way to Henry, takes 7 fire damage.



Suldae Westwind: (we DID set a hill on alchemists fire in the course of trying to save nature, thats definitely a thing we did)

GM: (Doubled, due to vulnerability, so 14)



Suldae Westwind: (is that lot of vine blights in the middle of the fire dead?)

GM: (They probably will be next round)



Henry of Willowsbrook: ('We have a plan watch it go up in flames, no I mean literally look over there we did that')

GM: (3 or more on the 2d4 roll at the start of their turn and they're toast, they did manage to survive this round though)



Marcus Veranius aims more arrows at Strahd, fatigued from holding back certain doom. Why wasn't he retreating? Surely this assault was grand enough to warrant worry?



Marcus Veranius: [3 shots. 2 normal, 1 haste]

Marcus sees that Strahd's injuries are already beginning to mend...



Marcus Veranius: "Oh bollocks."

He also notes, however, that Strahd has made no effort to move closer to the party.



Marcus Veranius:

9 | 19
600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)
Marcus Veranius

21
Magical Piercing

15 | 20
600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)
Marcus Veranius

20
Magical Piercing

10 | 11
600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)
Marcus Veranius

17
Magical Piercing

(Lucky roll)

rolling 1d20+7

(4) + 7 = 11

(LUCK PLZ)



Marcus Veranius: (Oh fuck I forgot my modifiers)

rolling 6d6

(3 + 3 + 6 + 4 + 2 + 1)

= 19

+8 favored enemy



Henry of Willowsbrook: 68



Hiere Unthere: (can we get a +1)



Marcus Veranius: 68 Magical Piercing

Hiere glimpses the cracked crimson crystal heart, bleeding now profusely down a spiral staircase.

As quickly as it comes, the image is gone.



Hiere Unthere: (what is all this about a crimson heart)



Marcus Veranius: "...why won't you stay down!?"

Marcus's three shots strike Strahd, piercing his black-cloaked form.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (don't worry about it)



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd smiles quite evilly.

"Did you think you were the first to attempt to slay me?"

"I have murdered enemies far mightier than thee, little ranger."



Marcus Veranius: "...bollocks."

[EoT]

GM: (Hiere, you're up)



Hiere Unthere: (I imagined him being more scandy)

GM: (More what now)



Hiere Unthere: (scandinavian)

GM: (...? Ok)

(He's, like, fantasy Transylvanian)

(But he's been 'alive' for so long that his accent is mostly gone.)



Hiere Unthere: (the line of blights near A are baddies right?)

GM: (All the blights are baddies, yes)

Hiere Unthere: (then they will burn)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You keep saying things like that yet your actions keep painting the Image of a coward hiding behind a horde of thralls and cheap magic tricks" Henry says somehow maneging to look down on Strhad despite him flying



Hiere Unthere:

DC 17

Dexterity Save

25
Fire

150 feet

Fireball

Hiere warms up the atmosphere a little and treats some vine blights to a spot of light spontaneous combustion.

(could I position the fireball?)

GM: (Remind me of the radius?)



Hiere Unthere: (20 iirc)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (20ft radius

GM: (All yours)



Hiere Unthere: (my laptop is glitching tf out)



Suldae Westwind: (ah that 2exp2l22a222i22ns2222 222t22h222a2t222222

GM: (Apparently)



Suldae Westwind: (sorry i have a kitten on the table)

GM: (LUCKY)



Suldae Westwind: (i know)

(her name is Bastet also known as Astie)



Vine Blight:

DEXTERITY
Vine Blight

Ability: **18**

DEXTERITY
Vine Blight

Ability: **18**

DEXTERITY
Vine Blight

Ability: 2

DEXTERITY
Vine Blight

Ability: 14

DEXTERITY
Vine Blight

Ability: 14

DEXTERITY
Vine Blight

Ability: 7



Vine Blight:

DEXTERITY
Vine Blight

Ability: 2



Hiere Unthere: (that's the best I can do w/o messing it up more)



Glabrezu:

DEXTERITY
Glabrezu

Ability: 10 | 15

GM: 12.5

Only two of the Vine Blights in the radius of Hiere's spell survive, the rest are utterly obliterated.

The Glabrezu shrugs off the flame.



Marilith:

DEXTERITY
Marilith

Ability: 6

The Marilith, on the outskirts of the flame, manages to be severely singed by it. Luckily for her, she is highly resistant to flame.

GM: (EoT?)



Hiere Unthere: (yup)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (btw how far up from the ground is the skull wagon)

GM: (I don't think we established that)

(Were you wanting to misty step into it?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (nah just curious if my 10ft aura bubble might reach them up there)
bubble

GM: (Not likely, they're higher than that I would assume)



Ismark Kolyanovich:

10

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

8

29

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

14 + 10



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I assumed but might aswell clarify)

(Ismark Kolyanovich as: the duality of man)

Ismark looses a twin Eldritch Blast at Strahd. One misses completely, but the other strikes Strahd right between the eyes.



Strahd von Zarovich: "AARGH!"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark pilots the Skull out to the northeast, keeping high to avoid any wayward attacks from the two demons which have joined the battle.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)

(Also, BrB)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae plays, tugging the Weave back to herself.

(can I take Call Lightning back?)

16

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

(what the fuck)

(ok im waiting for DM ruling on this)

(brb myself also, will take some food)

GM: (Sorry, back now)

(Go ahead and make a Religion check as well)



Strahd von Zarovich:

ARCANA <i>Strahd von Zarovich</i> <hr/> Skill: 16



Suldae Westwind: (back)

29

RELIGION (13)
Suldae Westwind

GM: (You steal the storm and can immediately use it, so go ahead and give RP)



Suldae Westwind: (OH YES THE SPIRITS OF LANDS AND DICE DECIDED TO MAKE IT UP TO US XD)

GM: (You beat him not by spellcasting skill but by sheer religious power)



Suldae Westwind: The melody, momentarily disrupted by forced intervention, surges back with fury that is not born of Suldae's skill at all, but of the nature's hatred and desire to never again be its plaything. Suldae is herself only an instrument now, being guided by a greater power against something that would otherwise be much stronger than herself.

The next strike snakes down to hit, not Strahd, but the demon called up by the quick druid.

DC18

Dexterity Save

21

Lightning

120 feet

(Flute) Call Lightning, 1/day
Suldae Westwind

rolling 1d10

(9)

= **9**

(THERE we go, the dice ar back with a revengeance :D)



Henry of Willowsbrook: I think you can hit both



Suldae Westwind: (oh yeah its on a 5ft area)
(the demon and the druid)



Marilith:

DEXTERITY <i>Marilith</i> <hr/> Ability: 8
--



Druid:

DEXTERITY

Druid

Ability: **3**

Suldae Westwind: More critically, Suldae realizes she guided Yornish up the wrong side of the hill. They could still probably pass between the expanding flames... but that would trap them at the crest of the hill. Better circle around.

The Druid screams as lightning rips him to atoms, and the Marilith takes the brunt of the lightning blast without too much apparent difficulty.



Suldae Westwind: EoT



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Glabrezu the druid transformed into a marilith)

GM: (No, the Druid turned into a Marilith, which *summoned* a Glabrezu)

11

The Glabrezu charges into the flames, and peers outward at the entity which has stolen the lightning once again...



Glabrezu:

Power Word Stun, 1/day

Abjuration 8

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: One creature you can see within range

Components: V

Duration: Instantaneous

You speak a word of power that can overwhelm the mind of one creature you can see within range, leaving it dumbfounded. If the target has 150 hit points or fewer, it is stunned. Otherwise, the spell has no effect. The stunned target must make a Constitution saving throw at the end of each of its turns. On a successful save, this stunning effect ends.



Suldae Westwind: (i _meant_ to hit the glabrezu and the marilith which i referred to as the druid but im not saying no to a kill)

The Glabrezu speaks a word of awful, hellish power... Suldae's mind is momentarily consumed by a numbing darkness! (Suldae is stunned)

GM: (At the end of Suldae's next turn, she must pass a DC 16 CON save to shake off the stun)

The Druid which turned into a Giant Wolf Spider, realizing that it is going to be approximately useless in this battle, scuttles towards the largest threat it can reach (Henry) and attempts a bite.



Giant Wolf Spider:

BITE

Giant Wolf Spider

Attack: **7 | 14**

and the target must make a DC 11 Constitution saving throw, taking 7 (2d6) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. If the poison damage reduces the target to 0 hit points, the target is stable but poisoned for 1 hour, even after regaining hit points, and is paralyzed while poisoned in this way.

Damage: 3 piercing + 7 poison

GM: (Not with advantage)

(So that's a miss)

The Spider's teeth glance off Henry's shield, which still crackles faintly with lightning.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry swats the attack away with contempt

The Marilith looks up at the Flying Skull.

With a whisper of scales, she disappears/

A moment later, the Large fiend reappears on top of the Flying Skull, immediately overburdening it. Her tail flickers and snarls, gripping the Skull as she raises her six scimitars to kill those in the skull... Next round.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir makes a mental calculation.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere makes a mental calculation.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir looks at Hiere.



Hiere Unthere: 2+2=4 Hiere thinks

Hiere nods sagely



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir swats out with his hands, casting *Fly* on himself, Ismark, and Rictavio. Then he heaves himself and Ismark out of the Skull, (triggering an Attack of Opportunity).



Marilith:

LONGSWORD
Marilith

Attack: 28

Damage: 14 slashing



Kasimir Velikov: "Aargh!"



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd spreads his arms, casting something...



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena senses that Suldae is in trouble...



Suldae Westwind: (ok so roll20 only now unfroze for me to rp that)



Rictavio: Rictavio looks up at the Marilith as the Giant Skull begins to fall. Weightless now, due to the Flight spell, he flies southward towards Suldae.



Suldae Westwind: The Weave ripple, sending the counterstrike to Suldae, and even where she sees it coming, she cannot evade. If she were in a regular tree, she would have fallen...

The Marilith, lightning-swift, strikes at the fleeing Rictavio.



Marilith:

REACTIVE.

The marilith can take one reaction on every turn in combat.

LONGSWORD

Marilith

Attack: 20

Damage: 14 slashing



Henry of Willowsbrook: (that snake must die)



Rictavio: "Aargh!"

Dispel Magic

Abjuration 5

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: One creature, object, or magical effect within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

Choose one creature, object, or magical effect within range. Any spell of 3rd level or lower on the target ends. For each spell of 4th level or higher on the target, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a successful check, the spell ends.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you automatically end the effects of a spell on the target if the spell's level is equal to or less than the level of the spell slot you used.

GM: (Attempting a DC 18 Spellcasting check...)



Rictavio:

WISDOM

Rictavio

Ability: 19

Suldae's mind clears.



Rictavio: "KEEP THAT STORM **OUT** OF HIS HANDS!" Rictavio shouts.

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae, kept aloft by the treant's branches, nods gratefully and resumes the melody



Henry of Willowsbrook:

Misty Step

Conjuration 2

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V

Duration: Instantaneous

Briefly surrounded by silvery mist, you teleport up to 30 feet to an unoccupied space that you can see.

"...right none of that" Henry says watching the demon that did ...something to Suldae whilst wreathing himself in clear mist and dew

He hurls his pick at the Demon the moment he and his stead become corporeal enough for it

13

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+11)

Henry of Willowsbrook

16

Piercing

8

Acid

29

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+11)

Henry of Willowsbrook

12

Piercing

3

Acid

GM: (First is a miss, second is a hit)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (action surge)

28

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+11)

Henry of Willowsbrook

15

4

20

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick(+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook**10**
Piercing**11**
Acid**Gm:** Both hits)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** 55 damage**Glabrezu:** "Tiny creature!"**Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Big enough to kick your ass!"**Hiere Unthere:** (fuckin hell)*The sudden exchange of Abyssal is a bit much for any ear to behold.**The Glabrezu's piggy, demonic little eyes are fixed upon Henry, but one of its draconic-looking ears flicks backwards in annoyance to take in the sound of Ismark's voice.***Henry of Willowsbrook:** "..." Henry wordlessly rotates his wrist after catching the Pick again quirked an eyebrow at the demon "YA'done whining yet cause I got like so many better things to do then humor you, Imp"

EoT

**Yorhish M'wahassa:** "Are you alright, little one?"

"What should I do??"

**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae nods and after a little hesitation points him at the spider. They can still make it to the crest of the hill between the expanding fire, and Strahd can see them anywhere anyway.

She is still playing, maintaining her alignment with the storm. It is hard to keep any focus on the battlefield, not submerge herself fully in the power and detachment of it - the storm cares little for mortal woes, it covers far more than this little fight...

If only she could ask it to snow or rain and put out the fire...

*Yorhish charges with terrifying speed, his roots snarling and snapping at the earth. He plunges between the flames, fearfully shielding his face with his 'hands' as he does so. He crushes a druid, several vine blights, and a giant spider in his path, then stands atop their corpses, turning this way and that to look out upon the battlefield.***GM:** (Make a Religion check OR a spellcasting check, Suldae)**Suldae Westwind:****31****RELIGION** (13)
Suldae Westwind

5

All of the vine blights still in the fire to the east of Yorhish collapse, consumed by flame.



Suldae Westwind: It is a request, a plea - to the nature to make up for their miscalculation, to back them up where they came up short.

Torrential rain begins to fall. Such is its power that the flames quickly begin to die away...

GM: (At the top of the round, the flames will shrink by 40 feet)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tilts her face up, letting rain wash over it and wash off the tears. Trust pays off.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir runs up to stand beside Marcus, and unleashes another beam of lightning — this time at the Glabrezu.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

DC14

Half damage

Dexterity Save

5

Higher Level Cast

16

Lightning

Self

Lightning Bolt



Glabrezu:

DEXTERITY
Glabrezu

Ability: **11**

Though the lightning flies straight and true, and strikes the Glabrezu square in the chest, it seems to take little noticeable damage from it...



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Damn!"

"That's the last of those, from me..."

GM: (**1**)



Hiere Unthere: (16 on an 8d6 holy fuck)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes note of the fiend's apparent resistance.

(holy shit)

GM: (Wait, that Druid is already dead)

(Ok, top of the round)

(The fire shrinks by 40 feet)



Marcus Veranius nervously draws more arrows. He expected Strahd to put up a fight, but this is

more shots than even that golem took...

GM: (Marcus is up)



Marcus Veranius:

11 | 18
600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)
Marcus Veranius

24
Magical Piercing

22 | 14
600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)
Marcus Veranius

17
Magical Piercing

10 | 14
600

>Sharpshooter (Oathbow)

(+7)
Marcus Veranius

24
Magical Piercing

Something is horribly wrong... The shots strike, and pass smoothly through Strahd. As though he might not even be there...



Marcus Veranius: rolling 6d6 Sworn Enemy

(3 + 4 + 2 + 3 + 3 + 2)

= 17



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "He cast something a minute ago!" Ezmerelda shouts.



Marcus Veranius: (oof)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "It must be a trick!"

"I swear you hit him earlier, it must be something he just cast."

GM: (EoT?)



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]

GM: (Hiere, you're up)

(There's a Marilith on top of you at the moment)

(Clinging to the Flying Skull)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere waves to the snake monster. He pulls up a sleeve to reveal the rope wrapped around his wrist and raises it, casting rope trick. "buh-bye"

(casting it in between the snake and himself)

GM: (To get in, you still have to physically move into the portal)



Hiere Unthere: (so technically not leaving its range as I climb through)



Suldae Westwind: (does the other side of the portal serve as a shield)

(what does it look like from the other side anyway)



Marcus Veranius: (Attacks cant cross through)



Marilith: The Marilith, who is quite familiar with teleportation and planar travel, is nonetheless not expecting this bizarre trick of rope and portal. She takes a swipe as Hiere begins to climb, but aims it at where he *will* be, not at where he *is*. Of course, where he *will* be is an extradimensional plane, so her blade sweeps through empty space harmlessly.

Momentarily perplexed, the Marilith growls and rides the falling Giant Skull to the ground, where it crashes down with a heavy impact.

GM: (Marilith and skull both take **19** bludgeoning damage)



Hiere Unthere: (EoT)

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae aims the lightning strike at the demon in the fire, deciding she doesn't want to damage the skull.

DC18

Dexterity Save

20

Lightning

120 feet

(Flute) Call Lightning, 1/day
Suldae Westwind



Glabrezu:

DEXTERITY
Glabrezu

Ability: **20**



Suldae Westwind: There is another note to the melody, of gratitude and another request.

(ah fuck)

(forgot bonus action rule again)

(NM)

The Glabrezu flinches just barely as the lightning streaks into its form, dealing no noticeable damage.



Glabrezu: (Glabby takes 5 points of lightning due to resistance)



Suldae Westwind: (fucking amazing)

GM: (Unfortunately we may need to pause the session here for today)



Suldae Westwind: (wait, using my standard action to call down lightning from a pre-existent spell is not the same thing as casting a spell, is it?)

(I should still be able to bonus action healing word)

GM: (I believe that is correct, although you cannot cast two leveled spells in one turn unless you are a BBEG who's cheesing the system)

(But since you're not technically *casting* the spell, just continuing its use...)

(It's fine by me)



Suldae Westwind: (exactly what im thinking)

Suldae weaves a plea for help into her melody, reaching out to the deity she has so little connection to on this cursed plane.

8

Higher Level Cast

12

Healing

60 feet

Healing Word

Suldae Westwind

GM: (Who are you healing?)



Suldae Westwind: (Rictavio)

(Henry can handle himself and the rest are out of range if they are even hurt)



Rictavio: "Thank you, Suldae!"



Glabrezu:

MULTIATTACK

Glabrezu

The glabrezu makes four attacks: two with its pincers and two with its fists.

Alternatively, it makes two attacks with its pincers and casts one spell.

The Glabrezu lifts into the air and flies nearly sixty feet straight for Henry, diving in with both pincers snapping.



Suldae Westwind: The Weave swirls around Rictavio, gently closing his wounds from the inside to the degree that the deity's faraway interference can.

Glabrezu:

PINCER (~-
M32F5AZJGEGQAN7G3U3|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M32F6FZM10CDVPXAEAV_NPC_DMG)
Glabrezu

Attack (~-
m32f5azjgegqan7g3u3/repeating_npcaction_-
m32f6fzm10cdvpxaeav_npc_dmg)

:

10

If the target is a Medium or smaller creature, it is grappled, escape DC 15. The glabrezu has two pincers, each of which can grapple only one target

PINCER (~-
M32F5AZJGEGQAN7G3U3|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M32F6FZM10CDVPXAEAV_NPC_DMG)
Glabrezu

Attack (~-
m32f5azjgegqan7g3u3/repeating_npcaction_-
m32f6fzm10cdvpxaeav_npc_dmg)

:

12

If the target is a Medium or smaller creature, it is grappled, escape DC 15. The glabrezu has two pincers, each of which can grapple only one target

GM: (Henry, you're up)

(No sense in breaking tradition at this point)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Really now what good are those muscles if you can't even hit me" Henry says directing his mount to avoid one swing and raising his shield to slap aside the other

FIGHTING SPIRIT

Class: Fighter 3 Samurai

Starting at 3rd level, as a bonus action on your turn, you can give yourself advantage on weapon attack rolls until the end of the current turn. When you do so, you also gain 5 temporary hit points. The number of temporary hit points increases when you reach certain levels in this class, increasing to 10 at 10th level and 15 at 15th level. You can use this feature three times, and you regain all expended uses of it

when you finish a short rest
(long) rest. (Praise GM for he is
kind)



Glabrezu: ~~"Will feast upon your soul!"~~



Henry of Willowsbrook:

31

27

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+11)

Henry of Willowsbrook

14 + 13

Radiant Smite Damage

13 + 3

Piercing

10 + 4

Acid

27

21

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+11)

Henry of Willowsbrook

12

Radiant Smite Damage

17

Piercing

7

Acid



Hiere Unthere: (holy fuck)



Glabrezu: ~~"MERCY"~~



Suldae Westwind: (AHAHAHAHA)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Can't understand a word you are garbbeling, Imp" Henry says swing wide and hard showing the demon How to attack with purpose

GM: (So that's... **132**)

(You've obliterated this demon, mostly due to your radiant damage and his natural vulnerability to it)

(Please RP)



Suldae Westwind: (I LOVE HAVING A PALADIN IN THE PARTY)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry swings for its chest first burying his weapons fangs where I guess the should be then after watching the beast collapse under the blow he swings sideways into its head taking it of it's shoulders with out a change in expression he flings the head in the direction of the snake beast "I do apoligize I think I might have broken your toy" he says voice cold from the knowledge 'what' they had done to this place



Marilith: The Marilith, momentarily distracted by Hiere's Rope Trick, looks up at the head flying in its direction. It raises a hand and catches it effortlessly.

The Marilith's tail slithers horribly as it releases the Skull.

Then, quite suddenly, the Marilith is gone.

A moment later, it's 'standing' right next to Henry...

LONGSWORD

Marilith

Attack: **28**

Damage: **9** slashing

LONGSWORD

Marilith

Attack: **13**

Damage: **17** slashing



Marilith:

LONGSWORD

Marilith

Attack: **25**

Damage: **9** slashing

LONGSWORD

Marilith

Attack: **16**

Damage: **13** slashing

LONGSWORD

Marilith

Attack: **17**

Damage: **15** slashing

LONGSWORD

Marilith

Attack: **14**

Damage: **15** slashing

TAIL

Marilith

Attack: **20**

If the target is Medium or smaller, it is grappled, escape DC 19. Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained, the marilith can automatically hit the target with its tail, and the marilith can't make tail attacks

against other targets

Damage: 13 bludgeoning

GM: (And with that, we have to break for today!)

(Thank you all for playing! This was a fun session and I look forward to how you finish things off next week!)



Henry of Willowsbrook: 18 damage for me

GM: (Stay safe with all the quarantine stuff!)



Marcus Veranius: (Will do!)

(Thanks for running!0



Suldae Westwind: (THIS WAS SO GREAT)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Wait I have an ending quip)

"Oh good you saved me the trouble of coming over" Henry says grinning through the pain of the swrods against his armor "Please, do try to keep me enteratained for longer"



Suldae Westwind: (GOOD SHIT)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (and done that was fun)



GM (GM): Good morning everybody!



Zanshuken: Heyho



Tops K.: Mornin!



Able: afternoon



Liliet (Suldae): IM HERE

SORRY



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Okay I believe it is my turn to deck a snake)



Hiere Unthere: (isn't it always)



GM (GM): (Yup, Henry is up)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

FIGHTING SPIRIT

Class: Fighter 3 Samurai

Starting at 3rd level, as a bonus action on your turn, you can give yourself advantage on weapon attack rolls until the end of the current turn. When you do so, you also gain 5 temporary hit points. The number of temporary hit points increases when you reach certain levels in this class, increasing to 10 at 10th level and

15 at 15th level. You can use this feature three times, and you regain all expended uses of it when you finish a short rest (long) rest. (Praise GM for he is kind)

29**15***60ft***Baleful Dragonbone Warpick****(+11)**

Henry of Willowsbrook

8*Radiant Smite Damage***13***Piercing***11***Acid***14****31***60ft***Baleful Dragonbone Warpick****(+11)**

Henry of Willowsbrook

9 + 6*Radiant Smite Damage***13 + 4***Piercing***8 + 8***Acid*

(hm let's action surge)

23**23***60ft***Baleful Dragonbone Warpick****(+11)**

Henry of Willowsbrook

12**14***Piercing***9***Acid***25****18***60ft***Baleful Dragonbone Warpick****(+11)**

Henry of Willowsbrook

11*Radiant Smite Damage***12***Piercing***6***Acid*

GM (GM): (Four hits)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (hm the 3rd hit rolled only only 2d8s when it should be 3 one sec)

rolling d8

(3)

= 3



GM (GM): (147)

Henry's mighty blows crash into the six-armed demoness, and the holiness of his touch burns her flesh and blackens her scales. By the time his assault has ended, she is a writhing mass of molten flesh, more hellfire than living thing — but still very much alive.

She snarls in the darkness, fire flickering between her teeth.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Feel Natures wrath you afront to deceny" Henry says with barring his teeth at the monster

he raises his shield in preaparation for the next exchange

EoT

In the midst of Henry's assault, the Marilith lashes out with one of her blades. (Reactive: can take one reaction on every turn in combat)



GM (GM):

LONGSWORD
Marilith

Attack: 25

Damage: 16 slashing

Enraged, on the edge of death and a return to hellfire, the Marilith unleashes all her fury on the knight who stands before her.



Marilith:

MULTIATTACK
Marilith

The marilith can make seven attacks: six with its longswords and one with its tail. It can teleport once per turn, either before, between, or after its attacks.

LONGSWORD
Marilith

Attack: 22

Damage: 14 slashing

LONGSWORD*Marilith***Attack: 11****Damage: 10** slashing**LONGSWORD***Marilith***Attack: 24****Damage: 15** slashing**LONGSWORD***Marilith***Attack: 10****Damage: 17** slashing**LONGSWORD***Marilith***Attack: 15****Damage: 17** slashing**Marilith:****LONGSWORD***Marilith***Attack: 14****Damage: 12** slashing**TAIL***Marilith***Attack: 15**

If the target is Medium or smaller, it is grappled, escape DC 19. Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained, the marilith can automatically hit the target with its tail, and the marilith can't make tail attacks against other targets

Damage: 13 bludgeoning

TELEPORT*Marilith*

The marilith magically teleports, along with any equipment it is wearing or carrying, up to 120 feet to an unoccupied space it can see.

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (i take 29

A Giant Wolf Spider twitches feebly under the roots of a Yor'hish.

**Tops K.:** (Oh shoot, when did this snake get here? o-o**Hiere Unthere:** (just ported)**Liliet (Suldae):** (OOF)

(i wondered where it went)

(aaand that's what we get for splitting up)

Strahd's wounds begin to heal rapidly. Arrows fall from his flesh, and broken bones click back into place. He drifts closer to the party.

**Strahd von Zarovich:** "Come, come, haven't you ruined my evening enough?"**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "NEVER!"**Strahd von Zarovich:** "Where is Ireena?"**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Eat shit!"

Strahd von Zarovich sneers.

"Come to me, my children! Rip them apart, and bring the girl to me."

You hear the swarming of many bats...

**Rictavio:** "Well, that ain't good."

Flying due to Kasimir's quick thinking, Rictavio soars west, towards Strahd.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae stiffens up. It is not so much the attack she's afraid of as Ireena's decision making process. Not again, please, let it be enough, let her choose the smart thing, let her stay safe this time...

**Rictavio:****HAND CROSSBOW***Rictavio*

Attack: **11** | **17**

Damage: **6** piercing + **8**
piercing

HAND CROSSBOW*Rictavio*

Attack: 14 18

Damage: 5 piercing + 12 piercing



Rictavio looses two crossbow bolts, both of which Strahd deftly dodges.



Ireena Kolyana: Antsy in her protective wards, Ireena scries the battlefield from afar. She feels like the party has it handled.



Yorhish M'wahassa: "What should we do, little one?"



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae looks around, worried. She doesn't think the remained vine blights are important. She points south, then.

GM: (I believe you can control his token)



Suldae Westwind: They can pass between the diminished fires again, after all.

(yeah one sec)

(EoT for Yorhish)

(Rictavio is flying so the spider isn't important, I think?)

As Yorhish tramples the Vine Blights in his path, the ones to his sides attempt to strike him.



Vine Blight:

CONSTRICT <i>Vine Blight</i>
--

Attack: 19

and a Large or smaller target is grappled, escape DC 12. Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained, and the blight can't constrict another target.
--

Damage: 11 bludgeoning

The Vine snarls its tendrils around Yorhish, who barely notices as he rips right through them.



Suldae Westwind: (and damage resistance to bludgeoning)

The Vine Blights mindlessly follow Yorhish.

GM: (Took it into account)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah just for my own reference)

Three of the Vine Blights are still in the fire. 5

Two of them collapse, and burn to death within seconds.

GM: (5)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "OH SHIT! MARCUS!"



Marcus Veranius: "WHERE DID YOU EVEN COME FROM!?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I know where we can send her back!"



Marcus Veranius: "Hell preferably?"

Ezmerelda's eyes blaze with light as a powerful curse falls from her lips.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

CURSE (RECHARGES AFTER A LONG REST)

Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Ezmerelda targets one creature that she can see within 30 feet of her. The target must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or be cursed. While cursed, the target has vulnerability to one type of damage of Ezmerelda's choice. The curse lasts until ended with a greater restoration spell, a remove curse spell, or similar magic. When the curse ends, Ezmerelda takes 3d6 psychic damage.



Marilith:

WISDOM SAVE

Marilith

Save: **16**

The Marilith laughs, baring flaming teeth.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda draws her silver shortsword when the curse fails, and says: "Damn."

Deciding it is worth the risk, she bolts 30 feet away.

Well, ten feet away, and ten feet into Yorhish's branches.



Marilith:

REACTIVE.

The marilith can take one reaction on every turn in combat.

LONGSWORD

Marilith

Attack: **29**

Damage: **15 + 7** slashing



Suldae Westwind: (well, shit)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (thats just rude)



Suldae Westwind: (good thing the healer is here for next round)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Aaargh!" Ezmerelda screams as the Marilith's blade flicks through the darkness, splashing her blood into the grass.



Marcus Veranius: (Immune)

GM: (Magical attacks)



Marilith:

MAGIC WEAPONS.

The marilith's weapon attacks are magical.



Marcus Veranius: (OOF)

GM: (Top of the round, so the flames will shrink slightly)

Marcus senses ten powerful undead entities rapidly approaching. Above, the sky begins to fill with swarming bats.



Marcus Veranius: That opening salvo means nothing if Strahd can regenerate in peace. Marcus moves to cut off the snake demon's path, then attempts to pierce Strahd's ploy.



Hiere Unthere: (maybe we should gift?)



Suldae Westwind: (do we have a RUN THE FUCK AWAY strategy)
(we got the dryad)



Hiere Unthere: (gtfo*)



Suldae Westwind: (-high five-)



Marcus Veranius:

Locate Object

Divination 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V, S, M (A forked twig)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

Describe or name an object that is familiar to you. You sense the direction to the object's location, as long as that object is within 1,000 feet of you. If the object is in motion, you know the direction of its movement. The spell can locate a specific object known to you, as long as you have seen it up close—within 30 feet—at least once. Alternatively, the spell can locate the nearest object of a particular kind, such as a certain kind of apparel, jewelry, furniture, tool, or weapon. This spell can't

locate an object if any thickness of lead, even a thin sheet, blocks a direct path between you and the object.



Hiere Unthere: (fam)

(what)



Suldae Westwind: (is this a misclick)

(or a super clever strategy)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus attempts to locate the particular style of shoe he saw up close on the legs of Strahd back at the Death House.

If Strahd's hiding behind illusions, this ought to reveal the real one.



Hiere Unthere: (dear god)

(you have a marilith 3cm from your skull)



Marcus Veranius: (I have full hitpoints)



Suldae Westwind: (ok wow. just. wow)

(love this)

Marcus feels his spell glide off of something, as though the boots and their wearer might be shielded from divination magic. He does, however, sense ten very similar pairs of boots coming from the north. They feel oddly compressed, as though they have been shoved into the Weave somehow.



Marcus Veranius: ...no.

"HE'S GOT BODY DOUBLES! TEN SETS!"



Marcus Veranius braces himself for the snake demon's charge



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "What?!"



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Marilith:

LONGSWORD

Marilith

Attack: **13**

Damage: **14** slashing

The Marilith takes a swing at this spell casting ranger before her, but whiffs it. Marcus is too slippery.

GM: (Hiere, you're up)



Hiere Unthere: (how far am I from Marcus?)

GM: (Well, you're currently in a rope trick about forty feet in the air if I'm not mistaken)

(Since you hopped into it when the Marilith was bringing down the skull)

(But we're not going to play "Find the Hypotenuse")

(So you're within 100 feet)



Hiere Unthere: "sorry Marco but I have to stop you being pulverised" Hiere whispers, as he pulls on the Weave around Marcus' very in danger of being snake chops face.

Fog Cloud

Conjuration 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A point within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 hour

You create a 20-foot-radius sphere of fog centered on a point within range. The sphere spreads around corners, and its area is heavily obscured. It lasts for the duration or until a wind of moderate or greater speed (at least 10 miles per hour) disperses it.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, the radius of the fog increases by 20 feet for each slot level above 1st.

(EoT)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wasn't marcus hasted still?)



Hiere Unthere: (maybe)

GM: (I think so, since we haven't dealt with the effects of the Haste fading)

(Speaking of which, how many rounds has it been since it was cast?)



Marcus Veranius: (6 rounds)

GM: (So you've got four more before the effects fade)



Marcus Veranius: (So maybe not fog cloud?)

GM: (Assuming Hiere doesn't lose concentration)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (fog cloud is concentration)



Hiere Unthere: (oh fuck)

GM: (Lmao)



Hiere Unthere: (right)

(why would it be conc reeee)

GM: (Do you want to make a different move instead?)



Hiere Unthere: (yes plot)

(plox)

GM: (Go ahead)



Liliet (Suldae): (dont forget Suldae is right there and her round is coming up)
(* her turn)



Hiere Unthere:

26

120 feet

Fire Bolt (~-
Lm_GcyvTSH2s3u1Z4ex|repeating_attack_-
LmyqEn-1C3cgfAqps61_attack_dmg)

(+9)

rolling 1d10

(3)

= 3



Liliet (Suldae): (Is a Marilith resistant to lightning?)



Hiere Unthere: rolling 1d10

(4)

= 4

rolling 1d10

(7)

= 7

(14 fire)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (it's 2d10 untill level 11 for firebolt btw)



Hiere Unthere: (are we not 11)
(we are not 11)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (still 10buddy)



Hiere Unthere: (make that 7 damage)

Hiere's firebolt splashes on the Marilith's scaly hide, adding to the fire within. She seems to take very little damage from it.



Marilith:

LONGSWORD

Marilith

Attack: **28**

Damage: 7 slashing

One of her scimitars almost playfully introduces itself to Marcus's side.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)

(Mariliths are resistant to a number of elements)



Liliet (Suldae): (is a marilith resistant to lightning / does suldae know?)

GM: (Roll History)



Liliet (Suldae):

17

HISTORY (8)
Suldae Westwind

GM: (Yes, and yes)



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae's music directs the storm to strike at Strahd again.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wait how does it make reaction attacks after taking damage? even with reactions every turn taking damage doesn't normally allow you to retaliate unless you are a level 14 Berserker barbarian)



Strahd von Zarovich:

DEXTERITY SAVE Strahd von Zarovich
Save: 29

GM: (She's a touch home-brewed, like the rest of y'all)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Okay)

(I was just hella confused)

The Lightning rips down from the sky, and Strahd once again flickers in place. This time, he seems to take no damage at all...

Suldae feels something strange about the lightning stroke. (Arcana)



Liliet (Suldae):

24

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

(not even going to roll that damage lmao)

(fuck, i forgot we already found out there was something wrong there)

(welp paying my penalty)

The previous strokes of lightning had felt different, as though even while Strahd dodged them, they crackled through him. This most recent stroke felt like a stroke through the empty sky — there was no resistance at all.



Liliet (Suldae): The melody is suffused with the wrath of nature, the anger and the rising wave of rebirth and rejuvenation, splashing health around the young bard.

4

Higher Level Cast

12

Healing

60 feet

Mass Healing Word

Suldae Westwind

(Henry, Yorhish, Ezmerelda, Marcus)



Yorhish M'wahassa: "Ah, thank you little one."



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae feels frustration rip through her. There is too much going on, she cannot keep track!... She does not allow it to disrupt her concentration on the spell, however.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Thanks, Suldae," Ezmerelda says with a groan, stretching her healing back.



Marcus Veranius is in eternal swords/unswords torment

GM: (EoT?)



Liliet (Suldae): eot

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (uhm GM what happend to ISmark and Kasimir btw?)

GM: (Oh damn, how'd they fall out of the initiative?)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

INITIATIVE <i>Ismark Kolyanovich</i> <hr/> <i>Initiative: 10</i>

INITIATIVE <i>Ismark Kolyanovich</i> <hr/> <i>Initiative: 22</i>

GM: (There we go)

(I'll have them act at the top of the round in addition to their turns, since I skipped them somehow)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

INITIATIVE <i>Kasimir Velikov</i> <hr/> <i>Initiative: 22</i>
--



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Running won't save you" Henry yells riding after the disappearing snake and hurling his Pick

21

31

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+11)

Henry of Willowsbrook

19 + 11*Radiant Smite Damage***15 + 4***Piercing***9 + 6***Acid*

26

26

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+11)

Henry of Willowsbrook

13*Radiant Smite Damage***11***Piercing***3***Acid***FIGHTING SPIRIT***Class: Fighter 3 Samurai*

Starting at 3rd level, as a bonus action on your turn, you can give yourself advantage on weapon attack rolls until the end of the current turn. When you do so, you also gain 5 temporary hit points. The number of temporary hit points increases when you reach certain levels in this class, increasing to 10 at 10th level and 15 at 15th level. You can use this feature three times, and you regain all expended uses of it when you finish a short rest (long) rest. (Praise GM for he is kind)

GM: (With the first attack, you killed her stone dead)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (shit ignore the smite damage I m out)

GM: (Go ahead and RP it, and save those other attacks)

(She was at 4 HP)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Leaning back and standing up in his saddle henry puts his entire weight behind the throw turning the War Pick into a blur of steel and clawsmashing into the fiends head



Hiere Unthere: (nice)

The Marilith has no time to scream. Her head explodes in a cloud of burning coal, and her writhing

corpse tumbles to the ground. She twists and rolls in her death throes, before tumbling messily down the hill. As she falls, the hellfire reclaims her, and her body immolates.



Marcus Veranius *clutches his side reactively now that it was safe to do so. Sure the wound healed, but it still hurt.*



Marcus Veranius: "Thanks for the save!"



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae takes a natural break in the melody, one that would be intended for her to take a breath, but insted uses it to utter: "Yorhish, listen to Marcus"

GM: (What would you like to do with the remainder of your turn?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "And again he remained unsatisfied" Henry says with a solemn face before smirking and launching the returned pick at the closest blight "WHos next?"



Liliet (Suldae): (not only do I suck at this, it's also highly unrealistic for Suldae to be able to focus both on commanding the storm and fucking battlefield command)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (can I use that attack?)

GM: (For sure)



Liliet (Suldae): (out of character i repeat my proposition for plan gtfo
(mine and Hieres's)

Henry's Warpick smashes into the Vine Blight, scattering it temporarily. It manages to remain intact, although it is severely wounded.



Marcus Veranius *looks over the ruins that were Yester Hill. Burned trees, corpses of plant and personkind, corruption left as cinders. But no good either, long dead or remains dusted away.*



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So what's the Plan ?" Henry asks the others now that he is closer again EoT



Strahd von Zarovich: "Ah, my children... Take them down."

The bats swarm wildly in the sky.

Marcus senses that ten among them are not bats at all.



Marcus Veranius: "...there's nothing left worth fighting for here. Let Strahd have the remains of his hill."



Strahd von Zarovich: *"Going so soon?"*
"I don't think so..."



Marcus Veranius: "If you have to play the COWARD and hide behind cheap tricks, I see no reason to stay."



Liliet (Suldae): (Um, question. How does plan gtfo work with Ireena bunkered up. fuck we should have thought this part through beforehand also)
(note for the future)



Marcus Veranius: "Thought you were supposed to be frightening. Why do you rely on such a crutch as disposable minions?"

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Some people have better things to do then being an utter twat full time belive it or not Zarobitch!" HEnry replies loudly not looking at Strahd



Hiere Unthere: "OI DONT YOU DARE INSULT TWATS LIKE THAT"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Never said he was good at his Job Hiere"



Marcus Veranius: "You've lost the day, Strahd. Come back when you have a better trick."



Strahd von Zarovich: "I have lost nothing at all," says Strahd Von Zarovich.

"In fact, I've even *found* something..."



Ireena Kolyana: "SULDAE!"

The illusory Strahd disappears.

At the same time, ten bats dive out of the storm, falling swiftly towards the party. At the last moment before landing, they transform into humanoids: Vampires. They are dressed in a similar fashion to Strahd, but they are not duplicates. Each is pale, noble-looking, and well armed. Four of them bear staffs of black crystal.



Ireena Kolyana:

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spellcaster
Initiative: **24.18**

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spellcaster
Initiative: **21.18**

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spellcaster
Initiative: **9.18**

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spellcaster
Initiative: **16.18**

INITIATIVE
Vampire Warrior
Initiative: **21.18**

INITIATIVE
Vampire Warrior
Initiative: **17.18**



Ireena Kolyana:

INITIATIVE
Vampire Warrior
Initiative: **20.18**

INITIATIVE

Vampire Warrior

Initiative: **16.18**

INITIATIVE

Vampire Warrior

Initiative: **6.18**

INITIATIVE

Vampire Warrior

Initiative: **13.18**



Strahd von Zarovich: "What's this? Footprints? How interesting..."

"And so many of them end... Roughly here..."

Retconning...

Strahd Von Zarovich's laughter echoes on the wind as his image disappears from the skies of Barovia.

You hear the howling of wolves, and the sound of bats is thick on the air.

GM: (We are no longer in initiative order)

(So you can clean up the remainder pretty free-form, with some fun RP)

(Give me a moment to calculate your XP)



Liliet (Suldae): wait, what point in the dialogue are we retconning to?

i wasnt keeping track so what's the last thing that happened before the retcon?

GM: (Back to "Going so soon? I don't think so...")



Hiere Unthere: (Marcus senses the bats?)



Marcus Veranius: ""I have lost nothing at all," says Strahd Von Zarovich.

And Strahd was right.



Liliet (Suldae): (THANKS)

GM: (Marcus sees the bats, but he never sensed the undead since that would have required mach-speed bats)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (pew my sick burn survived the retcon)



Liliet (Suldae): (why do you think i asked)



Marcus Veranius: This hill may have worshipped him, but so did Gustav Durst. So did Lady Wachter.

All lie in ashes now, as the plants do on this once sacred spot.

Strahd has personally lost nothing. It's Barovia that bleeds from this.

There is no victory here.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae keeps up the storm, directing lightning against the creatures coming.

GM: (**47** Vine Blights, **19** Twig Blights, 1 Glabrezu, 1 Giant Wolf Spider, 1 Marilith, 1 Gulthias Tree)

Strahd von Zarovich:

INITIATIVE <i>Tree Blight</i>
<hr/> <i>Initiative: 16</i>

GM: (Ignore that, misclick)**Hiere Unthere:** (LEGGGO)**Liliet (Suldae):** (So, okay, what IS going on? Is Strahd gone? Are bats and wolves coming? What's up with the skull?)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry reaches out to both of the Dryads with his mind before asking quietly in sylvan "Would you happen to know what is going to happen to these Blights now that the Druids are gone?"**GM:** (**1867.857142857143** XP — I'm not adding Kasimir and Ismark to the distribution, since they didn't help at all)**Liliet (Suldae):** (Can we get a full snapshot of the battlefield cause I'm confused)**GM:** (So you each take 1800 XP)**Hiere Unthere:** (should we give Henry that 3 extra xp)

Suldae's lightning clears up the last of the Twig Blights. The storm remains in her control. In the forest nearby, you can hear the howling of many wolves, and in the skies above, the bats wheel wildly. At the moment, there are no immediate threats. Strahd seems to have fucked off for now, leaving his last laugh on the wind.

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (1800 or 1868 ?)**Hiere Unthere:** (oh wait rounding off clean)**Liliet (Suldae):** (also, Strahd was also there)
(we didnt kill him but we sure as fuck fought him)**GM:** (Oh, one more for the Statue **714.2857142857143**)**Liliet (Suldae):** (and a bunch of druids)**GM:** (**3150**)(**450**)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (lol Gm)**Marcus Veranius:** "..."**GM:** (So it's actually **3031**)**Hiere Unthere:** (450*7 immediately followed by /7 is a mood)

GM: (Lmao)

(Sorry, sorry)

(Me brain not braining today)



Marcus Veranius continues to look over the scortched remains of Yester Hill. He can't remember why it hurts so much to see a druidic site like this torn asunder, but it cuts deeper than demon blades.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere lies down.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Is he gone?"



Liliet (Suldae): (still not leveling up, apparently)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Did we win?"



Marcus Veranius: "He's gone at least."



Liliet (Suldae): (Hiere, are you still in the rope trick?)

(Above the crashed skull?)

(Guys, seirously, let's play, like... spatially)



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir lands with Ismark beside the crashed skull.



Marcus Veranius: "Quite frankly, I think we ought to take his disinterest as a boon."



Hiere Unthere: (yes I am)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Do you think we can fix it?"



Kasimir Velikov: "Together."



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae finishes the melody with a low note, allowing the clouds to dissolve at their natural pace.

She stumbles down.



Kasimir Velikov:

9

ARCANA (8)



Liliet (Suldae): The battle was fast, but it felt longer, and she feels utterly exhausted, for all that she didn't even walk.



Ismark Kolyanovich:

11

ARCANA (3)



Kasimir Velikov: "...Or maybe not."



Liliet (Suldae): She goes to the top of Yester Hill with Marcus and closes her eyes, sending a silent prayer to Correllon and everyone else local who might help.

RELIGION (13)
Suldae Westwind

At the crest of the hill, Marcus sees what Strahd was gazing at. Away to the west, buried in the sea of fog, there stands a white citadel, and the peaked rooftops of marble buildings. It seems it must be some kind of ancient place, once known to Strahd.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere rolls over to face the ground. "Hey can someone feather fall me before I faceplant!"

Amid the howling of the wolves and the screeching of the bats, there is a subtle changing of the sounds of the Forest.



Liliet (Suldae): "Just let your rope down!"

Yorhish seems to stand taller.



Marcus Veranius: "Hey Ez, what's that over there?"



Hiere Unthere: "Its me! Hiere!"



Yorhish M'wahassa: "The forest... It is healing, already!"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Over there?"



Marcus Veranius: "Oh, so it is Hiere."
"But what about the building?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda looks at the distant city.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae takes out the guitar, this time, and situates herself on one of the stones of the circle.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: She unrolls her map and checks it.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ismark you can fly right now right? could you fetch the airhead?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "There's nothing there," she says.
"That's just... More forest."
"Must be some kind of illusion?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "You got it, captain!"



Liliet (Suldae): There is no need for her to resort to the flute's stranger powers, here. This is a tribute from her, a prayer, a gratitude.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark flies up to the Rope Trick to help Hiere down. Kasimir goes with him.



Liliet (Suldae): *de



Hiere Unthere: Hiere pokes his head out the rope trick.

You hear a few dozen yelps of pain.



Marcus Veranius squints. Just an illusion? Seems like a silly trick of the light to keep up mid-battle.



Yorhish M'wahassa: Yorhish smiles. "The forest has chosen to protect you..."



Marcus Veranius attempts to fire an arrow at the structure to test how solid it stands



Suldae Westwind: While everyone else is bustling around worrying, she devotes her mind and song to the hope of healing this place.

Marcus's arrow soars into the fog, and soon fades from view. It seems the blue sky above these structures is illusory as well: a temporary window into a world that no longer exists. As the fog ripples with the passage of Marcus's swift arrow, the image is briefly distorted like a projection of light.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Maybe Strahd's not the one doing it?"

"Maybe it's the land... Shaming him."

"A reminder of what he gave up, and what he cannot build."



Kasimir Velikov: "Hiere, you are something of a wizard yourself. Do you think you could help us take a look at the Skull? I believe it's not beyond repair."

As the last of the fires fades, Yorhish sits beneath Suldae where she is perched upon the high, rocky wall, and listens to her song.



Rictavio: "Well," says Rictavio. "We did it. Two stones."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry dismounts on top of the hill and sits down whinching a little as the beating he just took and the riding sores settle in "Ugh ow barely six months out of the saddle and I already lost my riding legs I'm gonna fell that for days"



Hiere Unthere: (what do I roll?)

The sound of the wolves abruptly cuts off. The forest rustles slightly, though there is no breeze.



Suldae Westwind: (does Ireena know we're fine and she can come)

GM: (Arcana)



Hiere Unthere:

12

ARCANA (9)

"hmmm."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena's scrying has revealed to her that the battle is over.



Suldae Westwind: (cause unfortunately Suldae's head is a mess and her priority is after the tribute to the forest, rip)



Hiere Unthere: "this flying skull is made of skull."



Ireena Kolyana: A black cat emerges from the treeline and approaches Suldae, hopping easily up the wall in a few bounds. It sits on Suldae's lap. It says: "You did it."



Suldae Westwind: (you might have better luck when Suldae's over cause she has bard skillz (tm))
(expertise in arcana and all)



Kasimir Velikov: "Yes, Hiere. We are aware of what it is made of..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (bunch of big brain bois staring around the car looking at the open hood and wondering wtf to do is)



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark scratches his head.



Marcus Veranius *stares at the citadel. So he did have a heart after all. Pride to be injured, feelings to be hurt. Hard to imagine it.*



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shifts her seating to better accomodate the cat.

"We did," she says quietly while her hands pluck the rippling strings.



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd DOES bleed then. But only in regards to a world that no longer exists."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "It makes sense. The only thing he cares about is himself, so of course anything that hurts his image of himself is painful..."

"I get the feeling nobody has told him NO in a long time."



Rictavio: Rictavio chuckles.

"Ah, the tragedy of absolute power."



Marcus Veranius *shakes his head*



Ireena Kolyana: The cat begins to purr in Suldae's lap.



Marcus Veranius: "If the swamp ghost means anything, he's told NO on the regular."

"Even by people with little to no influence in the grand scheme."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "He certainly doesn't take it for an answer, though..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So he is a spoiled brat with a bunch of deadly tricks and an ego that can blot out the sun" Henry says

"I believe they call that a Noble"



Marcus Veranius: "This has been a learning experience. Nothing we do to save Barovia will bring Strahd injury, for he cares not whether it stands in ruins or burns in flame."

"Even his own minions are fair game for disposal."



Suldae Westwind: "This is not about Strahd," Suldae says, fingers running up and down.

"We are not doing this to hurt him. That isn't the point."

"If he doesn't care, let him not care. Makes our job easier."



Marcus Veranius: "No, but that's the only way to free this country. Isn't it?"

"It's Strahd's mist."



Suldae Westwind: "I'd rather we free something more than smoking ruins."



Marcus Veranius: "Only those he chooses can pass."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: (brb, Grandpa needs help with sth)



Suldae Westwind: "Strahd's death is a necessity, but not the goal."

*point



Marcus Veranius nods



Marcus Veranius: "Still, if we are to get any closer to bringing a lasting blow, we need to look towards a past that still chains Strahd's heart."

"The Amber Temple may be our only means of doing so."



Hiere Unthere: "Speaking of which, I had a vision."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs. She is content, feeling the light, diffused gratitude and relief of both the forest around her and the sky above her.



Hiere Unthere: "A crystal heart locked inside a tower. Maybe it is a metaphor for Strahd's existence."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well point or not I'm still going to turn Strahd into the worlds whineiest mulch before we leave this place"



Marcus Veranius: "I want to state that this 'heart' business I was speaking of was meant to be a metaphor."



Hiere Unthere: "Maybe there is literally a crystal heart. There is very likely an actual crystal heart."



Marcus Veranius: "Are you telling me he literally has a warded heart in that castle of his?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...2 silver says its a real giant heart hanging in his castle cuase he is a tacky liittle shit"



Hiere Unthere: "That is what fate has found convenient for me to know, yes."



Marcus Veranius: "Well it HAS to be big enough to pump blood for all the land." Marcus mutters sarcastically.



Suldae Westwind: btw

SONG OF REST

Class: Bard

Beginning at 2nd level, you can use soothing music or oration to help revitalize your wounded allies during a short rest. If you or any friendly creatures who can hear your performance regain hit points at the end of the short rest by spending one or more Hit Dice, each of those creatures regains an extra 1d6 hit points.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (are we short resting?)



Marcus Veranius: (May as well)

Suldae Westwind: (i doubt itll take less than an hour to fix the skull)



Hiere Unthere: (we leaving ireena hidden?)



Marcus Veranius: (...probably for the best.)

(At least for an hour)

GM: (back)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so I'll roll some hit dice then)

7

HIT DICE (D10+3)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Look," says Ezmerelda. "The bats are leaving..."



Henry of Willowsbrook:

12

HIT DICE (D10+3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Indeed, the swarm of bats begins to disperse.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (song of rest was 1d6 per short rest or per hit dice spend?)



Hiere Unthere: (per hd)

(oh no per rest)



Marcus Veranius contemplates their situation over the course of their rest

Though it has been only minutes, the storm has also begun to disperse. By the middle of the hour, it is gone completely, and for the first time in a long time, you see the clear and beautiful skies of Barovia. Auroras dance below the stars, and the moon shines high and brighter than usual. It feels like the world outside Barovia, for a moment.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

4

HIT DICE (D10+3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

8

HIT DICE (D10+3)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius: "You know, I almost forgot what the moon looks like."



Henry of Willowsbrook:

9

HIT DICE (D10+3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Ireena Kolyana: The cat looks up, over Suldae's head, and watches the stars and aurora with fully dilated feline eyes. "I've never seen the stars like this," Ireena says.



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling d6

(3)

= 3



Marcus Veranius: "Well, it's close to a New Moon. You don't have the moon's light outshining the other stars as much."

"Makes everything that much brighter."



Yorhish M'wahassa: In the moonlight of this sliver moon, several lilies bloom at Henry's feet.

"You have saved my forest," says Yorhish.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks up. She'd not given the weather much thought since she arrived. It hasn't even been a month, and she'd seen skies overcast for longer in a row, before.

But this was just her....



Yorhish M'wahassa: He turns to look at the party as though seeing them for the first time.

"Never have I seen the little creatures fight like you do."



Suldae Westwind: She stared at the stars again, enchanted, realizing for the first time how close she'd come to never seeing them again when she blundered into the mist.



Marcus Veranius: "Makes you think. Wereravens are most active when the sky is darkest. Empowered not by a celestial body, but by the lack of one."



Kasimir Velikov: "Damned blasted piece of hellshit!" Kasimir thumps the skull irritably.



Suldae Westwind: "I grew up looking at the stars," she tells the cat.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Woah, woah. Don't get temperamental with the vehicle, my friend. It's not its fault."

"Also, we need to teach you how to swear."



Marcus Veranius attempts to ignore the clanging and sailor talk in the corner as to not let it ruins his poetics



Yorhish M'wahassa: "Where now will you go?"



Hiere Unthere: "We definitely don't need to teach him how to swear."



Yorhish M'wahassa: "Will you take the Queen with you?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I wonder if Rhiannon and Lorelei are also seeing this night sky" Henry says with a whist full face ignoring the goings on with the vehicle



Marcus Veranius: "...same plan I suppose. Strahd's lack of heart changes nothing."

"North for the wedding, and possibly the third Dryad Seed."

"Then south towards the Amber Temple."

Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Oh that's right! The wedding dress!"



Marcus Veranius nods



Marcus Veranius: "We'll deliver it just in time. Kresk will have an heir."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "We can get the angel's help, then. And perhaps distract Strahd."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "You know, I've been thinking about that plan of his," says Ismark.

"It seems to me that it would be a terrible waste if we didn't leave some kind of signature on the angel's little gift to Strahd."



Kasimir Velikov: Grunting as he attempts to fuse a crack in the skull with nothing but his will, Kasimir says: "What...Are you suggesting?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'll keep them safe until we vanquished Strahd Yorish, after that ... I'll ask them whjat they wnat"



Yorhish M'wahassa: "Thank you," says Yorhish, bowing deeply to Henry. "They will be safe in your hands."

He turns wistfully towards the trees, which sigh and dance now in a gentle breeze.



Marcus Veranius raises an eyebrow. "We still don't know what's animating that damn corpse-bride. Given how these dryad seeds seem to empower constructs, I can see no likely hiding spot than Strahd's wedding gift."



Yorhish M'wahassa: Yorhish looks to the charred remains of the Gulthias tree, and his face darkens.



Marcus Veranius: "We may need to turn for the angel's help in Kresk's heir then betray him immediately after."

"I HOPE that isn't the case though..."



Ireena Kolyana: "Can we really hope to kill an *angel*?"



Rictavio: "Let alone a mad one?"



Suldae Westwind: "I would suggest going as far out of our way as it takes to make sure we don't fight him."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: "Just my opinion."



Marcus Veranius: "I don't know."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Something up Yorish? why are you staring holes into that burned out husk"



Yorhish M'wahassa: Yorhish begins thunderously to walk towards the roots of the Gulthias Tree. The ground there is darkening in a slowly-expanding wave.



Marcus Veranius: "Stating facts though, we can't just leave that Dryad Seed in a construct if that's the case."

Yorhish M'wahassa: "No..."

"No, no, no, no!"



Yorhish M'wahassa charges towards the remains of the tree.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows him.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry bolts upright noicing what Yorish did "Oh helss no!" He follows ata brisk pace



Marcus Veranius turns his attention

Each bounding stride brings him ten feet nearer, but Suldae is swift enough to catch up to him. It feels as though the grass is lifting her feet... Hold on a minute. The grass really is lifting her feet. (Suldae's movement speed is now 40 as long as her feet touch living plant matter)

The Roots of the Gulthias Tree are bleeding. Thick, rich sap, black-red, pools out of its shattered roots, and bubbles up within it audibly.



Yorhish M'wahassa:

SLAM
Treant

Attack: 22

Damage: 21 bludgeoning



Suldae Westwind: Suldae lands on her knees, heedless of scraping her palms as she stops herself as close as she can without touching it, staring at the sap.



Yorhish M'wahassa makes a sweep of his vast wooden arm, bludgeoning the charred tree off of its rootbed. The roots drop into a pit 5 feet wide and horribly deep, and currently a bubbling well of what seems to be living sap.



Yorhish M'wahassa: "The trees," says Yorhish, looking around in sudden fear.



Suldae Westwind: Her fingers reach for the flute, and she begins playing, attempting to discern what is going on.

Speak with Plants

Transmutation 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self (30-foot radius)

Target: Plants within 30 feet of you

Components: V, S

Duration: 10 minutes

You imbue plants within 30 feet of you with limited sentience and animation, giving them the ability to communicate with you and follow your simple commands. You can question plants about events in the spell's area within the past day, gaining information about creatures that have passed, weather, and other circumstances. You can also turn difficult terrain caused by plant growth (such as thickets and undergrowth) into ordinary terrain

that lasts for the duration. Or you can turn ordinary terrain where plants are present into difficult terrain that lasts for the duration, causing vines and branches to hinder pursuers, for example. Plants might be able to perform other tasks on your behalf, at the GM's discretion. The spell doesn't enable plants to uproot themselves and move about, but they can freely move branches, tendrils, and stalks. If a plant creature is in the area, you can communicate with it as if you shared a common language, but you gain no magical ability to influence it. This spell can cause the plants created by the entangle spell to release a restrained creature.



Yorhish M'wahassa: "They are still connected by the roots."



Suldae Westwind: (If I'm understanding this correctly: can Suldae ask the plants to tear the roots apart / move them out of the way?)

The roots speak to Suldae, carrying the whispers of a million trees. Each is slowly fading, their lifeblood draining into where the Gulthias tree used to be.



Marcus Veranius: "What's going on!?"



Marcus Veranius is running over to the tree site



Suldae Westwind: "The connection needs to be broken somehow," Suldae says. "We need to separate this tree from the forest"



Yorhish M'wahassa: "Wait," says Yorhish.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "What do we do?" Henry asks both his companions and the dryads



Yorhish M'wahassa: "The forest has never been more awake."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks up at Yorhish.



Marcus Veranius: "I don't know! Plug the hole with a new tree!"



Suldae Westwind: "What do we do?"



Marcus Veranius: "But like, not an evil one!"

Dryad: : *We must keep it awake.*

It will be needed.

Yorhish. Pay your debt.



Yorhish M'wahassa: "I... understand."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at him, scared, still playing.

Channeling her power and her will to allow the forest to do what is needed.



Yorhish M'wahassa: Yorhish lumbers over the gap, spreading his roots wide. Each root tangles with a

root of the old Gulthias Tree.

"Will you do me one favor, little one?"

"Sing me back to sleep..."

Yorhish grimaces mildly at what seems to be an unpleasant sensation. He settles himself down over the well, and the blood ceases to flow.

Dryad: *Put your hand upon him, Henry.*



Suldae Westwind: The song takes on notes of grief.



Yorhish M'wahassa: "Be not afraid, little one. I do not die. When I slumber, I shall wake. I will no longer be a tree, but the forest."

Dryad: *He is a worthy protector of the Queen of Yester Hill.*



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sleep well Yorhish M'wahassa" Henry says gently placing a hand on his bark with a smile and sad eyes "Sleep well and dream the bright future we will bring" of the



Ireena Kolyana: The black cat hops onto Suldae's shoulder and nuzzles her with its head, sensing her sadness.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods, but there are still tears in her eyes. She'd grown to like their large companion.

Grief shifts to melancholy, and hope.

One who plants a tree will not always see its fruit.

Henry's hand glows with green light just as Suldae's lullaby sends him into dreaming. Suddenly, he seems to be changed. Nothing in his shape is different, and yet somehow it is hard, now, to see that lump of wood as a nose, and those cracks in the bark as wrinkled eyes, and that knobbly branch as a hand. He seems to be just an ordinary tree.

Dryad: *Will you give him the Queen of Yester Hill?*



Henry of Willowsbrook: "If that is what she wants" Henry says

The Sylvan voice whispers through the forest, a wind in the treetops.



Yorhish M'wahassa: "Thank you..." Says the Forest.

GM: It would be prudent.

(Whoops, one sec)

Dryad: *It would be prudent.*

GM: (Forgot to put on my mask there for a second)



Kasimir Velikov:

10

ARCANA (8)

"DAMNBLAST!"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Honey, give it a rest. Let me take a look."

7

ARCANA (3)

**Hiere Unthere:** "guys, guys. I got this."**Ismark Kolyanovich:** "~~Damn, damn~~"**Hiere Unthere:**

15

ARCANA (9)

(bullshit this is bullshit)

Hiere changes a Hylghota to a Zheglbless. The re-transcribed rune mends the chain of the spell, and the Skull hovers silently into the air.

**Hiere Unthere:** "It was made of skull, you see"

Ismark and Kasimir both look ready to swing hands.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a moment before gently retrieving the damaged Dryad heart "A queen is saved in her castle after all" he says gently placing against Yorhish placing it

The tree parts like a liquid to allow him to reach into the depths of its wood. The heart goes in its place, and the tree seals around it once again.

The wind picks up.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is playing, on her knees next to the tree, her hand bowed. She hears the wind, and answers it.

The mist seems to thin, and the forest greens. The grass shivers, and small flowers bloom in the moonlight. The forest has been restored.

The image of the castle of white stone grows brighter, and larger, swelling up until it is surely visible from the spires of Castle Ravenloft itself, many miles to the east.

**Yorhish M'wahassa:** "There... That ought to piss him off."**Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Right, well, if we see any more living plants I'm going to have to go full carnivore."**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae muffles a sob-chuckle, trying to not let it disrupt the song.**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Truely a tree after my own heart" Henry says with a grin wiping at his eyes**Rictavio:** Rictavio claps his hands.

"Right," he says. "Well."

**Suldae Westwind:** The song ends, and after several seconds of silence, Suldae stands up.


Rictavio: "One Dryad Queen saved, one forest cleansed, one cabal of evil druids eradicated, one wedding dress in hand, one part of Barovia cleansed. Was there anything else on the checklist before Krezk?"


Suldae Westwind: Eager to focus on something else, she runs up to the skull and takes a curious look at the work.

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ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Do we plan to travel more tonight? Joan has a feast going."


 **Marcus Veranius:** "We've got one day to reach Kresk if we take a rest now."
"...not much time to prepare for a wedding, but thankfully it's been arranged for us."


 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae can see that the skull has been wholly restored, and now hovers easily, obeying Ismark's test commands. It's wobbling slightly, and Suldae sees why: the bottom is still cracked slightly, damaging one of the runes of repulsion.


 **Marcus Veranius trusts Inner Birb has somehow made the arrangements per its contract... right?**

GM: (Should have been the /desc command, but that kinda works)

Birb: The Inner Birb nods its head seriously.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Here's the tricky bit though. Full moon means the wereravens will be out of commission."
"Part of the contract."


 **Suldae Westwind:** (full moon or new moon)
(im confused)

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Which means if we're to trap and outmaneuver Strahd's prized minion, that falls upon Henry and Hiere."

 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Full Moon?"
Ezmerelda looks at the sky.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "New moon."


 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Oh."

 **Marcus Veranius:** (I meant new moon)


 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "How many days would you say, until then?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Exactly one."

 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "We should push on to Krezk, then."

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae squats under the skull.
"Here," she points out to the two repairmen.

 **Kasimir Velikov:** Kasimir facepalms.

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** Ismark facepalms, then slides his hand down his face and leans his chin into his

palm to hide his laughing mouth.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir drops his set of etching chisels in the grass with a clank and storms away, muttering to himself.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Can you repair it? I didn't take *Mending*."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae whistles, her fingers wandering around the runes curiously.

Mending

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: Touch

Target: A single break or tear in an object you touch

Components: V, S, M (Two lodestones)

Duration: Instantaneous

This spell repairs a single break or tear in an object you touch, such as a broken chain link, two halves of a broken key, a torn cloak, or a leaking wineskin. As long as the break or tear is no larger than 1 foot in any dimension, you mend it, leaving no trace of the former damage. This spell can physically repair a magic item or construct, but the spell can't restore magic to such an object.

She hadn't ever worked with a construct like this. This was so *cool*.

Suldae can see that a set of command runes are inscribed both inside and outside the skull, mirrored. Lines of runes descend from these: on the outside, they stretch downward over the curve of the cranium, stopping at one of five runes of repulsion that ring the cranium. On the inside, these lines of runes extend to complex runes surrounding the crystal sphere set into the place where the spine would be. At the bottom of the skull, in the center of the pentagram pattern which connects the outer runes of repulsion, the last rune — the cracked one which controls the overall height of the skull's flight — now begins to glow as the bone is mended.

The skull stabilizes, and flies evenly now.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'll go and help Joan and Ireena bring the food over if we are going to Krezk tonight"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Thank you, Suldae!"



Suldae Westwind: "Uh huh," she assures him, greedily studying the runes. She could sort of follow how this worked...



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Guys we got the skull working!"




Suldae Westwind:


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ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae is able to understand what the runes do, and that they are powered by the crystal sphere,

which seems to contain some kind of essence or spirit. It has been trained to obey the mental and verbal commands of its pilot, and speaks only Abyssal, using a fraction of its arcane power to imbue the runes with magic.

 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae now intends to spend part of her time studying these runes and figuring out how one makes something like this. Just as a means of decompressing.
Especially if she can rope Ireena into it as a fun couple activity.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Fascinating," says the cat, pacing around the runes. "With these eyes, I can see the Weave..."
"I should teach you the Familiar spell, I think it's my favorite so far. I'm sketching right now."
The cat stares at the skull's runes, blinking occasionally.


 **Sulda Westwind:** "Ooh?" Suldae says, her lips widening in a grin.

 **Kasimir Velikov:** Kasimir approaches Marcus. "I think we're ready to leave."

 **Sulda Westwind:** She takes out her notebook and begins sketching what patterns she notes.

 **Marcus Veranius wakes up from meditation. "Right then. Let's be off."**

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Let's not plan for any big fights until the wedding. You know how I marked Strahd as my sworn enemy, and he escaped?"

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry arrives at the magical fortified hide hole and ...knocks? "Common girls we are moving"

Joan: "Who are you calling Common!?"


 **Sulda Westwind:** "We eat first, right?"

Suldae goes right through, because they are all allowed into the Tiny Hut, obviously.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Come on Girls" Henry enunciates rolling his eyes

 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena gives Suldae a tackle hug.


Joan: "B-but — Food!"

 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae buries her face in her embrace for a solid minute, tension slowly melting off her.

"Food, we can eat THEN go."

"We're not no THAT tight a schedule, and skipping meals is BLASPHEMY"

 **Hiere Unthere:** (Joan??)

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Well, normally leaving a marked enemy alive means the Oathbow's effects last the week. Which means I have no ability to use any other weapon for that duration."

 **Sulda Westwind:** (NPC cook now travels with us)

Joan: "How did the fight go?"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "A week?"



Marcus Veranius: "...we don't have that long, so I've unattuned it to cut the effect."

"It'll be a day before it can be used again."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Damn, that's a pain."



Suldae Westwind: "Well, we could also kill Strahd within the week," Suldae suggests innocently.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Our cook who hired herself after we kind of killed her last to employers)



Marcus Veranius: "Which means NO GIANT MONSTERS!"

"One day of peace, alright?"



Suldae Westwind: "I once again raise the idea of not offending the angel, not sabotaging the angel, not conspiring against the angel..."

"He's a piss poor ally but still an ally."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "For all we know, he could be scrying on us anyway."



Ireena Kolyana: "I think one of us would notice. He's an angel, not a god."



Rictavio: "Especially here."

"Barovia has clearly twisted his mind."



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe we'll be lucky and the third seed won't be in his possession."

"I'll scout around with magic just to be sure."

Joan: Joan serves up a dinner of pot roast and potatoes, with slightly dry bread.

"I'll be happy when we're back in civilization, the bread is getting stale. I'll refresh my stores once I get the chance."



Marcus Veranius: This meets Marcus's contractual standards of fine dining.



Marcus Veranius smiles



Ismark Kolyanovich: "All tastes like ash to me!" says Ismark cheerfully.

Joan: *offended sound*



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pushes Ismark away from the food and stuffs her own cheeks.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir laughs slightly. "Ah, Ismark."



Suldae Westwind: She's not bothering with fine manners, but she's very much bothering with 'make it clear to the cook her efforts are appreciated' manners.



Hiere Unthere: "love the mango.. wait. what's it called?"

Joan: "M...Mango?"

"There wasn't any mango..."

"Did you mean onions?"



Suldae Westwind: "Fofafoes?"

Hiere Unthere: "It'll come to me in a second"

"YES!"



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe he's thinking of the next meal you cook."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Thank you" Henry says accepting his portion "Ignore him he is wierd maybe even on purpose"



Marcus Veranius: "Divination wizards, right?"

Joan: "Aye, he's a strange one for sure."



Suldae Westwind: "Fofafoes, mango, waff we wiffewenfe"



Kasimir Velikov: "To a revenant, there is none," says Kasimir, looking at Ismark.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I'm with Hiere, pretty sure these are mangoes."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hopes Joan understands her intended meaning of 'your potatoes are tasty like fruit'



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Suldae don't speak with your mouth stuffed like that what are you 12?"
Henry says mussing her hair

It seems Kasimir's intended joke — in similar dark humor to Ismark's original — has not landed as he hoped. He frowns slightly as Ismark tries to shift the subject.



Suldae Westwind: "I haf ad my twelfth birfday so yef I am," Suldae assures him.

She's *hungry*.



Rictavio: "Well, this is delicious."

"Thank you, Joan."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Try not to choke"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods vigorously.

She chews thoroughly,



Rictavio: Rictavio dabs at his lips with a handkerchief and sets his empty plate down.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry finishes his plate with vigor "So whose going up the hill to talk with the whack job this time?"



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir's hand reaches out and lands almost casually on Ismark's shoulder. Ismark's stiff posture relaxes slightly.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "We should all go," says Ismark.



Hiere Unthere: (gotta take care of a form brb)



Rictavio: "I agree. With the exception of Joan, of course."

Joan: "I'll be busy with the shopping."

"That is, assuming you wanted to eat in the near future."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "What about Ireena?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I don't think it would be wise to have him meet Ireena"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "He hasn't met her yet, has he?"



Suldae Westwind: "I know I'm going," Suldae says, glaring at the others as she casually helps clean up with Prestidigitation, rapping her knuckles on the dishes in a rapid rhythm.



Ireena Kolyana: "Unless he's been scrying on us."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs. "Would you *like* to meet him? Kind of up to you if you want to take the risk."



Ireena Kolyana: "I think there's no sense in not taking precautions."

"After all, he seems to think Strahd just needs to find the right voiceless lady to settle down and quit being such a douche."

"Personally, I like my voice."



Suldae Westwind: "Mm," Suldae says and nuzzles her briefly.

"Me too."



Kasimir Velikov: "Well, shall we be off?"



Marcus Veranius: "Yes, let's be off."

"Ireena can stay with Kresk's burgomaster. Probably for the best; someone needs to inform them of our deal with the Deva."

GM: (So you arrived at Yester Hill at midnight, you took an hour-long short rest, which I think can be used to include this meal time, so you're setting off at around 1:00 AM. Someone want to calculate what time you arrive at Krezk?)



Rictavio: "Deal with the Deva," Rictavio says, and chuckles. "Yes, when you say it that way, it sounds sketchier."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (6 ish miles to go)



Marcus Veranius: (I think its 2-3 hours back when we had travel times marked out)

(Mostly because we can go offroad)



Suldae Westwind: "We Arrivve At Dawn"

(shit imagije that was in brackets)

(also this is just a proposition for dramatic effect)

(we arrive at the darkest pre-dawn hour, when the sky barely starts to light up)

(also: are the clouds still gone?)

GM: (The clouds are still gone, yes.)



Suldae Westwind: (fuck yeah)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Let's say we arrive at 3:30 am)



Suldae Westwind: The party arrives to the gates of Krezk with the first dawning light at the horizon.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Hello shiny disney castle)



Suldae Westwind: The sight people of Barovia had not seen in their entire lives, and a group of mounted riders exhausted, but clean and with flawlessly maintained equipment
And a flying skull.



Marcus Veranius murmurs. "On second thought, maybe we shouldn't be riding that thing around in public..."

To the east, over Lake Baratok, the fog thickens, and the skies are still overcast. Here, however, in the western depths of the Svalich Woods, the curse of Strahd seems to have begun to crack.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Anybody got a handy pocket dimension for it?"

"I don't think it would be smart to leave it lying around, either."



Marcus Veranius: "I'm not saying DON'T hide it. Just... don't joyride it about?"

"Entry to Kresk typically requires proof of service, if our wine adventure meant anything."

"Let's see if our new visitors can be brought in with proof of the Baba's demise."



Suldae Westwind: "It's totally a trophy that we're showing off," Suldae agrees.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "... I'll go ahead and warn them anyways" Henry says shaking hi head
Henry rides a bit ahead to the gates



Marcus Veranius: "Don't cackle wildly or anything. I'm sure people have lost family to that skull, you know?"

The gate guards shout: "Halt! Who goes there?"



Guard: "Oh! It's the big guy!"

"Open the gates!"

The gates creak open sonorously.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "This is going to sound weird but please do not freak out at the giant flying skull ok?"



Guard: "Flying... Skull?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: He calls out to the Guards

"Just ... You'll see it soon just stay calm okay folks"



Guard: One of the guards says "I'd better go get the Baron."

The other guards stand around awkwardly. One of them gives a nervous giggle.



Suldae Westwind: "Something of a trophy," Suldae says.



Baron Krezkov: "You're back!"

"There's a flying skull," he says.



Suldae Westwind: (Obviously she's in the ahead-riding committee)

"Used to be Baba Lysaga's."



Baron Krezkov: A guard whispers in his ear.



Suldae Westwind: "Now it isn't."



Baron Krezkov: "Oh, I see."

"So it's Henry's skull now?"



Suldae Westwind: "...Basically."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Nah i can#t even use the damn thing"



Ismark Kolyanovich: *Ahem.* "It's Ismark's skull."

"Well, it's the skull of a dead giant. But it's mine now."



Suldae Westwind: "I don't think the detials matter."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "My skull is still in my head, you know. And it's not this big."



Suldae Westwind: "The point is it's definitely not Strahd's."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir elbows Ismark to make him shut up.



Suldae Westwind: "Unfortunately in a sense," she adds under her breath to Ismark's remark.



Rictavio: "Well," says Rictavio.

"We would like to come in. I'm sure you've noticed the weather is better now."



Baron Krezkov: "We were just remarking on it. I haven't seen a sunrise like this in... My whole life."

"What does it mean?"

Baron Krezkov begins to walk into the city, leading the group in the general direction of his house.



Marcus Veranius: "It means the land is in revolt, and seeks a new master."

"Just the fringes."



Guard: After the party enters the city, the Guards close the gates behind them.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Lot's of things but most importantly" Henry says grinning widely "He is losing!"



Marcus Veranius: "For now at least. I doubt it's the same story the closer one gets to Castle Ravenloft."



Baron Krezkov: "Will you be in Krezk long? I am certain the villagers would be happy to house you again."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We'll be here for a bit I believe"



Baron Krezkov: "I see you have acquired a few more friends," says the Baron, noting Joan and the horses for the first time.



Marcus Veranius: "For a few days at least. Business in the abbey."



Baron Krezkov: "The abbey?"

The Baron shudders visibly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (and Ismark and irrena who weren't with us the last time we showed up here)



Marcus Veranius: "...has something happened there since last we visited?"



Baron Krezkov: "Best of luck to you. These last few nights, we've heard the most wretched sounds from up there. We've been losing chickens, too."

"Haven't heard a peep out of the Abbot, though."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Wordlessly Henry rubs his eyes



Suldae Westwind: (is this a good place to end the session)



Marcus Veranius: "What do you mean? Has he not made visits?"



Suldae Westwind: (im REALLY hungry)



Baron Krezkov: "Have you been walking long?"

"You should rest first. Tomorrow, such things can be properly dealt with."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well that certainly is something" He murmurs

GM: (We should end the session about here)



Suldae Westwind: (also, it's the crack of dawn - tomorrow's starting Imao)



Marcus Veranius: (Indeed. But first, we do one thing.)

GM: (Go for it)



Marcus Veranius looks to the abbey and attempts to Detect Objects. He hopes the final Dryad Seed does not lurk within its walls.

Marcus senses it instantly. It has an almost human form...

It is pacing the halls of the Abbey. Step, step, twirl; Step, step twirl; — learning to dance.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "What is it?"



Marcus Veranius: "...I hate being right."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Fuck"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at him, horrified. She can guess what this is about.

But she's still waiting for him to say it.




Ireena Kolyana: "We'll need a plan."





Rictavio: "And you'll need a safe place to stay out of trouble."





Baron Krezkov: "What is it? What's wrong?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "You have shown us hospitality warmer than most homes in this country, and we will not hide anything from you."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "It is once again going to be a long long day huh" Henry says slumping a bit before straightening back up and taking a deep breath


 **Marcus Veranius:** "...but we cannot speak so easily overheard."

 **Baron Krezkov:** "Come with me into my office, then, and tell me what this is about."
"Unless you would prefer to rest first. I see you are weary."
"You seem so fresh and clean, however, that it seems strange to find you so human under all your power."


 **Marcus Veranius:** "...no, this involves you too. We talk first, then rest later."
[But in the next episode :v]

GM: (Thank you all for playing!)


 **Zanshuken:** thank you


 **Suldae Westwind:**
E> E> E>


 **Marcus Veranius:** (Thanks for hosting!)

 **GM (GM):** Good morning all!


 **Tops K.:** Mornin!


 **Liliet (Suldae):** yes, definitely morning...

 **GM (GM):** Good evening to you too

 **Zanshuken:** It is morning when I get up so morning was 3 hours ago


 **Suldae Westwind:** 7 hours ago for me :D


 **GM (GM):** Ok hey y'all
Greetings

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (I also am awake for 7ish hours but I only got up much later cause I am a lazy bum and it is Sunday)

The party passes briefly through the southernmost portion of Krezk to get to the Baron's house. Along the way, they notice a cold and subdued air to the village. There is less smoke in the chimneys, and the people who pass by seem harried and weary.

 **Marcus Veranius** pulls out a quill and parchment upon arriving at the Baron's house, proceeding to write out a letter posthaste

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae stays quiet and glances around in worry.
Is anything else out of ordinary?

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I can't say much, and do forgive me for this. But I've a few schemes that will work

better with subtlety than with a direct strike."

"But what I >CAN< say is that the Abbot of Saint Markovia has promised a boon for the delivery of a wedding dress."

"That boon being the revival of recently-deceased."

The Baron's cottage comes into view. In the graveyard attached to the house is Anna, seated on a stone coffin, with a candle burning beside her. She is wearing a bathrobe and having what seems to be her morning coffee. There are piles of dirt in the graveyard which look freshly removed, but more than one would expect for a single grave. A woman who passes you in the street has tears streaming down her face, her expression otherwise blank, wide-eyed, staring as though beyond the world of the living. Dark bags are under her eyes. The Baron's hearth, it seems, is not lit: though it is early in the morning, no smoke comes from their chimney.



GM (GM): The Baron holds the gate open for you, leading the way into the front yard of his house. After you pass through the gate, he unlocks the front door of his house with a huge, ornate key. He pushes the front door open and holds it as well, beckoning you inside.



Baron Krezkov: "Things have been... odd, lately," growls the Baron.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Odd how if I may ask" Henry says moving inside



Suldae Westwind: "Bad odd?" Suldae guesses.



Baron Krezkov: "Well, this village has always had odd things, I suppose. But we've weathered it all without too much complaint because it's normal things. A chicken or a pig disappearing, a grave getting dug up in the night, things like that. Normal weirdness, ghosts or the curse or something like that. But lately, there has been a slight change to many of our lives, and it has proven to be... Harrowing.

"There is something in our dreams..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I take it this goes beyond nightmares and such" Henry says quietly



Baron Krezkov: "And to top it all off, we're still in the waking period. My wife and I have been trading watch over our son's body, burning the memory candle."

"So we weren't planning to get much sleep to begin with... But this, it's... Unnatural."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at the others before turning back to the Baron "please tel us everything that you can "



Baron Krezkov: "You're asleep, but you know there's something in the room. You can't move your body, but you can hear and feel everything: every sound of your house, every hair on your nose. And the worst part of it is: you can see, but you can't close your eyes. You hear it break the window. You can see it crawling in, out of the corner of your eye, but you can't turn your head to look at it. It's like a shadow expanding from the wall to step into the room. It... glistens. It's humanoid in name only. It wanders the house, probing in every drawer, stepping into every stable, standing beside each bed, each sleeper. It steps to your bedside, and examines you as it has the others: leaning over you with those mindless yellow eyes, staring into your head. Then, you wake up in a cold sweat, but your house is secure. Window unbroken, family safe, all the same as it was."

"Until you learn that *everyone* in the house has had the same dream."

"As you can see, it has unnerved some of us."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae calls on all of her knowledge.

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RELIGION (13)
Suldae Westwind

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ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry asks the land and the dryad queen whos heart is with him

8 + 1

NATURE (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(...why do I even bother)



Suldae Westwind: (well it cant be a 1 every time)

(oh btw u rite)

21

NATURE (8)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae recalls a cabal of arcane vampires in a distant century, rumored to have mastered the art of drinking human souls in dreams. It is an obscure bit of lore from a long-forgotten book.

At the same time, she thinks about powerful hallucinogenic sedatives, and the effect that might have upon the experience of a break-in.



Suldae Westwind: "...Vampires," she murmurs.

(To the best of her understanding, would the Dream spell help with this?)



Hiere Unthere: "Strahd's.. most loyal cat burglar?"

Dryad: *I sense my sister nearby, says the Dryad Queen. I sense a celestial presence as well.*



Baron Krezkov: "That's the thing. In the morning, nothing is missing."

"Some people remember the intruder measuring them with an actual measuring tape."

"As if for a suit..."



Marcus Veranius nods absent-mindedly. Plenty of irons in the fire already. Any work into this investigation would have to happen tomorrow at the earliest.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Marcus Veranius 's jaw drops



Henry of Willowsbrook: 'Yeah the celestial presence sadly is being bth corrupted and losing it's mind'
Henry replies



Marcus Veranius: "That brazen..."



Suldae Westwind: "...Well that's disturbing," Suldae says, no more intelligent comment coming to her mind.

Marcus Veranius: "WELL MY GOOD FRIEND! I might have an idea to your problems, as it coincidentally coincides with my own."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh light be kind..." Henry says hand over his eyes and shaking his head

GM: (Suldae would understand that the Dream spell would possibly help with this, if the party wishes to enter the dreams of one individual)



Marcus Veranius: "For we know of one such individual who is creepy and arranging a wedding in the near future."

"An individual who also doesn't recognize how rude it is to visit one's home in the middle of the night..."



Suldae Westwind: And if that isn't it, Suldae thinks as her fingers find the flute at her belt, there is another way as well.



Baron Krezkov: (I'm forgetting how much you guys discussed the situation with this guy. Is there anything he doesn't know about the situation at the Abbey?)



Marcus Veranius: (Pretty much all of it. We didn't discuss anything with the Baron, but did inform the Baroness of shenanigans afoot)



Baron Krezkov: (Sweet)



Marcus Veranius: (The promise of a Resurrection is something left out from both individuals)



Baron Krezkov: "You think it's from the Abbey?"



Marcus Veranius: "The Abbot does not possess knowledge of social graces. He might literally be attempting to measure out suits for your townsfolk and think of it as a favor."



Henry of Willowsbrook: 'Milady hypothetically if your sister were to be placed in side a flesh golem as a means to animate it what could happen' Henry asks the Dryad



Marcus Veranius: "As I mentioned, he even commissioned our group to acquire a Wedding Dress."

"...I do suspect trouble to come of the affair, even if the Abbot's intent isn't malicious."

"He simply lacks common sense as we understand it."

Dryad: *Er, what? Inside a what now?*



Baron Krezkov: "Well, we'd like to avoid angering him, if we can afford it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "oh boy" Henry murmurs in Sylvan



Marcus Veranius: "I don't think he understands the concept of 'Consent' either."



Marcus Veranius frowns



Baron Krezkov: "He has been here a century or more, and in that time he has occasionally been helpful. But if you could perhaps speak to him about this situation, and get him to fix it, we would be very grateful."



Marcus Veranius: "OH! But this brings me to our group's current business actually!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry explains the situation with the abbot and his marriage plans to the

dryad to the best of his ability



Marcus Veranius: "For you see, we succeeded in acquiring this wedding dress. And in exchange, the Abbot has promised to revive the recently-deceased."

Dryad: *I... See. I suppose that would work. It wouldn't be any ordinary flesh golem, though.*



Marcus Veranius: "...remind me again, how long have you been in mourning?"



Baron Krezkov: Baron Krezkov's eyes widen and his jaw drops open.

It is a moment before he can answer.

"Seven... days. It feels like years."



Marcus Veranius: "Ah, within the time range of the Abbot's service then."



Baron Krezkov: "Tonight marks the last day of our watch, and we will inter him."



Henry of Willowsbrook: 'Not ordinary how the DEva is trying to nurture something like a consciousness in his latest Vasilaka' Henry asks 'Could it be possible for her to truly come to live with your sister inside her?'



Baron Krezkov: He looks at Marcus, as though questioning him.



Marcus Veranius: "We unfortunately are a bit too alive to take up the Abbot's offer."



Baron Krezkov: "Is such magic really within his power?"



Marcus Veranius: "He is a very potent cleric. I believe he speaks the truth."

Dryad: *It's possible.*



Marcus Veranius: "I also believe the offer genuine and without condition, as he lacks deceit "



Baron Krezkov: "Then..."

"You must bring him down here before nightfall."



Marcus Veranius: "I was perhaps thinking of a different arrangement. For I need something delivered to the Abbot."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well thats just fantastic" Henry says suddenly without thinking what his sudden remark might look like to the others'



Marcus Veranius hands the Baron the letter he was writing, and retrieves a folded-up wedding dress.



Marcus Veranius: "I believe the Abbot's good graces would do better for Krezk if you were to collect the boon in our stead."



Baron Krezkov: "I..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae cocks an eyebrow at Henry



Baron Krezkov: "Did he promise it to you?"

"I have not retrieved this. You will be doing battle against the worst of evils."

"My family is not more important than Barovia, Marcus."

Marcus Veranius: "Ah, this is also a part of my plan dear Krezkov."

"For that letter is an invitation to my own wedding. Which will take place tonight."



Baron Krezkov: "You're getting married!? Brilliant, my boy! Congratulations!"



Marcus Veranius smiles widely



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'll explain in a moment" Henry murmurs to Suldae as to not again interrupt their entrapid merchant friend



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods.



Marcus Veranius: "Well, maybe if the Abbot were to see how an actual wedding is performed he might shape up and correct his own path."



Suldae Westwind: ...Wait, tonight?



Marcus Veranius: "Lead by example, so to speak."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is pretty sure Marcus neglected to mention that detail until now. Well, vanity is silly, and it's not like she doesn't have an outfit at all...



Baron Krezkov: "Thank you, Marcus. Will you need any help with the arrangements?"



Marcus Veranius shakes his head. "It's been arranged for me. The wedding planner is suspect, but his patron is not likely to disappoint."



Marcus Veranius: "That being said, it WILL be private. And I'm afraid there won't be an invitation for your family."

"But that's alright; I suspect a wedding will be the last priority on your mind."



Baron Krezkov: Crestfallen, Baron Krezkov asks: "Why not? We could use something cheerful like that — the whole village could!"



Marcus Veranius: "I'm sure the return of the young Baron will see to that cheer." Marcus smiles



Henry of Willowsbrook: "The location might not be suited for the people of this village" Henry says under his breath



Marcus Veranius wobbles his fingers around, implying supernatural shenanigans



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda says: "It's outside of our control, otherwise we would invite you. Perhaps we can hold two ceremonies?"



Marcus Veranius: "Give us a footnote in the young baron's party. If this doesn't qualify for a second birthday I don't know what does."



Baron Krezkov: "We will host a traditional Barovia ceremony for you, with the Blessing of the Morninglord, and you can decide to turn up or not. Either way, you will know that Krezk's blessing goes with you."



Suldae Westwind: "Perhaps nto at the same time," Suldae suggests.



Baron Krezkov: "Oh no, we will host ours as all must be hosted! At sunrise."

"Tomorrow morning."



Marcus Veranius smiles. The first move in his game against the Abbot has been played. He wasn't sure if the Abbot could read minds like Strahd, so sending an unknowing messenger to deliver an invitation was a must.



Marcus Veranius: The dress would ensure the Abbot's residents give safe passage so that the letter makes its destination.



Rictavio: Rictavio clears his throat quietly. "You may be on your way, sir."



Baron Krezkov: The Baron seems insulted, but bows deeply to Marcus and the rest before departing.

"I shall return shortly," says the Baron.



Ireena Kolyana: "Uh, question guys," Ireena says, as the Baron leaves.



Marcus Veranius waves as the Baron walks off, preparing to explain himself out of earshot



Ireena Kolyana: "If he gets the wedding dress, won't he send the doll to Strahd?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Doll?"



Marcus Veranius: "I have a scheme to both acquire the Dryad Seed and spare the Abbot's life."

"The doll will NOT be sent sooner than tomorrow, and that's all the time I need."

"So long as my wedding happens before the Abbots."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae slaps Rictavio's head.

"Can you not insult our allies?"



Rictavio: Rictavio says: "I said nothing insulting. If he's so easily bruised by being told what to do, that's his problem."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Rick."



Kasimir Velikov: "What did the letter say?" Kasimir asks.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Okay two things" Henry says watching the baron leave "One I asked our lady friend and she says that being inside Vasilika probably isn't bad for her sister and two Vasilika might be possibly potentiall able to truely turn to live" Henry explains



Ireena Kolyana: "That changes things," says Ireena.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Does it though?"



Suldae Westwind: "Rictavio, we are in his house."



Marcus Veranius shakes his head. "It doesn't change that we need to stop the Abbot's plans."



Suldae Westwind: "It IS insulting to tell him what to do."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pauses for a moment "MARcus you invited the Abbot to your wedding yes ? Just him?"

Rictavio: "Bah," says Rictavio, with an irritable flap of his hand.



Marcus Veranius: "Allow me to explain myself."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smacks Rictavio again, lightly this time.



Marcus Veranius: "Wereravens return to the Shadow Plane on the new moon to attend the Raven Queen's court. This will inevitably be the venue of our wedding."

"Our patron, the Raven Queen, is known to be a manipulator of memories and might grace us with a boon."

"The Abbot is corrupted by his experiences in Barovia, but what if those experiences were to be erased...?"

"I am setting a trap."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Did you only invite him?" Henry asks again



Marcus Veranius: "I invited the Abbot, yes."



Rictavio: "Is she in our debt, or are we in hers?" Rictavio says, with a nod at Ezmerelda.



Marcus Veranius: "I mean, it's customary to receive gifts on your wedding day."

"As it turns out, the Raven Queen can give just what we need to spare an angel's life."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Well, one of us has already made a 'purchase' from her. I can't imagine her resisting the idea of taking memories from an angel."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I have an Idea, Marcus, Ezme would you mind another guest at your wedding?" Henry says gauging how far the Baron made it already



Ismark Kolyanovich: "How do you know she'll only take the bad memories?"



Marcus Veranius: "It matters not. So long as the corruption is weeded out, he stops being a pawn of Strahd."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (answer my question please)



Marcus Veranius: "But umm... I don't mind an extra guest."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "If she takes all his memories, isn't that the same as killing him?"



Marcus Veranius: "Be careful how many we invite. The Abbot might resist having his mind scrambled, and it'll be up to you and Hiere to keep our **Special Guests** under control."



Suldae Westwind: "Marcus, if I can help with this, I can," Suldae says. "If you need my voice joined to yours in asking, you have it. Consider that a wedding gift of my own, because I haven't prepared another one. Oops."

"Surely the Abbott wasn't *born* in Barovia," Suldae tells Ismark.




Marcus Veranius: "I'm not a philosopher, and I dare not assume the status of Angels and their memories."


"But alive is alive, and spared is spared."




Henry of Willowsbrook: "Okay now to make a lady have the night of her life literally" Henry says taking a deep breath whilst handing the dryads heart to suldae "Keep her company for a bit if you


would" afterwards Henry takes off following the Baron up the hill at a run


 **Marcus Veranius:** "The alternative is death, and I'm quite tired of solving every problem with arrows."

 **Ezmerelda d'Avenir:** "Especially right before a wedding. Leaves a bad taste, you know."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Just this once, let's have everyone live."


 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** Ismark gives a cold and mirthless laugh.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena gives him a light punch on the arm.


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** I assume Henry catches up with the Baron before they reach the Abby?

 **Baron Krezkov:** "Oh! Henry!"

"You've decided to come along?"

 **Kasimir Velikov:** "What must we do to prepare?" Kasimir asks Marcus.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Yes I thought you might like the company" Henry says with a smirk

 **Baron Krezkov:** "Thank you," says the Baron, relaxing slightly. "I must admit, I do feel safer in your shadow."

"This abbey has always unnerved me."

"Something about the architecture just seems... Mad."

The Baron reaches the top of the switchback road and approaches the gates of the Abbey.


He knocks loudly.

Henry feels the aura of nature approaching.

 **Vasilka:** "Hello?"


Vasilka leans over the top of the wall. Henry can see a green flash of ethereal energies from her eyes.

"Who is it?"


 **Baron Krezkov:** "Baron Krezkov, at your service, ma'am! With a gift for the Abbot of Krezk, from Marcus the Adventurer."


 **Vasilka:** Vasilka disappears from view for a moment.


The abbey gate opens slowly inward, and Vasilka comes to the gap. She does not permit the Baron or Henry to enter. She accepts the dress and the letter.

 **Vasilka:** "I'll be right back," she says, and turns to leave.

The gate swings closed.

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae takes Henry's charge gently, awed.

 **Hiere Unthere:** "Why does he always gotta go fast?"

 **The Abbot:** "Greetings, Henry. Baron Krezkov, how good to see you. Are you quite well, sir?"

The Abbot, who certainly wasn't standing three feet from you a moment ago, bows deeply and formally, smiling placidly at the Baron.

"Thank you for the gift."

He draws the letter from his sleeve, and unrolls it, and reads it.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Your Grace" Henry replies in greeting

GM: (Is there an actual wording of the letter?)



Marcus Veranius: (I didnt think this far ahead :v)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (It is a formal wedding invitation right ? anything else?)

GM: (No worries — what's the gist)

(You can also roll a persuasion check with advantage because Marcus had time to think about it and write it down)



Marcus Veranius: (It's a polite invitation to Marcus's wedding, suggesting the Abbot attend so that he could learn wedding customs first-hand for his own project.)

(The letter is written logically rather than as begging, making attendance seem like the reasonable response.)

GM: (I'm treating it more as a prose/charm check)

(He's planning to attend, I just want to see how well you buttered him up)



Marcus Veranius:

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PERSUASION (1)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook: (advantage)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d20+1 Lucky

(7)+1

= 8

rolling 1d20+1 Advantage

(5)+1

= 6

GM: (Wow)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d20+1 Inspiration

(15)+1

= 16

GM: (Theeeeeere ya go)



Suldae Westwind: (can we say Suldae helped him write it)

(ah okay good enough already lmao)



Marcus Veranius: (As is tradition, Marcus burns all his dice to correct a botched roll)



The Abbot: "Ah, how pleasing! Marcus is willing to share with me the traditional matrimony of the Were-Ravens! What a marvelous idea. I shall certainly be glad to attend."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Your Grace am I mistaken or are you still devoted to Vasilikas education?"
Henry asks innocently



The Abbot: Inside the Baron's house, the Abbot says: "I would be honored to attend! I am in your debt, and will restore one of your companions to life three times."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (stupid teleporting ass)



Marcus Veranius: (Is this a teleportation or a Message spell?)



Suldae Westwind: (I'd like to make a check on whether Suldae manages to make contact with the dryad while she's holding the pinecone reverently)

27

RELIGION (13)
Suldae Westwind

The Abbot standing before Henry says: "I am indeed. Can you see how far she has progressed?"

The Abbot standing before Marcus disappears with a ripple of light, an illusion to make his communication seem more comfortable to mortal minds.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I was curious would you agree that the best way to learn is to experience ?"



The Abbot: "To experience? Why, certainly!"



Marcus Veranius blinks



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Wouldn't it be best for her as a bride to be to atleast experience a propre wedding before her own?"



Marcus Veranius: "...shit, can you do that Ireena?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Hell no I cannot," says Ireena.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Can he still hear us?"



Marcus Veranius: "I was about to say, if magic would let me taunt my foes from afar then call me a mage initiate."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere nudges whoever's closest to him. "hey so who's the new guy"



Rictavio: "Gah!"



Marcus Veranius: "Imagine sending spam mail to Strahd from the safety of your home!"



Rictavio: "The wizard is back," says Rictavio, irritably.

Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Oh hi Hiere, you're here!"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "That never gets old."



Hiere Unthere: "I have made several comments over the past few minutes"

"Maybe you guys have just started tuning me out"



The Abbot: "Do you think she would be invited to his wedding?"



Marcus Veranius: "I hope not. We have a bit of a situation Hiere."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I would consider it a waste of opportunity to not let her experience it when my friend already invited you" Henry says overly emoting a bit



The Abbot: "I shall try to bring her with me, then."

"Oh, this should be good fun."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yes I asked him and his bride already the more the merrier"



Suldae Westwind: (hey did Suldae get in contact with the dryad or does it feel like a regular pinecone to her)



The Abbot: "Well, I shall see you tonight, then."



Marcus Veranius: "As much as I want to rely on Suldae's magic to spare us this evening, it will be the new moon. Our lycanthropic party members will be hard to rely on, if at all."



Suldae Westwind: (or anything in between)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere nods in understanding.

9

DECEPTION (0)



Marcus Veranius: "If things go wrong, it'll likely be You and Henry fixing problems."

Suddenly, Suldae feels a green presence in her mind, a light like the leaf-filtered glow of the faewild. She has seen it in dreams, she is sure. She senses the presence of a soul, patiently watching everything through the cut-glass faces of her crystal prison. She is protected there, but also trapped, a powerful and free entity unused to such limitations.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh that reminds me we already request your favor your Grace the deer Barons son that has left us all to soon"



The Abbot: "The Baron's son?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: *dear



The Abbot: The Abbot freezes. He smiles slowly. "Why, you are far kinder than I would have supposed, for mortals. To give up the chance to live again, so that someone else might have it, only to ease the pain of someone you have only just met... It is very kind."

"I shall do as you ask."

The Abbot begins to walk down the switchback path.

Suldae Westwind: Suldae sits down on a bench in a corner and begins to quietly hum with her eyes closed, trying to give the trapped soul she feels reverence and sympathy at the same time.

I will do whatever I can to keep you safe



Baron Krezkov: The Baron watches him walking, stunned by the sight. After a moment he runs to catch up, and follows the Abbot down.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Thanky you for your kindness your grace" Henry says falling in step with the angel

Dryad: *Thank you.*



The Abbot: "It is you who have been kind. These people have sacrificed much, living in the shadow of the Curse of Strahd."

"It will be good to give something back to them."

"So tell me, how goes your questing?"

"Are you any nearer to the success of your goal?"

"My plans have progressed swimmingly. This time I am certain I shall succeed."

"Vasilka is nearly perfect, now."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It is the least we can do, Helping those in need and keeping the light of burning"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena sends a Message to Henry. *How's it going up there?*

GM: (Sorry, that's a Sending)

(You can send a 25 word response)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I can't reply to sending no?)

GM: (With Sending you can)



Henry of Willowsbrook: 'we are comming back with the Abbot in tow maybe exucse yourself Ireena we don't know how he would react to you' Henry replies



Ireena Kolyana: "Understood."

"Oh wait, he can't hear me."

"Ok, Henry's coming back with the Abbot," Ireena says.

"I should hide, right?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I've got you."

"Dimension Door?"



Marcus Veranius stays inside, paranoid about his mind being read.



Kasimir Velikov: "What about rope trick?"



Marcus Veranius: Strahd only tried the trick every single time they met

"Oh yes, I can cast that."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "What if he can see inside it?"

Ireena Kolyana: "Is that even possible?"



Marcus Veranius spends the last of his Level 2 magic to make a pocket



Marcus Veranius: "No, it's not."

Rope Trick

Transmutation 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: A length of rope that is up to 60 feet long

Components: V, S, M (Powdered corn extract and a twisted loop of parchment)

Duration: 1 hour

You touch a length of rope that is up to 60 feet long. One end of the rope then rises into the air until the whole rope hangs perpendicular to the ground. At the upper end of the rope, an invisible entrance opens to an extradimensional space that lasts until the spell ends. The extradimensional space can be reached by climbing to the top of the rope. The space can hold as many as eight Medium or smaller creatures. The rope can be pulled into the space, making the rope disappear from view outside the space. Attacks and spells can't cross through the entrance into or out of the extradimensional space, but those inside can see out of it as if through a 3-foot-by-5-foot window centered on the rope. Anything inside the extradimensional space drops out when the spell ends.

"It blocks vision, counts as a separate space outside reality for divination, and so long as the abbot doesn't come inside the house might not ping on Detect Magic either."

"Depends on how thick the walls are I suppose."



Kasimir Velikov: "If he has true sight, he might see it. But only if he stands in the right place. And Devas are not, at least to my knowledge, known for the ability."

"It should be safe."



Ireena Kolyana: "Alright then."

Ireena climbs up the rope and into the otherworldly space, drawing the rope up behind her.



The Abbot: The Abbot draws near to the house.

"Ah, so quaint. Each time I come to the village, I am amused by it. Such good, humble people, ah!"

"Now, which is the way of it, Master Baron?"



Baron Krezkov: "It's this way..." says the Baron, numbly opening the gate to the graveyard. d

He leads the way between the tombstones, approaching the stone coffin where his wife is still seated, watching over the flame of a candle. There is a basket full of unburned candlesticks nearby.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Milady Baroness" Henry says with a bow as they draw near

Anna: "Henry," says Anna, bowing.



The Abbot: "Anna," says The Abbot, spreading his arms wide.

"Your grieving is at an end."

Anna: Anna stiffens, eyes widening fearfully.

She looks at Henry and the Baron.



Baron Krezkov: "It's alright, my love."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods reassuringly



Baron Krezkov: "We must open the coffin."

Anna: "D-Dmitri!"



Baron Krezkov: "Henry, will you help me?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Of cause"

Anna rises from her perch and stands back.



Baron Krezkov: (Make an Athletics Check)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

23 + 1

ATHLETICS (9)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Baron Krezkov:

<p>STRENGTH <i>Baron Vargas Vallakovich</i></p> <hr/> <p>Ability: 1 6</p>
--



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sizes the coffin lid firmly



Baron Krezkov: The Baron nearly pulls his back, but Henry is more than strong enough to lift the lid by himself, and saves him from it.

A smell thickens the air.



The Abbot: The Abbot sniffs the air quietly.

He approaches the coffin.

"Rise, Ilya," he commands, extending a hand.

There is no glow or flash of light, but those who are sensitive to the Weave feel a ripple passing through it, and a nearby presence being drawn back into the flesh.

Ilya sits up.

Ilya: "Father?"

Baron Krezkov: "My boy!" Baron Krezkov shouts, bursting into tears, and sprints to him.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes out of the house quietly and watches.

Anna stands silently weeping, unable to believe her eyes.



Suldae Westwind: She whispers a prayer to Correllon, wishing to double check the evidence of her eyes.

29

RELIGION (13)
Suldae Westwind

Seeing her husband embrace her son, Anna leaps into action, and joins them.



The Abbot: "Ah, it is sweet to give such mercy to such humble beings."

"I shall return to the Abbey, and prepare Vasilka for the evening. When and where shall we meet?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Marcus!" Henry calls out



Marcus Veranius opens the window



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You haven't shared the venue you dolt" Henry says teasingly



Marcus Veranius: "In my experience, transport to the venue has been unreliable. We'll meet at the abbey gate come sundown and hitch a ride together."



The Abbot: "Then I shall see you all then. Adieu!"

The Abbot turns, and begins to leave.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Ireena you're good, he's leaving."



Ireena Kolyana: "He's leaving?"



Marcus Veranius shuts the window



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena shimmies down the rope only after the Abbot has gone.



Marcus Veranius: "I'm going to be honest with you, I have no idea how any of this is working."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pats Marcus on the back.



Marcus Veranius: "But that seems to be the norm for lycanthropes and the moons. No control and hoping things go for the best."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry clears his throat addressing the newly reunited family "Might we take this somewhere less graveyardy?"



Suldae Westwind: (hey i made a roll there)
(asked a question)

GM: (What is she trying to ascertain?)



Hiere Unthere: (whether the res is legit)



Suldae Westwind: (What the Abbott did)

(yeah)



Marcus Veranius: "If I were to guess from past experience, I will be chastised for not immediately knowing how to cross dimensions. Then a shadow portal will appear."

"This will likely happen at nightfall."

"Whether or not I have any semblance or control of my actions is a toss-up as well. Which is why I reiterate; one of you has to see this through if I'm not.""

Suldae suddenly understands the purpose of the candle and the watch. As Barovians, they are naturally wary of any corpse coming back as a vampire or a ghoul. Some of them, perhaps remembering in fragments from previous incarnations, know deep down that the souls of all Barovians are trapped within the mist, recycling through the bodies of the world. Not every soul gets a body, and not every soul remembers their past when they do come back. The candle is to guide the soul back to its home, back to its body, as it wanders the darkness of Barovia's spiritual plane. In hopes that it will remember. Ilya soul, she realizes, was already in the graveyard. He has been resurrected; brought back into his body and restored to a healthy life. He seems to be suffering no side effects.



Hiere Unthere: "Don't you know how to-" Hiere stops himself and looks around for any shadow portals.

No Shadow Portals are apparent.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "We'll figure that part out when we get there."



Hiere Unthere: "Phew. Dodged a bullet with that one"



Marcus Veranius: "Not like it's any different than what normally happens."

"Most of our wins are improv."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "So I wonder if that counted as one of ours?" Ismark says.



Suldae Westwind: [Two minutes ago] Suldae breathes out happily. Everything's fine.



Hiere Unthere: "Free will is a construct. Improv is a lie."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks at Ismark curiously, hearing something in his voice.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Not to interrupt but in is bit cold out and well stone boxes are terrible seats bsides " Henry says to the familiy with a sardonic smirk



Baron Krezkov: "Oh, yes, right! Right!

Anna: "Dmitri, we have no wood!"



Baron Krezkov: The Baron sighs.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Wheres the axe?"

"I'll see to it if you wnat"



Suldae Westwind: "One of ours?" Suldae asks Ismark.



Henry of Willowsbrook: want



Baron Krezkov: "No no! These trees are already too thinned. Our seasonal cut was not long ago, but most of the wood disappeared. We've had to ration what's left."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "How about outside the town?"



Hiere Unthere: "Disappeared as in used or disappeared as in poof?"



Baron Krezkov: "We don't venture outside the walls," says the Baron.

Anna: "Poof," says Anna.



Suldae Westwind: "We do," Suldae says to the baron.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Nevermind," says Ismark, shaking his head.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'm no lumberjack but I have done a bit of logging before so it really wouldn't be a bother"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks at Henry. "What about Yorhish?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae frowns at him, but lets it go for the moment.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hm?" Henry turns to Ireena quirking an eyebrow



Kasimir Velikov: "We have firewood, do we not?"

"We have enough to spare for now, at least."

Joan: "Aye, we have some. And some coal."

"Although I wouldn't recommend burning it indoors."



Kasimir Velikov: "Let us approach our problem rationally around a nice breakfast, and give the Baron and his family time to be with their son."

Joan: "I can have something fixed up in a jiffy."

begins to bustle around the kitchen. At a certain point, she goes outside to the horses to root through her saddlebags. She returns with wood and the makings of a decent breakfast.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir seats himself.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena is pacing by a window, looking up at the abbey from time to time.



Rictavio: Rictavio leans against a wall, arms crossed, moody.



Marcus Veranius: "...everything alright, Ric?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Do you guys think we have time for some rest before the ceremony"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I hope so," says Ezmerelda. "Biggest day of my life, I could use a nap before it all gets started."



Rictavio: "I'm fine," says Rictavio, his voice thoughtful. He seems to be cogitating something.



Ireena Kolyana: "I could use a full night's sleep, to be honest," says Ireena. "We have some time

before the wedding, right? And no major preparations to make?"

"We might sleep through the day, or most of it, anyway."



Marcus Veranius: "If there are any, I'll likely find out at the last minute."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Sounds like genius to me," says Ismark.



Kasimir Velikov: "I, too, could use a rest," says Kasimir.



Marcus Veranius: "Sleep through the day, be well rested by sundown. It's going to be a long night."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sounds good" Henry says



Baron Krezkov: "Your sleeping arrangements will be the same as last time. It's all been prepared for you."



Rictavio: Rictavio stands up and leaves the hut quietly.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda looks the way he went, thoughtful.



Hiere Unthere: "should we follow him?"



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Marcus Veranius gets up and follows Ric out



Rictavio walks along the street, hands in his pockets, cane hooked on his elbow. He seems lost in his head.



Ireena Kolyana: "Shall we meet back here in, say, eight hours?" Ireena asks, looking at the others.



Suldae Westwind: "I'd rather take a walk," Suldae admits. She still feels well rested.



Marcus Veranius follows behind, attempting to match Rictavio's stride



Ireena Kolyana: "Or do you think it might be better to make camp somewhere inside the city? All together, I mean."



Suldae Westwind: Mentally exhausted, but physically fine.

"A camp sounds fun to me!"

"You weren't here last time, so how about I show you around first?"



Marcus Veranius: "Ric, talk to me. Is this about the venue? The relationship? The circumstances?"

"I know we aren't exactly storybook here."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'll take a nap then" Henry says stretching



Rictavio: "I'm fine," says Rictavio.

"I am just tired, I think."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Rictavio: "We'll talk later."

Rictavio leaves.

Marcus Veranius: "...hey Ric?"

Breakfast is soon ready, and Joan takes great care to serve the Krezkov family first.



Rictavio: Rictavio pauses and turns. "Yes?"



Marcus Veranius: "Whatever plans you have after this Vampire business is over, I hope they involve attending the Anniversary."

"Wouldn't be the same if you weren't planning to be around."



Rictavio: "Ahhaha." Rictavio laughs tightly. "Oh, I'm sure I'll be around."



Marcus Veranius smiles



Rictavio: "I'll see you later, Marcus. Goodnight."



Marcus Veranius: "Night Ric."



Marcus Veranius returns to the Baron's residence

GM: (Is there anything anyone wishes to accomplish during the long rest?)



Marcus Veranius: (How about SHAKE DOWN SOME DETAILS ABOUT THIS WEDDING FROM INNER BIRB SO WE DON'T GO IN BLIND!)



Hiere Unthere: (gonna cast find familiar and get me a raven boi)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae wants to take a walk with Ireena and then settle in to do something quiet next to her while she rests.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (practice what he remebers about dancing somewhere no one can see I'll even roll stealth for it)

GM: (Alright, Henry: stealth check)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (without armor on so no disadvantage)

11 + 1

STEALTH (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (Oh my)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae can help Henry remember how to dance as long as it's nearby from Ireena



Hiere Unthere:
6

PERCEPTION (5)



Suldae Westwind: so Suldae can keep a paranoid eye on her

GM: (Looks like lots of people notice but no one says anything or lets him know that they can see him)
(They respect the big guy)
(Now roll performance)

Hiere Unthere: (what's with the nat 1s)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

5 + 1

PERFORMANCE (2)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(oof)

GM: (Oh my)

(If Suldae helps, he can roll with advantage)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (he would accept help)

GM: (Marcus, you can roll a charisma check and an insight check)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

22 + 1

PERFORMANCE (2)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (Hiere, you can roll an Arcana check)



Hiere Unthere:

16

ARCANA (9)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry and Suldae go to broadway apparently)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae HELPED it looks like)

Henry recalls, with Suldae's aid, the steps and moves to a dance he learned many years ago and never mastered. He dances it perfectly now, with a surprising amount of grace for such a huge person.



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae immerses herself in dancing lessons)

Hiere manages to summon a Raven Familiar. It looks at him beadily.



Hiere Unthere: "yo"



Suldae Westwind:

26

PERFORMANCE (10)
Suldae Westwind

Ireena sleeps. Ismark no longer sleeps, but he rests as he can.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's own dancing is up to par.

Suldae's dancing is a reminder that no human being — no matter how graceful — quite competes with faewild grace.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (it's mostly the type of dances you would see at a harvest festival also lots of stomping and twirling of ladies involved)

Ezmerelda spends time with Marcus, in communion with their raven aspects.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir spends time in contemplation of his spell book, and meditating.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

Thunderous Smite

Evocation 1

Casting Time: 1 Bonus Action

Range: Self

Components: V

Duration: Concentration up to 1 minute

The first time you hit with a melee weapon attack during this spell's duration, your weapon rings with thunder that is audible within 300 feet of you, and the attack deals an extra 2d6 thunder damage to the target.

Additionally, if the target is a creature, it must succeed on a Strength saving throw or be pushed 10 feet away from you and knocked prone.

whoops

(ignore that just changing my preped spells)



Marcus Veranius: "Yes it counts as property! You have to think of it as an investment; it might be a burned down house at the moment but the site will make a good trading post once the caravans come!"

"Right between the castle and the largest town in the country. It WILL increase our profit margins!"



Marcus Veranius is having a disagreement about the profitability of the former Death House

Birb: "SQUAWK." *It is a burned nest! One cannot raise chicks in that!*



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Woah, who said anything about chicks?"

Birb2: : "CAW." *It is required.*

"CAW CAW." *Our species must continue, there are too few among us as it stands. We must gain a foothold on the planes.*



Marcus Veranius: "Metaphorically speaking. Or maybe not? It doesn't matter; you have to consider time scales. A quick but poor decision does not make better than a well planned one!"

Birb: "CAwwwAW." *She speaks wisely! Our union will be a profitable one. I am pleased with this pact.*

Birb2: "CÀW." *As am I.*



Marcus Veranius: "Vistani tradition is usually Wagons anyways. Wouldn't that make a better home regardless?"

"Dot investment properties along the road and that hits all requirements."

"Why corner one market when you can have three?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda is already holding Marcus's hand, but she squeezes it at this.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes a lot of glee in twirling. It's a nice distraction from everything that's

been going on, even if the actual wedding won't be.

Birb2: "Caw..." *This is true, a mobile commerce is necessary if the Queen's goals are to be achieved. Long-term we could not be more fortunate to be bound to the Vistani bloodline.*

Birb: "Caw." *Indeed. Marcus, she was a good find. She is a suitable member of the family.*

Birb2: "Caw." *Indeed, I am most pleased with her.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Right, so, let's stay on task here."

"What are we to expect from this ceremony?"

Birb: "CAW." *At the rising of the New Moon, the Shadowfell will reveal itself to us. We will enter, and at the court of the Queen we will approach the Raven Queen. You will both stand waiting. She will ask you if you choose to be bonded to one another, and if you choose it freely and willingly. She will know if you lie. After you have both agreed to be wed, she will unite you with the exchange of a memory."



Marcus Veranius pauses. He... doesn't have too many of those.

Birb2: "CAW." *Guests may be permitted entry to the wedding ceremony only with the permission of the Queen. All of the Wereravens will be there.*

Birb: "Caw?" *Is there any petition you wish us to make to the Queen on your behalf?*



Marcus Veranius: "...I assume you've been following what happens in the day."

Birb2: "Caw." *The Abbot, of course, but anyone else?*



Marcus Veranius: "...I, umm... hadn't considered anything."



Marcus Veranius looks down for a moment. "Truth be told, wedding's are less scary when you look at them from a tactical standpoint."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Agreed," says Ezmerelda.

"Do we want everyone to be there?"

"Or are we worried something will happen while we're all gone?"



Marcus Veranius: "I trust the Abbot to keep his abbey monsters at bay, and I trust Krezk's walls to hold as they always have."

"If Ric couldn't get into the city, Rahadin certainly wont."

Birb: "Caw." *Do not be so sure. Rahadin is a devilish trickster.*



Marcus Veranius: "..."

Birb2: "Caw." *We will petition the Queen on your behalf, and attempt to invite the entire party.*



Marcus Veranius: "We have ended the war on Ravenkind with the slaying of Baba Lysaga and her druids. Let us hope that has earned us enough favor."

Birb: "Caw." *Indeed, she will be looking for ways to reward you for that.*

Birb2: "Caw." *Is there anything else?*

Birb: "Caw." *There is the issue of the dowry.*

"Caw." *It is customary.*



Marcus Veranius: "The dowry?"

"Why am I only being told of this customary stuff mere hours before sundown?"



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Property of the bride," says Ezmerelda.

"I bring my wagon — wait."

"I bring my..."



Rictavio: Rictavio knocks on the door of the chamber where Marcus and Ezmerelda are in communion.



Marcus Veranius looks up, chirping nonchalantly as he slides a bow over to Ezmerelda



Marcus Veranius: "Hmm, I wonder... OH LOOK! That Oathbow looks nice."

"Wish I had one of those."

"..."



Rictavio: Rictavio knocks more insistently.



Marcus Veranius: "Yes, who is it?"



Rictavio: "It's Rictavio. I've come to speak with you, Marcus."



Marcus Veranius: "OH! Umm... one moment."



Marcus Veranius swipes away incense fumes and stumbles over to the door



Marcus Veranius: "My apologies; speaking with the wedding planners."



Rictavio: Rictavio leans in, "I wanted to talk to you about... Oh, Ezmerelda. You're here as well, that's convenient."

"I wonder if you would do me the honor of allowing me to walk you down the aisle. I am prepared to supply the dowry."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Damn, that is convenient."



Marcus Veranius looks down at the Oathbow in Ez's hands, then back to Rictavio



Marcus Veranius: "That's better than my plan."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Thank you, Rictavio."

She gets up and gives the old man a hug. "You're not all bad."



Rictavio: "No, but I do try to maintain that impression."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Don't worry, we won't tell anyone you're not an asshole."



Marcus Veranius: "I don't have the charisma to convince anyone otherwise."

"You'll have to deal with just us knowing the truth."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "Well, I think that's all the preparations taken care of," says Ezmerelda.

GM: (Do we wish to proceed to nightfall?)

Marcus Veranius: "Well then, we'll have the petition sent off. Outside her aid with the abbot, any boon the Raven Queen might have in our hunt against Strahd would be appreciated."

"...not that I know what that may be."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "We shall have to hope our raven aspects are more charismatic than we are."

GM: (Spoiler: They're not. Roll Charisma checks of your choice)



Marcus Veranius: (I BURNED MY INSPIRATION ON A LETTER AAAAAAAAAA)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

PERFORMANCE
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Skill: 11



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus will assist Ez's check by being the trophy husband)

(Also her bonus is better)



Ezmerelda d'Avenir:

PERFORMANCE
Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Skill: 24

GM: (That's pretty decent)

(Ready to proceed?)



Marcus Veranius: (YEE)



Suldae Westwind: (my outfit isnt ready yet but ok)

(ill post it soon)

Nightfall comes, and finds the party gathered at the gates of the Abbey. There is only one light in the abbey: burning in the windows of the first story.

The gates of the abbey are closed.

The Ravenkin feel the prickling sensation of the New Moon rising. Something wild arises in them, something beyond control. They feel the Shadowfell near at hand, crashing into this world like a storm. Shadows deepen and darken, until the looming walls of the castle are black portals into some other world of utter gloom.



Rictavio: "That's not terrifying at all, now is it."



Kasimir Velikov: "The Shadowfell," says Kasimir, with interest. "I have never seen it before."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Neither have I," says Ismark, thinking of some other place he has seen.

"It's not too scary.

"



Marcus Veranius: "The void of a sky is rather beautiful, if you can see the distance."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I#m sure it is much nicer then the stories imply"



Marcus Veranius: "That being said, I'm less in awe and more frightened than anything."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "We'll be fine," says Ezmerelda, as the gates begin to creak open.



Marcus Veranius holds Ez's hand, as if to gather a measure more of strength



The Abbot: "Greetings, my friends," says the Abbot, pacing out of the shadows. He seems to glow faintly in the darkness of the new moon, emitting a pale silver radiance that hardly penetrates the inky, swirling shadows.

"Ah," he says. "Vasilka, you have met most of these fine people, I believe."



Vasilka: "I could not speak, then," says Vasilka.

"It is a pleasure to meet you. How is your evening?"



Marcus Veranius: "Ah, but you could cook!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "And we were all worse of for it" Henry says with a smile



Marcus Veranius: She couldn't do that either. Marcus is trying to be polite.



Suldae Westwind: (WAIT, QUESTION)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (the not speaking not cooking)



Suldae Westwind: (IS IREENA INVITED)
(WHAT ARE WE DOING REGARDING HER)



Marcus Veranius: (Ireena is a wereraven and is in attendance by default)



Ireena Kolyana: (Maybe she's already in Raven form)



Suldae Westwind: (OH)
(Ireena is on Suldae's shoulder in raven form?)

GM: (Works for me)



The Abbot: "Well? Shall we go?"

"I gather there is a limited timeframe, after all; the New Moon will not be in the sky all night."



Marcus Veranius: "You would be correct."



Marcus Veranius proceeds to the dark portal for as long as it is his choice to do so



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well nothing ventured and all that" Henry says following Marcus into the portal

(oh I assume Henry has taken back the Heart by now)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere stays with Marcus. "how do you even organise a wedding on another plane?"



Marcus Veranius: "I'll tell you when I figure it out myself."



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae gives Henry back the heart as soon as the Abbot is gone)

Suldae enters after the abbot.



The Abbot: The Abbot smiles broadly at the darkness, and steps into it. It smolders where his light touches it, and burns like cotton, but the liquid motion of the darkness soon extinguishes it, and wraps around him. He can be seen on the other side, pacing into the empty darkness, a glowing figure surrounded in a continuous burning aura. He illuminates the space beyond only dimly.



Marcus Veranius: Well, if anyone needed proof of divinity.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows.



Marcus Veranius 's eyes somewhat adjust. Blessed that he had some manner of vision in the dark. For everyone else, the Abbot would do.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere laughs in darkvision



Marcus Veranius: (We can see approximately 60ft worth of wedding ceremony!)
(Which is to say, better than the wedding I attended IRL where the sun blocked out all vision)



Suldae Westwind: (def better)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes amoment to take in as much of this new place as is possible for his ordinary human senses



Suldae Westwind: (especially with Suldae also having darkvision)

Suldae is nervous. Truth be told, she is not a fan of Marcus using his own wedding as a weapon - weddings aren't *for this*. She understands why, but it just feels wrong... At least there will be another celebration in the morning.

The party members step through into shadow, and find themselves in a vast and empty space, shrouded in unnatural darkness. In a throne at the north end of the chamber, winged by two vast walls of black feathers, a female shape shrouded in darkness sits comfortably. She wears a huge black veil of lace, through which the paleness of her skin glows like feeble moonlight.



The Abbot: The Abbot's glow is the brightest thing in the chamber.



Marcus Veranius: "I am honored to be wed in your attendance, my queen. It is nice to see you again."

GM: (Can any of y'all see anything)



Hiere Unthere: (nope)



Marcus Veranius: (Not a thing. This is ADVANCED DARKNESS)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (also nope)



Marcus Veranius: (Not even gloom stalker can see through Magic Darkness)



Suldae Westwind: (I can see my token)

GM: (Better?)



Suldae Westwind: (Yes!)



Marcus Veranius: (It's not. I went from blind to frightened)

Henry of Willowsbrook: (still no)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae bows in respect, not as deeply as she would to her own patron, yet still deep enough - the Raven Queen *is* a patron of hers in a sense.



Marcus Veranius: (But I do have visual)

GM: (Ok, so I didn't grab tokens for each of the Wereravens you've met, because they were scattered as temporary tokens throughout the campaign maps and none of them were attached to actual character sheets. So any were raven you can remember is here.)



Able: (am lagging into oblivion)



Marcus Veranius: (Oh shit, even the one that died is here!)

(Good on him, playing truant to death to attend a wedding)



Hiere Unthere: (hiere seems to be missing)

GM: (Are ya there)

(Can ya see)



Hiere Unthere: (yeeep)

Raven Queen: The Raven Queen nods in greetings.



The Abbot: "Greetings, milady."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry bows in greeting awed by the second god he has meet in person

Marcus 's raven "We have come for the ceremony."

GM: (Whoo that didn't come out right)

(This might actually be a good place to leave things on a cliffhanger before it gets too late)

(It's already almost 12:30)



Marcus Veranius: (Yee)

(Next Week: Wedding and inevitable fallout)



Hiere Unthere: (does this count as henry's turn)



Suldae Westwind: (yes)

GM: (Oh my god)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I fully appreciate more time to duct tape my idea of a plan together)

(Thanks for the Session)

GM: (Well, thank you all for playing! That was a fun session for me!)



Suldae Westwind: (same!)



Hiere Unthere: (agwee)



Marcus Veranius: (Ya never know where the game is gunna go!)

GM: (If you'd like, you can use the downtime over the week to fill in what you did during the long rest, or think about any preparations you all might have made as a party before walking into the Shadowfell together that night. One imagines you would all have had a plan, including an arrangement of your ranks around the Abbot and Vasilka.)



GM (GM): (Good morning all!)



Zanshukun: Heyho



Liliet (Suldae): ^^



Tops K.: o3o

The Raven Queen sits upon her throne, wreathed in mists of shadow. Perched all around this open-air throne room you see thousands of ravens, and standing in this courtyard you see hundreds of people, many of which you recognize. Each wereraven is here with their raven spirit on their shoulder.



The Abbot: "Fascinating," says the Abbot, as he stands amid the darkness like a star made human. "So you must be the Raven Queen?" says the Abbot. "I have often wished to visit your domain."

The Raven Queen does not react to this, or if she does, the reaction is so slight that it is hidden by her crown and veil.



Vasilka: Vasilka curtsies deeply toward the Queen. Her formality is perfectly executed, if a bit wooden.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae stands in the back, one hand touching her raven sister perched on her shoulder for comfort.

(can i has Ireena with me)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry is unsure of what to do standing before a Goddess again



Liliet (Suldae): (...can i has control over Ireena's token)

(I promise to not abuse it)



Marcus Veranius: Good ol' Raven Queen. More stern and frightening than all the grandrelatives he couldn't remember.

GM: (Marcus, can you see the map? I'm having difficulty putting your token on it for some reason)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere stands with his raven familiar perched on his shoulder and tries to fit in.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (gasp marcus used kage bushin no jutsu)



Hiere Unthere: (there are currently 7 Marcus')

GM: (I can't see any of them)

(I'm going to reload the map)

(I can't see any Marcuses)



Suldae Westwind: (I also see a lot of Marcuses)



Hiere Unthere: (roll perception)

GM (GM): I'm going to try Chrome instead

Oh, there you are

very much in the plural sense

My computer very much hates this map

Alright, where were we...



Suldae Westwind: can i has control over ireena's token

pls

just for positioning when shes not doing anything much on her own?

(fun fact: I can still control Henry's token)

(but i never need to)

GM: (It's done)



Suldae Westwind: (note: I cannot control Ireena's token)

The Raven Queen makes no effort to welcome the newcomers to her court. Other wereravens instead come forward to take up this duty. Danika and Urwin are the first to greet the party, but from the crowd several other well-known faces of the Vallaki Keepers begin to appear.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry glances around 'significantly ore gloomy then the Big Guys domain but...damn is it dark here' he thinks hoping the owner of this place can read his mind



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods with a smile at everyone she recognizes.



Henry of Willowsbrook: can't

(jesus I keep missing that today)

GM: (Well, I've changed the settings, so you should have control over her token and character sheet. Roll20 is clearly on the top of its game today)

Danika: "Marcus! Ezmerelda! Suldae! Greetings! Oh, and you've brought... Non-Keepers!"

Urwin: "Come right this way, we brought the refreshments!"

Urwin Martikov leads the way to a corner table heavily laden with fine food and alcohol. Offering champagne to Marcus and Ezmerelda, he says: "So, I hear congratulations are in order?"



Suldae Westwind: (is Danika snubbing Ireena on purpose :P)

Danika: "Let it never be said that a wereraven deliberates over-long about who they shall marry," says Danika, clinking her champagne with Urwin's.

Urwin: "It worked out pretty well for both of us, didn't it? Oh, Ireena! A pleasure to see you again as well! Have some champagne!"



Suldae Westwind: (im going to refresh the page)



Marcus Veranius: "They are! By some sheer coincidence I have found someone far above my worth. May I someday manage to meet standards."

Urwin: "Well then, congratulations, my boy! And congratulations to you as well, Ezmerelda! You will not find many finer men than this chap."

Danika: "Indeed, you will not," says Danika, taking a sip of champagne.



Marcus Veranius: (Oh god I cant move my token. Not a permissions issue; Roll20 is lagging to one frame a second)

GM: (I was wondering if it was a "Roll20 is busted on a major holiday" thing)



Marcus Veranius: (Roll20 has been busted since Thursday)



Hiere Unthere: (fine on my end)

GM: (Let's be real: Roll20 has always been at least a little bit busted.)



Marcus Veranius takes a small glass for himself, choosing to ignore questions about his guest. It was an awkward-enough situation, but one that needed to happen exactly this way.



Marcus Veranius: Surely this would be worth laughing over during the next moon.

Both Urwin and Danika are observing the Abbot curiously.



The Abbot: The Abbot approaches the throne of the Raven Queen slowly.

As the Abbot's light approaches the Raven Queen's veil of black mists, the shadows begin to burn and smolder.

The Raven Queen gives an inhuman hiss, a subtle shriek of displeasure like the grinding of glass along a chalkboard.



The Abbot: "My apologies, my apologies!"

The Abbot steps back slightly. The Raven Queen's eyes flash like two yellow stars as she observes him from behind the veil, clutching the arm rests of her throne.

The Raven Queen says "You are a guest of the Wedding?"



Liliet (Suldae): (yay i can move ireena!)

Suldae watches the exchange, nervous. Her very nature is dual, at this point, between Correllon's light and the Raven Queen's domain, belonging equally to both.



Marcus Veranius: ...no wedding was complete without the awkward occurrence. Still, the discomfort was more than Marcus had intended



Liliet (Suldae): Seeing the two come in conflict has a note of existential terror to it.



Marcus Veranius: Some blessing then that his own first impressions were separate from this wedding.



Liliet (Suldae): (wait i have a question)

(if all wereravens come separate from their raven-sonas, is Ireena currently in human form?)

GM: (Yes)



Liliet (Suldae): (ty)

GM: (The Abbot has not taken notice of her, and he has great difficulty seeing in this plane anyway)



Marcus Veranius: "He is my special guest, the one I mentioned prior. Do forgive his presence."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns while procuring a glass from the table watching the Abbot



Marcus Veranius attempts to approach, smoothing out the situation.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae clutches Ireena's hand. Her partner is one of the reasons she's staying in the back where she can see everything but nto draw too much notice.

The Raven Queen's yellow eyes turn to Marcus. "The first of three forgivenesses, I give to thee."



The Abbot: The Abbot turns, chuckling nervously. "I am terribly sorry, it was not my intention to inconvenience anyone."



Suldae Westwind: She is too preoccupied with keeping an eye on the situation to take much of a notice of any tables or general festiveness of the athmosphere, such as it is.



Marcus Veranius smiles nervously, bowing in response. This was now a serious fuck-up



Suldae Westwind: On another occasion she would have taken great relish in visiting the Queen's court, but as is...

The Raven Queen says, "We shall see if this results in inconvenience." She sits back more comfortably, seeming to look between Marcus and the Abbot as though sizing up the situation from a more profit-based angle.

GM: (Marcus, roll Insight)



Marcus Veranius:

23

INSIGHT (6)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: (i will too, cause im watching)

24

INSIGHT (7)
Suldae Westwind

Marcus senses that the Raven Queen's appraisal of him has shifted slightly, as though she has realized there is something in this that is an actual offering to her. Suldae, unfortunately, is too far back to get a good sense of what is going on beneath that black veil. Marcus catches an appreciative glance from the yellow eyes, and the faintest impression of a nod.



The Abbot: "Well," says the Abbot, "We are on something of a tight schedule, are we not? Perhaps we should get this wedding underway?"

The Raven Queen lifts a hand gently, in a gesture that seems to say "Carry On."



The Abbot: "Marcus, Ezmerelda? Are you quite ready to receive the blessings of heaven?"

Urwin Martikov lays a hand on the Abbot's arm gently. "That is not how we do it here."

Urwin: "Here, the Queen oversees all weddings. There is no preacher and no set of lines to say. An oath is made between the two beloved. If either breaks that oath, their soul is forfeited to the Queen.

As you can see, no blessings of heaven are needed to keep a wereraven marriage strong."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is focused more on arcane interplay of forces than the social aspects of the situation, yet her hand still tightens around Ireena's as she hears this.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere and his raven spirit nod in approval

Urwin takes Danika's hand and smiles at her. For the first time, it might be possible to notice the bags under his eyes and the general air of sadness and depression that is upon him, for as he looks upon his wife it seems, for the moment, to be lifted slightly.



Suldae Westwind: (speaking of which)

18

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

32

RELIGION (13)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: "There is some custom, though I've been told. The ceremony is both of love, oath, and reflection."



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae is currently very much looking at how this whole thing is working (tm), sorry for the inconvenience)

Urwin: "Oh, indeed," says Urwin. "But we will not be needing the Abbot in his perfunctory religious role today."

Suldae has a terrible sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach, as though something about the situation is deeply, unsettlingly different from what she anticipated. The collision of forces here is not the collision she was, on some level, looking forward to.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is focused, attempting to understand what is going on. What is this place? What is the Abbott's interaction with it? With the hostess?

*understand as much as she can of what is going on

(she does know the basics lol)



Marcus Veranius: "Indeed. Perhaps for now, you may find it better to observe? But as you do so, think back to what events led you here. How things have gone wrong. How they might have gone better."

There is some comfort in the fact that the Abbot, a Celestial being, can be corrupted. This may mean that the Queen, who is clearly an anti-celestial of some kind (which can mean several things, none of which are good) may be, in a sense, equally corrupted in the opposite direction. Can a thing truly break from its nature? Can that which is unholy and cruel act in a way that increases the goodness of existence? Suldae finds herself wondering these things. Her Raven spirit, perched upon her shoulder, watches her with a keen and emotionless eye.



Marcus Veranius: "Troubling thoughts always seem to fade in the face of a loving wedding."



The Abbot: "You know, I shall quite like not being asked to perform minor miracles today."

The Abbot grins broadly. "I shall happily observe the marriage rituals of your people. Vasilka, be sure to take good notes."

Vasilka: Vasilka nods serenely, and steps a little farther away. She stands beside Henry, drawn there, perhaps, by some instinct even she is unaware of.



Marcus Veranius 's tribute, spoken more clearly. For a queen who revels in memories of dread, he had brought an angel corrupted by past horror. A banquet in disguise.



Suldae Westwind: In truth, Suldae does not doubt that the answer to that question is "yes". Keepers of the Feather are what they are; a patron of theirs can be dark, can be cruel, but inevitably contributes to the goodness of existence. She'd asked Correllon for guidance back when the question of joining them came up; that the answer was not "no" is enough for her to trust.

The Raven Queen's head turns gently, following the Abbot as he walks to one side of the chamber.

The middle of the chamber seems, almost instinctively, to clear. The crowd parts, and soon Ezmerelda and Marcus find themselves standing along before the queen.

GM: (alone*)



Suldae Westwind: The goodness of this, of what is happening here, is in the consequences it will have, not in the nature of forces in play.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry glances at her hiding that she occupies more of his attention than the wedding at the moment he takes a sip from his glass closing his eyes as if to savor the beverage he reaches out with his mind 'CAN you hear me Milady?' he asks the heart in Vasilka's chest



Vasilka: "I'm sorry, did you say something?" asks Vasilka, turning towards him.



Suldae Westwind: There is irony in hoping a goddess of darkness will purify the creature of light, but in truth Suldae finds little of it. Everything has its place; darkness belongs here, and must leave the vessel it should have never touch.

*touched

The stitches in her face are so delicate and so artfully covered by her makeup that she is, at least in the darkness, surprisingly beautiful.



Vasilka: Vasilka smiles pleasantly. A bit of thread is coming loose from the stitching just to the left of her lips, which is somewhat distracting.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's eyes are darting between the main couple, the abbot and Henry and Vasilika

The Raven Queen raises her hand and the court grows silent. All eyes are upon Marcus and Ezmerelda now. "Speak your vows, and bind your souls in my presence."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda swallows nervously. She takes Marcus's hands and looks at him as though trying to read his mind.

She has gone quite pale.



Rictavio: Rictavio watches, jaw clenched, a muscle twitching in his cheek. He has also gone quite pale, and he seems to stare into the past.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hm?" Henry looks into her eyes deeply searching for a even the faintest glimmer of life



Rictavio: He goes to stand by the Abbot.



Vasilka: Inside Vasilka's dark eyes there is a glimmer of what seems almost to be reflected light: a faint green spark that comes from no source in this chamber.



Marcus Veranius turns, equally nervous. There was only so much one could prepare for. Boons, politics of court, tactics, all things planning made easier. But not emotions.



Vasilka: "Oh, nothing," says Vasilka. "I thought you said something."



Marcus Veranius: Still, this was the right path.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I wanted to be here," says Ezmerelda quietly.



Suldae Westwind: (are they standing where they are on the map?)

(ty)



Rictavio: Rictavio takes great care to stand where his position will block the Abbot's view of Ireena, which is also partially occluded by the dark staircase.



Suldae Westwind: The loose bit of stitching distracts Suldae, too, as she notices it. Her fingers itch for the flute to try and Mend it, but now's not the time.



Marcus Veranius: "I share the sentiment. For there may be no light here, there, or in all of Barovia. No son to look up to, or heavens in view to offer comfort. No stars to guide a course, no moon to offer reassurance when all else is lost."

"But they aren't needed. For you are here, and that's all I'll ever need."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is glad for the feather in her cap, as where Ireena is taller than her, it provides additional occlusion from the Abbot's stray look.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda smiles.

"Is that supposed to be an oath?" She teases.



Henry of Willowsbrook: 'found it' Henry thinks to himself 'now to kindle the spark' "Would you answer a question for me Vasilka" Henry murmurs for only her to hear "What is it you want out of your life?"



Suldae Westwind: (Question. Do I remember correctly that Marcus losing his memories hadn't come up yet?)

(For the party?)



Marcus Veranius: "It's supposed to be my vow. And this is my oath; I shall be the same for you. May we never be lost, for I will always be here to make every road a home."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir looks down slightly, lost in thought for a moment. She looks back up at Marcus. In her eyes there is no longer any fear or nervousness; instead there is a solid certainty. Marcus can see — perhaps for the first time — that she sees him as her perfect equal, and there is no doubt in her heart about binding her fate to his.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "I swear that I will be faithful to you until death parts us," says Ezmerelda simply, then adds: "And when death parts us, I will still hunt you down wherever you are, and whatever remains of me will be faithful to whatever remains of you."

"You gave up your past for me," says Ezmerelda. "You may not even know how much you have given up for me..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's fingers grip Ireena's, finding comfort in their strength. Something's badly

off about this; something's *missing*, missing from *Marcus*. She should have noticed this earlier; he'd held himself differently since Ezmerelda's induction into wereravenhood, ever so slightly, as though a burden had been lifted from his shoulders that he no longer knew was ever there.

What exactly had happened? Suldae's eyes find the Raven Queen, presiding silently. She does not think to blame Ezmerelda for this, not when a far more eldritch entity is involved.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: "My future is yours."



Marcus Veranius: "And mine yours."

The Raven Queen says "It is done. The oaths are made; I will hold you to the very letter of them."



Suldae Westwind: This is good, probably, that which is happening now. What Marcus wanted. His choice.

It still feels *off*, but now is not the time. So many things now is not the time for... Suldae feels like a fly stuck in amber.

The Raven Queen says "If any being here shall object, may they speak now before the binding is sealed."



Suldae Westwind: It feels like she's talking straight to her, to Suldae. But no. She takes an imperceptible barely-step back.



The Abbot: The Abbot looks around with mild interest, wondering if anyone will make an objection. He seems very interested in the steps of the ceremony.



Suldae Westwind: This will happen. The rest can be sorted out later.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (GM I asked Vasilka something in case you missed it)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere quickly makes a mental calculation.

He comes to the conclusion that no



Vasilka: Vasilka ponders Henry's question for a long time. At last, she says: "I want to live."

He notices that her hand is resting on the shaft of his warpick, as though gently holding it down.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gets an odd feeling that a great disaster was just now averted. She has no idea where it's coming from.



The Abbot: "No one will object, then?" says the Abbot, loudly.

The room seems to turn toward him as one annoyed entity.



Suldae Westwind: "Shhhh," Suldae says under her breath. Drawing attention to herself is something she does not want right now, but *jeez*.



The Abbot: "Oh, I am terribly sorry, I can see I have intruded improperly upon the ritual. I retract my question."

"Please forgive me."



Marcus Veranius is too distracted by love to notice nor care



Suldae Westwind: Frankly, this is going well so far.

The Raven Queen, "The second of three forgivenesses I give to thee, Marcus, for your guest."



The Abbot: "Terribly sorry," says the Abbot.



Suldae Westwind: ...yep. Still well.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere regrets not learning the silence spell.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tugs Rictavio's clothing and whispers "Shhhh. Pass it on"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Only living?" Henry says quietly looking deep into her eyes focusing everything that is him on her and the spark of live in her "Okay then **Live**" Henry says sharpening his mind and his being into a decree upon reallity casting Command



Marcus Veranius: **TOO DISTRACTED BY LOVE TO CARE...**



Suldae Westwind: (ooooooooooooooooooooo)



Marcus Veranius: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA



Henry of Willowsbrook:

Command

Enchantment 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range

Components: V

Duration: 1 round

You speak a one-word command to a creature you can see within range. The target must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or follow the command on its next turn. The spell has no effect if the target is undead, if it doesn't understand your language, or if your command is directly harmful to it. Some typical commands and their effects follow. You might issue a command other than one described here. If you do so, the GM determines how the target behaves. If the target can't follow your command, the spell ends. Approach. The target moves toward you by the shortest and most direct route, ending its turn if it moves within 5 feet of you. Drop. The target drops whatever it is holding and then ends its turn. Flee. The target spends its turn moving away from you by the fastest available means. Grovel. The target falls prone and then ends its turn. Halt. The target doesn't move and takes no actions. A flying creature stays aloft, provided that it is able to do so. If it must move to stay aloft, it flies the minimum distance needed to remain in the air.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can affect one additional creature for each slot

level above 1st. The creatures must be within 30 feet of each other when you target them.



Suldae Westwind: (I'm presuming Henry is saying it quietly)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (yes he is only talking to her)



Hiere Unthere: (it says he says it quietly)



Suldae Westwind: (right, i read it as 'quietly looking into her eyes')
(commas are our friends lol)



Hiere Unthere: (you can't look loudly)



Marcus Veranius thinks to himself. If he survives this evening, he'll never consider being any less than perfect in front of the queen ever again...



Suldae Westwind: (Hiere, the Abbott is proving that yes you can, so far)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Bit of an out of the box way to use this spell but hey)



Suldae Westwind: (A+, imho)

The Raven Queen says: "Very well. The pact is sealed. I bind to thee these rings."



Suldae Westwind: (gm have you seen my address to rictavio? probably easy to miss)

Tendrils of shadow-mist unfurl from her veil and snare around the fingers of Ezmerelda and Marcus. Agony stabs through the both of them abruptly. A moment later they feel a strange new connection bind them together...



Hiere Unthere: Hiere sees the Weave shift around Henry and has an ohshitihfuck moment, instantly reacting to dampen its spread by concentrating it on Vasilika
(Wis save roll = 10)



Marcus Veranius winces, trying to hold his best smile.

Marcus and Ezmerelda gain a single double-bodied ring of Bondage. While wearing this ring, they have +2 to AC and saving throws while within 60 feet of each other. While within this range of one another they also gain resistance to all forms of damage, but any damage or spell effect that impacts one of them impacts the other equally.



Rictavio: Rictavio, having passed on Suldae's message to the Abbot, wipes a solitary tear from his eye. He toys with the wedding band on his finger absent-mindedly.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's fingers are white-knuckled from squeezing Ireena's as hard as she can. Which isn't very hard.



Vasilka: Vasilka looks at Henry curiously. "I am already living," she says. "I did not think you wanted me to..."

She releases her grip on his warpick. "I have misjudged you, warrior."



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae's Str is, in fact, lower than Ireena's, I just checked)



Vasilka: Her voice, when she whispers, is almost inaudible amid the sudden bustle of the chamber.

Since the wedding seems now to be over, the wereravens are immediately breaking into their usual New Moon reunion celebrations. The refreshment table is soon wrapped around by a line of people.



The Abbot: "My, what a beautiful ceremony," says the Abbot.



Marcus Veranius: "...is this the part where we kiss?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes her hand felling her skin
her touch



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: Ezmerelda answers by throwing her arms around Marcus's shoulders and plunging into his mouth. It is a very passionate kiss.

"I'm not sure," says Ezmerelda, pulling away briefly. "Maybe?"



Marcus Veranius: ***THIS IS THAT PART!!!***



Henry of Willowsbrook: felling for the warmth and pulse of life



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: She kisses him again.

"I suppose we could kiss now, yeah."

She kisses him again.

"Maybe."



Marcus Veranius: "Now's a good time, yes."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: She kisses him again. "If no one minds."



Rictavio: Rictavio pulls a face of disgust and makes his way to the alcohol.



The Abbot: The Abbot applauds pleasantly, beaming at the whole room.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae turns away discreetly at Ireena, following suit.

It just seems like a good moment.

The world can wait 20 seconds, okay?



Vasilka: Vasilka's skin is as cold as marble and as stiff as driftwood. She grimaces at Henry's touch and pulls away slightly.

The Raven Queen stands, very slowly, from her throne. The long veil of shadow-mists trails to the ground. She descends like a wraith, gliding silently down the steps toward the married couple.

The Raven Queen looms over Marcus. She must be at least twelve feet tall, she has nearly to bend over double to look him in the eyes.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I mean true live" he says gently "not this tracing of it *He* created"

The Raven Queen says, in a whisper audible only to Marcus: "This Celestial... He is an offering to me, I take it?"



Marcus Veranius nods

The Raven Queen says, in a whisper audible to Marcus: "You have done well to bring him to me. I thank you for this gift."



The Abbot: The Abbot's smile falters slightly.



Vasilka: Vasilka looks at Henry: "Can you do better than he has done?"

"He gave me life," says Vasilka. "I cannot be ungrateful if that life is imperfect."

The Raven Queen paces silently across the hall, a tower of shadow with two glinting yellow stars for eyes. Feathers and shadow-mists twist and fall from her.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I assume Vasilka is shorter than Henry?)

GM: (Vasilka is actually about the same height as he is, but very slender)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae turns around to watch the Raven Queen nervously.

If anything is going to go catastrophically wrong, it'd be right about... now.



The Abbot: The Abbot's light seems to dim, and a tarnish seems to darken his moon-silver robes.

He smiles in a brittle, nervous way. "Yes, yes, a lovely ceremony, truly beautiful."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes out the flute, and a melody starts to flow. More for calming her own nerves than anything.



Marcus Veranius: For a man to fall into despair is tragic. For an angel to fall is something far worse. It is a feast for one that revels in despair.



Suldae Westwind: This pattern of the weave, *fixing whatever is broken...*



The Abbot: "I shall see to it that the ceremony we hold for Strahd is equally beautiful!"

The Court goes silent. All eyes turn towards the Abbot.



Suldae Westwind:

Mending

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: Touch

Target: A single break or tear in an object you touch

Components: V, S, M (Two lodestones)

Duration: Instantaneous

This spell repairs a single break or tear in an object you touch, such as a broken chain link, two halves of a broken key, a torn cloak, or a leaking wineskin. As long as the break or tear is no larger than 1 foot in any dimension, you mend it, leaving no trace of the former damage. This spell can physically repair a magic item or construct, but the spell can't restore magic to such an object.



The Abbot: "That is, I mean to say —"



Marcus Veranius: It was a cruel mercy, Marcus's offering. But a mercy nevertheless.

Thus was the third transgression.

The Abbot: "Vasilka! Vasilka, we must be leaving."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry reaches out to her heart again focusing deeply letting every thing around him drop away so that there is only him, Vasilka and the Dryad Queen



Marcus Veranius held onto Ezmerelda's hand for strength



Vasilka: "I am sorry, warrior," says Vasilka, slipping away from Henry. As she begins to leave, she freezes suddenly, sensing Henry's mind.

She turns around and stares at him curiously.

"Have we met before?"



The Abbot: "Vasilka! Now!"



Vasilka: "....Henry?"

She looks to the Abbot. She looks to Henry.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry places a hand under her chin looking into her eyes "Live Vasilka Live and be free to dream and want, to love and even to hate **Live**"



Vasilka: She senses something that feels like family. The Abbot has been many things to her: mentor, master, teacher, guide; but he has never been a father to her, and she has never before been conscious of her sisters. Now, sensing something in Henry that feels more like home than any Abbey, she takes Henry's hand and pulls it away from her chin.

"You keep asking me to live," she says. "I'm already doing that... Amn't I?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "All are born free under the grace of the Light" Henry says "Are you free?"



The Abbot: "I'm terribly sorry, I can see that I have failed miserably to observe the etiquette of you fine people and I simply must be going now. I am terribly embarrassed!"

"Vasilka, it is time to leave."



Vasilka: "I must go," says Vasilka.

She heads towards the Abbot.



Hiere Unthere: (is RQ not doing anything?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "VASILKA!" Henry calls out hammering at the connection with her heart
"DO you want to live freely?"



Vasilka: Vasilka freezes in place as though suddenly drenched in cold water.

She turns from Henry to the Abbot and back again.



The Abbot: "Vasilka, you have a duty to perform! You must come with me."



Henry of Willowsbrook: 'Please let me save her' Henry screamms in his mind 'Just one live is all I ask'



The Abbot: Gone is all pretense of kindness from the face of the Abbot. Now he stands: cold, tyrannical, a stern and inhuman entity long accustomed to having its will obeyed.



Henry of Willowsbrook: to SYlvanus he light or anyone that would listen



The Abbot: "Stand down, Henry of Willowsbrook."



Marcus Veranius: "Dear Abbot, I think you should stay. For after the ceremony comes the feast. And my dear queen loves despair."

The Raven Queen now stands very near to the Abbot, whose light has faded distinctly. He looks almost human now, almost aged, almost weary.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I do not take orders from you" Henry barks out before turning to Vasilka again" And neither does she anymore" he extends a hand



Marcus Veranius: "I invited you as honored guest, and I shall make up for the mistake in an eternity of loyalty to my sovereign."



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae's music floats over the hall, louder now.



Marcus Veranius: Well, dinner was always best with a show.

From the form of the Raven Queen spread two wings of heavy shadow, tipped with two long-fingered hands of crystallized darkness. Bladelike fingers dance in anticipation as she looms above the Abbot.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Vasilka just one word, all I need is one word from you" Henry says pleading "Do you want to live, truly freely live?"



Vasilka: Unable to tear her eyes away from Henry, she says: "Yes."
She takes his hand.

BOOM.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has never needed to know precisely how something should be fixed for her music to work. Magic and faith blended into one, that's the song she's playing now.

The Abbot is gone; in his place is a being composed entirely of light and flame, bearing a mace in each hand. Huge wings whose every feather is a vast, solidified sunbeam spread into the hall, pushing back the darkness.

The Raven Queen looms over him unflinching, her shadows not even wavering in the fire of that light.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pulls Vasilka behind him



Vasilka: Vasilka stares at this, mouth agape. Hiding behind Henry she clings to him fearfully.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pushes Ireena back behind the staircase as she walks out, standing closer to the scene now, playing.

The Wereravens stand far back, away from the heavenly being.



The Abbot: **"STAND BACK, DEMONESS!"**



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Who do you think you are Angel" Henry says voice sharp like a blade "Have you truly forgotten what you are?"

The Raven Queen's veil lifts on the holy wind of the Abbot's heavenly presence. A scent like lilies and spring wafts through the court of the Raven Queen.

As the veil lifts, the beautiful face of the Raven Queen can at last be seen. She smiles. Her teeth are like two rows of silver daggers and her grin spreads far beyond the limits of any mortal smile.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere yells and runs up beside Henry, chucking a bag of caltrops at the Abbot's feet.



Marcus Veranius: "Even Barovia's darkness is cast apart by a mist-faded son. But there is no such thing here."

*sun

"Only my queen, and her will."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is standing as close as she dare, just... playing.

The Raven Queen says: "I accept this offering."

Like a viper, she strikes. Her whole body lunges forward unnaturally, her vast black wings encircle the angel, all light fades at once from the chamber.

Gradually, as eyes adjust once more to the gloom, you see the Raven Queen seated upon her throne as though nothing has transpired.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere quickly gathers up his caltrops.

On the ground where the Abbot stood, there is a large silver ring, about the size of a dinner plate.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's music stops, and she bends down to examine it.

There is a serenity in fear.

The ring is inscribed with Celestial runes, which now lie dormant and dark.



Vasilka: "Where is the Abbot?" Vasilka cries, afraid.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry breathes out



Hiere Unthere: "What abbot?"

5

DECEPTION (0)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae runs her fingers over it, attempting to understand.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (can anyone of us read celestial?)



Suldae Westwind:

14

RELIGION (13)
Suldae Westwind

33

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

(Not by stats but that doesnt mean we cannot bloody well try :D)

Suldae is certain that this is the halo of the fallen angel. She is also certain that there is yet some

latent power in it. Unfortunately, she knows of no way to access said power. She is able to determine that the halo is safe to touch and to take, non-sentient, and deeply magical.

A strange sensation seems to sweep through the room. The wereravens, one by one, return to whatever they were doing as though nothing has transpired. In a few moments, it seems only your party is aware that the Abbot ever existed. Even Vasilka's face relaxes.



Vasilka: "That was a beautiful ceremony," she says, to Marcus and Ezmerelda. "I am honored that you would consider me a worthy guest at your union."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae picks it up and hesitates, thinking of offering it to Vasilka... but she seems... distracted?

Well this just got creepier.

She goes back to Ireena and shows her the halo.



Marcus Veranius: "But of course, my dear Vasilka. I am honored you could find time to grace us."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks at the halo curiously, flipping it over a few times in her hands.



Marcus Veranius turns back to the throne with a smile

Beneath her veil, the Raven Queen is quietly picking at her teeth.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to Vasilka leaning forward to touch his forehead to hers



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is very, very creeped out. This could have still gone worse, but... well, she finds herself thinking it could not actually have gone better and that's as good as they could have expected.

Which is. Not very good.

But as far as making ill-advised gambles on eldritch deities' help goes?

They're not *all* dead.



Marcus Veranius: Business taken care of, Marcus returns his attention to more important matters. here was still an evening of shared memories in the grace of a most humble patron.

The party begins to get a little rowdier as time goes on and the alcohol begins to be consumed more seriously. The food is excellent and in great abundance. Danika has even brought a towering black cake for the wedded couple, upon which two papier-mâché ravens are perched.



Suldae Westwind: It's pretty difficult for Suldae to relax after witnessing a celestial being "offered" to the Raven Queen. She does her best though, both for Ireena's sake and for Marcus's and Ezme's.

They're the ones who volunteered their wedding for... this. They deserve to get the actual wedding, too.

During the party, you have enough time to chat, consider your next move, and take the benefits of a long rest.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes Vasilka aside "I want you to know that whatever happens I'll be right here"



Vasilka: Vasilka laughs easily. "Of course you will, I know that."

"You've been there since my earliest memories," she says.

"I am pleased you came back to Krezk to visit me, however. It was becoming very lonely in the Abbey."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry fells her cheek for warmth



Vasilka: She is as cold as death itself.



Marcus Veranius offers a memory to the bride as tradition stated. Not too many memories to choose from these days, and not too many pleasant of those that remained. Still, Marcus had one good piece worth offering.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I can't promise this will be pleasant" He says quietly



Marcus Veranius: *A calm afternoon, sitting atop a long-lost tower. Cutting leather strips, sewing them together, hammering a sole to give it proper form. Shoemaking in a calm recess between seemingly endless wars against a local Count.*

It was but a simple memory, yet it meant more than any proud achievement earned through war. No matter how many opponents Marcus tore down, a simple afternoon of mundane craft always held more value.

"That should do it for this pair. I hope it provides enough arch support; that Ezmerelda's leg seems so stiff..." A thought silly in reflection, but genuine at the time.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark and Kasimir sit on the stairs with a plate of sweets between them, sipping their wine and enjoying each others' company in silence. That is, until Ismark says: "So."



Kasimir Velikov: "So."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Marcus is married."



Kasimir Velikov: "Indeed he is."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Have you ever been married?"



Kasimir Velikov: "I have never even considered it," says Kasimir.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Are you thinking you might consider it at some point, possibly?"



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir shrugs and drinks his wine.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is watching them like a hawk, gathering up material to tease her girlfriend's brother with later, maybe



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Well. I hope they're happy in it."



Suldae Westwind: Just in case, for storage
Also, oh boy, what a topic.



Kasimir Velikov: "I think there is no need to fear that they are not," says Kasimir.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "What?"



Kasimir Velikov: "They are happy."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "That's what I said."



Kasimir Velikov: "No, you said you hoped that they were happy. I say that they are."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark shrugs this time and drinks more wine.



Kasimir Velikov: "Can you still get drunk?" Kasimir asks curiously. There is a touch of pink in his cheekbones. He has been drinking more, perhaps, than he meant to.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "No," says Ismark, with a grimace, as he tosses back more wine.

"But I can imagine I'm getting drunk and it's almost the same."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry again reaches for the Heart and the connection to Nature that gives him power 'It may be out of the Natural cycle but it is still live' he states in his mind and begins to bridge the source of his power to Vasilkas heart 'Oh Light guide my hand so that I may be just and kind' he prays, channeling power to turn animation into true live



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nuzzles Ireena, as the conversation between Ismark and Kasimir starts to drift away from the potentially tease-worthy parts

"I want to show you the world outside," she says quietly.

"I want to look at stars and the sun and the moon with you until they become as mundane for you as they are for me."

"I want to guide you and to be at your side as you learn how vast the world is."

And then, she thinks but does not say, you might leave me when you find something more beautiful and more worth pursuing. But until then, I'll be there to show it to you.



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: The memory which Ezmerelda gives to Marcus is that of receiving a beautiful pair of custom-made boots from a seriously cute boot-maker. He is far more human, even in his disfigured state, than Rictavio has ever been. Though she could never consider herself seriously dating an adventurer — especially not one so driven by revenge and death — she finds something remarkably human and normal about Marcus. She knows with certainty that she could never be with a normal man, living a normal life; but at the same time she has no desire to deal with the unfaithfulness and general stupidity of most playful adventuring men. Marcus, however, seems different from both types of men: he is a mysterious third type that is somehow deeper and more real than the men of the other two categories. He has seen the real world, and is no country bumpkin. At the same time, he has retained a humility, a steadfastness, and a practicality that she finds remarkably refreshing. She feels grounded in his presence, entirely secure in his company. As she accepts the boots, and feels for the first time how artfully and how thoughtfully they have been made for her, something in her estimation of Marcus crystallizes. She knows that he has not given her this gift to sway her in any way, and that he does not consider it a debt owed. His respect, thoughtfulness, and easy generosity make her heartbeat falter slightly.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena beams at Suldae. "Someday," she says.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere is killing it on the dance floor

3

PERFORMANCE (0)



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir tosses back his wine.



Hiere Unthere: (WAIT CAN I USE ME PORTENT ON THAT)



Kasimir Velikov: He gets, a little woozily, to his feet.

Seeing Hiere's dancing has inspired him to try.

GM: (Go ahead)



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir reaches a hand down for Ismark, saying nothing and not looking at him.



Hiere Unthere: (performance = 19)



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark looks at the offered hand, and looks at Kasimir, and looks at Hiere, and looks at the hand again.

Ismark swallows.



Kasimir Velikov: "You will have to pretend you are drunk, and I shall pretend that I know how to dance. We must act quickly, while the wizard distracts them."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pulls Ireena to the dance floor as well.

Not *just* because she wants to be there to watch those two.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (So eh GM what about my attempt at Blue Fairying?)

Henry senses that an element he requires is missing from this ritual he is attempting. He realizes that an angel could not accomplish what he is attempting. He also realizes that the nature spirits have little to no sway here, in the Shadowfell, and that Sylvanus himself is entirely absent from this plane.



Ireena Kolyana: "Gods, look at Rictavio dancing," says Ireena, whispering to Suldae on the dancefloor.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Anything I can to to find get a hint as to what is Missing?)



Hiere Unthere: 10 bottles of wine float off the table and crowd round Hiere, following his lead

Animate Objects

Transmutation 5

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: Up to ten nonmagical objects within range that are not being worn or carried

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

Objects come to life at your command. Choose up to ten nonmagical objects within range that are not being worn or carried. Medium targets count as two objects, Large targets count as four objects, Huge targets count as eight objects. You can't animate any object larger than Huge. Each target animates and becomes a creature under your control until the spell ends or until reduced to 0 hit points. As a bonus action, you can mentally command any creature you made with this spell if the creature is within 500 feet of you (if you control multiple creatures, you can command any or all of them at the same time, issuing the same command to each one). You decide what action the creature will take and where it will move during its next turn, or you can issue a general command, such as to guard a particular chamber or corridor. If you issue no commands, the creature only defends itself against hostile creatures. Once given an order,

the creature continues to follow it until its task is complete. Animated Object Statistics Size HP AC Attack Str Dex Tiny 20 18 +8 to hit, 1d4 + 4 damage 4 18 Small 25 16 +6 to hit, 1d8 + 2 damage 6 14 Medium 40 13 +5 to hit, 2d6 + 1 damage 10 12 Large 50 10 +6 to hit, 2d10 + 2 damage 14 10 Huge 80 10 +8 to hit, 2d12 + 4 damage 18 6 An animated object is a construct with AC, hit points, attacks, Strength, and Dexterity determined by its size. Its Constitution is 10 and its Intelligence and Wisdom are 3, and its Charisma is 1. Its speed is 30 feet; if the object lacks legs or other appendages it can use for locomotion, it instead has a flying speed of 30 feet and can hover. If the object is securely attached to a surface or a larger object, such as a chain bolted to a wall, its speed is 0. It has blindsight with a radius of 30 feet and is blind beyond that distance. When the animated object drops to 0 hit points, it reverts to its original object form, and any remaining damage carries over to its original object form. If you command an object to attack, it can make a single melee attack against a creature within 5 feet of it. It makes a slam attack with an attack bonus and bludgeoning damage determined by its size. The GM might rule that a specific object inflicts slashing or piercing damage based on its form.

At Higher Levels. If you cast this spell using a spell slot of 6th level or higher, you can animate two additional Objects for each slot level above 5th.



Rictavio: Rictavio is, indeed, dancing — and with a shocking amount of skill. He dances without a partner, receiving a partner occasionally whenever someone who thinks they can keep up with him makes an attempt to do so.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's lips form an 'o' as she watches.

She feels the competitive spirit stir up within her.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks at Suldae, raising an eyebrow.



Suldae Westwind: "How good are you at dancing?" Suldae whispers.



Ireena Kolyana: "I think we can take him."



Suldae Westwind: "That's exactly what I was thinking~"

*!



Ireena Kolyana:

5

PERFORMANCE (3)

Marcus Veranius: ...



Suldae Westwind:

21

PERFORMANCE (10)
Suldae Westwind



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh shit, sorry, that's your foot."



Marcus Veranius: *cute?*



Suldae Westwind: Suldae covers for Ireena's flub and spins her around in a different direction.

BARDIC INSPIRATION

Class: Bard

You, the target, get a Bardic Inspiration die - a d6 initially, a d8 starting from level 5, a d10 starting from level 10, a d12 starting from level 15. You keep it for 10 minutes. During these 10 minutes you can use it up by rolling it and adding the result to one ability check, attack roll or saving throw. You can only have one at a time and uses refresh at short rest, so use it up!



Suldae Westwind inspires



Ireena Kolyana: "Maybe I need to back off the champagne," says Ireena thoughtfully as she spins around in Suldae's arms.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes a moment in a move to kiss her on the cheek, then starts a complex maneuver again.

28

PERFORMANCE (10)
Suldae Westwind

GM: (Re: Henry needing a hint — what he is attempting will not work in the Shadowfell, but there is a chance he might be able to figure it out in the material plane.)



Suldae Westwind: (go go go with inspiration)



Ireena Kolyana:

5

PERFORMANCE (3)

6



Hiere Unthere: (at least ireenas consistent)



Suldae Westwind: "...Already better," Suldae says convincingly.

Henry of Willowsbrook: (Okay)



Irenea Kolyana: Luckily, Suldae's dancing so outclasses most of the other dancers present that no one notices Irenea's clumsy footwork.

"Sorry, I must have put on both left feet today..."



Rictavio:

PERFORMANCE

Rictavio

Skill: 12 | 25

Rictavio stumbles slightly in the middle of his dance, but recovers with relative grace.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (consistently low, Irenea might have the lowest rolls out of all the characters in this campaign)



Kasimir Velikov:

14

PERFORMANCE (0)

Despite not knowing how to dance, Kasimir puts on a surprisingly good show.



Ismark Kolyanovich:

11

PERFORMANCE (5)

Ismark, despite not being drunk, manages tolerably well. Apparently extra left feet run in the family.



Suldae Westwind: "I think we're crushing him anyway," Suldae murmurs to Irenea's ear as they flutter around the hall



Irenea Kolyana: "Lost his adopted daughter, losing the dance battle... Now we just have to make him lose his attitude and he might actually come out of this all a good person."



Ezmerelda d'Avenir: On the dance floor, the bride makes a graceful twirl on Marcus's finger and locks arms with him. In careful step, they dance what seems to be a serious traditional Vistani dance that Marcus has no idea how to keep up with. Luckily, with Ezmerelda leading there doesn't seem to be much to do other than catch her occasionally and not step on her toes.

PERFORMANCE

Ezmerelda d'Avenir

Skill: 24



Suldae Westwind: "I don't think that's physically possible," Suldae argues. "Oh wow, look at that."

"Like father, like daughter, only less annoying?"



Irenea Kolyana: "I'm convinced there is no blood relation," says Irenea.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere considers throwing his caltrops around so he can be the best dancer



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry ponders on what how he could trump the Mad Angels efforts once he gets back while watching the others dance he feelsdrained in all ways but the physical



Vasilka: "Will you dance with me, Henry?"



Suldae Westwind: "Hardly the point"



Vasilka: "I have been very well trained," says Vasilka. She thinks for a moment, troubled by something.
"...Although I cannot recall by whom..."



Hiere Unthere: "IT WERE ME"

2

DECEPTION (0)

fuck



Suldae Westwind: (I LOVE THIS)

"Although I would not guess as to who of the two of them taught the other..."



Vasilka: Vasilka looks quizzically at the wizard, who has shouted this from across the room.
"I do not think it was him... I would surely have remembered if I could perform *that* maneuver."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It would be my pleasure" Henry says extending his hand

Hiere is now a dancing one-man solar system of empty wine bottles.



Vasilka: Vasilka smiles, stretching her stitches slightly. She takes his hand and leads him to the dancefloor, where she begins to execute a precise and meticulously timed performance.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

3 + 1

PERFORMANCE (2)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Vasilka: One might imagine that someone had twisted a key to wind a spring to produce such neat and mechanical movements.

"Ouch that's my foot," says Vasilka.

She laughs, rubbing her foot ruefully.

"Perhaps if you were not wearing such heavy armor..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "My apologies it seemed like a good Idea at the time"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes up to them ot save the day.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry says with a lobsided grin



Suldae Westwind: "Ireena, I think they need help," she whispers.

"Would you mind swapping partners for a bit?"

She directs Ireena towards Henry, herself approaching the poor no-longer-bride.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks at Suldae mischievously and smiles. "Hi Henry. How've you been?"

"Don't worry, I'm just as likely to step on your feet as you are on mine."

"How's it going with the death doll?"



Suldae Westwind: "Let's try that again," Suldae smiles at Vasilka.

Vasilka: "You are a much better dancer than Henry is," says Vasilka.

"However, I do not enjoy this as much as I enjoyed the dance of a moment ago... How strange."



Suldae Westwind: "I'm both a bard and an elf. It'd be an odd day when I wasn't."

"I'll give you back to him later, I promise"

Suldae twirls Vasilka in easy improvisation that does not fit with the rigidity of her own dancing.



Vasilka: "Am I a doll, to be so easily passed from hand to hand?" asks Vasilka. Her voice has no tone of accusation or displeasure; it seems to be an entirely honest question to which she desires an answer.



Suldae Westwind: "In a dance, everyone is."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Surprisingly well all things considered but I'll have to get out of here to completely fulfill my promise to her" Henry says with very noticeable exhaustion in his voice



Suldae Westwind: "In life, no."



Vasilka: Vasilka keeps up with the improvisations well, although she moves at her own pace and completes each motion with perfect follow-through. "I see."



Ireena Kolyana: "You sound tired," says Ireena.

"What did you promise her?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is trying to change up the pace and watching her reactions.

"Mind, he's not a doll either," Suldae says to her seriously. "He's a friend of mine, and if you're to be his charge - I want to see more of what you are."



Vasilka: Vasilka's pace, it seems, can neither be hurried nor slowed. She continues with precision and grace, never becoming flustered.



Suldae Westwind: "So dance with me."



Vasilka: "His charge?" says Vasilka, curiously.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "How could saving a life possibly tire me out Ireena?" Henry says with soft sarcasm



Vasilka: "Am I to be his charge?"



Ireena Kolyana: "It's never tired you before," says Ireena with a small smile.

"Or if it has, you've never shown it."



Suldae Westwind: Well, this is a more difficult conversation than Suldae expected. Which she should have expected, really. "For the time being, he will be responsible for you."



Ireena Kolyana: "I'm glad she has someone, since the Abbot is gone," says Ireena.

"Hey, can you do me a favor, Henry?"



Suldae Westwind: "What happens next is up to you and him, but it is up to the rest of us too."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Why do think I sleep so soundly in this place?" Henry jokes



Ireena Kolyana: "Can you tell me how they're dancing over there? Should I be jealous?" Ireena laughs.

Vasilka: "Responsible," says Vasilka, thoughtfully. She nods to herself. "Responsible."

"An interesting word. I do not like it very much."



Suldae Westwind: "What would you prefer, then?"

"I am quite flexible, as it happens."

The latter is said in a joking tone.



Vasilka: Vasilka looks at Suldae quizzically. She does not seem to get the joke.



Suldae Westwind: "..That was a joke."

"What do you want to be?"

"Where do you want to go?"

"How would you like to dance?"



Vasilka: "Why must I decide such things now?"



Suldae Westwind: "There's no rush," Suldae assures her.



Vasilka: "I should like to dance with Henry again, please. At least when he stepped upon my feet he did not trouble my mind."



Suldae Westwind: "Alas, there is trouble all around us," Suldae says seriously.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh Heavens no Vasilka isn't quite there yet and all Hells would freeze over before Suldae gets eyes for someone besides you" Henry says "Trust me I know what you worry about but there is none of that "



Suldae Westwind: "You'll need to mind it, too. But not during the wedding, perhaps."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena laughs. "I'm not really worried, I suppose."



Suldae Westwind: She swaps partners back.

"Sorry about that," she murmurs as she leads Ireena away from the other two.



Vasilka: The moment they are out of earshot on the dancefloor, "I do not like your friend very much," says Vasilka calmly, in Henry's arms.



Suldae Westwind: "I want to... keep more of an eye on things, I suppose."



Ireena Kolyana: "No worries," says Ireena. "Did you learn anything interesting?"

"I'm curious about the magic that animates her..."

"She doesn't seem like any ordinary golem."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Why don't you like her?" Henry asks



Vasilka: "She kept asking me a lot of questions that I found troubling."

"And she told me that I was to be your responsibility."

"I do not like that word."



Ireena Kolyana: "Does she seem... I guess I'm not sure what the word would be. Scripted, I suppose? Does she seem... Pre-written?"

Suldae Westwind: Suldae shakes her head.

"She does not. She moves at her own pace, that is all."



Ismark Kolyanovich: At that moment, Kasimir and Ismark dance past. Sticking within the orbit of Suldae and Ireena, Ismark says: "Did you find out anything about her?"



Suldae Westwind: "She wants to write her own story, and she wants freedom to write it as it comes."
"I wish this were a safer world to do that in."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir dips Ismark back in a Tango pose and, practically upside down, Ismark hisses: "Psst. Psst! Are we going to have to fight her?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Troubling questions are a part of life, unfortunately" Henry says "Do you just dislike the word or the notion that you are in my care for now?"



Suldae Westwind: "No," Suldae says.



Vasilka: "Care," says Vasilka, eyes sparkling suddenly. She looks at Henry thoughtfully and smiles slightly. "I like that word much better. It does not feel so heavy on your shoulders."



Suldae Westwind: "Not in a battle sense, anyway."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Ok good," says Ismark. "Pull me up now, Kaz."



Kasimir Velikov: "I require payment."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "You're not seriously going to—"



Suldae Westwind: "I think we have jsut adopted a strong-willed teenager," she shares after a second more fo thinking.



Kasimir Velikov: "I have you, as I believe they say, 'bent over a barrel.' You had better pay me if you wish to change this position."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "That is *not* what that phrase means."



Kasimir Velikov: "The longer you delay, the greater your debt becomes."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Don't I know it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It never would have been heavy on my shoulders what ever it may be called"
HENry says smiling slightly



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark gives Kasimir a peck on the lips.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir pulls Ismark upright once more. "There. You see? It did not cost so very much."

The two of them dance away.



Vasilka: "I am afraid," says Vasilka.



Ireena Kolyana: "I keep wanting to tease Ismark about Kasimir but it's honestly just so sweet seeing them together," says Ireena, to Suldae.

"I'm afraid if I tease him, he'll get all defensive, and if I show my approval, he'll immediately change his

mind."

"Ah, the curse of being the eldest," says Ireena with an artful sigh.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Afarid of what?" Henry asks



Vasilka: Vasilka is trembling slightly.

"Of you," she says.

"And of your friends."

"And of the future..."

"And of..."



Suldae Westwind: "I just want to pinch both of their cheeks," Suldae admits.



Vasilka: She shudders slightly. "It is like a nightmare I have half forgotten," she says.

"I do not know why I am afraid."



Suldae Westwind: "They're so sweet."



Ireena Kolyana: "I still think we hold the title for best couple in the party," says Ireena.

"Although Marcus and Ezme have now given us a little run for our money..."

"Do you think we ought to get married?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae goes quiet for a moment.



Ireena Kolyana: "Feels a little like rushing into things, to me. They planned this whole thing in what, a week?"

"Don't get me wrong, it's not that I..."



Suldae Westwind: "Yeah," she says, grateful.



Ireena Kolyana: "You know."



Suldae Westwind: "Less than that, I think."



Ireena Kolyana: "But yeah."



Suldae Westwind: "I hope they're happy with what they've chosen, and I think they will be," Suldae says seriously.



Ireena Kolyana: "Maybe we can take our road more slowly than they took theirs," says Ireena. "You know, stop and smell the roses as we go."

"Don't get me wrong, I'm sure they're happy... But they're both a bit older than we are."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods.



Ireena Kolyana: "At least, they're older than me. I assume they're older than you, but for all I know I'm robbing the crypt with you."



Suldae Westwind: How is it that Ireena is picking her words for her?

"No, I'm in my early twenties," Suldae shakes her head.

"I grew up with my human parent."

Henry of Willowsbrook: "...the Future scares everyone even if few are ever willing to admit it" Henry says "But my friends and I are nothing you should be afraid of" he says twirling her around and pulling her in a bit closer after



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena grins. "Oh, that's a relief. I was a bit worried about it. I couldn't remember if we had talked about it or not..."



Suldae Westwind: "...me neither," Suldae admits. She's preferred sharing other stories she knows to her own, even if she'd not made it a secret.



Vasilka: "Everyone?" says Vasilka.
"Even those with a plan?"



Suldae Westwind: "...This is a war, and things happen quickly in wars," she says, catching a thread of her thoughts. "But I want us to live to times of peace."



Vasilka: "I do not have a plan, and this frightens me," says Vasilka. "It feels as though I should have a plan. It feels as though I have forgotten one."



Suldae Westwind: "We can breathe, then."



Ireena Kolyana: "Agreed."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yes it might even be that those with a plan are even more scared"



Ireena Kolyana: "We can take things as they come. Someday we'll be ready, and it will feel right."



Vasilka: "Why?"



Suldae Westwind: "...I don't want to ever be a burden on you," Suldae says quietly.
"...I am afraid."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena flubs the immediate dance move and gives Suldae a tight embrace.
"Even if you were ever a burden, I would carry you without any complaint."
"More champagne? I could use some more champagne."



Suldae Westwind: "No," Suldae stops her.
She drags her away from the dancing.
"I have noticed that, about you."
"You are willing to carry any burden."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Because none can truly say what the future will bring and that, the unknown, is what scares us so we cling to things like plans hoping they will unfold like we want and grant us an ounce of control over our little corner of the world"



Suldae Westwind: "...That is probably what he likes about your soul, do you know?"
"That anything you take up you'll carry."
"He just hopes if he hoists himself up you'll carry him too."



Vasilka: Vasilka thinks about Henry's words for a long time.



Suldae Westwind: "I don't want to ever, ever think of you making a martyr of yourself."

"You deserve better and none of this world deserves it."

"Not me either."



Vasilka: At last, she says: "It is the lack of control, then, that brings the fear?"

"Perhaps that is why I am frightened."



Suldae Westwind: "You live for *you*."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena, deeply touched by Suldae's words, swallows thickly.



Suldae Westwind: "I'll have my heart broken a dozen times before I ever want to be a burden on another, Ireena."

"Least of all on you."

"You have too many."



Ireena Kolyana: "Come, let's not think of such heavy things just now. This is a wedding, we should be celebrating!"

"More champagne. It will do us both some good, I insist."

"I'll be right back," says Ireena. "Don't go anywhere."



Suldae Westwind: "...That sounds fair," Suldae agrees and lets herself be dragged to the table.

That conversation went better than some disastrous version of it in her head, at least.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena returns, after a moment, with two glasses of champagne. She hands one to Suldae.



Suldae Westwind: Settling for what you can get feels like a very lovely idea, right now.



Ireena Kolyana: "Cheers," she says, extending her glass.



Suldae Westwind: "To freedom?" Suldae proposes a private toast.



Ireena Kolyana: "To freedom," says Ireena.

She takes a drink.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae drinks her own.



Ireena Kolyana: Grimacing slightly as she swallows a bit more champagne than one normally does in one sip, she takes a momentary pause before saying: "You know, I think you're right about something."



Suldae Westwind: Always a pleasant start.



Ireena Kolyana: "There is, kind of, a lot on my plate."

"I know I've been a bit... Quiet, lately. Hard to reach."

"It's because I've been thinking about things, you know."

"Don't worry, it's not you! There's nothing wrong with you, Suldae. Nothing at all, at least nothing that I can see. You're perfect, and you've made me very happy."

"But my life is... Cursed."

"And I fear that the closer we become, the more I entangle you in that curse."



Ireena Kolyana: "I know that you're trapped in Barovia now, and I know that you intend to help me kill

Strahd, and free this kingdom. But if something were to happen to you, because of me..."

"I..."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae lifts a finger to her lips.

"I hear you," she says quietly.



Ireena Kolyana: "Strahd is a jealous god," says Ireena.

"And I don't think we're ready to face him."

"And I don't know if we ever will be."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae presses the finger to her.

"My turn to speak."



Ireena Kolyana: Pushing her hand away seriously, Ireena says: "No, listen to me for a change."

"I've been quiet about this for too long."



Sulda Westwind: "Okay," Suldae agrees and removes her hand.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "The trick is that while we can not *know* what exactly will come to pass we can still influence it." Henry says "Day after day we are given a chance to turn fate our way for that is what life, a series of chances to to change the world however small in scope"



Ireena Kolyana: "Has it ever occurred to you that it might be *best* for Barovia and for everyone in it if I were to go along with what Strahd wants?"

"That it might, in fact, be exactly what is needed to break the curse?"

"You see, I've been giving this a lot of thought. If we knew a little more about the actual *nature* of the curse, maybe we could be more certain about what would lift it."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae nods slowly. Oh, this is worth talking about indeed.



Ireena Kolyana: "But I am afraid that Strahd may not be, in the traditional sense, killable. And it may be that the only way that you, and Marcus, and Ezmerelda, and Kasimir, and Rictavio, and Hiere, and Henry, and Ismark every get to see the outside of Barovia is after we give Strahd exactly what he wants."



Sulda Westwind: "I hear you. Will you listen to me now?"



Ireena Kolyana: "I have just one other thing to say."



Sulda Westwind: "Okay."



Ireena Kolyana: "The longer we delay Strahd's plans, the less likely he is to forgive and forget if we ever do need to surrender. The bargaining window is small, and may already be closed."



Sulda Westwind: "Okay."

"Now listen, okay?"

"This is more than just about you and me, you are right about that much. More than about Ismark, more than about every single pervious reincarnation of... of *you* that chose death over goign to him, more than all those who've aided them."

"There is, indeed, the whole of Barovia to consider."

"And the whole world outside of it."

"If the choice is between breaking the curse and unleashing Strahd on the outside world, with all his power and means to do whatever he likes, and staying here, cursed with him, forever"



Suldae Westwind: "What, indeed, will breaking the curse actually do?"

"If it is through him being killed, we can at least know that we are not freeing him."

"Or do you believe he will restrain his appetite after getting the one thing he's wanted this whole time?"

"Retire, perhaps, peacefully?"

"Never want anything outside his reach again?"

Suldae is staring at the floor.



Suldae Westwind: There is anger in her words, but it is not aimed at Ireena and she does not want her to think that it is.

"*This is about more than just you,*" she says. "This is... the category of thing that nobody who wants it should be allowed to get. I do not know the lay of all of it, but I want to live in a world where that's the way it happens."

"I am a bard, Ireena."

"I think in stories."

"I know what story I choose to be in."

"Stories matter, more than most people think."



Suldae Westwind: "It matters what we choose and how it sounds to us."

"This is more than just about you, Ireena. If you'd wanted him I'd be the first to say that you should go, but you do not, and so you are the resistance."

"You are the thing he wants and isn't allowed to have."

"There is quite a burden on you, indeed."

Suldae goes quiet, unsure how to continue.

She waits for Ireena's response.



Ireena Kolyana: "I..."

Ireena thinks for a moment.

She seems to come to some kind of resolution.

"I want..."

"I want to go to the Amber Temple."

"I want to understand this curse, and find the way to break it without freeing Strahd."



Ireena Kolyana: "Strahd must be destroyed, no matter what else happens."

"And if he is not destroyed, if I die in the process, if we all die in the process... That, too, will be worth it. We will change Barovia. We have already had an impact on it. This is something that very few other than Strahd have managed to accomplish."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods.



Ireena Kolyana: "And if I die, then somewhere down the line, when I reincarnate here in this hell... I hope that our souls will find each other again."



Suldae Westwind: She touches her forehead to Ireena's.

"I hope that too"



Ireena Kolyana: "I'm not planning on dying — or on letting you die."

"But whatever comes, I am happy for the time I have had with you."

GM: (We will have to end the session here for now. Thank you all for playing!)



Vasilka: To Henry, Vasilka nods thoughtfully. "I will treasure your teachings, Henry. Your guidance is comforting."



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling d10

(3)

= 3



Suldae Westwind:

Roll for HP	
Roll 1:	6



Tops K.: rolling 1d10 Roll for HP

(3)

= 3



Able: rolling d6

(3)

= 3



GM (GM): Good morning all! :)

Or greetings y'all, if that's preferred



Liliet (Suldae): ^^



Zanshuken: Salutations y'all



Tops K.: Time for consequences!

The rest of the wedding night passes relatively uneventfully for the party, but as the new moon begins to set, the wereravens begin to make their farewells. One by one, they retreat from the Shadowfell and return to the material plane. As the moon sets, the darkness around you begins to fade and thin. The black walls of the palace become more and more translucent. You begin to see the light of torches from the village below the abbey, and slowly the starlight reveals the high white stone walls of the abbey itself.

The party is back on the ledge before the abbey gates, which are currently sealed. The stars are still

high in the sky and the sun has not yet risen. It must be perhaps four in the morning. The village sleeps below you to the west, sprawled out darkly. Some torches in the streets remain lit even at this hour and you can see the guards patrolling on the walls.

The abbey sits to the east, vast, ancient, massive doors sealed.

The night is now bitterly cold.



Liliet (Suldae): "Okay," Suldae says, shivering a little. "We need to go in there and see how things are, probably."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks up at the huge wooden gates of the Abbey. "Do you think they'll still let us in?"

"Do you think they'll still remember... The Abbot?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I could knock" Henry says



Marcus Veranius: "I can't claim to know the range of the Shadow Queen's power, but I do know this."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Be it on or down the door" he adds



Rictavio: "A more delicate approach might be wise. We have yet to ascertain the number of the Abbot's servants."



Liliet (Suldae): Question: the walls are open at the top, right?
we could just fly over them, in theory?

GM: (They are open, yes, there is a courtyard you could easily fly into.)



Marcus Veranius: "If I recall correct, the abbot is why their family is part beast. It was by his experiments,"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how high are the walls just for curiosities sake?)



Marcus Veranius: "I don't think someone could survive with such an important detail cut from their memory. It's as if they were to forget everything of who they are."



Liliet (Suldae): "They did want it," Suldae points out.

"Maybe they just remember they had their wish granted, but not by whom."



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe."



Liliet (Suldae): "Anyway, if we knock and they don't answer, we could just fly over."

GM: (The wall is 15 feet high, and the gates are ten feet tall and reinforced with bands of steel. The east and west wings of the Abbey are two stories tall each, so you can see them over the wall and they do have narrow windows it might be possible to squeeze or peer through.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (huh Henry can reach the top of the wall with 10 ft run up)



Suldae Westwind: (also ropes exist)

(and gates can probably be opened from the inside)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (they do but i just find it funny and high jumping rarely comes up in dnd)

Suldae Westwind: (probably because there are always so many other ways to solve the problem that can be solved by it lol)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So anyone against me knocking right now?" Henry asks



Able: Hiere draws his staff, and the eye on the head shuts as he casts Arcane Eye.

"Yeah lemme just snoop around a little"

(He's gonna direct the eye over the wall into the abbey)

GM: (You should be able to move the Eye token)



Able: (yeeep)



Suldae Westwind: "Just don't forget to tell us what you see, please?"

Suldae does not mean anything by this, except that Hiere forgetting this feels entirely possible to her.



Able: (I can see the 3 bois right?)

An invisible magical eye comes into existence near Hiere, and floats weightlessly at his whim.

Hiere sees Otto and Zygfrek Belview standing near the well. They seem to be talking down into the well, or holding a conversation with something that is inside the well. He also sees Marzena Belview still chained to her post in the eastern portion of the yard.

The walls have no pacing guards, and no obvious ongoing watch. It seems the Mongrelfolk are not particularly concerned with security.



Able: "There are two mongrels having a chat and one chained up. Is this normal or am I having connection issues?"



Suldae Westwind: "...I think the chained up thing is normal, can't tell you much about the chat?"

"Do they seem calm?"



Hiere Unthere: Meanwhile he directs the eye inside one of the windows.

"Calm as two whatever the abyss they are, yes"



Suldae Westwind: "And nothing is on fire?"

"I have low standards for 'that is good'"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Can you try to see into any of the buildings"

Henry asks

GM: (You should be able to move the eye; did you want it to go into the west wing or the north wing?)



Hiere Unthere: "Yup just gonna slip into a window"

(the one the eye is in front of)

GM: (That's not a building)

(That's just the far side of the courtyard)



Hiere Unthere: "Excuse me, I seem to have left the premises."

The only windows on the structure seem to be on the outermost walls; there are none looking into

the courtyard. Unfortunately, none of the windows are open — or, indeed, seem capable of being opened. The Eye cannot pass through solid objects, it requires a gap of at least one inch.

In his pursuit of an entrance, Hiere does become conscious of the chimneys as an entry point.



Hiere Unthere: (there was something about going over into a courtyard?)

GM: (You already did that)



Hiere Unthere: (ah)

GM: (The eye is in the courtyard now)

(Courtyard has no ceiling, but the buildings that are connected by the courtyard both have ceilings and doors and windows and one of them has a chimney)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere heads towards the nearest chimney, careful to not get any soot on its invisible suit.

After gliding through the pitch-dark chimney, the eye finds itself in the large hall where the party was first introduced to Vasilka and the Abbot.



Suldae Westwind: "...Found your way back yet?"

Gentle-sounding music trickles down from above, played on a single stringed instrument by some unseen master.

The ground floor is one large, fifty-foot-square room with arched, leaded glass windows. A cauldron sits on an iron rack above a fire in a hearth, while above the fireplace mantel hangs a golden disk engraved with the symbol of the sun. In one corner, a wooden staircase climbs to the upper level, while in another corner a stone staircase descends into darkness.

Several chairs surround a wooden table that stretches nearly the length of the room. Wooden dishware and gold candelabras are neatly arranged on the table.



Hiere Unthere: "Someone's playing music but I don't know that."



Suldae Westwind: "Wait, what?"



Hiere Unthere: Hiere will stroll over to the staircase and start heading up.

The wooden stairs climb twenty feet to a loft with a pitched roof and a door in the center of the south wall. Unlit lanterns hang from the rafters, and a rope dangles from a bronze bell lodged in the belfry thirty feet overhead. The room is filled with the sound of beautiful music—a melody so enchanting that it adds a bit of much-needed warmth to the otherwise freezing room. Hiere is not sure how he can hear it through the magic eye, but the fact remains that he can.

A black shroud covers a humanoid shape lying on a wooden table. The music does nothing to stir it.

A cot heaped with furs rests in the northeast corner, surrounded by empty wine bottles. An oil lamp burns atop a table nearby, silhouetting a squat creature that has two heads. It sits on the edge of the cot with a viol between its legs. With a crustacean, clawlike appendage, it grasps the neck of the instrument while running a bow gently across its strings with its human hand.



Hiere Unthere: (just reading gimme a sec)

"There's a black shroud covering someone upstairs" - Hiere points to/towards where the floor is -
"and a crabman playing a viol. Pretty sweet tunes actually. Oh dear oghma it has two heads."



Suldae Westwind: "...A black shroud?"

"Someone alive or a dead body?"



Hiere Unthere: "I cannot tell, but it remains unresponsive to the music"

Hieye will approach the figure, trying to tell whether it's breathing.

GM: (Make a perception check)



Suldae Westwind: "...well is it standing, sitting or lying down? That can help narrow down the odds."

What Suldae really wants to ask is whether that can be the Abbott.

But she doesn't yet.



Hiere Unthere:

20 22

PERCEPTION (5)

(Adv from rod)

Hieye observes the shrouded figure for long enough to determine that it is not breathing and, in fact, does not appear to possess all the requisite parts for breathing with. There is a distinct sunkennes to the way the black cloth lies over what would be the chest area.



Hiere Unthere: "It's lying down, and is missing it's chest."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Excuse me but what the fuck?"



Hiere Unthere: Hieye will slink back down the staircase and take a look at the floor below.



Suldae Westwind: "...Could it be the Abbot?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Yeah, I don't think you guys told us much about the Abbey... A man with two heads? Corpses on slabs?"



Tops K.: "I mean."



Hiere Unthere: "You know how when you have a chest you're clothes don't go through it? Well not this dude."



Vasilka: "Those would be the leftover parts, I believe," says Vasilka.



Marcus Veranius: "Vasilika wasn't made from thin air."



Hiere Unthere: your*



Marcus Veranius is beaten to the punch



Suldae Westwind: "..."













Henry of Willowsbrook: "So what are we gonna do now"



Suldae Westwind: "Does that mean everything is mundane and normal and we can probably just knock and walk in?"

Hieye sees that another staircase continues downward into gloom, and the doors and windows are sealed. The only other means of progression is back up through the chimney.









-  **Sulda Westwind:** "Or is there any detail you havent mentioned yet, Hiere?"
-  **Vasilka:** Vasilka scratches her head.
-  **Sulda Westwind:** Sulda makes no assumptions as to reliabilty of their wizard fellow's prioritization.
-  **Ireena Kolyana:** "Which wing are you checking out, Hiere?"
"We could break a window on the other one, if you want."
-  **Hiere Unthere:** Hiery takes a small step for eye, and a giant leap for eyekind.
-  **Vasilka:** "Henry, I am confused."
"I am certain that I was assembled lovingly from many carefully collected parts... But I cannot recall whose hand assembled me."
"There is the vaguest... Light... A presence that was warm, and kind. Was that you? Did you assemble me?"
-  **Hiere Unthere:** Hiere points at the wing. "The weird people don't seem agitated or anything"
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Ours is a confusing world" Henry says dodging the question
-  **Sulda Westwind:** Sulda breathes in, then out. She has the urge to explain, but it's probably best left to Henry.
-  **Vasilka:** Vasilka sighs.



Tops K. considers

Hiery moves down the other staircase. The stone steps descend twenty feet to a cellar that contains ten barrels of wine and an L-shaped wooden rack packed with wine bottles.

Hiery senses the presence of a magical object of some kind, in one of the wine bottles nearby.

-  **Hiere Unthere:** "The bottom is empty, and full of barrels of wine. Hiere sheds a tiere for pintsworth and the its friend. "There are bottles too, and something magical inside one"
-  **Ezmerelda Veranius:** "Before anyone goes inside the Abbey for real, you and I should get up on the wall, Marcus."
-  **Kasimir Velikov:** "Are we convinced that we will encounter hostile resistance from these creatures?"
Kasimir asks.
-  **Tops K.:** (And now my discord broke)
(Marcus might need to go on automatic today)
- GM:** (Oh no!)
-  **Sulda Westwind:** "I think odds are we won't," Sulda tells Kasimir.
-  **Hiere Unthere:** "Do they know you? Will they still know you?"
-  **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Know who?"
-  **Sulda Westwind:** "...Those of us who were here before."

Vasilka: "I think I know some of them..."



Suldae Westwind: "I think they will."



Vasilka: "They are not dangerous, except when they are in a fit of hunger or madness."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry fishes out a coin from somewhere "I mean there is a way to decide it if noone here wants to because standing out here waffeling about really doesn't do anything"



Suldae Westwind: "Vasilika, I really do feel like I need to clarify something. There is a person everyone except us appears to have forgotten."



Vasilka: Vasilka cocks her head, eyes sparkling intelligently.

"I see..."

"And this person, I have also forgotten him?"



Suldae Westwind: "We are trying to figure out what exactly was lost and what to do now."

"Yes, you have."



Hiere Unthere: (doxed)



Vasilka: "Then perhaps he..." Vasilka rubs her chin thoughtfully.

"He must be the light and warmth I remember."

"Why have we forgotten him? It seems sad to forget an entire person."



Ireena Kolyana: "Just an unfortunate side effect of a curse we're trying to break," says Ireena quickly.



Vasilka: "In that case, I will help you try to break this curse. Perhaps it will restore my memories."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark says to Henry "I don't think we should go in there until we know how many of them there are."



Suldae Westwind: "Vasilika, how many of them are there?"

"We do not mean to fight them... and it'll be easier to avoid a fight the more we know."



Vasilka: Vasilka counts on her fingers. "I have met fourteen," she says. "But I know there are more in the northeast wing, because they scream for their food sometimes."



Hiere Unthere: While this is going on Hieye will head to said wing in search of chimneys.

Unfortunately, that wing appears to have no chimneys whatsoever!

GM: (That's not me being a dick, they really designed that wing without chimneys or fireplaces)




Hiere Unthere: (kinda creepy for a building)


GM: (Especially in a snowy place like Krezk)



Hiere Unthere: Hieye will look around for other means of entry and/or egress
(I just wanted to say egress)


Every window seems to be sealed, and so is every door. The walls are solidly made and undamaged despite the long testing of time. There are no ready-made means of ingress or egress.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "We can smash some windows, if you want," says Ireena.

 **Hiere Unthere:** "The northeast wing seems to be sealed comple- yes that would be nice"

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry picks up a rock

While circling the structure to look for an entry, Hieye does notice many windows through which to peer.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Ugh hm that one" he says pointing to one before hurling the rock

 **Suldae Westwind:** "...Wait, why are we breaking windows?"
"Did I miss something?"

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (do I roll something?)

GM: (An improvised weapon attack, yes)

 **Hiere Unthere:** (are you break)


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:**


25

Improvised (+9)
Henry of Willowsbrook

6
Bludgeoning

CRACK! The rock sails neatly through the glass, punching a 2-inch hole in it.


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (needed to add Improvised attack to my sheet first lol)


 **Hiere Unthere:** Hieye slips right in behind the rock.


Four mongrelfolk brawl amid the wreckage of this bedchamber while a fifth watches and cackles behind a life-sized, painted wooden statue of a saintly woman in robes.


 **Suldae Westwind:** (NICE)


On the east side of the chamber, there is a closed door.


 **Hiere Unthere:** "They are having a bit of a scuffle"

 **Suldae Westwind:** "...Over something or just regular play?"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Can you get any further into the building?"

 **Hiere Unthere:** "No, there's a closed door. I could peek in through the windows though"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Can you go under the door?"

 **Hiere Unthere:** Hieye hops on over to said door and takes a peak underneath

The gap is just barely large enough to squeeze the eye through.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere crosses his arms and smiles "NAISU"

The Eye finds itself in a lightless corridor with multiple doors, behind which lie creatures that shatter the quiet with their mad cackles and whispered curses. The stench is overpowering. Even in the gloom, Hieye can make out a monstrous shape lumbering down the hall.



Hiere Unthere: (could I just relay the rest of the layout to the party?)

(also hieye has 30ft dv)

The monstrous shape is a terrifying, seven-foot-tall assemblage of human body parts.



Hiere Unthere: "Oh."

"There is a very large mess of body parts here."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Like lying around or?" Henry asks unsure wether he wants an answer



Hiere Unthere: Hieye will try not to look at frankensteins monster and peek into the rest of the rooms in the corridor.

"It's just chilling in a corridor"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Okay let me rephrase is the mess of body parts moving?"



Hiere Unthere: "unfortunately"

All rooms considered, there seem to be about sixty mongrelfolk confined in the ground floor of this wing. None of them seem armed or particularly dangerous; just sort of insane.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere will inform the party of this as Hieye completes its journey.



Suldae Westwind: "...How many are not in that wing?"

"I think... I think we can and should talk to those outside and figure out what they need to keep taking care of... all of them. See how we can help."

"Make sure they know we're friends."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sounds like a plan" Henry says walking towards the gate

Raising a gautleted fist he turns back to see if there are any objections

Henry knocks on the abbey gate with conviction

The knock upon the gate rings sonorously through the courtyard.

The only response is a certain amount of chittering and whispering, followed by a ringing silence.

It seems no one is brave enough to open the Abbey gates.

GM: (BrB)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry waits a few moments before shrugging and pushing the gate open

The gate creaks noisily inward on ancient hinges. The party can now plainly see the courtyard.

The thick fog that fills this courtyard swirls, as if eager to escape. The courtyard is surrounded by a fifteen-foot-high curtain wall on which stand several guards with their backs to you—or so it seemed at first. It's clear now that these guards are merely scarecrows.

Wooden doors to the north and east lead to the abbey's two wings. In the center of the courtyard is a stone well fitted with an iron winch, to which a rope and bucket are attached. Along the perimeter, tucked under the overhanging wall, are several stone sheds with padlocked wooden doors, as well as three shallow alcoves that contain wooden troughs. Two wooden posts pounded into the rocky earth have iron rings bolted to them, and chained to one of them is a short humanoid with bat wings and spider mandibles.

The quiet is shattered by horrible screams coming from the sheds.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Coming in" Henry says waking into the courtyard "Anybody?" he calls out looking around

"Hiere didn't you say there were people out here?" he looks around more "Well are guys coming in or what?"



Hiere Unthere: "There were. yes."

Hiere hides behind the others

GM: (sorry, lost connection there)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks into the well

There is no answer to Henry's call. As Suldae glances into the well she sees a set of eight glinting red eyes staring back at her from about twenty feet down in the darkness. With her keen, half-elven eyes, she can plainly see, black against the gleam of the damp and slimy granite walls of the well, a hairy, many-limbed shape wrapped in cocoons of self-spun silk or spittle. Though the eyes are the expressionless orbs of an arachnid, she senses a deep and malignant and insane hate behind them. It is lucky she held no light source over the well.



Vasilka: "This place... So strange, I feel —"

Turning to Henry, Vasilka grips the front of his cloak in a desperate and surprisingly human move. Overwhelmed by some emotion, she says: "I cannot be here!"

Meanwhile, the rest of the party catches up with Henry, Suldae, and Hiere.



Suldae Westwind: "Henry, take Vasilika outside, please."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sure call if you need me"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods.

Disaster averted, maybe?

(im sorry zan)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry escorts Vasilka back out of the courtyard



Suldae Westwind: (rip ur participation in exploring the courtyard)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (whatcah apoligizing for?)



Hiere Unthere: Meanwhile, Hiere senses the power of a nearby wizard.



Vasilka: Once outside the gates, Vasilka says: "I'm sorry, I don't know what came over me, I—"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (GM how tall is the wall north west ish of Henry?)



Hiere Unthere: (did you type that gm)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I mean the wall around the whole thing)

GM: (Let me turn on the slope heights for you)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I just wanna know if it is a sit-able wall)

GM: (Oh the low perimeter wall? It's sort of like a stacked-stone sheep fence. Not very tall, pretty thick. You could sit on it easily.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry guides Vasilka over to the wall to sit down while they wait for the others



Suldae Westwind: (Zan, I know the pain of being somewhere else in-character while the party gets up to shit)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I honestly don'T mind)
(I can always kool-aid man my way in if things get bad)



Vasilka: "You don't need to stay with me, knight. I will be alright. It's just... When I was in there, I felt something. As though I had lost something, without even knowing it."

"I feel better now that I'm outside the walls. I will be fine out here."

"Your friends may need you."



Rictavio: Rictavio observes the bat-person chained at the post in the yard, leaning on his cane to watch it flap about in terror of his presence.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Eh they'll be fine and if they're not Suldae can get quiet loud so I'll know to go and save them"

The creature chained to the post flaps its leathery wings and takes to the air, but doesn't get far before its chains go taut. She flutters about madly, screaming nonsense.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pulls Rictavio back by his elbow.

She circles around the creature as far as she can to investigate the [uh, what was it? stables? sheds?] behind it.

Each of these sheds is fitted with an iron padlock.

Inside, you hear scuffling and shuffling of many limbs in a cramped space.



Hiere Unthere: "I don't know about you but maybe we shouldn't go in there." Hiere peeks from behind Suldae's shoulder.



Suldae Westwind: [ok so i wont lie i am bad with directions, can you label where was what of what Hiere has investigated pls?]

Suldae circles back.

GM: (The only building he thoroughly explored is the western wing)

(The building with the 60 additional mongrelfolk is the northeast wing on this map)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae goes west, as that's whree she remembers there seemed to be people?

She knocks on the door.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry closes his eyes for a bit breathing deeply extending his senses over the connection to his powers, to the Dryad seeds and also the God, Sylvanus, that had measured him for an infinite moment

In response to Suldae's knock, there is a pair of startled noises, followed by scuffling sounds. No one comes to open the door.

It does not seem to be locked.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pulls the door open [pushes? whichever one lol]

"Hello?" she calls out gently.

The ground floor is one large, fifty-foot-square room with arched, leaded glass windows. A cauldron sits on an iron rack above a fire in a hearth, while above the fireplace mantel hangs a golden disk engraved with the symbol of the sun. In one corner, a wooden staircase climbs to the upper level, while in another corner a stone staircase descends into darkness.

Gentle-sounding music trickles down from above, played on a single stringed instrument by some unseen master.

At the sound of Suldae's voice, the music stops abruptly.



Suldae Westwind: "My name is Suldae, I've been here before," she says.

"Is everything okay?"

There is a pointed silence in response to Suldae's question. She senses that three people have heard her.

Hiere senses the mind of a nearby wizard, turning gently in the party's direction.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere turns towards where he senses the wizard

He nudges Suldae and points upstairs.

The wizard's mind is fearsomely powerful; it burns like a sun on the arcane horizon. Hiere senses somehow that it is choosing to allow him to sense it.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks around, unsure what proper etiquette is for this situation.

"...Okay, I'll go look elsewhere. I'll be right outside in case you want something"



Hiere Unthere: "There's a wizard nearby, and people upstairs."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Neat," says Ismark.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry opens his mind to his power to again ask like he did in the Raven Queens domain 'Is it possible to give her live like *he* could not?' the mental image of Vasilka accompanying the question along with a surge of emotions



Kasimir Velikov: "A wizard? I sense nothing. Are you certain?"



Hiere Unthere: "I think.. they're letting me sense them"



Suldae Westwind: "Nearby?"

"Can you tell the direction?"

Dryad: *Not in Barovia.*



Hiere Unthere: Hiere points in the direction he's facing



Kasimir Velikov turns in that direction. He narrows his eyes.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods to himself 'well thats something atleast' he thinks to himself attention leaving his powers for now



Kasimir Velikov: "I still sense nothing unusual," says Kasimir.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Seems like any other direction to me," says Ismark.



Suldae Westwind: (WHAT DIRECTION IS HE FACING)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena, meanwhile, is trying to approach the chained-up bat-person, while Rictavio watches her, amused.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere is facing due north.



Suldae Westwind: "...Probably an invitation?" Suldae suggests.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry calls out "Anything yet?"



Suldae Westwind: She is a little distracted as she keeps an eye on her girlfriend.

Suldae goes north, which also has the advantage of taking her closer to whatever Ireena is trying to do.



Ireena Kolyana: Each time Ireena approaches, ration in hand, the starved bat-person flutters farther away, terrified. After a few fruitless attempts to prove herself a friend to the creature, she decides to cast *Mage Hand* and use it to transfer the food to the creature.

Marzena Belview takes the ration from the floating hand. It seems she is accustomed to being fed in this manner.



Rictavio: "Seems she's been there a while," says Rictavio.

"Can she talk?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Can you talk?"

Marzena Belview. Marzena stands 4 feet, 5 inches tall and has a hunched posture. Long, stringy black hair hides much of her face, but clearly visible are the spider mandibles and teeth that replace her human mouth. She has the arms and wings of a bat, as well as a cloven hoof in place of her right foot.

Marzena, it seems, cannot talk — or understand.



Rictavio: "Well what do we do? We can't stay here and feed her, and we can't exactly just cut her loose on an unsuspecting countryside either, if we don't know what her behavior will be."



Ireena Kolyana: "I think she's frightened of everybody," says Ireena. "I doubt she'd do any harm to someone."



Vasilka: "What were you doing, just now, Henry?"

"I felt something like sunlight, but I saw nothing."



Suldae Westwind: "Hiere says there's a wizard nearby," Suldae tells them.

"There is someone to feed her, it seems."



Ireena Kolyana: "A wizard?" says Ireena.



Suldae Westwind: "Hiere says they're letting him sense them."



Rictavio: "How does he know?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Freaky. I wonder if I'll ever be that good of a wizard."



Suldae Westwind: "I question the wisdom of keeping her like that, but I think we should find whoever that is first."

"Probably," Suldae smiles at her sunnily.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a moment to look at in her eyes before stretching out a hand "I did something close to this" as he says this a small globe of gold and emerald light blooms in the palm of his outstretchehand



Hiere Unthere: Hiere begins walking north, sensing for any change in his arcane senses



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh no, it's just occurred to me... Without the Abbot, who will provide for these creatures? Will we be leaving them as a burden on Krezk?"



Vasilka: The light reflects in Vasilka's glassy eyes. "Fascinating."



Suldae Westwind: "Probably," Suldae admits. "They might be able to pull their weight in work... we'll need to figure this out."

Hiere, following his senses, walks right out the gate of the Abbey and begins to head north down the side of the long wing.

Ismark and Kasimir follow him.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Could you stay here for a moment Silka" Henry says following after the wizard, the warlock and ...the wizard



Hiere Unthere: "Well, this is fun."

Hiere senses that he is not that much closer to the wizard. Although he cannot sense the precise distance to the wizard, he senses that the relative distance has not changed much.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Whats going on"

It seems the wizard is farther north than he seems.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere turns back around. "This wizard is *really* far away."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Wizard?"



Goat: A goat trots down the way from the garden and stares at Hiere curiously, meeting him in the road. The horizontal pupils of its eyes stare darkly in a wall-eyed way. As it observes him, it burps up its cud and begins to chew thoughtfully. "Baaaaaaaah"

Hiere Unthere: "sup"



Goat: "Baaaah."

It flicks its tail.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Turning to Kasimir and Ismark "What's he on about this time?"



Hiere Unthere: "mhhmhhhm"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark shrugs artfully.



Kasimir Velikov: "He sensed a wizard," says Kasimir.



Hiere Unthere: "I still do, they're just really far away"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "That way?" Henry says pointing north with a raised eyebrow



Hiere Unthere: "Yes... know any wizards there?"



Kasimir Velikov: "None," says Kasimir.

"There are not many surviving wizards in Barovia."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I...I might. An owl told me that there was someone to the north that might be an ally but y'know it was a bit cryptic about it"



Goat: The goat spots Henry when he points. It turns its head to look in the direction he pointed.

It looks back at him.

The Goat says "Baaah."

Henry hears: "Indeed, it is the Mad Mage of Mount Baratok."

The goat slowly raises one back leg and turns its head. It begins to use that hoof to scratch gently at its ear.



Hiere Unthere: (pardon)

(do goat legs bend that way)



Goat: The Goat assures the player of Hiere Unthere psychically that goat legs do, indeed, bend that way.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It might be that wiz-" Henry begins before stopping "Okay the Goat just said it *is* that wizard" he continues "The Mad Mage of Mount Baratok"



Hiere Unthere: "what"

GM: (x)[<https://media0.giphy.com/media/URdX6woPvJNkY/giphy.gif>]



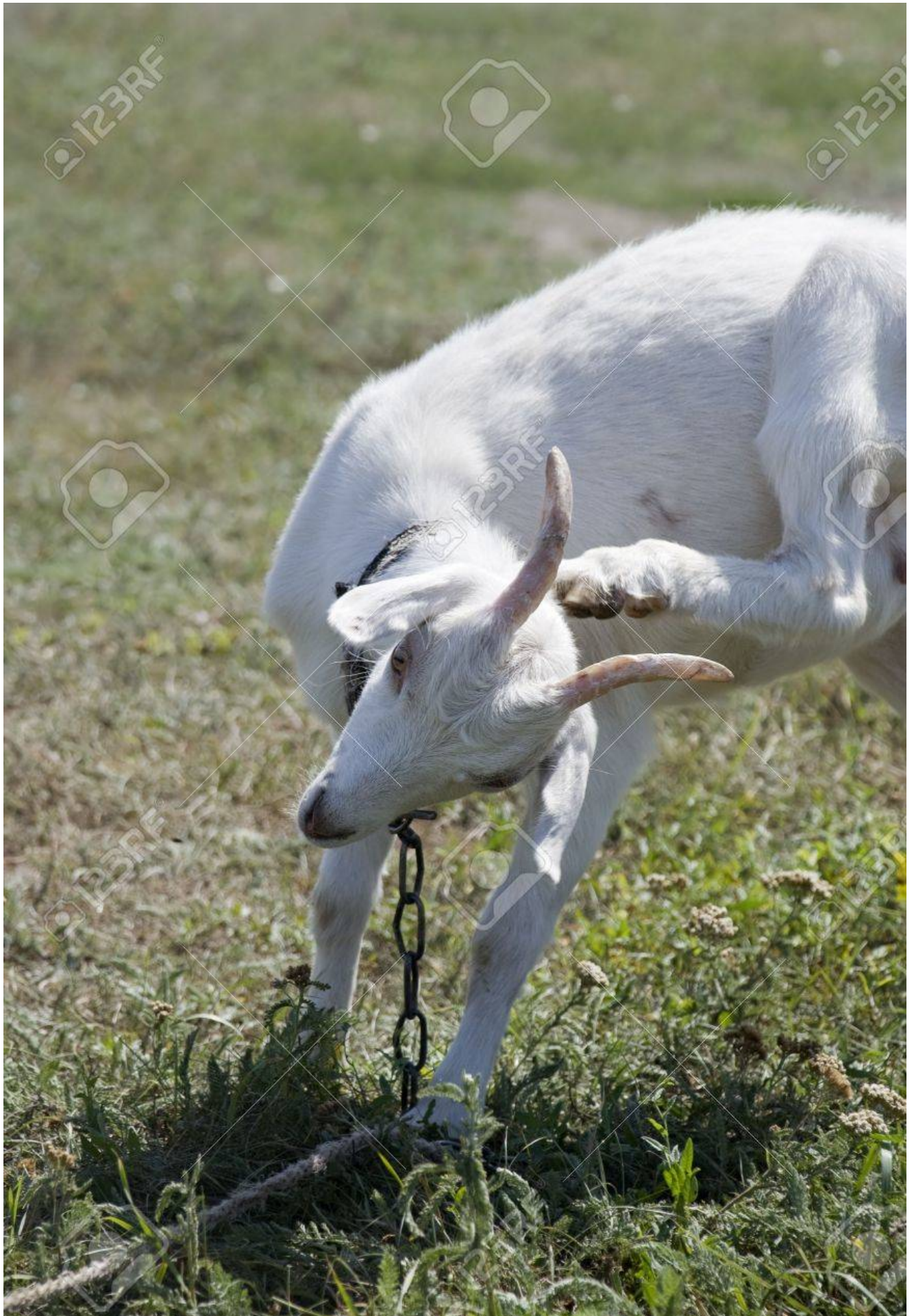
(<https://media0.giphy.com/media>

/URdX6woPvJNkY/giphy.gif)



Hiere Unthere: "You don't have to make fun of me like that you know"

GM:



(<https://previews.123rf.com/images/galdzer/galdzer0709/galdzer070901083/1755303-goat-a-young-goat-scratching-at-itself-behind-an-ear-a-hoof.jpg>)



Hiere Unthere: (TIL)



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir looks at Henry curiously.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Right, so, what?"

"The goat told you his name?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pause after repeating the last part grimacing "I wish I were but no the goat really did just tell me that" he scratches his head for a bit "It did not"

Henry turns to the goat "Would you happen to know his name?" he asks



Goat: The goat continues speaking. "Baaah. Baah. Baaaaaah." Henry hears, over the smacking sound of the goat's occasional chewing, "The name of the wizard? Hmmhmm? Or my name? I am Bilious Belarus Belgarius III, Lord of the Hutch of Westemere. I say, have you seen my family? I seem to have misplaced them." The goat looks wistfully around.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at the creature/person at the posts and wonders. This is probably not true, but what if it is?

She takes out the flute and starts playing a gentle, simple melody.

Animal Friendship

Abjuration 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A beast that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (A morsel of food)

Duration: 24 hours

This spell lets you convince a beast that you mean it no harm. Choose a beast that you can see within range. It must see and hear you. If the beast's Intelligence is 4 or higher, the spell fails. Otherwise, the beast must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or be charmed by you for the spell's duration. If you or one of your companions harms the target, the spells ends.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can affect one additional beast for each slot level above 1st.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Of the Wizard Lord Goat" Henry replys weakly keeping an even and polite face despite the fact he was apparently talking to Goat nobility

Marzena Belview does not experience the effects of the spell, as her intelligence is higher than 4.

Marzena does, however, dance a little to the tune.



Suldae Westwind: "..."

Suldae keeps playing, no longer magic, just a calming tune simple to dance with.

She also begins to tap her foot to the rhythm.



Goat: "No matter, no matter. I misunderstood. Ah, the wizard. The wizard, that rascal. The wizard! That wizard's name is unknown to me. The villagers called him the Mad Mage and left it at that."

"He is famous for the Mountain of Mount Baratok, where he is most frequently encountered — in the form of a Giant Elk."



Henry of Willowsbrook: 'Why is it that my patrons are the ones chipping away at my sanity more than that twat Strahd' Henry thinks making sure as to keep *this* particular thought far away from the sympathetic connection to his powers

"Thank you kindly" Henry says before relaying it to the others



Ireena Kolyana: "I wonder..."

Ireena watches Suldae playing, and Marzena dancing. "I wonder if it would be possible to cure them?"

"The Abbot's magic was a little twisted, don't you think? I wonder if he ever really tried..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Are you sure you haven't heard anything about this Kasimir Ismark?" Henry says "It seems like a thing you would atleast hear some rumors about"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pauses the playing for a second.

"...Fear is not an illness. I don't know if the form is, but this... I think I can help."



Rictavio: "Even if you turned them truly human, I doubt that you could heal this much madness," says Rictavio.



Suldae Westwind: She resumes the tune.

Suldae shakes her head as she glances at him.

She doesn't agree, and also doesn't want to interrupt her song to argue.



Kasimir Velikov: "I have not heard of this Mad Mage," says Kasimir. "However, that may only mean that it is a relatively recent myth. I have been far from the civilized world for many decades, so I am not, as they say, up to date."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Now that you mention it, I think I have heard this myth before."



Hiere Unthere: "The mad mage is from beyond Barovia?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "They say that long ago, a generation or more, there was a powerful wizard who came to Barovia from the outside world. He amassed an army of rebels and led them against Strahd."

"He and his army were destroyed, but the final battle between them is legendary. It is said that they fought on the cliffs and towers of the castle, striking with lightning and fire long into the night, until the wizard was thrown down."

"They say his ghost still lingers somewhere, mad, a specter haunting Mount Baratok for some reason. Can't remember the specifics."



Hiere Unthere: "I'm sensing... a ghost?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark shrugs. "It's just the legend," he says.

"I never assumed it was true."



Hiere Unthere: "Then maybe he still lives"



Ireena Kolyana: "Y'know what, it occurs to me that the people of Krezk are neighbors to these people, and that once we're gone they're going to have to deal with being neighbors for real — *without* the Abbot's mitigating presence."

"Maybe the best thing for us to do is leave and come back with Baron Krezkov?"

"If we can get them to a place where they're at least communicating with each other, maybe this situation can solve itself."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods, still playing.

She figured they should find out who's there to talk to first, but basically... same plan.

Marzena Belview seems to enjoy the music very much. Soon she is seated calmly at the base of the pillar, wrapped in her wings, beginning to snore.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pauses to think for a moment "If he truly was strong enough to match Strahd for a while then even if he is only half as tricky as a wizard like that should be I'd say chances are good he is still alive" Henry frowns "And most likely some kind of insane seeing as a nickname like 'Mad Mage' doesn't come from nothing"



Suldae Westwind: "...madness that cannot be cured, is it, Rictavio?" Suldae says quietly after slowly winding the song down.



Rictavio: "Sedation and Sanity are two very different things," says Rictavio.

"Tamed for a moment, certainly. But cured? I don't think so. Not if there are supposed to be sixty of them in that building alone," he says, gesturing towards the north wing.



Ireena Kolyana: "Still, it seems a shame to leave them like this. What will happen to them once Barovia is freed? Will we have loosed them upon the world?"



Suldae Westwind: "Tamed or not is a word for beasts. She is not, or my magic would have worked."



Rictavio: "Nevertheless, the distinction between 'Cured Madness' and 'Momentarily Sedated Madness' remains," says Rictavio. "It doesn't really matter whether they're beasts or not. Well, I suppose it is more troublesome to put them down if they're people. Not that it will come to that, of course, although I must admit I've been in similar circumstances many times. Whatever we do, we must consider the potential ramifications to history. If a race of bestial mutants is unleashed upon the world, it may be forever changed by it. The Abbot was wise enough to contain these creatures until he could decide what to do with them. His approach may be more... Compassionate than mine would be, but it was an ill-considered approach that has resulted in a large and potentially hungry population of these beings. I do not believe we can cure these people, either of their bodily disfigurements or of their individual madnesses. If that choice is off the table, what other choices do we have? We must consider with great care."

"Do we *really* want to introduce the Krezkites to these people? They may simply kill them as 'monsters.'"

"And if they *don't* kill them as monsters, then we've lost our only opportunity to deal with this situation quietly and with our own judgement."



Suldae Westwind: "...I do think I would rather find whoever is left in charge here," Suldae admits.



Goat: "Baaaah."

"I say, sir knight. If you should happen upon the House of Westemere, will you inform them that I have been waylaid at the Abbey and cannot find my way back to them?"



Suldae Westwind: "Before we invite the Baron, it's better to establish basic facts for ourselves,

probably."



Ireena Kolyana: "Makes sense to me."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ah Yes of cause" Henry says

"Any of you ever heard of a House Westemere" Henry whispers to the others
(Call it for today?)

GM: (Yeah, works for me — thank you all for playing!)



Suldae Westwind:

E>



Liliet (Suldae): boop



GM (GM): (Good morning all!)

(Or better: Howdy and good insert-time-of-day)



Suldae Westwind: ayeeee



Ireena Kolyana: "Well?" says Ireena. "What's the plan?"



Rictavio: "Wait a minute, where's Marcus? And where is Ezme?"

"Where could they have slipped off to?"



Marcus Veranius discretely slinks out the abbey's gate back to the outside



Marcus Veranius was totally scouting the area and not something else



Ezmerelda Veranius emerges from the same secluded location after a suitable amount of time has passed. Definitely scouting.



Marcus Veranius: "Yes, yes, well. What was the umm... plan going forward?"



Rictavio: "Oh Marcus, there you are!"



Ireena Kolyana: "Hi Ezme!"

"I think your tunic is inside out, Marcus."



Suldae Westwind: "We need to find someone plausibly in charge here and talk to them."



Marcus Veranius checks



Marcus Veranius: :|



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is not commenting on anyone's attire. It's *unmannerly*, really.



Marcus Veranius: "It's umm... reversible."



Zanshuken: "We were still planning our next exercise in poor desicions and hubris so by all means
Marcus the floor is yours"



Marcus Veranius: "That's a feature."

"WELL."



Rictavio: "Ouch," says Rictavio.



Marcus Veranius: "It seems clear enough that the Abbey is not on a warpath."

GM: (I'm assuming the party has regrouped, since it seems we're all talking in the same area)



Marcus Veranius: "Which is to say, better than the OTHER den of beastmen within day's reach."
"And not immediately as dangerous or aligned with Strahd as the other den of Beastmen."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (we are still down one spaced out Wizard btw)



Rictavio: "Still, there are many mouths here to feed, and I personally see no livestock."



Ireena Kolyana: "I wonder how the Abbot fed them?"



Suldae Westwind: "With magic, possibly?"



Kasimir Velikov: "I concur. I think an angel would find the conjuration of food relatively simple, in terms of miracles."



Marcus Veranius: "I... can't say I have a solution for the inevitable food shortage."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark's eyes flicker with a mote of crimson eldritch fire. "Have you noticed that the place feels... Different?"



Marcus Veranius: "That's more town management than I've got skill for."



Able: (whoops got distracted)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

DIVINE SENSE

Class: Paladin 1

As an action, until the end of your next turn, you know the location of any celestial, fiend, or undead within 60 feet of you that is not behind total cover. You know the type of any being whose presence you sense, but not its identity. Within the same radius, you also detect the presence of any place or object that has been consecrated or desecrated. You can use this feature a number of times equal to 1 + your Charisma modifier. When you finish a long rest, you regain all expended uses.



Suldae Westwind: "I can conjure food, but that's not exactly a sustainable solution."



Marcus Veranius: "Krezk is small and CANNOT support both communities without intervention of sorts."

"...there IS something we can do, but Henry won't like the idea."

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sharpes his otherworldly senses for a moment



Suldae Westwind: "The beastfolk need to make arrangements to figure out what they'll do and what they'll eat"

"Oh?"



Marcus Veranius: "Well, yes. Fruits of the earth is a relatively simple thing to conjure when you have the aid of a nature spirit. Of which three are in Barovia, and one in this very abbey."

"The winery is proof of that."



Hiere Unthere: "They do have a good stock of alcohol."



Marcus Veranius: "But... that does come with a catch doesn't it?"



Marcus Veranius frowns

As Henry concentrates, he senses Ismark's undead form and the tangible vapors of his fiendish connection. He also senses the absence of something the presence of which he had hardly noticed to begin with: a powerful consecration has faded. The last light of the Abbot's presence has faded.



Hiere Unthere: "Why exactly do they have a good stock of alcohol?"



Marcus Veranius: "I'm not talking about alcohol!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ah fuck" Henry says breaking out of his concentration



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena rubs her chin thoughtfully. Gazing through the open gates of the Abbey, she looks at Vasilka, who is now having a conversation with the Goat Henry met earlier.



Marcus Veranius: "Look, I'll be blunt. The only thing that will make this cursed land bear fruit is a Dryad Seed."

"That may be the only means to support both communities in terms of resources."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We are no longer on hallowed grounds" Henry says frowning



Marcus Veranius: "...inconvenient."



Ireena Kolyana: "Yorhish!" says Ireena.

"If he has extended far enough to connect with the forests near Krezk, maybe he can solve our food shortage problem?"



Kasimir Velikov: "Even magical plants take time to grow," says Kasimir.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Question," says Ismark, raising a hand politely.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yes?" Henry says looking to Ismark



Suldae Westwind: "Magical plants taking time to grow can be solved with more magic," Suldae mumbles under her breath.



Marcus Veranius: "The time is significantly shortened at the font, rather than the fields."

"Which is why I say Henry might not like the solution. We DO have a third Dryad Seed."

"And planting it would solve many problems."

Ismark Kolyanovich: "Have we made a thorough investigation of the Abbey yet? I know Hiere saw some of the rooms with his arcane eye, but it seems kind of pre-emptive to assume that the Abbot conjured food. There are gardens at the north end of the Abbey, for example. Perhaps there's a storehouse as well?"



Suldae Westwind: "Yes, let's think about solving the problem once we've established there is one," Suldae agrees.

"Our step one SHOULD be finding a local with authority."



Ireena Kolyana: "I want to take a closer look at some of these people, too," says Ireena. "So far they don't *look* starved, but I want to make sure they're all healthy."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Kind of difficult with them you know, running away from us"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Do you think we should involve Baron Krezkov?"

"



Marcus Veranius: "If not the baron, perhaps the Baroness. She seems more accepting of the supernatural."



Rictavio: "I think we should not involve anyone until we know the full picture. There are always... nuances... to situations like this."



Suldae Westwind: "We should find someone first and then bring the Baron in," Suldae agrees.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We probably should but let's check first if what we have here to deal with the situation" Henry says



Suldae Westwind: "We don't even entirely know what the situation IS."



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh, I just got chills. Remember how the Baron told us about the dreams people were having? What if the Mongrelfolk are capable of that kind of intrusion into people's homes even with the Abbot? We don't know the full extent of their abilities, after all."

without*



Suldae Westwind: "We are getting ahead of ourselves."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rubs his eyes tiredly "Well let's check everything and hopefully get someone to talk to us"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae goes south.



Ireena Kolyana: "Right, so, it's a big abbey. Maybe we should split up into groups to tackle it?"



Suldae Westwind: (are these doors?)



Ireena Kolyana says this while hastily following Suldae.



Hiere Unthere: "Well, I'm staying away from the crazy ward"



Hiere Unthere follows Suldae and Ireena



Marcus Veranius follows Henry



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'll go check th gardens north of the abbey"

Suldae Westwind: (Presuming these are doors) Suldae politely knocks on the central one.

GM: (They are, in fact, doors — shed doors.)



Hiere Unthere: "There should be people inside"

Each of these sheds is fitted with an iron padlock.



Suldae Westwind: (ok then Suldae knocks on the other door)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry on the way checks in with Vasilka and the Goat

At the sound of Suldae's knock there is a panicked scuffling from the chamber beyond, following by a long silence.

GM: (That's the response for a shed door, sorry)

The sound of Suldae's knock echoes sonorously in the chamber beyond. There is no response.



Suldae Westwind: (I was looking for a formal-ish entrance just in cas there was another one yeah)
Suldae comes in.



Ireena Kolyana: "I wonder why he's so frightened of us?" says Ireena.
She follows Suldae across the threshold.



Suldae Westwind: "He? You're thinking of someone specific?" Suldae asks curiously.



Hiere Unthere listens for any sick beatz



Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezmerelda follows Marcus and Henry.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark, Kasimir, and Rictavio take the northern wing of the Abbey stealthily.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I see you made a friend Silka" Henry says



Vasilka: "He is a poor lost nobleman who has been waylaid by bandits and ill circumstances. I wish to assist him to find his home."



Marcus Veranius squints



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Certainly but we were gonna take a look at the gardens here first and I thought you could join us"



Marcus Veranius: That... was a goat?



Goat: Bilious Belarus Belgarius III, Lord of the Hutch of Westemere, passes gas in a dignified manner.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae remembers this place. This was where they first met Vasilika, back when she thought walking over the table was the normal way of getting places.



Vasilka: "I would love to join you," says Vasilka. "I have never been to the gardens, but I was always promised that I would walk freely there one day."

Suldae Westwind: She walks around the table, instead, and settles down with a guitar.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Marcus this is Bilious Belarus Belgarius III, Lord of the Hutch of Westemere"
Henry says with a painful expression



Vasilka: Vasilka pauses to think for a moment, confused. She does not remember who promised her this.



Suldae Westwind: She starts strumming melodiously.



Goat: The Goat bows and says: "Baaah."



Suldae Westwind: Perhaps the locals will be more inclined to come to the sound of thoroughly non-magical music?

Almost non-magical.

SONG OF REST

Class: Bard

Beginning at 2nd level, you can use soothing music or oration to help revitalize your wounded allies during a short rest. If you or any friendly creatures who can hear your performance regain hit points at the end of the short rest by spending one or more Hit Dice, each of those creatures regains an extra 1d6 hit points.



Ismark Kolyanovich:

9

STEALTH (3)



Kasimir Velikov:

20

STEALTH (6)



Rictavio:

STEALTH

Rictavio

Skill: 25



Marcus Veranius: :|



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a brief moment to take stock of his life before shrugging and walking down the path to the gardens "



Marcus Veranius: "...the gardens then?"



Marcus Veranius is going to pretend this isn't happening



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yeah"



Marcus Veranius: If it's not in his ledger of important individuals, they don't exist right?

Suldae is now in the Main Hall of the Abbey. The ground floor of this wing is one large, fifty-foot-square room with arched, leaded glass windows. A cauldron sits on an iron rack above a fire in the hearth, while above the fireplace mantel hangs a golden disk engraved with the symbol of the sun. As Suldae passes this wall hanging on her way to her chair, she feels a knowing stare coming from it, as though it is observing and welcoming her somehow.

IN one corner of the chamber, a wooden staircase climbs to the upper level, while in another corner a stone staircase descends into darkness. Ireena stands at the base of the upward staircase, gazing up into the gloom.



Suldae Westwind: This place is... pleasant to be in, despite the circumstances.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry approaches the plants looking to identify them and their level of health



Hiere Unthere: "Let's head down, there's something cool I wanna check out"



Suldae Westwind: "I'll stay here," Suldae says. "...Nobody can leave through this door without me seeing them, predatory as that sounds."



Suldae Westwind is an ambush predator



Hiere Unthere: Hiere shrugs and starts down the staircase

Henry sees, nestled between rising and plunging cliffs, four rectangular garden plots enclosed by a five-foot-high wall of mortared stones. The plants seem like they were once quite healthy, and the crop would have been substantial, but a sudden blight seems to have sickened nearly every leaf. White rabbits nibble on turnips uprooted by the cold. Two lifeless scarecrows with stuffed gullets and sackcloth heads hang from wooden crosses pounded into the cold, hard earth. The abbey's east wing looms over the garden, its shattered windows dark and disturbing. From within comes the laughter and the wailing of things that should not be.



Ireena Kolyana: "I'll watch this staircase," says Ireena, in a whisper.

10

STEALTH (5)

In the chamber, the echoes of her whispered message are strangely magnified.



Suldae Westwind: "Just don't scare them if someone is passing through."

"Maybe just come here?"

"I really feel like we'd be less threatening across the table."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Anyway to tell how sudden?)



Suldae Westwind: Also, Suldae kind of wants Ireena there just for the sake of having her there, but she's sure Ireena can figure that part out o her own.



(To Able): /desc The stone steps descend twenty feet to a cellar that contains ten barrels of wine and an L-shaped wooden rack packed with wine bottles. The barrels against the east wall contain Purple Grapemash No. 3, a cheap wine. The four barrels against the south wall contain Red Dragon Crush, a fine wine. The wine racks contain thirty-three bottles of Purple Grapemash No. 3 and twenty-four bottles of Red Dragon Crush. Among the wine bottles on the rack is one with no stopper and a label that reads "Champagne du le Stomp." It seems to contain something that is not wine.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (the blight I mean)

Ireena Kolyana: "You know what, you're right," says Ireena. She comes around to Suldae's side of the table.



Marcus Veranius inspects the plants. Perhaps it was the same blight as the Winery; an absence of protection against the land itself...



Marcus Veranius:

18

NATURE (4)
Marcus Veranius

Marcus's investigation is quick and thorough and knowledgeable. He knows how to check for all the various bugs and fungi and known diseases which can affect the different plants of this crop. There are no signs of bugs or fungi, and there is no disease which could have killed so many different species of plants in the same manner and at the same time. This, then, is the work of magic — of a curse upon the land. Without the protection of the Abbot's presence, the plants are wilting. The same is probably happening to the plants in the village below.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Henry of Willowsbrook:

16 + 1

NATURE (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius: "Henry, we may have screwed up removing the Abbot from play."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (just to make sure Henry is on the same page)



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark, Kasimir, and Rictavio, meanwhile, sneak into the eastern wing and slip past the lumbering flesh golem in that long main hallway and make their way upstairs.



Able takes a breath and clenches his rod (no not that one), and once again its eye closes as he casts Detect Magic



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I fear you may be right"



Hiere Unthere: *Hiere



Marcus Veranius: "I hadn't considered what his presence was doing for the town, only how it had potential to meddle in our war against Strahd."

"BOTH settlements are now in danger of starving out."



Vasilka and the goat catch up a moment later. Henry notices that every plant within 60' of her seems to become green and healthy again.



Marcus Veranius turns his attention to Vasilika as she enters, then back to Henry. He hated being right.

Marcus, naturally, also notices this.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry's frown deepens

"I hate this wretched place" Henry murmurs



Marcus Veranius: "All of Yester Hill and the nearby forest regrew with but a single blessing to the earth. Think on it."



(To Able): Hieres senses powerful conjuration magic in a potential form. At the same time, as he grips his scepter, he senses that the item inside the bottle is a scroll.



Marcus Veranius: "MR GOAT of... unquestionably long title. Does he normally eat here?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Marcus I may have taken a couple hits to the head in my time but even my memory isn't that bad" Henry says with undeserved vitriol before taking a breath

There is a pulse of light from the upper windows of the eastern wing of the Abbey. Only Marcus and Henry see it.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"Hold that thought."



Hieres Unthere: Hieres grabs the bottle with the scroll and a normal bottle of wine, heading back upstairs.



(To Suldae Westwind): Make a performance check, please



Hieres Unthere: "sup"



Suldae Westwind:

19

PERFORMANCE (10)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry's hand wavers to the dagger on the small of his blade in a no-chalant manner "Holding"
wonders

There is another pulse of light, this one piercing, flickering blue-white. A sound like thunder rattles the windows.



Marcus Veranius ducks behind a wall, shifting into bird form so as to inspect the window closer

A window opens, allowing a billow of steam to emerge. Ismark pokes his head out.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Don't worry! Hospital wing is haunted. Kasimir took care of it."



Marcus Veranius squawks, then returns to the ground



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Light have mercy for all" Henry says tension leaving his body
He moves to the center of the garden

Suldae hears soft footsteps in the floor above hers, and realizes a moment later that they are dancing slowly and clumsily to the sound of her melody.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shifts the melody to be slower, so whoever it is has an easier time matching the beat.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry begins to speak in Sylvan "Milady if you have an idea I believe now would be the time to share for I'm at a loss"



Strahd von Zarovich:

Scrying*Divination 5***Casting Time:** 10 minutes**Range:** Self**Components:** V, S, M (A focus worth at least 1,000 gp, such as a crystal ball, a silver mirror, or a font filled with holy water)**Duration:** Concentration Up to 10 minutes

You can see and hear a particular creature you choose that is on the same plane of existence as you. The target must make a Wisdom saving throw, which is modified by how well you know the target and the sort of physical connection you have to it. If a target knows you're casting this spell, it can fail the saving throw voluntarily if it wants to be observed.

Knowledge - Save Modifier

Secondhand (you have heard of the target) - +5

Firsthand (you have met the target) +0

Familiar (you know the target well) - -5

Connection - Save Modifier

Likeness or picture - -2

Possession or garment - -4

Body part, lock of hair, bit of nail, or the like - -10

On a successful save, the target isn't affected, and you can't use this spell against it again for 24 hours.

On a failed save, the spell creates an invisible sensor within 10 feet of the target. You can see and hear through the sensor as if you were there. The sensor moves with the target, remaining within 10 feet of it for the duration. A creature that can see invisible objects sees the sensor as a luminous orb about the size of your fist.

Instead of targeting a creature, you can choose a location you have seen before as the target of this spell. When you do, the sensor appears at that location and doesn't move.

**Ireena Kolyana:****10**

WISDOM SAVE (2)



Hiere Unthere: (Does it set off Hiere's detect magic?)

The dancing feet seem almost grateful for the change of pace, and their movement becomes much more even and steady.



Ireena Kolyana: "Sounds like you're charming somebody," says Ireena.



Suldae Westwind: "I'm certainly trying," Suldae murmurs to her.

GM: (Yes, Hiere would sense divination magic in use but not the specific form)
(He would be able to sense the level of the spell)



Suldae Westwind: Who needs magic for charming people, after all?



Vasilka: "Hmm? I'm sorry, were you talking to me? I couldn't hear you over the plants."
"So many little voices!" Vasilka giggles.



Hiere Unthere: "Someone's spying on us!"



Marcus Veranius takes a moment to detect undead, knowing full well what results are going to come up in regards to their guest construct



Hiere Unthere: (would counter spell work?)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sits bolt upright. "I wonder who," she says in a deadpan voice. "Ireena, can you -?.."

GM: (You'd have to see the creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell)



Suldae Westwind: She is still playing. Less of her attention is on the melody now, but she's skilled enough it doesn't have an actual impact.

GM: (Scrying spells do generate a quasi-object that can be destroyed by dispel magic)
(And there are spells which can block divination spells from working or continuing to work)



Hiere Unthere: (don't have dispel so I was trying my luck there)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Tilting his head Henry works over the beginnings of an Idea 'Well might aswell try' "Silka could you come over here"

Ismark, Kasimir, and Rictavio emerge from the eastern wing of the Abbey and catch up to Marcus, Vasilka, and Henry in the garden.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Well, that was a waste of time. Nothing in the upstairs but nightmares and bad memories."



Marcus Veranius: (Vasilika still rings as undead to Marcus, right?)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Little bits of hell..."

Marcus senses two undead presences: Vasilka and Ismark. He also senses a third very large undead presence within the eastern wing of the abbey — the other flesh golem. He does not currently sense any other undead within the radius of his sense.



Marcus Veranius: ...

Wait

They only had one seed; how were there two golems?



Marcus Veranius suddenly gets an idea



Ireena Kolyana: "We know who!" Ireena says, and she casts Private Sanctum.

Private Sanctum

Abjuration 4

Casting Time: 10 minutes

Range: 120 feet

Target: An area within range

Components: V, S, M (A thin sheet of lead, a piece of opaque glass, a wad of cotton or cloth, and powdered chrysolite)

Duration: 24 hours

You make an area within range magically secure. The area is a cube that can be as small as 5 feet to as large as 100 feet on each side. The spell lasts for the duration or until you use an action to dismiss it. When you cast the spell, you decide what sort of security the spell provides, choosing any or all of the following properties: Sound can't pass through the barrier at the edge of the warded area. The barrier of the warded area appears dark and foggy, preventing vision (including darkvision) through it. Sensors created by divination spells can't appear inside the protected area or pass through the barrier at its perimeter. Creatures in the area can't be targeted by divination spells. Nothing can teleport into or out of the warded area. Planar travel is blocked within the warded area. Casting this spell on the same spot every day for a year makes this effect permanent. At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 5th level or higher, you can increase the size of the cube by 100 feet for each slot level beyond 4th. Thus you could protect a cube that can be up to 200 feet on one side by using a spell slot of 5th level.



Marcus Veranius: "Vasilika! I don't mean to pry too much as to your person. Assuming you were to break an arm or the like; would it be easy to replace it with a new one?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "..." Henry turns to Marcus eyes wide to befuddled to glare



Vasilka: "No no, I would miss it dearly."

"I am very fond of these arms," says Vasilka. "They are much better than my old ones."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir raises an eyebrow.

Marcus Veranius shakes his head. "I mean strictly in theory. If you absolutely HAD to have something replaced. It would be possible with a similar spare?"

Hiere feels the divination spell break as Ireena's Private Sanctum takes hold on 100 cubic feet of space, which encompasses half the abbey.



Marcus Veranius turns an eye to Henry, hoping he'd catch on



Vasilka: "Well, if somebody knew how to do it, I suppose... Because someone did it for me once already."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry now stares at his friend bewildered



Suldae Westwind: Suldae relaxes as Ireena casts the spell, and focuses on her music again, this time adding her voice to it.

It's an old and beloved ballad, and her voice is just loud enough that whoever's upstairs should be able to hear it, but not make out the words.



Marcus Veranius: "Well before we leave the abbey, it might be worth checking if there are any spare parts we can take with us."



Suldae Westwind: She hopes her singing is lovely enough to lure them down.



Marcus Veranius: "In case we might have a NEED of one."



Suldae Westwind: She also gestures for Hiere to either go downstairs or come up to the table with them.

Suldae hears a rough voice following along as though it knows the tune. The lyrics sound a bit different.



Henry of Willowsbrook: He approaches Marcus quickly to ask him in a whisper "What in the Nine Hells and the depthless abyss are you on about?"



Marcus Veranius whispers back. "The abbot has a second golem that doesn't require a seed to animate. We may yet spare both land and girl if we are clever."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae starts singign louder then, matching the different lyrics as best she can. The song is slow, so it's not too hard.

Suldae hears the singer stop singing, but as she continues to play, she begins to hear the dulcet tones of a viol. The music grows bolder in the comfort of her own playing, and soon begins to generate flurries and waves of breathtaking emotion. The player, whoever they are, is clearly very talented.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry works his jaw for a moment "I fear the seed and the girl are linked to deeply for that to work" he whispers again "It is not Vasilika and the Lady Dryad it is only Vasilika"



Suldae Westwind: "I think I'm making a friend," she shares with Ireena quietly.



Hiere Unthere: "It's the crab man"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Removing the heart might end *her* entirely" Henry says quietly

Ireena Kolyana: Ireena grips Suldae's arm as she plays and gently joins her voice to the song.

The viol player startles at the addition of Ireena's voice.

A moment later it is back in swing, and enjoying itself — but now cautiously.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae keeps playing and singing, delighting in the sensation.



Marcus Veranius takes a step to the side away from Vasilika, hoping to not be heard.



Suldae Westwind: She allows herself to be lost in the music and in Ireena's voice, for the moment.

Mechanical form is taking precedence over talent and intuition. The playing becomes very correct, and loses much of its idiosyncratic emotionality.



Marcus Veranius: "If that is true and you are not willing to find an alternative, then you need to make a really hard decision very quickly.. Because I am not about to allow two settlements to fall for one person."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I might have something" Henry says those raw



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena gestures at Hiere to do something helpful.

She continues to lend her voice to Suldae's performance, granting her advantage on this next performance check.



Marcus Veranius: "Oh! You know what, I almost forgot about the dowry for my wedding! Do excuse me; I wouldn't want to keep Rictavio waiting."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Taking a moment to compose himself Henry turns to Vasilika



Marcus Veranius makes his excuse to leave Henry alone



Suldae Westwind:

15

PERFORMANCE (10)
Suldae Westwind

15

PERFORMANCE (10)
Suldae Westwind

(FOR REAL?!)

Alas, Suldae is too lost in the song and being together to truly pay attention to the friend upstairs.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere pulls out the scroll from the bottle, and attempts to read it.

(As in understand what it does not cast from it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Walking her into the center of the garden Henry begins to speak "Vasilika look around you what do you"



Marcus Veranius leans against the wall, upset with the current options in play. He hasn't made a single comment about the dowry, and doesn't particularly care to ask



Marcus Veranius: "...is it too late for our honeymoon at the Amber Temple?"

"Somehow that's looking more and more appealing by the moment."



Rictavio: "Ah, yes, that reminds me," says Rictavio, patting his pockets. He finds the folded envelope in his breast pocket. "I have gifts for both of you," he says. "For you, Marcus, a dowry fit for a daughter of mine."

He hands an envelope to Marcus.

Turning to Ezmerelda, he says: "My dear, it has been a privilege to be your teacher, and whatever our disagreements in the past, I want you to know that I am proud of you. This ring once belonged to my wife. I think she would have liked you very much. I had it enchanted not long ago, and it will now serve you better than me. I intend to retire once this is all over."

Rictavio hands Ezmerelda the *Ring of Mind Shielding*.

Hiere determines that the spell scroll is one of Heroes' Feast.



Vasilka: "What do I...?"



Marcus Veranius pauses his sulking to take a closer look at the letter. "Oh, thank you! I am honored."



Marcus Veranius carefully opens the envelope



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Anything, just tell me what you see"

Hiere also estimates that the roughly bowl-shaped golden sun wall hanging happens to be a gem-encrusted bowl worth at least 1,000 gp.



Hiere Unthere takes a second to add the scroll of Hiereos Feast to his inventory



Vasilka: "I see you," she says. "And the goat, and the plants, and the stars, and the wall, and the cliffs... And the village, and the forest, and the snow. It is a beautiful evening."

"Why? What do you need me to see?"

The Envelope contains 50 platinum coins.



Hiere Unthere resists the temptation... for now



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how big was the plant aura around her again?)

GM: (60' radius)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Do you notice a difference between the plants in this garden and the ones outside"

Inside the envelope with the 50 platinum pieces is a scrap of damp parchment that seems to have writing on it, between the stains.



Marcus Veranius blinks in surprise. This is a rather large sum of money.



Vasilka: "Yes," says Vasilka. "The forest seems healthy, and the trees there are happy. In the village, though, they seem to moan. I can hear their pain on the wind. Something is wrong, I think."



Marcus Veranius: He gently unfolds the parchment, curious as to the message

Vasilka: "It is lucky we are in such a holy place, to be protected from what hurts them."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Wouldn't you want to help the ones in Village?" Henry says



Marcus Veranius: (50 platinum is probably enough money to replace a wagon with alchemist fire roofing)

The message reads: "~~Dear Rictavio~~, Marcus, this parchment is stained with the blood of my wife. It is the blank page of the last letter she ever wrote to me, which I plucked from the hand of her corpse when I found her. Only that phrase: 'Dear Rictavio' remains of her. I suppose what I mean to say is: Don't Fuck It Up. There may come a day when all you have left is a scrap of handwriting, so enjoy the time you have and take none of it for granted. Take my advice, and get out of the hero business the first safe chance you get. Save this money until then, or for a rainy day. Start a business, maybe."



Vasilka: "Of course I would want to help them," says Vasilka.

"How can I do so?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry lets his power flow out of himself "You can feel this right?"

Meanwhile, Suldae's playing companion gradually begins to grow more confident at the relaxed tones of Suldae and Ireena, and the sound of the viol shifts slowly into something divine and alive and manically passionate.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows now, instead of setting the melody.



Ireena Kolyana: "We can't play here all night," sings Ireena, at the part of the song in which one usually sings that. However, as she sings it this time, she makes eyebrows at Hiere.



Marcus Veranius stares at the letter, a grim expression on his face. A tear forms as he wordlessly nods.



Marcus Veranius: There isn't anything witty he can say about this.



Vasilka: Though there is no wind tonight, Vasilka's hair and gown ruffle as though a breeze has moved over them. "Like a warm wind," she says.



Marcus Veranius: Ric was right. He never really was the hero-type anyways. Just a shoemaker in extremely odd circumstances.



Kasimir Velikov: Turning to Rictavio and Ismark, Kasimir says:

"What are we going to do about the other flesh golem?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "At the moment it's the only thing guarding those things and keeping them inside," says Ismark.

"Seems pretty docile to me, too."



Kasimir Velikov: "You have never seen violence until you have seen a flesh golem in its final frenzy," says Kasimir.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere shrugs in a lack of musical talent



Marcus Veranius: "I uhh... suppose we could wrap that up real quick before we go."

Hiere Unthere: He offers Ireena a bottle of wine.



Kasimir Velikov: "Docile he may seem, but what if the villagers decide to prod him experimentally with torches and pitchforks?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena jerks her head towards the ceiling hintingly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I want you to try and do what I am doing right now" Henry says if what he was thinking was right it should be possible with the only difference being one of scale. Henry was channeling Natures power but Vasilika, she would be a spring.



Vasilka: Vasilka gently takes Henry's hand and watches him as he casts, for a time.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere puts down the bottle of wine in front of her just in case, and heads towards the staircase leading upstairs.



Vasilka: She closes her eyes, and thinks deeply.

She opens her eyes and their emerald irises flare with inner light.

A warm wind moves over the village and ripples through the trees.



Marcus Veranius: "Arguably speaking, the flesh golem is probably last on the pitchfork list if it comes to that."

"Plenty of other frightening things before its chambers."

Suldae, Ireena, Ismark, Kasimir, Hiere, and Ezmerelda sense arcane lines of incredible power stretching suddenly across the western portion of Barovia in a net of power.

Marcus feels a prickling sensation crawl up his spine and into his scalp.



Goat: "Baaah."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shudders, whilst he may harbor a deep wellspring of power compared to this... compared to **her** he was but a rain drop to an ocean



Marcus Veranius looks up nervously

Hiere sees that the wooden stairs climb twenty feet to a loft with a pitched roof and a door in the center of the south wall. Unlit lanterns hang from the rafters, and a rope dangles from a bronze bell lodged in the belfry thirty feet overhead. The room is filled with the sound of beautiful music—a melody so enchanting that it adds a bit of much-needed warmth to the otherwise freezing room.



Marcus Veranius turns inwards again, attempting to sense undead

Hiere sees a black shroud covering a humanoid shape lying on a wooden table nearby. The music does nothing to stir it.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "How are you felling Silika" Henry asks gently taking her hand

Hiere also sees a cot heaped with furs resting in the northeast corner, surrounded by empty wine bottles. An oil lamp burns atop a table nearby, silhouetting a squat creature that has two heads. It sits on the edge of the cot with a viol between its legs. With a crustacean, clawlike appendage, it grasps the neck of the instrument while running a bow gently across its strings with its human hand. Needles, thread, saws, and other tools lie on a small table in the northwest corner.

Marcus senses the same undead he did previously, with no additions or surprises.



Marcus Veranius: "...something's going on. It doesn't have the telltale signs of Strahd, but..."



Vasilka: Vasilka's voice is different: deeper, more distant, stronger. "We are connected now," she says.
She looks at Henry. "I see the sisters."
"I remember what I was..."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere carefully takes a few steps forward, to make his presence known to the crab man but not wanting to interrupt it.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods slowly



Vasilka spreads her arms and unleashes something like a thousand swarming winds. "The long wait in hiding is over," she says. "We have chosen our champions, and our fate now rides with theirs. The time for hiding is ended; the time for war is at hand."



Hiere Unthere: (quick offer her a snickers)

All magic casters sense a powerful fey magic has just been unleashed on the western half of Barovia.

The trees around Krezk sigh audibly. The trees of the village far below rustle, fresh and green and some even blooming.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a ragged breath air burning his lungs 'When had I stopped breathing?' he wondered as the magic floods his senses



Clovin Belview: The little man Hiere sees stands 4 feet, 7 inches tall and has a barrel-like shape. His right head is fully formed and combines the features of a patchy-haired man with those of a goat, complete with stubby horns. His left head is about half normal size and has a soft, cherubic face partly covered with crocodilian hide. He has a crab's pincer in place of his left hand and a bear's paw where his right foot should be. He wears an ill-fitting monk's robe with a belt made of hempen rope.

The man continues to play. His eyes are closed and he is swaying slightly. He appears to be very drunk.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere sighs and heads back downstairs to tell the other two.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "So... What is our plan, then? For the other flesh golem?"
"Do we kill it?"



Marcus Veranius: "I'd be in favor of it. But..."



Marcus Veranius considers



Marcus Veranius: "...I'll defer judgment to the others for now.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena sings: "What did you find, on your joooooourney?"



Marcus Veranius: (I still don't know the whole situation and will defer judgment for those here day 1)



Marcus Veranius starts sorting through his good arrows, just in case



Hiere Unthere: Hiere points at her and casts message in order to not embarrass himself trying to sing. 'there's a very drunk two-headed man with animal body parts playing the viol.'



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stands up. Her guitar has straps, of course, for her to play while standing,

and so she is still playing as she goes to the staircase.

Hiere came back without the other person stopping playing, so she figures she might as well take a look.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere points at her next, 'don't be shocked'



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods as she goes upstairs.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry keeps taking consciously deep breaths to gather himself mind drifting to memories long past when he first held a spear refusing to let himself drown in the flows of power 'Champion not Servant' he reminds himself. Breath and mind steady once more he looks in Vasilikas eyes "So I'll just assume that that call to war was not an invitation to throw caution to the wind and *heroicly* charge at **Him**"



Vasilka: "We have sealed fully half of Barovia from his power. Western Barovia is saved. Have no doubt that he will seek to assail us, and that the worst of his power has not yet been witnessed."

Vasilka takes Henry's hands. "Without you, none of this would be possible. Because of you, Sylvanus has claimed half this demiplane. He has claimed the lost souls here, and the feywild will soon be able to breach the walls of this accursed demiplane."

"Strahd cannot allow that," says Vasilka. "And so he will be drawn out."

Suldae is able to enter the chamber and get within five feet of the two-headed man without him noticing. He is completely enraptured by the music. His smaller head appears to be sound asleep.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "He'll do away with the lie that we are no threat to him now and sallie out in full force to end us" Henry says taking in the atmosphere



Suldae Westwind: She studies him as she slowly winds the music down into a lullaby. Probably not the best choice, but at least he should be calm afterwards, right?



Vasilka: "No," says Vasilka. "He will go to the Amber Temple, to ensure that the Feywild cannot bar him from it, and to fortify it. Then he will come for targets that will draw *you* out to face him on his terms. Unless, of course, you change the terms of engagement by a clever stratagem."

The two-headed man's playing falters slightly and his swaying becomes markedly more wild.

Quite suddenly, he slumps over in the bed with a crunch, crushing the neck of his viol. He rolls over, smacking his lips, to get into a position that smothers neither of his strange heads. Several wine bottles shift and clack as he moves. He begins to snore heavily.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae winces at the sound, and starts with Mending the viol and clearing away the bottles.

"Come here!" she calls downstairs.

"We've got... someone not running away at least."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena comes upstairs. "Oh,"
She approaches the unconscious man.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae points out the bottles she'd put in a corner.



Ireena Kolyana: "What do we do with him?" Ireena asks.

"Should we put him somewhere we can get to him easily later? Somewhere he can't run away?"



Suldae Westwind: "...we could just wake him up."

"Without being evil about it."

"Admittedly that's a bit of a contradiction in terms..."

"In this situation..."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere also does that. "He didn't seem to be causing any trouble. And he's pissed."

"like"

"really pissed"



Ireena Kolyana: "It's strange that he's allowed to be out, when all the others are locked up in cages or tied to posts in the yard."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae considers whether her healing can make someone less drunk.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry says rolling his shoulders and cracking his neck "Well I'll better tell the others now"



Suldae Westwind: "It's based on sentience."

"Self-control?"

"That."

"He could sing, I assume he can hold a conversation."



Hiere Unthere: "Can't Henry help with the alcohol? We should go look for him, especially with the fey magic that just went up."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Looks like Henry's done with Vasilka," says Ismark, tapping Kasimir on the arm.



Ezmerelda Veranius is admiring her ring.



Marcus Veranius shakes himself up from deep thought.



Marcus Veranius: "...is it done then?"



Rictavio: "We should regroup with the others and see what they've found out," says Rictavio.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves to regroup with the others "I have news for you my friends"
Henry says with a grin



Suldae Westwind: "...Ireena, I think you're the one of us most capable of carrying him," Suldae shares her realization as she beholds Hiere's noodle arms.



Ireena Kolyana: "I can use floating disc," says Ireena.



Suldae Westwind: She plays a quick tune of Prestidigitation to clean the guy first, just in case.

"Or that."

"Yay for magic!"





Ireena Kolyana: Ireena casts *Floating Disc*. Then, very gingerly, she drags the unconscious man onto it.





Hiere Unthere: "Where are we taking the poor fellow?"

Marcus Veranius: "Is it good news? Cause right now all I feel is a sense of dread."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Right, where do we want him?"


 **Suldae Westwind:** "...The others went to the gardens, right?"

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "I'd rather not explain it twice but yeah I believe you will like the news"


 **Suldae Westwind:** (Fun question! Could Suldae feel *that* happening? Did the Private Sanctum block the effect?)


 **Hiere Unthere:** (PS only blocked div magic)


 **Suldae Westwind:** (yes but the idea of Suldae feeling that is nebulous in the first place so I'm covering my bases)

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "So let's go and get the others" Henry says moving back to the Abbey proper


GM: (The PS did not block the effects of the spell, so Suldae did feel it too)


 **Suldae Westwind:** "I think there's a story to hear once we find them."


 **Vasilka:** Vasilka remains in the garden, staring out toward the eastern horizon, where dark clouds grumble.

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** Ismark, Kasimir, and Rictavio follow Henry.


 **Ezmerelda Veranius:** Ezmerelda walks arm-in-arm with Marcus.

 **Goat:** The Goat follows, chewing his cud thoughtfully.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "We're up here!" Ireena shouts.


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry enters "Okay what did you find? Beacuse what I found might take a bit to explain so I'll wait"


 **Hiere Unthere:** Hiere points at the dude.

 **Suldae Westwind:** "We played music for a while and then he fell asleep," Suldae summarizes.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Anything besides that?"

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** Ismark looks at the tools in the corner and at the slab covered in black cloth.
He approaches the black shrouded figure, and lifts a corner of the blanket.
Despite the paleness of his undead skin, he grows even paler and his eyes widen.
"Hey, um," says Ismark.


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Hm? You okay Ismark?" Henry says moving over to him

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Tell me what you see," he says, and he draws back the shroud.


Henry sees: *beneath the shroud lies a creature made of stitched-together body parts. He recognizes some of them as his own.*

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae looks.

Suldae notes several of her own body parts stitched into the strange body as well.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena leans over Suldae's shoulder to look.
"Well, that can't be right."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "...I concur."

 **Kasimir Velikov:** Kasimir takes a peek. "Fascinating."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Is that my-?..."
"Why?"



Marcus Veranius blinks



Hiere Unthere does not look



Marcus Veranius checks if any pieces of himself are present



Hiere Unthere: "What is it?"

Marcus sees that several are. He also sees pieces of Ezmerelda.



Marcus Veranius: "This... must be the flesh golem?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks at the body for a while.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Light everburning" Henry groans out "Some please tell me what in all planes are we looking at?"



Ireena Kolyana: She begins to cast a spell which may take a few minutes.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Kasimir Velikov: "My best guess would be an illusion of some kind," says Kasimir. "Unless it's some kind of dark omen of heaven's curse upon us for the slaying of an angel."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Can't be that, we didn't kill him."



Suldae Westwind: "...We did kind of tangentially cause it to happen."



Kasimir Velikov: "The gods are not known for looking kindly upon technicalities," says Kasimir.



Suldae Westwind: "In a way that, if not entirely deliberate, can be described as wiffully negligent."



Marcus Veranius: "I have a theory. Kasimir; do you recognize any of this as yourself?"
"Perhaps the abbot simply made a golem of people he met."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Did someone check the halo since we got back by the by?" henry asks to distract himself




Marcus Veranius: "...some replication of us."




Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir peers at the golem. "I do," he says. "He has my ears."


To Marcus's eyes, he does not.


Kasimir Velikov: "That is, the ears I used to have."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "No he doesnt, if my eyes are right."


The golem's ears do not look pointed to anyone else.


 **Marcus Veranius:** "And you haven't had proper ears in hundreds of years, right? No offense."
"Then this has to be the work of some illusion."

 **Kasimir Velikov:** "Only mild offense taken<
"Yes, an illusion seems likely."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry takes a look again "I take it you all don't see me sized muscles on it right?"


It becomes clear that the golem looks different to every person in the room.


 **Rictavio:** "Well, is it animated?" Rictavio asks.


 **Marcus Veranius:** Marcus does not sense an undead presence from it.

GM: (Whoops, sorry)


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Wait... this isn't the flesh golem?"
"I have no idea what this is."

 **Kasimir Velikov:** "No, that's in the other wing."

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae breathes out. An illusion is a much less creepy problem.


 **Kasimir Velikov:** "This looks to be a flesh golem in the process of being assembled."
"I must say it looks noticeably less well-designed than Vasilka."


 **Suldae Westwind:** Where is Vasilika?


 **Hiere Unthere:** "Wait, does it have a chest?"


GM: (She stayed in the garden)


 **Suldae Westwind:** "Where is Vasilika?"


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "In the gardens still I'll explain why in a moment"

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "It seems like the hauntings we encountered in the other wing," says Ismark.
"Like that nun, and the screaming table."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "...the screaming table?"

 **Rictavio:** "And the Shadows," says Rictavio. "It could be a lingering echo of the sins of a heavenly being."

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Screaming surgery table, yeah," says Ismark.

 **Suldae Westwind:** "That's definitely a more pleasant explanation," Suldae notes, deadpan.

"...Ah. Surgery table. Well that tracks."



Kasimir Velikov: "This place is nightmarish," says Kasimir.



Marcus Veranius: "Well Henry, what's the good news then?"



Rictavio: "To reiterate, however, it does not seem to be animated?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So why is it enchanted then ? Just to fuck with people? Or is it meant to hide something?"



Rictavio: "Perhaps we should ensure that it *cannot* be animated."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a moment to explain what happend in the garden and what Vasilika had told him "...and thats it"



Ireena Kolyana: "And what do we want to do with the *other* flesh golem? Since we're all here."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Marcus Veranius does NOT take the news well



Suldae Westwind: "...Wasn't it doing something useful?"



Marcus Veranius: "We can't do ANYTHING about the golems."

"In fact, we can't even arrange a peace treaty between the abbey and Kresk"



Suldae Westwind: "Why?"



Marcus Veranius: "The prophecies if you remember."

"Tools to best Strahd. Most are already secured in his castle."

"There is exactly ONE not in his grasp, and it's in the Amber Temple."

"If he gets it before we can, that's it. He's won."



Suldae Westwind: "Okay. Actually, can we leave this all to Vasilika? From your description she seems to have it all well in hand."

"While we go to the Amber temple."

"Uh, right now immediately, hopefully beating Strahd to it."



Marcus Veranius: "We simply have to. Strahd has no horse or dragon. We are even matched in speed, and the temple is possibly on our side of Barovia?"

"If we head STRAIGHT THERE IMMEDIATELY, we might beat Strahd."

"But it gives us almost no time."



Rictavio: "I hesitate to believe that we are even matched in speed with Strahd," says Rictavio thoughtfully.

"I think we should prepare to face him at the Amber Temple, if necessary. And it's possible he does not know about the prophecy, or about the item we require."




Marcus Veranius: "He had to rely on a Dragon before, now he doesn't have acess to it."




Rictavio: "He teleported a small army to the village during the battle of Vallaki," says Rictavio.


"There is no reason to think he will not do the same thing in this instance, if he really does want to

defend his prize."


 **Ezmerelda Veranius:** "Actually, question: what is at the Amber Temple that's so important to Strahd?"

 **Marcus Veranius frowns. *There is the very real possibility all the effort and sacrifice to hinder Strahd's movement was for nothing.***


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Isn't it where he got his power?"

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "It is where he made his pact, yeah," says Ismark.

 **Rictavio:** Rictavio strokes his goatee thoughtfully.


 **Suldae Westwind:** "It might take him some time to figure out he wants to go there, maybe," Suldae suggests.

"Anyway, of course he can already be there."


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Prophecy is that a Sword of Sunlight is in its depths."


 **Ezmerelda Veranius:** "Well, that bites."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Then we go now"

 **Ezmerelda Veranius:** "Are we sure he knows it's there?"


"Wouldn't he have gone and retrieved it before now, if he knew where it was?"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Aside from his castle, that seems like the deepest, most hard to reach spot in all of Barovia."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Marcus show me the map please"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "If not Strahd, then who else?"

 ***Marcus Veranius opens the map***


 **Ezmerelda Veranius:** "There we are," says Ezmerelda, pointing to Krezk.
"And that's the Amber Temple."

 **Marcus Veranius:** (ARROWS REEEEE)

 **Suldae Westwind:** "I love being able to fly," Suldae comments. "I think we should leave the horses behind for this one, alas."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry reaches through his power asking 'Can Strahd be stalled from reaching the Temple ?

 **Marcus Veranius *folds the map in half, and marks the division of Fae Barovia and Strahd Barovia***

 **Marcus Veranius:** "...right, so the Amber Temple IS in our half."

Dryad: *Emissaries are already on their way to the Temple.*

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** 'his or ours?' Henry asks

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "But it's also in a blighted wasteland, on a mountain."

"The trees will have to walk there," says Ireena. She realizes how insane that sounds a moment after

she says it.

"We should clarify what kinds of protections the Dryads are actually offering, too," says Ireena.



Marcus Veranius: "I don't know what magics Strahd has available to teleport, but in terms of straight distance we are about even. And half of his route is in uncontrolled territory."

"If he cannot teleport, we may get there first. If he can, he gets there first."



Kasimir Velikov: "Perhaps, before rushing to the temple, it would be wise to acquire one more ally?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Trying to already" Henry remarks "How long do we need ?"



Kasimir Velikov: "Say, a wizard one of us sensed?"



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "If we knew we had time for it sure but we don't"



Marcus Veranius: "The longer we wait, the more defenses we'll likely face."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Again how much time do we need to get to the Temple in a way where we won't embarrass ourselves once we get there"



Suldae Westwind: "...Is that last part necessary? Because I might have bad news about the feasibility there."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I mean how fast can we get there without wasting resources we need there"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena finally finishes casting her spell and reaches out to cast it on the half-assembled flesh golem.

She gasps in shock as the golem disappears.

"Illusion," she says. "But the reality is a little grim anyway."



Marcus Veranius does some calculations

What truly lies atop the table are chopped-up body parts, all of them taken from cold, gray, lifeless women, all of them waiting to be stitched together into something horrid. These leftovers must be from bodies plundered from graves in Krezk.



Marcus Veranius: "Nine miles. If we go as fast as possible, that's two hours and a quarter."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Anything we absolutely need before heading out?2

"



Marcus Veranius: "No. I don't believe so."

"The wizard, where is he?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Mount Baratok"



Marcus Veranius: "On Strahd's side of Barovia?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Wrong Direction aswell"



Marcus Veranius: "Impossible. We'd take three hours to get there, then however many to find the wizard and POSSIBLY gain his help. Then three hours more. Plus however many wasted by Strahd's minions trying to stop us on his turf."



Suldae Westwind: "Isn't it on our side?"



Marcus Veranius: "Two hours, or two days."



Suldae Westwind: "And not too far away?"



Marcus Veranius: "By the time we find this wizard, Strahd will certainly have turned the Amber Temple into a fortress."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae frowns at he map.



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, before we leave, we should at least make sure the situation here is under control. And I still think we should clarify what the Dryads mean by 'protection.'"



Suldae Westwind: "...Ah. There it is."

"Yeah."



Marcus Veranius: "If we head straight to the temple, we have maybe light reinforcements if any. If we head to this wizard, we deal with both the temple and Strahd's defenses."

"I hate to say it but we have no choice here."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry scratches the back of his head "You're right Ireena we probably should" he lets out a sigh "I really went and kicked us the hornets nest there didn't I?"



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: "...I would not say you're the problem her, Henry."



Marcus Veranius: "UNLESS..."



Ireena Kolyana: "On the bright side, at least the crops aren't dead."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is definitely not looking at anyone in particular.

"Yep, that's the good part."



Marcus Veranius: "There IS a third option. But it is incredibly risky."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "A party split?"



Hiere Unthere: "Don't say it"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "That's never a good idea."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ezme if he suggest it may i liberate some of his teeth?"



Kasimir Velikov: "It worked well enough just a moment ago," says Kasimir.



Marcus Veranius: "IT'S NOT A PARTY SPLIT!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We were all in shouting distance" Henry says flatly looking at Kasimir

Ireena Kolyana: "Oh thank god," says Ireena. "I mean thank gods. I was holding my breath there."



Marcus Veranius: "One prophecy of Strahd's bane is in the Amber Temple. Two are in his castle. And it may possibly require his full attention to reinforce the temple against us."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I do not like where this is going..."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Kiss me you stupid sexy genius. I've always wanted to pillage a castle."



Suldae Westwind: "...that's if he goes to the Amber Temple personally."



Hiere Unthere: "Marcus I fear your free trial to your teeth is ending"



Suldae Westwind: "But you say Vasilika sounded confident..."



Marcus Veranius: "Pillage the castle while it's master is away."



Suldae Westwind: "...this is a good idea. Probably. Maybe."



Marcus Veranius: "It's risky."



Suldae Westwind: "We might not all die."



Ireena Kolyana: "It's damned risky," says Ireena. "What if he anticipates it?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sounds hopeful and excited.



Marcus Veranius: "He very well might."



Kasimir Velikov: "Whether he anticipates it or not, the castle will not be entirely unoccupied," says Kasimir. "And it is certain to be protected by many enchantments and deadly booby traps."



Suldae Westwind: "He hasn't been able to anticipate all the stupid shit we've done so far, or if he has, he sure hasn't shown it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks around for anything alcoholic



Kasimir Velikov: "It will require all our skill. And we will be working with limited time."



Marcus Veranius: "A fight at the Amber Temple is on no one's turf. Castle Ravenloft and his lands are Strahd's entirely."

"But the option is there."]



Suldae Westwind: "Obviously he won't leave the castle unprotected, yeah."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere grabs the bottle of wine off the table and uncorks it.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "But he's not going to go and fortify the Temple alone, either!" Says Ismark.



Suldae Westwind: "...Consider me to have no leaning in either direction."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "This way, his forces are the ones being split."



Marcus Veranius: "Now is our best chance to lay siege to either. But we cannot let Strahd control both."

"So whatever happens, we need to secure one or the other."

"No secondary targets."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes the bottle from Hiere takes a look at the contents before taking a big swig



Hiere Unthere: "Knew we would need this."



Ireena Kolyana: "I don't like this," Ireena says. "We're talking about going right into his lair!"
"What if he comes home while we're still inside?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Your wisdom truly is without peer" Henry says drily setting the bottle down



Marcus Veranius: "Then we are, for lack of a better word, **fucked**."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "We pop some really big alchemist's fire on his head," says Ismark, "And beat him to death."



Suldae Westwind: "...Isn't Mount Baratok on the way to the castle?"



Marcus Veranius: "Not at all."



Suldae Westwind: "And if we choose the castle, don't we benefit by giving Strahd a little extra time to vacate it?"



Rictavio: "Mount Baratok is north of the castle," says Rictavio. "By several miles."



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd means to put us on the defensive. We have time for exactly ONE target."



Suldae Westwind: "...Well, not on the way, exactly. But largely in the same direction."
"Do we really?"



Marcus Veranius: "We don't even have time for this discussion."



Suldae Westwind: "Wouldn't it increase our chances quite a bit to secure another ally?"



Marcus Veranius: "If I'm being frank, this wizard is a wildcard."



Suldae Westwind: "Fine," Suldae shrugs and goes silent.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "It might be nice to have another wildcard in our hand, love," says Ezmerelda.



Suldae Westwind: She is not happy at Marcus's dismissal of the discussion as a whole.



Marcus Veranius: "I'm not a gambling man, but we can always beseech the wizard if and when one of our two sieges has failed."



Suldae Westwind: "Assuming we're alive," Suldae notes, incapable of staying quite at this bout of stupidity.



Marcus Veranius: "But I don't see it playing out well if we gamble an opening strike for one more man."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Nothing speaks against looking for him after, atleast nothing yet"



Suldae Westwind: "I don't understand what the rush is on besieging the castle."

Marcus Veranius: "Because we have a VEEEEEEERY small window if Strahd is actively laying siege on the Amber Temple!"

"Literally hours."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Castle's a bad idea in my book"



Marcus Veranius: "That's all we have. Hours."

"Not even a handful."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'd say we head to the Temple and after that we trek north for our magic man"



Marcus Veranius nods in agreement



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd has everything to gain. If we cannot gain in equal measure then we are in serious danger."



Rictavio: "I admire the boldness of this strategy," says Rictavio, musing, "However, I think that our first priority really must be to ensure our own safety. If Strahd has two of the three artifacts necessary to defeat him, him securing the third does not change our situation much. This does seem like the perfect opening to get into his fortress while he is away, but I think it is far, far more dangerous than you are considering it to be. It will too easily become a deathtrap."



Suldae Westwind: "Marcus, limited time until WHAT?"



Rictavio: "Our best move might be to make defensive preparations and build up our base of power. Which would include getting that ironwood tree and the wizard."



Suldae Westwind: "We have limited time until we can no longer effectively besiege Amber Temple, perhaps, but Strahd cannot literally be both places at the same time."



Marcus Veranius: "What defense will stop Strahd?"



Suldae Westwind: "If he's there he's not at the castle and vice versa."

"That's the point."

"That's what we're taking advantage of."

"We don't have the same time limit for both."



Marcus Veranius: "We've spent the past days securing the Dryad Seeds, and even then its felt like months."

"And is that stopping Strahd from assailing a ruins within their borders?"

"No."

"No it's not."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (sorry what?)

(like I literally have no Idea what you just said btw)



Marcus Veranius: "We fought hard to get these dryad seeds. We fought Baba Lysaga, the druids of Yester Hill, and even the corrupted angel of Heaven Itself."

"None of that is stopping Strahd's attack on the amber temple."



Suldae Westwind: "...Should it?"

"I'm also confused."



Marcus Veranius: "Nothing we do is slowing Strahd down."



Suldae Westwind: "What exactly is the narrow time window we're trying to take advantage of in attacking the castle?"



Marcus Veranius: "What would a tree or wizard do?"



Suldae Westwind: "What's the actual point of the plan?"



Hiere Unthere: "The time it takes for Strahd to secure the amber temple/"



Suldae Westwind: "Why?"



Hiere Unthere: "Because he won't be at his castle then, as you said"



Marcus Veranius: "Power is power. We need a sword that can cut at Strahd's impossible defense more than we need something that MIGHT defend us against him."

"Because right now, it seems nothing else is working."

"Half of Barovia is on our side and it's not doing anything to stop him."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "if nothing we did was working why would he change tactics now"



Marcus Veranius: "We need a weapon."



Suldae Westwind: "..Okay, whatever. First, you're overdramatic, second, let's go to the temple then."



Ireena Kolyana: "We've bested everything Strahd has thrown at us," says Ireena. "And we're more powerful now than we were before. Even if Strahd fortifies the Amber Temple, we will still be able to break through his defenses. I'm sure of it. At the same time, we need to consider our own defenses. It's troubling that the Dryads don't think they will be able to keep him away from the Temple. We should find out why not and what we can do to change that."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "He moves because he has to"



Suldae Westwind: "It's almost like everything we do is NOT completely ineffective."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Don't lose hope, Marcus. We are winning. We have him on edge now. No party of adventurers has ever made him sweat like we do."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "He won't be eager to face us unless he is confident that he has the upper hand completely. Remember; he ran away from us on Yester Hill. If we act quickly we might get to the Amber Temple before him, and bar him from it permanently."



Marcus Veranius: "My suggestion remains unchanged. We already have keys to the Amber Temple."
"Kasimir knows more of it than anyone else."



Suldae Westwind: "So, step one: ask Vasilika to protect the place. Step two: tell the Baron to talk to Vasilika. Step three: Amber Temple?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So we go to the Amber Temple"



Marcus Veranius: "Let Vasilika handle things here. We go straight to the temple."

"I have trust in the trust Henry holds in her."

"And trust that the Baron's wife will be open-minded."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Are we sure we have all the supplies we need?"



Marcus Veranius: "Yes."



Suldae Westwind: "Very well, then."



Marcus Veranius: "Food, arrows, armor, weapons."

"And one Hiere."



Vasilka: Vasilka suddenly enters the chamber.



Hiere Unthere: "sup"



Vasilka: "Hello."



Suldae Westwind: "Vasilika," Suldae says with relief.



Vasilka: "You are preparing to leave?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "For the Amber Temple, yes"



Marcus Veranius: "Err, yes. We are."



Vasilka: "Gather around, then," says Vasilka, extending her hands.



Suldae Westwind: "We're going to the Amber temple. Can you take care of things here, and work with the Baron if he comes around?"



Vasilka: Vasilka nods gracefully.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes to her as invited.

"Thank you," she says with audible relief.



Vasilka: "I will ensure that the Belviews are well looked after."

"Form a circle, please," says Vasilka, still extending both hands.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follows Vasilikas gesture



Vasilka: Vasilka takes one of his hands.

"You must join hands. Please."



Marcus Veranius does so, looking skeptical



Vasilka: "Strahd will not be able to teleport into our territory," says Vasilka. "Neither can he prevent us from doing so."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry grabs the nearest person's hand



Vasilka: "I will see you when you return. Be safe and wise, and bear the blessings of the forest."

Suldae Westwind: Suldae obeys.

"Thank you," she says with feeling.



Vasilka: "The Temple is warded by a powerful curse," says Vasilka. "I will get you close."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere considers and dismisses the 'safe and wise' bit



Vasilka: "As close as I can..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We'll be back before you can even miss us" Henry says with a smirk "Oh and tell Joan that to if you don't mind"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae realizes they're missing the flying skull. Ah well, the temple is a buiding.

How much can they really miss a large flying vehicle?

(They can)

(But time's a-wasting and all)



Liliet (Suldae): its my bedtime

night everyone



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sooooooo how does this work?"



Liliet (Suldae): E>



Henry of Willowsbrook: (and that is the cue to teleport into the next episode)

(eh I mean session yes next session)

The shelf of rock on which the mountain road clings grows narrow. To your left, the icy cliffs rise sharply toward dark, rolling clouds. To your right, the ground falls away into a sea of fog. Ahead, through the wind and snow, you see a high wall of black stone lined with spikes and topped by statues of demonic vultures with horned heads. Set in the center of the wall is a closed iron portcullis, behind which burns a curtain of green flame.

On the other side of the dark wall, gripping the mountain's edge, is a guard tower of white stone topped by golden statues of mighty warriors.

GM: (Thank you all for playing!)



Marcus Veranius: Estimated Time to Strahd's Arrival: 2 Hours



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Guess it works like that"



GM (GM): Good morning all!



Zanshuken: Hey-ho let's go!

The shelf of rock on which the mountain road clings grows narrow. To your left, the icy cliffs rise sharply toward dark, rolling clouds. To your right, the ground falls away into a sea of fog. Ahead, through the wind and snow, you see a high wall of black stone lined with spikes and topped by statues of demonic vultures with horned heads. Set in the center of the wall is a closed iron portcullis, behind which burns a curtain of green flame. On the other side of the dark wall, gripping the mountain's edge, is a guard tower of white stone topped by golden statues of mighty warriors.

The air is bitterly cold; by nightfall it may be dangerously so.

A biting wind twists around the cliffs, blowing in from the river you can hear roaring in its canyon to the north of your position.



Liliet (Suldae): I'm guessing the squares aren't 10ft? can we get even smaller tokens?



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Okay so which clown thought this was a sensible place to put down a temple" Henry says taking in the surroundings

GM: (The squares are, in fact, 10 feet)
(Which takes me by surprise too haha)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (fog of war hides the scale boss)



Marcus Veranius: "Someone who doesn't want their temple found I suppose. Shame we found it then."



Liliet (Suldae): (oo nice)



Marcus Veranius: (No lag still)
(Dynamic lighting be good)

GM: (I believe it's very processor intensive on large maps)



Marcus Veranius: "I don't suppose the temple won't get mad if we ignore its gate?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well we got artefacts of great power and dubious morality to 'procure' so let's get to that then shall we" Henry says eyeing the portcullis



Kasimir Velikov: "This is not the temple," says Kasimir. "This is as close as the Dryad Queen could bring us."

"There are many trials on the Tsolenka path; this is but one of them."

Kasimir approaches the sheet of emerald flames, considering it thoughtfully.

GM: (Oh my god the map is moving so much better now)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry approaches the gatehouse as well gripping the portcullis and attempts to lift it briefly

GM: (Make an athletics check)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

25 + 1

ATHLETICS (9)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae approaches the gates as well. She plays a quick breezy melody on the flute, summoning a gust of wind through the flame to see what it would do.

Henry's muscles find the ancient, rusted, heavy portcullis a moderately difficult lift. It is not a challenge worthy of him; he can hold the weight indefinitely. The problem of the green sheet of flames remains, but Suldae's gust of wind does seem to momentarily cause the flames to flicker and part.

Kasimir Velikov: "Alas," says Kasimir, "I cannot dispel it."



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae keeps playing, trying to keep the wind going so there would be a permanent gap the size of a person.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Up we go" Henry huffs "So I can hold this for hours we don't have so what about the fire"

GM: (Suldae, make an arcana check)



Ireena Kolyana: "Couldn't we just fly over?"



Marcus Veranius: "I've got a rope for those that can't."



Kasimir Velikov: "It may be important to take the prescribed path," says Kasimir.



Liliet (Suldae):

26

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Important to whom?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Us not getting cursed again I assume"

"It's always curses here" Henry complains

Liliet is able to turn the curtain into two curtains, each of which spins its own little vortex. This leaves a four-foot-wide gap between them.



Marcus Veranius: "Right then. I'll bite the bullet."



Marcus Veranius crosses under Henry's lifted gate, and through Liliet's gap in the fire



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae



Suldae Westwind: (sorry for not switching in time)

(but i have the name even in the name there for a reason lol)



Marcus Veranius: (Fak)

There is a sound of crumbling stone and a smell of brimstone. The two statues of strange, demonic vultures which are perched atop the wall have suddenly come to life!

GM: (Roll Initiative)



Marcus Veranius: "I already hate this place."

18

INITIATIVE (8)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook:

4.1

INITIATIVE (1.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Kasimir Velikov:

INITIATIVE
Vrock

Initiative: **11**

INITIATIVE
Vrock

Initiative: **22**



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Ezmerelda Veranius

Initiative: **9**

INITIATIVE
Ismark Kolyanovich

Initiative: **14**

INITIATIVE
Rictavio

Initiative: **5**

INITIATIVE
Kasimir Velikov

Initiative: **10**

INITIATIVE
Ireena Kolyana

Initiative: **16**



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's initiative is **22.15**



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Let me guess those ugly gargoyles stopped pretending they couldn't move?" Henry asks voice dripping with sarcasm

Suldae feels the magic of the sensor spell triggering as Marcus passes through the flames, and is smart enough to put two and two together. She knows that Marcus is about to be dive-bombed by the statues on the wall — or rather, by the creatures they represented.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae considers that Marcus is on one side and everyone else on the other, then considers that Marcus can fly, and stops playing.

Or, rather, plays another trill, this one short and angry.

Though she stops playing, the flames will take a full six seconds to close completely. (they will close at the end of this round)



Suldae Westwind:

Guiding Bolt
Abjuration 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A creature of your choice within range

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round

A flash of light streaks toward a creature of your choice within range. Make a ranged spell attack against the target. On a hit, the target takes 4d6 radiant damage, and the next attack roll made against this target before the end of your next turn has advantage, thanks to the mystical dim light glittering on the target until then.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, the damage increases by 1d6 for each slot level above 1st.

this is against the creature uhhh *to the right*

28

120 feet

Guiding Bolt (+10)
Suldae Westwind

15

Radiant

(there)

GM: (Since she's fractionally before him we'll say she can see him already in midair, diving towards Marcus)

The bolt of light streaks from her palm and cracks against the diving demon-bird, bathing it in radiant energies which make it an easy target.

The blast seems to do significant damage to the demon.

GM: (Additional movement/casting?)



Kasimir Velikov: "Let's mop them up quickly, we don't have time for a protracted battle!"

GM: (EoT?)



Suldae Westwind: EoT

(sorry)

Wounded, the evil bird unleashes an unholy scream which seems to twist its way upward from the depths of hell!



Vrock:

STUNNING SCREECH
(1/DAY)
Vrock

The vrock emits a horrific screech. Each creature

within 20 feet of it that can hear it and that isn't a demon must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or be stunned until the end of the vrock's next turn .



Kasimir Velikov:

15

CONSTITUTION SAVE (0)



Tops K.:

4

CONSTITUTION SAVE (2)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook:

13 + 4

CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Ireena Kolyana:

12

CONSTITUTION SAVE (5)



Tops K.: (Lucky)

6

CONSTITUTION SAVE (2)
Marcus Veranius

(NOT LUCKY ENOUGH)



Suldae Westwind:

22

CONSTITUTION SAVE (2)
Suldae Westwind

(oh wow lmao)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Ireena makes it
cause my +3 aura)

The great bird lands heavily by the stunned Marcus. Ireena also seems to struggle for a moment, but Henry's aura shields her and clears her mind.

GM: (Marcus is up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's ears are ringing, but sounds are *her* domain.

Tops K.: (Marcus is stunned)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry winches at the scream but keeps holding up the portculis



Ireena Kolyana: "Marcus!" Ireena screams, flinging forth her hand. Marcus is suddenly encased in an impenetrable bubble of protective energy.

Resilient Sphere

Evocation 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A creature or object of Large size or smaller within range

Components: V, S, M (A hemispherical piece of clear crystal and a matching hemispherical piece of gum arabic)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

A sphere of shimmering force encloses a creature or object of Large size or smaller within range. An unwilling creature must make a Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, the creature is enclosed for the duration.

Nothing—not physical objects, energy, or other spell effects—can pass through the barrier, in or out, though a creature in the sphere can breathe there. The sphere is immune to all damage, and a creature or object inside can't be damaged by attacks or effects originating from outside, nor can a creature inside the sphere damage anything outside it. The sphere is weightless and just large enough to contain the creature or object inside. An enclosed creature can use its action to push against the sphere's walls and thus roll the sphere at up to half the creature's speed. Similarly, the globe can be picked up and moved by other creatures. A disintegrate spell targeting the globe destroys it without harming anything inside it.



Marcus Veranius is stunned and in prison



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Of all the times to be at the back of the group," Ismark mutters, running swiftly towards the commotion.

He snipes at the demon-bird still on the wall with Eldritch blasts.

Eldritch Blast

Evocation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A creature within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

A beam of crackling energy streaks toward a

creature within range. Make a ranged spell attack against the target. On a hit, the target takes 1d10 force damage. The spell creates more than one beam when you reach higher levels: two beams at 5th level, three beams at 11th level, and four beams at 17th level. You can direct the beams at the same target or at different ones. Make a separate attack roll for each beam.

13

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

12

26

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

13

22

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

11

Two of his three beams of eldritch power strike the demon-bird, scattering chunks of its flesh that rain down as gravel.



Vrock: The second demon-bird turns its attention not to Marcus but to the one who has wounded it. It takes a swooping dive at him with beak and talons!

BEAK <i>Vrock</i> <hr/> Attack: 12 13
--

Damage: 12 piercing

TALONS <i>Vrock</i> <hr/> Attack: 18 14
--

Damage: 12 slashing

GM: (Not supposed to be with advantage, taking the first rolls)

The Vrock rakes Ismark with its talons before swooping back into the sky and back to its perch (triggering an AoO from both Ismark and Suldae)



Kasimir Velikov:

DC17

Dexterity Save

21

Higher Level Cast

10

Fire

60 feet

Hellish Rebuke

GM: (That's supposed to be from Ismark, I don't know why it's coming from Kasimir)



Ismark Kolyanovich: You point your finger, and the creature that damaged you is momentarily surrounded by hellish flames. The creature must make a Dexterity saving throw. It takes 2d10 fire damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.



Suldae Westwind: (is it possible to cast a cantrip as an attack of opportunity, considering Suldae's current configuration is playing the flute)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (only if you have warcaster feat warcaster)



Suldae Westwind: (rip)
(Suldae does not attack of opportunity)



Vrock:

DEXTERITY SAVE <i>Vrock</i> <hr/> Save: 18
--



Ismark Kolyanovich: (Ismark's save DC is a 17)

Vrock takes **15.5** fire damage, but resistance cuts it to **7.5**

Though the blast of flames which rips from Ismark's fingertip to consume the demon bird is enormous and fiercely hot, it seems to do very little to actually harm the demonic creature.



Kasimir Velikov: "Demons, naturally," says Kasimir, stepping back to fling a lightning bolt at the demon nearest Marcus.

DC16

Dexterity Save

48

Lightning

150 feet

Chain Lightning



Vrock:

<p>DEXTERITY SAVE</p> <p><i>Vrock</i></p> <hr/> <p>Save: 13</p>
--



Suldae Westwind: (oh WOW)



Vrock:

<p>DEXTERITY SAVE</p> <p><i>Vrock</i></p> <hr/> <p>Save: 7</p>



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Kasimir be like "Ain't nobody got time for this")

The lightning streams from Kasimir's palm, strikes the demon-bird by Marcus, and chains a secondary bolt to the one on the wall. Though the lightning pops and flares and snaps across their bodies, the demon birds are not damaged anywhere near as much as one would expect. (Lightning resistant)



Ezmerelda Veranius: "MARCUS!" Shouts Ezmerelda, racing towards him. She leaps nimbly through the still-closing gap in the flames, stops just in time to avoid being part of Kasimir's lightning blast, and picks up Marcus for her free item interaction. Running north still, using Marcus as a shield against the Vrock whose range she is leaving, she takes aim with a hand and looses her own bolt of lightning.

GM: (Sorry, the map totally zonked out on me there, I'm not sure how far I actually moved her so the bolt of lightning may or may not happen this round)



Marcus Veranius now understands what it's like to be a statue

The demon bird takes a swing but its claws scrape the bubble and deal no harm.



Rictavio: "These are Vrocks!" Shouts Rictavio.

"Take them down quickly! They can summon!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Of cause they can" Henry grumbles



Rictavio:

<p>Banishment</p> <p><i>Abjuration 4</i></p>
--

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: One creature that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (An item distasteful to the target)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You attempt to send one creature that you can see within range to another plane of existence. The target must succeed on a Charisma saving throw or be banished. If the target is native to the plane of existence you're on, you banish the target to a harmless demiplane. While there, the target is incapacitated. The target remains there until the spell ends, at which point the target reappears in the space it left or in the nearest unoccupied space if that space is occupied. If the target is native to a different plane of existence than the one you're on, the target is banished with a faint popping noise, returning to its home plane. If the spell ends before 1 minute has passed, the target reappears in the space it left or in the nearest unoccupied space if that space is occupied. Otherwise, the target doesn't return.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 5th level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot level above 4th.

GM: (I just noticed the Vrocks are supposed to have Magic Resistance — advantage on saves against spells)

(I haven't been using it so far, so maybe these ones are tired from being out of hell for so long)



Vrock:

CHARISMA SAVE

Vrock

Save: **3**



Sulda Westwind: wait wait wait

what about the sphere

what did Ezme do with the sphere



Henry of Willowsbrook: Marcus is in an indestructible bubble

Ezme picked it up

The bubble no matter what's inside weighs only 1 kg

POOF. The Vrock on the wall, which is not glowing with Sulda's Guiding Bolt, disappears in a blast of hellfire and holy light, as though pressed out of existence.



Rictavio: "If I can hold it there for just one minute, it can't come back!" Rictavio shouts. "Take out the other one! Henry, smash it!"



Suldae Westwind: Henry, it actually says weightless
but its gotta be unwieldy



Marcus Veranius: (Are these demons? If they're native to another plane, they don't come back)

GM: (If the target is native to a different plane of existence than the one you're on, the target is banished with a faint popping noise, returning to its home plane. If the spell ends before 1 minute has passed, the target reappears in the space it left or in the nearest unoccupied space if that space is occupied. Otherwise, the target doesn't return.)

(So yes, if Rictavio maintains concentration for a minute, the demon won't come back)



Marcus Veranius: (PROTECT THE OLD MAN)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well I was planning on doing that anyway" Henry replies shifting to hold the gate up with one hand taking out his Pick with the other

30	27
30ft/60ft	
Dagonbone Warpick (+11)	
Henry of Willowsbrook	
14	3
Piercing	Acid
20	
30ft/60ft	
Dagonbone Warpick (+11)	
Henry of Willowsbrook	
16	4
Piercing	Acid

"Pay back for that scream you plucked chicken mishap" Henry calls out hurling his weapon at the demon

The first blow is devastating — the Vrock turns its body to him, attempting to block him with its wing, but his war-pick smashes into it like a pickaxe into ancient, crumbling stone, ripping out the entire wing and much of the shoulder in a blast of charcoal and gravel. The acid sears and sizzles fervently in the wound, and his followup attack is no less devastating — his pick punches a hole in the demon's chest, revealing the red-hot coals of its lungs. The demon is still alive. Henry, in the astute and practical way he sometimes does, sees that the Vrock could be considered to have about one fifth of its fight left in it.

GM: (Vulnerable to Acid damage)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Would you look at that" Henry says catching his weapon as the curtain of fire closes EoT



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has taken note of how effective her spell was, and hopes to replicate the effect. The melody keeps flowing, quick and aggressive and somehow evocative of the concept of *wrath of heaven*.

Now just not to miss...

20
120 feet

Guiding Bolt (+10)
Suldae Westwind

17
Radiant

(ugh i htink these attack numbers are wrong)= its adding the cha modifier but its a cleric spell?)

(it should be 3 points lower)

(hold on ill fix in my numbers but for now just consider that a roll of 17)

It is glorious; like fireworks. Something in the dazzling display of scattering radiance-coated demonic ash sparks something deep within Marcus, as it is the first thing he witnesses as the spell over him breaks. He has lost enough over the years. But to lose his will? His control over himself? Never again. (Marcus is now immune to the Stunned effect.)



Suldae Westwind: (NICE)

The party gains 4600 XP. Each member of the party gains 575 XP.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "So... That's it, then?" asks Ismark.



Marcus Veranius regains the ability to exist



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena, seeing that Marcus is no longer stunned, releases the spell upon him. The barrier of energy breaks.



Marcus Veranius: "SO! TAKE THE INTENDED PATH YOU SAY?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "For now" Henry replies putting his pick away



Ireena Kolyana: "We've still got to deal with this barrier," says Ireena.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae starts playing the previous song again.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir says: "Hmph." He reaches out a hand to Ismark and another to Rictavio, and the three of them lift into the air and begin to fly.



Suldae Westwind: "...Or that, but mine was simpler," Suldae says, looking up.



Marcus Veranius rolls his eyes in exaggerated manner



Suldae Westwind: "Wizards," she says with feeling.



Marcus Veranius: "I jest. There was probably no right answer."



Kasimir Velikov:

Fly

Transmutation 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (A wing feather from any bird)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

You touch a willing creature. The target gains a flying speed of 60 feet for the duration. When the spell ends, the target falls if it is still aloft,

unless it can stop the fall.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot level above 3rd.



Suldae Westwind: Always have to use the show-off spell when a cantrip would do just as well.



Marcus Veranius: "And we don't have time to look for one so better we trigger every trap and deal with the consequences."



Suldae Westwind: (do we just ignore here as not here?)

Suldae realizes Henry is still on this side, too.



Marcus Veranius: (Hiere literally isn't here. He's off distracting strahd)



Suldae Westwind: She resumes playing.

14

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns at the flying men "Rude"



Suldae Westwind: (OH MY GOD SERIOUSLY???)

She is too distracted by annoyance at Kazimir wasting strength to focus properly.

(Flute) Gust

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 Action

Range: 30 ft

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

You seize the air and compel it to create one of the following effects at a point you can see within range:

One Medium or smaller creature that you choose must succeed on a Strength saving throw or be pushed up to 5 feet away from you.

You create a small blast of air capable of moving one object that is neither held nor carried and that weighs no more than 5 pounds. The object is pushed up to 10 feet away from you. It isn't pushed with enough force to cause damage.

You create a harmless sensory effect using air, such as causing leaves to rustle, wind to slam shutters shut, or your clothing to ripple in a breeze.

(mechanically this for the record)

As the trio fly over the wall, there is a cry like an eagle the size of a hurricane screaming its freedom to the gods. It resounds over the canyons, howling down, unmistakably, from the East.

The flames are being stubborn now; Suldae's flute playing cannot seem to synchronize them as before. Perhaps the wind has changed direction.



Ireena Kolyana places a hand on Suldae's shoulder, and the comfort of her presence grants Suldae advantage on the check.



Suldae Westwind:

14

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry glares at the green fire "Hypothetical question how bad would touching that be



Suldae Westwind: (THIS JUS THAPPENED)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "



Suldae Westwind: "Honestly you're the one person among us most equipped to try."

It feels almost as though the flames are consciously fighting back. Suldae is aware of something like a mind — far away, but aware of them now and intent on hindering their progress.



Ireena Kolyana: "There may be other solutions," says Ireena.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "'tis why I'm asking first" Henry says a touch sardonically



Ireena Kolyana: "It, uh... Doesn't look safe to touch. Gotta say."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir and Ismark and Rictavio land by Ezmerelda and Marcus.

"Are you alright, Marcus? You had us all quite concerned."



Suldae Westwind:

(Flute) Protection from Energy, 1/day
Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: The willing creature you touch

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 hour

For the duration, the willing creature you touch has resistance to one damage type of your choice: acid, cold, fire, lightning, or thunder.



Marcus Veranius: "My pride is quite injured but I'm physically well."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tries a different song.



Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezme is all over Marcus at the moment, clinging to his arm as though to reassure

herself that he's still there.



Suldae Westwind: This one builds slowly into a feeling of power.

She touches Henry, transferring the feeling to him.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Wait I'll just climb around"



Marcus Veranius holds Ez's hand in reassurance



Rictavio: Rictavio, seeing the flames and the others trapped behind them, approaches the flames from the other side.



Suldae Westwind: "...Or that, that works too. This is jsut insurance, then."

Suldae turns into hybrid form.



Rictavio: "Try an E flat, Suldae," he says, raising his hand slightly.



Suldae Westwind: She cannot carry Henry like this but she can help him.

(rip)



Rictavio: "Oh, alright then," says Rictavio.



Suldae Westwind: (too many plans of action at the same time)



Rictavio: "I was going to make you look cool."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well now that you've done that Suldae I have to try the fire"



Rictavio: He finishes casting Dispel Magic.

Dispel Magic

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: One creature, object, or magical effect within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

Choose one creature, object, or magical effect within range. Any spell of 3rd level or lower on the target ends. For each spell of 4th level or higher on the target, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a successful check, the spell ends.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you automatically end the effects of a spell on the target if the spell's level is equal to or less than the level of the spell slot you used.



Suldae Westwind: "..."

"Okay, this is the case where that was the best solution."

(presuming that works)

GM: (So it's a DC 16, equivalent to a level six spell. He's got to roll it)



Suldae Westwind: (ah ok)



Rictavio:

ARCANA
Rictavio

Skill: 19

The flames gutter and die.



Rictavio: "Did you notice that?" Rictavio says. "When you were working with it. That feeling... Like someone watching."

"I think it was connected directly to Strahd."



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, if he didn't know we were coming, he knows now."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (uhm Ric is a cleric right? dispell magic should then be a straight wisdom check)



Marcus Veranius: "Let us make haste then. I hope he doesn't do the same."



Suldae Westwind: "...I think that did that."

(Do we have confirmation Rictavio is a cleric? I've been suspecting him of being a bard for a while)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry waits for suldae to pass the gate before moving through himself

GM: (You're right, Henry. One sec)



Rictavio:

WISDOM
Rictavio

Ability: 18



Suldae Westwind: Suldae flies over, just in case.



Kasimir Velikov: "We must press on," says Kasimir. "That scream makes me think our next trial may find *us* before we find *it*."



Suldae Westwind: (we have 4 people in the party who cannot fly without a spell and 4 who can

(

)



Rictavio: Rictavio scoffs, irritated, as he watched Suldae fly over even after he has cleared the barrier. Rolling his eyes, he rejoins the rest of the group.



Suldae Westwind: "Thank you," Suldae tells him with feeling as she lands.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tries to keep everyone in his Aura protective aegis as they move

*auras

Ismark Kolyanovich: "Do we want to loot the tower?" Ismark asks, pointing at it with his thumb as the party passes by.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Not in the mood to fight for golden knights right now so I say pass" Henry grunts



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe on the way out."



Kasimir Velikov: "There is too much at stake if we dally," says Kasimir. "We must press on without distraction."



Suldae Westwind: "Yes, that," Suldae agrees.

She is walking hand in hand with Ireena. It's very calming.

Moving on, the party proceeds down the frigid, winding, cliffside path. (What time is it, btw?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (ingame it should be late morning at the latest I believe)

The snowy pass comes to a gorge spanned by a stone bridge. At each end of the bridge is a thirty-foot-tall, thirty-foot-wide stone arch. Atop each one are two statues of armored knights on horseback with lances, charging towards one another. The wind racing through the gorge is horrendously cold and it carries thick flurries of snow, which reduce visibility to sixty feet. The wind blows north to south. (bear in mind the top of this map is east)

Though you know the sun is in the sky, the dark clouds above hide it completely. The snow is falling thick and fast — and thicker and faster by the moment.



Suldae Westwind: "...So about that flying..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "What flying" Henry says



Marcus Veranius: "In this weather? You'd be thrown into the river!"



Suldae Westwind: "...I suppose that's a point."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I can't fly. Can yopu fly?"



Suldae Westwind: "Yes?"



Marcus Veranius: "We might just have to fight every statue that wakes up to stop us."



Suldae Westwind: "I can also make other people fly, though only once per day."

"I can also summon flying mounts."

"And turn you into a flying creature."

"We can fly."

"The question is if we should."

(How strong is the wind?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...I was being snarky" Henry says with a defeated deadpan



Marcus Veranius: "No visibility, no control over the wind. It seems incredibly dangerous..."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "What was that scream, before?" Ismark says.

"It sounded like a bird of some kind."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir's ears twitch as he listens.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Can I nature to guess?)



Suldae Westwind: "I take nothing for granted," Suldae tells him.

GM: (Yes, nature or survival to recognize the call, or history to consider what you know about birds of that possible size)



Suldae Westwind:

13

NATURE (8)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook:

22 + 1

NATURE (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry finds himself observing a large bald patch on the snowy mountain face near the river, and some very strange huge gouges in the mud of the riverbanks. He realizes, after a moment, that he is witnessing the droppings and tracks of a Roc; a monster bird said to blot out the sky with its wings. It is a legendary creature, known to inhabit only the highest, most magical, and most ancient mountain peaks.

Suldae senses clearly that the call was avian, and that it came from the northeast, towards mount Ghakis.

GM: (Marcus, make a perception check)



Marcus Veranius:

16

PERCEPTION (10)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook: "That would be a Roc, Ismark" Henry says resignation clearly audible "Because of cause it has to be a Roc"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae points in the direction where the bird was.

"...I mean we can just go over the bridge normally," she says.

Marcus notices that things have clearly been dragged right off this bridge in both directions by a large clawed assailant from above — it is the only explanation for the scratch-marks and damage to the bridge.



Suldae Westwind: While everyone is thinking, Suldae starts playing the wind song again, simply to keep snow from flying into eyes and mouths.



Kasimir Velikov:

14

PERCEPTION (5)

"Thank you, Suldae. That's much better."

"Well? Shall we?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "And for those that don't know what a Roc is" Henry says "Think a bird of prey the size of a dragon"



Marcus Veranius: No real way around it...

"It's a snatch-and-grabber. Ready yourself to possibly get grabbed as you cross."



Suldae Westwind: "...or@"



Kasimir Velikov: "Perhaps we can sneak across," Kasimir says. "Pass without trace?"

"Or we can fly over a distance from the bridge."



Kasimir Velikov: "This wind is worrisome."



Suldae Westwind: "Or that. Will it protect us from the bird spotting us from above?"

(How strong is the wind?)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I'm not sure being airborne against an airborne predator is going to be much better than being on the ground, to be honest."



Suldae Westwind: "It can keep us from being noticed."



Marcus Veranius: "I have an idea."

GM: (The wind is strong enough that if the party members each flew a kite, everyone but Henry would be carried away by their kite.)



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha ty)

GM: (It's also very turbulent, due to the shape of the canyon — you could easily get caught in a downdraft and smashed against something.)



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha)

GM: (Air currents get especially weird around bridges, too.)



Marcus Veranius: "Anyone got a light spell? I'll bait it out, and you fire on my position when the light goes awry."



Suldae Westwind: "...Does anyone have an invisibility spell?"



Kasimir Velikov: "I can cast invisibility," says Kasimir.



Suldae Westwind: "Can you cast invisibility on all of us?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I suppose I could teleport across. And bring someone with me."



Suldae Westwind: "...minus two"



Marcus Veranius holds up a crossbow bolt



Marcus Veranius: "Someone cast light on this. When that bird shows its face, I'll stick it good and it won't be able to hide in the fog."

GM: (Whoops — he has Greater Invisibility, not Invisibility. Invisibility can be cast on multiple creatures if you power it up, but for some reason Greater doesn't have that feature but it does allow you to

attack and cast while remaining invisible.)



Kasimir Velikov: "Alas," says Kasimir, "I cannot."



Suldae Westwind:

Light

Abjuration Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: One object that is no larger than 10 feet in any dimension

Components: V, M (A firefly or phosphorescent moss)

Duration: 1 hour

You touch one object that is no larger than 10 feet in any dimension. Until the spell ends, the object sheds bright light in a 20-foot radius and dim light for an additional 20 feet. The light can be colored as you like. Completely covering the object with something opaque blocks the light. The spell ends if you cast it again or dismiss it as an action. If you target an object held or worn by a hostile creature, that creature must succeed on a Dexterity saving throw to avoid the spell.

Suldae makes the bolt glow bright red.



Kasimir Velikov: "I can cast Pass without Trace on all of us, I think."



Marcus Veranius: "Everyone group up between the arch for safety. When I make my shot, fire wherever the light sticks."



Suldae Westwind: "...would it be enough to hide us from a roc?"



Marcus Veranius: "The bird can't detect us if it's dead."



Kasimir Velikov: "Possibly, although I can't imagine the odds would be very good. And we would have to be clustered close together, all within thirty feet of me."



Ireena Kolyana: "It seems a shame to kill something so legendary," says Ireena. "Like killing the last unicorn or the last winged walrus."



Marcus Veranius: "As much as it hurts, if we avoid fighting it we'll need to do so both ways."
"Do you want that thing swooping at us when we're fleeing and out of resources?"



Suldae Westwind: "...How will it even spot us in this weather?"



Marcus Veranius: "If the bridge is any indication, quite easily."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry eyes the length of the bridge "I could clear that quite quickly maybe bait it? I probably stand the best shot of not being bird feed when it swops"



Ireena Kolyana: "It doesn't have to spot us," Ireena says, thoughtfully. "It just has to watch the bridge, and see movement there..."

"Assuming it's hungry."

"Maybe it ate recently, and we're off the hook?"



Marcus Veranius: "Well let's see how hard it can chew; I've got a pretty tough hide."



Marcus Veranius gets ready to cross



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Hey, you can misty step too," says Ismark, to Henry. "You could bait it and bounce, if you did it right."



Suldae Westwind: "Marucs is probably a better idea"

"He can fly."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "That was my idea yes"



Suldae Westwind: "And cannot be hurt without silver or magic. Are Roc claws magic?"



Marcus Veranius: "I'm banking on the idea that it can't chew through lycanthropy. Worst it can do is fly me off somewhere and sulk."



Suldae Westwind: "...to continue the thought, Marcus is the archer."

"I should be bait."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "even if they cant hurt him they can still grab him"



Suldae Westwind: "See also: can turn into a tiny bird and fly."



Marcus Veranius: "Someone has to mark the bird so we can see it through the storm."

"And I have the light arrow."

"Ready your attacks; I'm going first."



Suldae Westwind: "I am not seeing the argument, Marcus."

"I also have a crossbow."

"You are the archer, I repeat."

"You should be shooting it once you see where it is."



Marcus Veranius: "...we kindof need to make the first shot hit."



Suldae Westwind: "Also, I also ahve Misty Step."

"...I am not *that* bad at aiming."

"It's kind of a big bird."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well good talk everyone" Henry says starting into arun across the bridge



Ireena Kolyana: "Shit, Shit, Shit!"



Suldae Westwind: "YOU ARE A FUCKING IDIOT!"



Marcus Veranius blinks



Suldae Westwind: Suldae runs after him, grabbing the bolt unceremoniously from Marcus.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "HEY COME AND GETME YOU TAWT"



Suldae Westwind: And loading the rossbow iwth it.



Marcus Veranius *readies his shot and starts follow***OHSIT**



Suldae Westwind: (WE ARE ALL IDIOTS!)

Diving towards the bridge is a creature of unearthly size — a bird so monstrous that its wings blot out the sky.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shoots it with the bolt, then drops and rolls back.

18

80/320

Light Crossbow (+7)
Suldae Westwind

8

Piercing



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry raises his shield eyes fully on the beast and it#s talons

Shield of Faith

Abjuration 1

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature of your choice within range

Components: V, S, M (A small parchment with a bit of holy text written on it)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

A shimmering field appears and surrounds a creature of your choice within range, granting it a +2 bonus to AC for the duration.



Marcus Veranius: (Hahaha, umm. Thats as big as the river o-o)



Suldae Westwind: (THATS WHY I SAID AIM DIDNT FUCKIGN MATTER)
(CANNOT EXACTLY MISS THIS)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (gargatuan)
gargantuan)

The glowing bolt flies — and flies, and flies, and flies... The Roc is farther away than you thought, and it just keeps getting huger, its wingtips rasping the mountainsides as it plunges. It seems to literally fill the sky from horizon to horizon in some strange distortion of all possible space. To fit into the canyon where the bridge is, it has to put its wings flat to its sides in a perfect dive, claws forward, beak screaming. The sound blasts over the bridge, whipping at Suldae's cape and battering Henry's shield. The light arrow sticks firmly in its chest. The great bird does not notice. It is a tiny prinpick of light on a wall of blue-white down.



Marcus Veranius *fiddles with the clock on his crossbow in a panic. Midnight, midnight, safe word is***MIDNIGHT**

Suldae Westwind: (Imao)

Because the party was braced for just this outcome, they have a single moment in which to respond to the bird which is currently hurtling straight for Henry and Suldae, and which is fully capable of snatching both of them at the same time.



Marcus Veranius: (Full attack action? o3o)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (...I wanna intimidate that bird)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rolls off the bridge (presuming railings allow for that)

Suldae and Henry both see something in the eyes of this wild beast: it is no thrall of Strahd's. This means that he has bypassed it before, and not enslaved it, and that he must be confident that he can bypass it every time he goes to the Amber Temple. He has left it alive as a guardian, but he is not its master.

GM: (Go for it, Henry)

(Yes, full attack action)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

DRAGON SCALE ARMOR

Other: Magic Armor

+1 Plate Armor

Grants immunity to acid damage

Grants resistance to necrotic damage and force damage

Grants advantage on Charisma saves

Grants advantage on Intimidation checks. If the wearer already has advantage on Intimidation or Charisma checks due to a spell, a feature, or another magic item effect, grants a +5 to Intimidation checks instead.

9 + **1** **25** + **1**

INTIMIDATION (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (this. this is where Animal Friendship could potentially be king, presuming it's non-sentient)

(but we aren't exactly in position to, right now)

GM: (It has an int of 3)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry glares with divine light daring the Roc to come near him

GM: (That's its int. Not its int modifier.)



Suldae Westwind: (that would work)

(just checked)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Praying on its instincts to avoid attacking things more dangerous than itself

**Roc:**

CHARISMA SAVE

Roc

Save: 15 | 19

**Suldae Westwind:** (HA. HA. HA)

There is a pulse of emerald light on the bridge; a star of holy radiances stands there on the walkway, conduit to the will of a god. The Roc screams in terror and scrambles to get its wings beneath it and climb for air. It beats its wings incidentally right over the bridge as it is fleeing into the sky, and Suldae and Henry must both make DC 15 Dex saves.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I will not cower, not for something like you" Henry says projecting his voice over the howling winds staring into the Rocs eyes

GM: (Suldae is in midair currently, right?)

**Suldae Westwind:** (aye)

GM: (Marcus, do you still want to shoot it?)

**Henry of Willowsbrook:****18 + 4**DEXTERITY SAVE (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook**Suldae Westwind:****20**DEXTERITY SAVE (8)
Suldae Westwind

(Suldae has turned into hybrid form to have greater mass against the wind)

(she is diving straight down however)

Henry stands firm beneath the sudden gust of wind, and Suldae finds herself dancing freely with the zephyrs, who have enjoyed her music.



Marcus Veranius 's crossbow revs like a clockwork machine. If it's not a snowstorm of bolts, it's not blinsky



Suldae Westwind: As the Roc's flap of wings blows back against the wind (i noted the direction!) it provides just enough leverage for Suldae to make her way back to the bridge behind it.



Marcus Veranius: (2 normal attacks, 2 action surge attacks, 2 dread ambusher attacks, 1 bonus action attack)

26**15**

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork
Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

20*Magical Piercing***13****16**

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

23*Magical Piercing***22****19**

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

18*Magical Piercing***20****15**

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

18*Magical Piercing***27****16**

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

23*Magical Piercing***Marcus Veranius:****21****26**

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

21*Magical Piercing***28****22**

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

20 + 1
Magical Piercing



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wait why are you shooting it?)



Roc:



(<https://media1.giphy.com/media/l2Sq8wyY1Zfndp6Lu/giphy.gif>)



Suldae Westwind: (mood)



Marcus Veranius: (Because that was the plan? o-o)



Suldae Westwind: (tbf its basically a prepared action)

(i dont think Marcus could see what happened)

(considering the blizzard)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oH well let's call it reinforcing that we are a bad meal)



Marcus Veranius: (GM said make a full attack; bird is still in range)



Suldae Westwind: (GM said you get a full action, not gave a command!)

GM: (What are the final numbers?)



Marcus Veranius: 5 attacks over 20. The crossbow spits out more bolts

19		20
120		

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

22
Magical Piercing

9		12
120		

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

22
Magical Piercing

GM: (It only has an AC of 15)



Marcus Veranius:

25 | 21

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

20

Magical Piercing

19 | 28

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

21 + 1

Magical Piercing



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Hey if you wanna shot the bird, shot the bird I ain't stopping you)



Marcus Veranius:

13 | 16

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

20

Magical Piercing



Suldae Westwind: (I would have liked a Roc friend)

GM: (Jesus this is terrifying)



Marcus Veranius: 2 attacks over 20. The crossbow shoots out more bolts



Suldae Westwind: (but yeah)



Marcus Veranius:

28 | 27

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

21 + 4

Magical Piercing

25 | 9
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

23
Magical Piercing



Suldae Westwind: (OMFG)



Marcus Veranius: 2 attacks over 20. The crossbow shoots out more bolts

13 | 19
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

18
Magical Piercing

14 | 14
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

22
Magical Piercing



Suldae Westwind: OMFG



Marcus Veranius: (What AC am I looking at to hit?)

GM: (15)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (and only the very last one missed damn son)



Marcus Veranius: (Lemme do mah real quick)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I'm have 316 damage)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 2d8

(4 + 3)

= 7

GM: (If it's over 250, please RP how Marcus takes it down)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (it's dead, it's so fuckin dead)



Suldae Westwind: (that poor bird lmao)

GM: (It had a good life)

(And killed loads of innocent travelers)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Oh my god I can't I'm laughing my ass off)

GM: (And loads of adventurers)

(This is just amazing)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus was expecting his usual barrage of bolts. What he wasn't expecting was the clock to keep turning, and turning, and turning, suddenly firing without his input. Careful aim quickly turned into a struggle to keep the bow stable, as if some demon had decided to make it home and throw a party!



Suldae Westwind: 14x20



Marcus Veranius: "IT'S NOT STOPPING!!!"



Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezmerelda struggles not to make a joke, but Marcus knows she's thinking of one.



Marcus Veranius: 16 shots fire towards the retreating bird, striking repeatedly at the same point through down, flesh, bone, and what lay underneath

301 damage

GM: (You just took it to -61)

Suldae, Marcus, and Henry each gain 2400 XP.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at the falling bird in awe. She has no words.

(each?)



Marcus Veranius finally gets the crossbow under control, hands cut up slightly from rapidly-spinning clockworks. He frowns.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "..." Henry turns and peers through the falling snow at the Roc's death keen "Guess that solves that"



Marcus Veranius: "Well I can't fault the man. If it's not fun, it's not Blinsky."

The corpse hits the ground like a continent falling out of the sky, and skids a few miles in a strange, dissolving display of vast blue-black feathers. At such a scale, magic is the only thing which can keep a body together. Since the Roc died in midair, its magic breaks before it hits the ground. Mass does the rest, turning several dozen acres of mountainous forest into a field of meat and feathers.

GM: (The Roc was worth 7200 total, and you three were the only ones that did anything — the NPCs were not involved)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)

"..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Turning to Marcus Henry says "If I were a lesser Man I'd feel a bit cheated right about now"



Suldae Westwind: "That's gross," Suldae shares as Ireena joins her on the bridge.



Marcus Veranius: "...incidentally, that's the only one we got. The Oathbow needs to be saved for that Skeleton Dragon in the temple's depths."



Suldae Westwind: "I kind of feel bad for it now, too."



Marcus Veranius: "If we come up against another guardian like that..."



Ireena Kolyana: "I feel bad, but I can't stop laughing," Ireena says.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods mutely.

She's only not shaking with giggles due to supreme self control skills, and also how cold it is.



Ireena Kolyana: "Has anybody noticed that it keeps getting colder?"

"I don't feel like we prepared for this weather."



Marcus Veranius: "We probably should have after Strahd's last hissy-fit storm."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Now that we have established that I am a man of great character can we atleast acknowledge that I made it turn tail and run simply by being my awe inspiring self? Please?"



Marcus Veranius: "Let's hope the temple is a bit warmer."



Marcus Veranius pats Henry on the shoulder



Suldae Westwind: "...Is taht what happened?" Suldae asks.

She was too busy falling off the bridge at the time.



Marcus Veranius: "You are arguably the second scariest man in this country."

"I'm not messing with that toymaker."



Suldae Westwind: "...Agreed."

GM: (***Extreme Cold:*** Whenever the temperature is at or below 0 degrees Fahrenheit, a creature exposed to the cold must succeed on a DC 10 Constitution saving throw at the end of each hour or gain one level of exhaustion. Creatures with resistance or immunity to cold damage automatically succeed on the saving throw, as do creatures wearing cold weather gear (thick coats, gloves, and the like) and creatures naturally adapted to cold climates.)



Suldae Westwind: (fuck)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Thank you, it means alot to me" Henry says nodding before stretching and looking at the Roc corpses crash site "Yesh that landing was brutal but it was dead before it hit hte ground so whatever"



Suldae Westwind: (well it hasnt been an hour yet)



Kasimir Velikov: "We'd better hurry to the temple. These conditions are not likely to improve."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae resumes playing the let's-not-get-blidned-by-snow song.

The snowflakes are dancing prettily in the air around the party.

She hears a faint giggle, ephemeral and audible only to her. The ancient zephyrs of this canyon have

not been played for in many years.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry waits again to cover his companions in his auras protective field



Suldae Westwind: The song is light and dancing. Suldae gives it her all even on such a simple magic: the audience deserves her best.



Kasimir Velikov: "There are still about four miles to go," Kasimir says.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Then let's go"



Marcus Veranius: "One hour in the storm..."



Marcus Veranius 's guidance helps maintain the party's travel pace. It won't take more than an hour to reach the temple



Marcus Veranius: (Itl take even less time if we can hike over that bit of mountain!)



Suldae Westwind: (NO IT WILL NOT)

(DID YOU LERN NOTHING FROM LOTR)



Marcus Veranius: (I have not, and will submit to your superior fantasy knowledge)



Suldae Westwind: (shortest road \neq fastest road)

(unless we spend spell slots on flying!)



Marcus Veranius: (One hour in the snow. 1 hour before Strahd arrives. + however much time Hiere can stall for)



Suldae Westwind: (which im still willing to do)

"...Seriously," Suldae says, eyeing the cliffs, a few minutes after the Roc's death.

"Flying would most definitely get us there faster."



Marcus Veranius: (If we can fly then marcus is for it)



Suldae Westwind: "And we need the faster for multiple reasons," she rubs her arms.



Marcus Veranius: (I just cant be here to make that decision cause I have to go **SOON**)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks around at the winds raging around them



Suldae Westwind: "I can make one person fly directly with a spell, I can summon several flying mounts, I can turn someone into a flier."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'm not sure flying is the best idea"



Suldae Westwind: (Is the wind still as strong?)



Marcus Veranius: (Is Wind just difficult terrain for birds?)

GM: (The wind is still very strong, yes)



Marcus Veranius: (The party ignores being slowed down by difficult terrain)

GM: (Strong Wind)

Kasimir Velikov: A strong wind imposes disadvantage on ranged weapon attack rolls and Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing. A strong wind also extinguishes open flames, disperses fog, and makes flying by nonmagical means nearly impossible. A flying creature in a strong wind must land at the end of its turn or fall.

A strong wind in a desert can create a sandstorm that imposes disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight.)



Marcus Veranius: >FLYING CREATURE MUST LAND OR FALL



Suldae Westwind: "makes flying by nonmagical means nearly impossible" HMM



Marcus Veranius: We walkin then



Suldae Westwind: but yeah got it

"...That's a good point."

"..."

"I just realized what I can do."

Prestidigitation

Abjuration Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 10 feet

Target: See text

Components: V, S

Duration: Up to 1 hour

This spell is a minor magical trick that novice spellcasters use for practice. You create one of the following magical effects within range: You create an instantaneous, harmless sensory effect, such as a shower of sparks, a puff of wind, faint musical notes, or an odd odor. You instantaneously light or snuff out a candle, a torch, or a small campfire. You instantaneously clean or soil an object no larger than 1 cubic foot. You chill, warm, or flavor up to 1 cubic foot of nonliving material for 1 hour. You make a color, a small mark, or a symbol appear on an object or a surface for 1 hour. You create a nonmagical trinket or an illusory image that can fit in your hand and that lasts until the end of your next turn. If you cast this spell multiple times, you can have up to three of its non-instantaneous effects active at a time, and you can dismiss such an effect as an action.

warm



Suldae Westwind: Suldae starts playing a simple, skippy melody, that warms up everyone's clothes in turn.



Ireena Kolyana: "I think flying might not work out so hot," Ireena says, as a baby roc tumbles past, heels over head, down the mountainside. It must have fled the nest; it's the size of a horse.

Rictavio: "We don't have time!" Rictavio shouts, just in case anyone wanted to chase the baby roc in its hopeless tumble down the slope.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "... If anyone of you starts awwing and felling bad remember it would eat all of us in a heart beat" Henry says shoohing the party along
along



Suldae Westwind: The pattern is, Suldae warms up three people's clothes at a time until they start being uncomfortably warm, at which point she dismisses the effect and switches to the next three people.

It's unpleasant, but less so than freezing.



Kasimir Velikov: "Ah, please," says Kasimir, "It is not necessary for me." He points at a small ring on his finger. The ruby there is glowing faintly: Suldae recognizes it as a Ring of Warmth.

The baby roc beats its wings and manages to take to the air. The wind buffets it slightly, but it begins to gain more control swiftly.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae skips over Kasimir.



Ireena Kolyana: "I think it will be fine."

GM: (May be a good place to pause for today)

(We can start next session with your arrival at the temple)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (sounds good
)

GM: (Thank you all for playing! This was a fun session :))

(Here, I'll tease the map for you)



Suldae Westwind: (YE IT WAS)



GM (GM): (Greetings!)

As the party climbs higher on the treacherous mountainside, the air becomes yet more bitterly cold. I is due only to the benefits of Suldae's repeated spellcasting that any member of the party manages to avoid serious frostbite. The wind increases in strength until it is a whipping tempest which carries the snow in blinding flurries that obscure the road and the edges of it.



Zanshukun: "THIS PLACE FUCKIN SUCKS" Henry yells over the wind playing up his own petulance

And there, at last, through the blinding snow, you see the façade of some kind of structure built into the sheer stone cliff of the mountainside. Ancient blocks of amber burn dully in the gloom, lit by strange internal flames. The amber walls stand fifty feet high and two hundred and fifty feet wide. The base of the walls is piled high with snow, but rising above it are six statues in six alcoves. Each is twenty feet tall, carved from a single block of amber, and depicts a faceless, hooded figure, its hands pressed together in a gesture of prayer. Between the two innermost statues is a twenty-foot-tall archway with a staircase leading down.



Marcus Veranius: "Well... this is it. Treasure vault."

"I hope that sword is worth whatever horrors are inside that place."



Liliet (Suldae): "Yyyyeah," Suldae says, remembering the last one.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Ah, geez guys," says Ismark.



Marcus Veranius is nervous. Who could have acquired all this amber to build something so large and gaudy?



Ismark Kolyanovich: There is a strange flicker of crimson light in his eyes as he looks at the amber statues, as though he has seen them before.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena raises her hand in the whipping snow and says: "Wait, I have a question guys."
"Doesn't Amber come from trees? It's like... Fossilized sap, right?"



Liliet (Suldae): "Mhm?" Suldae says, glancing at Ismark.
"...with this amount of magic involved, I'm giving no guarantees."



Ireena Kolyana: "Right, of course, magic. I forgot."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glances at her skeptically.



Ireena Kolyana: "Silly me, trying to ask serious questions! Sorry, sorry, carry on."



Marcus Veranius: "I can't say I'm smart enough to know how thus stuff is made, but it would have taken tremendous effort or magic to do so in this large a scale."



Suldae Westwind: "...oh come on."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Heh the Wizard forgot about magic" Henry chuckles "But yeah amber is like sap I believe"



Ireena Kolyana: "I'm coming, I'm coming. Let's just get this over with, it's freezing out here."



Suldae Westwind: "If there's anything at all anyone can contribute about this place, now's the time."
"I'm feeling a little overwhelmed..."



Kasimir Velikov: "This place is evil," says Kasimir, solemnly, staring at it with wide eyes. His eyes seem to reflect some strange light with no apparent source.



Marcus Veranius turns to Kasimir



Henry of Willowsbrook: "What isn't evil in Barovia"



Marcus Veranius: "Is that all? You had mentioned this place so often in travel; are there no other insights we have?"



Suldae Westwind: "A couple of things haven't been," Suldae says dryly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "But it has been pretty evil"



Suldae Westwind: "Ireena, please, please say what you were thinking about with the tree sap."
"Which, yes, it is. As far as I remember."



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, I was only going to ask: What the hell kind of tree produces that much sap? These look like they were carved from single blocks."
"Just seemed interesting, that's all. It's probably nothing."

Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir sighs deeply.



Suldae Westwind: "...oh yes, the idea of there being an actual forest like this is... interesting."

"...or the sheer amount of trees that got bled for this."

"...anything else? Rictavio? Hiere? Ismark?"



Kasimir Velikov: "This place was constructed more than two thousand years ago. It was a place of heroes, a vault in which to contain the evil vestiges of the shattered dark gods, and to hide the hoard of forbidden knowledge that the wizards who made the temple long ago amassed. It was dedicated to a god of secrets. It was once a good place," says Kasimir. "Now it is not. Evil things have been here, and joined the imprisoned shadows within the walls. Pacts have been written here in blood."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Pacts, you say?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Secrets, you say?"



Rictavio: "Dark gods?"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "It looks sort of familiar, doesn't it?"

"Something about the architecture... Like I've seen it in a dream."



Marcus Veranius blinks



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"It couldn't be..."

Joan: "Well, it gives me the creeps," says Joan, assuming you brought her along with you.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (we did not
We're not theat irresponsebole)



Marcus Veranius shakes his head. "Either way, if spilled blood can corrupt a house I hate to think of what it can do to a palace."

Joan: Joan does not, in fact, say anything, as she is not, in fact, here)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Lovely, Let's go into the evil temple of evil before I lose a toe"



Marcus Veranius nods, following Henry's lead



Marcus Veranius: "Save some of your good spells for the Dragon. Whatever horrors are in here, we at least know the final one."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae warms everyone up again, but ends the melody at the entrance to the temple.



Ireena Kolyana: "Sorry, what? Dragon?"

"What Dragon?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry carfully makes his way down the stairs keeping his shield raised



Marcus Veranius: "The Undead Dragon that double-pinged off my ranger senses."

"As if one was bad enough alone."

GM: (Undead Dragon is at Argynvostholt)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You know maybe you could have mentioned that sometime before now just as a currtesy"



Suldae Westwind: (fucking rip)



Marcus Veranius: (OOF)

GM: (But I can put one in here too if you'd like)

(Just for the sake of canon)



Marcus Veranius: (I'll pass)

Henry descends icy steps, down ten feet to a time-ravaged hallway with arrow slits in the walls. Beyond the hall lies a vast, sepulchral darkness.



Marcus Veranius: (So wait, is there no dragon here?)

Both walls of this tiny hallway have arrow slits in them.

GM: (Not that I know of?)

(Make a Perception check, whoever is first walking down this hallway)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

14 + 1

PERCEPTION (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry spots something through one of the arrow slits on the right-hand side of the room: a skeleton in blue robes, huddled in the corner of the otherwise empty guard room he can see through the slit.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So someone died in there" Henry says gesturing towards the room. "We're off to a great start here"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks in as well. "...Lovely," she says.



Marcus Veranius peeks where Henry is pointing



Marcus Veranius: "...there isnt even a door in there."

"Must be a spellcaster. Do we want to check if he's got anything on im?"



Suldae Westwind: "...we're kind of on a tight schedule aren't we?"



Marcus Veranius nods



Suldae Westwind: Also, the less bothering the dead, the less disrespect.

But Suldae doesn't voice that one. They're in Barovia, that ship has long sailed.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So anyone against me taking the lead for now?" Henry asks turning to look deeper inside the temple



Marcus Veranius: "None."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (we see nothing)

(I mean we see nothing out of courtesy)



Suldae Westwind: "Please take the lead," Suldae says with feeling.

GM: (Thank you kindly)

(Better?)



Suldae Westwind: Her memories of the death house are bubbling up.



Marcus Veranius: (Significantly)

(Can we get the outside revealed as well?)



Suldae Westwind: It's so nice to have someone in actual armor this time.

GM: (Unfortunately, you can't, since the doors have silently closed behind you)



Suldae Westwind: (Question. Where are Kasimir, Ismark and co?)



Marcus Veranius: (Not again...)

Suldae, Marcus, and Henry have a sudden sickening sense that something is deeply wrong.



Suldae Westwind: (...what WERE you expecting really)

The doors of the Temple have closed behind them.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks around.

None of the other party members are here.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh for fucks sake"



Suldae Westwind: "...Ireena?"

Okay. Okay, this is...fine. It's probably not Strahd? Wherever she is, Ismark probably also is? Probably?

She can take care of herself.

Suldae is not having a panic attack.

She's just standing there.

Calmly.



Marcus Veranius: "...Ez?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sishes his lantern out and lights it



Marcus Veranius frowns



Henry of Willowsbrook: fishes



Marcus Veranius: "...they're with Ric. I'm sure they're safe."



Suldae Westwind: "Yes," Suldae says. She tries to come up with some joke about Rictavio, but fails.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "They might very well be safer than we are right now"



Suldae Westwind: She glances at Henry's lantern. It's... probably better than using magic.

"Might very well," Suldae echoes.

She is also suddenly remembering leaving Ismark behind.

Didn't they think he'd be safe, too?

But no, no, this isn't the same thing at all. They can all take care of themselves... even if they're separate...

The light of Henry's lantern illuminates a twenty-foot-wide balcony of black marble with a shattered railing, which overlooks a vast temple. Black marble staircases at each end of the balcony descend thirty feet to the temple floor. The vaulted ceiling is thirty feet above the balcony. The walls and ceilings are covered in an amber glaze, lending the gloom a golden sheen. A set of amber doors stands closed at the west end of the balcony. A similar pair stands open to the east. All three of you notice arrow slits in the walls overlooking the main chamber of the temple.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is just standing there.



Marcus Veranius taps Suldae's shoulder



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Marcus Suldae you both okay?"



Marcus Veranius: "Death House, remember?"

"Does us no good to stand still."

To the north, off the edge of the balcony, is the main chamber of the temple. Four black marble columns support the vaulted ceiling of the temple, at the north end of which stands a forty-foot-tall statue of a cowed figure in flowing robes. The statue's stony hands are outstretched as if in the midst of casting a spell. Its face is a void of utter blackness. The ominous statue stands between two black marble balconies, one of which has partially collapsed and fallen on the temple's black marble floor, in front of an open doorway. The walls of the temple are sheathed in amber, and the doors leading from it are made of amber as well. Arched hallways coated with amber lead away from the main chamber of the temple to the west and east. Flanking these exits are alcoves that hold white marble statues of robed human wizards with pointed hats and golden staffs. One of them has toppled over and lies shattered on the floor.



Suldae Westwind: "...I am currently alive, which is more than I know about everyone else."



Marcus Veranius: "Come on, let's find the heart of this place and stab it good."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae moves on silently. She can walk. Talking is harder.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So forward and down or check the rooms up here"



Marcus Veranius: "FUCKING HELL, this is where I got hitched!"



Marcus Veranius stares

The chamber is, indeed, the very same.



Suldae Westwind: This feels a bit relieving to Suldae. They were, after all, relatively safe here.

It is different, this time, somehow --- more real, and less the mystic realm of the Raven Queen. Perhaps the chamber where Marcus was wedded is a shadowfell reflection of this place, or perhaps deeper and more sinister things are afoot.

Suldae Westwind: "...Let's keep walking," she says, unable to stand waiting.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns peeking his ears to listen for anything that is not them



Marcus Veranius: Clearly they copied the Raven Queen's own wedding hall and not the other way around.

Divination wizards, right?

There isn't much time to ponder this, unfortunately, because Suldae feels the Weave suddenly spiral down into the black void at the head of the towering statue and senses a powerful casting just a split second before it is unleashed.



Suldae Westwind: ...lacking any spells that would actually help, she ducks down.



GM (GM): 44



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Suldae what-" Henry begins before being interrupted by...

GM: (Dexterity saving throws, please)



Suldae Westwind:

9

DEXTERITY SAVE (8)
Suldae Westwind

GM: (DC 17)



Suldae Westwind: (WOW)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

11 + 4

DEXTERITY SAVE (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (Make yours with advantage, Suldae)



Marcus Veranius:

11

28

DEXTERITY SAVE (10)
Marcus Veranius

(should be the 11)



Suldae Westwind:

16

DEXTERITY SAVE (8)
Suldae Westwind

GM: (Since you spotted it and took action to duck)



Suldae Westwind: (I'm in Henry's aura)



Henry of Willowsbrook: I fail

GM: (Don't forget Henry's aura, if it helps)



Henry of Willowsbrook: +3



Suldae Westwind: (yeah i pass)

(total is 19)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

AURA OF WARDING

Class: Paladin 7

Beginning at 7th level, you and friendly creatures within 10 feet of you have resistance to damage from spells. At 18th level, the range of this aura increases to 30 feet.

As Henry is asking Suldae what's up, a bolt of lightning crackles forth from the darkness at the head of the statue and strikes Henry square in the chest before forking to connect to both Marcus and Suldae, who manage to avoid some of the damage but are still singed. (Total damage: 44 lightning; halved on a successful save, halved again due to resistance)



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE

Arcanaloth

Initiative: 18

INITIATIVE

Flameskull

Initiative: 8

INITIATIVE

Flameskull

Initiative: 14

INITIATIVE

Flameskull

Initiative: 20



Marcus Veranius absorbs elements, lessening the missed blow

GM: (Roll initiative)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's initiative is **12.15**



Marcus Veranius: (Err, the missed dodge)

25

INITIATIVE (8)
Marcus Veranius

Henry of Willowsbrook:**8.1**

INITIATIVE (1.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(so Marcus and Suldae take 11 Henry takes 22)

Marcus is the first to react to the sudden explosion of spellcasting, which seems like the opening fire in a more deadly volley. As he takes in the scene, he notes the greenish glow of arcane flames through the arrow slits on the western wall, and sees something pass by one of the slits as it moves into position: something like a huge skull with crystal eyes, wreathed in spectral flame.



Suldae Westwind: (Where is Marcus?)

(kind of important for aura affecting him or not)



Marcus Veranius: (Staring dumbfoundedly at the main statue. He wasn't in the aura)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (he made the save and used absorb element)



Marcus Veranius: (He failed the save)

(I still had advantage on from ARROW RAIN)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh right)



Marcus Veranius: (Nat 1. Big oof)



Suldae Westwind: (fucking rip)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus turns his attention to the arrow slits. "Welcome party's here! Nostalgia time is over!"

Suldae, up close to the eastern doors, which lie open, sees a featureless chamber with a rough-edged, 10-foot-diameter circular hole in the floor to the east, and empty torch sconces along the walls. Double doors of amber stand open to the north and west. A single closed door lies just south of the western set of double doors. As she notes this, she sees a green glow grow inside the well, and suddenly three huge skulls with crystal eyes, all wreathed in emerald flame, rise from the well and surge towards her!



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Flameskull

Initiative: **22**

INITIATIVE
Flameskull

Initiative: **22**

INITIATIVE
Flameskull

Initiative: **16**



Marcus Veranius: He takes shots at the skull monsters before they can get into position

Suldae Westwind: (fucking wow)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

Divine Favor

Evocation 1

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

Your prayer empowers you with divine radiance. Until the spell ends, your weapon attacks deal an extra 1d4 radiant damage on a hit.



Marcus Veranius:

19

120

>**Sharpshooter (Clockwork**

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

20

Magical Piercing

GM: (Shooting through the arrow slits means they have $\frac{3}{4}$ cover, if Marcus is still affected by such mortal considerations. He can also shoot through the doors to the east and hit the three flameskulls by Suldae.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (ignore that)

GM: (Who do not have cover)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus is too good a shot to be bothered)

28

16

120

>**Sharpshooter (Clockwork**

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

23 + 2

Magical Piercing

GM: (I figured)

(Are both shots going to the indicated target?)



Marcus Veranius: (Yee. That enough to down it?)

GM: (With piercing resistance, takes it to half)



GM (GM): **22.5**



Marcus Veranius: (>Piercing resistance)

(This temple is a truly frightening place)

15 | 15
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

23
Magical Piercing

10 | 26
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

22
Magical Piercing

GM: (And just think -- this is just the first chamber!)

(Both of those hit)

22.5 \



Henry of Willowsbrook: (flameskulls are nasty)

Marcus's flurry of crossbow bolts fly true, zipping through an arrow slit and ripping into the nearest available flameskull. They do enough damage to overwhelm its animating magic, and the flameskull drops to the ground, dormant.



Marcus Veranius runs to the safety of behind Henry



Marcus Veranius: (EoT)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (this is gonna suck)

GM: (Dex saves, all y'all)

(DC is only 13)



Suldae Westwind:

9

DEXTERITY SAVE (8)
Suldae Westwind

(OH MY GOD)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

3 + 4

DEXTERITY SAVE (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

16 + 4**DEXTERITY SAVE (0)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**Marcus Veranius:** (Auto-pass)**GM:** (Wow Suldae it's good you're getting those out of the way early)**Suldae Westwind:** (agreed)

(presuming i dont die)

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (how many saves?)**GM:** (Just two for now)

(There will, of course, be more in a moment)

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (toasty)**Suldae Westwind:** (so im making another save?)**Flameskull:****DC13***Half damage***Dexterity Save****27***Fire**150 ft***Fireball****DC13***Half damage***Dexterity Save****28***Fire**150 ft***Fireball****Suldae Westwind:****15****DEXTERITY SAVE (8)**
Suldae Westwind**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (goddman flameskulls)

damn)

Two huge blasts of flame erupt nearly simultaneously in the doorway of the eastern chamber, engulfing the party. The nigh-simultaneous fireballs would be enough to kill most adventurers.

**Flameskull:**

13

Force

120 ft

Magic Missile

Suddenly, three darts of crystalline energy streak from the arrow slits on the western wall, and Henry takes 13 points of force damage.



Suldae Westwind: $(14+28)/2 = 42/2 = 21$



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry takes 13,7,6 damage)

GM: (So, bookkeeping: Suldae fails save on first fireball, passes second, Henry fails first save, passes second, Marcus auto-passes both. First fireball does 27 fire damage, second does 28 fire damage. Take your elemental resistance (due to the aura) into account after halving the damage from passing the save)

(I'm not adjusting your HP directly, so make sure to subtract anything manually)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry takes 26 including the magic missiles)

The creature in the shadows of the statue's head twists the Weave; Henry, make a Constitution saving throw. 61



Henry of Willowsbrook:

14 + 4

CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (Wait, scratch that, he's well out of range of that spell)

(You know what, fuck it, let's call it a DEX save from the whole party again)



Suldae Westwind:

13

DEXTERITY SAVE (8)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook:

12 + 4

DEXTERITY SAVE (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Arcanathoth:

DC17

Half damage

Dexterity Save**26**

Fire

150 ft

Fireball

Suldae Westwind: (+3=16)

(ouch)

GM: (Marcus, you too -- the DC on this one is 17)

(So due to the aura that's 13 damage to both Henry and Suldae)



Marcus Veranius:

18 + 2 | **23 + 2**

DEXTERITY SAVE (12)
Marcus Veranius

(No advantage; first roll of 20)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (aura is plus 3)



Suldae Westwind: (...you pass regardless lol)



Flameskull:

FIRE RAY
Flameskull

Attack: 21 | 11

Damage: 14 fire

FIRE RAY
Flameskull

Attack: 6 | 8

Damage: 10 fire

One of the three Flameskulls to the east unleashes twin rays of flame from its eyes -- one strikes Suldae, (21 for 14 fire) the other zooms past just over her shoulder, briefly illuminating the entire chamber in a lance of crimson light.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: The solution for the sniping statue seems easy enough, and Suldae takes the risk of ducking into the chamber.

As it happens, she has a solution to being outnumbered as well, flute at her lips and music swelling in a call to feywild. Spiders live in abandoned places, don't they?

Conjure Animals

Abjuration 5

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: Unoccupied spaces that you can see within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 hour

You summon fey spirits that take the form of beasts and appear in unoccupied spaces that you can see within range. Choose one of the

following options for what appears: One beast of challenge rating 2 or lower Two beasts of challenge rating 1 or lower Four beasts of challenge rating 1/2 or lower Eight beasts of challenge rating 1/4 or lower Each beast is also considered fey, and it disappears when it drops to 0 hit points or when the spell ends. The summoned creatures are friendly to you and your companions. Roll initiative for the summoned creatures as a group, which has its own turns. They obey any verbal commands that you issue to them (no action required by you). If you don't issue any commands to them, they defend themselves from hostile creatures, but otherwise take no actions. The GM has the creatures' statistics.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using certain higher-level Spell Slots, you choose one of the summoning options above, and more creatures appear - twice as many with a 5th-level slot, three times as many with a 7th-level slot, and four times as many with a 9th-level slot.

4 Giant Spiders, please.

20

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

Spirits of the air and earth move sluggishly here, but by their power four fey essences manage to manifest in the forms of enormous spiders, which surround Suldae in a protective mass of black fur and far too many legs.



Flameskull:

INITIATIVE
Giant Spider

Initiative: **23**



Suldae Westwind: Last time, the spiders were on the other end. Suldae remembers very well what it was like to lie ensnared in the web, and cannot deny feeling a little gleeful about the prospect of having that on her side this time.

Assuming they don't get blasted apart by the skulls.

The music continues in a song of gratitude to those who came to help.

EoT

GM: (Henry, you're up!)



Suldae Westwind: (four or three?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Smouldering and charred henry grits hsi teeth "Oh I love this place already"



Suldae Westwind: (I'm sure Henry can tell the spiders are friendly, right?)

(ty)

**Henry of Willowsbrook:**

Divine Favor

*Evocation 1***Casting Time:** 1 bonus action**Range:** Self**Target:** Self**Components:** V, S**Duration:** Concentration Up to 1 minute

Your prayer empowers you with divine radiance. Until the spell ends, your weapon attacks deal an extra 1d4 radiant damage on a hit.

Henry follows Suldae into the room gathering light around his War pick as he walks

**Suldae Westwind:** (summons rule grinning skulls drool)**Henry of Willowsbrook:****13***30ft/60ft*

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook

3*Radiant***12***Piercing***4***Acid***15***30ft/60ft*

Dagonbone Warpick (+11)
Henry of Willowsbrook

2*Radiant***17***Piercing***4***Acid*

Hurling his weapon at the closest skull

GM: (2 hits)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** 29/2 piercing 5 radiant and 8 acid)

*Henry's massive warpick flies, blitzing with holy light. The ephemeral emerald flames surrounding the skull seem to act as a protective barrier, but it is not strong enough to prevent the warpick from striking home. (Flameskull takes **14** piercing due to resistance, plus **5** radiant and **8** acid, for a total of **27** damage.)*

The Flameskull is still very much alive, and hungry now for Henry's blood.

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** Eot

Flameskull:**5****Higher Level Cast****10***Force**120 ft***Magic Missile**

Marcus suddenly takes several crystal darts in the torso, taking 15 points of force damage.

GM: (Marcus, you're up)]



Marcus Veranius is quickly realizing how under-prepared they were for this temple. He takes more shots at the rear guard



Marcus Veranius:

11*120***>Sharpshooter (Clockwork****Crossbow) (+8)**

Marcus Veranius

4*Bonus Damage***22***Magical Piercing***12***120***>Sharpshooter (Clockwork****Crossbow) (+8)**

Marcus Veranius

4*Bonus Damage***21***Magical Piercing***14***120***>Sharpshooter (Clockwork****Crossbow) (+8)**

Marcus Veranius

4*Bonus Damage***18***Magical Piercing*

(Well, one probably hits)

The first bolt clacks off stone, passing through the arrow slit but missing the flameskull due to a distortion of heat-haze caused by its flames. The second two bolts, adjusting for this distortion, do not miss.

GM: (What form is that bonus damage in? Is it also piercing?)



Marcus Veranius: (Yes. ;-;)

The Flameskull takes 23.5 points of damage.



Marcus Veranius retreats into the next chamber to avoid a retaliation fireball

Though his bolts strike the flameskull right in its gemstone eyes, one after another, they seem to do little damage.

GM: (Any additional actions/bonus actions?)



Marcus Veranius: (EoT)

GM: (Giant Spiders are up! Suldae, you should be able to control them)



Suldae Westwind: (Info sheet with stat details?)

(nm found it)

The first spider shoots web at the skull.

WEB (RECHARGE 5-6)

Giant Spider

Attack: 18

The target is restrained by webbing. As an action, the restrained target can make a DC 12 Strength check, bursting the webbing on a success. The webbing can also be attacked and destroyed - AC 10; hp 5; vulnerability to fire damage; immunity to bludgeoning, poison, and psychic damage.

One flameskull is completely ensconced in webbing.

GM: (A restrained creature's speed becomes 0, and it can't benefit from any bonus to its speed.



GM (GM): Attack rolls against the creature have advantage, and the creature's Attack rolls have disadvantage.

The creature has disadvantage on Dexterity Saving Throws.)

GM: (Note that this does not prevent it from casting)



Suldae Westwind: (I figured)

The second spider shoots web at the second skull.

WEB (RECHARGE 5-6)*Giant Spider***Attack: 25**

The target is restrained by webbing. As an action, the restrained target can make a DC 12 Strength check, bursting the webbing on a success. The webbing can also be attacked and destroyed - AC 10; hp 5; vulnerability to fire damage; immunity to bludgeoning, poison, and psychic damage.

Splat! The second skull is equally encased in webbing.



Suldae Westwind: The third spider....

WEB (RECHARGE 5-6)*Giant Spider***Attack: 9**

The target is restrained by webbing. As an action, the restrained target can make a DC 12 Strength check, bursting the webbing on a success. The webbing can also be attacked and destroyed - AC 10; hp 5; vulnerability to fire damage; immunity to bludgeoning, poison, and psychic damage.

...also shoots web.

GM: (They have a STR score of 1, so they'd have to roll a 17 or higher to get out of the restraints... So they're probably not going anywhere. Although they are immune to fire, now that I think of it.)

Seeing how its fellows have been treated, the third flameskull artfully dodges the incoming spray of webbing.

It grins, but that isn't much of a feat.



Suldae Westwind: Unfortunately, there is also the fourth spider.

WEB (RECHARGE 5-6)*Giant Spider***Attack: 25**

The target is restrained by webbing. As an action, the restrained target can make a DC 12 Strength check, bursting the webbing on a success. The webbing can

also be attacked and destroyed - AC 10; hp 5; vulnerability to fire damage; immunity to bludgeoning, poison, and psychic damage.

As the skull is in mid-dodge, the fourth spider glues it to the ceiling with a well-aimed spray. |

GM: (Any additional moves for the spiders?)



Suldae Westwind: The spiders scatter across the room as best they can, taking strategic positions.

EoST

(End of Spider Turn)

GM: (I'll allow them to be on the walls and ceiling, so you can technically share a space with them if you so desire, since they are above you)



Suldae Westwind: (noted_
)



Flameskull: Finding itself wrapped in webbing, the flameskull makes a petulant noise of grating, crystalline disharmonies, and unleashes a fireball right between the group of three.

GM: (between*)



Suldae Westwind: (the spiders are trying to be suboptimal fireball targets)



Flameskull:

DC13

Half damage

Dexterity Save

29

Fire

150 ft

Fireball



Suldae Westwind: (yeah thats what i figured)

Whoosh. All three flameskulls are momentarily bathed in flame, and the webbing which has coated them melts away. Two spiders are within reach of the blast of fire.



Giant Spider:

DEXTERITY
Giant Spider

Ability: **10**

DEXTERITY
Giant Spider

Ability: **4**



Suldae Westwind: (one of them is also within Henry's aura)

One spider is blasted to charred ash, and blows away, a spectral fey form, returning to the aether. The other spider hunkers down as the flames wash over its fur, shielded by Henry's protective aura.



Suldae Westwind: ...well that was not the best beginning. Suldae's flute sings gratitude and apology to the first feywild spirit to get knocked out of the battle.

The second of the three flameskulls in this chamber drops an identical spell, this time in the exact center of the group of adventurers and their surprise animal companions.

GM: (Dex saves all round, DC 13)



Suldae Westwind: (...rip)

17

DEXTERITY SAVE (8)
Suldae Westwind



Giant Spider:

DEXTERITY
Giant Spider

Ability: **8**

DEXTERITY
Giant Spider

Ability: **7**

DEXTERITY
Giant Spider

Ability: **21**



Flameskull:

DC13

Half damage

Dexterity Save

27

Fire

150 ft

Fireball



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I assume they aren't by the book flameskulls?)

GM: (You should always assume that I have added or twisted something)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Kay)

19 + 4

DEXTERITY SAVE (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

SHIELD MASTER

Feat: Human Bonus Feat

If you take the Attack action on your turn, you can use a bonus

action to try to shove a creature within 5 feet of you with your shield.

If you aren't incapacitated, you can add your shield's AC bonus to any Dexterity saving throw you make against a spell or other harmful effect that targets only you.

If you are subjected to an effect that allows you to make a Dexterity saving throw to take only half damage, you can use your reaction to take no damage if you succeed on the saving throw, interposing your shield between yourself and the source of the effect.

reaction for no damage

GM: (Suldae, then, takes 6 points of fire damage. Henry takes none, and Marcus passes the save automatically although I am unclear on whether or not he still takes the half damage)



Marcus Veranius: (He does)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (he takes 1/4)



Marcus Veranius: (His dex bonus is just high enough that he can't fail the DC)

There is a blast of crimson flames and a reek of sulfur -- a Flameskull has used Dimension Door.



Arcanaloath:

Cloudkill

Abjuration 5

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A 20-foot-radius sphere centered on a point you choose within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

You create a 20-foot-radius Sphere of poisonous, yellow-green fog centered on a point you choose within range. The fog spreads around corners. It lasts for the Duration or until strong wind disperses the fog, ending the spell. Its area is heavily obscured.

When a creature enters the spell's area for the first time on a turn or starts its turn there, that creature must make a Constitution saving throw. The creature takes 5d8 poison damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a

successful one. Creatures are affected even if they hold their breath or don't need to breathe. The fog moves 10 feet away from you at the start of each of your turns, rolling along the surface of the ground. The vapors, being heavier than air, sink to the lowest level of the land, even pouring down openings.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 6th level or higher, the damage increases by 1d8 for each slot level above 5th.



Suldae Westwind: (AUGH)

The creature in the Shadows unleashes a spell, and Suldae has a single moment to catch her breath before the magic takes hold. A blast of toxic green mist expands from the center of the doorway, flooding into the chamber. (DC 17 CON saves all around)



Suldae Westwind:

17

CONSTITUTION SAVE (2)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook:

6 + 4

CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(21 poison damage on a failed save.)



Marcus Veranius: (At the start of a creature's turn)

GM: (Oh wait, you're right)

(So don't make the save until your turn, unless you passed it already -- we'll keep that passing roll)



Marcus Veranius: (Or the first time you move into the area with movement)

GM: (Oddly enough, giant spiders are not immune to poison. Go figure!)



Suldae Westwind: (w e l p)



Marcus Veranius: (Venom VS Poison)

The wounded flameskull at the southern corner of this chamber casts Shield upon itself.

GM: (Derp, wait, casts Blur)



Flameskull:

Blur

Illusion 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Components: V

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

Your body becomes blurred, shifting and wavering to all who can see you. For the duration, any creature has disadvantage on attack rolls against you. An attacker is immune to this effect if it doesn't rely on sight, as with blindsight, or can see through illusions, as with truesight.

GM: (Suldae, you're up -- you passed the save for the poison already)

(You still take 10 points of poison damage, but I believe that is halved by Henry's aura)



Suldae Westwind: (5 damage, got it)

Clearly, the problem is that they didn't get far ENOUGH away from the statue.

Suldae takes off running up the corridor, playing a song of rejuvenation for her allies.

2

Higher Level Cast

18

Healing

60 feet

Mass Cure Wounds

Suldae Westwind

Glazed amber covers the walls of this twenty-foot-wide, seventy-foot-long arched corridor. The amber doors at both ends of the hall stand open. A closed door is in the middle of the east wall, and three arrow slits are cut into the wall across from it. Cracks in the black marble floor run the length of the hall.



Suldae Westwind: (Healing for everyone!)

+20HP

GM: (Any additional actions/moves?)



Suldae Westwind: (nope, all out)

EoT

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (con save right?)

22 + 4

CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)

Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (Right)

(So that's... 5 points of poison damage all told, I think)

(Don't forget to take Suldae's healing)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (concentration check dc 10)

14 + 4**CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)**

Henry of Willowsbrook

(kay so Divine Favor is still there)

FIGHTING SPIRIT*Class: Fighter 3 Samurai*

Starting at 3rd level, as a bonus action on your turn, you can give yourself advantage on weapon attack rolls until the end of the current turn. When you do so, you also gain 5 temporary hit points. The number of temporary hit points increases when you reach certain levels in this class, increasing to 10 at 10th level and 15 at 15th level. You can use this feature three times, and you regain all expended uses of it when you finish a short rest (long) rest. (Praise GM for he is kind)

Henry charges out of the cloud at the skulls

Holy light surrounds Henry, and as he advances upon the Blurred form of the Flameskull, he sees, by his own holy light, where it truly is. (Advantage cancels out disadvantage from Blur)

**Henry of Willowsbrook:****12***30ft/60ft***Dagonbone Warpick (+11)**

Henry of Willowsbrook

2*Radiant***16***Piercing***6***Acid***18***30ft/60ft***Dagonbone Warpick (+11)**

Henry of Willowsbrook

2*Radiant***11***Piercing***6***Acid***GM:** (First is a miss)**Suldae Westwind:** (oh shit Suldae also needs a concentration check)

10**CONSTITUTION SAVE (2)**
Suldae Westwind**Henry of Willowsbrook:** Smite on the hit**Suldae Westwind:** (...the spiders are still there)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** 3d8 for first level+undead

rolling 3d8

(1 + 5 + 8)

= 14**Suldae Westwind:** (...actually, are they vulnerable to radiant?)

Henry's first swing misses, but his second strikes the Flameskull right as it attempts to raise some magical shielding -- and punches through. (Casting Shield brings its AC to 18, which is not enough to save it from Henry's second attack)

GM: (They have no vulnerabilities, per se)

(But they're not immune or resistant to everything, just most things)

**Suldae Westwind:** (rip)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** 16 radiant+6 acid 5piercingcause resistance

There is a crystalline sound as something vital shatters within the Flameskull, and by the holy power of Henry it falls --- not dormant, as so many flameskulls so often do --- but truly dead.

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** EoT

There is a blast of abyssal flame; another flameskull has used Dimension Door to more quickly approach the party.

**Marcus Veranius:**

20 + 3 | 16 + 3

CONSTITUTION SAVE (4)
Marcus Veranius**GM:** (Marcus, you're up)**Marcus Veranius:** (Wait, henry moved. No aura)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (You are not In Aura range because Henry moved)**Marcus Veranius:** (How much damage from poison?)**Suldae Westwind:** (10 i think)

(dont forget the healing)

GM: (I believe it was 21 raw, but since you passed the save it's down to 10)

(And don't forget the healing)



Suldae Westwind: ...wait hold on



Marcus Veranius: The good news was that Ez probably knew they were in danger by now. The bad news is these things were a bugger to subdue



Suldae Westwind: i think the healing math is off - i havent adjusted this one to the cleric feature one minute



Marcus Veranius: Marcus takes shots at the hallway skulls, aiming for where he hears cursed flames flickering



Suldae Westwind: 2+spell's level
+8hp more



Marcus Veranius: (Advantage for attacking unseen, disadvantage from heavy obscuring. Cancels out to neutral hits)



Suldae Westwind: the healing is 28 hp for everyone



Marcus Veranius:

11

120

>**Sharpshooter (Clockwork**

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

4

Bonus Damage

19

Magical Piercing

25

120

>**Sharpshooter (Clockwork**

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

4

Bonus Damage

19

Magical Piercing

13

120

>**Sharpshooter (Clockwork**

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

4

Bonus Damage

19*Magical Piercing***GM:** (Miss, hit, miss)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (shield?9**Suldae Westwind:** (fixed it, should work right automatically next time)**GM:** (The last miss is due to Shield)**Suldae Westwind:** (MARCUS NO
(THIS THING MOVES)**Marcus Veranius:** Marcus risks staying in the cloud's area for the cover it provides**Suldae Westwind:** (YOU WILL BE IN ITS RADIUS AGAIN NEXT TURN)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (he can hold his breath**Suldae Westwind:** (IT ROLLS AWAY FROM THE CASTER)
(read the spell description - holding breath doesnt help)
(ok)**Marcus Veranius:** (It's a cloud of obscured vision; I'm risking damage to be immune to sight-based spells)**Suldae Westwind:** ('risking')**Marcus Veranius:** [EoT]**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (damn missreda)
read)**Marcus Veranius:** (Mistakes were made)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (GM is this petty revenge for Hiere fireballing all of your encounters?)

The flameskull on the northern edge of the room, having just witnessed the destruction of its fellow at the hands of a mortal, lets loose an unholy screech of terrible rage, and twin jets of flame that surge from its eyes.

GM: (Hiere's not even here, how could it be revenge? Haha)**Suldae Westwind:** (i wont lie, im kind of amazed the spiders survived the round)**Flameskull:****FIRE RAY**
*Flameskull***Attack: 8 | 24****Damage: 13 fire****FIRE RAY**

Flameskull <hr/> Attack: 12 15

Damage: 7 fire



Suldae Westwind: (note: if Suldae wasnt at the door i think we wouldnt be facing so many at once)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how got fire beamed?)



Suldae Westwind: (the spiders' turn right now, right?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: who*9
)

GM: (Yeah where did the spiders go on the list?)



Suldae Westwind: (i dont see them on the list)
(maybe it was tied to a spider that died)

GM: (Probably, fixed it)
(Flameskull will zap Henry if it survives the spider's turn)



Suldae Westwind: (so, con saves)

GM: (Hyup)
(Without the benefits of the aura, I believe)



Suldae Westwind: (alas)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (if Henry were a lev1 17 paladin they'd still be in it)



Suldae Westwind: (18 i think)
(CAN i even roll saves for them?)



Giant Spider: I gotchu fam
Dis my roll

CONSTITUTION <i>Giant Spider</i> <hr/> Ability: 14
--

CONSTITUTION <i>Giant Spider</i> <hr/> Ability: 3

oh noes



Henry of Willowsbrook: (they dead)



Suldae Westwind: (...well technically they're still there)

The Giant Spiders thrash and squirm in the effects of the poison, but manage weakly to cling to life. It is lucky they are on the ceiling, as the gas is already beginning to sink and spread.

Suldae Westwind: Both spiders skitter out of the poison cloud for visibility and valiantly shoot web at the two skulls next to Henry.

WEB (RECHARGE 5-6)

Giant Spider

Attack: 21

The target is restrained by webbing. As an action, the restrained target can make a DC 12 Strength check, bursting the webbing on a success. The webbing can also be attacked and destroyed - AC 10; hp 5; vulnerability to fire damage; immunity to bludgeoning, poison, and psychic damage.

WEB (RECHARGE 5-6)

Giant Spider

Attack: 11

The target is restrained by webbing. As an action, the restrained target can make a DC 12 Strength check, bursting the webbing on a success. The webbing can also be attacked and destroyed - AC 10; hp 5; vulnerability to fire damage; immunity to bludgeoning, poison, and psychic damage.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (..recharge)



Suldae Westwind: (...shit)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (roll 2d6)



Suldae Westwind: rolling 2d6

(5 + 2)

= 7

GM: (One recharges, one does not)



Suldae Westwind: The second spider bravely attacks the grinning skull in melee, ineffectual as it is inevitably going to be.

BITE

Giant Spider

Attack: 11

and the target must make a DC 11 Constitution saving throw, taking 9 (2d8) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. If the poison damage reduces the target to 0 hit points, the target is stable but poisoned for 1 hour, even after regaining hit points, and is paralyzed while poisoned in this way.

Damage: 7 piercing + 3 poison

Unfortunately its great fangs cannot even approach the actual bone of the skull, due to the flames which ensconce it. The skull begins to cackle manically.

GM: (Which flameskull do you want to wrap up in webs?)

(If it's the same one that the other one just tried to bite, the biting one can attack with advantage)



Suldae Westwind: (the same one)

BITE
Giant Spider

Attack: 25

and the target must make a DC 11 Constitution saving throw, taking 9 (2d8) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. If the poison damage reduces the target to 0 hit points, the target is stable but poisoned for 1 hour, even after regaining hit points, and is paralyzed while poisoned in this way.

Damage: 4 + 4 piercing + 4 + 10 poison

(...well that went better lol)

GM: (Flameskull is immune to poison and to the poisoned condition, so just the piercing, which gets halved...)

(So it takes 4 points of piercing damage)

Due only to the spray of webs from its fellow, the spider is finally able to sink its fangs into actual bone. The Flameskull is highly annoyed by this.

GM: (Additional motion from the spiders?)



Suldae Westwind: (the spider that isn't attacking joins Suldae up in the corridor)

EoST



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Welp it's time hit me boss)

GM: (Using the earlier two rolls for the Fire Ray from this guy -- so an 8 and 12 to hit Henry, which both miss)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (HA)



Suldae Westwind: (best playlist 12/10)

The web-wrapped flameskull becomes thoroughly enraged, and unleashes yet another fireball.



Flameskull:

DC13

Half damage

Dexterity Save

25

Fire

150 ft

Fireball



Henry of Willowsbrook:

11 + 4

DEXTERITY SAVE (0)

Henry of Willowsbrook



Giant Spider:

DEXTERITY
Giant Spider

Ability: 6



Suldae Westwind: ...yeah)=



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry takes 6)

Webbing is burned away and the spider which dared to insult the flameskull is immolated. It collapses, a heavy charred lump of tangled limbs, falling from the ceiling with a crunchy splat.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

23 + 4

CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)

Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry feels a faint tickle of warmth as the hot flames surge around him.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (passed concentration)

The Flameskull in the center of the Cloudkill looses a blind fireball into the middle of the room, hitting no one.

GM: (Start of Arcanoloth's turn, the Cloudkill begins to move ten feet away from it)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae decides that she cannot improve on perfection and continues her previous strategy, although the spell is slightly weaker this time - there is only so much power she has to call on, yet. It is still more than she ever imagined wielding, though...

22
Healing

60 feet

Mass Cure Wounds
Suldae Westwind

Whatever is in the shadows continues to wait, biding its time, looking for an exposed target.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)

(Oh man, you're on top of it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (could you remove the fireballs?)
(thanks)



Suldae Westwind: (+22 hp for everyone!)

The Giant Spider in the hallway near her seems incredibly grateful for Suldae's healing, which restores its wounded legs and re-grows its singed fur. It seems to be in great condition now!



Henry of Willowsbrook: (ey Almost back to full hp)



Suldae Westwind: (the real reason to have a (bard/)cleric in the party)
EoT



Henry of Willowsbrook: (what are the dimensions of that hole GM?)

GM: (The hole is ten feet in diameter, it looks like an unintentional hole, not like a well with architecture and intention behind it. It descends about 20 feet into darkness before you can't see any further. There is probably another room below.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry leads over the hole

Landing in between the Skulls

ACTION SURGE

Class: Fighter 2nd Level

Starting at 2nd level, you can push yourself beyond your normal limits for a moment. On Your Turn, you can take one additional action on top of your regular action and a possible Bonus Action.

Once you use this feature, you must finish a short or Long Rest before you can use it again. Starting at 17th level, you can use it twice before a rest, but only once on the same turn.

FIGHTING SPIRIT

Class: Fighter 3 Samurai

Starting at 3rd level, as a bonus action on your turn, you can give yourself advantage on weapon attack rolls until the end of the current turn. When you do so, you also gain 5 temporary hit points. The number of temporary hit points increases when you reach certain levels in this class, increasing to 10 at 10th level and 15 at 15th level. You can use this feature three times, and you regain all expended uses of it when you finish a short rest (long) rest. (Praise GM for he is kind)

GM: (Ohhhhhhhh shiiiiiiiiit)

(This should be good)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Switching from his Pick to the dagger-short sword Henry turns swings turning into a visage of death in motion

32

28

Vorpal Dagger (+12)
Henry of Willowsbrook

1 + 3
Radiant

15 + 5
Slashing/Piercing

13

14

Vorpal Dagger (+12)
Henry of Willowsbrook

4
Radiant

16
Slashing/Piercing

26

23

Vorpal Dagger (+12)
Henry of Willowsbrook

1
Radiant

13
Slashing/Piercing

22

21

Vorpal Dagger (+12)
Henry of Willowsbrook

2

Radiant

13

Slashing/Piercing

"VORPAL" DAGGER*Other: Item*

You gain a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. In addition, the weapon ignores resistance to slashing damage.

When you attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without the lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary actions, or the GM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.



Suldae Westwind: (...the description of this really suffers from ambiguity in case the creature CONSISTS of the head)

As he leaps over the hole, Henry has the most horrible sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach. He senses three terrifying evil presences just beneath him — minds as ancient and as utterly dark with evil as the lords of the nine hells.

GM: (It will take the additional 6d8 in this case)



Suldae Westwind: (rip)

GM: (That's three firm hits and one miss due to Shield)
(Go ahead and roll the 6d8)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Attacks are alternating so 33 slashing and 5 radiant on one and 29 +3 on the other



Suldae Westwind: also 6d8 d3
d8

ugh



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wait)

rolling 6d8

(4 + 6 + 6 + 3 + 4 + 3)

= 26

(so ugh how dead are they?)

GM: (So first one takes 50 and second one takes 29 if I'm not mistaken?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (yes)

GM: (Is that the right math?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (does the second one still move?)

(the one that took 29)

GM: (Sorry, the doorbell rang, back now)

With a sweep of his black blade Henry cleaves the first flameskull completely in half, the blade gliding smoothly through bone and arcane shielding. The blade continues on its path and strikes the other flameskull, which spins away, screaming, never having taken so much physical pain before.

GM: (Second one is still on its feet, metaphorically)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (SMITE)

(3 more d8)

rolling 3d8

(8 + 7 + 8)

= 23

Henry's holy light is unleashed a moment later, and the other flameskull bursts into a scintillating fireworks display of emerald sparks.

Henry feels the blade in his hand suddenly seem to come alive. It is warm in his grip, and he can feel something that is almost like another heartbeat, deep in the black metal...

There is a shuddering sound, a rending of something deeper than the physical plane.

Henry feels a shadow bloom somewhere deep in his soul. There is, indeed, a certain pleasure in killing...




Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry lets out a breath grinning a grin to wide to be entirely comfortable "Oh this'll do, this'll do nicely"

He humms out


EoT

Suldae Westwind: Suldae watches him, wide-eyed. She did not catch all that, but this reaction seems... off.

 **Flameskull:** A flameskull in the hallway looses another Fireball right in the center of the room, missing everybody.

It also moves forward, into the chamber, as the flames begin to dissipate. Its emerald eyes peer through the green mist, hunting for targets.

GM: (Marcus is up)

 **Marcus Veranius:** Marcus can't see shit, only hearing explosions in the background outside the fog

12 + 3

CONSTITUTION SAVE (4)
Marcus Veranius


18 + 3

CONSTITUTION SAVE (4)
Marcus Veranius

(Ignore the +3, but we rollin with advantage)

GM: (18 is good)

(So that brings the poison damage down to 10)

 **Marcus Veranius:** Marcus attempts more blind shots at the hallway opponent

11

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

4

Bonus Damage

22

Magical Piercing

17

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

4

Bonus Damage

21

Magical Piercing

11

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

4

Bonus Damage

22

Magical Piercing

(First is 11)

GM: (I believe the Flameskull in the hall still has its shield up, since it hasn't had a turn since it used its reaction)

(Which would mean 3 misses)



Marcus Veranius: (It SHOULD have had a turn since then. Shield came up on Marcus's last turn)

GM: (Oh hang on, you're right)

(Reactions get so confusing)

(Anyway, since it has its reaction back, it casts Shield again)



Marcus Veranius: Action Surge

24

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

4

Bonus Damage

21

Magical Piercing

11

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow (+8)
Marcus Veranius

4

Bonus Damage

18

Magical Piercing

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

4

Bonus Damage

8

Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]

Marcus Veranius

19 and 24 to hit

GM: (Two hits!)**Marcus Veranius:** 25 and 22 piercing**GM:** (So after resistance, that's **23.5** piercing)

(23 piercing damage applied)

Two of Marcus's hasty shots strike the flameskull in the hallway, dealing substantial damage! He knows that any ordinary creature would be dead from such an attack, but these flameskulls seem to be hardy constructs.

**Marcus Veranius:** Marcus backs himself against the wall, struggling with these manner of undead
[Eot]**GM:** (Spider is up)**Suldae Westwind:** (MARCUS YOU'RE TOO FAR AWAY FROM YOUR HEALER)

(aaa)

(you still are)

(can you please try to get within 30ft)

(if you cannot, back away as far as you want)

(you're either in range or not lol)

**Marcus Veranius:** (sorry)**Suldae Westwind:** ('s fine)

(i am not playing a sorcerer alas)

GM: (What would you like the spider to do?)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (mas cure wounds is 60 ft)**GM:** (It's also expensive from a spell slot point of view)**Suldae Westwind:** (also I'm out of slots lol)

(thats what i used twice)

GM: (Yup, bards)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (oh dat's bad)**Suldae Westwind:** (now im down to 30ft healing spells)

GM: (You'll probably be fine)

(Not like you're only in the first room of a two story temple with 42 rooms)

(On a 3 hour time limit)



Suldae Westwind: (aaaaaaa)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (why do I have the feeling there is an implied malvolent smile here)



Suldae Westwind: (implied?)

GM: (:D)

(Oh wait, gotta get my double chin in there... (:D))



Henry of Willowsbrook: (well GM has yet to say he likes to see us suffer)

GM: (I feel like I've definitely said that before)

(Right though, spiders)



Suldae Westwind: The last remaining spider tries to recover its web.

rolling d6

(3)

= 3

It cannot, so instead it executes a complicated maneuver in conjunction with Suldae who hasn't used up her movement this turn.

(can i have my token on top of the spider's)

GM: (There you go)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)

Suldae is now mounted on a giant spider.

EoST

Cackling slightly in what might actually be panic, the pincushioned Flameskull that just witnessed five or six bolts come flying out of a cloud of impenetrable green fog and strike with surprising accuracy, decides that it likes being undead. It flees, flying towards the Shadow with its full speed. (80 ft)

The cloud of noxious gas continues to drift away from its caster, moving ten feet away. It is, by now, just barely at head height. In another moment or two it may be low enough for Marcus to see over it.

Then, quite suddenly, the green mist is gone.

It seems concentration has ended, perhaps to be used on something else.



Suldae Westwind: (Welp, this sounds bad)

Guiding Bolt

Abjuration 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet**Target:** A creature of your choice within range**Components:** V, S**Duration:** 1 round

A flash of light streaks toward a creature of your choice within range. Make a ranged spell attack against the target. On a hit, the target takes 4d6 radiant damage, and the next attack roll made against this target before the end of your next turn has advantage, thanks to the mystical dim light glittering on the target until then.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, the damage increases by 1d6 for each slot level above 1st.

Suldae plays a song about the target of her current wrath. She really doesn't like those skulls.

The hallway to the north of Suldae suddenly blossoms with perfect darkness, which fills it from wall to wall and from ceiling to floor. Suldae can now no longer see down the hall.



Suldae Westwind:

27

120 feet

Guiding Bolt (+7)
Suldae Westwind

14 + 19
Radiant

GM: (That's enough to kill it. How would you like to RP it?)



Suldae Westwind: For a bolt from heavens to strike down an abomination, no clear path to the actual sky is required. Blinding white light simply comes into existence around the skull, and it crumbles into ash from inside.

Suldae lingers in the doorway on the back of her spider mount, awaiting wise thoughts from teammates.

*teammates

EoT

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Arcanaloth:

INITIATIVE
Amber Golem

Initiative: **12**



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves to the door leading to the main chamber with a spring in his step singing while he tries to spot the poor fool that tried to fry him and his friends with lightning

"When fields lie calm and wind stands still

run home, run *Home*

When the Trees do bow, as if they weep
 stay down, stay *Down*
 Though its light beckons forth, a Melody calls out



Henry of Willowsbrook: too late, too *Late*

As the crows make night of the fading sun
 hide now, hide *Now*"
 What does he see?

GM: (Does he have a light source or darkvision?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Still has the lantern

GM: (I suppose he's glowing most of the time, too)



Suldae Westwind: (is this a good time to bring up Suldae has the Light cantrip)
 (caster multiclass sucks in some ways but boy do you get lots of cantrips)

Henry sees the vast empty chamber of the Temple, and the statue there, the hooded head of which is still wrapped in an utterly impenetrable darkness. He also sees a wounded flameskull flying towards it like a chick to the wings of its mother.



Suldae Westwind: (...on second thought the lantern might be better)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "There you are! Oh but running won't do you any *good*!" Henry says voice dripping with sinister cheer before chsing after the skull (dash action chasing*)
 EoT

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: ...On second thought, Suldae is even more creeped out than before.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus checks back in the hallway where he was shooting flying skull monsters
 "Oi! You started this! Get back here!"

21

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
 Marcus Veranius

4

Bonus Damage

18

Magical Piercing

14

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
 Marcus Veranius

4*Bonus Damage***22***Magical Piercing***24**

120

>**Sharpshooter (Clockwork****Crossbow) (+8)**

Marcus Veranius

4*Bonus Damage***20***Magical Piercing***GM:** (Three hits -- it was busily fleeing and did not anticipate getting shot in the back)***CLACK, CLACK, CLACK! Three bolts strike home, and the skull's flames cease to flow, its crystal eyes grow dim, and it falls to the ground with a crash of bone on stone. It seems to be dormant.*****Marcus Veranius frowns. Lousy re-animating skull gremlin****Marcus Veranius:** "Change of plans! We need to retreat; no way we're going to be able to endure this temple AND Strahd in a single day!"**Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry laughs "You think they'll let us out?"**Tops K.:** [EoT]**Marcus Veranius:** "I didn't plan on asking for permission!"**Suldae Westwind:** "I'm listening!"**Ireena Kolyana:** Suldae hears: ``...you hear me? Suldae? Where are you? We're hunkered down, fighting some kind of floating skull thingies. Doors are sealed. Reply... your position!"

Suldae recognizes the 25-word limit of a Sending spell and knows that she must answer quickly.

It is curious... There seems to be a powerful arcane interference, disrupting the spell. It must have taken a prodigious effort of arcana to cast it across whatever strange distance separates the two parties.

GM: (Giant Spider's turn, btw)**Suldae Westwind:** (quickly, as in, doesn't have time to talk to others quickly?)**GM:** (The spell lasts one round, so I'd say as long as it's not a protracted discussion you've got time to talk a little)

(You can only respond to her in a 25-word message, however)

(And there is a 5% chance that any given word will not come through)

**Suldae Westwind:** "...You're okay!" Suldae answers before considering the spell's limitations. "...We're inside, fought off the skulls, there's a giant statue. We want to leave. Are you outside? We're inside,

near a giant statue!"

The spider carries Suldae out into the chamber.

(the spider not doing anything else can get 60ft of movement, can i split them between the spider's and Suldae's turns?)



Ireena Kolyana: 1) You're 2) okay! ... 3) We're 4) inside, 5) fought 6) off 7) the 8) skulls, 9) there's 10) a 11) giant 12) statue. 13) We 14) want 15) to 16) leave. 17) Are 18) you 19) outside? 20) We're 21) inside, 22) near 23) a 24) giant 25) statue

1375

Only the word "Giant" did not make it through

There is a long moment, a pause.

Ireena must be discussing this information with the others.



Suldae Westwind: (the word giant was repeated twice)

(for a reason :3)

"Ireena contacted me with Sending!"



Marcus Veranius: "Listen, this temple run might have been *theoretically* possible with a full expedition party. With only us three and Strahd to arrive in hours, **WE WILL DIE IF WE STAY!**"



Suldae Westwind: "I agree! Ireena asked where we are!"

"She still didn't say where SHE is!"

"...they. Where they are."



Ireena Kolyana: After a long time, there is a response: "I c... only cast this one more time, what do you mean you're inside? We're inside! Where are you? There's a giant statue here."



Suldae Westwind: "..."

"We are leaving! Leave the temple! We'll be trying to leave!"

Suldae glances at Marcus for any more useful contribution.

(the answer is not over yet hold on)

(Suldae is saying all this out loud so Marcus should have opportunity to help)



Marcus Veranius doesn't know shit outside how to fire a crossbow and shoes



Suldae Westwind: There is some nasty dimensional bullshit at play here, and Suldae is not a wizard to immediately have ideas on how to deal with it.

But maybe if she takes a couple of seconds to center herself, buoyed by the relief of hearing Ireena's voice...

22

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

(Basically what can Suldae figure out about what the fuck is going on from the particular angle of HOW DO WE GET OUT)

(or find each other)



Kasimir Velikov: Suddenly, Kasimir's voice comes through. ``There appears to be some kind of interplanar fuckery at work here. Open doors, tell me what you see."

It seems, he, too, brought Sending.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (are we still in initiative?)

GM: (Yes, because there are still two active combatants -- one approaching now)

(Actually, hold that thought, he's happy where he is)

(Ending Initiative)

(But don't go thinking that means you're safe)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae spider-dashes to the doors they came in through.

Suldae listens to the music of the spheres, and hears it with a cold and crystalline clarity that chills her to the bone. They are no longer on the Material Plane.



Suldae Westwind: (I have a question. Were we on it before?)



Marcus Veranius: "..."

The doors are not locked, but they open onto nothingness -- an utter void, brimming with stars.



Marcus Veranius stares with wide eyes, and a quickly-collapsing hope



Suldae Westwind: "...the doors open into nowhere," Suldae reports. "What do we do?"

This is her answer to both Sendings.

She's still riding the high of hearing that Ireena is okay and safe enough to spare time for casting Sending multiple times in a row.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Well technically no Barovia is a demiplane of the shadowfell that used to be part of the prime material before fucker happend to t)



Suldae Westwind: Everything is about to start getting to her, but not yet.



Marcus Veranius: (I'm gunna go ahead and double the damage Marcus has taken this fight. He's probably out of range for his wedding ring)



Suldae Westwind: (So - anything about how to deal with this? Arcana covers theoretical knowledge of spells and stuff, too)



Marcus Veranius slumps against the wall



Henry of Willowsbrook: (What do i roll for Henry's knowledge of flameskulls?)



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir's voice comes again, more clearly this time. "Good news, bad news. Good: Won't matter when Strahd arrives, he'll step into different temple. Bad: unclear how to reunite. Rictavio says ancient magic, test."

GM: (Henry, go ahead and roll history and religion)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

8 + 1

HISTORY (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

14 + 1**RELIGION** (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae repeats this for Marcus.**Marcus Veranius:** "..."

"Are you telling me there's multiple copies of this temple?"

**Suldae Westwind:** "...I can hear you better now. Whatever it is you're doing..."

Suldae understands -- when Rictavio says ancient magic, test, what he means is: "It is the ancient magic of the primal gods, testing the souls of mortals with a series of challenges." As these are, of course, EVIL gods, imprisoned here, it stands to reason that the interplanar fuckery is an intentional product of some spell, designed to keep the evil gods imprisoned. There must, however, be a way back to Barovia -- After all, Strahd has returned before.

**Suldae Westwind:** "...I think we can't turn back," Suldae says to Marcus.

"We don't really have the firepower to take on the fuckers who want us to run this gauntlet, so our best bet is to do what they want and go forward. Unless you have a better idea..."

**Marcus Veranius:** "I... don't know."**Suldae Westwind:** "...I know exactly what you mean."

Suldae takes a break from this conversation and rides over to Henry to check on him.

**Marcus Veranius:** "What I **DO** know is that if they're in a temple, and we're in a temple, and it's the same yet different temple."

"...oh, OK. I'll just wait here then."

**Suldae Westwind:** "...Henry? Are you alright?"

Henry, meanwhile, recalls that Flameskulls are cursed wizards, much like nothics, who were damned for breaching into spellcraft which insulted the gods. They are, more often than not, wizards who attempted lichdom and failed. The ones in this temple do not seem like ordinary flameskulls; they are empowered by some force within the temple.

**Marcus Veranius:** WELL, if Strahd wasn't an immediate threat that meant he had time to check the dead. Wizard at the gatehouse might have a key to his temple.

Henry also knows that the things can play dead for a long time, though they most often revive themselves within an hour of their apparent "death."

Marcus sees no apparent way to enter the guardroom where the wizard's corpse lies. There is no door to be seen, through the meager peephole of the arrow slits. Perhaps the entrance is concealed somewhere.

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Hm Liches, liches, liches well better save then burned again" Henry humms ramming the Vorpall blade into the skull**13****Vorpall Dagger** (+12)
Henry of Willowsbrook**2**

Radiant

11*Slashing/Piercing***13****Vorpal Dagger** (+12)
Henry of Willowsbrook**3***Radiant***11***Slashing/Piercing***Suldae Westwind:** (LMAO)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (What...)**Marcus Veranius:** The entrance is being small enough to enter the arrow slit. Marcus changes to raven form and attempts to squeeze through.**Suldae Westwind:** ...I think the AC of those is less than that dagger's to hit bonus**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (they have AC 13 so I can only miss on a nat 1 Lmao)

Suldae, meanwhile, realizes why she can hear the song of the cosmos so much more clearly. She is somewhere that is not as bogged down by the weight of the Prime Material, beyond the Divine Gates, where and the will of the gods flows more freely. There is a sense in the song that has always been there, building quietly in the background, but she has never before noted the gradually building tone -- though it has accompanied her most of her life. Since joining Correllon, that part of the song has only gotten stronger and louder. It is the melody of a champion -- the weapon of a god. She can hear now, distinctly, the harmony of Henry -- the sylvan notes of a forest champion strengthening and being strengthened by the music of her own song. There is something off-key in the tune, now; a broken, somewhat sinister note.

Meanwhile, Henry destroys the apparently-dead Flameskull with surprising difficulty.

Marcus squeezes easily through the arrow slit, losing almost no feathers in the process.

**Suldae Westwind:** "...Henry?" Suldae climbs down from the spider, deciding it might not be sending quite the right message.


The corpse wears a blue wizard's robes and is clutching a wand to its chest.


**Suldae Westwind:** She takes his arm in hers.

"...You're not quite acting like yourself."


"Since you took that dagger out," she points at it.

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Hm yes? What's the matter?" Henry asks tilting his head to the side**Marcus Veranius:** Haha, now Marcus understood how easy it was for gulls to get into an attic. Birds.**Suldae Westwind:** "...Focus and tell me how you're feeling."

 **Marcus Veranius:** He changes back and attempts to search the cadaver for supplies; they were going to need everything in reach to escape alive

 **Suldae Westwind:** Hopefully, this is something that can be managed at least in a stop-gap way for now.


Suddenly, Henry learns a word: ~~what?~~

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "I'm fine if a bit charred" Henry says tilting his head the other way frowning "Are you alright I heard some of what you said to Marcus just know"
(sorry what?)

Marcus finds a Wand of Secrets.


He also finds a set of blue robes.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (wxudt?)


 **Suldae Westwind:** "Right now, I'm very worried about you," Suldae honestly says. She pauses, unsure how to word the next question.

 ***Marcus Veranius carefully collects the wand and tilts his hat in respect for the corpse wizard***

Marcus's keen eye easily picks out the details of the corpse's condition: the poor fellow froze to death, not long ago. Perhaps a week, at most.

 **Marcus Veranius:** (whoops, sorry)

Marcus also acquires a bag of holding.


 **Suldae Westwind:** "Henry, you're not acting like yourself." She pauses, then fingers a guess. "...Do you like using that dagger?"

The question is left hanging like a first in a series.

Like a puzzle she wants him to figure out himself.

(Each member of the Party gains 1833.3333333333333 XP, for the Flameskulls.)

GM: (We'll round that right on up to 1850, for pizzazz)


 **Marcus Veranius:** "...I'll send a missive to your loved ones." Marcus tilts his hat to the fallen wizard and takes the items.

He then attempts to reconvene with the others.

He finds them in the main room of the temple, below the statue which is still shrouded with darkness, and in which he is still conscious of a malicious and watchful presence, which seems to be biding its time for some reason.

He also notes that he cannot see the northern end of the eastern hallway, due to a large globe of shadow which still shrouds it wholly.

 **Marcus Veranius:** Concerning.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "I..what? Suldae you're not making sense" Henry frowns deeply confused "It's a good, sharp knife and since these assholes are better cut then stabbed I judged it might work better" Henry rattles of "A Dagger is a tool is a weapon is a tool" like a rehearsed mantra "Using a

good tool feels good right Marcus?" Henry says



Suldae Westwind: "...Not if you're using it for killing things," Suldae says.

This is a bit of an oversimplification, but that's not the kind of pedantry she's down for at the moment.



Marcus Veranius: "Using a good TOOL feels good. Weapons aren't a tool that should feel good to use."



Suldae Westwind: ...Thankfully, Marcus has picked up her meaning. Or noticed the same problem.



Marcus Veranius: "Not that I know the context, but speaking as a craftsman."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stares at Henry, the spider bopping its furry head against her hand comfortingly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rolls his eyes "Yes using a weapon and killing should not feel good and for the record it did *not*, I did not enjoy killing these things more than before" he says sounding more defensive then he would like "It's just a very good Dagger okay? See? Nothing to it" Henry sheeths the blade with an overexagertaed flourish
flourish



Suldae Westwind: "..."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae watches him worriedly.

"...Okay, I will be clear. I can *feel* it. That weapon is doing something to you."



Marcus Veranius: "Since when have you given a shit about showboating?"



Marcus Veranius doesn't know if he likes it



Suldae Westwind: "Do you trust me or your feeling of liking the dagger more?"

This is a pretty dangerous question, she knows.

That said...

21

CHARISMA (5+2)
Suldae Westwind

...she's pretty good at talking people into things.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "... Henry frowns biting back a retort 'Why am I so annoyed at her asking me? That doesn't make' Henry takes a moment to center himself

"Why are you so worried about *me*?" Henry asks without a hint of annoyance or frustartion only earnest confusion

Clearly, in his left ear, Henry hears the word again. The voice which speaks it is as soft as the tickle of moonlight and as sweet as cherry blossoms on the wind, as smooth as incense smoke and as majestic as the stars: "WXUDT."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae blinks, then tilts her head.

"...I find worrying about other people natural?"



Marcus Veranius is confused about the context going on here. "I mean, you're a good friend Henry. Why wouldn't I worry?"



Suldae Westwind: The "don't you?" is implied.



Marcus Veranius: "Is something the matter?"

GM: (To be clear, you are not beholden currently to any mechanical effects, I.E. Temporary madness etc.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry flicks his head in the direction of the voice finding nothing frowning before speaking again "No I mean-Yes that's natural but...What did I do that made you so worried about me right *now*? I just did what I did before in fights, right?"



Suldae Westwind: "...No."

"You acted really *pleased* about striking these skulls down."

"Like... like Marcus after making a good pair of boots?"

"Like it's something inherently worthwhile and enjoyable."



Marcus Veranius: That IS a really good feeling. And a really bad one to have in combat...



Suldae Westwind: "...It didn't last long."

"But..."



Marcus Veranius: "I... didn't notice in the cloud. Is this true Henry?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns thiking back at the fight, did he really enjoy it like that? That he couldn't answer that with a certain 'No' worried him a bit. "What excatly did I do? I'm trying to think but it just ... doesn't seem different?"



Marcus Veranius: "...as a sidenote. I've come to a bit of a theory given our current situation."

"Madam Eva's prophecy places the Sword of Sunlight as guarded by Amber Giants. Small castle beneath a mountain."

"But she hesitated, and mentioned it guarded by a Dragon as well. The only dragon is in the crypts of Argynvostholt."

"Which I doubt also has Amber Giants."

"It doesn't make sense... unless you account for the multiple Amber Temples our party seems to be split across."

"Whatever has duplicated this temple has also duplicated its treasure. I think there may be a second Sunsword."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Or the Sword broke" Henry says "And that's why it's supposedly in two places"



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Marcus Veranius falls into existential dread



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Guess we find ot when we find it" Henry says attempting to sound reassuring



GM (GM): 1

2

Hello all! So sorry for the delay, I've been looking forward to this session and I can't believe how much I overslept!



(From Tops K.): Tag me in for the intro!



GM (GM): Marcus has informed me the he has he most perfect way to reintroduce Hiere, and I am increased to see I (assuming Hiere is indeed... Here for at least part of this session)

Also, you may need to bear with me on the occasional typo -- my "T" key has decided not to work reliably.



Marcus Veranius: (Hiere does not appear to be here. o-o)



GM (GM): Well, when he does show up, we can use the introduction you had in mind



Liliet (Suldae): augh my plans are derailed again



Marcus Veranius: My plans are derailed again

Hiere is very good at this



Liliet (Suldae): ...I m a o



GM (GM): Alright now, where were we?



Liliet (Suldae): thats a great question im somewhat salty about actually

I guess Henry is up, since he's the one who participated in both conversations



GM (GM): I believe you were in the middle of dealing with the fact that Henry was singing as he slew, which was an unusual piece of behavior



Liliet (Suldae): i sure was, and then something else happened after i left :|



Henry of Willowsbrook: (not really it was more of a quick aside, Marcus deflecting when things get uncomfortable isn't to new)



GM (GM): I imagine Suldae would be quick to bring the subject back into focus



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae is thrown off stride by the conversation topic change, and is watching Marcus and Henry instead

deflection or whatever it was

GM: (Henry, make a Constitution save)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

5 + 4

CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(wow)



GM (GM): **8**

Suddenly, in the brief pause after the sudden topic change, Henry's breastplate begins to get warm.

It comes on suddenly and ramps up in intensity until all at once you notice that a handprint-shaped

red-hot patch of metal is now glowing more and more brightly with heat in the center of his breastplate, directly over his heart.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh screw you GM that's just mean)

(He said jokingly)

It seems the being in the shadows is not quite finished with you yet.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (So I take 4 fire damage?)



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae blows into her flute, attempting to bring the temperature down with Prestidigitation



Henry of Willowsbrook: (take)

GM: (Yup, 8 points of fire damage total, but resistance brings it to 4)

Prestidigitation, it seems, cannot combat the reckless pressure of the Heat Metal spell, which continues to ramp up in intensity.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Gah fuckfuckfuck" Henry hisses turning where he suspects the caster to be and charging

Upon completing his charge, Henry finds himself at the base of the mysterious statue whose head is encased in such unnatural darkness. He does not see anyone here on the ground or in the corners of the room -- they must be inside the head of the statue.



Suldae Westwind: Are we entering initiative?



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how tall is the statue?)

GM: (We will enter it in a moment, but you have a few free actions/moves before that)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus becomes alert to the situation, aiming his crossbow at the statue's head. "Not this again, why is it ALWAYS statues!?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sends her spider skittering up towards the darkness.

The statue towers, 40 feet tall, carved from granite. It must be a faceless god of secrets, or something like that.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae attempts to Light up the head of the statue.

Light

Abjuration Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: One object that is no larger than 10 feet in any dimension

Components: V, M (A firefly or phosphorescent moss)

Duration: 1 hour

You touch one object that is no larger than 10 feet in any dimension. Until the spell ends, the object sheds bright light in a 20-foot radius and dim light for an additional 20 feet. The light

can be colored as you like. Completely covering the object with something opaque blocks the light. The spell ends if you cast it again or dismiss it as an action. If you target an object held or worn by a hostile creature, that creature must succeed on a Dexterity saving throw to avoid the spell.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (out of range)

GM: (You could cast it on an item and throw it)

(One imagines there is plenty of rubble/gravel on the ground)



Suldae Westwind: ...Suldae casts it on a string she ties around a spider's leg

GM: (Is Suldae still riding the spider?)



Suldae Westwind: No, she dismounted a bit ago and I'm assuming it would hinder the spider.
...and she can fly up if she needs to.



GM (GM): The moment that the light-producing spell overlaps even slightly with the darkness around the head of the statue, the light winks out as though snuffed.

The moment that the light-producing spell overlaps even slightly with the darkness around the head of the statue, the light winks out as though snuffed.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry begins to climb the statue aswell

GM: (Alright, now we will begin initiative)



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Arcanaloth

Initiative: **6**

INITIATIVE
Giant Spider

Initiative: **5**



Henry of Willowsbrook:

15.1

INITIATIVE (1.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius:

26

INITIATIVE (8)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's initiative is **23.15**

..rrr

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius: (...what does Marcus see in the now-revealed darkness?)

GM: (The darkness has not been revealed, it canceled out the light spell)



Marcus Veranius: (Whoops, misread)

GM: (No worries)

(This is ironically the fight you would probably want Hieru for the most)

(What's Marcus's passive perception score?)



Marcus Veranius: 20 Passiver



Suldae Westwind: (yeah i was just thinking how much we could use a Fireball caster here)

Marcus notices, from his position, a patch of dust on the ground behind the statue which has been recently disturbed, and footprints leading to the back of the statue from the middle of the wall behind it, although there is no doorway there. There must be some kind of access into the back of the statue.



Marcus Veranius lowers his crossbow.



Marcus Veranius: "I know you're hiding INSIDE the statue! Stop your spell now before we knock it over and make it a coffin!"

25 **11**

INTIMIDATION (5)
Marcus Veranius

Marcus hears a rather pathetic whimpering sound.

Henry's armor ceases glowing.



Marcus Veranius: "...thank you."

GM: (Well looks like combat is over so you're in free-form motion again)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus didn't feel like breaking more statues this month. Not after the last one fought back.

Whatever or whoever is inside the statue hides in their darkness, but does not attempt to cast at the party again.



Suldae Westwind: (...i love this)

Suldae asks the spider to scout the next room.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I have smelled myself burning way to often for my tastes" Henry says loudly

GM: (The Spider is confused -- which exit do you want it to use?)



Suldae Westwind: there's one right next to us, right?



Marcus Veranius slumps against one of the pillars, not sure what to make of this.



Marcus Veranius: "You one of the dungeon guardians? Whoever you are?"

Henry of Willowsbrook: (has it been a minute since we started the fight with the flameskulls last session?)

GM: (There are two exits in the northeast corner of the room, on the balcony level, both with doors open. There are also two exits in the northwest corner of the room, on the crumbled balcony there, but their doors are closed. At the south end of this hall there are two doors in the southwest corner, both closed, or there's the door in the southeast corner, which is open and which you have partially explored.

(I'd say it's been at least a full minute, yes)



Suldae Westwind: (oh ok i didnt realize that was a balcony)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (kay divine favor has run out)



Suldae Westwind: Ok, first the spider is directed to check out the room at the end of the corridor Suldae had ducked into from the flameskulls. She establishes a simple system of signals with which the spider can communicate if the room is empty of hostiles, if there's an open door deeper into the temple, or if it was attacked or it's a dead end.

The spider scurries up the wall and through the door.

The spider communicates that there is a potential hostile in the room.



Marcus Veranius waits a moment for a response from the statue guardian



Suldae Westwind: Suldae flies up to the balcony and takes a peek inside the room.

The walls and ceiling in the eastern portion of this bare stone room have collapsed. To the west and south are open amber doors. In the center of the room is a ten-foot-tall statue of a jackal-headed warrior made of cracked amber. It turns to face you and clenches its fists.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae backs out of the room, beckoning the spider with her.

Marcus hears a feeble voice say: "What what?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae checks out the next room.



Marcus Veranius: "Is this your dungeon?"

Suldae finds the East Shrine: This bare stone room consists of a foyer to the west and a shrine to the east. Four candlesticks lie on the dusty floor of the foyer. In the shrine, fragments of a shattered obsidian statue are scattered in a raised alcove at the eastern end of the chamber. Two pairs of empty alcoves line the north and south walls of the shrine.

The statue's shadow-shrouded head says feebly: "Yes yes. Defending! Defending, I was."

Suldae sees the massive jackal-headed warrior statue calmly stepping off of its plinth as though about to head on patrol.

It approaches the doorway of its chamber and looks at her, staying ten feet away.



Marcus Veranius: "Well I'm sorry to intrude."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pauses, then gives a polite bow to the statue.

The golem eyes her up and down, amber facets flashing.



Marcus Veranius: "We're a bit lax on options at the moment. There's an angry Lord of the Landpire outside and a weapon of his bane inside here somewhere."

The golem kneels, and continues to look at her.



GM (GM): The creature in the darkness makes no attempt at responding to this.



Suldae Westwind: "...My apologies for the intrusion," Suldae says.

GM: (That was meant to be fancy IC text, not a GM thing, one sec)

The creature in the darkness makes no attempt at responding to Marcus's comment. It does seem to be listening.



Suldae Westwind: "Would you happen to know how we could leave this place or proceed further inside?"

The Golem, it seems, cannot speak -- or is unwilling to speak.

It is not even clear that it understands what Suldae is saying.

Perhaps its makers spoke a different language?



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tries the same in all the languages she knows.



Marcus Veranius: "I know that's no excuse for barging into your home and poking your skull monsters, and for that I apologize."



Suldae Westwind: (Dwarvish, Elvish, Gnomish, Goblin)

As she switches to elvish, the golem cocks its head.



Suldae Westwind: "...Would you be willing to give any guidance?"

The golem does not answer at first.

After a long time, it shakes its head slowly but firmly. It seems guidance is not within its capabilities -- or is perhaps against its code.



Marcus Veranius: "...but we really can't leave without that sword. I hope you understand."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods. "...I see. We will continue to seek our own way, then." She bows again, then flies over to the crumbled balcony.



Marcus Veranius: "Don't suppose you could point us in the right direction?"



Suldae Westwind: She tries the doors.

The creature in the darkness says: "Sword? I know sword."

"West, you want west."



Marcus Veranius: "Thank you."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tries the west door, specifically.

Torches in sconces illuminate a dining table in the center of the room. Covering the table is a magnificent feast that fills the hall with the rich smells of cooked meat, sweet vegetables, piping hot gravy, and wine.



Marcus Veranius follows Suldae west



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how high is the balcony up?)



Suldae Westwind: "...Yeah, I'm not touching this." Suldae tries the other door.

GM: (30 feet)



Suldae Westwind: I'm sure Suldae and Marcus together can lift Henry up, right?

This bare stone room consists of a foyer to the east and a shrine to the west. Candlesticks draped in cobwebs stand in the four corners of the foyer. In the shrine, a faceless obsidian statue stands in a raised alcove at the western end of the chamber. Slumped before the statue are two desiccated corpses in tattered garments. Two pairs of alcoves line the north and south walls of the shrine.

GM: (I'm pretty sure Henry can jump that high)



Suldae Westwind: (NICE)

Suldae enters the room and gives a polite bow to the statue.



Marcus Veranius: (If not, there's plenty of stonework to tie a rope to)

The obsidian statue is 4 feet tall, weighs 250 pounds, and depicts the same nameless god that stands watch in the main temple.

GM: (Make a DC 16 WIS save, Suldae)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (nope henry can reach only reach something 17 1/2 feet above him with a high jump)



Suldae Westwind:

9

WISDOM SAVE (3)
Suldae Westwind

(WELP)

Suldae feels an intense urge to approach the statue.

Before she realizes what she's doing, her feet have walked her to within inches of it.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae attempts to back away, while again bowing (and not looking at it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hmm Marcus catch" Henry says before throwing him one end of his 50ft rope

Suldae finds herself, curiously, unable to will her feet to actually move. She cannot even quite bring herself to turn her head away.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Marcus?)



Marcus Veranius ties the rope to one of the stone doors



Suldae Westwind: "...My apologies for the intrusion," she says while bowing her head.
She'd bow, but if it's still possible she'd rather not touch the statue.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Thanks" Henry climbs up the rope

It seems she cannot bow her head, or otherwise remove her fixated gaze from the statue.



Marcus Veranius: "West then?"



Suldae Westwind: She takes out her flute and begins to play a song.

From her peripheral vision she sees enough to realize that the two corpses are very ancient, but that they are also very different ages. They may both have died here, just like this.



Suldae Westwind: It is a mundane song, as mundane as someone with her skill would produce. It speaks of mountain peaks and wind and cold, and beautiful temples, and danger in ruins.
It speaks of secrets in forgotten places, daring adventurers and watchful entities



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sure" Henry says while putting his rope away



Suldae Westwind: The spider is presumably trying to communicate with the two of them that there's danger in the northern room.



Marcus Veranius: "...wait, hold up."



Suldae Westwind: It will not, however, allow them to enter.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Suldae? You okay in there?"



Suldae Westwind: (As best it peacefully can)
Suldae is playing.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus turns his attention towards the north door. "Suldae; is everything alright? I wasn't expecting a jam session."

As Suldae's music moves, mundanely, through the air, it begins to affect the Weave of this temple in curious ways. It seems to be brushing along the thread of her fate, binding something from her past into her future in a way that punches right through now.

The statue flickers fearfully.

GM: (Suldae has learned *Shatter*.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns at the spider in his way before speaking loudly again "Suldae? Play, ugh what's it called ah right, play forte if you are okay"



Marcus Veranius: "What's a fort have to do with any of this?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I think it means loud in music terms" Henry says



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is not playing forte.

She is building up the notes to the Shatter spell, deliberately slowly preparing the Weave so as to communicate to the statue that it can release her or regret the consequences.

20

PERFORMANCE (10)
Suldae Westwind

The statue hardens its black little heart and she senses the evil deep within it. It is the kind of evil that must always be destroyed.



Suldae Westwind: Alas, so much for diplomacy.

CRACK!



Suldae Westwind:

DC18

Constitution Save

14

Thunder

60 feet

Shatter

Suldae Westwind

Suldae is released instantly.

The statue falls into several broken pieces.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae puts away the flute.

(brb)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "That was forte alright" Henry says at the loud noise "Seems she is fine"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes back to the door.

"There was an evil statue," she explains.

The temple rings with the echoes of her song for a while, and as the friendly sound fades, there is a feeling as of a wave of darkness, returning to its former position as the invisible light fades.



Suldae Westwind: Her head is still swimming with the new insight on the weave.

She goes back to check the skeletons. Maybe there are any hints to their identity?

...Or just loot.



Marcus Veranius enters the north room



Marcus Veranius: Or is it the north room?

Come to think of it, how was this temple oriented compass-wise?

The corpses lying in front of the statue appear to be those of two human wizards, who must have starved to death here before the statue. Their robes are crumbling antiques and they themselves are more dust now than men.

No spell books are in sight -- nor any remains of what might once have been a spell book.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follow checking the door opposite the remanis

Suldae Westwind: ...or maybe not wizards at all, considering there don't appear to be any indications of such beyond their robes.

(accident)

The room opposite the statue has an arrow slit in the center of its south wall.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae investigates the room in search of another exit.

GM: (Roll investigation)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry helps



Suldae Westwind:

20

INVESTIGATION (5)
Suldae Westwind

(Help means what, advantage?)

GM: (Yes)



Suldae Westwind:

24

INVESTIGATION (5)
Suldae Westwind

(ok :D)

Suldae checks thoroughly and intelligently. She determines that the east wall is, indeed, hollow. She also finds a patch of the north wall that is entirely illusory. There is a solid wall behind the illusion, but it is indented several inches. She senses that this wall is also hollow.



Marcus Veranius: "Err, so I got a bit distracted with earlier happenings. We've got a wand of secrets in our possession if anyone wants to meddle with it."



Marcus Veranius holds it out for someone else to take



Suldae Westwind: "...There are passages behind these walls," she tells her companions.

"We need to go west, so... Henry, want to try breaking the northern wall?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Should I try to break the walls?"

Suldae's giant spider eats the wand of secrets out of Marcus's hands.

It scuttles in place for a moment or two, turning this way and that.

Then, quite firmly, it points two legs -- one north, one east.



Suldae Westwind: "...Thanks, that's helpful", Suldae sighs.

It chirbles helpfully, scruffing its thick fangs together.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry feels the wall for a seam in the masonry

GM: (Does he reach through the veil of illusion and feel the wall behind? He will not be able to see his hand while he is feeling that hidden space.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Yes

Henry's hands find a taut rope, stretching vertically up the middle of the concealed alcove. He feels that it must connect to a mechanism. It is designed to be pulled.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry relays that before asking "Should I pull it?"



Suldae Westwind: "...Sure," Suldae says and backs away just in case.

GM: (LMAO)



Marcus Veranius moves to hide in the main chamber again



Marcus Veranius: "OK! Pull the rope!"



Suldae Westwind: The spider hides behind Marcus.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well here goes" Henry says raising his shield with his free hand
raising
and pulling forcefully on the rope

*There is a click, followed by a whooshing sound. A sepulchral dust wafts over Henry as he hears a horrible rumbling clatter, like the sound of a thousand river stones piled together, all pouring down.
(Make a DEX save, Henry)*



Henry of Willowsbrook:

SHIELD MASTER

Feat: Human Bonus Feat

If you take the Attack action on your turn, you can use a bonus action to try to shove a creature within 5 feet of you with your shield.

If you aren't incapacitated, you can add your shield's AC bonus to any Dexterity saving throw you make against a spell or other harmful effect that targets only you.

If you are subjected to an effect that allows you to make a Dexterity saving throw to take only half damage, you can use your reaction to take no damage if you succeed on the saving throw, interposing your shield between yourself and the source of the effect.

12 + 6

DEXTERITY SAVE (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Hundreds of skulls pour out of the wall and bury him to his waist. He is unharmed.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...I hate this place"

The illusory wall vanishes. You see now a room that is packed from floor to ceiling in human skulls.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Really really really hate this place"



Suldae Westwind: "...I concur."



Marcus Veranius peeks back inside the room



Suldae Westwind: Suldae crouches to examine the skulls to determine that they are, indeed, human.

They are. They are ancient.



Marcus Veranius: "Haha, wow. Let's not go in there."

Not, however, as ancient as she would assume them to be, based on the age of the rest of the temple.

As she examines them, she discovers a notable necrotic aura. They have been touched by a lich.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So lets circle back and go west check there" Henry says pointing to the set of doors back at the entrance

GM: (Lich in this instance meaning "Practicer of Necromancy")

Somebody is giggling, in a muffled sort of way.



Suldae Westwind: "...Yeah, let's."

Somebody is an asshole.

Now somebody else is giggling, as though understanding a joke that only it and the first giggle are in on.

The sound of giggling is quickly becoming a chorus...



Suldae Westwind: Suldae backs out of the room quickly.

Skulls are not a good sign in this place.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"Is this a prank?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "If one of your chuckle heads was the one in the statue I swear to the gods I'll turn it and you into rubble"



Marcus Veranius: "Have we been japed on purpose?"



Suldae Westwind: "You think this is *unintentional*?" Suldae rolls her eyes.

Henry of Willowsbrook: into

Suddenly it is a roar of nightmarish laughter, the laughter of an amphitheater of hell. The moment the door swings shut, the sound cuts off instantly.



Marcus Veranius: "Well, traps usually wound the body. First time I've had one injure my pride."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hate this place" Henry repeats in a singsong



GM (GM): The spider's leg is still pointing northward, indicating a still-sealed secret passage beyond the skulls.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

6

WISDOM (1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(welp)



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at the poiting spiderleg then the skulls then the ceiling then the skulls again "You know what fuck this" he grumbles marching back to the skull room

The moment the door opens the sound of the roaring laughter returns -- it is definitely the skulls.



Marcus Veranius follows



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hovers near the door, ready to either bolt or support him.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (that was a keeping my cool wisdom check)

They are screaming with laughter now, howling with whoops of ecstatic humor.



Suldae Westwind: (i guessed lmao)

Suldae decides to apply her new insight.

DC18

Constitution Save

10

Thunder

60 feet

Shatter

Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: "You know what, I take it back. Double-secret doors with a mocking joke in between. We're dealing with either a tactical genius, comedy genius, or both."



Suldae Westwind: ...Presumably, Suldae warns Henry to duck out of range.

GM: (Does she apply it subtle-ly or suddenly?)



Suldae Westwind: (something like "Henry, dodge left!" then BOOM)

(I mean rihgt)

Henry of Willowsbrook: (10ft radius circle with 60 ft range I don't think Henry needs to doge if he isn't in the skull room himself)



Suldae Westwind: (dodge right)
(...Is he?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (no)



Suldae Westwind: (ok I'm actually confused)
(where are the skulls)
(how many are there)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (He was in front of the door)



Suldae Westwind: (OH there we are)
(Then Suldae warns Henry to step back)
(Cause 10ft radius means 20ft diameter
(and Suldae would be aiming to get the skulls that spilled out, too)
(yeah that)

POW! There is a roar of sound from the middle of the mass of skulls and dozens of steaming skulls scatter into the room. There is a rush, a cascade of falling, tumbling heads, all laughing insanely. Hundreds upon hundreds of skulls are now pouring into the chamber, but as they do, the mound in the room beyond gets shorter. Henry can now see a rope on the wall beyond the pile -- though he will have to wade through chest-high skulls to reach it with a hand.



Suldae Westwind: "..."
Suldae surveys the damage.
"...I made things better, right?" she asks uncertainly.

The skulls laugh with renewed further, specifically at this comment.



Henry of Willowsbrook: How much slack does that rope have?)

GM: (fervor)

The rope is taught.



Suldae Westwind: (taut)
(i think)

GM: (Taut, you're correct)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry heaves a sigh before wading into the skulls far enough that he can reach the rope

GM: (Make an athletics check)



Henry of Willowsbrook:
10 + 1
ATHLETICS (9)

Henry of Willowsbrook

(...)

Henry's foot slips suddenly the moment he steps into the mass, and he sinks out of view beneath the skulls, which all stop laughing at once.

GM: (Henry is now restrained)

It seems there is no ground, in the floor beyond -- just more skulls, on and on, down and down....



Suldae Westwind: Suldae dashes forward to help him up

She reaches into the pile of skulls to fish him out.

Henry is not done sinking yet. Suldae feels her fingertips brushing his through the mass of bone. The skulls are laughing again now, at her, and they have grown little candle flames in their thousands of sockets, and they seem to shift intentionally, making things as difficult as possible.

GM: (Both of you, make an athletics check)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

15 + 1

ATHLETICS (9)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (I'm guessing Acrobatics cannot help here?)

GM: (If she wants to brace herself and get into a better position somehow, but risk falling in herself, acrobatics might work)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (if this counts as a grapple it should work)

GM: (It will work, but the circumstances of using it as an approach will require some risk)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae attempts to brace herself as best she can while crying out "Marcus!" as she reaches for Henry.

(I was assuming Suldae would be doing it in a way that risks her falling in yeah lmao)

23

ACROBATICS (7)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: (results of my roll?9



Marcus Veranius: UMM

Marcus tosses a rope into the skull pile, trying to tie one end to the door. This joke was getting stale real quick

Suldae manages to wedge herself into the doorframe of the secret passage, and stay suspended there, above the skulls. From that position, twisted upside down with her head nearly touching the skulls below, she can reach her whole arm in up to the shoulder and grab the struggling Henry. Together, Suldae pulling, Henry climbing, they are able to pull him up above the pool of skulls.



Suldae Westwind: "...Rope," Suldae says as she helps him get securely on the floor. "This is what rope is for."

"...and flying party members."

Of course, the room is kind of small...

...but wings can still help her brace herself on the far wall as she pulls the rope.

Airborne in the small chamber, Suldae reaches the far wall and manages to get a grasp on the rope. Does she pull it?



Suldae Westwind: ...but first she ties some rope around her waist and gives the other end to Henry.

GM: (A wise move)



Suldae Westwind: And instructs him to back away.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes the rope backing to the opposite wall

"Have I shared my opinion of this place yet?" He grumbles

The skulls giggle manically, insanely, awaiting the tug on the rope.



Marcus Veranius: "Yes, I do believe you have."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tugs on the rope, then immediately dashes away back to the main chamber.

The wall pops open quietly. All the skulls miraculously disappear, and a smooth stone floor glides into place in two stone halves, sealing the strange depths below from view. At the same time, every source of light the party has instantly dies, and a gloom pours out of the chamber beyond.

There is now a strange green gleam on every amber surface, as though an unseen source of light is casting alien illuminations.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has darkvision

DARKVISION

Racial: Half-Elf

Thanks to your elf blood, you have superior vision in dark and dim conditions. You can see in dim light within 60 feet of you as if it were bright light, and in darkness as if it were dim light. You can't discern color in darkness, only shades of gray.

Without approaching the exit, you cannot see much of the chamber beyond.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus also has Darkvision, but that doesn't stop him from being creeped out.

The darkness is not entirely darkness -- the greenish glow provides a deathly, dusk-like illumination.



Marcus Veranius: "...I see a desk. Perhaps we've found the comedian's office."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tries to light up the place.

Light

Abjuration Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: One object that is no larger than 10 feet in any dimension

Components: V, M (A firefly or phosphorescent moss)

Duration: 1 hour

You touch one object that is no larger than 10 feet in any dimension. Until the spell ends, the object sheds bright light in a 20-foot radius and dim light for an additional 20 feet. The light can be colored as you like. Completely covering the object with something opaque blocks the light. The spell ends if you cast it again or dismiss it as an action. If you target an object held or worn by a hostile creature, that creature must succeed on a Dexterity saving throw to avoid the spell.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so are we in dim or bright light mechanics wise?)

The light spell futzes out the moment its effect is born.

GM: (Dim light)



Suldae Westwind: "...well then," she grumbles.

She approaches the door, carefully stepping, ready to leap up and trust her wings, with the rope still on her waist.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (are all the skulls gone?)



Suldae Westwind: (apparently)



Henry of Willowsbrook: gone

Attached to the 30' high ceiling of the secret chamber where the skulls once were, there is a large iron chest.

In the chamber beyond, you sense a strange shift in the light, as though the unseen source is moving.



Suldae Westwind: With the help of wings and leaping from wall to wall, Suldae gets to the height of the chest and experimentally tosses the pebble she was trying to Light up at it.

The pebble hits it and falls to the ground.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae touches it with a dagger next.

The dagger does indeed touch the surface.



Suldae Westwind: (How is it attached?)

It's difficult to say how it's attached, but Suldae thinks it might be either bolted into the frame of the room, or affixed with some kind of incredible glue.

A skeleton cowered in tattered, cobweb-covered robes hovers silently into view in the chamber beyond, turning his skull towards you all. Red pinpoints of light burn in his eye sockets. "Do I know you?" he asks.

GM: (Well that's just a bad picture, what the hell)



Suldae Westwind: "...Hello," Suldae says as she slowly makes her way down next to the entrance to the skull room.



Marcus Veranius: (I remember this guy from DOOM!)

"Hello."



Suldae Westwind: "Suldae Westwind, pleased to make your acquaintance," she gives a deep bow.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Not yet I suppose"

"I don't remember who I am. Forgive the mess. Won't you come in?"



Marcus Veranius steps in. All things considered, the guardians of this dungeon were rather polite



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sure" Henry says "My name is Henry"



Suldae Westwind: "We are looking for a sword," Suldae says. "Would you happen to know a way to it?"

Suldae is not going forward.

(welp, so much for being careful)

This fifteen-foot-high room contains the trappings of royalty: ornate furniture, exquisite rugs and tapestries, and decorative statuary. Everywhere you look are lit candelabras atop small tables. The beauty of the decor is undone by thick dust and cobwebs.

The skeleton says: "I don't remember a sword."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows her compainons.

"I see. Would you happen to know a passage east then, sir?"

A large, bronze-covered book sits on a rotted divan nearby.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "West"



Suldae Westwind: *west

(i didnt say it wrong i typed it wrong ignore that lol)

The skeleton says. "Oh yes, I know all the passages. Do you need help? I can, perhaps, guide you."

"It is pleasant to speak. I have not spoken in long."

"I quite like the sound of my voice, you see, and I am full of all sorts of interesting things -- the things I can remember, anyhow."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at his companions shurging



Suldae Westwind: "...I think we would be interested in listening to them," Suldae smiles. "It is always

nice to meet a helpful stranger."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We would also appreciate the guidance" Henry says

"Tell me, where did you begin your pilgrimage? I much desire to hear of the outside world. I have not seen it in long."



Marcus Veranius: Marcus takes a seat on the couch



Suldae Westwind: "...In Barovia. It is not in a good state right now. Do you know the place?"

Suldae decides to be vague about their allegiances.

"Ah yes, Barovia. You have come, then, seeking the dark powers, yes? Have you considered which one you desire?"

"Some of them conflict, naturally, and it is good to know about the politics of these sorts of things. Nastiness so often ensues, when people do not understand the conflicts they are walking into."

"Which Sarcophagi interests you the most?"



Suldae Westwind: "...Sarcophagi?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We actually did not seek those" Henry says after a moment

"You... You don't know about the sarcophagi?"

"Oh, hang on a minute, you're not ADVENTURERS, are you?"



Marcus Veranius shakes his head. "Of course not!"



Suldae Westwind: "Adventurers?"

"I hate those, they always make me kill them."



Marcus Veranius: "We're after something an Adventurer dropped."

"You know Adventurers, grabbing things that don't belong to them and dying in inconvenient locations."

"Then you need to fetch those things they dropped from whatever trap-hell they're painted across."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We are reclaiming it on behalve of it's rightfull owners"

"Ah yes, archaeologists, then! Ah, I am from the century in which most of these ruins were made, so I can no doubt be of assistance in your studies. I have long waited for archaeologists to come, this place holds so much ancient wisdom! So many fragments of long-ago glory."

"Well, I will help you collect your artifact, if I can."



Marcus Veranius: "Thank you good sir!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Your help is greatly appreciated"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods.

"Would you care to give a tour?"

"Right, follow me."

"Also, if you should happen to find my name, I'd be glad to have it back. I miss being me. Whoever I was."



Marcus Veranius: "The architecture of this place is AMAZING by the way. Is all the amber natural, or conjured by magic?"

The skeleton opens a secret passage in the north wall and gestures vaguely inwards. "Little room there, with a thing."

Behind the secret door is a small, dusty room. Rising from the floor in the eastern half of the room is a scaly arm and claw clutching a small box made of bone.



Suldae Westwind: "Oh, what is it?"



Marcus Veranius: "The logistics of shipping that much raw material up a mountain is the REAL treasure. You don't see places this well built anymore."

The skeleton says: "Oh, the amber is quite fascinating, actually! It's the ichor of the dead gods themselves, bled from them over their thousand years of penance and fused into beautiful crystal items and walls, all designed with the intent to bind the darkest powers of ancient man. Why, some of the very first gods are entombed here, I can't remember their names, and their sarcophagi grant gifts. I can't remember which ones."

"Do you know, I think I might be a lich?"

"I have been trying out little things. Twisting the thingy. The space. Air. Whatsit."

"It's fun, see -- I figured out how to do this:"

He gestures with a bony hand and a ripple of emerald flame flickers down his fingers.

"It's pretty."



Suldae Westwind: "It is," Suldae agrees. "What's to the west from here?"



Marcus Veranius: Marcus nods, trying to hide how horrified at the concept of gods being physical enough to build houses out of.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is well enough familiar with ancient legends and permutations thereof to take this one in stride.

Well, there's the dining hall, the model room, a stair, a room, a couple of other rooms.



Suldae Westwind: It doesn't really *add* anything to the situation she's in, at this point.

" " (dropped those)

(Sorry)



Marcus Veranius: (This skeleton is dropping a lot of things lately.)



Suldae Westwind: "Would you show us?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods "Indeed, so this room" Henry gestures at the one the lich just opened

"You were starting the tour with it because...?"

were

"Oh. Because it was closest, I guess. Would you like me to start with a different one? There's another one here. It's empty, usually."

"Oh, and there's another one beyond that one I think, let me see..."

"Oh wait, sometimes there are people in this one."



Marcus Veranius looks closely at the mechanisms being activated, taking notes

Maybe we'd better go the other way? You were interested in the west?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...this might take a while" Henry whispers

The Lich floats southwards.

The Lich gestures. "Right. Well, this is the dining room. It's where we eat. Hello everybody."

He waves at the empty room.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows. perfectly content to let their unexpected guide take the lead.

"Nice to see you. Yeah, hey, look who it is, it's this guy! Isn't it great to see you too."



Suldae Westwind: It seems prudent to follow his expectations for what is going on.



Marcus Veranius waves. "A pleasure, truly!"

"Don't mind us. Just a tour group. We won't bother you."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry politely nods as they pass the room

As an aside, he leans down and whispers urgently to the nearest person: "Whatever you do, don't take the ewer. It really pisses them off if you do."

Coming across a fallen Flameskull, the Lich tuts mournfully.

"Oh no! Look what's happened to this poor fellow! Somebody hit him with an arrow, oh, poor little thing... His flame has gone out."

"Oh no, oh dear... How to fix him? How to wake him?"



Suldae Westwind: "I'm sure he will recover before long."

"Don't worry now, little one, I've got you. I've got you."



Suldae Westwind: "Later, perhaps, if it'll take a long time?"

"Oh, oh, I suppose you're right. At least he's not destroyed. I'd hate to think of any of these poor things destroyed."

"Right, here's a room. An impressive room, you'll like this -- great archaeological interest here."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods sympathetically. In the end, the sentiment of having pets is familiar to her.



Marcus Veranius nods, thankful he threw the corpses into space earlier

Dominating this room is a twelve-foot-tall model of a dark castle with high walls and tall spires. Behind it, tucked in a corner, are some ruined furnishings and a wooden chest. A great quantity of bones have been packed in here, then charred artfully with acid to burn and melt them into a smooth-sided bowl -- a nest. In it sits a single obsidian egg the size of a man's torso.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry is the very picture of nochalance and innocence



Marcus Veranius: ...or at least he meant to. Did he forget?

"Would you look at that," says the Lich. "You turn your back for one minute, and people are making messes."

"Anyway, ignore the mess, you'll find I keep saying that, it's become a real habit of mine on these tours."



Marcus Veranius: "Is the egg part of the display?"

"Right, so this is the room where the architect lived -- Artimus, I think his name was. He built this scale model of the project out of magically sculpted rock."



Marcus Veranius stares, suddenly incredibly nervous with that unfortunate combination of acid and black reptilian things

"I'm sorry? Egg? Oh, this? No, no, that's not supposed to be there, somebody left it. Are you sure it's an egg?"



Suldae Westwind: "May I look closer?" Suldae asks, curious about the model.

"I tell you it's these damned adventurers, running in and breaking things, thinking they're doing the work of heroes as they loot your home and kill your friends and leave their garbage everywhere..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It looks like an egg" Henry comments inspecting it and trying to discern what kind of egg it may be

"Oh, by all means, take your time. This room is fascinating, and the statue gives a great many insights about the Castle and its defenses."

"It's a beautiful little thing, perfect scale replica, inside and out!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae examines everything she can while following the archeology protocol of not touching old things with her hands.



Marcus Veranius: "...I don't know too many adventurers that lay eggs. You sure you don't have a Dragon problem?"



Suldae Westwind: "Marcus, wouldn't you look at this!" she beckons, having noticed his note-taking.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (roll for egg knowledge?)



Suldae Westwind: The castle model is quite a bit of good luck.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (roll)

"Dragon problem?"



Marcus Veranius takes a quick glance but can't keep his eyes off the egg. It triggers unfortunate memories, and latent fears.



Suldae Westwind: "...Perhaps dragon adventurers?"

Suldae tugs his sleeve while pointing at the castle.

"Oh! Oh, you know, now that you mention it... It was so recent I'd completely forgotten it, you know how it is -- weight of a thousand aeons of memory crushing out the present and the future in the way it does -- there was a dragon living here, for a while. Perhaps you're right, perhaps you're right. But the dragon wouldn't have needed to hide, if not for adventurers!"



Suldae Westwind: "Makes sense", Suldae says sympathetically.

GM: (For egg knowledge, roll survival or nature)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

10 + 1

NATURE (7)

Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius:

22 12

NATURE (4)

Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook: (anyone wanna help?)



Suldae Westwind: It's not even that much effort, to sympathize with the lich's perspective on things. The art of performance involves much harder things than just ignoring the consequences for the world outside.

Marcus recognizes that the egg is, indeed, a dragon's egg. It is the egg of a black dragon. It is also, thankfully, dead. The shell has cracked -- perhaps because it was not bathed in acid frequently enough.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae helps Henry.

(by discussing the details, i imagine the knowledge checks can be helped lol)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

15 + 1

NATURE (7)

Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius breathes out a sigh of relief, attention finally caught by Suldae's pointing

Henry and Suldae are able to come to the conclusion that it's definitely the egg of a black dragon.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae notices the discrepancy in Marcus's reaction.

"...Is it safe?" she asks.

"You know, I've always wanted a pet dragon. I'm sure I have."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hm how peculiar" henry says turning his attention away from the egg

"Maybe I'll raise this little one."

"I suppose it must be sat upon."

The skeleton sits improbably, cross-legged in thin air, several inches above the egg.

"I am weary. I shall meditate now."



Suldae Westwind: "We will continue exploring on our own, thank you for the tour!"

"Do not worry, you cannot disturb my concentration, and your presence is soothing. I will speak when I have regained some strength."



Suldae Westwind: "Alright," Suldae agrees.

"We are not in much hurry now that we're in here, are we?" she checks with the others.

There are obvious advantages to having a tour guide.



Marcus Veranius had a question but holds his tongue. Well, meditation gave them some time to clean up signs of battle.

The red lights in his eyes go out, and he is suddenly wreathed entirely in emerald flames that cast no heat although they burn with steady intensity.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "The egg appaers to have cracked some time ago" Henry says



Marcus Veranius: "I'm going to study the model for a bit. Perhaps one of you can sweep up the halls a bit? It's the least we can do for our host."



Suldae Westwind: "...I'm going to do that," Suldae agrees.

With Prestidigitation and Mending, she can actually do quite a bit.



Marcus Veranius: "I believe there was a refuse bin by the entrance. You can sweep things there; probably bottomless."



Suldae Westwind: First priority is, indeed, cleaning up signs of battle; second priority is restoring decorations, if she has time.



Marcus Veranius smiles, eyes motioning towards the skulls



Suldae Westwind: This place is *beautiful*.

She leaves the skull they already found with the lich as it was, walking around it.

Maybe his memory isn't good enough to remember it was there, but she'd rather not risk it.

GM: (Marcus, how would you like to make your investigation of the castle?)



Marcus Veranius: He likely wasn't going to gleam any insights on the inside, but the outside could provide intricate knowledge about points of entry.

He studies the windows, the gatehouse, and gently pokes around for signs of secret passages.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae *likes* archeology. This is not the purpose she originally learned the pattern for mending for, she had much more mundane applications in mind, but damn if it's not helpful.

She's not sure where exactly the lich draws the line between archeologists and adventurers, but she suspects that not trying to steal everything thazt isn't nailed down would be a safe strategy.

Even if it's a shame.

And now how archeologists normally act.

GM: (Can you see the map?)



Suldae Westwind: (I can)



Marcus Veranius: ...(Yee. Is this the model?)

GM: (Yup -- make sure to scroll down too -- it gives you the general shape of the base.)

In his probing, Marcus is able to open the front doors of the castle and see through halls of tiny stone, and see decorations and furnishings that look almost real. In the main hall of the castle, he sees something that is not miniature -- something that does not belong. It seems to be the hilt of a sword.



Marcus Veranius: ...

That... didn't belong. Strange.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry has just been leaning on the wall on the room with Marcus

Meanwhile, Suldae is able to finish pitching the last Flameskull corpse into empty space. They spin away dizzily into that midnight black, lost quickly to the overwhelming darkness.



Marcus Veranius: "Henry! Could you do me a small favor?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is going to start on restoring decorations, but first she pokes her nose into the room with her comrades.



Marcus Veranius: "Look how beautiful the inside of this castle is. Someone seems to have shoved a bone piece inside. Can you touch it and do that THING... with the fog and the appearing somewhere else?"

"See if that I move it without breaking the model."



Suldae Westwind: "If you break something by accident, I can always fix it good as new," she reminds them.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns at him walking over to him and looking at what he is talking about



Suldae Westwind: "Would be better to manage without breaking anything, of course."



Marcus Veranius: "Some people just have no respect for fine art you know."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hmmm I could certainly try"



Marcus Veranius wasn't entirely sure that their skeleton friend wasn't listening while meditating. Best to play it safe



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has been thinking that exact thing herself.

Of course, they did start with telling their new friend that they were looking for a sword, so the preparations might be SOMEWHAT excessive.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry slowly reaches for the sword hilt trying to get the best possible grip on it



Suldae Westwind: But eh. Odds of lies and honesty backfiring are in her estimation about even here.

Henry finds that he cannot reach it. The front doors of the castle are far too small.



Marcus Veranius: While Henry deals with the obstruction, Marcus turns his attention to the castle tower. Hierne had mentioned something about a crystal heart locked inside a tower.



Suldae Westwind: "Perhaps it might be possible to lift a part?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (not even like a two finger pinch?)

It's too deep in the castle for a two-finger pinch, unfortunately.



Marcus Veranius: He also mentioned it as a metaphor, but Marcus wasn't too sure.

Peering at the tower of the castle, Marcus does see a hint of ruby through the windows.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wrong castle Marcus)

(or not)

(Is this a model of the Amber temple?)



Suldae Westwind: No, Castle Ravenloft

GM: (No, this is a model of Castle Ravenloft)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Oh)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae approaches and attempts to reach the hilt herself.

It does not seem like it will be possible to reach the hilt through the doors or windows with a bare hand.

(Or I should say empty hand)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae thoughtfully tugs her chin, then pulls out string.



Marcus Veranius: Now THIS is something he wanted to ask the Lich about. Best to play nice with the model until then.



Suldae Westwind: It's time for some tiny servants.

Tiny Servant

Transmutation 3

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: Touch

Target: Tiny, nonmagical object that isn't attached to another object or a surface and isn't being carried by another creature

Components: V, S

You touch one Tiny, nonmagical object that isn't attached to another object or a surface and isn't being carried by another creature. The target animates and sprouts little arms and legs, becoming a creature under your control until the spell ends or the creature drops to 0 hit points. See the stat block for its statistics.

As a bonus action, you can mentally command

the creature if it is within 120 feet of you. (If you control multiple creatures with this spell, you can command any or all of them at the same time, issuing the same command to each one.) You decide what action the creature will take and where it will move during its next turn, or you can issue a simple, general command, such as to fetch a key, stand watch, or stack some books. If you issue no commands, the servant does nothing other than defend itself against hostile creatures. Once given an order, the servant continues to follow that order until its task is complete. When the creature drops to 0 hit points, it reverts to its original form, and any remaining damage carries over to that form.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you can animate two additional objects for each slot level above 3rd.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at the Lich for any reaction

The string hops to life, ready to go.

The lich has no reaction of any kind. He seems to be completely dormant.



Suldae Westwind: A magically animated piece of string is ordered to tie itself around the hilt of the sword.

The string does as it is ordered, happy to comply.



Suldae Westwind: The other end is sticking out for Henry to pick up at his leisure.

The string hangs invitingly, wagging itself a little.

It seems to say "Pull me."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry gingerly pulls on the string



Suldae Westwind: Suldae prepares her flute, ready to fix any damage to the beautiful model.

The string and the sword slide smoothly towards the doors. It is lucky that the handle is so minimalist. Lacking crossbars, it moves smoothly through the tiny doors of the castle and is freed without damaging anything.

It waits there innocently, friendly-looking.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry picks it up

Meanwhile, the stones of the castle pulse with a brilliant red light that fades a moment later.

*red**

Henry now has a sword handle.

It is definitely magical.



Marcus Veranius: "...guarded by a dragon. In a castle under the mountain. With amber giants."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well we have something" Henry says "But is it the right thing"



Marcus Veranius motions to the egg again



Suldae Westwind: "...Huh," Suldae says, examining the handle.

"That's archeology for you."



Marcus Veranius nods. Prophecies were horseshit.

As Suldae takes the sword she feels a powerful sensation of calmness and peace, and a burning rage, and a question.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae focuses on the question. What is it?

It feels something like: Accept?



Henry of Willowsbrook: Does Henry feel the same he is still holding the sword
?

Henry feels a sense of presence -- that there is something in the blade, evaluating him -- and disliking something about what it sees. He feels a sense of malice towards the vorpal dagger.



Suldae Westwind: ...Suldae motions for Marcus to touch the handle as well.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...Suldae you were worried about me earlier right? Could you maybe tell me why again" Henry murmurs his mind edging towards a conclusion but not quite reaching it



Marcus Veranius does so, curiously. This was what they were after? It seemed so small, innocent.



Marcus Veranius: Madame Eva had described the Sword of Sunlight as a weapon of vengeance. He knew what that meant all too well.

In his hands the handle's emotion changes -- he senses it, evaluating, questioning. Then he feels a choice being offered: Vengeance?

Henry hears, once again, the whispering voice, more insistent now than ever: WXUDT.



Suldae Westwind: "...after you took out the dagger, you started to act oddly. You were just very... cheerful and malicious-sounding."

Suldae does not remember the exact details of what Henry said, given a lot of things were going on.

"You were... taunting them?"

Immediately, the crimson lights reappear in the eyes of the skeleton, who turns his skull smoothly and completely around to look at Henry. "Ah, I see you have been given Wxudt. An honor to hear its voice once again!"



Suldae Westwind: "Not the trash-talk you normally do."

Suldae looks up at the lich. Information source!

"Wxudt? What can you tell us about it?"

Henry of Willowsbrook: "I do apologize Wuxdt? Would you mind elaborating?"



Suldae Westwind: (If I understand correctly, we are right now all three standing touching the handle)



Marcus Veranius: Vorgansharax was dead, but he was just a symptom. His family, as he could remember it, was baned by one figure. His friends were baned by one figure. Everything he could remember, and everything he loved.



Suldae Westwind: (Henry is holding it, Marcus and Suldae are touching it)
(it's just a fantastic mental image)



Marcus Veranius: Strahd needed to go, for everyone he had hurt. For the ravens. For Davian Martikov.
Vengeance.

"It is a sword of secrets," says the Lich. "Long ago given to a certain king by his mother, whom he later betrayed. The sword abandoned him then, and took its own path. For many centuries it has moved around this land, wandering from the hands of one unlucky soul to the next. It drinks the souls of those who are killed by its edge, and with the sound of its name it can digest the souls within itself to transform into a larger, more devastating weapon. I am told it takes a powerful soul to wield it without corruption."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Corruption you say?"

Instantly, two things happen. In the moment Henry says "Wxudt," the dagger in his hands erupts into a wave of shadow and solidifies once again into a massive longsword. At the same time, the handle in Marcus's hand vibrates and grows suddenly resistant in his grasp, as though held and guided by a ghostly second hand of far greater strength and skill than his own. A blade of brilliant yellow light thrusts out of one end of the hilt and stays there, longsword-length, glowing with holy fire.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"Oh, and it seems you've found young master Khazan's Sunsword!"

"Well, I suppose it's more famous for the hand that first wielded it -- Sergei von Zarovich."



Suldae Westwind: "Oh! Count Strahd's brother?" Suldae says, remembering what she knew.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry leds go of the Sunsword so that they would all stand there holding it
lets



Marcus Veranius: "Haha, yes. Would you believe me if I said this was the artifact we were hoping to study? What crook would shove it into such a lovely model?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae plays a quick song, mending anything the hilt happened to be pointing towards as the blac came out.

*blade

"It's a sad thing. You see the beauty of the platinum hilt and guard, but what you do not see is the beautiful crystal blade that once extended from it. When Khazan was busy trying to destroy it, he managed to break off the blade and destroy it. I think the poor sword has feared for its life ever since."

"Where in the hells did you find it? I believed the thing destroyed, long ago."



Suldae Westwind: "May we borrow it?" Suldae asks.

"It was inside the model? How fascinating! What an excellent hiding place."

"By all means, I think it will feel safest with you. It seems to have taken a liking to you."



Suldae Westwind: "Oh, thank you!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry steps back taking the sudden longsword and what used to be a dagger sheath from his belt



Suldae Westwind: "...Is there a sheath?" she wonders, looking at the blade. It does not seem... safe.
(talking about the sun sword here lol)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus breathes a sigh of relief. He was almost certain to have been painted an adventurer after that display. That's the kind of stuff Bards write songs about.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I Believe you mentioned something about corruption?"



Marcus Veranius: "That wasn't the only thing stuffed into the castle. It seems there's a ruby crudely placed in its tower. Unless that's supposed to be there?"

"Ah, no, yes. Er, three questions, give me a moment..."

He seems rather flustered.

"Right, well. The sword, I believe, no longer needs a sheath. That's the sun-sword, I mean. The blade will retract when you will it to, once you get the hang of it, and I rather hope you will get the hang of it soon because that light is very uncomfortable. It's ruining my ambient haze."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glances at Marcus.

"Second question, er. Corruption. Corruption. Yes, right, Wxudt corrupts those who use it."



Suldae Westwind: The lich might be evil (it tends to be something liches have in common) but he(?) had been nothing but civil with them. It is only polite to make him(?) comfortable.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "How would that corruption manifest if you know such a thing"

"And the third question -- the ruby! Ah, that's actually an interesting little tidbit -- part of the castle's beauty is the design. It draws power from the Amber Temple through the roots of the mountains, and concentrates it, and focuses it into a usable form. The ruby you see is a replica of the powerful artifact formed from just such a use of the amber temple's power. It is a storehouse of immortal life -- the Heart of Castle Ravenloft. It holds the power of that guy, you know, the vampire. The castle guy. Owns the castle, that guy. Anyway, as long as he has that vault of life, he cannot die. It's the physical sign of the Gift of his patron."



Suldae Westwind: "...Fascinating," Suldae says, raising her eyebrows.

GM: (Everybody make an intelligence saving throw)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus eyes between the lich and the sunsword. Vengeance off? Sun-set? There had to be a keyword or something...

Suldae Westwind:

13

INTELLIGENCE SAVE (4)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook:

2 + 4

INTELLIGENCE SAVE (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (fucking rip)

(its the dagger's fault)



Marcus Veranius: (I'm going to assume this is against something Strahd, the lich, or dead patrons are responsible for and roll with advantage)

4 + 3 | **11 + 3**

INTELLIGENCE SAVE (2)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: (LMAO)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d20+2+3 Lucky Dice

(19)+2+3

= **24**



Suldae Westwind: (Henry's aura gives +3, right?)

(LMAO THATS BETTER)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (yeah



Suldae Westwind: (my total is 16 then)

Henry and Suldae find themselves sitting down. Marcus does not sit down, because the first time he sits down, he sits on a sharp rock, which luckily causes him to spring back to his feet, realize that something powerful has just moved over him, and resist its effects completely.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (...still 6)



Suldae Westwind: (there's also the spider hanging out outside of the room)

(it hasnt been an hour yet im sure)

"Oh, and you were asking about corruption."

"Well, corruption can manifest in many different ways, I suppose. The important thing is that you must notice if you begin to act differently. Strangely. Out of character, you know."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae figures it's the result of triggering the lich's teacher mode.

Hopefully it'll, uh, wear off on its own when he's done lecturing?



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tries to stand up

Henry abruptly sits back down.



Marcus Veranius: "I see! Is that why there's a model of the castle here; because both Amber Temple and Castle Ravenloft are connected? This is an archaeological wonder I've never heard anywhere before!"

It seems he is restrained.

The Lich nods gleefully. "Yes, yes! I'm so pleased you're able to follow. They are indeed deeply connected, for the stones of Ravenloft were quarried from the mountains nearby, whose granite had absorbed the radiances of the temple for many thousands of years. The castle is limited to just the one manifestation, of course, but it does have the capacity to restore itself -- as the Amber Temple does."

"Now, that was a tricky little piece of necromantic magic, let me tell you..."

"When Queen Ravenovia asked me to perform it, I balked at first. Ten thousand souls? It seemed a high price." (Make an intelligence save.)



Marcus Veranius: It also explained why Strahd was so intent on reinforcing this place after their little fight. If that crystal relied on the temple to operate, he had to be confident in their ability to shut it down from here.



Suldae Westwind:

13

INTELLIGENCE SAVE (4)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: (all of us or Marcus?)



Suldae Westwind: (well at least mine is consistent amirite)



Marcus Veranius:

8 + 3 | 10 + 3

INTELLIGENCE SAVE (2)
Marcus Veranius

GM: (All y'all's)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

8 + 4

INTELLIGENCE SAVE (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d20+5 Luck

(5)+5

= 10



Suldae Westwind: (rip)



Marcus Veranius: (Does Henry want to bless the only person still standing for a +1d4?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Bless takes an action to cast)
(so no one sudden extra dice)



Marcus Veranius: (Then 13's the best Marcus can do)

"And then of course we had to consider the process and the arrangement, and we were..." He launches into a detailed explanation of a horrendous necromantic ritual, a ritual so dark and so vile and so cruel that it psychically wounds you all, though it slips from your mind like a nightmare.

You all take 13 points of psychic damage.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Is this a spell?



Marcus Veranius: "HMM!!!"

It is a magical effect that he's not in control of, so you might think of it as a spell he cast a really long time ago and forgot.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus hums aloud, having thought of something important



Suldae Westwind: Suldae cannot deny they kind of asked for this, even as she is overwhelmed with nausea.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so halved to 6

GM: (Yep)



Marcus Veranius: "You know what? I've come to a conclusion."

"And so, of course, you know, we just had to do something with all those skulls, so naturally I took them. And it was a pity their souls were all gone, transmuted, you know, because that left me so little to work with. Best I could manage was to make the poor things giggle, which is a sad state to spend eternity in. I suppose they cry with laughter!"

(Make an Intelligence Saving Throw)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus is attempting to interrupt the lecture)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sir I thought you were giving us a tour, shouldn't we get back to that?"

16 + 4

INTELLIGENCE SAVE (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

16 + 4

INTELLIGENCE SAVE (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind:

23

INTELLIGENCE SAVE (4)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: "My thesis on the study of Barovian Legends CANNOT conclude unless we see those Sarcoughagii you mentioned!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (sorry for the double roll)



Suldae Westwind: ...Well, that explained the laughing skulls.



Marcus Veranius:

21 + 3 | **6 + 3**

INTELLIGENCE SAVE (2)
Marcus Veranius

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry, I do blather on, I can't seem to help myself. Why are you all sitting down? There are many rooms yet to see."

Suldae, Henry, and Marcus manage to shake off the strange effect at the same time.



Suldae Westwind: "It seems to have been a side effect of your lecture," Suldae says as she rises to her feet.

"Quite an interesting phenomenon."

She might not be literally an archeologist actually, but she can nerd it up with the best of them.

"Oh, how fascinating. You know, now that I think about it, most of the people I've spoken to in the last six hundred years have died, you know, during the conversation. Ha. Silly how you never notice when you're the common denominator."

"Right, well. Let's keep moving. Keep up please."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Brb)

"There's a hallway here. That goes downstairs, if you take it. No one has taken those stairs in ages."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (back)

"This room here is our potion storage area." Stone blocks resembling tables stand in the center of this room covered in dust. Carved into the stone walls are niches filled with hundreds of dusty bottles. Cobwebs hang from wooden ladders that lean against the walls.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at the others


The Lich approaches the southern end of the hallway and the double doors there.




Henry of Willowsbrook: (Didn't we loot a bag of holding last week?)


GM: (You did indeed)

"Oh, and this here is the entrance lounge, you know, used to be a cozy spot. A bit bare now."


 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae is mostly focused on keeping quiet. She does *not* want to set that off again.

Torches in sconces light this bare stone room. Six bedrolls made of stitched animal furs cover the floor. Cold air enters through a fissure in the southwest wall. The moment you open the doors of this chamber, you see six people and a direwolf sitting around a campfire. The next moment they are on their feet, turning towards you, drawing weapons -- but in fear. They do not attack. One of them restrains a dog.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (...now I'm not suggesting we pilfer this potion storage like a bunch of uni-students a bar but well how about we do that?)

 **Sulda Westwind:** (Absolutely do that behind his back)


"Oh!"

 **Sulda Westwind:** (We are archeologists these are objects of study)

"Oh, oh my. There are people here!"

"I certainly hope none of you are adventurers."

The people seem to be terrified.


 **Sulda Westwind:** "I don't htink they are, they don't seem the type," Suldae says brightly.
"You were saying?"

"Right, well, there used to be lovely furniture in here. I don't know where it's gone, terribly tragic, had a bookcase that was really lovely."


"And there was that wardrobe with the mirror that you could reach into and take gifts from the dark gods. That was a fun tourist attraction."


"The children, especially, always loved the cursed toys."

"Right, well. Hello all, don't take anything that doesn't belong to you and make sure you don't leave any litter behind, I hate that stuff."

 **Marcus Veranius:** ...why did that sound a lot like stuff they'd found in Baba Lysaga's house?

Right, and we can go on through here, to the southeast hall, or to the scroll repository hidden in the south wall of this chamber.

 **Marcus Veranius:** At least the cursed mirror bit.
(Wait, no. Was the mirror in the Burgomaster's house?)
(((I KEEP TRACK OF NPC'S, NOT THE DAMN DECORATIONS @.@)))

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (it was an assasination mirror)
(but yes)

GM: (Speaking of NPCs, I shall leave you with the descriptions of the individuals in the room (ignore their token art))

The nearest man is a towering, muscular, black-bearded, grey-eyed, stern-faced barbarian, lightly oiled against the cold, cloaked in the feathery-shouldered fur of a black owlbear with the beaked hood down. He wears crude leather armor, all of black -- with several notable additions: a shining silver belt buckle, a long steel zweihander, and a heart-plate of what you recognize to be polished Mithras. The heart-plate is a five-inch-wide circle with two long straps that criss-cross the torso, and he is otherwise bare-chested. Many swirling storms of tattoos cloud his weatherbeaten skin. He stands before his fellows, but extends a placating hand in both directions, as though urging peace.

Further back in the room you see a tall, inscrutable man with a pointed black beard, purple-black robes, and a large satchel. Beside him is a hunched, pale, white-bearded elderly man, wrapped in a thick bear fur. The old man's eyes glow a sickly yellow, and he leans heavily on a staff.

At the back of the room is a horribly deformed man who must be under the effects of some kind of terrible curse: his eyes bug and stare in opposite directions, and the hairs which jut from every inch of his body are long and thick and solitary, like a full-body set of whiskers. He is drooling slightly.

Near him, clutching the leather collar of the dire wolf, is a tall and powerful woman with a strange and alien beauty. Her dark hair tumbles to her waist in wild, glossy locks, without the slightest hint of frizz, which is truly remarkable given the general matted affair of most barbarian hair. She wears a two-piece outfit of silver rabbit fur over a long chainmail shirt, which she wears as a belted dress. She seems to be unarmed.

Last but not least, and closest to the door, other than the first man, is squat, pale, baggy-faced, three-eyed man, who is fidgeting anxiously with his long, pale hands. He is wrapped in the pelt of a black sheep -- head, ears, fluffy tail, and all.

The towering man with the zweihander says, in Sylvan: "You must have just arrived. Are you alright?"

"We don't want to fight."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Great neither do we" Henry says with placating smile looking at all of the adventures before saying in undercommon "I hate this place"

"How long have you been trapped?" asks the bearded man.

"We have been here three days. Well, my group has."

"At least, we think it's three days."

The tall, inscrutable man says, in Common: "Do any of you speak common? Any of you?"

"Common? You know? Common?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We just came in" Henry says in common

The black-bearded man looks at the inscrutable man and says, in Sylvan: "We do not speak your barbarian tongue!"

The inscrutable man, stepping forward and brushing his robes off, extends a hand to greet Henry.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "No need to be rude about it mister" Henry says rollin his eyes at the blackbearded man in sylvan

"Savnok," he says, "at your service."

Introducing the yellow-eyed man, he says: "This is my uncle, Sykane. He is ill."

Introducing the bug-eyed man, he says: "And this is my assistant, Tarakamedes. He has been cursed."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is meanwhile goading detail after detail on the surroundings out of the lich, careful to not push him into full on flashback mode again.

The woman with the dog comes forward. "Shami-Amourae," she says, with a hand on her chest. Beside her, the fidgeting man says: "Drizlash." The black-bearded barbarian says, hand on chest, "Zrin-Hala."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Henry" he replies taking the hand "Pleasure is ours" he says in common first and then again in sylvan purely out of pettiness thinking 'What fresh mess have we stumbled into now'



Zanshuken: *stumbled

26

Wuxdt Longsword (+12)
Henry of Willowsbrook

You gain a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. In addition, the weapon ignores resistance to slashing damage. When you attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without the lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary actions, or the GM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

4

Radiant

13

Slashing

30

24

Wuxdt Longsword (+12)
Henry of Willowsbrook

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creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary actions, or the GM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

13
Slashing

18

25

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Henry of Willowsbrook

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16
Slashing

31

27

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Henry of Willowsbrook

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11
Slashing

17

23

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Henry of Willowsbrook

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15
Slashing



Zanshuken:

26

25

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Henry of Willowsbrook

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11
Slashing

18

15

Wuxdt Longsword (+12)
Henry of Willowsbrook

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14

Slashing

26

29

Wuxdt Longsword (+12)
Henry of Willowsbrook

You gain a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. In addition, the weapon ignores resistance to slashing damage.

When you attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without the lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary actions, or the GM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

11

Slashing

15

22

Wuxdt Longsword (+12)
Henry of Willowsbrook

You gain a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. In addition,

the weapon ignores resistance to slashing damage. When you attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without the lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary actions, or the GM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

11*Slashing***30****16**

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Henry of Willowsbrook

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11*Slashing*

The road fades away under a covering of snow, but it takes you far enough to see the facade of some kind of temple carved into the sheer mountainside ahead. The front of the structure is fifty feet high and has six alcoves containing twenty-foot-tall statues. Each statue is carved from a single block of amber and depicts a faceless, hooded figure, its hands pressed together in a gesture of prayer. Between the two innermost statues is a twenty-foot-tall archway with a staircase leading down.



GM (GM): (Ignore that, testing a thingy out)
(Hello!)

The lich says: "Would you like to carry on with the tour?"



Marcus Veranius: "Perhaps a moment. It would be rude to not treat guests proper, yes?"

"...Wait. Let me rephrase."



Liliet (Suldae): (hello brb)



Marcus Veranius: "By proper, I mean saying hello and asking if they need anything."



Marcus Veranius doesn't want to know what the lich considers to be proper manners

The lich contemplates this for a moment. "I suppose that is probably the more hospitable path."

"I was concerned that you might feel neglected, being as you were, I believe, the first guests in line."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry half turns to the lich keeping their new 'friends' in view "Would you happen to speak this language ?" Henry asks in sylvan



Marcus Veranius: "The alternative is to make cleaning up that much more difficult. We can agree no party would like that."

The lich says "Gesundheit," to Henry.

"Cleaning up? What? Why?"



Marcus Veranius has absolutely no idea what Henry is saying, but it's probably important

"Has someone made a mess?"



Marcus Veranius: "I mean, there's that egg in the castle. The occasional wall that could use some mending."

Zrin-Hala: "You have befriended the corpsewalker?"



Marcus Veranius: "Basic maintenance."

Zrin-Hala: (in Sylvan)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Best answer I'll get" Henry murmurs "Befriending is a strong word"

Savnok: "Ahem. Excuse me. I'm terribly sorry to interrupt, but I would like very much to ask: do any of you happen to know the way out of here?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "These are Marcus and Suldae my friends that both do not speak Sylvan but they do speak common"

Savnok: "You see, my uncle is ill, and my assistant is cursed, and in our earlier foray we sighted several... Things."

"We came in through the crack, you see --" he points to the southwest corner of the chamber. "But it doesn't go back."



Marcus Veranius: "Err, yes but actually no. There's an entrance to the temple but it seems a bit... spacey."

Zrin-Hala: "How long have you known the strolling bones?"



Marcus Veranius: "Literally stars out there. We think there may be some ward that needs disabling deeper inside."

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rubs his eyes "Listen we have been in here for just about half an hour or so and only meet this fella 5 minutes ago"



Drizlash: The three-eyed fidgeting man is momentarily overcome by a fit of nervous giggles. "Spacey!"

"We're all going to die in here!"

Zrin-Hala: "I see," says Zrin-Hala.

"We have been here a few days, I think. Time is hard to tell. We came in to take shelter from the storm."

"Now we cannot leave..."



Marcus Veranius: "No! No. Probably not. We've been in worse than this. At least the temple isn't alive and actively trying to kill us."

"I really hope that isn't the case anyways."

There is a loud and ominous grumble from deep in the belly of the mountain.



Marcus Veranius sweats a little



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You had to provoke it" Henry hisses at Marcus in common



Marcus Veranius: "Look, if I had a copper for every sentient structure that tried to kill me I'd have two. Which isn't a lot but it's weird to have happened twice."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Did you come from Barovia or somewhere else?" Henry asks in sylvan before shrugging at Marcus comment "Fair"

Zrin-Hala: "We came from the mountain. From the forest."



Marcus Veranius shakes his head. "Either way, we know the dungeon seems split into several 'copies'. Perhaps if we figure out how to leave, others with us might be able to follow."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Did you walk into a wall of mist before ending up in the forrest or the mountains?"

(Marcus who exactly are you talking to?)



Marcus Veranius: (Savnok, the one who speaks 'barbaric common')

Savnok: Savnok, who is speaking perfectly crisp, clear, educated Common, says: "Several copies? That's an alarming idea..."

"Just one of this place was bad enough!"

Zrin-Hala: "Mist?"

"No, no. I saw no mist."



Marcus Veranius: "I can't say I'm a fan either given who got stuck in the other copy. But I must be strong."

"You mentioned encountering things deeper inside. What did they look like?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry addresses the rest of the group "Does the Name Barovia or Strahd mean anything to any of you?"



Liliet (Suldae):

20

CHARISMA (5+2)
Suldae Westwind

Savnok: Savnok contemplates. "Well, there was something in the statue at the end of the main hall. And there were things -- laughing, flaming skulls, with emerald eyes. We barely escaped."

Suldae, meanwhile, has roped the lich deep into a conversation about ichor. The lich is passionate about it, and speaks at great length.

Zrin-Hala: Zrin-Hala says: "We know not those names."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well good for you" Henry says telling Marcus that



Marcus Veranius wasn't actually sure what he expected. They couldn't have made it farther than his own party upon reflection



Marcus Veranius: "Well, tell you what. We'll continue with our friend's tour of the temple and see if we can find the gift shop and exit. Let you know what comes up."

"Think you can hold fort here?"

Savnok: "Actually, I think we'd prefer to come with you."

"I don't think we'll get along very well with the barbarians, if we're left alone for very long..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You didn't come in here together?"

in common

Savnok: Savnok seems repulsed by the idea. "Are you kidding? Who could bear the stench? I'm a little insulted that you could think we were affiliated."

Zrin-Hala: "If you are going, will you take us with you? We have lost two of our companions and with your help we might find them."



Marcus Veranius assumed as much with Savnok's description of his relatives separate from the barbarians.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (It`s a shame we don't have a third language in common as a party to gossip over them)



Marcus Veranius: "I mean no offense, but you've got an elder and injured man with you. That doesn't seem particularly wise given the apparent dangers."



Drizlash: "Please don't leave us!" Drizlash says, sweating greasily.

Seeming to emerge from deep within his own thoughts on ichor, the lich says: "Yes, right, now, where were we..."

"Are we ready to proceed? Are they interested in joining the tour group?"



Marcus Veranius frowns. "If the Barbarians are your worst fear, perhaps we could convince them to aid our group while you bunker here? It wouldn't require as much mobility."



Liliet (Suldae): "Everyone who wants to come with us, please do so!" Suldae calls out to everyone

else, interrupting their conversation.

Savnok: "Look," says Savnok. "You might be our last chance at getting out of here. I happen to be a competent wizard -- and my uncle and my assistant are capable casters as well. With our aid, you stand a better chance of survival -- which means we stand a better chance at survival. I would strongly prefer to accompany you."



Suldae Westwind: "Up, up, let's go," Suldae turns to the lich and nods.



Marcus Veranius nods. "Forgive the assumption then. I would be welcome to have you."

Shami-Amourae: The woman with the enormous dog smiles broadly at Suldae in a friendly way. There is something about her smile that seems a little off.

Looking at Suldae's ears, she says, in Elvish: "You are of the forest peoples?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "you are welcome to join us I guess" Henry says in sylvan



Suldae Westwind: "...My mother was," Suldae says, nodding politely to the woman. "Please, come with us if you would like to. We can chat later?"

Shami-Amourae: Her accent is strange, alien, ancient-sounding.

"I will happily come with you."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods gladly.

Shami-Amourae: "This is Seriach," says Shami-Amourae. "My hound."

The lich says: "Right, then. Shall we?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods politely to the hound as well.



Marcus Veranius: "I think we shall. Perhaps these Sarcophagi you mentioned are the key to this."



Suldae Westwind: "I am Suldae Catherine Westwind, and" - she turns to the lich and switches to Common, "yes, let's continue the tour!"



Marcus Veranius coughs "and my research paper."



Marcus Veranius: "Do you remember where we may find them?"

"The Sarcophagi? Certainly, certainly my boy. We will get to them towards the end of the tour."

"One must save the best for last, as they say."



Marcus Veranius was afraid he'd say that

"Right, then, if you'll all just follow me -- hands and feet inside the group at all times, the next few areas are patrolled by my guardians and I wouldn't want them to perceive you as threats."



Marcus Veranius:

On your turn, you can use a bonus action to regain hit points equal to 1d10 + your fighter level.

Second Wind
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: Suldae waves for the newcomers to join them as she follows the lich.



Marcus Veranius takes a deep breath and braces himself for more tour



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes the liberty to translate the Liches instructions for the Barbarinas

He moves through the eastern doors. "This is the overlook, looming over the temple proper. At the end of the hall you see the statue of the Forgotten God, the God of Forgetfulness. Oh, now that's not right! Where the devil is my arcanoloth? "

"And where are my flame skulls?"

"Absolutely shameful. Utterly disgraceful. Lazy layabouts..."

"I shall have a very strongly-worded conversation with them, I assure you! Please forgive the lack of arcane embellishment."



Marcus Veranius hopes the Arcanaloath is still hiding in the statue



Suldae Westwind: "We do not hold this against you, of course," Suldae says. "Inconveniences happen!"

The statue at the end of the hall no longer has its emanations of darkness. Its face can be clearly seen: a smooth and featureless mask of stone.



Suldae Westwind: "Please, do tell us more!"



Marcus Veranius: "Is that one of the skulls in there?" Marcus points to the arrow slit where the wizard corpse is

"Ah, that pleases me to hear. Well, let us continue across the walkway to the next station of the tour."

Looking in the direction of Marcus's finger, the lich says: "Oh! Oh! How terribly rude! Somebody has simply laid their corpse here, how careless!"

"This simply will not do."

The lich waves a bony hand and with a swirl of emerald flames the corpse of the wizard wakes, pushes itself to its feet, and bows an apology in the general direction of the party.

"Adventurers. You see? Never cleaning up after themselves..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods sympathetically.

"Anyway. Just this way."

"And this is the Southeast Annex. There is some scroll storage behind the wall there, if adventurers haven't already looted the place. I see they've knocked a hole in the floor. I swear, it's as though they don't even think about the lives of the people whose homes they leave in ruin!"

"Anyway. On to the north, to the upper east hall!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns towards Zrin-Hala "You wouldn't happen to have a spare sword

sheath would you?"

"I will warn you, there is an alarming amber statue at the end of this hall. It will not attack you in my presence unless you are seen to be desecrating the temple in some way."

Zrin-Hala: "Sword sheathe? No, my friend."

"I have furs that you could wrap it in, I suppose, if you really just need to protect a blade?"

"There was a fascinating story behind the amber temple guardians, but I have long ago forgotten it."

"You will have to pretend that I told you a story that was at once incredible and tragic."



Marcus Veranius sagely nods, pretending to take notes in his ledger book

"Right, this is the upper east hall."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae also nods.



Marcus Veranius: "I'll pretend to be deeply moved."



Suldae Westwind: She's just really glad to be moving again.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It's fine I just ...broke one of mine so I have to carry it like this" Henry says gesturing slightly with the hand holding Wuxdt



Suldae Westwind: She also mounts the spider again, as it has caught up.

"And you simply must see the lecture hall."

The lich opens the eastern door of this hall. The moment the door is opened, a stench of monumental horror bathes you in a palpable wave of warm, sticky, humid air. The room is brilliantly lit, although it is difficult to determine where the actual source of the light is. The walls are sheathed in amber that has been carved into bas-reliefs of wizards with spellbooks. Stairs to the north and south descend twenty feet to an obsidian lectern, behind which a slab of black slate hangs from chains. Between the stairs are descending rows of red marble benches. In the middle row of benches, a small feast is laid out on what are clearly conjured dishes. Hiding (badly) behind the blackboard is a burn-scarred young man in clean blue robes.



Suldae Westwind: "Ah, may I look?" Suldae asks as she catches sight of him.

"This place is fascinating!"



Vilnius: "Don't touch me!"

"Stay back!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to their new companions "One of your friends?"



Suldae Westwind: ...well, so much for the subtle approach.

Savnok: Savnok shrugs. "Not one of mine."

Zrin-Hala: Zrin-Hala, understanding, shakes his head. "No one we know."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae enters the hall, holding her hands palms up at her sides to indicate she is not armed.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Joy" Henry says in a deadpan



Vilnius: The young man watches her approach, eyes wide with terror, but he does not make any attempt to move further away from her.



Suldae Westwind: "Would you like to join our tour group? The tour takes us through the entire temple and then to the exit!" she says, trying for a balance between making it clear what she's empathizing and not breaking character for the lich.



Vilnius: The stench, whatever it is, seems to be coming from him.

"A t-tour? Are you insane? With those monsters out there? With those statues out there?"



Suldae Westwind: The smell is somewhat alarming but at this point Suldae just figures that anyone alive deserves to get out of here still in that state.

"The tour is perfectly safe for those who join it," Suldae says.

"Just don't touch anything and be a good listener."



Vilnius: The young man looks at her as if convinced that she is entirely mad.

"My master's dead in a room just south of here," he says.

"You want to tell me that this place is safe?"

"I've been living in this little room for months. MONTHS.

"I've been eating RATS to survive."



Suldae Westwind: "...Do you want to also be dead in it, or do you want to eventually leave?" Suldae asks bluntly.



Vilnius: "...I want to leave."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I mean it's coming with us and possibly getting out of here or staying and definitely being stuck here ...alone..."



Vilnius: "But I'm not going anywhere if that statue is still out there..."



Marcus Veranius *doesn't know if he should mention said dead master now sweeping floors for a lich...*



Suldae Westwind: "The statue IS still out there. And you should come with us anyway, because it'll still be there after we leave, and if you don't come, so will you. With it. In here."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs and addresses the Lich "Those statues won't do anything to us if we are with you right?"

The lich makes a waffling "sort of" gesture with one hand.

"The statues are not under my power."

"But they don't have a tendency to attack without reason, from what I've seen."



Suldae Westwind: "Just don't touch anything, and it should be fine," Suldae asserts confidently.

"Of course, I could be forgetting..."



Suldae Westwind: "Look, our purpose here actually ISN'T to look for strays, so if you want to stay, you

can," she says after a pause, because it's true. It isn't.



Vilnius: The young man thinks for a while.

"Alright."

"But I want to stay in the middle."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Whatever"



Suldae Westwind: "Please do," Suldae says with a feeling.

She doesn't want to know what he did to provoke the statue and doesn't want him to do it again.

She also doots out Prestidigitation as he's passing by.



Marcus Veranius is quite thankful



Suldae Westwind: A life-saving spell, it is.



Vilnius: The stench of him is nauseating, overwhelming. She feels her prestidigitation fall upon him...

And senses that nothing has changed, somehow. Perhaps he is not entirely the source.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Do you happen to speak Sylvan kid?" Henry asks him



Suldae Westwind: ...well, that can wait.



Marcus Veranius is no longer thankful



Vilnius: "Sylvan?"

"No. I speak Elvish, Dwarvish, and Gnomish, though."

"Why?"



Suldae Westwind: "What can you tell us about this hall?" Suldae addresses the lich in the meantime.

The show must go on.

Even if it's now somewhat stinky.

"This hall is a hall," says the lich. "And there's a lecture room."

"This hall is on the eastern side of the main chamber."



Marcus Veranius: "I'd have never figured that one out."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "they don't speak common" Henry says gesturing at the Barbarians "I'm currently translating I guess" seizing the opportunity Henry quickly makes introductions

"Now, let me see... Yes, I suppose we must go this way. If we continue to the end of the hall, the statue our new friend here is so frightened of has its post. There is a small alcove shrine to one of the forgotten knowledge gods as well, but not much else. If we want to make it to the lower levels, we must go this way."

The lich leads the way south, back out to the overlook, and down the stairs into the main hall.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is riding the spider again. She hopes no-one present finds it too weird.

"Just behind the statue here is a marvelously hidden secret door. There is also, of course, the secret entrance to the statue itself. The stairs within ascend to the head of the statue, and down through

the feet to the floor below."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae makes appropriate listener noises.

The lich knocks on the wall behind the statue three times. Instantly, a door springs open in the northern wall. The stairs climb thirty feet to another secret door.

"And this is the library!"



Marcus Veranius marvels at the design. He might not know archaeology but shoemakers can appreciate a good secret compartment!

This stone library has twenty-foot-high walls and a thirty-foot-high vaulted ceiling. Covering the ceiling is a fresco that depicts angels being set ablaze in a hell. A black marble railing encloses a gold marble staircase that spirals gently down a thirty-foot-wide, thirty-foot-deep shaft to the north. Against the gray walls stand six ten-foot-tall, black marble bookcases. On their shelves are hundreds of well-preserved tomes. Embroidered rugs, chairs, and lit candelabras fill the southern half of the room.

Two men get to their feet as the secret door opens.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Okay how many people are in this place?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives a friendly wave.

A boldly-painted man in a loincloth and cloak of lion skin says, in accented Common: "Who are you?"



Suldae Westwind: She hasn't noticed the ceiling yet.

The other man is mud-covered, drooling, eyes wide and staring in two different directions. His teeth are dazzlingly bright and oddly sharp.

Then, seeing the crowd behind the party on the stairs, he seems to recognize people.



Suldae Westwind: "...We are a tour group passing through. My name is Suldae Westwind. If you want to come with us, eventually to the exit, you're welcome to!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Zrin-Hala You know these guys?" Henry calls backwards

The man in lion-skin says: "Zrin-Hala! Shami-Amourae! Drizlash!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae steps aside and gestures for the two to proceed to the stairs behind her.

Their procession is getting larger, which she very much doesn't mind.

A quick, brief conversation in a language you don't speak is carried out between the barbarians.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry steps in to the room and while the rest are distracted picks up a book and idly thumbs through it

A moment later, the man in lion-skin gives a friendly grin to the party and says: "Apologies, friends. My name is Zantras. I am the chieftain of these my fellow hunters."

Zantras: "We were separated not long after we first entered the temple. I went off to search ahead... And found my way here, only to be trapped."

"I didn't dare to go down the stairs..."

Suldae Westwind: "...It is very nice to meet you, but introductions can wait, perhaps?"

Zantras: "Oh, er... I suppose."



Suldae Westwind: "It is somewhat rude to our very kind guide, who was about to tell us more about this place?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (anything intressting in my book?)



Suldae Westwind: No provoking the friendly lich: the most important rule of this expedition so far. Suldae turns to him.

The lich looks at Suldae with a certain degree of adoration in the hollow sockets of his eyes.

"Thank you. Terribly thoughtful of you."

"Shall we carry on with the tour?"



Marcus Veranius quickly takes notes of the newcomers, adding them to his list of met persons

The book Henry picked up contains instructions for a torture method that involves the weaving together of the souls and bodies of hateful, selfish men.

There are several very graphic woodblock prints.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry snaps it closed with a long sigh "Don't know what exactly I expected"
He says mostly to himself
He puts it back

"Right, then. Down we go..."



Marcus Veranius looks between everyone and quietly whispers to Mudman. "Excuse me sir, could I get your name?"



Suldae Westwind: Sulae mounts the spider, looks at the stairs and dismounts. It can climb vertical surfaces, she would rather not.

The mudman says something which sounds like "Dahlver-Nar."

It seems to be the only sound he can make...



Marcus Veranius: "...pleasure to make your acquaintance!"



Marcus Veranius continues with the others

The stairs descend in a sweeping spiral of amber, with black marble railing. At the bottom of the stairs, you see six rotting wooden crates in the room. The amber-covered walls of the chamber are sculpted to look like tentacles that entwine around marble bas-reliefs of kings, queens, pharaohs, and sultans attended by myriad slaves.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a moment to whisper to Marcus and Suldae "I swear by the gods at this rate we#ll find a whole circus next"

The west, south, and east walls contain alcoves, and standing in each alcove is a tall, rough block of amber. Two wide cracks have opened up in the south wall, spilling rubble and shattered pieces of amber onto the floor in the southeast corner of the room.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (one GM warp pls)

The lich says: "Oh. Oh, I'm sorry. I thought there would be an official entrance here."



Marcus Veranius frowns at the crates

"I seem to have taken you by the more familiar route, and the less formal one."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has to make actual effort to NOT say "implying we haven't already". It feels like it would be rude.

"Well, no matter. We will see the other rooms soon enough anyway."



Marcus Veranius: "THAT'S QUITE ALRIGHT! Question though."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "This place would be?"



Marcus Veranius: "Err, you don't keep vampires in hiding in your crates, do you? Had a nasty surprise once."

"Oh no, no vampires. Just vampire spawn."



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"Don't worry, I keep them here for research purposes. They are quite harmless."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has to expend actual effort to keep a straight face at this.

"Or at least, they will be, so long as you leave them in their crates."



Suldae Westwind: "...That seems like a very good reason to not touch the crates."

"I am attempting to discover the roots of the vampiric curse. Do you know, there is said to be a very fascinating example of their breed, just outside the temple?"

"I believe his name was Strand or Strid or something like that."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Riiight" Henry says before saying in Sylvan "Do not and I mean DO NOT touch those crates"



Marcus Veranius: "Does he look like this?"

Zrin-Hala: "Wait what? Why? What's in them?"



Marcus Veranius holds up a puppet of Count Strahd to see if the Lich would be familiar

The puppet giggles.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Nothing any of us want to deal with right now"

The lich looks at the puppet.

The lich cocks his head, as though remembering a time from long, long ago...

Dust and cobwebs seem to be getting cleared out of skull attic-space...



Able: yo



Marcus Veranius has never heard Leetle Strahd talk on its own

"Yes.... Yes... I recognize...."

GM: (yo)



Marcus Veranius: "YOU KNOW WHAT! I think I'm just going to stow this thing away."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shushes the suddenly appeared Hiere.



Marcus Veranius: "Thankfully I happen to know the perfect place."



Suldae Westwind: She is very glad to see him, though.



Marcus Veranius: "Found a bag of holding earlier and I havent checked the contents yet."

GM: (Suldae wait)

(This will be good)



Marcus Veranius opens the Bag of Holding



Marcus Veranius:



(<https://i.imgur.com/7DI18vP.png>)



Suldae Westwind: (oh ok)



Hiere Unthere: (HAHAHAHHAHHAHH)

Suldae Westwind: (omfg)

(OMFG)



Marcus Veranius closes the Bag of Holding



Marcus Veranius: Today is not a good day



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Was was that?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae attempts to open it again.



Marcus Veranius: "Hiere."

"Hiere."

"Hiere."



Hiere Unthere: "yes?"



Marcus Veranius: "What are you doing in a months-dead wizard's bag of holding?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Suldae?"



Hiere Unthere: "looking around"

"Oh, hello there," says the Lich. "We seem to be picking up quite a tour group!"



Marcus Veranius: "That is probably the only answer I want to hear, so I'll take it."

"Largest tour group I've had in all the time I can remember!"



Suldae Westwind: "...yes, definitely," Suldae agrees with a feeling.

"Isn't it nice?"



Hiere Unthere: "Can I come out now?"



Marcus Veranius upturns the Bag of Holding, ejecting its contents



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Suldae can you pinch me when the world starts making sense again?"

"It's wonderful, simply wonderful. I never dreamed so many people would be interested in the dark powers of the forgotten gods! It brings a tear to my eye."

"Oh, happy days."

A tear of silvery-blue ectoplasm is, indeed, dribbling from his eye socket.



Suldae Westwind: "...I'll get back to you then, yes."

Suldae nods to the lich.

She's probably going to write down things she's heard here, maybe cross-check with Marcus's notes.

This IS knowledge, even if it's... of questionable kind.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (So what else tumbles out with Hiere?)



Marcus Veranius: (I dont know. Been purposely avoiding opening the bag of holding for this joke)

The bag of holding, it seems, has lost all of its previous contents in order to hold Hiere.



Hiere Unthere: "I may have lost some of the things in hiere"

"I'm sure they'll turn up eventually"

The lich says: "Our newest member seems to have turned up with perfect timing!"

"The first of the Amber Sarcophagi are here, in this chamber."

"On the western side, we have the Slab of Ravenovia. On the south, we have the sarcophagus of Tenebrous, mightiest and most fearsome of liches. On the eastern wall, we have the sarcophagus of Zhudun, the Corpse Star."

"If these are the gifts you are interested in, you should take them before we proceed further, as we will not be passing back this way."



Marcus Veranius blinks



Suldae Westwind: "...Ravenovia?"



Marcus Veranius: "Err, do forgive me. We came here for archaeological purposes initially. What do these gifts entail? I don't think you mentioned yet."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...What kind of gifts are we talking about here?"



Suldae Westwind: "Does it have anything to do with Ravenloft an Barovia?"

"You... You don't know of the gifts?"

"What on earth possessed you to come here, if not to receive the dark gifts?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We are from very very very very far away you must understand"



Marcus Veranius: "A thesis paper on previously unexplored ruins."

"So then... You were never interested in the dark gifts to begin with..."



Suldae Westwind: "No, we are interested!"

"We simply didn't know about them."

"Please, tell us more?"

"Oh. Well, it is always a pleasure to cure ignorance."



Marcus Veranius: "I'm interested in LEARNING! This is a part of learning!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods like a doll. Cure the ignorance, please!

"The dark gift of Ravenovia is an ingenious form of vampirism. To receive it is a little more complex than the other gifts; and there are more interesting downsides, as well."



Suldae Westwind: Highly questionable as this is, it definitely resonates with Correllon's teachings.

...Yep, definitely has to do with Barovia.

Probably.

"Oh?"

"The procedure is that the one desiring of the benefits of the gift must slay another humanoid that loves or reveres him or her, then drink that dead humanoid's blood within 1 hour of slaying it. The beneficiary must then die at the hands of one or more creatures that hate it."

"Do you know, I have the strangest feeling every time I look at this sarcophagus?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Familiarity?"

"As though there were a thousand things about it that I had just forgotten, and needed desperately to remember..."

The lich stares at the sarcophagus and does not speak.



Suldae Westwind: Well, that is both creepy and fascinating.

Suldae makes herself a note because she just feels somehow that it might come up later.

"Is there a way to lose it?"

"There is no way to lose the gift of a dark god, for each gift is a pact."

"Only by breaking the pact can the gift be taken away, and most of the pacts are not intended or designed for breaking."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at his friends then the Ravanovia thing and simply mouths "Strahd"



Suldae Westwind: "...I have yet to encounter something truly unbreakable," Suldae says, injecting fascination into her voice.

Hopefully he'll correct her.



Marcus Veranius nods to Henry's assessment. His notes match up, as does Strahd's diary

The lich says: "Odd thing for an archaeologist to say..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shakes her head. "Archaeologists often have to fix the things they are researching."

"Everything breaks, that's what we know."

"Even if only a little."

The lich shrugs. "That makes sense, I suppose."

"Right, anyway. Pacts are notoriously difficult to break, because the gods involved typically do not wish to make it easy to do so."



Suldae Westwind: This wasn't actually even alarming. She clearly knows more about archeology than he does!

"I see!"

"There are only two ways to break a pact: by taking a pact to a countering god, or by the god failing to fulfill whatever oath it made to sway you into accepting its pact."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae does not need to try hard to slip into a fascinated researcher persona. It was always merely a step away.

"Oh, I see!"

"And outside parties cannot interfere, because gods don't like interference, then?"

"Anyway. The gift of Ravenovia is an interesting one because it is the most recent addition to our offerings. I think. I can't remember, now that I think about it. Maybe I'm wrong. Oh well."



Suldae Westwind: "I see! What of the other ones?"

"Oh, gods love to interfere," says the lich.



Suldae Westwind: "No, I mean others' interference with their affairs!"



Marcus Veranius: "What are the typical terms of pacts? Claim over the soul? A chance to be out of their boxes for a while? A quest?"



Suldae Westwind: "...I suppose a god interfering with another god's pact would be quite destructive..."

"Right, that's a lot of questions all at once, so I'll just say the next part of the tour and hope that it answers some of whatever you were asking. Well, the offering of Tenebrous -- powerful lich, they say, tremendous history, real eons of conquest sort of thing... His dark gift is said to be the secrets of lichdom: the construction of a phylactery, the directions to the potion of transformation, all of that."

"And over there we have Zhudun's gift. Zhudun grants the power to raise the dead, regardless of the time between their death and your now."

"Of course, it's only a single use."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: "...Raise, as in?"



Marcus Veranius: "Revive a long-dead sister slain under unkind circumstances..."

"Oh, resurrect. You know. Whole new body, same old soul. Very powerful stuff, much better than the piddling necromancy performed these days."



Suldae Westwind: "Same soul? And in the case of reincarnation?"

"What happens to the new person who has the soul?"

"One supposes it would snatch the soul from the current vessel, restore any memories, and place both into a new, re-created vessel."

"I haven't used Zhudun's gift, myself."

"Haven't needed it."

"No one I miss that badly. A haha."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry clears his throat "Could we have a moment please"



Suldae Westwind: Well. Well that is something.

"A pun, you see, because I cannot miss what I cannot remember."



Suldae Westwind: "Makes sense!" Suldae nods cheerfully.

"You'd like to take a break?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Just a moment to..confer with my peers"



Marcus Veranius: "I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, we need to confer our notes. I think we've had a breakthrough in research!"

"That's good timing, actually. I was just about to ask if we could pause for a quick restorative meditation."



Suldae Westwind: "Well, these are fascinating decision to make, aren't they?"

"Oh, good timing indeed!"

"There are many more sarcophagi. Since you're new here, I'll tell you that."

"Before you make your decision, you should see all of them."

"Right, anyway. Meditating now. Goodbye."

The lich floats a little higher into the air, sits cross-legged on nothing, and loses the crimson stars in its hollow sockets. It seems to be dormant.



Marcus Veranius: "Suldae. That is the very gift Kasimir was looking for."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods cheerfully and kind of regrets the end of the conversation. She'd rather keep doing the work of chatting than think about this.

"...I got that impression, yes," Suldae says without turning to him.

The smile is frozen on her face.



Marcus Veranius: "I thought this might happen going into the temple. Admittedly, I made a plan for it. But that plan is busted with Kasimir unreachable in another part of the temple."



Suldae Westwind: "...Ireena is where he is."

"She can handle herself, probably."



Vilnius: "Hey guys, what are we talking about?"



Suldae Westwind: "There is not much we can do, is there?"

Suldae does not answer his question.



Marcus Veranius: "She can't. Kasimir knows more of this temple than anyone else, and he's fighting for family."



Vilnius: Vilnius pokes his head into the conversation, stinkily.



Hiere Unthere: "who's stinky over here?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Would you mind this is kind of a private conversation"



Vilnius: "Stinky? Who's stinky? I don't smell anything."



Marcus Veranius: "We need to intervene. Does anyone still have uses of Sending? HIERE! Do you have sending prepared?"



Vilnius: "Oh, private."

"Sure sure, sorry. I've just been alone for a long time."



Suldae Westwind: "...Sorry," Suldae tells him.

"We're a bit on edge."



Hiere Unthere: "I do not :("



Suldae Westwind: "You don't happen to have Sending prepared, do you?"



Vilnius: "Who, me?"

"Yeah, I do actually."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at Marcus.



Vilnius: "It doesn't reach outside the temple, though. I've tried that."



Suldae Westwind: She's feeling a bit frozen up.



Vilnius: "I thought the university would have sent someone by now..."



Marcus Veranius: "Vilnius, we need to ask you a big favor."



Vilnius: "Sure, you gotcha. What do you need?"



Marcus Veranius: "There is another copy of this temple. My wife, her wife (pointing to suldae) and our other archaeologists are there."



Suldae Westwind: ...they aren't married yet, but Suldae isn't going to object to this.



Vilnius: "A copy?"



Marcus Veranius: "One of the archaeologists is about to revive his sister, but it will cost the life of her wife. This cannot happen."



Marcus Veranius waves his hand around. He doesn't understand this dimensional shenanigans



Marcus Veranius: "Not important!"



Vilnius: "So you want me to use Sending on somebody, cool cool."

"There's just one problem. I'd have to be familiar with whoever you're trying to contact."

"Oh, but I do have my spell book."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Vilnius: "If somebody else wants to use it?"



Suldae Westwind: "...The lich said the resurrected person would have both sets of memories."



Marcus Veranius: "Have you heard of Barovia's beloved circus performer, Rictavio the Animal Tamer?"



Vilnius: "You'll have to forgive the notation, it's a personal script I've been working on, nothing too fancy, just a little embellishment on some of the symbols, you know..."



Suldae Westwind: "Technically, this would not..."

"..."



Vilnius: "Rictavio the what?"



Suldae Westwind: "I don't know," she whispers bitterly.



Vilnius: "I'm sorry, I've been in here a long time..."



Marcus Veranius: "Old man in Vallaki. Has a tiger and a monkey. They perform circus tricks!"



Suldae Westwind: This does not feel as obvious to her as it apparently does to Marcus, grateful as she is for his single-mindedness.



Vilnius: "Oh. I've never been to Vallaki."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Here could you do it with his book?"



Marcus Veranius: "Barovia Village then?"



Vilnius: "Nope."

"It was my first trip with the research team."

"Sorry."



Marcus Veranius frowns. The fame of their companions isn't going to help for recognition



Hiere Unthere: Hiere nods."May take a while though"



Suldae Westwind: "...Where are you from, anyway?" Suldae asks. It's as good a distraction as any.

"Yeah, it's goign to take him," she nods towards the lich, "a while, too."



Vilnius: "Well, here's the book, anyway," says Vilnius. He pulls from his satchel a badly beaten, water-stained, crumbling, rotting, stinky spell book. He hands it to Hiere.



Suldae Westwind: "Take your time, or something."

...Suldae takes out the flute and blows out a clear melody, then switches to another.

Prestidigitation and Mending.



Vilnius: "I'm from the Banished University."



Suldae Westwind: Hopefully it'll help at least a little.

She just cannot not try.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere takes it, trying to mask a grimace. He flips through it



Vilnius: "They've been sending research teams into Barovia for a while now. The curse is a very fascinating piece of magic."



Marcus Veranius: "...was your master on any previous expedition?"



Marcus Veranius has a hope

Hiere finds that the handwriting is actually impeccable. Everything is in a very standard notation. It should be effortless to learn the spell from it.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere blinks



Vilnius: "My master? I think he went on a few. He knew Mordenkainen, who went on the first one -- never to return, of course, but that's just how it goes sometimes, and he'll probably turn up eventually. Mind-blanked or insane, I wouldn't doubt. He's done that sort of thing in the past."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: "...Mordekainen? I feel like I know that name"



Vilnius: "Everybody does. He wrote the Tome of Foes?"



Marcus Veranius: "I hear he's good with dogs."



Vilnius: "Good with dogs?"



Suldae Westwind: "Oh! He is indeed that Mordekainen!" Suldae is instantly fascinated.



Tops K.: <https://www.dnd-spells.com/spell/mordenkainens-faithful-hound> (<https://www.dnd-spells.com/spell/mordenkainens-faithful-hound>)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I take it he would qualify as an archmage?" Henry asks



Suldae Westwind: (rip, i remembered it as mordekainen)



Vilnius: "He's the best living example of an archmage that we have!"

"Or he would be, if he were still alive."

"But maybe he is!"

"But probably he's not. It's been like... Fifty years?"

"He's accounted as 'Missing in Action for a Really Long Time'"



Marcus Veranius frowns. This isn't where he wanted the question to go, but the idea was likely just as flawed



Henry of Willowsbrook: "The archmage that lead the revolt against Strahd was that fifty some thing years ago?"

"The one the goat told me about"



Marcus Veranius: "THAT WAS THE WIZARD YOUR GOAT WAS TALKING ABOUT!?"



Vilnius: "You guys have a talking goat?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Could be" henry says



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glances at the rest of the party. She kind of wonders what impression they're getting from them.



Marcus Veranius has made a horrible tactical decision. It would have been worth the side-trip after all

Savnok: "Look, I'm sorry to interrupt, but my assistant is starting to drip."

"Can we hurry this process along a little bit?"



Marcus Veranius: "OK, OK. He's right."

Savnok: "I'd like to get out of here before I turn old."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glares at him.



Marcus Veranius: "Hiere, how long till you can get a Sending spell prepared?"



Suldae Westwind:

15

INTIMIDATION (7) Suldae Westwind

Considering her diminutive size and overall cheerful demeanor, it's actually surprisingly intimidating. If still not overly so.

Savnok: Savnok, clearly intimidated, but too proud to back down, puffs himself up slightly and juts out his chin.

"It has been a very long day."



Suldae Westwind: "I just bet."

Savnok: "A very long *series* of days."



Hiere Unthere: "Might need to take a nap before I can internalise it."



Suldae Westwind: "Us too."

Savnok: "You will have to forgive me if I come across as a bit short."

Zrin-Hala: "Can we eat?"

"We have food. Do you have food?"



Suldae Westwind: "You can feel free to go ahead without us if you feel like it," Suldae says, a bit more short than she'd like to be.

Zrin-Hala: "If we will sit a while."



Suldae Westwind: "...We have food."



Marcus Veranius: "How long a nap? We have maybe an hour."

"Assuming they don't have a tour guide and have to find this room the hard way."

Savnok: "A nap? A NAP?"



Suldae Westwind: "You can feel free to go ahead without us," Suldae repeats.

Savnok: "What if one of those... Things! Comes along?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae just stares at him.

Savnok: "What if he-- " He gestures at the lich -- "Remembers that he *is* Tenebrous?"

Suldae Westwind:

25

INTIMIDATION (7)
Suldae Westwind

Savnok: Savnok backs away, hands in the air.

He sits down by his uncle and his assistant.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yes do please says that out loud you fool"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives him a polite smile and turns away.



Marcus Veranius: "OK listen. My **FUCKING WIFE** is in another section of this temple where I can't protect her. **THE ELF'S WIFE** is in danger of being evaporated by an amber box and an elf who can't let the dead sleep."

Shami-Amourae: The barbarians are now sharing food. Shami-Amourae offers Savnok half a loaf of bread. For a moment it seems his pride will not permit him to take it, but he succumbs to the human instinct and snatches the loaf. He eats desperately. He pauses to share some with his uncle and his assistant.



Suldae Westwind: "Half-elf."



Marcus Veranius: "So I would appreciate it if you **LAI D OFF!**"



Marcus Veranius glares

Savnok: Savnok is fuming, but he does not seem willing to test the waters any further.



Suldae Westwind: "Marcus, I appreciate your support, but I would love it if you didn't air our private affairs over the whole damn temple," she snaps somewhat irritably.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere shakes his head meekly. "that is not within my ability" he whispers



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry leans against a wall positioned to have the whole room in his field of view

The eyes of the lich flicker back to crimson life.

Yawning slightly, he stretches in midair.

"Sorry, you said something?"



Marcus Veranius frowns. He's not sure why he feels so helpless about not being able to protect Ezmerelda.



Suldae Westwind: "...I think it's time to continue the tour!"

Suldae says brightly.

She's wound tight as a crossbow string.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Babe, can you hear me?"



Suldae Westwind: Just the time for more tour with a lich!

An excellent distraction!

Ezmerelda's voice comes clearly through the ring.



Marcus Veranius 's eyes light up



Suldae Westwind: (audible to all?)



Marcus Veranius moves to a corner and whispers into the ring

GM: (Audible to all, but quiet)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (for Marcus or for all in earshot?)

GM: (Marcus will quickly discover that he can adjust the volume down to a psychic whisper or up to a speaking volume by twisting the ring on his finger clockwise or anti-clockwise.)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is somewhat twitchy, but cheerful, as she engages the lich in polite conversation again.



Marcus Veranius: "Ez... can the others hear you?"

The lich seems happy to speak with her. She visibly seems to be able to brighten up his dim existence.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "At the moment, yes."

"Do you want to have a private conversation?"

"We're in a good spot for it."

"We found a room. Has some empty boxes."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is glad to be able to bring happiness to someone.



Marcus Veranius: "How clearly can they hear you? I have an important message, but you need to trust me and act swiftly on it."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "It was behind a secret door, behind the statue."

"Sure. Kasimir's looking at something. He's really excited. It makes me nervous."

"They can't hear me, obviously, or I wouldn't be saying that."



Marcus Veranius: "...and the others can hear me?"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Ireena's gotten sort of twitchy since coming in here. Ismark's on edge. Kasimir's giddy when he's not hiding it."

"The others can't hear you either."



Marcus Veranius: "Listen carefully. I need you to step in front of the eastern Sarcophagus then turn the ring's volume up to max. I have trust in you, and in Ric, and in Ismark to do what's needed."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "You got it."

"...Ok, that's maximum volume."



Marcus Veranius: "KILL KASIMIR IMMEDIATELY OR IREENA WILL DIE!!!"



Marcus Veranius frowns. This was the only way.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere blinks



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns at Marcus words eyes drifting to the sword in his hands, Wuxdt, 'What can you cut?'

WXUDT: : *What can you give me?*



Henry of Willowsbrook: 'What do you want?'
'If it is mine to give



Ezmerelda Veranius: *Speak my name before you sleep tonight.*

GM: (NOT from Ezmerelda)
(Jesus sorry)

WXUDT: *Speak my name before you sleep tonight.*



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry walks over to marcus and grabs his ringed hand
'I will if this works'



Kasimir Velikov:

9

WISDOM (1)

17

INTELLIGENCE (4)



Ezmerelda Veranius: "...Marcus, Kasimir just... Destroyed the sarcophagus."

"He's on his knees now."

"Do you still want us to..."



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"Kas... I'm sorry."

"I know I've probably just betrayed your trust, and you can never forgive me for it."



Kasimir Velikov: "I understand. You were confused. So was I."

"It's time to let her... rest."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tries to feel along the connction from Marcus ring to Ezmereldas
conection
connection



Marcus Veranius feels there's words he can say here but can't seem to remember them. Like he should know what this feeling of loss should mean.



Marcus Veranius: "...you can punch me in the face when we get out of this, OK?"
"I deserve it."



Hiere Unthere: "anytime"



Marcus Veranius glares at hiere. That wasn't what he meant but it's too late to take it back



Hiere Unthere: "oh that was to-"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (GM what do i roll to try for dialing into interdimensional tleephone?)



Marcus Veranius: "And we ARE going to get out of this."

"Hold up on your end. We got a bunch on ours that we're going to get out as well."



Hiere Unthere: (can I help Henry with epic magic skillz)



Marcus Veranius: "Then we can all show up to Krezk a bit late for Baron Kreskov's party, offer an apology for leaving too early."

"Sound good?"



Kasimir Velikov: "We are still friends, Marcus. It was a misunderstanding."

"I completely understand."

"But we must be cautious, in this place. There are the seeds of discord and confusion here, and we may all be lost if we do not hold one another accountable."

"Thank you for protecting Ireena. And for snapping me out of it."



Marcus Veranius: "Thank you for being a better man than I."



Kasimir Velikov: "Nonsense."

GM: (Roll Arcana)



Marcus Veranius:

18

ARCANA (0)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook:

17 + 1

ARCANA (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(my roll tops)



Marcus Veranius: (Whoops.Sorry.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (NP)

(So can Henry find the connection? and more importantly the dimensiony stuff thats a betwenn them?)

between

Marcus and Henry both have an eery moment of understanding as the power of the sword gleams out and connects to the wedding ring. There is a shimmer in the air between them, and Henry senses there the fabric of reality itself. It would take a terribly sharp blade to cut through that...



Marcus Veranius: (Oh god, we're going to have no open space with all these NPC's)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So I'm personally sick of not seeing you guys so be carefull for a moment over there" Henry says squaring his stance and raising Wuxdt above his head

Henry swings at reality with only one thought 'Cut'

"Oh, now hang on a minute, you're not seriously going to try -- "

The lich says this much before there is a "pop"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (attack roll?)



Marcus Veranius: We're all students today



Henry of Willowsbrook: (or not)



Marcus Veranius: Even the lich has yet to see such bullshit

Marcus smiles at this

The blade cuts smoothly and effortlessly through the skin of the cosmos. There is a vortex of sucking sound as raw space opens in the tiny chamber. Everything inside the chamber is suddenly sucked towards the hole in everything...

And just as suddenly as it appears, the tear closes, and the air returns to normal.

WXUDT: : Sorry. We tried. Temple bullshit.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Huh guess that didn't work sorry for bithering you"
bothering

WXUDT: Do not forget your debt...



Henry of Willowsbrook: 'Days not over'

"Yes, I thought not. The boundaries and provisions of the Temple are quite impenetrable!"

"That is entirely their purpose."

"Am I to understand that your research fellows are trapped in Temple B?"



Marcus Veranius: "Yes, it seems so."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We wouldn't really have *left* the temple but oh well" Henry says with a shrug

"Not to worry, not to worry. Once they have received their chosen gifts, they will instantly re-emerge upon the mountaintop outside the Temple."

"Just as you will, once you have chosen."

"Now, are we all ready to proceed with the tour?"



Marcus Veranius: "...yeah, let's proceed."

"You must try to avoid ripping the space-time continuum in the next chamber, as its guardian does not take kindly to such things."

"If you will just follow me... Mind your heads, mortals, and squeeze -- like so..."

The lich crumbles apart into hundred tumbling bones that roll and fly through the cracks in the Southeast wall like a cloud of rubble.

You can hear the tinkling sound of him re-forming on the other side.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...I'll go first?" Henry asks



Marcus Veranius: "Let me. I can get out if it's too tight for a person."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "After you then"

The crack is narrow but manageable. At the end of it, you can see a ten-foot-tall statue carved from amber, in the likeness for a hawk-headed humanoid.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere follows Marcus through. "In case you jam it" he explains to Henry.



Marcus Veranius looks around

Piles of treasure are heaped against the west and east walls of this stone room.

The amber guardian stands watchful, but not hostile.



Marcus Veranius: Wow. That is a LOT of wealth standing around

"I assume this is some kind of treasure room then?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry squeezes his way through
squeezes



Marcus Veranius: "Is this a test to weed out those that'd choose money over the coffins?"



Hiere Unthere: Hiere examines the doors(?) at the opposite end

"Oh no," says the lich, quite calmly. "This is the treasury. Where the wizards kept their stores of loot."

"From all the idiotic adventurers who died attempting to reach the temple halls."

"There's a dragon hoard that's even more impressive, just a little ways south."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere scoops in disgust at the mention of adventurers
scoffs

"I know, right? Adventurers. Ha!"

"Always good for cash, though."

"They really do have the best stuff, sometimes."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at the piles, then at Marcus then the piles then the bag then the piles

"Of course, most of it is meaningless to me. Unless I want to make something out of gold. Or if I need a certain expensive component."



Marcus Veranius shrugs

Savnok: "Is it safe?"

Marcus Veranius: "As long as you don't value gold above health."

Savnok: "Gold?"

"You say there's gold?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Unless you are allergic to gold then yes it's save"



Marcus Veranius has fucked up yet again

Savnok: "Alright then, come on -- single file."

"Yes, you lot too."

"Can we all cram in there?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Should work out"



Vilnius: "Golly, there are a lot of us."



GM (GM): Alright, so where did we leave off?

The treasures of the Amber Temple Vaults surround Marcus and Henry, who stand with their many companions in view of the Forgetful Lich. Suldae stands alone in the Amber Vault with her giant spider and the mysterious dire wolf, Seriach. She notes that three amber sarcophagi stand in their alcoves on the eastern, western, and southern walls -- undamaged and whole.

The lich says: "You know, it's been so terribly long, I bet I haven't donated to your university since I went there. I'm sure I probably went there."

"How many universities can their be?"



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae joins the others.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tries to remember all she knows of universities.

"You might as well calculate a suitable donation based upon the amount of time which has lapsed between my last donation and this one, and deduct it from the vault. That's very convenient."



Suldae Westwind: History?

(OOH NICE)

11

HISTORY (8)
Suldae Westwind

(...)

Suldae knows that there are at least three major magical universities in the outside world. Two of them are less than a hundred years old.



Suldae Westwind: (Does Suldae know their names?)

"I'll leave the calculations to you, Marcus," she says, deferring this matter completely.



Tops K. attempts to recall from their reading of the Book of Strahd; how long had Barovia been locked down?



Marcus Veranius does this

The Banished University (once called Frostfall University) is the oldest of the three, and the two later ones are the University of the Spectral Eye and the University of Planomancy, both of which were founded after the war among the gods several centuries ago. They drift the astral sea, built on the bones of fallen deities.



Marcus Veranius: (Oh, the book didnt have any dates)

(Feck)

Marcus Veranius soon determines that the party knows only that many centuries have passed since the curse began. No source so far has been specific enough to provide a reliable timeline.

It is entirely possible that a thousand years or more may have passed.



Marcus Veranius begins the math in his head, then gives up and starts tracing numbers out in the air.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry remembers that the only time he ever heard of an university before this was that the Baron hoped he could oneday send his daughter to one



Suldae Westwind: Meanwhile Suldae wanders over to one of the piles and upon checking for permission with the lich starts paging through the Snow Dwarf book



Marcus Veranius finishes his calculations, and assumed 1000 years times a monthly donation of so-and-so equals yes.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry idly grabs the glass hilted rapier more to do something with his hands then anything else

The pages of the story book seem to be stuck together. Suldae notes that the corner of the book has a large dark stain, and that the pages there seem to be stained with something black and crusted.



Marcus Veranius: "Ser, we shall make sure your name is put on a new library!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae checks the o

ther copies of the book.

She's uncomfortable with theoretically-verifiable lies but hey, that's only very theoretical.



Marcus Veranius: It's not lying if you actually intend to buy a library.

As Suldae reaches for the second book, her hand takes the first one against her will, and picks it up again. The other copies don't seem to be stained, but for whatever reason -- she can't touch them.

"Why, that just tickles me pink. Thank you, Fuddington. Always a pleasure to have a visit from the University."



Suldae Westwind: On second thought, Suldae puts the book down.

And backs away a bit.

The book sighs audibly.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs apologetically.

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Did that book just.. you know what I don't even care anymore" Henry says exasperated

Meanwhile, the rapier in Henry's hand starts to sing in quiet, crystalline tones.

The Lich says: "Anyway, have you determined the amount of my payment? I should warn you, I have a famously shrewd head for numbers, and I don't like to be cheated."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Please tell me I'm not the only one hearing this sword sing"

The sword is audibly singing to everyone in the chamber.



Suldae Westwind: "...No, yeah, I hear it too."

"..."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: "...May I?" Suldae reaches out for the rapier.

Vilnius: "I hear it, too!"

Savnok: "It's obviously audible."



Marcus Veranius: "Err, as I was about to say before I was interrupted by a weapon."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sure" Henry hands the rapier over to suldae



Marcus Veranius: "I assume you'd want your typical 'one gold a day' donation?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes the rapier.

The Lich turns from his placid observation of the conversation to answer Marcus. "Oh, Fuddington, naturally. Naturally!"

"Of course that's the kind of donation I'd set. Very reasonable."

"One gold per day is enough to sustain at least five student wizards, so that sounds about right."



Marcus Veranius: "And it's been assume it's been a while given that we don't have any Vistani couriers able to cross the barrier into Barovia."

"So hard to get good help these days you know."

"Oh goodness, and I suppose I have to factor inflation, too..."



Marcus Veranius: "In your favor actually. The value of gold has inflated now that Electrum has been dropped."

The rapier chimes blissfully as it touches Suldae's hand for the first time.



Marcus Veranius: "No one likes electrum these days."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae examines it as best she can with both her mundae senses and magical as she swings it gently through the air.

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

The rapier is undoubtedly magical and dimly sentient. As she holds it she can feel it listening to the music inside her mind, and the song that it is singing soon begins to follow those notes. (Harmony feature discovered: The blade can maintain concentration on one song, without requiring Suldae's concentration. If Suldae's concentration is broken, the sword's concentration is broken as well.)



Marcus Veranius: "Well the number would come up to roughly 180,000 gold. But I doubt anyone would be able to carry that much. How about I adjust my books to whatever I could reasonably carry, then list you as having donated that amount."

"Why, that sounds satisfactory to me, Fuddington. Excellent work, as usual."

"Right, now who wants to see the dragon horde?"



Suldae Westwind: Horde, or hoard?

"Sorry, hoard. I always mix the two."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods.



Marcus Veranius quickly stacks various objects and items into the Bag of Holding in an efficient manner



Suldae Westwind: She looks for a sheath for the rapier.

She finds a glass sheath nearby.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "After you" Henry says pointing in the direction he thinks the doors are



Suldae Westwind: Suldae fixes it to her belt and slides the rapier inside.

"Very well then," says the Lich, drifting southwards. "Follow me."

"And do mind the gaze of the Guardian."

"It's said to strip the flesh from adventurer's bones."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae focuses her gaze on the back of Marcus's head.

"...I am guessing the way it tells adventurers from non-adventurers is by whether they look at it?"



Marcus Veranius rushes to finish up, then quickly follows along



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Good thing we aren't, you know adventurers" Henry remarks drierly

(...that's an undead beholder...a death tyrant? if I'm not wrong)

(going purely by the icon)

"Anyway, here is the Dragon Hoard," says the Lich, waving his hand in the general direction of the enormous Amber chamber. Pillars rise smoothly to a ceiling that is lost in shadow. Stairs rise on the southern end of the hall. In the center of the chamber, on a massive raised circular platform of intricately carved crystal and stone, there is an absolute mountain of treasure.

The treasure has been lovingly swept aside into aisles and walkways, and each item has been carefully labeled in a fine and delicate hand.

Above the mountain of coins and treasure and north of the mountains of books, there hovers an enormous cyclopean skull, ringed with orbiting violet stars and illuminated from within by a single vast orb of violently-glowing purple crystal, which fills the single eye socket and glows so brilliantly that the cone of its radiance seems to scald the ground.

The Death Tyrant takes absolutely no interest in the arrival of the party, and continues its little movements through the pathways of its treasure mound.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glances over carefully.

It seems to be perusing its collection.



Suldae Westwind: Having made sure looking seems safe, she looks over everything in the room curiously.



Marcus Veranius: "That... doesn't look like a dragon."

"Well, one has to improvise."

"The hoard was collected by a dragon, however."

"So it isn't false advertising to call it a dragon hoard."



Suldae Westwind: "Makes sense!"

"The Guardian has been here for many countless aeons, but he seems to have taken a liking to the mounds of treasure. He's quite the archivist."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Riiiiight" Henry says clicking his tongue



Suldae Westwind: "A dragon hoard missing a dragon is still a dragon hoard in every meaningful sense, and having a guardian is only sensible."

"I was asked to help raise a dracolich just the other day, did you know?"

"Most impertinent fellow."

"Of course, somebody had scattered the bones impossibly, so the whole project was scuttled from the beginning."

"Somebody took the best part of the skull, so I didn't even get a nice floating skull out of it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Truely a tragedy"



Marcus Veranius pauses

"And of course that stupid Hag took my giant's skull. I can remember that vividly."



Marcus Veranius is suddenly very uncomfortable

"So now, alas, I am left with only human skulls. A sad collection."



Suldae Westwind: "Oh damn," Suldae says with as much sympathy as she can muster, which in this case is not very, but she hopes the lich can forgive that, her being obviously not a necromancer and all.

"Thank you for your sympathy."

"Right, let me get him to go move on in his patrol."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry was as nonchalant as a man with 20 pounds of dragon skull strapped to his back could be

"Then you can peruse at your leisure."



Henry of Willowsbrook: *strapped

"Oy! Zhudun, Corpse Star! Patrol Mode!"

The Death Tyrant rises smoothly into the air and proceeds down the eastern hallway, scanning carefully with its cone of deathly radiance.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry walks closer to Marcus "I think you should tell Ezme and the others about...that"



Marcus Veranius: "It's... it's fine. It's not like... I wanted to be done with the whole affair."
"It's not like I wanted to move on. Bury the past and hope for a new beginning."

"Hm?"



Suldae Westwind: "So without the skull intact, you couldn't raise it?" Suldae asks the lich. "Or was it still possible?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "No I mean maybe mention the flesh melting floating skull"

"Oh no, it was impossible."



Suldae Westwind: Academic detachment. Academic detachment. Suldae is good at it.

"With the skull broken, the best parts missing -- no possible way to raise a stable dracolich."



Suldae Westwind: "And an unstable one would I suppose not last long enough to be of any use?"

"Seemed to terribly upset the impertinent fellow who demanded my services."



Marcus Veranius: "...is that so?"



Suldae Westwind: "Well, serves him right for being rude, no?"



Marcus Veranius: "I'm sorry for your loss."

"When he learned he couldn't have his dragon back, he threw such a fit."

The Lich looks at Suldae. "Why, yes it does! It was quite cathartic to watch him, I must say."



Suldae Westwind: Now this, Suldae can sympathize with without reservation.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry carefully walks closer to the piles of treasure glancing about (why did we just get red shifted?)

"Now, I suppose any good tour would pause in this room, to give time for you to peruse the treasure."



Suldae Westwind: "Is it safe?"



Marcus Veranius: (why did everything suddenly go red? o-o)

Henry sees his own reflection on the crystal walls of the hallway.

His reflection has massive black horns. '



Suldae Westwind: brb



Henry of Willowsbrook: (which hallway?)

GM: (Sorry, *hall)

(The chamber you're in)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Gods that looks tacky" Henry says turning his head to inspect the horns a little better



Marcus Veranius looks around, content with the lich's donations. Plenty of good he can do with that alone; no need to piss off the flying skull monster



Marcus Veranius: Didn't hurt to look though

Marcus sees his own reflection moving alongside him in the amber walls of the chamber, and sees his own reflection frantically waving at him for attention.



Marcus Veranius: Huh. Curious.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at the reflections as well.



Marcus Veranius takes out his ledger and an inkpen, then turns to his reflection



Suldae Westwind: Can she see the reflections of her compainons?

Suldae sees her own reflection pounding at the pane of amber as though attempting to break free from a prison of crystal. Her reflected self is silently shouting something.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae attempts to read her lips.

Everyone notes that they cannot see any reflection other than their own.



Marcus Veranius sees if his own reflection uses the tools he took out to write a message

Marcus Veranius's reflection seems to get the idea, and draws out paper and pen as well.

In a frantic hand, he scratches something on the page.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry silently shakes his head at his reflections choice in headwear



Marcus Veranius waits for the message. This seems important

The reflection of Marcus finishes writing and turns the paper towards himself.

Scrawled on the page in a hand that is not Marcus's, there is a phrase: "Come closer."



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae is attempting to read the lips of her reflection)

Suldae's reflection appears to be shouting: "Don't trust anyone, don't trust any of them, It's a trap,

it's all a trap"

"Come here, you'll be safe, come to me Suldae, come to me"



Suldae Westwind: ...okay, the first part of that seemed to be useful advice ot handle the third.

*the second



Marcus Veranius: "I'm good, thanks. You may have my looks but I'm usually a bit better being curt and to the point."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shakes her head apologetically and turns away, looking instead at Marcus and Henry (the non-reflections)

Marcus's reflection pounds an impotent fist against the amber pane.

Suldae's reflection crumbles into open weeping.

Henry's reflection draws the black sword, and carefully takes off his right gauntlet.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tilts his head raising his eyebrow at that

Henry's horned reflection is not wearing a helmet, and his eyes have become stark portals into some other plane. He lays the blade in the palm of his bare hand and grips the edge firmly.

He slides his hand down the blade, cutting deep into his palm, to let the blood pour into the black metal -- which drinks it instantly. Not a drop reaches the floor or lingers on the metal.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae cannot see what the reflections are doing but she sees Henry is looking at his.

So she watches him.

The blade grows enormous in his hand, becoming a two-handed black flamberge with a ten-foot reach.

He smiles at Henry invitingly, saying nothing.

Zantras: "So much treasure!"

Zrin: -Hala (Sylvan) "Astounding."



Suldae Westwind: "...I believe the guardian would be annoyed at anything being touched," Suldae says pointedly.

Very pointedly.

Tarakamedes: "GOLD..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shakes his head pointing at his sheathed sword, which rest on his left side seeing as he is right handed "Try harder"



Suldae Westwind:

21

PERSUASION (10)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae notes Henry's words.

Shami-Amourae: (Sylvan) "This is amazing..."



Suldae Westwind: "...Don't encourage it," she advises.

Savnok: "By the gods..."

Savnok clears his throat.

Savnok turns to the Lich.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry calls aout in Sylvan "Don't touch anything"

Savnok: "Er, listen, I happen to represent a university as well, and you've been late on your payments."

The Lich says: "Is that so?"

"Oh dear."



Suldae Westwind: "...There are quite a few universities out there, although I share one with Marcus," Suldae says.

"Well, don't take from this pile. The Guardian will blast the flesh from your bones if you do."

Savnok: "Hey, listen friends,"



Suldae Westwind: "...We might figure out a sharing arrangement of ours later."

Suldae turns to Savnok and glares at him.

Savnok: "I'm only saying, we may need to discuss percentages later."

"Of course, such fine print details can be worked out later!"



Suldae Westwind: "An excellent idea."

Savnok: "No need to trouble our host with such internal matters."



Vilnius: "Oh man that's a shitload of gold."



Suldae Westwind: "...It is, and we're not touching it."

Sykane leans against the statue, casually lighting a cigar.



Suldae Westwind: "It's a stupidity test."



Marcus Veranius looks around, deep in thought. Richten's wedding gift fresh in mind, he realizes exactly what he meant by the dangers of a heroic career. These things were nice, but they weren't truly important.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Unless you like dying probably painfully then go right ahead ...overthere"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hasn't even checked out the hoard yet.

She's just focused on keeping their... travel companions... in check.

She does not regret taking them a long, but *man* is saving people a lot of work.



Marcus Veranius: "Perhaps if there's something you truly desire, you may offer trade with the museum curator."

"Well, if we're done touring the treasure mound -- I never quite find that I'm 'finished' with that, do you know? We can proceed on the tour."



Marcus Veranius: "He's catalogued these items so meticulously there might not be anything left to discover. New knowledge might be worth the price of a trade."

Savnok: "Knowledge..."

Savnok looks at the Lich.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry elbows Marcus lightly

Savnok: "Say, what would you give to remember your name?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sighs.

She backs away.

The lich, it seems, hasn't heard him, as he is lovingly examining a blast scepter.

"I'm sorry, what was that?"



Suldae Westwind: "...Wouldn't you need to trade with the guardian anyway?"

"What sort of knowledge could the guardian potentially appreciate?"

Topic change!!! Topic change!!!

"Oh, the Guardian takes no trades. He does not understand property as we do."

Everything that he can collect and catalogue is entirely his, as precious as the contents of his own mind."



Marcus Veranius: "Ah, nevermind then."



Suldae Westwind: "...No trades then. I really do think we should move on."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Shall we go on then?"

"He does appreciate new acquisitions, but he rarely bothers to bargain for them."



Marcus Veranius follows Suldae's lead



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glares daggers at Savnok when the lich is looking away.

19

INTIMIDATION (7)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: (you have advantage if you have dragon armor)



Suldae Westwind:

25

INTIMIDATION (7)
Suldae Westwind

(I do)

(Imao)

(a behind the scenes just-curious question: how high is this guy's int)

"After all, if you were the kind of collector whose mere gaze could blast the flesh off the bones of a person from a hundred and fifty feet away just by staring at them, you'd probably find bargaining inconvenient too. Difficult to look someone in the eye when you can't do so without melting their face off."



Suldae Westwind: (and/or wis lmao)

"Well, one CAN talk while lookign away, but I do see how he would not have any incentives for that."

"Right, anyway. Shall we proceed?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives yet another pointed look to the people she'd noticed speak up particularly greedily.

Savnok seems suitably cowed by Suldae's intimidation.

Savnok: "I was only trying to help..."



Suldae Westwind: This is like herding excitable toddlers.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere stops his careful examination of a nearby wall



Suldae Westwind: "...We are riding a tiger. Do not try to get too clever," Suldae mumbles into his ear as she passes by, trying to get across her genuine worry this time.

Hiere sees all the reflections, including his own. He sees both his own true reflection and the strange, distorted reflection of the amber mirror, which does not copy his movements exactly.



Suldae Westwind:

28

PERSUASION (10)
Suldae Westwind

Hiere sees Suldae's reflection having a breakdown, Henry's flexing with a massive black sword and a huge pair of horns, and Marcus's pounding the wall from the inside as though desperate to escape.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Onwards Sir Guide" Henry says



Hiere Unthere: "Is the lighting in here weird or has Henry grown thicker?"

"Right, here we go. Westward this time, and when Zhudun circles back I'll have him go dormant for a while so we can take the eastern hall.

The lich proceeds to the west.



Suldae Westwind: "...It's the lighting," Suldae tells him.

Lower West Hall: Glistening amber coats the walls and ceiling of this enormous hall like sculpted honey, and dust covers the black marble floor. The vaulted ceiling is twenty-five feet high. Set into the walls at a height of five feet are amber ledges lined with life-sized alabaster statues of cats, frogs, hawks, owls, rats, ravens, snakes, toads, and weasels. Many of the statues have fallen off their perches and lie shattered on the floor. An amber door in the north wall stands open. Four other amber doors to the west and south stand closed.

The northern door is cracked open as though someone forgot to close it after breaking in.

The lock seems to be shattered.

Tenebrous: "Right, this is the lower west hall."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has the giant spider follow at a distance, now. She feels like she might need the kind of quick movement to *stop someone from doing something idiotic* that being on spiderback could interfere with.



Marcus Veranius slows his pace, disappearing behind the other tour guests. He has a plan



Suldae Westwind: (should we be worried about the switch in the name?)
(OOC?)

"There are some great sarcophagi at the northwest and north doors."



Marcus Veranius:

13

STEALTH (10)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: (FUCKING RIP)



Marcus Veranius: (lucky reroll)

GM: (You encountered his name previously, I'm pretty sure -- it was written on a book in his study)



Marcus Veranius:

30

STEALTH (10)
Marcus Veranius



Hiere Unthere: (gg)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah and the guy p much said its his name)
(im just... wary about name change in narration lmao)

GM: (He still hasn't figured out it's him)
(Sorry)

Marcus vanishes into the shadows of the temple effortlessly.



Suldae Westwind: (well it's not like we would know either way in-character lmao)

The Lich does not even notice his absence, with so many other tourists at hand.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is too busy herding the new acquaintances to pay attention to Marcus - his judgement she trusts, unlike all of theirs.

"Oh, blast! Damnation! Would you look at this? Accursed adventurers -- always smashing things! They've broken the locks on the northern chamber door."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (funny thing is even if I rolled a 20 I would not be able to tell where Marcus ran off too)



Marcus Veranius looks around for the Death Tyrant, hoping to confirm its dormancy

The Death Tyrant is not yet dormant, but it is preoccupied with the eastern hallway. The Lich will cause it to become dormant before the party proceeds to the eastern hallway.



Marcus Veranius: (Shit, marcus will delay his plan)

(I'm bad at reading)

Marcus sees a dark figure standing just behind himself in his reflection.

The dark figure has a sword upraised, ready to fall.

26

Marcus's reflection is cleaved from collarbone to heart, chopped into from behind by the shadowy figure. Marcus feels a cold touch of something like metal at his neck, but he is immune to the kind of damage it would inflict.



Suldae Westwind: (The other people have proceeded already, right?)



Marcus Veranius scurries back to the main group



Suldae Westwind: (also fucking lmao that immunity)

(rare that we actually find something that it would help with)

The Lich is becoming angrier and angrier. He is fuming over the broken door. He seems to be getting lost in a spiral of rage.]



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes up and casts Mending.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So Sarcophagi?"

It takes a few moments of concentrated power, but she is able to mend the broken portion of the lock and the frame.



Suldae Westwind: (casting time: a minute)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Great Big Sarcophagi"

The Lich turns, snapped out of his reverie of rage by Henry's question.

"Yes, yes. There are Sarcophagi through this door and through the north one."

"Not the most popular, ones, but still worth looking into."

"Oh. I was so upset, just now. What was I upset about?"

He looks around, as though searching for the cause of his emotion.



Suldae Westwind: "Adventurers," Suldae says.

Suldae's body is currently blocking the door from his view, so he cannot see her still working on the lock.

It seems out of sight is out of mind, for the Lich.

Suldae Westwind: (Then Suldae doesn't say anything)

(She's playing)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Damnably adventures" Henry says in a deadpan



Hiere Unthere: Hiere curses. "Where??"

"Double damn damnably," says the Lich.



Marcus Veranius remains hidden between the various tour group members

"Now, I expect you'll want to know a little about the Sarcophagi. Let me introduce you to the ones in the northern chamber."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So these Sarcophagi, what do they do"

"Well, the ones through the northern door are known for their powers over ice and secrets."



Hiere Unthere: "They also hold dead people." Hiere reads out from his notes.

"Oh no, my boy. You're thinking of the ordinary sort of mundane sarcophagus. These are Amber Sarcophagi, designed to contain and conceal the ancient fragments of forgotten evil gods."

"They can provide valuable conduits to the powers beyond."

"Excuse me, young woman, but we need to go through that way."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So ice and Secrets? Anything more you can tell s"



Hiere Unthere: Hiere's eyes sparkle as he processes this information, scribbling furiously.



Henry of Willowsbrook: us



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is no longer blocking the door.

"Here we are."

"Oh. Hello there. You're not adventurers."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks in past him.

As... as best she can.

This room has amber-glazed walls and a floor of purplish-black marble. Two amber sarcophagi stand in alcoves to the west and east. A third sarcophagus that once stood in the north alcove lies shattered on the floor. Clustered in the middle of the room are four loathsome, hunched creatures. Each one has a single large, baleful eye.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae wisely stands back and lets the lich handle this, first.

Vaund: "Please don't kill us!"



Suldae Westwind: ...alternatively, maybe not?

But there isn't a fight yet.

The speaker seems to be the nearest of the strange creatures. She is purple-skinned and wears an amber amulet and an emerald ring, and an air of mysterious insanity.

The Lich says, "Oh, I suppose I don't need to. You live here, do you?"

Vaund: "We do."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere gives them a little wave



Marcus Veranius recognises those eyes



Marcus Veranius: One of them was on display at the other 'museum' they went to in the Death House
But without the rest of the body

Norganas: "Hi," says the green-skinned one beside the purple-skinned one. The green-skinned one is wearing a winged silver helm crusted with diamonds and fire opals.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives a small wave, probably not very visible from behind the lich's back if he's blocking the door, because she's short.

Yog: A blu-skinned one behind the both of them wears a pearly white loun stone in orbit around his head.

The blue one waves back at Suldae.



Suldae Westwind: Does Suldae have any idea what these are?



Hiere Unthere: (same for hiere)

GM: (They can both roll History or Arcana),

Taar Haak: The last of the four creatures is a five-headed, purple-skinned beast with a pale-blue loun stone orbiting his central head.

"What are you doing here? How dare you invade the sanctity of our home?"

"Oh, you bring... People? Outsiders? Knowledge?"



Suldae Westwind:

29

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae realizes that these are Nothics -- Wizards who have been cursed by the gods for falling into secrets not meant for mortal minds.



Hiere Unthere:

17

ARCANA (9)



Suldae Westwind: (Any details on the curse?)

They have been twisted into insane monsters by their curse, and by the knowledge which has corrupted them.



Suldae Westwind: (what exactly does "insane" mean in this case)

(Cursed Arcanists. Rather than gaining the godlike supremacy they crave, some wizards who devote their lives to unearthing arcane secrets are reduced to creeping, tormented monsters by a dark curse left behind by Vecna, a powerful lich who, in some worlds, has transcended his undead existence to become a god of secrets. Nothics retain no awareness of their former selves, skulking amid the shadows and haunting places rich in magical knowledge, drawn by memories and impulses they can't quite understand.



GM (GM):

Dark Oracles. Nothics possess a strange magical insight that allows them to extract knowledge from other creatures. This grants them unique understanding of secret and forbidden lore, which they share for a price. A nothic covets magic items, greedily accepting such gifts from creatures that seek out its knowledge.

Lurkers in Magical Places. Nothics are notorious for infiltrating arcane academies and other places rich in magical learning. They are driven by the vague knowledge that there exists a method to reverse their condition. This isn't a clear sense of purpose, but rather an obsessive tug at the end of the mind. Some nothics are clever enough to realize that this is merely part of the strange lesson for their folly, a false hope to drive them to seek out more arcane secrets.)

GM: (Just the generic level of knowledge available)

(Individual Nothic curses may vary, and may not all have been inflicted by Vecna)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)



GM (GM): (Hiere realizes this information as well)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stands back and lets the lich handle this, for the moment.

He doesn't seem like the escalation type, so far, which is nice.

"We were just in the middle of our tour," says the Lich.

"Would you care to join us?"

Norganas: "Honored, honored."

Vaund: "A pleasure."

Yog: "Gladly!"



Suldae Westwind: ...Well this could be trouble, but it also might go fine.

Taar Haak: "NO. I DON'T WANT TO."

"Very well then," says the Lich, placidly.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae knows one thing: no matter how this goes, she will have one hell of a story to tell when she's on the Material Plane again.

Not that she wouldn't already, with the whole Strahd thing, but just the temple visit is perfectly worthy on its own.

"Anyway. The Sarcophagi in this chamber are, in the West corner: Delban, Star of Ice and Hate; in the North corner: the god of Escape -- Oh, it looks as though he's escaped. In the East corner: the Sarcophagi of Khirad, the Star of Secrets."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ice and Hate seems like an odd combination" Henry muses

"It is a bit silly, isn't it?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae very nearly keeps a straight face at the mention of the escaped one. Very nearly.

"He created the original form of the Cone of Cold spell."



Suldae Westwind: "Not really," Suldae speaks up.

"Ice and hate go well together."

"Immediate explosive hate is more fire, but prolonged, festering hate? Ice fits ewll."

...she has been in a scholarly mood.

Impulses to lecture happen.

*well, not ewll lol

"...Yes, precisely."



Hiere Unthere: Hiere mutters something about a fellow called Jack Frost

"Anyway, we should proceed to the other chamber, which has more options -- before any of you choose, I mean. I can see that some of you are drooling at the chance to do so."

"Here we are..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae would ask what any of these actually do - the secrets one actually sounds interesting - but catches herself.

"This is known as the Vault of Harkotha, I think."

The new chamber has amber-glazed walls, a black marble floor with red veins, and three amber sarcophagi standing in alcoves."



Suldae Westwind: "None of these escaped, I see," Suldae says as seriously as she's able.

Hiere sees an enormous humanoid frog standing in the middle of the chamber with a great sword in one hand, staring out the doorway with a pair of bulging, idiotic, hateful, toady eyes.

Nobody else sees this apparition.

"Right," says the Lich. "Now, in order from northernmost to southernmost: Yrrga, the Eye of Shadows, Taar Haak, the Five-Headed Destroyer, and Yog the Invincible."



Suldae Westwind: "The Invincible?" Suldae asks skeptically.



Hiere Unthere: Hiere tugs on Henry's arm armour. "Is the froghemoth an acquaintance of ours?"

"Yrrga's power is said to be the gift of true seeing -- a skill I never mastered, alas. Taar Haak is said to provide the strength of a fire giant. The gift of Yog is said to be an incredible increase in physical health."



Suldae Westwind: Somewhere between "Invincible" and "Remains sealed in a sacrophagus" there seems to be a disconnect.



Marcus Veranius blank stares, looking between the coffins and the eyeball monsters

Henry of Willowsbrook: "I don't see anything froggy"



Marcus Veranius wants to say something but doesn't want undue attention before his plan initiates



Hiere Unthere: "ah. just me then"

"Right, anyway. Now there are some storage chambers here and here," says the Lich, as he moves south along the hall. He touches the next door on the west wall. "This is this guy's room, what's his name. Friendly guy. Hello there. How are you doing today? ... Mhmm ... Fascinating ... Oh, we won't bother you, don't worry. Just doing a tour."

"Well, I'll give you some privacy. Let me know if you need anything."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glances at Hiere but he's been surprisingly dependable in the temple so far, so she feels safe leaving him to figure out frogparitions on his own for the moment.

"And this room's empty, of course."



Marcus Veranius taps Suldae on the shoulder, pointing between the left coffin vault and the nottic room



Suldae Westwind: Suldae turns to where he's pointing.

"Now, let's do the southern chamber."



Suldae Westwind: (Did the nottics come?)

Three of the Nothics come along, padding quietly on the dusty marble floors.



Marcus Veranius passes Suldae a slip of paper and continues skulking about



Suldae Westwind: Suldae reads the note.



Marcus Veranius: [SAME NAMES]



Suldae Westwind: (Did they actually introduce themselves?)
(in-character?)

"And here we have the Vault of Thangob. We have in this chamber Norganas, the Finger of Oblivion, Vaunt the Evasive, and Seriach the Hell-Hound."



Marcus Veranius: (shit they didnt. Fakking roll20)

"Pardon me, Vaund the evasive."*

Vaund: "What did you say that last one was?"

"My name is Vaund!"

Norganas: "And I'm Norganas!"

Yog: "Oh, and I'm Yog! That name came up earlier too!"

"And didn't somebody say Taar-Haak? He's our buddy!"

"You know, the five-headed guy."

Suldae Westwind: "...Nice to know you," Suldae says, somewhat unnerved.

She's suddenly really glad they're not fighting their way through here.

Also really glad they're here at all, because this is the kind of thing bards of Corellon *live for*.

She absolutely doesn't say her own name unprompted, because while this might not be one of the situations where that is ill-advised, it also might be, and what's the point of taking risks?

The Lich says "Vaund was said to protect her worshippers from detection and from physical harm. Seriach's worshippers were said to be able to summon enormous hell hounds. Norganas's worshippers are said to be able to suck the life out of somebody from a hundred feet away or more! Fascinating powers."

"Well, you've now seen about half of the Sarcophagi. Have you seen one you were interested in, or should I show you some more?"

Vaund: "I will take gift of Vaund."

The purple-skinned Nothic scuttles into the southern chamber and kneels before a Sarcophagus.

She touches her hand to it and says loudly: "MMM Oh Yes that is good, I am powerful now, I am free to do what dreams I have!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae watches carefully from afar.

Vaund: "My power grows so much! Nobody can hit me now!"

"What amazing gift, all should try! All should try!"



Suldae Westwind: ...this sounds like market traders hawking their wares.

Yog: "Ooh, I take gift of Yog, then!"



Suldae Westwind: "It would be quite unwise to commit without being familiar with all the options, wouldn't it?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry watches impassionatly

Yog: "Yog has my name, and Invincible sounds nice!"



Marcus Veranius is rather upset. These sales pitches are both snake oil quality and very likely 100% true.



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae does not interrupt yog to say this)

(if he was talking she's just watching so far)

The blue-skinned Nothic scurries to the Sarcophagus of Yog. He touches the sarcophagus and says "Oh yes my power is amazing now I am invincible! Don't you all want invincible?"

Yog: "Isn't it great gift?"

Norganas: "No! Norganas is best!"

The green-skinned Nothic performs similarly to the previous two.

Norganas: "Oh, I can kill anyone now! Anyone at all!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well I'd first like to hear what else there is on offer"

Norganas: "My power is incredible!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gets a strange urge to say "Don't worry, girls, you're all pretty!"
But doesn't.

Norganas: "Come on, join me! Become one with Norganas! Norganas gives power!"
"Look, see? Behold!"



Suldae Westwind: "We believe you!" Suldae says quickly.
"No need to demonstrate!"

Norganas: "Oh, but you must see the power, to believe it!"

The green-skinned Nothic points a long finger at Vilnius.

Norganas: "Look, you see! I show you!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gently points her hand away.
"Please don't."
"We really do believe you."

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PERSUASION (10)
Suldae Westwind

"Oh, then you are wanting to take the power also?"

Norganas: "You are wanting the power of Norganas?"



Suldae Westwind: "We're not done with the tour yet," Suldae says apologetically.

Norganas: "You break Norganas's heart!"



Suldae Westwind: "If Norganas' power is truly the best, surely it would be no trouble for us to learn of all the options first."

Norganas: "All she wants is to love!"
"Come, come, she will teach you how to love a man to death with a point of your finger!"

The Lich clears his throat ominously.

"There is still much to be seen."



Suldae Westwind: "You wouldn't want to upset our tour guide, would you?" Suldae asks with a tragic note in her voice, carefully making sure to not overblow it.

The Nothic cowers slightly.



Suldae Westwind: If the creature is stupid, it will buy it. If the creature is smart, it will see your point.

Norganas: "Ok, ok. But you promise to come back now."

"Right, let's proceed. I shall make the Guardian fall dormant for a while."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hurries along to the lich.

The Lich spreads his hands. Nothing visibly happens.



Suldae Westwind: She does not answer Norganas and appears to not have noticed her words at all.

"Now, the Guardian is dormant for one hour."

"Sadly, I can't control it with more precision, since I seem to have misplaced the control sphere."

"But one hour should, I think, be sufficient -- even for my ramblings."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follows the lich keeping an eye on the newly 'gifted' participants of the tour

"Now, come with me, and I will show you the eastern hall."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows along.

The Nothics hop to the edge of the Western hall but do not dare to enter the main chamber.



Suldae Westwind: (didn't one of the nothics not want to come?)

They remain lurking in the western hall, gazing around the corner at the receding party -- even the one that claimed it didn't want to come.



Vilnius: "This is getting weird," says Vilnius.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You say that like it did start at damn wierd"
weird



Marcus Veranius looks curiously at Vilnius, but shakes his head. Now was plan time



Marcus Veranius waits for the tour to continue past the main chamber before retrieving what he needs

The Lich says "Alright, and this is the Lower East Hall."

The walls and ceiling of this great hall are coated in amber that glistens like fresh honey. Dust covers the black marble floor. To the north, the hall has collapsed, leaving a wall of rubble.

Many amber doors lead from this hall. Standing in front of the south door are three ugly women in tattered black gowns with brooms and black, pointed hats.



Fekre: "Who are you?"



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae has nothing to add to Henry's words, really.

The four witches at the end of the hallway look up, startled at the arrival of the lich.

"Oh, it's you," says the one on the right.



Marcus Veranius taps Suldae and Henry on the shoulder as they pass



Marcus Veranius tugs slightly away from the tour group



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follows the tug



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae decides to take a chance that everything won't explode for a minute and does so as well.



Suldae Westwind:

8

STEALTH (4)
Suldae Westwind

(wow. just, wow)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (do we have to stealth to fall back?)

stealth



Suldae Westwind: (I assume other people will notice even if the lich doesn't, oetherwise)



Marcus Veranius: "Oh bother, my stuff is getting caught trying to squeeze past your friend here."

The first witch is translucent-skinned, cold, black-eyed, diseased looking. She reeks of filth. The second witch has black orbs for eyes, snow-white skin and hair, black robes, and a tall peaked hat. She clutches a white staff. The third has white orbs for eyes, ink-black skin and hair, black robes, and a tall peaked hat. She clutches a crystal orb that seems to contain a violet star. The last witch has starry voids for eyes, ash-grey skin and hair, black robes, and a tall peaked hat. She seems to be unarmed.



Marcus Veranius drops a bag, attempting to squeeze past Mr Skull to no avail

GM: If you want to fall back without being noticed, you have to roll stealth, yes



Marcus Veranius: "Mr Tour Guide, could you give me some assistance in pushing this thing?"

"Oh? My apologies."



Marcus Veranius: "I think if we both push from this corner here..."



Suldae Westwind: (can we reroll stealth with the distraction?)

The Lich waves a casual hand and a thousand pounds of sleeping bone lifts effortlessly into the air and glides to a new position.

GM: (yes)



Suldae Westwind:

23

STEALTH (4)
Suldae Westwind

(thank you rng god)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

1 + 1 12 + 1

STEALTH (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(heavy armor)



Suldae Westwind: (oh my god)

GM: (O o o o o o of)

Tenebrous: (Ooof)



Suldae Westwind: (Imao)



Marcus Veranius smiles, dragging the bag along

"Goodness me, are you alright? That was quite the fall. Sounded like a cart full of metal flatware falling down a ravine into a dry riverbed, then tumbling to the sea for several miles."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry loudly trips collapsing on the ground in a cacophony



Marcus Veranius: "I think I'm alright. Was this scratch on the wall here before?"



Marcus Veranius points to the corner



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It hurt my pride more than my body"

"Scratch on the wall?"

"Oh you mean, the..." He gestures vaguely at the Northern end of the hall.



Marcus Veranius: "You probably know the scratches better than I. Could you take a look?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (okay what exactly are we doing right now?)

"A new scratch, you mean?"

"Let me see..."



Suldae Westwind: (more distraction i think)

(try again)

The Lich floats close to Marcus.



Marcus Veranius points towards the blue arrow

The Lich moves and closely examines the wall in the area Marcus is pointing at.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae uses the ruckus to flit away with an elf's soundless grace.



Marcus Veranius tosses a portable hole into the bag of holding



Suldae Westwind: Well, half-elf's, in her case, but she is unwilling to get caught up in details.
(Wait, you had a portable hole?)

There is an ominous gurgle.

It is the sound of a universe realizing that something is horribly wrong.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (it was in the hoard)

It seems, somehow, it has swallowed itself.



Suldae Westwind: (oh, you took it, gotcha)

Oh well. Nothing to do but commit, now.



Marcus Veranius: (The death tyrant should also be caught in the radius)



Suldae Westwind: (what about. uh. our companions)
(i see a problem)

Quite suddenly, a woman in red appears before Hiere.

She says: "HOLD IT."

"Are we SURE you want to commit to this course of action?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (where exactly is Hiere btw?)

Hiere is, of course, the only person who can see her.



Marcus Veranius is grinning smugly. He's sure what he's doing



Hiere Unthere: Hiere nods. It was all or nothing

Shami-Amourae: (Sylvan): "WHAAT!?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has no idea what's going on.

Zantras: "NO!"

Sykane: "AAAARGH!"



Suldae Westwind: At the sound of the screams Suldae glances out of her hiding place.

Savnok: "Oh, OH! AHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

Tenebrous: "Oh, how annoying."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry picks himself of the ground as reality starts to break thinking 'Well It was getting a bit to calm I guess'



Marcus Veranius: "Right then! Let's put an end to the charade. You're all icons of these Dark Powers aren't you? Same names on the coffins."

There is a singular moment in which the darkness floods out all the light in the chamber. You see a vast hole in reality, tumbling into a sea of whirling pools of color and distant auroras of thought and dream. The Astral Sea stretches before you, infinite and free -- free of Barovia, free of the Amber Temple, free of the Material Plane. In the distance you see something that resembles a massive island of shell and bone drifting through the gloom in the conscious and intelligent fashion of a

hunter.

As Tenebrous falls into the darkness and Zhudun tumbles in with him, he catches hold of the skull and slips himself into an eye socket.

Sykane, Zantras, Shami-Amourae, and Savnok all twist and churn into hideous monstrosities that defy all logic and sanity with the putridity of their form.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae wants to wish him safe travels - she's somehow grown fond of the abomination - but prefers to keep herself hidden as she'd managed to so far.

Aaaand that's something she should have noticed as well, but didn't.

What Marcus pointed out, that is.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Huh Hey you're right well not like I trusted them to begin with" Henry says stretching as he stands



Suldae Westwind: She really likes being behind Henry right now.

The black hole into the Astral sea lingers for a long time as it slowly begins to shrink. Silence soon falls again as the sucking wind dissipates. Before the portal closes you can see the strange entities all flying off to their freedom.

The portal seals itself with a sonorous clap of thunder.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (....Did we just unleash a couple of capital E Evil gods?)



Vilnius: Vilnius scrambles towards the spot in the room where the portal was, and falls to his knees where the dust was disturbed by the winds.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is inviiisible



Marcus Veranius: (They're probably sealed inside their coffins still)



Suldae Westwind: Sort of



Marcus Veranius: (We just took out whatever those things were)



Suldae Westwind: Being tiny and having large armored friends is really convenient



Marcus Veranius draws his crossbow.



Marcus Veranius: "Right then. So this is how we're going on from here."

"I want an explanation."

"Why all these disguises and illusions? Why the elaborate setup?"

Vilnius, quite suddenly, lunges away on all fours, galloping like a dog, his head twisting horrifically around to scream, jaw unhinged, as he retreats up the wall and onto the ceiling.



Suldae Westwind: (Hiere's location concerns me)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere steps closer to the walking gatling gun

Zrin-Hala: Zrin Hala punches his fist into his palm and grunts like a whirlwind. **"You could have simply... Chosen..."**

He seems to loom taller, darkness clouds around him. Flashes of light flicker from his eyes. Thunder

booms through the halls.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Come now where's the fun in that" Henry says with a contemptuous smirk



Marcus Veranius: "We did choose. You're not the first to sell us on this deal."

"A house once asked us to pay it tribute. It demanded we end one of our own to escape its confines."

"We chose to burn it down."



Suldae Westwind: Oh, yeah. That happened.



Marcus Veranius: "So now I offer **YOU** the chance to make a Dark Pact of your own."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae mostly remembers that event as an unending string of nightmares, but that's cool too.

Dalhver-Nar smiles, drooling like a fountain. He seems to have far, far too many teeth.

He grows, stretching through his skin like damp tissue paper.

He opens his mouth suddenly, unhinging his jaw completely until the top of his head swings back completely and he suddenly swells into a horrendous fleshy worm, opening a tooth-ringed gullet that could swallow a man whole.



Drizlash: "You see,"

"We would have worked with you."

"Most of us just want to get out."

"But we can't have you freeing only *some* of us."

"You're supposed to *choose*."

Drizlash, while speaking, balloons horribly, unfolding eight massive hairy pillar-like legs as he rises toward the ceiling.



Marcus Veranius isn't afraid



Drizlash: "Do you really think you're in control of the situation, my boy?"



Suldae Westwind is

At the south end of the hall, the Witches are throwing off their disguises as well.



Suldae Westwind: (but quietly)

(also, it's half overshadowed by nerdy awe)

(she never expected to see something like this even if it's likely to kill her)



Marcus Veranius: "I believe we are in absolute control of the situation. You may be used to dealing with adventurers, soldiers, warriors, knights."

"You've never dealt with a Shoemaker before."




Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry laughs "And you think you are?"





Fekre: "You will rot here."

Yrrga: "You will be forgotten here."

 **Khiraad:** "You will be consumed here."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Shoemakers die, they rot, they're never remembered."


 **Delban:** "Everything must freeeeeeeeze!"

 **Khiraad:** "Come on, Delban. We have spoken about this!"
"It does not work with the cadence of the reveal!"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "That might scare a hero but I am no hero."

 **Delban:** "Freeeeze"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "..."


 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae is still hiding but she's getting stronger and stronger urges to join the banter.

 *Marcus Veranius puts a hand to his face, considering 'freeze'*


Suldae hears a powerful singing, a holy light in the darkness.


It seems to be... angelic.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "So what you're gonna kill us? lock us in here?" Henry asks shrugging "Not like that get's you even an inch closer to getting out of here"


 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae is cautious enough, but she turns her head, attempting to pinpoint the source of hte sound.

Zrin-Hala swells, crackling with lightning, bristling with thunder.

 **Hiere Unthere:** Hiere cracks his knuckles. "god. damn. adventurers."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Well, it matters very little what we do. Perhaps you haven't noticed the change of scenery. Hard to spot in this dark place."

Zrin-Hala booms: "We cannot leave without a host."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "What a shame for you," Suldae asks out loud, backing away. Something tells her she cannot remain hidden there anyway.


Zrin-Hala: "You will each carry one of us out of this damnation."

"You will do this, because you are mortal, and mortals fear death."

"And we will kill you, if you do not obey!"

"Choose a Sarcophagus!"

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Did they teach you that in the mortal studies class?" Suldae asks.
(what is the source of the sound?)

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry steps close and lowers his arms baring his neck "Do I look afraid of death to you"

GM: (Who has the halo?)

Marcus Veranius: (Suldae?)

"Perhaps you do not realize your current straits."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gets the urge to drag him back by the scruff of his neck like a kitten, because there's being brave and then there's *that*, but she knows she cannot move him.

(The rapier?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (the abbots halo)



Suldae Westwind: (Oh)



Marcus Veranius: "The land this temple sits on has been claimed by a new light. It acts on our command."



Suldae Westwind: (...I don't remember)



Marcus Veranius: "If we do not leave this place, it shall **NEVER** allow anyone else in after us."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Suldae pickled it up
picked



Khirad: Quite suddenly, the swirling darkness of Khirad is before Marcus.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (not pickeld)



Suldae Westwind: (and didnt write it down, apparently? rip)



Khirad: "Is that so?"



Marcus Veranius: "Poison the pond. I dare you. You will not eat again."



Suldae Westwind: (please pause the events)

(im going to check)

(ooc that is)



Marcus Veranius: "I am but a shoemaker, and to die putting a Dark God in checkmate is more than I'm worth."

"Stand."

"Down."

23 7

INTIMIDATION (5)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Suldae and Ireena where looking at it after Raven Mama when omnomnom)

There is silence, for a while, after Marcus's moment.

A dark giggle begins, somewhere in the room. It is impossible to tell who started it.

Soon all the dark gods are cackling with laughter.

Khirad muses: "He has not realized. He has not made the connection. He does not know what is at stake."

Yrrga makes a noise like the creaking of an ancient forest. "He has not realized what is on the table."



Delban: "Freeeeeeeeze them all."



Suldae Westwind: (ok so the last thing that happend was Ireena took it to examine it and then nothing)



Drizlash: "Surely you didn't think we'd allow you to walk so close to our most delicate parts without protection?"



Suldae Westwind: (it wasnt brought up again and she never commented on it)



Drizlash: "Tell me: where is your wife, Marcus?"



Suldae Westwind: (but yeah I'm going to guess Suldae has it)



Drizlash: "Do *you* know?"

"You are going to leave this temple. With one of us -- or as many of us as can fit -- inside each one of you."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae reaches into her bag and takes out the object she'd picked up earlier this night.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (technically last night)



Suldae Westwind: (this night)



Marcus Veranius holds his expression



Suldae Westwind: (sunset: wedding at the Raven Queen's. Sunrise hasn't happened yet)



Marcus Veranius: "I fear her more than I fear you. And you ought to do the same."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (we went to the ambertemple in the morning after spending the nigh with the raven queen)

The Halo sings. It rings with a pure, crystalline tone, like the ringing of a great steel bell.

The sound is so loud she can feel it in her bones.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae lifts it up with one hand, the other on her holy symbol as she mutters a song-prayer.

18

RELIGION (13)
Suldae Westwind

She has heard of Spiritual Weapons, before -- but she has never held a tangible and permanent one. Until now.



Suldae Westwind: (...what has she heard about them)

The Hoop seems to want to be thrown.

Marcus feels a tap on his shoulder.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae complies.



Marcus Veranius turns around



Henry of Willowsbrook: (who was cloudy-boi again?)



Suldae Westwind: (what do I roll, if anything?)

GM: (Cloudy boy is Zrin-Hala)

(You would roll a +2 attack with your proficiency modifier)

Marcus sees nothing behind himself.

Marcus smells Ezmeralda's perfume.



Marcus Veranius pauses for a moment to consider, and is more sure of himself



Marcus Veranius: They have no leverage.



Suldae Westwind: (Dex modifier or none?)

GM: (Charisma modifier)



Suldae Westwind: (so +2, Cha and Proficiency?)

GM: (Yep)



Suldae Westwind:

29

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

(well then)

GM: (Who is she throwing it at?)



Suldae Westwind: (the one next to Henry)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stares into Zrin-Hala's eyes "...are you gonna do something or are you going to keep posturing till we die of old fucking age?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae loves him, she really does, but she really doesn't mind the perspective of dying of old age, right now.

She doesn't say that out loud, though.



Marcus Veranius: "They can't do anything. You're all sealed in amber. No influence outside those that bleed you dry for powe."

*power

Suldae Westwind: Suldae wishes she had his confidence, but he's been right so *far*.

(She has thrown the halo)

(what's going on)

(with that)

The Halo zooms from her hand with the lightest touch of her will, sentient and intent on pursuing her purpose. It uses 25 feet of its total movement speed (120) and hits Zrin-Hala, dealing 17 thunder damage. Zrin-Hala is immune to this form of damage, but the blade still has movement speed yet and it has just struck an enemy, so it can proceed to attack another. Would you care to select a target? It cannot hit the same target twice in a row. If it misses a target, its throw is over, but it can still use the remainder of its movement.



Suldae Westwind: (the one next closest to Suldae)

Zrin-Hala: "Hahaha. You puny mortals. So full of arrogance and impatience."

roll the attack again



Suldae Westwind:

22

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

The gong-like tone of the Halo striking the second target rings through the chamber. It deals 19 Thunder damage to Drizlash, and can continue on to another target.



Suldae Westwind:

15

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

(next closest, again)

The hoop narrowly hits the next target, dealing 21 Thunder damage to Dahlver-Nar. It can proceed to another target.



Suldae Westwind:

24

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

Dahlver-Nar is resistant to Thunder damage. He takes 10 points of damage.



Suldae Westwind: (next closest again)

The Halo strikes Dahlver-Nar, dealing 17 points of Thunder damage.



Suldae Westwind: (unless im wrong the trajectory is like that)

(Dahlver-Nar? are there two of them?)

GM: (Sorry, Khirad)

Suldae Westwind: (I would so greatly appreciate labels on tokens)

(can it still continue)

(these guys are clustered, no way it's been 120 ft yet lmao)

GM: (What was the most recent target?)



Suldae Westwind: (Khirad)

(I drew the trajectory so far)

GM: (Gotcha.)

The hoop has movement still, and it has just had a hit, so it can proceed to another target.



Suldae Westwind:

31

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

GM: (A hit for **18** points of Thunder damage.)



Suldae Westwind: (proceed?)

GM: (Yep)



Suldae Westwind:

17

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

GM: (Suldae now has enough of a sense of the weapon to know that it deals 1d6+5+3d4 points of Thunder damage.



Suldae Westwind: (1d6+5 or 1d6 + CHA)

GM: (1d6+CHA



Suldae Westwind: (ty)

Zrin-Hala: **14** points of Thunder damage.



Suldae Westwind:

28

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

10

Thunder

(that didnt work sorry)

(re: damage)

rolling 1d6+5+3d4

$$(2) + 5 + (3 + 3 + 2) = 15$$

(it won't have enough left to return huh)

At the end of the 120 feet of movement, the Halo gongs sadly, in a worn out way. It comes to a stop hanging in midair, after zipping through all the available targets like a bolt of lightning.

GM: (Roll Initiative)

(And then we'll probably have to call it haha)



Marcus Veranius:

18

INITIATIVE (8)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's initiative is **14.15**



Henry of Willowsbrook:

10.1

INITIATIVE (1.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius: (Were we intended to fight these guys or did I screw up very hard?)

Zrin-Hala:

INITIATIVE
Zrin-Hala, the Howling Storm
Initiative: 19

INITIATIVE
Drizlash, the Nine Eyed Spider
Initiative: 20

INITIATIVE
Dahlver-Nar, He of the Many Teeth
Initiative: 15

INITIATIVE
Khiraad, the Star of Secrets
Initiative: 21

INITIATIVE
Fekre, Queen of Poxes
Initiative: 11

INITIATIVE
Delban, the Star of Ice and Hate
Initiative: 20

Zrin-Hala:

INITIATIVE

Yrrga, the Eye of Shadows

Initiative: 21



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Guess we'll find out next week)

Zrin-Hala:

INITIATIVE

Yog, the Invincible

Initiative: 12

INITIATIVE

Taar Haak

Initiative: 5

INITIATIVE

Norganas, the Finger of Oblivion

Initiative: 6

INITIATIVE

Vaund the Evasive

Initiative: 1

INITIATIVE

Tarakamedes, the Grave Wurm

Initiative: 14

INITIATIVE

Poltergeist

Initiative: 11

Zrin-Hala:

INITIATIVE

Poltergeist

Initiative: 21

INITIATIVE

Poltergeist

Initiative: 19

INITIATIVE

Poltergeist

Initiative: 22



Hiere Unthere:

6

INITIATIVE (3)

Zrin-Hala:

INITIATIVE

Dire Wolf

Initiative: **14**



Hiere Unthere:

4

INITIATIVE (3)

Zrin-Hala:

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spawn

Initiative: **21**

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spawn

Initiative: **17**

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spawn

Initiative: **23**

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spawn

Initiative: **11**

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spawn

Initiative: **15**

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spawn

Initiative: **18**

Zrin-Hala:

INITIATIVE
Shield Guardian

Initiative: **0**

INITIATIVE
Climbing Ghast

Initiative: **20**

INITIATIVE
Climbing Ghast

Initiative: **12**

INITIATIVE
Climbing Ghast

Initiative: **15**

INITIATIVE
Climbing Ghast

Initiative: **17**

INITIATIVE
Climbing Ghast

Initiative: **14**

Zrin-Hala:

INITIATIVE
Climbing Ghast

Initiative: **16**

INITIATIVE
Climbing Ghast

Initiative: **20**

INITIATIVE
Flameskull

Initiative: **14**

INITIATIVE
Flameskull

Initiative: **4**

INITIATIVE
Flameskull

Initiative: **9**

INITIATIVE
Poltergeist

Initiative: **22**

Zrin-Hala:

INITIATIVE
Death Slaad

Initiative: **9**

INITIATIVE
Ezmerelda Veranius

Initiative: **22**

INITIATIVE
Ireena Kolyana

Initiative: **10**

INITIATIVE
Kasimir Velikov

Initiative: **18**

INITIATIVE
Ismark Kolyanovich

Initiative: 11

INITIATIVE Rictavio <hr/> Initiative: 7
--

Zrin-Hala:

INITIATIVE Vasilka <hr/> Initiative: 3

INITIATIVE Treant <hr/> Initiative: 14.08
--

Marcus, Henry, Suldae, and Hiere feel a strange uplifting of their energy levels. (All expendable features restored. All arrows restored to all-time highest previous level. All spell slots and hit dice restored. All magic item charges restored. All abilities restored. All health, restored. At the same time, they find themselves propelled by the power of their own good teamwork. The moment Suldae unleashes her Halo, she prepares to take her own turn. Hiere, Marcus, and Henry are next in the immediate surprise round. There can be no doubt that the battle and the songs of angels have awakened the denizens of the temple, and it will fight to protect itself. Nevertheless -- you seem to have received outside aid.

**Marcus Veranius:** Time to burn the house down.**Suldae Westwind:** (oooooooooooo)

....with everyone inside.

**Hiere Unthere:** WEEE DIDNT START THE FIIRE**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (pff Guys calm down it's only 4(us)+6(allied Npcs)VS 35...we got this)**Suldae Westwind:** ...yeah, we're just trying to fihgt it lmao**GM:** (Do you want to take your surprise round NOW, or do you want to save it for next week?)**Zrin-Hala:** It may give you time to plan**GM:** (It may give you time to plan**Marcus Veranius:** (Let's save it for next week so we can plan on how not to be immediately desintegrated)**Suldae Westwind:** (next week)
(its 10 pm among other things)**GM:** (Then... Oh my gosh....)
(We're breaking tradition)
(It's not Henry's turn!)**Suldae Westwind:** (HOLY SHIT)

Henry of Willowsbrook: (I mean I could just burn out some attacks if y'all want)

GM: (I sort of assumed a Haste would be dropped at some point early on)



Marcus Veranius: (Before we go, for reference sake)



Suldae Westwind: (how tall is the ceiling)



Marcus Veranius: (Do any of these guys look undead?)



Suldae Westwind: (i need this information for weather reasons)

GM: (Vilnius is clearly a Dybbuk.)

(The rest, not so much)



Marcus Veranius: (I don't know what that string of letters means)

GM: (The ceilings are 25 feet high)

(Vilnius is a particularly nasty form of undead, you're really not going to enjoy it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (But seriously I know what I'll do with my surprise round right now and that mostlikeyl won't change till next week)



Marcus Veranius: (Hey)

(I have exactly one favored enemy here)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (there's a bunch of fodder undead coming to get us if that makes you feel any better)

GM: (Oh, and Marcus would sense the Vampire Spawn and the Ghouls and Specters and the Poltergeists)

(Henry, if you really do want to release your attacks, you may go for it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Sure...I'm guessing I don't get advantage for surprise attack?)

GM: (Sure, throw advantage in there)



Suldae Westwind: (ok no call lightning)

GM: (Wouldn't be a Henry first attack wave if it didn't decimate a foe)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (welp bye bye first level spell slots great to have them back for less than a turn)

23

26

Wuxdt Longsword (+12)
Henry of Willowsbrook

You gain a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. In addition, the weapon ignores resistance to slashing damage. When you attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the attack roll, you cut off one of

the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without the lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary actions, or the GM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

14*Radiant Smite Damage***14***Slashing***23****29**

Wuxdt Longsword (+12)
Henry of Willowsbrook

You gain a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. In addition, the weapon ignores resistance to slashing damage. When you attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without the lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary actions, or the GM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

7*Radiant Smite Damage***18***Slashing***29****13**

Wuxdt Longsword (+12)
Henry of Willowsbrook

You gain a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. In addition, the weapon ignores resistance to slashing damage. When you attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive

without the lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary actions, or the GM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

6*Radiant Smite Damage***12***Slashing***15****21**

Wuxdt Longsword (+12)
Henry of Willowsbrook

You gain a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. In addition, the weapon ignores resistance to slashing damage. When you attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without the lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary actions, or the GM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

12*Radiant Smite Damage***13***Slashing*

GM: (Is that all your attacks?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (action surge is in there I'm not Marcus)

GM: (Roll 1d6)



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling d6

(**3**)

= **3**

GM: (Alas, you did not gain the recharge benefit of the current blessing)



Suldae Westwind: (using smite with wuxdt is impressive lmao)

GM: (But maybe next time)



Suldae Westwind: (like 'because fuck you')

GM: (Final damage? That was four hits)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (sooo whjat does that mean?)

GM: (A good question! A very good question.)

(I have: **96**)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Yeah 96 on Zrin-Hala)

Henry's black blade rips into the shadowy storm-titan four times, cleaving wind and lightning with bursts of holy radiance. Zrin-Hala screams -- he has never been wounded like this before. He stands with fully 2/3rds of his health remaining, but terrified by the oblivion he sees in his own future. He begins to swell wildly, billowing outward, expanding beyond his form into a howling storm that begins to fill the hallways.



Suldae Westwind: (it's not vulnerable to Radiant, is it?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Nah I'd guess some form of storm elemental as a basis)



Suldae Westwind: (makes sense)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry grins madly at the being before him "Come now you asked me to set you free" He raises the sword and stares down it's length at the 'god' "In death all are free"

Zrin-Hala opens wide the storm of his maw and bellows out a blast of thunder. The wind is powerful enough to strip the branches from a mile of forest. Henry and Suldae instantly take **19 Thunder damage, which Suldae resists. Henry and Suldae must succeed on a DC 21 DEX save or take 4d10 additional thunder damage and be flung up to 60 feet due west. (Legendary Action)**



Suldae Westwind:

19

DEXTERITY SAVE (8)
Suldae Westwind

(HENRY'S AURA)

GM: (Good point!)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

18 + 4

DEXTERITY SAVE (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

AURA OF WARDING

Class: Paladin 7

Beginning at 7th level, you and friendly creatures within 10 feet of you have resistance to

damage from spells. At 18th level, the range of this aura increases to 30 feet.

GM: (Henry, make a Charisma save)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

18 + 4

CHARISMA SAVE (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

DRAGON SCALE ARMOR

Other: Magic Armor

+1 Plate Armor

Grants immunity to acid damage

Grants resistance to necrotic

damage and force damage

Grants advantage on Charisma

saves

Grants advantage on Intimidation

checks. If the wearer already has

advantage on Intimidation or

Charisma checks due to a spell,

a feature, or another magic item

effect, grants a +5 to

Intimidation checks instead.

(advantage)

26 + 4

CHARISMA SAVE (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry feels Sylvanus firmly at his back, splitting the blast of wind with his power. Henry and Suldae both resist the Thunder damage and are not pushed.



Suldae Westwind: (...I suggest switching weapons)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so 9 damage)

(To be fai it was the one he had in hand because He still don't have a seath for it)
sheath)



Suldae Westwind: (Have you tried dropping)



GM (GM):

Rope Trick

Transmutation 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: A length of rope that is up to 60 feet long

Components: V, S, M (Powdered corn extract and a twisted loop of parchment)

Duration: 1 hour

You touch a length of rope that is up to 60 feet long. One end of the rope then rises into the air until the whole rope hangs perpendicular to the ground. At the upper end of the rope, an invisible entrance opens to an extradimensional space that lasts until the spell ends. The extradimensional space can be reached by climbing to the top of the rope. The space can hold as many as eight Medium or smaller creatures. The rope can be pulled into the space, making the rope disappear from view outside the space. Attacks and spells can't cross through the entrance into or out of the extradimensional space, but those inside can see out of it as if through a 3-foot-by-5-foot window centered on the rope. Anything inside the extradimensional space drops out when the spell ends.



Able: B)



GM (GM): Guuuuu

I mean Hiiiiiii

Now, technically Henry did already take his first round action last time

I still think we should wait for him a little bit though

How has everybody's week been?>



Liliet (Suldae): ...fucking awful as of yesterday and until today, our dog got lost)=



Tops K.: My Pokemon Tabletop group is considering switching to 5e

I just want to play pokemons



Liliet (Suldae): 5e pokemon... hmm...



GM (GM): Oh no! Did you find the dog?



Liliet (Suldae): not yet but some people have seen him



GM (GM): Also 5e Pokemon sounds complicated

Well, at least he's been sighted



Liliet (Suldae): mm



GM (GM): I'm sorry, that's awful



Liliet (Suldae): sok



Suldae Westwind: im just going to take it all out on these fuckers



GM (GM): That's the idea :D



Suldae Westwind: bet there's some dark foces behind it all



GM (GM): Most definitely



Suldae Westwind: what was the name of the fucker on the ceiling?



GM (GM): Vilnius

He's a Dybbuk

Nasty piece of work



Suldae Westwind: why can't i see him



GM (GM): He might be the hardest person present to kill



Suldae Westwind: oh ty

no nametag on him



GM (GM): Better?



Suldae Westwind: thanks ^^

To start: the giant spider scurries over to Suldae at her call and she climbs on its back (move action for Suldae, 25ft move used for spider)

The ancient, long-forgotten gods swell into their new and horrifying forms, gleefully preparing to devour those who will not bow to their will. There is a certain desperation in them, the rage of cornered animals.

Angelic music rings through the chamber, audible only to Suldae. She senses the presence of Correllon more clearly than she ever has before -- and she senses that he has brought friends...



Hiere Unthere: (may I have a fireball sized circle to fiddle around with)



Suldae Westwind: (oh btw: the halo is currently hovering over there not doing anything, right?)

Suldae breathes in and out. She just has to do her best, right? Not like there's anything else she can do.



GM (GM): (Hiere, you should be able to control the fireball)

GM: (You should be able to control the hoop, which is a Spiritual Weapon. You can control it as a bonus action as long as it's in the air.)

(Suldae, I mean)



Suldae Westwind: (Thanks!!!)

(Is that just to move it or to attack too?)

GM: (To move and attack)

(It has 120' of movement, no dash ability. It can only make a single attack, but if that attack hits, it can make another on a separate target)



Suldae Westwind: (thanks!)

(another question: how do i make long movement trajectories)

(i forgot the r20 controls)

GM: (I think they changed it, it might be Q now while you're holding the object)



Suldae Westwind: (holding the object?)

GM: (Click and drag, press Q, press Q again any time you want to leave a node)

(But you have to still be dragging it)



Suldae Westwind: (thanks, it works!!!)

Perched atop the spider, Suldae takes out the flute and plays a single searing high note.

26

120 feet

Guiding Bolt (+7)
Suldae Westwind

20

Higher Level Cast

16

Radiant

A bolt of light streaks towards the undead abomination perched on the ceiling.

(wait another question)

(if that artwork is the halo, why is it Large)

GM: (To make it easier to manipulate)

(And to not lose it in the chaos)



Suldae Westwind: (fair enough)

GM: (You should be able to change the size if it bothers you though)



Suldae Westwind: (how?)

The bolt of light from Suldae's fingers moves with perfect purpose, lancing across the distance, over the heads of the assembled deities, and striking the Dybbuk on the ceiling. Vilnius screams like ten thousand nails on ten thousand chalkboards, but manages to maintain his grip even as the light wraps him in a veil of illumination. (The next attack against Vilnius has advantage)



Hiere Unthere: (am I able to fuck off through the door to our north)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae feels the thrum of the song of the angelic halo at the back of her mind. She is both gratified and humbled by the power at her disposal, and she pours her will into directing it as best she is able.

17

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

15

Thunder

19

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

14

Thunder

(cause advantage)

(...oops, does count whether or not i do it twice or click advantage in this one, sorry about that)

GM: (No worries)

(I assume you're targeting the Dybbuk?)

(That's a hit)

**Suldae Westwind:** (yeah)

Rebounding, the halo targets the next fiend - the one blocking Suldae's friends from the rest of the room right now.

15**Halo throw** (+12)
Suldae Westwind**19**

Thunder

(wow. this roll. wow)

GONG. The Dybbuk screams as its corpse is destroyed, and with an eery cackle the spiritual essence of the Dybbuk hurtles off to find a new host.**GM:** (Target?)**Suldae Westwind:** (Khirad)**GM:** (That's a hit)**Suldae Westwind:** It's a near thing, but the halo's song resonates as it strikes and it rebounds towards the next closest one again.**Tops K.:** (Marcus knows how Dybbuk work due to favored enemy knowledge. Shouldn't it appear 5 ft from the corpse?)**Suldae Westwind:****29****Halo throw** (+12)
Suldae Westwind**12**

Thunder

GM: (Never assume that any monster I throw at you is standard)**Marcus Veranius:** (Oof)**Zanshukun:** (I HAVE ARRIVED AND I APOLOGIZE FOR ANY DELAYS)**Suldae Westwind:** (ouch)

Hiere Unthere: (lovely)

Khirad's billowing, smoke-like form is parted by the racing Halo, which bounces off something solid inside that black mist.

GM: (After Khirad, what's the next target?)

(It's a hit, none of them have an AC above 19)



Suldae Westwind: (Yrgga)

Yrgga screams, tentacles flapping wildly, as the Holy Hoop bounces off its stony mask.



Suldae Westwind: The song zips through the air, targeting the immense storm elemental next.

32

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

14 + 12
Thunder

Thunder meets Thunder, and Zrin-Hala roars. It was a worthy blow -- unfortunately the storm elemental is powerful against this form of damage. He is wounded by the attack, but not as severely as one might have hoped.



Suldae Westwind: Undeterred, the song continues its path.

16

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

19
Thunder

Dahlver-Nar, He of the Many Teeth, roars as the Hoop rends his bulbous hide.



Suldae Westwind: The song echoes towards its last target.

16

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

17
Thunder



Drizlash: "Oof! How rude!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae ignores the comment haughtily. It was *not*.

The spider retreats, carrying her back.

GM: (Is that EoT?)



Suldae Westwind: EoT

GM: (Roll 1d6)



Suldae Westwind: rolling d6

(**1**)

= **1**

GM: (Ok, good to know)

(Hiere Unthere, It's time)

(Also, I'll give you a hint: make some puns)

(The worse, the better)

(Before I'm old and decrepit, please)

(I mean older and more decrepit)



Suldae Westwind: (in Hiere's defense, you did ask)

GM: (I did, I did)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I don't think you're that old GM but then again I have no clue how old you are)

GM: (I'd like to hope I'm younger than you think)

(Despite some people's best efforts)



Suldae Westwind: (I think you're in mid-twenties like me) (just as a default option for people whose age i dont know online)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere raises his staff, and proceeds to make a *dragoneye*-opening performance. "OI *FEKKRES*, I KNOW YOU JUST GOT *ZRIN-HALO'D*, BUT AFTER I TURN YOUR *DAHLVER-NARDS* TO *DRIZZLE-ASH*, YOU WONT BE LOOKING TOO *KHI-RAD*." he intones with a *smouldering* glare, and The Weave *burns* up with arcane energy as a 6th level fireball is set loose upon the corridor demons.

"SOMEONE GET A CRIER DUCK FOR FRIAR TUCK'S FIRE TRUCK TO PUT OUT YOU LIAR FUCKS CUS YOU'RE IN DIRE MUCK"

DC 17

Dexterity Save

5

Fire

Higher Level Cast

21

Fire

150 feet

Fireball

Hiere's flurry of deadly puns deals **15 psychic damage to all the ancient gods just as an unfortunately lackluster fireball erupts in the middle of the chamber.**



Suldae Westwind: Suldae understood only half of that, but she is amazed anyway.

Dahlver-Nar screams as his soul withers under the weight of the pun, which kills him even before the fireball sears his flesh.



Suldae Westwind: (I love this)

Something brilliant red, like a strange little star, zooms away from his fallen form and rockets through the wall.

GM: (Give me a moment to make some saveS)

Drizlash: **23**, **Zrin-Hala:** **20**, **Khiraad:** **21**, **Fekre:** **13**

Zrin-Hala twists his thunderous form, avoiding all damage from the flames. Drizlash, despite his incredible spider-like speed, cannot escape the flames completely, and is singed. Khiraad cackles darkly as the flames tickle her, taking some damage but not much. Fekre takes the blast worst of all -- her reeking form ignites, and continues to burn after the blast of flames has passed over her.



Hierie Unthere: (can he then move out through the door to the North)

GM: (Go for it)

(It will provoke two opportunity attacks, I think)

(But they might hog those reactions)



Marcus Veranius: (It's surprise round; no reactions)

GM: (Ah, you are correct)

Hierie pops open the door to the north and sees a towering figure of iron and stone already rising to its feet, filling most of the chamber.



Hierie Unthere: (oh god what have I walked into)

He recognizes it as a Shield Guardian.

GM: (roll 1d6)



Hierie Unthere: **1**

GM: (Oof)

Hierie feels a tickle of something magical at his back -- but it isn't quite there yet.

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius: "You have erred greatly, old ones, for you know not what gods took your place."

"I am Marcus, the Divine of Vengeance. You shall gaze upon my true form and perish."

Khiraad and Zrin-Hala begin to laugh, their voices mingling like shadows.



Marcus Veranius gives the signal to Ezmerelda; the NPCs then cast spells upon her, which transfer to Marcus



Marcus Veranius: He explodes into an aura of shining radiance

GM: (Uh)

(Ezmerelda is not here, and she can't get to you)

(It will take nearly a full round for them to arrive, as mentioned last week)

(It was a good idea though)



Marcus Veranius: She's close enough that Marcus can communicate and smell her perfume. I assume the Ring of Bondage is in effect



Suldae Westwind: Suldae admires Marcus's style.



Marcus Veranius: The Ring of Bondage forces spell effects affecting one to affect the other. So long as the Power of Love reigns true, they need only target Ezmerelda to buff Marcus as well.

GM: (Ooh, very clever)

(What has been cast?)



Marcus Veranius: Ezmerelda casts Haste

Kasimir casts Greater Invisibility

Rictavio casts Freedom of Movement

Ismark casts Protection from Evil

Ireena casts Light

Marcus vanishes, and in his place is shining radiance



Suldae Westwind: This is amazing

(my favorite part is Light)

"WHAT!?"

"A GOD? HERE?"

"IMPOSSIBLE!"



Marcus Veranius: The light drifts north. From it beams a volley of magical bolts raining onto Zrin-Hala's position

All the magical items Marcus needs

The ancient deities mutter furiously amongst themselves, and the wiser ones among them begin eyeing Marcus with the keen and arcane eyes. Yrrga and Khirad both seem to be able to see him, but it won't make any difference.



Marcus Veranius: Attacks (2 normal, 2 action surge, 2 ambush, 1 bonus action)

Midnight Crossbow Rush is triggered

14 | 11
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

18
Magical Piercing

28

19

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

18 + 6*Magical Piercing*

18

23

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

22*Magical Piercing*

25

9

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

20*Magical Piercing*

Marcus Veranius:

24

18

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

19*Magical Piercing*

18

28

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

18 + 4*Magical Piercing*

18

28

120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

22 + 1
Magical Piercing

(Lucky Roll on the 14)

rolling 1d20+11

(19)+11

= **30**



Suldae Westwind: (why +11)



Marcus Veranius: (+3 ammunition)



Suldae Westwind: (huh, okay)



Marcus Veranius: 7 hits above 20. 7 more bolts fire out

9 + 3 | 11 + 3
120

>**Sharpshooter (Clockwork**
Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

23
Magical Piercing

12 + 3 | 23 + 3
120

>**Sharpshooter (Clockwork**
Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

18
Magical Piercing

23 + 3 | 9 + 3
120

>**Sharpshooter (Clockwork**
Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

21
Magical Piercing

$$\begin{array}{c} 21 + 3 \quad | \quad 27 + 3 \\ 120 \end{array}$$

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

19
Magical Piercing

$$\begin{array}{c} 16 + 3 \quad | \quad 15 + 3 \\ 120 \end{array}$$

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

21
Magical Piercing



Marcus Veranius:

$$\begin{array}{c} 21 + 3 \quad | \quad 10 + 3 \\ 120 \end{array}$$

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

22
Magical Piercing

$$\begin{array}{c} 27 + 3 \quad | \quad 28 + 3 \\ 120 \end{array}$$

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

22 + 5
Magical Piercing

(this time with the +3 ammunition actually toggled)



Suldae Westwind: (i love this)



Marcus Veranius: 5 shots above 20. 5 additional bolts fire)

$$\begin{array}{c} 12 + 3 \quad | \quad 10 + 3 \\ 120 \end{array}$$

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

18
Magical Piercing

$$\begin{array}{c} 13 + 3 \quad | \quad 12 + 3 \\ 120 \end{array}$$

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

22
Magical Piercing

17 + 3 | **26 + 3**
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

23
Magical Piercing

12 + 3 | **22 + 3**
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

18
Magical Piercing

11 + 3 | **26 + 3**
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

18
Magical Piercing



Marcus Veranius: 3 shots above 20. 3 more bolts fire

27 + 3 | **9 + 3**
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

18
Magical Piercing

19 + 3 | **12 + 3**
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

23
Magical Piercing

26 + 3 | 27 + 3
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

20
Magical Piercing

Marcus has run out of +3 ammunition, but 3 more normal bolts fire

13 | 24
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

22
Magical Piercing



Marcus Veranius:

16 | 23
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

21
Magical Piercing

25 | 16
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

21
Magical Piercing

3

22 | 13
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

22
Magical Piercing

28 | 19
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

18 + 1
Magical Piercing

27 | 13
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

18
Magical Piercing



Marcus Veranius: 3

20 | 11
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

19
Magical Piercing

26 | 26
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

23
Magical Piercing

26 | 9
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

23
Magical Piercing

Umm

13 | 19
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

21
Magical Piercing



Marcus Veranius:

9 | 27
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

22
Magical Piercing

21 | 9
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

18
Magical Piercing

ummmmmmm

18 | 23
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

21
Magical Piercing

17 | 24
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

18
Magical Piercing

O-O



Marcus Veranius:

23 | 11
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

19
Magical Piercing

17 | 18
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)

Marcus Veranius

19
Magical Piercing

1

9 | 12
120

>Sharpshooter (Clockwork

Crossbow) (+8)
Marcus Veranius

22
Magical Piercing



Suldae Westwind: The giant spider is clapping



Hiere Unthere: hiere hears a Gatling gun go off



Marcus Veranius: (what's the target AC?)

The gods have time to say a quiet "oh" of utter consternation before approximately 46,000 crossbow bolts rip through the chamber.

GM: (For Zrin-Hala?)

(19)

(None of the gods present have an AC over 19)



Marcus Veranius: (Let's just assume 19 for all hits then, save on math)



Suldae Westwind: (noooo)

(do the max math)

(im against giving up ANY extra damage on these fuckers)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Gm what is the lowest of the Gods AC)

GM: (Looking through the attacks, not a single one missed)

(The lowest is 11)



Suldae Westwind: (that last one was 12)

GM: (Zrin-Hala: 19, Khirad: 11, Yrrga: 13, Fekre: 13, Delban: 12, Drizlash: 13)

(Just gimme the total damage)



Marcus Veranius: 169 on the first volley

GM: (That's enough to take out Zrin-Hala)



Marcus Veranius: (after the +3 to damage not included in the first set's bolts)



Suldae Westwind: (omfg lmao)



Marcus Veranius: 172 in the second set

GM: (That's enough to take out Khirad, Drizlash, and Yrrga)



Suldae Westwind: (OH MY GOD)



Marcus Veranius: 114 in the third set

GM: (That's enough to take out Fekre and seriously wound Delban)



Marcus Veranius: 70 in the 4th set

GM: (That's enough to take out Delban)



Marcus Veranius: 348 for the nonmagic bolts, still magical from the weapon
And I presume after this incredible velocity of bolts, Blinsky's crossbow explodes



Suldae Westwind: Blinsky bulids better than that!



Marcus Veranius: Remember kids

IS NO FUN, IS NO BLINSKY

The flames of Hiere's fireball have hardly faded before an impossible volley of crossbow bolts rips through the assembled evil gods, turning them to fine black mist. Each of the fallen gods releases what looks to be a colored star, which zooms off frictionlessly through the walls, racing back to some unknown home base.

Silence falls for a moment, but you still hear the clamor of many approaching feet, and to the west the Nothics are still approaching. The battle is far from over -- but it is off to a great start.

GM: (EoT?)



Marcus Veranius: **NO**

Marcus has an action from Haste

Marcus uses an object, and blown on the Horn of Valhalla

rolling 2d4+2

(2 + 3)+2

= 7

7 Warriors of Valhalla hear the call, and move to defend the blessed boy

GM: (Do you want them to have individual turns, or to be on the same initiative?)



Marcus Veranius: (For the sake of not going insane, same initiative)



Drizlash:

INITIATIVE <i>Warrior of Valhalla</i> <hr/> <i>Initiative: 3</i>

GM: (Oof)

(Lemme preroll that)

(Re-roll*)



Drizlash:

INITIATIVE <i>Warrior of Valhalla</i> <hr/> <i>Initiative: 6</i>
--

GM: (Well, looks like RNGesus has decided)

(Is that EoT?)



Marcus Veranius: THAT is EoT

GM: (Roll 1d6)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d6

(3)

= 3

GM: (Good to know)

(Henry, you're up)

Henry feels a sudden rush of new energy. He senses the presence of Sylvanus, rejuvenating him.

GM: (Go ahead and take a turn)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Um I already had my surprise round last session)

GM: (I am aware of that)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I can go again if you want me to)

GM: (Please do)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry gapes at the now empty corridor "Scary son of a seadog" he let's out before turning on his heel



Marcus Veranius: "Umm... don't get too hopeful. I don't think Blinsky designed this thing to fire so many bolts at once."

"It um... melted."

"It's actually dripping molten metal onto the floor. Just a handle left."



Suldae Westwind: "...drop it," Suldae advise s faintly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry walks over to the treasure pile and grabs the spare javelin (of lightning) and places it in his quiver with the mundane one



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus has already taken the Arrow of Slaying, +3 Ammunition and Walloping Ammunition, the Horn of Valhalla, and an Elemental Gem from the pile as part of his plan)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a moment to turn inwards "I felt the hesitation there Boss and I can guess why' he speaks in Sylvan in his mind eyes on the sword in his hand

He senses the disapproval of Sylvanus hanging around the sword like a cloud. At the same time, he senses something from the sword -- something beyond the sword -- which approves of him holding it very much.



Suldae Westwind: "Drop the sword," Suldae asks quietly, looking at Wuxdt in his hand. "Please."

Where Khirad fell, there remains a strange orb which burns with violet fire.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry holds the sword up looking at the flat of the blade with disdain "I really am sorry" Henry lied blatantly "but I'm already in a comited relationship and I am really not the two timing type" He continues "Besides my Boss kinda hates ya" and with that Henry tosses Wuxdt away

The blade falls in a whirling arc, slicing right through the stone of the floor and tumbling through, out of view.

He senses the disappointment of something....

Then he senses a brilliant light igniting within, as Sylvanus's faith in him is renewed.

Henry feels new power at his fingertips...



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Eat shit and die chocking on it" He replies to the disappointed ..thing

Henry gains three castings of True Resurrection and his choice between either: A) A single Storm of Vengeance, B) a single Mass Heal, or C) Three Divine Words.

GM: (EoT? If so, roll 1d6)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (not quite GM to I still have an action?)

GM: (Yes you do)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks to Suldae whlie fishing a small bottle out of his pockets the gray and cobalt blue liquid lookin like a liquid storm "Cheers 'Boss'" Henry says with a wink at her downing the Potion of Giant Strength in one

Henry's already prodigious muscles now swell until they seem ready to burst out of his skin. Bulging with power, he even begins to crackle faintly with little lightnings.

GM: (Any additional moves/actions?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (EoT)

GM: (Roll 1d6)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

()

=

GM: (2 expendable features or abilities of your choice are recharged. They can be class or racial

abilities, magic item charges, spell slots of a particular level, arrows, javelins, etc.)



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Did it work, babe?"

"Ireena's got something she wants to try but she's going to need help from your end! Is Suldae nearby?"



Marcus Veranius: "She's in the main room, or our version of it anyways."

"I'm not sure if they bought the trick but we've forced them to retreat either way."

2



Marcus Veranius: "Thank you so much, I don't think we would have pulled it off without you all."

11

18



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Of course you wouldn't have been able to," says Ezmerelda, sounding smug over the ring.

"Ok, Ireena's moving to the middle of the room. Have Suldae get somewhere near there..."

13

5



Marcus Veranius: "Suldae; try to get in the middle of the... what the heck is that!?"*

Three spectral poltergeists emerge from a chamber to the northwest of the main room and surge directly towards Suldae and Henry. They are not able to get close enough to be effective just yet.

7



Yorhish M'wahassa: (Sylvan): *Henry, hold on! We are coming for you.*

15



Flameskull:

FIRE RAY
Flameskull

Attack: 9 | 18

Damage: 7 fire

A Beam of flames surges from the southern end of the hall, from a Flameskull that has just emerged there. It misses Marcus by about a yard.

GM: (Not supposed to have advantage)

A terrible laugh comes from the western end of the main chamber.



Marcus Veranius: "Not you again!"

Tarakamedes: "Did you really think you could defeat us so easily?"

"You are our prisoners! We will suffer no such disrespect!"

Tarakamedes emerges from the western hall, shedding his human form violently.

Tarakamedes: "I am Tarakamedes, the Grave Wyrml! I shall feast upon your souls!"

Yog the Invincible emerges from the western hall beside him, shedding his Nothics form. He towers, a figure of flame and embers, bearing an orb of hellfire and a longsword of molten hate.

5



Ireena Kolyana: "Suldae!"

"Suldae, can you hear me?"

Ireena's voice seems to come from the center of the chamber.



Death Slaad: A figure once seen by a wizard emerges from the chamber of its den, coming to the aid of the dark gods who have fed it so many corpses over the eons.



Flameskull:

FIRE RAY
Flameskull

Attack: 17

Damage: 13 fire

FIRE RAY
Flameskull

Attack: 14

Damage: 11 fire

A second Flameskull emerges from the southern chamber of the eastern hall, loosing two beams of flame at Marcus!

Both beams miss by wide margins -- it seems the radiance of the light spell is playing havoc with the flame skull's targeting systems.

GM: (Time for warriors of Valhalla)

(Do you want to control them, Marcus?)



Marcus Veranius: (Yee)



Warrior of Valhalla: "SKALL!"



Warrior of Valhalla makes attacks against the armor golem



Warrior of Valhalla: Reckless for advantage, but recieves attacks at advantage in return

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION| -
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjvzoeatkk5ue_npc_dmg)
:
24 | 12

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla
Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjvzoeatkk5ue_npc_dmg)
:
9 | 11

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla
Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjvzoeatkk5ue_npc_dmg)
:
15 | 18

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla
Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjvzoeatkk5ue_npc_dmg)
:
21 | 15

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla
Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjvzoeatkk5ue_npc_dmg)
:
23 | 18



Warrior of Valhalla:

GREATAXE (~-
MAMdUB1wUEfANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

*Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjavzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)*

:
7 | 12

GREATAXE (~-
MAMdUB1wUEfANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

*Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjavzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)*

:
14 | 12

GM: (Four hits)



Warrior of Valhalla:

Damage: 6 slashing

Damage: 10 slashing

Damage: 15 slashing

Damage: 14 slashing



Warrior of Valhalla shuffles their formation



Warrior of Valhalla: The warrior of tall hats must be defended

[EoT]

Axes fall, but the Shield Guardian stands strong under the assault, automatically deflecting several blows. A few hit home, striking metal and stone, dealing little apparent damage. Nevertheless, the warriors have successfully drawn its attention.

Norganas: "YOOOOOOOOOOOU!"

A massive figure, grey-skinned, devil-mouthed, horned and headdressed in the attire of hell, joins his companions in the western hall. Norganas, Finger of Oblivion, has shed his mortal form.

Horrible darkness swells from the massive humanoid form, which is becoming all too familiar. It is kin to the Nightwalker, no doubt about it.

Norganas: "YOU."

Norganas, the Finger of Oblivion, points a single long claw at Henry -- since it cannot see Marcus.

GM: (Henry, DC 21 Wisdom save)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

13 + 4

WISDOM SAVE (5)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (Do you have any features to grant advantage at the moment?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: not on wis saves

[[Henry feels a darkness cloud his soul. He takes 23 Necrotic damage instantly, and feels a dread colder than the grave creep upon him. The light of Sylvanus will not allow its champion to be afraid, and the fear falls away from him powerlessly. He is not paralyzed with fear, which shocks Norganas, who has never seen a mortal resist his power.

Norganas: **3**

(Finger of Doom is NOT recharged this round)

Great Taar Haak, the Five-Headed Destroyer, joins Norganas in the hall. His five horned heads scrape the ceiling and brimstone fumes from his nostrils as he spreads his powerful claws and wings, preparing to lunge across the chamber.

In a single moment he has moved across the chamber, wings furling as he lands, claws swinging wildly!

*Taar Haak swings five times: **12**, **28**, **17**, **21**, **13**, alternating between Henry and Suldae's Spider for targets. His reach is alarmingly long -- easily twenty feet.*



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Anything but the 28 does not hit me)

GM: (So that's miss H, hit S, miss H, hit S, miss H)

*Suldae's summoned spider takes **26** bludgeoning damage.*

It fades instantly, fey spirit retreating to be called another time.



Flameskull: The last Flameskull emerges with its brethren and sees the Control Sphere for the Corpse Star.

It surges towards it, desperate to keep it out of the hands of the heroes.



Vasilka: "We have you, Henry. Be strong!"

Vaund: Vaund the Evasive, seeing Henry take three wallops from the mighty Taar Haak, decides to be evasive. She turns and leaves, retreating into the shadows and departing the battle.



Shield Guardian: The Shield Guardian observes the warriors arrayed against it passively, and with mechanical precision it makes some tentative blows.

FIST <i>Shield Guardian</i> <hr/> Attack: 27 25
Damage: 10 + 9 bludgeoning
FIST <i>Shield Guardian</i> <hr/>

Attack: 21 25

Damage: 11 bludgeoning

GM: (Suldae, you're up)

(One sec, I accidentally removed these guys from initiative)



Shield Guardian:

INITIATIVE

Taar Haak

Initiative: 20

INITIATIVE

Norganas, the Finger of Oblivion

Initiative: 5

INITIATIVE

Yog, the Invincible

Initiative: 12

INITIATIVE

Tarakamedes, the Grave Wurm

Initiative: 6



Liliet (Suldae): ohj i think im back here



Suldae Westwind: "I'm here!" Suldae calls out to Ireena, circling behind Henry to avoid the new horrifying monstrosity out to get them. The spider's disappearance released a tug of feywild on her mind, leaving her free to focus once again but missing it painfully.

She approaches the Book of Exalted Deeds, recognizing it instantly for what it is, and carefully takes it.



Ireena Kolyana: "I can hear you! Stay touching the Seal!"

The book seems to be singing to her...



Ireena Kolyana: "I found a spell book, it's got something we're going to try -- but it's a bit beyond any of us. We're going to need your help!"



Suldae Westwind: "Got it!" Suldae calls back, carefully and respectfully tucking the book into her bag. She will keep it safe.

"What should I do?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Just keep both feet in contact with the Seal! Whatever you have to do!"

"You'll know what to do when the time comes!"



Suldae Westwind: "Alright," Suldae says.

She closes her eyes, then opens them again, assessing the situation.

Whatever Marcus and Hiere are doing over there, they can probably manage. Marcus... Marcus most definitely can. Suldae is currently left with the vague impression Marcus can manage approximately anything.

She has her own fight to fight, in the meantime.

The halo sings to her call.

26

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

14

Thunder

Taar Haak: "AARGH!"

(Hit)



Suldae Westwind: The halo zips around the room, doing the work that needs to be done with a ringing ding.

*din

28

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

19

Thunder



Poltergeist: "Oof!"

A Poltergeist is vaporized by contact with the Halo, which continues on its wild path.

(Hit)



Suldae Westwind:

13

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

15

Thunder



Poltergeist: (Hit)

"Hey!"



Suldae Westwind: (its a nat 1)

(its not a hit)

(for once)

GM: (Ah, you are correct)

(So that's it for attacks from the Halo, but it still has the remainder of its movement speed to use up)



Suldae Westwind: The song goes discordant for a moment, as the pressure of the battle gets to Suldae's will, wavering it, and as the halo fails to strike she brings it back to her side.

GM: (So that was your bonus action and your free action, was there anything else you wanted to do?)



Suldae Westwind: There is one more thing she can do.

The note plays again, echoing only slightly quieter than last time.

9

120 feet

Guiding Bolt (+7)
Suldae Westwind

19

Higher Level Cast

14

Radiant

GM: (Alas, a 9 does not hit)



Suldae Westwind: (alas)

GM: (roll 1d6)



Suldae Westwind: The light misses again, and Suldae closes her eyes for a moment, recomposing herself, her feet planted squarely on the Seal.

rolling 1d6

(4)

= 4

GM: (Suldae can recover one feature of her choice: this can be a class or racial feature, a magic item charge, all spell slots of a given level, arrows, etc)



Suldae Westwind: An echo of exhaustion fades, as the Weave thrums around her again, buoyed by the power far exceeding her own

(my 6th level spell slot back)

EoT

GM: (Hiere, you're up)



Hiere Unthere: Hiere pulls out a bag and throws it towards the shield guardian, casting a spell on it midair.

Animate Objects

Transmutation 5

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: Up to ten nonmagical objects within range that are not being worn or carried

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

Objects come to life at your command. Choose up to ten nonmagical objects within range that are not being worn or carried. Medium targets

count as two objects, Large targets count as four objects, Huge targets count as eight objects. You can't animate any object larger than Huge. Each target animates and becomes a creature under your control until the spell ends or until reduced to 0 hit points. As a bonus action, you can mentally command any creature you made with this spell if the creature is within 500 feet of you (if you control multiple creatures, you can command any or all of them at the same time, issuing the same command to each one). You decide what action the creature will take and where it will move during its next turn, or you can issue a general command, such as to guard a particular chamber or corridor. If you issue no commands, the creature only defends itself against hostile creatures. Once given an order, the creature continues to follow it until its task is complete. Animated Object Statistics

Size	HP	AC	Attack	Str	Dex	
Tiny	20	18	+8 to hit,			
	1d4 + 4 damage	4	18	Small	25	
	16 +6 to hit,					
	1d8 + 2 damage	6	14	Medium	40	
	13 +5 to hit,					
	2d6 + 1 damage	10	12	Large	50	
	10 +6 to hit,					
	2d10 + 2 damage	14	10	Huge	80	
	10 +8 to hit,					
	2d12 + 4 damage	18	6	An animated object is a construct with AC, hit points, attacks, Strength, and Dexterity determined by its size. Its Constitution is 10 and its Intelligence and Wisdom are 3, and its Charisma is 1. Its speed is 30 feet; if the object lacks legs or other appendages it can use for locomotion, it instead has a flying speed of 30 feet and can hover. If the object is securely attached to a surface or a larger object, such as a chain bolted to a wall, its speed is 0. It has blindsight with a radius of 30 feet and is blind beyond that distance. When the animated object drops to 0 hit points, it reverts to its original object form, and any remaining damage carries over to its original object form. If you command an object to attack, it can make a single melee attack against a creature within 5 feet of it. It makes a slam attack with an attack bonus and bludgeoning damage determined by its size. The GM might rule that a specific object inflicts slashing or piercing damage based on its form.		

At Higher Levels. If you cast this spell using a spell slot of 6th level or higher, you can animate two additional Objects for each slot level above 5th.

10 tiny knives fly out, attempting to rip the shield guardian to shreds

rolling 10d20

$$(18 + 4 + 12 + 4 + 13 + 10 + 15 + 19 + 17 + 5) = 117$$

(what's the AC)

GM: (17)



Hiero Unthere: (7 hits)

rolling 7d4 + 28

$$(2 + 1 + 3 + 1 + 1 + 2 + 3) + 28$$

= 41

A storm of steel dances around the Shield Guardian, ripping into it from all sides. It takes substantial damage, even losing part of one arm. However, it remains standing.

GM: (EoT? Or additional stuff)



Hiero Unthere: (EoT :()

GM: (Roll 1d6)



Hiero Unthere: 5

GM: (Hiero recovers one feature, as Suldae did)



Hiero Unthere: that level 6 slot please

GM: (All level 6 slots restored)

(Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius: "Oh, I think I'll be taking this. Thank you."



Marcus Veranius grabs the orb



Flameskull: "Nyooooooooo!"

Marcus feels power tunneling up his arms. The orb is clearly sentient -- and it has a master that is not him.

He senses that he will not be able to control it, but it also seems to be incapable of harming him.

Zhudun: "Ahhhh, excellent. Who has picked up my Orb? Summon me, and I shall come -- for the right price."



Marcus Veranius: "No sale. Into the sack you go!"



Marcus Veranius puts it in his backpack

Zhudun: "What? You can't--! Mffrlgrll!"



Marcus Veranius: "And as for you, I uninvite you to this party."

"SUN SWORD!"

Flameskull: "Eeeeeeee!"



Marcus Veranius:

27

28

Sun Sword (+10)
Marcus Veranius

12

Bonus Damage/Radiant

14

Radiant

30

23

Sun Sword (+10)
Marcus Veranius

6 + 8

Bonus Damage/Radiant

15 + 6

Radiant

GM: (That's enough to take it out, would you care to RP it?)



Marcus Veranius draws the Sun Sword with his off-hand, making two quick invisible swipes. None of this is seen; the ball of radiance simply grows larger, and the skull evaporates in its shine

GM: (Any additional movement/actions/bonus actions?)



Marcus Veranius: (Nope. Marcus doesn't get extra attacks with this weapon. Unless...)

((WAIT))

(Haste action)

GM: (Lol good call)



Marcus Veranius:

24

29

Sun Sword (+10)
Marcus Veranius

9

Bonus Damage/Radiant

16

Radiant

And THAT is EoT



Henry of Willowsbrook: (if you still have a working hand crossbow you can attack with it as a bonus I believe)

Flameskull: "Aiiieeee!!!"

GM: (roll 1d6 please)



Tops K.: rolling 1d6

(6)

= 6



Flameskull: (That's two features to recharge)



Tops K.: (Marcus recharges his luck as that's the only thing spent ;-;)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (action surge?)



Marcus Veranius: (ACTION SURGE TOO)

(Midnight does not recharge because Blinsky's crossbow has committed self die)

Henry's go

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at the being in front of him and then around him at the other Dark Gods before sighing "This might take a while". Drawing his Pick from his belt he looks at Taar Haak "Listen, Ugly I really don't have time for this so in the spirit of expedience, **Ruination**" Henry growls his weapon turning into a blur

FIGHTING SPIRIT

Class: Fighter 3 Samurai

Starting at 3rd level, as a bonus action on your turn, you can give yourself advantage on weapon attack rolls until the end of the current turn. When you do so, you also gain 5 temporary hit points. The number of temporary hit points increases when you reach certain levels in this class, increasing to 10 at 10th level and 15 at 15th level. You can use this feature three times, and you regain all expended uses of it when you finish a short rest (long) rest. (Praise GM for he is kind)

24

33

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+15)

Henry of Willowsbrook

15

Piercing

6

Acid

22	30
60ft	
Baleful Dragonbone Warpick	
(Henry of Willowsbrook ⁽⁺¹⁵⁾)	
20 Piercing	8 Acid

WHAM. WHAM. Each blow is titanous, overwhelming in force, and unerring in precision.

Taar Haak: "A worthy set of blows, little warrior! You would make me proud!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Hmm wait I'mma smite on those)

rolling 6d8

(3 + 1 + 5 + 8 + 3 + 7)

= 27

(Is he undead ?)

Taar Haak: "AAARGH!"

All humor gone, Taar Haak the Five-Headed Destroyer rears to his full and towering height, brimming with fury.

(He is not undead, no)

The blast of holy power seems to have momentarily overwhelmed him.

GM: (The Poltergeists behind him are undead though)

(If you wanted to use some kind of Turn Undead feature or something like that)



Suldae Westwind: (HMM)

(hmmmmmmmmmm)

(please dont touch the poltergeists i need them lmao)

GM: (lmao)

(Hey, you might not, in a minute)

(There are bound to be loads of other critters around)



Suldae Westwind: (true!)

(yeah but are they close enough)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry smirks at the reaction having timed the detonation of divine energy just after it tried to posture.

"You really should have seen that coming, atleast try to keep up would you" He says

EoT

rolling d6

(4)

= 4

GM: (That's a recharge of one feature)

**Poltergeist:****FORCEFUL SLAM**
*Poltergeist***Attack: 8 | 23****Damage: 15** force

(Not with advantage, so it's a miss)

A spectral figure nearby swings a hand futilely at Henry. Another, farther away, points a finger at the treasure pile. The Blast Scepter takes a little telekinetic ride...

Flipping end over end, the gold and ruby scepter crashes down 12...

Missing completely. There is a massive release of energy, which scatters coins and treasure across the chamber.

**Ezmerelda Veranius:** "We're almost ready. Ireena's reading, we just need a few more seconds!"

84

7

**Poltergeist:** A Poltergeist points at Henry, attempting to hurl him telekinetically.**TELEKINETIC THRUST**
(CREATURE)*Poltergeist*

The poltergeist targets a creature within 30 feet of it. A creature must be Medium or smaller to be affected by this magic. The poltergeist makes a Charisma check contested by the target's Strength check. If the poltergeist wins the contest, the poltergeist hurls the target up to 30 feet in any direction, including upward. If the target then comes into contact with a hard surface or heavy object, the target takes 1d6 damage per 10 feet moved.

CHARISMA
Poltergeist

Ability: 3

Literally nothing happens.



Suldae Westwind: (i love that Henry didnt even need to roll)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

15

28

STRENGTH (9)

Henry of Willowsbrook



Poltergeist:

INITIATIVE

Amber Golem

Initiative: 15

Taar Haak: *"FALL TO MY MIGHT, PUNY MORTAL!"*



Henry of Willowsbrook: (It would have needed an 11 to even make me try I rolled just for rollings skae)

Taar Haak swings his claws five times, targeting Henry with every blow. 22, 27, 13, 14, 28



Henry of Willowsbrook: 3 hit

Taar Haak deals 61 points of bludgeoning damage to Henry.

3



Suldae Westwind: (um)

27

Suldae hears ominous tones on the air -- notes of darkness and shadow, growing once more in power.

82



Suldae Westwind: Suldae does not like this, not even a little bit.



Vampire Spawn: Vampire Spawn are now pouring into the chamber from the northern vault doors, one after another after another...



Kasimir Velikov:

10

ARCANA (8)

20



Yorhish M'wahassa: *"Take my power, Henry!"*

Henry feels himself regaining strength... He heals for 17 points.



Flameskull: "RRRAAAGH!"

DC13*Half damage***Dexterity Save****38***Fire**150 ft***Fireball**

A flame skull unleashes a blindly aimed fireball in the general direction of Marcus.



Marcus Veranius: Uh oh

Yog: "COME, TAAR HAAK! DO NOT TAKE ALL THE FUN!"

"GREEDY GREEDY GREEDY!"



Marcus Veranius: (Auto-pass)

(We have the dex)

Absorb Elements*Abjuration 1***Casting Time:** 1 Reaction**Range:** Self**Components:** S**Duration:** 1 Round

Cast when you take when you take acid, cold, fire, lightning, or thunder damage.

The spell captures some of the incoming energy, lessening its effect on you and storing it for your next melee attack. You have resistance to the triggering damage type until the start of your next turn. Also, the first time you hit with a melee attack on your next turn, the target takes an extra 1d6 damage of the triggering type, and the spell ends.

(Oh wait, nevermind. I dont need to cast this)

4

Marcus Veranius: [Marcus and Ezmerelda take 9 fire damage]



Poltergeist: Another poltergeist attempts telekinetic assault on Henry, even as Yog bears down upon him, flaming sword raised high.

**TELEKINETIC THRUST
(CREATURE)***Poltergeist*

The poltergeist targets a creature within 30 feet of it. A creature must be Medium or smaller to be affected by this magic. The poltergeist

makes a Charisma check contested by the target's Strength check. If the poltergeist wins the contest, the poltergeist hurls the target up to 30 feet in any direction, including upward. If the target then comes into contact with a hard surface or heavy object, the target takes 1d6 damage per 10 feet moved.

CHARISMA
Poltergeist

Ability: **13**



Henry of Willowsbrook:

24

STRENGTH (9)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Once again, absolutely nothing happens. Henry resists the attack so effortlessly that it might as well not have happened.



Ismark Kolyanovich:

6

ARCANA (3)



Ireena Kolyana:

21

ARCANA (6)

There is a rending, popping, crackling sound. In the center of the main room, above the gathered treasure, you see a vertical line of darkness extend from the ceiling to the floor.



Ireena Kolyana: "Now, Suldae! I need you!"

"Reach your power through!"

(Arcana check)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae closes her eyes and focuses, the flute's melody guiding her reach towards the Weave.

31

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

She feels her power and Ireena's connect, and all at once the distance between them means nothing at all.

With a dazzling roar, a vast portal opens in the center of the chamber.

Ireena has cast "Gate."

Instantly, half a dozen people tumble through. Luckily, there is no one you don't recognize. Ireena, Ismark, Ezmerelda, Kasimir, and Rictavio have arrived!



Flameskull: "RRRAGGGH!"

DC13

Half damage

Dexterity Save

40

Fire

150 ft

Fireball

Another blast of fire fills the hall where Marcus is, blindly fired by a Flameskull.



Rictavio:

Beacon of Hope

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: Any number of creatures within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

This spell bestows hope and vitality. Choose any number of creatures within range. For the duration, each target has advantage on Wisdom saving throws and death saving throws, and regains the maximum number of hit points possible from any healing.

The moment Rictavio arrives, he bursts into an aura of glorious golden light, which fills the hearts and souls of all his companions.

Tarakamedes: "HISSSSS!"

"KILL IT! KILL THE LIGHT!"

Tarakamedes retreats behind Norganas.

GM: (Warriors of Valhalla are up)



Marcus Veranius hears his name called



Warrior of Valhalla: "THIS FIGHT IS OURS! AID YOUR FRIENDS; WE LIVE AGAIN TO DIE IN BATTLE ONCE MORE!"

GM: (Also, you got fireballed again)



Warrior of Valhalla: [Marcus and Ez take 10 damage]

GREATAXE (~-
MAMdUB1wUEfANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

*Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjavzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)*
:
12 | 17

GREATAXE (~-
MAMdUB1wUEfANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

*Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjavzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)*
:
19 | 19

GREATAXE (~-
MAMdUB1wUEfANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

*Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjavzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)*
:
7 | 14

GREATAXE (~-
MAMdUB1wUEfANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

*Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjavzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)*
:
8 | 21

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m|repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjevzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)

:
10 | 22



Warrior of Valhalla:

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m|repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjevzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)

:
10 | 24

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_CRIT)
Warrior of Valhalla

Attack (~-
mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m|repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjevzoceatkk5ue_npc_crit)

:
13 | 25

(With advantage)

GM: (6 hits)



Warrior of Valhalla:

Damage: **4** slashing

Damage: **7** slashing

Damage: **13** slashing

Damage: **15** slashing

Damage: **11** slashing

Damage: **13 + 5** slashing



Shield Guardian: With a squeal of metal and stone, the Shield Guardian collapses into tumbled pieces.



Warrior of Valhalla: "CHARGE! THE WAR IS NOT YET WON!"

Norganas: "DOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

As Norganas glides darkly towards the party, shadow wars with light.

By the combined powers of Rictavio, Suldae, and Henry, the shadow harms none of your companions.

Norganas, enraged by your defiance, takes a wild swing at the nearest available target: Ezmerelda.

21, 19 to Hit.



Warrior of Valhalla: (Are these with disadvantage?)

GM: (Ah, good point)

27, 29 to Hit (second attack)

GM: (So a 19 and a 27 to hit)

(If she is Hasted because you are Hasted, isn't her AC boosted too?)



Marcus Veranius: (One miss after Haste/Bonding Ring)

(One hit)

GM: (Gotcha)

*Ezmerelda takes **26** points of Necrotic damage.*



Marcus Veranius: 13 resisted

GM: (They are not within 60 feet of each other)



Marcus Veranius: (OOF)

GM: (On the plus side, that means you don't get hit with it)



Ezmerelda Veranius:

CONSTITUTION
Ezmerelda Veranius

Ability: **4**

"Aaargh!"

Ezmerelda cries out in terrible pain as the Hand of Norganas rips through her soul, shredding a piece of her in a way that only a long rest can repair.

GM: (Ezmeralda's Max HP is reduced by 26 points, in addition to the damage she receives)

(The lost max HP will come back after a long rest)



Vasilka: "We are here with you, Henry! Take power!"

56

Henry feels new strength in his veins. (56 points of healing)

GM: (Alright, we're back at the beginning for next time)

(And here we should stop for today)

**Ezmerelda Veranius:****CONSTITUTION***Ezmerelda Veranius***Ability: 18**

(concentration)

CONSTITUTION*Ezmerelda Veranius***Ability: 23**

(Advantage on Con Save [Protection from Evil])

(Nevermind, ignore second roll)

**Suldae Westwind:****CHANNEL DIVINITY: TURN UNDEAD***Class: Cleric*

As an action, you present your holy symbol and speak a prayer censuring the Undead. Each Undead that can see or hear you within 30 feet of you must make a Wisdom saving throw. If the creature fails its saving throw, it is turned for 1 minute or until it takes any damage.

A turned creature must spend its turns trying to move as far away from you as it can, and it can't willingly move to a space within 30 feet of you. It also can't take reactions. For its action, it can use only the Dash action or try to escape from an effect that prevents it from moving. If there's nowhere to move, the creature can use the Dodge action.

oops

**GM (GM):** Alrighty, the last thing everybody saw was Ezmerelda getting clawed by Norganas

It is now Suldae's turn, so go ahead and start us off

**Liliet (Suldae):** Suldae half-closes her eyes and focuses her will, sending the divine weapon she's been entrusted with towards its target.**30****Halo throw (+12)**
Suldae Westwind**13***Thunder*

GM (GM): (That's a definite hit)



Liliet (Suldae):

27

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

19
Thunder

32

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

11 + 10
Thunder



GM (GM): (Hit)
(Hit)



Liliet (Suldae):

28

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

17
Thunder



GM (GM): (Hit)



Liliet (Suldae):

26

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

13
Thunder



GM (GM): (Hit)



Liliet (Suldae):

28

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

10
Thunder



GM (GM): (Hit)



Liliet (Suldae):

29**Halo throw (+12)**
Suldae Westwind**17***Thunder***GM (GM):** (Hit)**Liliet (Suldae):** (is the poltergeist thing still alive?)**GM (GM):** (All the Poltergeists are still alive)**Suldae Westwind:** (gotcha)**GM (GM):** (Except the one marked with the red X)**Suldae Westwind:****16****Halo throw (+12)**
Suldae Westwind**13***Thunder*

(gotcha)

**GM (GM):** (Who's your target for that last one?)**Suldae Westwind:** i drew an 8 on target 2
next to Henry**GM (GM):** (Ah, I see it)**Suldae Westwind:****29****Halo throw (+12)**
Suldae Westwind**15***Thunder***GM (GM):** (Hit)**Suldae Westwind:****26****Halo throw (+12)**
Suldae Westwind**21***Thunder***GM (GM):** (Hit)

(Lmao)



Suldae Westwind:

21

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

19

Thunder

29

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

23

Thunder



GM (GM): (Hit)



Suldae Westwind: (are you counting movement)



GM (GM): (I'm watching somebody count it)



Suldae Westwind:

13

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

21

Thunder



GM (GM): (And there it ends)



Suldae Westwind: (wow i finally missed)



GM (GM): (But use the remaining movement)

(Looked like you had about 40 left)



Suldae Westwind: The halo fills the air with thrumming as it flies from target to target with speed that strains Suldae's mind, until finally she cannot keep it up and the halo comes to rest in the same place it'd started.

(I like it where it is lmao)

Her head spinning with the tension of the battle, Suldae makes a choice.

CHANNEL DIVINITY: LIFE'S FLOURISH

Class: Cleric

At level 2, you can use your action to grant an extra attack or non-attack action to an ally within earshot that they can use on their next turn, as a standard action.

Her flute rings out a clear note that saps her strength momentarily, yet bolsters Kasimir, the wizard they can trust after all.

(also, can I see people's HP?)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae is totally keeping track of who's been hurt and everything, it's not been a week for HER)



Tops K.: (Marcus is down 20 or so hitpoints from fireball rush)



Suldae Westwind: (Marcus is also only in range for the nuke super heal)
(I need more intel before I decide if I'm using up a level 5+ spell slot)



GM (GM): GONG! GONG! GONG! G-G-G-G-G-G-G-GOOONNNNGGG!!! A ribbon of light is all you see, painting the strangest trapezoids with a holy, bladed path. It whistles over the heads of her companions, safely missing all of them, and in the moment that it strikes each demon, devil, or creature of the night, it sings out a note designed to counter them.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry is at 95/110)



Suldae Westwind: (oh wait no he's not not even for that)



GM (GM): (Alright, final damage?)



Suldae Westwind: 13+15+19

19+13

21+17+21+23

17

13

10



Suldae Westwind: (in order of the first 6 lol)

47 on Yog, 22 on the closest poltergeist, 38+44=82 on Taar Haak



GM (GM): (I have **68** for Yog, **32** for the Poltergeist next to Henry, **17** for the Poltergeist next to Kasimir, **13** for Norganas, **10** for the Poltergeist next to Norganas, **61** for Taar Haak,
Does that look correct?)



Suldae Westwind: 32 and the three who only got hit a little are right
I only hit Yog three times and Taar Haak four times, with bigger numbers



GM (GM): Isn't it 1, 3, 9, 11, Yog?

Oh no, I see the three is on Taark Haak too



Suldae Westwind: yeah
thats 13 which missed



GM (GM): Ohhhh
Gotcha



Suldae Westwind: ill delete the numbers now?

Henry of Willowsbrook: 47 on yog abd 82 on TaarHaak by my count



Suldae Westwind: yeah mine too



GM (GM): 47 for Yog, 82 for Taar Haak?



Suldae Westwind: shit
that did not work how i wanted it to



GM (GM): I was off by 21



Suldae Westwind: yeah 21 that was on one and not the other, hte crit



GM (GM): I attributed attack 3 to Yog instead of Taar Haak, and attack 3 was the critical



Suldae Westwind: can you please put back tokens i accidentally'd?
yeah
should be Henry, Suldae, Ireena



GM (GM): Wait who'd you delete



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's initiative count was 30
oh also the halo
can i have HP count for NPC's?



GM (GM): (You should have it)



Suldae Westwind: (ty!)



GM (GM):

<p>INITIATIVE</p> <p><i>Ireena Kolyana</i></p> <hr/> <p><i>Initiative: 6</i></p>
--



Suldae Westwind: (ok everyone i can reach except Henry looks at max... hm...)

2

Higher Level Cast

14

Healing

60 feet

Healing Word

Suldae Westwind

The flute sings out as Suldae's magic envelops the companion she's standing next to in healing warmth.

As Suldae takes a cautious step behind him after a realization of *what* her weapon just did.



GM (GM): (I've taken care of the damage)



Suldae Westwind: (...UH HOLY SHIT)

EoT



Henry of Willowsbrook: (So I'm back to fullhp)

Taar Haak the Five-Headed Destroyer vanishes in a scream of black smoke. Yog staggers back a full two steps.

The Poltergeist in front of Henry ripples and dissipates, torn to shreds by light.

Norganas rears back, raising a shadowy hand, hissing in pain. The sound is like a glacier of steel wool scraping out a valley in a chalkboard the size of the material plane.

It does not like the light.

GM: (Hiere, you're there)



GM (GM): (It's you, guy)



Able: Hiere's knives drop to the ground as he trips out the door and sees 2000000 baddies in the treasure pit. "Oh." He tugs on the Weave near Yog and bits of treasure around it rise from the pile.

"CHEQUE THIS OUT"

Norganas and Yog scream as they take 10 psychic damage from the pun. They have not heard jokes so horribly mortal in centuries.



Hiere Unthere: 107

(what's tog's ac)

GM: (10)



Hiere Unthere: (that's 8 hits, w a crit)

59 ouchies

GM: (What spell are you using?)



Hiere Unthere: (animate objects)

GM: (Animate Objects oh right duh)



Suldae Westwind: ...i just realized i accidentally two bonus actions



Hiere Unthere: (EoT)



Suldae Westwind: i should not have done that

Henry's HP should be at 95 and i'm not down the 2nd level spell slot

totally still hidin behind him tho

sorry

...But the Pun doesn't really hit until it starts hitting them. Literally. Coins. Cash. Mortals sometimes spend it in Cheques. One had to know that sort of thing even in the way back when, because mortals were always offering to pay with cheques, which was supposed to be a funny little joke, but boy did it make some old gods embarrassed the first time they bumped into it and accepted the cheques. The sting of the joke, of the memory, and of the coins currently ripping through Yog, causes each hit of the coins to deal an extra 13 psychic damage.



GM (GM): 163

Is all this targeted at Yog?



Henry of Willowsbrook: (where did the 104 come from



Hiere Unthere: (yeah but id I knew it was gonna be infinite damage would've prolly directed some elsewhere)



GM (GM): 13*8



Hiere Unthere: (those are the to-hits)
(wait what 104)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh he takes the 13 psych damaga **per** coin hit)

Yog is ripped apart with a mortal scream. Never has he fallen by mortal blade. He is paying for it now. As he realizes this, he bursts into laughter -- and a black cloud of rancid ash.

Something ruby in color rises from Taar Haak's remains, and zooms away through the western wall.

Something amber in color rises from Yog's remains, and zooms away through the same wall a moment later.

GM: (EoT?)



Hiere Unthere: (yep said that a while ago)



GM (GM): Marcus, you're up



Marcus Veranius: Marcus decides that this is a good time to start hunting for those amber coffins.
He moves south to start checking doors.

The southern door resists him, but he can tell it's not locked. Some powerful will is trying to hold it shut.



Marcus Veranius: (Would attempting to pry it open cost an action?)



GM (GM): (Most likely)

(Depending upon how you did it)

(If it's a straight-up contest of force, it definitely will)



Marcus Veranius: Nah. Marcus is going to shoot the handle off.



Hiere Unthere: (its not locked!!!)
(y u shoot handle)



Marcus Veranius: ...hinges then?



Henry of Willowsbrook: (stab em with your lightsaber)



Marcus Veranius:

26

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)
Marcus Veranius

4
Bonus Damage

22
Radiant

(ignore the bonus damage)

(The door is probably not undead)



Marcus Veranius points the Sunsword at the door and launches its blade as a beam of sunlight, hoping to blow the door apart.

The blade of the sunbeam sings a hole neatly through the center of the door and strikes something beyond -- a wall of coiling shadow. It bursts with a thunderous eruption of holy solar light, and a faint scream of pain rings out psychically. The door swings inwards, into a dark space where ancient power sits and hums. The dark little room is illuminated by the glow of two pulsating amber sarcophagi -- one, dripping with disease, the other, wreathed in lightning and storm.



Marcus Veranius: The space is immediately assaulted by true sunlight, which heralds their imminent doom.

"Heeeeeeeeeeeeere's Marcus!"

(Faintly): "Eeeeeee!!!"



Marcus Veranius takes more shots at the sarcophagi



Marcus Veranius:

13

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)
Marcus Veranius

22
Radiant

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

6
Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]
Marcus Veranius

(19 to hit)

GM: (Just barely hits)

With a last-minute correction of his aim Marcus unleashes a dead-center shot that rips through the storm-cloud swirling around the southern statue, and strikes amber. Thunder rolls through the room, and rain begins to fall, and lightning flickers on the air. Zrin-Hala yet has some strength.



Marcus Veranius: Tougher than it looks. Very well, the rest of the shots then. This was going to be a slow demolition.

(Bonus action, haste action, action surge attacks)

21

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

19

Radiant

25

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

22

Radiant

27

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

23

Radiant

29

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

24 + 2

Radiant



Marcus Veranius: (Split those between the two coffins if one breaks)

Light streams from the sun-blade's edge, pouring into the two amber statues. Marcus feels the first one break and turns to the next, which crumbles at the first blast. The disease and storm fade, and something in the chamber falls silent. The hum of power is gone. Zrin-Hala and Fekre are no more.



Marcus Veranius casually strides to the next door, readying himself for the next wave



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]

GM: (Henry, you're up)

Henry of Willowsbrook:

Divine Favor

*Evocation 1***Casting Time:** 1 bonus action**Range:** Self**Target:** Self**Components:** V, S**Duration:** Concentration Up to 1 minute

Your prayer empowers you with divine radiance. Until the spell ends, your weapon attacks deal an extra 1d4 radiant damage on a hit.

**Marcus Veranius:** rolling 1d6

(1)

= 1



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henrys weapon begins to glow with divine energy as he looks to Norganas "I think I might have smacked one of your cousins around before" He spits out "Can't say I was impressed" adn with that he hurls his Pick at it

**Hiere Unthere:** 6**Henry of Willowsbrook:****34**

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+15)

Henry of Willowsbrook

1 + 2*Radiant***19 + 5***Piercing***5 + 6***Acid***20**

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+15)

Henry of Willowsbrook

1*Radiant***21***Piercing***5***Acid***GM:** (Holy shit)

(A crit after a line like that)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (How hurt was he?)
(before me)

WHAM. The Dragonbone Pick strikes like the fist of a god, punching right through Norganas. It turns around in midair and punches through him again from behind almost casually, and on each pass through the shadows it releases a punch of sunlight and a blast of acidic magic. It returns to Henry's hand.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Gm Norganas is an undead yes?)

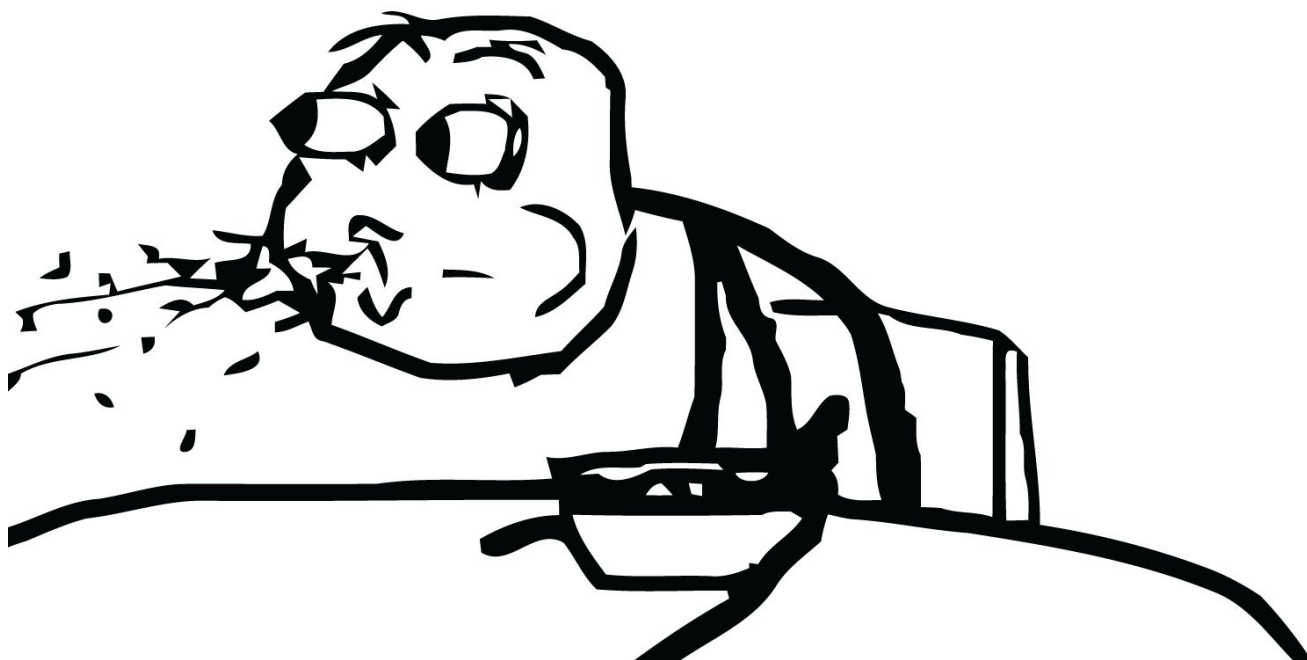
GM: (I believe he would qualify, more or less)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (well how about 12d8 for good measure)
(I still have 2 second level slots)



GM (GM):



(<https://i.pinimg.com/originals/6e/1e/28/6e1e287da53614647b9b33cc480c7a26.jpg>)



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling 12d8

(4 + 3 + 6 + 6 + 3 + 2 + 7 + 2 + 2 + 5 + 2 + 4)

= 46

GM: (What form does the damage take?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (radiant of cause or are you asking visually)

GM: (No no, just wanted to confirm radiant)



Suldae Westwind: rolling 1d6

(6)

= 6

(dang)

GM: (Makes a difference for resistances)

A secondary eruption of holy flame sends Norganas toppling, knocking him completely prone. He falls like a tree, nearly squashing the Poltergeist behind him.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry catches the Pick but he doesn't lower his arm afterwards regarding the lingering burns on the God "**Burn**" and light detonates out of the fresh wounds



Suldae Westwind: As Hiere's excellent pun and treasure flurry rip Yog into smoke and Henry's pick rips into Norganas, Suldae feels renewed strength flow into her.

(1 Channel Divinity please and thank you, 1 lvl 5 spell slot because i havent expended anything else yet)

(i like this fight)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (action surge for 2 more attacks)

Norganas pleads, raising a hand against the light. "Nooo.. Pleeese!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wait is he prone prone?9

GM: (Ye)

(But he's, like... 16 feet tall)

(So I think you'd still have a relatively easy time hitting him)

(Although there are those piles of treasure in the way)

(That might actually provide a certain degree of cover if he's prone)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Oh but I get advantage in meele right?)

GM: (Yes, in melee you would have advantage)



Henry of Willowsbrook: melee)



Suldae Westwind: (oh boom)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry calmly walks over to the fallen god, gold and gems crouching under his light footfalls

Despite the God still being taller than him he looks down on it with a contempt full smirk "Out of curiosity as begging ever worked on you?"



Suldae Westwind: (oh snap)

Norganas grins and laughs, maw suddenly full of razor-sharp teeth of moonlight. The shadowy form explodes, enveloping a ten-foot-radius in tendrils of darkness, which attempt to restrain Henry (DC 20 Strength save).



Henry of Willowsbrook:

17 + 4

STRENGTH SAVE (9)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Hiere Unthere: (gg)

Henry is mightier than the darkness, and rips his way free. Norganas's laugh becomes a growl of fear.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "See because I don't think pleading ever made you stay your hand" He continues shrugging of the grasp with seemingly no effort "So why should it stay mine?" and without waiting for a reply Henry's weapon turns into a violent blur digging into the God once more

30		21
60ft		

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+15)
Henry of Willowsbrook

3		
Radiant		
15		5
Piercing		Acid

32		23
60ft		

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+15)
Henry of Willowsbrook

2		
Radiant		
14		9
Piercing		Acid

Norganas: "Mighty... Words!"*

Norganas struggles, still strong enough to fight.

"I shall eat your soul!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You'll try" Henry says rolling his shoulder

EoT



Vampire Spawn: The Vampire Spawn, seeing Henry leave the area, swerve sharply towards the smallest available target -- Suldae.

Drawing long knives of silver they screech as they sprint in.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (whoops sorry Drama called me away)



Suldae Westwind: (I was just about to comment that my shield left)
(but i mean now he's instead standing between Norganas and Ireena)



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling d6

(**6**)

= **6**



Vampire Spawn:

DAGGERS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: 10

Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 13 slashing

DAGGERS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: 10

Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 8 slashing



Henry of Willowsbrook: (ActionSurge and one level2 slot are back)

The first Vampire to reach her is ineffective, she stabs at Suldae furiously but Suldae dances neatly out of the path of her blade.

GM: (What would you like Ezmerelda to do?)



Marcus Veranius: (I am already managing Marcus and the 7 Merry Men. Can you handle Ez's actions?)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae is fully okay with this)

(i typed this at the same time as the rest for hte record)



Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezmerelda, seeing the Vampires coming Suldae's way, pushes through Rictavio and Ismark and reaches out a casual hand. "Oh no you don't."

A massive beam of sunlight light rips through the space, and remains hanging there, scalding the vampire in its path and barring the others from reaching Suldae.

DC14

Constitution Save

32
Radiant

Self (60-foot line)

Sunbeam



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Isn't Sunbeam concentration?)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae, in a feat of elven dexterity, flashes her a thumbs-up without dropping the flute.

GM: (Oops, is she concentrating on something else important?)



Ezmerelda Veranius: (Haste o-o)

GM: (Ah)

(Well, in that case, this won't work)



Suldae Westwind: (alas)

RETCON FLASH



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Hold it!"

Hold Monster

Abjuration 5

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 90 feet

Target: A creature that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (A small, straight piece of iron)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

Choose a creature that you can see within range. The target must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or be paralyzed for the duration. This spell has no effect on undead. At the end of each of its turns, the target can make another Wisdom saving throw. On a success, the spell ends on the target.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 6th level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot level above 5th. The creatures must be within 30 feet of each other when you target them.



Marcus Veranius: (Also concentration)



Ezmerelda Veranius: Dammit all the good ones are

DC14

Half damage

Dexterity Save

19

Lightning

Self

Lightning Bolt**Suldae Westwind:** (all the good ones are)

(thats the story of my spell list)

**Vampire Spawn:**

DEXTERITY

Vampire Spawn

Ability: **21** | **13****GM:** (Not supposed to be at disadvantage, going with first roll)**Vampire Spawn** *nimbly dodges the lightning bolt completely, twisting almost flat on their back to glide-limbo underneath it.***Poltergeist:**TELEKINETIC THRUST
(CREATURE)

Poltergeist

The poltergeist targets a creature within 30 feet of it. A creature must be Medium or smaller to be affected by this magic. The poltergeist makes a Charisma check contested by the target's Strength check. If the poltergeist wins the contest, the poltergeist hurls the target up to 30 feet in any direction, including upward. If the target then comes into contact with a hard surface or heavy object, the target takes 1d6 damage per 10 feet moved.

CHARISMA

Poltergeist

Ability: **2****Ireena Kolyana:****7****STRENGTH SAVE (4)**

10**STRENGTH (0)****GM:** (Oh, hang on that should be a check)

(There we go)


Once again a Poltergeist attempts some telekinesis, only to have it thwarted by physics.**Vampire Spawn:****DAGGERS**
*Vampire Spawn***Attack: 7**Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.**Damage: 6** slashing**DAGGERS**
*Vampire Spawn***Attack: 13**Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.**Damage: 11** slashing***Another Vampire attempts to stab Suldae only to find her a very gifted dancer.*****Poltergeist:** An enraged and injured Poltergeist tries to make Henry fly away.**Suldae Westwind:** (*i love these rolls*)**Poltergeist:****CHARISMA**
*Poltergeist***Ability: 13****Henry of Willowsbrook:****18****22****STRENGTH (9)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**28****20****STRENGTH (9)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**Suldae Westwind:** (also just in case bringing up that Suldae's AC includes her dragonscale armor)**Poltergeist:** "GRRAAAAGH!"

Henry of Willowsbrook: (sorry was not supposed to be at advantage or twice)

Yrrga: 4

 **Khirad:** 94

"I HAVE RETURNED, MORTALS!"

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Which clown was that again?"
"


 **Delban:** 25

 **Drizlash:** 9

Taar Haak: 18

Zrin-Hala: 49

 **Kasimir Velikov:** "Thank you, Suldae!"

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Didn't Marcus smash Zrin-halas coffin?)

GM: (Whoops, you're right

 **Kasimir Velikov:**

DC16


Dexterity Save


31

Lightning

150 feet

Chain Lightning

 **Marcus Veranius:** (Kasimir has an extra spell this turn ft Suldae)

 **Kasimir Velikov** *Kasimir whirls and unleashes lightning with both hands. Bolts branch out from the first impact and strike other targets, pinging all the Vampire Spawn at least once, and the two before Suldae twice each.*

 **Vampire Spawn:**

DEXTERITY
Vampire Spawn

Ability: 4

DEXTERITY
Vampire Spawn

Ability: 12

DEXTERITY
Vampire Spawn

Ability: 16

DEXTERITY
Vampire Spawn

Ability: **22**

DEXTERITY
Vampire Spawn

Ability: **13**

DEXTERITY
Vampire Spawn

Ability: **7**



Vampire Spawn:

DEXTERITY
Vampire Spawn

Ability: **21**

DEXTERITY
Vampire Spawn

Ability: **12**

Two of the Vampire Spawn are able to avoid the lightning completely, but the ones before Suldae crackle in the stream, and the two near the middle of the room are also unable to avoid being struck.

DAGGERS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: **25**
Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.

Damage: **8** slashing

DAGGERS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: **23**
Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.

Damage: **8** slashing

A Vampire spawn races in and stabs Suldae twice, for 16 points of silvered piercing total.



Vampire Spawn: Crowding in now around her, the Vampires begin to get the hang of her dodging.

DAGGERS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: **11 | 8**
Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.

Damage: **10** slashing

DAGGERS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: **10** | **8**

Instead of dealing damage, the vampire can grapple the target, escape DC 13.

Damage: **6** slashing

The new arrival misses anyway.



Vampire Spawn:

DAGGERS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: **21** | **21**

Instead of dealing damage, the vampire can grapple the target, escape DC 13.

Damage: **7** slashing

DAGGERS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: **19** | **25**

Instead of dealing damage, the vampire can grapple the target, escape DC 13.

Damage: **10** slashing

The next to arrive does not, inflicting an additional 17 points of silvered piercing damage with two well-aimed stabs.



Dahlver-Nar: **6**



Amber Golem: "WHAT'S ALL THIS NOISE?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is dodging for dear life, feeling the knives slide against her armor as she does not allow the blows to land directly... but there is only so much space for her to dodge in, and evading one attack brings her right into the path of another two.



Amber Golem:

SLAM
Amber Golem

Attack: **13** | **12**

Damage: **21** bludgeoning

SLAM
Amber Golem

Attack: **11** | **19**

Damage: **14** bludgeoning



Suldae Westwind: (oh i like this)

You hear two dishearteningly loud WHOMPs -- the sound of Four Ghouls getting their heads smashed like watermelons.



Amber Golem: A massive Amber Golem emerges from the vault chamber to the north.



Yorhish M'wahassa: (Henry gains a natural 20 from Yorhish, grown just for him.)

The Flameskulls, seeing Marcus casually destroying private property, immediately start trying to bombard him with fireballs again.



Flameskull:

DC13

Half damage

Dexterity Save

34

Fire

150 ft

Fireball



Marcus Veranius: (How many of those do they have!?)

GM: (Soooo many)



Marcus Veranius: (Absorb elements for half, Marcus passes for another half)

Yog: **49**



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Oh shit guys, there's so much going on!"



Suldae Westwind: "You don't say!" Suldae yells out from her Vampire Corner



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Right, Eldritch Blast it is!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ya think!?"



Ismark Kolyanovich:

17

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

13

25

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

7**21**

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

14

Three bolts of fire spring from his hand, striking the vampire nearest to him. This requires him to shoot past Ezmerelda, which he does very carefully.

**Poltergeist:** "Rrragh!"**Warrior of Valhalla:** "DONT YOU RUN FROM US!"

Opportunity Attack

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m|repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjevzöceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)

:

14 | 13Damage: **15** slashing**Poltergeist:**

TELEKINETIC THRUST
(CREATURE)
Poltergeist

The poltergeist targets a creature within 30 feet of it. A creature must be Medium or smaller to be affected by this magic. The poltergeist makes a Charisma check contested by the target's

Strength check. If the poltergeist wins the contest, the poltergeist hurls the target up to 30 feet in any direction, including upward. If the target then comes into contact with a hard surface or heavy object, the target takes 1d6 damage per 10 feet moved.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (who's the geists target?)



Vampire Spawn: The Vampire Spawn ducks easily under the Warrior's axe and sprints for Marcus, swinging his knives.



Poltergeist: The Poltergeist attempts to fling Henry once again.

CHARISMA
Poltergeist

Ability: **4**

Henry doesn't notice.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry's cloak billows dramatically at the attempt



Suldae Westwind: (these guys just aren't very confident in themselves)
(they need a self-esteem seminar or something)



Death Slaad:

(Self Only) Invisibility, At Will
Illusion 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (An eyelash encased in gum arabic)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 hour

A creature you touch becomes invisible until the spell ends. Anything the target is wearing or carrying is invisible as long as it is on the target's person. The spell ends for a target that attacks or casts a spell.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 3rd level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot level above 2nd.

The Death Slaad fades from view.



Flameskull: The Flameskull, seeing the Vampire charging in, decides not to obliterate the hallway with a fireball. It looses its eyebeams in the general direction it thinks Marcus might be in, instead.

FIRE RAY*Flameskull***Attack:** 21 | 14**Damage:** 12 fire**FIRE RAY***Flameskull***Attack:** 19 | 21**Damage:** 11 fire***Both beams miss by yards.*****Rictavio:** Rictavio touches Ezmerelda, casting Death Ward.**Death Ward***Abjuration 4***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** Touch**Components:** V, S**Duration:** 8 hours

You touch a creature and grant it a measure of protection from death. The first time the target would drop to 0 hit points as a result of taking damage, the target instead drops to 1 hit point, and the spell ends. If the spell is still in effect when the target is subjected to an effect that would kill it instantaneously without dealing damage, that effect is instead negated against the target, and the spell ends.

**Ireena Kolyana:** (Is Ireena concentrating on anything important?)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Don't think so)

(Ez has Haste and Kasimir has greater Invis on Marcus)

**Ireena Kolyana:****Wall of Force***Abjuration 5***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 120 feet**Target:** A point you choose within range**Components:** V, S, M (A pinch of powder made by crushing a clear gemstone)**Duration:** Concentration Up to 10 minutes

An invisible wall of force springs into existence at a point you choose within range. The wall appears in any orientation you choose, as a horizontal or vertical barrier or at an angle. It can be free floating or resting on a solid surface. You can form it into a hemispherical dome or a sphere with a radius

of up to 10 feet, or you can shape a flat surface made up of ten 10-foot-by-10-foot panels. Each panel must be contiguous with another panel. In any form, the wall is 1/4 inch thick. It lasts for the duration. If the wall cuts through a creature's space when it appears, the creature is pushed to one side of the wall (your choice which side). Nothing can physically pass through the wall. It is immune to all damage and can't be dispelled by dispel magic. A disintegrate spell destroys the wall instantly, however. The wall also extends into the Ethereal Plane, blocking ethereal travel through the wall.

"Suldae!" Ireena shouts, releasing *Wall of Force*. Instantly a barrier of pure force cuts between Suldae and the Vampires. "Tell me when to drop it!"



Warrior of Valhalla begin charging into the main chamber, but lack the speed to make contact this round.

GM: (Warriors of Valhalla are up)



Warrior of Valhalla: (Dash actions are taken for further movement, but keep going with Tarry's turn)

Tarakamedes: "Come here, impertinent one!"

TONGUE (~-
M87XLDf7SPNHINJT7BW|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M88GLAMEH81T7PARUJ6_NPC_DMG)
Tarakamedes, the Grave Wyrn

*Attack (~-
m87xldf7spnhinjt7bw|repeating_npcaction_-
m88glameh81t7paruj6_npc_dmg)*

:

17 | 16

If the target is Medium or smaller, it is grappled (escape DC 15), pulled up to 30 feet toward the canoloth, and restrained until the grapple ends. The canoloth can grapple one target at a time with its tongue.

Henry feels a powerful tongue lightly bounce off his armor.

"Fegh! Disgusting!"

"Acidic!"

Tarakamedes flies away with a supernatural burst of speed.

Norganas: **5**

Norganas is not strong enough to perform his Finger of Doom on Henry, but he still strikes twice with his claws.

20 and **26** To hit, for **36** and **38** Necrotic, and a DC 21 CON save to avoid hit point maximum

reduction.

Henry of Willowsbrook: (Isn't he at disadvantage because prone or not?)

Norganas: He's sort of amorphous, him being prone was a ruse that didn't end out like he expected



Henry of Willowsbrook: (okay)

DRAGON SCALE ARMOR

Other: Magic Armor

+1 Plate Armor

Grants immunity to acid damage

Grants resistance to necrotic damage and force damage

Grants advantage on Charisma saves

Grants advantage on Intimidation checks. If the wearer already has advantage on Intimidation or Charisma checks due to a spell, a feature, or another magic item effect, grants a +5 to Intimidation checks instead.

Only 19 damage

GM: (And the DC 21 CON save)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

21 + 4

CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (Which you pass)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (that would be dc10 concentration right?)

GM: (Yes, I believe so)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

8 + 4

CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(Divine favor is still up)



Vasilka: "Take this..." (Henry receives his level 2 spell slots again.)

GM: (Suldae, you're up)

(No Fog of War)

(Better?)



Tops K.: (I'm gunna pretend I don't see the extra chamber I didnt account for in my master plan)

GM: (Please do)

(Are things running better without the Fog of War?)



Liliet (Suldae): As Suldae painfully realizes she cannot dodge five attackers at the same time perfectly, the flute thrums in her hands, offering help with a melody she'd not known before - of mist and aether, and clouds dispersed by the wind only to form elsewhere.

Trusting the mournful notes of it, Suldae takes a step.

A whirl of holy light and song is left spinning where she was.

(well, it loaded)

(Flute) Misty Step

Conjuration 2

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V

Duration: Instantaneous

Briefly surrounded by silvery mist, you teleport up to 30 feet to an unoccupied space that you can see.

GM: (I've simplified the map, too)



Tops K.: (Somewhat?)



Liliet (Suldae): (can i cast a bonus action spell as a main action)

GM: (That's a good question)



Marcus Veranius: (Base rules, no)



Suldae Westwind: (or alternatively direct the halo as a main action)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (also no but you are wllaed of from the vampire spawn by Ireenas wall of force so you can just walk walled



Suldae Westwind: oh

i didnt see that

GM: (She also indicated that you could tell her the moment you wanted her to drop it)



Suldae Westwind: (ok yeah i just hadnt seen anything since the death slaad's invis)

retcon then

Suldae runs towards Ireena and taps her on the shoulder, indicating it's a good time to drop the spell, as the halo left spinning idly in the air behind her blazes with holy light.

22

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

19

Thunder

Ireena Kolyana: Ireena instantly drops the Wall of Force.



Suldae Westwind:

16

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

14

Thunder

(does this hit?)

GM: (Just barely)



Suldae Westwind:

21

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

15

Thunder

29

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

15

Thunder

29

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

18

Thunder

22

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

16

Thunder

30

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

15

Thunder

19

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

17*Thunder***Suldae Westwind:** (after two hits the 6/8 poltergeist is dead, right?)**GM:** (He's dead after one**Suldae Westwind:** (oh)

(then i move the 8 to another poltergeist)

14**Halo throw (+12)**
Suldae Westwind**12***Thunder*

(does... this hit)

GM: (Just barely lmao)**Suldae Westwind:** (beautiful)

(is #8 dead)

GM: (Yes)**Suldae Westwind:** (ty)

(lmao i might run out of bounce targets)

21**Halo throw (+12)**
Suldae Westwind**20***Thunder***20****Halo throw (+12)**
Suldae Westwind**12***Thunder*

For the first time in the fight, the halo runs out of momentum as it completes the circuit by spinning around its wielder.

**Ireena Kolyana:** "Jeez," says Ireena. "Hi Suldae."**Suldae Westwind:** 12+12+15 on Norganas**GM:** (This time I applied the damage as we went along)

(Just easier)

**Suldae Westwind:** (yeah it really is ty)

GM: (I believe that still leaves your main action?)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah)

Suldae carefully considers the situation, and in light of a careful evaluation of priorities and synergy of targeting, decides to blast the biggest targest available with the strongest spell she has.

15

120 feet

Guiding Bolt (+7)
Suldae Westwind

18

Higher Level Cast

9

Radiant

(guess whomst)

(...yeah)

Well, that worked. She puts her back against Ireena's as she surveys the battlefield.

Norganas is vaporized with the flick of a wrist and a blast of light.



Suldae Westwind: ...She's not sure where the Valhalla warriors came from - kind of a lot happened - but she definitely appreciates that.

An orb that radiates darkness rises from the ashes of Norganas, and flies away through the southwestern wall.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae notes the direction.

...okay, yeah, she could have guessed that.

GM: (EoT?)



Suldae Westwind: EoT

GM: (Don't forget to roll 1d6)



Suldae Westwind:

()

=

GM: (Hiere, you're here)



Suldae Westwind: (nice)

Oddly, the divine energy that obliterated Norganas's current form did not feel like it took anything out of Suldae at all.

(boom, my 6th level spell slot is back)



Able: Hiere nods at the death slaad in agreement

Death Slaad: "Very well then. Lead the way."

"Or point the way, I suppose."



Marcus Veranius prepares to open another door, ignoring the fast-approaching horde of monsters behind him.

The door once again resists him, a force on the other side struggling against his hand.



Able: 2 mmm spell slots

GM: (Oh well)



Marcus Veranius: "Hmm, the door's stuck on this one too."

14

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

19

Radiant

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

6

Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]

Marcus Veranius

There is a scream from the shadows beyond, and the door bursts apart.



Able: Hiere points across the chamber at Tarakmedes, "he look tasty?"

Inside is a chamber -- two sarcophagi missing, one still seated there, glowing with darkness, wrapped in a necrotic aura.



Marcus Veranius: Just one in this chamber? Oh well, just meant he could tackle the other a bit sooner.



Marcus Veranius held the Sunsword aloft, firing beams of sunlight to pierce through whatever dark aura shielded the sarcophagus.



Marcus Veranius:

25

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

22

29

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

21 + 4*Radiant***Tarakamedes:** "Aaaargh!"

The cry comes from the western hall, where Tarakamedes was preparing his next attack.

He still stands, but it is clear he has been dealt a nearly mortal blow.

**Marcus Veranius:** (He's the corpse-wyrm, right? Can I apply favored enemy undead?)*Inside the chamber, Marcus sees the sarcophagus yet standing, obstinate in its shadows. It is weakening, he can sense that.***GM:** (Sure, why not)**Marcus Veranius:** rolling 3d8+8 Bonus damage VS undead

(3 + 8 + 7)+8

= 26*Marcus's hate for the undead burns, feeding the sun-blade, which delivers it as a final blast of fury that cracks the sarcophagus. Tarakamedes screams in pain and collapses.***Able:** "oh"**Marcus Veranius:** "Hiere, I'm jumping out. Can you finish things here?"**Hiere Unthere:** Hiere gives him a thumbs up*Marcus Veranius grins, and spreads illusion-hidden wings aloft. He takes off for the other chamber flying above the battlefield***Marcus Veranius:** [Haste Action: Dash. 50x2 ft doubled by Haste,**GM:** (Lmao)**Marcus Veranius:** x (https://66.media.tumblr.com/f5473640d7d8113d38c1cbcf3fd7658/tumblr_pgizvaObJl1w4o2dko3_500.gifv)

In the main room, all they see is an aura of sunlight streaking across akin to the sun

[EoT]

**Suldae Westwind:** IS THAT SO**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (roll d6 Sunny boi)

Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d6

(4)

= 4

[Action Surge returns]



Suldae Westwind: (hell yeah)

The remaining vampire cringes away from the sunlight, feeling their regenerative abilities fade.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (on 5 you get 1 and on 6 2)



Marcus Veranius: (I was told it was on 4 and 5)

(On 4 you also get 1)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Wait really?)

GM: (That was me, sorry)

(Yes on 4 you also get one)



Marcus Veranius: I just enjoy talking as Marcus from time to time to freak everybody out



GM (GM): I was going to do the gif of him flying like the reaper here but the gif didn't work in Roll20

Boo

GM: (Henry, you're up!)

(The field of targets is thinning)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Is that plotergeist alive?)



Suldae Westwind: (should be on its last legs but seems so)

GM: (It is at 2 HP)

(You could probably kill it with a sternly-worded one-liner)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns around to look at the Vampire spawn hurling his pick at it

27

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+15)

Henry of Willowsbrook

2

Radiant

16

Piercing

2

Acid

29

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+15)
Henry of Willowsbrook

4
Radiant

14
Piercing

4
Acid



Vampire Spawn: The Vampire Spawn roars, spitting blood in Henry's general direction.
(Severely wounded)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (one level 2 smite

rolling 4d8

(8 + 5 + 7 + 6)

= **26**

GM: (That's enough to evaporate it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to follow what he assumes to be Marcus sending a side long death glare at the poltergeist

GM: (Make a performance or intimidation check)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

25 + 1 | **10 + 1**

INTIMIDATION (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Poltergeist:

CHARISMA
Poltergeist

Ability: **20**

The Poltergeist is strong against the glare for a moment, but something in it breaks his will. He dissipates like smoke.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes the short reprieve to settle his breathing (Using Second Wind) and follows Marcus down the western hall EoT

On your turn, you can use a bonus action to regain hit points equal to 1d10 + your fighter level (1).

3
Radiant

12
Healing

Second Wind
Henry of Willowsbrook



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Well, that was quick," Ezmerelda says.



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling d6

(1)

= 1



Ezmerelda Veranius: She follows Marcus at a flat sprint.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods.

Yrrga: 3 \



Suldae Westwind: They went from being surrounded by enemies to being surrounded by corpses... well, mostly small ash piles... in less than half a minute.

She still feels the encouraging warmth of divine power keeping up her strength, but her head is spinning.



Khirad: Khirad sees Marcus Veranius charging into the hall, and moves smoothly through the northern door without breaking it, passing through the solid frame like a ghost.

Khirad releases two spheres of shadow that lance towards Marcus with incredible speed.

It seems Khirad can see him, now.

15 to Hit, **19** to Hit, for **23** and **38** **Psychic**.

Both orbs miss wildly.

"Rragh! Hold still, little pigeon!"



Marcus Veranius: Marcus flies out of their path, grinning widely



Delban: 97



Marcus Veranius: "No, I don't think I will."



Drizlash: 14



Dahlver-Nar: 16

"RRAGH!"

"I HAVE RETURNED, MORTALS!"



Amber Golem: "No, really now! What is all this ruckus? Stop killing each other!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sighs with a shiver through her frame. She has not been enjoying this.



Amber Golem: "Right, that's it! Everybody back in your cells, or I'm smashing every last one of you!"



Suldae Westwind: "We're really sorry, sir!" she calls out.



Warrior of Valhalla: "HARK! MORE GIANTS APPROACH!"



Amber Golem: "Hey, you're not naive undead! You can't be here!"



Suldae Westwind: "Please, can we just smash them and then it'll be peaceful and quiet?"



Warrior of Valhalla: "WE SHALL SING OF YOUR DEATH TO THE HALLS!"



Amber Golem:

SLAM
Amber Golem

Attack: 21 | 15

Damage: 27 bludgeoning

SLAM
Amber Golem

Attack: 22 | 17

Damage: 17 bludgeoning



Suldae Westwind:

24

PERSUASION (10)
Suldae Westwind



Hiere Unthere: Hiere looks at the vampire across from him."what the fuck is happening"

WHAM, WHAM. The Amber Golem swings its fist so furiously that each blow sweeps through both of the nearest Valhallan warriors.



Warrior of Valhalla: "SKOL! WE FIGHT!"



Amber Golem: "Well, I never! You lot, you're not from around here either! This area is restricted! You can't be here. How much have you seen?"



Suldae Westwind: "It was the lich!"

"He thought we could be here, we're really sorry!"

*said



Amber Golem: "Well, if you really did have Tenebrous's permission to be here, you'd know the password. So what is it?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae focuses on her experiences with Tenebrous, trying to figure out if he ever did tell them one or mention something that could be one.

(is memory wisdom or intelligence)



Yorhish M'wahassa: "Here, Henry! Take this!" (Henry receives another Nat 20).



Flameskull: The Flameskulls, robbed of their prey, turn towards Hiere Unthere, enraged.

DC13

Half damage

Dexterity Save**31**
Fire

150 ft

Fireball

Suldae Westwind: (Is memory wisdom or intelligence? I'm going to roll to remember the password because it's been like a month and if i try to reread it'll take like another hour for it to load)

GM: (Intelligence)



Suldae Westwind: rolling d20

(7)

= 7

...+3

**Flameskull:****Eldritch Blast***Evocation Cantrip***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 120 feet**Target:** A creature within range**Components:** V, S**Duration:** Instantaneous

A beam of crackling energy streaks toward a creature within range. Make a ranged spell attack against the target. On a hit, the target takes 1d10 force damage. The spell creates more than one beam when you reach higher levels: two beams at 5th level, three beams at 11th level, and four beams at 17th level. You can direct the beams at the same target or at different ones. Make a separate attack roll for each beam.

Eldritch Blast*Evocation Cantrip***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 120 feet**Target:** A creature within range**Components:** V, S**Duration:** Instantaneous

A beam of crackling energy streaks toward a creature within range. Make a ranged spell attack against the target. On a hit, the target takes 1d10 force damage. The spell creates more than one beam when you reach higher levels: two beams at 5th level, three beams at 11th level, and four beams at 17th level. You

can direct the beams at the same target or at different ones. Make a separate attack roll for each beam.

Eldritch Blast

Evocation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A creature within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

A beam of crackling energy streaks toward a creature within range. Make a ranged spell attack against the target. On a hit, the target takes 1d10 force damage. The spell creates more than one beam when you reach higher levels: two beams at 5th level, three beams at 11th level, and four beams at 17th level. You can direct the beams at the same target or at different ones. Make a separate attack roll for each beam.



Suldae Westwind: 10 total



Flameskull:

23

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

13

27

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

14

17

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

10



Hiere Unthere: oh god



Suldae Westwind: rip

Suldae is unable to recall ever hearing anything that could be construed as a password.

Ismark vaporizes a Ghast with three well-aimed Eldritch Blasts.



Suldae Westwind: "Sir, I'm sorry, he couldn't remember his own name... if he was supposed to tell us anything, he didn't."

"But, I mean, if he didn't let us here, how would we even have gotten here?"

15

PERSUASION (10)
Suldae Westwind



Hiere Unthere:

7

DEXTERITY SAVE (3)



Vampire Spawn: The Vampire Spawn runs to wards Hierie and hurls both daggers from a slight distance right as Hierie fails the save against the fireball.

DAGGERS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: 9 | 21

Instead of dealing damage, the vampire can grapple the target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 8 slashing

DAGGERS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: 12 | 15

Instead of dealing damage, the vampire can grapple the target, escape DC 13.

Damage: 8 slashing

GM: (Wait -- not with advantage)

(So 9 and 12)



Hiere Unthere: misses phew

Death Slaad: "Where do you want me?"



Hiere Unthere: "preferably in a position to get rid of these dudes first" he points to his assailants



Amber Golem:

INTELLIGENCE

Amber Golem

Ability: **13** | **-3**

"Hmm... He was pretty forgetful."

"Alright, I'll let you pass with a warning."

He turns back to continue smashing the Valhallan warriors, considering that a separate matter.



Suldae Westwind: Well, that went about as well as it could have, Suldae decides.



Death Slaad:

GREATSWORD

Death Slaad

Attack: **24** | **28**

Damage: **9** slashing + **10**
necrotic

GREATSWORD

Death Slaad

Attack: **11** | **12**

Damage: **16** slashing + **11**
necrotic

The Death Salad swings its massive great sword twice.

The first hit strikes the Vampire Spawn nearest to Hiere, but the second misses by a wide margin.



Flameskull: "BURN!"

DC13

Half damage

Dexterity Save

29

Fire

150 ft

Fireball



Death Slaad:

DEXTERITY

Death Slaad

Ability: **19** | **8**



Rictavio:

4

Higher Level Cast

8

Healing

60 feet

Healing Word

"Cheer up, Suldae," says Rictavio pointlessly. Suldae feels a little better for some reason.



Ireena Kolyana: "Let's go kill some dark gods!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods. She does feel a little better.

And that's a slogan she can go for!



Warrior of Valhalla: "ANOTHER GIANT FALLS TODAY!"



Warrior of Valhalla start surrounding the Amber Giant, preparing reckless swings



Warrior of Valhalla:

GREATAXE (~-
MAMdUB1wUEfANpGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m|repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjvzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)
:
12 | 7

GREATAXE (~-
MAMdUB1wUEfANpGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m|repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjvzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)
:
24 | 22

GREATAXE (~-
MAMdUB1wUEfANpGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m|repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjvzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)
:
7 | 14

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

*Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjavzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)*

:
7 | 9

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

*Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjavzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)*

:
14 | 18

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

*Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjavzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)*

:
8 | 15



Warrior of Valhalla:

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

*Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjavzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)*

:
24 | 9

(With advantage)

GM: (Everything below a 17 misses)



Warrior of Valhalla:

Damage: 10 slashing

Damage: 11 slashing

Damage: 12 slashing

GM: (Looks like 3 hits)



Amber Golem: The Amber Golem hardly notices the blades of the Warriors, which chip at its amber form rather futilely.

Norganas: Norganas attempts to regain strength... **1**



Hiere Unthere: LMAO



Suldae Westwind: (beautiful)



Vasilka: Vasilka says: "Henry, we found the sword you dropped. I believe it can be purified."

"I will attempt to bathe it in the holy waters of the pool here, in Krezk. It may turn out to be of some use."



GM (GM): (Hi y'all)

(Suldae, fuck somebody up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Heyho



Tops K.: (Ghoul wants to interrupt the Viking Fight fight! STOP THEM)



GM (GM): (Suldae, roll Performance)



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae Westwind|skill-dropdown

Suldae Westwind|skill-dropdown

Suldae Westwind|skill-dropdown

12

CONSTITUTION SAVE (2)
Suldae Westwind

15

PERFORMANCE (10)
Suldae Westwind



Able: Hiere reaches into his bag and throws more tiny knives at the injured flameskull, dropping his control over the coins as he does so



Liliet (Suldae): (the first one is a misclick)



Hiere Unthere: (should I wait for suldae)



Suldae Westwind: (you already started)



Hiere Unthere: **136**

(what's the bois AC look like)



GM (GM): (13)



Hiere Unthere: **55** damage

"OI GASMOUTH, LOOK SHARP"

WHOOSH. Blades stream from Hiere and dance over the injured Flameskull, ripping through it in seconds and moving on to the uninjured one, which they also rip right through. Both Flameskulls collapse, inactive.



Hiere Unthere: (moved 30 feet EoT)

3 I6 slot baybee



Suldae Westwind: i think 3 doesnt do it



Hiere Unthere: :(

Suldae hears the song of the Halo and catches something in the tune that she had not noticed before: It is a harmony of her own internal song, playing always alongside her. Something about the song and the connection the halo has with her makes her understand more deeply. (Suldae learns two features of the halo: it can concentrate on a spell for her, and it can instantly swap its position with hers at the end of its bonus action move/attack.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae changes the plan she had.

As she runs west, the halo rips towards the ghoul at her mental command.

(icannot select my token)



GM (GM): (Can you ping or mark where you want to go?)



Suldae Westwind: (that might be why the macro didnt work)

18

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

15

Thunder



GM (GM): (That's a hit)



Suldae Westwind: (does Suldae need to see the halo's targets)

GM: (No)



Suldae Westwind: It continues, ripping into the next undead.

GM: (It has traveled 70 feet so far, go ahead and roll the second attack)



Suldae Westwind:

20

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

19

Thunder

GM: (Another hit)



GM (GM): (50 feet of movement left, I believe)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah i didnt mean the ghoul actually upon thinking about it)
(i tried to ping the location for like a full minute lol)



GM (GM): (Who were you targeting?)
(Oh, the vampire)
(Makes sense)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah i asked about seeing because of hte other ghoul but then i checked and saw the vampire)



GM (GM): (Ok, so that's 80 feet of movement spent)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae isn't sure about the golem, so she simply brings the halo to guard Hiere's flank

EoT

rolling d6

(1)

= 1

GM: (Not going to use your action?)



Suldae Westwind: (that was 60ft of movement)



GM (GM): (Oh derp)

GM: (Marcus, you're up!)



Marcus Veranius charges forward.



Marcus Veranius: "I'll not fight you a second time. Return to death."



Marcus Veranius fires shots at the amber coffin through the open door



Marcus Veranius:

20

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

20

Radiant

12

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)
Marcus Veranius

24
Radiant

26

120


>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)
Marcus Veranius

22
Radiant

(Luck reroll on the second)

rolling 1d20+9

() +9

= **11**

...precision on the second

**Marcus Veranius:**

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

8
Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]
Marcus Veranius

20 to hit using the 12

**Suldae Westwind:** (nice)

GM: (The AC was only 11)

(Are you sure you want to use that? I'll let you keep it if you want)



Marcus Veranius: (We shall keep the resources)

GM: (Good call)



GM (GM): **66**

132



Khirad: "AARGH!"

"I SHALL KILL YOU FOR THIS, MORTAL!"



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (He attacked the sarcophagus)

GM: (The sarcophagus of Khirad)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (right)



Suldae Westwind: (interesting)

GM: (Damage to a sarcophagus is doubled on any current manifestations of the dark god in question)



Marcus Veranius fires more beams at the coffin. Seems a bit sturdier than he was expecting



Marcus Veranius: (Haste action, action surge)

GM: (So while Marcus dealt one 66 points of damage to the sarcophagus, he dealt 132 points of damage to Khirad.



Suldae Westwind: (NICE)



Marcus Veranius:

19

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

24

Radiant

18

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

19

Radiant

26

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

23

Radiant

PEW PEW PEW!

CRACK.



Khirad: "nooOOOOO!"

Marcus Veranius: "Alright, that's a bit better!"



Suldae Westwind: (I take it Marcus is still visually indistinguishable from a machine gun)

With a sound like a whirlwind breaking, Khirad dissipates into a fine black vapor.



Marcus Veranius moves into the north room, readying himself to smash the other coffin there



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Delban: "Wait!"

"Don't kill me! I will grant you power if you let me live! No pact required!"

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

Misty Step

Conjuration 2

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V

Duration: Instantaneous

Briefly surrounded by silvery mist, you teleport up to 30 feet to an unoccupied space that you can see.



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d6 recharge

(4)

= 4



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follows after Marcus and seeing his onslaught of attacks turns into mist mind step heading for the western door

The western door is held firmly shut by some internal power.

Henry can tell that it is not locked, but it is pressed closed by an unholy will.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry is not in the mood for games and kicks down the door

BAM. Henry's dragonhide-booted foot goes straight through the door, blasting it off the hinges.

Henry fears a faint "Eeep!"

He also hears muttering and whispers all around him...



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I still have my action yes?)

GM: (Yes)

(With his strength we'll call that door a free item interaction)

As Henry enters the room, the northern sarcophagus turns invisible, the southern sarcophagus wraps itself in flame, and the sarcophagus in the western alcove sprouts five long, dragon-like heads of living amber.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Enie minie miney, You" Henry says looking around before fixating his glare on the western one.

Taar Haak: *"I can grant you power, mortal! There is no need for this!"*

"I will not even ask anything of you in return."

"Only spare me! You may kill the rest."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "How could I possibly say no to that" Henry says in a monotone before hurling his pick at the sarcophagus

32

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+15)

Henry of Willowsbrook

3

Radiant

15

Piercing

10

Acid

34

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+15)

Henry of Willowsbrook

2 + 2

Radiant

21 + 7

Piercing

6 + 4

Acid

28+42

With the very first attack, Henry's Warpick goes straight through the five-headed sarcophagus, which crumbles to a mound of glittering amber pebbles. Taar Haak screams a final time.

GM: (Who do you want to use the crit on?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (the one that thought turning a stationary object invisible was a good defensive strategy)

His warpick then proceeds to plow through the invisible sarcophagus, which becomes visible as a thousand tinkling shards of amber falling to the ground. A spectral voice lingers in the falling shards.

Yrrga: *"The secrets shall live on..."*



Henry of Willowsbrook: Action surge

"Any last words?"

Yog: "STOP."

GM: (Make a CHA save)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

21 + 4

CHARISMA SAVE (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: Imao

someone's flying on the wings of righteous fury

Henry feels the Command slip off his soul uselessly.

Yog: "FACE ME IN THE BODY, YOU WORTHLESS WARRIOR!"

"YOU CALL YOURSELF A CHAMPION? IN MY DAY CHAMPION'S DIDN'T KICK A GUY IN THE NADS!"

"DIRTY, CHEAP, LAZY HERO!"

"VIRGINS BRAVER THAN YOU WERE BLED ON MY ALTARS!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Damn that's gonna be a pain to turn into rhyme for the plays" Henry says before his muscles tense again to unleash **Death**

22

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+15)
Henry of Willowsbrook

1

Radiant

20
Piercing

11
Acid

31

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+15)
Henry of Willowsbrook

2

Radiant

15
Piercing

2
Acid

SMASH, SMASH! Henry's Warpick turns the sarcophagus of Yog the Invincible to fine amber powder. Henry is momentarily snarled by flames. He takes 15 fire damage.

Yog: "Coward..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Corpse"

20 + 4**CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**GM:** (EoT?)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (EOT was just rolling concentration)

rolling d6

(**1**)**= 1****Delban:** **33**

Suddenly, from the sarcophagus to Marcus's left, there emerges a cloud of frosty mist. With a crackle of magic a wall of solid ice suddenly rises from the ground, cutting off all access to the sarcophagus of Delban. A moment later, Delban's manifestation leaps through the wall like a ghost and lands, fully solid, in the room beside Marcus.

**Delban:** "Well, little mortal? What is it to be? Shall we be friends, or enemies?"**Marcus Veranius:** "Power you say?"

"I don't want power. I want to make shoes."

**Delban:** "Bah! Mortals, all alike. Small-minded, violent, petty."

BITE (~-
M87YM8SpLSNEBZWCKMH|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87LDGCI1OVSQ01YV0J_NPC_DMG)
Delban, the Star of Ice and Hate

Attack (~-
m87ym8splsnzbzwckmh|repeating_npcaction_-
m87ldgci1ovsq01yv0j_npc_dmg)
:
15 | 16

CLAWS (~-
M87YM8SpLSNEBZWCKMH|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87LDGCI1OVSQ01YV0K_NPC_DMG)
Delban, the Star of Ice and Hate

Attack (~-
m87ym8splsnzbzwckmh|repeating_npcaction_-
m87ldgci1ovsq01yv0k_npc_dmg)
:
19 | 19

TAIL (~-
M87YM8SpLSNEBZWCKMH|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87LDGCI1OVSQ01YV0L_NPC_DMG)
Delban, the Star of Ice and Hate

Attack (~-
m87ym8splsnzbwckmh/repeating_npcaction_-
m87ldgci1ovsq01yv0l_npc_dmg)
:
19 | 26



Marcus Veranius: (Does he have a means to see through invisibility?)

The ancient evil swings teeth, claws, and tail, unerringly towards the invisible Marcus. It seems he can still see him.

However, it matters little — Marcus is light and quick enough to stay out of harm's way.



Delban: "Hold still, puny thing!"



Suldae Westwind: (also, you're a light source)

(this isnt quite on par with the strategy of turning the sarcophagus invisible but I just don't feel like it's really hard to aim with a big enough implement)



Delban: Delban raises a hand and a swirl of ice extends from his sarcophagus and grows in the doorway, sprouting horns and teeth, a tail, and meters-long claws.



Marcus Veranius: "Well you're right about the Petty bit."

The summoned ice demon acts immediately, raising a second wall of ice.



Delban:

WALL OF ICE

Ice Devil

The devil magically forms an opaque wall of ice on a solid surface it can see within 60 feet of it. The wall is 1 foot thick and up to 30 feet long and 10 feet high, or it's a hemispherical dome up to 20 feet in diameter. When the wall appears, each creature in its space is pushed out of it by the shortest route. The creature chooses which side of the wall to end up on, unless the creature is incapacitated. The creature then makes a DC 17 Dexterity saving throw, taking 35 (10d6) cold damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. The wall lasts for 1 minute or until the devil is incapacitated or dies. The wall can be damaged and breached; each 10-foot section has AC 5, 30 hit

points, vulnerability to fire damage, and immunity to acid, cold, necrotic, poison, and psychic damage. If a section is destroyed, it leaves behind a sheet of frigid air in the space the wall occupied. Whenever a creature finishes moving through the frigid air on a turn, willingly or otherwise, the creature must make a DC 17 Constitution saving throw, taking 17 (5d6) cold damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. The frigid air dissipates when the rest of the wall vanishes.



Drizlash: 31



Marcus Veranius: (10 FT HIGH YOU SAY?)



Drizlash:

Delayed Blast Fireball

Evocation 7

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 150 feet

Target: A chosen point within range

Components: V, S, M (A tiny ball of bat guano and sulfur)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

A beam of yellow light flashes from your pointing finger, then condenses to linger at a chosen point within range as a glowing bead for the duration. When the spell ends, either because your concentration is broken or because you decide to end it, the bead blossoms with a low roar into an explosion of flame that spreads around corners. Each creature in a 20-foot-radius sphere centered on that point must make a Dexterity saving throw. A creature takes fire damage equal to the total accumulated damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. The spell's base damage is 12d6. If at the end of your turn the bead has not yet detonated, the damage increases by 1d6. If the glowing bead is touched before the interval has expired, the creature touching it must make a Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, the spell ends immediately, causing the bead to erupt in flame. On a successful save, the creature can throw the bead up to 40 feet. When it strikes a

creature or a solid object, the spell ends, and the bead explodes. The fire damages objects in the area and ignites flammable objects that aren't being worn or carried.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 8th level or higher, the base damage increases by 1d6 for each slot level above 7th.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir points his finger at the southern doorway and a little yellow star shoots from his fingertip, whizzes past Ezmerelda's head, and zooms right under the door.



Amber Golem: "Is that amber sarcophagi I hear getting smashed?"

"We can't have any of that, come on now you rabble!"

"Let's behave! If everyone gets along, we can all be friends!"



Warrior of Valhalla: "YOU WILL NOT BE LEAVING YET!"

"WE ARE NOT DONE WITH YOU!"



Suldae Westwind: (Wait, was it Kazimir or Drizzlash that cast DBF?)

GM: (Need DC 17 Wisdom saves from the warriors of Valhalla — all of them)

(It was Kasimir, sorry)

(Drizzlash is still recovering)



Warrior of Valhalla:

WISDOM
Warrior of Valhalla

Ability: 2 | 9

WISDOM
Warrior of Valhalla

Ability: 17 | 3

WISDOM
Warrior of Valhalla

Ability: 15 | 19

WISDOM
Warrior of Valhalla

Ability: 14 | 7

WISDOM
Warrior of Valhalla

Ability: 9 | 18

WISDOM
Warrior of Valhalla

Ability: 4 | 3



Warrior of Valhalla:

WISDOM
Warrior of Valhalla

Ability: 17 | 14

GM: (All the warriors who failed the save cannot use reactions, their speed is halved, and they cannot make more than one attack on their turn. In addition they can take either an action or a bonus action but not both. These effects last for 1 minute. They can repeat the saves at the end of their mutual turn.)



Amber Golem:

SLAM
Amber Golem

Attack: 19 | 14

Damage: 26 bludgeoning

SLAM
Amber Golem

Attack: 18 | 11

Damage: 17 bludgeoning



Warrior of Valhalla: "YOU FOOL! WE HAVE ONLY ONE ACTION, AND THAT IS TO SMASH YOU!"

The golem glows with a strange amber light, and some of the Warriors seem trapped in a distortion of time itself. Then the golem swings two massive fists, striking two warriors apiece with each.



Yorhish M'wahassa: "Take of our strength, Henry!" (Henry regains any expended healing abilities, and 7 points of HP)



Ismark Kolyanovich:

23

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

11

20

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

14

24

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

6

Ismark releases some Eldritch Blasts at the nearest ghosts.

*Ghasts

Then he runs to catch up to Ireena.



Vampire Spawn: The Vampire spawn leaps into the air and soars over the heads of the Valhallan warriors, flying due west.



Death Slaad: The Death Slaad ribbits quietly to itself. Sadly: "I don't think he really meant it when he said I'd get those souls."

"I'd better catch up to him and make sure."



Ireena Kolyana:

You create three glowing darts of magical force. Each dart hits a creature of your choice that you can see within range. A dart deals 1d4 + 1 force damage to its target. The darts all strike simultaneously, and you can direct them to hit one creature or several.

At Higher Levels: When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, the spell creates one more dart for each slot above 1st.

4

Force

120 feet

Magic Missile

Ireena runs into the hallway and, after some deliberation, looses magic missiles at the icy barrier to the north. (12 points of damage to the middle section of the wall, 16 points of HP remain in that section)

GM: (Warriors of Valhalla are up)



Warrior of Valhalla: "SMASH!"

[Reckless, all attacks with advantage]

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

*Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjavzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)*

:
9 | 13

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

*Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjavzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)*

:
20 | 22

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

*Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjavzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)*

:
12 | 18

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

*Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjavzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)*

:
22 | 24



Warrior of Valhalla:

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjvzoeatkk5ue_npc_dmg)
:
21 | 6

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla
Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjvzoeatkk5ue_npc_dmg)
:
22 | 20

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla
Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjvzoeatkk5ue_npc_dmg)
:
10 | 16

GM: (AC is 17)



Warrior of Valhalla:

Damage: **4** slashing

Damage: **4** slashing

Damage: **9** slashing

Damage: **6** slashing



Suldae Westwind: (OUCH)

GM: **23**



Warrior of Valhalla:

WISDOM
Warrior of Valhalla

Ability: **19 | 1**

WISDOM
Warrior of Valhalla

Ability: **12 | 10**

WISDOM
Warrior of Valhalla

Ability: 13 | 19

WISDOM
Warrior of Valhalla

Ability: 1 | 3

WISDOM
Warrior of Valhalla

Ability: 7 | 12

The warriors are able to make some decent sized chips in the amber statue, but their assault is not going all that well.



Warrior of Valhalla: When you are already dead, no assaults can go poorly.

[EoT]



Vasilka: "How is the battle going, Henry? Are you in need of any assistance?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "All help would be welcome" Henry says eyeing the ice wall "I'm felling a bit drained"



Vasilka: "Take this, then. Know that it comes at some cost..."

Henry feels new life in his veins. (Henry is back at full health.)

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae runs forward, raising the flute to her lips.

(How would Shatter interact with DBF? Does Suldae know about the DBF?)

GM: (DBF?)



Suldae Westwind: (Delayed Blast Fireball)

GM: (The fireball won't go off unless someone touches it or Kasimir releases his concentration)

(Shouldn't be affected by Shatter)



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha)

(still, does Suldae know about it? For RP reasons)

GM: (Let's say yes)



Suldae Westwind: (also, I still cannot select the token to move it)

(ty)

GM: (Don't know what to tell you there, the permissions look right from here :/)



Suldae Westwind: (ill try reloading the page after my turn)

Suldae feels the coiled energy of the blast that's coming. She sees no reason not to contribute though, as long as she's already here.

DC18**Constitution Save****14****Higher Level Cast****13***Thunder**60 feet***Shatter**

Suldae Westwind

Norganas: **58**

Suldae Westwind: (Another question. How does Suldae's awareness of the space around the halo work? Does the halo make decisions on its own without transmitting data and I'm controlling it sort of like a separate character?)

GM: (I'd say that's up to you. I had pictured it giving you a general sense of what it's doing and where it is based on the song)



Suldae Westwind: (ty, I can work with that :D)

GM: (She's blasting the door, right?)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae feels the echoes of more enemies pouring into the larger chamber in the halo's song. She's still reluctant to attack the golem - it is clearly unsympathetic to their cause, but she's sympathetic to its as a custodian of the place - so the halo targets the undead vermin instead. (as for why "feel" - sound is vibrations)

21**Halo throw (+12)**
Suldae Westwind**17***Thunder****Suldae's Shatter bursts the door on the southern chamber into splinters.******GONG! The Halo strikes the midair vampire spawn.***

GM: (20 feet expended)



Suldae Westwind:

18**Halo throw (+12)**
Suldae Westwind**15***Thunder*

(is the vampire spawn alive)

GM: (Yes)

(Which target is next? Ghoul on the left or on the right?)



Suldae Westwind: (the closer one)

GONG! The halo strikes a ghoul, blasting his rotting flesh right off his bones with the fury of its sound.



Suldae Westwind: The halo rebounds back.

(Suldae says fuck vampire spawn)

15

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

15

Thunder

GONG! The Halo strikes the airborne vampire spawn again. (50 feet expended)



Suldae Westwind: (is it dead now)

GM: (No)

(I will inform you when it is)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)

The next ghoul is the next target.

20

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

20

Thunder

GONG!

The ghoul is almost blown apart by the strike, but it manages to remain standing.



Suldae Westwind: ...and back to the vampire spawn again...

31

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

16

Thunder

(SULDAE SAYS FUCK VAMPIRE SPAWN)

(how much movement left)

GONG! The Halo rips through the vampire spawn a third time, blasting bits of smoldering ash in all directions.

GM: (20 feet left)

Suldae Westwind: The halo makes the last attack.

28

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

21

Thunder

GONG! With a final resounding note the halo strikes the second ghoul again, painting the walls and floors behind him (and some of the ceiling) with sticky black blood.



Suldae Westwind: EoT

rolling d6

(**1**)

= **1**

GM: (Hiere, you're up)



Marcus Veranius looks between the giant god and giant demon. They seemed pretty sturdy...



Marcus Veranius: "Let's see what's stronger then! Ice, or the Morning Sun!"



Marcus Veranius places the Sunsword's hilt directly against the ice wall and attempts to drill through it.



Marcus Veranius:

15

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

22

Radiant

10

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

21

Radiant

26

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

21
Radiant

12

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

21
Radiant

26

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

20
Radiant

28

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

23
Radiant



Marcus Veranius: (Luck die on the nat 1)

rolling 1d20+9

(10)+9

= **19**

GM: (Each 10 foot section has AC 12 and 30 HP, and I think you only need to breach one section)

(So the first 30 points of damage goes to the wall, then whatever is left carries over to hit Delban's sarcophagus, which also has an AC of 12)



Marcus Veranius: 98 Radiant onto the sarcoughagus

196



Delban: "OW!"

"I AM DELBAN, THE STAR OF ICE AND HATE! BY MY TROTH YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS INSULT!"



Marcus Veranius: "Haha, I'm in danger."

[EoT]



Henry of Willowsbrook: (How high is the hallway and do I take damage for getting close to the wall?)

GM: (You do take damage for getting close to it, yes. The wall is 10 feet high. I believe we established that the halls are 16 feet high?)

(Actually, wait)

(You take no damage yet)

(After the wall is destroyed it leaves cold air that can hurt you though)

(If the wall had formed in your space and forced you to move, you might have taken immediate damage)



Suldae Westwind: (where is the destroyed section of the wall)

(ah i see)

GM: (The only section that has been destroyed is on the wall inside the chamber with Marcus. (There are two walls). The central portion of the outer wall was damaged by Ireena, it has 16 HP remaining)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry is going to jump that wall)

GM: (So you can jump a number of feet equal to 3+STR mod if you move at least 10 feet on foot immediately before the jump. Each foot you clear on the jump costs a foot of movement.)

(Since Henry is Strongk boi, no check required)

(He has a 12 foot high jump)

(From a standing position you would only be able to jump 6 feet straight up)

(It's not clear to me if they mean that the altitude of the jump counts against your movement speed, but as written it seems to indicate that)

(Perhaps as a way to avoid people using it in concert with a climbing speed)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Taking a step back to secure a proper run up Henry eyes the top of the wall Before running and leaping over the wall.

GM: (So you need to run up 10 feet, leap 12, leaving you with 8 feet of movement at the end)

Henry soars, gliding smoothly over the wall like a leaping stag. He lands on the other side like a lump of steel.



Ice Devil: "Grrrrr"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "..yeah I got nothing just die" Henry says (I do have an angle on the devil right?)

GM: (Yes, you can get him through the doorway)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

FIGHTING SPIRIT

Class: Fighter 3 Samurai

Starting at 3rd level, as a bonus action on your turn, you can give yourself advantage on weapon attack rolls until the end of the current turn. When you do so, you also gain 5 temporary hit points. The number of temporary hit points increases when you reach certain levels in this class,

increasing to 10 at 10th level and 15 at 15th level. You can use this feature three times, and you regain all expended uses of it when you finish a short rest (long) rest. (Praise GM for he is kind)

17

22

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+15)

Henry of Willowsbrook

1

Radiant

14

Piercing

5

Acid

22

24

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+15)

Henry of Willowsbrook

2

Radiant

19

Piercing

7

Acid

GM: (Both hit)(

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (any resitances that matter?)

GM: (None seem to be apparent)

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** 48 damage

WHAM, WHAM! Henry's Warpick strikes the ice devil, who uses its pitchfork to attempt to defend itself — unsuccessfully. Despite the ferocity of both hits, the ice devil remains standing under the onslaught, ready to go hand to hand with Henry.

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** rolling d6

(1)

= 1

(Damn EoT)

**Marcus Veranius:** rolling 1d6 Recharge

(3)

= 3

(No action surge next round)

**Ezmerelda Veranius:** "GET OUT OF THE WAY, KASIMIR!"

Ezmerelda lines up a shot and takes it, turning her attention away from the southern door, which Suldae and Kasimir seem to have handled, and to her husband, who seems to be in some distress.

DC14*Half damage***Dexterity Save****20***Lightning**Self***Lightning Bolt****GM:** (16 points of damage goes to the middle portion of the ice wall)

Lightning springs from her pointing finger, bursting through the middle portion of the wall of ice and ripping through the chamber beyond, striking both Delban and the ice devil.

**Ice Devil:****DEXTERITY SAVE***Ice Devil*Save: **20** | **14****Delban:****DEXTERITY SAVE***Delban, the Star of Ice and Hate*Save: **11** | **15****"NO!"** Screams Delban, as his recently rematerialized form is dematerialized once more.**Ice Devil:** The Ice Devil turns on Henry, slinging its trident.**BITE (~-****MBULJD306NFMRKGUQ8W|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-****MBULJWN2-L9EMS1MFA8_NPC_DMG)***Ice Devil***Attack (~-****mbuljd306nfmrkguq8w|repeating_npcaction_-****mbuljwn2-l9ems1mfa8_npc_dmg)**

:

27 | **15****CLAWS (~-****MBULJD306NFMRKGUQ8W|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-****MBULJWOVKH93Z9I6BMS_NPC_DMG)***Ice Devil*

Attack (~-
mbuljd306nfmrkguq8w/repeating_npcaction_-
mbuljwovkh93z9i6bms_npc_dmg)
:
16 | 14

VARIANT: ICE SPEAR (~-
MBULJD306NFMRKGUQ8W|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MBULJWOVKH93Z9I6BMU_NPC_DMG)
Ice Devil

Attack (~-
mbuljd306nfmrkguq8w/repeating_npcaction_-
mbuljwovkh93z9i6bmu_npc_dmg)
:
11 | 11

If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw, or for 1 minute, its speed is reduced by 10 feet; it can take either an action or a bonus action on each of its turns, not both; and it can't take reactions. The target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success

Damage: **15** piercing +
12 cold



Suldae Westwind: (dat double fumble)

Only with its teeth does it manage to chomp Henry — all other attacks fall to his defense.

GM: (Henry takes 15 piercing and 12 cold)



Delban: **12**

"I WILL RETURN! DELBAN IS ETERNAL!"*



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir's delayed blast fireball grows in power.

"Do you guys have that handled?"

14

120 ft

Fire Bolt (+8)

4

Fire



Henry of Willowsbrook: (That's 27/2 for concentration right?)



Kasimir Velikov: He flings an almost lazy firebolt that smacks into the ice devil, distracting it from

Henry for a moment.

GM: (Yes, I believe so)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

16 + 4

CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

13 + 4

CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Dahlver-Nar: Dahlver-Nar closes the doors in one of the treasure chambers, sealing them from within with a cold, dark chuckle.



Amber Golem: "Come now, this is very unprofessional! You should all sit down so we can talk this through like adults!"

SLAM
Amber Golem

Attack: 16 | 17

Damage: 19 bludgeoning

SLAM
Amber Golem

Attack: 24 | 20

Damage: 20 bludgeoning

The Amber Golem swings its arms: **WHOMP, WHOMP**, hitting four warriors of Valhalla quite firmly.



Yorhish M'wahassa: "Take strength, Henry!" (Henry regains one expended ability)



Death Slaad: The Death Slaad toadily follows along behind Hiere, invisible.

Banishment
Abjuration 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: One creature that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (An item distasteful to the target)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You attempt to send one creature that you can see within range to another plane of existence. The target must succeed on a Charisma saving throw or be banished. If the target is native to the plane of existence you're on, you banish the target to a harmless demiplane. While there, the target is incapacitated. The target remains there until the spell ends, at which point the target reappears in the space it left or

in the nearest unoccupied space if that space is occupied. If the target is native to a different plane of existence than the one you're on, the target is banished with a faint popping noise, returning to its home plane. If the spell ends before 1 minute has passed, the target reappears in the space it left or in the nearest unoccupied space if that space is occupied. Otherwise, the target doesn't return.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 5th level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot level above 4th.



Rictavio: "BEGONE!" Rictavio intones, his voice taking on a holy power you haven't really seen before.



Ice Devil:

CHARISMA SAVE
Ice Devil

Save: **29** | **17**

The Ice Devil laughs at him.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is more than a little bit weirded out.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena goes back to basics, whipping out her heavy crossbow. She loads it and fires in one swift motion, loosing a bolt at the ice devil.

16

100/400

Heavy Crossbow (+5)

11

Piercing

The bolt glances off the scaly hide of the ice devil.

GM: (Warriors are up)



Marcus Veranius: "YOU SHALL NOT GET PAST US!"

Fek



Warrior of Valhalla: "YOU SHALL NOT GET PAST US"

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION| -
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

*Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m|repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjavzoeatkk5ue_npc_dmg)*

:

23 | **9**

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

*Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjavzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)*

:
12 | 18

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

*Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjavzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)*

:
12 | 7

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

*Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjavzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)*

:
19 | 14

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla

*Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjavzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)*

:
24 | 15



Warrior of Valhalla:

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_CRIT)
Warrior of Valhalla

Attack (~-
mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjvzoeatkk5ue_npc_crit)
:
25 | 13

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla
Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjvzoeatkk5ue_npc_dmg)
:
20 | 9

GM: (AC is 17)



Warrior of Valhalla:

Damage: **8** slashing

Damage: **14** slashing

Damage: **9** slashing

Damage: **10** slashing

Damage: **11** slashing

Damage: **9 + 12** slashing

GM: **73**



Ireena Kolyana: **36.5**



Amber Golem: "Oh now, come on! This just isn't fair! There's so many of you, and you're all so little!"

This time the warriors seem to be making significant headway in their attempt to carve the golem down to size.



Warrior of Valhalla: "YOU CHOSE TO BE A GIANT!"

"WE CHOSE TO BE GIANT SLAYERS!"



Amber Golem: "I didn't choose this, it's just my lot in life."

"Now can we all just stop fighting for a minute?"



Warrior of Valhalla: **SKALL INTENSIFIES**



Vasilka: "Henry, I hate to be a bother, but how are things going now?"



Warrior of Valhalla:

WISDOM
Warrior of Valhalla

Ability: **14** | **5**

WISDOM
Warrior of Valhalla

Ability: **11** | **8**

WISDOM
Warrior of Valhalla

Ability: **1** | **14**

WISDOM
Warrior of Valhalla

Ability: **17** | **13**



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well we killed a handful of Ancient Evil Gods and honestly doesn't look to bad, we should finishing of the rest soonish" Henry says felling a bit akward not seeing his conversation partner "Still don't have a solid Idea of how we are gonna get out of this place"



Vasilka: "I've been working on that, actually."

"The Abbot had some notes about the temple. The roots have found a place under the mountain. I believe it is the bottom of the temple. There is a great stone seal with many markings. Perhaps by breaking this, you can escape?"

"I will make a tunnel for you, just in case you end up going out that way."

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Vasilka: \



Suldae Westwind: Suldae finds herself wanting to do approximately ten things at the same time. Pleasingly, she can in fact do multiple, but it still does not feel enough. Still, she decides Kasimir can probably handle the southern sarcophagi and runs up to Ezme and Ireena.



Vasilka: +



Suldae Westwind: There, she plays.

GM: (Sorry, fat fingers on my end)



Suldae Westwind:

10

120 feet

Guiding Bolt (+7)
Suldae Westwind

20

Higher Level Cast

9

Radiant

(oh my god)

(does... does that hit?)

GM: (Hit the ice devil? No)



Suldae Westwind: ...In her haste, she cannot quite focus on the devil to the north, and the holy power dissipates, achieving nothing but exhausting her.

(yeah somehow i thought so)

She feels an echo of malevolent power to the north of the halo, and sends it there.

22

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

12

Thunder

(the doors first, right?)

GM: (Yes)



GM (GM): **21**

WHACK! The halo strikes the doors and rebounds off, unable to breach them.



Suldae Westwind: For lack of other targets Suldae's willing to attack, the halo simply spins to the center of the chamber.

EoT

rolling d6

(**6**)

= **6**

(oo nice)

(wow I cannot even use two of these) (5th level spell slots restored)

Suldae feels refreshed as a warm surge of holy power fills her from within, clearing her mind and momentarily chasing away the fatigue.



Marcus Veranius: "Thanks, Honey!"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Anytime, babe!"



Marcus Veranius aims his crossbow to finish off Delban



Marcus Veranius:

19

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

20

Radiant

26

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

23

Radiant

19

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

22

Radiant

GM: (Would you like to RP the kill?)



Marcus Veranius: After finishing off Delban's coffin, Marcus waits for the perfect moment to strike. As Henry moves in for one of his blows, Marcus shoots at the demon's knee to send face straight into pick.

A stumble forward into disaster.



Suldae Westwind: (NICE)



Marcus Veranius walks over the corpse, returning to the main room. "I think that's all of them! The entire tour's worth of coffins!"



Marcus Veranius: (Haste Dash + movement)

rolling 1d6 Recharge

(**1**)

= **1**

[EoT]



Marcus Veranius is not aware of returning foes



Marcus Veranius: Oh look, the horn barbarians are still alive!

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Where is the exit Vasilka marked for Henry?)

GM: (It's under the treasure pile)

(Y'all are aware there are still like 4 evil gods in play, right)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus is not)

GM: (Fair enough lol)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry only knows the south west room hasn't gone boom yet)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus assumes Kasimir has them in a state of Omaiwa Mo Shinderu)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah Kaz needs to detonate the blast already, can he only do that on his turn?)

GM: (He can drop his concentration at any point, detonating it. He won't do so until he is certain it has gained enough power to really for sure blow them up.)

(Or until someone tells him to)



Suldae Westwind: "Kazimir, blast them already!" Suldae calls out.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks south truning to return to the central room "I'm about fed up with this place what do you say we get the fuck out of here" Henry says before adding "With all the goodies we can carry of cause"

EoT

rolling d6

(6)

= 6

rolling d6

(6)

= 6



Suldae Westwind: (lmao nice)



Kasimir Velikov: "As you command," says Kasimir, releasing the blast.

36

There is a blast of flames from the southern chamber and a scream of unholy pain rings through the temple. You do not hear the telltale sound of crumbling amber, however.



Suldae Westwind: "I'll finish it," Suldae tells him as the sound fades.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Not if I finish it first!"

DC14

Constitution Save**23**
*Radiant**Self (60-foot line)***Sunbeam**

A ray of light beams from her palm, striking the amber sarcophagus of Vaund the Evasive.



Suldae Westwind: "...Or Ezme," Suldae agrees as she respectfully steps aside.

There is a sound like a high, crystalline scream... But the sarcophagus does not crack.



Drizlash: 80



Kasimir Velikov: "Enough of this."

Kasimir releases a bolt of lightning.

DC16**Dexterity Save****48**
*Lightning**150 feet***Chain Lightning**

Suldae Westwind: "...Nice."

Lightning arcs from his hand to the sarcophagus of Vaund, then leaps to that of Norganas. It crackles over both sarcophagi for several long moments before, with a crack like the fragmentation of vast sheets of ice, both sarcophagi crumble.



Amber Golem: "Oh there you are! You lot, I'd know your type anywhere! Adventurers for sure! Can you call off your friends? I don't want to kill them!"

SLAM
*Amber Golem***Attack: 30 | 24****Damage: 18 + 12**
bludgeoning**SLAM**
*Amber Golem***Attack: 28 | 28****Damage: 22** bludgeoning

Marcus Veranius: "Umm."


"I don't think I can."


"I also don't think they're really alive either?"





Amber Golem: WHAM, WHAM. The Golem clobbers a few more of the warriors.


Warrior of Valhalla: "SKALL!!!"


 **Amber Golem:** "Oh, well in that case I have no compunction about ending them! But you lot had better have a good explanation for why you're trespassing on wizard grounds!"


 **Yorhish M'wahassa:** "We have made a tunnel, Henry. The seal is mighty, it will take great strength to break it!"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "We're umm... with Ravenovia."

 **Yorhish M'wahassa:** "You will want to be sure that there is nothing left to escape before you do."

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Hey is there anybody else to kill? I feel like I didn't get to be as badass as I usually am."

 **Death Slaad:** A very dejected Death Slaad continues following Hiere, who is fiddling with an apparatus of Kwalish.

 **Rictavio:** "That can't possibly be all of them. We will have to search the place thoroughly."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "How many were there to begin with? Was anyone counting?"

GM: (Warriors are up)

 **Warrior of Valhalla: "SKALL!"**

"WE WILL DRINK FROM YOUR SKALL!"

```
GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla
```

```
Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m|repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjevzöceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)
:
12 | 7
```

```
GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla
```

```
Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m|repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjevzöceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)
:
19 | 14
```

```
GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZÖCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla
```

Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjvzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)
:
17 | 20

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZOCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla
Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjvzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)
:
9 | 16



Warrior of Valhalla:

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZOCEATKK5UE_NPC_DMG)
Warrior of Valhalla
Attack (~-mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjvzoceatkk5ue_npc_dmg)
:
17 | 18

GREATAXE (~-
MAMDUB1WUEFANPGXY-
M|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAMFGCJVZOCEATKK5UE_NPC_CRIT)
Warrior of Valhalla
Attack (~-
mamdub1wuefanpgxy-
m/repeating_npcaction_-
mamfgcjvzoceatkk5ue_npc_crit)
:
25 | 9

Damage: **12 + 10** slashing

Damage: **14** slashing

Damage: **15** slashing

Damage: **13** slashing

GM: **64**



Amber Golem: "I believe the word you were looking for is 'skull', which is something that I do not have. I don't think that a skull would make a very good drinking vessel. Don't they have lots of holes?"

"You know, for the little ball thingies. Eyes."

Vasilka: "The tunnel is prepared. It will take you all the way back to Krezk. Hopefully Strahd does not become aware of it..."

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae deploys the prepared flashy maneuver and to the astonishment of the watching public appears where the halo was with a low thunder boom (not included in the package, sometimes you gotta Thaumaturgy) and a bow, as she catches the halo zooming back from where she was into her hand.

(i will refresh roll20 but for the moment still no token movement)=)

"Er," she says after gracefully spinning out of her bow and seeing the scene with the golem and the warriors. "Uh..."

EoT

GM: (Hiere, you're up)



Marcus Veranius starts casually walking towards Grandma Ravenovia's coffin to prepare his plesantries



Marcus Veranius: (Is the door stuck?)

He finds the door firmly barred from the other side.



Marcus Veranius: Wha... but they were the only ones in...

THE COLLAPSED HALLWAY! BOTHER!"

"LOOK SHARP! I THINK WE HAVE A FEW COFFINS LEFT UNSMASHED!"

"No this does not make us adventurers."



Amber Golem: "Smashing coffins!?"



Marcus Veranius flies up to the next floor and starts looking for a way around the collapsed hallway



Amber Golem: "Oh now I'm about to be quite put out by all this, I'm going to be very cross with all of you if you keep this up!"



Marcus Veranius: (160 ft of flight/scouting)

(I dunno if we need to move Marcus to another map for this)

GM: (It won't be necessary)

Marcus has a nauseatingly disorienting experience. As he flies higher into the chamber, it changes around him, shifting into the room he first saw upon entering the temple. He manages to find a side alcove but sees no obvious way to get further.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"DO WE HAVE SHOVELS?"

GM: (What does he do? There must be a way to get there)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus heals 14 HP from Second Wind ft Beacon of Hope)

[EoT, move Marcus's token wherever he ought to be]

[Un-EoT]



Marcus Veranius uses the *Wand of Secrets*, after healing the wails of an otherworldly entity mocking him

The wand swivels smoothly in his hand and points directly at the northern wall of the alcove.



Marcus Veranius: "Aha! That's the ticket!"

[Re-EoT]

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d6 recharge

(1)

= 1



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sooo where do we stnad on the Golem?" Henry asks



Amber Golem: "I'm standing right here! Don't talk about me like I'm not in the room!"



Warrior of Valhalla: "DESTROY THE GIANT!"

"DESTROY THE GIANT!"

"DESTROY THE GIANT!"

"DESTROY THE GIANT!"

"DESTROY THE GIANT!"

"DESTROY THE GIANT!"



Amber Golem: "Well yes, I think we've *established* what *you* want."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Okay anyone that's not punch drunk wanna weigh in here?"



Warrior of Valhalla: "I drink only the blood of my enemies!"

"And lemons."



Marcus Veranius is too busy hunting coffins to chime in



Amber Golem:

CHARISMA
Amber Golem
Ability: -3 | -4



Warrior of Valhalla:

CHARISMA
Warrior of Valhalla
Ability: 12 | 10

"Very well! We accept the Giant's surrender!"



Amber Golem: "Yes, see! Your friend sees reason!"

"I will stop smashing you, you stop smashing me, and stop wrecking my temple!"



Warrior of Valhalla: "We shall prepare a pyre for the fallen Sveinbjorn Thorlaksson. He will get a kick out of it when we return to Valhalla!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...whatever" Henry finishes walking over to the pile of treasure and swaps out his belt for the Belt of Storm Giant Strength

GM: (Any additional actions on your turn?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: He also grabs Defender for good measure EoT

rolling d6

(4)

= 4

(Does anything recharge on 4?)

GM: (yes)

(One feature on a 4 or 5, two on a 6)



Amber Golem: "Right, so I'm not going to smash you now."

"And you're not going to smash me, right?"



Warrior of Valhalla: "We are happy to take your surrender at your word."



Amber Golem: "Surrender? Surrender? I didn't surrender, we agreed to a cease fire!"



Warrior of Valhalla: "You do not know the way of Valhalla."

"Those words are interchangeable."



Amber Golem: "Cultural differences, then?"

"Ah, that makes sense."



Warrior of Valhalla: "All cultures matter."



Amber Golem: "Well, in that case, yes. I will not smash you."

"But you all had better be on your best behavior! I'm watching you."



Warrior of Valhalla *start moving towards the bedrooms to collect broken furniture for a pyre*



Yorhish M'wahassa: "Henry, Vasilka informs me that she has found your sword and cleansed it in the holy waters of Krezk. Do you want it back?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Um sure why not" Henry says pulling his fancy new belt tight

The ground cracks at his feet, and vines rise into the chamber, bearing the unholy black blade — still black, but no longer beaming with malice.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Cool sword, Henry!"



Rictavio: Rictavio methodically begins shoveling treasure into his bag of holding.

He pauses.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yeah " Henry grabs it (I assume that is)



Rictavio:

ARCANA
Rictavio

Skill: 13

"Well, it doesn't seem cursed..." He mutters, and continues shoveling.



Ireena Kolyana: "So now what?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (GM Stat's for new not-cursed sword?)



Amber Golem: "Now hang on a minute! I didn't say you could take that treasure!"



Warrior of Valhalla march off to the eastern halls



Rictavio: "Well, you didn't say we couldn't!"



Amber Golem: "I suppose that's fair. It should have been part of the parlay."



Rictavio: "Well, it wasn't, so too late now."



Amber Golem: "No no, you're right of course. I'm just befuddled to be outsmarted so easily."

WXUDT's black blade is longer than it was before... (It has the statistics of a Vorpal broadsword)

GM: (Suldae is up again)



Liliet (Suldae): (oh my god i love him)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so d8 with option of d10 if two handed)

GM: (Yes)



Marcus Veranius pokes his head out of the secret tunnel, watching Drizlash scurry up the staircase passage. He sees the amber sarcophagus room through an open door



Marcus Veranius owes Rictavio a pint of ale for that Freedom of Movement casting



Marcus Veranius: Knowing full well tripping the web would alert its owner, Marcus charges forward and reads the names of the Amber Sarcophagii. He puts four shots through Drizlash's coffin first, letting its darkness evaporate in the air.

"Well Drizlash, I guess you were correct. We will both be leaving the temple today."

"You go first. I'll close the door on my way out."



Marcus Veranius fires four shots into Dahlver-Nar's coffin and ends the temple's dark legacy



Marcus Veranius: And then he immediately collapses from Exhaustion, as Haste has worn off.



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling d10

(3)

= 3

*Abjuration 3***Components:** V, S, M

Revivify

*Abjuration 3***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** Touch**Target:** A creature that has died within the last minute**Components:** V, S, M (Diamonds worth 300 gp, which the spell consumes)**Duration:** Instantaneous

You touch a creature that has died within the last minute. That creature returns to life with 1 hit point. This spell can't return to life a creature that has died of old age, nor can it restore any missing body parts.

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**Liliet (Suldae):****Roll for HP**

Roll 1: 7

**GM (GM):** Hey y'all

How's your week been?

**Tops K.:** Returned to work from my 3 month "sit out the pandemic" break

Got a bundle of free item vouchers with a thank you note from the president of the company

**Zanshuken:** had a job interview...s**Tops K.:** "Thank you for keeping our stores safe and operating during these past few months!"

GM (GM): Did it come with a pay raise or a bonus

Because otherwise that just seems insulting



Tops K.: No. And under normal circumstances it would be.



GM (GM): I hope you're getting hazard pay, I hear a lot of places aren't

But I suppose money's probably tight everywhere these days



Tops K.: But I think you're missing the finer details

I wasn't there the past few months and still got the free shit



GM (GM): LMAO



Tops K.: :U



GM (GM): Well, my week has been terrible



Zanshukun: I had a job interview friday morning which was stressful



Liliet (Suldae): lmao thats beautiful



GM (GM): My grandpa's dog died of a seizure on Wednesday after being with us 14 years, and on top of that I learned that my boyfriend is most likely going to be deported if his school can't figure out some way to offer physical classes in the fall



Liliet (Suldae): im going hiking in a week

for a week

i think i said that

but its going to be great

oh?

O O O F



GM (GM): So yeah

Not great



Liliet (Suldae): huh. the quarantine is expected to last that long?



GM (GM): Not *awful* I guess

In the states? We've really fucked it up



Liliet (Suldae): i... i would set the bar for 'awful' around there, yes



GM (GM): We didn't even have a second wave, we just kept the first one going



Liliet (Suldae): :x



Zanshukun: How about something less soul crushingly depressing like Curse of Strahd



Liliet (Suldae): hahaha



GM (GM): Lmao

Works for me

Liliet (Suldae): 11:50 AM] Zanshukun: "...don't make me come over there and drag your ass out of that bucket"

[11:51 AM] Tops K: "So best behavior, please. And dim ALL lights before entering."

[11:51 AM] Tops K: Marcus proceeds to turn off the Sunsword

[11:52 AM] Able: Hiere groans, leaving Tankothy, "I'll be back for you, don't worry."

[12:08 PM] Liliet: "...empower castle Ravenloft's owner, huh?" Suldae asks thoughtfully. She doesn't miss how non-specific that is. Well, and isn't that interesting: they ended up with Raven Queen a patron through her - or at least her flock's - opposition to Strahd.

That she's a dark goddess, Suldae already knew, and pretty viscerally as of tonight. The new confirmation slots something in, if anything, helping her make a little more sense of what went down at the wedding.



Liliet (Suldae): this is where we left off in the side rp



GM (GM): Perfect, thank you

We'll pick up right there.



Marcus Veranius directs the group through the formal, stairwell entrance. It seemed rather rude to squeeze through the shortcut



Suldae Westwind: (note: I'm so glad to be working with civilized people who understand that not being rude is the only virtue that matters)

(i am being sarcastic but also not)

Upon entering the chamber, the party sees that shadows lie upon the ground like black mist, and that the western corner of the room is hidden by a vortex of swirling shadow.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives a small bow in that direction.



The Raven Queen: "*Well done,*" booms a female voice.



Marcus Veranius: "Grandmother! I wasn't aware this was your place!"

"Not the warmest honeymoon destination, but beautiful nevertheless."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has no idea what the fuck Marcus is saying, but believes in him wholeheartedly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a seat on one of the crates remainig silent for know now

It happens suddenly. Darkness explodes from the sarcophagus, flooding the entire temple. Every source of light dies.

There is a roaring, icy wind, and you hear the cawing of many ravens.

Quite suddenly, there is a figure standing in the darkness. Her skin glows like moonlight. She is dressed like a queen, the tail of her dress and her cape of feathers trailing along the ground behind her for yards. She turns her head as though noticing the party for the first time, and Marcus sees a radiant face he cannot remember. Marcus's eyes burn when he looks at her face, and feels a pang that hurts in the deep and sacred way that only a terrible loss can.

As the party watches, the face flickers and changes. Ireena's face looks out at you from beneath the crown and veil. A moment later, a flicker, a flash -- and it is Suldae, looking regally down her nose at you. A moment later, it is Ezmeralda's. A flicker and a flash after that, and it is Marcus's.

The face changes one more time, settling on a face that looks alarmingly like Strahd's -- only older, and female, and less drawn and pale.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hesitates, then bows again, guessing this is the Queen's own face.

"Well done," she says. "I could not be more proud of you, my children. Especially you, Sergei -- why, you've found a fine companion. I could not have chosen better. Tatyana, you're looking remarkably alive and well. I hope you will forgive the lackluster quality of my previous communications -- projecting oneself is no cakewalk, and we're of two minds about everything. Welcome to what has been my home for uncounted centuries. Thank you for cleaning it out."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae feels really creeped out by that last one.



Marcus Veranius was hoping he could skip the song and dance of painful memories by being polite, but that seems unavoidable. The Raven Queen's gimmick.



Suldae Westwind: She glances at Ireena, holding onto her hand firmly.



Marcus Veranius: Every visit has been unpleasant in its own way, but she was technically the matron of his new extended family. Marcus would suffer whatever came later.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena seems even paler than usual. She squeezes Suldae's hand almost painfully.



Suldae Westwind: Upon consideration, Suldae wraps one arm around her waist protectively, then takes her hand again.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So you wanted to speak with us?" Henry asks the Raven Queen with a dry tone

The Raven Queen turns to Henry.

"What have you done with my Wxudt?"

"Its soul no longer sings to me..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I have done nothing" Henry says

"No matter. Four of you will be enough."

"You have done well to come this far."



Suldae Westwind: Well that's not creepy at all.



Marcus Veranius attempts to force a smile over pain he cannot recognize. He had business to discuss.



Marcus Veranius: "In no small part to your aid. I would be dead a week ago in a futile attempt at vengeance."

"But your blessings kept me safe, did they not?"

"Outflew a dragon, did I not?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae keeps a neutral expression. She has more than one patron, and this one she

is very, very wary of right now.

"Indeed you did."

"And you slew the beast, too — quite the feat."

"Have no fear, it was no friend of mine."

"Like all the other spirits here, it was an unwelcome houseguest that was difficult to get rid of."

"Tell me. What is it you wish to ask of me? What is it that my power might grant you?"



Marcus Veranius: "All things are exchanges. I do not ask for what isn't a mutual gain."

"Spare me your coy mortal statecraft. What is it you seek?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae almost spoke, but is now glad she did not. In matters of negotiation, Marcus is unquestionably her superior.



Marcus Veranius: "Two boons. The first of which, is to cease the flow of power between this temple and Castle Ravenloft's heart."

"You should have no problem with this, as there are no longer any second opinions within the Amber Temple."

The Raven Queen smiles at that.

She waits patiently for the second boon.

Goodness, she has a lot of teeth...



Marcus Veranius: All the better to smile with

"I suspect Strahd will not play fair. He has declared war on ravenkind. And what he cannot strip in death, he may try with cheap magic."



Suldae Westwind: On second thought, maybe Marcus isn't so good at this. Oh well.

Nothing to do but trust him, now.



Marcus Veranius: "You are the source of Wereraven Lycanthropy. I wish for empowerment. Natural Lycanthropy that no cheap magic can remove."

"You already have that. My blessing is unbreakable."

"As to the first boon... I will consider it."

"You ask me to betray my firstborn son. No matter how he has betrayed me, that is no small thing to ask a mother."

"There is something you might do for me... Something that I cannot. If you do this for me, I will consider your request."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae lets out a quiet, slow sigh. Why did this have to be family? Why did things always have to be depressing?



Marcus Veranius: "I would hear this request. I too have an idea that could settle this burden. Perhaps we are of same mind?"

Ireena Kolyana: Ireena is staring around the room, looking for the mentioned "Sergei."

The Raven Queen bursts into a cold, bone-chilling laugh.

"I doubt that very much. Tell me, what do you offer?"



Marcus Veranius: "You worry of the death of your sons. That they might leave you forever. But the laws of Barovia forbid souls from passing on."

"They reincarnate into the nearest vessel. An uncontrollable cycle. Yet very controllable."



Suldae Westwind: This sounds like a TERRIBLE idea. Suldae cannot wait to hear the rest of it.



Marcus Veranius: "This is my offer. I intend to start a family when this business is all set and done. Any child I sire will be forever bound by your blessing, and to you by proxy."



Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezmerelda gasps.



Marcus Veranius: "Were I to conceive this child on the eve of Strahd's death, it would be his soul."

The Raven Queen laughs again.

"You are a clever one. Unfortunately, you misunderstand the nature of things."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stares at Marcus in disbelief

"Once Strahd dies, Barovian souls are in the hands of the outer gods. They will not reincarnate on this plane."



Suldae Westwind: Yeah, that sounds about as terrible as expected.

Though it *would* have made a good story.

*story

"A sweet gesture, and I am pleased that you have thought of it, but a gift that you ultimately have not the power to grant."



Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezmerelda is glaring daggers at Marcus now. No doubt there will be a long conversation about this later.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Massaging the bridge of his nose Henry speaks up "What would you have us do that you can't achieve yourself"



Suldae Westwind: Oh boy. SOMEONE is in trouble.



Marcus Veranius is in danger

"There is an advisor. Traitorous, lying. It is his fault that I find myself in this accursed condition."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry also mouths 'dumbass' at Marcus

"I will retrieve him, and you will slay him for me — after introductions have been made, of course."



Marcus Veranius: "...this seems both reasonable and possible."

"If you do this for me, I will consider the first boon most seriously. I may even grant it."

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Who do you want us to kill for you" Henry asks suspicious



Suldae Westwind: "Can we get more details on that?" Suldae pipes up at the same time.

"All will depend on how Strahd beseeches me. If he humbles himself before me, and asks to be spared, well — no mother could resist such a thing."

"But I doubt that he will have the wisdom to do this."

"Allow me to introduce my advisor, my teacher, my dear friend: Tenebrous."



Marcus Veranius: Uh oh



Suldae Westwind: "...I am beginning to see a problem," Suldae shares, remembering what happened to him.

With a swirl of shadows the darkness suddenly rises and solidifies and falls away once more, leaving behind a lich, hanging in the vault, looking very confused.



Suldae Westwind: "...Oh, okay."

Tenebrous: Tenebrous turns around, looking bewildered.

He looks at the Raven Queen.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (um I would have to go eat now)

Tenebrous: Very feebly, he says: "Do I know you?"

GM: (Would you like us to wait for you? We could take a short break)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I'll try to be quick I'll still be on discord)
(still but please no Initiative while I'm gone))

GM: (Let's take a 15 minute break here, it's a good spot)



Suldae Westwind: (um, I think we could very much use a smiting paladin here)
(yeah)



Marcus Veranius: Intermission: Marcus has his first couples fight

Tenebrous: Tenebrous turns to the Raven Queen and says, very feebly: "Do I know you?"

"But of course you do, my darling. You were my master, do you not recall?"

Tenebrous: "No... I don't recall... I'm sorry." The lich stares into the distance, lost in thought. He scratches the pale wisps of his remaining beard.

"You are... Familiar. Did I hate you?"

"No, my dear."

Tenebrous: "Did I love you?"

"Not really, no."

Tenebrous: "Oh. Not that lucky, I guess."

"I'm afraid not."

Tenebrous: Tenebrous turns, seeing the party for the first time. "You! You lot! You ought to know better than to put demiplanes into collisions like that, you're archaeologists!"

"I'm afraid not, Tenebrous. They're adventurers, just like you and I were."

Tenebrous: "ADVENTURERS?" Shouts the lich, suddenly wreathed in emerald flames. Jagged rays of violet hate flicker from the hollow sockets of his eyes. A moment later, the flames extinguish, the violet fury dies away. He turns to the Raven Queen. He says: "Tenebrous. I was Tenebrous. It matters so little, now."



Suldae Westwind: "Sorry," Suldae mumbles.

The Raven Queen smiles. "It will please you to know, oh wise and knowing one, that I have far surpassed you."

Tenebrous: The lich smiles pleasantly. His stint in the astral sea seems to have done him some good — there is more flesh on his bones than before. "Why, that is good to hear! I suppose I am proud of you, although you must forgive me if I don't remember that I am."

"You remember every day, old friend."

Tenebrous: "I do?"

"Oh yes," says the Raven Queen, delicately extending a single pale and bony forefinger, "every... single... day...."

She touches his forehead, and the red stars in the hollow sockets of the lich's eyes are extinguished.

The lich crumbles.

"Oh, don't worry," says the Raven Queen, as she turns and begins to walk back to the throne, licking her finger as she goes. "He's quite unharmed. His phylactery will kick in, in just a moment. When it does, he's going to remember everything that he was, and he's going to be a difficult thing to hunt down. I have no further need of him, and he has suffered enough for his treachery, and he cannot be permitted to leave."



Suldae Westwind: "...Had you considered not doing that?"



Marcus Veranius: "...perhaps we could have destroyed that first then?"



Suldae Westwind: "Yes. That."



Marcus Veranius: "He had shown us a secret room upstairs with an object he couldn't remember."
"I assumed that'd be it."

"That is his phylactery."



Suldae Westwind: "How long is "just a moment?"

"Should we be running?"

"There is time to talk. It will take him some time to reassemble himself."



Suldae Westwind: "...Can we talk after?"

Marcus Veranius: "Shouldn't we break the phylactery BEFORE he regenerates completely?"



Suldae Westwind: "I do not wish to be rude, it's just, well..."

She gesticulates with the free hand vaguely.

The Raven Queen laughs. "Go, go. Do what I have asked, and return to me here."

"Silly, fear-filled little mortals," she mutters to herself, walking back towards her sarcophagus.

With a flash of amber light she is gone, and so is the darkness that has filled the temple until now.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Light have mercy on us all" Henry sighs out after watching things unfold



Marcus Veranius tips his hat, shoots Ez puppy dog 'I did a bad' eyes, and runs upstairs



Suldae Westwind: Suldae runs upstairs, which is somewhat difficult to coordinate while still hugging Ireena, but she manages.



Marcus Veranius: "I KNEW I should have destroyed that thing before taking a rest!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follows legs digging into the floor due to hi in human strength



Marcus Veranius: "Thought the lich was one of the coffins. I've thought wrong on a lot of things today!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Cheer up theres plenty of day left to be wrong in"



Marcus Veranius: "That's optimism I can get behind."

The party reaches the top of the stairs and sees that the secret passage to the west has closed, sealed off by a wall of bones.



Suldae Westwind: "Technically I think it shouldn't be dawn yet, so, you know, *really* a lot of the day," Suldae adds optimistically.

Suldae casts Shatter,

DC18

Constitution Save

11

Thunder

60 feet

Shatter

Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: (It has not been 1 hour since we fought the dark gods right?)



Suldae Westwind: (its been like 4 minutes)

"Also," she continues after the first pass of the melody, "I don't think being *factually wrong* was your main problem there."



Marcus Veranius: (Pacing as usual)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (just making sure)

BOOM. The wall of bones explodes, scattering fragments of bone throughout the chamber. When the dust clears you see that the wall still stands, but a large crater has been blasted out of it. It should not take much more to breach it. Before your eyes, you see the bits of bone trying to move back into position, trying to crawl and roll across the floor, trying to re-build what has been damaged.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes a deep breath after her rapid-fire opinionating at Marcus and plays again.

DC18

Constitution Save

7

Higher Level Cast

7

Thunder

60 feet

Shatter

Suldae Westwind

(wow)

A much louder BOOM rocks the temple. Bone shrapnel scatters throughout the room.

The wall is momentarily scattered, the way is clear — but already the bones are trying to rebuild.



Ireena Kolyana: "Quickly!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry runs through the gap



Marcus Veranius draws the oathbow. He has a feeling the Sunsword won't be too keen until things settle down



Ireena Kolyana: "This room.. This is where I found that spell book!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae plays Gust, keeping the bone pieces in a small weak vortex slowed down from coming together until everyone is through.



Marcus Veranius pulls the switch to the hidden chamber

The hidden chamber door squeaks but does not open. It seems the lock will not open while Tenebrous is in his phylactery.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how does the dorr normaly open?)
door)



Marcus Veranius: "I've seen houses with more grit than you!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae raises the flute to her lips, but first pauses and glances at Henry. There might be a simpler solution.



Marcus Veranius: "HENRY! We do this the old fashion way!"



Marcus Veranius holds out the crowbar



Suldae Westwind: "...With the crowbar?"

"With the crowbar!" Suldae cheers.



Marcus Veranius: "The SILVERED crowbar!"



Suldae Westwind: She has fond memories of that one.

Best lockpick.

A word rings in your ears and in the stones of the temple. The sound is horrible, unholy, a condemnation of great power. (Make a DC 16 Constitution save)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

13 + 4

CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius:

16 + 3

CONSTITUTION SAVE (4)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind:

16

CONSTITUTION SAVE (2)
Suldae Westwind



Ismark Kolyanovich:

14

CONSTITUTION SAVE (5)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes the crowbar and places it in the door



Suldae Westwind: (+3 on top)



Ireena Kolyana:

8

CONSTITUTION SAVE (5)



Ezmerelda Veranius:

CONSTITUTION
Ezmerelda Veranius

Ability: **14**



Rictavio:

CONSTITUTION SAVE
Rictavio

Save: **5**

Marcus Veranius: (+2 from wedding ring. Ezmerelda passes)

Ireena and Rictavio both clutch their heads, stunned. The rest manage to resist the terrible incantation.

Tenebrous: "Turn back! I am innocent. The Queen is not what she seems!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (athletics witha advantage because crowbar right?)

GM: (That is correct)

(Checking the door for traps first?)

(Or not so much)



Suldae Westwind: "No, really?" Suldae asks. "She's not a dark goddess with highly questionable motives who is probably responsible for the deaths of a whole lot of people and would sell us for a lark? Tell me more."



Henry of Willowsbrook:

25 + 1 | **22 + 1**

ATHLETICS (13)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius:

CROWBAR

Other: Equipment

Using a crowbar grants advantage to Strength Checks where the crowbar's leverage can be applied.

Tenebrous: "It was she who betrayed me! I was her loyal servant!"



Suldae Westwind: "Maybe tell us more about hte circumstances of that," Suldae suggests.

Tenebrous: "You know not what her plans are, you know not what she desires! There is nothing human left in her!"



Suldae Westwind: "You could tell us?"

POP. Henry breaks the door right off its hinges with the crowbar. (Henry, make a DC 20 Dex save)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henrys muscles tense as he uses his inhuman might

17 + 6

DEXTERITY SAVE (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind:

E> E> E>

Tenebrous: "One of her sons has already murdered the other. If the other murders the first, the sacrifice of her bloodline to herself will make her more powerful than ever!"

A massive burst of emerald lightning crackles over Henry's armor. He dodges out of the way, taking half of 37 lightning damage.



Sulda Westwind: "Please continue the thought from there," Sulda requests.

She does not care much about disputes hundreds or thousands years old, and presumes by default that everyone was an awful person in this one, but if there's a warning to be had...

Inside the small side chamber you see a scaly arm and claw tightly clutching a small box made of bone.

Surrounding it is a continuous whirlwind of sand, sparking with little lightnings.



Sulda Westwind: Sulda steps in.

"Talk."

Inside, above the box, you can see dust dancing in the air, forming slowly into bones and flesh.



Sulda Westwind: "You have until you've formed enough for us to consider you a threat to do that."

Tenebrous: "The Raven Queen means to betray you, as she betrayed me. She will kill you all, once her sons are dead!"

"Then she will be free, free upon the earth, and her worshippers are already in every corner of the plane."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry steps into the room singing once again



Sulda Westwind: "Why would she need or want to kill us?"

Sulda holds out her hand. They need to get all information first.

Tenebrous: "You will have served your purpose, as I have served mine. In the outside world she will have her pick of saints."

"And you will know too much by then..."



Sulda Westwind: "Maybe you could tell us so we could know it right now."

"What was she trying to do? What won't she want us to know?"



Marcus Veranius is deathly quiet

Tenebrous: "You already know it."



Sulda Westwind: "Her family squabble of ages long past?"

Tenebrous: "The secret of her power! The source of her strength! The place where her soul is imprisoned!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Our 'dear' Goddess is as much stuck here as we are"



Sulda Westwind: "Ah, that. Makes sense," Sulda says. "So back to the story of who betrayed who between the two of you?"

Tenebrous: "Not forever. Not for much longer. Her birds already fly the skies outside the dome of mist. When the mist collapses, she will be free upon the planes. A wave of forgetfulness will sweep the heavens and the earth, and all things that were will be hers to know."

"I am the one who has been betrayed," says Tenebrous. He has formed a skull and some of his

spine.

In the dark sockets of the skull's eyes, two crimson stars ignite.



Suldae Westwind: "...So if she's free then, what damage could our knowledge possibly do her?"

Tenebrous: "You do not understand, you do not understand!"

"But that will not matter to her."



Suldae Westwind: "Explain then."

"She betrayed you. How?"

Tenebrous: "She pretended to love me. She stole my secrets for years, and in time she took me here, and used my power to become what she now is."



Suldae Westwind: "Okay. And what did you do?"

Tenebrous: "She tried then to kill me, but I outwitted her. My phylactery was already completed."

"The sacrifice at the foundation of Castle Ravenloft gave me all the power I needed to survive her."



Suldae Westwind: Okay, so jerks betraying jerks, as expected.

Suldae takes a silent step back.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stays outwardly quiet relaying the conversation as best he can to Sylvanus through his mind



Marcus Veranius is in great pain hearing these things.

Henry has the sense that Sylvanus is taking this information very very seriously, and perhaps relaying it to other gods.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae does not pray for guidance, right now. She has a pretty clear idea of what the next thing to do is.

She's just cleared space for Henry to do it.

Tenebrous: "Why do you still come for me? I have answered your questions! I am not your enemy!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: 'If she were set free could she be contained now that you know?' Henry asks Sylvanus

"How many have suffered and died because of you?" Henry asks the Lich

Tenebrous: "Her weakness will forever be the Amber Temple. What the ritual did has bound her truest essence to this place. It will be the seed of her plane, the heart of her Shadowfell."

"No matter how her power grows, she will always be vulnerable here."

The lich, notably, does not answer Henry's question about deaths and suffering.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae does in fact note that.

GM: (Derp, I didn't catch that Henry was directing that first question at Sylvanus)



Suldae Westwind: She also appreciates the additional information.

(eh, Suldae was already asking)

Sylvanus seems troubled. Henry senses that the gods are not convinced they will be able to contain her if she breaches her containment.



Suldae Westwind: (it works as an elaboration on her earlier questions)

Henry has a strange sense of something about them "already doing all they are permitted".



Suldae Westwind: Suldae notices Henry's hesitation, and touches her own holy symbol, reaching out to Correllon with her mind in a wordless prayer, conveying instead thoughts and images.

And the feeling of a question.



Marcus Veranius stumbles towards the desk chair, suddenly very weak. Everything is very quickly falling apart.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to his friends and companions "Anything else...before I passthe judgement?"

The whirling storm of sand tightens around Tenebrous, crackling with emerald lightning. Whatever protective power is in it will no doubt be dangerous.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves before the Lich can lashihng out with the Vorpall Sword

ACTION SURGE

Class: Fighter 2nd Level

Starting at 2nd level, you can push yourself beyond your normal limits for a moment. On Your Turn, you can take one additional action on top of your regular action and a possible Bonus Action.

Once you use this feature, you must finish a short or Long Rest before you can use it again. Starting at 17th level, you can use it twice before a rest, but only once on the same turn.

FIGHTING SPIRIT

Class: Fighter 3 Samurai

Starting at 3rd level, as a bonus action on your turn, you can give yourself advantage on weapon attack rolls until the end of the current turn. When you do so, you also gain 5 temporary hit points. The number of temporary hit points increases when you reach certain levels in this class, increasing to 10 at 10th level and 15 at 15th level. You can use this feature three times, and you regain all expended uses of it when you finish a short rest

(long) rest. (Praise GM for he is kind)



Suldae Westwind: wait hold on Suldae hasnt been answered yet

I do doubt it will change the answer

but for methodology's sake

Suldae hears peacefully chiming tones of spiritual music, dancing in the air around her. Correllon does not so much tell her what to do as express how proud he is of her and her party's decision-making abilities.



Suldae Westwind: Well, that's helpful.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

28

18

Vorpalsword (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

26

Radiant Smite Damage/Undead Smite

19

Slashing

32

24

Vorpalsword (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

20*Radiant Smite Damage/Undead Smite***20***Slashing***Suldae Westwind:** She glances at Henry and nods.**Henry of Willowsbrook:****20****19****Vorpalsword** (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

21*Undead Smite/Radiant Smite***21***Slashing***26****36****Vorpalsword** (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

23 + 24*Undead Smite/Radiant Smite***17 + 30***Slashing*

GM: (Make a DC 20 CON save.)

(Just Henry)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

4 + 4

CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (ouch)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (do I still have the nat 20s from yohrish)

GM: (You do)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (can I use 1 for the save)

GM: (I'

(I'll allow it*)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (27)

*As the soul-cleansed Wxudt cleaves into the cloud of swirling sand and the box of bones and the forming lich and the claw of stone, Henry feels a terrible shadow bloom in his soul. He takes half of **46** necrotic damage. His hit point maximum is reduced by the same amount for one hour.*



Henry of Willowsbrook:

DRAGON SCALE ARMOR

Other: Magic Armor

+1 Plate Armor

Grants immunity to acid damage

Grants resistance to necrotic

damage and force damage

Grants advantage on Charisma

saves

Grants advantage on Intimidation

checks. If the wearer already has

advantage on Intimidation or

Charisma checks due to a spell,

a feature, or another magic item

effect, grants a +5 to

Intimidation checks instead.



Suldae Westwind: (so 11.5?)

There is a sudden silence. The sand falls. The box of bones tumbles in two halves, spilling folded scraps of paper all over the floor. The storm fades, the lightning dies, and the forming body of Tenebrous dissipates in a poof of dust.



Ireena Kolyana: "Well..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so 6 actual damage since I have 5 temp HP from fighting spirit)

Ireena Kolyana: "Now what?"



Marcus Veranius: "...I just wanted a family. I don't know where this hole in me comes from. I just wanted a family... Just wanted..."



Rictavio: "You have a family, son."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Yeah, dummy."

Ezmerelda says this with great kindness, and sits beside Marcus, putting an arm around him.

"What are we going to do?"



Marcus Veranius: "I knew she was wicked. I knew she meant misery. She's also family, isn't she."



Kasimir Velikov: "Has anyone considered the possibility that he might have been lying to save his own skin?"



Suldae Westwind: "Well, duh," Suldae says.



Kasimir Velikov: "Metaphorical skin, I mean."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Seems likely enough to me."



Suldae Westwind: "I admit I don't really understand how evil deities think... but... would she really think of us as liabilities more than assets, with account for sentimentality about ravens?"

17

INSIGHT (7)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius turns to Ezmerelda with tears in his eyes

Suldae is not entirely convinced that she would. She has shown a certain amount of care for her ravens. Then again, it may be that she cares for them because they are useful, and not out of any genuine love.



Marcus Veranius: "We were supposed to settle business here. Run away where she couldn't find us. Let real heroes deal with her madness. Join a flock of Aaracokra Nomads. No one would know what we were. We could have disappeared."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "We still can," says Ezmerelda. "She *did* say the blessing was unbreakable."



Suldae Westwind: "You know what I noticed?" Suldae says.

"In his whole rant he had yet to say anything about what great evil she would do when she was free."

"You'd think if there was something specifically evil and bad he'd have led with that."



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe I was willing to raise the soul of a once-sworn enemy as child. How else could Strahd have turned out with THAT THING as his mother? We could have done better. We could have made him decent."



Suldae Westwind: "I mean, she IS an Evil goddess."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sheaths his sword and turns to face the others listening



Suldae Westwind: "But she is also the patron of the Martikovs, you know?"

Marcus Veranius: "If it was the price of peace..."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "It was a good gesture, babe. But don't offer up our firstborn without my approval next time, ok?"



Marcus Veranius: "Alright."



Suldae Westwind: "I'm not seeing what benefit she'd gain from doing evil for the sake of evil."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Even if it's for a good cause. You don't want me resentfully raising the demon baby."



Suldae Westwind: "I'd be willing to take care of a demon baby," Suldae says.
"...What?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Bones said that the offering of her son killing her other son would set her free right?"



Suldae Westwind: "Yeah, thing number one we could do is not have that happen. Her other son?"



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Ireena Kolyana: "When we were back there, talking to her, she said something about Sergei and Tatyana." Ireena seems worried. "I know *I'm* the same soul who used to be Tatyana... But who here is Sergei?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at Marcus with a question.
He seems like the person who understood that best of all.



Marcus Veranius: "That has been arranged. It wasn't a metaphor."
"Should things play out as they are, Strahd will literally die at his brother's hands."



Rictavio: "What? How?"



Suldae Westwind: "Please tell me it's not you."



Marcus Veranius: "I've promised not to say."



Suldae Westwind: "..."



Marcus Veranius: "But I can say that is truth."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena's eyes dart from Marcus to Ezmerelda and then to Suldae.



Suldae Westwind: "Can you write it?"
"Can you answer my question?"




Henry of Willowsbrook: "Marcus please stop being cryptic for a moment before I punch you through a wall"




Ireena Kolyana: "Sergei...?"
"If one of you is Sergei, please. I need you to speak."
"If you're really him, you won't hesitate."

"Hi."

The voice is deep and pleasant and warm, like sunlight on a summer's day. It seems to come from Marcus's general direction.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena takes in a hissing breath.

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae's eyes fall immediately on the sword.


"Would you care to offer input?"

she asks politely.

"It's not his fault. I asked him not to let you see me like this."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "See you like what?"


"...Marcus, can you hold me up please?"

 **Suldae Westwind:** "The sword," Sldae says.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "What."




Marcus Veranius places the Sunsword on the center table


 **Suldae Westwind:** "You're the sword, aren't you?"


"No, I'm Sergei von Zarovich. But I'm trapped in a sword at the moment, yes."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry crosses his arms as he leans against a wall

 **Suldae Westwind:** "...so what would you think about the idea of us killing your, um, your brother by literally any other method than wielding you... er, your vessel?"

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Huh"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "And by your oath of vengeance, the sun will kill sibling."


 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae does not see much point to distinguishing soul and body, but if it's important to Sergei, that's fair.


"No can do, bard girl. My vengeance is a pact that must be completed."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Noted. Thoughts on what your mom will do afterwards?"

There is a sound like a verbal shrug.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Sergei, come on."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "That's helpful, thanks."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "You've got to help us. We're in the dark here."

"Mom will do what she always does. She'll acquire power, seek out magic, gain followers, and spread."

"She's taken a liking to her birds, so I don't think you need to worry much. You're already her children."

"Of course, so was I... And so was Strahd."



Suldae Westwind: "That genuinely doesn't sound like a great evil we necessarily need to prevent, to me," Suldae says, glancing at Henry.



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd, whom she gave the blessing of Vampirism that started this whole mess."

"Indeed."

"I can't be too mad at her, since she's the reason I'm still around."

"But y'know, I haven't really forgiven her for the whole vampire oath thing. Even if she was madder at the time."



Marcus Veranius: "Barovia in its current state is by the Raven Queen's design in entirety."

"The misery is its point."



Suldae Westwind: "That does sound bad," Suldae agrees.



Marcus Veranius: "I had assumed she would be contained forever."



Suldae Westwind: "I don't think she planned it all out in detail, I'd note."

"Just picture a world-wide Barovia. It's not too bad. You could get used to it."



Ireena Kolyana: "I couldn't."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Out of curiosity what would happen if let's say I were to end Strahd before you are able to Sergei" Henry asks



Suldae Westwind: "Oh, okay, no, that's kind of bad."

"Well, Henry, you big lunk, I'd have to kill you."



Suldae Westwind: "Some people really cannot be trusted with landscape design."



Marcus Veranius: "Now Sergei, that's not very nice."



Ireena Kolyana: "Sergei, come on."

"You're better than that."

"I'm not better than shit, princess. It's been centuries. I know what I want and I aim to get it. Damn the consequences."



Suldae Westwind: "I guess you're only the good one in the family because of the bar being set *that* low, huh?"




Ireena Kolyana: Ireena turns to Suldae and silently embraces her, facing away from the sword on the table.





Suldae Westwind: "Or maybe Sergei really was. It's just the sword that thinks it's him that isn't."




Ireena Kolyana: She's shaking slightly.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Henry's also built sturdier than a stone golem with piercing immunity. You literally couldn't scratch him."

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae speaks with light disgust.
She's aiming to provoke him.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "He was a good man. I think," says Ireena. "But I don't remember..."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry thinks for a moment before shrugging


"Look. I want my vengeance, you want your help."

"My help, I mean."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "We want a bit more than that."

"I want your help, you want mine."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "I...I'm not sure we do"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I'm not saying your vengeance is wrong. And I still intend to carry out your pact."


"So the question becomes: how are we going to make sure that what the lich warned us about doesn't come to pass?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "But this is what I said before. We cannot be blinded by our fury. You can read my memories. See how well that went for me."


"A hint. It didn't."


"And my soul will forever be marked."


"Your story isn't my story, Marcus. Did you wait a thousand years to avenge the woman you loved?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I would have. And many more."


"No, you didn't. But I have. It is the only thought which has sustained me. Vengeance MUST be mine."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "So what do we do, then?"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "We will do this with grace and wisdom. Or not at all."

 **Kasimir Velikov:** "Do we trust what the Lich said as truth?"


 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Partial truth, surely."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Can't you be generous?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "..."

 **Ezmerelda Veranius:** "We should go back and talk to the Queen. See what she has to say about all this."

"Maybe we're blowing things out of proportion?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Consider not what the lich just said, but what he had said while we were friends."

Suldae Westwind: "That does not sound like the best idea," Suldae says.

"Maybe we're making the wrong predictions, but proportion?"

"Generous? GENEROUS? The sole desire of my soul is the murder of Strahd. There is no room for generosity there."



Marcus Veranius: "This entire temple was built by comission of Queen Ravenovia."



Suldae Westwind: "I think the proportion we understand fine. And I think we don't want her input on that."

GM: (Wait no it wasn't)

(The Castle was built by Queen Ravenovia, the Temple was already here)



Marcus Veranius: (Err)

GM: (Wizards had been using it to study forgotten gods and she used its powers to kill and wear the Raven god)



Suldae Westwind: (it's been an irl month since tenebrous's lecture rip lmao)



Marcus Veranius: "The crystal heart syphon was commissioned by Queen Ravenovia"

"She intended to bind even gods themselves to her service. Which was by design eternal."



Suldae Westwind: "We need to decide we intend to take on this before we speak with her again."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "What are you saying?"



Suldae Westwind: *what side



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Are you saying we have to... To treat her like the rest of them?"



Suldae Westwind: "I don't think we *have* to, necessarily. But it's an option that maybe we do."

Suldae wishes she'd had the time to read the book before this came up.

Maybe then it'd be clearer.



Marcus Veranius: "I do not have the power in me. It means betraying everyone I have sworn oaths to. Those raven which saved me from the brink of oblivion."

"But it has to be done."



Suldae Westwind: "Also, she's an ally and betraying allies is bad."

"But letting evil gods conquer everything is also bad."



Ireena Kolyana: "Wait. There was a Raven god before she came here, right? Before she came to Barovia? And she's basically connected to this god, right? I think that was what she meant by 'we are of two minds about everything'."

"What if... What if the Raven can be separated from the Queen?"



Suldae Westwind: "That might be an improvement."

"Potentially."



Marcus Veranius: "It would still be the god of shadowfel. Still be of darkness."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae feels like she *really* didn't sign up for this.



Marcus Veranius: "But maybe not of mortal ambition."



Suldae Westwind: "Maybe we could just ignore the sword's input," Suldae says. "It does not appear to be particularly Sergei-like."

"And its reasons are the Raven Queen's reasons, put into another."



Marcus Veranius: "It would be a simple procedure. Separating Queen from Raven. Incredibly so."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I kind of wish I paid more attention during the sermons now that I've actually meet Gods"



Marcus Veranius: "Despite what the lich said, I DID pay attention to his lecture as I am not an adventurer."



Suldae Westwind: "As something of a priestess myself, halfway, I can confirm it doesn't help much."



Marcus Veranius: "These gods are dead because they have no worshippers."

"So long as the temple is cut off from the rest of the world by astral, we are the only ones who can worship."

"Break the coffin open. Let those with opinions say who survives."

"Those who believe in the Raven will see it survive."

"And in silence, the queen dies."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So we break her cozy little box here?"



Marcus Veranius: "It's that simple."

"But also not so."

"Because Queen Ravenova still has ONE worshiper in this temple. Has for a long time."



Ireena Kolyana: "Wait, wait, before we do that..."



Suldae Westwind: "...I think we're not doing anything yet..."



Marcus Veranius motions towards the Sunsword



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena whips out a massive, copper-bound book. She spreads it open on the table and starts leafing through it swiftly. "This is the spell book we found in here. I'm sure it belonged to the Lich, look: the name on the spine! *The Incants of Tenebrous*. There must be something in here about how he helped her become the Raven Queen in the first place."

"If we can work out how he did that, maybe we can reverse engineer it?"



Suldae Westwind: (okay, so, this is a basic dnd / setting knowledge that Suldae should have already and that I will not phrase as a thought in-universe until I know her prior.

How much are gods affected by their worshippers?)

14

RELIGION (13)
Suldae Westwind

(....ffffuck)

(hey still a 14)



Marcus Veranius: (No crit fails outside death saves and attack rolllllllls!)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tilts his back and asks the ceiling in Sylvan "Anything to add Big Guy? I would really appreciate a bit of not outright evil divine guidance right about now"

GM: (The gods prefer not to make such things clear to mortals, but it is generally common knowledge that the prayers, faith, and worship provided by mortals is vital to the gods.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Even if its cryptic as all hells"

GM: (At the same time, there are gods who accept no worshippers — like the Lady of Pain — and there are those that need none, like the Lords of Death. The rules seem to be different for different ranks or arenas of godhood. One imagines the high god, Ao, has laid the rules out somewhere.)



Suldae Westwind: "I might have a thought..." Suldae says.

***The Temple shakes to its foundations. Henry hears a clear voice booming through the chamber.
"Free my child. Kill the Queen."***



Ireena Kolyana: "Was that an earthquake? I thought we weren't even on the material plane anymore?"

GM: (Henry is the only one to hear the voice.)



Suldae Westwind: She clutches her holy symbol and sends a thought to her patron. It is an easy question this time. "Can an evil deity that only has Good worshippers be influenced into change by their decisions?"

Suldae hears a whisper, close at hand. "No."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is too busy praying to notice the earthquake.

"...Nevermind," she sighs.

"The nature of a deity is its nature, formed from the conceptions of the mortals who made it, or bound up by the fate which the high gods have written for it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So they can be clear about things" Henry murmurs rolling his shoulders
"Well Big Green and Holy is all for regicide"

he then says out loud



Ireena Kolyana: "Look, here."

"This is the ritual that bound them together."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks, half-hanging off her shoulder.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena points to a beautifully illustrated page of the book, in which a pale woman in black robes seems to be standing in the middle of a large circular seal, in the corpse of an enormous raven. Three wizards stand around her, casting spells.

She reads carefully.

"His notation is strange... And the language is a little archaic..."

"But if I'm reading this right, the Raven wasn't *dead* dead when the Queen joined with it."

"It had to still be clinging to life for her to take its godhood."

"So it's still there, inside her. She said something about 'the Raven must eat'?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Maybe it's not a dark or evil god? Maybe it's just a god of memories?"

"A wild god, not a cruel one."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae closes her eyes, feeling the exhaustion of the night.

"Worth taking a chance on?"



Marcus Veranius: "I hold to my original plan then. The Raven Queen is worshiped everywhere. Queen Ravenovia is only known here."

"One will survive the sarcophagus's sundering. One will die."



Ireena Kolyana: "I think you're right, Marcus. The Raven was native to this land, and it's not a forgotten god. It can survive without a sarcophagus."

"Of course, if Strahd counts as a worshipper of his mother..."

"Maybe things get a little dicier."



Suldae Westwind: "He's dead though, does that really count?"



Ireena Kolyana: "He's not dead, he's undead. He's basically her saint."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae flicks a glance at the sword, too.



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd has been killing ravens left and right. He is NOT a worshipper of his mother."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "He'll be gone soon "



Ireena Kolyana: "But then so is Sergei..."



Marcus Veranius: "But Strahd doesn't count either."

"Oh, I could stop worshipping. If it means you'll let me kill Strahd."



Marcus Veranius: "We're sealed away from the outside right now."



Suldae Westwind: "That would be the arrangement, yes."



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd's words won't reach."



Suldae Westwind: "We'd have no reason not to let you, then."



Ireena Kolyana: "I think you're right. Strahd is using her, but not really a worshipper or a believer. And he's not really on her side."

"It's a gamble... But..."



Marcus Veranius: "It's a gamble I'm willing to take."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods. She breathes easier with the thought they would not be killing the ravens' patron, but if anything bringing it back.



Marcus Veranius: "And we **ARE** killing strahd you **Overglorified Letter T**



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry fishes his mana potion out from his belt

Suldae Westwind: (what do mana potions do in DnD)



Marcus Veranius: (Homebrew)

(We got them from dragin)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Homebrew restores all spell slots)



Suldae Westwind: (ok what do mana potions do in this campaign)

(ty)

(Suldae will save hers)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Cheers since I doubt the old bat will go quietly"



Ireena Kolyana: "Wait," says Ireena.

"There's no rush, is there?"

"I mean, we've killed Tenebrous."

"We can take a rest, right?"



Suldae Westwind: "She's waiting for us. How long will she wait?"



Marcus Veranius: "Until the shadows start setting in again."



Ireena Kolyana: "She's waited a few centuries, I think she's got the patience."



Suldae Westwind: "Don't get me wrong, I'm all for taking a rest."



Marcus Veranius: "This is my honeymoon, I'm getting some relaxing in."



Suldae Westwind: "...okay, if Marcus is rihgt, we have the time."



Ireena Kolyana: "I want more time to study this ritual... I think I might be able to reverse engineer it."



Suldae Westwind: "I'll personally make sure you get a second one later, if we live," Suldae tells him seriously.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stops himself barely from downing the potion or spilling it



Suldae Westwind: "Want help?"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Happy honeymoon," says Ezmerelda, planting a kiss on Marcus's cheek.



Ireena Kolyana: "I would love some help!" says Ireena.



Henry of Willowsbrook: He puts the stopper back in the vial



Ireena Kolyana: (Go ahead and take a short rest. Henry's maximum HP will return to normal, since the rest is about an hour.)

GM: (That was from me, not Ireena)

(Suldae, go ahead and make an Arcana check)



Ireena Kolyana:

12

ARCANA (6)



Suldae Westwind:

30

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

(nice)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (if it's a short rest Henry is drinking the Spell Juice)

GM: (Daaaaaaaamn)



Marcus Veranius: "Monster slaying for a relaxing holiday. How is that somehow both of our hobbies?"



Suldae Westwind: (Imao Ireena might be a wizard but Suldae's the one who's been studying this her whole lfie)



Marcus Veranius: "How'd we get that lucky?"



Suldae Westwind: (Expertise is no joke)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (also attuneing to the Belt)



Ezmerelda Veranius: "We're lucky people, what can I say?"

"You're Vistani now."



Suldae Westwind: (oh. I probably cannot combine attuning to the book with helping Ireena can I?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (GM is gone!)

(and Back)

GM: (Sorry about that! R20 crashed)



Suldae Westwind: The ritual turns into an improvised lecture, as Suldae fills in all the gaps in Ireena's knowledge, guided by her wizardly creativity.

GM: (If you're helping Ireena you probably won't have time to attune, that's correct)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah that's not urgent then)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so um I would like to roll some hit dice that might mess with the rp for a bit)

10

HIT DICE (D10+3)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: Suldae idly strums her guitar as she's talking, but even her idle strumming directs the weave.

SONG OF REST

Class: Bard

Beginning at 2nd level, you can use soothing music or oration to

help revitalize your wounded allies during a short rest. If you or any friendly creatures who can hear your performance regain hit points at the end of the short rest by spending one or more Hit Dice, each of those creatures regains an extra 1d6 hit points.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

6

HIT DICE (D10+3)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (please note the benefit of having a bard in the party)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

5

HIT DICE (D10+3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

4

HIT DICE (D10+3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

13

HIT DICE (D10+3)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: rolling 5d6

(**6** + **2** + **5** + **6** + **4**)

= **23**



Henry of Willowsbrook: (back to full...I needed all of those rolls)



Suldae Westwind: (total of 61 fight now)

(yeah)

GM: (As written I think the song of rest only gives an additional 1d6 per person healing, not per hit dice spent)

(But Suldae's a strongk girl and you're about to go into a big fight, so I'm fine with what we've got here)



Suldae Westwind: "Ezme, for the record," Suldae says, glancing at her, "you have my condolences in advance and if you ever want background vocals for shit like what he'd just suggested pulling I'm available."

(whoops rip)

(ty)



Ireena Kolyana: "Suldae, look. These lines... They're like a kind of spiritual thread — something woven out of a curse. A holy weapon should be able to cut them... But we'd have to have at least three mages try to pull her apart first, to expose them. When they did the ritual the first time, they wove the threads and used their magic to tighten them, stitching her into the god. We just have to loosen them and cut them, then we should be able to kill her without harming the Raven."



Marcus Veranius: "OK FINE! I MAKE BAD IDEAS!"



Ireena Kolyana: "If we decide the Sarcophagus idea isn't a guaranteed one, I mean..."



Suldae Westwind: "...I think it's best if we can figure both out."



Marcus Veranius: "Give magic trinkets of untold power to a shoemaker who barely knows how adventuring works. This is what happens."



Suldae Westwind: "We have plenty of mages, let's figure out this pulling apart thing..."

"The tiger wasn't magical," Suldae says.

She knows it's a cheap blow. She thinks he deserves it.



Rictavio: "Oof. Low blow."

"The tiger was my idea anyway, not his."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "I'm sorry, tiger?"



Marcus Veranius: "I'm not listening to this."



Ireena Kolyana: "You don't want to know."



Marcus Veranius:

Silence

Illusion 2 (ritual)

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: 20-foot-radius sphere centered on a point you choose within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

For the duration, no sound can be created within or pass through a 20-foot-radius sphere centered on a point you choose within range.

Any creature or object entirely inside the sphere is immune to thunder damage, and creatures are deafened while entirely inside it.

Casting a spell that includes a verbal component is impossible there.



Suldae Westwind: "Oh I am NOT talking about YOU," Sudlae says with a particularly ominous undertone that suggests he doesn't want her to.

(LMAO)



Marcus Veranius makes a personal quiet relaxation bubble

Suldae Westwind: (20ft radius)

(do you want to move away a bit)

Suldae invites Kazimir to take a look at the ritual as well.

Alas, they're not *strictly speaking exclusively* on a date.



Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezmerelda follows Marcus to his bubble. Standing just outside of it, she casts *Darkness* into its center. Then she joins him there.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena flushes a little and focuses on the book harder.



Kasimir Velikov: "Come, Ismark. Look at this."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Why, it's a book! Full of writing!"



Kasimir Velikov: "Sit properly and look at it with us."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Fine."



Suldae Westwind: (they are adorable)



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark sits playfully in Kasimir's lap. Kasimir develops a dark purple blush.



Kasimir Velikov: "Do you mind? You are not light."



Marcus Veranius: The Amber Temple *of Love*



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Yes, but you *are* comfortable."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has been sitting in Ireena's lap all along. Well, half-sitting. Full sitting now.
"You could switch," she suggests without looking up.



Kasimir Velikov: "...Yes, I think we could do this spell. It seems relatively straightforward — an effort of will, not of shaping."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "6 months ago I was worrying about the harvest, what crops to buy for next year, my wedding and my mothers bad hip so Marcus really has no excuse" Henry says leaning back and clearing his mind



Suldae Westwind: "I mean he kind of had all his loved one killed by a dragon who then also tortured him," Suldae counters.

*ones

"He has a *bit* of an excuse."

She likes that he cannot hear her right now.
























Ismark Kolyanovich: "Well, at least he wasn't hung in a tree to crawl back from the dead on nothing but the power of his own will."



Rictavio: "And his whole family wasn't murdered by Vistani, so there's that."



Suldae Westwind: "This isn't a *competition*."

-  **Ireena Kolyana:** "And he's not the sixth or seventh reincarnation of a mad immortal tyrant's long lost obsession."
"Sorry, you're right. Not a competition."
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "apparently it is now" Henry says
-  **Suldae Westwind:** "I really feel like the sane one here," Suldae shares.
"I'm sorry, I mean lucky one. Whichever."
-  **Kasimir Velikov:** "I would say something about my sister and my entire clan, but it would at this point be annoying."
-  **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "You couldn't be annoying if you tried."
-  **Suldae Westwind:** She did kind of grow up among people who regarded her as an outsider even though she knew nothing but them and what little her human father could teach her of elvish culture, but, you know. Not, in fact, a competition.
"There's a room over there," Suldae jabs her thumb towards the skull place without a floor.
-  **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Hang on," says Ismark. "This seal..."
-  **Suldae Westwind:** "Oh?"
-  **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "That's the big circle under the treasure pile downstairs! I'm sure of it."
"Look, they used it in the ritual. What for?"
-  **Kasimir Velikov:** "It would seem they needed it to focus the energies of the Temple. Without that, the ritual would have been impossible."
-  **Tops K.:** Hier, meanwhile, reflects on how a vampire killed his teacher, best friend, and best friend's grandson's best friends
-  **Ezmerelda Veranius:** Meanwhile, no sound or image exits from Marcus's bubble of silent darkness.
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Vasilika mentioned that we might be able to bail from this place by smashing it before" Henry says
-  **Rictavio:** "Smashing it?"
-  **Marcus Veranius does not get to roll for hit dice this rest**
-  **Rictavio:** "Well, let's refrain from doing that until the last of the sarcophagi is destroyed."
"We want to make sure that nothing can escape."
-  **Suldae Westwind:** (I mean. Hit points represent mental fatigue, too)
(I'm just saying)
-  **Ireena Kolyana:** "You think it's what's binding them here?"{
-  **Rictavio:** "I think it is part of that, yes."
-  **Marcus Veranius:** (What's happening is NOT a light activity)
-  **Suldae Westwind:** (okay maybe)

Upon realizing something, Suldae plays a quick ditty.

Ten bananas appear

She throws two in the direction of the center of the bubble of darkness.

She presumes they should hit one of them.

(should I roll for this)



Marcus Veranius: (Beat an AC 26 at disadvantage)



Henry of Willowsbrook: d20+dex

GM: (Lmao yes. Improvised weapon, no proficiency, disadvantage)



Suldae Westwind:

Goodberry

Abjuration 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: See text

Components: V, S, M (A sprig of mistletoe)

Duration: Instantaneous

Up to ten berries appear in your hand and are infused with magic for the duration. A creature can use its action to eat one berry. Eating a berry restores 1 hit point, and the berry provides enough nourishment to sustain a creature for one day. The berries lose their potency if they have not been consumed within 24 hours of the casting of this spell.

GM: (If you beat a 17 it hits Ezmerelda at least)



Marcus Veranius: (It's basic handbook rules. Prone targets are hard to hit at range)

Silently a pair of bananas lands somewhere near Ezmerelda and Marcus, who take absolutely no notice.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry fishes a gold piece out from his purse and begins to roll it down his knuckles and doing other tricks, like the bards and buskers at the harvest festivals used to perform, mostly to pass the time



Ireena Kolyana: At last, Ireena says: "Well, I think we've got everything we're going to get from this."
"What now?"



Marcus Veranius emerges from the Silent Zone around rest end



Marcus Veranius: "Right then! What's our plan?"



Liliet (Suldae):

10

"" (4)

Suldae Westwind

-1

12"" (4)
Suldae Westwind**-1****5**"" (4)
Suldae Westwind**-1****10**"" (4)
Suldae Westwind**-1**

oops

22"" (4)
Suldae Westwind**-1****Tops K.:****SUNBEAM**
*Ezmerelda Veranius***Attack: 11**

Each creature in the line must make a Constitution saving throw [DC 15]. On a failed save, a creature takes 6d8 radiant damage and is blinded until your next turn. On a successful save, it takes half as much damage and isn't blinded by this spell. Undead and oozes have disadvantage on this saving throw.

Damage: 20 radiant**GM (GM):** Howdy y'all

How's everyone's world going?

Zanshuken: pretty alright



Liliet (Suldae): ^^



GM (GM): Alrighty, now where were we
It's been a while



Liliet (Suldae): we were somewhere around deciding to gank mama raven



Zanshuken: killed the Lich because Raven Mama asked us to, then decided leaving crazy power hungry raven queen as the only god might not be the best so we decided to Hack her in two



Tops K.: The party was had just defeated a lich, who warned against trusting Queen Ravenovia. We already didn't trust her, but now Marcus is on board with the after party.

~~We also found a new bag of holding. Honest~~
(Huh, scratch-through text doesnt work for Roll20)



Liliet (Suldae): maybe this just isnt the right command



GM (GM): Alrighty, I just finished re-reading the Discord RP



Liliet (Suldae): lmao



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So all we have to do is kill the Queen but leave the Raven god part alive right?" Henry asks standing up "Or am I missing something?"



Liliet (Suldae): "Well, there's a whole ritual..."
(Dm pls refresh us on how we do it)



Tops K.: "It's a simple ritual. We break the coffin. Raven Queen has enough living followers to remain alive, but Queen Ravenovia will die forgotten."



Marcus Veranius says this

GM: from Ireena: ("Suldae, look. These lines... They're like a kind of spiritual thread — something woven out of a curse. A holy weapon should be able to cut them... But we'd have to have at least three mages try to pull her apart first, to expose them. When they did the ritual the first time, they wove the threads and used their magic to tighten them, stitching her into the god. We just have to loosen them and cut them, then we should be able to kill her without harming the Raven.")



Liliet (Suldae): "I think it's a better idea to at least try to bring back the old Raven god..."



Ireena Kolyana: I believe this is the ritual option Suldae is thinking about

GM: (Whoops)



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, should that fail for whatever reason, we've got the other option."



Suldae Westwind: "Yeah."

"So, do we need to get her onto the circle for it to work?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, we'll want plenty of space when we do it, because she won't be powerless while we're working on her. We'll need room to move around. The seal chamber makes the best sense logistically, anyway."

"But no, I don't think we need to get her on the circle. I think it permeates the whole building."



Kasimir Velikov: "I concur. The seal's effect is all around us. It is what binds the entire plane, and all its reflections."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Hey, I can cur too."



Suldae Westwind: "...Yeah, that's logistically better. Do you need to be on different sides of her, or is just being close and not dying fine?"

(Wait, hold on, is it you or we?)

(We have three wizards with Hiere, but just two without)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena shakes her head firmly. "It will involve a lot of pulling. We will need to be on opposite sides of her."



Suldae Westwind: "Noted."

"Who are we going to have doing this?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, me, and Kasimir, and Hiere. I think we have the best chance of success."



Kasimir Velikov: "The magic involves a rather complex incantation. Someone whose magic is more instinctive is less likely to be able to perform it from memory."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I've memorized it."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir looks at Ismark, his eyes widening seriously. He seems stunned.



Ireena Kolyana: "Where's Hiere?"

Hiere, it seems, is not here.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Son of a how does that keep happening?"



Ireena Kolyana: "How'd he escape the temple?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs. Her magic is not instinctive as such, but she supposes it's not exactly the way the wizards do it. She still feels mildly offended, but ignores that.

"He just... does that."



Ireena Kolyana: "Hey, wait a minute. Suldae, you're a bard. You've memorized sagas."



Marcus Veranius: "I'm pretty sure he's wherever he wants to be."

"Don't blame him. I don't want to be here either."



Ireena Kolyana: "With four, we could work much faster."



Suldae Westwind: ...The offense is suddenly gone.



Rictavio: "Alright," says Rictavio. "So what is the plan? We know the layout of the chamber. We know where her sarcophagus is."



Suldae Westwind: "Show me the incantation again. I think I already remember the broad strokes, this shouldn't take long..."



Ireena Kolyana: "Here, I'll show you the translation Kasimir made..."

"I say translation, but it's still not in Common, it's just phonetic."

She shows Suldae the incantation. (Arcana check, please)



Suldae Westwind:

17

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So you will unravel her" Henry points to the assembled variety of wizardry "while we try the old not-dying thing until you are ready" he pauses for a moment "We do have a holy weapon right?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes out her halo.

"I have my doubts about Sergei, but this should work, right?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rests his hands on Wxudt "This may work if I use it channel my power I guess"



Marcus Veranius: "Wxuld or however you pronounce it. It's also been blessed in a holy pool by a fair maiden, right? It could work."

"Sunsword might work as an artifact of Barovia, but it seems more a cautery than scalpel." Precision may be of use here."

"We could also tie the Book of Exalted Deeds to a sword and call it sacred."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs "Up until two weeks ago I wouldn't have really considered myself a man of faith so i really am just guessing here"



Rictavio: "Well," says Rictavio, "I suppose I'm as ready as I'll ever be."

GM: (Suldae had a 17 on the Arcana check. She is able to comfortably memorize the entire incantation.)



Ireena Kolyana: "Wow, you're a quick learner."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I'm ready—I think."



Kasimir Velikov: "As am I."



Suldae Westwind: "I kind of get how it's supposed to work, I think," Suldae says. "Makes it easier." "Ready."



Marcus Veranius: "Ez and I on grandma-wrangling duty then? Not quite how I expected it to go."



Suldae Westwind: "Sorry..." Suldae shrugs, not entirely apologetic.

She studied for, like, most of her entire life. For this, more or less.

Maybe she's still a little sore.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Eh, we can take her."

"Just be glad you're not meeting my *real* mother. Now there was a woman who could make any man fear for his life."



Zanshuken: (And I'm back sorry about that)

Marcus Veranius: "I'll take your word for it and count my blessings."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well let's get to it then" Henry says
(Y'all still here?)



Marcus Veranius: (Yee; waiting for us to move to the ritual site. Wherever we're hosting it.)
(I don't think Marcus has much to add; this is a problem distinctly not-solved by excessive use of arrows)

GM: (What's your marching order?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Ugh Henry first?



Suldae Westwind: (this looks right lol)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (damn I gotta go eat in a sec I am really sorry again

GM does a thumbs-up.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (could we get to a point where I don't feel as guilty leaving and delaying us again)

GM: (Well, shit's about to go hog-wild
(So we could take a short break instead, if you want)



Marcus Veranius: (Set the scene, then pause mid-frame so Henry can return to everything on-fire)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (30 minutes max)



Suldae Westwind: (I'll go get the grapes I wanted to get)



Henry of Willowsbrook: and I'm back

"Ah," says the Raven Queen, her voice booming in the darkness. So, my immortal champions have returned, victorious! I felt the death of the traitor, and I thank you for your service to me."

The chamber at the bottom of the stairs is utterly dark, so dark that even with dark vision the floor cannot be seen. Upon closer inspection, this darkness on the floor and pooling down the walls is actually a pure-black mist, weeping from the cracks between the amber stones.

The place has become desolately cold.

With a silent rush, the mist parts, clearing a path through to the crack in the southern wall. It is almost a relief to see that the walls are, in fact, still there—in such an infinite, impenetrable shadow.

"Come to me, my children," says the Raven Queen. "It is time to join the festivities."



Liliet (Suldae): (back)
(sorry, R20 decided working is for losers for a bit)
((IM BACK)
(H)OPEFILLY)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes in the creeping black mists before walking forward without hurry



Liliet (Suldae): "I'm sorry, your what champions?" Suldae asks.



Marcus Veranius: Ah, yes. No one else to exert their will onto a temple formed of god blood. Grandma was free to redecorate the place however she willed! Why couldn't it have been doilies and frilled curtains... not the ever-boundless void.

"Come to me, my children. Join the party. All will be explained, in time."



Liliet (Suldae): "I would not like to be rude, but now is a good time," Suldae says.

"I said: COME."

(Make a DC 25 Charisma save: everybody.)



Suldae Westwind:

24

CHARISMA SAVE (11)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook:

DRAGON SCALE ARMOR

Other: Magic Armor

+1 Plate Armor

Grants immunity to acid damage

Grants resistance to necrotic

damage and force damage

Grants advantage on Charisma saves

Grants advantage on Intimidation checks. If the wearer already has advantage on Intimidation or Charisma checks due to a spell, a feature, or another magic item effect, grants a +5 to Intimidation checks instead.

22 + 4

25 + 4

CHARISMA SAVE (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (AAAAAA)

(can Henry's aura, like... -gestures vaguely-)



Ezmerelda Veranius:

CHARISMA SAVE
Ezmerelda Veranius

Save: **11**



Ireena Kolyana:

16

CHARISMA SAVE (3)

Ismark Kolyanovich:

10

CHARISMA SAVE (9)



Suldae Westwind: (Can Henry, like, step back to get everyone inside his aura?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (If you have dragon armor you are entiteled to advantage on cha saves



Suldae Westwind: (OH RIGHT)

18

CHARISMA SAVE (11)

Suldae Westwind

(...I reiterate my question)

GM: (How many of them are still wearing the dragon armor? I believe some armor was swapped around during the last rest)



Marcus Veranius:

19 + 0 | 20 + 0

CHARISMA SAVE (3)

Marcus Veranius

GM: (And no, unfortunately the staircase is not wide enough for him to be far enough back to get everyone in the aura)



Marcus Veranius: (Only the main characters had dragon armor in the first place)



Kasimir Velikov:

11

CHARISMA SAVE (0)



Suldae Westwind: (Marcus, why do you have two pluses in your formula)

(I think you should be passing)



Marcus Veranius: (Wedding ring and Henry Aura)



Suldae Westwind: (no, look at the formula)

(it's not showing the five because there are two pluses)

GM: (Yeah, you rolled a 17 before bonuses)



Marcus Veranius: (Huh, that's weird)



Rictavio:

CHARISMA
Rictavio

Ability: 10

Marcus Veranius: (Should be a 20+5 then)

(Marcus fails anyways cause Ez didnt pass)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (So only Henry and Marcus succed the save9



Marcus Veranius: (Or he goes anyways?)



Suldae Westwind: (or does Ez succeed because you passed? How does that ring work?)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Kasimir-! I can't stop! Help me!"



Kasimir Velikov: "I am afraid I am just as helpless as you..."



Ireena Kolyana: "Suldae!"



Suldae Westwind: (Henry, couldn't you step back in a way that would actually include Suldae in the aura...)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (nope sorry



Marcus Veranius continues walking down the stairs anyways, hand in hand with Ezmerelda. Not because of orders, but because he wanted to.



Rictavio is inside Henry's aura, and gains a 2 bonus.



Suldae Westwind:

COUNTERCHARM

Class: Bard

At 6th level, you gain the ability to use musical notes or words of power to disrupt mind-influencing effects. As an action, you can start a performance that lasts until the end of your next turn. During that time, you and any friendly creatures within 30 feet of you have advantage on saving throws against being frightened or charmed. A creature must be able to hear you to gain this benefit. The performance ends early if you are incapacitated or silenced or if you voluntarily end it (no action required).

(Would this work?)

GM: (You can try it!)



Rictavio: "My boy, it's the strangest thing, but I can't control my feet!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae starts playing even as she takes an involuntary step down the stairs. This is *annoying* and *rude*.

"My, what sweet music," says the Raven Queen.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry feels the foreign will wash over him as his friends get slammed down by it "Yeah I figured" Henry starts to walk aswell only he does on his own accord



Rictavio:

CHARISMA
Rictavio

Ability: **23**



Suldae Westwind: (hey, he gets Henry's bonus and passes!)



Ezmerelda Veranius:

CHARISMA SAVE
Ezmerelda Veranius

Save: **19**



Ismark Kolyanovich:

10

CHARISMA SAVE (9)

GM: (Lmao)



Suldae Westwind: (fucking rip)



Kasimir Velikov:

16

CHARISMA SAVE (0)



Suldae Westwind: (...looks like Kaz didn't have a chance in the first place)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Ismark is straight up not having a god time)

Good)



Ireena Kolyana:

5

CHARISMA SAVE (3)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (So we are all going now it seems)



Rictavio hears the music, and regains control of his feet.



Rictavio: "Thank you, Suldae."



Marcus Veranius continues smiling, his usual facade against dread and terror. Polite until he no longer had to be.

Ezmeralda, Ireena, Ismark, and Kasimir all begin, against their will, to march into the tunnel.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry keeps the the front of them



Marcus Veranius: "I see you've begun sprucing up the place! Is this to be the decor for the rest of the

temple? The new moon darkness, but in every hour."

"Better than the amber on its down. Dreadful stuff."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so can we just move all the tokens into the big room?)

The party moves through the treasure vault and to the double doors of the next chamber, which fling wide before them to reveal a great change in the form of the chamber. Dozens of people are standing around in fine clothing, drinking and feasting from long tables of hors d'oeuvres. You recognize the Martikovs, Urwin and Danika, Brom and Bray. You recognize many of the others, as well. They are all the were ravens you met in Vallaki.

"Come, join the festivities. We were just celebrating my long-awaited release."

The Raven Queen herself is nowhere to be seen. Her sarcophagus, also, was missing from the previous room—or else concealed completely in darkness.



Marcus Veranius eyes the festivities, trying to get a mood from the others. Were they truly excited for this? Dreading the moment as he was?

The pile of treasure in the middle of the chamber has vanished, and instead a huge circular platform stands there, raised from the floor in three broad stairs, to a complex working of metal and glass.

The wereravens turn to greet you, laughing and cheering, raising their glasses to toast you.

Urwin: "My friends! Greetings to you all, and our congratulations on your victory over Strahd!"

Danika: "We never believed it could be possible in our lifetimes," Danika says, through cheerful tears.



Marcus Veranius: Oh. So this was the game of the evening.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry leans over to Marcus "Boy this is gonna be awkward"
he whispers



Amber Golem: "Now, you lot had better be respectable, or you'll have me to deal with. This dinner party is in your honor! So no stealing, no murdering, and no looting or burning."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Reaaaaaaaal awkward"



Liliet (Suldae): "I'm pretty sure we kind of haven't beaten Strahd yet..."



Marcus Veranius: "Of course! Of course! A celebration well due and well deserved!"



Marcus Veranius smiles, finding use in playing his role for now. He eyes around the room, pretending to soak in praise.



Marcus Veranius 's eyes scour the darkness, seeking out signs of Queen Ravenovia's true presence. His eyes are wiser now, more keen. A devil's sight that cuts through even magical shadows to their true heart.



Marcus Veranius: He would not be blind again.

He finds that the darkness resists even his incredible eyes. The mist remains impenetrable—or most of it does. The floor and the walls remain somewhat concealed, but he can see through the places where the darkness is thinnest, and he can see the air, and the general shape of the hall. He sees that both of the halls to the right and left of the main chamber have been sealed by something invisible that disturbs the mist.



Amber Golem: To everyone else, the entry to both halls is completely concealed by the shadow.

GM: (The Amber Golem did not say this, one sec)

To everyone else, the entry to both halls is completely concealed by the shadow.

"Come, my children. Eat, and drink, and be merry. You have accomplished a great service for me today."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to the others "Can you move on your own again?"

"Mingle with your friends, for they can only stay for a while, as it is not yet the New Moon."

The spell that compelled the party to move to this chamber seems to have faded.



Ireena Kolyana: "Yeah, I'm me again."

She shudders.



Marcus Veranius: "I concur! We should set up a toast while we still have the finest wine in all of Barovia!"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark shudders too.



Suldae Westwind: "That was kind of rude, you know?" Suldae asks into the air, folding her arms.

Suldae's raven spirit pecks her from within. "The Queen is never rude."



Marcus Veranius eyes to the others, jolly expression cutting to seriousness for a brief moment. "Perhaps you too should find your places."

Urwin: "Yes, yes! The finest—and *only*—wine in all Barovia!"

Urwin Martikov collects a tray of wine-glasses from a nearby table and brings it around to everyone.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Won't you join us in the revelry Milady?" Henry asks "I had hoped to be blessed by your beauty once more"

"Flatterer," says the Raven Queen. "Are you not the one who has rejected my blade?"

"But I shall join you, for my beauty is yours to behold."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs at her raven sister. "Clearly you're incorrect as she was just now," she mentally replies.

The darkness pools at the center of the vast seal. With a rush, it rises, black mist towering into a pillar. It solidifies, and a nightmarish form emerges from the black mist. She is a figure of black stone, carved with a thousand blood-lines, dripping with gore.

A moment later, she is the beautiful woman of pale hair and skin, darkly eyeing the party from within a massive collar of black feathers.



The Raven Queen: "Well? Are you pleased to see me?"

For a moment, her voice does not boom.

She steps daintily down the steps of the seal, approaching the party, the trail of her black gown

dragging behind her.



Suldae Westwind: "Nice," Suldae says appreciatively and hopes Ireena doesn't take it the wrong way. It's a distraction and for a good cause.



Marcus Veranius: Regicide. Patricide. A hundred betrayals all in one night. Broken oaths to kin, to matriarch, to family. Marcus's very being bled in despair for what had to be done. He hoped there might be some forgiveness in understanding for those that might remain, or survive.



The Raven Queen places her left arm around Urwin's shoulder and her right arm around Danika's, and leans between them to the party to say: *"I am grateful for what you have done."*



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry smiles easily at her "Marvelous, your Majesty" 'Thank all the lights in I have a strong stomach'



The Raven Queen: "I believe you have earned the right to be my champions."



Suldae Westwind: "What does that mean?"



The Raven Queen: "Tenebrous was my most trusted companion. My oldest friend. Although I never knew it in life, he held sway over my mind for years, through potions and through magic and through my faith in him. He used my magic and my kingdom, and when I came to my senses I had murdered a god. I am not well. I made him suffer for it, but I had no power to slay him. He was, in truth, one of *them*. The things in the sarcophagi. He was the one who escaped, and came back for his brethren -- only to forget. My gift" -- she laughs with a monstrous throaty caw -- "to the world. The Raven needed the memories. The Raven must live. But not off of *him* anymore. We are stronger now. We have you."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry gestures for their friends to spread out giving them each a meaningful look



The Raven Queen: "You slew my treacherous old friend, and cleansed the temple of every other obstacle to my power. With the power I now bear, I am comfortably situated to offer immortality to each and every one of you."



Suldae Westwind: Ah, yes. The part where they have no idea whom to believe. Suldae has always like these in stories.

Not.

* liked



Marcus Veranius: "I thank you for the honor, my dearest Raven Queen. It may have been weeks since I made my oath, the words stale with age and service. But I will always be a servant to my Raven Queen."



Marcus Veranius looks to the other wereravens



Marcus Veranius: "We ALL swore an oath to the **Raven Queen**, did we not?"

Urwin: "Aye!"

Danika: "Aye!"



Marcus Veranius: "By birth or by blood, we are obligated to serve our matriarch. And only our matriarch."

A chorus of "aye"s rise."

Marcus Veranius smiles for a moment in cheer, but his expression turns stern, sour, a scowl.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is quiet. She does not like any of this but she's just going to trust Marcus on this one.



Marcus Veranius: "But, I have learned a most horrible secret."



Suldae Westwind: She cannot think of anything else now either.



Marcus Veranius: "There is a **Leech** in our midsts."

The Raven Queen laughs. Her laughter booms horribly throughout the chamber.



The Raven Queen: "Why, Marcus. You are such a zealot now."

"Tell us, who is our leech?"

"Who here must be reformed?"



Marcus Veranius: "One who attaches themselves to our flock, pretending to be our kin. Our family. Bound by horrible magics to an unnatural state."

"Their very presence poisons our blood."



The Raven Queen:

INSIGHT
Queen Ravenovia

Skill: 20



Marcus Veranius: "We are bound by our oaths. It is our duty to make us pure again."



The Raven Queen: The Raven Queen looks around. She catches sight of Kasimir, behind her; Ireena, to her right, Ismark, to her left.

"Ah," she says. "I see where this is going."



Marcus Veranius: "Queen Ravenovia. As champion of the House of Ravens, I banish you from my family."



Marcus Veranius holds the sunsword aloft, pointed outwards at the Raven Queen



Marcus Veranius: "You will defile my family's patron no more."

The Raven Queen unleashes an unholy scream of rage.

The Queen smiles toothily. Her eyes have become black holes into some other space, darker than dark. Against the paleness of her skin and the brightness of her teeth, the darkness is shockingly black. For a moment, the many veils of shadow are drawn back, and she is revealed -- a human form within the darkness and the feathers and the smoke. She hangs three feet in the air, suspended by her power, wrapped in a rotting royal gown, crowned with the shimmering memory of a beautiful black lace headdress. Skeletal within her entrapments, she opens wide her wings of night, and perfect darkness floods the entire chamber, obscuring it entirely from view.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stays stil, remembering the ritual.

She doesn't need to see, right?

(I'm going to boldly guess darkvision does nothing)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry bounds forward drawing the Vorpall blade and swings for the place the Queen was with his shield

Marcus and Ismark see her still, plainly visible in the utter black. They see also the many flashing eyes of the Wereravens; all now in Hybrid form in the darkness.

GM: (Make an attack with disadvantage, Henry)

(And everyone roll initiative)



Marcus Veranius: "No. I will not let you hide from your sins."



Henry of Willowsbrook:

17

24

Improvised (+13)
Henry of Willowsbrook

24

Undead Smite/Radiant Smite

10

Bludgeoning



The Raven Queen:

INITIATIVE

Wereraven

Initiative: 14

INITIATIVE

Wereraven

Initiative: 15

INITIATIVE

Wereraven

Initiative: 20

INITIATIVE

Wereraven

Initiative: 7

INITIATIVE

Swarm of Ravens

Initiative: 19

INITIATIVE

Wereraven

Initiative: 7



The Raven Queen:

INITIATIVE

Ismark Kolyanovich

Initiative: **9**

INITIATIVE

Wereraven

Initiative: **12**

INITIATIVE

Swarm of Ravens

Initiative: **15**



Henry of Willowsbrook: whoops no smite



The Raven Queen:

INITIATIVE

Swarm of Ravens

Initiative: **7**

INITIATIVE

Kasimir Velikov

Initiative: **14**



Henry of Willowsbrook:

15.1

INITIATIVE (1.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



The Raven Queen:

INITIATIVE

Swarm of Ravens

Initiative: **9**

INITIATIVE

Wereraven

Initiative: **17**

INITIATIVE

Wereraven

Initiative: **6**

INITIATIVE

Wereraven

Initiative: **13**



Marcus Veranius:

10

INITIATIVE (8)
Marcus Veranius



The Raven Queen:

INITIATIVE

Wereraven
Initiative: **11**

INITIATIVE
Ireena Kolyana
Initiative: **9**

INITIATIVE
Swarm of Ravens
Initiative: **11**

INITIATIVE
Swarm of Ravens
Initiative: **14**



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's initiative is **11.15**



The Raven Queen:

INITIATIVE
Queen Ravenovia
Initiative: **16**

INITIATIVE
Rictavio
Initiative: **11**



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d20+8 Lucky

(**12**)+8

= **20**



The Raven Queen:

INITIATIVE
Wereraven
Initiative: **10**

INITIATIVE
Ezmerelda Veranius
Initiative: **10**



Suldae Westwind: (as a belated thought, maybe we should have thought in advance to put some spellcasters on this who weren't wereravens)

(i mean two out of four aren't but maybe we needed more)



Marcus Veranius lights the Sunsword, becoming a beacon of truth. The darker the tyrant glows, the brighter he becomes in turn.



Marcus Veranius: (Can I have had Marcus brighten the Sunsword to full strength while the Raven Queen was sharpening her darkness?)

GM: (It takes a bit to ratchet it all the way up to 30, since you have to use an action each time to increase it by 5)

(But we could say you did that before coming into the hall, if you want—although that probably would have offended the Queen)



Marcus Veranius: (He would have done it when making his speech about the leech)

GM: (Close enough)

(I'm not going to turn on dynamic lighting because it will crash everybody)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (So can I re do my attack seeing as Henry can now see?)

GM: (Hmm)



Suldae Westwind: (yes, yes it will)

GM: (Now I'm re-thinking allowing that sort of retcon)



Suldae Westwind: (I have no opinion on this)

GM: (If you wanted to do something of mechanical significance, you should have done it during the RP, I think. It can be a flavor retcon)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I can also forgo the attack and just say Henry charged her as she began the black out)



Marcus Veranius: (It would have been part of drawing the sunsword. I was typing it out when the wall of text came)

GM: (It also says you can only alter the brightness while the blade persists, and if the sword was illuminated the whole time, it would not have made sense.)



Marcus Veranius: (We at least have the 15 ft then)

GM: (Ok, we're at the top of the round with Danika Martikov)



Marcus Veranius: (Roll off between Marcus and Danika)

GM: (Ah, you're correct)

(18)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus spent luck to reroll his init)

GM: (Let's have the d20, then)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d20

(16)

= 16

(Oof,)

Danika: "Oh my, Marcus! What a lovely sword! Wherever did you find it?"

GM: (EoT)— Marcus, you're up



Marcus Veranius: "Here. Hidden in the heart of lies."

"Gaze upon its truth."

Danika: "Why, I didn't know any light could penetrate this kind of darkness. That's quite beautiful!"



Suldae Westwind: This was extremely cringy. Suldae would take cringy over panicking right now.

Urwin: "Don't mind the queen, she gets antisocial from time to time. I'm sure she'll give us the light back soon!"



Marcus Veranius spends his action, and action surge, to brighten the light further

Neither Urwin nor Danika has realized that they are in hybrid form.

GM: (The light's radius increases by 10 feet, punching through the gloom.



Marcus Veranius repositions himself closer to room's center



Marcus Veranius: "What say the accused?"

[EoT]



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is not panicking at all.



The Raven Queen: "You are a fool, and a very brave man, and a liar. I have betrayed no one. I have usurped nothing. I am your god and your queen, your loving mother, the cherisher and bearer of each of your kindred souls. Have I not collected you all from the world? Have I not given you gifts beyond measure?"

"What you accuse me of, I have had no part in. I was victim on that day!"



Suldae Westwind: "That is extremely believable," Suldae says, making her voice not shake.

"Mind sharing more details?"

Asking questions, any bard's respite.



The Raven Queen: "I was mad with the enchantments of Tenebrous, no free queen! Only with power did I break free of his spell!"

"And by then I had gone mad—mad from the union to something I never meant to murder!"

The Raven Queen screams, swooping away like a shrieking ghost, and Henry's sword misses her.



Marcus Veranius: "I will not hear cherried words from a shadow-bound mummy. To jump was your choice, and to fall the consequence."



Suldae Westwind: ...That was kind of rude, but Suldae was staying quiet.



The Raven Queen: "A MUMMY!?"

The crowd gasps and mutters urgently to itself.

It seems the Ravens remain undecided.

Urwin: Urwin holds up his hand. "Um, excuse me..."

"Murdered? Who was murdered?"

"You have murdered someone, my queen?"



Suldae Westwind: "The previous raven god," Suldae says, her voice thin. "He can be brought back still."

"This power is usurped."



The Raven Queen: "The most innocent of all possible innocents. He deserve naught of what I gave him—against my will."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So you do not seek to cover the world, the one beyond the Mists with you dark embrace once we end Strahds dominion, the one made possible by the powers YOU granted him?"



The Raven Queen: "Now we are companions, mad with each other..."

"Why on earth would I do that?"

"The world outside is ugly and bright. I will go to the true Shadowfell, and never return."

Urwin: "Milady, you're leaving us!?"



The Raven Queen: "Not as such, Urwin. You will see me as frequently as you already do. You will just be traveling a lot farther than you realize, when you do so."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes in and out, and seeks guidance. Could what she was saying be the truth?

16

RELIGION (13)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae hears a musical warble that seems like the auditory equivalent of a stupefied shrug.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "How can we, mortals one and all believe you a Goddess in the flesh?"



The Raven Queen: "Why, you can only judge me by what you have seen. By what I have done in your life—in each of your lives."

"Have I not been the giver of gifts?"

"Am I not a prisoner here?"



Marcus Veranius: "You are an age-old corpse dressed in our patron's skin. Forced or otherwise, what you've done is unnatural."

"This hall remains corrupted while two are forced as one whole."

Sergei: "It's time, mother. You know it's time."



The Raven Queen: "I AM NOT READY!"



Ireena Kolyana: "We can separate them!" Ireena says. "We can split the two!"



The Raven Queen: "AND I SHALL DIE IF YOU DO!"



Marcus Veranius: "You will be reborn as all in these lands are."



Rictavio: "The Raven must be free!"

Suldae Westwind: *Thanks, that's very helpful.*

Suldae doesn't really want to get in a habit of talking shit to gods, but it doesn't seem like she has a choice at this point, really.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Death waits for no one"



Marcus Veranius: "What providence do you claim that allows you to ignore the ways of Barovia?"



Suldae Westwind: "Murder?" Suldae suggests in a somewhat calm voice behind him.

"I AM A GOD."



Suldae Westwind: Dramatic timing is important and shit.

"So was he."



Marcus Veranius: "You are a queen with no kingdom, taking what doesn't belong to you."

GM: (Roll a Persuasion check, Suldae)



The Raven Queen:

INSIGHT
Queen Ravenovia

Skill: 29 | 20



Suldae Westwind:

21

PERSUASION (10)
Suldae Westwind



The Raven Queen: "I will not be swayed by the words of ignorant mortals!"

"Attack them, my pretties! They have defiled my court, and shamed themselves in my hall! Drive them from my sight, that I may forgive them soon."



Swarm of Ravens: **"CAW!"**



Marcus Veranius: "We have slain Strahd. Those that wish to see how it was done may raise their swords and see first hand."



Swarm of Ravens:

BEAKS (SWARM HAS
MORE THAN HALF HP)
Swarm of Ravens

Attack: 18 | 24

Damage: 8 + 5 piercing

A swarm of ravens swoops from its perch and assaults Marcus, swiftly flying away. He is barely ruffled by them.

GM: (Roll a Persuasion check, Marcus, or a Deception check if you're better at those)

Kira: 14



Marcus Veranius: (May I roll Intimidate; Marcus is using the Raven Queen's own lies as a weapon of fear)

(They have no reason to believe Strahd isn't dead)

GM: (Ohhhhhh I see, I thought you were asking them to join you. That makes a ton more sense)

(Intimidate would be the appropriate check for that, yes.)



Marcus Veranius:

13

23

INTIMIDATION (5)
Marcus Veranius

Kira: "I'm too old for this shit!" (EoT)



Suldae Westwind: "Please just stay away!" Suldae cries out.

26

PERSUASION (10)
Suldae Westwind

Kira: "You got it, sister!"



The Raven Queen:

Blade Barrier

Abjuration 6

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 90 feet

Target: An area within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

You create a vertical wall of whirling, razor-sharp blades made of magical energy. The wall appears within range and lasts for the duration. You can make a straight wall up to 100 feet long, 20 feet high, and 5 feet thick, or a ringed wall up to 60 feet in diameter, 20 feet high, and 5 feet thick. The wall provides three-quarters cover to creatures behind it, and its space is difficult terrain. When a creature enters the wall's area for the first time on a turn or starts its turn there, the creature must make a Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, the creature takes 6d10 slashing damage. On a successful save, the creature takes half as much damage.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Where is the Barrier?)

GM: (Currently out of view in the darkness, but straight ahead.)

There is a whispered incantation. The Raven Queen zooms backwards, out of the light and into the darkness, rocketing away at impossible speed. At the same time, you hear the sudden scything,

slashing sound of a million invisible blades.



The Raven Queen:

QUICKENED SPELL.

When the Raven Queen casts a spell that has a casting time of 1 action, she can spend 2 sorcery points to change the casting time to 1 bonus action for this casting.

Resistance

Abjuration Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: One willing creature

Components: V, S, M (A miniature cloak)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You touch one willing creature. Once before the spell ends, the target can roll a d4 and add the number rolled to one saving throw of its choice. It can roll the die before or after making the saving throw. The spell then ends.

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "She's straight across from you! On the stair!"

"Don't move forward! There's a Blade Wall!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "How far to the Blades and how far to her?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Twenty feet and you're dead, 60 feet and she is!"

"Aim high! There's loads of people near the stair!"



Suldae Westwind: Shit. She had hostages, potentially.

Suldae was guessing none of them would enjoy harming the ravens.

Well, Rictavio might not care.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Trusting you here Ismark" Henry says first turning into Mist and then running in the direction he was told

Misty Step

Conjuration 2

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V

Duration: Instantaneous

Briefly surrounded by silvery mist, you teleport up to 30 feet to an unoccupied space that you can see.

(Gm could you place Henry?)

Poof: Henry is in total darkness.

His foot finds the bottom of a staircase, and he bowls past a disgruntled voice that sounds like Kasimir.



Kasimir Velikov: "Watch it!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I quite literally can't" Henry grumbles into the darkness

(GM could you please put my token where it should be)

GM: (I assume you're running straight up to her?)

(Or are you going to throw from the bottom of the stairs?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Straight to her)

GM: (You're there)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follows Ismarks advice and swings high

18

31

Vorpalsword (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

22
Slashing

26

22

Vorpalsword (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head

to be cut off with this weapon.
Such a creature instead takes
an extra 6d8 slashing damage
from the hit.

20
Slashing

(hits?)

Two blows swing, two blows miss. The Raven Queen cackles in the darkness.

"Why, Henry. I admire your determination, but really now. This is foolhardy, even for you."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Evidently you know shit about me then" Henry says falling into a stance
"This isn't even the stupidest thing I have done in the last year"

EoT

you don't know*



Suldae Westwind: (i think it works either way)

Oleg: 17



Suldae Westwind: (depending on emphasis)

Oleg: "Come on, Bill and Bill! We've got to get out of here!"



Swarm of Ravens:

BEAKS (SWARM HAS
MORE THAN HALF HP)
Swarm of Ravens

Attack: 23 | 5

Damage: 7 piercing

A Swarm of Ravens swoops for Marcus, missing again, driven back by the light.

Bill: (Jr.) "I'm with you, Oleg!"



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir punches out a hand in the total darkness, towards the tiny portion of the seal that he can see in Marcus's light.

Antipathy Sympathy

Enchantment 8

Casting Time: 1 hour

Range: 60 ft

Components: V, S, M (Either a lump of alum soaked in vinegar for the antipathy effect or a drop of honey for the sympathy effect)

Duration: 10 days

This spell attracts or repels creatures of your choice. You target something within range, either a Huge or smaller object or creature or an area that is no larger than a 200-foot cube. Then specify a kind of intelligent creature, such as red dragons, goblins, or vampires. You

invest the target with an aura that either attracts or repels the specified creatures for the duration. Choose antipathy or sympathy as the aura's effect. Antipathy: The enchantment causes creatures of the kind you designated to feel an intense urge to leave the area and avoid the target. When such a creature can see the target or comes within 60 feet of it, the creature must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or become frightened. The creature remains frightened while it can see the target or is within 60 feet of it. While frightened by the target, the creature must use its movement to move to the nearest safe spot from which it can't see the target. If the creature moves more than 60 feet from the target and can't see it, the creature is no longer frightened, but the creature becomes frightened again if it regains sight of the target or moves within 60 feet of it. Sympathy: The enchantment causes the specified creatures to feel an intense urge to approach the target while within 60 feet of it or able to see it. When such a creature can see the target or comes within 60 feet of it, the creature must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or use its movement on each of its turns to enter the area or move within reach of the target. When the creature has done so, it can't willingly move away from the target. If the target damages or otherwise harms an affected creature, the affected creature can make a Wisdom saving throw to end the effect, as described below. Ending the Effect: If an affected creature ends its turn while not within 60 feet of the target or able to see it, the creature makes a Wisdom saving throw. ON a successful save, the creature is no longer affected by the target and recognizes the feeling of repugnance or attraction as magical. In addition, a creature affected by the spells is allowed another Wisdom saving throw every 24 hours while the spell persists. A creature that successfully saves against this effect is immune to it for 1 minute, after which time it can be affected again.



Suldae Westwind: "Get THE FUCK out of here!" Suldae yells out helpfully.



Kasimir Velikov: "Sympathy!" He hisses, in Elvish.



The Raven Queen:

WISDOM
Queen Ravenovia

Ability: 14 | 9

GM: (LMAO poop, 1 hour casting time)

Forget: , forget)

GM: (One minute, let me retcon)



Kasimir Velikov: "Henry, duck!"

Kasimir aims a hand, and concentrates, and begins the chanted incantation.



The Raven Queen: *What!? NO!"*

The darkness cracks slightly; you can see gaps now, where the pools of shadow-mist have joined.



Swarm of Ravens:

BEAKS (SWARM HAS
MORE THAN HALF HP)

Swarm of Ravens

Attack: 7 | 12

Damage: 7 piercing

A swarm of ravens tackles Ezmeralda in passing, but misses.

Gleb: 5

"Bye everybody! Great to see you all again! Let's do this soon!"



Wereraven:

INTELLIGENCE
Wereraven

Ability: 6 | 13

DEXTERITY
Wereraven

Ability: 11 | 9

26

"Aaargh!" The old man cries out. You hear swords on flesh, then he is silent.

Marina: "Gleb!?"



Wereraven: "GLEB!?"



Suldae Westwind: "DON'T GO TOWARDS THE BLADES!!!!"

Marina: "WHERE ARE THE BLADES!?"



Suldae Westwind: "ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE FROM US!!!"

Marina: "IS IT SAFE TO COME TO YOU?"

Marina's voice seems to be coming from the northwest corner of the room.



Suldae Westwind: "YES!"

Marina: "Ok, I'm coming!"

7

"I'm out of here!"

GM: (Suldae, you're up)

Marina zooms past, flying full-speed in hybrid form, and joins the two young man in the shadows to the north.,



Suldae Westwind: The good news: it was the Raven Queen's spell that was hurting her own flock now, which was good for getting them to not side with her here.

The bad news: the guy was probably already dead.

"EVERYONE WHO'S NORTH OF THE BLADE WALL, GO TOWARDS US AND THEN THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!" Suldae screams, then takes a deep breath.

(How does the ritual work? Is it possible to begin it now?)

GM: (It is, you know her general location, you just need to begin the incantation. At the moment, you and Kasimir will both be pulling from the north. That won't be enough to separate her, but it will be enough to drag her further into the room.)

(As she pulls against it there will start to be saves and checks, but right now it's just like casting a spell.)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes a deep breath and begins chanting.

GM: (It does not count as a leveled spell, for the purposes of multicasting)



Suldae Westwind: (It takes an action, I'm guessing?)



The Raven Queen: *"You too, my child!? Have I not been your mother and your sister?"*

GM: (It is)



The Raven Queen:

<p>WISDOM Queen Ravenovia</p> <hr/> <p>Ability: 27 24</p>

Suldae feels a sharp, jagged pain in her chest, as though something inside is trying to dig its way out. It is so painful it brings her to her knees. Suldae takes **3 psychic damage.**

"Did you think it would be so easy? So simple to just be rid of the Queen who gave you all your power?"

"I am a God! If you leave my chambers now, I may yet forgive you."



Suldae Westwind: No, Suldae does not think it will be easy.

But this is not her god.

She keeps chanting while on her knees.

GM: (Did you want to do any bonus action casting?)



Suldae Westwind: (Hmm....)

(fuck it, I did)

The odds the old man was still alive weren't good ,but maybe he'd gotten away after just being a little bit cut?

GM: (At any rate, he would be making death saves)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae crawls forward and focuses on her holy symbol, incorporating a melody into a chant.

GM: (So he's not dead-dead yet)



Suldae Westwind: (excellent)

12

Healing

60 feet

Mass Cure Wounds

Suldae Westwind

Suldae aims it at... approximately in the direction she heard the sound from.

She wishes someone who's a wizard would dispel the thing.

EoT

Gleb: "Oh, oh! Oh, I'm in so very much pain!"

"Where am I? What is this place? Why is it so dark?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae would tell him not to move, but she is a little busy at the moment.

Miroslav: **20**

"You're right where you fell, old man! Come on, my good buddy, we're going out the west way."



Swarm of Ravens:

BEAKS (SWARM HAS
MORE THAN HALF HP)

Swarm of Ravens

Attack: 5 | 21

Damage: 7 piercing



Ireena Kolyana: "Get off me!" Shouts Ireena, immune to piercing damage.



Rictavio: "Pelor, grant me your power just once more!"

"Once more, against the darkness!"

RELIGION

Rictavio

Skill: 17

Dispel Magic

Abjuration 5

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: One creature, object, or magical effect

within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

Choose one creature, object, or magical effect within range. Any spell of 3rd level or lower on the target ends. For each spell of 4th level or higher on the target, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a successful check, the spell ends.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you automatically end the effects of a spell on the target if the spell's level is equal to or less than the level of the spell slot you used.



Suldae Westwind: Well, huh. The guy WAS a cleric. Suldae sent mental condolences to Pelor.

The darkness breaks. The barrier of blades does not.

The light of the Sunsword now seems to blaze brightly enough to fill the entire room. Black mist still coils in the corners of the chamber, and pools down the walls, but the floor and the seal and the chamber are revealed, thrown into stark sunlight.



Rictavio: Rictavio slumps, slightly, taking a level of Exhaustion.

Bill: **20**

"Wait for me, Bill!"



Ezmerelda Veranius:

MAGIC MISSILE (ROBE
OF STARS)

Ezmerelda Veranius

Attack: 14

Damage: 27 force

GM: (The attack roll is irrelevant)



Ezmerelda Veranius:

INTELLIGENCE

Ezmerelda Veranius

Ability: 22

The Raven Queen laughs as several darts of arcane force strike her. The darkness of her form twists and swirls like mist, taking no damage from the assault. (Limited Magical Immunity)



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Dammit!"

7

120 ft

Fire Bolt (+6)

17
Fire

Ezmerelda Veranius fumbles slightly. In desperation to do something quickly she throws out a hand and launches a spurt of fire that dissipates in midair before it can reach the Queen.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark begins the ritual incantation.



The Raven Queen:

WISDOM SAVE
Queen Ravenovia

Save: **31** | **22**

"EVEN YOU? MY REVENANT?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Yeah, yeah, even me! Now get over here and take what's coming to you!"

She breaks the line of his casting with a furious wave of one hand, just as she broke Suldae's. Only Kasimir still clings to his strand of power.



Ismark Kolyanovich:

13

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

9**20**

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

14**12**

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

8

Ismark hastily flings three bolts of crimson light after his power breaks, but all three glance off or bounce away from her darkness, without apparent effect.

**Swarm of Ravens:**

BEAKS (SWARM HAS
MORE THAN HALF HP)
Swarm of Ravens

Attack: 8 | 5

Damage: 3 piercing



Suldae Westwind: "Her" revenant? Was she just being possessive or was it a thing?

A swarm of ravens assaults Kasimir, trying to break his concentration.



Kasimir Velikov: "Get away!"



Ireena Kolyana: "Come on, Queen Ravenovia! You must pay for what you did to me! For what you did to Sergei!"

Ireena concentrates on the incantation. A strand of power binds her to the Queen's shadows, and she pulls with all her might.

**The Raven Queen:**

WISDOM
Queen Ravenovia

Ability: 14 | 12

"And YOU. You're the one who started it ALL!"

The Raven Queen staggers forwards down the stairs, dragged by Kasimir and Ireena together.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena grunts, pulling with all her will. "Guilty... As... Charged!"

"And so are you!"

Urwin: 24

"Marcus..."

"You have been my brother."

"She is as my mother. I cannot betray her."

"If you must raise your hand to harm her, I am honor-bound to raise mine to prevent it."

He draws his sword. "I don't want to hurt you. Put down the weapon."



Marcus Veranius: "We will talk of this later. Do what you need to do now."



Marcus Veranius does not stay his weapon

Urwin: "So be it."



Ireena Kolyana:

BITE (HYBRID FORM)

Wereraven

Attack: **11** | **11**Damage: **6** piercing

If the target is a humanoid, it must succeed on a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or be cursed with wereraven lycanthropy.

SHORTSWORD**(HUMANOID OR HYBRID ONLY)**

Wereraven

Attack: **17** | **15**Damage: **6** piercing**Marcus Veranius parries Urwin's blows**

Ireena Kolyana pecks viciously with his beak and lunges urgently with his sword. Marcus keeps him at bay almost effortlessly, making the older man look terribly uncoordinated by comparison.

**Suldae Westwind:** who?**GM:** (OMFG that should be Urwin)

Urwin pecks viciously with his beak and lunges urgently with his sword. Marcus keeps him at bay almost effortlessly, making the older man look terribly uncoordinated by comparison.

Olena: **20**

"Urwin, you're not bound to this! They saved our people! They saved your *family*! If anything, you are honor bound to *them* just as much as you are to her!"



Marcus Veranius holds no fault in Urwin. Another victim of manipulation. This would be settled over ale when grave soil was equally still.

**Wereraven:****CHARISMA**

Wereraven

Ability: **17** | **4**

Urwin pauses, seeing the look in Marcus's eyes, seeing the respectful way in which he allows him to keep his pride even at a direct threat to his life. He sees the nobility there, and he crumbles.

Falling to his knees, he weeps: "MY LIFE IS A LIE!"

**Wereraven:****INITIATIVE**

Wereraven

Initiative: **7**

GM: (Ignore that roll, sorry)

Olena: "Come on, all of you! We've got to leave!"



Marcus Veranius: "We've all been lied to, but that does not change our worth."

Urwin: "My children, my gods! My children! They're trapped with her! Please, you must free them! You must save them!"



Swarm of Ravens:

BEAKS (SWARM HAS
MORE THAN HALF HP)
Swarm of Ravens

Attack: **22** | **13**

Damage: **4** piercing



Marcus Veranius nods



Kasimir Velikov: "Aargh!"

Kasimir has just been buzzed by a swarm of ravens.



Marcus Veranius: "It's what brothers are for."



Kasimir Velikov:

11

CONSTITUTION SAVE (0)

Kasimir maintains his concentration—just barely.

Urwin: "I owe you my life."

tamara: **9**

Urwin: "I will stay, and fight with you!"

Tamara: "Bye everybody!"

Danika: "We both will stay," says Danika. She turns, and looses a crossbow bolt at the Raven Queen, even as she finishes the sentence.



Wereraven:

HAND CROSSBOW
(HUMANOID OR HYBRID
FORM ONLY)
Wereraven

Attack: **12** | **19**

Damage: **5** piercing

The crossbow bolt sticks, and shrinks smoothly into the Raven Queen's shadows, inflicting no apparent injury.

Marcus Veranius: "Your fight is in Vallaki. Take these; we will speak later."

GM: (You're up, Marcus)



Marcus Veranius passes Urwin and Danika a number of sending stones

Danika: "My, what pretty rocks!"

Urwin: "Indeed, these will go well with my other shinier. Thank you."



Marcus Veranius: "One set to speak to the winery. One to speak with us."

GM: (That should be "Shinies")

Urwin: "We talk to the rock? I don't understand."

GM: (There may not be time to explain it properly)



Marcus Veranius: "We'll speak later; give the blue-marked stone to your siblings at the winery."

Urwin: "We will."



Marcus Veranius uses his action to throw out a driftglobe, sending it straight for the Raven Queen's face. He speaks the command word and summons daylight



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d20+14 Accuracy, if needed

(6)+14

= 20

A 60-foot-radius sphere of light spreads out from a point you choose within range. The sphere is bright light and sheds dim light for an additional 60 feet.

If you chose a point on an object you are holding or one that isn't being worn or carried, the light shines from the object and moves with it. Completely covering the affected object with an opaque object, such as a bowl or a helm, blocks the light.

If any of this spell's area overlaps with an area of darkness created by a spell of 3rd level or lower, the spell that created the darkness is dispelled.

(I dont have a driftglobe token)

The Light pours out brightly, but can do nothing against the bitterness of her shadows. The darkness she wields seems beyond the reach of ordinary magic. The darkness that enwraps her form like armor is a shifting, almost liquid mass. The black mist curdles and steams in the daylight, but does not entirely dissipate, and the walls and floor are still somewhat disguised near her.

The Raven Queen laughs, hissing slightly. "A clever trick. On a lesser being, it might have had some merit."



Marcus Veranius: "Well, it was worth a shot."



Marcus Veranius charges forward towards the blade wall. Sword it is



Amber Golem:

INITIATIVE
Amber Golem

Initiative: 1



Marcus Veranius: (What do I roll to get through the wall?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (dex save and eat the damage)
(I assume)

GM: (A DC 20 Dex save)



Marcus Veranius:

14

DEXTERITY SAVE (12)
Marcus Veranius

(lucky)

23

DEXTERITY SAVE (12)
Marcus Veranius

GM: (And its space is difficult terrain)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus ignores difficult terrain so we good)

GM: (**46**)

(Marcus takes 23 points of magical slashing damage)



Amber Golem: "Oh now, hang on a minute! This here looks almost like a fight! You're not making trouble again, are you? I fell asleep there for a bit, when it got dark—as one is wont to, you know."
"Goodness, you've got a lot of blood, don't you."



Marcus Veranius: "Go back to bed! The Raven Queen isn't herself so you have no master."
[EoT]



Amber Golem: "Now, who do I have to smash to make you all be civilized for a moment?"



Swarm of Ravens: The Swarm of Ravens mobs Ireena once again, futilely.

Kira: "I'm getting out of here!"



The Raven Queen: "You brave, brave fool," says the Raven Queen, to Henry.

She swings a hand, and a black staff of snarled shadow appears in mid-swing, firmly in her grasp, and with both hands she slams it into Henry once; Twice.

DEMON STAFF (TWO HANDED) (~-
M87M42XcSWGIX1iUC6J|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D0_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia

Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d0_npc_dmg)
:
14 | 20

DEMON STAFF (TWO HANDED) (~-
M87M42XCswGIX1iUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D0_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia
Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d0_npc_dmg)
:
24 | 13



Henry of Willowsbrook: (second hit)



The Raven Queen: Then the shadows of her feathered cloak move and tighten, and lunge with sudden violence.

CLOAK OF SHADOWS (~-
M87M42XCswGIX1iUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D1_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia
Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d1_npc_dmg)
:
19 | 18

CLOAK OF SHADOWS (~-
M87M42XCswGIX1iUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D1_NPC_CRIT)
Queen Ravenovia
Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d1_npc_crit)
:
35 | 24

CLOAK OF SHADOWS (~-
M87M42XCswGIX1iUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D1_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia
Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d1_npc_dmg)
:
17 | 18

Damage: **17** + **7** magical
piercing + **14** + **2** necrotic

Damage: **16** Bludgeoning +

19 Psychic

Hit: The target must succeed on a DC 21 Wisdom or Charisma saving throw or take one level of Exhaustion.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I have resitence to necrotic

Henry manages to twist out of the way of two lunging tendrils of shadow, but one catches him through the heart, punching right through his breastplate. (DC 17 CON save to avoid suffering the following effects for one minute: the target's speed is halved, it has disadvantage on Dexterity saving throws, and it can't use reactions. Moreover, on each of its turns, it can take either an action or a bonus action, but not both. At the end of each of its turns, it can repeat the saving throw, ending the effect on itself on a success.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

19 + 4

CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

*Henry resists the terrible pull of the darkness on his soul, but the sensation of being pierced through and crippled by a creeping cold is difficult to overcome. He takes **24** points of magical piercing damage and **8** points of necrotic damage.*

GM: (Also need that Wisdom save)

(Or Charisma, your choice)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

15 + 4 16 + 4

CHARISMA SAVE (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry feels a horrible chill creep into his muscles. (He takes a level of Exhaustion.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (ugh fine disadvantage on skill checks)

*Henry is not swift enough to avoid both of the Raven Queen's swift blows with her staff, either; the second catches him on the head for a truly jarring blow. His most shameful and cringe-worthy memories lunge before his eyes, consuming all his sight. He takes **35** points of combined bludgeoning and psychic damage. (16 B, 19 P)*



Henry of Willowsbrook:

24

Vorpalsword (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a

head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

18

Slashing

Henry's blade misses the Raven Queen's retreating back.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry grunts out in pain under the assault his head pounding from the memories dragged out to hurt him

(I am here)



GM (GM): (Yay!)

(Proceed when ready)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (am I in melee range?)



GM (GM): (You are 10 feet from her)

(Henry would notice that she is approaching From and Bray Martikov)

Brom*



Henry of Willowsbrook: (would she count as undead? for divine smites bonus damage)



GM (GM): (Sure, why not)

(She's sort of a hybrid of undead and malignantly lingering life)

(But for mechanical purposes, yeah, undead)

(Her limited magical immunity may have shielded her from Marcus's senses)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follows her each step down the stairs less shakey than the one before as his sword begins to glow in gold and green light

22

35

Vorpalsword (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

17

Undead Smite/Radiant Smite

15
Slashing

22

18

Vorpalsword (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

8

Undead Smite/Radiant Smite

22
Slashing

(22 misses

35 lhope hits)



GM (GM): (It does)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (action surge)

19

23

Vorpalsword (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

21

Undead Smite/Radiant Smite

17
Slashing



GM (GM): (miss)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

29 | **19**

Vorpalsword (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

11
Undead Smite/Radiant Smite

17
Slashing



GM (GM): (hit)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (60 damage)



GM (GM): (Unfortunately it's a bit more complicated than that)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Vorpal sword ignores resistance to slashing)



GM (GM): (Ah, fair point)

(However, she did create the sword)

(Hmm)

(But it has since been purified)

(So we'll go with that)

26 Slashing, **56** Radiant



GM (GM): (Is that EoT?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (yeah)

"I'm not done with you yet"



GM (GM): (Go ahead and RP it please)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henrys aching body moves sluggish at first causing him to literally swing at

shadows twice before he manages to connect Light trailing his blade and detonating as he makes contact

"Aargh!" Screams the Raven Queen. "Why, you little—!"

Lightning fast, she whips around and points a finger.



GM (GM):

Ray of Enfeeblement

Abjuration 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

A black beam of enervating energy springs from your finger toward a creature within range. Make a ranged spell attack against the target. On a hit, the target deals only half damage with weapon attacks that use Strength until the spell ends. At the end of each of the target's turns, it can make a Constitution saving throw against the spell. On a success, the spell ends.

18 To Hit



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rips up his shield

The bolt of darkness that streaks from her fingers flares wildly off his shield.

Enraged, the Raven Queen shouts: "I would have granted you mercy, if you had been wise enough to ask for it!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Do I look like a wise man to you?"



Swarm of Ravens:

BEAKS (SWARM HAS MORE THAN HALF HP)

Swarm of Ravens

Attack: 14 | 5

Damage: 7 piercing

A swarm of ravens harasses Rictavio, to no effect.

**Swarm of Ravens:**

BEAKS (SWARM HAS
MORE THAN HALF HP)

Swarm of Ravens

Attack: **13** | **7**

Damage: **5** piercing

A second swarm attempts the same, with equal results.



Kasimir Velikov: "Hold her!" Kasimir shouts, straining at his strand of magical force.

18

ARCANA (8)

He manages to retain his grasp on her, and continue the desperate chant.

Bray Martikov screams: "Mommy!"

The Raven Queen says: "I shall be your mother, child. Your parents have betrayed me. They shall be punished for their crime."

Brom Martikov "You'



Marcus Veranius: "Bray! Brom! I got you! Over here!"

Brom Martikov says: "You're a big meany!"

Brom and Bray both hide behind Marcus.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Liliet (Suldae): (please explain to me the state of the ritual cause i dont remember)

(did Suldae drop concentration?)

(well, I remember not being sure what happened)

(and only realizing i wasnt sure after my turn was over)

GM: (She hasn't successfully joined the ritual yet, IIRC)

(Only Kasimir and Ireena have. Ismark failed also)



Liliet (Suldae): (Aha, thanks)

GM: (And it does *not* count as a leveled spell, but it *does* count as your action)



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae gets on her feet and runs, her flute at her lips. When she is next to the barrier, a sharp note sees her dissolve into mist - and reappear behind Henry's back.

She starts chanting again.

(Flute) Misty Step

Conjuration 2

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V**Duration:** Instantaneous

Briefly surrounded by silvery mist, you teleport up to 30 feet to an unoccupied space that you can see.

(can I do this)

GM: (Absolutely)

(Roll Arcana)

(Or Religion, your call)



Liliet (Suldae):

18

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

(too late)

(wow this roll...)

GM: (Oh, wait)

(She makes a Wisdom save, you don't need to make a roll yet)

(Once the ritual is joined, you will have to make rolls to maintain it)



The Raven Queen:

WISDOM SAVE
Queen Ravenovia

Save: **19** | **18**

GM: (What's your spellcasting DC?)

(Ah, 18)



Liliet (Suldae): (rip)

The Raven Queen sees the chanting elf. "You little fool!"

Swift as lightning, she takes a swing with her staff.



The Raven Queen:

DEMON STAFF
Queen Ravenovia

The Raven Queen makes one attack with her Demon Staff.

DEMON STAFF (TWO HANDED) (~-
M87M42XcSWGIX1iUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D0_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia

Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d0_npc_dmg)
:

17 | 17

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Cutting words coos the metagame piegon*Henry manages to deflect it with his shield just as quickly.***Henry of Willowsbrook:** (or that)**GM:** (17 misses)

(Is that EoT?)

**Liliet (Suldae):** (I think I'm out of stuff I can do so yeah)

EoT

*Rictavio lifts his hand crossbow and looses two shots against the Raven Queen.***Rictavio:**

HAND CROSSBOW

Rictavio

Attack: 10

Damage: 3 piercing + 8
piercing

HAND CROSSBOW

Rictavio

Attack: 13

Damage: 4 piercing + 10
piercing*Both strike her shadows and are absorbed—harmlessly.***Swarm of Ravens:**BEAKS (SWARM HAS
MORE THAN HALF HP)

Swarm of Ravens

Attack: 22 | 24

Damage: 4 + 3 piercing

For his pride he is punished—a swarm of Ravens assaults him, inflicting damage.**Rictavio:** "Fuck off, birds!"**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (damn Ric can only hit her with crits right now)**Ezmerelda Veranius:** "Marcus, grab the kids!"**Marcus Veranius:** "I need some speed!"**Ezmerelda Veranius:**

ARCANA

Ezmerelda Veranius
Skill: 18

"GRAB THE KIDS!"



Marcus Veranius: "I'M GRABBING THE KIDS!"

The moment Ezmerelda sees that he has them, she gives her ring a sharp, stern twist.

Space and matter rearrange...

Ezmerelda and Marcus switch positions instantly.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

This was better than his plan of flying children over the sword barrier



Ezmerelda Veranius has just enough time left to raise her heavy crossbow and loose a single shot.



Ezmerelda Veranius:

+1 HEAVY CROSSBOW
Ezmerelda Veranius
Attack: 16
Damage: 11 Piercing

It strikes the shadow and vanishes, just like so many others.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Sorry babe!"



Ireena Kolyana struggles to hold onto the ritual.



Ireena Kolyana:

7

ARCANA (6)



Suldae Westwind: (OUCH)



Ireena Kolyana: "Aaaaah!" Ireena screams, suddenly overcome by horrendous psychic feedback. She takes **3** damage.

The ritual slips from her grasp.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (*sigh* Ireena yet agians rolls low)

The Raven Queen waves a hand, and the nearest Swarm of Ravens screams horrifically as they fall to the ground, bursting, melting, puddling horrifically together.

Something new is emerging... Something hideous.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I've got you, sis!"

Ismark joins the ritual.



The Raven Queen:

WISDOM SAVE*Queen Ravenovia*Save: **22** | **19****Ismark Kolyanovich:** "I guess I've don't got you, sis!"**Marcus Veranius:** "Urwin! Get the kids out!"**Urwin:** "I'm on it!"***Urwin and Danika both take Brom and Bray and flee into the shadows.******Another swarm of ravens falls to the ground, melting, puddling, pooling into something gruesome.*****Amber Golem:** "Now, look here, you lot! Isn't this quite enough violence yet?"**SLAM***Amber Golem*Attack: **15** | **22**Damage: **22** bludgeoning***WHAM. His blow strikes Ireena. It is lucky she is not trying to hold concentration, but still a brutal, magical blow. It nearly takes her off her feet.*****GM:** (Marcus, you're up)**Marcus Veranius:** (That shouldnt hit through the Adamantine Half Plate. 15+dex AC)**GM:** (It was a 22 to hit)**Marcus Veranius:** (Oof, advantage)**GM:** (Indeed)**Marcus Veranius:** (Can Marcus tell if the remaining ravens swarms are normal birds or Wereravens?)**GM:** (They're definitely normal birds, especially given the way she seems to be able to mold them)**Marcus Veranius:** Family's safe. Time for business.***Marcus Veranius turns the Sunsword towards the swarms*****Marcus Veranius:****24***120*

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

*(+9)**Marcus Veranius***19***Radiant***GM:** (Hit, still sort of alive though)

Marcus Veranius:

15

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

21

Radiant

21

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

22

Radiant

(Towards that swarm if the second hit was enough to down(

GM: (It was, so the third shot goes to the second one marked, leaving it with 2 HP)



Marcus Veranius:

When you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can expend one superiority die to attempt to frighten the target. You add the superiority die to the attack's damage roll, and the target must make a Wisdom saving throw [DC 18]. On a failed save, it is Frightened of you until the end of your next turn.

>A frightened creature has disadvantage on Ability Checks and Attack rolls while the source of its fear is within line of sight.

>The creature can't willingly move closer to the source of its fear.

6

Bonus Damage

[Menacing Attack]

Marcus Veranius

(Leaving it with 0 HP)

GM: (Yup, two swarms down)



Marcus Veranius runs to the ritual circle's center, hoping light may aid in its progress



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]

A surviving swarm of ravens falls to the ground, puddling and pooling in shadows... Something horrifying grows.

The Raven Queen points a hand at Henry and intones a horrific incantation.

Henry vanishes instantly.



Swarm of Ravens:

Maze

Abjuration 8

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature that you can see within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

You banish a creature that you can see within range into a labyrinthine demiplane. The target remains there for the duration or until it escapes the maze. The target can use its action to attempt to escape. When it does so, it makes a DC 20 Intelligence check. If it succeeds, it escapes, and the spell ends (a minotaur or goristro demon automatically succeeds). When the spell ends, the target reappears in the space it left or, if that space is occupied, in the nearest unoccupied space.



Suldae Westwind: (this is bad)

Then, with brutal tenacity, she slams her staff into Suldae twice.



The Raven Queen:

DEMON STAFF (TWO HANDED) (~-
M87M42XcSWGIX1IUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D0_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia

Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d0_npc_dmg)
:
22 | 16

DEMON STAFF (TWO HANDED) (~-
M87M42XcSWGIX1IUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D0_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia

Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d0_npc_dmg)
:
11 | 23

GM: (What's Suldae's AC these days?)



Suldae Westwind: (rip. ac 19)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so she can have more than one concentration spell?)

The blade barrier fades instantly.



The Raven Queen:

Damage: **15** Bludgeoning +
16 Psychic

Hit: The target must succeed
on a DC 21 Wisdom or
Charisma saving throw or
take one level of Exhaustion.

Damage: **17** Bludgeoning +
15 Psychic

Hit: The target must succeed
on a DC 21 Wisdom or
Charisma saving throw or
take one level of Exhaustion.



Suldae Westwind: (advantage cause of the armor)

(quick question, is it magical bludgeoning? cause it doesnt say so)

26

22

CHARISMA SAVE (11)
Suldae Westwind

Both blows strike with horrible power, breaching Suldae's bludgeoning immunity. She has never received a blow like this. Her worst memories pulse behind her eyes, filling her with psychic agony.



Suldae Westwind:

15

27

CHARISMA SAVE (11)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: (God can probably pass nonmagic DR)



The Raven Queen: **63**

GM: (But no Exhaustion, so that's good)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stumbles back, most humiliating childhood memories warping and merging with seeing Ismark in the noose, the tiger, the... the entire experience of Barovia.

But... they are all the past. For all the monstrocities that her brain is creating, she has already survived this.

Still...

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks around confused and bewildered for a moment before taking a deep breath

SECOND WIND*Class: Fighter 1*

At first level, on your turn, you can use a bonus action to regain hit points equal to 1d10 + your fighter level. Once you use this feature, you must finish a short or long rest before you can use it again.

On your turn, you can use a bonus action to regain hit points equal to 1d10 + your fighter level (1).

16*Undead Smite/Radiant Smite***5***Healing***Second Wind**

Henry of Willowsbrook

(forgot to turn of smites)

GM: (lol)

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well thats just fucking great" He exclaims loudly looking at the identical walls all around him

"LET ME OUT" he yells

12**INTELLIGENCE** (-1)

Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (um)

DC20 was it

He hears the voice of the Raven Queen, booming over the maze. Her laughter echoes endlessly down the twisting halls.

At last, she says: "No."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Fuck you too"



Suldae Westwind: so, I forgot to use my bardic inspiration on everyone before the fight again



Henry of Willowsbrook: He picks a dirrection and wlks EoT



Suldae Westwind: can I retroactively do that because it's an obvious thing to do in preparation



Henry of Willowsbrook: walks

GM: (I think any actions or preparations with mechanical significance must be declared, even if they seem obvious in retrospect.)

Suldae Westwind: (rip, fair)



Kasimir Velikov: Seeing Henry disappear, Kasimir loses his cool. "HOLD HER, YOU LOOTS!"

10

ARCANA (8)

Unfortunately... This causes him to break the chant. The spell slips from his grasp.



Kasimir Velikov: "Godsdammit!"

GM: (The DC to maintain the spell is 11)



Kasimir Velikov:

Misty Step

Conjuration 2

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: Self

Components: V

Duration: Instantaneous

Briefly surrounded by silvery mist, you teleport up to 30 feet to an unoccupied space that you can see.

With a puff of mist, he reappears by Ismark.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes in, then out. She *might* - might! - have made a minor tactical mistake.

Well, nothing for it now.

She starts the chant again.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (...I just remebered Henry has 1 level of exhaustion meaning He has disadvantage on Ability checks... He ain't never leaving taht Maze on his own)



Suldae Westwind: Her hand is on her holy symbol, and Correllon's power surges through her voice before the chant has a chance ot take effect.

(he isnt cause the DC is 20)

(and he has a -1)

(thats why i asked about insp)

(Henry aint leaving that maze even on a 20)

15

Healing

60 feet

Mass Cure Wounds

Suldae Westwind

GM: (So Ireena, Ezmeralda, and Marcus take 15 points of healing, already applied)

Suldae Westwind: (ALSO SULDAE)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I have a luckstone that gives +1 to ability checks which means he can theoretically get out...on a 20...with disadvantage)

GM: (Also Suldae! I haven't applied it there)



Suldae Westwind: (THAT IS AN IMPORTANT PART)

(yes than you)

oh ok cool

so on a double crit Henry can escape

...

prays to dice god

GM: (Yeah he'

(he'll be fine)



Suldae Westwind: (I do think HE will be)

(anyway wis save time or something)



The Raven Queen:

WISDOM SAVE
Queen Ravenovia

Save: 20 | 16

The Raven Queen says: "Are you a fool?"



Suldae Westwind: "Yes," Suldae says honestly and tries to scramble past her (Can she get over the railing?)

"Why are you not fleeing, my child?"

GM: (Yes, she can)

(She is within melee range though)

(So AoO likely incoming if she does)



Suldae Westwind: (I know)

(that's why the 'tries' is there)

GM: (I'd still recommend trying it, because she's going to wallop you with a legendary action in a minute anyway)



Suldae Westwind: (yep)

(so Suldae first says 'yes' then goes over the railing)



The Raven Queen:

DEMON STAFF (TWO HANDED) (~-
M87M42XCSWGIX1IUC6||REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D0_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia

Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6jlrepeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d0_npc_dmg)
:
22 | 28



Suldae Westwind: (i am strongly surprised)

The Raven Queen takes a swing as she retreats over the balcony, thumping her soundly in the back.



The Raven Queen:

Damage: **10** Bludgeoning +
12 Psychic
Hit: The target must succeed
on a DC 21 Wisdom or
Charisma saving throw or
take one level of Exhaustion.

GM: (Did you already apply the 15 healing?)



Suldae Westwind:

20

19

CHARISMA SAVE (11)
Suldae Westwind

(yes)

(ugh)

Suldae feels her worst memories pulse before her eyes, and her spirit is gravely weakened. (Suldae gains one level of exhaustion.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (man the exhaustion on those is just plain mean)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae scrambles as best she can, but it's not so easy to distract herself this time, now that she is running away and not towards the danger.

The last living swarm of Ravens is transformed into a horrific blob of flesh.

The blob sprouts two legs and a hideous, toothy maw.



Rictavio: Rictavio races towards Suldae, but doesn't get close enough to chant the prayer of healing that might protect her.

He stands tall in the center of the room, next to Marcus's blazing sword, and says: "PELOR, GRANT US YOUR POWER!"

Beacon of Hope
Abjuration 3
Casting Time: 1 action
Range: 30 feet
Target: Any number of creatures within range
Components: V, S
Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute
This spell bestows hope and vitality. Choose any number of creatures within range. For the

duration, each target has advantage on Wisdom saving throws and death saving throws, and regains the maximum number of hit points possible from any healing.



Marcus Veranius: "Ez! We need the nova option! Use the spell we fused!"



(From Marcus Veranius): Level 6, Ezmerelda's spell list. Featuring Bag of Spellcraft no one else bothered with



Suldae Westwind: (this still doesnt cover Suldae lol)

GM: (Ah, I see)

(From the wording, it looks like the haste effect will only affect her)



Marcus Veranius: (And through the ring, Marcus)

GM: (You clever dog)



Rictavio:

[Speed of Sunlight]

Transmutation 6

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self (60-foot line)

Target: Each creature in a 5-foot-wide, 60-foot-long line

Components: V, S, M (Must be cast in an area of sunlight)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

[Bag of Spellcraft Fused Spell]

[Haste + Sunbeam]

A beam of brilliant light flashes out from your person in the form of deadly rays and increased energy. Until the spell ends, your speed is doubled, you gain a +2 bonus to AC, you have advantage on Dexterity saving throws, and you gains an additional action on each of its turns. That action can be used only to take the Attack (one weapon attack only), Dash, Disengage, Hide, or Use an Object action. Your skin sheds bright light in a 30-foot radius and dim light for an additional 30 feet. This light is sunlight.

When this spell is cast, a beam of brilliant light flashes out from your hand in a 5-foot-wide, 60-foot-long line. Each creature in the line must make a Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, a creature takes 6d8 radiant damage and is blinded until your next turn. On a successful save, it takes half as much damage and isn't blinded by this spell. Undead and oozes have disadvantage on this saving throw. You can create a new line of radiance as your action on any turn until the spell ends.

When the spell ends, the target can't move or take actions until after its next turn, as a wave of lethargy sweeps over it.



Marcus Veranius is charged by the bond of marriage, fiting a beam of sunlight as well



Marcus Veranius:

Each creature in the line must make a Constitution saving throw [DC 14]. On a failed save, a creature takes 6d8 radiant damage and is blinded until your next turn. On a successful save, it takes half as much damage and isn't blinded by this spell. Undead and oozes have disadvantage on this saving throw.

32
radiant

Sunbeam
Marcus Veranius

The Raven Queen shrugs off the affect without any apparent damage or difficulty.



The Raven Queen:

LIMITED MAGIC IMMUNITY

The Raven Queen can't be affected or detected by spells of 6th level or lower unless she wishes to be. She has advantage on saving throws against all other spells and magical effects.

If her cloak is destroyed by severing her connection to enough raven souls, her AC drops by 5, she loses her magic immunity, and she loses her advantage on saves against spells.

Twin beams of Sunlight stream from Marcus and Ezmeralda, conjoining on the Raven Queen. She raises a hand, and the shadows pool before her. The beam of light dissipates into utter darkness, without effect.

GM: (Marcus and Ezmeralda are now both concentrating on the spell)



Marcus Veranius: "...backup plan! Play defensively!"

(Ez should be able to crank her AC to 25 via Defender and haste extra attack)



Ezmerelda Veranius: "DIE DIE DIE!!!!"

+1 HEAVY CROSSBOW
Ezmerelda Veranius

Attack: 21

Damage: 7 Piercing

The crossbow bolt strikes shadow—without effect.



Ireena Kolyana: "Uh, guys!? A LITTLE HELP!?" Ireena shouts, under the gaze of the Amber Golem.

Wall of Force

Abjuration 5

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A point you choose within range

Components: V, S, M (A pinch of powder made by crushing a clear gemstone)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

An invisible wall of force springs into existence at a point you choose within range. The wall appears in any orientation you choose, as a horizontal or vertical barrier or at an angle. It can be free floating or resting on a solid surface. You can form it into a hemispherical dome or a sphere with a radius of up to 10 feet, or you can shape a flat surface made up of ten 10-foot-by-10-foot panels. Each panel must be contiguous with another panel. In any form, the wall is 1/4 inch thick. It lasts for the duration. If the wall cuts through a creature's space when it appears, the creature is pushed to one side of the wall (your choice which side). Nothing can physically pass through the wall. It is immune to all damage and can't be dispelled by dispel magic. A disintegrate spell destroys the wall instantly, however. The wall also extends into the Ethereal Plane, blocking ethereal travel through the wall.



Suldae Westwind: (NICE)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena rapidly releases a spell, and ten panels of perfect force appear, separating her from the Amber Golem and shielding Suldae from the Raven Queen and the other creatures which have appeared.

The hideous creature which has formed from one of the raven swarms looses a horrifically extending, fleshy, spiked arm.



The Lonely:

HARPOON ARM <i>The Lonely</i>

Attack: 22

Damage: 19 Piercing Hit: The target is grappled
--

(escape DC 15) if it is a Large or smaller creature. The Lonely has two harpoon arms and can grapple up to two creatures at once.

Intending to attack Suldae, it is not fast enough, and the harpoon arm glances off the Wall of Force.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Uh... Guys!?"

Ismark turns inward. His eyes fill with shadow. "HENRY. HENRY, I SUMMON THEE!"

22

ARCANA (3)

GM: (That's a help action, so it won't take effect until Henry's turn)



The Lost:

ARM SPIKE (~-
MES5UII1NU1ESJFISPH|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MES5vpJFD41TDHA8DJM_NPC_DMG)
The Lost
Attack (~-
mes5uii1nu1esjfisph|repeating_npcaction_-
mes5vpjfd41tdha8djm_npc_dmg)
:
24 | 12

ARM SPIKE (~-
MES5UII1NU1ESJFISPH|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MES5vpJFD41TDHA8DJM_NPC_DMG)
The Lost
Attack (~-
mes5uii1nu1esjfisph|repeating_npcaction_-
mes5vpjfd41tdha8djm_npc_dmg)
:
23 | 19

Damage: **13** Piercing

Damage: **14** Piercing



Rictavio: "Aargh!"

Temporarily distracted by everything happening around him, Rictavio does not see the swift, many-limbed movement of the nightmarish creature until it is upon him. Two swift spikes punch into his flesh, injuring him seriously.



Amber Golem: "Oh, come now! You can't keep fighting like this, it's pointless!"

SLAM
Amber Golem

Attack: **17**

Damage: **12** bludgeoning

SLAM
Amber Golem

Attack: **15**

Damage: **19** bludgeoning

The Golem slams its massive fists against the Wall of Force—to no avail.

GM: (Marcus, you're up and Hasted)



Marcus Veranius: "Why are you even fighting us!? That thing over there is possessing your true master! Help us free her!"

GM: (Roll Persuasion)



Amber Golem: (He's not very bright, so it won't be hard)



Marcus Veranius:

20

PERSUASION (1)
Marcus Veranius



Amber Golem:

INTELLIGENCE
Amber Golem

Ability: **4**

"Oh, is that so? Well that can't be allowed! That's stupid!"

"I'll go smash her. Then will you all stop breaking things?"



Marcus Veranius: "YES!"



Marcus Veranius does his best to reduce the number of monsters in play



Marcus Veranius:

27

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

11

Bonus Damage/Radiant

19

Radiant

17

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

7

19
Radiant

12

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

5

Bonus Damage/Radiant

24
Radiant

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

3

Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]

Marcus Veranius

GM: (All hits)



Marcus Veranius:

18

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

7

Bonus Damage/Radiant

19
Radiant

GM: **111**

33

(33 overflow damage)

(So go ahead and place that last attack on a different target)



Marcus Veranius: (Mr Grabby Hands)



The Lost: "EEEEEE!"



The Lost dies.



The Lonely: "EEE!"



The Lonely does not die.



Marcus Veranius is doing his best, hoping its enough



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



The Lost:

```
EMBRACE (~-
MES5uiI1nU1eSjFiSPH|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MES5vpJFD41TDHA8DJN_NPC_DMG)
```

The Lost

```
Attack (~-
mes5uii1nu1esjfisph|repeating_npcaction_-
mes5vpjfd41tdha8djin_npc_dmg)
```

:

10 | 11



Ireena Kolyana: "GAH!" Ireena shouts, as she is snuck up upon by another many-limbed monstrosity. She manages to escape its clutches.

The Raven Queen says: "Come now, my children! Have you not suffered enough? Must I slay all of you? Even your beloved Henry is already gone."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Do I hear her side of the conversation?)

GM: (No, Henry doesn't hear it)



Marcus Veranius: "All of your children have abandoned you, both blood and adopted! YOU ARE MOTHER TO NO ONE!"

"THEN DIE!"

She swoops across the room and is suddenly in the midst of Marcus, Rictavio, and Ezmeralda.



The Raven Queen:

```
DEMON STAFF (TWO HANDED) (~-
M87M42XcSWGIX1iUC6J|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D0_NPC_CRIT)
```

Queen Ravenovia

```
Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d0_npc_crit)
```

:

30 | 20

```
DEMON STAFF (TWO HANDED) (~-
M87M42XcSWGIX1iUC6J|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D0_NPC_DMG)
```

Queen Ravenovia

Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d0_npc_dmg)
:
21 | 28

CLOAK OF SHADOWS (~-
M87M42XCswGIX1iUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D1_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia
Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d1_npc_dmg)
:
19 | 25

CLOAK OF SHADOWS (~-
M87M42XCswGIX1iUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D1_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia
Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d1_npc_dmg)
:
34 | 31

CLOAK OF SHADOWS (~-
M87M42XCswGIX1iUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D1_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia
Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d1_npc_dmg)
:
32 | 17

Damage: **11** +
9 Bludgeoning + **15** +
15 Psychic
Hit: The target must succeed
on a DC 21 Wisdom or
Charisma saving throw or
take one level of Exhaustion.

WHAM. She slams Marcus.



Marcus Veranius uses Lucky to force a reroll on Demon Staff



Marcus Veranius: (Wait no he doesnt)

(Marcus is tired, and out of luck)

GM: (The first attack goes to Marcus, for **20** magical bludgeoning and **30** psychic. He also needs to make a DC 21 Wisdom or Charisma saving throw. If he rolls Wisdom, he has advantage due to Rictavio's aura.)

The Raven Queen:

Damage: **9** Bludgeoning +
11 Psychic

Hit: The target must succeed
on a DC 21 Wisdom or
Charisma saving throw or
take one level of Exhaustion.

WHAM. She slams Ezmeralda.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus doesn't need to make the saving throw. His worst memories have already been devoured; there is nothing left for her to use.

GM: (Mechanically though, what's he doing?)



Ezmeralda Veranius:

WISDOM SAVE
Ezmeralda Veranius

Save: **8** | 5



Marcus Veranius: (Iunno, was hoping I wouldnt need to make the nightmares save cause she already stole them?)

GM: ('Fraid not)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Nice try tho)



Marcus Veranius:

23

WISDOM SAVE (8)
Marcus Veranius

GM: (Marcus resists the Exhaustion, but Ezmeralda does not. She is now at one level of Exhaustion)



Ezmeralda Veranius:

Damage: **20** magical
piercing + **12** necrotic

GM: (Whoops, that's the cloak damage against Ezmeralda)



The Raven Queen:

Damage: **14** magical
piercing + **14** necrotic

GM: (Against Marcus)



The Raven Queen:

Damage: **22** magical
piercing + **13** necrotic

GM: (Against Rictavio)



Marcus Veranius: (What's the total damage between Ez and Marcus?)

(It's a bit hard to add everything together and divide evenly with health bars dropping)

GM: (Let's see... Ezmeralda took **52**, Marcus took **78**)

(So **65**)



Marcus Veranius: (65 each)

GM: (Now, Ezmeralda, Rictavio, and Marcus must all pass DC 17 CON saves)

(I've fixed the damage, should be applied correctly now)



Ezmeralda Veranius:

CONSTITUTION SAVE
Ezmeralda Veranius

Save: **17** | **7**



Marcus Veranius:

5

CONSTITUTION SAVE (4)
Marcus Veranius



Rictavio:

CONSTITUTION SAVE
Rictavio

Save: **16**

Rictavio and Marcus both feel a terrible chill creep through their souls as the power of the black cloak of shadows twists through them.



Marcus Veranius: (OH! I roll with advantage if this is a favored enemy's effect)

10

CONSTITUTION SAVE (4)
Marcus Veranius

(Fuck)

GM: (For one minute, their speeds are halved, they have disadvantage on Dex saves, and they can't use reactions. Moreover, on each of their turns, they can take either an action or a bonus action, but not both. At the end of each of their turns, they can repeat the saving throw, ending the effect on themselves with a success)

(Since Marcus is already Hasted, the interaction might be a bit tricky to work out)

(Marcus would have flat Dex saves, neither advantage or disadvantage, since Haste and Slow cancel each other there. He would still have the Haste action to use too, although the limitations about bonus actions would apply)

Henry hears Ismark's voice boom, drowning out the voice of the Raven Queen. "HENRY, I SUMMON THEE!"

(I'll be generous and say he doesn't need to use his action to escape now, he's able to pop back in where he was)|

Henry feels a powerful pull upon his soul, and suddenly the maze rushes past, and the exit is there, and he is thrust through it and back to his former position in the Temple. It's a bit disorienting. The first thing he sees is Marcus, Ezmeralda, and Rictavio in grave peril.



Suldae Westwind: (Ismark's?)

GM: (Ismark used his action to "Help" Henry)



Marcus Veranius: (Ismark spent his action summoning a terrible, powerful force from another dimension)

GM: (I'm treating it as Warlock shenanigans)



Marcus Veranius: (Classic warlock stuff)



Suldae Westwind: (oh ok gotcha)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (SO I have an action yes?)

GM: (Yes, you do. You have your full turn.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "WOAH THE FUCK was Oh hey I'm back" Henry calls out as he apparates back in place



Suldae Westwind: Just in time. Maybe.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Eyes surveying the scene Henry walks down the stairs towards the Queen
"So do all of you feel as bad as you look?"
he asks his friends

Rictavio and Marcus are both snarled in black tendrils of shadow-mist, which seem to have quite a hold on their legs.



Suldae Westwind: "Yes!" Suldae calls out.



Marcus Veranius is busy having a stare down with mom and doesn't respond

The Raven Queen seems enraged. "WHAT? HOW COULD YOU ESCAPE MY POWER, WITLESS OAF?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Cuz he's got friends who are wistful oafs!"*



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I have great friends"

GM: (Dammit, autocorrect. Should have been "wifful.")



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Like this guy, SYLVANUS HEED MY CALL AND BRING AS THE SALVATION OF SPRING" Henry uses his divine spell coupon for a Mass Heal
Bring us

BOOM. The last of the Dryad Queens flares with emerald light. (Henry has 700 points of HP to distribute as he sees fit to anyone within 60 feet of his position.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: 1 Party full heal please and thank you

GM: (Let's see... Suldae needs **73**, Ezmeralda needs **65**, Rictavio needs **69**, Marcus needs **79**, Ireena needs **10**, Henry needs **62** ...)



Suldae Westwind: (OH NICE)

GM: 358



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus needs 79, but shares the healing effect with Ez)

All members of the party regain their full strength—although the levels of Exhaustion they have gained remain.

"NO!"

The Raven Queen realizes that she is surrounded, and that the battle has turned against her.

GM: (What else would you like to do on your turn? That does count as casting a leveled spell)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I got nothing for Bouns action so thats EoT)

Henry raise his shield grinning wildly at her

The Raven Queen screams, and shadow explodes from her. (Marcus, Henry, Ezmeralda, and Rictavio must all make DC 20 Charisma saves)



The Raven Queen:

Bane

Abjuration 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: Up to three creatures of your choice that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (A drop of blood)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

Up to three creatures of your choice that you can see within range must make Charisma saving throws. Whenever a target that fails this saving throw makes an attack roll or a saving throw before the spell ends, the target must roll a d4 and subtract the number rolled from the attack roll or saving throw.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot level above 1st.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

17 + 4

15 + 4

CHARISMA SAVE (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius:

8 + 2

9 + 2

CHARISMA SAVE (3)
Marcus Veranius

Rictavio:

CHARISMA
Rictavio
Ability: **23**

**Ezmerelda Veranius:**

CHARISMA SAVE
Ezmerelda Veranius
Save: **16** | **21**

GM: (Marcus is now under the effects of the Bane spell.)



Suldae Westwind: (today is not Marcus's Charisma day)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus only gets to be badass in one fight a day. He burned it on the 16 other gods)



Kasimir Velikov: "NOW! WHILE SHE'S ON THE SEAL!"



Kasimir Velikov begins, again, the chant.

**The Raven Queen:**

WISDOM SAVE
Queen Ravenovia
Save: **13** | **25**

"Pitiful fool! You cannot hope to tame me!"



Suldae Westwind: (ok yeah Marcus's Charisma is just taking a nap)

"That's not what we're trying to do!"

GM: (Suldae, you're up)

(Oh, wait—one legendary action real quick)

**The Raven Queen:**

DEMON STAFF (TWO HANDED) (~-
M87M42XcSWGIX1IUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D0_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia

Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d0_npc_dmg)
:
13 | **17**

Damage: **11** Bludgeoning +
18 Psychic
Hit: The target must succeed
on a DC 21 Wisdom or
Charisma saving throw or
take one level of Exhaustion.

Rictavio:WISDOM
Rictavio

Ability: 14

**Sulda Westwind:** (Rictavio and Wisdom are not best friends)**Rictavio:** "Ow!"**Sulda Westwind:** (eyyyy)**GM:** (Ok, now you're up)**Sulda Westwind:** (Imao I bet old terrible memories are one of the things Rictavio is most weak to)

(ok yeah getting on with it)

(question about the wall of force and the halo's ability to go over it)

GM: (The wall of force is 10 feet tall, but there's plenty of room to go over)**Sulda Westwind:** (gotcha)

Finally, Suldae has two targets that are worth attacking. First, the asshole harassing Ireena...

25

20

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

13

Thunder

GM: (That's a hit)**Suldae Westwind:** (can the halo please be on top of all other icons)

)

GM: (It is done)**Suldae Westwind:** (ty)**The Lonely:** "SCREEEE!"**Suldae Westwind:** ...then the primary target...

32

23

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

17 + 10

Thunder

The Raven Queen cries out in sudden pain, as the holy gong of the Halo strikes her.**Suldae Westwind:**

23

21

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

17

Thunder

...then back to channeling her outrage at someone TOUCHING Ireena...

GONG!



The Lonely: "SCREEE!"



Suldae Westwind: ...then it whistles back at the Raven Queen... (but doesnt yet have time to hit her)
(lets remember this is all happening continuously lol)

GM: (Wait, whoops, that should be "The Lost")
(That's the one you've been hitting)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah that one)
As the halo sings, Suldae chants.
(rolla1rolla1rolla1)



The Raven Queen:

WISDOM SAVE
Queen Ravenovia

Save: 19 | 27



Suldae Westwind: (uuugh)

Momentarily weakened by the holy gong song, the Raven Queen is almost too distracted to deflect Suldae's attempt to grasp her shadowy veil.

GM: (Any additional movement/activity?)



Suldae Westwind: (mmm a step closer to the wall of force for spell distance lol)
EoT

With a faint popping sound, the strange, toothy, two-legged creature replicates rapidly. In a moment, there are ten of them.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (...you what the fuck)
Yo)
(not you)

GM: (Don't worry, they're weak little bastards)
(More of an annoyance than a serious threat)



The Wretched:

WRETCHED PACK TACTICS
The Wretched has advantage on
an attack roll against a creature

if at least one of the Wretched's allies is within 5 feet of the creature and the ally isn't incapacitated. The Wretched otherwise has disadvantage on attack rolls.



Suldae Westwind: (oh THESE are the first one i drew)



The Wretched:

BITE (~-
MESDOOAYIKEE2HYVIO1|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MESDQINSWWJBGDcRGUW_NPC_DMdG)
The Wretched

Attack (~-
mesdooayikee2hyvio1|repeating_npcaction_-
mesdqinswwjbgdcrGUW_npc_dmg)
:
4 | 9

BITE (~-
MESDOOAYIKEE2HYVIO1|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MESDQINSWWJBGDcRGUW_NPC_CRIT)
The Wretched

[Attack (~-
mesdooayikee2hyvio1|repeating_npcaction_-
mesdqinswwjbgdcrGUW_npc_crit)
:
9 | 23

BITE (~-
MESDOOAYIKEE2HYVIO1|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MESDQINSWWJBGDcRGUW_NPC_DMdG)
The Wretched

Attack (~-
mesdooayikee2hyvio1|repeating_npcaction_-
mesdqinswwjbgdcrGUW_npc_dmg)
:
10 | 15

BITE (~-
MESDOOAYIKEE2HYVIO1|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MESDQINSWWJBGDcRGUW_NPC_DMdG)
The Wretched

Attack (~-
mesdooayikee2hyvio1|repeating_npcaction_-
mesdqinswwjbgdcrGUW_npc_dmg)
:
21 | 14

BITE (~-
MESDOOAYIKEE2HYVIO1|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MESDQINSWWJBGDcRGUW_NPC_DMdG)
The Wretched

Attack (~-
mesdooayikee2hyvio1/repeating_npcaction_-
mesdqinswwjbgdcrguw_npc_dmg)
:
4 | 11

Five of them leap at Marcus, but only one gains purchase with its terrible teeth.



The Wretched:

Damage: **11 + 4** Piercing
Hit: The Wretched attaches to the target. While attached, the Wretched can't attack, and at the start of each of the Wretched's turns, the target takes 6 (1d10 + 1) necrotic damage. The attached Wretched moves with the target whenever the target moves, requiring none of the Wretched's movement. The Wretched can detach itself by spending 5 feet of its movement on its turn. A creature, including the target, can use its action to detach a Wretched.

GM: (Under ordinary circumstances, it would be non-magical piercing. Since you're fighting the Raven Queen, and these are her minions, it will be magical piercing)

Four of the Wretched, toothy things attack Rictavio while five of them attack Marcus.



The Wretched:

BITE (~-
MESDOOAYIKEE2HYVIO1|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MESDQINSWWJBGDRCRGUW_NPC_DMG)
The Wretched
Attack (~-
mesdooayikee2hyvio1/repeating_npcaction_-
mesdqinswwjbgdcrguw_npc_dmg)
:
20 | 5

BITE (~-
MESDOOAYIKEE2HYVIO1|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MESDQINSWWJBGDRCRGUW_NPC_DMG)
The Wretched
Attack (~-
mesdooayikee2hyvio1/repeating_npcaction_-
mesdqinswwjbgdcrguw_npc_dmg)
:
4 | 6

BITE (~-
MESDOOAYIKEE2HYVIO1|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MESDQINSWWJBGDcRGUW_NPC_DMG)
The Wretched

Attack (~-
mesdooayikee2hyvio1|repeating_npcaction_-
mesdqinswwjbgdcrGUW_npc_dmg)

:

5 | 17

BITE (~-
MESDOOAYIKEE2HYVIO1|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MESDQINSWWJBGDcRGUW_NPC_CRIT)
The Wretched

Attack (~-
mesdooayikee2hyvio1|repeating_npcaction_-
mesdqinswwjbgdcrGUW_npc_crit)

:

23 | 22

Damage: 4 Piercing
Hit: The Wretched attaches to the target. While attached, the Wretched can't attack, and at the start of each of the Wretched's turns, the target takes 6 (1d10 + 1) necrotic damage. The attached Wretched moves with the target whenever the target moves, requiring none of the Wretched's movement. The Wretched can detach itself by spending 5 feet of its movement on its turn. A creature, including the target, can use its action to detach a Wretched.

Damage: 11 + 2 Piercing
Hit: The Wretched attaches to the target. While attached, the Wretched can't attack, and at the start of each of the Wretched's turns, the target takes 6 (1d10 + 1) necrotic damage. The attached Wretched moves with the target whenever the target moves, requiring none of the Wretched's movement. The Wretched can detach itself by spending 5 feet of its movement on its turn. A

creature, including the target, can use its action to detach a Wretched.



Rictavio: "OW! WHAT THE HELL?"

Two of them latch onto Rictavio's arms, weighing him down slightly.

The last of the little bastards tries to attach to Henry.



The Wretched:

BITE (~-
MESDOOAYIKEE2HYVIO1|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MESDQINSWWJBGDGRGUW_NPC_DMG)
The Wretched
Attack (~-
mesdooayikee2hyvio1|repeating_npcaction_-
mesdqinswwjbgdgrguw_npc_dmg)
:
11 | 7

It does not succeed.



Rictavio: "Marcus, get some distance!"

Freedom of Movement

Abjuration 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (A leather strap, bound around the arm or a similar appendage)

Duration: 1 hour

You touch a willing creature. For the duration, the target's movement is unaffected by difficult terrain, and spells and other magical effects can neither reduce the target's speed nor cause the target to be paralyzed or restrained.

The target can also spend 5 feet of movement to automatically escape from nonmagical restraints, such as manacles or a creature that has it grappled. Finally, being underwater imposes no penalties on the target's movement or attacks.

Marcus slips free of the shadowy tendrils of the Raven Queen's veil, and is no longer affected by the slowing spell.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae Strongly Dislikes that Rictavio used this spell on Marcus first while still being restrained himself. Her emotional reaction to that is negative.



Marcus Veranius: (I see a nice line of tooth dogs)



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Oh, fuck this shit," Ezmeralda says, and while still maintaining the spell of

sunlight, she creates a new beam of it. (Place it where you want it, Marcus)

GM: (Oh wait)

(Did you roll Concentration saves back when the Raven Queen clobbered y'all?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (they did not)



Marcus Veranius: (There were a huge mass of saving throws tossed around. Thought they were in it)

GM: (The DC would have been... half of 65)



Marcus Veranius: (Half of each of the components of 65)

(And only on Ez's side)

GM: "Taking damage. Whenever you take damage while you are concentrating on a spell, you must make a Constitution saving throw to maintain your Concentration. The DC equals 10 or half the damage you take, whichever number is higher. If you take damage from multiple sources, such as an arrow and a dragon's breath, you make a separate saving throw for each source of damage."

(It does not say "two types of damage", it says "two sources of damage")

(Unless that was corrected in an errata I missed)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Ez did take 2 attacks amounting to that damage)



Marcus Veranius: (It wouldnt be half of the lump 65, it'd be half of each club and cape)

(I don't think any of them did over 40 individually, which would be the damage needed for a Concentration save over 10.)

GM: (So it would be... Half of 32 and half of 20)

(So 16 and 10)



Ezmerelda Veranius:

CONSTITUTION
Ezmerelda Veranius

Ability: 7

CONSTITUTION
Ezmerelda Veranius

Ability: 9

GM: (So... Haste is gone)

(Unless...)

(Unless Marcus can maintain his concentration)

(Let me check what his damages were)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus doesnt make concentration, he's leeching the spell off of Ez)

(Both are too tired to act for the next round)

GM: (I declared when it was cast that they were both concentrating on it, but if you want to let it go that's ok)



Marcus Veranius: (I'd rather do it that way. Makes it simpler down the road)

GM: (But the first attack against Marcus was a solid 50, so it wouldn't help much either way)

Marcus and Ezmeralda both feel the terrible effects of the fading Haste spell.

Ezmeralda slumps.



Marcus Veranius: (Ric can probably pick a different target for Freedom of Movement)

(This would have happened before his turn)

GM: (Actually... I think that would negate the speed becoming zero part of the haste failure)

(But Marcus would still have no actions)



Suldae Westwind: (not even a move action?)

GM: (Movement isn't really an action, unless you choose to dash)



Marcus Veranius: (Strict wording, Haste's lethargy isn't a reduction of speed. You just can't move)

(No save for Marcus here, this wasn't my best idea)



Suldae Westwind: (oh gotcha)

GM: (Ah, strict wording, curses)



Marcus Veranius: (You can't be badass every fight. I'm cool with a dead turn)

GM: (Rictavio will retcon his action then)

(Rictavio casts Freedom of Movement on himself, to escape the grasp of the Raven Queen.)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae is now okay with what is happening, although she is worried for Marcus instead)



Marcus Veranius: (He can also escape the grapple dogs with 5 ft of movement each)

(Grandpa gets to live)

GM: (Actually he can't, since it's not a grapple)

(And they're not restraining him)



Marcus Veranius: (I don't like these dogs)

GM: (They are pretty nasty)



Ireena Kolyana:

Mirror Image

Abjuration 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 minute

Three illusory duplicates of yourself appear in your space. Until the spell ends, the duplicates move with you and mimic your actions, shifting position so it's impossible to track

which image is real. You can use your action to dismiss the illusory duplicates. Each time a creature targets you with an attack during the spell's duration, roll a d20 to determine whether the attack instead targets one of your duplicates. If you have three duplicates, you must roll a 6 or higher to change the attack's target to a duplicate. With two duplicates, you must roll an 8 or higher. With one duplicate, you must roll an 11 or higher. A duplicate's AC equals 10 + your Dexterity modifier. If an attack hits a duplicate, the duplicate is destroyed. A duplicate can be destroyed only by an attack that hits it. It ignores all other damage and effects. The spell ends when all three duplicates are destroyed. A creature is unaffected by this spell if it can't see, if it relies on senses other than sight, such as blindsight, or if it can perceive illusions as false, as with truesight.



Ireena Kolyana casts *Mirror Image*, and suddenly becomes four identical Ireenas, occupying roughly the same area.



Ireena Kolyana: Then she flees for Suldae, accepting any attack against her in retreat.



The Lost:

EMBRACE (~-
MES5UII1NU1ESJFISPH|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MES5VPJFD41TDHA8DJN_NPC_DMG)
The Lost

Attack (~-
mes5uii1nu1esjfisph/repeating_npcaction_-
mes5vpjfd41tdha8djn_npc_dmg)
:
16 | 20



Ireena Kolyana: **5**



The Lost:

Damage: **27** Piercing
Hit: The target is grappled (escape DC 14) if it is a Medium or smaller creature. Until the grapple ends, the target is frightened, and it takes 27 (6d8) psychic damage at the end of each of its turns. The Lost can embrace only one creature at a time.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Ireena can't roll well it seems)

Even as she flees, surrounded by her duplicates, the Lost lunges, and snares her in a many-pincered

grasp.

Ireena feels a terrible terror sink into her mind—an alien fear that is not her own. (Ireena is grappled. She will not take psychic damage until the end of her next turn, if she remains restrained by the grapple.)



The Lonely:

HARPOON ARM
The Lonely

Attack: 25

Damage: 24 Piercing
Hit: The target is grappled (escape DC 15) if it is a Large or smaller creature. The Lonely has two harpoon arms and can grapple up to two creatures at once.

GM: (What's Marcus's AC without Haste?)



Suldae Westwind: (I am remarkably confused as to which one that is)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (the one alone on the bottom left)

A swift-shooting noodle arm lunges through the crowd and pierces Marcus through the shoulder, and drags him hastily back to itself.



The Lonely:

SORROWFUL EMBRACE
The Lonely

Embrace. Each creature grappled by the Lonely must make a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw. A creature takes 18 (4d8) psychic damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. In either case, the Lonely pulls each creature grappled by it up to 30 feet straight toward it.



Marcus Veranius:

10 + -1 | 17 + -1

WISDOM SAVE (8)
Marcus Veranius

Marcus feels a terrible psychic scream, but manages to resist its power.

GM: (Marcus is now grappled—escape DC 15)



Marcus Veranius is too lethargic to resist, and will not be escaping next turn

Marcus Veranius: rolling 4d8

(5 + 4 + 6 + 6)

= 21

(17 damage Marcus/Ez)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Enough of these games!"

DC17

Dexterity Save

18
Fire

60 feet

Flame Strike



The Wretched:

DEXTERITY
The Wretched

Ability: 7 | 20

DEXTERITY
The Wretched

Ability: 11 | 3

DEXTERITY
The Wretched

Ability: 4 | 9

DEXTERITY
The Wretched

Ability: 15 | 9

DEXTERITY
The Wretched

Ability: 13 | 11



Henry of Willowsbrook: (you need to roll the radiant damage too)

GM: (There should be radiant damage too **9**)



The Raven Queen:

DEXTERITY
Queen Ravenovia

Ability: 22 | 25

GM: (The Raven Queen takes 9 radiant damage due to vulnerability, but takes only 4 fire damage due to resistance and passing the save)

A column of hellish fire blasts upward from the seal, ripping through five of the Wretched little things and singeing the shadows of the Raven Queen's cloak.



Amber Golem: "Oh, you seem to have some pests on you!"

"Let me get those for you."



Rictavio: "No, no! It's not necessary, I'm perfectly fine! Go for the queen!"

CHARISMA

Rictavio

Ability: **10**



Amber Golem:

INTELLIGENCE

Amber Golem

Ability: **12**

"Nonsense! It's clear you're in some trouble."

"Now, hold still!"

SLAM

Amber Golem

Attack: **14**

Damage: **24** bludgeoning

SLAM

Amber Golem

Attack: **12**

Damage: **19** bludgeoning



Rictavio: "OW! You stupid brute!"

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: (oof)

GM: (Oh right)



Marcus Veranius: [Eot, Haste burnout]



The Lost:

ARM SPIKE (~-

MES5UII1nU1ESJFiSPH|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-

MES5vpJFD41TDHA8DJM_NPC_DMG)

The Lost

Attack (~-

mes5uii1nu1esjfisph|repeating_npcaction_-

mes5vpjfd41tdha8djm_npc_dmg)

:

22 | 9

ARM SPIKE (~-
MES5UII1nu1esJfISPH|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MES5vpJFD41TDHA8DJM_NPC_DMG)

The Lost

Attack (~-
mes5uii1nu1esjfixph/repeating_npcaction_-
mes5vpjfd41tdha8djm_npc_dmg)

:
19 | 25

Damage: **14** Piercing

Damage: **22** Piercing



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena screams.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (mirror Image?)

The Raven Queen turns to the most dangerous imminent threat, and wallops Henry with absolutely everything she has.

GM: (Oh yeah. Well, she's grappled by him, so I think he knows where she is. But she could still force the mirror images to take the hit for her.)

19 14 (has to be higher than 6)

(Ireena is down two mirror images, does not scream, and survives just fine)



Suldae Westwind: (whew)



The Raven Queen:

DEMON STAFF (TWO HANDED) (~-
M87M42XcSWGIX1iUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D0_NPC_DMG)

Queen Ravenovia

Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j/repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d0_npc_dmg)

:
16 | 27

DEMON STAFF (TWO HANDED) (~-
M87M42XcSWGIX1iUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D0_NPC_DMG)

Queen Ravenovia

Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j/repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d0_npc_dmg)

:
15 | 26

CLOAK OF SHADOWS (~-
M87M42XcSWGIX1iUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D1_NPC_DMG)

Queen Ravenovia

Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d1_npc_dmg)
:
16 | **33**

CLOAK OF SHADOWS (~-
M87M42XCswGIX1iUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYz8ZRP0LS5D1_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia
Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d1_npc_dmg)
:
28 | 24

CLOAK OF SHADOWS (~-
M87M42XCswGIX1iUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYz8ZRP0LS5D1_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia
Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d1_npc_dmg)
:
20 | 33



Suldae Westwind: -M87M42XcSWGIX1iUC6j|repeating_npcaction_-
M87MgZJYz8ZrP0LS5D0_npc_dmg



The Raven Queen:

Damage: **13** Bludgeoning +
13 Psychic
Hit: The target must succeed
on a DC 21 Wisdom or
Charisma saving throw or
take one level of Exhaustion.

Damage: **14** Bludgeoning +
16 Psychic
Hit: The target must succeed
on a DC 21 Wisdom or
Charisma saving throw or
take one level of Exhaustion.

Damage: **17** magical
piercing + **11** necrotic

Damage: **19** magical
piercing + **15** necrotic

Damage: **18** magical
piercing + **12** necrotic



Henry of Willowsbrook:

10 + 4 | 14 + 4

CHARISMA SAVE (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (Henry takes **81** physical damage, **29** psychic, and **38** Necrotic)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

14 + 4 | **23 + 4**

CHARISMA SAVE (7)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (Also need three DC 17 CON saves)

(Actually wait)

(That might not be necessary)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (yeah Henry is out like a light)

GM: (Do you have anything to prevent you from dropping below 1 HP?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (nope)

The Raven Queen slams Henry with two might blows from her staff, and her cloak surges all at once, a black tide. When it passes, Henry is gone.



Suldae Westwind: (um)

Henry finds himself standing in a field, facing Sylvanus.

Sylvanus says: "Not yet, my child. Not yet."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sure Hope so I still have shit to sort out"

Henry's unconscious form reappears in a flash of emerald light, snatched back from the depths of the Shadowfell.

GM: (Make your first death save, Henry)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

12 + 1

DEATH SAVE (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (One success)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Btw No Aura bonus while Henry Is out)



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir desperately begins chanting.

He pours all his power into it, foregoing any other distractions.

10 | **14**

ARCANA (8)



The Raven Queen:

WISDOM SAVE

Queen Ravenovia

Save: **27**

Even with all his power, he cannot gain purchase on her slippery soul.



Kasimir Velikov: "This isn't working! We've got to try something else!"



Suldae Westwind: (so i have a question about the wall of force)

GM: (Suldae, you're up)

(Fire away)



Suldae Westwind: (is it concentratio)

GM: (Sadly yes)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (yes so it is gaone btw)



Suldae Westwind: (im not sure sadly is the word id use)

^

(yeah it should be gone)

GM: (She hasn't cast any other concentration spells yet, but she does have to make the Concentration check, one sec)

(Unless you wanted her to drop it? She can)



Suldae Westwind: (it does not seem to be serving a useful purpose at this point) (especailly if it did not inhibit that thing from snaring Marcus)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (mirror Image is concentration no?)

GM: (Funnily enough, it's not)

(Just has a 1 minute duration, flat out)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena, momentarily distracted, loses her concentration on the Wall of Force. It instantly dissipates.



Suldae Westwind: (I cannot use a bonus action spell with a main action, can I?)

GM: (No, you cannot)



Suldae Westwind: (hmmm)

Suldae decides to listen to Kasimir, and instead does the next most useful thing she can think of as she runs forward towards Henry, while the halo continues its flight.

Spare the Dying

Abjuration Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: A living creature that has 0 hit points

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

You touch a living creature that has 0 hit

points. The creature becomes stable. This spell has no effect on undead or constructs.

GM: (So Henry remains unconscious, but he is now stabilized)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah)

26

14

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

14

Thunder

GM: (If that's at the Raven Queen, it's a miss)



Suldae Westwind: (AUGH)

GM: (But you could target the little bastards)
(Since no target was declared)



Suldae Westwind: (it was, last turn)

GM: (We could fudge it, that's just brutal)



Suldae Westwind: (...yes please)

GM: (That's a dead Wretched)
(They have an AC of 15 and only 10 HP)



Suldae Westwind:

26

19

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

14

Thunder

(fuck every single one of them)

25

28

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

20

Thunder

GM: (Ok... Now this is meta)
(But *that* would hit the Raven Queen)



Suldae Westwind: (trajectory)
(getting them all would mean AG will stop hitting Ric)

GM: (Very good)



Suldae Westwind:

24

23

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

18

Thunder

GM: (Four hits, four kills)



Suldae Westwind: ...and that's as much restraint as exhausted Suldae has in the face of grappled Ireena

23

15

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

17

Thunder

GM: (That's a hit)



Suldae Westwind: ...and now for the main prize...

16

32

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

12 + 10

Thunder

GM: (Roll a Brit)



Suldae Westwind: (OH YEAH)

GM: (I was going to say "crit")



Suldae Westwind: (-sips tea)

GM: (Not brit)



Suldae Westwind: (i guessed)

(but i like this one)

The gong resounds, and Suldae doesn't even have the decency for a mental apology to Marcus. Ireena first.

(assuming that thing isn't dead yet?)

GM: (It is not dead, no)



Suldae Westwind:

22

29

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

18

Thunder

GM: (It's still alive, but not by much)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae wonders if it would be rude to bounce it off the golem, then decides the risk of it taking offence isn't worth it.

(how much movement left)

(i have forgotten how to make the jointed thing again)

GM: (15 feet of movement left)

(It's "q" while you're dragging the ruler)



Suldae Westwind: (TY)

EoT



Marcus Veranius is tired. This plan wasn't working. Like a well-woven garment, the Raven Queen was simply too sturdy to seal or banish as she was.



Suldae Westwind: "Rictavio! Ireena!"



Marcus Veranius: ...an idea comes to mind. Even the sturdiest cloth falls to stray threads.

"SHE IS BOUND TO ME BY HER OWN CURSE! TARGET ME WITH THE RITUAL AND I SHALL HOLD HER DOWN!"

The Raven Queen hears this, and twists, swift as lightning, and looses a bolt of shadow.



The Raven Queen:

30

30

120 feet

Shadow Bolt (~-
M87M42XcSWGlx1iuC6jlrepeating_attack_-
M87MiXCw4NYubQo0AF4_attack_dmg)

(+13)



Marcus Veranius: (oof)



The Raven Queen: A flash of darkness streaks toward a creature of your choice within range. Make a ranged spell attack against the target. On a hit, the target takes 4d6 necrotic damage and vanishes inside a sphere of perfect shadow, which heavily obscures them but guides enemy attacks towards them. The next attack roll made against this target before the end of your next turn has advantage.

GM: 17

Marcus vanishes behind a perfect sphere of darkness, and can no longer be seen.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (for how long ?)



Kasimir Velikov: "OH NO YOU DON'T!"

Counterspell

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell

Range: 60 ft

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.

The shadow fails, the darkness fades, Marcus feels his strength return.



Rictavio: Rictavio looks at the Raven Queen's twisting shadows, and takes his hint from Kasimir.

Raising his holy symbol, he chants, and casts a powerful spell.

Dispel Magic

Abjuration 5

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: One creature, object, or magical effect within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

Choose one creature, object, or magical effect within range. Any spell of 3rd level or lower on the target ends. For each spell of 4th level or higher on the target, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a successful check, the spell ends.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you automatically end the effects of a spell on the target if the spell's level is equal to or less than the level of the spell slot you used.

RELIGION*Rictavio***Skill: 36**

FLASH! The darkness breaks, torn asunder for a single moment. The Raven Queen screams as her veil is temporarily ripped away!



Suldae Westwind: (me LIKEY)

GM: (The Raven Queen's AC is now 23. The Raven Queen no longer has her limited magical immunity. This effect will last until the end of Rictavio's next turn.)

Tendrils of golden light become visible, you can see them stretching from the shadow to the Queen. She is open to attack, and more vulnerable to the ritual!



Rictavio: "Thank you, Suldae!"



Ezmerelda Veranius slumps, too weak to move or even speak.



Marcus Veranius: (Last turn was slump turn)

(Ez can act)

GM: (Oh shoot, it was)

(My b)



Suldae Westwind: "...huh?"

Suldae is somewhat confused before she remembers she cleared off the pests.

But Ireena...



Ezmerelda Veranius:

MAGIC MISSILE (ROBE OF STARS)*Ezmerelda Veranius***Attack: 3****Damage: 24** force

Ezmeralda rips off a star from her cloak, and hurls it. Seven bolts of deadly force fly from her, and strike the injured queen!



The Lonely:

HARPOON ARM*The Lonely***Attack: 18 | 20**

Damage: 24 Piercing
Hit: The target is grappled (escape DC 15) if it is a Large or smaller creature. The Lonely has two harpoon arms and can grapple up to two creatures at once.

One of the Lonely's arms shoots out, trying to pierce Ezmeralda. She dodges it nimbly.

Enraged, it crushes Marcus instead, mewling pitifully as it does so.



The Lonely:

SORROWFUL EMBRACE

The Lonely

Embrace. Each creature grappled by the Lonely must make a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw. A creature takes 18 (4d8) psychic damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. In either case, the Lonely pulls each creature grappled by it up to 30 feet straight toward it.

GM: (Marcus needs to make a DC 15 Wisdom save)



Marcus Veranius:

11 + -1 | 23 + -1

WISDOM SAVE (8)
Marcus Veranius

GM: **21**

(Marcus takes 10 points of psychic damage)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "NOW, THE RITUAL! KEEP HER OPEN! TEAR HER APART!"



Ireena Kolyana: "PHRASING!"



Suldae Westwind: (note: Ismark is one of the casters, right?)

GM: (Yes)



Ismark Kolyanovich begins to chant.



The Raven Queen:

WISDOM SAVE

Queen Ravenovia

Save: **13 | 30**

The shadows are wrenched from her, and drawn to Ismark. Feathers and darkness swarm and pool, and a chain of spectral gold is clearly visible, stretching from the Queen to the portion of shadow he has stolen.



Amber Golem:

SLOW (RECHARGE 5-6)

Amber Golem

The golem targets one or

more creatures it can see within 10 ft. of it. Each target must make a DC 17 Wisdom saving throw against this magic. On a failed save, a target can't use reactions, its speed is halved, and it can't make more than one attack on its turn. In addition, the target can take either an action or a bonus action on its turn, not both. These effects last for 1 minute. A target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success.

SLAM
Amber Golem

Attack: 13

Damage: 17 bludgeoning

SLAM
Amber Golem

Attack: 25

Damage: 16 bludgeoning



The Raven Queen:

WISDOM SAVE
Queen Ravenovia

Save: 17

"YOU TRAITOR!" The Raven Queen screams, her voice no longer booming. She sounds like an old woman, now.

She resists the powerful effects of the Golem's slowing spell, but cannot deflect both of its mighty blows, and takes a solid crack in the head.

GM: (And I think that's where we should end it for today)



GM (GM): (Howdy y'all)



Tops K.: (DO WE ESCAPE THE AMBER TEMPLE? TIME TO FIND OUT!)



GM (GM): (Go ahead and play your turn, Marcus)



Tops K.: Marcus decides he can't help seal away an ancient evil if he's being given the world's strongest hug, and attempts to break up with this zombie.



Marcus Veranius:

21 + -1

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

12*Bonus Damage/Radiant***23***Radiant***14 + -1**

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

7*Bonus Damage/Radiant***22***Radiant***21 + -1**

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

9*Bonus Damage/Radiant***22***Radiant*

(Precision on middle roll)

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

7*Bonus Accuracy***[Precision Attack]**

Marcus Veranius

(20 to hit, all three attacks)



Zanshukun: (I would like to formally remind everyone that Henry is still very much unconscious right now and could really use a pick me up)



Marcus Veranius: (I'm grappled ;-;)



GM (GM): **190**

GM: (128)



GM (GM): (The first two attacks are enough to kill it)

GM: (Where do you put the third one?)



GM (GM): (A 20 will not hit the Raven Queen even with her reduced AC)



Marcus Veranius: Between the eyes of Ireena's other stalker

GM: (That's another very dead sorrowsworn)



Marcus Veranius: "Your minions are gone now! You are truly alone! Give up!"

[EoT]



Marcus Veranius pretends he doesn't still have a friendship bracelet when making that statement



The Raven Queen:

DEMON STAFF (TWO HANDED) (~-
M87M42XCswGIX1iUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYz8ZRP0LS5D0_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia

Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d0_npc_dmg)
:

13

DEMON STAFF (TWO HANDED) (~-
M87M42XCswGIX1iUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYz8ZRP0LS5D0_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia

Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d0_npc_dmg)
:

22

CLOAK OF SHADOWS (~-
M87M42XCswGIX1iUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYz8ZRP0LS5D1_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia

Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d1_npc_dmg)
:

20

CLOAK OF SHADOWS (~-
M87M42XCswGIX1iUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYz8ZRP0LS5D1_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia

Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d1_npc_dmg)
:
21

CLOAK OF SHADOWS (~-
M87M42XCSWGIX1IUC6J|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D1_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia

Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d1_npc_dmg)
:
16

Damage: **16** Bludgeoning +
12 Psychic
Hit: The target must succeed
on a DC 21 Wisdom or
Charisma saving throw or
take one level of Exhaustion.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (didn't her cloak get removed for a turn by rictavios dispell magic?)

GM: (That only affects her defensive abilities, she can still twist the shadows to attack)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (kay

WHAM! The Raven Queen strikes Rictavio, knocking him unconscious.



The Raven Queen:

Damage: **17** Bludgeoning +
17 Psychic
Hit: The target must succeed
on a DC 21 Wisdom or
Charisma saving throw or
take one level of Exhaustion.

Damage: **18** magical
piercing + **11** necrotic

Damage: **18** magical
piercing + **15** necrotic

WHAM! The Raven Queen strikes Suldae with her staff, and two tendrils of shadow lunge for the bard, piercing her with icy necrotic power. (Need a DC 21 Wisdom save and two DC 17 CON saves from Suldae, which we will have to wait for)



The Raven Queen: "I am your queen! Bow before me, or suffer the consequences!"

GM: (Henry is currently stabilized but unconscious, no death save needed)

(He will regain consciousness on his own in **4** hours)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Can I do anything?)

GM: (Assuming he does not regain HP before then)

(If you're still unconscious, no—but you could give us some RP about lingering on the edges of life and death, at the boundary between Sylvanus and the Raven Queen)



The Raven Queen:

WISDOM SAVE
Queen Ravenovia

Save: **16**



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir, seeing Ismark grasp and pull the darkness and stretch out a golden chain of light, races across the room, already chanting, and reaches out for the darkness. He tears it away from her, stretching out another golden thread as the clump of whirling, feathered shadow flies toward him.



Liliet (Suldae):

15

5

WISDOM SAVE (3)
Suldae Westwind

11

14

CONSTITUTION SAVE (2)
Suldae Westwind

8

18

CONSTITUTION SAVE (2)
Suldae Westwind



Kasimir Velikov: "We just need one more!"



Liliet (Suldae): (I think Suldae is not having a good time)

GM: (Suldae takes one level of Exhaustion and is now under the effects of a Slow spell, as the shadow pierces her.)



Liliet (Suldae): (do I now have two levels of Exhaustion? what does that do?)

GM: (Yes, you now have two levels of exhaustion)

(So you have disadvantage on ability checks and your speed is halved)



Suldae Westwind: (...and what does slow do on top of that?)

GM: (Speed halved, AC and Dex saves reduced by 2, can't use reactions, on your turn you are limited to EITHER an action OR a Bonus action. The version of Slow she is using does not have the spellcasting limitations)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Don't mind me just passing the time)

Henry's mind flickers in and out of his near death delirium drifting between fragments of memories, the time he got a cramp while swimming as a child and thought he'd drown, his first battle against bandits as a militia man or rather militia boy and other near brushes with death. Among them the night that left him gutted, bleeding and alone in the forrest of Barovia raging against the world for refusing to let him die with his friends returns multiple times. However there are five different visions that he finds himself returning to more than the others, Sylvanus's approving stare, The Raven Queen's dark form as she rips into him, his new found friends laughing, crying and raging, Strahd's cruel hateful stare and finally the sun rising over the hills of his home.



Suldae Westwind: (thanks. that sounds bad)

GM: (Also, it's your turn)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is barely capable of standing, feeling woozy. She knows she should attempt to assault the Raven Queen again, but Henry is lying unconscious in front of her and for one she is close enough to everyone who's injured.

And so, she opts to reach for the comforting strands of the Weave first.

10

Higher Level Cast

6

Healing

60 feet

Mass Healing Word

Suldae Westwind

(huh, this version is 60ft too?)

(never mind pls one second)

4

Higher Level Cast

21

Healing

60 feet

Mass Cure Wounds

Suldae Westwind



Suldae Westwind: (ignore that first one)

GM: (How did you get the d4s to be d8s?)

(Is that from a class feature?)



Suldae Westwind: (huh?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (different spell)

GM: (Ohhhhh derp derp, I see it)



Suldae Westwind: (I used Cure Wounds instead of Healing Word as I realized the difference wasn't where I thought it was)

GM: (So where are you placing the 30 ft radius sphere?)

(You should easily enough be able to get Rick, Henry, yourself, and Ezmeralda all together in it)

Suldae Westwind: (yep)

GM: (Oh yeah, this room is so much smaller than I remembered)



Suldae Westwind: (I don't think it'd work on Ismark anyway?...)

Suldae backs away as far as she can manage, which isn't very far.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (up to 6 creatures can be healed)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah)

(we have exactly 6)

GM: (You'd be moving out of her melee range, are you sure you want to do that?)



Suldae Westwind: ...

GM: (She has a reach of 15 feet)



Suldae Westwind: (...thanks, I forgot how ridiculous her range was)

Suldae holds her ground over Henry.

EoT



Rictavio: Rictavio picks himself up from the floor, grunting painfully. "Thank you, Suldae. I assume I have you to thank for the fact that I am not now dead."

"Unless this is hell."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae waves at him, too tired for a quip.



Marcus Veranius: "Arguably both at the moment!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ugh oh hey I'm back and my everything hurts how quaint" Henry grunts rolling over



Rictavio:

10
Healing

30 feet

Prayer of Healing

Rictavio mutters something hastily under his breath and a flash of golden light descends on everyone, healing small wounds.



Suldae Westwind: (...I have a question. Could I have made a Charisma saving throw instead of a Wisdom one?)

(I only read the prompt, not the attack text, until just now)

GM: (Yes, you could have; I forgot about that)



Suldae Westwind: (12 + 11 = 22)

(if I use the same roll)

(but the Charisma bonus)



Ezmerelda Veranius considers the situation carefully and glances at Marcus. She casts Haste into her ring, binding it to herself and to her husband.



Ezmerelda Veranius: Then, swift as lightning, she raises her heavy crossbow and looses a shot—not at the Raven Queen, but at one of the golden chains of light.

+1 HEAVY CROSSBOW
Ezmerelda Veranius

Attack: 20

Damage: 11 Piercing

The bolt bounces off the chain without breaking it.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Damn! My weapon's not magical enough to break it!"

Ezmerelda holds her ground, unafraid.



Marcus Veranius: "We're breaking the chains now!?"



Suldae Westwind: (wait, whta?)



Ireena Kolyana: "YES! They're what binds the Raven to the Queen!"



Suldae Westwind: (OH)



Ireena Kolyana: "Were you not even listening?!"

Ireena starts chanting desperately, taking a better position on the southern part of the room.



Marcus Veranius flash backs to what happened in the shadow sphere while Ireena was describing the plan



Marcus Veranius: "Umm... no."



The Raven Queen:

WISDOM SAVE
Queen Ravenovia

Save: 21



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It might have slipped my mind with all the hits to the head" Henry admits

The Raven Queen twists out of the grasp of Ireena's magic, furling part of her darkness back to herself.



Ireena Kolyana: "Dammit! You've got to keep her occupied!"



The Raven Queen turns with lightning speed and strikes out at the Golem beside her.



The Raven Queen:

DEMON STAFF (TWO HANDED) (~-
M87M42XCSWGIX1IUC6J|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D0_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia

Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6jlrepeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d0_npc_dmg)
:
12

...And misses, whiffing it by nearly a yard.



Suldae Westwind: "Seeing double?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark continues the chant. (DC 11 Arcana)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae asks, suddenly seeing the opportunity for a pun, stupid as it is.



Ismark Kolyanovich:

11

ARCANA (3)



Suldae Westwind: (...amazing)

Just barely, he manages to cling to the shadow, stretching it away from the Queen and drawing the golden chain taut.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I've got her!"



Amber Golem: "Now miss, you really must stop fighting! It won't do you any good!"

SLAM
Amber Golem

Attack: **18**

Damage: **19** bludgeoning

SLAM
Amber Golem

Attack: **25**

Damage: **14** bludgeoning



The Raven Queen: "YOU DARE!?"

Darkness, 3/day
Abjuration 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A point you choose within range

Components: V, M (Bat fur and a drop of pitch or piece of coal)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

Magical darkness spreads from a point you choose within range to fill a 15-foot-radius sphere for the duration. The darkness spreads around corners. A creature with darkvision can't see through this darkness, and

nonmagical light can't illuminate it. If the point you choose is on an object you are holding or one that isn't being worn or carried, the darkness emanates from the object and moves with it. Completely covering the source of the darkness with an opaque object, such as a bowl or a helm, blocks the darkness. If any of this spell's area overlaps with an area of light created by a spell of 2nd level or lower, the spell that created the light is dispelled.

She casts a spell with lightning speed, burning her last two legendary actions for the round. A 15-foot sphere of darkness explodes out of her, wrapping her entirely in shadow.

Henry, Suldae, and Ezmeralda find themselves wrapped at once in darkness.

Rictavio and the Amber Golem are hidden as well by the shadow.

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius uses his haste action to reinforce the Sun Sword's dominance. It shines at its brightest, Barovia's prophecised salvation against its country's horrors.

The darkness and the shadow war against each other, a trembling boundary of black mist and golden light begins to appear. The light roars silently, a solar wind blasting at the black nebula, but that black nebula clings with all the stubbornness of a cornered god. Marcus's light reveals Ezmeralda, Henry, Suldae, and the Golem; but the Queen herself is lost in an impenetrable gloom, wrapped all around in perfect shadow. It doesn't matter. He knows where she is.



Ireena Kolyana: "WAIT! If you kill her now, you kill the Raven too!"



Marcus Veranius steps forward, banishing more darkness with proximity

Even with proximity, the shadows wrapped around the Queen herself cannot be breached. Her power is still very mighty.

Sergei: "Come on, mom! Give it up! We just want to give you a proper, respectful burial!"



Marcus Veranius shoots at the chains, now clearly revealed



Marcus Veranius:

18

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

21

Radiant

22

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

22
Radiant



Suldae Westwind: Suldae isn't sure if this is quite morbid enough to cross the line into funny, but probably yes.

The bolts of light rip through the chains instantly. Ismark and Kasimir are left clinging to mounds of winged shadow, and the Raven Queen SCREAMS.



Ireena Kolyana: "That's it! She doesn't have much left! We've got to pull out the last few chains and cut them!"



Marcus Veranius: And one for the huggy monster.

15 + -1

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+9)

Marcus Veranius

19
Radiant

The bolt of light turns the toothy little beast into a fine paste of smoldering gore.



Marcus Veranius: "You are a queen. Retire with dignity."

[EoT]



The Raven Queen: "Enough of this!"

The Raven Queen rises towards the ceiling on a pillar of shadow, and spreads wide her hands. Shadow and flame explode from her, silent, surging, bitterly cold.



The Raven Queen:

DC 21

Dexterity Save

A storm made up of sheets of silent black flame appears in a location you choose within range. The area of the storm consists of up to ten 10-foot cubes, which you can arrange as you wish. Each cube must have at least one face adjacent to the face of another cube. Each creature in the area must make a Dexterity saving throw. It takes 7d10 necrotic damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. The black flames damage objects in the area and ignites flammable objects that aren't being worn or carried, consuming them in black flame very quickly. If you choose, plant life in the area is unaffected by this spell.

28*Fire*

150 feet

Shadow Storm**Suldae Westwind:****26****28****DEXTERITY SAVE (8)**
Suldae Westwind**Ezmerelda Veranius:****DEXTERITY SAVE**
*Ezmerelda Veranius*Save: **20**

(+2 due to haste)

**Henry of Willowsbrook:****13 + 4****DEXTERITY SAVE (0)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**Marcus Veranius:****21 + -2****DEXTERITY SAVE (12)**
Marcus Veranius**Rictavio:****DEXTERITY**
*Rictavio*Ability: **19****Suldae Westwind:** marcus remove the extra thing

be it + or -

**Marcus Veranius:** (I've got a +2 on a -4)

(Bane)

(Marcus gets to roll with advantage cause of favored enemy though)

19 + 0**DEXTERITY SAVE (12)**
Marcus Veranius**Suldae Westwind:** (you have a +- in the formula im pretty sure thats wrong)**Amber Golem:****DEXTERITY**
*Amber Golem*Ability: **16**



Henry of Willowsbrook: (+- just means - anyway)



Kasimir Velikov does not even flinch as the wall of flames nearly reaches him.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Wait Gm everyone in my aura takes half damage)



Marcus Veranius: (MARCUS PASSES CAUSE HE'S IN HENRY'S COOL DUDE AURA!)

(Thats a +3)



Suldae Westwind: (also sorry for accidentally leaving advantage on, I passed with the first roll too)

In the midst of her darkness, the Raven Queen exerts her will upon the web of Memory.



The Raven Queen:

BROODING ON MURDER

As a bonus action, the Raven Queen can bestow a blessing on one target she can see within 60 feet of her. The target must succeed on a DC 20 Charisma save or take 4d6 psychic damage, and have advantage on the next attack roll they make until the end of their next turn. The target briefly experiences the memory of violently murdering someone, and immediately attacks the nearest living (not undead) target they can see as a reaction, be they friend or foe. If the target has no reaction available with which to attack, they repeat the saving throw at the beginning of their next turn. On a success, the effect is ended, and the memory fades. On a failure, the victim uses their full action to attack the nearest living thing.

GM: (Marcus, make a CHA save)



Marcus Veranius:

26 + 0 | 12 + 0

CHARISMA SAVE (7)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: (I AM HIGHLY GRATEFUL FOR THIS)

Marcus shakes off her power not because it is weak but because his soul is mighty and now unafraid.

Swift as lightning, then, and desperate, the Raven Queen swings her staff at the Amber Golem.

The Raven Queen:

DEMON STAFF (TWO HANDED) (~-
M87M42XCswGix1iuc6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D0_NPC_DMG)

Queen Ravenovia

Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d0_npc_dmg)

:

14



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how do you have +7 for cha saves? Marcus?)



Marcus Veranius: (My sheet seems to have it marked as proficient. But my charisma mod is +1. Hmm

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stands up

GM: (Was proficiency in CHA saves part of the dragon armor? I can't recall)



Suldae Westwind: (advantage was)

(thats for sure)



Marcus Veranius: (Oh shit, I coded Ring of Bondage as an item but forgot to remove it as a modifier)

GM: (Uh oh)

(Well, as long as you rolled over 20 you're good)



Marcus Veranius: (I don't think I've passed or failed a save by more than 2)

(Fixed)

GM: (So that last roll would have been right at 20?)

(Which is still a pass)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how much movement do I have left when I have 15 and use half to stand up? 7 right?)



Marcus Veranius: (22 on the fire save, 24 on the charisma save)

(Passing only because I'm standing next to the world's coolest dude)



Suldae Westwind: (heck yeah)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So what should I do now?" Henry asks "Hit her or ?"



Ireena Kolyana: "If she dies in this state, the Raven dies with her!"



Suldae Westwind: "Cast a spell or something?" Suldae suggests.

Henry feels an emerald glow of angry nature in his heart, and his hands begin to blaze with emerald fire.



Suldae Westwind: (Can Henry somehow help people behind him disengage?)

Henry hears a voice say, clearly: "Take back what she has stolen, my child. Rip the Raven from the Queen."

Henry realizes that those shadows look almost solid enough to grab...



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sure" Henry says hands grasping the shadows, which he decides not to think too hard about, and *pulls*

(what do i do?)

GM: (Make an athletics check)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (disadvantage because exhaustion)

24 + 1 | **15 + 1**

ATHLETICS (13)
Henry of Willowsbrook



The Raven Queen:

STRENGTH
Queen Ravenovia

Ability: 20

GM: (Brb one sec)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

Shield of Faith

Abjuration 1

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature of your choice within range

Components: V, S, M (A small parchment with a bit of holy text written on it)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

A shimmering field appears and surrounds a creature of your choice within range, granting it a +2 bonus to AC for the duration.

(...I was just trying to open the spell description on my sheet not cast it...for now)

GM: **5**

Between the might of Henry's muscles and the holy power of Sylvanus flowing in his veins, he is strong enough to rip the shadows from the Queen, tearing away a huge bundle of many-feathered darkness and stretching out a golden chain of light.



The Raven Queen: "NO!"

The darkness around the Queen fades as emerald flames burn all around her; she hangs there in the air, fully exposed and visible, her power mostly broken.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Now he is going to cast Shield of Faith on himself because that surely was an action

GM: (It was, yes)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Huh guess that worked, can we now kill her?" Henry asks light covering him in a small aegis like halo EoT



Ireena Kolyana: "Cut the chain, and yes!"



The Raven Queen:

DEMON STAFF
Queen Ravenovia

The Raven Queen makes one attack with her Demon Staff.

DEMON STAFF (TWO HANDED) (~-
M87M42XCswGIX1iUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D0_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia

Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d0_npc_dmg)

:

14

The Raven Queen takes a swing at him but it glances harmlessly off his aura of light, and she hisses horribly.



Kasimir Velikov:

26

Higher Level Cast

9

Force

120 ft

Magic Missile



Kasimir Velikov roars, unleashing a torrent of magical power. Ten darts of arcane energy fly from his palm and strike the Raven Queen, battering her heavily.



The Raven Queen:

DEMON STAFF (TWO HANDED) (~-
M87M42XCswGIX1iUC6j|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
M87MGZJYZ8ZRP0LS5D0_NPC_DMG)
Queen Ravenovia

Attack (~-
m87m42xcswgix1iuc6j|repeating_npcaction_-
m87mgzjyz8zrp0ls5d0_npc_dmg)

:

23



Henry of Willowsbrook: (AC 24)

The Raven Queen swings again at Henry, and her staff glances off his barrier yet again.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae focuses despite her waning strength, and the halo strikes at the chain.

22

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

15

Thunder

GONG! The halo rips right through the chain with effortless ease. A squawking of many ravens can be heard...



The Raven Queen: "NOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"



Ireena Kolyana: "NOW! BRING HER DOWN!"



Suldae Westwind: The halo rebounds towards the goddess(?)

18

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

19

Thunder

The lich and former goddess ducks under it, practically throwing herself prone to do so. It whizzes past, missing her by inches.

GM: (Does it hit the golem, so it can rebound?)



Suldae Westwind: (the chain tho?)

oh yeah

(hmm)



Marcus Veranius: (DO IT)



Suldae Westwind: "Sorry!" Suldae yells out, pretending her halo striking the golem is not deliberate.

CRACK! The Golem splits in half at the mid-torso, fractured beyond repair.



Amber Golem: "How... Could you...?"

He crumbles into several pieces.



Suldae Westwind: "I'M SORRY!" Suldae squeaks.

She honestly thought the golem could take it.

But the point of this was...

14

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

17

Thunder

(OH WOW)

GM: (Make a religion check)



Marcus Veranius: (I'm in actual pain)



Suldae Westwind:

28

RELIGION (13)
Suldae Westwind

The halo is about to miss, when...

The Halo zooms, the Queen ducks; the song changes. Suldae feels the song of the shadows and the song of the light, and with the tiniest act of faith she alters the song of the light so that it interferes with that shadow. Like a magic missile the Halo swerves sharply in the air and zooms through the neck of the Raven Queen and lands—slap! in Suldae's hand.

The Raven Queen gapes wordlessly for a moment or two.

Her head rolls backwards off her neck, and hits the ground behind her.

Her corpse falls over backwards, and smashes like a pillar of ash.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae lowers herself on her knees.

The golem...

The shadows squawk and wheel and fight and wrestle against their captors; the torn-asunder Raven god longs for freedom and reunion.



Suldae Westwind: She knows it guarded the temple.

She knows they had to trick it into helping.

Still.

This is a bit too much for her.

EoT



Marcus Veranius pats Suldae on the shoulder

The darkness fades, and light returns to the Temple.



Marcus Veranius: "We can rebuild him. We have the technology."

Somewhere, an amber sarcophagus crumbles.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Are we done?" Henry asks



Suldae Westwind: Suldae chuckles despite herself.



Ireena Kolyana: "I'm not sure... She's definitely dead. But we have to put the Raven back together now."


"I'm... Not entirely sure how we do that."




Suldae Westwind: "Right," Suldae forcibly pulls herself up.

She takes a step back and starts to play.


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry looks at his hands is he still holding anything from the Shadow stuff?


 **Suldae Westwind:** The melody is calm, but not slow. It is a song of spring waters breaking ice, of new life budding on winter-grey branches.


In his arms is a whirling mass of many-feathered shadow. He senses it watching him, observing him respectfully.


 **Suldae Westwind:** She stumbles further back, so as to not get in the way of anything the others might manage.

Ismark and Kasimir wrestle with similar blobs of whirling darkness.

 **Kasimir Velikov:** "The seal," Kasimir says. "It is how she was made, and it is how everything she did will be unmade."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Hey there uhm anything you wnanna add?" Henry asks his blob of shadow

 **Kasimir Velikov:** He approaches the seal solemnly, gripping the shadows in his hands.

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** Ismark joins him, and looks meaningfully to Henry.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry walks over aswell

The shadow says: "CAW!"


Shadows leap from the hands of Ismark, Kasimir, and Henry. They merge together directly above the seal, a roiling sphere of wings and shadow.


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "yeah i get that"

There is an explosion of darkness...

A moment later, a raven the size of a chariot stands on the seal, its emerald eyes gazing fiercely at the party.

It opens wide its massive beak and gives a single titanic "CAW!"

 **Suldae Westwind:** The halo is hovering next to Suldae. She feels a sense of justice done from it. The angel's death is not on them, it is on the being they just killed.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "...I'm way to tired for this" Henry says sitting down

The temple shakes; the stones grumble, the mountain shifts.

 **Suldae Westwind:** Her guilt will not dissipate this easily, but it is perhaps a first step.

 *Marcus Veranius dims the Sunsword out of respect*

CRACK! The seal splits from one end to the other.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Nevermind"

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae keeps playing.

It is the one tribute she has to offer.

The moment the seal splits, roots burst through it, rising fiercely into the chamber, budding, flowering instantly.

A tree of white flowers grows in seconds, rooted through the seal to the earth below. In its bark there is a strange patch of different wood, which suddenly springs open, revealing that the tree is hollow, and contains a spiral staircase leading downwards into gloom.

Three voices whisper through the chambers of the ancient temple. "Well done."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Correllon. Sylvanus. Marcus's first wife.

GM: (That was supposed to be description, not Ismark)



Ismark Kolyanovich slumps to his knees,



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I don't feel so good..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae feels her heart freeze in her chest.
She looks at Ireena, still playing.



Marcus Veranius doesn't recognize the voice. But it's oddly comforting.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry watches Ismark collapse an irritated growl forming in his throat
"No,nonono.NO! We won!" Henry walks over to him but addresses the Room "Do we have an hour?"



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir is at his side in moments.
Wordlessly, he holds his friend.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark burps.



Suldae Westwind: (how is Ireena reacting)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Oh, that's loads better."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena walks over and slaps him.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark gives a cheeky grin. "Sorry, but I really did feel that. Something about the Temple unrooting... It was a very dizzying feeling."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...I swear by all that is good and holy I would smack you if I weren't sure I could break stone with my bare hands right now"



Marcus Veranius smiles. "Well if you felt it then Strahd's likely felt it too. We've broken one of Barovia's greatest powers today."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes out in relief.



Marcus Veranius: "No more halls of temptation. No more buried tyrants."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark suddenly stiffens, staring wildly around.
"Do you hear that!?"



Suldae Westwind: She gently winds the song to a close.

It is not over, she is simply no longer playing it.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry listens



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir is stroking his back soothingly, mindlessly. He looks around, listening with his mutilated ears.

"I hear nothing."



Suldae Westwind: "...So... let's go see if the ravens are okay?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "There it is again!"

He looks around.

He looks at the party, and says: "It's calling me."

"The dragon..."



Marcus Veranius: "Argynvostholt. The revenant castle."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir raises an eyebrow quizzically and looks at Marcus.

"Another haunted castle?"



Marcus Veranius comments, reflecting on the revenant soldier they met



Ireena Kolyana: "It's technically a manor," says Ireena.



Marcus Veranius: "We encountered one of their soldiers while marching on the Winery."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I'm wanted there. I can't refuse the call."



Kasimir Velikov: "You're wanted *here* too."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I know. I'm sorry."

Ismark stands shakily, leaning on Kasimir.

"Will you all come with me?"



Marcus Veranius forces a Sending Stone into Ismark's hands.



Marcus Veranius: "We are all on the brink of death."

"We will follow as soon as we are able."



Suldae Westwind: "No, I say we go," Suldae says in a shaky voice.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "The journey is far, and it is within the safe territory. We won't make it in just one day."

"We have time to rest, I think..."

"But tell me, can none of you hear that infernal drum?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yeah I'm going to seleep for a week or so when we can"



Suldae Westwind: "...Yes. Just as long as we are not splitting up."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks down the spiral staircase of the tree.



Marcus Veranius: "We have to deliver the resources found here to Krezk."

"And this tunnel will lead there anyways."



Ireena Kolyana: "I'd say this is our way out."



Suldae Westwind: "I think we can rest here first."

"Find the ravens, see if they're fine... and rest here."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks around at the darkness of the dead temple. "Yes," she says at last. "I think we're safe here... For now."



Kasimir Velikov: "Unless Strahd is coming?"

Kasimir looks at Marcus meaningfully.

"I doubt that he will be forgiving about the murder of his mother."



Marcus Veranius: (WE NEED A WEEK FOR SULDAE TO READ THE BOOK. GM PLZ ;-;)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Hey, murder is a strong word!"



Marcus Veranius quickly senses for Strahd



Henry of Willowsbrook: (and atleast to longrests to get rid of exhaustion ...)

Marcus senses an incredibly powerful undead entity above the party, at the main door of the temple.



Marcus Veranius: "Yeah, Strahd's still waiting outside."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Tunnel, then?"



Marcus Veranius: "We need to go yesterday."



Ireena Kolyana: "Maybe we can ask Vasilka to seal the path behind us!"

"Hurry, hurry!"



Marcus Veranius starts preparing the crab mech and attached chariot for tunnel travel



Rictavio: Rictavio checks to make sure everything he can cram into his bag of holding is crammed into his bag of holding.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena kisses Suldae fiercely on the cheek. "You did good back there."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark and Kasimir are the first into the tunnel.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry lights his lantern and follows "Let's get out of here"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "The drumming... The drumming!"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Any way I can help, babe?" Ezmeralda asks, checking on Marcus.





Marcus Veranius: "Yes, take these levers."




Suldae Westwind: Suldae briefly hugs Ireena and unfreezes, running instead in the direction the ravens fled.

Marcus Veranius had Hiere brief him on how to move the crab mech. This shouldn't be too difficult


 **Suldae Westwind:** They're not leaving them here for Strahd.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry turns around and follows Suldae "what was that about splitting up?"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Marcus, the sending stones!"
"We have to make sure Urwin and his family got out!"

 **Marcus Veranius attempts to call his family**


 **Ezmerelda Veranius:** Ezmerelda takes the controls and very quickly gets the hang of it. "I've got this."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "URWIN! You're back at Vallaki, right?"


She leads the apparatus into the tunnels.

Urwin: "Yes! We are all here. We have called a meeting. What news do you bear?"


BOOM.


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Checking in. Call you right back, Strahd is angry."
"...er."

The sound of the doors of the temple falling flat to the earth seems to jolt the whole temple.


 **Strahd von Zarovich:** "Tatyana! You cannot hide from me! I would smell the sweat on your skin from a mile away."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "GROSS!"

 **Ireena Kolyana shouts: "Suldae, let's go!" and bolts down the stairs.**

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "And that's our cue to scram" Henry says "Vasilika please tell me you can hear me and that you can seal that tunnel shut behind us"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "STRAHD I SWEAR TO YOUR MUM WE DO NOT HAVE THE PATIENCE FOR YOU TODAY!"

 **Vasilka:** "I am ready on your mark," says Vasilka, very calmly.


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Liliet you here?)

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae runs back.

(sorry)

She is too exhausted to think straight, the remnants of the Raven Queen's power still weighing her down.

 **Marcus Veranius takes a few moments to yeet Golem Parts into the chariot on top of the other stuff. No man left behind**

 **Rictavio:** "Go, go, go! There's no time!"

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns and steps into the tree pushing the others ahead of him "All you Vasilika darling" He calls out descending the stairs "Seal it up"



Vasilka: "It is done."

Even as the party races down the spiral staircase, the tree begins to shrink once more into the earth. Behind you, the wood grows swiftly, sealing up the stairs you have left behind.

In moments, the entire party is deep underground, in a tunnel 20 feet wide and eight feet tall, which stretches on to the northwest seemingly forever in a perfectly straight line. The walls are lined with woven roots.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is leaning on Ireena, barely managing to move her legs in time.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena holds her tightly, panting herself.

"We made it," she says, half-laughing.

"We made it!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rudely gestures towards the temple and Strahd "So long asshole"



Ireena Kolyana: "You guys, we just killed a god!"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "The drums... The drums!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "More than one I think"



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir gently touches two fingers to Ismark's forehead, and Ismark slumps backwards, limp and unconscious.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae closes her eyes. It does not feel much like a victory. She is still... not sure they did the right thing.

It should, she knows it should.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir stoops and picks him up, seemingly without effort, and carries him, unconscious, onward.



Suldae Westwind: But she's too tired to really appreciate it.

And the golem's question is still ringing in her ears.

Suldae feels something—her Raven Spirit within her. It is looking at her, observing her with a newfound respect and adoration.

Marcus feels his own, as well, doing the same.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Do you... Do you feel that?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives her raven sister a mental hug.



Ireena Kolyana: "Yes... Yes I do."



Rictavio: "What are we feeling, now?"




Suldae Westwind: "The ravens," Suldae says.




Henry of Willowsbrook: "Unless it's a killer headache then no I don'T"


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I can't explain it."


 **Suldae Westwind:** In her exhausted mind she believes this is an explanation.


It is as though a darkness that has hung over the souls of the were ravens, half unnoticed, is now suddenly lifted. Where there was darkness, there is now light.


 **Marcus Veranius sighs, resting on the chariot of treasure loot. "I can. We're not kicked out of the family for ruining Mother's dinner party."**


 **Suldae Westwind:** It's nice to have some people approve of them. It's even better to have her god approve of her. She did notice that.
But... but.


 **Ezmerelda Veranius:** "We did the right thing."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Hey look, Suldae! Marcus brought the golem parts!"
"Maybe we can fix him?"
"Not right now, though."


 **Marcus Veranius:** "I've got an Iron Golem Manual that says we can do better than fix."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "All I want right now is a hot bath and a three-day nap."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "Nice," Suldae says, trying to convey all her gratitude in her voice.


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Oh I'm with you on that Ireena"


 **Suldae Westwind:** Horrible as that sounds, it's not about the golem. It's about her and what she did.
Oh, it's also about the golem, and she is happy. But...
The book feels like it's burning through her bag. Not literally, but...
She has things to figure out.

 **Vasilka:** "You have broken Strahd's hold upon the land," Vasilka says, to Henry only. "The fogs have lifted. Only the castle remains within his power."


 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae realizes that she is being an idiot.
She turns into a raven, and with a few flaps of wings comes to rest on the treasure.


 **Vasilka:** "He will retreat, unable to bear the sunlight."

 **Suldae Westwind:** No running for this little gal.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena says: "Oh damn, now there's a good idea." She does the same, joining Suldae on her perch.
Within seconds, she's asleep.

 **Suldae Westwind:** (THAT'S WHAT I WAS GOING TO TYPE LMAO)

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry relays what Vasilika shared with him

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae is also asleep within seconds.
Henry's words reach her already in a haze, and her dreams are full of dawns and bats and castles in a

confusing maze.



Marcus Veranius: "That's...."

"That's actually terrible news."



Marcus Veranius says with a serious expression



Rictavio: Incredulous, Rictavio says: "Dear boy, why? Surely that's the best news we've received since coming to this accursed land."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Marcus my dear friend can you please let us have five minutes before you murder the mood in a dark side alley again?"



Kasimir Velikov: "The beast is most desperate when it is cornered."

"Rahadin will be on the prowl."



Marcus Veranius: "The fog was keeping all of Barovia contained. Only Vistani in and out. Strahd may be locked to his castle, but not his influence."

"Who knows how many sellswords he can pull with tricks and guile."

"We can't assume this as a victory until Strahd is nailed to his coffin."



Kasimir Velikov: "I had not considered that," says Kasimir.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sighs looking at the markings on his armor



Kasimir Velikov: "We shall have to seal the border somehow, and block the roads."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "GUess the 5 minutes are over already"



Kasimir Velikov: "Not necessarily... If the forest is free, and on our side... Yorhash and Vasilka may be able to seal the borders for us."

"Strahd will be limited to the distance he can travel and return in a single night."



Marcus Veranius: "So at least Barovia won't be able to get out."



Kasimir Velikov: "And ordinary mercenaries will not be able to get in."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Okay how about we get out of the underground first maybe have a nap and then start planning again?"



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd was able to pull an entire ancient dragon in with boarder protection. I wouldn't put it past him to replace what horrors we've slain with more."



Kasimir Velikov: "To be honest, I am content to nap right here. There is something comforting about knowing several thousand tons of earth stand between us and that devil."



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"Kasimir, you are once again the smartest one in our party."



Kasimir Velikov: "Once we are out, we will have to be on our toes. Rahadin is a master of disguise."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "On that note where are we?" Henry looks around (at this point I would like to remind the GM that Henry speaks undercommon)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae and Ireena prove the wizest, already snoring away.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Not that I want anything to happen with that just saying this seems like the only situation where that could come up)

GM: (It is only 8 miles to Krezk, in the tunnel)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I mean sure we can Rest here" Henry says rubbing his eyes

GM: (At a normal pace, you could make it in 2.5 hours. At a fast pace, just 2 hours. At a slow pace, 4 hours.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "But Krezk isn't that far out"



Marcus Veranius: "Fuck it, I'm taking a nap before more monster moles ruin our day."



Kasimir Velikov: "I have little need of rest," says Kasimir. "I will keep the first watch."



Marcus Veranius attempts to sleep Dragon-Style on the hoard of treasure



Suldae Westwind: (Marcus is also a raven)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Thank you Kasimir you glorius Magic man" Henry exclaims getting ready for a very long nap



Suldae Westwind: (he can take a page out of Ireena and Suldae's book who are already being mini-dragons)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus is already a mini-dragon. He's a merchant)



Suldae Westwind: (you know thats valid)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (So Long rest? and not to be greedy but EXP for Queen Mean and the lean death beans?)

GM: (Yes, go ahead and take a long rest)
(How much XP do you need to get to your next level?)



Suldae Westwind: (why are we not using the milestone model again)



Henry of Willowsbrook: 120.000-118.768



Marcus Veranius: (GM has more fun with numbers)



Suldae Westwind: (...valid)

GM: (I have been told that players prefer to have the points. Personally I don't care either way)
(Boom, you all receive exactly enough XP to level up.)



Marcus Veranius: (I literally just copy whatever number Henry produces)



Suldae Westwind: (I like the numbers slightly better its true)

GM: (Actually, for the sake of fun, take 10,000 XP each.)



Suldae Westwind: (oh nice :3)



Marcus Veranius: (BIIIG NUMBERS! BIIG PRIZES!)

GM: (For the sake of fairness I will tally the XP from that fight and split it between the party members. If it is less than 10,000, you can take the 10,000 instead. If it is more than 10,000, well. You've earned it.)



Suldae Westwind: (this is clearly the best option)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so 10.000+our total or +the required exp for level 13
?)



Suldae Westwind: (we need less than 10 000 for 13)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I know but do we add 118.768 +10.000 or which would put us 8768 over level 13

GM: (Looks like 10,000 is the higher number, so take 10,000 XP flat, to put you 8768 over level 13.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (hey guys guess what Paladins get at Level 10!)
(A New Aura!)

GM: (Ooh, Aura of Courage)
(That will come in handy!)

The party rests peacefully. Several long hours later, Kasimir wakes you all.



Kasimir Velikov: (The party receives the benefit of a full long rest. All levels of exhaustion are removed.)

"I thought it prudent to continue moving," he says calmly. Henry realizes that he is lying on a floating disc of invisible magic, next to Rictavio. The Apparatus of Kwalish is walking steadily along, dragging the chariot and the newly-awakened Suldae, Ireena, Marcus, and Ezmerelda. Kasimir is still carrying Ismark's limp form in his arms. He walks and talks without looking back at you all.

"I believe we have arrived."



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling d10

(5)

= 5

A large staircase cut into the earth and bound with dense roots rises before you, leading up to a door.



Kasimir Velikov: "I have decided to keep Ismark unconscious, for the time being. It is somewhat taxing to do so, as his undead form does not require sleep. His spirit is deeply troubled."

"I believe he may feel better when we are more firmly under Vasilka's influence."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Man I feel much better now"



Marcus Veranius has determined, once again, that gold coins make a poor bedding material



Marcus Veranius: "Why do I keep doing this to myself..."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena resumes human form. "I feel like I've slept for years!"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Ow. Ow ow ow. Ow."

Ezmerelda sits up stiffly and pulls a huge, fist-sized diamond out from under her back.

"Hey, wait. I slept in Raven form."



Kasimir Velikov: "You transformed back in your sleep. I do not know why."

"Luckily, the apparatus had no trouble with the added weight. It is an ingeniously made little thing. Perhaps dwarven, I think. Do you know, I have never met a dwarf?"



Rictavio: "I haven't slept like that in ages."

Rictavio stretches luxuriously, seeming almost younger than before. There is a certain glow to his skin now.

He seems to be thinking about something, remembering something pleasant and unexpected.

He looks at everyone. "I've been a terrible ass for decades. I'm sorry that all of you had to deal with that."

"I..." he cannot meet Ezmerelda's eyes. "I was once, you see, a cleric of Pelor."

"Long, long ago."



Rictavio: "I had thought myself abandoned by him. Too long in the blood and gore of this accursed business; too long twisted by revenge."

"Too unworthy of his light."

He pauses, thinking deeply.

"I did not expect his mercy, and it saved us all."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Hey, you can't take all the credit."



Ireena Kolyana: "Yeah. It was the halo and the sword that finished her, and Henry's trick with the glowing hands."



Suldae Westwind: "Nah, Rictavio contributed too," Suldae joins in. "He performed far above my expectations in usefulness, truly."



Marcus Veranius: "Let's take it as a blessing. Maybe Barovia doesn't have to be forever damned anymore. And so too those within its borders."



Suldae Westwind: She is awake now, and sitting on the coins. Sleeping on them in RAVEN form was extremely comfortable.

Or maybe she was just that tired.



Marcus Veranius still won't test if he can walk into a temple without being burned alive though



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry gets of the disk and walks whilest stretching "No that we are out I can finally, conclusively say...Fuck That Temple"



Ireena Kolyana: "Yeah, fuck that temple."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Fuck that temple."

Kasimir Velikov: "Indeed, I must concur. Fuck that temple thoroughly."



Ismark Kolyanovich: (In his sleep): "Fuck that temple..."



Marcus Veranius: "Let the mountain snows bury it for good."



Rictavio: "In Pelor's name," mutters Rictavio, kissing his holy symbol.

The tunnel vibrates, the earth shakes. A rumble and a roar, like the sound of an avalanche precisely eight miles away, howls around you for a time.

Soon the earth grows still, and silent.



Marcus Veranius: "...but a landslide is just fine."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry approaches the door "You know I for one am starving so let's get out of the hole and get some food" he says as he pushes it open



Marcus Veranius takes a moment to see if he can still tap into his raven form, given the troubles everyone else was having. Not that anyone would notice under the Hat of Disguise; he hadn't left hybrid form for over a week now. It was just... too convenient.

The party emerges from a towering oak tree in the middle of Krezk.

Marcus feels his Raven watching him with reverent awe, ready to obey at a moment's thought.

He has no difficulty communing with it.

He knows at once why Ezmerelda's Raven form has failed her; the complex arrangement between Ezmerelda, the Raven Queen, and Marcus has been deemed unlawful.

Marcus feels the Raven extending something shining in its beak: his memories. All of them.

He senses also that the Ravens seek his opinion on Ezmerelda's inclusion into the family.



Suldae Westwind: (brb)

GM: (Does Marcus take his memories back?)



Marcus Veranius: ...



Baron Krezkov: "You're back!"

"Thank the gods! And you're all alive! And unharmed!"

"Incredible!"



Marcus Veranius trusts his merchant's intuition. He's never made a bad deal in his entire life. Whatever he gave up was worth what he has now.



Rictavio: "Not to toot our own horns, but I believe a massive feast is in order."



Baron Krezkov: "And you were successful in your mission? The Temple is cleansed?"

GM: (Oops, should be "The Temple is sealed against Strahd")

(IIRC, that was the original mission)

Marcus Veranius: "Err. Yes, but actually no."



Suldae Westwind: "...We definitely did something," Suldae smiles weakly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Lot's of property damage was involved some of it accidental"

Marcus's Raven keeps the shining memories, and takes Marcus's vote for Ezmerelda into account.



Vasilka: Vasilka comes gliding down the street towards you. The Baron cringes away slightly. All around her is a small army of beautiful hybrid creatures; werebeasts of all shapes and forms.

"Greetings, Henry. Greetings, all."

"You have done well."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry walks up to Vasilka and pulls her into a hug before picking her up and twirling her around

"Thank you" He murmurs in sylvan



Marcus Veranius: Oh! The abbey's made its way to town for a visit! That means they're at least somewhat accepted!

Good news all around!



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I was almost lost" he continues in sylvan



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is refreshed by sleep somewhat, yet somehow she still feels exhausted.

Still, a smile is splitting her face.

The sky is blue, and the sun is shining.

People - alive people - are around.

On the whole, in the last couple of days, they did good.



Vasilka: "It was my pleasure," murmurs Vasilka back, in Sylvan. To the rest, in Common, she says: "Your friend Joan has laid out a small feast just for you, up at the Abbey. I have invited Baron Krezkov and his wife, and Urwin and Danika Martikov. Is there anyone else who ought to be present at our war council?"



Marcus Veranius considers



Marcus Veranius: "There is still two allies we may call upon."

"Argynvostholt, though we have not met, may be partial to seeing Strahd's demise."

"There is also that wizard lurking about in the northern forests somewhere..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry puts her back down "I am starving!" he says



Vasilka: Vasilka giggles. "I am pleased to hear it, and so will Joan be."

Vasilka looks to Marcus. "The cry of the silver dragon pulls mightily upon Ismark. He could be your emissary to Argynvostholt without difficulty. In fact, he is there even now, in his dreams."

"As to the wizard..."

"Yorhish believes he has found the wizard's lair. When you are ready, it should be easy to find him."

"He is insane, and very deadly. You will need to be cautious. More cautious than you have ever been."



Marcus Veranius: Dream visits were quite common in this country. Marcus nods in understanding.

"...insane?"



Suldae Westwind: "...We might want a couple of days' rest first," Suldae says dreamily, clutching her book.

Somehow it made its way from the bag to her hands.

Suldae is not entirely aware how but she does know she was probably involved somehow.



Marcus Veranius *doesn't know whether to be shocked or smug. This is EXACTLY why he didn't want to go wizard hunting before their run for the Amber Temple*



Vasilka: "We believe that he has shielded his mind with a spell, to hide from Strahd and bide his time. Either that, or he has been cursed. His madness is an arcane affliction, intentionally placed upon him. I believe you may have what it takes to break his curse."

"And time is now, at last, on our side."

"We own Barovia; Sylvanus and Correllon and Pelor have reclaimed the land. Only Castle Ravenloft yet stands wrapped in mists and shadow. The curse has been pushed back, and will soon be extinguished. We have time to plan."

"I must warn you, however: the more time we give Strahd, the more he will fortify his position and scheme to dismantle ours."

"Come, I have arranged living quarters at the Abbey for each of you. I have perfected what the angel could not; his mongrelfolk are now werebeasts, and cured of their madness."

"They and the villagers have reached a meaningful peace."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Busy two days huh" Henry says beginning to walk towards the Abbey



Marcus Veranius: "Two days? Felt like two months almost."



Vasilka: "Indeed. Each hour you were away burned like a year inside my mind. I had to keep myself occupied."



Marcus Veranius *walks by the Baron, leaving a Driftglobe in his hand.*



Marcus Veranius: "Sorry for missing out on Junior's birthday."



Baron Krezkov: "Junior's... Birthday?"



Marcus Veranius: (We skipped the Baron's Son's birthday to go temple hunting)

(They had a party for us and we kinda bailed)

GM: (Sweet mother of damn, that was a long time ago)

(I'll take your word for it)



Baron Krezkov: "Oh! Think nothing of it! You had a whole world to save."

"And you had already saved *my* whole world. I cannot possibly owe you a greater debt of gratitude."



Marcus Veranius: "A child's birthday though! They don't understand the big stuff like we do. Not their job."

"Hopefully he likes it! Glows like the sun."



Baron Krezkov: The Baron takes the Driftglobe reverentially. "Thank you, Marcus! He will love it dearly."

Henry of Willowsbrook: As Henry makes his way up the hill he loses himself in his thoughts or rather in his memories. It had still hurt seeing it again, Rhiannon and Lorelei together but the hurt had changed. It was no longer the pain of a broken heart but rather the hurt of betrayal and the pain of distrust and deception.

'Why didn't they talk to me...I would have understood after some time sure but I...' He thinks to himself before pausing and with once again picturing his nominal wife.'Why is it only betrayal but no more heartbreak ?. Henry stops walking away from everyone else as the realization leaves him dumbfounded.

"I'm not *in* love with her anymore" He says out loud as if that would make this somehow less surprising.



Lilieth (Suldae): i believe i am actually here

When the party arrives at the Abbey, they find a great feast laid out for them in the main hall.

Joan: "Oh! Henry, you're back! And so is everyone else! No casualties, then?"

"What a relief!"

"Well, you'd better all have a seat, the goat is almost done."

Above the fire, on a large spit, a whole goat is roasting. The smell is incredible.

The table is already heavy with fare: fresh bread, roasted vegetables, two mountainous cakes, two roasted pigs, six roasted chickens, a huge platter of steamed crawfish and crabs, and several fish.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stands there, frozen between HUNGER and MANNERS



Vasilka: "Please," says Vasilka, gesturing to the feast. "This is all for you!"

She seats herself at one end of the table.



Marcus Veranius: :|

You note that Joan is aided by a young girl you have not seen before; one whose hair is oddly spidery.

GM: (brb)



Marcus Veranius still remembers the last banquet feast they had at Vasilika's house



Marcus Veranius isn't sure if he's grateful or scared...



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is waiting for everyone else to get seated. Some ingrained manners from her childhood insist that a proper lady does not eat much but she knows she's going to DEVOUR so somehow half-subconsciously she's trying to compensate for that?...

She sits down demurely and waits for everyone else to dig in first.



Zanshiken: (I have arrived)

GM: (back)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena seats herself. "Come on, Suldae!"

Without further ado, she pulls the nearest roast chicken to herself and prepares to dig in.

She hesitates, gives a small sigh, and grabs a fork and knife instead of tearing into it with her hands.

Suldae Westwind: Suldae *very daintily* loads her plate with a little bit of everything in sight



Kasimir Velikov: "Is there someplace Ismark could rest? He is still... Elsewhere."



Suldae Westwind: Laws of physics might or might not be getting violated with how exactly it fits on it.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Zzzzzzz...."



Vasilka: "I have made sleeping chambers for all of you, Kasimir. Come with me, I will show you where he is to rest."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a seat and immediately begins piling food on his plate "Joan you are the Lights Grace, I am tired and starving"

Joan beams.



Vasilka leads Kasimir (with Ismark in his arms) out of the chamber.



Vasilka: She returns a few moments later.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae waits for Kasimir to come back before everyone eats, because *manners* are *important*.



Vasilka: "Kasimir has requested to eat his food at Ismark's bedside. Marzena, can you bring him a plate?"

Marzena: "Right away, your majesty."

Marzena Belview departs with a platter heavily laden with food.



Suldae Westwind: "...I have a question."

Suldae stares at her back.



Vasilka:]

"Yes?"



Suldae Westwind: "Are we supposed to call you that?"



Vasilka laughs.



Vasilka: "No. I would prefer you to call me by my name."

"I cannot seem to shake the Belviews of the habit."

"Their gratitude is somewhat quaintly expressed."



Suldae Westwind: "So this is a new thing?"



Rictavio: Rictavio watches the exchange, his glasses flashing in the firelight.



Zanshukun: "Majesty? When did that happen" Henry asks around a mouthfull of food



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Oof, I'm starving."



Vasilka: "As I said, the Belviews are... How shall I express this? They are quite innocent."



Suldae Westwind: It's really nice to be surrounded with women who don't care about being dainty.

But the reflexes are too deeply ingrained.



Marcus Veranius: "I assume it was a similar situation with the old Abbot. We simply didn't stick around long enough to notice."



Ezmerelda Veranius begins to wolf down food, foregoing utensils completely.



Marcus Veranius: "Err, that is to say... the original man who built this place before you found it!"



Suldae Westwind: "...Is it really an "innocent" thing to majesty people?" Suldae wonders. "It feels kind of... 'nocent', as a thing, if you know what I mean"



Vasilka: "Yes, Marcus. That seems likely."

Vasilka blushes faintly at Suldae's remark.



Suldae Westwind: She picks up a fork and begins shoveling *very small* pieces of food into her mouth. Very quickly.



Vasilka: "Well, I use innocent because other terms might be unkind."

"They have lived in the abbey all their lives. They know little of the outside world."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs before returning to his impression of what some futre societys might call a combine harvester



Suldae Westwind: "...A very particular kind of innocent," Suldae murmurs.

"This is an *Abbey*. Just... why that address in specific? Where would they have picked it up?"



Vasilka: "I will be sending for a tutor from Vallaki at the first opportunity. I wish to educate them, and give them the best opportunities to thrive here."

"I believe they may have called the Abbot something similar, in their curious proto-language."



Suldae Westwind: She makes suer to chew and swallow everything in her mouth completely before she talks.

"Oh, oof."

Suldae considers saying something about the Abbott, but words wither on her lips.

He died, because they were careless.



Vasilka: "I do not wish to be cruel to the Abbot's memory. After all, he did create me."

"Still, it must be said: he was... Not a particularly good angel."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is eating slightly more slowly, in her guilt and grief.



Marcus Veranius shakes his head.



Marcus Veranius: "He was good. But Strahd was more cunning. Another reason to ensure his defeat."



Vasilka: "Agreed."



Marcus Veranius: "No more good men turned into playthings."



Vasilka: "I have already extended invitations to our war council to the Martikovs and to the Krezkovs, but no date has yet been set for it."

"I imagined you would want a few days to rest and regather your strength, or to seek out new allies."

"But yes. The time is soon coming when we must end the machinations of Strahd once and for all."



Marcus Veranius: "We secured a possible replacement for the artifacts Strahd has seized. It will take one week to prepare."

"He still has two within Castle Ravenloft, but we may have the equivalent of two with us."



Suldae Westwind: "Wait, what?" Suldae frowns. She hasn't been following this part.



Marcus Veranius turns to Suldae. "The book."



Marcus Veranius: "The one we duelled a baker's dozen dead gods to claim."



Vasilka: "A book? How fascinating!"



Suldae Westwind: "...It's not a replacement for anything," Suldae says.

Her hand automatically goes to her bag protectively.



Zanshukun: Henry takes a big swig of water "I'm still a bit sore from when the big asshole tried to turn me into scrapmetal" he adds in between now slower bites



Vasilka: "Are you uninjured?"



Suldae Westwind: The book is... powerful. It's powerful in the way books are, which is very different from the way swords are, though there might be overlap.



Marcus Veranius looks at Suldae with confusion

Joan: "You're not hurt, are you!?"



Suldae Westwind: "...A different book?"

Joan: "I can whip up a poultice! Get you out of that armor and salve up whatever horrible battle-scarring injuries you have, maybe?"



Suldae Westwind: "...Sorry, I'm a bit... distracted."



Marcus Veranius: "Well, either way. Unless we have a means of looting Strahd's vaults without breaching the rest of his castle. Book and Sword is all we have."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'm fine thank both of you for the concern" Henry says eyeing Joan and Vasilka "Magic and Miracles and all that good stuff. Does wonders for gaping flesh wounds not so much for sore muscles"

Joan: "A MASSAGE, THEN!?"

"I mean, a massage might be in order! For your sore muscles?"




Suldae Westwind: Suldae giggles.


Joan turns to the goat, blushing furiously.


Joan: "Oh, the goat is almost ready!"




Vasilka: Vasilka watches this exchange with a raised eyebrow. She turns to Marcus. "Alas, I do not think there are any secret entries to the castle that are likely to be unguarded now."


 **Suldae Westwind:** She's taught Ireena how to do massages, actually. They studied that at the temple.


 **Marcus Veranius frowns. "We had a chance to gamble the Amber Temple or a Castle Raid. We came out on top; that's all we can hope for."**


 **Suldae Westwind:** "...Yeah..." Suldae closes her eyes momentarily.
That was... a lot.

 **Vasilka:** "Let us save our strategizing for the war council. Today is a day of celebration and of peace."

Joan: "—and of food! Goat's ready!"


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry frowns before taking a breath and leaning back in his chair to look at Joan "You know what, I might just take you up on that." He says with a smile

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Good plan!" Suldae says after swallowing the next piece, gesturing at her with a fork.


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Sounds good to me."


 **Suldae Westwind:** *at Vasilika


Joan and Marzena work together to move the heavy cooked goat to the table.


 **Suldae Westwind:** Still, it's hard to find reserves of mirth in herself.

Joan realizes what Henry said, and the moment she drops the goat on the table, she seems to experience a dizzy spell.

 **Suldae Westwind:** They betrayed an ally. It was probably the right thing to do, but that didn't make the taste any less bloody in her mouth.

 **Marcus Veranius starts eating now that he's realised Joan did the cooking. No offense to Vasilika, he's made leather boots easier to chew than her roasts.**

 **Vasilka:** "I see you have brought many fine treasures from the temple, including what seems to be the parts of a golem?"


 **Suldae Westwind:** Food is helping take her mind off it, but...

Oh, yes. Also the golem.

That's a different kind of guilty she's feeling.


All in addition to the third, about the abbott.

She sneaks a glance at Ireena to see how she's feeling.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry looks at Joan with concern "Are you alright you seem a bit pale..er than usual"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena gives Suldae's hand a squeeze under the table.

She seems concentrated on the food at the moment, but she's still aware of the things running through Suldae's mind.

 **Suldae Westwind:** (maybe knee? Suldae's hands are holding a *fork and a knife* right now lol)

 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena gives her a little, encouraging smile. "Come on, eat. We'll need our strength."

Suldae Westwind: Suldae hardly needs the encouragement.



Marcus Veranius: "The golem was a servant of the Temple's gods. By technicality of its allegiances, it is sided with the revived Raven Queen and her flock."



Suldae Westwind: But now she's looking if Ireena is eating in turn.



Marcus Veranius: "We have the parts to rebuild it, but not the manpower."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena is, indeed, eating. *Really* eating.



Vasilka: "I shall set the Belviews to the task of reassembly. Once the pieces are rejoined, it should be a simple matter to re-animate the golem."

"Assuming that is what you desire?"



Marcus Veranius: "Yes. But actually no."

"We've also secured a manual that could be used to re-enforce it. That kind of firepower could be useful in breaching Castle Ravenloft's gates."

"Since we lack any practical siege weapons anyways."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena sends a silent *Message* to Suldae, right beside her. "We should talk later about... Everything."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry gestures for Joan and the girl to sit and eat "Come on you should eat before we devour all of your hardwork with out you"

Joan seems to have another dizzy spell at these words.

Joan seats herself and begins to eat.



Suldae Westwind: That is the most non-comforting thing Suldae has ever heard in any context, but she supposes it IS better than her NOT wanting to talk.

"Okay," she sends back.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena gives her knee another comforting squeeze, and another encouraging smile. "Not in a bad way," she whispers. "I just think you... You need to talk."



Suldae Westwind: "I need to read, I think," Suldae murmurs to her. "And..."

She's staring at her food.



Ireena Kolyana: "Eat."

"You need brain food, if you're planning to read that book."



Suldae Westwind: "...And I think I want to know how you feel, how you think about all of this."

Suldae has actually already emptied a plate-full, there's only still food on there because she keeps shoveling more on.



Ireena Kolyana: "I think, after a good night's sleep, I'll know that. Right now I don't."



Suldae Westwind: Magic is very energy-demanding.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Oh babe, these ribs are amazing. Here, you've got to try some."



Suldae Westwind: "...Sleep doesn't always help," Suldae murmurs.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "You're thin as a rail!"



Marcus Veranius: "!!!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nearly chokes on her food at the exchange.



Marcus Veranius: "I'm in a high-energy career! Can't build up proper fats in this line of work!"



Ireena Kolyana: "No..." mutters Ireena. "But we've been going for hours and hours. It's not healthy to wallow when you're already feeling weary."



Suldae Westwind: "We've slept, technically," Suldae murmurs.



Ireena Kolyana: "I mean real, proper sleep. On a bed."

"With you."

"Alone."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "nor muscles appraently" Henry comments in a stage whisper at Marcus response



Suldae Westwind: "...Good point," Suldae lowers her voice to where it's *definitely* below the point of everyone else's hearing.

She's a demure young lady, damnit.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Here, and have some cake, too."

"And the trout is good, too. Lots of healthy fats there."

"Joan, good spread!"



Suldae Westwind: "...Do you know what this book is?" Suldae takes her prize out of her bag, careful to wipe her hands on the napkins available first.

And to keep it away from the table.

GM: (Is that to Vasilka?)



Suldae Westwind: (no, to Ireena)

(for tone context, Suldae knows)



Marcus Veranius hesitates. This is a LOT more food than he's used to, and a lot more than he usually puts together...



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks at the book.



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe just one at a time..."



Suldae Westwind: She knows Ireena *just* said she's not up to talking right now, but... but she needs this.



Ireena Kolyana: "It seems like you think it might be... Answers."

"To things that have been bothering you for a long time."

"You're not used to how... Gray... Things are here."



Suldae Westwind: "...Honestly, I'm more hoping to find questions," Suldae murmurs.

"...I'm more comfortable with grey than... black and white."

"And that's how things feel."

"Stark white and charcoak black, not blended at all."



Ireena Kolyana: "Questions are good too," says Ireena, with a smile.

She stares into space for a moment or two.

With barely-contained anxiety in her voice, she says: "Do you think Ismark will be alright?"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Oh, and this goat is just *heavenly!*"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry noticing the mood next to him shifting into one a bit to serious for him at the moment moves to sit next to Joan for ...a potentially as serious conversation Godsdamnit



Suldae Westwind: Suldae frowns at her.

"...Ireena, I don't need a parrot. I want to talk to you, not the best mirror you can make of what you guess I'm thinking."

"You do know what the book is, I'm guessing?"



Marcus Veranius is in distress. This is WAY too much food...

Joan flushes bright red and concentrates on her food.



Ireena Kolyana: "Of course I do."

"It's fucking legendary. I'm glad you're the one who found it."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Babe, you're not eating!"



Suldae Westwind: "How do you know about it?" Suldae asks. "I don't really have a good picture of your... education, I suppose. I grew up learning at a temple, I don't have any idea how anyone else does that."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "By the time we face Strahd, I want our blood to be so rich he chokes on it."



Ireena Kolyana: "My father had an extensive library. I didn't have any friends, so..." She pokes at her food with a fork. "Books were my companions."

"That book you've got there is whispered of in countless stories. It's at the edge of great legends, hiding in the corners of history."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry slowly sits down next to Joan absentmindedly putting more food on his plate "Hey" He quietly says to her



Ireena Kolyana: "It makes me think this time I won't... You know. Forget. Lose everything and everyone."

"I don't want to reincarnate here, Suldae. Not ever again."

Joan: "He—HRK." Joan begins to speak, and accidentally sucks in a whole bite of rib.

Joan begins to turn purple. Her eyes bug, and she points frantically at her throat.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods.

"This place, it's... horrifying. I've spent my life studying stories, and they're rarely about places this... bleak. This stark. There's usually, indeed, grey. Knights who wish to earn their monarch's favor, beasts that are just... hungry."

"Things are mundane most of the time, even when they are legendary afterwards."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry helps dislodge the bite and hands her a cup of water after



Suldae Westwind: "They're made of... mundane building blocks."



Marcus Veranius stares at Joan with fear. That's going to be him if this feast keeps up...



Suldae Westwind: "But Barovia manages to build its mundanity out of blood and bone and horror."

"The other way around."

Joan: "Thank you," says Joan, choking down water hastily.



Suldae Westwind: "I have no idea what it's like to grow up here - even, even once."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena nods.

"I'm kind of glad I've forgotten most of it."

"But sometimes, when I dream, it's..."

"People I don't remember knowing. People I don't remember *being*."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "See Marcus. Like that. That's what I want Strahd to do, if he ever drinks from you."

"Now eat up!"



Marcus Veranius: "Ez I'm already full... please..."



Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezmerelda kisses Marcus on the cheek. "Alright babe. I've got *years* to fatten you up, so have no fear."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods.

"...I feel like this sort of thing should be comforting, you know? It's - it's supposed to be," she talks quickly, before Ireena can take her words the wrong way. "It's supposed to feel good and - and open, to have memories of people you've never been, to have *more*..."

She closes her eyes. This is something very close to her heart. Stories are, at their heart, about being people you've never been, for just the length of listening, and they're the heart of her calling. How she'd been drawn to Correllon in the first place.

"...It's one of the worst of Barovia's violations, that it manages to make it into a trap instead."



Marcus Veranius sighs in relief



Suldae Westwind: She's not done speaking yet.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena listens intently, even pausing in her eating.

Joan: "I'm glad you're back," says Joan, quietly enough that only Henry can hear her.



Rictavio: Rictavio watches the exchange between Marcus and Ezmerelda with a silent smile. He glances at Vasilka, who returns his look quite seriously.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry waits for her to calm down...as much as she is able to too for now atleast before continuing "I-.." He clears his throat "Joan first of I want to say that I am well not blind enough to miss the you feel about me" he says blushing

Joan seems almost ready to choke again.

Joan: "Wait! Please, don't say any more."

"Here, have a biscuit."

"I know I'm not a hero or an adventurer like you. I know I'm just a cook, I know I'm not someone that someone like you could ever... Look at seriously."

"That's ok though. I'm content to walk in your shadow, and keep you fed."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes her hand holding the biscuit and holds it for a moment

Joan: "Just as long as I know you're safe."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Joan please let me finish" He says

Joan stuffs a piece of cake into his mouth.

Joan: "Oh, look at the time! I'd better start clearing the table!"

Joan leaps to her feet and starts snatching empty plates.



Ireena Kolyana: "Go on, Suldae," says Ireena. She seems to be containing strong emotion.



Henry of Willowsbrook: She tries as Henry holds her hand in the worlds most gentel vice grip



Ireena Kolyana: "You haven't been wrong yet."



Henry of Willowsbrook: gentle

Joan , defeated, sits back down.

Joan: "Ok. What did you want to say?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I am married" Henry says raising his free hand to signal her to wait before she can cut in "It's a ... short and honestly quite simple story but an even more painful one for it but I... there is...I don't love my wife like this" He feels the pangs of betrayl crushing his heart even approaching the topic.



Rictavio: Rictavio leans across to Marcus and whispers: "Get a dog."

He winks meaningfully.

Joan: "Oh... You're... Married?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "On paper"

Joan: Joan blinks several times and stares into space, sitting quite still.

"Well, that's good, I suppose."

Joan startles suddenly, and looks at Henry, her eyes huge and round.

Joan: "Wait..."

"Vasilka? You love Vasilka?"



Marcus Veranius nods to Rictavio's suggestion. May be a worthwhile investment



Suldae Westwind: "...I went traveling because I'm supposed to, because it's part of my... profession, I suppose. I've known I would eventually ever since I first decided to really join the temple - and, and it's been part of the reason I *did* decide," Suldae continues quietly.

"I'm a half-elf, as you might have noticed," she goes quiet for a second, but raises her hand to stop any response yet. "I grew up among humans. I don't know if there's any part of what happened to you that's similar, except this: I would have given many, many things to not be confined to the place I was born."

She closes her eyes.

"What happened to you, it's like... it's like a perverse nightmare mirror of..."

She trails off, unsure if she even is correct about what she thinks Ireena feels.

Joan: Joan seems almost to want that to be the case; it would be less terrifying. At the same time there is hope burning in her eyes.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena turns, staring into space again. In a carefully-constrained monotone, she says: "I've never known any other way of life. I guess I don't think about it that much. It makes it easier."

"But now, with... With the fog gone..."

She looks at Suldae, and there is a flicker of fear in her eyes, but there is also a kind of fire.

"We could leave, Suldae."

"We could both leave."

"Have you thought about that at all?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Nothing says we have to be the ones to... To face him."

There is a burning question there; and Ireena twists her rings and fingers while she waits for the response.



Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezmerelda, watching all these huddled and secretive conversations unfold, smiles at Marcus with her cheeks full of food.



Vasilka: Vasilka, at the end of the table, sits with her fingers steepled, watching the party over her fingertips.



Rictavio: "Good spread, Joan."

Rictavio seems oblivious to the happenings at the table, and concentrated entirely upon his dinner.



Marcus Veranius nods every now and then, feeling somewhat guilty for not having any moral quandaries at the current moment. He just got married a few day's ago; everything's great!



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stares at Ireena, gripped with the realization.

What's she doing, dragging her into this?

Why hasn't she paid attention to this question?

Ireena didn't bring this up before, of course she didn't, this - this Suldae understands.

Could her herself have done better?

Can she do better still?



Suldae Westwind: ...

Suldae looks at her, the young woman she's been determined to not let Strahd have ever since she first met her, and at her lover and friend.

"...You don't have to, Ireena," she says quietly. She doesn't know how Ireena will react, how she'd want to react, so it's her job to leave all the doors open. "It's not your fight to fight, it was never supposed to be, it's so *unfair* that you ever had to."

She looks down, unable to focus on what she wants to say while looking at her.

"...But I, I, I won't leave. I've wanted to see this through with you, to leave afterwards, together, when Strahd is dead, but -" she looks up again, "I'm not that selfish. And it's not as though we couldn't find each other anew, afterwards. I could tell you where my father lives, give you a letter. You *can* leave, Ireena, you're right, and I'm awful for not thinking about this earlier," she hiccups slightly.

"You can. I won't, but you can."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry's eyes go wide as he suppresses the urge to shout "What? No! She is like a sister! A terrifyingly powerful literal force of nature type of sister" Henry says "Joan I really really like and appreciate you" Henry twitches realizing how much like a rejection that sounds "What I'm trying and failing to say is made heart was shattered and maimed almost beyond repair but I think it's healing kinda so maybe we could take it slow if you are fine with committing adultery with me..." He says rapidly voice going quieter as his face grows redder



Suldae Westwind: Suldae puts all the persuasion she has into that "you can".

She wants Ireena to understand that she means it, even if the thought is new.



Henry of Willowsbrook: *my heart (how did my turn into made)



Suldae Westwind: (no idea but it's surprisingly easy to understand from context)

Joan: "I... I like that."

"I mean, not the adultery part, so much, but..."

Joan beams.

Joan: "But... Yeah."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena stares into the distance, sitting absolutely still.

"Yes... I suppose I could... Leave..."

She stares down at her food.

She picks at it with her fork.



Suldae Westwind: "Ireena, you can, it's *possible*," Suldae whispers, now forcing an actual excitement into her perspective, even if it's slightly hysterical.



Ireena Kolyana: Suddenly, she throws down her fork with a clatter, and turns to Suldae, flush with rage. "No, dammit! I'm not leaving without you. We started this together and we're going to finish it together."

"And there's Ismark, too. I can't leave until... Until..."

She leaps to her feet abruptly, knocking over her chair, and flees the chamber.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks after her.

Oh, yeah, Ismark.

She's been... doing so much not-thinking-about-that.

She looks at her food, then stands up and follows.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods chocked with emotion "Good" He croaks out



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Well," says Ezmerelda.

"That was... Abrupt. Should we check on her?"

Joan: "What was abrupt?"



Marcus Veranius shakes his head with a frown

Joan: Joan turns to look, and realizes who has left the table. "Oh."

"I'm sure she's *fine*. And Suldae's gone after her."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks back at them and quickly shakes her head, as she's still at the door.



Marcus Veranius: "We can't possibly imagine the chains Ireena has with all this repeating history."



Suldae Westwind: (Can she follow Ireena, or does she have to guess where she went / look for her?)



Marcus Veranius: "If anyone can, it's the bard who's read countless lifetimes of stories."



Rictavio: "To have come so far—so much farther than ever before... It must make things just that much harder."

Suldae easily catches up to Ireena, and finds her in the courtyard, pacing aimlessly.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena is not crying, but she has a shell-shocked, automatic look to her, and her eyes seem to stare beyond the walls of the world.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks after Ireena and Suldae with a concerned look "I hope they are okay"

Joan: "I'm sure they're going to be just fine."



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh. Hello, Suldae."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes to a stop to the side and behind her, waiting for Ireena to notice her.

"Hello," she says quietly, unsure of what to say.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena's voice is frighteningly even and controlled. "You didn't have to follow me. I'm fine."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pats Joan's hand once before going back to eating "This really is a wonderful spread" he says quietly

Joan beams again.



Suldae Westwind: "Yes, I'm very sure that you're *very* fine, with your brother actually dead and only walking around in a possibly very temporary fashion," Suldae's voice turns venomous. *This* one she's not afraid of hurting Ireena's feelings on. Even if she does hurt them, that's a wound that deserves to be lanced.

"I was so scared when he fell over earlier," she adds after a second, more quietly.

If Ireena won't talk about her own fears first, she's not averse to making the first move.



Ireena Kolyana: "So was I," says Ireena. She does not seem affected by what Suldae said. She stares into the distance, picking at her lip.

Joan: "So... How come you never got divorced?"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "So what are we going to do with the golem?" Ezmerelda asks Marcus.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes up to her and hugs her from behind, standing on her toes to do so, placing her forehead against Ireena's back.

"It's scary. The situation is... objectively terrifying. Between Strahd and Ismark and everything," her voice is both clinical and emotional.



Ireena Kolyana: "Mhmm..."



Suldae Westwind: "There's, like... you know, when bards are taught, we are taught to recognize when things are objectively fucked up so we can treat it appropriately in the telling."

"So it's as an expert that I'm telling you that this is all fucked up and horrifying."

"If I said otherwise in class my teacher would use me for an object lesson in mockery."

"It's as official as it gets, that it's horrible."



Marcus Veranius rubs the back of his head. Reconstructing the golem was fine on paper, but in practice...



Marcus Veranius: "The baron's wife is magically-inclined. She ought to be able to use the Golem Manual."

"We CAN rebuild it. Not quite sure how to keep it from being mad at us though."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena breaks away from the embrace and turns around to face Suldae. There is a sternness and an anger in her face, but under it there is terror, and grief, and anxiety. "I have to face this. All of it. Every day. But you shouldn't have to. You're not a warrior, Suldae. You're just a storyteller. If you don't survive, neither does the tale. I think you should leave Barovia."

(make an Insight check)



Suldae Westwind:

15

INSIGHT (7)
Suldae Westwind



Ireena Kolyana:

6

DECEPTION (3)

(She's lying. Badly. She desperately wants Suldae to stay, but she's scared of what Strahd may do to her.)



Rictavio: "In my experience, golems tend to have a duty to their maker that supersedes any emotion they may 'feel'."

"But then again, the golems I have faced have usually been of flesh, or of metal. This creature may be different. For one thing, it can speak."

Vasilka: "That would seem to suggest to me that it has been imbued with something resembling a soul."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stares at her. Well, at least Ireena's finally talking to her. Better the exact opposite of what she thinks than nothing at all.

"I'm not *just* a storyteller," she says quietly and pauses. She finds a place to sit, because this deserves to be expanded as a thought.

"I'm a person. Everyone's a person. It's a trick that bards have to learn, how to be a character in your own story."

"Because no matter how badly you try to pretend to be above it, just the teller, when the story's happening you're part of it."



Ireena Kolyana: "Where are you going with this?"

Ireena crosses her arms as though to defend herself from the words.



Suldae Westwind: She blinks and looks at Ireena, almost surprised.

"It doesn't *matter* what the story will be, if it'll even be told later. Maybe I'll die and we'll all die and no-one will ever know."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena turns away, swallowing tightly.

"I'll know."

"In my dreams, I'll know."



Suldae Westwind: It's strange, how easy it is to imagine, to think about it. So many stories were lost, only reconstructed later from historians' effort.

"Maybe we'll win though, and you won't," Suldae says quietly.



Ireena Kolyana: "He's won every time, Suldae."

"Every. Time."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I married her so she could stay at my families farm with ...my sister without anyone being to suspicious" Henry says "We were already engaged so it was convinient. And since I was officially in chare after marrying none of my extended familiy could gainsay it when I appointed my sister to run things while I left to be a mercenary" He takes a sip of water thinking of his his kind but greedy familiy, Gods he even began to miss that lot', "She always had a better had for the buisness than me anyway"



Marcus Veranius tilts his head. "Objects can be bound with souls?"



Suldae Westwind: "Everyone survives every time until they die, Ireena," Suldae counters. "Precedent is meaningless."

"Some things only *can* happen once. This one hasn't happened yet."



Marcus Veranius: "Like, without god-mother shenanigans?"



Suldae Westwind: "He hasn't yet lost. That doesn't mean he's invincible any more than me being still alive means I'm immortal."



Ireena Kolyana: "And when it does, I lose Ismark. Again. Forever."

"Even if we win, we lose."

With a sudden shout of rage, she unleashes a blast of unconstrained, unshaped magic. It ripples into

the sky in an eruption of prismatic color.

"I just wish..."

"Fuck, I don't know what I wish. I wish I had been born someone else."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sits quietly, with her head tilted back.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (do we see the sudden light show btw?)



Suldae Westwind: "Do not take this as a negative comment on your person in any way, but I could have guessed that," she murmurs.

"...There might be a way, for him."

"We're dealing with the stuff of gods and angels, Ireena, and while there's *usually* no cure for death, well," she shrugs.

"He's doing a pretty good job *so far*."

"And..."

Suldae closes her eyes. This one is making her dizzy to think about, but...



Suldae Westwind: "I'm a *cleric*, Ireena. If I manage to push this far enough..."

"...I'd probably die long before I succeeded, but I wasn't *planning* on *not* spending my life doing things in my god's name."

"It wouldn't exactly be out of my way, to try to eventually become someone who can bring people back from the dead."

GM: (Yes, the lightshow is visible from the windows)



Suldae Westwind: "And I'm pretty sure it's the sort of thing I'm damn well allowed to be selfish about."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena stares at Suldae, her face hard, her eyes searching.

"My god, you're serious."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stares back.

She very much means it.



Ireena Kolyana: "You'd do that for me? Walk right into the hells? Punch a devil in the face for Ismark's soul?"



Suldae Westwind: "Ireena, you've *met* me. What have I been doing this past month?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena, in spite of herself, laughs.

She gives Suldae a very sudden, very warm embrace.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae grips her closely.



Ireena Kolyana: "You're crazy, you know that, right?"

"But don't stop."

"Don't ever stop being crazy."



Zanshuken: Henry points out the window just after the lights subside "Should we be concerned? Because I'm feeling very concerned right now"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae buries her face in Ireena's shoulder.

"That's the kind of crazy I want to be. The kind people don't want me to stop being."



Vasilka: Vasilka blinks slowly.

"No, I sense no disturbance. We are safe for now."



Suldae Westwind: She doesn't want to keep Ireena forever at her side. But she *does* want to keep her forever in another sense. As her friend. As someone who's important to her. Her and her brother both.



Vasilka: "There is another matter we must attend to, one I have hesitated to bring up before the others, and one that we must raise cautiously and wisely in the war council."

"Rahadin."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena chuckles a little wetly. She breaks the embrace to dry her eyes.



Marcus Veranius rolls his eyes in frustration.



Marcus Veranius: "You know, I was hoping he'd save us the trouble of hunting him down by crashing my wedding."



Ireena Kolyana: "Right, we should... We should go back. Check on Ismark first, maybe... Then go back and... Apologize for my behavior."



Marcus Veranius: "No luck on my part. He just let the happiest day of my life slide without a hitch."



Rictavio: "As to the other question; souls and inanimate objects. The answer is 'yes.'"



Vasilka: "Rahadin has not been sighted for some time. This is very troubling."

"It is possible he may have already infiltrated key zones. He is not undead, so the protections against him are limited."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae snorts and pulls her down with her.

"Ismark has Kasimir looking after him, and there's absolutely nothing wrong with your *behavior*. If you want to finish your food and check on him anyway that's fair, but... Can I be selfish for a couple of minutes here? Please?"

Her tone descends into almost-pleading.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena nods, smiling. "Of course."



Marcus Veranius: "You think it'd be easy to spot someone who supposedly has dead men screaming around his person?"



Ireena Kolyana: She sits down on the edge of the well.



Suldae Westwind: (Which is totally where Suldae has been sitting all along also,, right?)



Vasilka: "Indeed," says Vasilka.



Marcus Veranius: "Someone has the souls of the dead wailing when they approach? Don't let them in past the checkpoint. Can it not be that simple?"

GM: (Re: the well for a bench: yes)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Rahadin" Henry says "everytime he comes he irks me"



Suldae Westwind: (ty)

Ah, there's her totally-made-of-steel girlfriend back again. Suldae does love her so, especially when they've actually talked some of this through.

Her turn, though.



Vasilka: "Well, we can certainly hope that it is. It may be that he can conceal the effect."

"If not, then we have nothing to fear; he can easily be detected."



Marcus Veranius frowns. "He wouldn't be Strahd's best assassin if he was easy to spot."



Vasilka: "The fact that he has not confronted you directly in all this time is *not* a comforting one."

"It indicates to me that he has indirect plans for a confrontation."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to Vasilika "This Rahadin how does he look like?"



Vasilka: "Most of the time, he appears to be an ordinary high elf. He wears his hair quite long, and is often garbed as a simple servant."

"He has been Strahd's companion for many centuries, and he has slaughtered untold thousands."

"The fate of the Dusk elves of Vallaki was entirely his doing."



Suldae Westwind: "I brought the book up, earlier," she says and pulls it out again, carefully. "I haven't opened it yet. What's a guess you would take as to what's inside? What do you expect it to say about what we've done today? All the things?" She swishes her hand around her. Some of what they've done was in and about the abbey.

Her movements are slightly faster than usual, more twitchy, her voice in a storyteller's cadence more than her usual expressiveness, at odds with what she's actually saying..



Marcus Veranius checks his ledger for a moment, realizing his entry for Rahadin is just a scribble of a cat.



Marcus Veranius: "...bah, wish I knew that before I filled in the box."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks at Suldae shrewdly.

"I think, whatever I guess, it will be wrong. If this book is what it is supposed to be, then... There's no telling what secrets it might contain."

"If there were, we wouldn't need the book."

"I think you're nervous about what you might learn from it."

"And I think you have nothing to fear there."

"There's no one more worthy of it."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae listens, with her eyes half-closed.

"...but what if..." she trails off.



Ireena Kolyana: "No what if's."

"Just read the damn thing."


Ireena smiles.

"And don't be afraid. Whatever is in there, it's meant for someone just like you."





Marcus Veranius: "Speaking of missing persons. Do you know if Izek Stranzi has been spotted anywhere as of late?"


Joan: "Thank you, Henry. For telling me. So your sister was of the... Sapphic persuasion?"


 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae nods, then breathes in.


"I don't think you understand, not quite," she says quickly. "You're not a cleric, right?"


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "No, that's true. I'm not a cleric."


 **Sulda Westwind:** She's... at this point, that's genuinely a question. Ireena's a more plausible secret one than Rictavio.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I know we aren't quite friends, but I'd rather like to steer clear with his Ireena hunt still active."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I can't understand the connection you have with Correllon. But I know that he wouldn't have chosen you if he didn't think you were worthy of him."


 **Vasilka:** "Izek has been sighted in the northern forests, wandering in the mountain foothills."
"The woodland creatures tell me that he is deeply troubled. His monstrous arm has... Spread."
"It may be that he seeks the Mad Mage of Mount Baratok, in hopes of a cure."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Long haired elf in servants clothing" Henry repeats something working it's way to the front of his mind, a memory. "Scar on his neck like someone had tried to open it?" Henry says standing up his hand trembling with building anger


 **Vasilka:** Vasilka nods serenely. "Yes. That is Rahadin. You have met him?"


 **Marcus Veranius:** Oh good. The very mage they were considering recruiting. How quaint.

 **Sulda Westwind:** "That's the opposite of what I'm thinking," Suldae murmurs.
"It's not actually gods who choose their followers."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Oh? It's not?"
"Well, my books have always been on the older side. Maybe it was the prevailing theory of a bygone era."
"So you chose Correllon, then?"
"But he still deems you worthy, right?"
"Otherwise, he wouldn't grant you power?"
"I'm a bit fuzzy on how clerical magic works, to be honest."

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Well, clearly yes," Suldae says, her voice giving a worried tremor. "Which has all kinds of implications, considering the kind of thing I'm thinking right now, and what kind of thing I'm thinking about this book," she brushes its surface carefully, then packs it back into the bag gently.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry almost slams the table with his full might barely stopping himself from reducing it to firewood "MET HIM? THAT BASTARD IS THE REASON WE CAME HERE!" He shouts "HE HIRED US! LEADING US INTO THAT AMBUSH LIKE LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTER!" Henry stands up and begins to pace

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "When you cast, I can feel the Weave moving. But sometimes there's
"Oh. I see... Well, I think I see. You're worried that you might not be worthy of the book?"
"To be honest, I'm not sure what about it gives you such anxiety. It's just a book. Magical or not, it exists to be read."

"You're not *evil*, so it won't hurt you—even if the legends are true."



Vasilka: "Calm yourself, Henry. There will be a time for this rage."



Suldae Westwind: "Ireena, no," Suldae says, exasperated.

"That's not what my worry is."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I saw him talk with the captain a couple times before he even announced we were taking this job" Henry says voice strained "I Knew it sounded to good but the others"



Vasilka: "We must consider how best to lay traps for Rahadin. If we do nothing, if we wait? He will come upon us when the moment is right for him, and we will be taken unawares."



Suldae Westwind: "Even if the book didn't want me, I'd..."

She trails off. "This is the thing, and... okay, listen, okay?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena sits back, a little exasperated, but listening.



Marcus Veranius quiets at Henry's uproar, slowly ducking under the table

Joan fans herself with a napkin, watching Henry, her cheeks a little flushed.



Marcus Veranius has seen this man punch through a house when angry. He is NOT taking chances.



Suldae Westwind: "I've been asking questions to Correllon and receiving answers for... years now," Suldae closes her eyes. "It was only faint at first, just a confirmation that I really was his. Then clearer, clearer still in Barovia, and then he gave me help as well."

"I do not doubt his favor," this still feels heretical to say, but it's also *obvious* and she had to say it out loud sometime.

"...He's not always had answers, though."

"And even when he did, I..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry freezes in his pacing turning to face the others "I am going kill him" Henry says sounding like he was noting the sky was blue



Suldae Westwind: "...I know he wanted me to... he wanted us to... kill the Raven Queen."

"I have that answer."

"But I don't have the answer as to whether that was the right thing to do, because it's not the same thing."



Marcus Veranius: "If it's any consolation, I think he's the only objecting party."

Joan giggles manically and stops herself by taking a drink.

Joan: "Goodness, he'd better be terrified of you."



Suldae Westwind: "...Ireena, if I open the book and read it and the book disagrees with what I've thought, what if I think it's the book that's wrong?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena raises an eyebrow.

"You're talking about fallibility?"

"The idea that even the gods can be wrong about the nature of good and evil?"

"If this artifact is what it's supposed to be, then... Even that would be a way of forcing you to come to grips with what is really, truly right. In the end, the book would have served its purpose."



Suldae Westwind: "...fallibility means these things don't always work right, Ireena."



Ireena Kolyana: "The fact that you would have the integrity to disagree with it would be a point in your favor, right?"



Suldae Westwind: "What if I decide that the book is wrong *and* I'm wrong?"



Ireena Kolyana: "That there are no answers?"

"I see.. That's a terrifying thought."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nestles closer to her girlfriend, grateful.



Ireena Kolyana: "But if it leads you to seek out the truth, and the correct answer... Then isn't the book doing exactly what it's supposed to?" Ireena wraps an arm around Suldae as she says this.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae presses to her, enjoying being small next to her, enjoying the comfort she can take in her presence.

"It's not about the book, Ireena. That's just..."

She pauses. The thing she's about to say also feels like blasphemy, and also like something she has to say, because it's obvious and the truth, and telling the truth is what bards of Correllon *do*.

"...It's just a book. It does its job when people read it, but it's not the fucking book that's going to... fight Strahd, whatever I'm going to do afterwards."

"...And I don't think I believe that the book is infallible in that-"



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, Correllon isn't fighting Strahd either."



Suldae Westwind: "In that it always works."



Ireena Kolyana: "But he's being supportive, right?"



Suldae Westwind: "Oh, see, now you're following."



Ireena Kolyana: "So the book will do what it can to be supportive, too. I guess?"



Suldae Westwind: "Yeah, he is, and the fact that I knew he's supportive in situations like this is kind of why I'd chosen to join his clergy, way back when."

"Oh, that's a good way of putting it."


...That actually does make Suldae feel better. She's got a book in her corner!




Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shakes his head slightly "This isn't about justice even if killing him will no doubt be just. No. I will kill him for because he killed my comrades. Because he brought me into this hell. Because *He* made me wish as I was bleeding out on that field that night, that they would kill me to" Henry's hand drifts to his sword the one brought with him, plain steel now silvered and engarved. "I'll kill him because I hate him"



Ireena Kolyana: "Books were my companions, growing up. They were the only friends I had, other than Ismark, and he was... Well, he was a hair-puller and a doll-stealer."

 **Sulda Westwind:** Books make *excellent* allies, and suddenly instead of feeling like she's standing on a mountain peak buffeted by winds, she feels like she's sitting in a library nook with a light. Much better.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "But books can be good friends, if you let them."

Henry feels a shadow creep across his soul.

A familiar shadow...

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Yeah," Suldae closes her eyes.

"I... thank you. This really helped, actually."

Just as quickly as it came, the feeling passes.



Marcus Veranius remains semi-under the table in fear



Vasilka: "Now. Traps? How does one trap a shape-shifting immortal wizard assassin?"



Marcus Veranius: "He probably shouldn't have out-sourced the burial. Nothing stays in their coffins in this country."



Vasilka: "We must assume that he will attempt to infiltrate key holdings, and destabilize important regions."



Sulda Westwind: "I never had siblings."



Vasilka: "We must assume that any ally we cannot verify may have been replaced."

"It is just possible he may even be able to pose as a Wereraven, if his magic is strong enough."



Sulda Westwind: "Well, I suspect I might on my mother's side, but I never met her - since I was born, I suppose, so I *functionally* never had siblings. Nor... not friends."



Vasilka: "Does this change how we approach the War Council?"



Sulda Westwind: "Friendly acquaintances, plenty."

"But only teachers and books, for friends."



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, I'm glad that's changed."

Ireena smiles, and squeezes Suldae a little.



Sulda Westwind: "...Oh, me too."

Suldae snuggles even closer, somehow.



Marcus Veranius shakes his head. "He can look the part maybe, but he probably can't pass the Knife Test. Let's assume the Wereravens can be proven easy enough."

Joan gets the joke about things not staying buried, and laughs a little.



Sulda Westwind: "...Just, huh, it's actually true that even if this book won't solve all my problems, I'll still have a book in my corner."



Marcus Veranius: "Plus there's the monthly, now weekly family gatherings. It's too risky a disguise."

Vasilka: "I concur. Immunity to ordinary weapons is an easy thing to test."

"We can safely, I think, rule out the were ravens then."



Suldae Westwind: "...I do believe that I'll be worth of it," Suldae murmurs, staring far into the distance. She's surprised to discover it within herself, this core of confidence. But when Ireena was speaking earlier... Suldae did not find herself doubting anything she'd said.

She's tried hard enough to know she was trying.

*worthy



Vasilka: "As for Krezk, the community is small enough that an outsider would have been noticed, and the watchmen are always in pairs."



Suldae Westwind: "I'm just worried that I'll fuck up anyway."



Ireena Kolyana: "Even if you do... As long as you tried your best, I think whatever judgment comes to you will be a kind one."



Marcus Veranius: "Revenant party seems to have that spiritual pull. We may not know who they are but can guarantee their purity."

"Which leaves the Dark Elves. Ironically enough."



Vasilka: "Agreed. The revenants of Argynvostholt are bound together by the Silver Dragon."



Suldae Westwind: "Aaaah, you're missing the point again!" Suldae whips her head back. "This isn't actually about *me*, Ireena."



Vasilka: "The Dusk Elves are an even smaller community... I find it hard to believe that they would not notice one of their number being replaced."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Vasilka: "Vallaki, to me, seems like an obvious place to infiltrate."



Marcus Veranius considers Henry's story for a moment.



Suldae Westwind: "It's - that no-one'll remember the story is the scariest thing, possible judgement, that I can imagine, and I've already said I'm fine with that, for myself."

Suldae shivers.



Ireena Kolyana: "Hey."



Suldae Westwind: That, being fine with it, might have been a slight exaggeration.

For rhetorical purposes.



Ireena Kolyana: "Even if no one else remembers... I will."

"One way or another."

"And even if no one remembers... It still happened, didn't it?"



Marcus Veranius: "If not Vallaki's weakened forces, then perhaps any outsiders that may enter the mists. If Rahadin can trick one band of mercenaries, who knows how many more he can with the mists down."



Ireena Kolyana: "It will be nice to have one lifetime I can look back on with happiness."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shakes her head.

"Don't talk like all our deaths would necessarily mean failure."

"... that, uh. That's -"



Ireena Kolyana: "Sorry, that's very morbid of me."



Suldae Westwind: "...I was about to say that."

Suldae laughs a little.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena laughs too.

"I guess you just get used to thinking like that, living here..."



Marcus Veranius: "We may want to keep the War Council light. Just confirmable allies."



Vasilka: "In that case... The Martikovs, certainly?"



Marcus Veranius nods



Vasilka: "Perhaps not the Baron and Baroness of Krezk."

"And the thought of Rahadin on the road... Outside Barovia... That is, indeed, a highly troubling one."

"Yorhish has already sealed the roads, but if Rahadin could pass through the mist already..."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Marcus Veranius pauses to consider



Vasilka: "There is no telling what may be coming our way."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Vasilka: "We should ask the Ravens to form a search party, and forewarn us of any incoming forces."



Marcus Veranius: "On the off-chance we suspect someone of being Rahadin, how might we might test it?"



Vasilka: Vasilka shrugs eloquently.



Suldae Westwind: "...Anyway, it's - Ireena, it's not even about you," Suldae murmurs. "You're *one* of the people it's about, but -"

"...what you said. More than the story, what matters is the consequences."

She shivers.

"It'll matter what actually happened."

"To other people, who are not me."
























She delivers that last one in a slight deadpan tone. It's a quote, sort of.



Ireena Kolyana: "All we can do is our best, Suldae."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "With what he offered us?" Henry says considering Marcus idea "A lot, Only some of the largest or most esteemed companies can afford to turn down such a pay day if they want to stay together beyond the rejection"

-  **Ireena Kolyana:** "If Strahd wins even then, well. It won't be the first time I've jumped off a castle."
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "I hate to bring suspicion to our own house, but the Baron seemed to have forgotten the Birthday Party he specifically invited us to..."
-  **Ireena Kolyana:** "But it *will* be the first time I've done that with wings."
-  **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae fights a smile, then realizes she has no reason to, and smiles.
Then laughs openly, at what Ireena says.
-  **Vasilka:** "Oh no..."
-  **Marcus Veranius turns to Henry**
-  **Suldae Westwind:** She does so love it when cliches are right.
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry is already on the way to the door
-  **Suldae Westwind:** She doesn't want to think about it anymore, doesn't want to pus further. It's true that the particular platitude Ireena wisely chose here can be used as an excuse to do *less*, but right now she feels within her right to take it.
"...want to go back inside?" she asks. She does remember Ireena suggesting that earlier, and she's pretty much done with the ten minutes of selfishness she'd asked for. Ready to rock now, and all.
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry steps outside marching right past Suldae and Ireena without seemingly noticing them
-  **Ireena Kolyana:** "Yeah, I'm ready."
"Oh, hey Henry! Where are you off to?"
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "Ez, fill Sundae in.. I'm going to cover Henry."
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Confirming something, maybe tearing someone limb from limb"
-  **Ezmerelda Veranius:** "Sure you won't need help?"
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "We probably will. I'll fill you in by ring."
-  **Ezmerelda Veranius:** "Alright. I'm going to eat here. I mean wait here."
-  **Vasilka:** "We will seal the chamber until you return."
-  **Suldae Westwind:** Augh. There goes the nice relaxation time.
-  **Ireena Kolyana:** "Sorry, come again? Limb from limb?"
-  **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae waves to them weakly.
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry keeps on moving
-  **Suldae Westwind:** "...Do you, like, need me for that?" Suldae asks weakly.
"I can make people obey me and stuff."
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "Hey, remember how the Baron was super frightened of the Abbey's residents?"

"Notice how he's fine with them now?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry calls over his shoulder in reply to Suldae "Only if you want to"
He keeps walking



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sighs and gets up. No, she doesn't want to, but she'd *rather*.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena tags along.



Suldae Westwind: "...I prefer to."



Marcus Veranius: "Suldae, remember how he forgot his own son was brought back to life?"
"How could we be so STUPID!"

The party descends the switchback road down into Krezk proper, and soon finds themselves in the streets of Krezk...



Ireena Kolyana: "So you're thinking the Baron is an imposter?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry walks straight to the Barons home coming to a stop only as he reaches the door



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd could push over Vallaki in an evening if he wanted to. And almost DID."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rather dislikes the amount of imposters and shapeshifters and people they have to suspects of things they've faced in the last 24 hours, but maybe this is the last one?

Anna Krezkov is in the front yard, playing catch with her son. Her eyes light up as she sees the party approaching.

Ilya Krezkov catches the driftglobe, and turns to smile at the party.

Anna: "Hello!"

"Are you here for the party? You're a bit early yet!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Where's your Husband?" Henry asks without pretending to have listend to her question



Marcus Veranius looks unusually frightened as he approaches

Anna: "He's inside, resting. He usually takes a mid afternoon nap. Is something the matter? Should I wake him?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae mostly looks tired. It's a good poker face and decidedly does *not* take effort to maintain.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks at Suldae, raising an eyebrow.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I just have a quick question for Him I won't be long"

Anna: "I'll wake him for you. Just a moment."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry approces the door

Anna Krezkov enters the hut.

A short moment later, there is a blood-curdling scream from inside.



Marcus Veranius looks to Ireena, then the Baron's son



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry runs sword clearing his scabbard in a flash



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is the second after Henry.



Marcus Veranius: Unless...



Marcus Veranius hates this spy nonsense!

Inside the hut, Henry and Suldae find Anna Krezkov standing at the bedside of her husband, who lies pale and still upon the pillows, which are drenched in blood.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena takes Ilya firmly by the hand and leads him away from the hut as the rest of the party enters.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae kneels next to him, checks his vitals just in case.



Ireena Kolyana: "Hey, hey, it's alright. Let's play catch, ok?"

The Baron is dead. He has been dead for at least an hour, as he is quite cold and stiff.

His throat has been cut from ear to ear.



Marcus Veranius follows Ireena



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks worriedly at Marcus, but tries to keep Ilya's attention.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry has gone still before he speaks" Sulade see if you can find any traces of that bastard"

Anna Krezkov has become inconsolable. She is on her knees, weeping terribly.



Suldae Westwind: (i asked a question on discord)
(it's important)



Marcus Veranius: "Mind if I join the game of catch?"



Ireena Kolyana: "By all means," says Ireena. "Right Ilya? Marcus can join?"

Ilya looks at Marcus curiously for a little while, then says: "Sure."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks at Marcus meaningfully, and tosses the Driftglobe to him.



Suldae Westwind: "...Okay, so actually," Suldae swallows.

"...He's not been dead for... for so long that..."

She doesn't quite dare finish the phrase, and yet.



Marcus Veranius tosses the Driftglobe back to Ilya



Suldae Westwind: "...We need to find who killed him."

Ilya Krezkov catches the driftglobe deftly and tosses it to Ireena, all in one fluid motion.

Ireena Kolyana: Ireena barely catches it in time.

"Wow, you're good at this!"

Ilya: "Thanks!" Ilya beams.



Marcus Veranius: "You know, I don't think we've been introduced. I'm Marcus Veranius."

Anna: "You mean, you can..."



Suldae Westwind: "...I might be able to," Suldae whispers. "After the Abbott, I-"

Ilya: "I'm Ilya," says Ilya, catching the Driftglobe from Ireena.



Suldae Westwind: "...I think I could."

Ilya tosses the Driftglobe to Marcus in a soft, underhand throw.

Anna: "Please! Please, I will give you anything! Anything that you ask!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shakes her head.

Anna: "Give me back my Dmitri!"



Marcus Veranius attempts to catch it, then tosses it back as fast as he can



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry approaches the body



Suldae Westwind: "I will try, and whether or not it'll work is not up to me."

Ilya catches it effortlessly. He smiles.

Ilya tosses it to Ireena without looking at her.



Suldae Westwind: "...I will try. I promise," she looks at the woman.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena catches it—just barely.

"Goodness, you've got an arm on you, little mister!"

Anna Krezkov swallows shakily, and nods very slowly.



Marcus Veranius: "Quite! Wish I had someone to play catch with when I was growing up. Dad was a seaman; never at home. Always on the ocean."

GM: (Make a perception check, Suldae and Henry)



Marcus Veranius: "This hat is the only thing I've got left of him. You're lucky to have such a good father."



Suldae Westwind:

24

PERCEPTION (12)
Suldae Westwind

Ilya Krezkov cocks his head curiously at Marcus.

Henry of Willowsbrook:

23 + 1 | **19 + 1**

PERCEPTION (6)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Suldae realizes that something dark is puddling out from under the door to the side chamber of the Krezkov's little hut.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (still exhausted so skill checks are at disadvantage)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae had a long rest and no longer is iirc)

Henry does not notice this, but he does notice something about Anna that unnerves him slightly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (divine sense)

Something about her eyes...



Henry of Willowsbrook:

DIVINE SENSE

Class: Paladin 1

As an action, until the end of your next turn, you know the location of any celestial, fiend, or undead within 60 feet of you that is not behind total cover. You know the type of any being whose presence you sense, but not its identity. Within the same radius, you also detect the presence of any place or object that has been consecrated or desecrated. You can use this feature a number of times equal to 1 + your Charisma modifier. When you finish a long rest, you regain all expended uses.



Suldae Westwind: (I love this)

Henry's divine sense picks up... Nothing out of the ordinary.

Ilya: "My dad is the Baron, he's pretty cool."



Suldae Westwind: "Hey, Anna," Suldae says lightly. "What is that?"



Suldae Westwind is casting a spell, please stand by...



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena tosses the Driftglobe to Ilya, who catches it effortlessly—without looking at her or breaking his eye contact with Marcus.



Suldae Westwind:

Suggestion
Abjuration 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you

Components: V, M (A snake's tongue and either a bit of honeycomb or a drop of sweet oil)

Duration: Concentration Up to 8 hours

You suggest a course of activity (limited to a sentence or two) and magically influence a creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you. Creatures that can't be charmed are immune to this effect. The suggestion must be worded in such a manner as to make the course of action sound reasonable. Asking the creature to stab itself, throw itself onto a spear, immolate itself, or do some other obviously harmful act ends the spell. The target must make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, it pursues the course of action you described to the best of its ability. The suggested course of action can continue for the entire duration. If the suggested activity can be completed in a shorter time, the spell ends when the subject finishes what it was asked to do. You can also specify conditions that will trigger a special activity during the duration. For example, you might suggest that a knight give her warhorse to the first beggar she meets. If the condition isn't met before the spell expires, the activity isn't performed. If you or any of your companions damage the target, the spell ends.

Anna: "What is what? Oh that? Oh, we slaughtered one of the pigs, it bled a little more than usual."

"You know how pigs are, always so full of blood!"



Suldae Westwind: "...In the house?"

Anna Krezkov smiles widely.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh whoever did this will regret it for what little life they have left when I catche up to them" Henry says looking deeply in her eyes"



Suldae Westwind: slight wording retcon: "Pleaese answer, what is that?"

Anna: "It does my heart good to hear that, brave Paladin."



Suldae Westwind: "Truthfully, tell me - what is that?"



Marcus Veranius: "You know, I'm actually not that smart a guy. Some people think I'm clever, but I've just got some intuition."



Marcus Veranius tosses the driftglobe to Ireena

Anna: "It's just pig's blood."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena catches the Driftglobe. Looking meaningfully at Marcus, she begins muttering a spell under her breath.

Ilya: "What are you doing?" Ilya asks, looking at Ireena very seriously.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena gapes suddenly as the Weave is torn out of her grasp.



Suldae Westwind: (note, this is not Suldae repeating herself, it's a retcon to what she said)
(she knows how the spell works even if I don't)

GM: (Ah; Anna's response remains unchanged)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (No save agaisnt suggestion?)

GM: (You can assume the dice were rolled off-screen)
(Or that other extenuating circumstances are at play)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)

(this was just a tuning, I did assume the answer was honest as far as she thought)
"Why'd you butcher a pig in the house?"

Anna: "I wouldn't go in there, if I were you. We made more of a mess than we usually do, and it's a bit stinky."



Marcus Veranius doesn't need knowledge of magic to know what happened.

Anna: "I was going to clean it up with Urwin's help, after he finished sleeping."



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe I'm just an old fashion kind of man, but I've never seen a child get their present before the party."

Ilya sticks his tongue out at Marcus.

Ilya: "Well, I'm special. Mom and dad really, really like me."



Suldae Westwind: (i really want to sleep sorry so im going to)
(night)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Wrong Husband" Henry says reaching for Annas thraoat
throat

GM: (G'night)



Marcus Veranius: "They do. A lot of people do. You're the most loved child in all of Krezk."

Ilya: "Do you really think so?"



Marcus Veranius: "It's why Ilya is the safe disguise when your cover gets unexpectedly blown."

GM: (Henry, make an athletics check)



Marcus Veranius: "Rahadin."

Henry of Willowsbrook:

24 + 1 | **27 + 1**

ATHLETICS (14)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Poof! Ilya disappears in a little blast of bluish smoke.

Anna: **18**

Henry manages to grapple Anna by the throat before she can slip away.

Anna: "Henry! What are you doing?"

"My husband is dead! Why are you angry with me?"



Marcus Veranius casts a spell, then uses his action surge to fire shots at his location



Marcus Veranius:

Locate Object

Divination 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V, S, M (A forked twig)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

Describe or name an object that is familiar to you. You sense the direction to the object's location, as long as that object is within 1,000 feet of you. If the object is in motion, you know the direction of its movement. The spell can locate a specific object known to you, as long as you have seen it up close—within 30 feet—at least once. Alternatively, the spell can locate the nearest object of a particular kind, such as a certain kind of apparel, jewelry, furniture, tool, or weapon. This spell can't locate an object if any thickness of lead, even a thin sheet, blocks a direct path between you and the object.



Marcus Veranius locates the driftglobe still in Rahadin's possession, then uses his Oathbow to fire wherever Rahadin has vanished off to. Invisibility, teleportation, he couldn't have gone far either way.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Then why would you worry about cleaning up if you just lost the love of your life" Henry says voice ice cold

GM: (Ireena has the Driftglobe)

(She was the last one to catch it)



Marcus Veranius: (MY PLAN. I FUCKED UP)

(SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO TOSS IT)

GM: (Don't worry, I'm not going to make you shoot Ireena)



Marcus Veranius: (Is there any chance I can Locate Object - Elf Ears)

GM: (No)



Marcus Veranius: (Fuck.)

GM: (Also, he doesn't currently *have* Elf ears)

Anna: "I was just describing the plan I had before knowing my husband was dead! I didn't know he was dead!"



Marcus Veranius attempts to locate the clothing Ilya was wearing?

Henry feels the faintest calling of a lingering soul, coming from beyond the side door.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry drags "Anna" over to the door

Marcus's spell comes back with nothing. He senses that it has been blocked somehow; perhaps with some kind of non detection spell.



Henry of Willowsbrook: And listens

Anna: "No, don't go in there! It's just a huge, bloody mess."

"You really don't want to go in there."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry opens the door with a kick

He sees Anna Krezkov and Ilya Krezkov, lying near each other, both of them staring sightlessly beyond the walls of the world. They lie in the pool of their commingled blood.



Marcus Veranius lowers his weapon, not sure what to do now.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry squeezes shut

Anna Krezkov shifts and changes sharply in his hand; in an instant, she is a purple-skinned, mouthless monstrosity, with two staring yellow eyes.

GM: (Aaaaaaaand Cliffhanger.)

(See y'all next week!)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry screams as light begins to stream of him

(Man what a session



GM (GM): (Howdy y'all!)



Marcus Veranius: (HELLO)



Liliet (Suldae): eyyy



GM (GM): Now... Where were we



Marcus Veranius: When we last left off, the party discovered the remains of the Baron, his wife, his family, and our hopes of forming an effective standing army without sabotage.

GM (GM): Lol

At the last part, not at the corpses of the whole family

The corpses of the whole family is objectively tragic

But I hadn't actually considered the fact that you're going to have a very hard time making an army now

So thank you for that



Henry of Willowsbrook: So lets see how this works



GM (GM): Is the tablet working ok for you?



Henry of Willowsbrook: Writings a bit of a pain



GM (GM): Was Discord working well on your computer?

Or is it just the internet in general

Since this whole session is likely to be RP, we could potentially run it through Discord



Henry of Willowsbrook: But i'll mannage i used discord on my phone



GM (GM): Gotcha

Well, best of luck

Hopefully your internet starts working properly midway through the session



Marcus Veranius: (I second GM, we probably don't need maps)



Henry of Willowsbrook: I rather use roll20 because its easier to look up related stuff here rather than discord



Marcus Veranius: (Fair)



GM (GM): Alrighty, then we will proceed

The purple-skinned creature writhes in Henry's grasp... 23



GM (GM): (That's a contested roll, need Athletics from Henry)



Marcus Veranius sits down, having run out of tricks for this particular hunt. Magic nonsense; where's Hiere when you need him? Not here, that's for sure.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

22 + 1 | 28 + 1

ATHLETICS (14)
Henry of Willowsbrook



GM (GM): (Omg)



Marcus Veranius: (Tie means no change in status. Creature doesn't escape)

(At least i think that's how it works on contested checks?)



GM (GM): (Henry wins by default)

(That's correct)

The creature's desperate efforts almost catch Henry by surprise, but his strength is great enough that the monstrosity cannot escape.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae is tense behind him, ready to assist in case he needs it.



Ireena Kolyana: "I think he got away, Marcus."

"Let's check on the others."



Ireena Kolyana enters the hut and freezes in the doorway, arms akimbo, eyes wide.



Ireena Kolyana: She moves to Suldae's side.



Zanshuken: Henry drags it outside



Suldae Westwind: goddammit iwas about to write Suldae going out
hate it when the browser freezes



Ireena Kolyana: "Poor Ilya..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae turns to her, wide-eyed. "Are you okay? What happened?"



Ireena Kolyana: "We were playing catch. Ilya wasn't... Wasn't Ilya."

"Marcus realized it was Rahadin, and the moment he did, Rahadin just disappeared. A teleportation spell, I think, of some kind."



Marcus Veranius stays outside, berating himself for not acting sooner. This could have ended once and for all. He KNEW that child was Rahadin from the start; it was the only logical choice.



Ireena Kolyana: "Marcus doesn't seem to be able to track him."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods quietly.

"I could... I..." she turns around, eyes trailing over three bodies.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena kneels beside the corpses of Ilya and Anna Krezkov. "Is there nothing we can do for them?"



Suldae Westwind: She doesn't know if she can help them all.

"Maybe," she says quietly.

"I..."

"They have not been dead for long."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks at Suldae, eyes wide again. "I didn't know you were so powerful."



Marcus Veranius: [We have 5,000 in diamond from the Amber Temple alone]



Suldae Westwind: Suldae holds her holy symbol.

Closes her eyes.

"I don't know if I am."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'll take *this* up to kasimir and Vasilika"

Suldae Westwind: "I feel like I know how, but..."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena stands shakily and gives Suldae a squeeze on the shoulder.

"I believe in you."



Suldae Westwind: "...Tomorrow. I'll need a night's sleep to figure this out. I..."

Suldae shakes her head.



Ireena Kolyana: "Tomorrow..."

"What do we do until then? Should we... Should we hide the bodies? Bury them?"

"Should we tell the villagers...?"



Suldae Westwind: "I don't think we should tell them," Suldae murmurs.

"...what could they even do?"

"If I fail, then... then we tell them."

"And then we bury them."



Ireena Kolyana: "If we don't tell them, and someone stumbles in here, looking for the Baron..."

"Won't it look like we killed them?"



Suldae Westwind: "Doors have locks."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry begins dragging the shapeshifter up the hill to the Abbey



Suldae Westwind: Suldae steps towards the bodies.

"Help me... help me move them to..."

She gestures towards their sleeping places.



Ireena Kolyana: "Right," says Ireena. "Right..."

She helps Suldae lift the bodies of Anna and Ilya Krezkov, one after the other.

Soon, the family could be merely sleeping—if not for the blood.

Ireena's face is pale, almost bloodless, and there is a faraway look in her eyes. She stands otherwise emotionless, picking at her bottom lip from time to time, looking down at the bodies in their bed.



Suldae Westwind: (what was Marcus doing)



Marcus Veranius: (Glooming outside)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae calls Marcus over.

She explains her half-plan.



Marcus Veranius *taps on a nearby window, not wanting to brave going inside.*



Marcus Veranius: "It won't work."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Watching Henry work as usual:p)



Suldae Westwind: "Why?"



Marcus Veranius: "The Kreskovas have shifts on the wall. Our poor luck that they were so active in their community's protection."

"We got maybe a few hours till one of them is supposed to report in."

The creature in Henry's hand suddenly shifts into Anna Krezkov, winding up to scream.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Enry decks it

WHAM. That nips the budding scream, and snaps the creature back to its native shape.



Marcus Veranius: "No, we need to report this to the guard immediately and point Rahadin as the culprit."

It is not foolish enough to try such a maneuver again.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena says "There's another option..."



Marcus Veranius: "It won't help morale but the town's in a precarious situation with its newfound peace. If no culprit is labeled, most will assume the Abbey is at fault."



Ireena Kolyana: "The Hat of Disguise."



Suldae Westwind: "...we can say they'd been gravely injured."

"Point to Rahadin. Not say they're dead."



Ireena Kolyana: "If we say that, one of the medicine women will want to see them."

"We could replace them for the duration of their shifts upon the wall."



Suldae Westwind: "I... want to try, but I don't want to advertise it. Whether I succeed or fail."



Marcus Veranius: "Their son just celebrated his re-birthday. A Resurrection is not out of believable fact."



Ireena Kolyana: "That is true..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry picks up his pace as his patience grows thin



Marcus Veranius: "We cannot sew dishonesty and expect honest aid in the future."

"That's not how trust works."



Suldae Westwind: "...we should take them to the Abbey, then."



Marcus Veranius: "I agree."



Suldae Westwind: "You're the person to talk about trust, Marcus."



Ireena Kolyana: "Should we call the guard, then?"



Suldae Westwind: "...But yes, you're probably right."



Marcus Veranius tilts his head



Marcus Veranius: "How many times must I apologize for poor decisions made a lifetime ago?"



Suldae Westwind: "Call the guard, tell them we're taking them to the Abbey."

"I'm sorry," Suldae raises her hands, "I didn't mean it like that."



Marcus Veranius frowns, genuinely hurt by the comment.



Marcus Veranius: "No, you're right. I'll go alert the guard."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena slips away to the front door of the hut, cups her hands around her mouth, and shouts: "GUARDS! GUARDS!"



Marcus Veranius starts walking off



Suldae Westwind: Suldae catches his arm.

"Ireena has it."

"Marcus, I'm sorry."



Marcus Veranius sighs



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena slips outside the hut, shutting the door behind herself, and waits for the guards. Marcus and Suldae are given some privacy.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Has Henry reached the top of the hill yet?)



Suldae Westwind: "I meant it in the sense that I cannot follow why sometimes you think deception is the best tool and sometimes you insist on the principle of telling the truth always."

"I see things differently, and..."

"Well, I'm sorry. You are right like I said."



Marcus Veranius: "Well, it's very simple."

Henry reaches the top of the switchback stair, and finds Vasilka, Rictavio, Ezmeralda, Joan, and Kasimir waiting for him at the gates.



Suldae Westwind: "I just think you're right because of the practicalities of it, not the principle. Sometimes deception IS the ethical choice."



Marcus Veranius: "If you are playing games against an opponent, the last thing you want is for them to know your hand."



Suldae Westwind: "Sorry, I'm listening."



Vasilka: "Henry! What is that in your hand? Where are the others?"

Joan runs to Henry but stops several yards away, watching as the hideous purple beast assumes her own form.



Marcus Veranius: "You don't treat your friends like opponents in a game. Else they DO become your opponents."

Joan: "Gods above and hells below... What is that?"



Rictavio: "That, dear ladies, is a Doppelgänger. A notoriously evasive shapeshifter."



Marcus Veranius: "...that's probably how Rahadin sees all of this after a long, centuries-old career. Some twisted game with living pieces."

Suldae Westwind: "...I don't know if now's the best time to talk about this, but..."



Rictavio: "Wherever did you find it?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae releases his arm.

"...Can we talk about this?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Baron and his family are dead. Rahadin got them and left this behind to impersonate them" his tone is tense



Suldae Westwind: "I just want to - get my head in order, I guess."

"Can we talk, if not now then sometime soon?"



Ezmerelda Veranius gasps, covering her mouth with a hand. "No..."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Is Marcus alright?"



Marcus Veranius: "In the morning."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods.



Marcus Veranius: "When all this settles down."

"Someone has to fill in on the wall tonight."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "The others stayed behind to sort things out"



Guard: "What's all this, then?" Suldae and Marcus hear the voice of the guard, muffled by the door.



Ireena Kolyana: "It's... I'd better let them explain. Inside."

Ireena knocks on the door.



Marcus Veranius approaches the guard, hands empty and visible



Marcus Veranius: "Spies and assassins."



Guard: The guard, impatient to enter, sees Marcus first thing.

"Spies and assassins? What do you—" He sees the "sleeping" Krezkovs. "Oh no... No!"



Marcus Veranius: "We'll see if the abbey can 'fix' this situation. Keep your wits."



Guard: The guard's knees seem to buckle. "The Baron... The Baroness... Even the little Baronet!"

"What evil bastard did this?"



Marcus Veranius: "Rahadin. And a doppelganger in his employ."

"The doppelganger was dragged up to the abbey to be interrogated by a Monster Hunter."

"The other... escaped."

"But I do not think he will risk another infiltration on high alert."



Marcus Veranius pats the guardsman on the shoulder, trying to offer some reassurance where there ought to be sorrow

Guard: "Alright," says the Guard, straightening up with a sniffle.



Marcus Veranius: "Listen. The sun came back yesterday. Greater miracles have happened."



Suldae Westwind: "..."

Suldae is sitting against the wall. Somehow it's the guard's reaction that hits the hardest.



Guard: "We'll double up the watch tonight. No one stands alone on guard."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Quick break eating some dinner)

(BRB)



Marcus Veranius: "I'll take over the Baron's shift. If my company is not minded."



Guard: "Minded? Nay, it'd be welcomed."

"The men could use the morale boost."



Marcus Veranius: "You and me both."



Marcus Veranius starts heading for the gatehouse



Marcus Veranius pauses



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena slips back into the hut with Suldae.

She begins ritually casting *Floating Disk*.



Marcus Veranius: "Umm... perhaps you should arrange a transport to the Abbey. I know the dead has a habit of wandering away when unattended in this country."



Ireena Kolyana: "We're already working on that, Marcus," says Ireena, looking up from her book for a moment.

"No wagon will be necessary."



Marcus Veranius gives a thumbs-up, then continues off. Don't need to understand this magic nonsense to trust in its potency



Ireena Kolyana: She moves her hand through the air, incanting under her breath. After a minute-long ritual involving a drop of mercury and an intricate incantation, a vast circle of invisible force manifests nearby.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae helps where Ireena can use it, still quiet and numb



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena is equally quiet and equally numb, but when the ritual is complete she glances at Suldae with sudden warmth and concern.

"Hey."

"Even if you can't... You know."

"We can still avenge them."

"And they're not bound by the curse, anymore. Their souls aren't trapped here. They can go on to Elysium."

"It's not the end, right? Not really..."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena snuffles slightly.

"Can you help me... Help me move them?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods and moves where Ireena directs her.



Ireena Kolyana: Together they lift the bodies onto the invisible disk. Then, in stately procession, they glide out behind Ireena and Suldae.



Suldae Westwind: The fact that avenging is generally the suggested way of dealing with loss in situations like this is not helping her feel better about world as a whole, right now.

As the floating disk leaves the hut, a villager moving down the road freezes in place, staring at the hovering corpses.



Guard: "I'd best spread the news," says the Guard. He lifts a trumpet to his lips and blares it.

Within seconds, most of the villagers have arrived—all bearing weapons. They see the procession, and stop, and stare.

A wailing begins. It follows Suldae and Ireena all the way up the winding switchback road to the abbey.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shivers. This is the exact spectacle she'd hoped to avoid.

But Marcus is right, there's no way to keep it quiet without digging themselves deeper in case she fails.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena takes Suldae's hand for strength as she walks, leading the disk and its heavy burden behind her.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae squeezes her fingers gently.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena stares straight ahead as she walks. Her eyes are wet, but hard and angry.

At the top of the winding switchback road, they encounter the rest of the party, minus Marcus.



Vasilka sighs.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Where's Marcus?"



Rictavio removes his glasses and pinches the bridge of his nose, shutting his eyes wearily.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir stands stoic, unmoved.



Suldae Westwind: "Joined the watch. I think he'd be glad for the company," Suldae tells her and nods back down.

"For tonight, I mean, not for good," she adds after a pause.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "I'll go find him," Ezmerelda says. With that, she's off at a dead sprint, racing down the hillside.

She catches up to Marcus just as he reaches the gatehouse.

"Reporting for watch duty," she says.



Marcus Veranius turns to Ezmerelda, expression quickly brightening.



Kasimir Velikov approaches Henry and his burden. He stands at a carefully selected distance, observing the creature with a meticulous, scientific eye.



Kasimir Velikov: He turns back toward the Abbey and enters it, saying over his shoulder: "I will need its blood. All of it."

Joan shudders.



Marcus Veranius: "Hmm... I don't know. We at the Vallaki Gatehouse don't just take any random passer-byer from the street. What's your qualifications?"

*Kresk

*Feck



Marcus Veranius says, as a random passer-byer from the street



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Well, I know we're in Krezk, not Vallaki, so I've got some spatial reasoning on you."

"And I have my own weapons! Won't be needing the village supply."

"And I've got, let's see..."



Ezmerelda Veranius counts the notches on her heavy crossbow.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Forty-eight vampires under my belt."



Marcus Veranius: "You're gunna need to get that thing reinforced if you keep weakening the stock like that."



Marcus Veranius smiles



Ezmerelda Veranius: "I happen to be married to a tradesman, for your information. He's very good with his hands. I'm certain he could reinforce it for me."



Marcus Veranius pauses



Marcus Veranius considers



Marcus Veranius: "...I might know a guy, but he'll be upset that it's not his crossbow I'm bringing in."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Why, did his melt?"



Marcus Veranius: "In all fairness, it melted a handful of gods with it. Talk about quality!"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "What an unlikely thing to happen to a crossbow!"



Ezmerelda Veranius smiles.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Really though. I'm here to help. Put me where I'm needed."

"We've got to give these people something to hold onto. At least until one of your demigod friends manages to rip open the halls of the dead and bring souls screaming back into the sunlight."



Marcus Veranius: "I figure we're just going to sit around the gate a few hours till morning, let the sun take over where the Barons aren't. Might not seem like a fair trade at first but it's only the second time it's ever shown up in this country."



Vasilka: Vasilka looks sadly at the bodies on the invisible bier. "Please. Bring them this way. There is a storm this night, and it will not do to let Krezk's lord and lady lie exposed to the rain."

Marcus Veranius: "Imagine. An entire country of people who grew up not seeing the sun. Ever. Giant ball of fire in the sky every day now."



Ezmerelda Veranius smiles.



Marcus Veranius: "You think that brings hope or fear?"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Their whole world is different, now. I think there's real hope in that."

"To a people wrapped so long in darkness, light can only bring hope."

"...But I'm no philosopher. So don't quote me on that."

"I suppose the Drow might disagree."

"These people don't seem like they ever got comfortable with the darkness."



Marcus Veranius: "Eh. Pity for the drow then. Barovia must have been a paradise for them."

"...save the whole Rahadin-ear-collection thing."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (BACK)



Ireena Kolyana leads the invisible bier in through the gates of the abbey, and as it crosses the threshold, Suldae hears the ghost of a bell ringing out bright and clear and beautiful through the courtyard.



Ireena Kolyana: "Where should we put them?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Take all you need Kasimir" Henry says



Vasilka: "In the main hall, I think. I shall ensure that their bodies do not begin to degrade."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena nods. "Ok."



Suldae Westwind: (are dusk elves and drow the same thing)

GM: (No, dusk elves lack the connection to Lolth.)

(Dusk elves are a strictly Barovian race.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Ez was talking about actual drow i believe)



Vasilka: Vasilka leads the way into the main keep of the Abbey, and sees the bodies laid to rest in a corner of that grand hall. There, she kneels over them, and from her hands fall petals of ethereal green light.

In moments, the bodies seem like they could almost be just sleeping. A scent of roses lingers around them, and there is no scent of death.

"It is all I can do for them, unfortunately."

"They shall not rot, nor wither. For a further 24 hours."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena turns to Suldae. "What's our next move?"



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir taps Henry on the shoulder. "Bring it this way."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Where should we go for the exsanguination ?"



Kasimir Velikov: He leads the way out the main hall and across to the North Wing.

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follows



Kasimir Velikov: There, in one of the side chambers, Ismark lies comatose on a bed in the corner. The rest of the floor space is clear and empty.

"Please hold it quite still. This will be terribly painful."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shifts his grib to reduce the doppelgängers range of motion from 'not much' to 'none'

"Please" Henry says "no need to be gentle"



Kasimir Velikov: "I was not planning to be."

White fire flashes in Kasimir's dark eyes. At the same time, a crimson glow rises from beneath Ismark's closed eyelids. Power shifts and moves, slithering between them and around them as something that is not quite Kasimir and that is not quite Ismark brings its might to bear upon the task at hand.

The Doppelgänger screams.

The Doppelgänger withers, and shrinks, and within moments it is nothing more than a husk of skin and bones.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae closes her eyes.

"I'll... need to figure this out. The connections, how to... I'll see you tomorrow."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry unceremoniously drops the remains



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena nods.

"Do you... Want company?"



Suldae Westwind: "...Yes, actually."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena smiles broadly.

"Then we should take our leave for the night."

She bows to Vasilka gracefully.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hugs her and tucks her head under her chin



Vasilka: Vasilka bows in return.



Suldae Westwind: "I hate all of this," she murmurs so that only Irena can hear.

"...But I'll figure this much out, at least."



Rictavio: Rictavio is kicked back in a chair, feet on the table, fingers playing idly with the lip of a wineglass.

"I'll keep the first watch."




Suldae Westwind: The odd thing is, this is not a gift from her god. This one is a child of her own understanding, just on the cusp of it, she just needs to change *perspective*.

It's a gift of her god in another sense.





Ireena Kolyana: Ireena squeezes Suldae tightly. To Vasilka, she says: "You said there were rooms for us?"


Vasilka: "Yes. In the North Wing. Yours is beside Ismark's. Suldae's is beside yours."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "We won't be needing two rooms, I think."
"Come on, Suldae. Let's go."


 ***Ireena Kolyana leads Suldae to the North Wing, and to her own room.***

 **Kasimir Velikov:** The light fades from Kasimir's eyes and from Ismark's as well. The power retracts, shrinking away like a wind unleashed.

 **Suldae Westwind:** (id prefer to not rp the rest of the evening in detail)


 **Kasimir Velikov:** "It is done."
"The creature is... Understood."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Anything else I can help with?" Henry asks


 **Kasimir Velikov:** "I will need to speak with Vasilka now. Your power may be needed."


 ***Vasilka knocks on the door of Ismark's room.***


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** He nods


 **Kasimir Velikov:** "How convenient," says Kasimir, opening the door.

 **Vasilka:** "I sensed that I was needed?"


 **Kasimir Velikov:** "Indeed. We now understand the nature of this creature. Together, we will have to create a Forbiddance spell specific to its blood. I have the necessary components. What I lack is the power."

 **Vasilka:** "I have a similar spell already in place. It can be altered slightly, to include the creature in question."


 **Kasimir Velikov:** "Then you need only the knowledge that I now possess."

 **Vasilka:** "And Henry's permission, of course."

 **Kasimir Velikov:** "Permission?"

 **Vasilka:** "As the current representative of the Will of Sylvanus, I cannot alter the region-wide powers without his consent."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Whatever it takes"

 **Vasilka:** "I shall take that as acquiescence."

Vasilka's eyes flash emerald green.

"It is done."

"The Doppelgänger can no longer enter Krezk. However..."

"Something in Vallaki resists my will. An overlapping power?"

"A holy power, but not of Sylvanus."

 **Kasimir Velikov:** Kasimir smirks. "An issue of jurisdiction, then?"

Vasilka: "Perhaps."

"For the moment, our allies in Vallaki will need to be warned of the possibility of a Doppelgänger invasion. It is convenient that we are holding the war council here, since the barrier around Krezk and the surrounding lands should prevent any of the creatures from entering."

"Well. I am drained. I shall now sleep. Goodnight, all."



Kasimir Velikov: "Goodnight."

"Henry?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yes?"



Kasimir Velikov: "You are in my room."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "....right I'm in your room" Henry pauses "goodnight" he says leaving



Kasimir Velikov: "Goodnight."

Kasimir shuts the door behind him.

Henry sees Vasilka crossing the courtyard to the main hall.



Henry of Willowsbrook: He approaches her



Vasilka: She seems comforted by his presence, but makes no effort to break the silence of the slowly deepening evening.

At the steps of the great hall, she says: "A tiresome day."

"Following on the heels of a tiresome night."

"It will be good to rest, knowing that you and your friends are safe."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Speaking from my soul" Henry sighs out



Vasilka: "If you seek Joan, I believe she is in the kitchens, washing up after the feast."

"I go to my chamber. Sleep well, brave paladin."



Vasilka climbs the stairs out of sight.

Somewhere to the east, there is a booming roll of thunder.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stays still caught in his own mind for a brief moment before walking into the kitchen. Leaning on the door frame he asks "need some help?"

Joan turns around with a little scream, dropping a plate. She catches it just a moment before it can hit the ground.



Marcus Veranius grumbles. One night, just ONE night of peace!

Joan: "Oh no, I can manage. It would be so unseemly!"

"A knight of the realm getting his hands in mucky dishwater, as if."

Joan turns her attention back to the dishes, scrubbing with intent.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry smirks a bit "Adorable as it may be you really should stop being so jumpy around me, I'm not that impressive to begin with" he says walking over to help anyways

Joan relinquishes some space before the sink, saying quietly: "I disagree..."

Joan looks at his face suddenly, furtively. She looks back at the dish in her hands, and resumes scrubbing.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shakes his head lightly "I've been stumbling and bumbling my way through this mess for what? A month? Maybe two? I just got lucky if anything." He hesitates scrubbing a plate before continuing quieter "You're much more impressive, having lived in this hell so long and still being able to...well do anything but be afraid and miserable"

Joan smiles slowly, feeling perhaps a bit of pride.

Joan: "I'm almost always frightened. But there's always work to be done."

"So I do the work, and that helps."

Joan looks at Henry.

Joan: "But you're never afraid. And I'm never afraid around you."

"You're not like other men."

"Most nights are swaggering braggarts without the brains to understand that they're just tools, weapons in the hands of their lords and kingdoms. But you... You're not like that."

"You're not a tool."

"I'm not a follower by nature, Henry. But when you showed up, I... Well, I wanted to follow. I wanted to see where you were going, and to be there when you got there."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh I just hide it with anger but deep down there is always fear" Henry says

Joan: "I don't believe that."

"But thank you for sayin' it."

Joan puts down a dish. She begins untying her apron.

Joan: "You know what, I think the rest of these can wait till the morning."

"Now, you were saying something earlier about adultery? Piqued my interest, might have."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry puts down the plate blushing before taking a deep breath and smirking stepping close up to her

"You sure" he says pulling her into an embrace "Curriostiy can lead to ...interressting places..."

Joan: "Interesting places? I like the sound of those... My room's just this way..."

"Now, mind you, it's not all that interesting of a place."

"But with the two of us in there, I bet we could make it into one."

Joan winks.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry picks her up into a princess carry "I think we'll manage"

Joan: "Oh my."

The night passes quietly, but not uneventfully. In the chambers of a scullery maid, two souls become more closely acquainted. In Ismark's chamber, Kasimir meditates long into the night, watching over his sleeping friend and speaking to him in the trance. In Ireena's chamber, Suldae masters spells of such power that few mortals ever attain them. On the wall-top, Marcus and Ezmerelda stand side-

by-side, watching the storm roll in out of the east. In the great hall of the Abbey, Rictavio stands leaning in the window, drinking wine, staring out into the storm-wracked night.

The storm hits at midnight, and with great violence. The winds are mighty, uprooting the weaker trees and damaging some of the Krezkian rooftops. A fire breaks out due to a lightning strike, but the Krezkian bucket brigade makes short work of it.

The rain pours in blinding sheets, and the lightning nearly splits the sky. The thunder is an almost continuous grumble in the heavens, rolling down the mountainsides.

At dawn, the storm breaks, ripped to pieces by the rising of the sun. Marcus and Ezmerelda still stand on the battlements of Krezk, side-by-side. As dawn's first blush lights the road, they see a horrific sight.

An army stands in the road before the gates of Krezk. An army wrapped in tattered armor and in tattered flesh. An army bearing the banners of the silver dragon on the field of black. An army of the undead—and not sent by Strahd.

A revenant breaks from the ranks. On his head is the helmet of a captain, and he marches forward towards the gates.

With a voice like wind through a cobwebbed attic, he breathes out the words: "Argynvostholt comes to join the War Council."



Guard: A guard nearby, trembling with fear, turns to the highest ranking person he can find: Marcus.
"What do we do, sir?"

Suldae and Ireena wake as dawn's light enters at the window. Henry and Joan wake together, still entangled. Rictavio snorts himself awake in the main hall, and puts on his spectacles, and gets stiffly to his feet.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes idly to the window and looks.

From the windows of the Abbey, the army is plainly visible.



Kasimir Velikov: (Behind Marcus and Ezmerelda): "HOLD YOUR FIRE!"
Kasimir climbs to the wall-top, Ismark by his side—and awake.



Suldae Westwind: "Oh my," Suldae murmurs.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark's eyes are now like to burning coals, as though the animating force within him blazes more closely to the surface of his soul.



Ireena Kolyana: "Mm? What is it?"



Suldae Westwind: She calls Ireena to the window, then without waiting for her reaction rushes down to find out what's going on.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena rolls over lazily and gets out of bed. She glances out the window.
Immediately she races to get dressed, and sprints after Suldae.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I hope today is a bit less *dramatic*" Henry murmurs half asleep still



Marcus Veranius: ((I go away for one bathroom break...))

Joan smiles, her fingers teasing their way up his neck and tapping gently on his lips, then the

tip of his nose.

Joan: "Me too."

"Let's just stay in bed all day. Make them wonder where we are..."



Marcus Veranius: Marcus's attention turns between the guardsman and the army. First day on gate watch and he gets the HARD assignment...

He quietly stows away the Helm of Brilliance / Undead Melting Device, believing it not to be the proper time.

"Do... do we have room in the Abbey for a proper army?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hmm sounds lovely" Henry says kissing her forehead softly "They'll come around if they need us so let's enjoy the time before they do"



Marcus Veranius breaks out the Sending Stone and yells into it for backup. "SULDAE! DO WE HAVE ROOM IN THE ABBEY FOR AN ARMY?"

At that moment, Suldae arrives at the gatehouse, Ireena only a short way behind her.



Suldae Westwind: "...What?!"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "We won't need to house them," says Ismark. His voice is different: deeper, hollower, more alien.

"They will stand guard around the village."



Suldae Westwind: "How the fuck should I know?!"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Only Vladimir needs to enter."



Marcus Veranius stares at Ismark for a moment



Suldae Westwind: "...oh, cool," Suldae says weakly, looking at him.



Marcus Veranius checks his ledger



Marcus Veranius: "Open the gate for their general."



Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezmerelda's hands tighten on her crossbow, but she doesn't take aim... Yet.



Guard: "Open the gates!"



Marcus Veranius: "Open the gate a little."

Slowly, with a rattle of chains, the great gates swing outward.

The leader of the Revenants enters, never once looking back at his companions.

He is a towering man, fully seven and a half feet in height. He is wrapped in rusted half plate and in black and rotting silks. His cloak is a tattered ghost, drifting ethereally behind him.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae goes to meet him.

This is diplomacy and everything. She's... totally competent at this. Yes.



Vladimir Horngaard: "I am Vladimir Horngaard. Where is the one called Ismark."

Suldae Westwind: Also very confident.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I am here, brother."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks towards where Ismark is.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark descends from the wall-top and joins Suldae in the road. Kasimir follows.



Marcus Veranius turns to the guards. "These are enemies of Strahd. It might seem unusual but please do not fire upon them."



Guard: The Guards tighten their grip upon their spears and keep a respectful distance. After Vladimir enters the village, the guards swing the gates shut tight behind them.

The army outside waits, unmoving.



Marcus Veranius: "Why today of all days..." Marcus grumbles to himself about the timing, then runs down to meet with the general



Vladimir Horngaard: "The bones of Argynvost cry out for vengeance," says Vladimir. "Their call has never been so clear."

"We must make haste to Ravenloft, and leave no stone stacked upon another."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "No," says Ismark, without fear. "We must plan. We must wait. We must gather all our forces. Strahd will not fall easily."



Vladimir Horngaard: Vladimir hisses like an animal.

"The time for waiting has passed! Strahd is weak and cornered. Now is the time for vengeance."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Your army has had countless centuries to face him, and you have never once succeeded. We will not waste our lives and resources on a futile effort. No, your day is done, old man. We will save Argynvost, and slaughter Strahd, but we will do so on our terms, and in our time."

"You will wait, and guard Krezk. It is the will of Argynvost."



Marcus Veranius doesn't like intervening in a family feud but now seems a good time to butt in.



Marcus Veranius: "You are both correct. The time is waiting has passed, for our position is at incredible risk. Strahd's spies intend to undermine us so speed is of top priority."

"We also need time to organize and mobilize. An army does not prepare for siege in a single day."



Vladimir Horngaard: "Mine does."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Yours is not the only army at play, Vladimir."

"And yours are not the only soldiers on the field."



Marcus Veranius: "We will need every hand to breach Ravenloft, and so I propose this:"

"One week."

"The first cannon fires on Ravenloft in one week."



Vladimir Horngaard: Vladimir stands silent, waiting.

After a time, he says: **"Agreed."**

Then he turns, and walks calmly up the stairs to the wall-top.



Marcus Veranius: "HOWEVER!"

"This will not be an idle week."



Vladimir Horngaard: He pauses, one foot perched on a crenelation of the wall-top, looking back at Marcus.



Marcus Veranius: "We have a siege engine that, with your forces, could be expedited to be prepared in time for the siege."



Vladimir Horngaard: "Go on..."



Marcus Veranius: "Iron golem. Materials at hand. It will surely breach the gate if it is prepared."



Vladimir Horngaard: Vladimir laughs.

"Those gates cannot be breached so easily. But you are correct: it will help."

"Bring the materials and instructions to us. We will see that it is made."



Marcus Veranius nods



Vladimir Horngaard: Then, without another word, Vladimir steps right off the wall, and lands with a heavy, meaty crunch.



Marcus Veranius: ...oof.



Vladimir Horngaard: He picks himself up, shattered limbs reassembling. In moments he is whole. He walks back to his men.

"Encircle the village."

With the sound of many marching feet, the army begins to separate into two long chains that embrace the little village completely.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena shudders. She looks at Ismark, and looks away.

She says, to Suldae: "At least that's over..."



Rictavio pounds on the door of Joan's chamber.



Rictavio: "Henry? Henry, are you in there?"

"There's something happening in the village. I'm going to check it out."



Marcus Veranius: "Gonna be honest. Stressed as I am, this is more pleasant than when it happened at Vallaki."



Suldae Westwind: "...Agreed."

She looks back at the Abbey.

"...Do we have diamonds?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...No?" Henry replies before getting up "What's going on?"



Ireena Kolyana: "I was pretty sure we had some diamonds," says Ireena.



Marcus Veranius: "5,000 worth. At least in the Amber Temple provisions alone."

Ezmerelda Veranius: "I'm eager for some sleep. That was a helluva night. And a helluva way to start the morning."

"Back to the Abbey?"



Rictavio: (outside Joan's door) Rictavio laughs.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae heads to the Abbey before explaining what she needs them for.

She's... pretty certain.

It will work, if they arewilling.



Rictavio: "I'd get dressed, if I were Henry and he were in this room."

"Morning, Joan. What a lovely deep voice you have today."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'm not hiding...just not willing to get up yet you old donkey" Henry grumbles getting up and dressed



Marcus Veranius wobbles around. Ez was right; he's too tired for this today

The party regroups—more or less by accident—in the great hall of the Abbey.



Marcus Veranius is passed out on the table



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir swiftly brings Rictavio, Henry, Vasilka, and Joan up to speed.

Joan is wearing her dress backwards, and hasn't noticed yet.



Rictavio: "An army of revenants. I must say I find the thought somewhat distasteful. I suppose we shall have to deal with them once Strahd himself is dead."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry says one arm slung around Joan holding her close



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark raises an eyebrow at Rictavio.



Kasimir Velikov: "We may not have to. Once their vengeance is complete and the curse is broken, they will pass from this world like mist in the sun."

"And Ismark, I fear, will be among them."



Ireena Kolyana: "Can't we like... I don't know. Imprison Strahd? Forever? Wouldn't that make Ismark stay alive?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I have only the one year."

"I will see him dead, and you safe. Then I will go to my peace with the rest of Argynvost's followers."



Ireena Kolyana: "...But I don't want you to go."



Kasimir Velikov: "Nor do I. Unfortunately, there is nothing to be done about that."

"It is better to face facts than to run from them."

"Now. What is our next move?"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "I had a thought."

"About that wizard..."

"Couldn't the ravens find him for us?"



Marcus Veranius considers



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is listening and waiting, but she's antsy to try what she has to.



Ireena Kolyana: "Suldae," says Ireena. "I'm here with you. Are you ready to try this?"



Marcus Veranius: "If they are successful, we could try that similar trick provided by Vasilika in the past."



Ireena Kolyana: She seems to turn to the new task almost as a way to turn away from any thought of Ismark.



Marcus Veranius: "Teleport in, handle the wizard, regroup in Vallaki for the siege."



Rictavio: "That may be the most efficient way to handle it, yes. My old bones weren't looking forward to a long and pointless march through snow, looking for someone who might be taking any form."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "So maybe we really should have a War Council?"

"With the Martikovs, I mean. And whoever else we can think of."



Marcus Veranius: "After I get some rest."



Suldae Westwind: "Yes," Suldae murmurs, but lingers yet, not waiting to miss out on the conversation.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Or maybe we don't even need to, we've got those Sending Stones."



Marcus Veranius: "And if we can bring in all active members..."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Rest, yes. Rest sounds good."



Marcus Veranius: "...no pressure"



Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezmerelda glances at the dead Krezkovs. The room goes quiet.

"Suldae... Do you...? If any among us had that kind of magic, it would be you."



Rictavio: "Oi! I'm right here."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Well, do you have that kind of magic?"



Rictavio: "Well, no."

"But I can ensure that none of them are under the effects of any curses, before we attempt anything."

"In fact, I think I'll do just that."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods.



Rictavio: Rictavio kneels over the bodies of the Krezkovs, and casts *Remove Curse* three times.

"There. Now an experienced cleric of uncanny power—which we are *not* likely to find within Barovia, I can tell you—can bring them back to life."





Suldae Westwind: "...Or a bard," Suldae says.




Rictavio: "We have about ten days before that becomes impossible, if I remember my training aright."


"Or a bard...?" says Rictavio, echoing Suldae numbly.

 **Suldae Westwind:** "I don't think you know the limits of what's possible, Ric."


 **Rictavio:** He looks at her, awe plain on his face.


 **Suldae Westwind:** She comes up to the bodies and glances over at Marcus for the diamonds he'd promised.


 **Rictavio:** He steps away, bowing slightly.


 **Suldae Westwind:** "Their souls are not yet gone," Suldae says.
"I believe I know how to call out to them."


 **Ezmerelda Veranius:** Ezmerelda hugs Marcus.

 **Suldae Westwind:** "That's what the ten days are about."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena watches, twisting her fingers anxiously, fidgeting in place.

 **Suldae Westwind:** "A cleric can do it as well, but... a god's power is not necessary."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Suldae" Henry says quietly simply nodding at her in encourgaa once she looks

 **Suldae Westwind:** (im waiting for the fucking diamonds)

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** encouragement

 **Vasilka:** Vasilka watches everything, her face illegible.

 **Ezmerelda Veranius:** "Babe. The diamonds."


 **Kasimir Velikov:** "I have never seen such magic performed, in person."
Kasimir approaches, keeping a respectful distance, but eager to satisfy his curiosity.


 ***Marcus Veranius wakes up long enough to lift up his hat and pull a diamond out of it***


 **Ezmerelda Veranius:** Ezmerelda takes it and hands it to Suldae.

"Will you need one for each?"

She sits next to Marcus on the table, toying with his hair.

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** Ismark turns away, and stands in the window, choosing not to watch the proceedings.

 **Suldae Westwind:** "I'll need... a weight of diamond for each," Suldae says, eyeing the diamond. "This one looks the right size. I haven't exactly done this before."

 **Kasimir Velikov:** Kasimir notices Ismark's attitude, and silently joins him at the window, putting one arm around him and staring into the distance with him.

 **Rictavio:** Rictavio sits down to watch Suldae at work.

 ***Marcus Veranius sleepily pulls out half a diamond more from his hat and slides it over to Suldae***

Joan: "What are they doing? What's all this talk about diamonds and souls and such?"



Rictavio: "The Krezkovs are dead, aren't they? What good does it do not to bury them?"

GM: (That should be from Joan, my bad)

(Not from Rictavio, he knows better)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae kneels next to the Baron - somehow, she expects him to have the least worst reaction to waking up next to the dead bodies of his wife and son.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry chooses to stand near the sides of the room giving Suldae space "Just watch"



Suldae Westwind: She flips the guitar over to her front and begins the song.

This one is complex enough for her to be both playing and singing to aid, her entire attention on twisting the Weave so as to reach those who are already beyond, if not yet gone.

This is going to take an hour.



Rictavio sits, staring into his folded hands. Perhaps praying?



Kasimir Velikov stands with Ismark, immobile by the window. They seem to be having a conversation that no one else can hear.



Ireena Kolyana watches Suldae work, and gently massages the Weave around her, smoothing eddies and disturbances so that the Weave Suldae reaches for is as smooth and unruffled and pure as it can be. It does not ease the casting by much, but it does by some.



Ezmerelda Veranius sleeps on the table next to Marcus, snoring slightly.



Vasilka stands rooted like a tree, her eyes brightly watching the magic begin to move.

Joan cries silently in Henry's arms, lost in the haunting beauty of the song.

Joan: "I've never heard elvish singing like this... I didn't know they could express so much... So much feeling..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stands quietly holding Joan close and simply waits.

There is a flash of white light from the heart of the diamond. It becomes weightless, lifting silently into the air as Suldae's singing surrounds it.

Suldae senses that more than one soul has come to her call. The three Krezkovs are... Holding hands.

With eery grace, their dead hands move, and grasp each other.

With a final, dazzling flash, the diamonds are consumed.



Suldae Westwind: (Can she bring back all three with one spell?)

All three Krezkovs open their eyes at the same time.



Suldae Westwind: (oh nice)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena lowers her arms, visibly weakened, gray in the face.

"That was a marathon," she says.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes out and drops her hands.

She's shaking, more with the awe of what she'd just done than exhaustion.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir glances over his shoulders at the waking Krezkovs, and grips Ismark a little more tightly. Ismark does not turn.



Suldae Westwind: She knows exactly how it worked, but that doesn't mean she *believed* it would.



Rictavio: Rictavio lifts his glasses and wipes one of his eyes. He snuffles slightly, and hops to his feet with a clap of his hands.



Suldae Westwind: She's watching them for signs of anything at all being wrong.



Rictavio: "Well."



Suldae Westwind: Or whatever their reaction ends up being.



Rictavio: "I am unabashedly overwhelmed and impressed, Suldae. That was some truly excellent magic."



Baron Krezkov: "Where... Am... I?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae finds the strength to lift her hand to flip him off.

"At the Abbey."



Baron Krezkov: Baron Krezkov sits up.

"I feel as though I've been sick."

"Was I sick?"

He looks around, and sees his wife and son beside him, both awake now, slowly stirring.



Suldae Westwind: "...You were not sick, no."

Anna Krezkov sits up abruptly, with a sharp scream.



Suldae Westwind: "You were a little bit stabbed."



Baron Krezkov: "My dear, we are alright."

Baron Krezkov comforts his wife.



Suldae Westwind: "You are," Suldae confirms, still sitting in front of them.

Anna Krezkov says: "The knife...! Ilya!"

Ilya Krezkov sits up and says: "Here I am, mom!"

Anna: "Oh, Ilya!"

The family shares a warm embrace for a long time.



Baron Krezkov: "I feel so... So very weary."

"As though we have just taken a very long journey."

"Wait," he says.

"Stabbed?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pulls Joan tightly against him pain flickering across his face.



Baron Krezkov: "I... I remember now."



Suldae Westwind: "...for Ilya it'll be his second one," Suldae says quietly, watching the kid worriedly.

He's... very small, and this spell takes a toll.

Well, not very small.

He just looks small nextt o his parents.

Ilya seems to be fine, surprisingly. Tired as he may be, he still leaps to his feet and turns a cartwheel.

Ilya then sits down very suddenly and falls asleep in a chair, snoring loudly.



Baron Krezkov: "He seems to have the right idea."

"Are we alright to... Return to the village?"



Marcus Veranius is having his idea stolen



Baron Krezkov: "I feel I could sleep for days."



Suldae Westwind: "Just don't mind the giant undead army surrounding it, they're allies," Suldae says deadpan.

Anna: "I could sleep for a week!"



Baron Krezkov: "Undead army?"

"Nevermind, I don't want to know."

"You lot can... You can manage that."



Suldae Westwind: "You're going to anyway," Suldae says pitilessly.

"...After you sleep."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Before you go do you rember anything as to how Rahadin got close to you?"



Baron Krezkov: Baron Krezkov seems to think for a time.

"It was Roger. He was coming off his shift at the wall, and stopped in to report something. Anna was out, with Ilya."

"Then he pulled a knife, and I..."

"Well. I suppose I didn't fight back as well as I thought I did."



Suldae Westwind: "Roger, huh," Suldae glances at Marcus who she figures might know who that is.



Rictavio: "I imagine we'll find Roger's remains tucked away somewhere," says Rictavio.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "No, we met Roger last night. He was on the wall with us."

"Unless there's more than one Roger in town?"



Baron Krezkov: "There isn't."

Ireena Kolyana: "He could have been under a spell," says Ireena. "Or it could have just been Rahadin, slipping past him."

"He's apparently an accomplished shapeshifter."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pells of the wall "Looks like I just found my job for today, checking in on everyone in Krezk

Joan: "I'll go with you! Leftovers are in the ice box!"

"Oh, let me grab my coat."



Baron Krezkov looks at Suldae.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae touches the bag at her side. She'd grabbed it on reflex before running downstairs in the morning, and she's still barely clothed - barely decent though decent - but the bag, the bag she has.



Baron Krezkov: "You... It was your voice. You called us back."



Suldae Westwind: She meets the Baron's eyes.



Baron Krezkov: "My debt to you grows beyond all possible repayment."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs.

Debts were never the name of it.

She's still reeling from the fact that it worked.



Rictavio: "Well, it was a single diamond worth 500 gold pieces," says Rictavio. "Hardly beyond all possible repayment."



Baron Krezkov blanches at the cost.



Baron Krezkov: "So much gold! On us?"

"Why?"



Suldae Westwind: "...We got that from the temple," Suldae says.

"Lives aren't valued in gold."

"...though I guess ultimately they are, if we run out before we save everyone," she mumbles.

The unpleasant part about being able to bring people from the dead is picking and choosing.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Some of you may have to take my road back."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Why not" Henry says getting ready to head into the Village



Suldae Westwind: She knows this much before reading the book.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Replying to the Baron*

Joan and Henry head down into the village.

GM: (Wait, ignore that)

Baron Krezkov: "Wait!" says the Baron.

"Could you take us with you? Escort us to our home?"

"I would be... Glad of the company."



Suldae Westwind: "There's an actual reason though," Sudlae says, looking at him.

Interrupting his speech several seconds of silence later.



Baron Krezkov: It is clear that it costs the Baron a great deal of willpower to ask this—and a good amount of pride.



Suldae Westwind: "You're the leader of this place. These people rely on you."

"There's a job you have to do."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry simply nods and waits.



Suldae Westwind: "Many more lives will be saved by saving yours."



Baron Krezkov: "Whatever you ask of me, I shall be glad to do."



Suldae Westwind: "Your job. Nothing more, nothing less."



Baron Krezkov: "If it is within my power to grant your will, I will grant it."



Suldae Westwind: "You've been doing it before we came along."

"And you'd have continued doing it even if I said nothing."

"I just wanted to say... There was an actual reason."



Baron Krezkov: The Baron nods.



Suldae Westwind: She closed her eyes, still sitting.



Baron Krezkov: "Thank you."

"You have given this old man back some measure of his pride."



Suldae Westwind: She won't be able to save everyone.



Baron Krezkov: "Come, family. The knight is waiting for us."

The Krezkovs leave, following Henry and Joan.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Still technically not a knight" Henry says in a srage whisper as they leave



Rictavio: "Well," says Rictavio. "I, for one, am very tired."

"I will meet you all for dinner."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Stage*



Rictavio leaves.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Babe."


"Babe."

"Wake up, babe. It's time to go to bed."


Marcus Veranius: "Mhhhhh..."


 **Ezmerelda Veranius:** "Come on, you."

 ***Ezmerelda Veranius grunts as she lifts Marcus up from the table and sets him on his feet.***

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "You were amazing, Suldae," whispers Ireena.


 ***Marcus Veranius is not very heavy***


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Truly amazing. I've never heard music like that before."


 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae shrugs the compliments off, almost annoyed.

"...I hate that I needed to."


"I like that I could."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Okaaaaaaaaay. Sheesh. Not even the dead can get proper rest in these parts."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I know," says Ireena. "But I love that you were able to."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "I really, really hate that I needed to."

She presses herself close to Ireena for comfort.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena gives her a tight squeeze.


"Well, at least we've got an army now."


"Rahadin won't find it easy to slip past the unsleeping dead."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "...There's something amazing about the fact thjat I could," she murmurs after a moment in agreement.

 ***Marcus Veranius stumbles off to the designated proper sleeping area***

 **Suldae Westwind:** "That its' the kind of thing a person can do and that... I figured out how."

 **Ezmerelda Veranius:** "Oh no you don't," says Ezmerelda, as Marcus nearly flops into the bed fully clothed. "You're not getting away *that* easily..."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "...I'll go read. You with me?"


 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** Ismark turns at last from the window and approaches Suldae, Kasimir beside him.

"You did a good thing for those people."

"I wish you could have done it for me."

"I know that such a thing was... Not possible. At the time."

"But I am grateful, for the Krezkovs, that it was now."

 **Kasimir Velikov:** "Come. Leave them be. They have been through quite an ordeal..."

 ***Kasimir Velikov leads Ismark away.***

 ***Marcus Veranius turns to Ez sleepishly***

Ireena Kolyana: "Yeah," says Ireena, turning to Suldae. "I'm with you."



Marcus Veranius: "Did I forget something?"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Here," says Ezmerelda, preparing him for bed more properly. "Let me see if I can't remind you..."



Ireena Kolyana: "Have you opened it yet?"

"The book, I mean?"



Suldae Westwind: "You didn't even give me the fucking time if I could, Ismark," Suldae says with a bitter laugh.

"You went ahead and did what you did."

"...Also, I couldn't."

"And I wish I could, too."

Suldae glances at Ireena and shakes her head.



Ireena Kolyana: "I know," says Ireena. "He's impossible."



Suldae Westwind: "...I haven't had the time to open the book yet. Doesn't seem as easy as just flipping the cover open."



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, I for one am interested to see what it looks like inside..."

GM: (Here seems like a good place to end the session)



Suldae Westwind: yeah



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Good session I had a lot of fun)

GM: (Me too! Thank you all for playing!)



Zanshukun: (BRB)



GM (GM): (Howdy y'all!)

(What would we like to start this session off with?)



Marcus Veranius: (GOOD QUESTION! Suldae?)



Liliet (Suldae): (im here sorry)

(i have a headache and dont remember the full list of things besides talking to marcus)



GM (GM): (Well, we can start with that maybe?)



Marcus Veranius: (Yee)



GM (GM): (Since Henry is afk for a moment)

(Seems like a good time)



Liliet (Suldae): (mhm)

(just let me find the context)



GM (GM): (Good point, I don't remember what that was going to be about)

(It was something to do with the Krezkov's Hut Experience, IIRC—the importance of honesty with allies and expediency otherwise)

(Something something Marcus's past decisions questionable)

(Something something people change)



Zanshuken: (am back)



GM (GM): (Sweet!)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I could start if you two want to think a bit longer)



GM (GM): (Go for it!)

(We can have overlapping stuff as usual)



Liliet (Suldae): (alright, I caught up on what it was about. Request: can it be Marcus approaching Suldae? I don't think she'll take the initiative in continuing this conversation)



Marcus Veranius: (Sure; what's Suldae doing right now?)



Liliet (Suldae): (let's say hanging out on the abbey wall, with a book but not reading it rn)



GM (GM): (Is Ireena sitting with her?)



Liliet (Suldae): (or a rooftop? what's available)

(not at the moment)



GM (GM): (There's the wall-top, and there are rooftops to both the north and south wings)



Liliet (Suldae): (i like wall-top)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry while walking the Krezkovs home says "So once we are back and you settled in for some rest, I'll go ahead and start checking who else might have had a run in with Rahadouch and his Imposter pose" while his tone remained fairly even and relaxed he was dreading what he might find.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae is sitting in an arrow-slit, watching the horizon, no longer limited by mists.



Marcus Veranius stumbles up to the Abbey's parapets, having received little actual rest after all's said and done. Mixture of guilt, mixture of distractions. Mostly guilt; wounds from the other day from multiple sources.



Marcus Veranius notices Suldae on the wall looking outwards.



Marcus Veranius: "Don't suppose you'd still buy it if I said 'Good Morning'? The lack of mist makes it harder to oversleep without excuse."



Liliet (Suldae): (...what time is it actually)



Marcus Veranius: (Afternoon)

(Otherwise Marcus is asleep)



Liliet (Suldae): (ty)

"An excellent morning," Suldae assures him.

"Words are made up anyway."



Suldae Westwind: (wait, the last thing that happened was resurrecing the krezkovs)
(next afternoon after that, or the same one?)



Marcus Veranius: (Same)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)
(scene established)

She's still both exhausted and exhilarated. She's barely opened the Book of Exalted Deeds and already feels like she needs to clear her head of all... everything.

"Are you alright?"

She notices Marcus's frazzled state.



Marcus Veranius: Ahaha, it was that obvious? Fuck.
"Called it for what it is! To be frank, I am absolutely miserable."



Baron Krezkov: (To Henry, in the village): "Yes, I think that would be wise... Under ordinary circumstances, I would round up a posse for you. As it is, you may have to do so yourself. I'm sure the villagers will listen to you. They hold great respect for you in their hearts."



Marcus Veranius slumps down in the corner, dropping the fake smile for the frown it was underneath.



Baron Krezkov: "And Henry... Thank you again for what you and your companions have done for my people."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is... mostly the opposite of that. Not that she'd need to think hard for reasons someone else wouldn't be.
She turns to him - he looks to her like he wants to talk, and she's ready to listen.
Or maybe he wants to talk about... that thing. That she'd brought up. Maybe that.



Marcus Veranius: "...I knew it was Rahadin disguised as the Young Baron. All the signs were there. Unnatural tossing skill, items that didn't belong. Nevermind it was the obvious play."
"He was open. Vulnerable. I could have reasonably ended his life right there and spared so many others."



Suldae Westwind: "But even a one in a thousand chance of being wrong was too much, was it?"
Suldae guesses. That would have been her reason.



Marcus Veranius nods



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry waves him off "It's nothing, eh you might want to tidy up before resting first we kind of forgot to" he says remembering the mess they found in the Barons house. Scratching his neck he says "Well let's get to it".
Henry begins knocking on every door in Kresk and inspecting every house



Marcus Veranius: "It was the same sure feeling when Rictavio begged my aid in Vallaki. And we all know how that ended up."

GM: (Henry, roll Investigation)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Joan is supposed to be with Henry so may I have advantage?)

GM: (She's not proficient in Investigation, but sure)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

5 + 1 | **15 + 1**

INVESTIGATION (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(Neither is Henry)

Joan: "Hang on, we haven't knocked on that one yet!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Your right"

Joan leads the way to the overlooked hut in the corner of the village, deep in the walled-in forest of Krezk.

The hut is small and ragged. It looks as though no one has lived in it for a long time.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tilts her head back and closes her eyes.

"...Yeah. 'S why I get it, so to speak. I was *this* close to being sure back then, too. I didn't not believe him, you know. I didn't think they could be under glamour. I didn't have a specific thought of "he could be lying" or "there could be magic". I just thought "SOMETHING could be wrong". And... yeah."

She shrugs.

"I've not read through much of the book yet. But from what I can surmise myself? This is why Good acts Good. Because in these cases, being wrong is unacceptable."

"Of course, there's the possibility of being wrong in the other direction, like this time. But... I don't know. It feels more right to be mistaken in this direction."

Joan: "Hey, look... The wall isn't finished here. It just... Stops. Before the hill even! You wouldn't notice it from the road, because of the trees, but..."

"This village isn't actually very secure, is it?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It isn't" Henry says hand hovering over his weapons."Okay same as before, you stay 3 setps behind me until I say we are in the clear" Henry approaches the hut with measured steps

GM: (Roll Perception, Henry)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

17 + 1

PERCEPTION (6)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry notices, in the fresh mud, footprints leading to the door of the hut and back out into the forest, through the gap in the wall. Someone has entered the village by this path, entered the hut, stayed there for a time, and left again, heading into the village. The boot-prints are crisp and point-toed, with a deep heel impression. The boots that made them are fashionable, expensive boots.



Marcus Veranius 's frown deepens.



Marcus Veranius: "If being good means being vulnerable, then that's a flank Strahd can use to break down our formation."

Zanshukun: "Would you look at that" Henry murmurs "Vasilika can you hear me?"



Vasilka: "Of course," says Vasilka, her voice a sweet-smelling whisper on the breeze.

"What do you require, Paladin?"



Marcus Veranius: "Either we play cautiously and leave an opening to die, or strike at shadows and lose any moral ground we've earned."



Marcus Veranius sighs. "If I survive this vampire business, I'm retiring. Immediately. This monster-hunting nonsense is no good for the soul."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods quietly.

"This is all pretty bad, isn't it? I know I'll continue my journeys, but... yeah."

"That said, evil's just as vulnerable. Moral ground is meaningful in the warfare sense, too - it's how we make and keep allies."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We ought to actually close the wall around Krezk if it's meant to be more than a friendly suggestion" Henry says "Also I think I might have found one of Rahadins hide-outs" Henry draws the War Pick as he approaches the door "So you know be prepared to send reinforcements if You hear screaming"



Suldae Westwind: "Even allies who are themselves shitty people will generally prefer those who they're sure won't stab them in the back."

"...Not that we've done great on that metric."

She winces.

Raven Queen.



Vasilka: "Understood. I was not aware that there were any gaps in the wall... I shall have them sealed at once. Yorhish will gladly help."



Suldae Westwind: It was... probably the right thing they did. It still doesn't sit well with her, and probably never will.



Marcus Veranius: "Allies that Rahadin will then turn on us with his cunning, to the point where we're all alone again." Marcus points out.

The forest of Krezk hisses, although there is no breeze. Then, with a groaning of earth, great pines burst through the dirt and rocket into the sky, growing to maturity within seconds. The walls of Krezk are soon completed by living timber.



Marcus Veranius: "Doesn't matter what good we've done with him running around. Bonds are as good as tissue with him breaking everything we've built."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shakes her head.

"Turning another person's allies on them also takes resources. We're still providing them with a conundrum, even if it's solvable for them."

"...I'm not exactly a general."

"But he cannot break everything. Walls can be torn down, but foundations stand."



Marcus Veranius: "We're fighting doppelgangers now. Tricked us good; how can we expect lesser trained town guardsman to be more vigilant?"

"Vallaki couldn't even hold off a murderer without us solving it."

Marcus Veranius sighs

Suldae Westwind: "We cannot," Suldae shrugs. "But... as all storms, it'll pass."

"...You put great value on being able to literally believe everything from your allies."

"You've brought it up earlier. I... don't. People keep secrets, people lie. It's just how people are, allies or not."

"Some kinds of deception are more harmless than others. This is pretty bad, but... It doesn't break everything."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "That's one way out closed" Henry says before raising his shield and testing the door "Now let's see what's behind door number I-stopped-counting-half-an-hour-ago"



Marcus Veranius: (Behind Henry): "Hey, can I help?"



Suldae Westwind: "A doppelganger that wants to actually blend in can't go around murdering people, right? There's a cost to secrecy."

(are the two scenes simultaneous or)

GM: (Yes, they are)



Suldae Westwind: (well, now I'm confused)

GM: (You forget that I have access to all of your character sheets)



Suldae Westwind: (oh)

(Hi, it's me GM)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pauses Looking behind him (what does he see?)

Henry sees Marcus standing relaxed beside Joan, one hand on his hip.

Joan: "Maybe you ought to stay out here with your crossbow, in case something happens inside...?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You done talking with Ric?"



Marcus Veranius: "I don't want to talk about it. I'm here to help."

"Need to kill this Rahadouche before he strikes again."

(Abbey) "They got the baron, his wife, and their child. One team. And if we weren't here, it would have killed Vallaki. What cost is there? Strahd has all the resources he needs and nothing we do cuts them down."

(Abbey) "For every weapon we dismantle, Strahd pulls out ten more. What costs does he suffer from anything?"

*Killed Kresk. Wew



Suldae Westwind: "...That's not a result of us being good or trusting, though. I doubt Rahadin made himself as vulnerable as you're now convincing yourself in retrospect."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry slowly nods "Well sure could you check the door for traps? You're better at that than me"



Suldae Westwind: "Teleported away, did you say?"



Marcus Veranius: (With Henry): "Sure thing, Henry. Let me take a look..." Marcus closely inspects the lock and the door.

(With Henry): "Doesn't look trapped to me."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry kicks out his legs



Marcus Veranius: (Abbey) "Yeah, so that's one weapon more in the toolbox. We killed his dragon, his wolves, his temple of immortality. His spies, his murderers, his Night Mother grove. His mists, his hags, his druids, and so many of his undead servants."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (shove prone)



Marcus Veranius: (Abbey) "Are we any closer to ending his life? No. No we're not."

(With Henry) Marcus hops easily over his leg-sweep. "What was that for?"



Suldae Westwind: "...Yes. Yes, we are."

Suldae reaches over and swats him lightly on the head.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "No one ever in the History of everything would want to talk to Ric"

"ever want to

want



Suldae Westwind: "Come on. You cannot compare what we knew about Strahd before to what we know about him now and say he's got more tricks now."

"He has less, that we used to know about fewer of them means we're making progress on its own."



Marcus Veranius: (With Henry): "That's why I said I didn't want to talk about it."

(Abbey) "But he does! We were expecting Rahadin, but now these doppelgangers? It just... doesn't end."

(With Henry): "Now, are we doing this or not?"

(Abbey) "And all we built up in the process. By the end, it seems like we'll be storming the castle alone cause we can't even trust our own allies now,"

(With Henry): "You want to take point, or should I?"



Suldae Westwind: "It hasn't ended yet," Suldae corrects stubbornly. "What, did you expect him to keel over dead once we killed enough of his servants?"

She shrugs.

"We're not dead yet either."



Marcus Veranius: (Abbey) "Maybe this is why Ric works alone. Can't imagine he'd leave himself vulnerable. If I wasn't his splitting image he wouldn't have come along at all."



Suldae Westwind: "Imagine this from his perspective."

"Still not seeing the "vulnerable" part. Or do you mean like emotionally vulnerable? Capable of feeling bad about him killing someone else?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hm" Henry says "Did you make up with Ismark before coming he seemed quite upset with you" Henry asks



Marcus Veranius: (With Henry): "Ismark? Mad at me? Why?"

(With Henry): "First I'm hearing of it."



Marcus Veranius (abbey) stares at Suldae. *"Well, I'd consider knives coming in even our safe grounds to be 'vulnerable'. Then again, he had mundane spies before all this. Lady Wachter, the coffin maker. Only difference now is that they wear the faces of friends instead of strangers."*



Marcus Veranius: (With Henry): "Look, can we just focus on the task at hand for a minute?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sure" Henry casts Dispel magic at Marcus



Suldae Westwind: "And the fact we even HAVE safe grounds is not a consequence of us being the good guys?"



Henry of Willowsbrook:

Dispel Magic

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: One creature, object, or magical effect within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

Choose one creature, object, or magical effect within range. Any spell of 3rd level or lower on the target ends. For each spell of 4th level or higher on the target, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a successful check, the spell ends.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you automatically end the effects of a spell on the target if the spell's level is equal to or less than the level of the spell slot you used.



Abbey Marcus pauses to consider



Marcus Veranius: (With Henry): "Hey!" Marcus's Hat of Disguise fails temporarily, causing him to appear in hybrid form.



Abbey Marcus can't contest that argument



Abbey Marcus: "Alright. You've a point."



Marcus Veranius: (With Henry): "What was that for?"



Abbey Marcus sighs. *"You know what might cheer me up? I'm a bit new to this whole hero business. Even after all of this I'm just a shoemaker."*



Abbey Marcus: "Why don't you read me a few of those stories of how the real heroes do it."



Marcus Veranius: (With Henry): "Alright, fine. You're clearly suspicious."

(With Henry): "It was worth a shot..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I tried to hit the dorr sorry I'm new to this" Henry says before whispering

"Vasilika Where Is Marcus?"



Vasilka: "Sitting on the wall with Suldae. Why?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Crap Send Help"



Rahadin: "Well, I suppose the charade has gone on long enough."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry swings for the head



Rahadin: "I bow to you, master investigator," Rahadin says, as he ducks the swing.

"And now I must bid you adieu..."

DEATHLY CHOIR.

Any creature within 30 feet of Rahadin that isn't protected by a mind blank spell hears in its mind the screams of the thousands of people Rahadin has killed. As a bonus action, Rahadin can force all creatures that can hear the screams to make a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw. Each creature takes 16 (3d10) psychic damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

12 + 4

WISDOM SAVE (6)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Rahadin: *POOF!* Rahadin vanishes in a puff of bluish mist, even as Joan screams in terror and confusion, falling to her knees.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "FUCK" Henry screams

Joan: **22**

Joan faints.



Henry of Willowsbrook: before turning to Joan hands glowing

Lay on hands for 15

Joan: Joan's eyes flutter and open. "Oh.... My head. Where are we? What happened?"

Joan looks around.


Joan: "He got away again!?"


"You saved me!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "He did" Henry says

Joan: "Oh, Henry! You scared him off! I've never... I've never heard anything so horrible in all my life..."

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Sure," Suldae opens her book. As little as she's read of it there was already some pretty nice stuff in there that she'd love to reread, too...


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "I doubt he would have cut and run if we weren't this close to potential back up" Henry frowns

Joan: "As far as I'm concerned, he's scared of you. And that's good enough for me!"


"Now let's go back to the Abbey without talking to anyone and without being alone with another living soul."

"There's got to be some kind of strategy we can employ!"


"There must be some way to foil him..."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry nods "Vasilika can you keep an eye? on the hut?"


 **Vasilka:** "Certainly."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry takes Joan by the arm and leads her back to the abbey holding her close to remind himself how close he just came to fucking up

Joan walks steadily, trembling only slightly from time to time—whenever they pass by a person walking alone.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Did Rahadin drop his disguise for the last bit?)

GM: (Yes, for a moment he was himself: a tall dark-haired high elf with black eyes twinkling with mischief and malice. I'll link a picture.)

 **Sulda Westwind:** An hour of peaceful reading with periodic joke exchanges and wiseass remarks later, Suldae is staring off at the horizon again, with Marcus still sitting nearby.

"...We really do think about deception differently, I think, you know?"


This is a bit of an abrupt change of topic, considering they weren't talking about anything nearly like this immediately before. But Suldae doesn't feel like crafting a masterpiece of oratory right now. Marcus is a friend, and he does have the context.


 **Abbey Marcus:** (I'm not changing Rahadin's picture in the NPC chart)

GM: (I wasn't aware that you had a picture for him in the NPC chart)


 **Abbey Marcus:** (If anything it's more fitting. He usually looks like anything but himself)

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Everytime Henry feels Joan flinch the roiling anger in him grows ready to rip that bastard to shreds

 *Abbey Marcus continues to talk to Suldae from the safety of the Guardhouse Room, out of sight from Henry*

 **Sulda Westwind:** (We're on top of the wall)

 **Zanshukun:** Henry approaches the Abbey letting Joan lean on him

 **Sulda Westwind:** (But we aren't looking at the road)

Henry and Joan arrive at the Abbey, and find Vasilka waiting to greet them.



Vasilka: "Greetings, Henry! Greetings, Joan!"



Abbey Marcus: "Doing deception differently? I don't follow."



Suldae Westwind: "...You said, yesterday, something about how one cannot deceive friends. When I proposed to pretend the Baron wasn't dead."

Suldae swings her leg back and forth anxiously. She doesn't REALLY want to revisit that, but also... she does.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We are back" Henry says with a slightly sour tone



Abbey Marcus: "Well, maybe call me an old-fashioned craftsman. Pillars of the community should be trustable, you know?"



Suldae Westwind: "...Huh, yeah, that would do it," Suldae says thoughtfully, looking at the horizon and still not down where Henry and co are.

"...I think more like a traveler, I suppose. It's not exactly wise to reveal everything about yourself to strangers, no matter how friendly the terms you plan on being with them."

"...I guess I just don't trust people much, in general."



Vasilka: "The walls of Krezk are now secure. It is a pity that Rahadin has escaped once again..."



Suldae Westwind: "Ironic, isn't it?"



Vasilka: "We must find some way to secure the village against him."

"Perhaps... Passwords?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Don't think those will work"



Vasilka: "I know it seems crude, but sharing some information he does not have access to might be enough to make it so he can be more easily discovered, when he is attempting to deceive."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It seemed like he could read my mind or atleast part of it"



Vasilka: "That's an alarming thought..."

"I would hope that my presence and Sylvanus's would temper the ambitions of any psychic."

"Is it not possible that he is just... Wiley?"



Abbey Marcus shrugs



Henry of Willowsbrook: "He dodged my attacks without any effort and despite how I might have been less than calm I'm not that shoddy"



Abbey Marcus: "I suppose that's one way to look at things. Trust no one and you'll be safest."



Vasilka: "That is also alarming."

"You are no slouch, when it comes to combat..."



Suldae Westwind: "...That's not quite it though."

"I don't trust anyone completely, but that's a far cry from no trust at all."

"I wouldn't trust myself to win a swordfight with you, as an example."

"Trust is relative, you know?"



Vasilka: "What can we do, then?"

"I am conscious of the locations of all your companions, but I did not sense him at all."

"In fact, I can sense everyone in the village, and yet... When he murdered the Krezkovs, I did not know."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to Joan "And we didn't hear him coming either did we`"



Joan: "No," says Joan. "No, we didn't. Quiet as death, that one."

"Until he changed his disguise. Then... The screaming..."

"I've never heard anything so horrible."



Vasilka: "The angry spirits of those he has slain. Countless thousands, I am told."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pats Joans head in comfort
to comfort her



Vasilka: "Quiet as death... I wonder..."

"I must speak with Kasimir and with Ismark. There is something we might try."

"Will you join me, Henry?"

"Your input will be... Needed."



Abbey Marcus: "I see. Well, relatively speaking, I like to trust others more than I like to NOT trust others."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods "Might aswell tell everyone what happend to"



Suldae Westwind: "Yes, but - there's trust in intentions, and then there's trust in competence."



Vasilka: "Kasimir, Ismark? May we enter?"



Suldae Westwind: "Overestimating your allies' competence is really, really, *really* dangerous."



Kasimir Velikov: "Please."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Make yourselves comfortable."



Abbey Marcus blinks.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry ushers Joan to take a seat "I-we ran into Rahadick again"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Again!? I thought he had left the city!"



Abbey Marcus: "Is... there a point to this? Do forgive me, I don't see what you're getting at."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir stands in the window, staring out, his hands folded behind his back.
He says, after a long moment: "He will not stop until he has dismantled the threat to his master."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I think we found his base of operations here in Krezk and when we were about to investigate it he approached us under disguise"

Vasilka: "To call Krezk a city is, perhaps, overstating matters. Nevertheless, the fact that we cannot defend even this small village from his skill is... alarming."

"I have one potential solution, but it is a terribly dangerous and somewhat morally dubious one."

Vasilka stands in the corner. She steeples her fingers, and says—very quietly: "Have either one of you ever made contact with Kelemvor?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark fidgets, looking away.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir sighs.

"We have tried."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark picks at a spot on his pants.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry cocks his head "Which one was that again?"



Vasilka: "The god of Death."

"He is notoriously opposed to the undead."

"Since he cannot reach Strahd, at the moment, he may be willing to hear the screams of those Rahadin has slain unjustly."

"He may be able to trace Rahadin, or grant to us the power to do so."

"Or, he may be able to simply... Remove Rahadin from the equation. For a price."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Right" Henry says nodding before winching pointedly not looking at Ismark



Vasilka: "What that price will be, I can't say."



Kasimir Velikov: "He will want Ismark."

"He is a god of balance."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "You can't know that."

"He may not want anything. Strahd has been a thorn in his side for centuries, right?"



Kasimir Velikov: "That is probable, yes. But there is always great danger in this kind of transaction."

"Assuming, of course, that he even deigns to hear us."



Vasilka: "He will deign to hear the emissary of Sylvanus."



Kasimir Velikov: "And he will want something from him," says Kasimir, turning to fix Henry with a sharp-eyed stare.



Vasilka: "I believe Kelemvor and Sylvanus are on good terms."

"There is no one-upmanship involved there; they are two sides of the same coin."



Kasimir Velikov: "A god is ever looking for a faithful servant."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry let's out a sigh "And that's why Ma always preached I should read anything thrice before signing it" He grumbles in undercommon

Straightening out he says "Well might aswell try, not like asking for a deal will cost us much besides time right?"



Vasilka: "No, that's true. It will require a midnight ritual, but we have the supplies for such on-hand."



Rictavio: Rictavio steps into the room without knocking.

"As a cleric of Pelor, I must voice my disapproval."

"Well, not *my* disapproval. Pelor's."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry almost draws on Rictavio



Vasilka: "Why would Pelor disapprove? This does not concern him."



Rictavio: "What you call a god of balance and of justice is a fanatical being that was once a man. Though he has reformed the process of death, and the passage of souls, in ways that Pelor does approve of, he is still just a man at heart, and Pelor sees his cruelty."



Vasilka: "We are, of course, open to other suggestions."



Rictavio: Rictavio turns meaningfully to Henry. "Pelor could use a man like you, Henry. He really could. And he could grant you the power you'd need to find and slay Rahadin. And he'd do it without risking Ismark's life, and for no price at all."



Vasilka: "Except, of course, the cost to Sylvanus."



Rictavio: "Wild nature stands opposed to Man. What Sylvanus loses, Mankind gains."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir scoffs. "You cannot seriously believe that."



Zanshuken: Henry frowns "All this talk about gods is making my head spin, we never really looked at it that way back home"



Vasilka: "Few mortals ever do."



Rictavio: "Except clerics, of course."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir scoffs again. "One miracle and you're a saint."



Rictavio: "That's one more miracle than you've got under your belt."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shakes his head "No not even them, for us it was always just the Divine Light"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Kelemvor has rejected our attempts to contact him," Ismark says, taking Kasimir's hand. "I believe he finds my state... Distasteful."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry furrows his brow remembering something "Wait there was one goddess they occasionally mentioned, mostly when talking to preachers from outside"



Abbey Marcus finishes his conversation with Suldae and moves to check in with the others.



Vasilka: "What god was that?" Vasilka asks.



Marcus Veranius taps on the window



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae stays at the top of the wall, her eyes closed. That didn't really work the way she hoped it would, though at least she hopes she'd settled some of Marcus's fears and doubts.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sune? I think? Yeah, I believe Father Primrose said the whole Baronie was

devoted to Sune" Henry says "Again I think it was mostly to get the other Preachers of his back but now that I think about it all our temples were dedicated to her" Henry looks around at the others eyes wide



Vasilka: "The goddess of Love," says Vasilka.



Marcus Veranius keeps tapping on the window



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir opens the window. "Yes?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Marcus! Join the party!"



Marcus Veranius: "Hey, have you seen Ric around? Wanted to talk to him about something."



Rictavio: "Present," says Rictavio, waving his hand slightly.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena finds Suldae on the wall-top.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry points to the man literally standing next to him



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smiles at her.



Ireena Kolyana: She leans casually against one of the crenelations, and says: "Hey. Come here often?"



Suldae Westwind: "First time, actually," Suldae smiles at her. "Come sit down?"



Marcus Veranius: "Ah, umm. In private. Actually, this is fine."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sooo" Henry asks after the brief pause Marcus arrival had given everyone
"Could she help?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Sure thing," says Ireena, seating herself beside Suldae. "Though I have to say, you're a bit too cute to be a guard."

"Plus you're facing the wrong way."



Marcus Veranius: "I was going to visit the Krezk pool. If it can purify a sword, maybe it can relieve some guilt."



Rictavio: Rictavio climbs through the window to join him.

"Seeking the light of the Morninglord, are we? I can hardly deny my holy duty, now can I?"



Marcus Veranius: "Is that what it's about?" Marcus asks, walking down the road a bit.



Ireena Kolyana: "Hey," says Ireena. "Kasimir just contacted me. Rictavio is trying to persuade Henry to become a paladin of Pelor instead of Sylvanus. Kasimir needs backup."

"And there's something about... Kelemvor?"

"That can't be good."



Marcus Veranius: "Well, I was hoping you might have directions. Maybe an instructions manual."



Rictavio: Rictavio chuckles.

"No, I'm afraid not. But I can help."



Suldae Westwind: "He what?"

Rictavio: "Are you trying to join the clergy? Or to seek some kind of redemption?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae blinks.

"...Yeah, let's go."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena gets to her feet and helps Suldae up.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at Kasimir, Ismark Joan and Vasilika "...if you guys are going to laugh at the Idea could you hurry it up please?"

A moment later Ireena and Suldae arrive at the room where Henry's conversation is happening.



Marcus Veranius 's smile starts to fade, adopting a more serious look.



Marcus Veranius: "Well I'm not the holy sort, even after all this vampire nonsense."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Can we say that Ireena and Suldea heard Henry's last sentence?)



Marcus Veranius: "But there are a few things I'd like to make peace with all these hidden knives around every corner."



Ireena Kolyana: "What are we laughing at?" Ireena asks.



Vasilka: "We are not laughing," says Vasilka. "We are seriously considering the option..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Asking Sune for help against Rahadouchcanoes sneaking around"



Kasimir Velikov: "Sune is... Complicated."

"She is one of the most ancient gods. Older even than Pelor."



Suldae Westwind:

26

RELIGION (13)
Suldae Westwind

(what does Suldae know about Sune)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So are Pelor and Kelemvor" Henry says



Kasimir Velikov: "There is no question that she *could* help us. The real question is: why would she?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a moment to think "...Because what ever Strahd is doing here is an affront to Love and helping us against Rahadin is like kicking him in the dick?"




Marcus Veranius: "...suppose I never properly atoned for the wagon. And though I'll keep it a secret to my grave, there are some I can't keep it secret from."


Suldae knows that Sune is the goddess of Love. Some call her the Firstborn. Her domain is the bonds between people: the trust between friends, the love between members of a family, and romantic attraction. She is offended by betrayal, treachery, and cruelty. She rarely intervenes in any way, and is often presented/understood as more of a raw force than a sentient being. Suldae has heard many poems and stories that seem to present her in another light, however—as a conscious, malicious, manipulative entity, reveling in the chaos of relationships. She can be equally kind and cruel.


Rictavio: (To Marcus): "A wise consideration, Marcus. In fact, I should probably join you in atoning for that... After all, it was my fault."


"Or, my fault too."

 **Sulda Westwind:** "...Huh," Suldae says, leaning against the doorframe. "I'd say bringing gods into it is something we shouldn't do lightly, but then it's a bit late for that, isn't it?"


"...Why Sune, though?"


 **Kasimir Velikov:** "The difficulty is that love is not something only experienced by the good. Rahadin's love for Strahd may be 'real' in that sense. Strahd's 'love' for Ireena may even be real, so far as he is concerned."

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Actually, what started this?"

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Rahadin ambushed me and Joan"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Maybe. If you think it's wise."

 **Vasilka:** Vasilka turns to Suldae. "Rahadin has proven that he is able to hide from my senses, and even hide his victims from them. This cannot be tolerated. If we cannot guarantee that he is out of the equation, every decision we make will be dogged by the possibility of his interference."


 **Rictavio:** Rictavio puts an arm around Marcus's shoulders.

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Ah," Suldae frowns.


 ***Marcus Veranius overhears Henry's statement from the window***

 **Marcus Veranius:** "...did something happen?"


 **Joan:** Joan quickly explains the situation to Marcus.


 **Sulda Westwind:** "...And Sune was brought into it as in-?..."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I see."

 **Vasilka:** "We were discussing the possibility of contacting various gods who might be able to track and/or eliminate Rahadin for us."

"Kelemvor was my suggestion. Pelor was Rictavio's. Sune was Henry's."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "I might possibly be a Sune worshiper" Henry says

 **Sulda Westwind:** "Ah," Suldae nods to him.

 **Vasilka:** "Since Sylvanus seems to be... Unable to do so."

 **Sulda Westwind:**

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RELIGION (13)
Sulda Westwind

(context on Pelor + Kelemvor that Sulda has?)

 ***Marcus Veranius looks to Kasimir briefly, then taps Rictavio on the shoulder.***

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Religion back home was odd I'm beginning to understand" Henry says with a

shrug



Marcus Veranius: "It seems you are more needed here then. I'll be fine to go alone."

Suldae realizes that Pelor and Kelemvor are aligned on opposite sides of the Day/Night divide, and though they are not maliciously opposed to one another, they do have a serious long-standing rivalry. Pelor is a higher-level god. His domain is Humanity, Light, and the Sun. He is as opposed to undeath as Kelemvor is, although his approach to it can be—if anything—more vindictive. Kelemvor is the one who binds Revenants to a certain span of allowed time, whereas, if it were up to Pelor, Revenants would not exist at all. Pelor has never been a mortal, though Kelemvor has. (Pelor is Lawful Good, Kelemvor is Lawful Neutral)



Suldae Westwind: "Ouch," Suldae says.



Rictavio: "Nonsense, Marcus. I'll come with you. They've heard my piece. If they need me to perform a ritual, I shall be more than glad to—at dawn tomorrow."

"For now, you and I atoning may be the wisest move we can make."

"And besides, if Rahadin is on the loose, we must not travel alone. Even short distances."



Marcus Veranius gives Rictavio a serious look.



Rictavio: "And, of course, to the rest of you: if we should happen to see one of you, walking alone, coming upon us unannounced, we will have to kill you."

"So stick together!"



Marcus Veranius: "There are SEVERAL things I need to atone for."

"I will be fine."



Vasilka: Vasilka sighs. "At least we know that the Doppelgänger are taken care of."



Rictavio: "So have I, lad. So have I."

"I would be glad of your company."

"We can stand at opposite sides of the pool, when the time comes."



Marcus Veranius sighs. "Alright. Let's get going then."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "To be honest, if we can avoid asking any additional gods for help here, I think we'll be safer... And our lives will be less complicated."

"We owe a lot to a lot of beings, as it is."



Rictavio joins Marcus on the quiet walk to the pool.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "But my vote doesn't count. My soul already belongs to the silver dragon."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir gives his shoulder a squeeze.




Suldae Westwind: "...Can we, like, check in? Check if they might be willing to help, no strings attached?"





Vasilka: "Each god in question has a different ritual to contact them—assuming we want to use Henry as emissary."


"Without having a saint on hand, we would have to find a cleric of each, and ask them to intercede on our behalf."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Well, I think we have a cleric of Pelor," Suldae muses.


 **Vasilka:** "Do you want him representing us before that god?"

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Well, no," Suldae agrees.

 **Vasilka:** "No offense intended, of course. But as a purely practical consideration..."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "...So what can we do then?"


"Or do you mean using Henry as an emissary is the other option?"

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "I'll do it" Henry says "However many rituals I'll do2


"


it


 **Vasilka:** "Yes. With the right ritual, we can send him physically to the domain of each god."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "...Ah. What's the downsides?"

Meanwhile, Marcus and Rictavio arrive at a large pool of sparkling, crystal-clear water.


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Meeting gods physically in their domains I reckon"


 **Vasilka:** "Yes," says Vasilka. "Although Sylvanus's power and reputation are great enough that I do not foresee any real danger there..."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Sylvanus was ...intense and the Big Guy like me I think"

 **Vasilka:** "Although, if one of the gods does take offense at the fact that we are turning down their offer..."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** likes

 **Vasilka:** "Well, there is no end of ways that they might make trouble for us."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "...Well that sounds bad," Suldae muses.

"I wonder if I could ask Correllon for any help here...."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Well, it looks pretty sparkly. This the right place?"

 **Suldae Westwind:** The idea sounds absurd, but then so does everything that's happened. Why not ask Correllon for help as a mediator or something?


Not like there's a downside to *asking* a god of knowledge things.

 **Rictavio:** "This is the place. You'll want to kneel, and wash your hands, then your face. Then, assuming there is real holy power here, simply sit in meditation. The god will come to you."


 **Kasimir Velikov:** Kasimir facepalms.

"I'm an idiot."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Oh?"

 **Kasimir Velikov:** "Correllon is a god of *sound*. If anyone or anything could hear the *screaming of ten thousand souls*, it would be him."


"AND he is a good-aligned god of *ELVES*."

 **Sulda Westwind:** "...Oh yeah," Suldae says brightly.


 **Kasimir Velikov:** "Rahadin is an elf."


"Correllon has precisely what we need."


 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** Ismark sighs heavily. "That's a relief."


 **Vasilka:** "Then why hasn't he offered to help before now...?"

 **Marcus Veranius stares at the pool.**


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Is that really it? Doesn't seem like much of a ritual."

 **Sulda Westwind:** "...Has he not been helping?" Suldae raises her eyebrows at her.


 **Rictavio:** "If you'd like a better guarantee of success, you will need to intone the name of the god three times, and let fall your own blood into the pool."


 **Sulda Westwind:** "...I'm just going to... well, I'm going to ask," Suldae frowns.


"...I feel like I have what I need to do it, but... any advice?"


 **Rictavio:** "Pelor is the god of humanity, and he is, as such, ever watchful and ready to hear the prayers of his children."

"If you were an elf, things would be more complicated."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry facepalms "Forest for the trees, and yeah limited as it may be Gods are rarely the proactive types in these sort of deals, you gotta ask first"


 **Rictavio:** "Since you're a wereraven... He may or may not choose to hear you."


 **Sulda Westwind:** She wants to say she hasn't done this before, but... she has. She's been asking her god, both questions and for help, all the time. Just... maybe not as insistently as she's going to now. This is absolutely terrifyng, by the way.


 **Vasilka:** "Be cautious not to offend him," says Vasilka. "That is all the advice I can offer."


 **Marcus Veranius takes another glance to the water and sighs.**

 **Vasilka:** "He has aided you until now because your goals were in alignment. If he believes that he has achieved what he wanted to, with you, then... Well, gods have abandoned their followers before."


 **Sulda Westwind:** "I could have guessed that," Suldae murmurs. "Still thank you, that IS valuable. Nothing's too obvious when it's this important."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I didn't realize this would be invoking gods. Thought it was just extra-sparkly water of forgiveness."

 **Kasimir Velikov:** Kasimir snaps: "Correllon is not like that."

 **Sulda Westwind:** "...Thanks," Suldae sneers at her.

"I'm PRETTY SURE I'm not done accomplishing what *Correllon* wants of me, no."

 **Kasimir Velikov:** "Correllon *never* abandons his followers. Not even when they walk astray for

thousands of years. The life of an elf is something you, as a new-made creature, cannot possibly comprehend."



Suldae Westwind: "...Which is kind of bad news," Suldae adds, "Rahadin being one and all. Still."

"At the very least I can try to ask for his intercession with... the others," she shivers.

Correllon feels... familiar, compared to those.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks around the room at the slightly flaring tempers. "Do you need like a bit of quiet?"



Kasimir Velikov: "Many among the slain of Rahadin were elves themselves," says Kasimir. "Women. Children."

"Correllon will want justice. Have no fear, Suldae."



Suldae Westwind: "Mm."

Suldae sighs.

She knows this. She's younger than Kasimir, but - she's the cleric, among the two of them. Still, the older elf's words are comforting.

"...I think I'll want a room to myself," she says.

Not like the Abbey should lack for those.



Ireena Kolyana: "We can use my room," says Ireena. "I mean, the one that was prepared for me. Since it hasn't been used."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae blushes intensely.

"...Yeah, show me the way?"



Ireena Kolyana: "This way," says Ireena. She takes Suldae by the hand, and leads her from the chamber.



Suldae Westwind: "...Please everyone don't summon an avatar of Tiamat or anything while I'm doing that," Suldae adds as she's leaving the room.



Ireena Kolyana: In the room, Ireena pauses with her hand on the door. "I'll keep an eye on them, make sure they don't get into any trouble."

"Do you need anything?"

"Before I go, I mean..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nudges Joan "Want some tea? I have to do something while we ait or I'll start builing a stable"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shakes her head. Her bag's on her, as always.



Ireena Kolyana: There's something mischievous in Ireena's eyes.



Suldae Westwind: She has everything she needs.



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, in that case... Have something you don't need."

She gives Suldae a kiss on the forehead.

"For luck."



Marcus Veranius continues staring at the waters of the Krezk pool, hesitating. He instead

resolves to sit down at the water's edge, placing down the Oathbow to appear unarmed.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae blushes and rubs her head near the spot. She reaches on her tiptoes to kiss Ireena's cheek in return.

"Thanks. I hope I won't need it."



Ireena Kolyana: "You won't," says Ireena. "But it's nice to have it anyway."

She departs quietly.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods, then draws a long breath as Ireena leaves.



Vasilka: Vasilka turns to Henry, Kasimir, and Ismark. "Well, while Suldae is doing that..."



Marcus Veranius: "Do all these problems require gods to fix? Are we so powerless that we can't get anything done by ourselves?"



Suldae Westwind: She takes out incense, considers changing her clothing - no, a bard's clothing is as good as that of the clergy, for her god. She knows that.



Vasilka: "Are there other strategies we might employ? More mundane, or perhaps magical strategies?"



Suldae Westwind: She lights a stick, then sits on her knees on the floor in front of it, letting the smell help her focus.

Both hands on her holy symbol, she prays.

(Marcus): The waters of the pool ripple faintly, sparkling.



Suldae Westwind: Asking for audience.

The oathbow vibrates.

(Suldae): The incense swirls and dances, caught in a music that no mind can hear.

Then, slowly, the music grows in the ears of Suldae, and she hears the melody/harmony/rhythm of Correllon all around her in the room.

The incense smoke seems almost to be singing.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We could try a double deception marker like a band of cloth hiding a symbol" Henry says doubtfully "If the symbol doesn't match we would know he is fake but that only works if He doesn't know we have those under the cloth"



Marcus Veranius shifts his eyes between the bow and the pool. This quest for vengeance was supposed to be over ages ago. Dragon was dead. Family was put back together. He had riches to start over. Wasn't even a gate to the country anymore.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Yes I'm blatantly ripping off One Piece)

Marcus sees a ripple on the surface of the pool as he thinks this, and feels...

"There is vengeance, and there is justice."

The voice burns in his mind like the fires that hurled him from the church in Vallaki, so very long ago.

"Justice for what you have done is to be the justice against the Castle and its King."

Vasilka: "That's actually a very good idea," says Vasilka. "Of course, it's undone if he is already among us, spying..."



Kasimir Velikov: "What about the sending stones?"

"They can only communicate with each other, right?"

"How many of those did we have?"



Marcus Veranius clenches his head in pain.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae listens to the sound, then sings back when she feels like it's her cue. Her voice does not sound like she's singing inside a small abbey room, to her ears.

It's still a prayer. Could they please have some help against Rahadin? is the gist of it.

She's not sure she's doing this right.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "A few but those would only keep us save and not our allies"



Suldae Westwind: Her education did not actually include "seeking Correllon's personal audience", which was a definite drawback, really, in retrospect.



Marcus Veranius: "What's justice but vengeance in someone else's name? It's all the same! You can't build a house by tearing down another! All you're left with is a larger pile of rubble!"

Marcus feels the voice burn again, this time white-hot with rage. "What you have done is unforgivable. Your soul will writhe in the pits of the hells, for I shall see it planted deep there among its peers. That would be the justice you speak of—raw, retaliatory rebalancing of the scales. The justice I speak of is the end of cruelty, the end of suffering, the end of something that cannot be allowed to continue. You have your life, your wife, your future, and your gold. What has Barovia? What has Barovia for a future? The blood cries out for blood, and I will answer—with or without you. Take up your bow. Get on your feet. Slay the devil Strahd, and leave no stone of his castle stacked upon another. Then, in the pile of rubble you speak of, the gods will lay a new foundation. The souls of the departed will be made, at last, to rest. That is the justice sought by the gods, and you can be its hand or its hindrance."

At the same time, Suldae hears—very clearly—an androgynous elven voice speaking the tongue of the Eladrin. The words have the music they were long ago born with, the music that has faded from the modern elvish. It says, quite plainly: "Sure."

Correllon says: "How can I help?"



Kasimir Velikov: (To Henry): "Even so, we could use the stones to at least ensure that our immediate group is not infiltrated."

"That would be a huge advantage on its own—he would no longer be able to imitate one of us without being caught."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry leans his head back against the wall 'There has to be something we can do, something I can do...what good is all this strength and might of mine if I can't even protect her when she is right next to me' He laments in his mind



Vasilka: As though hearing his thoughts, Vasilka says: "We will find a way, Henry."

"You do not fight this fight alone."



Ireena Kolyana: "Proof against detection," says Ireena, thoughtfully.

"He's got an amulet of proof against detection—or something like that. It's why you can't sense him,

Vasilka. And it's why Marcus wasn't able to track him."



Kasimir Velikov: "I hesitate even to suggest this, but might it be wise to prepare anti magic fields?"



Ireena Kolyana: "That would kill Ismark."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Only temporarily."



Kasimir Velikov: "The larger problem is that such magic is, for the moment, out of my reach... It would require an intense effort of research."

"But hypothetically, that would reduce his disguises to nothing. And it would prevent him from teleporting."



Vasilka: Vasilka nods thoughtfully. "Possibly. The fact that he can still do so even within the bounds of a Forbiddance spell is alarming, however."



Suldae Westwind: Only the rhythm of hte music and the discipline of the musician keeps Suldae from screaming - in awe or terror, she couldn't tell.

It was one thing to think it. It's another to truly hear her god's voice.

Rahadin, she sings, the music of her sould and her voice creating image enough for it to be entirely unambiguous who she's talking about. *He is hard to track, but we need a way. There is no way to stop him short of killing him, is there?*

Still a question. One Suldae does not think she will ever stop asking; one Suldae does not thinkin her god will ever mind hearing her ask.

*does not think

also *soul



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Maybe something in that hut helped him keep the magical back door open? I barely understand this stuff" HENry conceed



Kasimir Velikov: "We should search the hut, yes," says Kasimir.

"That should be one of our first orders of business..."

Suldae hears the voice again: "He cannot be traced or detected by magical means. There is no way to stop him without killing him, that much is true."

"He worships Strahd as a deity, and Strahd would be greatly weakened by the loss of him..."

"I shall find the heart of his secrets of concealment, and show you the strings to pluck."

"Was there anything else you needed? Any other questions needling your mind?"



Suldae Westwind: This question is... overwhelming. To put it mildly. What's a mind that doesn't generate questions for everything it sees?



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We can head over there once Suldae is finished...or before it gets dark whichever happens first"



Vasilka: "Yes, it would be advisable to have her input—and whatever insights she may have been able to gain."



Suldae Westwind: *Too many to ask*, Suldae sings, knowing a sign of her god's favor when she hears it, yet completely at loss still for how to react, save for raw honesty of whatever comes to mind. She already knows, too, that Correllon does not have an answer to one of the questions that burns her

mind the most - about the Raven Queen and her true intentions. She's already asked, after all.

No, she has one.

Ismark, she sings. What would or will it take to help him, after his duty is done. His death was too soon, and a result of my failure among others. Can it be righted



Ireena Kolyana: "Plus, that way if she catches up to us later, we don't have to kill her..."



Marcus Veranius picks up the Oathbow



Marcus Veranius chucks it into the pool

Suldae hears the voice of Correllon. "If the curse upon Barovia is lifted, so too will be many, many curses, chained to it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yeah I'm already sick of attacking people that look like friends"



Marcus Veranius: "Let this be my final quest then. For when the devil dies, this Sunsword will never again light, and it will be the last weapon I ever touch."

Suldae hears Correllon say: "Oh my. Marcus has angered Pelor..."

"Wait... No."

"He has gained Pelor's deep and lasting respect?"

"How curious."

"At any rate, Ismark's fate is yet unwritten. If the curse of Strahd is broken, his soul will rest in peace. That is all that a mortal can ask for, at the end of their fate."

"I apologize. I know that this is not the answer you sought."



Suldae Westwind: ...Yeah, it's not.

I might ask again, when I know the question better, Suldae sings stubbornly. And I have thought of another. Can you tell me about Rictavio? What is his relationship with Pelor?

(all the stuff in asterisks is a short retelling / translation from high elven poetic. its also not english so there)

Marcus sees the sparkling lights upon the surface of the pool suddenly dissipate and fade. The water becomes smooth and clear as glass, and he sees right to the dark depths of the pool, and watches the oathbow crumble and disperse like dried ink mixing in the water. As it touches the bottom of the pool, he sees a flash of golden light. A box of gold lies at the bottom of the pool: a coffin.

Suldae hears Correllon answer: "Pelor finds him a distasteful yet useful tool. As, I think, do you. Yet in Rictavio's heart there is a kind and loving and wise old man, twisted and buried by the cruelty of his own fate. That man may yet emerge, before the end."

Sergei: "Marcus, I'm touched."



Marcus Veranius: "...Sergei?"



Suldae Westwind: That... was one of the most horrifying things Suldae could have heard from her god.

Was this a test? Or had she truly been acting like...

People are not tools, she replies in song. *I will endeavor to not forget.*

Yes, this is her being rude to Pelor, maybe. She does not mind being rude to Pelor in this context.

I thank you for the answers, she sings. *And so, of Rahadin...*

Sergei: "Mhmm?"



Marcus Veranius: "Is this your coffin then? Or is this some kind of metaphor I'm not smart enough to understand?"

Sergei: "Yup. That's my corpse."

"Well, inside, I mean."

"The coffin didn't used to be gold..."

"Pardon, I mean: the coffin was not made of gold, formerly."



Marcus Veranius: "So it's both then."

Suldae hears Correllon say: *"Rahadin, yes... Rahadin. Traitor, coward, monster, fool. I have a dark song for him. It will wound you to sing it, and it will cost things you do not now understand. You must trust me, and sing it anyway, knowing that I would never ask more than I believe you are capable of."*

Suldae hears Correllon say: *"Now, listen well, and hear the song. It will wound even in the hearing of it. Be strong, and be not afraid."*

GM: (Suldae, make a Charisma save)



Marcus Veranius: "Well, win or lose. At least one of us is ending up in a better place."

Sergei: "Yeah, I guess so..."



Suldae Westwind:

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CHARISMA SAVE (12)
Suldae Westwind

Sergei: "I guess, in a way, what you said about Justice and vengeance... It..."

"Well, maybe I wasn't hearing you right before. It made sense this time."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae listens, then. This is the service she'd chosen; there's no question, and at the very least her god knows that.

Sergei: "I release you from your bondage to me, Marcus. I won't be like that god. But I hope you'll still use me to kill Strahd."

"But not for vengeance. Not anymore. This time, it will be for Ireena. It will be for Barovia."

Suldae takes half of 50 psychic damage.



Marcus Veranius: "You are the only weapon I choose to use. No more endless chains of vengeance passing from hand to hand on deaths and deaths."

The song she hears is cruel and haunting, sharp and jagged. She will have to play it where no one can hear.



Marcus Veranius: "The ashes will settle once and for all."

Sergei: "Yes. That's as it should be."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae listens, and impresses it on her mind, even if it hurts on a level she'd not known of before.

Sergei: "A final peace, come what may."



Suldae Westwind: She will not *stop*.



Marcus Veranius steps away from the pool for Rictavio to have his turn getting yelled at by burning voice god.

Suldae easily memorizes the song, and knows that she will be able to sing it later.



Suldae Westwind: Whatever the price is, she believes; no, she *knows* it will be worth it.

Correllon says: "When the night falls, go to the highest place in Krezk and sing this song. The souls that linger by Rahadin will awaken, and justice will be done."



Suldae Westwind: *I will*

"Now go, Suldae. Your friends have need of you."

"Where you go, I go also."



Suldae Westwind: *Thank you*

The song finally fades, with that.



Rictavio: Rictavio catches up with Marcus a moment later.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gets to her feet at her god's command, even though her head is ringing with grief, and fear, and shame.



Rictavio: "So? Did you learn anything? A productive conversation?"



Suldae Westwind: There is anger, too, and it is perhaps that that lets her move still.
That, and stubbornness.



Rictavio: "Pelor did not deign to speak with me, but you seemed to be having a lively conversation..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stumbles to where she'd parted with the rest of the company.

Her head is pounding, to put it mildly; she doesn't even quite realize how much, too focused on keeping moving.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry puts down the empty tea cup and stretches "Oh hey I was just about to come check on you Suldae"



Ireena Kolyana: "You feeling alright? You look a bit pale!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae checks. Nothing seems *immediately* on fire. Maybe she was too literal and

Correllon just meant in general? Or is something on fire elsewhere?

What was that about Marcus, anyway?



Marcus Veranius: "I sacrificed my most potent weapon as a statement and got brain burns."



Rictavio: "Sounds like a good conversation with Pelor."



Suldae Westwind: She does not answer, because her head is pounding and she doesn't quite manage to register that she should.



Rictavio: "He's a bit... How to put this delicately..."

"Direct?"

"Forceful, maybe."



Marcus Veranius: "Loud."

"Loud is a good word."



Rictavio: "Loud. Yes, loud."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry reaches out to Suldae and uses lay on Hands for 10



Rictavio: "Well, I'm a bit thick. Slow to pick up on hints. In my younger days, Pelor was the god that worked best with my natural... Bull-headedness."

"He respects that kind of thing, I think."



Marcus Veranius: "Suppose that's good for a monster hunter. As for me, I think I'll be taking retirement seriously."



Rictavio: "I can't say I blame you."

"Shall we get back to the others?"



Marcus Veranius: "Some old man gave me a stipend to get my old shoe shop back up and running. Gunna take the offer seriously."

"Let's get back to town so Rahadin can kill us easier."



Rictavio: "Excellent," says Rictavio, clapping his hands and rubbing them vigorously.

The sun, it seems, is beginning to set. Nightfall is perhaps an hour away.



Rictavio: "Getting late, isn't it..."

"I expect we'll be getting another storm tonight. Strahd's power sleeps as he does."



Marcus Veranius: "Well, at least we got a small circle of revenants as a wind break."
























Rictavio: "True," says Rictavio, with a chuckle.

(Assuming no objections) Marcus and Rictavio return to the Abbey and find the remainder of the party crowded into Ismark's room.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks outside at the darkening sky "Guess well have to search the hut tomorrow"

-  **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Just a suggestion," says Ismark, "But maybe we could go to the main hall? It's getting to be standing-room-only in here."
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "Hello! Rahadin must be out of teleports; didn't take the bait."
"Figure he's got two assassination attempts a day. Ought to keep track in a ledger."
-  **Kasimir Velikov:** "He is likely biding his time. Waiting until our guards are down."
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Btw Liliet I healed you for 10) "So Suldae how'd it go?"
-  **Rictavio:** "I like to think he was scared off by my presence," says Rictavio.
"Or perhaps he is only interested in killing particular party members?"
-  **Ireena Kolyana:** "Yeah, but Marcus and Henry are like... The biggest threats to him."
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "Maybe he thinks he can wait you out but not the rest of us."
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "He ran as soon as he was sure I made him"
-  **Kasimir Velikov:** "I disagree there. Suldae may be his greatest bane."
-  **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "He doesn't seem all that interested in actually sticking around for a fight, does he?"
"I wonder why..."
-  **Ireena Kolyana:** "He must know that he couldn't hope to take on all of us at once."
-  **Vasilka:** "Or it might not be his goal."
"His goal may be to cause dissension in the ranks. Distrust among allies."
"To prevent us from raising an effective assault force."
-  **Ireena Kolyana:** "What did you learn, Suldae?"
-  **Joan:** "Right," says Joan, squeezing past Henry and the others. "Main Hall? Everyone? Main hall?"
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "We could probably fit a few more. Hiere, Ezmerelda..."
"The golem."
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry beings shoving Marcus out the door while taking Joan by the Hand
"Main Hall"
-  **Ezmerelda Veranius:** "Oh, hey babe. I just woke up."
"What's... All... this?"
-  ***Ezmerelda Veranius watches Ismark's room empty like a clown car.***
-  **Ezmerelda Veranius:** "Huh."
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "We're discussing Rahadin in the main hall."
"SO! What is the plan?"
-  **Ireena Kolyana:** "We're waiting for Suldae to tell us what she learned. I think the ritual took a lot of effort..."



Vasilka: "Yes, you do look a bit dazed, Suldae. Is there anything we can do to help you?"



(From Tops K.): TEST



(From Tops K.):

DC19

The creature is not pushed.

Strength Save

When you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can expend one superiority die to attempt to knock the target down. You add the superiority die to the attack's damage roll, and if the target is Large or smaller, it must make a Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

>A prone creature's only Movement option is to crawl, unless it stands up and thereby ends the condition.

>The creature has disadvantage on Attack rolls.

>An Attack roll against the creature has advantage if the attacker is within 5 feet of the creature. Otherwise, the Attack roll has disadvantage.

1

Bonus Damage

[Trip Attack]
Marcus Veranius



Tops K.:

16

21

Sunsword (+13)
Marcus Veranius

1

Radiant

17

Radiant

15

29

Sunsword (+13)
Marcus Veranius

1

Radiant

13

Radiant

29

29

Sunsword (+13)
Marcus Veranius

6

Radiant

16

Radiant

(Blessed be having one weapon. I can reduce my number of toggles)

**Liliet (Suldae):**

26

30

PERFORMANCE (11)
Suldae Westwind**Henry of Willowsbrook:** So are we good to start?**Rahadin:** I'm ready when y'all are!

(Narrating): "This is the tale of the greatest king in history: the immortal Strahd Von Zarovich. I have been his faithful steward for 7,352 years. I was there at his birth. I was there at his death. I was there at his rebirth. It was I who punished the undeserving woman; mine was the hand that pushed her. Defenestration is such a clean, simple form of murder—well, perhaps not *clean* in the physical sense, as there is always a great deal to vanish afterwards—but motivationally, especially if the victim is already known to have an ostensible reason to take their own life. My beloved Strahd never realized that Tatiana would *never* have killed herself. She was far too stubborn and strong-willed for that. She would have fought him to the death, and found some way to avenge herself upon him."

(Narrating): "Ah, well. This tale is the tale of my downfall. You see, there was a band of adventurers—there's always one or two, but they are usually much more easily dispatched than these! These have survived everything. Everything that my lord could throw at them. Our lines of defense have broken, our kingdom lies in ruins, and my beloved Strahd rampages in his castle, pacing, each night a storm of fury growing—half unwitting—from him. These adventurers have even found some of his artifacts. They know his tale, they know his curse, they have slain his dragon and his mother. They have found his brother, and his beloved Tatiana, and the two are near together for the first time since the beginning of the curse. It is the working of that accursed Bard. My master knew that these adventurers were nothing to trifle with after they undid the death of Ismark. The Bard is more than she seems—a sorceress of great power and skill. Then there is the Warrior, the last survivor of his mercenary troop, and by far the greatest among them. The saving hand of Sylvanus has protected him. He saw through my disguise the other day in mere seconds, on instinct. Then there is Marcus. I have not decided what Marcus is. He was dragon-touched, but now is not. He and the monster hunters seem to have a good relationship, and yet he is not truly one of them. He—and all the party, truly—has/have magnificent boots. He was a ranger, but just this evening he threw his bow into a pool. I watched it sink all the way to the bottom, and was tempted to retrieve it. The artifact is of some value, after all. This man is the one who wields the Sunblade now. He saw through my disguise not with instinct but with guile. How will he fare, in a sword-fight against my beloved Strahd? We shall see. Perhaps it will not even come to that."

(Narrating): "The hour is upon me. The song is coming. Even now, as I pace the streets of Krezk, I feel the brooding anxiety of its weight upon my fate. Soon it will fall, and everything will change. For the moment I am resolved, confident in the murders I shall soon commit for my master."



Rahadin: (Narrating): "Up in the Abbey, they are talking in the great hall. From my perch I can see them clearly. With a simple touch upon the Weave, I can even hear their voices."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Damn he's good, monologing while not in range of the party)



Rahadin: (Narrating): "**Vasilka** is saying: Yes, you do look a bit dazed, Suldae. Is there anything we can do to help you?"



Liliet (Suldae): (give me a minute bc i think i need to reread)

(its b een slightly longer than expected)

Suldae shakes her head.

"...what is the highest place in Krezk?"



Rahadin: (Narrating): "**Vasilka** is saying: The top of the Abbey tower, certainly."



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae looks out of the window to gauge time.



Rahadin: "Now **Ireena** is saying: Don't break your neck, that's a long fall. The Bard looked straight through me. It's almost as if she *knows*... Perhaps she can feel that looming song too. Perhaps she feels the same weighty dread upon her soul. At any rate, thank goodness for invisibility. The sun will set in half an hour, and it won't matter nearly as much.

"Correction, dear Diary: **Ireena** is saying Don't break your neck, that's a long fall.

Everything after that is my own inner monologue. Punctuate correctly in revision.



Suldae Westwind: (oh my god)



Rahadin: "I wonder why she looked my way? To gauge the time?"



Suldae Westwind: The sun is setting soon. Suldae has no wish to wait inside.

"...I need to go to that tower. Who wants to escort me and wait at the bottom?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stands up "I come with you"

*|'|



Rahadin: "The Vistani woman is saying: We should all go. Tell us where you want us."

"Now the failed corpse bride is saying: Yes, it would be best if we all participated in this, in whatever fashion you deem suitable."



Suldae Westwind: "...Somewhere you won't hear me sing, specifically. But also probably maybe somewhere you can make sure nobody can get to me? From below, anyway."



Rahadin: "What the devil is she talking about? Singing? Where no one can hear? She must be practicing something—a spell to destroy the master in some devious way. I must hear it."



Marcus Veranius nods



Marcus Veranius: "I've got a Silence spell. We can sit in that, keep our eyes keen on all corners. Sound won't matter then."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Do you need anything beyond that?" Henry asks moving to head to the tower



Rahadin: "Now **Ireena** is saying: A silence spell is a good idea."

"Why is she so concerned that none of her own companions hear it?"



Suldae Westwind:

21

28

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind



Rahadin: "It must be deadly magic indeed. I shall have to shield myself."



Suldae Westwind: (is it?)

Suldae pauses, not sure.

GM: (A silence spell would protect against the effects of the song, yes)



Suldae Westwind: "...If there is a fight, you might have to leave the circle, though. I'm not sure it's particularly practical"

"I will need to be outside it, myself."

"Distance is safer."

GM: (However, it might even be possible to sing the song *within* the Silence spell, and still have it work. It will be harder, since you won't be able to hear yourself, but the song isn't for ears on this plane.)



Suldae Westwind: "Although it's possible that both is better."

(hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm)

"Or..."

"...No, it could work."

"I would be inside the spell."

"I think it'll work, yes."



Suldae Westwind: "The only thing is that I'll need to stay inside."

Suldae walks after Henry.



Rahadin But Cooler: "Now Marcus is making a suggestion: It's a tower. We can easily cast Silence on a lower level, have you stand on a stool or something just outside it while we stand around in its area. Same floor."

GM: (A handout of the Abbey roofline should have appeared for y'all)

(Those onion roof-towers don't show up on the map, but they are accessible, and the domes are hollow)



Rahadin: "Now **Ireena** is saying: Wait, I thought it had to be the highest point in Krezk?"



Suldae Westwind: "No, I'm pretty sure it'll work better if I'm Silenced," Suldae disagrees.

"And yes, it does."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "If you say so" Henry says "Not like I know how this magic stuff's supposed to work" he shrugs eyeing the towers "Just tell what to do to not mess it up and I'll be fine"

Suldae Westwind: "Honestly, I kind of feel like sitting on the top of that tower instead of just on the highest level."

Suldae shifts to the hybrid form, pulling her raven sister in.



Rahadin: "For a moment, I am briefly confused by her determination to reach such a high tower. Then she transforms into a bird, and I recall that she is a wereraven."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at the roof "Vasilka, please tell me there's a hatch I can't see from here to get up onto the roof"



Suldae Westwind: "Irena, can you cast the spell?"



Rahadin: "Vasilka is thinking. Ireena is checking her spell books."

"Ireena is saying: I'm afraid not."

"Vasilka is saying: Yes, there is a hatch, in the spire of this tower. One can access the roof by it."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at the surrounding mages. "Who can?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry points at Marcus



Rahadin: "I look up at the tower and grimace. It is a long, long, long ways up. The storm in the east is gathering and approaching even now, the sun has not yet fully set. Strahd's anger is so great that even as he slowly wakes his mind twists the storm into being. It will be very unwise to be so high in the storm that is to come."

"I look in through the window again."

"Vasilka is saying: Sadly it's not my area."

"Kasimir is saying: Wait a moment..."

"Kasimir is saying: No, unfortunately I cannot cast it either."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at Marcus



Rahadin: "I look at the mutilated ears of Kasimir and I smile to myself. *That* was an interesting day. I have a feeling today will be twice as interesting, when all is said and done."



Rahadin But Cooler: "Marcus points out: Silence is like... a really big area spell. It'll probably cover the entire tower roof and the room inside if we cast it at the right spot."

"His note is astute. I should know; I am very smart."



Suldae Westwind: (oh my god)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at the tower, the brewing storm, his friends, the tower the storm and back to the tower before saying "There will be words if this doesn't accomplish something" Already he felt his stomach sink at the prospect of going up on the tower



Rahadin: "Whatever this sorceress is up to, she must be stopped. This is beginning to look more and more like some vitally important casting. With so many of our defenses already destroyed, and such power arrayed against us, we cannot afford to have it focused. I shall have to be swift."

"Vasilka is saying: Well, I shall lead the way, when you're all ready?"

"The Vistani woman is saying: I've got a bad feeling about this."

"Her eyes look through the window, straight through me, to the distant sunset."

"Ireena is saying: We've got your back, Suldae. I'll use *Message* to check in on you, if that won't break

your concentration?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Uhm dinner is ready for me so I'll have to step away for a bit, again anything really important just ping me on discord)



Rahadin: "I chuckle to myself, thinking that there are far simpler ways of breaking someone's concentration."



Marcus Veranius mentally communicates to the Sunsword. "Hey, do you remember those tricks you mentioned in the Amber Temple? The variable shapes and stuff?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shakes her head.

Sergei: "Yeah, sure! Why?"



Suldae Westwind: "...Better not."



Rahadin: "Ireena is biting her finger. She is saying: Alright then. But we'll have to be someplace where we can see you at all times."



Suldae Westwind: Just staying sane through the song is already going to tax her. She is not sure what the effect of *friendly conversation* would be but she doubts it'd go great for her mind.



Marcus Veranius: [Now that we don't have the Oathbow, we're going to need to use every weapon trick I know to keep up the pace.]



Suldae Westwind: "...You could be up there with me and communicate with the others," Suldae suggests.



Rahadin: "Ireena is nodding."



Suldae Westwind: "You won't be able to hear in the spell, if there's someone who can cast it?"
Suldae looks at Marcus again.



Marcus Veranius: [If I call a weapon, you take its shape. That simple.]

Sergei: [Sure enough!]



Suldae Westwind: (brb)



Rahadin But Cooler: "Marcus is giving a thumbs up now. So he can cast the Silence spell. What tricks has he yet played?"



Suldae Westwind: [back]

Suldae ascends the tower with the others.

GM: (The red tiles indicate a 20' drop. It's not actually a drop, it's just a very very steep slope, which will be very very slippery once it starts raining.)



Rahadin But Cooler: "And now Marcus is casting the spell. A good trick, but not enough to stop my power."

Silence

2 (*ritual*)

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: 20-foot-radius sphere centered on a point you choose within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

For the duration, no sound can be created within or pass through a 20-foot-radius sphere centered on a point you choose within range.

Any creature or object entirely inside the sphere is immune to thunder damage, and creatures are deafened while entirely inside it.

Casting a spell that includes a verbal component is impossible there.



Rahadin: "Ireena and Suldae appear to be having some kind of mental conversation."



Ireena Kolyana: (Via Message, to Suldae): *"Should I say good luck, or break a leg, or..."*



Suldae Westwind: *"Please don't wish me to break a leg here,"* Suldae is staring off into the distance, a dreamy smile on her face. She's not afraid of heights, oh no, especially since she's grown able to fly.
(Can I assume it took them half an hour to get there?)



Rahadin: "This rooftop would be a terrible place for a fight. I shall have to be very cautious."

GM: (We can say the sun is about to set, yes)



Ireena Kolyana: *"Good luck, then."*



Suldae Westwind: (Can we also say Suldae cast Fly on Henry?)



Rahadin: "Ireena kisses the elven bard on the cheek. Lovers? How could I have missed that? That complicates things... Or does it simplify them?"

GM: (I'm cool with that, yes)



Suldae Westwind: (awesome, I'm marking the daily use used then)



Rahadin: "The storm is nearing Krezk. Even before the sun sets completely, it will be upon us. Whatever this elven witch is going to summon, she had better start doing it soon—I have no desire to stay up here and be revealed by the falling rain."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smiles and nuzzles her cheek, then breathes in and out. She does not have an instrument right now; she could not hear it anyway, and her voice will be enough.



Marcus Veranius sets his Animated Shield to hover, and holds the Sunsword in two hands. Hopefully he wouldn't have to test this new combat routine he's developed.



Rahadin: "The Vistani woman is eyeing Marcus up and down as though seeing him properly for the first time. I have the feeling that this is a flirtatious gesture of some kind."



Suldae Westwind: Dusk falls, and Suldae begins to sing.

She cannot hear herself, but she knows every note, every movement and vibration of her vocal chords. She knows she's getting it right - Correllon's terrible gift is too clear to mistake.

The storm breaks as the first note touches the world of spirits. Lightning arcs and flares across the darkened sky—but no thunder falls. Even outside the dome of silence, the lightning snaps and

snarls in blinding silence.



Rahadin: "My soul quavers in the titanic shadow of another. Hers? No, not hers."

"The one I have forgotten, all these years..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stands stonefaced trying his best to ignore the steep drops beyond the very unsafe roof surfaces



Suldae Westwind: (Henry currently has Fly cast on him)

The lightning flares, revealing a tall elven man standing behind Suldae, beside Ireena, one hand on each of their shoulders. He is a towering being, his face hooded and veiled in shadows.



Suldae Westwind: (and if Kasimir is not an idiot, so does everyone else who cannot normally fly actually)

Quietly, the thin wail of a child breaks the silence. The rain has not yet started to fall.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Yes but fear rarely is taht rational now is it?)

The thin wail of a child is joined by a cry of piercing agony.



Suldae Westwind: (yeah but you could incorporate that into your narration too)
(just making sure you saw it)

Piercing agony and wailing child are joined by a slowly mounting chorus of horror. The voices are unearthly, looming and echoing and moving like the wind.



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus is in the Zone of Silence. Can he hear this?)



Suldae Westwind: (same q for Suldae)

GM: (Even those within the zone of silence can hear the voices, yes.)

The lightning strikes! A man cries out in agony!



Rahadin drops to his knees, steaming, visible, on the lower slope of the roof.



Henry of Willowsbrook: 'It's fine, it's fine I can fly I'm fine, it's fine' Henry thinks before catching a glimpse on the way down '...This is not fine at all' he almost whines in his head

The song is not over yet: more comes pouring forth.

The wailing screams howl all around the fallen man, who cries out: "MAKE THEM STOP!"



Marcus Veranius: And there he is.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh thank the lights a distraction" Henry murmurs a fixing the object of his deep seated rage with a a muderous stare

Suldae feels a hand on her shoulder, a tight squeeze. The voice of Correllon whispers silently: "Stop them! The spell is not complete!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry flies over to Rahadin



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nudges Ireena



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks over her shoulder and sees the towering elf-god.

Ireena yelps silently, then takes the hint. Her Message blasts to everyone: "WAIT! DON'T TOUCH HIM!"



Marcus Veranius pauses at the message, taking a step back



Suldae Westwind: Suldae focuses on the song. It hurts her soul even though she cannot hear it - especially with those other sounds she CAN hear



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry freezes in mid air now hovering 5 feet of the ground looking down at Rahadin unmoving

The screams are getting louder now, more urgent. A fine mist now swirls around Rahadin: a veil of final breath, one gasp for each of his victims.

Rahadin, on his knees, lifts up his hands and cries out: "PLEASE! HAVE MERCY!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...no.." Henry says regarding him with contempt



Suldae Westwind: Suldae cannot hear him, nor does she see him, too focused on her song for her eyes to be anything but blind

The figure behind Suldae does not flinch. He whispers silently: "You're nearly there, Suldae. Hold on. Things will get worse, before the end."

Each time Rahadin breathes out, a spurt of white vapor emerges from him, and lingers, and flows, and orbits around him without fading. By gentle degrees, the spirits begin to glow.

A pillar of light suddenly strikes down from the heavens: a solid beam of silent lightning that rips into Rahadin and roots him to the spot. A spectral chain, vast and golden, stretches off into the sky. The spirits spiral and surge: the chain breaks. Rahadin screams.

The lightning fades in silence. Rahadin stands, dazed but virtually unharmed.



Rahadin: "IS THAT THE BEST YOU'VE GOT?"

At that moment, Suldae finishes the song.

Rahadin gapes.



Rahadin: "Wait..."

"No..."

He looks at his own hands.

His face contorts in rage and sorrow, and he turns on his heel with a snap of his fingertips, and vanishes in a blast of blue smoke.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shifts her gaze at him, finally starting to see again.

Only to see him vanish.




Henry of Willowsbrook: " 'and by the spoils of their wickedness they will be laid to rest in the unforgiving dark of night' " Henry quotes before he disappears



Marcus Veranius looks around for where Rahadin could have gone. He can't keep escaping like this!

Correllon says: "He is severed from me. Neither shall he rest, nor dream, till you weave him back into me, or death claims him."


"Within seven days, he will be dead if he is not restored to me."

 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae breathes out and lowers her head in a nod, acknowledging her god's words.

"He will flee to his Strahd, and he will discover that his god cannot help him. And he will return to you."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (to suldae or all of us?)

"It will be yours to decide his fate, then."

 **Sulda Westwind:** It is a terrible thing she did; necessary and deserved both, but a thing of terror nonetheless.

GM: (Only Suldae can hear him atm)

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Okay)

 **Sulda Westwind:** Decide his fate. There are options, are there?

What can I do?

she thinks to him in a silent question.


It seems he has disappeared.


 **Sulda Westwind:** Well then.


Suldae sits in the spell still, heedless of the silence, dazed.


The hoot of a Bookworm owl hootles at her in a friendly way—even within the silence.


 **Rictavio:** "Well," says Rictavio. "That was something."


 **Vasilka:** "The storm is shifting back into Strahd's power, I think. We would do well to get indoors."

 **Ezmerelda Veranius:** "No need to tell me twice."


 **Marcus Veranius dims the Sunsword. not quite understanding the purpose of this ritual. Escaped yet again. How can they fight an opponent that can disappear at will?**


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry stares at the spot Rahadin occupied slowly drifting back onto the roof. His hand clenched into a white knuckeld grip around the sheath of *his* sword.

 **Kasimir Velikov:** Kasimir approaches. He says: "Next time, I suggest we entrap him with a Magic Circle."

 **Rictavio:** "That's not a bad idea, actually."

 **Kasimir Velikov:** "I find myself becoming... frustrated... with his prowess for teleportation spells."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry turns to beckon Suldae out of the Silence

 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae is not reacting. She's... out of vision again.

Ireena Kolyana: "It's over, Suldae. We can leave the Silence."

"Are you alright?"



Suldae Westwind: She just stares at the horizon.

Suldae shrugs, not articulating speech even mentally.



Marcus Veranius: If only there was a spell that could keep Rahadin bound in place! But he just wasn't hearing any suggestions!



Ireena Kolyana: "Suldae, come on." Ireena gently shakes her.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae slowly slides off the spire onto the rest of the roof.

She won't go any further unless led.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sees her in her absent minded state and approaches her.



Marcus Veranius goes back inside. Just gunna sleep this storm off.



Ireena Kolyana: "Suldae? Suldae, are you alright?"

"What happened?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "[Are you alright?]" he asks before remembering he is inside the Silence spell



Suldae Westwind: (is the silence spell off)

(can marcus like deactivate it)

GM: (It is Concentration, yes, so it can be deactivated at any time)



Marcus Veranius: (He can if you ask)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (he could it's just droppping concentration



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows Ireena silently, obedient like a child.



Rictavio: "I think we've broken our bard. A shame, I was just beginning to like her."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena shoots Rictavio a dirty look.

"Come on, Suldae. Let's get you inside..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I just liked the Idea of Henry being his concerned older brother self and forgetting she literally can't hear him)



Ireena Kolyana leads the way down into the tower proper.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae doesn't even have energy to flip Rictavio off, though at least the idea of the gesture enters her mind, beginning to revitalize her.

It takes several more minutes before she remembers how to speak.

"...He will die within a week, unless he can convince me to undo what I just did," Suldae summarizes and goes silent again.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...Alright" Henry says feeling and looking visibly conflicted "...How are you feeling?" he asks



Marcus Veranius considers

Marcus Veranius: "Well so much for spending the week relaxing and reading tomes."



Ireena Kolyana: "I don't know, I think we can afford to wait him out."



Rictavio: "He'll become desperate."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "The screaming we heard will never stop. He won't be able to hide."



Marcus Veranius: "We planned to spend the week preparing for siege regardless. The time is booked."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "And he'll be hearing it long enough to go mad."



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae shrugs. She's feeling?



Suldae Westwind: Her ears are ringing still.



Ireena Kolyana: "That's such a... Complicated thing to ask your follower to do."

"I feel sick just thinking about it. He used you like a pair of scissors... And asked you to be used again like a knife."



Suldae Westwind: "I asked him," Suldae contradicts her.

This is enough for her to at least summon the energy for a reply.



Rictavio: "The ways of the gods are not ours to question. It's clear Rahadin deserved what came to him—or Correllon certainly thought so, at least."



Suldae Westwind: "I asked for this. Do not mistake it."



Ireena Kolyana: "Alright."

"It just..."

"Are you alright?"



Marcus Veranius: "Asked for what?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smiles at her gorgeous, wonderful, kind girlfriend.

"I'll be fine."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena smiles back.



Suldae Westwind: It might be truth or not regarding her health, but ultimately she'll be fine, knowing she did this.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pulls Suldae into a quick hug



Suldae Westwind: She doesn't have the strength to answer what seems like an idle question. Maybe later.



Vasilka: "Now that the issue of Rahadin is... handled... we should turn to other business."



Marcus Veranius is genuinely baffled. She played a song and now Rahadin will die? Was this one of those bard things?

Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir sees the look on Marcus's face.

"As humans must sleep, so must elves enter the Trance. In the trance, we become one with the essence of Correllon, and live the memories of our previous incarnations."

"Correllon has severed Rahadin from himself. Rahadin will no longer enter the Trance. He is cut off from his cycle of reincarnation, and will truly die if he is slain. He will become exhausted very quickly, without the rejuvenating effects of the Trance."



Marcus Veranius: "Ooooooh, I get it! Suldae is playing so loudly that the neighbors can't sleep anymore!"



Kasimir Velikov: "Something like that."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae smiles.



Marcus Veranius smirks in jest



Marcus Veranius: "That's quite rude of you."



Kasimir Velikov: "As the saying goes: 'the blood cries out, and I, no echo, answer.'"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has the strength to shrug.

About the level of conversation she can keep up right now.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "You know, I think this will all look much easier to handle in the morning. Perhaps we should rest for the night?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Maybe read a book or two?"



Marcus Veranius: "Indeed. The other business is the same as we discussed. We have seven days to unlock the power of the Book of Good Deeds. And in the middle of those days, rescue a possibly insane wizard once found in the north."



Vasilka: "The Ravens have not yet managed to find his lair, but they have found his roaming grounds. He seems to have a very large territory."



Marcus Veranius: "In the interim, Vallaki and Krezk prepare for war. The Revenants construct siege engines while man sharpens their knives."

"There is little we can do but wait and prepare."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods "Anyone want some tea before we head of to sleep?"



Suldae Westwind: Yes, compared to this, reading the Book of Exalted Deeds really seems like a *relaxing* activity.

Suldae smiles again, renewing what had lapsed into nothing in exhaustion.

She also nods to Henry.

Tea.

Tea is good.





Joan: "On it!"


Joan says this merrily as she enters the chamber with a tray of tea.


"Thought you might like some. It's a cold night!"


Marcus Veranius: "You know what, there IS something I can do."


 **Joan:** "I've brought hot cider, too."


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Since I have somehow become the bridge between Krezk and the Revenants, I'm going to look between both to see if a proper shieldsmith is present between them."
"Leave a cup for me when I return."

 **Joan:** "Will do!"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "**HENRY!** Pass me that dragon skull you've been hefting around."

 **Ezmerelda Veranius:** "Babe, it's storming out. It's nighttime. You'll get attacked by hobo Rahadin."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Good. Let him burn spell slots trying to steal my bone umbrella."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry smiles at her as he takes a cup "Darling you are a gift" he says winking at Joan before turning to Marcus "Oh if we're doing that I'll come with you, sorry but I doubt you know what to look for in a shield"


 ***Marcus Veranius 's jaw drops***

 **Marcus Veranius:** "EXCUSE ME! I'll let you know I practiced in many arts of war preparing for my suicidal jaunt against an elder dragon!"
"Just because I botched the suicide part doesn't mean I'll fail the shield bit."

 **Suldae Westwind:** (i dont think 'spell slots' are in-universe terminology)


 ***Marcus Veranius grins***


 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae smiles faintly, listening to her friends bickering.
The tea warms her hands, and she finds the strength to lift the cup to sip, as well.

 **Vasilka:** "Oh, hang on a moment."
Vasilka departs.


 **Marcus Veranius:** "You're welcome to come along. More the merrier!"


 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena sips her tea.


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry gives him a look "My shield, my commision" He says flatly before smirking "Besides whens the last time you actually took a hit on purpose?"

 ***Marcus Veranius considers***

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Ez doesn't count"

 **Ezmerelda Veranius:** "I'll come with you. Somebody's got to make sure you don't get swindled."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Well, I walked into a wall of knives cause my wife asked me to save a child."
"Granted, I was going to do that anyways."

 **Ezmerelda Veranius:** "Yes, it was very manly," says Ezmerelda.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Also very bloody"



Vasilka: Vasilka returns, clutching a letter.



Marcus Veranius: "I'm starting to get good at it too! Didn't hurt nearly as much as the first time!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae regrets being too tired to figure out how to make jokes with gestures.

Also too tired to formulate filthy jokes out loud.

The tea is good.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You looked like butcher's scrap"



Vasilka: She says: "The Knights of Argynvostholt gave us this. It's a list of their equipment and material."

"They do have a smith. They have *two* smiths, actually: one for weapons and one for armor."



Marcus Veranius: "You should have seen the first time. Barely able to move, looking like a fruit platter. I look up thinking I was free, and goddamn Strahd was there. Watching me bleed out on the floor."



Ireena Kolyana: "That was pretty funny, in retrospect."



Marcus Veranius: "Talk about a first impression."



Ireena Kolyana: "At the time, though—damn."



Marcus Veranius: [Memories of the Death House]

GM: (Sounds like a band name)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae has her own traumatic memories regarding that, but Ireena is here and she seems to have stopped trying that, which is good!



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I woke up in a field with an open gut and a shattered arm after coming here" Henry muses "Only the second worst welcome if ever recieved"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at him.



Marcus Veranius: "At least they gave you a nice coffin."

"Shame we broke it open getting you out."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena shoots tea from her nose.



Henry of Willowsbrook: I've

not if



Ireena Kolyana: Red-eyed and coughing, she frantically vanishes the spilled tea before it can make a mess.

She wipes her nose, still cough-laughing.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It was a nice coffin" Henry says "Excellent carpentry and upholstery"



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh man, oh. That hurt."



Marcus Veranius: "They had to stuff vampires in crates cause you stole the good bed. How dare!"



Ireena Kolyana: She blows her nose fervently into a handkerchief.



Rictavio: "Yes, that was strange."

"I'm a bit unclear as to why the vampires weren't in their coffins."



Ireena Kolyana: "Maybe it's like when you spook a cat. They want to run and hide in the darkest corner under the bed."

"All the noises of Vallaki, all that blood they couldn't have—must have driven them mad. They probably felt better in the dirt."



Marcus Veranius: "Well, they WERE smuggled into the city by those crates. Henrik was probably too cheap to give them proper boxes."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Right, are we doing this? Are we going off to see the shieldsmith?"



Marcus Veranius is done joking.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "No point waiting for the storm to clear, I suppose..."



Marcus Veranius: "Yeah, let's head out. Poor smith's gonna have to fit in that shield project between golem pieces."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Hey Kasimir. How precise do you think he can be with that lightning?"



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir wobbles a hand. "Unclear. At this range, I'd say not very."

"The fact that no vital structures or people were harmed the previous night indicates to me that he either cannot direct the lightning, or that he is very bad at it."



Vasilka: "I have been redirecting some of his more... Murderous... blows."

"In general, however, this storm is more fury than death."

GM: (brb)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes out her flute.

She cannot speak, she cannot do most things, but her hands and her lungs still remember how to play.

And this sounds like fun.

She stands up, smiling.



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd's just salty he can't be the land anymore. Mid-afterlife crisis has him movin into the Sky now."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes to the nearest window and sits in it, splatters of rain wetting her even more than before.

She begins to play, delighting in sounds that are not death and hatred and grief and parting, a song that she can actually hear.

DC19

Dexterity Save

15

Lightning

120 feet

(Flute) Call Lightning, 1/day
Suldae Westwind

(whoops)

(Flute) Call Lightning, 1/day

3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A point in the air where a storm cloud could appear 100 feet directly above you

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

A storm cloud appears in the shape of a cylinder that is 10 feet tall with a 60-foot radius, centered on a point you can see 100 feet directly above you. The spell fails if you can't see a point in the air where the storm cloud could appear (for example, if you are in a room that can't accommodate the cloud). When you cast the spell, choose a point you can see within range. A bolt of lightning flashes down from the cloud to that point. Each creature within 5 feet of that point must make a Dexterity saving throw. A creature takes 3d10 lightning damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. On each of your turns until the spell ends, you can use your action to call down lightning in this way again, targeting the same point or a different one. If you are outdoors in stormy conditions when you cast this spell, the spell gives you control over the existing storm instead of creating a new one. Under such conditions, the spell's damage increases by 1d10.

It's not a big section of the storm that she can take control of, not at all, but it'll be enough to cover a single person walking under it, and besides, it'll *piss Strahd off* either way.

The storm falls easily under Suldae's control. It seems it is an emanation of Strahd, but not an actual spell he is in control of.



Suldae Westwind: It feels nice, to feel the Weave tremble under her fingers - metaphorically speaking. It's not entirely natural, this storm, but it's hers now regardless, and she enjoys the power and the fury.

A couple lightning strikes hit all of nothing at her command.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena leans against the wall nearby, watching her play, and watching the storm make its music in response to her.

She says nothing, but her admiration is plain.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a deep drink of his tea "Well let's get to hit before the path gets to muddy to walk on." Passing Joan on the way out he leans in and whispers "You can wait and get comfortable in my room until I'm back if you want"



Joan: Joan giggles and skips away.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Well, you've made her happy."

"Shall we?"



Marcus Veranius smiles, following behind Esmeralda in the shield party

The shield-smith is a great big bull of a man—or he was, anyway, prior to death. Now he is merely a very tall, very thin, very hairy zombie. His horns are fit with golden rings, and in his big cow's eyes there is a flickering ember of pure hate. The undead minotaur wields his hammer with great ease.

He pauses, hammer in the air, and looks at the little party of the living that has come to find him in the camps of the dead on this dark and stormy night. What compels them?

He lowers his hammer and cocks his head.



Marcus Veranius hadn't considered tat non-humans could be revenants. Not that he knew enough to debate the fact, he just... hadn't considered it.



Marcus Veranius: Death is an equal opportunity employer



Ireena Kolyana: (Back at the castle): Ireena says: "Have you made any progress in the book?"



Suldae Westwind: (brb)

The minotaur snorts impatiently.



Zanshukun: "Hey there" Henry says nodding at the minotaur "I've come to make a commission"

The Minotaur nods, understanding. It snorts again.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry unslings the skull plate from his back,propping it up on a table "To make it short I want this turned into a shield"

The minotaur looms appreciatively over the chunk of bone. He picks it up in both hands, and turns it around several times.

The minotaur silently turns to the anvil and the forge, still holding the bone.

The minotaur draws out a knife of dragon-claw, and delicately traces it across the surface of the bone, scratching circles and runes.

Then he steps back, flings out his arms, and claps thunderously.

The runes and circles glow: green and blue and red and gold and white. With a lurch, the shield lifts off the ground and into the air. He takes it in both hands, and carefully walks it back over to Henry.

He waits patiently for Henry to hold out his arm. There are, as yet, no straps on the bone.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry raises a brow at the process before shrugging and holding out his arm

The minotaur lowers the shield. Henry feels two bands of invisible force clamp firmly around his forearm. The shield hovers patiently a few inches from his arm, weightless.

The minotaur gently reaches down and grabs one of the invisible bands around Henry's forearm. With a sharp pull, he snaps it, and the shield releases him. It remains hovering in the air.

The minotaur guides the shield away to about sixty feet. Henry can feel it moving.

The minotaur gestures, pointing out his arm and fist.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves his arm as if to pull it back

The shield swoops across the distance, and latches once again onto his arm. Despite its weightlessness, it clearly still has mass, for it takes a great deal of strength to catch it without being knocked over by it.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry falls into a stance before he swiftly Starts to shadow box with it

The shield stays locked to his arm, perfectly floating to his movements. It does not impede his hands in any way.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Well," says Ezmerelda. "That's neat."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry wills it to move covering his back first before trying to make it orbit him slowly

The shield, it seems, does not obey mental commands. It can be thrown, and it returns to his hand.

Henry realizes that throwing it would be relatively easy on his end, and a bit like hurling a boulder at the other end.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry picks up a large piece of wood throwing it up before hurling the shield at it with all his might

The shield blows right through it, reaches the end of its sixty foot range, whirls momentarily in the air, and comes rocketing back to Henry's hand.

The minotaur turns to other projects, ignoring Henry and the rest.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Well, that was quick! And, apparently, free?"

"Should we head back now?"



Marcus Veranius: "Now that henry has a new toy to play with, yes."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Gift bull, bulls hift same thing" Henry comments
gift



Marcus Veranius: "I feel safer by proximity!"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "I feel sorry for anyone who tries to catch that thing."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It'll be one of Strahds flunkies so don't"

The party returns to the abbey.



Liliet (Suldae): (pls assume Suldae answered Ireena's question with the accurate answer which i dont remember)

(and the chat archive is still not cooperating)

GM: (No worries, it never cooperates for me either)

(Alrighty, time for a long rest I think. How do you use the downtime?)



Ezmerelda Veranius: (We can also do a longer time-skip, if there is nothing else that you want to RP)



Liliet (Suldae): are there any long term effects from what Suldae did with the song?

GM: (Like, on Suldae?)



Marcus Veranius: (I'm good with timeskip. Marcus has no current projects beyond OFFSCREEN SUNSWORD TRAINING MONTAGE)

GM: (The only lingering effects on Suldae would be whatever psychological ones she has in response to it. No mechanical effects are at play.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry is preoccupied with training and well being obnoxiously flirty with Joan outside of wanting to look through Rahadins hut in Krezk...tomorrow



Liliet (Suldae): (ty)



Marcus Veranius is making significant progress now that he's got an Animated Shield to cover his defenses. The Sunsword was best used two-handed. Plenty more opportunities, plenty more techniques.



Liliet (Suldae): (Suldae reads the book and recuperates in what normality she can snatch from all this)
(not just from the song, from... everything)
(hmmm)

Night falls in earnest, and the party rests. Outside, the wrath of Strahd roars on.

Suldae falls deep into the book, and finds far more than story and philosophy there. It is as though the book knows her innermost thoughts, and lays the answers where she will find them. In the illuminations of the manuscript she even finds scenes from her own life: dubious moments of morality, and times where her goodness was like fire in a dark world. The book answers her questions without fail, and there is no note of condemnation in it. The book is good, but it is not a book about Justice or Judgement. It is a book about goodness: how to see it, how to find it, how to reach it, how to make it grow.

Marcus masters the use of the Sunsword, even as Henry masters the use of his new shield.

The next few days pass quietly enough. By the time Henry goes to Kasimir's hut, he finds it completely empty. Whoever was staying there seems to have left in a hurry, taking some kind of moderately heavy equipment with them.



Marcus Veranius: "Alright, think we've got the Slashey weapons all practiced yesterday. Do we wanna start with the Bashey weapons or the Pokey ones?"



Marcus Veranius is up bright and early, supplementing practice with more practice. Better than sitting around waiting for the siege

Henry and Joan become even better acquainted. Ireena helps Suldae in her studies, acting as a sounding board to help get her thoughts in order as she processes some of the more difficult passages.

Ezmerelda shows up to spar with Marcus.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "I've always been partial to the stabby ones," she says, drawing a silver

shortsword.



Marcus Veranius: "Pokey it is!"



Marcus Veranius holds out the Sunsword's handle, conjuring the shape of a lance from solid light



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Oh my! It's so big!"



Marcus Veranius: "Every weapon has its own host of techniques. Big ones and the small ones."

"...that wasn't meant to be innuendo but the statement is true either way."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry enters his room quietly carrying a tray of food doing his best not to disturb the still sleeping Joan



Marcus Veranius: "The secret will be swapping between weapons to take advantage of benefits when most useful."



Marcus Veranius charges towards Ezmerelda with the lance



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Seems like a highly convenient weapon."

**Marcus Veranius:****14***10 (20 ft charge)***>Charge (Sun-Lance) (+13)**
Marcus Veranius**DC19***The creature is not knocked prone.***Strength Save**

If you move at least 20 feet straight toward a creature before hitting it with a Sun-Lance attack, the target takes an extra 1d12 damage and must make a Strength saving throw. On a failure, the target falls prone.

>A prone creature's only Movement option is to crawl, unless it stands up and thereby ends the condition.

>The creature has disadvantage on Attack rolls.

>An Attack roll against the creature has advantage if the attacker is within 5 feet of the creature. Otherwise, the Attack roll has disadvantage.

11*Radiant***26***Radiant*

Liliet (Suldae): Suldae finds her thoughts more in order than before. It's been a difficult trial, this... has it been less than a month? It felt like a longer time than her entire lifetime before that, everything before feeling like a blanket of fog separated it.

A blanket of fog that she'd once gotten lost in; a blanket of fog that was no longer there... but her life was not either.

She was not the same entity as before, in many senses; not the same species in a sense, though technically lycanthropy was just a curse. She had talked to her god in person, and been his instrument in great deeds; she understood more about that now, although her mind was still unsettled around some of the thoughts she hadn't even told Ireena about.

She wasn't alone anymore; the persistent loneliness of being the only one of her kind she knew faded despite technically being still true: none of the people she'd come to know where half-elves, specifically. That didn't matter though, and there was greater freedom in that than there could ever be found in finding those like her.

She was *powerful* now, in a way that sometimes unsettled her to think about; her understanding of the Weave grew ever deeper, and while she was always called a talented student, this went beyond "talented". She had her god's favor as well, which was still as terrifying to wield as it was the first time; but there was a burgeoning confidence in her, a seed of an idea, a foundation being laid.

She didn't know what it would be like, to not have found the Book when she did. It felt like a lifejacket,

a piece of driftwood to cling to in the storm; a rope thrown from a passing ship to rescue her from drowning. She was not the same person as before, but not all of it was from the terrible trials she'd experienced; there was always the life-changing power of a good book, and she wasn't quite the same person as she was before she read it, either.



Liliet (Suldae): Too bad she was still the person who needed to beat Strahd and hadn't done it yet. But that could be fixed with time, couldn't it?



Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezmerelda sidesteps him neatly, tapping his lance once with her sword as it passes by.

"Nice! You need to work on your footwork a little, though."

"Here, let me show you..."



Marcus Veranius accidentally skewers the wall



Marcus Veranius struggles to retrieve the Sun-Lance from the wall



Ezmerelda Veranius:

ACROBATICS
Ezmerelda Veranius

Skill: 14

Ezmerelda does a quick handstand, kicking his legs out from under him with her wooden leg. (Or attempting to, at any rate)



Marcus Veranius:

15

ACROBATICS (11)
Marcus Veranius



Marcus Veranius barely dodges the swipe, pushing the lance further into the wall in consequence



Marcus Veranius: Henry's bedroom tea time is disturbed by the sudden appearance of a surprise wall lamp



Vasilka: "Please stop attacking my abbey," says Vasilka.

"I come with news from the Ravens."

"They have found the lair of the Mad Mage of Mount Baratok."



Marcus Veranius dims the sunsword, stumbling without the lance's leverage. "Umm, my apologies."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sets down the breakfast for two he'd made sitting down on the bed next to the bundled up Joan kissing her on the forehead and saying "Good morning my love"



Marcus Veranius: "I assume we can teleport there as before with the Amber Temple. Is it far? We're likely walking the way back."



Liliet (Suldae):

LANGUAGE
PROFICIENCY

(pls ignore this)



Vasilka: "Yes, it should be easy enough to send you there. You will want the warmest clothing you can manage—it is bound to be horrible there."



Marcus Veranius: "A... hmm..."



Marcus Veranius remembers the trip to the amber temple, and the freezing temperatures there.



Marcus Veranius: "...you wouldn't happen to know if Krezk has a tailor shop?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry again tries to wake Joan a little more incidentally this time, cute as she was he had put effort into this meal and it wouldn't do to let it get cold



Vasilka: Vasilka chuckles. "No, it does not. It has no shops of any kind, really."

"But people will be more than willing to help you, I think. Almost everyone in the village knows how to sew warm furs together."



Joan: "What is it? I'm up, I'm up!"

"Is there a fire? Is someone bleeding?"

"Oh! You've—"

Her eyes get a little watery. "You've brought me breakfast in bed!"

"That's so sweet! Thank you, Henry."

She gives him a kiss. "I'd better eat it before it starts getting cold!"



Marcus Veranius: "I'll speak with the baron. He might be able to coordinate something."



Marcus Veranius heads down to the village. Heaven forbid he freezes his wings off a second time



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You're welcome besides if my mother were to find out I had you do all the cooking she'd whoop my ass" he says with a smirk followed by a brief haunted look "never seen my dad so scared not that I could blame him" he murmurs



Joan: Joan chuckles at this.

"She sounds like a good woman."

"Do you miss her?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yeah I miss her and my father" Henry sighs into his cup "and Lorelei" he frowns "I really need to talk to her once I get back, I fear she thinks I hate her"



Joan: Joan cups Henry's cheek. "Who's Lorelei?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "My sister" Henry says "I think I miss her most and the way we were when I left makes this separation sting even worse"



Joan: "Oh, dear. I'm sure she understands. Or if she doesn't, I'm sure she will in time. Once this is all over, I'm sure you'll win her back."

"And if she doesn't want to talk, why, there's no gate or castle wall that could keep you out. So you'll get your chance to talk."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry smiles a bit "yeah but just the thought that I could have hurt her or made her think I'd feel anything but love for her...it wears on me"



Joan: "You were close, then? Back in the day?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Basically inseparable. Some of my other friends stopped wanting to hang out with their siblings once they got older but I just ...didn't and neither did she. Maybe it's because she used to be so sickly when she was younger, my parents had to make help with work till I dropped to stop me from dotting on her the whole day and so she could actually rest



Joan: Joan laughs. "You sound like quite a pair."
"I look forward to meeting her someday."



Henry of Willowsbrook: " Henry wistfully takes a drink "I stopped being quite as overbearing once she learned how to kick where it hurts."
(And scene)

GM: (Howdy y'all!)
(Where should we pick things up?)



Liliet (Suldae): (i had a half-typed message with Suldae detailing her new changes from the book but I couldnt decide on the spell and then i timed out of roll20 so idk where *were* we?)



Zanshuken: (we were in the downtime before we try to recruit the crazy wizard and storm the castle unless I missed something)



GM (GM): Looks like Marcus was about to see about warm coats for the party



Marcus Veranius: (The wizard was in fact located; Marcus is fetching equipment for the expedition)



GM (GM): Let's say it's still fairly early on the morning of the last day of the allotted time for the book. The wizard's lair has been discovered. Marcus and Ezmerelda are the first to learn from Vasilka that this is the case. Marcus is heading into town to get warm clothes for the party. Suldae is basking in the balmy afterglow of the Book she has just fini+s6
(F*cking cat dammit)

Book she has just finished reading before this dawn. I imagine Suldae would choose her location for the final reading carefully, so wherever she is, the sun's light is on her.

Henry is with Joan, having breakfast in bed



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae is sitting on the wall, of course.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (oh god I just realized I haven't added my new shield to my sheet yet...)



GM (GM): (Is your AC 30 yet?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (25)



GM (GM): (Lmao)
(What have I done)
(Oh well, you'll need it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Given yourself an excuse to pull out the +18 to hit bonus homebrew monsters)

GM (GM): (Good point)

(Alright Suldae, go ahead and place yourself on the wall somewhere)

(I'll place you, Henry)



Suldae Westwind: (do we *need* dynamic lighting here()

GM: (I didn't realize it was turned on)

(Sorry about that! I don't see it unless I choose a token to see through)



GM (GM): (Has it been on this whole time on this map?)



Marcus Veranius: (Haha, I can't control this Marcus token)



GM (GM): (Wtf)

(Can you control either of those? I can delete the one you can't)

(Not sure how you wound up with two)

(I can't remember whose room is whose)



Suldae Westwind: (we established whose room is whose at any point?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (may I try the attack part of my shield real quick to see if I did it right on my sheet?)



GM (GM): (Suldae, do you have a token on this map? I can't find yours)

(Henry: yes)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

DC18

no damage on save

Strength Save

The shield flies 60 feet in a straight line knocking enemies prone unless they succeed on the STR or DEX save. Medium or smaller creatures pinned by this attack take double the damage.

7

Bludgeoning

60 feet line

Bone Shield Hammer

Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (I put it on the wall next to the gate)

(as requested)

GM: (Oh! Found you)

The sun, freshly risen, is a glorious thing in the eastern sky. Barovian lands still unused to its warmth respond with birdsong and the rustling of happy trees. Marcus and Ezmerelda are walking

along the path to the village, about to pass through the gate of the Abbey. Suldae, seated on the wall nearby, does not at first see them approach, and they do not at first see her. Suldae has finished the book. Marcus and Ezmerelda are talking measurements and logistics.

Meanwhile, Henry feels the presence of Vasilka near his bedroom door. She waits patiently, not knocking.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Rictavio's a small, I'm pretty sure."

"Henry, well... Let's just hope they have a bearskin on hand."



Marcus Veranius shrugs



Marcus Veranius: "The boots will be fine. Dragonskin is rather insulating."

"Someone else's job for the rest of the outfit."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "That's a relief. Trying to guess all the shoe sizes would be a pain."

"I'm thinking hats, scarves, cloaks, gloves. Lots of fur. Although come to think of it I don't think the Krezkites do much hunting..."

"Well, we can't ask the revenants for anything, they don't feel the cold anyway."



Marcus Veranius: "If we could find a wedding dress in an undead apocalypse, we can find warm clothes." Marcus retorts.

"Might end up being werewolf furs given the local hunting. But that won't matter much if its warm."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "That's a good point."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods wistfully sipping his tea before turning towards the door "So even if I *know* you are waiting outside knocking is still a common courtesy you know?"



Marcus Veranius continues down the path to Krezk village, dreading to impose on the baron further. It's been a crazy week for him.

GM: (Did you want to RP the book's effects taking hold, Suldae?)



Suldae Westwind: (one sec)

GM: (No worries)



Suldae Westwind: (that was to say, one sec until i answer, i was called away at that exact moment)

(the answer is actually i dont, i would rather flashback it later)

(i was already going to describe it as a flashback in that writeup i lost and honestly i think ill come up with better than that as it becomes relevant)

(sorry)

(i can if i gots to)

GM: (Works for me)

From her perch, Suldae hears the voices of Marcus and Ezmerelda. She sees them walking along the path.

Somewhere, Ireena is sleeping in.



Suldae Westwind: Upon consideration, she watches the newlyweds without interjection. They're too

cute together to ruin it.



Vasilka: (At Henry's door): "I did not wish to disturb your slumber."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "But you saw me messing around in the kitchen..." Henry says slightly confused "anyway please do come in"



Baron Krezkov is seated on a stump outside his hut, smoking a pipe, staring at the sky in wonder. He does not notice Marcus and Ezmerelda until they are nearly upon him.



Vasilka: "I was being, as they say, tactful."

"My apologies, Joan."

"I must borrow Henry for a moment."



Marcus Veranius waves to the Baron.



Joan: Joan pulls the blankets up higher around her neck.



Marcus Veranius: "Good morning! Has the week been more peaceful?"



Baron Krezkov: "Oh! Oh, it's you! Gave me a bit of a fright."

"Isn't it glorious?" He points at the sky with the mouth of his pipe.

"Never seen anything like it."



Marcus Veranius: "If the boots squeak then it's not something I made. Dreadfully sorry."



Marcus Veranius looks up. Looks like a normal day.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Give me some time to get properly dressed and I'll be right with you" Henry says



Marcus Veranius: Suppose that'd be unusual in these parts.



Vasilka: "I shall await you in the courtyard. I am collecting the others as well."



Marcus Veranius: ...maybe it's better that Marcus never grew used to the endless shadow. This sunshine day was so much better.



Joan: "I'd better get a proper breakfast going for the troops," says Joan, hastily scarfing down her own breakfast in bed. As he dresses, she kisses Henry's shoulder, mouth full. She chugs tea. "This is incredible. Go, I'll catch up."



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe the most wonderful morning I've seen in ages. Cloud's in perfect arrangement to break up that blue sky canvas. Not too grey, not too bulky. Just perfect."



Baron Krezkov: "It's really something. That... sun."

"I'm going to have to get used to it. Like a big eye in the sky, watching you with love."

"Sorry, I'm getting sentimental. I'm no poet." He wipes his eye with a tear. "Well, you're a man of action. You didn't come here to chat. All you have to do is say the word, and I'll do whatever I can to aid you."



Suldae Westwind: "You're making it sound creepy," Suldae comments, dropping down next to them casually.

(thats about the sun)

Marcus Veranius: "You're going to want a glassblower moved in. Gunna have everyone go blind staring upwards without some proper tinted lenses." Marcus smiles.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Hi Suldae!"



Marcus Veranius waves to Suldae as she approaches



Suldae Westwind: "Admittedly there's all sorts of gods watching you, but they can see you regardless of the sun. It's just a giant hearth."

Suldae looks up.

She waves to her friends.



Baron Krezkov: "It's magnificent."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shakes his head with a grin pointing at the pile of his weapons, armor and gear in the corner of the room "I think I might take longer getting dressed"



Joan: Joan giggles. "Good point."



Marcus Veranius: "Speaking of artisans, we've in need of one to produce warm clothing. Found a lead on some last minute firepower for the siege but it's in the cold north."

"As fun as it was going up those southern peaks with no coats I'd rather not repeat the experience."



Joan: She dusts her hands off, chews and swallows, and slips out of bed. Then, methodically and expertly, she begins putting armor on Henry.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae hesitates. She feels like something's changed within her; she might not *need* warm clothing...

...but no. She would still rather dress for the weather.



Baron Krezkov: "Warm clothes? We've got plenty. I'm sure we could find enough to outfit you. Is there anything else you'll want for the journey? The cold north is said to be merciless to life."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry begins fastening all the belts and loops holding his armor together as Joan hands him the pieces. This is definitely something he could get used to.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tries to think of a joke, but nothing comes to mind. Her brain seems to be stuck in solemn mode for the moment.



Joan: Joan slaps his hands away. "I want to do it."



Baron Krezkov: "Will you be taking your mounts? They'll need warm-weather gear as well."



Marcus Veranius considers



Baron Krezkov: "They're lovely creatures, but they're not cold-weather beasts."



Marcus Veranius: Did... did the party HAVE any mounts?

GM: (I swear you had like eight black horses or something)

(And Henry has his summon)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus is a bird wearing a Disguise Self spell. He just flies)



Suldae Westwind: (YES)

(WE HAD BOUGHT HORSES)

(WELL MORE LIKE RENTED THEM)

(RIGHT BEFORE WE GOT THE FLYING VEHICLE)

(We got to Baba Lysaga's on them)

(they are super cool mega excellent extra expensive warhorses)

GM: (Yes, and IIRC you have to bring them back alive to their master when you're done with them)

(You bought them in Vallaki I'm pretty sure)



Suldae Westwind: (yes we did)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry quirks an eyebrow at that "Sure but then what should I do with my hands then..." He grins at her and winks



Marcus Veranius: "...it might be best if they traveled with the army to Vallaki." Marcus considers. If not worrying for Strahd's ambush then the wizard's own traps.



Baron Krezkov: "You may even want skis, or a dogsled. I could provide both. Bringing the horses into the Deep Snow may not be wise, come to think of it."



Joan: "Oh, use your imagination!"



Marcus Veranius: "I can get us through the snows without a loss of movement. Fixed attachments to boots will be sufficient."

"Worst case, we found something in the Amber Temple that can carry some of us in case of injury."

"All we need is to not die of frostbite while we're there."



Baron Krezkov: "Very good. As to the army... I've spoken with the leader of the revenants."

"He agrees with me that any movement of our war effort can only be made once. We cannot afford to be battered back or to retreat. We have too few soldiers as it stands."

"We have decided to wait until you you can lead us into battle. The revenants have agreed to wait as long as you deem necessary."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "But I told Vasilika I'd be there soon..." Henry pouts pulling Joan in for a quick kiss "and what I'm imagining is anything but quick" he almost purrs in her ear



Joan: "Later, later, you dirty boy."

She kisses him on the cheek. "Now go. Save the world."

"Or meet a wizard. Or something. Whatever it is you're doing today."

"I'm going to go see about breakfast."



Marcus Veranius: Quite unfortunate. Not that Marcus was expecting much from Vallaki after their dealings with the various murderers. But still disappointing to hear.

"The only concern I yet have leading a march is that there is a particular outpost between us and Castle Ravenloft. It may prove troublesome if not dispatched before the army passes by."



Baron Krezkov: "What's it called?"



Marcus Veranius: "The Bonegrinder."



Baron Krezkov: "I've heard of that. The windmill, where the hags grind Vallakian children's bones to powder for their dream-cakes."



Marcus Veranius blinks



Suldae Westwind: "They - what?"



Marcus Veranius checks his ledger



Baron Krezkov: "If the legends are true, then yes, that could become a problem."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry smiles as they separate to go about their businesses subtly adjusting his armor 'We'll have to work on that' he thinks to himself not even trying to hide his massive grin as he walks into the courtyard



Marcus Veranius blinks again



Suldae Westwind: "How many children does Vallaki *have*?"



Marcus Veranius: "At this point, a depressingly small amount."



Baron Krezkov: "But I believe it would be better for your group to handle it with an army at your back."



Vasilka: Vasilka greets Henry. "They await us in the main hall. Rictavio, it seems, was hungry."



Marcus Veranius: "...I don't want to consider what a coven of witches could do to a marching army. The one we've dealt with in the past had enough alchemist fire to evaporate the northern lake."
"Which is impressive because we tried and failed to do that once."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "After you then" Henry says



Baron Krezkov: The Baron scoffs. "And you'd rather face them *without* an army?"
"An army of *unkillable undead*?"



Marcus Veranius frowns.



Marcus Veranius: "Fewer caught in the blast zone of their explosives."

"As seemingly invulnerable as the Revenants are, they take time to be ready again after a deathblow in battle. Time we cannot sacrifice once our army marches."



Ireena Kolyana: "Good morning Henry!"



Marcus Veranius: "For all intents and purposes they're as good as one death and done. At least for our siege."



Rictavio: "You've been letting the cook sleep in, Henry! We're starving! Reduced to Ismark's dismal cooking!"



Kasimir Velikov: "Ismark's cooking is delightful."
Kasimir delicately eats a piece of scrambled egg.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "'sup."

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Morning" Henry says pulling up a chair and flipping Rictavio off in the same motion



Baron Krezkov: "Hmm... That's troublesome."

"Still, perhaps you're right."

"In that case, it may be better to face the hags with a smaller infiltration group."

"One imagines they will, by now, have been preparing for your eventual arrival. Word of you has spread wide across the land."



Marcus Veranius: "If we are quiet enough in our approach, we may even be able to seize additional munitions for our march."

"Still got a few jars of fire stashed away somewhere."



Baron Krezkov: The Baron's eyebrow raised slightly. "Alchemist's fire?"

"Ingenious."



Marcus Veranius nods



Marcus Veranius: "Lacking a proper catapult, we'll likely need the Golem to lob them into position."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "If we *are* facing a coven of hags, we'll have a better chance of survival after we meet our contact up north."

"So maybe waiting is a good idea. We make our contact. We handle the bonegrinder. Then we return to Krezk and beat the drums of war."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods to Ezmerelda's words.



Marcus Veranius: "We may even catch Strahd by surprise if we sync the march with an ambush on the Bonegrinder. Although at this point, I doubt Strahd would be truly surprised by anything we do."



Baron Krezkov: "Anyway. You'll want to keep your strategies close to your chest. I understand that, especially these days. It's best to keep any major plans to the inner circle, if Rahadin is on the prowl."

"I'll set about getting warm clothing for you. If you think of other supplies you need, send word."



Vasilka: (At the Abbey): Vasilka says calmly: "Greetings. I have gathered you all to tell you that the Lair of the Mad Mage of Mount Baratok has been found. Marcus and Ezmerelda have already been informed of this, and have gone to get warm clothing and supplies."



Suldae Westwind: "Rahadin is doing... something," Suldae said, her eyes half closed. She hadn't seen him since that evening, and she wondered what he was up to. There was no doubt in her as to Correllon's word, but that was no guarantee of mortal inventiveness.

*for



Marcus Veranius: "You mentioned cold weather supplies for our group's animal companions? I've got a pet bird for scouting that could use something to keep its wings warm."




Vasilka: "I suggest you prepare yourselves however you can. Where you are going is hostile to life, and the Mad Mage is a being of truly incredible power. He will be more dangerous than ever."




Baron Krezkov: "I suppose there might be sleeping hoods and things that would be relatively warm. But I don't think there's anything I can have made for you that will warm your bird without weighing him down too much to fly."

Marcus Veranius: "Quite unfortunate."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "We'll be carefull" Henry says

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Magic's still a thing," Suldae comments.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "I don't really have anything I could prepare"

GM: (Timeskip to "Ok, portal's open, let's step onto the mountain in our warm clothes." Y/N?)


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Y)


 **Liliet (Suldae):** (Y)

GM: (Marcus?)


 **Marcus Veranius:** (Y)


The portal opens with a roar of icy wind. Through it you see a towering slope of smooth, glossy snow. Grey clouds move swiftly overhead, scudding on frostbitten winds. Snowflakes fall, fat and lazy.


 **Vasilka:** "Fare thee well, my friends!"


 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena, wrapped in a cloak and hood of wolf-fur, shares a look with Suldae.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (And dinner is ready---)

 **Liliet (Suldae):** Suldae smiles at her in excitement. A new place to go!
Admittedly it's still within Barovia. But!


 **Kasimir Velikov:** Kasimir and Ismark approach the portal side-by-side. Hand-in-hand, they step through onto the snow.


 **Marcus Veranius:** Oh gods, it was already frigid without stepping through! Why couldn't the mad mage have gone into exile in a sunny beachside cabin?


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry pulls his cloak tight and steps through the portal.

 *Marcus Veranius wanders through begrudgingly*

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (I'll be afk for a bit)

 **Ezmerelda Veranius:** Ezmerelda runs to catch up to Marcus.

 **Rictavio:** Rictavio sighs deeply, resolutely. He steps in.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena's expression is not so much one of excitement as one of nervousness, but seeing the light in Suldae's eyes seems to banish her fear.

The party enters the portal. With a pop of thunder, the portal shuts behind them.

They stand now on the slope of a mighty mountain. They are below the clouds, not near the peak. Even so, they cannot see the world below for the falling snow.

Though it is not yet noon, the blizzard turns the world to night.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes out her flute and begins playing again, clearing space for everyone to breathe as she leads snowflakes in an intricate dance.

It is the flute's power, not her understanding, that allows that, but what does that matter when the tune is merry?

Visibility increases as the area around the party clears. Before you in the darkness and the falling snow, you now see the red glow of a square of light, crossed through with bars of darkness.



Ireena Kolyana: "That looks like... A window."

Ireena looks at Suldae. She marches closer to the light.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes with her.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir steps forward. "Wait! It may be a trap."

"We must examine this apparition carefully."



Ireena Kolyana: "We can't even see it yet."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stops obediently.

She's still playing.



Kasimir Velikov:

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ARCANA (8)

"Impossible..."

He stares for a moment or two.



Marcus Veranius: Hmm. A paranoid wizard likely preparing for the worst of Strahd's ambushes. Probably plenty of traps against intrusion.



Kasimir Velikov: He turns to the party. "It's safe to approach."



Kasimir Velikov approaches the strange light.



Ismark Kolyanovich follows.



Marcus Veranius follows behind. The best thing to do is the opposite of what Strahd might do.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae goes at the front.

As the falling snow clears away, you find yourselves standing before a red wooden door. It stands upright in the snow, attached to nothing. Ornate carving-work decorates the frame. At the top of the door is a four-paneled window, from which pours the balmy light.



Ireena Kolyana: "Is that...?"



Kasimir Velikov: "Mordenkainen's Magnificent Mansion," says Kasimir.

"Even I have only ever heard of it."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes into the flute, injecting her wonder at the... well, the wonder, into the melody.

Ireena Kolyana: "Do we open it?"



Suldae Westwind: A safe house in the blizzard; an unexpected marvelous encounter.



Kasimir Velikov: "As far as I can tell, the door bears no arcane booby trap."

"It may, however, bear a mechanical one."



Marcus Veranius: "I've heard of minimalist house designs but this is a bit much for me."



Suldae Westwind: "Knock," Suldae suggests in a short pause in between beats.

"Let's be polite, please?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Who wants to do the honors?"

"Actually, you know what, it makes the most sense if it's me."

"Just in case there is something. Strahd has manners. Sort of. He can't enter a dwelling without permission, after all."

Ismark approaches the door and raises his fist to knock.

The door creaks inward.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Marcus Veranius walks inside without a formal invitation. This proves he is not a vampire, and hopes that might be sufficient for calming a paranoid wizard



Suldae Westwind: Suldae waits outside for everyone to come in, as she's still providing the whole "breathing without choking on snow" and "not having your eyes blocked by spontaneously forming snowballs" thing.



Henry of Willowsbrook: back let me read the backlog real quick

(okay back for real) Henry looks at the door then the surrounding snow then the door again "Atleast it'll be a warm ambush if any" He says stepping into the mansion



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stares after him, unsettled. It's not *that* cold... is it?



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so what's inside?)

GM: (One sec)



Suldae Westwind: (also have the NPCs entered)

Rictavio, Ireena, Ezmerelda, Kasimir, and Ismark enter as well, passing by Suldae. The first room is a grand foyer, tastefully decorated. The architecture is gothic: heavy and overdone. Tall spiraling pillars reach to the ceiling, where four stone dragons glare down, their eyes flickering in the torchlight. Curiously, from this side, the door is actually just one half of a set of double doors. Ahead, another set of double doors bars your passage to the rest of the mansion.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stares at the dragons adoringly as she enters after the others. No such thing as overdone if you ask *her*.

im sorry *what* are we seeing beyond the doors

Oops



Marcus Veranius stares at Ezmerelda

GM: (Not sure what's producing that light)



Marcus Veranius: "What are the chances we can glue something like this onto a wagon for a portable workshop?"



Suldae Westwind: (well whatever it was it is no longer doing that)

Suldae lowers her flute, although she is still keeping it at the ready.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "I, uh..."

Ezmerelda swallows.

"I don't know if I will ever be able to cast something like this."



Suldae Westwind: "Not with that attitude," Suldae mutters under her breath.

She nudges Ireena in the shoulder.

**Marcus Veranius considers**

Ireena Kolyana: Ireena laughs.



Marcus Veranius: "Ah well, just the wagon would work."



Ireena Kolyana: "I am *determined* to one day be able to cast something like this."

"So I'll help you out, Marcus."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks around for a moment "Anyone home?" He calls out loudly

He hears, briefly, the sound of ten thousand screams. Then the doors on the far side of the chamber open. Between them stands Rahadin, dressed in fine green robes. He seems younger and fresher than you have ever seen him.



Rahadin: "Good evening. Do you have your invitations?"

**Marcus Veranius looks just behind Younger Rahadin and stares wide**

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns a deadpan look to the party "Please someone tell me that's the real one?"



Marcus Veranius: "No... it couldn't be..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae narrows her eyes as she casts about for the trick.

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ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae realizes that this is a variant of the "invisible servant" spell. In this case, the servant is visible, and it has taken the form of a much younger version of Rahadin—complete with harmless psychic screams. It is like a memory made solid.



Rahadin: "I beg your pardon?"

"The real one?"

"I assure you, I am very real."

"Now, do you have your invitations?"

"I'm afraid I shall be forced to toss you out on your ears, if you don't."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir sends a brief Message to all of you. *"We had better come up with something. He has the power to do it. We are guests in this plane."*



Marcus Veranius *stares at the figures behind Rahadin and gets an idea.*



Marcus Veranius: "We need no invitation, for we are the companions of your guests already inside!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Right of cause our invitations to ...the thing...to which we were invited ...Suldae did you pack them?" Henry says ignoring Marcus



Suldae Westwind: "I'm pretty sure the door opening for us means we were invited," Suldae suggests.



Marcus Veranius: "This here is Ismark, a revenant under Vladimir Horngaard over there! Both of the silver dragon!"



Rictavio: "Revenant? Excuse me?"

GM: (Whoops, ignore that)



Rahadin: "Revenant? Excuse me?"

Rahadin looks at Vladimir Horngaard, young living human warrior, and raises a finely arched eyebrow.

He looks at Ismark. "Yes, your friend does stink of undeath."

"However, I do not see what that has to do with your invitation."



Marcus Veranius: "Invitations usually allow a Plus One. The guests of your guests. And we are of relation to all the guests in the room."



Madam Eva: "These fine folk are with me," says Madam Eva, stepping into view. "You let them be, young man."



Marcus Veranius: ...just like that! Conveniently enough



Suldae Westwind: (is that the fortune teller?)



Marcus Veranius: (Yes)



Suldae Westwind: "Thank you, and hello," Suldae smiles at her in relief, recognizing the woman.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at the new arrival and asks in a whisper "Who's that?"



Suldae Westwind: She checks anyway,

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ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: (brb)



Rahadin: Rahadin looks at Madam Eva, and shrugs. "It's on you if they misbehave. The master will be most displeased if the occasion is ruined."

Madam Eva: "I can vouch for them." Madam Eva winks at Suldae.

Suldae recognizes that this is the genuine article—not an illusion. The real Madam Eva is here, in the flesh.



Suldae Westwind: "It is good to see you," Suldae says with full sincerity.

There's admittedly the awkward matter - *that* awkward matter, with the tiger and other Vistani, which Suldae would rather not think of, but even with that for their group to account for, she's glad to see the fortune teller.



Marcus Veranius nods, not yet realizing this was the genuine article. The phantom fortune teller must have read into the future and predicted their arrival here!



Madam Eva: "You'll want to come with me," says Madam Eva, in a tone that says: "Please please please please listen to me."

"This way, I think. Into the dining room."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae turns to the others and nods, trying to catch everyone's eye as she does.

Inside the chamber, Ireena leans against a pillar, flanked by two pale and beautiful men. No—no, it is not Ireena. It's someone else, someone with the same face, the same hair, the same eyes. She wears a blue gown of incredible opulence.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae clutches the real Ireena's hand tightly.

Here, she's here, both of them are *here*.

You recognize one of the pale and beautiful men, but only barely. He is younger than you have ever seen him, and his curse has not yet claimed him. Alive and in the flesh, young Strahd Von Zarovich is an undeniably handsome fellow. Even now, however, there is a glitter of murder in his cold black eyes.



Suldae Westwind: This is illusions, memories brought to life for some reason. They're both alive, and here.



The Abbot: "Ah, another clutch of trespassers! More refugees to serve! How delightful!"



Suldae Westwind: Stil, Suldae tries to take in every detail she can. She expects the reproduction to be at least somewhat faithful.



Vladimir Horngaard: "Any of you cause trouble, and you'll be answering to me."



Patrina Velikovna: "Kasimir?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae inclines her head to the man.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir averts his eyes furiously and sprints from the room, heading south, in the general direction Madam Eva was leading.



Marcus Veranius follows behind the phantom fortune teller without question. He didn't quite enjoy being in a room with the dead after so many hard-fought battles to remain living.



Marcus Veranius: That he could recognize most of the individuals in the chamber gave little comfort.



Suldae Westwind: (where should we be

)

Madam Eva leads the way to a set of doors at the end of a short hall. She unlocks them with a key, then slips through and holds the door.



Madam Eva: "Quickly, quickly!"

"Don't draw their attention!"



Marcus Veranius: (The tokens are so small I can barely recognise anyone)

GM: (Ignore the tokens, the map was for shock value)



Suldae Westwind: (we're all coming right)

GM: (One assumes)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (yes)

Three enormous crystal chandeliers brilliantly illuminate this magnificent chamber. Pillars of stone stand against dull white marble walls, supporting the ceiling. In the center of the room, a long, heavy table is covered with a fine white satin cloth. The table is laden with many delectable foods: roasted beast basted in a savory sauce, roots and herbs of every taste, and sweet fruits and vegetables. Places are set with fine, delicate china and silver. At each place is a crystal goblet filled with an amber liquid with a delicate, tantalizing fragrance.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follows still confused by this whole situation muttering something very unkind about the nature of magic

At the center of the far west wall, between floor-to-ceiling mirrors, there stands a massive organ. Its pipes blare out a thunderous melody that speaks in its tone of greatness and despair. Seated at the organ, facing away from you, a single caped figure pounds the keys in raptured ecstasy.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sympathizes, elven/wereraven hearing being what it is.

There are several Vistani refugees here. They look thin and haggard, and there are bags under their eyes.

Come to think of it, under Madam Eva's heavy makeup, her eyes look tired too.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sooooo" Henry begins after everyone of them has entered the room "The fuck was that?"



Madam Eva: "You will have to forgive the... State of things. This is the only chamber we have found peace in."

"We have had to make do."



Suldae Westwind: "Those were all illusions," Suldae says, expecting confirmation.



Madam Eva: "Yes," says Madam Eva.

"However, the demiplane is quite powerful. You would be surprised what an illusion can do, in here."

"He's mad. He's absolutely mad."



Suldae Westwind: "...Wasn't doubting that. Just, any coherent reason why? - oh, that'd do."



Madam Eva: "And his magic gets madder by the day..."



Suldae Westwind: "...any way we could help?"

Suldae fingers her flute. Magic of music is particularly powerful at *getting through* to people.



Madam Eva: "I don't know. He doesn't speak to me anymore."

"He won't let us sleep. He won't let us leave."



Marcus Veranius: "...wait, you aren't an illusion?" Marcus stares dumbfoundedly



Madam Eva: "He plays the organ for hours upon hours..."



Suldae Westwind: "Nobody here," Suldae confirms.

(is there a token for that guy on the map)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "What was that scene he's making the illusions play out?" HENry asks



Suldae Westwind: "Is that even a real scene? I don't think all of those people would have met at the same time, would they?"



Madam Eva: "I don't know. I think, in his way, he's trying to figure out what happened."



Suldae Westwind: Kasimir's sister sticks out to her, in particular.



Madam Eva: "He's trying to understand the curse."

"He has the pieces and the parts, but he does not know how they fit together."



Suldae Westwind: "...Well, we have some knowledge about what happened."

"Perhaps we could help?"



Madam Eva: "He has forced me to lay out the cards a hundred times..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae eyes Marcus's sword.



Madam Eva: "Please. You have to help us. We are all exhausted."



Marcus Veranius takes Madam Eva's hand.



Marcus Veranius: "Remember back at the camp when we first met? You told us a story and said we would meet again."

"It is only fair we tell a story if it breaks this mansion's madness."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well" Henry says taking in the room once more "I think Introductions are in order"



Madam Eva: "Be careful!"

"There's no telling how he'll react. Some days he's just a beast."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae begins playing to set the stage. Just some background music - calm, with a little build up - something epic is about to happen, but the expectation is that it will be peaceful. Just magnificent.

She weaves her tune with the sound of the organ.



Marcus Veranius hold up his hand towards Suldae

Marcus Veranius: "Not quite yet. I have an idea."



Suldae Westwind: It almost seems to be background music to her melody now.

She pauses.



Marcus Veranius: "Simply telling the story won't do. The mage does not seem in a position to listen."



Marcus Veranius motions to the organ player



Marcus Veranius: "What I DO know is that he's set up a number of actors in the main chamber trying to piece together what has happened."

"But the wizard didn't learn the truth of Barovia. He built up an army of peasants and stormed the castle, then got flung off."



Suldae Westwind: "...You propose interfering with that?" Suldae bites her lip, lowering the flute. "Are you sure that's what we should do without trying easier means first?"



Marcus Veranius tosses Suldae the Hat of Disguise



Marcus Veranius: "I suggest we become actors in his own play and fill in the missing details."

"Then he can come to the conclusion on his own."



Suldae Westwind: "...I don't want to be a part to that," Suldae admits as she looks at it uneasily. "Ireena?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I don't think that will work if he has no reason to believe us"



Suldae Westwind: She doesn't want Ireena to be a part to that either, truth be told, but she will make her own decision.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena thinks for a moment or two.

"I don't want to feed his madness in any way."

"But if he learns what happened—if he understands—maybe it will cure him?"



Marcus Veranius: "He's not the one we need to convince. His actors seem to be created as they were."



Ireena Kolyana: "But I agree—easier methods first, maybe."



Marcus Veranius: "If they are true replicas then we simply need make them do as they did in history."



Ireena Kolyana: "I don't necessarily want to re-enact my own murder."



Kasimir Velikov: "And I, for one, want nothing to do with the illusion of Patrina."

"She should not even be here—it makes no sense."



Suldae Westwind: "...Yeah, that," Suldae says anxiously. She doesn't miss Ireena saying "my own" but that's something else; right now... "We have someone here who literally was present for the events."

She looks at the sword meaningfully again.



Marcus Veranius shakes his head



Suldae Westwind: "There's little to lose by *trying* to introduce them, is there?"



Marcus Veranius: "Three hundred years ago the wizard made his failed attack on the castle."

"The abbot would have been here."

"Horngaard may have made his siege around the same time."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns "Excuse, I'll go do something possibly reckless" he says approaching the Organist



Marcus Veranius: "Rahadin is an old elf. It's within his lifespan."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows Henry.

She's ready to protect him should need arise.



Marcus Veranius: "All these people were around when the wizard... wait what are you doing."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry waits for a pause in the playing however brief and begins applauding once he finds one still calmly approaching

Better to not even give the illusion of sneaking up on him
him



Suldae Westwind: Suldae begins the background music again.

Perhaps it can fit with his madness to understand the events better if music explains them as they happen.



The Mad Mage: The Mad Mage plays without ceasing for several long minutes. Then, there is the briefest of pauses as he turns an invisible page. He wipes some sweat off his brow, glances at Henry applauding, and smiles broadly.

"Why, *thank you!* It's not many appreciate the works of Mordvodezdovus."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It is rarely performed quite this expertly" Henry says

The Mad Mage is a tiny man in oversized ornate robes. His bald head gleams in the candlelight and his white beard is thick with curling ringlets. His eyes are kindly, magnified by thick round spectacles.

He pushes up his sleeves.



The Mad Mage: "Perhaps you'd like some more? This next one is short—just three hours and twenty-eight minutes, if I get the timing right."

He giggles. "Tricky with all these pedals."

He hiccups and shrinks by two inches at the same time.

"Well, that's me out of time for the pedals. Unless someone here knows how to play them?"

"Oh, ticky boo. Rahadin will know how to do it. He's ever so useful."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is still playing, and considers the mage's lack of reaction to her to be proof of concept - she's just setting the stage, she might as well not be there.



The Mad Mage: "I say," says the Mad Mage. "What is that delightful music?"

"Reminds me of the elves."



Marcus Veranius: Rahadin, Rahadin, Rahadin! Why does the mage consider Rahadin to be his servant!?



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shoots a glance at Marcus.



The Mad Mage: "One must get in the mind of one's victim, if one wants to succeed in deicide."



Suldae Westwind: Enter the head shenanigan-er, please.



The Mad Mage: The Mad Mage wags one finger in the air.

"I had him. I had him dead to rights. Blasted him: dead to ashes! Dead to ashes!"

"And what does he do?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is made *slightly* uneasy by mention of deicide. Close to home, these days.



The Mad Mage: He slams the keys. The organ groans and screams.

"HE! COMES! BACK!" He punctuates each word with a slam on the keys.

"Not even a full *twenty-four hours* does he give me to recover."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "How vexxing that must have been" Henry says airily



The Mad Mage: "Bloody *fucking* curse!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae certainly hopes someone is about to start explaining things to the guy, considering he seems to be listening.



The Mad Mage: He points sharply at Suldae.



Suldae Westwind: Someone being Marcus.
Specifically.



The Mad Mage: "You."

"Play."



Suldae Westwind: She raises her eyebrow.

She *is* playing,.

She nods, still.



The Mad Mage: "Play me... *Wind on the Mountain Brooks*."

"You know that one. Your aunt used to hum it."



Suldae Westwind: (does Suldae know this aunt)



The Mad Mage: "Pieces! Bits and pieces! Bits and bits and itty bitty pieces."



Suldae Westwind: (also does she know this song)

GM: (Yes, it's a factual statement)



Suldae Westwind: (i love open-ended backstory)

GM: (She knows the song, she knows the aunt in question)



Suldae Westwind: (give me a minute to figure out)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Quite the demanding host, not even leaving time for introductions" Henry

says



The Mad Mage: "She's on her way, you know," says the Mad Mage, looking up at Henry as he waits for the song to begin.

"She'll be there waiting for you. She went searching, when you disappeared."



Suldae Westwind: (aha gotcha)

Gretchen Westwind, her father's younger sister, never having the midn for finances or organization, ever focused on her crafts and hobbies - but oh, how wonderfully she played.

Suldae puts off questioning how the guy knows this, and plays.



The Mad Mage: "I'm me," says the Mad Mage. "You're you. Names are a waste of precious, precious *sound*."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry's face remains a pleasant mask as he speaks "How vexing it must be to know so much yet being unable to figure out the Nature of Strahd's curse"



The Mad Mage: His fingers take the keys as if of their own accord, and with perfect timing they begin to play harmony to Suldae's song.

"Indeed," says the Mad Mage, serenely. "My greatest tragedy. The genius, the master, the wizard supreme! A puzzle he can't solve... So he goes mad."

"Oh, woe is he. I pity him."

"None shall ever solve it now, I'm afraid."

"You've come, I suppose, to haunt me? Taunt me?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glares daggers at Marcus.



Marcus Veranius looks blank-faced at Suldae, not understanding what he did wrong



Suldae Westwind: He's still being quiet is what. And so's Sergei.



Marcus Veranius coughs



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hmm I suppose giving the answer to your question could be considered taunting if one were caught in the trappings of one's ego"



Marcus Veranius: "Madness is entirely logical. Suppose one is made to solve a puzzle without holding all the pieces. What other answer is there than to go mad?"



The Mad Mage: "Ego? Ego? I will have you know that the Grand Wizard was the humblest of all personages. Why, he was good friends with *many* peasants!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae winces at that one so hard, it's nearly audible in the music.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry almost laughs at the irony that was delivered with such a straight face but manages not to



The Mad Mage: "Logical, you say. Logical?"

"I think, my friend, you might not be mad."



Suldae Westwind: That seems an inaccurate observation!



The Mad Mage: "Puzzles, pieces, bits and pieces. Bricks and cheeses."

"Mash the pieces into a fine paste, add water. Stir. Bake at seven thousand degrees for two minutes. Curse solved!"

"When it's ready, when it's ready."

"Takes so much time, putting it all together, you know!"

Suddenly he leans towards Marcus, putting a finger to his lips conspiratorially. The organ continues to play itself without him.

"Shhhh! Can't let him hear that. Can't let him know. If I know what I'm doing, I'll have to stop!"



The Mad Mage: "And I mustn't stop. Mustn't ever stop."



Marcus Veranius quietly nods



The Mad Mage: "Nearly there. Nearly there. Waning like the moon, but I'll make it."



Marcus Veranius: "Alas, the cake does not rise without the yeast. Bound to make brownies at this rate."

"I'll check the cupboard. You continue stirring."



The Mad Mage: "What's that? What's that? Yeast? I haven't added yeast, you say?"

"The yeast comes from the air, my friend. We're making sourdough."

"At least, that's what the old wives tell me."



Marcus Veranius: "Darn the family recipes. Why does no one ever share the instructions?"



The Mad Mage: "You there," he says, pointing sharply at Suldae. "Stop playing."

"Your voice. I must have it."

"I simply must have it."



Suldae Westwind: She complies.

"You have it if you wish," she says.



The Mad Mage: "Ah, I knew it. I sensed it!"

"Heard your harmonies when you walked through the mists."



Suldae Westwind: What the fuck *else* has he sensed.



The Mad Mage: "Correllon's thread rings true in you..."

"Beware the fickleness of gods."



Suldae Westwind: "I've noticed," Suldae says. "Did you know Raven Queen was Strahd's mother?"

Mincing words is for courtiers. They're here for business.



The Mad Mage: The Mad Mage turns around completely.

"Goodness, there are a lot of you."

"Have you been here long? And you've not been served dinner yet?"

"Raven... Queen?"

"The Raven Queen..."

He stares into space. Something burns suddenly in his pupils—a white star.

The Mad Mage: He looks at Suldae and there is a clarity on his face that he has not had before now. Gone is the jollity, gone is the mirth. Now a stern and serious man sits here, wreathed in power, ancient and wise and full of pride.

In the brief moment of clarity, he says: "I see."



Suldae Westwind: "She stole the mantle of another god," Suldae says. "We've torn her away from it, and she's gone now. With her, so should be most of the curse."



The Mad Mage: Then he turns to Madam Eva, giggles like a schoolgirl, and pleads: "Read the cards for me, mommy! Read the cards for me, will you?"



Suldae Westwind: "She was the one who'd given her son power."

"You do not need her cards."



Marcus Veranius *shoves the Hat of Disguise into Henry's hands and whispers. "Words alone wont solve this. I need backup. Can you disguise yourself as the lich?"*



Suldae Westwind: "We have the story."



Suldae Westwind *is casting a spell, please stand by...*



The Mad Mage: "Baby wants cards!"

"Pretty pictures for the story!"



Suldae Westwind:

Command

Enchantment 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range

Components: V

Duration: 1 round

You speak a one-word command to a creature you can see within range. The target must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or follow the command on its next turn. The spell has no effect if the target is undead, if it doesn't understand your language, or if your command is directly harmful to it. Some typical commands and their effects follow. You might issue a command other than one described here. If you do so, the GM determines how the target behaves. If the target can't follow your command, the spell ends. Approach. The target moves toward you by the shortest and most direct route, ending its turn if it moves within 5 feet of you. Drop. The target drops whatever it is holding and then ends its turn. Flee. The target spends its turn moving away from you by the fastest available means. Grovel. The target falls prone and then ends its turn. Halt. The target doesn't move and takes no actions. A flying creature stays aloft, provided that it is

able to do so. If it must move to stay aloft, it flies the minimum distance needed to remain in the air.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can affect one additional creature for each slot level above 1st. The creatures must be within 30 feet of each other when you target them.

"Listen," Suldae orders him, Correllon's authority reverberating in her words.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at the hat now in his hands frowning



The Mad Mage:

WISDOM
The Mad Mage

Ability: 13 | 13



Marcus Veranius: "Please. Only madness can fight back madness." He continues to whisper



Suldae Westwind: "Do not harass your guests. Your manners are better than that. We are here to answer your questions. Ask them."



The Mad Mage: The Mad Mage listens dutifully.

Then he laughs, and says: "No."



Suldae Westwind: "Why?"



The Mad Mage: "Is one polite to the figures of a dream?"

"Well, I often am. So I suppose you're right!"

"It could be fun to have a proper feast."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "



The Mad Mage: He claps his hands firmly. Thunder rolls through the chamber. Suddenly, the feast vanishes. A moment later, it reappears—even grander than before.

"Madam Eva, the cards; if you feel up to it."



Madam Eva: "I don't think we should," says Madam Eva.

"Things are complex enough as it is. It will only make things harder."



Suldae Westwind: "Leave her alone," Suldae requests, Correllon's power pushing her words into the mage's consciousness.



Suldae Westwind is casting a spell, please stand by...



Suldae Westwind:

Suggestion

2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you

Components: V, M (A snake's tongue and either a bit of honeycomb or a drop of sweet oil)

Duration: Concentration Up to 8 hours

You suggest a course of activity (limited to a sentence or two) and magically influence a creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you. Creatures that can't be charmed are immune to this effect. The suggestion must be worded in such a manner as to make the course of action sound reasonable. Asking the creature to stab itself, throw itself onto a spear, immolate itself, or do some other obviously harmful act ends the spell. The target must make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, it pursues the course of action you described to the best of its ability. The suggested course of action can continue for the entire duration. If the suggested activity can be completed in a shorter time, the spell ends when the subject finishes what it was asked to do. You can also specify conditions that will trigger a special activity during the duration. For example, you might suggest that a knight give her warhorse to the first beggar she meets. If the condition isn't met before the spell expires, the activity isn't performed. If you or any of your companions damage the target, the spell ends.



The Mad Mage: The Mad Mage pouts.

This spell, curiously, bounces right off the Mad Mage's mind. Suldae senses that some kind of spell upon his mind deflected it.



The Mad Mage: "Oh, come on! I'm asking nicely."

"I have to know. I have to see the pieces. I need the clutter out!"



Suldae Westwind: "Have you counted how many times you asked already?"



The Mad Mage: "Everything is so much a mess..."



Suldae Westwind: "I can give you cards, if you wish," Suldae says and throws her arm out towards the table.



Suldae Westwind is casting a spell, please stand by...



Suldae Westwind:

Major Image

Illusion 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: A spot that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (A bit of fleece)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

You create the image of an object, a creature, or some other visible phenomenon that is no larger than a 20-foot cube. The image appears at a spot that you can see within range and lasts for the duration. It seems completely real, including sounds, smells, and temperature appropriate to the thing depicted. You can't create sufficient heat or cold to cause damage, a sound loud enough to deal thunder damage or deafen a creature, or a smell that might sicken a creature (like a troglodyte's stench). As long as you are within range of the illusion, you can use your action to cause the image to move to any other spot within range. As the image changes location, you can alter its appearance so that its movements appear natural for the image. For example, if you create an image of a creature and move it, you can alter the image so that it appears to be walking. Similarly, you can cause the illusion to make different sounds at different times, even making it carry on a conversation, for example. Physical interaction with the image reveals it to be an illusion, because things can pass through it. A creature that uses its action to examine the image can determine that it is an illusion with a successful Intelligence (Investigation) check against your spell save DC. If a creature discerns the illusion for what it is, the creature can see through the image, and its other sensory qualities become faint to the creature.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 6th level or higher, the spell lasts until dispelled, without requiring your Concentration.

(does this work for cards Suldae can customize as she likes and "move")

GM: (Yes)



Suldae Westwind: (excellent)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry considers what he can actually *do* here



Marcus Veranius continues to eyebrow waggle at Henry



Suldae Westwind: A deck of card appears and spreads itself on the table. The card images feature the people in his ballroom.



The Mad Mage: "Ohhh..."

"Pretty. Finely worked illusion, my friend."

"Go on, then. Give me the reading."

"Please?"

"Please please pretty pretty please?"



Suldae Westwind: "I will."

"Sergei," she says, looking at Marcus's sword still. "Will you help me tell the story?"

(not "still", "directly")

(sometimes a typo is a word)

Sergei: (Silently, to Marcus only): *Should I?*

GM: (He's still Marcus's sword, at the end of the day)



Marcus Veranius: [I'm not going to be able to tell the story myself without a second actor to talk to. Might as well see if it works.]



Suldae Westwind: For a start, Suldae arranges the cards to show who's who: the Raven Queen who had been a mortal, her sons, the woman unfortunate to have the interest of both, other actors scattered around in accordance with their relationships at the start.

As far as Suldae knows, anyway, relying on Marcus and Sergei to correct any inaccuracies.

Sergei: *Alright then.*

"I'll help."



The Mad Mage: "You should *all* help! It will be lovely!"

"Wait, what are we doing again?"



Suldae Westwind: "Strahd's story," Suldae reminds him.

"You asked for a show; watch now."



Marcus Veranius places the sunsword down on the table, then leaves the Hat of Disguise on a chair for anyone to take.



Marcus Veranius snaps his fingers and alters the Disguise Spell he had cast upon himself, taking the appearance of a familiar figure.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rolls her eyes but ignores him.

The Hat of Disguise whisks across the table and lands on the hilt of the Sunsword, which rises suddenly from the table, tilting up to balance on its tip.



Suldae Westwind: She's waiting for someone to begin narrating.

There is a flash.

Afterwards, a handsome young man sits on the edge of the table.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena sits down abruptly.



"Queen Ravenovia": Now THIS will work



Suldae Westwind: Suldae grasps her hand, which she can do because the cards are just an illusion and she doesn't manipulate them with her hands.



"Queen Ravenovia": "My dearest son, Sergei. Have you heard progress of the construction of my Amber Temple?"



"Queen Ravenovia" speaks, attempting to re-enact history as a visual demonstration

Sergei Von Zarovich looks at Suldae. "The position of the cards looks right." He looks at Marcus.
"Why yes, mother, I—"

Sergei: "Wait, that's not how it happened."

"The Queen didn't build the Amber Temple."



The Mad Mage: "The Amber Temple?"

Sergei: : "Suldae, can you just... Just give a quick rundown?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry buries his face in his hands before clearing his throat and begining to tell the take of the Amber temple#

Sergei: "What if he remembers more than he knows? He may just need us to jog his juice."



Henry of Willowsbrook: tell the tale of the Amber Temple

Several minutes later...



Henry of Willowsbrook: He had narrated at the summer plays a couple times so it came easy to him



The Mad Mage: "I see..."

"Yes... That solves the curse."

"Well," says the Mage. "Fascinating."

He shrugs. He eats a piece of chicken.

He hiccups slightly, shrinking another two inches.



"Queen Ravenovia": "Was it not the plan of my most trusted cohort, Tenebrus? He approached me with a most wonderful idea. Seal dead gods within the temple, and leech their power to strengthen the seat of Castle Ravenloft. The crystal heart of our most perfect castle."



Zanshuken: (...the temple was in Barovia before Strahd conquered it for his mother iirc)

Sergei: "No, it was an ancient temple already present there, formed of the ichor of dead gods, guarded by a priesthood of wizards. Tenebrous was the one who *convinced* my mother—you—to conquer the temple and kill the wizards so that he could use it to turn her into a god."



The Mad Mage: "AMBER TEMPLE!" Shouts the Mad Mage, pointing a finger suddenly. "Yes, yes... Amber Ichorvault..."



"Queen Ravenovia": "Oh, that was it, yes."

Sergei: "So by this point you would be, like, in the thrall of what's his face."

"Tenebro."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry mouths to Suldae to show a miniature Amber Temple with her Magic

A miniature Amber Temple manifests on the table near the cards, perfect in every detail.

Sergei: "I'm seventeen in this scene," Sergei says, to the Mad Mage, as an aside.

"Right. Now you come into my room, and you shout at me that it's six in the morning and I'm supposed to be at the front of the platoon already."

"This is the day we go to conquer the Amber Temple. It's important. It's the first day I meet Tatyana."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a deep breath trying not to imagine the old drow exile that lead the local theater troupe whiiping him and his friends for their haphazard use of the art



"Queen Ravenovia": "And the siege went well, did it not?"



The Mad Mage: "You're skipping ahead. This is before the siege."

Sergei: "Well, we can skip ahead if we want to."

(To Marcus): *So we're skipping ahead?*



"Queen Ravenovia": (I don't know the details of your love life! I was going to explain the nature of the curse!)



"Queen Ravenovia" mentally sweats



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry walks over to Marcus and whsipers "Want me to tag in?"



"Queen Ravenovia" nods



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes the hat from Marcus and Transforms into the Queen



"Queen Ravenovia" points to Sergei, who has the hat



Marcus Veranius changes his own disguise back



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry hangs his head 'Sylvanus give me strength and maybe a disguise'

Henry takes a breath before speaking again impersonating what he had heard of the Queen before
"Well what are you wating for Sergei? Neither the soldiers nor your Brother have much tolerance for tardiness"

Sergei: "Ooh, that's good. Well, if you must know, I was sleeping in because I didn't want to go."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Do I roll for accuracy of the impression?)

GM: (You can roll performance, if you so desire)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

8 + 1

PERFORMANCE (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(advantage please?)



The Mad Mage: "I must say, you're not a very *convincing* Queen."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (we have props...)



The Mad Mage: "But you'll do, I suppose..."

An illusory crown appears on his head and an illusory raven appears on his shoulder.



The Mad Mage: "That's much better."

Sergei: "This is the part where Tatyana comes in. She comes to tell my mother that it's time to go and the horses are waiting."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You have a duty Sergei" Henry says trying his best to sound like a disappointed mother "Ah see everyone is waiting for you"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena senses the gaze of several people upon her and shakes her head. "Don't look at me."



Rictavio: Rictavio sighs.



Henry of Willowsbrook: He gestures at Rictavio



Rictavio: Putting on his best girlish voice, he comes up beside Henry. "Oh, aye, it's me, Tatyana."
"And I'm here t' tell ya that it's the time to be goin' now, milady, and we'd best be off quick, since those wizards won't wait forever to get murdered."



Marcus Veranius: "It was love at first sight."



The Mad Mage: "No no no no, you're the Monster Hunter long foretold. You can't be the fair and beautiful Tatyana."

"Here, I'll fix this..."

The Mad Mage waves a hand. Rictavio transforms: in an instant, he is Tatyana.

"Much better."



Rictavio: Rictavio takes this placidly, without complaint.

Sergei: "Right. So this is where I fell in love with Tatyana. She was just crackling with power and intelligence and wit and charm."



Rictavio: Tatyana growls suggestively, clawing the air with a hand.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry says to Marcus in a whisper "MA

Sergei: "And then and there I decided that I had to go to the Amber Temple with the rest, and see that no harm fell upon this mysterious enchantress."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "

Ignore that

Sergei: "Where should we skip to?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (i Keep hitting enter instead of backspace)

"You, Tatyana and Strahd" Henry suggests

Sergei: "Alright."

"I'm Sergei, and I'm in love with you, Tatyana."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pushes Ricyana at Sergei



Rictavio: "Er... Likewise?"

Sergei: "Oh me, oh my, we're so wonderfully happy."

"But then along comes Strahd."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry clears his throat and does his best Strahd impression "Brother, It is I Strahd"



Rictavio: "Oh Strahd, you're so manly, and your chest is so *Biiiig!*"



"Strahd" swoons

Sergei: "No no no, that's not how it happened. Tati cared nothing for Strahd. She thought he was a pompous tyrant and a monster. But he was the king..."

"And he fell madly in love with her."

"Strahd had always been jealous of me. My carefree life. My spoiled upbringing. My parents' obvious favoritism of their younger, fair-haired son."

"So he wanted to take what was mine. He wanted to destroy what I had."



Rictavio: "Strictly speaking, I object to this kind of speech regarding women. Or people in general! Nobody should *own* anybody else."

Sergei: "Nevertheless, I had her heart, and she had mine."



Rictavio: "I suppose that's fair enough."

"Oh, Strahd! Stay away from me! I have eyes only for your hotter, younger brother."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "But I *want* her so I decided to do what any Selfrespecting adult would do, I went and complained to my Mother" Henry continues in his Strahd impression



Rictavio: "You may be king, but *we* have *our love!*"

Sergei: "Marcus? We need a mother."



"Strahd": "Hang on a second."



The Mad Mage: "Of *course!* There were *two* of them!"

"I killed the one, but not the other!"

Sergei: "No, wait, hang on a minute."

"Sort it out, you two. Who's being mom and who's being big brother?"



"Mommy Ravenovia": "It takes a while to cast the spell OK?"

Sergei: "Right. Strahd. You were complaining to mommy."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Why does Sergei get to be loved mother" Henry continues "Why doesn't she love me when I have done nothing to make her love me and a lot that repulses her"

Henry might be enjoying this a bit to much



"Mommy Ravenovia": "You are old. But this is not your fault. Time takes us all unless we have the will to take it back."

"When our business in the temple is concluded, you will make a pact to me and I will grant you a portion of my power."

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Compensating for the lack of motherly love with promises of eldritch power?" Henry says



"Mommy Ravenovia": "You do not know it, and I will never tell you. But to become a true god I must make a sacrifice of my own. My sons must kill each other."

"And so for the gift of Vampirism, I will have you kill Sergei."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "That sounds fair and reasonable" Henry agrees



"Mommy Ravenovia": "My plan will also see that you are made invulnerable. The blood of the temple will keep you alive and immortal. Because I need Sergei to deal the death blow against you."

"For I will turn his spirit into your bane, the sacred Sunsword."

Sergei: "We're getting ahead of ourselves. Let's do the part where he murders me."

"It was a dark and stormy night. We were drinking on the balcony—Tatyana and I."



"Mommy Ravenovia": *"Foreshadowing."*

Sergei: "Rahadin was there, serving the drinks."

"And Strahd came in."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry speaks again "Rahadin, Tatyana my love how lovely you look this evening Oh Brother you are still here"

Sergei: "He was wild in the eyes, despite his fine manners. There was murder, glinting there. I did not see it."

Sergi: "Poor Tati did, though, and she tried to warn me."



Rictavio: "Pst. Pst. He's got murder in his eyes, don'tcha think?"

Sergei: "Couldn't be. He's just happy to see us."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry mimes for Suldae to give him an ilussionary dagger

An illusory dagger appears in his hand. It is weightless and not solid, but it moves properly as he pretends to manipulate it.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry badly hides it behind his back "Sergei my brother I heard you were already planning your wedding"

Sergei: "Indeed we are! And a wonderful wedding it will be."



Rictavio: "Oh, it'll be magnificent. Simply scrumptious."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It might be unusual but I already have a gift for you" Henry says



"Tsundere Rahadin": "I too am excited! Perhaps now my secret love will abandon the foolish girl and realize his true love was with him all along."



Rictavio: "A gift! Oh, Sergei. Isn't that wonderful? How generous of our kind and merciful king who never ever ever murders his subjects or family members!"

Sergei: "Quite, quite. Thank you, brother. Your foresight is commendable."

The Mad Mage: "No! Stop! Stop him! He's going to kill you!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (It just occurred to me that essentially what is going on is our characters riffing on the plot of the modul like we normally do outside of the game...boi is this meta)

Sergei: "NO! Don't stop, Henry. *He* didn't stop."

"His blade *fell* and I *died*."



"Tsunami Rahadin": "Fuck."

Sergei: "Without even the chance to defend myself..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "My gift is this Dagger here let me put it in you" Henry says stabbing him



"Tsunami Rahadin": "Goddamn it."

Sergei: "Oh, bollocks! I'm a sword now."



Henry of Willowsbrook: with the illusion dagger

The Hat of Disguise falls off the Sunsword, which falls flat to the table with a rattle.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Tatyana now will you love me after I murdered my brother who you loved with all your heart?"



Rictavio: "Who, me?"

"Over my dead body!"

"Eeeeeee!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Dang it"



Rictavio: Tatyana pantomimes running away.

Sergei: "She ran. She ran through the halls of the palace. She made her way to the tallest tower."

"And there..."



"Tsunami Rahadin": "Strahd my love, I will talk reason into her."



"Tsunami Rahadin" mock shoves tatyana



Rictavio: "Aaaaargh! I am falling and now I am dead!"

Sergei: "She fell to her death. The final link in the curse remained unsealed."

"Or something like that, I forget really."

"At any rate, she died. And Strahd, alone in his grief, killed himself."

"Only to rise again."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh no Why would she kill herself instead of marrying me" Henry says "Wait Guards why are you pointing those arrows at me your King?"

Sergei: "Oh, he didn't kill himself? I always assumed he had."



Ireena Kolyana: "No," says Ireena. "He was killed by his guards."

"Some of them became Revenants."

Sergei: "Fair enough. He was shot to death by his own guards, in his own castle, after murdering his brother and the only woman he had ever loved."

"Or obsessed over, at any rate."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "AH oh no the consequences of my actions led to my death" Henry says Falling to the ground dieing only to get back up "Sike I'm a vampire now and I'm SAD"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena giggles despite herself.

Sergei: "Right. He rose again—an undead, Nosferatu, the Vampyr."

"The Vampire King."

"And his curse fell across the land, binding the Amber Temple and the Castle together."



Rictavio: "Right, Tatyana's dead. I'm going to eat now."

Rictavio shakes off the illusion and moves down a seat or two, and tucks into the feast.



"Tsundere Rahadin": "What luck for me, that my true love came back from the dead!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "And If I am sad then so should all of Barovia be miserable all the time because I'm an Immature man child who never learned to deal with rejection"
miserable



"Tsundere Rahadin": "Alas, the gods were upset. Pelor, Corallion, everyone sensing the near-ascension of Queen Ravenovia put their power together and cut Barovia off from the world."
"The mists."



The Mad Mage: "The mists...."

"Yes, the mists..."

"Of course... The barrier, soap-bubble skin, between this plane and the Prime..."

"Leaving all Barovia to the dark demigods..."

"Containment, then? Not protection..."

"Encouraging news."



The Mad Mage: "And the mists are gone, now... Yes... They're gone."

"What happens next?"



"Tsundere Rahadin": "What happens next is the pesky soul of that woman came back, trying to steal my love."



The Mad Mage: "Poor Patrina, mad with power... The Silver Dragon's Hall Besieged... The Abbey of the Mad Angel..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry drops his Strahd impression and continues as himself "Tatyana kept being reborn and dieing whenever Strahd tried to make her love him"



The Mad Mage: "How sad!"



"Tsundere Rahadin": "I made it my goal to hunt down every reincarnation, though would never confess this. Only the gods knew."

The Mad Mage: "Poor dear. Poor, poor, poor dear."



"Tsumdere Rahadin": "Patrina was one reincarnation. Perhaps it was my tip that led to her execution. Perhaps the dark gods had a sense of humor. She yet died, and I was made to punish the elves for their folly."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Because the Queens bargain was yet unfulfilled" Henry says "But after Tatyana had once again been reborn something changed a group of unfourtunate but talented poor souls ended up in Barovia and meet her current incarnation befroe Strahd did" before



The Mad Mage: "Ooooooh," says the Mad Mage. "My party!"

"Yes, I remember. The mayor's daughter, in the swamp-lands..."

"Looked just like you!" says the Mad Mage, twinkling at Ireena.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well yes but actually no" Henry continues



The Mad Mage: "I see," says the Mad Mage.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Because even your ---peerles intelect and Magical prowess weren't enough to break the Queens curse" Henry says "Not because of weakness no you simply weren't attacking the right part of the curse, the Demi-God Queen herself"



The Mad Mage: "THE QUEEN!" Shouts the Mad Mage, pointing suddenly, eyes wide.

"Yes, yes, I see it now."

"What happens next? What happens next?"



"Tsumdere Rahadin": "You did make a fine effort, but I had ordered the Sunsword destroyed. For without it, none would kill Strahd."



"Mommy Raven Queen": "I of course needed the sword in-tact, so I had it whisked away to my temple. The handle anyways."

"Only one truly capable of slaying Strahd would find it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "An entrapped band of a runaway farmer, a vengeful shoemaker, an amazing bard, an elven archmage, two seasoned veteran monster hunters and the current incarnation of Tatyana and her brother found it in the temple and learned the truth of the Curse of Strahd" Henry says "THere they slew the remnants of the sealed evil gods and somehow managed to seperate the QUEen from the Raven god she had stiched herself to making Strahd vunerable to death for the first time in how long has it been?" he turns to Sergei



"Mommy Raven Queen": "Six hundred years."

"Not once in six hundred years did I realize the flaw in my plan."

"I was invulnerable to mortal power, yet weak was I to my own."

"My sun turned against me, my ravens turned against me, my temple turned against me."

"And now I am no more. All that is left are the scattered pieces of my glorious plan waiting for the right force to knock them over."



Marcus Veranius dispels the disguise spell, revealing the true Wereraven he was underneath



Marcus Veranius: "All of Barovia is gathering to bury its history for good."

"We need you as well."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Allow us to introduce ourselves again, We are the the ones who will kill Strahd once and for all" Henry says spreading his arms "How about it, ready to get out there and turn that pompous ass to ash oh Greatest of Wizards?"



The Mad Mage: "What happens next?"

"The sun kills the mother... The curse doesn't end."

"Shouldn't it end, if it's her curse?"

"No, no, no... Something is missing."

"Oh well."

"Back to the pipes, I think."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Strahd still wields her power that's why the curse still persists"



Marcus Veranius: "Her power is yet contained in the castle's heart."

"And you of all people know what must be done to a vampire's heart."



Marcus Veranius stabs an arrow into the table with a loud 'thunk' for dramatic effect



The Mad Mage: "Kick it?"

"No no, of course, I forgot."

"You eat it!"



Marcus Veranius: "We usually stab it with wood. Doubt a 600 year old heart tastes any good."



The Mad Mage: "Heart. Heart heart heart. Beans, beans, good for the heart, the more you eat, the more you... No, what was it again?"

"One half the spell yet rings, I hear its song. It vibrates ever from the east, mad with rage."

"Injustice—Aye, that's the curse that lingers."

"Curse not of the Mother but of the Brother and his would-be Bride. Sune's the whip that goads this horse toward hell..."

"The heart. Yes, the heart still beats... For Sergei."

"They must be reunited, yes..."



The Mad Mage: "But even then: you face the god of Barovia."

"I failed. I failed... I..."

"No. No! I must continue. I must build my song. It is nearly finished. It is almost time! Must complete the work. I must."

He hops off his chair.

"Soon there won't be a curse, a castle, or a kingdom."

"No. Mustn't remember... I'm only playing. I'm only playing the music."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry Turns to him "I know your loss mage"



The Mad Mage: "I'm playing the music that comes to me..."

"Nothing more. Nothing more is happening. Nothing under the surface... Only music."

He hiccups. He shrinks by a full two inches.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I to have lost dear friends to him" Henry continues "

"The lack of understanding wasn't why you fled and hid here was it? It was grief that drove you to hide from the pain and the world"

"To hide so far even away even you yourself couldn't find you" Henry says face sorrowful "So far away you could oly

only go mad"



The Mad Mage: "No, no. I had to be mad, or I would not complete the work."

"So I put on my crown of madness, and now the work is nearly done!"

"And he cannot find me... He thinks me dead... He knows me dead... He watched me die."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "'I couldn't have failed them if I was mad' is that what you told yourself? It wasn't carelessness or a lack of preparation or sheer dumb luck no you must have been mad to have failed right?"

Henrys face distorts with painfull grief "They wouldn'T want you to blame yourself, to torture yourslef like this you know that don't you?"



The Mad Mage: The Mad Mage scoffs. "You understand nothing! Soon I shall finish the work, and you shall see..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "But you believe you deserve this"



The Mad Mage: "Madness, madness with an end! Is it madness?"

"Yes, it's madness."

"But it has an end! So that's something."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shakes his head softly "You don't have to do this whatever it is" he says calmly "You only have to take of your crown, come back to your senses and help us kill Strahd"



GM (GM): (BRB)

Ok, I'm back



Zanshukun: okay



Liliet (Suldae): ^^



The Mad Mage: The Mad Mage says: "But I like my crown! It's cozy. And Strahd won't be around much longer, once I'm—No, no, I'm only playing. It's only music."



Suldae Westwind: "Could you tell me more about that? What your music is not doing?"



The Mad Mage: "No no, absolutely not! I can't tell you about how it's not gathering in force and working its way around the cracks in the cosmos, trying to pop ten miles of continent out of reality. I could never tell you that! It's a deep, deep secret, and such things must not be shared with outsiders..."

Suddenly he gasps as though struck by an idea.

"*Outsiders!* Of course!"

"Yes, yes, you'll do nicely... You're not from here. Like Madam Eva! You're new, you're not woven into things yet..."

"And look at you! Each touched by the Divine..."

"Yes. Yes, you'll do nicely."



The Mad Mage: "Hmm..."



Marcus Veranius blinks



Marcus Veranius: "Umm, this 'ten miles of force' calculation. Does it account for Barovia no longer being cut off from the rest of the world?"

"Would it leak over?"



The Mad Mage: "Tell me, do any of you have any objection to acting as spell components?"

"It probably won't consume all of you."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Why do I have the feeling I won't like where this is going?"



Marcus Veranius turns to Suldae, face stern



Suldae Westwind: Well, that plan worked!

"Why would you... not want to do that?"

"As you clearly don't, as you have just stated."



The Mad Mage: "I did? I don't remember doing that... It's not my memory that's batty, young woman! Or are you an old woman? Elves, ha!"

"Oh, no, I see... Half-elven! Strange then that Correllon has bonded so strongly with you!"



Kasimir Velikov: "Tell us more about your crown," says Kasimir. "It's very lovely."



Suldae Westwind: "It's a bard thing," Suldae explains. "Would you like to hear some of my music?"

Her voice overlaps with Kasimir's.



The Mad Mage: "No no, wouldn't do, wouldn't do..." The Mad Mage pats at his balding head.

"Oh! Music's just the thing!"

"What will you play me?"

The Mad Mage is not wearing a crown.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae starts the melody. It's an old lullaby she had heard as a kid, one she can put all her feeling into.

Wouldn't it be so lovely to rest?

Can't everything wait till tomorrow?

Oh, sleep, blessed sleep, isn't it great?



Suldae Westwind is casting a spell, please stand by...



Suldae Westwind:

61

Higher Level Cast

24

Hit Points of Creatures

90 feet

Sleep

Suldae Westwind

(only the mage is within the target area ofc)

Suldae hopes that at least a lullaby would not be seen as an attack, even should it fail.

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry whispers to Marcus "If he hadn't said he plans on blowing all of Barovia to kingdom come I'd have said let's deal with him after we dealt with Strahd"***The spell breaks over him, crashing all around him, somehow sliding right off his soul. Either this feeble little man is far heartier than he looks, or some kind of magical effect is at play.*****The Mad Mage:** He claps, jumping up and down. "Oh, goody! I love a good lullaby."**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae continues playing. Maybe he'll just fall asleep from the music, without the magic?

She's certainly putting her all into it.

GM: (Give a performance roll please)***Marcus Veranius considers the situation. For a spell that potent to not work he'd have to be rather robust as a wizard.*****Suldae Westwind:****14****17****PERFORMANCE (11)**
Suldae Westwind

(OUCH)_

(Marcus how can you tell how potent a spell is)

**The Mad Mage:** "Well, it's good, but it's going to be distracting. I'd like to get back to my own song now, if you don't mind."

The Mad Mage turns back to the keys, raises his hands, and begins again to play.

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** Is there a way to tell if the mage is actually physical? and not just like an illusion? asking GM here**Marcus Veranius:** ...hold on, there was something Vilnius mentioned at the Amber Temple. If there was some truth hiding behind what the False Adventurers were saying.**Suldae Westwind:** Can Suldae tell what effect his music is having, now that she knows what he's trying to achieve?**GM:** (Yes, although the illusions in this place are pretty convincing—solid, having warmth, texture, movement, and sound. There are certain spells and senses that they won't show up for.)**Suldae Westwind:****20****29****ARCANA (13)**
Suldae Westwind

(i dont think im supposed to have advantage)

(its jsut 20)

Marcus Veranius: "Pity, pity. Pity to you."

"THIS is what you've been reduced to? Your master stroke?"

"Destroy the land because you had no other ideas? What would the academy who sent you think?"

"Mordenkainen."



Henry of Willowsbrook:

FOR DESCRIPTION ONLY

Detect Magic

Divination 1 (ritual)

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

For the duration, you sense the presence of magic within 30 feet of you. If you sense magic in this way, you can use your action to see a faint aura around any visible creature or object in the area that bears magic, and you learn its school of magic, if any. The spell can penetrate most barriers, but it is blocked by 1 foot of stone, 1 inch of common metal, a thin sheet of lead, or 3 feet of wood or dirt.

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Henry casts detect magic

Suldae feels the groaning pipes reach out their song, stretching it out to fill the whole of the demiplane. She senses that the song is not the casting itself; it is a metaphor for the process of spell creation and discovery. She can't begin to follow its complexity, or guess at what it truly means. It is all some kind of code.



The Mad Mage: "Mord...En...Kain...en....?"

"What a strange and funny name!"

"Yes yes, you're quite right! It's my best idea. Pity me, pity me! For how great my failure, for how deep my despair."

"Academy..."

He pauses, clinging to that word, his eyes growing large, staring through the walls, beyond time, deep into memory.

He seems deeply sad all of a sudden.



Marcus Veranius: "The first wizard they sent to study the Amber Temple."



The Mad Mage: He shakes himself.

"No, no. Can't think about that now. Can't think about them now. Must finish the work."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry using Detect Magic looks at the mage to maybe see if he is even real



Marcus Veranius frowns. Vilnius mentioned he might turn up mad or mind blanked. Perhaps he should have been rooting for the latter.

Henry's Detect Magic spell opens to his eyes a baffling world of colors. Many forms of magic are woven into everything in the chamber, and he sees the illusions clearly for what they are now. He sees that all of the Vistani are real. He sees that Madam Eva is real. He sees that his own companions are real.

He sees also that the Mad Mage is real—and wrapped in many spells. On his head there is a ring of cycling energy, pulsing with many lights. On his hands, his rings glow brightly from this new perspective. His belt is a line of burning runes.

Here Henry also sees the Spell—huge and sprawling, vast lines of energy rooting their way through the whole of the demiplane, which stretches on to the very limits of his arcane sense. It seems you have seen only one very small piece of the demiplane.



The Mad Mage: The Mad Mage pauses in his play.

"Outsiders..."

"Outsiders... Yes... Outsiders could do the trick..."

"Divine-touched—even better..."

He swivels on his stool and looks at you all.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns "Kasimir do you think he meant a leiteral crwon turned him mad? or was that more of a metaphor?"

literal

crown



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir looks at Henry. "I can see it, limning the edges of our reality. It's a very pretty piece of astral work."

"It may be a spell, it may be a magical item of some kind."



The Mad Mage: The Mad Mage scoffs. "How rude! Prying into another wizard's secrets."

He snaps his fingers. Kasimir disappears.



Marcus Veranius: o-o



Suldae Westwind: "No more rude than trying to use someone else as a spell component," Suldae says disapprovingly.

She folds her arms in front of her chest and glares at him.

27

CHARISMA (6+2)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: "Kasimir!"



The Mad Mage: The Mad Mage pouts. "Sorry. I *did* ask, though!"

"And you never did *answer*, which is also very rude!"



Suldae Westwind: "You are supposed to wait for an answer," Suldae glares at him.



The Mad Mage: "Well, I haven't done it yet!"



Suldae Westwind: "And you won't!"



Marcus Veranius: Alright. The time for pleasantries was over. "Return our acquaintance."



The Mad Mage: "No. He was terribly rude."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry walks up to the Mage "Here goes nothing" Hreaches out for the Crown like lights and casts Remove Curse, action surge Dispel Magic



Marcus Veranius: "Then I will simply have to look for him."



Marcus Veranius starts moving for the doors



Henry of Willowsbrook:

Remove Curse

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: One creature or object

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

At your touch, all curses affecting one creature or object end. If the object is a cursed magic item, its curse remains, but the spell breaks its owner's attunement to the object so it can be removed or discarded.

Dispel Magic

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: One creature, object, or magical effect within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

Choose one creature, object, or magical effect

within range. Any spell of 3rd level or lower on the target ends. For each spell of 4th level or higher on the target, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a successful check, the spell ends.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you automatically end the effects of a spell on the target if the spell's level is equal to or less than the level of the spell slot you used.

GM: (Technically speaking, action surge won't let you cast two leveled spells on the same turn. Since we're not in initiative order though, I'll allow it)



Marcus Veranius: (I don't think there's a limit on casting multiple spells a turn. Just not one Bonus Action spell and an Action Spell)

(You use a Bonus Action spell, it's only cantrips for the action)

GM: (Need a DC18 spell casting ability check from you, Henry)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

18

CHARISMA (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius: (lol)



Suldae Westwind: (can Suldae's glares work as Insp for Henry)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I might have just hit my knee from jumping with joy)



Suldae Westwind: (...or it works as is)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (pain of potential victory?)

CRACK.

The ring of cycling energy on the Mad Mage's head suddenly breaks, bursting out in a shower of sparks.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tenses, watching him worriedly. She could only vaguely follow what Henry did, but... it sure did SOMETHING.



Marcus Veranius pauses, arms outstretched for the door handle. Something's wrong...



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at the Mage standing before him hoping he hadn't just made things worse

The wizard sits there for a moment or two, placidly staring off into space, a line of spittle dribbling its way down from the edge of his open mouth.

Then he shakes himself sharply, and looks around.

He looks straight at Henry.

He sighs.



Mordenkainen: "Adventurers. Bugger it all, I should have expected this."

He slams the lid of the pipe organ down and hops to his feet.

"You've just saved Strahd, you know. I hope you're happy."

"I nearly had it finished, too. A few more minutes was all it would have needed."



Suldae Westwind: "I assure you, Strahd isn't exactly safe right now."

Suldae is glaring at him again.



Mordenkainen: He spreads his arms. Suddenly, power collapses throughout the demiplane.

Scaffolding of spellcraft come rushing into the chamber.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I don't think we did but I'm sure we stopped you from blowing up a whole realm"

The kindly old man transforms, growing suddenly, shedding decades of age.

A tall, pale, bald man with a fine and delicate goatee stands now before you.



Suldae Westwind: "Would you like a better plan?" Suldae sks pointedly, ignroing his transofmration.

*asks

*ignoring

*transformation



Mordenkainen: "I was making my best attempt at the self-sacrifice play."



Suldae Westwind: "Self?"



Mordenkainen: "Madness, magic, the devastating erasure of a small kingdom, consumed in a casting that would have taken every last ounce of my power out of this world with it."



Suldae Westwind: "Did you know you're not the only person who matters here?"



Mordenkainen: He shrugs. "I was the only one around who had any capacity to handle Strahd. It would have been a mercy killing to the poor people of this accursed kingdom."

"At least their souls would at last have been free."



Suldae Westwind: "Well, you might have been at the time, but nw you're not."



Mordenkainen: "No. I suppose not. Now. What brought you all the way out here to foil the plans of a nasty old wizard?"

"I presume you have *better* ones?"



Suldae Westwind: "Actually we had no idea you had any plants to foil so yeah, we do."

Suldae glances at her teammates.

She's not the military person.



Marcus Veranius: "We've been dismantling the scaffolding around Strahd's ability to remain immortal and ressurect."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Before we get to that could you return our friend? The Elf"

Henry points where Kasimir stood moments ago



Marcus Veranius: "His fortress foundations are on the verge of collapsing. They need only a less-than-subtle push to fall inwards."



Mordenkainen: Mordenkainen twitches an ear. Kasimir reappears.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir falls to his hands and knees and kisses the ground.

He gets back up.

He assesses the situation.

"Ah, I see you have it handled."

"I'm going to go enjoy existing for a little while."

"Ismark, come with me."



Mordenkainen: "There are chambers up the stairs. I'm having the servants prepare them for you."

Turning to Marcus, he says: "A less than subtle push, hmm?"

"I'm good at those."

"What did you have in mind?"



Marcus Veranius: "We have a sword created specifically to end Strahd's existence. But without the original drawback of creating a greater evil."



Suldae Westwind: "We also have an army of Revenants eager to march on his castle."

"But willing to coordinate."



Marcus Veranius: "And now that the heart of the castle is without a generator of power, he won't be so quick to regenerate like prior attempts."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sits down, the others surely have the explaining handled He could relax for a moment and recover from the brief moment where he was sure he might have gotten them all killed (BRB Dinner)



Mordenkainen: Mordenkainen cocks a wiry eyebrow. "You've dealt with the Raven Queen, then?"

"Impressive..."

"Yes, most impressive..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae winces. That's still not one of her best memories.



Marcus Veranius: "Well, you probably could have done it more cleanly."



Mordenkainen: "I tried," says Mordenkainen.

"She bested me. I was no match for her."

"In my defense, she had an alarming amount of help, and I was quite alone."



Marcus Veranius: "Fair."



Suldae Westwind: "We kind of managed it the other way around."



Mordenkainen: "Failing to slay the mother, I turned my attention upon the son. He was... a challenge."

"But I bested him—once."

"And of course, in my hubris, I underestimated the power of his curse. Vampires cannot ordinarily recreate their body so easily."



Marcus Veranius: "Shame he cheats."

"Shame for him. We cheat too."



Mordenkainen: Mordenkainen grins wickedly.



Marcus Veranius draws a staff and tosses it to Mordenkainen



Mordenkainen: "I imagine Strahd has reinforced his defenses since last he and I crossed spells."



Marcus Veranius: "I've got a proposition. No peasants this time, just a proper army."



Mordenkainen: "We shall need cannon fodder, yes..."

"Revenants are perfect for this usage."

"They won't complain or flee, because it is what they are driven to do anyway. We will be merely taking advantage of a natural phenomenon—a wave of undead, crashing down upon the seed of their hate."



Suldae Westwind: "Has anyone ever told you you're kind of gross when you talk?"



Mordenkainen: "And no innocents need suffer," says Mordenkainen thoughtfully.



Suldae Westwind: "...Better."



Mordenkainen: He looks at Suldae. "Apologies. I don't have many guests. Or friends. Or acquaintances, these days."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae suppresses a reflexive "and whose fault is that". Strahd's, truthfully.



Mordenkainen: "Working alone has served me well, and protected me from many terrible fates. As you can plainly see, it has certainly failed me as well."



Suldae Westwind: "I'm sure it'll get back to you with time," she says with a pointed sympathy.



Mordenkainen: "As a strategy, it avoids certain pitfalls. However, it has its own flaws."



Marcus Veranius: "Well you're alive. More than a lot of people can say after fighting Strahd."



Mordenkainen: "This is true."

He holds a hand to his head briefly.

"The fog. Of course, the fog..."

He looks at you all, and in his quick dark eyes there is a piercing gaze of newfound respect.

"You saved me from making a truly terrible mistake," he says.

"Barovia no longer belongs to him, does it?"



Mordenkainen: "And my mansion no longer resides within his territory."

He seems pale now.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae lets out a sigh of relief.



Marcus Veranius: "He still has squatters rights on the castle."



Mordenkainen: "Yes, that would have been... That would have been truly awful."

"I cannot thank you enough. You are more than welcome to spend the night."



Marcus Veranius: "Also a coffin in the south ruins with enough explosive runes to level a castle."

"SPEAKING OF."



Suldae Westwind: "Well who *hasn't* nearly destroyed reality by accident," Suldae says with somewhat sarcastic sympathy.



Marcus Veranius: "We have been preparing a siege and I was wondering if you could help us device a means of launching it."



Mordenkainen: "Catapult spell. Easy."



Marcus Veranius: "Got one that can summon it to the battlefield?"



Mordenkainen: "Yes," says Mordenkainen. "That's what I just said. Catapult spell."



Marcus Veranius grins "You really ARE the best!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae finally goes to the banquet table and slumps in a chair.



Mordenkainen: Mordenkainen looks sharply at Ireena.

"You. You're the spitting image of Tatyana."

"Are you a part of this curse?"



Suldae Westwind: This whole "siege" stuff is not really her area of expertise. She'll just pay attention as it happens, but planning? Ugh.

"Hands off," Suldae says, looking up at him.



Mordenkainen: "I assure you, my hands have never strayed *near* a woman."



Marcus Veranius: "Not woven into the spell, but an unfortunate consequence."



Mordenkainen: "But this is a puzzle with many pieces, and we must consider them all."



Suldae Westwind: There are various ways of interpreting that and Suldae has to suppress, like, *five* childish jokes. It's surprisingly easy, as they're too busy competing.



Mordenkainen: "You said that you had a sword?" Mordenkainen says, looking at Marcus.



Marcus Veranius holds up the Sunsword, lighting it briefly

Sergei: "Sup."



Mordenkainen: "Fascinating, fascinating..."

Sergei: "I'm Strahd's brother."



Mordenkainen: "Sergei?"

Sergei: "That's me!"

Marcus Veranius: "Rather swell guy."



Mordenkainen: Mordenkainen shakes his head briefly. "So complicated."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae pulls Ireena to sit with her.

Wasn't there food?



Marcus Veranius: "Not as much if you consider it in layers. The bewitched Raven Queen designed Strahd's immortality to crumple under this sword. It is because she needed Sergei to kill Strahd for her own purposes."



Madam Eva: "So," says Madam Eva. "You have found the blade."

"That is good..."



Mordenkainen: Mordenkainen looks at Madam Eva as though seeing her for the first time. "Oh! Oh, Madam!"

"I'm so terribly sorry for my earlier behavior! I do apologize, I can't imagine how frightful that must have been. Please, allow me to show you the hospitality of the sane Mordenkainen. I am preparing rooms for you as we speak."



Madam Eva: "I'm just glad it's over."

Madam Eva winces.

"Don't think I'll ever enjoy pipe organ again."

"Not that I did much before..."

She grimaces, shakes herself, and says: "Right. I need sleep. Undisturbed sleep. I think my troop will want the same. It may take us all some time to... Warm up."



Mordenkainen: Very sadly, Mordenkainen says: "I quite understand. My servants will show you the way."

Madam Eva and her troop of Vistani refugees leave the chamber.



Marcus Veranius waves as Madame Eva's caravan departs



Marcus Veranius: "...there is one more small issue with our planned siege."

"The fortune teller told us three relics we would need to unweave the curse."

"The Book of Strahd, which we have used to understand its nature."

"The Sunsword, which will be the tool of his bane."

"But there is a third relic, and Strahd has it sealed in the catacombs of his castle."

"You've been inside Ravenloft. I don't suppose you may have some insight as to how we get down there?"



Marcus Veranius: "Having to enter the main door, climb down, then climb back up might prove costly."



Mordenkainen: "I have seen his teleportation apparatus. I should be able to hijack it."

"But that would put us somewhere in the middle of the castle, not in the vaults."

"Do we know *where* within the catacombs, this last treasure can be found? Or what it is that we're actually searching for?"



Marcus Veranius: *"A powerful force for good and protection. A Holy Symbol of great hope."*

"Whatever that means."

"It is within a room with a chandelier of bones."

"And a table of bones."

"And walls of bones."



Mordenkainen: "An ossuary, of some kind?"



Marcus Veranius: "Supposedly the bones of enemies long forgotten."



Marcus Veranius thinks



Marcus Veranius: "...suppose if we knew the identity of some of Strahd's more eccentric enemies, we could use Locate Objects to find... iunno, Goblin Bones."

"It'd have to be unusual enough that we don't ping off the undead minions."

"We can't exactly say 'Holy Symbol' either cause that I just point us to Henry."



Mordenkainen: "There was a dragon, I believe, that caused him a great deal of trouble at one point. I learned of it in the course of my research."



Marcus Veranius: "Dragon Bones!"

"..."

"...what kind of dragon?"



Mordenkainen: "I am told it was silver. Often took the form of a human warrior."



Marcus Veranius wipes his brow. Black Dragon and the spell would have bounced off the party itself



Mordenkainen: "I imagine, if there *is* an ossuary within the castle, that the bones of the beast are likely to lie among them."



Marcus Veranius: "Silver Dragon Bones ought to get us there then."



Mordenkainen: "Personally, I find that dragon bones make excellent ossuary statement pieces."

"A bit of humor, I assure you!"

"My victims rarely leave bones."



Marcus Veranius: "Well I mean, if the dragon's pissed you off enough. I can see that."

GM: (BRB)



Marcus Veranius: "So that might be our proposed plan then. March our army to the castle gates. Begin the siege and allow the castle's occupants to react for a frontal assault. That might clear the interior halls enough for us to storm the Catacombs with less resistance."

"Whatever we find down there, let's hope Madame Eva's prophecy was right about it being worth it. We're gunna need all the hope we can get."



Mordenkainen: "What would our strike force look like? Who do we dare bring face-to-face with Strahd?"



Suldae Westwind: "Those present," Suldae comments from her seat.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stands up once again confident his legs wouldn't give out from under him "Well gald we could help,...I gotta go thank that owl for pointing us here before we all learned about your plan after you blew us up"

(BRB)



Mordenkainen: "A suggestion, if I may."



Marcus Veranius: "Revenants of the Silver Dragon's spirit. The standing forces of Krezk. A number of Lycanthropes. The reclaimed and rather upset forests of Barovia featuring Dryads and Treants. What remains of Vallaki's guard. An Iron Golem of the Amber Temple."

"And then our bunch as the main strike force against the vampire."



Mordenkainen: "I believe Strahd to be a powerful and prideful wizard. In order to save on funerals afterwards (Since Strahd is surely to respond to a frontal assault on his palace with a degree of arcane violence rarely seen on this plane) might it be wise for me to remain outside the castle, drawing both his attention and his firepower?"

"We could persuade him that I am not connected to your group, thus giving you the option to sneak in unseen."

"I have brought an army against him before, after all. It's a believable lie."



Marcus Veranius: "That... is incredibly wise. If we are to split apart, we would need someone powerful to oversee the army."

"Even if Strahd doesn't fall for it, your presence would be most potent."



Mordenkainen: "Oversee and *protect*, I think. The people of this land has suffered enough undefended. I should be able to offer at least some protection to the army, against his spellcraft."



Marcus Veranius: "We'll be as swift as we can to not drain your resources."



Suldae Westwind: "Please," Suldae says seriously.



Mordenkainen: "Fear not; I have a great many resources."

"Now. I'm sure you've all had a long day."

"What time *is* it, anyway? I so rarely know."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Should be ugh noon I think" Henry says "Travel by portal messes with my sense of time"



Mordenkainen: "In that case, you've rested well recently, I hope. Perhaps we can return to your fortified position to discuss this further with other allies. Unless you have the power to decide a day and time for me to arrive at the gates of Castle Strahd, prepared to defend an army?"

"You passed by way of a *Pass Without Trace* spell, yes? And you shielded yourselves from scrying, of course."

"Before coming to my lair, I mean."

"That way we can be certain his spies or power haven't followed you."

"Although you *were* traveling in the Day, so he'd be asleep, I suppose..."

"Still, his spies—especially the mortal ones—still infest these lands. Perhaps not so much the high mountains."

Mordenkainen: "Unless you were trailed by someone with some kind of link to one of you."



Marcus Veranius: "We uhh... were teleported here. By the dryad."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Not quite a friendly dryad queen opened a portal and that spit us out on your doorstep"



Mordenkainen: "That's nearly as good. Certainly too quick for him to see it, even if he were awake."
"Very good... So we already have a competent teleportationist. We can prepare in secret."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hm I better let Vasilika know that we were successful here, Excuse me I'll step out real quick"



Mordenkainen: "My demiplane is perfectly safe to transmit from. Now that you have met me, I can permit teleportation between this place and that one. Since we have a teleportationist on both ends, we now have instant secure transfer of goods."

"This plane is secured from all forms of invasion, spying, and psychic intrusion. Nothing can enter or exit without my knowing will."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh okay than" Henry says nodding in Sylvan he says "Vasilika can you hear me?" he says outloud and in his mind



Vasilka: "Loud and clear."

Vasilka's voice rings audibly through the chamber.



Mordenkainen: "Are there any long-duration summoning spells I should be building?"
(He says this casually, quietly, to those around him, not to Vasilka)



Marcus Veranius: "I'm... not much a mage to be honest with you. More a shoemaker that's gotten incredibly lucky the past year."

"I got this horn that can summon, like... a bunch of ghost vikings. Proper angry bunch."

"Maybe you can do something with it to help the army."

"Or we can bring it with us to buy an exit to the catacombs."



Mordenkainen: "Let me take a look."



Marcus Veranius slides the Horn of Valhalla over



Marcus Veranius: "Oh, and I'm back in business if you need some repairs done. No need to march into battle uncomfortably."

"My treat, forget the cost."



Mordenkainen: Mordenkainen chuckles. He guffaws. He busts up, in uproarious laughter, doubling over, slapping the table. It's clear he's struggling to contain himself.

He slaps Marcus on the shoulder and wipes a tear from his eye.

"Oh, Marcus, Marcus. It's very kind of you to offer."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well we met the Mage and he is no longer mad and also willing to help" Henry says again both out loud and in his mind adding metally 'we also barely got here in time to stop him from turning all of Baraovia and probably more into a giant smoking crater'



Marcus Veranius smiles, hoping that laughing wasn't meant as an insult



Mordenkainen: As he says this, he is touching the chest of his robe, which instantly begins to repair itself with faint motes of glowing light.

"But there's no need. You amuse me."



Marcus Veranius: "...remind me not to set up shop in wizarding towns."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rolls her eyes. She's been mending all of the team's equipment constantly. And keeping it clean!



Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezmerelda catches Suldae's eye and rolls her eyes dramatically, nodding her head towards Marcus.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena giggles but hides it by taking a drink.



Rictavio: "So... What sorts of things can you summon?"



Mordenkainen: Mordenkainen is busily turning the horn over and over in his hands, considering it. He doesn't seem to hear Rictavio.



Vasilka: "Excellent. This is wonderful news."

(To Henry Only): *Goodness. Well, that's something. At least he's powerful. What do you make of him? Can he be trusted?*



Henry of Willowsbrook: "He appears to be some famous wizard called Mordenkainen? Have you heard of him?" Henry says still in sylvan

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.



Mordenkainen: "There's someone at the door," says Mordenkainen.



Marcus Veranius: "Ah, yes."

"..."



Mordenkainen: "Did you leave anyone behind?"

"Shall I remove the door?"



Marcus Veranius: "Wait, there SHOULDN'T be anyone at the door."



Mordenkainen: "I can move the demiplane, if necessary."



Marcus Veranius: "Who is it?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Vasilika did you just knock?"



Vasilka: "Not I."



Mordenkainen: Mordenkainen's eyes go misty white.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Okay I have no clue"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae considers.

"Might be Rahadin."



Mordenkainen: "An elf. Male. Wrapped in screams."



Suldae Westwind: "He was apparently due to seek me out."



Mordenkainen: "He's... Badly injured."



Suldae Westwind: "...I don't think we have any reason to let him in."



Marcus Veranius: "RAHADIN! That's Strahd's second in command!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh really now" Henry says



Mordenkainen: "He seems very weary."



Marcus Veranius: "You uhh... have a copy of him in the lobby."



Suldae Westwind: "He should be. He'll die if I do nothing. I don't intend to do anything."



Mordenkainen: "Oh yes! Yes, it *is* Rahadin. He's hardly recognizable."

"Looks a thousand years older."

"What's the story there?"



Suldae Westwind: A fairly disturbing way of killing someone, but... it IS Rahadin.

"Correllon cut him off."



Mordenkainen: "If I am to assist in negligent homicide, I should like to know why."



Suldae Westwind: "You seriously need an actual answer to that?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry feels the familiar anger flare up again "I could go deal with him real quick"



Mordenkainen: "I interfere with the affairs and judgements of the gods as a hobby, Suldae. I hardly think any one of them has a mastery of true ethics."

"Neither have I, of course."



Suldae Westwind: "That's not what I mean."



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd's gunna know if he passes away. This is... not great."



Suldae Westwind: "That's - I mean - that's Rahadin."

"You've heard of the guy, right?"



Mordenkainen: "Could he not be useful, as a source of information?"

"After all, here we have a replica of *my* memory of the castle."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Punishment for being Strahds hatchet man for centuries"



Mordenkainen: "With him, we could have a replica of *the entire* castle."



Suldae Westwind: ...that's...



Mordenkainen: "Complete with traps, monster dens..."

Suldae Westwind: "...There was one in Amber temple..."



Marcus Veranius: "Rahadin's admiration of Count Strahd is genuine. He would not surrender anything helpful."



Mordenkainen: "Ah, if there is one we can acquire, then he becomes superfluous on that front."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry regards Mordenkainen "He'd be almost powerless in here right?"



Rahadin: *"Please! Please, Suldae!"*



Suldae Westwind: "...That's really creepy, but also, yes, I don't think we should do anything."



Mordenkainen: "I am merely evaluating the situation."



Suldae Westwind: "He's killed far too many people and there's no way of ensuring he doesn't anymore."



Mordenkainen: "Are there other fronts on which he might be useful?"

"Before we so casually discard his life on my doorstep."



Marcus Veranius: "I would mark Rahadin as the kind to use his last breaths in self sacrifice."



Suldae Westwind: "Not so much that it would be worth the risk."



Mordenkainen: "If I could assure you that he is quite unable to cast, let alone to fight?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry walks of towards the mansions entrance



Mordenkainen: "He is unarmed. His magic is broken. His mind seems halfway gone."



Marcus Veranius follows as Henry walks



Suldae Westwind: It's surprising, how easy Suldae finds it to dismiss his dismissiveness of her god's judgement and talk around it. Correllon's word is something she trusts, but... there is a new core of understanding inside her.

The basis on which judgements are truly made. Be they hers, Correllon's, or Mordenkainen's.

Suldae bites her lip. This does not rest well with her, but...

"...Which half is gone?"

"And which half remains?"

"This is a rhetorical question, by the way."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry reaches the door almost blind to his surroundings safe for the door or rather the despicable creature behind it



Suldae Westwind: "Henry, please don't."

Suldae catches up with him and puts her hand on his shoulder.

"Pity is not a good reason to make a decision like this."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Pity?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs. That's what she's feeling, at least.

"I wonder how many people he's killed have said please. And I wonder if him being unarmed now is a

guarantee of him being unarmed always in the future."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at her briefly his expression is blank but his eyes are filled with hate



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: "Let him die."

"He's brought this punishment on himself."

"We don't need to do anything more."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh he will die"



Marcus Veranius: "Suppose that'd be the just and wise thing to do. Let him die."

"It'd be the Barovian way. Dying alone, in the cold, as one's soul slowly withers."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs. She's not feeling particularly just, nor wise. It just feels like the thing to do, full stop.



Marcus Veranius turns to Suldae, frowning.



Marcus Veranius: "I don't rather like the Barovian way of things."



Suldae Westwind: "Fine, what do you propose?"

Suldae looks at him straight.

It's not as though she's particularly into what he's saying, either.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a deep breath "He is a dead man walking, be that death dealt by my hand or your magic but...I Need to be there"



Marcus Veranius: "Suppose your god has made his judgment. If death is so certain, then let this be his punishment."

"To die knowing the mercy he's never known before."

"In warmth, and not in the cold."

"We're better men than this."



Suldae Westwind: "..."

Suldae looks at the door.

It still feels like a trap to her.

But sometimes traps are worth being sprung.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry opens the door



Suldae Westwind: "...Yeah."

She steps back, and watches.



Rahadin: Rahadin collapses across the threshold. He's covered in snow, pale as a sheet. His skin is withered, spotted, wrinkled. He's lost most of his hair. He's bleeding from severe lacerations on his head and face, like the marks of some strange, enormous claws. Wounds in his body bleed also, soaking through his clothes.

He lies there sobbing on the stone for a moment or two. He collects his breath.

Shakily, he pushes his face up from the stone. "Thank.... You...."

He collapses. He cringes away from the howling wind coming in through the open door.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at Henry.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks down on him



Rahadin: "I'm... Sorry..."



Strahd von Zarovich: "You did well, Rahadin."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry slams the door



Strahd von Zarovich: A set of claws rakes softly down the wood on the other side.

"Fascinating."

"I doubt I shall be able to penetrate this."



Suldae Westwind: "Mordenkainen!" Suldae calls out. "You were saying things about moving the demiplane!"



Strahd von Zarovich: "Admirably done..."



Marcus Veranius: "You've grown predictable, Strahd."



Strahd von Zarovich: "Mordenkainen?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well now we know"



Strahd von Zarovich: "Then Mordenkainen is alive.... Interesting..."



Mordenkainen: "As good as done!"



Marcus Veranius: "Using dying men as your tools of war, even when they plead reverence to your name."

There is a sudden lurch. Everything in existence briefly isn't. Then it is again, somewhere else. The wind no longer howls outside the unseen walls.



Mordenkainen: "We're elsewhere."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes out her dagger, kneels down and slits Rahadin's throat.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "There goes that surprise"



Suldae Westwind: This was her job to finish.



Rahadin: It is quick, clean. His final gasp is thankful.

Instantly, the screaming souls stop their howling wail.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stands up and steps back. She'd been careful to not get any blood on herself. Still, this is... this is something she'd never done before.

To kill a person like that.



Rahadin: He lies, if not in peace, then at least no longer in earthly suffering. He has gone on to the judgement of other beings.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"Strahd could have done that you know."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at Suldae and the monster that hounded his nightmares "...He deserved much worse"



Suldae Westwind: It feels like it should be more special, like she crossed a threshold. But it's just the same place, with the same people, and now one dead body. Which she'd decided should be dead long before.



Marcus Veranius: "If Strahd held any ounce of good, he would have offered mercy to his most loyal servant."



Suldae Westwind: "...Deserving is not a word I like."



Mordenkainen: Mordenkainen enters the room without walking through any intervening space.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry opens the door again taking a look outside to see where they were now



Mordenkainen: "I could easily revive him, if you wished to give him a fair fight. Or better torture."

"But I do believe this was mercy, what we did here."

"And at the same time, it was justice."

"And perhaps it isn't fair to those, the living, who seek revenge."

"But I can assure you—as one who has mastered the art of revenge—it is always this hollow."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs. "Revenge isn't much of a worthy cause."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shakes his head "I'm done giving him anymore power of me"



Suldae Westwind: "Protection's what matters."



Marcus Veranius: "Mercy. I think after these weeks in this cursed land, that one is what we should hope for."



Mordenkainen: "Wise words, all round."



Henry of Willowsbrook: over me



Marcus Veranius: "Everyone in this country needs more mercy."



Suldae Westwind: "Also that," Suldae points at Marcus.



Mordenkainen: "Indeed."



Suldae Westwind: "What he's saying."



Marcus Veranius: "We'd be worse men to not offer it, deserved or not."



Mordenkainen: "Indeed, in some senses, what we seek to do to Strahd is also Mercy."

"He is a monster. He is in his hell."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae screws up her face. That's definitely not *her* priority in this situation.

Henry of Willowsbrook: "So Strahd now knows we are working together" Henry says to Mordenkainen



Mordenkainen: "Sadly, it seems that way."



Suldae Westwind: "...I mean, if you're really inclined to care about Strahd's wellbeing," she murmurs under her breath.



Marcus Veranius: "It's not much a loss. He would have known quick."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Btw Henry was looking outside to see where Mordy moved his magical crib to)



Mordenkainen: "I care more for the imbalance he does to my precious Material Plane," says Mordenkainen. "Only *I* should be distorting reality like that. I'm at least considerate about it."



Marcus Veranius: "At this point, Strahd sees us as a primary threat. Anyone else is auxiliary."
"...no offense, Mordenkainen."



Mordenkainen: "Naturally, none taken."

"He is blind to the real threat, which is right where we want him."



Marcus Veranius: "I doubt Strahd would have believed you to make a second army with us not involved in some fashion."



Mordenkainen: "However," says Mordenkainen. He turns to face away, folding his hands dramatically behind his back as if deep in thought. "What if I *did* bring an additional army?"

"What if I led an army, and you led an army?"

"Only you weren't you."

"The real you, at the same time, might be doing anything at all, really."



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd will expect trickery. We may yet trick him if there is two tricks."

"A trick to spot, and a trick to not spot."

"I like this plan."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry leans against the wall "IS being cryptic a requirement for being a wizard or is that just self selecting?"



Suldae Westwind: "I think it's a professional quirk," Suldae tells him,

"When most of the time people don't understand what you're saying anyway, you end up no longer trying after some point."



Mordenkainen: "Why, you've put it perfectly."



Suldae Westwind: "Bards get special training against that."

She flourishes a bow.

"Like that, yes."



Mordenkainen: "The point is this: I can turn this mansion somewhat inside-out. I can spill some of the demiplane out onto the prime material, creating a small but real fortified position. I can also produce a great many illusory servants—although they are quite useless in combat."

"I can produce illusory replicants of each of you, along with an illusory army."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs "So where do you put us anyways?" he asks mordenkainen
did you



Mordenkainen: "I can get you into his primary teleportation chamber. He has a device there. I believe he hardly ever considers it anymore—it is a relic of a long-ago time, before he mastered the art of teleportation magic."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae goes to a corner to do some brooding while staring at a corpse. The military stuff isn't her stuff.

Figuring out how she felt about slitting someone's throat while they were lying helpless was.

*is

also * her job



Marcus Veranius: "A mortal army at the front gate. One in the rear entrance... if there IS any. Maybe the Valhalla Warriors with the mansion to make the other illusions seem genuine."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sighs opening the door again to look outside since the wizard didn't answer him (Where in Barovia are we now?)

In peering out the door, Henry determines that they are now somewhere deep in the jungles of Kesh.



Suldae Westwind: (Barovia is no longer separate from the rest of the mortal plane iirc)



Marcus Veranius: "Could pop a few traps."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry close the door, opens it again and then closes it again. "Mordy where the hells are we?"



Mordenkainen: "Anyway, the device isn't the point. The device is merely a point of entry."

"Oh, sorry. We're in the jungles of Kesh. I have a bungalow near here—or I used to, a few centuries ago. It's probably overgrown now. At any rate, I always miss it when I try to land there. Somehow it's never in the same place twice. I forget why."

"I'd shut the door if I were you, there's Yuan-Ti about."

"Strahd cannot hope to follow us here."

"Even he can't project himself that far."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at him before throwing his arms up and muttering something very unchairitable about Wizards, Goats and Outhouses in undercommon
while he slides down the wall to sit on the floor



Mordenkainen: "The door, Henry."

"Henry, the door!"



Marcus Veranius shuts the door



Henry of Willowsbrook: (It was closed btw)



Marcus Veranius: "As much as I've always wanted genuine snakeskin boots, now's not the time."

GM: (Oops)



Mordenkainen: "Oh, good job, Marcus. Thank you. Sorry about that, sometimes you have to get it

twice for it to sink in."



Suldae Westwind: (So I have to leave early today but Suldae was just brooding in a corner anyway)
(g'night)

GM: (Goodnight Suldae)



Marcus Veranius: (I think we have just about everything we need to seriously consider the siege next week)



Mordenkainen: "Oh," says Mordenkainen. "One thing the Jungles of Kesh are known for is their Ironwood trees. I don't know why, but I feel compelled to mention that. It's probably important somehow."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Gathering himself Henry Stands back up looking at Mordenkainen with a serious expression "When you where...batshit crazy you said *she* came to Barovia to look for me. Is that true?"



Mordenkainen: "I said she *was coming*, I think."

"Let me think. Where was I at that moment..."

His eyes roll back into his head and strange mutterings fall from his lips. Runic tattoos—invisible until now—glow briefly on the sides of his head.

"Ah yes," he says calmly, as the effects fade.

"A vision of a relative of yours. Female, traveling with a companion. She was headed to Barovia, having heard the news of the kingdom's sudden reappearance."

"Apparently, there's quite a kerfuffle about that. I'm getting messages from some old friends of mine, asking me about my Barovian exploits."



Mordenkainen: "Looks like the memory of the kingdom has reappeared. Bound to be lots of people traveling here, I think."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry curses in every language he knows Rubbing the bridge of his nose "Any chance we could stop near my idiot sister before we return to Barovia? I belive I need to act like the responsible older sibling once again and tell her to go the fuck home"



Mordenkainen: "I suppose we could attempt to find her, yes."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Only if it doesn't take to long, if she is not in Barovia I can go find her after we are done with von Zarobitch"



Mordenkainen: "Oh. Someone said something about a map in the amber temple?"

"It may be useful to have that. We could replicate the interior of the castle and learn about the various traps and locations in advance."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Wait IRonwood trees?"



Mordenkainen: "Yes. Famous for it! The Yuan-Ti guard them jealously in their sacred groves."

"Said to be eight different kinds, each with its own elemental infusion. Cultivated by the Yuan-Ti queens."

"They don't take kindly to outsiders, and they are deeply rooted to nature."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...How long do you reckon it would take to steal some saplings? I think Vasilika and Barovias natural spirits would appreciate having one of those again"

Mordenkainen: "Steal? Why, it would be a challenge. Perhaps an entertaining one."

"We could attempt a frontal assault on the temple, or we could pass by stealth—although these serpents are cunning. No mere invisibility will deceive them, for they detect the heat traces of the body with a special sense."

"We could also barter for them, if we could find a way to communicate our intent. The Yuan-Ti are a complex people, but they are not total savages."

"We could also attempt a frontal assault on the temple. Did I mention that? Those are fun."

"Probably unethical, probably..."

"Greater good, maybe? No... No, I suppose not."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Vasilika? Can you hear me? Didn't Barovia need an Ironwood tree?" Henry asks reaching out through his connection to nature



Vasilka: "I forget. Did it?"

"Wait. Probably?"

"You're very far... It's hard to reach you. Where are you?"

"I'm pleased that you're alright."



Marcus Veranius: "The opposite. I believe there WAS an Ironwood tree in Barovia. Along the path to the wizard."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Some owl mentioned the old one gave its life to help Barovia. We are in Kesh? I think that's what it's called."



Marcus Veranius: "We might have run into it if we traveled on foot."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry had gotten disturbingly used to speak to people that weren't there and expecting an answer



Vasilka: "Kesh. The Jungle of Kesh? I've read about it!"

"Is it beautiful? What color is the sky?"



Mordenkainen: "Well, I don't know about any Ironwood tree living in Barovia."

"There's certainly a dead one. It's not far from where you found my door."

"The cultivation of Ironwood trees is, sadly, a long-lost art. They are from a bygone era, when Moradin first shaped his portion of the world."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a peek out the door describing what he sees to Vasilika Closing the door after he had a good look



Vasilka: "Fascinating."



Mordenkainen: "At any rate, is there anything else we ought to do in preparation for our siege of the castle?"

"Any outside aid we ought to seek? Any kings or queens we might beseech?"

"There may be others in the land who will wish to help, once they learn of the monstrous king of Barovia."



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"Well I don't know anyone that ain't dead. But I AM in an unusual spot."



Rictavio: Rictavio's eyes twinkle.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I don't think we want to give Strahd too much time to prepare while we go around looking for possible help"



Rictavio: "I know a few people. We'll want their help."



Marcus Veranius: "You see, we're the only ones that know of the dread dragon Vorgansharax's death."

"We're also the only ones that know he moved into Barovia."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "We should collect Blinsky and his shop."



Marcus Veranius: "Might be a few pieces we can scavenge from his cave for the army."

"I've got everything I need."

"Hell Mordenkainen. Maybe you can take the gold yourself and hire out some minions in the future."

[Cough cough]



Mordenkainen: "Dead Vorgansharax is a pretty good diplomacy chip," says Mordenkainen. "'Behold, we are the adventurers who hunted and slew Vorgansharax the Black, and in our quest to do so we encountered a monster more fearsome than he. Come to Barovia for the time of your adventuring life.' Or something like that."

"We could use that, yes..."

Mordenkainen picks up the horn and holds it strangely. He blows it very slowly, very quietly.

A billowing mist rises from the mouth of the horn, and grows, and grows, and rises to huge proportions.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Only person that comes to my mind is the Baron of Schoenmark but I don't think his personal guard and whatever he could raise from the peasantry are the kinds of forces we want near Strahd's hell hole of a Castle"

"Meaning they are alive and not used to fighting anything more coherent than the odd group of bandits"



Mordenkainen: He stops the slow blast on the horn, and the mist at once solidifies into an enormous purple-skinned white-haired giant, eyes blizzing with stormlight, wrapped all around in spectral thunderheads, hunched halfway over to fit into the room.

Mordenkainen passes the horn back to Marcus.

"Horn of the Storm Giant, now."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Mordenkainen: "Don't worry, your friendly Valhallan warriors are all present. The giant is composed of their compressed energy and will. With the aid of a few runes of Thor."

"They will return to normal once they return to Valhalla. Alternatively, you can blow the horn in the ordinary fashion, and produce the warriors themselves instead."

"Do you like?"

Warrior of Valhalla: ((SKALL! NOW I NEED TO MAKE NEW TOKENS)))

((FAK))

GM: (Thank you all for playing! We'll pick up here next session)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at the Giant "Vasilika unless you want me to bring a probably stolen Ironwood sapling with me, I'll go take a nap before all this magic makes me question my sanity"

"Anymore than it already does" He adds with a long suffering sigh



Vasilka: "A sapling?"

"That would be wonderful, if it could be managed."



Henry of Willowsbrook:

7 + 1

PERSUASION (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

1 + 1

11 + 1

STEALTH (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

12 + 1

18 + 1

INTIMIDATION (8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

25 + 1

INSIGHT (6)
Henry of Willowsbrook

14 + 1

NATURE (9)
Henry of Willowsbrook

10 + 1

NATURE (9)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Henry of Willowsbrook:

21

26

Vorpalsword (+17)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the

creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

19
Slashing

31 + 1

ATHLETICS (14)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry walks back into the magical Mansion Covered in leaves, specks of mud and carrying an Ironwood branch and a jug of fertilizing goo looking deeply pleased with himself and whistling an old hunting song. That worked out quite well and now he could take a nap in peace, after making sure Mordenkainen had a way to keep the sapling-branch fresh untill they were back in Barovia



Tops K.: (To GM)rolling 1d10

(8)

= 8



Tops K.: (To GM)rolling 2d10

(3 + 5)

= 8



Tops K.: (To GM)rolling 3d10

(10 + 5 + 3)

= 18



Tops K.: (To GM)rolling 4d10

(8 + 3 + 8 + 5)

= 24



Tops K.: (Hey, umm. Not to question how SUPER COOL this map looks)
(Aren't we teleporting into the castle?)



GM (GM): (You are, yes)
(This is the place where Mordenkainen is doing his illusion)
(I figured it might be nice to have a visual aid)



Tops K.: (Haha)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (thats a lot of tokens



Tops K.: (I like how all the revenant soldiers look more badass than Hoorngard)



GM (GM): (I went and got token art just for them, because the standard revenant look is not cute)

Wow, my Discord crashed

So you have to imagine that this army isn't all composed of identical-looking zombies

Lots of different races and classes are represented

You see that Minotaur smith who helped you make the shield

It seems Argynvostholt had a very diverse set of soldiers



Marcus Veranius: "Vengeance is a universal language."

"Sings a bit better in Elvish though."



GM (GM): Lol

Lore question for those who remember: stretch those memories all the way back to the werewolf cave

Do you remember a fellow by the last name of Toranescu?



Marcus Veranius: (We didnt go through the entire cave. So no. We didnt meet him.)

(Got the prophecy book and... booked it.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (We did blow up a bunch of wolves and werewolves in that one room like at least 9 but no that name didn't come up)



Liliet (Suldae): (I'm here!)

After winding through the forest and craggy mountain peaks, the road takes a sudden turn to the east, and you find yourselves in the shadow of Castle Ravenloft. Although the day is young and the sun is bright, in the shadow of the castle it is icy cold.



GM (GM):

The lone traveller walking up the path bows his head against the chill. He leans on a staff; a common wooden walking stick. His hood is drawn low, concealing his peculiar features.

He comes to a stop before twin turrets of stone, broken from years of exposure. Beyond these guard towers is the precipice of a fifty-foot-wide fog-filled chasm that disappears into unknown depths.

A lowered drawbridge of old, shored-up wooden beams stretches across the chasm, between this traveler and the archway to the courtyard. The chains of the drawbridge creak in the wind, their rust-eaten iron straining under the weight.

From atop the high walls, stone gargoyles stare down, grinning hideously. At the far end of the bridge, a rotting wooden portcullis, green with growth, hangs above the entry tunnel. Beyond it, the main doors of Ravenloft stand open. A rich, warm light spills from within, and torches flutter sadly in sconces on both sides of the open doors.

The hooded figure stands suddenly tall, hunching no longer. He throws off his hood, and crashes his staff against the ground. In an instant, he and his staff and the surrounding hillside are transformed.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (not to break up your flow but we did have a long rest right?)

Mordenkainen the Magnificent stands now before the gates of Castle Strahd, surrounded by an army of the undead—an army that stretches back nearly to the bottom of the hill.

GM: (Yes)



Mordenkainen: **"STRAHD!"**

"It is I, Mordenkainen the Magnificent, Master of Magicks Most Mighty! You have failed to kill me, tyrant! I have brought your doom! Come out, and face me like a man!"

There is no response. Strahd von Zarovich slumbers.

His power creeps through ancient stone, worming its way up from the roots of the ancient, cursed castle.

A flicker of light briefly manifests in the space before the portcullis. Then, with a shriek and a flash, a stroke of spellcraft crosses the distance.

Mordenkainen catches it in his palm, unfazed.

Like fireworks, then, the power of Strahd unleashes. Dozens of strange and mighty spells rain down on the attackers. Mordenkainen deflects what he can, but he is taken by surprise at the ferocity of the attack, and holes are blown in the army.

Meanwhile, deep in the bowels of the castle, a rather smaller army is making inroads...



Marcus Veranius is making his last minute preparations as the door drops him in.



Marcus Veranius: "Allow me to reiterate the plan before we go in."

"Mordenkainen and the Combined Barovian Army are at the castle gates fending off whatever armies Strahd has prepared."

"At another entrance, The Magical Mansion is laying siege with a mix of illusions and summoned monsters to spread reinforcements thin."

"We are using this opening to breach the castle catacombs and retrieve the third prophesied bane of Strahd."

"A holy symbol of great hope."

Mordenkainen will teleport us into the castle proper. From there, we use the Apparatus of Kwamish to breach rooms and trigger traps."



Marcus Veranius: "Save our strength for monsters instead of the mechanisms."

"Once we have the Holy Symbol, we'll storm back up to Strahd's tower and finish this."



Suldae Westwind: (breach i think)

(sorry)



Marcus Veranius: "Any questions?"



Suldae Westwind: "None that you could plausibly answer on my part," Suldae murmurs.

Like "are we going to survive this". And "what is that thing anyway". And..

Well, mostly that first one.



Mordenkainen: "Are you ready?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods, Ireena's hand in hers.



Marcus Veranius: "Valhalla guys! Are you ready?"



Apparatus of Kwalish: "SKOL! WE ARE READY!"



Marcus Veranius: (Biggify the crab tank plz)

rolling 2d4 additional Warriors of Valhalla are joining the Mansion Servants in an attack elsewhere

(1 + 3)

= 4



Mordenkainen: "Very well. Once I send you in there, I'll only be able to pull you back via the mechanism in the castle, or if you manage to find some way to get out from under stone."

"Do you understand?"



Marcus Veranius: "If all goes well, you can pick us back up in the keep."



Mordenkainen: "Probably should have mentioned that earlier, I suppose."

"Very good. We won't be able to stay in contact once you go inside, so you won't have any idea how the battle is going out here."

"Stay safe."

"Oh, wait! I suppose we'd better agree upon a place and time, if you're not going to be able to communicate with me."

"Goodness, that almost made things hairy."

"How long will you need?"



Marcus Veranius: "...I'm not sure. We'll light a signal flare in case of danger."



Mordenkainen: "That may be difficult to see, with all the fireworks... Well, I suppose you can figure it out once you're inside."

"Good luck!"

FLASH!

You find yourselves deep under stone.



Suldae Westwind: "Amazing planner, that guy," Suldae says philosophically.

This room is thirty feet square, rising to a twenty-foot-tall flat ceiling. A stone brazier burns fiercely in the center of the room, but its tall white flame produces no heat. The rim of the brazier is carved with seven cup-shaped indentations spaced evenly around the circumference. Within each indentation is a spherical stone, twice the diameter of a human eyeball and made of a colored crystal. No two stones are the same color.

Overhead, a wood-framed hourglass as tall and wide as a dwarf hangs ten feet above the brazier, suspended from the ceiling by thick iron chains. All the sand is stuck in the upper portion of the hourglass, seemingly unable to run down into the bottom. Written in glowing script on the base of

the hourglass is a verse in Common.

Two nine-foot-tall iron statues of knights on horseback, poised to charge with swords drawn, stand in deep alcoves facing each other. The brazier sits between them.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We aren't really ones to talk I Fear"

"MOst

of our plans would make trained tacticians weep"



Suldae Westwind: "Yeah, so when WE say that about him..."

"...what is this place?"



Ireena Kolyana: "It looks like some kind of..."

Ireena shrugs.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae whips her head around, studying the place with fascination.



Marcus Veranius attempts to read the inscription

GM: (You should see a handout now with the inscription)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae quickly scribbles out notes. This has potential to be very VERY helpful.



Marcus Veranius: "Mordenkainen mentioned this was some kind of teleportation chamber."



Suldae Westwind: Assuming it's true, but hey. Why would *lies* be here.



Marcus Veranius: "We ought to keep this room in mind if yellow leads to a Master's Tomb."



Suldae Westwind: "Red, blue and green..." Suldae mutters.



Ireena Kolyana: "This could be quite useful..."



Suldae Westwind: Green is probably where they were planning to go. The other two, uh, well.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "I wonder why he stopped using it?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So green right?" Henry says looking at the others



Marcus Veranius: "Umm."

"We're in the castle now."

"Probably don't need to use this yet."



Suldae Westwind: "...You know what it is?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, I think it's pretty clear it's a teleportation device, right?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Are there doors into the room?



Ireena Kolyana: "You toss one of the stones in, it takes you to a predetermined destination."

GM: (Yes, there are doors in the room: three at the north wall and one at the south)



Suldae Westwind: "We're not at the castle's *peak*," Suldae points out.

Marcus Veranius: "Right then! We are looking for the hall of bones where our holy symbol rests! Let's detect a Silver Dragon Skull and get a hint as to where to go."



Ireena Kolyana: "Or it's an awful booby trap."



Marcus Veranius casts Detect Objects



Marcus Veranius:

Locate Object

Divination 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V, S, M (A forked twig)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

Describe or name an object that is familiar to you. You sense the direction to the object's location, as long as that object is within 1,000 feet of you. If the object is in motion, you know the direction of its movement. The spell can locate a specific object known to you, as long as you have seen it up close—within 30 feet—at least once. Alternatively, the spell can locate the nearest object of a particular kind, such as a certain kind of apparel, jewelry, furniture, tool, or weapon. This spell can't locate an object if any thickness of lead, even a thin sheet, blocks a direct path between you and the object.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tests the doors to see if they are locked and if they are not he tries to peek out of each



Liliet (Suldae): A very functional booby trap, Suldae had to admit. If she were on her own, she'd need some serious willpower to not follow the lure.

GM: (One sec, locating the skull)

(Want to be sure I'm giving you accurate information)

(This is a six story map)



Marcus Veranius: (Theoretically it's in the BONES ROOM with our holy symbol)

(If the prophecy is right anyways)

GM: (Oh, I know where it is)

(I'm just trying to make sure I can give you good relative directions)



Suldae Westwind: (I love the phrasing of "I know where it is")



Henry of Willowsbrook: (GM has to think in 3 dimensions right now please stand by)

Marcus senses that the skull is directly above the party's current position.

Henry of Willowsbrook: So what's behind doors one through four?



Marcus Veranius looks up



Marcus Veranius: "It's... right above us?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at the ceiling.

There's the reasonable way, and then there's the fast way.

What are the odds Strahd can tell when his castle is getting broken?

Probably too high, alas.



Marcus Veranius: "I'm going to be honest. Not really prepared for this."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs.

"Are any of us, ever, for anything here?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well should we look for stairs?"

GM: (To clarify, it's one floor above you)



Marcus Veranius: "We look for stairs!"



Suldae Westwind: "Probably a better idea than breaking the ceiling," Suldae agrees.

"Not that I would do that."



Henry of Willowsbrook: GM Henry wanted to check the doors



Marcus Veranius: "Tank team! Lights on! Breach south!"

GM: (What's that aura for)



Apparatus of Kwalish turns on its lights 30 ft bright, 30 ft dim



Apparatus of Kwalish turns 90 degrees, south



Suldae Westwind: so basically we're all blinded



Apparatus of Kwalish: (No, bright as in no penalties for vision)

GM: (Don't worry, none of the rooms are large enough for that to matter)



Suldae Westwind: (the aura looked like we are)



Apparatus of Kwalish goes forward



Suldae Westwind: That poor door.

Through the door on the southern wall, you find a small alcove and a long red velvet curtain, completely barring your path.



Apparatus of Kwalish continues through the curtain. The tank goes where the tank wants!

The northern doors open onto staircases. The central staircase has fog rolling down it from the landing above. All three staircases seem to ascend.

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Stairs are over here folks" Henry calls out over the noise of a door being turned to firewood



Apparatus of Kwalish knocks over chairs



Marcus Veranius: "Wha... wait turn around!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae reaches for Marcus and pats him on the shoulder sympathetically.

You see a massive chamber full of brackish standing water. It sparkles darkly in the light of the apparatus. Where you stand, you are on a balcony ten feet above what seems to have once been a torture chamber. You recognize the rack, the bed of nails, the iron maiden, the stocks. The skeletons of their last victims still lie within them, their jaws seemingly frozen open in silent screams.



Suldae Westwind: Maybe the giant crab should not be the scout.

Two red chairs sit on this balcony overlooking the waterlogged torture chamber.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So we have 3 sets of stairs which one do we pick?"



Apparatus of Kwalish turns 90 degrees.



Apparatus of Kwalish turns 90 degrees.



Apparatus of Kwalish goes forward



Apparatus of Kwalish turns 90 degrees.



Apparatus of Kwalish: We all know where this is going.



Marcus Veranius: "The tank can't take the round stairs."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at the mechanized crab thing "Yeah I was just thinking that"



Marcus Veranius: "...maybe?"

"It's a barrel. Maybe we can roll it up."



Suldae Westwind: "I think it's a little heavy for that if we don't use magic"

"In which case there have to be better ideas than rolling."

"Anyway we do have two other options..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So then it comes down to do we take the creepy foggy stairs or the only creepy because they are inside this damn castle stairs?"



Marcus Veranius: "Tank! Retract claws."



Rictavio: "We could split up?"



Apparatus of Kwalish retracts claws



Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezmerelda slaps him on the back of the head. "Not funny."



Marcus Veranius: "Look, if Hiere can do this in a winehouse with wooden barrels, we can do it with a sturdy metal one in a castle."



Kasimir Velikov: "Have you considered the amount of noise?"

"I imagine it is only a matter of time before Strahd realizes we are here."



Ireena Kolyana: "That's true, we don't really have time to debate..."



Marcus Veranius: "...spiral stairs for the symbol, then we come back down for the tank."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So fog or no fog?"

Henry tries to gauge how far up each stair case should take them if he can do that



Apparatus of Kwalish moves to guard one of the staircases



Suldae Westwind: "Spiral stairs first," Suldae agrees.

Worst case scenario, how soundproof is this castle? If the tank does anything at all, they'll probably hear.

"...We shouldn't go too far away though."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wait why are we so obsseed with the spiral stair case?)



Apparatus of Kwalish: (The skull, and holy symbol, are directly above us. The spiral staircase turns inwards.)



Suldae Westwind: (Well for one it goes right where we need to go)

(that)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (kay yeah makes sense)

"So who takes the lead?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at the guys with the swords.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena just looks at Henry. When the Tank asks who should go in front...



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Right redundant question"



Marcus Veranius pats Henry on the shoulder



Ireena Kolyana: "Sorry, big guy."

"But you're probably scarier than anything we're going to find in here."



Suldae Westwind: "We have your back," Suldae follows up.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs drawing his War Pick and snapping the shield to his arm
"Onwards and upwards as they say, I think my homes flat as a lake"

A blazing hearth fire fills this room with rolling waves of red and amber light. The walls are lined with ancient books and tomes, their leather covers well oiled and preserved through careful use. All is in order here. The stone floor is concealed beneath a thick, luxurious rug. In the center of the room is a large, low table, waxed and polished to a mirrored finish. Even the poker in its stand next to the blazing fireplace is polished. Large, overstuffed divans and couches are arranged about the room. Two chairs of burgundy-colored wood with padded leather seats and back cushions face the hearth. A huge painting hangs over the mantelpiece in a heavy, gilded frame. The rolling firelight illuminates the carefully rendered portrait. It is an exact likeness of Ireena Kolyana.

Suldae Westwind: Suldae stares at the painting over Henry's shoulder.

That's never going to not be creepy.



Marcus Veranius stares at the painting



Marcus Veranius blinks



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena shudders and squeezes Suldae's hand, averting her eyes.



Marcus Veranius flips through his notes



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We have been in here for what 5 minutes and I'm already sick of this place"
Henry says glaring at the portrait



Suldae Westwind: Suldae half-hugs her, careful in the cramped staircase.



Marcus Veranius blinks again



Marcus Veranius: "...you have got to be joking..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Which way now Marcus?"



Suldae Westwind: "...Why is the fireplace lit?" Suldae asks the next obvious question, arrived at by means of wondering if they could burn the painting.



Marcus Veranius double checks his skull-tracking spell before speaking more



Suldae Westwind: Is there firewood in there?



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Maybe Strahd likes to keep his servants busy by just having them keep all rooms presentable at all times?"
presentable



Marcus Veranius: (Is the Dragon Skull to the west of us?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry steps further into the room keeping his shield up and watching his step to avoid any obvious patterns in the rug



Suldae Westwind: "Barovia does have thick forests, but maybe not *this* thick," Suldae answers.
(waiting for DM)
(Can Suldae see what's burning?)

GM: (Sorry, one sec)

Marcus senses that the dragon skull is below your current location. Suldae sees that there is nothing in the fireplace actually being consumed; the fire is some kind of spell. Henry, roll Perception or Investigation.



Marcus Veranius: "...well the skull is below us now."




Henry of Willowsbrook:


15 + 1


PERCEPTION (6)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry does not spot any traps.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I have good news and bad news."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Wrong staircase?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "That's the bad news."


 **Suldae Westwind:** How long were they going up?

"...Yeah, that's magical fire."

Suldae stares at it.

"...Ireena, wanna burn that painting anyway?"

It's hard to tell on the stairs in this castle. They all seem endless, until quite suddenly you're at the end of them. You could have climbed quite some distance.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena looks at it. She cocks her head slightly.


"You know what? No, not really."

"It's not a painting of me. It's a painting of her."

"I think she deserves to be remembered. We'll give her portrait a better home. If it's not evil. Or cursed. Or haunted. Or possessed."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I would say it's a painting of a woman of great beauty." Marcus remarks.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "So do we go back down and try another staircase?"

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae comes up to the portrait and examines it..

31


PERCEPTION (13)
Suldae Westwind

24


ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

Is there anything wrong with the idea of taking it?


The portrait is old. Very old. It has been very well preserved. It is four feet wide and six feet tall.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Don't touch it."


It is not magical in any noticeable way.

 **Suldae Westwind:** "...Will it fit in the tank?"

However, Suldae senses a faint draft coming from behind the back wall of the fireplace.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I'd rather not take it *now*."

"We can get it later..."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "...there might be a secret door there."

"Yeah, good plan anyway."

"Let's go back down."



Marcus Veranius: "The fifth prophecy. A vault of temptation hidden behind a woman of great beauty."

"The card that leads us to *him*."



Kasimir Velikov: "Oh..."

"And yet he is not here, is he?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Where's the vault of temptation, though?"



Marcus Veranius: "Well we aren't behind the painting yet are we."



Rictavio: "I'm afraid I don't follow, dear boy."



Suldae Westwind: "Let's not find out what the vault is?" Suldae suggests and leads the way back down.



Marcus Veranius: "I suspect a painting that large might be covering a secret passage, or the trigger for one."

"Strahd will surely know if we meddle with it."

"So let's remember this room later."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry claps his hands once "Could we get the Holy Symbol of great things first? Before we try to be clever again?"



Marcus Veranius nods



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Great" Henry takes the lead down "Center or left next?"



Marcus Veranius: "Center. Actual tank first."

(Actually, left seems to go upwards)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (all of them go up)



Suldae Westwind: (they both go upwards i think?)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d2

(1)

= 1

This staircase of ancient stone is worn smooth. Thick dust covers its steps, and cobwebs choke the passage.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Or right then..." Henry says seeing Marcus head that way first



Marcus Veranius lets the tank lead first, weapon at the ready

The moment the tank reaches the landing, a faint glow fills the air, coming from under the tank.

A sickly mist fills the stairway ahead, barring your path.

It coalesces suddenly into the form of the vampire Strahd, his eyes blazing like two crimson stars.



Strahd von Zarovich: "You have worn out your welcome," he says, quite calmly. "Whatever gods you believe in cannot save you now."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Do we even see him around the corner?)



Marcus Veranius leans over the tank

GM: (He's hovering in the air near the landing)
(Roll Initiative)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's initiative is **8.15**



Marcus Veranius:

20

INITIATIVE (8)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook:

14.1

INITIATIVE (1.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius:

INITIATIVE
Apparatus of Kwalish
Initiative: **9**



Strahd von Zarovich:

INITIATIVE
Strahd von Zarovich
Initiative: **11**

INITIATIVE
Ezmerelda Veranius
Initiative: **23**

INITIATIVE
Ireena Kolyana
Initiative: **20**

INITIATIVE
Kasimir Velikov
Initiative: **6**

INITIATIVE
Rictavio
Initiative: **7**

INITIATIVE
Ismark Kolyanovich

Initiative: 9



Ezmerelda Veranius: "What's going on? I can't see! Are we in trouble?"



Ireena Kolyana: "It's Strahd!"

8

PERCEPTION (6)

GM: (Dammit Ireena)



Ireena Kolyana:

You create three glowing darts of magical force. Each dart hits a creature of your choice that you can see within range. A dart deals 1d4 + 1 force damage to its target. The darts all strike simultaneously, and you can direct them to hit one creature or several.

At Higher Levels: When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, the spell creates one more dart for each slot above 1st.

4

Force

120 feet

Magic Missile



Henry of Willowsbrook: (What else did you expect?)



Suldae Westwind: (I swear to fuck)

(This is not how probability works, yet the curse is clearly real)

Determined to hurt him at any cost, Ireena unleashes a casting of Magic Missile. Unfortunately, she pops it off too quickly, loosing it at only level one.

The darts pass harmlessly through "Strahd."



Ireena Kolyana: "What...?"



Suldae Westwind: "Hey, who can try to dispel that?" Suldae asks.

With a chuckle, Strahd melts away like a wax doll in a bonfire, leaving no trace behind.

The faint glow fades from the area. It does seem to have been localized under the apparatus of Kwalish.



Ireena Kolyana: "Well."



Rictavio: "I'm too old for this sort of thing."



Marcus Veranius: "So much for stealth. Loud time!"

Kasimir Velikov: "Wait!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...of cause he used his own face for that" Henry mutters



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir puts up a hand.

"Move the apparatus, please."



Suldae Westwind: "...That might have been an automated trap and he still has no idea," Suldae suggests.



Marcus Veranius: (out of initiative?)

"Err, tank forward?"

GM: (Yes)



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir squeezes his way gently to the front of the group, then crouches on the landing.

With a wave of his hand, he creates a gentle gust of air, which blasts the dust from the stone.

An intricate glyph, made of many interweaving lines of stone, is revealed from under the dust.

"A Glyph of Warding. Perhaps not the only one we will encounter."

"That was merely a pre-programmed illusion."



Ireena Kolyana: "I *thought* he didn't seem very personal."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Hey! It's still daytime, too. Can he even be awake right now?"



Rictavio: Rictavio waffles a hand. "He's not *awake*, but he's not *asleep* either."



Marcus Veranius: "I didn't think Strahd would stoop to parlor tricks, but this might work on the peasantry."



Marcus Veranius pretends to not have been fooled



Kasimir Velikov: "I imagine many amateur adventurers have soiled themselves here, yes."

"Perhaps before dying grisly and brutal deaths."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Right then, shall we?"



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae was, in fact, expecting this to be a trick, but she pretends she buys Marcus's bluster as well.)



Marcus Veranius skips the landing and marches forward



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...This place better not beat the Amber Temple or I'm going to be so damn pissed"

GM: (Awkward)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry is muttering to himself tension mixing with annoyance now on his face
Anything else on the stairs?

Before we reach the next exit I mean

There is nothing else on the stairs aside from cobwebs. Soon you reach what seems to be the back of a bookshelf. It blocks the hallway completely, perhaps the undecorated backside of a secret door.



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Break it?" Henry suggests



Marcus Veranius: "My wrong way senses are tingling."
"Screw it, break the thing down."

Marcus senses that the party is now on the same floor as the skull. It lies to the south somewhere, but quite near.



Marcus Veranius: (Scratch what Marcus said. He has right way senses)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry knocks on the Crab "Onwards" he says

CRUNCH.

As the apparatus walks through the wooden wall in a hail of books and splintering timber, something shrieks a hellish shriek, and swoops over the apparatus—a black shadow.

15 to hit



Apparatus of Kwalish is made of sturdier stuff than that!

Something like claws rake across the metal hide of the apparatus, sending a little shower of sparks into the room. Then the shadowy shrieking thing swoops on to some other part of the room.



Ismark Kolyanovich: The Apparatus lumbers forward into a room that is in absolutely perfect order, aside from one smashed bookshelf/wall. A great table stands here with its chair, inkwell, and quill set carefully in place. Lances, swords, and shields that bear the Barovian crest are hung neatly on the dark, oak-paneled walls.

GM: (Grr)

The Apparatus lumbers forward into a room that is in absolutely perfect order, aside from one smashed bookshelf/wall. A great table stands here with its chair, inkwell, and quill set carefully in place. Lances, swords, and shields that bear the Barovian crest are hung neatly on the dark, oak-paneled walls.

GM: (Sorry about that)

Rahadin is seated at the table. He does not seem to have noticed anything amiss.

He looks down at an empty desk, his hands composed thoughtfully before him.



Marcus Veranius: Another illusion. Marcus will not be fooled.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae throws a dagger at him.

GM: (Roll the attack please)



Suldae Westwind:

27

20/60

Dagger of Venom (+8)

Sulda Westwind

4
Piercing**13***The dagger sticks deep in his head.***Rahadin:** "Mmmmph."**Sulda Westwind:** Suldae blinks. That wasn't one of the anticipated options.*Rahadin emits a strange, dull, brainless moan.***Henry of Willowsbrook:** "...we've barely been here and I'm already sick of this places brand of nonsense" Henry says**Sulda Westwind:** Suldae elects to keep her silence on that to prevent from jinxing it.
(can we have the next map)**GM:** (lmao I thought I had already moved you, sorry)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry hurls his War Pick at the Rahadin? The Rahadouble**24**

30ft/60ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+16)

Henry of Willowsbrook

16
Piercing**1**
Acid*His warpick rips through the figure meatily, scattering chunks and limbs in all directions. They splatter the walls and bounce around for a while like the results of an awful rotted-meat piñata.***Rahadin:** The meat is thick with maggots, and clearly quite rotten.**Sulda Westwind:** "Ewwwwwwwww"**Kasimir Velikov:** Kasimir cocks an eyebrow and covers his mouth with his cape, avoiding the stench.
"A zombie. Under Seeming... Locked in place."**Ismark Kolyanovich:** "What a sick memorial..."**Sulda Westwind:** Suldae collects her dagger and cleans it with Prestidigitation.
She cleans the apparatus as well.**Marcus Veranius:** "...well, I take back what I said."**Sulda Westwind:** And Henry's warpick.**Marcus Veranius:** "Suppose Strahd DID care for Rahadin in some manner."**Ireena Kolyana:** "I guess he missed having him around..."
"Jeez, he's probably really unhinged now."

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry catches the Pick "...Moving on where to next?"



Suldae Westwind: "News of the century, that," Suldae comments dryly.

Strahd? Unhinged?



Marcus Veranius: "Breach south."



Suldae Westwind: Who could have ever imagined.

Suldae scrambles out of the way of the tank. The summoned vikings seem to be really enjoying that thing. She can relate.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes a quick look back at the remains "Why do I have the felling that wasn't the last one we've seen"



Warrior of Valhalla: "SKOL! NOW WE ARE THE GIANT THAT SMASHES!"

This thirty-foot-square room is a shambles. Scattered furniture lies in heaps near the walls. Broken bones lie scattered amid crumpled and crushed plate armor. Shields and swords jut from the walls as if driven into them by some tremendous force. A dark archway leads through the east wall towards a passage which runs twenty feet to a staircase. Some alcoves here contain rotting cots and dirty rags.

A set of double doors on the southern hall seems to be the only barrier between Marcus and the skull.



Marcus Veranius grabs a Barovian Shield from the wall in the office and follows the tank south



Marcus Veranius: "Right then, we don't know what traps Strahd has put on this artifact to keep it secure here."

"Be ready for anything."



Marcus Veranius readies to light the Sunsword once Viking Tank crashes through the door

Dark stains cover the floor of this area. Large oak tables, scarred and beaten, lay scattered like toys about the room, their wood crushed and splintered. Replacing them are furnishings made entirely of human bones.

The walls and the twenty-foot-high vaulted ceiling are a sickly yellow color, not because of faded or timeworn plaster but because they are adorned with bones and skulls arranged in a morbidly decorative fashion, giving the room a cathedral-like quality. Four enormous mounds of bones occupy the corners of this ossuary, and garlands of skulls extend from these mounds to a chandelier of bones that hangs from the ceiling above a long table constructed of bones in the center of the room. Ten chairs made of bones and festooned with decorative skulls surround the table, resting atop which is an ornate, bowl-shaped vessel made of yet more bones.

The doors to the north and south are sheathed in bone, but the steel-banded double doors in the center of the east wall are not. Above these eastern doors is mounted the skull of a dragon.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae readies her halo weapon in the event of clear hostiles.

(whoops two seconds too late)

Lying on the bone table is an amulet...



Suldae Westwind: ...and is instead confronted with an ossuary.

She cannot stop looking.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...That's a lot of bones" Henry says looking around



Marcus Veranius looks over the room, grinning widely at what he sees



Ireena Kolyana: "There must be...."



Suldae Westwind: This place is beautiful, in its own morbid way.



Ireena Kolyana: "*Hundreds* of people here."



Suldae Westwind: Also that, not like that's news.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark's eyes blaze with white fire.



Marcus Veranius: "All that remains of enemies long forgotten." Marcus remarks.



Ismark Kolyanovich: He steps past the others and further into the room, approaching the skull of the dragon.



Marcus Veranius: "The last prophecy we've yet to uncover."



Marcus Veranius follows Ismark



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...Anyone wanna bet on how they are trapped?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark reaches up his arms.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follows Marcus and Ismark



Marcus Veranius helps Ismark

The hollow sockets of the dragon's skull fill with silvery flame.



Henry of Willowsbrook: bet



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Don't touch it!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae just watches, mesmerized.

Everything that happens in this room will be the stuff of legends.



Ismark Kolyanovich: In Draconic, he mutters: "*Argynvost, captive no longer. Return to us, and join us in vengeance.*"

Faintly, somewhere outside the castle, you hear the roaring scream of an ancient silver dragon.

With a crunching sound, several pieces of bone furniture suddenly collapse.

Bits of the chandelier rip themselves free, and fall to the ground and roll in the general direction of the skull.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Uh, guys..."



Marcus Veranius: "You know, Vistani prophecies have a funny way of fulfilling themselves."



Kasimir Velikov: "This room is a little small..."

Suldae Westwind: Suldae dashes for the holy symbol before it's buried in an avalanche of bones or something.

Trap or no trap.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Soooo remind me who just said don't touch it?"

It seems a majority of the bones in this chamber once belonged to Argynvost, who now begins to reassemble himself.

In a few moments, much to the chagrin of every piece of furniture in the room, he is whole once more—a skeleton joined together by flames of vengeance, wrapped in the spectral memory of silver flesh.

Argynvost howls his fury.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...We now he definatly knows we're down here"
well



Marcus Veranius: "Hello, our powerful force for good and protection!" Marcus bows, still grinning widely.



Marcus Veranius intended for this very thing to happen the entire time

Argynvost is brimming with icy rage. His soul has been imprisoned for a long, long time. Bringing his great undead head low to look Marcus in the eye, he says: "Where. Is. Strahd."



Suldae Westwind: (Meanwhile, Suldae has grabbed the symbol.)



Marcus Veranius points upwards



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to Ismark "How long have you been able to make more Revenage driven murder undead?" he asks

Revange

Revenge



Ismark Kolyanovich: "That wasn't me. That was his own power. He brought me back, just like all the rest of them. But he couldn't bring himself back... Not without one of us."



Marcus Veranius: "I suppose you can take things over from here, good sir? No need to have Ismark lead the armies?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry nods turning to the Dragon "HOw long have you been dead ?"

The Dragon, it seems, has no interest in conversation at the moment. As soon as Marcus points upwards, it is gone, spreading wide its massive wings and launching itself straight through the ceiling.

The ceiling remains, whole and undamaged. It seems Argynvost is not bound by mere physical matter at the moment.





Marcus Veranius: "I'll take that as a yes."




Ismark Kolyanovich: "Yeesh."


Marcus Veranius claps his hands together

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Well that certainly just happend"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "What's our next move? Quick!"

 **Sulda Westwind:** (The holy symbol is inert?)


The castle rumbles.


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Suldae you got the Holy thingy?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Plan's going well so far! Just one small hitch."


The holy symbol is crackling with power. Unfortunately, there is no obvious way to tap it. (Requires attunement)


 **Marcus Veranius:** (Fuck :D)


 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae lifts it, showing Henry, then hides it next to her Correllon's one. Later.


 **Rictavio:** "Now we find Strahd and put him out of his misery."


***Marcus Veranius pats Ismark on the shoulder***


 **Rictavio:** "Best, I think, if we can find him before it begins to get dark."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Great so now we have reached the part of the plan where we go and kill Strahd right"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "I've got one loose end to tie before that."


 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae stands next to him.


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Suldae, are you certain the Reincarnate spell will work?"

 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae closes her eyes. Is she?
"It would be unconscionable to not try," she replies.

 **Marcus Veranius:** "In that case, I have a proposition."

 **Sulda Westwind:** It is one of the boons bestowed by the tome she'd read, in addition to the wisdom contained to it. It's as though there's a thread tying her to it, bestowing power for as long as she is true to what she learned. And there is a shape to that power...

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry turns to Ireena and murmurs "Do you know what they are talking about?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Kasimir, I owe you the world. And to that, I have figured a way to end Kasimir's curse of the revenant."

 **Sulda Westwind:** (Kasimir?)

 **Marcus Veranius:** *Ismark

*Feck

We doin this for Kasimir though



Suldae Westwind: (i propose you retype that again)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh nevermind he explained it" Henry says



Marcus Veranius: "Kasimir, I owe you the world. And to that, I have figured a way to end Ismark's curse of the revenant."

"If he falls, and Suldae brings him back, he may do so as full flesh and blood."

"But I can only do this if you are willing to try."

"No sneak-ambushes or surprises."

"If this works, we all leave this castle with our own happy endings."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark raises a finger. "Uh, objection, your honor."

"Reincarnate means *new body*. Also, not-revenant body. Maybe it's best to save this for after we all survive?"



Kasimir Velikov: "I assure you, I would still love you even if you were a Goliath."

"If you were a gnome, I would still think you were a pretty swell pal."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark punches Kasimir gently in the shoulder without looking at him. "But seriously."



Marcus Veranius: "Well... you've mentioned fading away after Strahd's death. We kindof can't put this off."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "We kill Strahd, I die, you... Try to call me back."



Suldae Westwind: "Also there are other people who care about you in the room," Suldae adds.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "If I'm able to come, I'll come."



Marcus Veranius: "Also one of my anti-Strahd weapons will literally melt your face off."

"We kindof need to do this now."



Ireena Kolyana: Wordlessly, Ireena throws a huge hug onto Ismark.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark tears up a little in Ireena's arms.

He swallows tightly.

"Alright," He says. "Let's do this."

He looks at Kasimir.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir kisses him once, then steps back.

"I am afraid that I shall not be able to watch."

He turns away.



Ireena Kolyana: "It's going to be alright, Ismark," Ireena says.

"You're going to live."



Marcus Veranius: "This is going to hurt for just a moment."

Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark spreads his arms wide.

"I'm ready."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae reaches for the power. It is at her fingertips, fluttering.



Marcus Veranius takes a knife and cuts off a lock of hair



Marcus Veranius passes it to Suldae



Ismark Kolyanovich: "You know, technically, this isn't my original body."

"Does that matter?"



Suldae Westwind: "You are you," Suldae says with more conviction than she truly has.



Marcus Veranius: "Finders keepers."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Well... If you're sure."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks between Marcus and Suldae briefly "Why didn't you tell me you were planning this?" Henry mutters to himself "It's not like I'm the type to gossip"

To Ismark he says "You'll be fine Izzy"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives him a wan smile. "Didn't want to jinx it?"



Marcus Veranius lights the sunsword



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Oh hello Strahd token)



Marcus Veranius gets ready to swing

GM: (Roll perception)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

17 + 1

PERCEPTION (6)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind:

25

PERCEPTION (13)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius:

28

PERCEPTION (12)
Marcus Veranius



Ismark Kolyanovich: All three of you notice, at the same time, that Strahd von Zarovich is calmly seated in the last remaining intact chair, near an intact section of table beside Rictavio. He is holding a human skull in one hand, contemplating it lazily.

GM: (Imagine that was in the narrator's voice. My bad)

Strahd von Zarovich: "Oh, please. Don't interrupt your little ritual on my account. Do continue."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Strahd von Zarovich: "You know, Ismark, I'm pretty sure this one is yours."

"It's so hard to tell after all the what do you call it is gone. Flesh."

"Yes," he says, picking at one of his teeth with a fingernail.

"Could be yours."

"Could be one of hers." He glances at Ireena.

"Darling, you are radiant this evening."



Strahd von Zarovich: "Or is it morning?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry hurls the Warpick

GM: (Roll the attack)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

33

30ft/60ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook

17
Piercing

6
Acid

The warpick rips through the chair and the table, and passes through Strahd harmlessly.



Strahd von Zarovich: "Oh, please."

"As if I'd be such an amateur."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Read the room you prick"



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd watches the hammer come flying back to Henry's hand.

"Interesting little trick. I have something rather like it..."

"But I'll wait."

He sits back in his illusory chair, putting his feet up on the illusory table.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "We can go somewhere else, guys."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir's eyes flash with hot rage.



Marcus Veranius: "I'll not let you cast doubt on this evening. You may not recognize it, but this is what genuine love looks like."

"One where BOTH partners accept it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at the others before saying in a stage whisper "I almost forgot how horribly smarmy and annoying he sounds"



Strahd von Zarovich: "Mhmm."

"As I said, I was enjoying the show."

"Please, do continue."



Kasimir Velikov: A blast of powerful magic rips outward from Kasimir, briefly guttering the torches and the light of the apparatus.

Antimagic Field

Abjuration 8

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self (10-foot-radius sphere)

Target: Self (10-foot-radius sphere)

Components: V, S, M (A pinch of powdered iron or iron fillings)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 hour

A 10-foot-radius invisible sphere of antimagic surrounds you. This area is divorced from the magical energy that suffuses the multiverse.

Within the sphere, spells can't be cast, summoned creatures disappear, and even magic items become mundane. Until the spell ends, the sphere moves with you, centered on you. Spells and other magical effects, except those created by an artifact or a deity, are suppressed in the sphere and can't protrude into it. A slot expended to cast a suppressed spell is consumed. While an effect is suppressed, it doesn't function, but the time it spends suppressed counts against its duration.

Targeted Effects. Spells and other magical effects, such as magic missile and charm person, that target a creature or an object in the sphere have no effect on that target. **Areas of Magic.** The area of another spell or magical effect, such as fireball, can't extend into the sphere. If the sphere overlaps an area of magic, the part of the area that is covered by the sphere is suppressed. For example, the flames created by a wall of fire are suppressed within the sphere, creating a gap in the wall if the overlap is large enough. **Spells.** Any active spell or other magical effect on a creature or an object in the sphere is suppressed while the creature or object is in it. **Magic Items.** The properties and powers of magic items are suppressed in the sphere. For example, a +1 longsword in the sphere functions as a nonmagical longsword. A magic weapon's properties and powers are suppressed if it is used against a target in the sphere or wielded by an attacker in the sphere. If a magic weapon or a piece of magic ammunition fully leaves the sphere (for example, if you fire a magic arrow or throw a magic spear at a target outside the sphere), the magic of the item ceases to be suppressed as soon as it exits.

Magical Travel. Teleportation and planar travel

fail to work in the sphere, whether the sphere is the destination or the departure point for such magical travel. A portal to another location, world, or plane of existence, as well as an opening to an extradimensional space such as that created by the rope trick spell, temporarily closes while in the sphere. Creatures and Objects. A creature or object summoned or created by magic temporarily winks out of existence in the sphere. Such a creature instantly reappears once the space the creature occupied is no longer within the sphere. Dispel Magic. Spells and magical effects such as dispel magic have no effect on the sphere. Likewise, the spheres created by different antimagic field spells don't nullify each other.

The moment it hits, it passes, and the magic returns to the space.

The illusory Strahd is gone.



Kasimir Velikov: "Come. There isn't time for delay."



Marcus Veranius 's Disguise Self spell fizzles out



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Like does he practice that in front of the mirror? How to best sound like an annoying douche? Wait can Vampires use Mirrors? Rictavio do you know that?"



Marcus Veranius: "Well fine then!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae focuses again.



Marcus Veranius attempts a quick execution of Ismark



Suldae Westwind: There is fear in her, but no doubt.
She knows what to do.



Rictavio: "Oh, no. Vampires can't see their own reflection. It's a wonder he gets his makeup on so precisely!"

"Probably uses magic."



Marcus Veranius: (Do I need to roll for this or can we assume it works)
(The stabbing bit)

GM: (We can assume Marcus isn't going to miss a willing target)



Suldae Westwind:

Reincarnate

Transmutation 5

Casting Time: 1 hour

Range: Touch

Target: A dead humanoid or a piece of a dead humanoid

Components: V, S, M (Rare oils and unguents worth at least 1,000 gp, which the spell consumes)

Duration: Instantaneous

You touch a dead humanoid or a piece of a dead humanoid. Provided that the creature has been dead no longer than 10 days, the spell forms a new adult body for it and then calls the soul to enter that body. If the target's soul isn't free or willing to do so, the spell fails. The magic fashions a new body for the creature to inhabit, which likely causes the creature's race to change. The GM rolls a d100 and consults the following table to determine what form the creature takes when restored to life, or the GM chooses a form. d100 Race 01–04 Dragonborn 05–13 Dwarf, hill 14–21 Dwarf, mountain 22–25 Elf, dark 26–34 Elf, high 35–42 Elf, wood 43–46 Gnome, forest 47–52 Gnome, rock 53–56 Half-elf 57–60 Half-orc 61–68 Halfling, lightfoot 69–76 Halfling, stout 77–96 Human 97–00 Tiefling The reincarnated creature recalls its former life and experiences. It retains the capabilities it had in its original form, except it exchanges its original race for the new one and changes its racial traits accordingly.



Rictavio: rolling 1d100

(89)

= 89

GM: Lmao no way

He's human again



Henry of Willowsbrook: Neat



Suldae Westwind: (cast thru the book and therefore 1 action long and not what that says lol) and NICE

GM: (Do you want to roleplay killing him, Marcus?)



Suldae Westwind: rolling d6

(4)

= 4



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Can I note that I find it mildly amusing that 69 turns you into a tiefling?)

GM: (I'm sure that's an inside joke)



Suldae Westwind:

e>

E>



Marcus Veranius raises the sunsword high. Knowing the sight is likely uncomfortable, he quickly brightens the blade as to blind the others the moment he swings. One swift cut downwards to burn away a revenant's body

Ismark falls, mostly ash.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wait I can't read 69 turns you into a halfling)

GM: (Can you RP the spell for us, Suldae?)



Suldae Westwind: (ye was going to)



Kasimir Velikov flinches in the flash.



Suldae Westwind: The power rips force the moment Ismark's body crumbles, held back only until it could take hold. It is not Suldae's own will guiding it; no, this is a gift. One that is hers to pass on.



Ireena Kolyana paces, not looking in that direction, fidgeting with her hands and staring at the walls.



Suldae Westwind: *forth

not force

jeez

A soul bound by the need for revenge twists for a moment in the void between planes. Elysium calls it, but so too does Bahamut by proxy. He dangles in the darkness, still lost in the final pain.

A music moves through the darkness, a sound that reminds him of everything he has left behind.

Revenge vanishes. Its tethers no longer bind him.

He follows the sound, forgetting his pain.

With a thunderclap and a pulse of blinding light and a rolling sound of singing angels, Ismark stands before you—completely himself, completely human, completely alive, and completely naked.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Whoopie! Nobody look!"

He flexes his muscles and rolls his shoulders, and his shadow thickens and steams black mist that wraps him smoothly in fine dark cloth.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at the remains of Ismarks clothes "...so did anyone bring a spare shirt? This ones got a new big hole"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "We're good! You can look!"



Suldae Westwind: "...Neat," Suldae produces, as she steps back, briefly overwhelmed.



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir turns and stares.

"Ismark?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "It's me."



Suldae Westwind: This is not the first time she defies death. It does not stop being a miracle.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Kasimir is far too dignified to run to him, and Ismark knows this. He does the running instead.



Henry of Willowsbrook: How different does he look?



Suldae Westwind: (i think not at all if the race didnt change)



Ismark Kolyanovich: Aside from looking five years younger, and not made of slowly rotting corpse, he's identical.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena is not too dignified for running, so she throws herself into the group hug.



Rictavio: Rictavio carefully looks away and rubs under his glasses with a finger.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Wow."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stands there and smiles, overwhelmed.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Every time I think I'm blown away, you guys manage to pull something else off."



Suldae Westwind: They did it? It worked?

Oh, Strahd is still alive, whatever.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...Could you have made him blond?" Henry asks "Not that I think theres anything wrong with his hair but I think it would suit him"



Suldae Westwind: This was the important bit.

"I don't decide," Suldae said.

Not looking at Henry.



Marcus Veranius puts the Hat of Disguise on Ismark



Suldae Westwind: "This was a miracle of luck, on top of a... regular miracle."



Marcus Veranius: "Please... please... illusion clothes."



Suldae Westwind: "You know what I mean."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Could he have turned blonde?" Henry says walking up to ismark



Suldae Westwind: (he has clothes)

(the DM said that twice)



Marcus Veranius: (Oh)

(I am big dumb)



Suldae Westwind: "...maybe if he turned into a species that could only have blond hair?"

GM: (I love that you were picturing Kasimir and Ireena both hugging on naked Ismark and didn't say

anything)

(Lmao)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I like my hair!"



Kasimir Velikov: "I'd like you even without it. I'm afraid it *is* greying."

"Goodness, somehow that makes it feel even more like I'm robbing the cradle. My hair went white sixty years ago."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Oh yeah, I guess I'd better become a vampire now, so we can be together forever."



Marcus Veranius: "We're not making that joke."



Kasimir Velikov: "I've got maybe eighty years left. I can mourn you for forty or so."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae slaps him at a distance.

Mage Hand is very convenient.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs "I just said I think it would suit you" and with a big grin he picks up all 3 of them in a bear hug



Suldae Westwind: *slaps his head

"Hey, is this a good time to remember we're inside Strahd's castle?"



Rictavio: "This is really quite something. I didn't believe it was possible to return a Revenant from their condition? Some of the greatest clerics in history have attempted it, to no avail."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae speaks up.



Kasimir Velikov: "You knew that before we began, and said nothing?"



Suldae Westwind: "And good thing he did!"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Right, Strahd's castle!"



Suldae Westwind: "But. Strahd."



Marcus Veranius retreats back to Ezmerelda, enjoying the sight.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Suldae's right, Strahd first. Everything else next."



Marcus Veranius: "Well, my ledger's clear now. We can botch this and I'll die with no regrets."



Ezmerelda Veranius: (Privately, to Marcus): "You did good. I would not have had the courage to kill him."



Kasimir Velikov: "Thank you, Marcus. Suldae."



Marcus Veranius whispers back. "It hurt, a lot."



Suldae Westwind: That was terrifying! Time to relax by killing the terrifying undying vampire, lord of the land!



Henry of Willowsbrook: Setting Ismark, Ireena and Kasimir bback down Henry says "Well that was a

great appetizer what do you say we move on to the main course, killing Strahd right in his stupid face"



Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezmerelda gives Marcus's hand a squeeze. "Right," she says. "We're all alive now. Let's keep it that way."



Suldae Westwind: "Say, we're not dying yet. We might want to take this time," Suldae says and takes out the holy symbol.



Ireena Kolyana: "Which way...?"



Marcus Veranius: "We wanna try bringing back anyone else in this room before we head out?"



Ireena Kolyana: "What are we looking for?"



Marcus Veranius: "Back to that painting room is our current direction."



Suldae Westwind: "Hold on, hold on."



Rictavio: "The heart!"

"Remember? We still have to break it!"



Marcus Veranius: "A..."

"..."



Suldae Westwind: "Also, this!" Suldae waves the symbol in everyone's faces.



Marcus Veranius: *Bollocks!*



Ismark Kolyanovich: "It... It will take all day to search a castle this large!"



Suldae Westwind: (So, big question. Does the book count as taking up one of Suldae's attunement slots?)



Marcus Veranius: (Yes.)

GM: (I believe it does, yes)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)

Suldae turns to Ireena.

"Maybe you should have this."

GM: (Only a cleric or a paladin can attune to the amulet)



Marcus Veranius: (Do we wanna give the symbol to Henry? Then all the PCs would have an artifact)



Ireena Kolyana: The moment the amulet touches Ireena's hand, her skin steams. She cries out and snatches her hand away.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Blue to ancient magics womb" Henry quotes from memory "Think that will take us near the heart"



Ireena Kolyana: "Not for me, I think," says Ireena.

"It must know I'm... Part of all this."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae snatches it away, horrified.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry is full on attunements)



Suldae Westwind: (Say, it says that it's the symbol of ravenkind. Can Sudlae tell?)

GM: (Roll History)



Suldae Westwind:

11

HISTORY (8)
Suldae Westwind

(fucking wow)

GM: (Unfortunately, you don't recognize the amulet for what it truly is. You do see that it has a raven motif worked into the silver.



Suldae Westwind: (ty, that's sufficient for this purpose!)

Suldae's next glance lands on Ezmerelda.

The raven on the amulet makes her think that perhaps the wereravens are a natural choice for this.



Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezmerelda raises her hands. "Noooo thank you."



Rictavio: Rictavio comes forward.

"Perhaps, I..."

"Good lord!"

"That's... Why, that's the Holy Symbol of Ravenkind!"



Suldae Westwind: This is questionable, but Suldae knows neither she nor Marcus could draw power from more magical items without discarding one.

"Oh?" Suldae perks up.

Someone knows something!



Rictavio: "It's ancient! Said to have vanished centuries upon centuries ago!"

"According to legend, it was given to a paladin named Lugdana by a giant raven—or an angel in the form of a giant raven. Lugdana used the holy symbol to root out and destroy nests of vampires until her death."

"Well, her disappearance."

"Sadly, in this line of work, that's usually how it goes."



Ireena Kolyana: "She must have come to Barovia..."



Suldae Westwind: "...Well, that sounds like a piece of history," Suldae mutters. Ravens and vampires, huh.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry watches the conversation whilst taking out his waterskin and taking a sip after a moment offering it to Ismark



Suldae Westwind: "...I could discard the cloak. I trust my teammates with my protection."

(is it possible for unattune one item and attune another at the same time or would that take 2 hours instead of 1)

Marcus Veranius: (Attuning a 4th item bumps off the item attuned 1st)

GM: (I believe breaking attunement is instant, yeah)



Suldae Westwind: (that sounds good anyway)

"I will not say we are safe here, but while we have time..."

Suldae takes off the cloak and hands it to Ireena.



Ireena Kolyana: "Ooh, thank you! It's beautiful!"



Suldae Westwind: Her teammates other than her have not seen her without it in a long while.

GM: (Remind me: what kind of cloak is it?)



Marcus Veranius: (Protection. From the Death House I think?)



Suldae Westwind: Cloak of Protection

(yeah its from the Death Housee)

(under the cloak, Suldae is wearing a short purple tunic with half-length sleeves over a ruffled white shirt)

(as everyone already knew - the cloak was only covering the top of it)



Ireena Kolyana: "Do you want my cape of the Manta Ray?"



Suldae Westwind: (didnt Henry have that)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Wait you also have one of those??"



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, it's on my character sheet. I must have had it this whole time!"

GM: (Ignore that)



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh, yeah. It's not that rare a piece of magic. My dad gave it to me on my sixteenth birthday."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae ignores the conversation, being as how the entire point of this exchange was that she focuses on the amulet instead.

The inscriptions are intricate, and... is the power within it familiar?



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I got mine from a Nymph the one time I threw you into the lake"



Ireena Kolyana: "It's probably going to take time to understand the amulet. If we want to do that, we should find a more secure location to do so."

"This room has a lot of doors..."



Suldae Westwind: (brb 3 min)

(assume Suldae follows everyone wherever they go lol)



Marcus Veranius: "...Rahadin's Office maybe?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs "Works for me"



Ireena Kolyana: "Yeah, at least there we can barricade ourselves in."



Marcus Veranius stands guard outside the office, with the Valhalla Guys tank in the stairwell



Marcus Veranius puts on the Helm of Brilliance as an undead detector



Marcus Veranius: "Haha, I look silly in this."

"Goddamn I hope this stops Strahd from ambushing us."

[As long as it has at least one diamond, The Helm emits dim light in a 30-foot radius when at least one Undead is within that area. Any Undead that starts its turn in that area takes 1d6 radiant damage.]



Suldae Westwind: Suldae situates herself comfortably in the corner of the room, studying the pendant.

GM: (Roll Perception and take a short rest)



Suldae Westwind: (the question of whether its power is similar to hers is still up)

24

PERCEPTION (13)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae finds that the power of the amulet is not similar to hers, but it is rooted deep in the same thing that Suldae's raven spirit is. The power of this amulet is rooted to the power of the Raven—before it became the Raven Queen.



Suldae Westwind: (basically exactly what i meant ty)

(actually the first phrasing was 'familiar' jeez @ me)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry leans next to the door alongside Marcus pulling out some jerky from his bag and popping it into his mouth "Want some?"

11 + 1

PERCEPTION (6)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Suldae realizes suddenly that Strahd von Zarovich is standing in the corner of the room, leaning against the wall. Henry does not yet notice him.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae moves to poke Henry and point him in Strahd's direction, before settling back down.

He does not seem to be particularly bothered by the radiance of Marcus's helmet.



Strahd von Zarovich: "What are you doing?"



Marcus Veranius: (Passive 22; does Marcus notice?)

GM: (Marcus does notice, yes)



Strahd von Zarovich: "Oh, I see."

"The amulet."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns to look "Again?"



Strahd von Zarovich: "How quaint."

"Well, I must be a gracious host to my guests."

"Especially considering they won't be leaving. One must observe good manners."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You really don't have to bother with bothering us"



Suldae Westwind: "Someone died bringing it here. Quaint isn't the word I'd pick."



Strahd von Zarovich: "Oh no, she didn't die on the journey."



Suldae Westwind: (is this the start, the middle or hte end of the short rest)

GM: (This is toward the end of the short rest)
(so the short rest is accomplished)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)



Strahd von Zarovich: "She died in my dining room."

"We had soup."



Suldae Westwind: "Cute," Suldae assures him. "Approximately what I meant anyway."



Strahd von Zarovich: "Afterwards, Rahadin took that wretched thing and defiled it. Or tried to."

"But it was quite stubborn..."

"It's the platinum, you see. Not silver. Silver can tarnish, despite its holy purposes."

"Platinum, however..."

"One comes to learn these things, as one collects artifacts."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is actually pretty interested in this, as she is in artifice.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry walks up to Strahd and swings his fist right at his stuoid face



Marcus Veranius: "Shame. We should have tried putting things aside for a lovely dinner."



Suldae Westwind: But that, that is valid.



Marcus Veranius: "Probably a bit late for it now though."



Strahd von Zarovich: Henry's face does not miss. It passes right through Strahd's face and hits the stone wall behind him.

fist*]



Suldae Westwind: HENRY'S FACE



Strahd von Zarovich: lmao



Suldae Westwind: I AM NOW PICTURING THAT
YOU CANNOT STOP ME

GM: (Henry Head-butts a hole in the wall of castle strahd)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry used Headbutt. It failed.



Suldae Westwind: (face-butts)

(his nose is sturdier than that wall anyway)

Henry used Headbutt. It had no effect!

At any rate, this seems to be another illusion.



Suldae Westwind: Everyone is surprised, nay shocked at this.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Will you shut up for once in your miserable unlife!"



Strahd von Zarovich: "I suppose, being so terribly clever as you are, you've already learned how to use that nasty little thing."

"It won't avail you much. The god behind it died long ago."



Suldae Westwind: "Really?" Suldae raises her eyebrows.

Does he not know?

That's *adorable*.



Strahd von Zarovich: "Your little illusory invasion was quite something, I must admit."

"One has to give Mordenkainen credit for such things."

Strahd runs his finger along the desk, then rubs the invisible dust on his fingertips.

He does this after walking *through* Henry.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Mimimimi I'm Strahd von Zarowhocares and I have to talk constantly lest anyone notices how whiny I sound"



Strahd von Zarovich: "Rahadin is slipping, I see. Leaving great maggoty messes in his own study."

"And you! So callous! To wreck his body, and choose the room of his rotting corpse for your midday nap!"

"And they call *me* a monster."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Cause you are one"



Strahd von Zarovich: "Granted."



Suldae Westwind: "Truly, nothing like the defiling of dead bodies to... I'm not even going to finish this sentence"

Suldae says deadpan

(holy shit for once we're having a banter scene and Suldae is NOT elsewhere or busy playing lmao)



Strahd von Zarovich: "I'm merely surprised that you can stomach the stench..."



Marcus Veranius frowns. The cracks were starting to become more clear.



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd von Zarovich's eyes blaze like a pair of crimson stars.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is just waiting for any more useful insights into the nature of the artefact or whatever.

[say, HAS Suldae figured out how it works]

The maggots in the remains of "Rahadin" begin to writhe, and swell, and grow...

GM: (Yes, she has successfully attuned to it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry stabs down

GM: (As soon as she RPs it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Into the corpse



Marcus Veranius: "We're coming upstairs Strahd."

"We're putting you out of your misery."



Strahd von Zarovich: "How fascinating."



Marcus Veranius: "And deep down, I think that's what you want as well."



Strahd von Zarovich: "Do get on with it, then. I grow bored of waiting."



Suldae Westwind: [well I bloody well cannot without knowing what it does can I]

GM: (Did you see the handout that should have popped up)

(scroll down)



Suldae Westwind: (oh fuck I hadn't realized, the window was the exact size of the pic, thanks & sorry)

GM: (Lmao no worries)

(What is Henry using to attack the maggots?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Vorpals Sword

GM: (Go ahead and roll the attack)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

29

Vorpalsword (+17)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

22

Slashing

Henry casually stabs the ground forty-four times, impaling each maggot once.



Strahd von Zarovich cocks an eyebrow.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae presses the symbol against her forehead, slowly and showily so Strahd can see. She has two patrons - one of her soul, one of her body, so to speak; but that is rhetoric. She serves Correllon, but she owes the Raven some degree of allegiance as well. And so she will carry out the mission this holy symbol carries in it, so she pledges.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sorry were you trying something?"



Strahd von Zarovich: "It seems I didn't need to, to get under your skin."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I got bored listening to your pointles drivell"



Strahd von Zarovich: "Anyway. See you in a few, I suppose."



Strahd von Zarovich disappears.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena relaxes noticeably. "I could live without him doing that."



Suldae Westwind: "You know, when you two talk, I cannot tell who enjoys the sound of their own voice more, he or you," Suldae remarks to Henry after Strahd vanishes. "The difference is one of those, I enjoy too."

"Don't, uh, read too much into that, though," she adds, protectively wrapping her hand around Ireena's as she gets up.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Only makes me want to stab him harder which I admit is impressive because of how much I already wanted to do that"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Anybody know how to cast *Silence* for next time? I'd love to see him go on an angry tirade that we don't have to hear."



Suldae Westwind: "Marcus?" Suldae looks at the man.

He'd helped with that one song.



Marcus Veranius gets up from his rest, snapping his fingers to re-enable the Disguise Self spell



Marcus Veranius: "Well then! Best face for the trip onwards!"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Which way?"



Marcus Veranius: "Madame Eva has yet to disappoint. I think we ought to take our chances with that painting."



Suldae Westwind: "Sounds good to me," Suldae says.



Marcus Veranius: "If the heart was so valuable, Strahd might be inclined to lock it up."



Suldae Westwind: The two pendants on her neck hang together, the raven slightly below the god of music. That does not feel like too many.



Marcus Veranius: "Ironical if he left it with a beautiful woman he could never have."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I can't help it Suldae, whenever he talks I just have to make clear how much it annoys me if I didn't know any better I'd say he cursed me to be unable to shut up when he is around"

A blazing hearth fire fills this room with rolling waves of red and amber light. The walls are lined with ancient books and tomes, their leather covers well oiled and preserved through careful use. All is in order here. The stone floor is concealed beneath a thick, luxurious rug. In the center of the room is a large, low table, waxed and polished to a mirrored finish. Even the poker in its stand next to the blazing fireplace is polished. Large, overstuffed divans and couches are arranged about the room. Two chairs of burgundy-colored wood with padded leather seats and back cushions face the hearth. A huge painting hangs over the mantelpiece in a heavy, gilded frame. The rolling firelight illuminates the carefully rendered portrait. It is an exact likeness of Ireena Kolyana.



Suldae Westwind: "Have a cleric check you after we're done here, just in case," Suldae suggests in the most serious tone she can manage.

Mage Hand

Conjuration Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A point you choose within range

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 minute

A spectral, floating hand appears at a point you choose within range. The hand lasts for the duration or until you dismiss it as an action. The hand vanishes if it is ever more than 30 feet away from you or if you cast this spell again. You can use your action to control the hand. You can use the hand to manipulate an object, open an unlocked door or container, stow or retrieve an item from an open container, or pour the contents out of a vial. You can move the hand up to 30 feet each time you use it. The hand can't attack, activate magic items, or carry more than 10 pounds.

Suldae tries to take the portrait off its hook or whatever without coming close.

The portrait is far too heavy for her mage hand to lift, unfortunately. The frame is quite sturdy.



Suldae Westwind: "Boo," she says, disappointed.



Marcus Veranius flies up to try himself.



Ireena Kolyana: "We should have taken our rest in here."

"It would have smelled better... And been warmer."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Verily Strahd's magics are frightening in their sheer inane horribleness" Henry replies in an equally serious tone



Suldae Westwind: "And have the guy know we've found the place?"



Marcus Veranius: "We were upset about three doors. This room has five."



Suldae Westwind: "I don't think we have a lot of element of surprise left, but not squandering what little is left is worth a little stink."

"Also that."

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at Marcus "You need a hand with that?"



Marcus Veranius: "Yes actually; get the bottom of the frame if you can."

Marcus is able to lift it off the nail, and between him and Henry they soon have it off the wall.



Marcus Veranius: "Someone's got to repossess this castle at some point. This might be a museum piece!"

The wall behind the painting is smooth, unremarkable stone.



Ireena Kolyana: "I have to admit, it's very beautiful."



Suldae Westwind: (do we still have the tank?

)



Ireena Kolyana: "It must be worth a small fortune..."

GM: (It would have had to stay at the bottom of the spiral stair for this room)

(So no, no tank right now)



Suldae Westwind: (o right)



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae lowers herself onto the closest couch. Why not enjoy the luxury when it's right there?



Marcus Veranius stares at the blank wall



Suldae Westwind: She does not comment on Ireena's statement, finding it self-evident.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry knocks against the wall with the back of his Warpick



Suldae Westwind: "Inside the fireplace," Suldae suggests.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Listening if it sounds hollow



Suldae Westwind: There's a chimney there.

Or supposed to be.

Would be really weird if it wasn't hollow.



Marcus Veranius: "Alright, who has the Wand of Secrets?"

The wall sounds hollow because it is part of the chimney.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "I thought you had it!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...I'm a giant dumbass"

Henry hurls his pick through the fire against the back wall of the fireplace



Gertruda: "Oh!"

"Who are all of you?"

Marcus Veranius: (I thought I gave it to someone else but...)



Gertruda: "What are you doing in here?"



Marcus Veranius turns to the surprise guest, wand in hand

From the western doors, a small figure has emerged. She looks to be a girl of about sixteen.



Suldae Westwind: "Hello," Suldae says, not hurrying on attack.

"What's your name?"



Marcus Veranius: "Umm... chimney sweeps?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Getting lost mostly" Henry says without turning to look at the speaker



Gertruda: "I don't think you're chimney sweeps. You're those adventurers that have been driving him mad!"



Suldae Westwind: "And you?"



Gertruda: "Can't you see how much you upset him? Why won't you leave him alone!"



Henry of Willowsbrook:

DIVINE SENSE

Class: Paladin 1

As an action, until the end of your next turn, you know the location of any celestial, fiend, or undead within 60 feet of you that is not behind total cover. You know the type of any being whose presence you sense, but not its identity. Within the same radius, you also detect the presence of any place or object that has been consecrated or desecrated. You can use this feature a number of times equal to 1 + your Charisma modifier. When you finish a long rest, you regain all expended uses.



Suldae Westwind: "Hold on, this might be a misunderstanding."



Gertruda: "I'm Gertruda," says Gertruda, with a little curtsy.



Suldae Westwind:

Suggestion

Enchantment 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you

Components: V, M (A snake's tongue and either a bit of honeycomb or a drop of sweet

oil)

Duration: Concentration Up to 8 hours

You suggest a course of activity (limited to a sentence or two) and magically influence a creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you. Creatures that can't be charmed are immune to this effect. The suggestion must be worded in such a manner as to make the course of action sound reasonable. Asking the creature to stab itself, throw itself onto a spear, immolate itself, or do some other obviously harmful act ends the spell. The target must make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, it pursues the course of action you described to the best of its ability. The suggested course of action can continue for the entire duration. If the suggested activity can be completed in a shorter time, the spell ends when the subject finishes what it was asked to do. You can also specify conditions that will trigger a special activity during the duration. For example, you might suggest that a knight give her warhorse to the first beggar she meets. If the condition isn't met before the spell expires, the activity isn't performed. If you or any of your companions damage the target, the spell ends.

To Henry's senses, she is neither a fiend, a celestial, or an undead.



Suldae Westwind: "Very nice to meet you, Gertruda. Maybe we should all figure out more about each other, to avoid misunderstandings? What are *you* doing here?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry turns leaning on his Divine Senses as he takes a look at the girl. "Huh that's a surprise"



Suldae Westwind: (also, did that work)



Gertruda: Gertruda falls for the simple spell—or begins to.

Then, it crashes against a larger spell, one that has her quite tightly wrapped.

Someone has carefully been working charm magic on her for an extended period of time. She's completely enthralled.

In spite of the failing magic, she finds the request reasonable.

"I suppose that makes sense..."

"Well, I'm from the village of Barovia, down the hill, you know."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae cocks her head to one side.

"We might have met your mother..."



Gertruda: "I lived under the shadow of this huge, magnificent castle all my life. And one day, I thought to myself—'oh, I'll just go *mad* if I can't walk inside that beautiful castle!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Btw Henry kinda attacked the fireplace anything happen with that? Threw

his Pick at the backwall)



Gertruda: "So I came up here and asked to be let in, and the king was very kind to me."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tries to catch Henry's eye. He's done a fun trick before...



Gertruda: "He's given my my own room, and books, and gowns..."

She bites her lip wistfully, big eyes staring fondly into the distance. "Oh, he's just the dreamiest."

When Henry's pick hits the back wall, it dents the stone. Then it flies back to his hand.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks conflicted catching Suldaes look he mouthes 'only twice a day'



Gertruda: "I'm just a peasant girl, you know."



Suldae Westwind: "What about your mother?" Suldae asks gently.

How many girls could have gone missing from one small village, really?

...yeah, Suldae really hopes the answer is "one".

(Henry cast Dispel Magic before the long rest)



Gertruda: "Do you think he could ever think of me as...?"



Marcus Veranius fiddles with the Wand of Secrets as Suldae speaks with Gertruda. He can't be wrong about the vault! His wit is endless!



Gertruda: She blushes, twisting her hands. "No, no. Of course not. That's silly..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry has only 2 3rd level slots...)

The wand points directly to the back wall of the fireplace.



Suldae Westwind: (and he's out? gotcha)

Suldae glances at the other mages in the party.



Marcus Veranius: ...oh. That makes more sense.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (no but I kinda wanna keep them for a fight...



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena has been watching this whole situation with growing discomfort.



Suldae Westwind: (that's fair, but...)



Ireena Kolyana: "This is... A complicated spell."

"He's really got her enthralled."



Suldae Westwind: "We promised your mother that we'd ask you to come home if we met you..."
Suldae says gently.

"If your king is as good as you say, surely he'd allow you a visit?"



Marcus Veranius pauses, a flash of realization hitting as Suldae speaks



Marcus Veranius: Oh bother.



Rictavio:

FOR DESCRIPTION ONLY**Dispel Magic***Abjuration 3***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 120 feet**Target:** One creature, object, or magical effect within range**Components:** V, S**Duration:** Instantaneous

Choose one creature, object, or magical effect within range. Any spell of 3rd level or lower on the target ends. For each spell of 4th level or higher on the target, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a successful check, the spell ends.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you automatically end the effects of a spell on the target if the spell's level is equal to or less than the level of the spell slot you used.

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Suldae Westwind: (yeah im pretty sure this is that one Babys First Quest since the two of us joined)



Rictavio: Rictavio quietly comes up and prods her once in the forehead.

There is a little spark of light.



Gertruda: Gertruda blinks her large eyes several times.

"Oh... Oh!"

"My mother! My mother! Is she still alive? Is she alright?"



Rictavio: Rictavio bows slightly. "You're welcome."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae comes to her and hugs her gently.

"She's worried out of her mind."

(Possibly literally)

"You should really go home."



Gertruda: "He'll never let me leave..."

She begins to tremble.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena assists Suldae in trying to comfort her.

"There there. We're here to kill him."



Suldae Westwind: "He won't be having the last word on what anyone here does for much longer."



Gertruda: "He'll just kill you all. I... I don't want to fight him."



Marcus Veranius: "Well that's rather convenient that he kept you one chamber above a teleporter then."



Gertruda: "A tele... Porter?"

"What's that?"

"Is that some kind of special servant?"



Marcus Veranius: "Nonsense magic that sends you somewhere from somewhere else."



Gertruda: "I'm afraid I'm terribly naive about these sorts of things..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Teleporter only works inside the castle" Henry reminds Marcus



Marcus Veranius: "Oh. Bollocks."



Suldae Westwind: "We have a tank," Suldae notes.



Gertruda: "I..."

"No! No, I won't go with you!"

"It's not safe... It's safer here."

"At least I'll be in his good graces. At least I won't die..."



Suldae Westwind: "We have a place where it's safer than here."

"Not with us, no."

The tank can't go up the stairs anyway.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks around "I mean we can just come and get her when we are done right?"



Strahd von Zarovich: "They're quite right, child. You will be safe with them."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae whirls around, passing Gertrude to Henry on sheer reflex.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry throws the pick at Strahd

The pick hurtles right through Strahd, and returns to Henry's hand.



Suldae Westwind: (grapple check?)

GM: (Go ahead with the grapple check)



Suldae Westwind: (strength or athletics or can i use dexterity or acrobatics?)

(it's all about unbalancing her the right way)

GM: (Athletics or Acrobatics)

(Actually wait, I think strictly speaking it's athletics for making the grapple)



Suldae Westwind:

11

ACROBATICS (7)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: (initating a grapple is always athletics I'm afraid)

GM: (Luckily, she's a commoner)



Suldae Westwind: (I mean I'm not trying to hold her, just pull her around)

(strictly speaking a proper grapple is not the goal)

Suldae quickly snatches Gertruda out of the way, with the unfortunate side effect of switching places with her.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (rules don't care about context)



Suldae Westwind: (Rule #0)

The doors close instantly.

Suldae now stands alone with Strahd.



Strahd von Zarovich: "Hello."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae waves.



Strahd von Zarovich: "We haven't had the chance to talk much."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry kicks the door with all his inhuman might



Suldae Westwind: She then takes out the flute and gives that door the what-for.

DC19

Constitution Save

12

Thunder

60 feet

Shatter

Suldae Westwind

Henry of Willowsbrook:Shatter is a 10 foot AoE ---

It's a glorious explosion of sound and fury. Henry's booted foot blows the door off its hinges even as Suldae's thunder turns the door to a blast of splinters. Everyone in the vicinity is peppered with wooden shrapnel.



Suldae Westwind: (oops)



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd giggles.

"Oops. Look what you've done."



Gertruda: Gertruda gasps, and collapses.



Suldae Westwind:

10
Healing

60 feet

Mass Healing Word
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...Suldae why"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae says a bad word.

It heals everyone.



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, shit."



Suldae Westwind: (can't one hit kill even a commoner, that's just stupid)

(also i was going to draw a circle for how i'm aiming)

(fyi)

(the aoe i mean)

(i just have trouble with my browser cause my every click is 5ft to the side from where im aiming)

Everyone is back on their feet and in good shape a moment later, as though nothing happened. Gertruda picks herself up dizzily.



Gertruda: "Oh wow... What happened?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Nothing, sweetie. Come with me.



Marcus Veranius is checking if the fireplace fire is real, ignoring Strahd's shenanigans



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena pulls her further into the study.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I honestly don't think there was a way to use shatter there with



Suldae Westwind: Suldae steps back to everyone, definitely not embarrassed.

The fire in the fireplace is real.



Henry of Willowsbrook: out friendly fire



Suldae Westwind: (yeah shed get hurt by the wooden shrapnel but not by the spell itself)

(and thats not 1HK therefore the spell healed her)

Suldae might or might not have personal space issues with This Fucking Guy



Henry of Willowsbrook: (she has like 4 hp a stiff breeze could kill her)

GM: (Technically, it was enough to instantly kill her)



Suldae Westwind: (the damage from the door?)

GM: (But that's just... A cheap way to go)



Marcus Veranius *grabs a fire poker and tries to push logs aside*



Suldae Westwind: (again, the SPELL didnt touch her)

GM: (Also I try not to do instant kills because it's already bleh)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae has brains)

(and ty)

(what are the rules on unconsciousness and going below 0hp)

(btw)

There are no logs in the fire to poke, but Marcus picks up the poker anyway. The moment he does, there is a Click.

The secret panel swings inward on the other side of the fire.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (those normally only apply to PCs but even then Commoners have 4hp so 8 damage instantly kills them raw)



Marcus Veranius *turns to Strahd*



Marcus Veranius: "Hey, wanna tell us how to put out your fireplace?"



Suldae Westwind: (oh its that? anyway like i said the spell didnt hurt her, it would have been just the door)



Strahd von Zarovich: "Not particularly."



Marcus Veranius: "Worth askin."



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd waves a hand towards the fireplace.

GM: (Dex save, Marcus)



Marcus Veranius:

15

DEXTERITY SAVE (13)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tries her old trick with Gusting the fire aside. She has a suspicion it will not work quite as well with Strahd here to check her, but just to spite him she tries anyway.

The fireplace belches out a sudden roar of flame, but Marcus ducks it neatly and is not even singed.

Suldae Westwind:

(Flute) Gust

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 Action

Range: 30 ft

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

You seize the air and compel it to create one of the following effects at a point you can see within range:

One Medium or smaller creature that you choose must succeed on a Strength saving throw or be pushed up to 5 feet away from you.

You create a small blast of air capable of moving one object that is neither held nor carried and that weighs no more than 5 pounds. The object is pushed up to 10 feet away from you. It isn't pushed with enough force to cause damage.

You create a harmless sensory effect using air, such as causing leaves to rustle, wind to slam shutters shut, or your clothing to ripple in a breeze.



Marcus Veranius: "Whoops! Shouldn't be standing so close to this! Someone might get hurt!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "How rude, what happen to the gracious host routine?" Henry asks Stahd

The gust of wind beats the flames back into the fireplace before they can escape again. They beat the flames down, but not enough to extinguish them completely.



Strahd von Zarovich: "What, you didn't want to warm yourself by the fire?"



Marcus Veranius: "I think he's being quite gracious."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae ignores him as she comes up to the fire herself and studies the interior of the fireplace.



Marcus Veranius: "Reminds me of my stepmother."



Suldae Westwind:

19

PERCEPTION (13)
Suldae Westwind



Strahd von Zarovich: "Gertruda, sweet thing. Come to your king."



Gertruda: 12

"Uh..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (is that a save?)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena rolls her eyes. "Come on, don't be stupid!"

She pulls Gertruda's arm, snapping her out of it.



Gertruda: "Right... Right..."

Gertruda seems paralyzed with fear.



Marcus Veranius: "Oof, rejected again. Not your day Strahd."

Suldae spots runes etched into the stone under the flames. The flames are an enchantment produced by these runes.



Marcus Veranius: "What happened to that Trophy Bride we sent you the other month?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae really feels quite bad for the little girl. It cannot be denied that using her as a hostage would be a good move for Strahd, and there's only so safe they can keep her even in their midst.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at the remains of the door saddend beyond belief that he can't slam it shut in Strahds face



Strahd von Zarovich: "She tasted of old wines and stale cheeses," says Strahd. "A pleasant apertif."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Gross"



Strahd von Zarovich: "I suppose I should thank you for at least that dinner."

Strahd paces into the chamber.

He looks around the bookshelves, tutting to himself.



Marcus Veranius: "Thanks for being distracted by it."



Strahd von Zarovich: "So typical. Here you stand, in one of the greatest treasure vaults of the world, and you look for hidden doors."

"My collection here is quite literally priceless."

"There is no reason for us to be enemies, you realize."

"I can pay quite handsomely to encourage you and your friends to leave."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Kinda your fault for hiding the doors in the first place"



Suldae Westwind: "Really," Suldae says flatly, unable to hold back at this.



Marcus Veranius: "Well, people are kindof dying outside. Wouldn't want to disappoint them shuffling through a good book."



Suldae Westwind: *He hurt her girl.*



Strahd von Zarovich: "I am even willing to let Ireena go."

"You can all survive this. I'll not chase you—you can be certain of that. I cannot leave the castle now."



Marcus Veranius: "Sorry, big man upstairs told me to."

Strahd von Zarovich: "Your Ismark is returned to you, your Ireena is free, and there is no justice left to do. I am already prisoner—immortal, eternal."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yeah same"



Strahd von Zarovich: "All that drives you is hate. Do you think your gods will appreciate that?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yes"



Marcus Veranius: "You've got a 10 o'clock appointment booked in hell, and I'd be a rather shoddy tailor to not have you proper dressed for it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I asked him this morning"



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd picks a book off the shelf and opens it. He peruses the title and the cover.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "He really doesn't like you"



Strahd von Zarovich: "Here. Examine this: the works of Theodicinidimedes. A theologist of high caliber, some two thousand years ago."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is not driven by hate, actually. She's driven by an understanding of what is necessary to protect others.



Strahd von Zarovich: He tosses the book. It thumps off of Henry's armor and hits the floor.



Suldae Westwind: She doesn't like him, really, but it's more about the threat she poses than a personal emotional response. One does not hate a snowstorm when one builds a house to hide from it. Well, someone probably does, but Suldae does not. She doesn't care to talk about that, though.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry picks it up and tosses it onto a couch



Suldae Westwind: She's examining the inside of the fireplace for moer hidden switches. (I even rolled a check for that)



Marcus Veranius jumps across the fire to the hidden room across

As Marcus is leaping across the fire... (Roll a Dex save)



Marcus Veranius:

18

DEXTERITY SAVE (13)
Marcus Veranius

Suldae does not see more hidden switches, but she does see the magical runes on the ground.

Marcus leaps the flames, which suddenly burst up white-hot the moment he is amid them. He takes half of 31 fire damage.

Resting on the floor of this smoke-filled room is a closed chest surrounded by piles of gold, silver, and copper coins. The fittings and clawed feet on the chest are evidence of great workmanship.

Attached to the east wall are two torch sconces. The southernmost one holds a torch with an intricate metal base. The other is empty. A skeleton in broken plate armor lies against the wall. The skeleton's right hand is on its throat, and its left hand holds the matching torch from the empty sconce.



Marcus Veranius resists the damage further to a mere 7



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We both know you think I can't read" Henry says to Strahd shaking his head "So why would you think thrwoing books at me would work?"



Suldae Westwind: "Say, Henry," Suldae calls out. "Want to defile some writing?"



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd smiles.



Marcus Veranius: (I passed the save right?)



Strahd von Zarovich: He picks up another, heavier book.
He heaves it at Henry's head.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry has alreedy walked over to Suldae



Strahd von Zarovich: 16 To hit



Marcus Veranius: (I actually need to know if that was a pass or not. The Helm of Brilliance has a self destruct condition)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae points at the runes.
She doesn't think words are necessary, here.

Henry ducks it.

GM: (It was a success, yes)



Marcus Veranius: (thanks)



Strahd von Zarovich: "You just *don't GET* it yet, do you?"
"I'm going to torture you all to death."



Suldae Westwind: "He's getting mad," Suldae whispers to Henry.



Strahd von Zarovich: "This is your last chance at mercy."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry ducks to look at the rune Suldae is pointing at thus causing the book to sail past him into the fire



Marcus Veranius looks at the skeleton



Marcus Veranius looks at the chest



Marcus Veranius: "My goodness, it's this routine again!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh he is isn't he?" Henry says tone airily



Marcus Veranius: "We must be getting close if Strahd's making threats."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry takes the Vorpall Sword and begins carving away at the Runes

Marcus Veranius: "I mean no disrespect to our host of course. But he ought to know very well why taking an offer isn't on the table."



Suldae Westwind: ...omg its the babies...

The vorpal sword cuts smoothly through the ancient stone, scooping the runes right out of existence.

The flames instantly die.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "How sad, the poor fella lost his wits" Henry says leaning into a thick country accent



Suldae Westwind: "So sorry about defiling your hearth, Strahd," Suldae says with fakest sympathy she eve faked.

"Really feeling bad here."



Marcus Veranius: "Don't touch the chest. Remember that secret room in the old Durst place?"

"The one with the chest and the corpse in it?"



Marcus Veranius blinks



Henry of Willowsbrook: "There was a chest in a chest?"



Suldae Westwind: "No," Suldae admits. She vaguely remembers something like that but what exactly happened afterwards is kind of a blur of everything trying to kill them.



Strahd von Zarovich: Suddenly Strahd is right in front of Marcus.

"Enough games, I think."

"Did you really think I was going to take this laying down?"

"You've come quite far enough, I think."



Suldae Westwind: "You have been so far," Suldae supplies pleasantly.



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd, you misframe the current situation."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Think? No. Hoped? Kinda?"

GM: (Marcus, make a CON save)



Marcus Veranius: "You think we're here as adventurers trying to claim glory, fame, vengeance."

20

CONSTITUTION SAVE (4)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook: (any chance Henry could have moved close enough for the Aura?)

(I keep forgetting to moove my token)

Suddenly, the secret door swings shut, trapping Marcus in the little box. At the same time, the treasure chest swings open, unleashing a blast of thick green smoke.

Marcus manages to hold his breath in time.



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd's laughter echoes as he fades once again from view.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Really getting sick of that closing the doors gimmick"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at Henry.

This time she won't try to shatter what a paladin can without collateral damage.



Marcus Veranius figured this was the case after the neck-grabbing skeleton. Poor bugger.



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd's voice echoes. "What's the matter, Marcus? I can't hear you."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry Begins to break open the secret door



Marcus Veranius rolls his eyes



Henry of Willowsbrook: (What do I roll?)

GM: (Roll an attack)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

25

Vorpalsword (+17)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

20
Slashing



Marcus Veranius: ~~"Poison gas in the room honey. Trigger to the door is the fire poker."~~



Marcus Veranius mentally speaks to Ezmerelda

Swish! The vorpai blade cleaves through the stone wall. Green gas issues from the crack, quickly clouding the area in front of the fireplace.



Suldae Westwind: (Ireena and Ismark got a third siiibling)

GM: (Suldae and Henry, both make CON saves please)



Suldae Westwind:

12

CONSTITUTION SAVE (1)
Suldae Westwind

GM: (Oof)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

20 + 4**CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)**
Henry of Willowsbrook

(+3)

for Suldae



Suldae Westwind: (that makes 15!)

Suldae catches a whiff of the gas, and stiffens. She falls over—paralyzed.

GM: (For 4 hours, unless there's some kind of intervention)

(I didn't write the trap, but man is it nasty)



Suldae Westwind: Well, @*\#\$!@

GM: (As I said: oof.)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

FOR DESCRIPTION ONLY

Lesser Restoration

*Abjuration 2***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** Touch**Target:** A creature**Components:** V, S**Duration:** Instantaneous

You touch a creature and can end either one disease or one condition afflicting it. The condition can be blinded, deafened, paralyzed, or poisoned.



Suldae Westwind: (thats in-character commentary)

The gas continues to issue from the new slash in the wall. Do you continue breaking through?

Ezmerelda Veranius: "Wait! The poker!"

*Marcus Veranius tries to close the chest*

Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezmerelda snatches it up. "Marcus said it's the poker to trigger the fire."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae really wants someone to carry her out of the poison gas place.



Ezmerelda Veranius: She snatches it up from the ground and puts it back into its position in the holder. Nothing happens.



Ireena Kolyana: "Suldae!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry reaches down picks Suldae up casting Lesser Restoration once they leave the Gas



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena dashes for Suldae, holds her breath, and drags her out of the smoke—or tries to.

10

CONSTITUTION SAVE (6)



Suldae Westwind: "Th-fucking-anks" Suldae coughs as Henry drags her out of the place.

"Oh my fucking fuck-" she holds her breath and drags Ireena away.



Ireena Kolyana: (Ireena doesn't end up needing to go all the way to the fireplace, so ignore that)



Suldae Westwind: (ah ok)



Ireena Kolyana: "What do we do? Marcus is still in there!"



Suldae Westwind: *as Henry drags her into Ireena's arms.

Henry's restoration spell restores mobility to Suldae's limbs.



Suldae Westwind: "My turn?" she suggests, looking at Henry.

While holding the flute suggestively.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Go for it"



Suldae Westwind:

DC19

Constitution Save

18

Thunder

60 feet

Shatter

Suldae Westwind

Meanwhile, Marcus is attempting to close the chest, which is resisting his efforts.

GM: (Go ahead and roll athletics, Marcus)



Suldae Westwind: Considering how chimneys work, gas shouldn't go out into the room.



Marcus Veranius:

6

ATHLETICS (0)
Marcus Veranius

GM: (Unless, of course, there's something clogging the chimney.)



Suldae Westwind: (indeed)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Unless its heavier than air aswell

Marcus is unable to close the chest, and noxious gas continues to billow forth from it—but soon begins to peter out. It seems the trap has vented all of its supply.



Marcus Veranius can hold his breath for four minutes. He'll wait this out

With a blast of shattering stone, the wall crumbles. Smoke gushes out slowly in a wave, dissipating gradually.

It seems there is no airflow via the chimney.

The greenish smoke soon begins to sink, and settle on the carpet.



Ireena Kolyana: "Are you alright, Suldae?"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Are you alright, Marcus?"



Marcus Veranius nods, still holding his breath



Henry of Willowsbrook: "This damn place is quickly catching up to that godsdamn temple on my list of least favorite places in all the realms" Henry remarks



Marcus Veranius: ~~"Doin alright honey!"~~



Suldae Westwind: "I am only stupid, which is incurable," Suldae says sagely.

(i need go to go sleep)

GM: (This is a good place to stop, actually)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah it really looks like that)

(goodnight!)

GM: (Thank you all for playing! Goodnight!)

(We'll pick up here next session.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...Well atleast this one is nicer to look at" Henry concedes with a huff



Marcus Veranius readies himself to move the torch from one torch sconce to the other, next time on CURSE OF STRAHD



Marcus Veranius: Episode 64: Marcus isn't buying this hidden room; there's a vistani lady saying otherwise



Henry of Willowsbrook: "The carpet really ties the room together" Henry says grimmacing as if admiting that actually hurt him



GM (GM):

Plane Shift

Conjuration 7

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: You and up to eight willing creatures who link hands in a circle

Components: V, S, M (A forked, metal rod worth at least 250 gp, attuned to a particular plane of existence)

Duration: Instantaneous

You and up to eight willing creatures who link hands in a circle are transported to a different plane of existence. You can specify a target destination in general terms, such as the City of Brass on the Elemental Plane of Fire or the palace of Dispaten on the second level of the Nine Hells, and you appear in or near that destination. If you are trying to reach the City of Brass, for example, you might arrive in its Street of Steel, before its Gate of Ashes, or looking at the city from across the Sea of Fire, at the GM's discretion. Alternatively, if you know the sigil sequence of a teleportation circle on another plane of existence, this spell can take you to that circle. If the teleportation circle is too small to hold all the creatures you transported, they appear in the closest unoccupied spaces next to the circle. You can use this spell to banish an unwilling creature to another plane. Choose a creature within your reach and make a melee spell attack against it. On a hit, the creature must make a Charisma saving throw. If the creature fails this save, it is transported to a random location on the plane of existence you specify. A creature so transported must find its own way back to your current plane of existence.

(Ignore that)



Liliet (Suldae): here



Zanshuken: I'll need a few minutes, need to finish something else real quick feel free to start up without me



GM (GM): Howdy y'all



Zanshuken: (stupid homework)



GM (GM): Alrighty, unless I'm much mistaken, Marcus was about to move a torch?



Marcus Veranius , who survived Strahd's trap by the power of 'who just leaves the corpse in the room', begins moving the torch from one sconce to the other



Marcus Veranius: The hidden door behind him was opened by helpful allies, who can see Marcus poking around despite the gas

Marcus successfully moves the torch from one sconce to the other.

Most of the green smoke has, by now, completely dissipated.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"...maybe I need a second torch."

"Hey Henry, you got any torches?"



Zanshuken: Henry tosses him an unlit torch

The dead adventurer in the treasure chest also holds up his unlit torch.



Marcus Veranius: "Oh, thank you." Marcus takes the dead adventurer's torch and places it on... the...
Umm

Must have been a trick of the light. The skeleton clearly hasn't moved.



Marcus Veranius shoots it just to be safe. Death has yet to keep the dead from walking these past few months

As his bolt of light blows its skull to ash, the adventurer lets out one last lingering laugh, which echoes in the gloom for far, far, far too long.



Marcus Veranius quickly places the second torch

The second torch in the second sconce seems to do the trick. With a quiet 'click', a secret door in the northern portion of the eastern wall swings gently open.

It leads into an ancient hall, choked completely with spider-webs. There is a clear path down the center of the room, but the walls and ceiling are matted with thick, greasy webbing.

At the far end of the hall is a set of ornately carved bronze doors, depicting a castle on a cliff, overlooking many armies arrayed before it.



Liliet (Suldae): "...What happens if we light that on fire?" Suldae asks, pointing at the webbing.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I'm Afk for a bit)



Rictavio: "I imagine it burns."



Marcus Veranius: "Then Strahd probably takes control of the fire."



Suldae Westwind: "So what if you come back here and we do that?"



Marcus Veranius steps back



Marcus Veranius: "Don'

"Don't waste your spells. Lemme get a good angle on this..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae was just going to ask Henry for a torch, but whatever Marcus wants works too.



Marcus Veranius points through the gap between the secret doors and breaks a gem from the Helm of Brilliance



Marcus Veranius:

DC18*Half Damage on save***Dexterity Save****28**
*Fire**150 ft (20 ft radius sphere)***Fireball**

Marcus Veranius

**Suldae Westwind:** "...We could have just used a torch..."

A blast of flames engulfs the hall, and the thick webbing begins to burn. It burns like some kind of strange glue, melting and dripping and sending little wisps of ash in all directions. Soon the hall is a raging inferno.

The fire continues burning long after it should have finished consuming the webbing.

**Marcus Veranius:** "I'm retiring after today! Wanna enjoy this while I can." Marcus says with a wide grin**Ireena Kolyana:** "I... I don't think it's dying down."**Rictavio:** "Personally, the webs might have been preferable to 'raging inferno'."**Marcus Veranius:** "Umm..."**Rictavio:** "Just my two coppers, though."**Suldae Westwind:** "...Do we have any means to put out a fire? Or do wizards only learn one side of the story there?"**Kasimir Velikov:** "One imagines this is no ordinary fire. It may need to be dispelled, rather than extinguished."**Suldae Westwind:** "Also, that depends on what lived in those webs."

*might have

**Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena points at Suldae. "Exactly."

"Fire's manageable."

**Marcus Veranius:** "I have to agree with Kasimir on this one. Oil doesn't burn this long when the pot is lit."**Suldae Westwind:** "So, who can dispel? Not me."**Rictavio:** Rictavio steps forward, rubbing his hands together. "I'm game to give it a try..."

Dispел Magic

*Abjuration 3***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 120 feet**Target:** One creature, object, or magical effect within range**Components:** V, S**Duration:** Instantaneous

Choose one creature, object, or magical effect within range. Any spell of 3rd level or lower on the target ends. For each spell of 4th level or higher on the target, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a successful check, the spell ends.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you automatically end the effects of a spell on the target if the spell's level is equal to or less than the level of the spell slot you used.

WISDOM

Rictavio

Ability: 6



Suldae Westwind: (oh wow LMAO)



Rictavio raises up his hands and reaches his magic out over the flames, and attempts to unbind the magic of its creation.

With a spark and a fizzle, his attempt fails.



Rictavio: "Damn."



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, he can't concentrate on it forever."



Marcus Veranius: "Yes he can. It's Strahd, and he's a spiteful gremlin."



Ireena Kolyana: "I've got *Wall of Force*... Maybe?"

"I was hoping to save that for a more important reason, though."



Marcus Veranius: "I think it's time I called in some backup. Probably the best time for it."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae edges a little further back. Just in case.



Marcus Veranius takes out another gem and crushes it, slowly destabilizing the already tenuous Barovian economy.



Marcus Veranius: A Water Elemental comes to his aid!

(I.... I made a token for this ;-)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae lets out a quiet squeak.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Impressive!"



Marcus Veranius: "Was thinking we'd need it in the Amber Temple. But now's a good time as any."

"We've got one hour with our friend here so lets make it count! Can you put out the next room please?"



Marcus Veranius motions to the flaming chamber

The water elemental moves without hesitation, and flows into the inferno. The moment it does, the flames rush away from its presence, and suddenly condense into a single point at the opposite end

of the hallway. Watching all the flames stream to this single point is a surreal experience—fire simply should not move like this.

With a blast of light and flame, a figure now stands at the far end of the hall: a figure composed entirely of flame.

It is the flaming image of Strahd.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae steps forward to see better.

This is thoroughly interesting!



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Fight! Fight! Fight!"

GM: (Roll initiative)



Marcus Veranius:

INITIATIVE
Water Elemental

Initiative: **5**

GM: (Unless you're satisfied with the initiative you already have)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's initiative is **19.15**



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Fire Elemental

Initiative: **20**

INITIATIVE
Ezmerelda Veranius

Initiative: **11**

INITIATIVE
Ismark Kolyanovich

Initiative: **15**

INITIATIVE
Ireena Kolyana

Initiative: **16**

INITIATIVE
Rictavio

Initiative: **10**

INITIATIVE
Gertruda

Initiative: **1**



Suldae Westwind: augh



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Kasimir Velikov

Initiative: 10



Suldae Westwind: can i get my init on the tracker

GM: (Fixed it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: I can't select Henrys token

11.1

INITIATIVE (1.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (What about now?)

(Oh no, they've done an update!)

(Now I have to figure everything out)

(Need an initiative for Marcus too)

The burning image of Strahd zooms forwards, rushing at the elemental! (16 and 22 to hit.)



Marcus Veranius: Two hits



GM (GM): \as GM 22 Fire damage. Now, funny thought experiment here: "if the target is a creature or a flammable object, it ignites. Until a creature takes an action to douse the fire, the target takes 5 (1d10) fire damage at the start of each of its turns."



Suldae Westwind: does not account for creatures that are not flammable huh

GM: (And there's nothing on the water elementals sheet that indicates that it's *not* flammable... Aside from the fact that it's made of water)



Water Elemental: Rules as Written, the water elemental has no fire resistance of any kind



Zanshukun: (Aren't water elementals immune to fire damage?)

lol

GM: (And technically, if you get water hot enough, it does ignite)

(But that's at the point where it's breaking down into jet fuel)



Water Elemental: Rules as Pokemon, water types can get the Burn condition

GM: (Water elementals have immunity to poison damage, but neither resistance nor immunity to fire)



Suldae Westwind: r i p

GM: (Alright, here goes)

The burning image swings its claws, which rip through the amorphous form of the water elemental. Before your very eyes, you can see the flames sink deep into the water and continue to burn. The water elemental is now on fire.



Ireena Kolyana: "Wow, that's..."

Rictavio: "Huh."



Suldae Westwind: ...it's really, really pretty.

Anyway, Suldae takes out her holy symbol and gives the water elemental a blessing.

CHANNEL DIVINITY: LIFE'S FLOURISH

Class: Cleric

At level 2, you can use your action to grant an extra attack or non-attack action to an ally within earshot that they can use on their next turn, as a standard action.

It's formal and everything, just like she was taught at the temple. Well, heard at the temple.

EoT



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena runs in for a closer look.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...would it be too much to ask for things to make at least a little sense?"
Henry says glaring at the Being of pure water which currently was on fire.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Did you know, in hell, all water burns?"



Suldae Westwind: "It's pretty though!" Suldae counters.



Gertruda: "How do you know this...?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Good question!"

GM: (Ismark is sticking near Gertruda, so EoT for him)

(Henry, you'

(you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry walks up shaking his head hurling his Pick at the living Fire that was responsible for the nonsense he was bearing witness to (Two attacks at disadvantage because it's more than 30 ft away and I don't want to burn any resources for this dingus)

31

26

30ft/60ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook

21
Piercing

3
Acid

33

27

30ft/60ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook

20
Piercing

1
Acid

GM: (Technically, from where you're standing, you don't have line of sight—but I didn't let that stop people from going "ooh" at the thing they couldn't actually see, so I think we should let it slide)

(Two hits!)



Suldae Westwind: (i disagree! i specifically out suldae in a place where she could see stuff and i think placement matters)

(let Henry walk to where he needs to be for this)

GM: (I don't think he has the movement left to get to a spot where he can see)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (not seeing it would only give me disadvantage wich I already have so hey what ever) "How does this even work you stupid bonfire asshole?" He complains hurling his weapon at the glowing thing in the distance angriky trying to ignore the burning Water elemental infront of him



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha)

GM: (He still has to throw his weapon in a straight line, though)



Suldae Westwind: (Henry do you see theres a wall there)

GM: (It's not like it swerves around)



Suldae Westwind: (theres a wall between you and the elemental)

GM: (But I think we've spent enough time on this, so let's move on)



Ezmerelda Veranius: "'Scuze me, babe."

"Do you think we should help, or just watch?"



Marcus Veranius steps to the side



Marcus Veranius: "You could make a sport of this!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (...have it punch through the wall... not like taht would be to unreasonable)



Ezmerelda Veranius: "My money's on our guy."

GM: (In Castle Strahd, there won't be any punching through walls, I'm afraid)



Ezmerelda Veranius: For now, Ezmerelda simply observes.



Suldae Westwind: (not unless we try much harder than this?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (*shrugs* hey your the boss)

GM: (It's physically impossible to damage the walls of Castle Ravenloft right now)



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir stays with Ismark and Rictavio, to keep an eye on Gertruda.



Rictavio: "You may as well sit down, my dear. We may be here for some moments still."

GM: (It's water elemental time)



Suldae Westwind: (extra action / attack, remember!)



Water Elemental charges forward and attempts to slam the fire elemental apart**Water Elemental:** (Extra action for two uses of Multi Attack; 4 total slams)

SLAM (~-
MAMHEI6NONYPi3URMEC|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAN52PG3E1B3RYZP54V_NPC_DMG)
Water Elemental

Attack (~-
mamhei6nonypi3urmec|repeating_npcaction_-
man52pg3e1b3ryzp54v_npc_dmg)
:
18 | 15

SLAM (~-
MAMHEI6NONYPi3URMEC|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAN52PG3E1B3RYZP54V_NPC_DMG)
Water Elemental

Attack (~-
mamhei6nonypi3urmec|repeating_npcaction_-
man52pg3e1b3ryzp54v_npc_dmg)
:
14 | 13

SLAM (~-
MAMHEI6NONYPi3URMEC|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAN52PG3E1B3RYZP54V_NPC_DMG)
Water Elemental

Attack (~-
mamhei6nonypi3urmec|repeating_npcaction_-
man52pg3e1b3ryzp54v_npc_dmg)
:
10 | 21

SLAM (~-
MAMHEI6NONYPi3URMEC|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAN52PG3E1B3RYZP54V_NPC_DMG)
Water Elemental

Attack (~-
mamhei6nonypi3urmec|repeating_npcaction_-
man52pg3e1b3ryzp54v_npc_dmg)
:
12 | 20

GM: (I believe that's without advantage, so two hits and two misses)**Water Elemental:**Damage: **11** bludgeoningDamage: **12** bludgeoning

[EoT]

GM: (Ok, here's a trip)

(The fire elemental deals fire damage, which the water elemental is not resistant to. The water

elemental, on the other hand, deals bludgeoning damage—which the fire elemental *is* resistant to)



Marcus Veranius: "...yeah, this is gunna take forever."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (The Gallons of water thing for Fire Elementals tho)



Suldae Westwind: (this is the exact opposite of how this match-up is supposed to go)



Marcus Veranius *readies to join the next round of initiative*



Gertruda: "Who are all you people, anyway?"



Marcus Veranius:

19

INITIATIVE (8)
Marcus Veranius



Gertruda:

TOUCH (~-
MMBM006HDGH0xN2OLvF|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MMBM00KI-QNWITILNQJ_NPC_DMG)
Fire Elemental
Attack (~-
mmbmo06hdgh0xn2olvf/repeating_npcaction_-
mmbmooki-qnwitilnqj_npc_dmg)
:
8 | 20

TOUCH (~-
MMBM006HDGH0xN2OLvF|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MMBM00KI-QNWITILNQJ_NPC_DMG)
Fire Elemental
Attack (~-
mmbmo06hdgh0xn2olvf/repeating_npcaction_-
mmbmooki-qnwitilnqj_npc_dmg)
:
24 | 22

GM: (Ignore Gertruda)



Suldae Westwind: (I'm sorry who :P)

(heheh)

(I had such a mental image tho)

(but lets not thanks!)

The flaming figure stands tall under the water elemental's brutal assault, and swings its claws again.

GM: (Did the water elemental take 1d10 fire damage at the start of its turn?)



Gertruda:

Damage: **8** fire
If the target is a creature or a flammable object, it ignites.

Until a creature takes an action to douse the fire, the target takes 5 (1d10) fire damage at the start of each of its turns

GM: (I'm just going to do everything as Gertruda from now on, apparently)



Suldae Westwind: (Gertruda is the GM now)



Marcus Veranius: (Also one hit)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (yo GM sorry to meta game a bit but what about the Fire Elementals Water Suceptibility? doesn't that apply here?)

GM: (One would think, but it's not anywhere in the mechanics, which is super weird)
(For the sake of getting through this pokemon battle, maybe it should though)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (...DnD is a silly game)

GM: (The question is; when you get hit by the fists of a large water-based creature, is that a gallon of water splashed on it, or more than a gallon?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Seeing as the Elemental is Large I think it's arms are bigger than milk jugs...those are gallons right? stupid imperial system)

GM: (Anyway, moving on)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (alternatively maybe the Waterelemental should just go for a big hug)

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae cheers the water elemental on.

(I'm sorry, it's not the optimal use of my abilities, but it's the only in-character option)

BARDIC INSPIRATION

Class: Bard

You, the target, get a Bardic Inspiration die - a d6 initially, a d8 starting from level 5, a d10 starting from level 10, a d12 starting from level 15. You keep it for 10 minutes. During these 10 minutes you can use it up by rolling it and adding the result to one ability check, attack roll or saving throw. You can only have one at a time and uses refresh at short rest, so use it up!



Suldae Westwind inspires



Marcus Veranius acts on Initiative 19



Marcus Veranius moves into the room at takes three shots at the fire elemental

Marcus Veranius:

35

120

Sword Beam (+15)
Marcus Veranius

9 + 3

Radiant

23

120

Sword Beam (+15)
Marcus Veranius

13

Radiant

22

120

Sword Beam (+15)
Marcus Veranius

10

Radiant

(I forgot to hit the sharpshooter button. Marcus is being lazy)

GM: (One sec, R20's being stupid)

(**11**)

(There, that's better)

(Anything else you want to do on your turn?)



Marcus Veranius: (EoT)

Three blasts of light from Marcus rip into the burning figure, and its form begins to crumble. It is now more campfire than bonfire.



Ireena Kolyana: "I think it's on its last legs."



Suldae Westwind: "Let the water elemental finish it!"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "You got it!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is a bit too into this.

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks around at his friends and their chering and decides to just let this play out leaning against the wall and but preparing for any surprises

Henry takes the dodge action and passes

GM: (Water elemental takes **10** fire damage at the start of its turn)



Water Elemental: WOMBO COMBO FINISHER GO!!!

SLAM (~-
MAMHEI6NONYPi3URMEC|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAN52PG3E1B3RYZP54V_NPC_DMG)
Water Elemental

Attack (~-
mamhei6nonypi3urmec|repeating_npcaction_-
man52pg3e1b3ryzp54v_npc_dmg)

:

17 | 14

SLAM (~-
MAMHEI6NONYPi3URMEC|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
MAN52PG3E1B3RYZP54V_NPC_DMG)
Water Elemental

Attack (~-
mamhei6nonypi3urmec|repeating_npcaction_-
man52pg3e1b3ryzp54v_npc_dmg)

:

20 | 20

Damage: **17** bludgeoning

Damage: **13** bludgeoning

GM: (Splash uses Sploosh. It's super effective!)

(Go ahead and RP it killing the fire image please)



Water Elemental pushes against the fire elemental harder and harder, giving it little space to escape. Eventually it is crushed against the door and whisps out of existence as it squeezes through to the other side.

As it is squeezing under the door, you hear a screech of spellcraft.

With a sharp jolt, it is returned to the front side of the door.

It seems the door does not like things crawling underneath it.

But then again, who does?



Marcus Veranius: "...huh."

GM: (We are no longer in initiative order)



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Woohoo! Well, that was thrilling."



Water Elemental gently pats out the flames on itself with itself



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives it a round of applause.



Rictavio: "Is it over yet?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae checks the room for any more surprises.

Or anything at all.

GM: (Roll Perception)



Suldae Westwind:

31

PERCEPTION (13)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae notices a secret door on the southern side of the chamber, formerly concealed by webbing. The black char-marks of the fire make it quite plain.



Ireena Kolyana: "See any traps?"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "You mean, any *more* traps?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae examines the secret door, looking for a way to open it.

The secret door, it seems, can be easily pushed inward.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae does so.

What does she see?

This ten-foot-square room overlooks a vertical shaft to the south that plunges into darkness and continues upward.



Suldae Westwind: "Huh," Suldae says loudly so others can hear her. "Is this a chimney or a dumbwaiter?"



Kasimir Velikov: "Forgive me, would you like us to wait with our young guest, while you explore further?"

"Or do you think we should all stick together?"



Water Elemental: "Umm... splitting up sounds like a bad idea."



Marcus Veranius says this



Ireena Kolyana: "Good gods, it can talk!"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Oh, quit picking on my husband."



Suldae Westwind: (rip)



Marcus Veranius: "...maybe she can wait with the Valhalla Guys at the bottom of the stairs?"



Suldae Westwind: "...I agree," Suldae says after some trepidation.

"Splitting up is just a recipe for unpleasant surprises later."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena steps back into the room and looks at Gertruda.

"We can't leave her," she says.




Suldae Westwind: Suldae also goes back just so she can give Ismark a meaningful Look.


She hasn't forgotten *that*.





Ismark Kolyanovich: "Agreed."

Kasimir Velikov: "Perhaps we can use the teleportation chamber to send her away?"


 **Rictavio:** "Does anyone remember the way back to that chamber? I don't."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "It's just down the stairs."
"Literally the bottom of the stairs."


 **Rictavio:** "Well, I'm old."
"If you live long enough to get to my rage, you'll have trouble with big complicated castles too."


 **Marcus Veranius:** "In all fairness, this castle is more a maze than a fortress."

 **Marcus Veranius goes to investigate the magic door.**


 **Suldae Westwind:** "Does the teleportation chamber actually lead anywhere outside the castle, or just within it?"

The doors are made of bronze, and tightly sealed. Intricate bas-relief moldings depict an army arrayed before a castle on a cliff.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I don't think we know..."

 **Kasimir Velikov:** "It seems obvious to me that Strahd would have little use of a chamber that he has to travel all the way to, just to use to teleport within his own castle."

 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Unless he can teleport to it at will?"


 **Kasimir Velikov:** "If he could do that, why have the device at all?"


 **Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Well, somebody said he didn't always know how to teleport, right?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "No, Kasimir is right. We killed Strahd's dragon yet he still ignores all means of travel times in his ambushes."
"Teleportation solves that mystery."

 **Marcus Veranius checks if the door has a keyhole he can pick apart**


The door has no visible hinges, lock, or knob.


 **Suldae Westwind:** "One would assume the remote locations to be secured by Strahd's forces or constructs, though."
"I don't think it's safe."

 **Gertruda:** "May I have a say in my fate?"

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Sure" Henry says "Any suggestions are welcome"

 **Marcus Veranius checks if there's any gaps of some kind**

 **Gertruda:** "I would like to stay here. Strahd has been kind to me."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "See that might be a problem in the near future as we kinda sorta are here to kill him"

Suldae Westwind: "...I know I've very room to talk here," Suldae says with a momentary flash of guilt, "but he does not care about you. He'll use you as he sees fit; so far that involved keeping you safe, but..."

"...Kindness is not a language he speaks."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena scoffs. "He's a fucking vampire, you little nitwit. He only wants your blood."

She massages her temples irritably.

"Sorry."

"It's just..."

She pulls aside her collar, revealing the two little scars.



Gertruda: "I know. And I shall be immortal... Young forever."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks at them, worried. This is the first she knows about it.

"...Not how it works, kiddo."



Ireena Kolyana: "How quickly do you think he's going to get bored of you?"

"You won't even *be* you, if he does turn you. Whatever *you* were will speed on to its final destination, and something awful will rise in your flesh."

"Besides."



Suldae Westwind: "The thing about being undead is that you die, first," Suldae picks up her thread of thought.



Ireena Kolyana: She stands below the massive portrait above the fireplace, and points up to it.



Suldae Westwind: (rip)



Ireena Kolyana: "Look. He's obsessed with me. He'll forget you the moment you're no longer useful or entertaining to him."

"Countless men and women have met that same fate, here. In my past lives, I—"



Gertruda: Gertruda laughs. "Past lives? What a silly notion."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae groans and shoves her face into her hands.



Gertruda: "Look at me. I could make him forget you."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena mutters under her breath: "Did anyone prepare *Sleep*?"



Suldae Westwind: (thats what i was THINKING)

Meanwhile, Marcus discovers that there is a gap under the door, but he senses a faint magical field there, preventing even dust from passing through.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae exhales. "You're a really silly child. Please, *sleep*."

There is power in her voice, a melody just in the single syllable of the word.

14

Hit Points of Creatures

90 feet

Sleep

Suldae Westwind

Gertruda collapses limply.



Suldae Westwind: (this is what the spell is FOR, it really is)



Rictavio: Rictavio guides her fall, so she lands on the couch.

"Right, well, that's one thing settled."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Not really, now she's just dead weight."



Ireena Kolyana: "Yes, well, the important thing is that she's *not* dead."



Suldae Westwind: "Better than actively trying to run off, though."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Also immortality doesn't mean much if people can and want to kill you, which seeing as you'd be a vampire they would want to. So you would have to live with a target on your back hoping no one gets to you for all of forever only to be damned to hell when someone finally get's to you....huh you just knocked her out"



Ireena Kolyana: "And that we can keep it that way..."



Suldae Westwind: (im so sorry henry)

(i also wanted to talk about 'is this the side you want to pick in this war' but ireena veered left)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well" Henry says looking at the sleeping girl and thinking "How long do you think it takes us to get to Strahd ? Less than 1 hour?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena sighs. "I'm beginning to think we won't make it to him until nightfall."

"Especially if he's hidden in some stupid warren of secret passages."



Marcus Veranius returns from his door breaking to check on the main room situation



Ezmerelda Veranius: "So what do we do with this silly girl?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I was just thinking of putting her in a Rope Trick so till we are done"



Marcus Veranius: "The tank and the Valhalla Guys are dead weight with this mess of secret doors and a possible pitfall."

"Have them take the girl and leave."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Right! The tank!"



Marcus Veranius: "All four of them."

"We'll continue with just us."



Suldae Westwind: "More details on the "leave" part?"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Yeah... We haven't even seen the exit doors yet."



Ireena Kolyana: "I doubt the windows are breakable..."



Marcus Veranius points to the stairs, and the teleport chamber at the bottom



Kasimir Velikov: "I suppose we had better tell them which orb to use."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sighs. Well, if the wizard is certain.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Wasn't there a passage outside? the place with all the water on the ground?"



Kasimir Velikov: "I believe that is in the dungeons, and unlikely to lead outside."

"If we choose the wrong orb, though..."

"Cast a stone into the fire:

Violet leads to the mountain spire

Orange to the castle's peak

Red if lore is what you seek



Kasimir Velikov: Green to where the coffins hide

Indigo to the master's bride

Blue to ancient magic's womb

Yellow to the master's tomb"

"I have to confess, these all sound like they might be locations within the castle..."

"Except perhaps 'the mountain spire'..."



Marcus Veranius: "...what if they're not though."

"Ancient Magic's Womb might be the Amber Temple."



Kasimir Velikov: "If we assume that they are *not* locations within the castle, then we must pick the one that seems like the safest to send her to."



Marcus Veranius: "Does Barovia have a library?"



Kasimir Velikov: "Not that I am aware of."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Look, maybe... The Valhalla guys can keep her locked up."



Suldae Westwind: "...Can we just take her with us?"

"There are a lot of us."

"We can maybe take care of one sleeping kid."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Maybe we just put her in the tank with the valhalla guys, and leave them somewhere..."



Marcus Veranius: "We need her away from where Strahd can use her as hostage. Which he WILL do if she's within the castle."



Ireena Kolyana: "Yes, that does sound like his style..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at Gertudas sleeping form and sighs "Anyone else thinking being evil right about now would make things easier? or less complicated at least?"



Marcus Veranius ignores the suggestion and considers



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Ok, last option... I can take her. I have Dimension Door. I think it would be enough to get us through the walls. Maybe then what's his face could send me back in?"

Ireena Kolyana: "Assuming you even *can* teleport through the walls of the castle, which I doubt."



Marcus Veranius: "AHA! I FIGURED IT OUT!!!"

"Indigo to the Master's bride! Which would be the residence of his chosen bride, Ireena."

"Indigo may lead to her home in Barovia Village."



Suldae Westwind: "Henry, that's the one attractive thing about evil, yes."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Or and hear me out here it could lead to the room he chose for her here or one of them rooms for his concubines, which I'll just assume he has because well he is Strahd"



Suldae Westwind: "Yeah."

"I doubt these locations are just for... this generation."



Marcus Veranius: "It's the safest to try out."



Suldae Westwind: "Try out how?"



Marcus Veranius: "If it's a castle warp, she'll appear here. This IS the bride's chamber."

"If it's a warp outside the castle, she won't appear here."



Suldae Westwind: "And if it's elsewhere in the castle after all?"

"This is actively riskier than taking her with us."



Marcus Veranius: "It very much isn't."



Suldae Westwind: "Also, just because it's a warp outside the castle - if it is - doesn't mean it's SAFE there."



Marcus Veranius: "We are also wasting time discussing this."



Suldae Westwind: "Yes, but I won't let you literally throw her into danger. Seriously, Marcus."

"This is a terrible idea."

"As it stands right now, anyway."



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd had to have some method of sneaking upon Ireena's residence. This was his method."

"Everything lines up."



Suldae Westwind: "And? We don't know what's on the other side!"



Marcus Veranius: "Heck, I may even suspect Where Coffins Lie to be the coffin shop where Strahd hid vampires. Same logic."



Suldae Westwind: "...That would actually be safer."

"At least we have Vallaki secured."



Marcus Veranius: "If you wish to try it. The coffin maker was Strahd's pawn and could have established the teleporter."

"Also explains how Strahd got vampires past the wards."



Suldae Westwind: "Though admittedly, Barovia village IS her home. Still, we could be delivering her

straight into the arms of Strahd's pawns there."

"And I don't think it's SUFFICIENTLY CERTAIN that the coffin thing is true."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sooooooo we're gonna take her with us aren't we?" Henry says with a hint of resignation "It's the only way we can actually confirm where she is because none of us can go with to check the arrival point and then group back up if it's outside the castle"



Suldae Westwind: (OOO: what is the form of those labels again?)

(Were they inscriptions or something?)

(I forgot)



Marcus Veranius: "We can't spend all afternoon here. Strahd will get stronger if we fail to reach his sanctum by nightfall. Unless you have a better idea, we send her to the coffins or the bride."



Suldae Westwind: "Yes. We take her with us."



Marcus Veranius: "And if Strahd teleports behind us and grabs her? Like he did five minutes ago?"



Suldae Westwind: "We don't bloody well leave her behind!"

"If Strahd can teleport behind us and attack randomly, her presence doesn't change THAT much in terms of how much of a threat that is!"



Marcus Veranius: "Any one of us can survive a knife to the back. She can't."



Suldae Westwind: (that doesn't even make sense in-universe)

"We have, like, five mages here. I didn't actually count."

"But many."

"We can't protect one girl?"

She looks at Rictavio. He was the one with all the defenses last she checked.



Marcus Veranius: "Suldae. This isn't a place for civilians. She needs to go."



Suldae Westwind: "We have no safe means to send her away!"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "What about this: we keep her with us *for now*. We look for a way to get her out if we can, or a good place to lock her up if we can't."



Marcus Veranius: "...just take her with us. We can't afford to waste more time on this."

"Someone help me with the door in the next room."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods mutely. She looks at Ismark and Rictavio. "Would you?..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Man fuck Strahd" Henry says following Marcus



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark and Rictavio glance at one another and play a hasty game of rock-paper-scissors.



Marcus Veranius: "The door's absolutely solid. I'm thinking if there's a gap, we could try a teleport spell to the other side."



Ismark Kolyanovich: Losing, Rictavio sighs and picks up the unconscious girl, slinging her over his shoulder somewhat carelessly.

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Have you tried opening it the normal door way?"



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir moves forward and examines the door.

22

14

ARCANA (8)

"Interesting... It seems to want a password."

"I doubt that we will be able to teleport through. Most forms of teleportation are taxing spells. Would you like to try it?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I think I've got one more Dimension Door in me."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Strahd von Zarovitch" Henry blurts out hearing the word password looking addressing the door

The door does not budge.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Worth a try"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena says: "Remember, he's killed loads of adventurers. He's likely defended against our most obvious solutions..."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "The book! The tome of Strahd!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Anyone recognize the scene on the Door?" Henry says "Might be a hint"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "There must be something in there that would give it away..."



Marcus Veranius: "OH! THE BOOK!"

"Prophecy wouldn't have wanted us to find Strahd's diary if it wasn't important somewhere in the grand scheme of things."



Ireena Kolyana: "So what did we learn from the book that we wouldn't otherwise know?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Who was holding on to it again?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Don't look at me!"



Suldae Westwind: "...Why wouldn't he just use a key," Suldae muttered to herself. Fucking immortal vampires and their hobbies.



Ireena Kolyana: "A key can be forged, a lock can be picked. A spell is better."

"I can see the logic..."

Ireena thinks for a moment.

11

INVESTIGATION (6)

GM: (Imao Ireena)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (no seriously do we have the book with us to cheat?)

Marcus Veranius: (Suldae has the book)

(She got super cursed grabbing it)



Suldae Westwind: (oh yeah)

Suldae takes the tome out.

GM: (You should see two handouts now)



Marcus Veranius: "...Tatyana?"

"Vampyr."

The door does not budge.



Ireena Kolyana: "Huh. I thought for sure..."



Suldae Westwind: "Death" Suldae suggests.

The door remains firmly closed.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ravenloft" Henry says "Guards"



Suldae Westwind: "...In the name of a just god," Suldae points out a paragraph.

"Which god?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Gods of justice, uh..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Tyr, Helm, Pelor" Henry says

The door remains firmly sealed.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tries to see if he can get anything from the depiction of the army



Marcus Veranius: *"I am the ancient. I am the land."*

Click.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (would that be History?)

"Oh"

As Henry is studying the doors, they swing gently inward...



Suldae Westwind: "...Thanks," Suldae says sincerely.



Ireena Kolyana: "Wow, what a pompous ass."

"He picked that for his password? Seriously?"



Marcus Veranius: "A poet."



Ireena Kolyana: "Talk about an ego."



Suldae Westwind: She argues with Marcus occasionally, but it cannot be denied that *most* of the time he's very, very good to have around.

"Does that surprise you somehow?"

Henry of Willowsbrook: "If it weren't for the mists his ego could surely blot out the sun



Marcus Veranius: "The phrase has great meaning to him."



Suldae Westwind: "Something something the nature of the mists..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry goes through the door shield up

You hear rain and thunder outside, and the air here is cold and damp. Veils and curtains of webbing fill the room, making it hard to gauge its width and depth. A single, narrow path leads to the dark center of the room, where a rope dangles from high above. The ceiling is obscured by webbing, but you see many exposed beams.

In the center of this chamber, obscured by webbing, there stands a figure—a skeleton in a full suit of armor. The skeleton has three skulls, each facing a different way.



Suldae Westwind: (it would be really helpful if we could see on the map)

GM: (You should be able to now?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We were looking for his big magic heart right?"

At the sound of Henry's voice, the three headed skeleton cackles.

It reaches up with both hands, grasps both side-skulls, and breaks them off its neck with a crunch.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry groans "Any chance you could go back to sleep and just let us be on our way?"

Gently it upraises them, and both of them suddenly wreath themselves in emerald flame. Gem-bright stars flash in their hollow sockets as they rise into the air independently.



Ireena Kolyana:

INITIATIVE Skull Lord <hr/> Initiative: 9.16
--



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE Flameskull <hr/> Initiative: 15
--



Marcus Veranius:

20

INITIATIVE (8)
 Marcus Veranius



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE Flameskull <hr/> Initiative: 9

INITIATIVE

*Kasimir Velikov***Initiative: 4****INITIATIVE***Ezmerelda Veranius***Initiative: 19****INITIATIVE***Ireena Kolyana***Initiative: 8****INITIATIVE***Rictavio***Initiative: 17****INITIATIVE***Ismark Kolyanovich***Initiative: 22****Henry of Willowsbrook:****2.1****INITIATIVE (1.1)**
Henry of Willowsbrook

Henry looks at the flying skulls "Oh for fucks sake not these chukleheads again"

(Henry is to annoyed to react fast this fight it seems)

GM: (Still need an initiative from Suldae)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (brb)**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae's initiative is **8.15**

(sorry)

**Ismark Kolyanovich:** "Oh shit!"**13**

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)Eldritch Spear with Agonizing
Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet,
add CHA modifier to damage)**12****13**

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing

Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet,
add CHA modifier to damage)

9

He looses two Eldritch Blasts, both of which glance harmlessly off the skeleton's tarnished plate mail.

GM: (Marcus is up)



Marcus Veranius is greatly intimidated by the prospect of more floating fire skulls. He immediately puts everything he's got into shooting them down



Marcus Veranius: He shatters a diamond from the Helm of Brilliance and traps all three skulls in a cone of rays

DC18

Half Damage on save / No Effects

Dexterity Save

1. Fire
2. Acid
3. Lightning
4. Poison
5. Cold.
6. [No damage; Restrained]
7. [No damage; Blinded]
8. Struck twice. Roll two d8s.

33
Damage

1
Damage Type

60-foot cone

Prismatic Spray
Marcus Veranius

DC18

Half Damage on save / No Effects

Dexterity Save

1. Fire
2. Acid
3. Lightning
4. Poison
5. Cold.
6. [No damage; Restrained]
7. [No damage; Blinded]
8. Struck twice. Roll two d8s.

35
Damage

5
Damage Type

60-foot cone

Prismatic Spray
Marcus Veranius



GM (GM):

MAGIC RESISTANCE.

The flameskull has advantage on saving throws against spells and

other magical effects.



Marcus Veranius:

DC18

Half Damage on save / No Effects

Dexterity Save

1. Fire
2. Acid
3. Lightning
4. Poison
5. Cold.
6. [No damage; Restrained]
7. [No damage; Blinded]
8. Struck twice. Roll two d8s.

33

Damage

3

Damage Type

60-foot cone

Prismatic Spray

Marcus Veranius

(One for each target)

DC 18 dex saves?)



GM (GM):

DEXTERITY

Flameskull

Ability: 6 | 22

GM: (First skull passes its dex save)



Marcus Veranius: (First skull had fire damage so I dont care about him)

GM: (Skull lord will roll now)



GM (GM):

DEXTERITY

Skull Lord

Ability: 13

GM: (He'll burn a legendary resistance)



GM (GM):

**LEGENDARY RESISTANCE
(3/DAY).**

If the skull lord fails a saving throw, it can choose to succeed instead.

DEXTERITY

Flameskull

Ability: 23 | 16

EVASION.

If the skull lord is subjected to an effect that allows it to make a Dexterity saving throw to take only half the damage, the skull lord instead takes no damage if it succeeds on the saving throw, and only half damage if it fails.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

GM: (The last skull got hit with lightning, yes?)



Marcus Veranius: (Yes)

GM: (He's got resistance to that, so half damage then resistance)



Marcus Veranius: 8

GM: (So... 8 points of damage gets through on that last one)



Marcus Veranius stares

Nimbuses of magic dance around the armored skeleton. It seems, despite a direct hit, the skeleton's armor deflects the entirety of the blast.



Marcus Veranius: Action Surge



Marcus Veranius draws the Sunsword and takes potshots at Armor Skeleton. This is why we don't deviate from the classics.



Marcus Veranius: (4 hits, Two attacks, 1 firstround, 1 bonus action)
(Err, 4 attacks)

GM: (So action to cast the ray, then action surge?)
(I get confused so easily)



Marcus Veranius: (Yee)

GM: (I trust ya)



Marcus Veranius: (I was gunna double-ray but nah)

19		15
120		
>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)		
(+10)		
Marcus Veranius		
24		
<i>Radiant</i>		

29		24
120		

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)
Marcus Veranius

22 + 3
Radiant

17 | 28
120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)
Marcus Veranius

20
Radiant

21 | 30
120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)
Marcus Veranius

19 + 6
Radiant

GM: (Four hits)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 4d8+16 Undead Target

(2 + 7 + 8 + 6)+16

= 39

When you score a critical hit against a creature, that target takes an extra 4d6 cold damage, and you gain a number of temporary hit points equal to the cold damage dealt.

17
Cold

Critical Fury
Marcus Veranius

When you score a critical hit against a creature, that target takes an extra 4d6 cold damage, and you gain a number of temporary hit points equal to the cold damage dealt.

15
Cold

Critical Fury
Marcus Veranius

GM: (Jeez dude, he's dead)



Suldae Westwind: (omfg wow)

GM: (Strahd is shaking in his coffin now)

(Go ahead and RP it please)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (back aaaaaaaand it's dead)



Marcus Veranius rolls his eyes as the skeletons dance around cones of magic from a dead god's helmet of destruction.



Marcus Veranius: He draws his sword and manually sends rays of light to hit their mark instead. Four quick shots. EVADE THIS!

The skull lord is quite literally atomized, armor and all.



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezmerelda steps up, seeing the effectiveness of the direct approach, and lunges at the nearest flameskull with her rapier and her handaxe.

+3 RAPIER (DEFENDER)
Ezmerelda Veranius

Attack: 30

Damage: 9 piercing

+3 RAPIER (DEFENDER)
Ezmerelda Veranius

Attack: 15

Damage: 13 piercing

+1 HANDAXE
Ezmerelda Veranius

Attack: 20

Damage: 9 slashing

The skull is nimble, but it cannot evade the precision of her blows. Clinging to life, it prepares its counterattack.



Rictavio: "Don't mind me, I'll just be watching the girl..."



Flameskull: "EEEEHEHEHEHEHEEEEE!"

DC13

Half damage

Dexterity Save

27
Fire

150 ft

Fireball

Flameskull



Water Elemental isnt fighting more fire monsters.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry groans seeing the by now familiar bead of red form in the Skulls mouth

GM: (Need a dex save from Henry, Marcus, and Suldae)



Water Elemental:

31

21

DEXTERITY SAVE (13)
Marcus Veranius



Kasimir Velikov:

21

14

DEXTERITY SAVE (2)



Ireena Kolyana:

8

DEXTERITY SAVE (2)

GM: (I think Ezmerelda is just barely outside of it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (question can Henry deflect the Fireball with his cool new shield?)



Suldae Westwind:

24

DEXTERITY SAVE (7)
Suldae Westwind

GM: (Wait can he)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

BONE SHIELD

Other: Magic Item

The rune covered unbreakable bone plate hovers weightlessly next to the wearers arm.

+3 to AC

As a reaction the wearer can duck behind the shield to deflect a single blow or an evocation spell.

Deflected line spells reflect back in a cone the size of half their remaining length.

As a bonus action the shield can be thrown out to attack enemies (see attacks)



Suldae Westwind: (rip ezmerelda if you do that tho)

GM: (HMMMMMMMMMM)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (nah Henry could just send it upwards right?)



Marcus Veranius: (I hate to be that guy but Fireball typically wraps around obstacles. Might not work only for this spell)

GM: (That's probably true)



Suldae Westwind: (Henry could probably reflect it to the center of detonation)

GM: (Also, since it's positioned right beneath him, I don't think it would work very effectively to deflect it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Hey I was just askin cause Fireball is evocation)



Suldae Westwind: (so shield Suldae, fuck over Marcus)
(or that)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so yes or no?)



Marcus Veranius: (Leave marcus to burn. It's thanksgiving now; roast bird is in season)

GM: (But it would also be so cool)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae is fine)

GM: (Let's go with no, for now)
(I'll revisit that later and come up with something)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

7 + 4

DEXTERITY SAVE (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: Suldae ducks behind Henry successfully.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Well everyone takes half anyway because of Aura of Warding
(except Ireena of cause)

GM: (Except Ireena, yeah)



Suldae Westwind: (ouch)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (girls just unlucky)

GM: (And it's the second flameskull's turn, but he's focused on Ezmerelda)



Flameskull:

9

Higher Level Cast

12

Force

120 ft

Magic Missile
Flameskull**Marcus Veranius:** (Half Damage from the marriage ring)

(Marcus takes half)

The wounded Flameskull cackles and looses a powerful Magic Missile spell.**Marcus Veranius:****23****14****CONSTITUTION SAVE (4)**
Marcus Veranius**Henry of Willowsbrook:** 13 damage for pass or fail in aura 6 for pass in aura and Irenea takes 27 from the firball btw**Marcus Veranius:** (Concentration)**GM:** (Suldae is up)**Suldae Westwind:** HALO TIME.**21****Halo throw (+12)**
Suldae Westwind**17**

Thunder

GM: (Hit)**Suldae Westwind:****28****Halo throw (+12)**
Suldae Westwind**17**

Thunder

GM: (Hit)**Suldae Westwind:****24****Halo throw (+12)**
Suldae Westwind**10**

Thunder

GM: (Also, he's dead now)

(Hit again)

(Not enough to kill the northern flameskull, but the southern one is dust)



Suldae Westwind: (aand I'm out of targets)

While the halo is whistling through the air, Suldae plays.

DC19

Dexterity Save

11

Radiant

60 feet

Sacred Flame

Suldae Westwind



Flameskull:

MAGIC RESISTANCE.

The flameskull has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.



Suldae Westwind: The name of the song is "Fuck The Northern Skull"



Flameskull:

DEXTERITY

Flameskull

Ability: 14 | 17



Suldae Westwind: :)



Flameskull: "YAAAARGH!"

GM: (Still alive though)

(But jyyyyuust barely)

(Any additional movement/action?)



Suldae Westwind: (nah, I'm good)

EoT

(sorry i keep getting distracted rip)



Ireena Kolyana: "That," says Ireena, walking to gain line of sight, "hurt."

You create three glowing darts of magical force. Each dart hits a creature of your choice that you can see within range. A dart deals 1d4 + 1 force damage to its target. The darts all strike simultaneously, and you can direct them to hit one creature or several.

At Higher Levels: When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, the spell creates one more dart for each

slot above 1st.

5
Force

120 feet

Magic Missile

Three darts fly from her outstretched hand, whistling past Henry's ear. They strike the skull pulverizing it.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Now what?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae ends the song and gives her a thumbs up.

The webbing here is horribly thick.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks up.

Ezmerelda realizes, after a moment, that she is stuck.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Uh, guys..."



Marcus Veranius looks at the rope going upwards

Something enormous sits in the rafters, a bulk of furry shadow with a great many limbs.

The walls of the chamber seem to be oozing with something—something beetle black and shiny, flowing slowly down the stone—and the webbing.



Marcus Veranius: (How much web is left after the flameskull fireballs?)

GM: (Oddly enough, this webbing doesn't seem to be flammable.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It could have just pretended to be still dead but nooooooooooooo it had to get all prickly about it" Henry complains before turning to look up "Don't you fucking dare..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae guides the halo to try to cut Esmerelda free of the webbing.

The halo cuts easily through the webbing, and Ezmerelda leaps free.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

17 + 1 | **12 + 1**

INTIMIDATION (8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

Something chitters in the darkness far above.



Marcus Veranius looks further up



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Well," says Ezmerelda. "Do we pull the rope?"



Ireena Kolyana: "It's probably just the belfry. Do we want to ring the bell?"

Beyond the rafters, the bulk of the enormous furry thing is all that Marcus can see. It—and the incredible webbing—conceals the distant ceiling.

Henry of Willowsbrook: Anything else in the room besides the rope and fred the spider that Idamn well hope knows better?



Marcus Veranius: "Unless we want to look around for another secret door. Maybe on the floor this time."

The shiny darkness creeps lower and lower on the walls...



Suldae Westwind: "...Would it even ring with all the webbing?"

"We won't know unless we try."

Suldae pulls the rope.



Marcus Veranius moves to pull the rope

GM: (The rope is in the middle of the curved portion of the room)



Marcus Veranius teams with Suldae to pull the rope with advantage



Henry of Willowsbrook: How far up is the spider?

GONG!

A great brass bell rings out, rattling the stones.

At once, from the darkness of the ceiling, huge shapes come lumbering down, following the creeping darkness.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Uh, guys..."



Suldae Westwind: "Retreat to the previous room?"

It becomes apparent, by the way the darkness is moving, that it is not a liquid at all. It is millions upon millions of spiders.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yup"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Out of my way!"

Ezmerelda quite literally vaults over both Henry and Ireena.



Marcus Veranius smiles, readying to cast a perfectly-shaped Wall of Flame along the tower's inner walls



Suldae Westwind: Suldae... retreats with dignity.

She can appreciate a bunch of giant spiders. She is much less onboard with a wave of tiny ones.



Marcus Veranius: "Twenty foot diameter circle! I love this castle!"

(Should I do this on initiative or do I have time before the spiders come down?)

GM: (You have time, they're still pretty high on the walls)



Marcus Veranius:

DC18

Half Damage on save

Dexterity Save**17**
*Fire***Wall of Fire**
Marcus Veranius**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (how far away is the big one from Henry?)**GM:** (It's about fifty feet up, on the wall still)**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae leaves the halo hovering where it was near Ezmerelda to save time**Marcus Veranius:** You create a wall of fire on a solid surface within range. You can make the wall up to 60 feet long, 20 feet high, and 1 foot thick, or a ringed wall up to 20 feet in diameter, 20 feet high, and 1 foot thick. The wall is opaque and lasts for the Duration.

When the wall appears, each creature within its area must make a Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, a creature takes 5d8 fire damage, or half as much damage on a successful save.

One side of the wall, selected by you when you cast this spell, deals 5d8 fire damage to each creature that ends its turn within 10 feet of that side or inside the wall. A creature takes the same damage when it enters the wall for the first time on a turn or ends its turn there. The other side of the wall deals no damage.

GM: (The chamber is quite tall)**Suldae Westwind:** (can i have the token)**Henry of Willowsbrook:****DC18***no damage on save***Strength Save**

The shield flies 60 feet in a straight line knocking enemies prone unless they succeed on the STR or DEX save. Medium or smaller creatures pinned by this attack take double the damage.

21*Bludgeoning**60 feet line***Bone Shield Hammer**
Henry of Willowsbrook

at the big one

**Marcus Veranius:** Marcus turns the 20 ft at the bottom of the tower into an inferno, the flames filling the entire cylinder

Everyone outside is safe


**Suldae Westwind:** (what's "quite tall")
(in feet)


GM: (You haven't seen the ceiling yet. The rafters are about 70 feet up.)

 **Sulda Westwind:** (ty)


(I'm guessing Marcus waits for the spiders to be in range)


GM: (23 Strength)

 **Sulda Westwind:** (would the halo be damaged by fire? it's not a creature and i doubt its physical enough to be flammable)


 **Marcus Veranius:** (Nah, marcus does it immediately to keep the spiders from coming down)

 **Sulda Westwind:** (ooh ok)


 **Marcus Veranius:** (We can shoot upwards)


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (ow dang I hoped the first time using the shield would hit something)


Though the shield makes a satisfying thud as it strikes the enormous spider, it shrugs it off.

 **Sulda Westwind:** (uh that leaves an area of space)

The enormous spider hisses, baring huge clicking mandibles and many glinting eyes. It has far more than the usual eight.

 **Marcus Veranius:** I assume the tower itself is the round portion, with a room at the bottom)

 **Sulda Westwind:** (dnd: where you get to beat up your phobias and set them on fire)

 **Marcus Veranius:** Spiders have to pass the wall to get to us

It lunges its body suddenly, contorting to bring its spinnerets to bear.

 **Sulda Westwind:** (ohhhhhh)

A vast net of webbing sprays down onto the flames, coating them thickly. The webbing does not burn...

The wall of flames continues, because it needs no fuel and no oxygen to do so.


Webbing and flame fight for a while, seemingly without purpose...

 **Sulda Westwind:** wait hold on

if we're doing this Sulda also sends the halo up

it rips up the webbing and also attacks the spider and the smaller swarms

*swarms

 **Marcus Veranius:** (The flames have no mass. The webs would probably fall through to the ground fruitlessly, neither resisting the other)

 **Sulda Westwind:** (sorry)

(i accidentally clicked the spider)

The halo hurtles upward, tearing webbing, passing harmlessly through flame...

GM: (Ok, roll the attacks, then let's get into initiative)



Marcus Veranius:

23

INITIATIVE (8)
Marcus Veranius



Giant Spider:

INITIATIVE
Giant Spider

Initiative: 18



Henry of Willowsbrook:

10.1

INITIATIVE (1.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Swarm of Spiders

Initiative: 18

INITIATIVE
Kasimir Velikov

Initiative: 21

INITIATIVE
Ezmerelda Veranius

Initiative: 25

INITIATIVE
Ireena Kolyana

Initiative: 19

INITIATIVE
Ismark Kolyanovich

Initiative: 4

INITIATIVE
Rictavio

Initiative: 5



Suldae Westwind:

31

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

18

Thunder

Suldae's initiative is **8.15**
(this is @ the nearest swarm)

GM: (That's a hit)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I didn't have my token selected mb)
(do I roll again?)



Suldae Westwind:

31

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

14

Thunder

GM: (I've gotcha)



Suldae Westwind: (big spider)

GM: (Big spider is still 50 feet up the wall, so make sure you take that into account)
(That's a hit)



Suldae Westwind: (ty, that's 50 ft)
(how far from the spider to deal meaningful damage to the next swarm next to it)

21

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

16

Thunder

GM: (It's quite close to the swarms on that side of the room)



Suldae Westwind: (im guessing its less 'distance to combatant' and more 'distance traveled through the swarm')
(well, this was on that)

GM: (We'll call it five feet)



Suldae Westwind: (ty, 55 ft for the moment)
(im guessing that s a hit)

29

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

16

Thunder

GM: (Yes, it was)

Suldae Westwind: (big spider)

(also a hit)

(60 ft)

(that was a question sorry i lost the mark)

17

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

14

Thunder

GM: (That's a hit)



Suldae Westwind: (back at the same swarm, 65 ft)

26

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

16

Thunder

(big spider, 70 ft)

24

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

18

Thunder

(swarm, 75 ft)

29

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

12

Thunder



Suldae Westwind: (spider, 80 ft)

32

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

16 + 7

Thunder

(swarm, 85 ft)

(dangit why couldnt it crit at the big spider)

23

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

20
Thunder

(spider, 90 ft)



Suldae Westwind: (still hit?)

GM: (Still a hit)

(lmao)



Suldae Westwind:

19

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

14
Thunder

28

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

13
Thunder

18

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

14
Thunder

25

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

16
Thunder

32

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

17 + 9
Thunder

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind



Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind



6/27/23, 5:07 PM



Suldae Westwind: "I do not like many tiny spiders," Suldae confides in her.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Me neither," says Ezmerelda.



Marcus Veranius: "I'll take care of it! Don't you worry!"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "I'll let you!"

Ezmerelda takes a brisk jog further back.



Marcus Veranius , seeing his wife's panic, draws out the big guns. "It aint surviving this one! Just a matter of how long it lasts."



Marcus Veranius:

27

28

600 ft

Dragontooth Arrow (+15)
Marcus Veranius

While stuck within an enemy, they continue to pump acidic venom with every round. For each round they remain stuck in an enemy, the enemy takes 1d6 acid damage. This damage increases by 1d6 with every round. (Round 1: 1d6. Round 2: 2d6. Round 3: 3d6.) There is no upper cap on this damage. Removing the arrow requires a strength save with a DC equal to the attack roll which embedded the arrow in the victim's flesh.

14
Radiant

17
Acid

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

8

Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]

Marcus Veranius

DC 36 Strength Save to remove the arrow

GM: (Yeah, it's not going to make that save lmao)

(That arrow is going nowhere)r



Suldae Westwind: "I can only take as many spiders as I can *count*", Suldae says, looking at the hugely comforting wall of flames blocking the view.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus follows up with three shots on the swarm spiders

(Do these have disadvantage due to single target attacks against swarms?)



Suldae Westwind: (are you shooting arrows at spiders)

(i can understand a broom if i really have to but this is a new low)

(damage resistance)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry is just shaking his head "Man this place is so vexing"



Marcus Veranius:

26 | 21
120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)
Marcus Veranius

20
Radiant

26 | 11
120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)
Marcus Veranius

22
Radiant

12 | 13
120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)
Marcus Veranius

20
Radiant



Suldae Westwind: (...ubt not to radiant)_

GM: (I don't see any reason for them to have disadvantage, no)

(And I'm visualizing this as blasts of light)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah thats what the damage type says)

(i keep forgetting marcus shoots from a sword)



Marcus Veranius: (Zelda-style)

[EoT]



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir steps into the chamber and sees the situation.

Several huge shapes are descending the walls of the tower, even as the enormous spider begins to make its retreat.



Kasimir Velikov: "Eurgh!"

Kasimir suddenly raises up both his hands, and fire shoots from his eyes as his power roots itself deep in Marcus's spell...

14

28

ARCANA (8)

With an awe inspiring roar, the circle of flames suddenly jets to new and incredible heights, surging up the tower in a halo of scalding death. It sounds and feels like a blast furnace.



Marcus Veranius grins widely. Nothing like fire-tanned leather

With crispy splats, six huge corpses tumble to the floor, piling there.

The moment the large spider hits the ground, it bursts horribly, unleashing a tidal wave of newborn spiders that floods towards the party.



Kasimir Velikov: "GAHHH!"

Kasimir flees.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...no Kasimir stop leave some for the rest of us..." Henry says in the flattest of monotones



Suldae Westwind: (of course it hits the ground within that wall of flames...)

Suldae is fine.

She is not cowering behind Ireena.

She's... preserving her mental endurance.

Unfortunately, Kasimir's efforts seem to have taken the last of the energy from the wall of flame spell.



Suldae Westwind: That's not a whimpering sound you hear, that's an auditory hallucination.



Kasimir Velikov:

<p>INITIATIVE</p> <p><i>Swarm of Spiders</i></p> <hr/> <p>Initiative: 14</p>



Ireena Kolyana: "Eep!"

"Not ok not ok not ok not ok"



Marcus Veranius frowns. "Strahd really needs to hire a chimney sweep."



Ireena Kolyana:

You create three glowing darts of magical force. Each dart hits a creature of your choice that you can see within range. A dart deals 1d4 + 1 force damage to its target. The darts all strike simultaneously, and you can direct them to hit one creature or several.

At Higher Levels: When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, the spell

creates one more dart for each slot above 1st.

2
Force

120 feet

Magic Missile



Henry of Willowsbrook: "these don't look like they need snacks brought to them"



Ireena Kolyana: Shakily, she unleashes a weak Magic Missile that hardly dents the swarm.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is holding on tightly onto Ireena's clothes, using her last remaining willpower on not interfering with her movements.



Marcus Veranius: "...fair point, Henry."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena pulls further back into the chamber.

"WATER ELEMENTAL! WATER ELEMENTAL!"

She's clinging to Suldae too now, pulling her further away.



Water Elemental:

INITIATIVE
Water Elemental

Initiative: **11**



Suldae Westwind: Suldae clears the way for the elemental



Water Elemental is ready to fight now that the fire is gone

GM: (Henry's up)



Water Elemental now has a deep-rooted fear of flames



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well we better wrap this up quickly" Henry says swaying his pick lazily before hurling it at the densest part of the swarm twice

20

30ft/60ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook

17
Piercing

3
Acid

28

30ft/60ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook

14
Piercing

6
Acid

DC18

no damage on save

Strength Save

The shield flies 60 feet in a straight line knocking enemies prone unless they succeed on the STR or DEX save. Medium or smaller creatures pinned by this attack take double the damage.

13*Bludgeoning**60 feet line***Bone Shield Hammer**

Henry of Willowsbrook

The pick rips through the swarm twice, blowing huge holes in it. The swarm seems unconcerned, and not much diminished.



Henry of Willowsbrook: bonus action

The shield is far more effective—it pins fully a third of the swarm, crushing millions.

GM: (assuming it blows through the swarm, crushing part of it against the wall)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (it should)

GM: (Any additional?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Nope EoT "Man that sure is a lot of spiders" Henry says catching his pick on the return frowning at the writhing mass

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae WHIMPERS, but gets her shit together enough to blow a high note that expresses fully her opinion on this amount of spiders.

(one sec)



Strahd von Zarovich: "What do you think of my little pets? Are they not lovely, in their billions..."

GM: (Make a perception check, Suldae)



Suldae Westwind:

DC19**Constitution Save****9****Higher Level Cast****9***Thunder**60 feet***Shatter**

Suldae Westwind



Swarm of Spiders:

CONSTITUTION

Swarm of Spiders <hr/> Ability: 4 11

**Sulda Westwind:****25****PERCEPTION** (13)
Sulda Westwind

The halo rips through the swarm as well, from its position 50 ft up back down

27**Halo throw** (+12)
Sulda Westwind**20**

Thunder

Sulda notes that the darkness at the top of the tower has not abated, and that even as she rips into this swarm with her magic and her halo, another swarm just as large is already creeping down the walls.

**Strahd von Zarovich:** "I assure you, they're quite endless."**Sulda Westwind:** "...Marcus! Get back here and close the door the fuck back! Please!"**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Well that settles that then"**Rictavio:** "Here, watch her for me, will you? There's a good lad."

Rictavio offloads Gertruda as the Water Elemental moves into play.

**Water Elemental:** "THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING HERE! Strahd's been super whiney about us finding this place!"***Marcus Veranius says this*****Water Elemental:** (Should I have Elemental take its turn?)**GM:** (Yes please)***Water Elemental moves forward onto the swarm of spiders*****Sulda Westwind:** "OKAY MAYBE," Sulda agrees with far more volume than strictly necessary.**GM:** (I was going to wait until next round but this feels good)**Water Elemental:**

WHELM (RECHARGE 4-6) Water Elemental
--

Each creature in the elemental's space must make a DC 15 Strength saving throw. On a failure, a target takes 13 (2d8 + 4) bludgeoning damage. If it is Large or smaller, it is also

grappled (escape DC 14). Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained and unable to breathe unless it can breathe water. If the saving throw is successful, the target is pushed out of the elemental's space. The elemental can grapple one Large creature or up to two Medium or smaller creatures at one time. At the start of each of the elemental's turns, each target grappled by it takes 13 (2d8 + 4) bludgeoning damage. A creature within 5 feet of the elemental can pull a creature or object out of it by taking an action to make a DC 14 Strength and succeeding.

Even with its prodigious size, the water elemental struggles to fully whelm the swarm—but manages.



Swarm of Spiders:

STRENGTH
Swarm of Spiders

Ability: 7 | 9



Water Elemental: rolling 2d8+4 Living Blender Damage

(4 + 5)+4

= 13

One can see the water elemental struggling to contain the now-swirling swarm of spiders—but managing.

The spiders don't stand a chance.



Water Elemental evolves into Spider Elemental



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is still whimpering, considering she noticed more of them above.

In a few moments, it's over—the swarm inside the water elemental is clearly dead.

Even as it finishes off one swarm, however, the second one is drawing near...



Rictavio:

Dispel Magic
Abjuration 5

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: One creature, object, or magical effect within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

Choose one creature, object, or magical effect within range. Any spell of 3rd level or lower on the target ends. For each spell of 4th level or higher on the target, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a successful check, the spell ends.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you automatically end the effects of a spell on the target if the spell's level is equal to or less than the level of the spell slot you used.

WISDOM

Rictavio

Ability: 7

WISDOM

Rictavio

Ability: 5

GM: (Ignore those)



Rictavio steps into the room, raises his hand, and mutters an incantation.

With a flash of golden light, the second swarm disappears, and the darkness at the top of the tower clears.

You see now, amid dense webbing, the rafters, the rope, and the bell.



Rictavio: "There," says Rictavio. "Not so endless now, are they?"



Sulda Westwind: "...Thanks," Suldae squeaks.



Strahd von Zarovich: "How clever."



Marcus Veranius: "Heart of the Castle can't be too far. Once we smash what's left of its magic, you're next."



Strahd von Zarovich: "I hope you have enjoyed this little diversion as much as I have."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Once we have layed Strahd to rest once and for all I'm going to burn this whole castle down to the bedrock"



Marcus Veranius: "Diversion nothing. We both know these tunnels hold something important."



Strahd von Zarovich: "Would I send *spiders* to defend something important? Come now."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae casts Prestidigitation on herself and Ireena multiple times, making absolutely sure they are, yes, definitely clean.



Strahd von Zarovich: "Give me *some* credit."



Marcus Veranius: "The Vistani told us in prophecy. Even they want to see your story end."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena is trembling slightly. "Thanks."



Marcus Veranius: "You have no one on your side Strahd."



Suldae Westwind: "Absolutely not," Suldae squeaks back at Strahd's credit remark.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry raises a hand to wave of any comments "yes yes I know I shouldn't fantasize about arson but please let me have this for now

"



Strahd von Zarovich: "I have allies innumerable, in the darkness."

"As night falls, I will introduce you to each and every one of them..."



Suldae Westwind: "Oh, I'll be helping you," Suldae says, ignoring Strahd.



Strahd von Zarovich: "In the meantime, stay. Enjoy yourselves! Guests of Castle Ravenloft."



Marcus Veranius: "We shall. Thank you for the entertainment, but we must attend to business."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Worlds most annoying intercomm whatever that may be" Henry grumbles



Marcus Veranius: "Elemental, wash away the itsy bitsy spider's webs. I want to know what they were hiding."

The elemental does its best, but the spiderwebs are as waterproof as they were fireproof.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sets her halo on the job.

The halo makes short work of the webbing, which soon lies in white piles on the ground.

The bare stone walls are revealed.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Maybe I should rip out one of his arms and stuff it down his smug throat, maybe that will give us a moment of blessed peace and quiet"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is really glad she doesn't get tactile feedback from it, because EWWW. Her mental defense is about at its limit.

"Just ignore him when he talks, it'll hurt him more," Suldae advises.



Strahd von Zarovich: Right behind Suldae, right in her ear, Strahd's voice whispers: "Ignore me, hmm?"



Suldae Westwind: She comes into the Spider Room on shaky legs, still holding onto Ireena, and studies it carefully.



Strahd von Zarovich: "Do you think that will work?"



Suldae Westwind:

Suldae Westwind



Strahd von Zarovich: "Irritating me is not the way to keep your friends safe..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae ignores him.



Marcus Veranius also ignores Strahd, instead rolling the web off of the floor



Marcus Veranius: "We both know you're too afraid to send more than illusions down. Not while Sergei is with us."



Strahd von Zarovich: "Is that so?"

With a clash, the bronze doors swing sharply shut.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Your right next time he opens his stupid mouth to bother us I'll think of something actually scary like division"



Strahd von Zarovich: "Let us wait until nightfall, then, if you really are challenging me to a 'fair' fight."



Marcus Veranius: "EZ!"

There is no sound from the other side of the door.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Marcus!" (through the ring)

"Marcus! Are you ok? Why'd you close the door!?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry swings the Vorpall sword to cut the hinges of the door



Suldae Westwind: (is Ezme on speaker?)

Surprisingly, there are no hinges on this side, either.



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd's shutting doors again. Vanish off with your cloak until we can find a way back."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Ok. Kasimir's casting Pass Without Trace. We'll..."

"Should we go and hide?"

"Or...?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hm" Henry proceeds to try and dice the door like an onion

The vorpall sword clangs sharply against the bronze, rebounding from an unseen, arcane barrier.



Ireena Kolyana: "Can you dispel it, Rictavio?"



Rictavio: "I suppose I can *try*, but I don't think he'd do this just to annoy us..."



Marcus Veranius: "Bunker down in the teleporter room for now. We'll find a way around."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Ok. Stay safe! And in case I—In case we..."




Henry of Willowsbrook: "You know this all-cutting sword has made realize how many things just don't care"




Ezmerelda Veranius: "I love you, Marcus."


Henry of Willowsbrook: made me

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I love you to."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I think it's limited to 'all matter'. Energy can be a lot harder."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** many


 **Marcus Veranius:** "We still have that retirement to think of."
"I have just the place for that shop."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Does it look like there are any doors or openings further up the room?

 **Marcus Veranius:** "..."

From where you currently stand, there are no obvious signs of a door further up.

GM: (Suldae rolled a perception roll earlier, which I neglected to respond to)
(Gimme one sec)


 **Marcus Veranius keeps searching the floor. They haven't found any secret doors on the floor yet**
Suldae spots a single stone that doesn't match the rest of the masonry on the northern wall. Behind the cobwebs, it would have been invisible.

GM: (Marcus, roll investigation please)

 **Marcus Veranius:**


6

INVESTIGATION (0)
Marcus Veranius

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry climbs up the rope to get a better look if there is anything up there beyond the bell

 *Marcus Veranius is too freaked out to concentrate well*

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "THIS MIGHT BE REAL LOUD SORRY"

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae comes up to the wall and sends the halo to tap it gently.


No one can hear him over the incessant and horrible gonging of the bell as he climbs.

The halo taps the wall gently.

Marcus finds no secret doors on the floor of the chamber.

 **Suldae Westwind:** (the stone i mean)

The halo taps the stone gently.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Anything up there except tinnitus?

Suldae Westwind: That doesn't seem to have triggered any traps... yet... so Suldae touches it.

She then immediately jerks her hand away, just in case.

Henry reaches the top of the rope and finds himself among the rafters. There is a great brass bell hanging from the peak of the ceiling, but aside from this, there is nothing in the chamber—except for a set of open, glassless windows. They are more arrow slits than anything, but they are just wide enough that a petite person might be able to squeeze through.

The stone is cold and smooth to the touch.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry slides down the rope just slowing down enough to not hurt himself with the landing



Suldae Westwind: Suldae examines the stone, tries pressing it and the like.

Through the windows he sees a thick and gathered darkness—a storm. He cannot see the army from this angle, as they are arrayed before the other side of the castle. Instead he has a magnificent view of a drop that must be several thousand feet.

GM: (While he was up there, I mean)

(Roll investigation, Suldae)



Suldae Westwind:

7

INVESTIGATION (5)
Suldae Westwind

12

SLEIGHT OF HAND (4)
Suldae Westwind

(sorry)

(misclick)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Once the bell has stopped ringing after his descent Henry says "Well taht was a bust sorry about all the noise"

Perhaps it's just another stone. Nothing seems to happen, though she fiddles with it.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tugs Ireena's sleeve to have her look at it now.



Rictavio: Rictavio wiggles a finger in his ear. "WHAT?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena welcomes the distraction, and investigates the stone. She rolls a natural one, I'm calling it now.

19

INVESTIGATION (6)

GM: (Oh damn whaaaat)



Suldae Westwind: (HOLY SHIT)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks over Ireena and Suldaes shoulder



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh!"

"It's like this."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Like what?"



Suldae Westwind: (try calling natural ones more, maybe it'll fix Ireena's luck situation)



Ireena Kolyana: She pulls out her dagger and jams its blade into the masonry, slipping it between two blocks.

Click!

The northern wall swings gently inward on oiled hinges, revealing another chamber. This octagonal vault is free of dust and cobwebs. The domed ceiling forty feet above is painted black and sparkles with a display of stars in unfamiliar constellations. Barely contained within this vault is a square tower, twenty feet on a side and thirty feet high, with arrow slits on all sides and a battlemented roof.

Standing just inside the doorway is Lady Fiona Wachter, looking a little worse for wear...



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...so stabbing the door didn't work but stabbing the wall did? Thats just unfair" Henry says in a huff

She is flanked by two suits of armor with burning crimson eyes. On the walls of the chamber are eight swords, and in the corners of the chamber are four suits of iron armor, each bearing a huge shield.



Suldae Westwind: "Long time no see," Suldae blurts out.



Lady Fiona Wachter: Lady Wachter twitches unnaturally.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at the suits of armor "Boy this is gonna be a pain innit?" He says moving in front of everyone else



Lady Fiona Wachter: She doesn't seem to be *undead*, per se. She seems more like a corpse stitched together as some kind of horrible automaton. Bits of brass and copper piping stick from her at odd angles, and whatever is under her skirts moves with far too many long limbs. Her face is ruined: four huge claw marks rake it from right temple to left jaw, ripping right through both of her eyes. The wounds are clearly rotting.

She cocks her head.

She raises a hand.

All eight swords fly off the walls, and all four shield guardians turn on their plinths to face you.

GM: (Aaaaaaaaaand cliffhanger.)



Marcus Veranius: (This is a really big encounter for 'half the party was forcibly cut off') o-o



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Called it" Henry says pulling the Vorpal sword



Suldae Westwind: (this is what we get for downing the big spider before the first round started i guess)

GM: (Indeed, but nothing says you can't retreat and shut the door)

(Also, let's be real here: all eight swords are going bye bye in the first halo assault, and up to two of

the suits of armor are likely to be gone by the end of the first round

(Y'all will probably be fine)

(Probably)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Maybe they all go back on standby if we kill her...again?)



Marcus Veranius: (Im more nervous about Buckethead)

(He has a very big danger energy)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (also if the door is a 5 fett choke point Henry can just stand there ...meancasingly)

GM: (You mean bucket heads)

(There are two of those)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Menacingly



Suldae Westwind: (well, this is a tightly packed multi-target environment. I'm feeling pretty good)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Is the door a 5feet choke point?)

GM: (The door is a 5 ft choke point, yes)



Suldae Westwind: (beautiful)

GM: (Now the real question you should be considering

(Is what's inside the box)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (*Bard Pitt voice* WHATS IN THE BOOOOOOOOOOX???!?!?!?!?!?!?)



Suldae Westwind: (we dont want to go into that room without checking it first huh)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (So are we ready?)



Liliet (Suldae): (im staring down the 'halo activation is a bonus action' line)

(as in the protective halo shedding bright light and protecting against attacks from undead and fiends)

(admittedly im in close quarters surrounded by allies whose eyes the bright light must hurt so maybe its both mechanically and dramatically appropriate to not, and character-wise it waits)



Marcus Veranius is afraid but ready



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae is still high from succeeding at the Ismark thing, and also these are not a million spiders so whatever)

(she's a bit too out of it to be afraid)

GM: (I'm here, sorry sorry)



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Shield Guardian

Initiative: 16

INITIATIVE

Flying Sword <hr/> Initiative: 3

INITIATIVE Lady Fiona Wachter <hr/> Initiative: 4

INITIATIVE Death Knight <hr/> Initiative: 1.11
--



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's initiative is **17.15**

Now, you've opened the door, so there is going to be a readied action that gets triggered



Henry of Willowsbrook:

8.1

INITIATIVE (1.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (Wow this is a small room)



Suldae Westwind: (isnt it? :D)



Marcus Veranius:

11

INITIATIVE (8)
Marcus Veranius

(Nah fam, we need luck for this)

17

INITIATIVE (8)
Marcus Veranius

(Okiedokie! Luck die well spent!)

All four shield guardians raise their shields and slam them against the ground. Magic explodes through the chamber as four identical spells are cast simultaneously, catching the entire party in their areas of effect.

GM: (Make four wisdom saves—each.)



Marcus Veranius:

14 + 3

WISDOM SAVE (9)
Marcus Veranius

12 + 3

WISDOM SAVE (9)
Marcus Veranius

28 + 3**WISDOM SAVE (9)**
Marcus Veranius**18 + 3****WISDOM SAVE (9)**
Marcus Veranius**Suldae Westwind:****16****WISDOM SAVE (3)**
Suldae Westwind**21****WISDOM SAVE (3)**
Suldae Westwind**18****WISDOM SAVE (3)**
Suldae Westwind**14****WISDOM SAVE (3)**
Suldae Westwind**Henry of Willowsbrook:****7 + 4****WISDOM SAVE (6)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**13 + 4****WISDOM SAVE (6)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**26 + 4****WISDOM SAVE (6)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**Suldae Westwind:** (luckily we are also all within Henry's aura!)**Henry of Willowsbrook:****7 + 4****WISDOM SAVE (6)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**Suldae Westwind:** (oh wow)**Marcus Veranius:** (Wanna give us the DC to hit for sake of buncha rolls?)**GM:** (Rolling for Ireena, but adding Henry's aura bonus: **10 26 11 23**)

(Rolling for Rictavio, but adding Henry's aura bonus: **10 10 17 12**)



Marcus Veranius: (Also can you re-sort the initiative?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (So what did we just get hit with? I have to go eat dinner real quick but I wanna know first)

GM: (Let's see, that's two fails from Marcus, two fails from Suldae, three fails from Henry)

(And two fails from Ireena, and three from Rictavio)

A powerful Confusion sets in...



Suldae Westwind: (two fails from me even with +3 from Henry?)

GM: (Ah, in that case just the one fail from Suldae)

(I didn't see that you hadn't added that)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so everyone is confused)



Marcus Veranius: (Is this the shield guardian spell storage? Did Strahd cast these spells?)

(I vaguely remember that coming up when I gave Powered Armor to a doomguy spinoff character)

GM: (Don't worry, at the end of your turn you get to roll the save again)

(And if you roll high on the d10, there's basically no effect)



Marcus Veranius: (I only mention cause if this is Strahd's magic, Marcus rolls the saves with advantage)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Anyway I'll be right back getting dinner.)



Marcus Veranius: (Favored enemy and such)



Suldae Westwind: (isnt marcus's favored enemy undead, so deifnitely covers these?)



Marcus Veranius: (The shield guardians are constructs, but they store spells for their master. Which would make the spells VS Favored Enemy: Strahd)

GM: (Hmm... I don't see the advantage on saves in the description of favored enemy, can you quote the section you're referring to?)



Marcus Veranius:

**GREATER FAVORED ENEMY
(DRAGONS)**

Other: Ranger 6

At 6th level, you are ready to hunt even deadlier game.

Choose a type of greater favored enemy (dragons). You gain all the benefits against this chosen enemy that you normally gain against your favored enemy, including an additional language. Your bonus to damage rolls against all your favored enemies increases to +4.

Additionally, you have advantage on saving throws against the spells and abilities used by a greater favored enemy.

(Oh. Shit. It's advantage only against the greater favored enemy. Not the lesser.)

(RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIP)

(Favored enemy is wonky)

GM: (It is)



Marcus Veranius: (In that case, one lucky die reroll)

22 + 3

WISDOM SAVE (9)
Marcus Veranius

And one Legendary Save from the Scarab of Protection

GM: (Alright, looks like Marcus is not confused)



Marcus Veranius cannot afford to be confused in the Death Room



Marcus Veranius:

INITIATIVE
Water Elemental

Initiative: 22

GM: (Alrighty, looks like the water elemental is first to act)



Water Elemental charges into the room before more fire starts to exist



Water Elemental is really sick of fire



Water Elemental:

WHELM (RECHARGE 4-6)
Water Elemental

Each creature in the elemental's space must make a DC 15 Strength saving throw. On a failure, a target takes 13 (2d8 + 4) bludgeoning damage. If it is Large or smaller, it is also grappled (escape DC 14). Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained and unable to breathe unless it can breathe water. If the saving throw is successful, the target is pushed out of the elemental's space. The elemental can grapple one Large creature or up to two

Medium or smaller creatures at one time. At the start of each of the elemental's turns, each target grappled by it takes 13 (2d8 + 4) bludgeoning damage. A creature within 5 feet of the elemental can pull a creature or object out of it by taking an action to make a DC 14 Strength and succeeding.

VS Lady Wachter / Armor Dude



GM (GM):

STRENGTH
Shield Guardian

Ability: **5** | **22**

STRENGTH
Lady Fiona Wachter

Ability: **2**

GM: (That's not with advantage on the shield guardian, so that's a crit fail)

(Go ahead and roll damage!)



Water Elemental: rolling 2d8+4 Bludgeoning V Wachter

(7 + 7)+4

= **18**

rolling 2d8+4 Bludgeoning V Guardian

(3 + 4)+4

= **11**

Both are Grappled / Restrained

(You might wanna move the Water Elemental to the bottom layer)

[EoT]



Suldae Westwind: rolling 1d10

(9)

= **9**

(aw yeah)

GM: (Lol)



Suldae Westwind: (now let me see what i can do) (i was genuinely not expecting this)



Water Elemental: [Restrained]

>A restrained creature's speed becomes 0, and it can't benefit from any bonus to its speed.

>Attack rolls against the creature have advantage, and the creature's Attack rolls have disadvantage.

>The creature has disadvantage on Dexterity Saving Throws.

(In regards to Lady Wachterbot and Shield Guardian)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae, her head spinning from the powerful spell, finds it in herself to start playing, at least. She is looking at the death knight as she plays and backs away;

DC19

Dexterity Save

14

Radiant

60 feet

Sacred Flame
Suldae Westwind

The water elemental engulfs Lady Wachter and one of the Shield Guardians, and dark waters swirl around them, crushing them down. Lady Wachter makes no sound as she is overwhelmed.



Suldae Westwind: (not guardian sorry)

Before she backs away, the halo rings out.

17

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

17

Thunder



GM (GM):

DEXTERITY SAVE
Death Knight

Save: **11**

GM: (Who's your target?)

(That's a hit and a kill)



Suldae Westwind: (oh wow nice)

As the construct shatters, the halo continues on.

17

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

14

Thunder

(wow, the halo is also confused, from those rolls -_-)

GM: (Hit)



Suldae Westwind:

32

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

13 + 11
Thunder

GM: (Miss)

(Nah, just kidding)



Suldae Westwind:

15

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

20
Thunder

GM: (That, alas, is a miss)



Suldae Westwind: (well, rip)

GM: (But you killed one of the swords)



Suldae Westwind: (NICE)

GM: (Chamber of the High AC Bois)

(Except Lady Wachter because she's just spoo factor)

(Go ahead and gib RP please)

(And at the end of your turn try that DC 18 Wisdom save again)



Suldae Westwind: The magic animating the sword falls apart and it uselessly clatters to the floor, but the halo veers off course as well.

20

WISDOM SAVE (3)
Suldae Westwind

GM: (Suldae shakes off the confusion)



Suldae Westwind: Still, Suldae's head clears from its song.

EoT

GM: (Marcus, you're up)

(This is where everything in the room melts)



Marcus Veranius aims the sunsword towards the Death Knight that Suldae struck. He doesn't like the look of such strong undead making moves against confused allies

Marcus Veranius: First a few shots as a bow, then sword beams to finish it off

21

600 ft

Arrow of Slaying (+15)
Marcus Veranius

DC17

No Piercing Damage on save

Strength Save

The creature must make a DC 17 Constitution saving throw, taking an extra 6d10 piercing damage on a failed save, or half as much extra damage on a successful one.

9
Radiant

30
Magical Piercing



Suldae Westwind: (fucking god)

(sword beams)



GM (GM):

STRENGTH
Death Knight

Ability: **18**

GM: (Passes the save, unfortunately)



Marcus Veranius: (Half of the piercing

GM: (Got it)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d8+4 Radiant from Sunsword / Favored Enemy

(**7**)+4

= **11**

24

600 ft

Dragontooth Arrow (+15)
Marcus Veranius

While stuck within an enemy, they continue to pump acidic venom with every round. For each round they remain stuck in an enemy, the enemy takes 1d6 acid damage. This damage increases by 1d6 with every round. (Round 1: 1d6. Round 2: 2d6. Round 3: 3d6.) There is no



upper cap on this damage.
Removing the arrow requires a
strength save with a DC equal
to the attack roll which
embedded the arrow in the
victim's flesh.

5
Radiant

10 <i>Radiant</i>		12 <i>Acid</i>
-----------------------------	--	--------------------------

(/roll 2d20 Crit checks from First Round advantage. I'm forgetting everything this morning)

rolling 2d20

( + )

= **15**

11		29
<i>120</i>		

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)
Marcus Veranius

11
Radiant

21 + 3
Radiant

14		15
<i>120</i>		

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)
Marcus Veranius

10
Radiant

24
Radiant



Marcus Veranius:

When you score a critical hit
against a creature, that target
takes an extra 4d6 cold
damage, and you gain a number
of temporary hit points equal to
the cold damage dealt.

19
Cold

Critical Fury
Marcus Veranius

GM: (Lmao)

(I just picture Marcus's hands are a total blur while he's doing this)

(Last shot was a miss)



Suldae Westwind: (all of this happened in a fraction of a second (c) xianxia)



Marcus Veranius:

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

6

Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]

Marcus Veranius

(If its not too late)

GM: (It's not too late, that turns it into a hit)



Marcus Veranius: (I am scared of bucket man)

GM: (Marcus: Miss? I don't Miss.)

(Bucket man is still standing, but just barely)



Marcus Veranius activates his secret technique



Marcus Veranius hides behind Henry



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]

GM: (Lmao)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 4d6 BLAZING WEAPON I HAVE MORE DICE

(**3** + **6** + **1** + **5**)

= **15**

Moving simultaneously, all four Shield Guardians step off their plinth and approach the water elemental (with the exception of the one currently grappled by it.)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d6 blazing weapon crit plz I have a reputation to uphold

(**6**)

= **6**

The Death Knight stands tall and proud for a moment longer, then a final blast of flames jets out the

slits in its visor, and it crumples, ash in armor.

Visibly, something invisible leaves from it, disturbing the ash cloud.

The Shield Guardians raise their fists as one entity, and pummel the water elemental.



Shield Guardian:

FIST
Shield Guardian
Attack: 22 | 27

Damage: 13 bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian
Attack: 15 | 21

Damage: 16 bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian
Attack: 21 | 18

Damage: 10 bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian
Attack: 14 | 15

Damage: 12 bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian
Attack: 26 | 13

Damage: 13 bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian
Attack: 18 | 25

Damage: 11 bludgeoning



Shield Guardian:

FIST
Shield Guardian
Attack: 21 | 16

Damage: 9 bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: **15** | **14**

Damage: **11** bludgeoning

GM: (Last two should be disadvantage, not advantage)

(Actually none of those should have advantage)

(So just take the first rolls)

(It's resistant to bludgeoning, and these attacks are technically nonmagical)



Marcus Veranius: All hit. 95 damage resisted / 47 Damage total



Suldae Westwind: > and these attacks are technically nonmagical

ITS BEEN A WHILE



Water Elemental STILL STANDS

GM: (So a total of **47.5** after resistance)



Suldae Westwind: (i still cant get over the fact that the one non-wereraven PC is the TANK)

GM: (And now Henry!)



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling d10

(**10**)

= **10**

GM: (Lmao)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry for now shrugs of what ever was clouding his mind and vision focusing on the task ahead



Suldae Westwind: (bless)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry fixes his glare on the remaining undead pointing with his Warpick "You."

Fighting spirit plus some SMITE



Death Knight: \em points at himself, looks behind himself. Shakes his head slightly.

GM: (That was supposed to work, dammit)



Suldae Westwind: (right through the elemental)

(its transparent after all)

(im visualizing it all cinematically at the same time and its beautiful)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Catch"

27**19**

30ft/60ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook**18***Radiant Smite Damage/Undead Smite***21***Piercing***1***Acid***17****22**

30ft/60ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook**11***Radiant Smite Damage/Undead Smite***16***Piercing***1***Acid***GM:** (Wait, is he throwing his pick right through the elemental?)

(Oh, gotcha)

(Well, from this angle, you can't actually see him, because of the giant metal box)

(But this map is dinky, so I'll take it)

(To get to that position, you'd have to pass through the range of one Shield Guardian, right?)

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Henry also provokes one opportunity attack yes)**Shield Guardian:****FIST**
*Shield Guardian***Attack: 26 | 26****Damage: 12** bludgeoning**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (...really? damnit that barely hits)**GM:** (Lol)

(That's two hits on the Death Knight)

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** 68 total**GM:** (I've applied the damage)

(He's still looking pretty beefy)

**Henry of Willowsbrook:****8 + 4****WISDOM SAVE (6)**
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (There is supposed to be a giant metal fortress/box thing in the middle of the room. The map's a bit too cluttered to see it clearly, but it's there. We'll say Henry curved the bullet for that one)



Suldae Westwind: (its not like these people literally take up 5x5 squares)

GM: (Henry remains Confused)

(Says you, I like my men C U B I C)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (well thats my turn) Henry grimaces as the fog returns to the edges of his vision

EoT

The flying silver swords move simultaneously, diving towards the water elemental! (Which should, realistically speaking, be immune to slashing damage, but apparently isn't. The sword attacks count as magical.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Yo Gm I think you removed the Death Knights from the initiative tracker by accident but they rolled a 1 so it doesn't matter)



Flying Sword:

INITIATIVE

Death Knight

Initiative: **12.11**

LONGSWORD

Flying Sword

Attack: **17**

Damage: **6** slashing

LONGSWORD

Flying Sword

Attack: **19**

Damage: **9** slashing

LONGSWORD

Flying Sword

Attack: **10**

Damage: **6** slashing

LONGSWORD

Flying Sword

Attack: **10**

Damage: **7** slashing

LONGSWORD*Flying Sword***Attack: 21****Damage: 4** slashing**Water Elemental STILL STANDS**

The Flying Swords keep flying, returning to roughly their original positions (because this map is so tiny I can't see shit)

**Flying Sword:****INITIATIVE***Invisible Stalker***Initiative: 17**

Something else swoops towards the Water Elemental, and deadly invisible blows rain down upon it!

**Flying Sword:****SLAM***Invisible Stalker***Attack: 12 | 14****Damage: 11** bludgeoning**SLAM***Invisible Stalker***Attack: 9 | 25****Damage: 8** bludgeoning

GM: (Oh man I forgot to add Ireena and Rictavio to initiative)

**GM (GM):****INITIATIVE***Ireena Kolyana***Initiative: 3****INITIATIVE***Rictavio***Initiative: 13**

Suldae Westwind: (can Ireena go now?)



Water Elemental is invisibly slaughtered



Ireena Kolyana: rolling 1d10

(6)

= 6



Suldae Westwind: (...welp)

GM: (Apparently not lol)



Ireena Kolyana sways on the spot, looking at pretty butterflies no one else can see.



Rictavio: rolling 1d10

(1)

= 1



Suldae Westwind: (OUCH)



Rictavio: rolling 1d8 (1 is north, then clockwise from there)

(6)

= 6



Suldae Westwind: (...could be worse)

Rictavio walks into the door. He doesn't seem to notice that it's closed.

GM: (Suldae is up)



Suldae Westwind: (can the halo attack the sword it ended up missing last turn and stayed on the square with)

GM: (No, it has to move before attacking)



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha)

GM: (It's the momentum that does it)



Suldae Westwind: The halo, barely missing the sword, whirls around it and goes at the shield guardian attacking Henry.

31

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

17

Thunder

GM: (Hit)



Suldae Westwind:

17

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

19

Thunder

GM: (Hit, just barely)



Suldae Westwind: (feels like the halo's still confused from those spells...)

24

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

13

Thunder

GM: (Hit)



Suldae Westwind:

18

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

16

Thunder

GM: (Targeting the Death Knight?)



Suldae Westwind: (ye)

GM: (Miss)

The Death Knight smacks the sword out of the air with its blade.

GM: (Also, since I accidentally nixed the Death Knight's turn, I guess they haven't acted this round)

(So that last one had better go now)

(I wrote sword but I meant Halo)



Suldae Westwind: (I got the point lol)

GM: (No mechanical effect, just RP)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah it's just going to whirl around and try again)



Death Knight:

HELLFIRE ORB (1/DAY)
Death Knight

The death knight hurls a

magical ball of fire that explodes at a point it can see within 120 feet of it. Each creature in a 20-foot-radius sphere centered on that point must make a DC 18 Dexterity saving throw. The sphere spreads around corners. A creature takes 35 (10d6) fire damage and 35 (10d6) necrotic damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae darts to the right so she can see more of the fight, trying to ignore Rictavio's confused movement. She has no time to try and help him.

(right, and that) (dont think it matters what order this happens in lol)

22

DEXTERITY SAVE (7)
Suldae Westwind



Water Elemental:

25 + 3 | **27 + 3**

DEXTERITY SAVE (13)
Marcus Veranius

The Death Knight swings his blade, and a streaking orb of hellfire flies from the tip, and explodes in the chamber beyond.



Rictavio:

DEXTERITY
Rictavio

Ability: 7



Marcus Veranius: (Just the 27 for Marcus. He aint in Henry's fun aura)



Ireena Kolyana:

3

DEXTERITY SAVE (2)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

4 + 4

DEXTERITY SAVE (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (OUCH)

(uhhhh shit)



Ireena Kolyana: \as GM (That's **48** fire damage and **46** necrotic damage, half on success)

Suldae Westwind: (what)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Do we count that as a spell for Aura of Warding or not?)



Suldae Westwind: (oh yeah Ireena's inside the aura)

GM: (It's technically just one of his abilities, but I'd call it a spell)



Suldae Westwind: (its an ability to cast a spell to my eye)

GM: (If we were doing massive damage rules, Ireena would be dead)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Well If we count it as a spell she would only take half



Suldae Westwind: (yeah but half still takes out all her HP)

GM: (So that would be 24 fire damage and 23 necrotic damage, after halving, for those inside the aura)



Suldae Westwind: (..and the same for those outside but passing the save?)

GM: (In which case, Rictavio's still up)

(Yes, the same for those outside but passing the save)



Suldae Westwind: (wow, how lucky i took the bonus action before you remembered to take his turn! not.)



Death Knight:

MULTIATTACK
Death Knight

The death knight makes
three longsword attacks.

**LONGSWORD (TWO-
HANDED)**
Death Knight

Attack: 25

Damage: 15 slashing + **15**
necrotic

**LONGSWORD (TWO-
HANDED)**
Death Knight

Attack: 15

Damage: 11 slashing + **20**
necrotic

**LONGSWORD (TWO-
HANDED)**
Death Knight

Attack: 31

Damage: **6 + 2** slashing +
15 + 31 necrotic

Having hurled destruction upon his foes, the Death Knight advances through the swirling flame and shadow, and brings his sword crashing down thrice on Henry's shield.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (that stupid fireball was a bonus action?)

GM: (Aren't they fun?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: 15+7+8+23

(Henry takes 53 because the armor gives resistance to necrotic)

GM: (And now Marcus is up)

(Just think what would have happened if that first Death Knight were still alive too)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I'd rather not thank you)



Suldae Westwind: (oh hey Mass Cure Wounds is an action! excellent)



Marcus Veranius moves to finish off Sir Buckethead

Ireena lies unconscious, still steaming. The blast knocked her out cold.



Suldae Westwind: (WHAT)

(my turn isn't over yet!!!)

(i have only taken the bonus action, not the action)

GM: (Oh shoot!)



Marcus Veranius does not move because Suldae is not done being cool

GM: (I'm sorry, I didn't realize you hadn't completed your turn)



Suldae Westwind: The song of death from the spell detonating in the middle of the room is answered with a call of the flute - a simple high sound, calling to life and restoration.

28
Healing

60 feet

Mass Cure Wounds
Suldae Westwind

(that covers everyone)

EoT

GM: (Ok, now Marcus is up)

(Again, I'm so sorry for skipping half your turn!)



Suldae Westwind: (ehhhhhh)

(im just glad you didnt remember the death knight after my turn was over, i uh... probably wouldnt have finished it off)



Marcus Veranius , while the GM is out, attempts to evaporate his favorite enemy



Marcus Veranius:

12

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

9

Radiant/Fire

23

Radiant

16

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

11

Radiant/Fire

20

Radiant



Suldae Westwind: (what a phrasing)



Marcus Veranius:

12

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

10

Radiant/Fire

23

Radiant



Marcus Veranius goes back into hiding



Marcus Veranius: ETERNALLY SHAMED



Suldae Westwind: (r i p)



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Henry of Willowsbrook: (brb)



Invisible Stalker:

MULTIATTACK
Invisible Stalker

The stalker makes two slam

attacks.

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: 10 | 18

Damage: 13 bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: 14 | 13

Damage: 9 bludgeoning

Something thumps pathetically against Henry's shield.



Suldae Westwind: (fucking rip)

Moving in unison, the Shield Guardians advance, flanking the Death Knight—and Henry.



Shield Guardian:

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: 27

Damage: 11 + 9
bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: 20

Damage: 8 bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: 15

Damage: 12 bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: 15

Damage: 9 bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: 21

Damage: 9 bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian
Attack: **21**

Damage: **14** bludgeoning



Shield Guardian:

FIST
Shield Guardian
Attack: **24**

Damage: **14** bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian
Attack: **26**

Damage: **16** bludgeoning

GM: (I believe that's exactly 2 hits)

The Shield Guardians pummel Henry's defenses, and two blows in the flurry manage to land.

GM: (Henry, you're up, and the Death Knight will go after you)

(Also, Ireena is back on her feet. Her brief dirt nap seems to have shaken off the Confusion)



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling d10

(6)

= **6**

Can I still use a bonus?

On your turn, you can use a bonus action to regain hit points equal to 1d10 + your fighter level (1).

10
Healing

Second Wind
Henry of Willowsbrook

The Magic fogging up Henry's mind overwhelms him making it so that standing up right takes all of his focus even as he hears distant whispers of Sylvanus ordering him to stand his ground

11 + 4

WISDOM SAVE (6)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (Henry remains Confused)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Welp EoT



Death Knight:

MULTIATTACK

Death Knight

The death knight makes three longsword attacks.

LONGSWORD (TWO-HANDED)

Death Knight

Attack: 23

Damage: 15 slashing + **21** necrotic

LONGSWORD (TWO-HANDED)

Death Knight

Attack: 23

Damage: 14 slashing + **17** necrotic

LONGSWORD (TWO-HANDED)

Death Knight

Attack: 18

Damage: 6 slashing + **21** necrotic



Henry of Willowsbrook: (all miss)

Despite his confusion, Henry's shield arm knows how to stave off a longsword—even a cruel and magic one, wielded by an undead horror. Not even looking, he deflects the rain of blows.

Then the flying swords move in.



Flying Sword:

LONGSWORD

Flying Sword

Attack: 4

Damage: 5 slashing

LONGSWORD

Flying Sword

Attack: 15

Damage: 5 slashing

LONGSWORD

Flying Sword

Attack: **8**

Damage: **5** slashing

LONGSWORD

Flying Sword

Attack: **5**

Damage: **9** slashing

LONGSWORD

Flying Sword

Attack: **7**

Damage: **8** slashing



Suldae Westwind: (LMAO)

(I thin they got in each other's way)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I swear to god if one od those fucks had crit me again)

Again, miraculously, Henry's arm moves, deflecting blow after blow after blow. The swords ping off the face of his shield as harmlessly as rain.



Ireena Kolyana:

You create three glowing darts of magical force. Each dart hits a creature of your choice that you can see within range. A dart deals 1d4 + 1 force damage to its target. The darts all strike simultaneously, and you can direct them to hit one creature or several.

At Higher Levels: When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, the spell creates one more dart for each slot above 1st.

4

Force

120 feet

Magic Missile

GM: (Casting at level 4)

(So 24 points of force damage straight to helmet head)



Ireena Kolyana gets painfully to her feet, loosing a barrage of arcane darts at the Death Knight.



Ireena Kolyana: "Thanks, Suldae!"



Suldae Westwind: "Do me a favor and get back?!"

"Don't fucking die, please!"

Ireena Kolyana: "Right! Sorry!"

Ireena flees to stand behind Suldae.



Rictavio: rolling 1d10

(5)

= 5



Suldae Westwind: (i meant more out of range of AoEs that would blast the entire party but this is sweet and its possible theres no such spot anyway)

Suldae relaxes slightly in her presence. Slightly.



Rictavio: Rictavio stares at the closed door. He touches it gently, smacking his lips a little. He seems to eat an imaginary piece of something from the door.

WISDOM
Rictavio

Ability: 11



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Hm it would be real nice to know which shield guardian was the one concentrating on Henrys confusion)

GM: (Suldae is up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes in and out, and picks up her song again. Spring is coming - spring has come to Barovia, and ice is melting. This is only a question of how fast.

4

Higher Level Cast

17

Healing

60 feet

Mass Cure Wounds

Suldae Westwind

The halo chases after the death knight that had smacked it away briefly.



Ireena Kolyana: "Oof, thank you Suldae."



Suldae Westwind:

19

Halo throw (+12)

Suldae Westwind

14

Thunder

GM: (I'm so sorry, but that's a miss)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry is back at 40 HP)

Suldae Westwind: ...the death knight smacks it away again.

(n o t e d)

Without even looking, the Death Knight swings its blade once behind its back, deflecting the halo.



Suldae Westwind: EoT

GM: (Marcus, you're up—redeem yourself from your shame)



Marcus Veranius attempts redemption arc!



Marcus Veranius:

28

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

11

Radiant/Fire

24

Radiant

21

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

13

Radiant/Fire

24

Radiant

20

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

18

Radiant/Fire

21

Radiant

GM: (Those are all hits)

(Oh, and he's dead)



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Suldae Westwind: (N I C E)

Something hisses from the burnt-out husk of the collapsing Death Knight—another invisible being, no doubt.

**Invisible Stalker:**

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **8** | **12**

Damage: **8** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **12** | **11**

Damage: **8** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **17** | **22**

Damage: **13** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **15** | **9**

Damage: **13** bludgeoning

Invisible blows rain on Henry's shield, but he stands tall beneath the storm.

**Shield Guardian:**

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: **15**

Damage: **12** bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: **11**

Damage: **8** bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: **14**

Damage: **13** bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: **8**

Damage: **9** bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: **24**

Damage: **12** bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: **13**

Damage: **11** bludgeoning



Shield Guardian:

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: **26**

Damage: **11** bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: **16**

Damage: **9** bludgeoning



Suldae Westwind: (I love a tank at a chokepoint)

The Shield Guardians pummel him, but only one blow even grazes him.

GM: (Henry is up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling d10

(**10**)

= **10**

GM: (WOOT)



Suldae Westwind: (HECK YEAH)

(...did Henry roll the Wis save last turn?)

(ah yeah)

GM: (He did, it was a 14ish)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry catches himself from his pained and dazed stumble "Okay that's it" he grunts out

"Ruinatation" Fighting Spirit Action Surge

21	17
60ft	
Baleful Dragonbone Warpick	
(+16) Henry of Willowsbrook	
21 <i>Piercing</i>	8 <i>Acid</i>
22	23
60ft	
Baleful Dragonbone Warpick	
(+16) Henry of Willowsbrook	
16 <i>Piercing</i>	8 <i>Acid</i>
20	31
60ft	
Baleful Dragonbone Warpick	
(+16) Henry of Willowsbrook	
15 <i>Piercing</i>	6 <i>Acid</i>
28	35
60ft	
Baleful Dragonbone Warpick	
(+16) Henry of Willowsbrook	
18 + 2 <i>Piercing</i>	4 + 7 <i>Acid</i>

GM: (Do you want to concentrate on one shield guardian at a time until it's dead, or spread the damage around? Those are all hits)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Let's go one after the over starting left and going clockwise
(btw what's the CR on these guys?)

GM: (That severely weakens the guy on the left of you, but doesn't quite kill him)
(They're just CR 7, don't worry)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (damnit if they were 6 my crit effect would have killed him)

GM: (Ahahahahaha)
(Oh well, I suppose it was not meant to be)
(Any additional action/movement?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Hm nope man that guy took 105 and still stands huh)

21 + 4**WISDOM SAVE (6)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**GM:** (Yup, they are tough bois)**Suldae Westwind:** (THANK FUCK)**GM:** (Yay!)*The lingering Confusion slips from Henry's mind.)***Suldae Westwind:** (and then theres Rictavio)*The Flying Swords swoop for the hero in the doorway, hurling themselves at him, blade-first.***Flying Sword:****LONGSWORD**
*Flying Sword***Attack: 9****Damage: 9** slashing**LONGSWORD**
*Flying Sword***Attack: 9****Damage: 8** slashing**LONGSWORD**
*Flying Sword***Attack: 21****Damage: 7** slashing**LONGSWORD**
*Flying Sword***Attack: 14****Damage: 2** slashing**LONGSWORD**
*Flying Sword***Attack: 15****Damage: 9** slashing*He deflects them all.***Ireena Kolyana:** "Henry, how would you feel about some Haste?"**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "I would like that quite a lot to be honest with you"

Ireena Kolyana:**Haste***Transmutation 3***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 30 feet**Target:** A willing creature that you can see within range**Components:** V, S, M (A shaving of licorice root)**Duration:** Concentration Up to 1 minute

Choose a willing creature that you can see within range. Until the spell ends, the target's speed is doubled, it gains a +2 bonus to AC, it has advantage on Dexterity saving throws, and it gains an additional action on each of its turns. That action can be used only to take the Attack (one weapon attack only), Dash, Disengage, Hide, or Use an Object action. When the spell ends, the target can't move or take actions until after its next turn, as a wave of lethargy sweeps over it.

"I thought you might."

The power buoys him from within like six gallons of coffee might.



Rictavio: rolling 1d10

(10)

= 10

Rictavio shakes his head. "What the..."

Dispel Magic*Abjuration 4***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 120 feet**Target:** One creature, object, or magical effect within range**Components:** V, S**Duration:** Instantaneous

Choose one creature, object, or magical effect within range. Any spell of 3rd level or lower on the target ends. For each spell of 4th level or higher on the target, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a successful check, the spell ends.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you automatically end the effects of a spell on the target if the spell's level is equal to or less than

the level of the spell slot you used.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (AC 27 achieved or Crit me if you can)

He breaks the enchantment on himself the moment his head is above water.



Rictavio: "What a dirty, dirty trick!"

"I thought better of you, **Strahd!**"

GM: (Suldae is up)



Strahd von Zarovich: "Despite the dirtiness of my trick, you seem to be faring well enough."

"And who are you to speak of dirty tricks, 'Rictavio?' After all, you are all the ones who attempted to infiltrate my defenses by treachery."



Suldae Westwind: "Treachery presumes the person was originally on your side, no?" Suldae asks.

The halo strikes at the guardian next to it

20

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

15

Thunder



Marcus Veranius: "Where did you get the time and resources to assemble this entire trap!?"

GM: (Hit)



Suldae Westwind:

24

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

14

Thunder



Strahd von Zarovich: "Oh, you know. A century here. A century there. You'd be surprised how much time a god can have."



Marcus Veranius: "Do you just have corpse puppet supplies in a closet somewhere?"



Suldae Westwind:

20

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

12

Thunder



Strahd von Zarovich: "That was Piddlewick's contribution, such as it was. I thought you might appreciate seeing your friend, Lady Wachter, one final time."

"Perhaps, when I am done with you, I will have him do the same to *your* corpses."



Suldae Westwind: "Oh, we did," Suldae assures him. She does not elaborate.

(hey i need to know if either of hte guardians is dead)

GM: (I'll tell you if they die. So far they're very much alive)



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha ty)

13

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

16

Thunder

GM: (O O F)



Suldae Westwind: (...RIP)

The halo bounces between the guardians before veering off course out of sheer annoyance at Strahd's voice.



Strahd von Zarovich: "Oh, am I *distracting* you?"



Suldae Westwind: "Nah, keep talking," Suldae says. Maybe reverse psychology will work?

(one sec)



Marcus Veranius: "You need a girlfriend. Seriously."

"Probably a couple elves somewhere that won't care how *old* you are."



Strahd von Zarovich: "My, what a pretty wife you have, Marcus!"

"She's in a spot of trouble, now..."

"Too bad the door won't open. That must be so frustrating!"

"Perhaps I had better go see what I can do to help."

"Strahd" walks through the door as though he is nothing more than an image.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae considers her ability to hurt the guardians. She casts Minor Illusion to make Strahd look like a cow standing upright to everyone looking at him.

FOR DESCRIPTION ONLY

Minor Illusion

Illusion Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: See text

Components: S, M (A bit of fleece)

Duration: 1 minute

You create a sound or an image of an object within range that lasts for the duration. The illusion also ends if you dismiss it as an action or cast this spell again. If you create a sound,

its volume can range from a whisper to a scream. It can be your voice, someone else's voice, a lion's roar, a beating of drums, or any other sound you choose. The sound continues unabated throughout the duration, or you can make discrete sounds at different times before the spell ends. If you create an image of an object—such as a chair, muddy footprints, or a small chest—it must be no larger than a 5-foot cube. The image can't create sound, light, smell, or any other sensory effect. Physical interaction with the image reveals it to be an illusion, because things can pass through it. If a creature uses its action to examine the sound or image, the creature can determine that it is an illusion with a successful Intelligence (Investigation) check against your spell save DC. If a creature discerns the illusion for what it is, the illusion becomes faint to the creature.

The cow walks through the door, not noticing that it is now a cow.



Marcus Veranius trusts Ezmerelda to handle herself just fine.



Suldae Westwind: EoT



Marcus Veranius: Strahd has no power beyond words

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd's right. Gotta check in on the missus, so you all have to go!"



Marcus Veranius takes potshots at the robots



Marcus Veranius:

29

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

5 + 4

Fire

22 + 6

Radiant

30

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

4 + 6

Fire

22 + 1
Radiant

17

120

>**Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)**

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

5
Fire

21
Radiant

When you score a critical hit against a creature, that target takes an extra 4d6 cold damage, and you gain a number of temporary hit points equal to the cold damage dealt.

15
Cold

Critical Fury
Marcus Veranius

When you score a critical hit against a creature, that target takes an extra 4d6 cold damage, and you gain a number of temporary hit points equal to the cold damage dealt.

19
Cold

Critical Fury
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Silver linings folks. The more he talks the more satisfying ripping him to shreds will be" Henry says

GM: (The second crit kills it)

(That 17 can go to a different target, if you want)



Marcus Veranius: (The one below it)

GM: (Two kills

)



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Invisible Stalker: *Something* screams in the darkness, watching two of the Shield Guardians crumble to disjointed pieces of metal.

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **13** | **19**

Damage: **11** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **14** | **8**

Damage: **13** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **14** | **14**

Damage: **9** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **23** | **24**

Damage: **10** bludgeoning

Four invisible blows find Henry's shield, dealing no damage.



Shield Guardian:

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: **9**

Damage: **12** bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: **19**

Damage: **11** bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: **8**

Damage: **11** bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: **10**

Damage: **10** bludgeoning

The remaining shield guardians do their worst. To Henry's defenses, their best is meaningless.

GM: (Henry, you're up)

Henry of Willowsbrook:**34***60ft***Baleful Dragonbone Warpick****(+16)**

Henry of Willowsbrook

17*Piercing***6***Acid***19***60ft***Baleful Dragonbone Warpick****(+16)**

Henry of Willowsbrook

18*Piercing***3***Acid***29***60ft***Baleful Dragonbone Warpick****(+16)**

Henry of Willowsbrook

19*Piercing***7***Acid*

Henry swings at the Guradian to his right "You heard the man time to wrap this up and scrap you lot"

DC18*no damage on save***Strength Save**

The shield flies 60 feet in a straight line knocking enemies prone unless they succeed on the STR or DEX save. Medium or smaller creatures pinned by this attack take double the damage.

7*Bludgeoning**60 feet line***Bone Shield Hammer**

Henry of Willowsbrook

(oh wow thats a low roll)

GM: (These are medium Shield Guardians, so it can pin them)

(Which one are you hurling it towards?)



Shield Guardian:

STRENGTH
Shield Guardian

Ability: **6**



Henry of Willowsbrook: (also the one right next to him)

GM: (So he's knocked prone and squashed against the wall, but not outright killed by it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (84 total)

GM: (Still alive)

(Don't forget you're Hasted)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I haven't I did 3 attacks)

GM: (Gotcha. Is that EoT?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: EoT



Flying Sword:

LONGSWORD
Flying Sword

Attack: **21**

Damage: **3** slashing

LONGSWORD
Flying Sword

Attack: **14**

Damage: **4** slashing



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Man these are some sturdy can heads"



Flying Sword:

LONGSWORD
Flying Sword

Attack: **14**

Damage: **9** slashing

LONGSWORD
Flying Sword

Attack: **5**

Damage: **6** slashing

LONGSWORD
Flying Sword

Attack: **7**

Damage: **2** slashing

Henry says this while swords are pinging off his shield and armor harmlessly.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena, wishing to save her magical power for later, whips out her heavy crossbow and looses a single massive bolt.

7

100/400

Heavy Crossbow (+5)

9

Piercing

It pings off Henry's back harmlessly, aimed just a bit too low.

"Sorry Henry!"



Rictavio:

HAND CROSSBOW

Rictavio

Attack: 10

Damage: 6 piercing + **8**
piercing

HAND CROSSBOW

Rictavio

Attack: 6

Damage: 4 piercing + **7**
piercing



Suldae Westwind: (fucking rip)



Rictavio: Rictavio looses a couple of crossbow bolts as well—both of which miss.



Suldae Westwind: (suldaes crossbow didnt even occur to me as a possible action lmao)

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: The halo zeroes in on the pinned guardian first, as it's marginally closer.

24

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

21

Thunder

16

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

17

Thunder

GM: (Second one is a miss)



Sulda Westwind: (RIP)

GM: (We're just not having good luck with this poor halo)



Sulda Westwind: (not in this one no)

(tbf these are, like, armored enemies, targeting AC will do that)

Finding herself with little productive contribution to do, Sulda focuses on conjuring magical bananas for everyone to eat the minute they have a breather. Well, mostly Henry, she eyeballs.

Goodberry

Transmutation 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: See text

Components: V, S, M (A sprig of mistletoe)

Duration: Instantaneous

Up to ten berries appear in your hand and are infused with magic for the duration. A creature can use its action to eat one berry. Eating a berry restores 1 hit point, and the berry provides enough nourishment to sustain a creature for one day. The berries lose their potency if they have not been consumed within 24 hours of the casting of this spell.

(uhhh i cast it at lvl 3)

(why didnt it ask me)



Sulda Westwind: (give me a minute)

(actually EoT)

(ill say the numbers later)

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius is flying in circles between cover



Marcus Veranius:

15

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

24

Radiant

24

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

24
Radiant

16

120

>**Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)**

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

23
Radiant



Henry of Willowsbrook: (the pinned guys is prone so watch out with your ranged attacks)



Suldae Westwind:

Goodberry

Transmutation 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: See text

Components: V, S, M (A sprig of mistletoe)

Duration: Instantaneous

Up to ten berries appear in your hand and are infused with magic for the duration. A creature can use its action to eat one berry. Eating a berry restores 3 hit points, and the berry provides enough nourishment to sustain a creature for one day. The berries lose their potency if they have not been consumed within 24 hours of the casting of this spell.

At Higher Levels. Each berry restores +1 extra hit point for each level above 1st

(this is correct)



Marcus Veranius: (I had an arrow pointed at the north one but it disappeared)



Suldae Westwind: (so +5 HP per berry, 10 berries)



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]

GM: (Whoops, accidentally removed the guardians from initiative, one sec)



Rictavio:

INITIATIVE
Shield Guardian

Initiative: **17**



Invisible Stalker:

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **19 | 21**

Damage: **11** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **10** | **9**

Damage: **6** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **19** | **16**

Damage: **11** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **11** | **9**

Damage: **9** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **19** | **11**

Damage: **9** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **13** | **12**

Damage: **5** bludgeoning



Invisible Stalker:

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **16** | **26**

Damage: **13 + 4**
bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **24** | **20**

Damage: **8** bludgeoning

A hail of invisible blows rains down on Henry, and—by the barest miracle—one actually manages to harm him.

Henry senses that he is half-surrounded by the invisible things, which flurry around him in the air.



Suldae Westwind: (these poor critters)

GM: (The best part? They have non-magical attacks)



Suldae Westwind: (so what you are saying is Suldae could go there and tank for Henry)

GM: (Henry and Rictavio are the only people they can hurt, and they basically can't hurt Henry)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Potion was an action right?)



Suldae Westwind: (...note: sit on Rictavio)

GM: (Yes, it's a full action)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is waving at Henry and showing him berries in her hand.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Hasted action would work right? to drink a potion?)

GM: (Yes, that's the Use an Object action)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry drinks a Superior Healing Potion

rolling 8d4+8

(4 + 2 + 3 + 2 + 1 + 2 + 1 + 3) + 8

= 26

24		17
60ft		

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook

15		5
Piercing		Acid

18		20
60ft		

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook

17		4
Piercing		Acid

The one thats prone

GM: (First hit kills him)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Do I use the 18 or do I reroll for the other guy with out advantage?)

GM: (Either way it's a hit)

(We'll just take the 18)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (k)

DC18*no damage on save***Strength Save**

The shield flies 60 feet in a straight line knocking enemies prone unless they succeed on the STR or DEX save. Medium or smaller creatures pinned by this attack take double the damage.

17*Bludgeoning**60 feet line***Bone Shield Hammer**

Henry of Willowsbrook

(On him aswell)

**Shield Guardian:**
STRENGTH
Shield Guardian
*Ability: 23****The Shield Guardian raises its shield and deflects Henry's in midair.***

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs the healing properties of the potion calming his annoyance slightly "Guys anyone have anything to make invisible pests less invisible?" EoT

**Flying Sword:**
LONGSWORD
Flying Sword
*Attack: 15**Damage: 5 slashing*
LONGSWORD
Flying Sword
*Attack: 17**Damage: 8 slashing*
LONGSWORD
Flying Sword
*Attack: 4**Damage: 6 slashing*
LONGSWORD
Flying Sword
*Attack: 5**Damage: 4 slashing*

LONGSWORD
Flying Sword

Attack: 21

Damage: 2 slashing

Five flying swords ping uselessly off his armor.



Ireena Kolyana: "Invisible things? I don't see them!"

"Oh, right."

"Fog Cloud!"



Rictavio: "No!"



Ireena Kolyana: "It will work!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ireena would a fog cloud requirer your focus to maintain? Like the Haste you worked on me?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh! Oh, you're right!"

"Not Fog Cloud then!"

10

100/400

Heavy Crossbow (+5)

11

Piercing



Ireena Kolyana takes careful aim with her crossbow and misses brilliantly.



Ireena Kolyana: "Shit!"



Suldae Westwind: (kind of wish i hadnt swapped out that lvl 3 mass confusion spell, oh well live and learn)



Rictavio: "I could try dispelling it, if it's a magical effect, but if it's the nature of the creature that won't work!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry blinks and questions who Ireena has offended in the cosmic order to be cursed with such a colossal air head on her shoulders



Rictavio: "I only have one of those left in me, and we might need it later!"



Suldae Westwind: "...Henry, could you step away on my signal?"



Rictavio:

HAND CROSSBOW
Rictavio

Attack: 9

Damage: 1 piercing + **12** piercing

HAND CROSSBOW*Rictavio***Attack: 22****Damage: 1** piercing + **8**
piercing***Rictavio finally gets in at least one good shot.*****Henry of Willowsbrook:** *colossal**GM:** (Oh, huh. That extra piercing damage is only supposed to happen on undead targets... So that's actually a really crappy shot)

(Suldae, you're up)

**Suldae Westwind:** (Does Henry have the juice/willingness to cast Misty Step?)**GM:** (He'd have to have a bonus action left, and I think he used it to hurl his shield)**Suldae Westwind:** (Suldae asked a question & the answer is important to what she does) (I'll ready an action if Henry agrees to the plan)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (He can on his turn)**Suldae Westwind:** (yeee)

Suldae gets ready to cast Shatter as soon as Henry Misty Steps away from invisible attackers.

Meanwhile, the halo flies on.

15**Halo throw (+12)**
Suldae Westwind**16***Thunder***GM:** (Aaaaaaaaand that's a miss)**Suldae Westwind:** (oh my fucking god)

(ok)

GM: (I'm busting up over here, rip)**Suldae Westwind:** (anyway readied action Shatter on Henry's general area)**GM:** (Gotcha)***Marcus Veranius decides to go for easier targets*****Marcus Veranius:****21***120***>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)****(+10)**

Marcus Veranius

6
Fire

24
Radiant

26
120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)
(+10)
Marcus Veranius

2
Fire

20
Radiant

27
120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)
(+10)
Marcus Veranius

1
Fire

19
Radiant



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry could just walk he has a free disengage plus well his stupid high Ac)

GM: (Three hits, three kills)

Marcus evaporates three of the flying swords.



Suldae Westwind: (...I guess in a turn-based environment that would work, i was just thinking realistically that Suldae cannot aim at them)



Shield Guardian:

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: **14**

Damage: **8** bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: **15**

Damage: **10** bludgeoning



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry is hasted he can out run the sound explosion...)



Suldae Westwind: (oooooooo)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (DnD is a silly game)

The Shield Guardian slams its fists against Henry's shield—quite uselessly.



Suldae Westwind: (and its Suldae giving the signal anyway)

(he does what he chooses to, in-universe)



Invisible Stalker:

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: 7 | 25

Damage: 14 bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: 7 | 18

Damage: 10 bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: 16 | 22

Damage: 7 bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: 16 | 26

Damage: 10 + 8
bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: 14 | 12

Damage: 7 bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: 18 | 13

Damage: 8 bludgeoning



Invisible Stalker:

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: 16 | 22

Damage: **9** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **12** | **26**

Damage: **15 + 4**
bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **22** | **10**

Damage: **11** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **18** | **9**

Damage: **9** bludgeoning

The invisible blows come thick and fast and brutal, and two actually manage to hit flesh under all that armor.



Suldae Westwind: (two crits??? wow)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (That's a whole lot more attacks than before)

GM: (Two per invisible stalker)

(One invisible stalker per death knight/shield guardian)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives the signal, and without waiting casts Shatter.
after Henry...



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry grunts in pain and decides being surrounded by invisible enemies was getting old as he raises his shield and moves back wards out the door.

Haste to Disengage



Suldae Westwind: (you mean Henry reacts to Suldae's signal, right?)

DC19

Constitution Save

9

Higher Level Cast

13

Thunder

60 feet

Shatter

Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: On Suldaes Signal because surely she had something in mind



Suldae Westwind: (anyway,)



Invisible Stalker:

CONSTITUTION

Invisible Stalker

Ability: **13**

CONSTITUTION

Invisible Stalker

Ability: **19**

CONSTITUTION

Invisible Stalker

Ability: **13**

CONSTITUTION

Invisible Stalker

Ability: **17**

CONSTITUTION

Invisible Stalker

Ability: **7**



Shield Guardian:

CONSTITUTION

Shield Guardian

Ability: **22 | 22**



Flying Sword:

CONSTITUTION

Flying Sword

Ability: **17 | 8**



Suldae Westwind: (rip) (well i hitting that one wasnt the point anyway lmao)

BOOM! A roar of Thunder explodes in the spot where Henry stood a moment ago, blasting through several invisible enemies—and two visible ones. One sword is shaken completely to pieces, but the Shield Guardian hunkers down behind his shield and weathers the brunt of the blast.

GM: (So that was your haste action and your movement, do you want to use your actions/bonus actions?)



Suldae Westwind: (You can take a banana from Suldae!)

(they restore HP)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (how much?)



Suldae Westwind: (...5 HP per banana)

(she has 10)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (interesting question would be how many bananas Henry can chow down in 1

turn)

GM: (How many bananas can *you* eat in 6 seconds?)

(I mean, he's got to peel them and everything)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (You don't want to know that GM...trust me you really don't)



Suldae Westwind: (ok maybe declaring them bananas wasn't the best plan)

GM: (I'm picturing Henry just cramming the entire bundle of bananas down his throat like a python)



Suldae Westwind: (if I draw that)

(can he do it)

(ill even color it)

GM: (If he RPs it)

(Yes)

(I expect this work of art on my desk ASAP)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (...I think He will just touch himself instead, that seems more dignified)

Henry taking in the carnage Suldae just unleashed where he stood places a hand on his chest as he takes a deep breath

Lay on Hands for 40



Suldae Westwind: (aw)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I may have little dignity left when it comes to eating bananas but Henry deserves better despite the image being absolutely hilarious)

DC18

no damage on save

Strength Save

The shield flies 60 feet in a straight line knocking enemies prone unless they succeed on the STR or DEX save. Medium or smaller creatures pinned by this attack take double the damage.

15

Bludgeoning

60 feet line

Bone Shield Hammer

Henry of Willowsbrook

He also sends the shield flying to hit any invisible foes

GM: (Just straight ahead?)

**Invisible Stalker:**

STRENGTH
Invisible Stalker

Ability: **14**

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (ye)

GM: (Gotcha, so you hit one, but it's immune to the prone condition, the grappled condition, etc)

(So you don't pin it, but you do sort of blast the shield right through it)

(Is that EoT?)

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** EoT**Flying Sword:**

LONGSWORD
Flying Sword

Attack: **11**

Damage: **8** slashing

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (btw how many turns has it been since Ireena cast Haste?)

GM: (Good question!)

(I'd say no more than 4 probably)

(I seem to recall about 3 uses of the haste action, so probably 3)

**Ireena Kolyana:**

15

100/400

Heavy Crossbow (+5)

7

Piercing

Ping! A sword bounces off Henry's shield, even as Ireena's crossbow bolt bounces off the Shield Guardian's shield.

**Rictavio:**

HAND CROSSBOW
Rictavio

Attack: **6**

Damage: **5** piercing + **8**
piercing

HAND CROSSBOW
Rictavio

Attack: **6**

Damage: **5** piercing + **13**

piercing

Both of Rictavio's shots miss.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: The halo reverses and flies right at the shield guardian

29

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

16

Thunder

GM: (That's a hit)



Suldae Westwind:

30

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

16

Thunder

GM: (Hit, sword is still alive)

(With 1 HP though)



Suldae Westwind:

16

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

19

Thunder

(augh)

GM: (Aaaand miss)



Suldae Westwind: HMM



Henry of Willowsbrook: (attacking Invisible enemies is possible at disadvantage...nvm)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah thats what im thinking)

(imma try to hit those fuckers)

FOR DESCRIPTION ONLY

Sacred Flame

Evocation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature that you can see within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

Flame-like radiance descends on a creature that you can see within range. The target must succeed on a Dexterity saving throw or take 1d8 radiant damage. The target gains no benefit from cover for this saving throw.

(AH FUCK)

GM: (Yup)



Suldae Westwind: (the spell wording specifically prevents that nm)

GM: (Other options?)



Suldae Westwind: upon wisely considering all available options, Suldae charges into melee trying to tackle whatever the fuck it is attacking Henry / however many of them there are.

GM: (Lmao)



Suldae Westwind: (arms spread, trying to cover as large an area as possible)

GM: (Point of order: She doesn't *know* that the attacks of these creatures might be nonmagical)



Suldae Westwind: (She knows they MIGHT)

GM: (But if that's what she would do anyway, go ahead)



Suldae Westwind: (and with that possibility in mind, this is ABSOLUTELY what she would do)

(if there are many tiny fuckers, she can at least swat them, and if there's one, maybe she can pinpoint its location for Henry to stab)

(and she IS wearing armor...)

GM: (Go ahead and make a grapple check with disadvantage)

(Assuming it is a grapple you're trying to do?)



Suldae Westwind: (yes, basically)

(...is that a Strength/Athletics ability check?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (yes)

GM: (Athletics, yeah)



Suldae Westwind:

2

ATHLETICS (1)
Suldae Westwind

3

ATHLETICS (1)
Suldae Westwind

(...well that answers that)

Suldae heroically misses them all and sprawls on the floor prone instead.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Suldae faceplants into the doorframe I guess)
into

Suldae manages to get her arms around something, but it slips through her grasp like a wind through the trees.



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae is currently prone because her attack was aimed to put her weight on whatever she caught)
(and if she didn't, well, at least she's not in Henry's way)

GM: (Is that EoT?)



Suldae Westwind: EoT

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: (this was almost - almost! - just as planned)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus aims one shot at the sword and two for the armor still standing. It was about time for this ambush to conclude.

14

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

3

Fire

21

Radiant

14

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

5

Fire

20

Radiant

14

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

6

Fire

24
Radiant

...or not.

GM: (Oof)

(Three 14s in a row)

(I think the random number generator on Roll20 is a bit busted)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (that's actually impressive)

GM: (Is that EoT?)



Marcus Veranius: [EoT]



Shield Guardian: The Shield Guardian advances, raising its shield, and brings it crashing down upon Suldae—twice.

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: **23** | **16**

Damage: **11** bludgeoning

FIST
Shield Guardian

Attack: **25** | **12**

Damage: **8** bludgeoning

It tickles.



Invisible Stalker: Then, quite suddenly, Suldae is surrounded by whipping winds, and many fists attempt to strike her.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's body contorts around the attacks with supernatural grace that comes from effectively *shapeshifting* around them.



Invisible Stalker:

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **13**

Damage: **9** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **12**

Damage: **10** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **14**

Damage: **8** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **12**

Damage: **13** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **12**

Damage: **10** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **25**

Damage: **14** bludgeoning



Invisible Stalker:

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **7**

Damage: **12** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **18**

Damage: **9** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **7**

Damage: **13** bludgeoning

SLAM
Invisible Stalker

Attack: **9**

Damage: **5** bludgeoning

GM: (Those should all be with advantage, but it's irrelevant anyway)



Suldae Westwind: (i do love how one (1) of those would have hit anyway)

Suldae hears something—the ruffle of raven feathers. The invisible fists do no damage whatsoever, though she senses them striking her.

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is strongly grateful the attacks appear to be nonmagical, even as she's slightly freaked out by the wereraven nature taking over her body for the moment.

This wasn't her best plan.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (The one sword still lives right?)

GM: (Yes)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

17

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+16)

Henry of Willowsbrook

20
Piercing

7
Acid

34

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+16)

Henry of Willowsbrook

20
Piercing

6
Acid

GM: (That's hilarious because that's its exact AC, but it's also a nat 1, so it's an automatic miss)

(The second hit obliterates it, assuming you're still aiming at the sword)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Yes



Suldae Westwind: (whyyyyy the sword and not the guardian)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I did not think I#d miss

20

34

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+16)

Henry of Willowsbrook

20
Piercing

12
Acid

(that was not supposed to be disadvantage Henry attacks the Guardian)

GM: (That's a hit, but he's still on his feet)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

DC18

no damage on save

Strength Save

The shield flies 60 feet in a straight line knocking enemies prone unless they succeed on the STR or DEX save. Medium or smaller creatures pinned by this attack take double the damage.

14*Bludgeoning**60 feet line***Bone Shield Hammer**

Henry of Willowsbrook

on the Guardian

**Shield Guardian:**

STRENGTH
Shield Guardian

Ability: **14** | **12**

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** and any Stalkers in between I guess**GM:** (That's a kill, do you want to RP it?)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry after flaying around first to swat away the sword Brings both arms forward so that both his Shield and Pick smash the Guardian at the sametime***The Guardian crumbles, little more than a suit of armor without a wearer.******Something invisible flies from it...*****Suldae Westwind:** (of course it does...)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry sighs deeply "...just think how good it will feel to kill him Henry" he says "It will all be worth it.

All. of. this. shit. will. be. worth. IT."

**Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena runs up, grabs the prone Suldae, and forcibly drags her back out of the room. As she retreats, she plucks her dagger from the wall, and the secret door seals itself once more.

"Ok, ok, before you complain:"

**Suldae Westwind:** "...could have taken them," Suldae mumbles.**Ireena Kolyana:** "Use your halo, if you can. Henry, take five. I'm going to drop Haste. Once the effects pass, we reopen the door, try a fog cloud, see what we can do. It's going to suck once the fog cloud is up, so we'll want to stick close together."


"Are you alright, Suldae?"


"Unless anybody has a better plan."

"Literally, any better plan. I'll take it."


**Marcus Veranius:** Marcus raises a hand. "Anyone see any visible treasure in there? How about we fireball the room and let the flames mark them?"


Henry of Willowsbrook: "I could moonbeam the door way"


 **Suldae Westwind:** "...My plan was "flail at them and hope I hit something", so... Oh! One more thing!"

 **Rictavio:** "I believe these are Invisible Stalkers. I could cast Magic Circle, which can be set to prevent them from entering its radius."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "...Oh nice."


 **Rictavio:** "It takes a full minute to cast, but since we seem to find ourselves with additional time..."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I can't cast Fireball."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "Anyway, I don't believe they pose danger for wereravens."


"Ironically, the paladin in the suit of armor is one of the only two people present vulnerable to their attacks at all."

"The... curse, however it works, deflects mundane attacks."

 **Rictavio:** "In that case, perhaps a magic circle to protect the non-wereravens, and the wereravens can remain outside of it?"


 **Suldae Westwind:** "That's a plan, yeah."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "What if they pick up those silver swords, though?"


 **Suldae Westwind:** "Have some berries, Henry."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I mean, can they?"


 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae shoves the berries at him.


 **Rictavio:** "If they have the brains... Which I doubt."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "I mean it's not like the circle would bar US from entering it, right?"


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Thanks" Henry begins to scarf down the berries

 **Rictavio:** "The Circle would only bar the enemies which I set it to."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (so does Henry get all 10 berries?)


 **Suldae Westwind:** (Distribute them as you see fit or store indefinitely, I don't think they expire)

 **Rictavio:** "In case Strahd himself is lurking within that metal fortress, it may be wise to tune it to reject both undead and elementals—assuming that these are ordinary Invisible Stalkers..."

 **Suldae Westwind:** (also everyone else should be topped up on HP from Suldae's consecutive nuke heals)

"That sounds like a good plan, now that we no longer have an undead in the party ourselves," Suldae agrees. "Not that Ismark's even here."

She glances at Ireena.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "We should check in with them, if we can..."



Suldae Westwind: "He's *probably* safer outside, this time."

"Hey, Marcus, you can check with Ezme, right?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: The gathered party are, well party to the slightly unappetizing sight of a grown man stuffing ten bananas down his throat.



Rictavio: "Gods, Henry. Chew!"



Marcus Veranius: "I can if she's on this plane." Marcus comments.



Suldae Westwind: "Well let's bloody well hope!..."

"...does Rope Trick count?"

Suldae considers her magical knowledge for this.

25

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: "Rope Trick, the Robe of Stars she's wearing. Strahd could waste his time trying to find her, but he'll just come back here eventually."

Suldae knows that Rope Trick would cause some interference, as it is a demiplane, but not enough to cut off contact entirely.



Ireena Kolyana: "I'm sure they're fine."



Rictavio: "I'm not."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry swallows loudly "After all that I frankly don't care enough to chew for now" he says with a grunt "At this rate i'm gonna be sore until I'm 40 even with all this magic flying around"



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd's taunting means nothing. Remember; without my equipment, Ez is the stronger of the two of us."

"Something he will unfortunately learn the hard way."



Suldae Westwind: "...I wonder if it would have worked between Barovia and the outside..."

Suldae is thoroughly up a tangent.



Marcus Veranius readies the Sunsword. "Right then, blast or fireball. I'm ready when you are."



Ireena Kolyana: "I told you, I can't cast Fireball."



Rictavio: "Nor can I, I'm afraid. Do we want to try the Magic Circle?"



Marcus Veranius: "Sorry, my mistake."



Ireena Kolyana: "Sorry Henry," Ireena says, as she releases concentration on Haste.



Marcus Veranius: "What I meant to say was, do you want ME to fireball the room?"



Suldae Westwind: "I think we want to, yes."

"About time we protected Henry."

(Henry, all bananas can heal 50 hp)



Marcus Veranius taps the Helmet of Who Needs Hiere Anyways



Suldae Westwind: (or any amount less than that in increments of 5)



Rictavio: "I know the most wonderful chiropractor in Neverwinter, Henry. After this is all over, I'll give you his card."

GM: (Ok, I have to go now, but this was a really fun session, and I'm glad we'll get to hop right back in with RP and combat)

(Thank you all for playing!)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry ate all ten and is now at 96 HP because of it)



Marcus Veranius: (Thank you for hosting! I'll be less distracted next week; promise)



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha, right)

(forgot you were that low rip)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (yup he was down to 6 HP at one point)



Suldae Westwind: (henry was standing against approximately all the contents of that room)



Liliet (Suldae): IM HERE

alright so we were taking a short rest right



GM (GM): Hi Here, I'm dad

Damn, I'm GM would have been better



Liliet (Suldae): youre thinking about another player :3



GM (GM): Nah, if I were I'd say "Hi Here, I'm Daddy ;) ;) ;)"

Right, so go ahead and take that short rest if you haven't yet

I think I have super dyslexia

Whole words change when I'm not looking

Like I could have sworn you wrote "You're thinking about another campaign"

Not "Another player"



GM (GM): Your joke was funnier

But the way I read it, I was thinking "She must be talking about the curse of strahd game I play with my boyfriend"

So now it's just double layers of awkward

ANYWAY

Would you like to stick with the initiative order we have now, or roll your initiatives again?

And do you want to coordinate a first-round breach-and-clear?



Marcus Veranius: "So I've come to an unfortunate conclusion."

"Fireball will probably destroy whatever we were prophecised to find in there."

"I'm gunna try a Prismatic Spray instead, hope they get stuck in the cone."



Rictavio: "That little fortress looked sturdy enough to me..."



Ireena Kolyana: "Prismatic Spray might be a better idea anyway. With luck, one of the effects might leave one of our enemies visible."



Rictavio: "Do we have a sense of how many there are?"



Liliet (Suldae): "Lots", Suldae suggests.



Suldae Westwind: She is very useful.



Zanshukun: "Somewhere around 5" Henry says "Going by the amount of hits they threw my way"



Marcus Veranius: "Don't think they're undead. They would have lit up like a festival pine."



Rictavio: "If these are what I think they are, they may be elementals."



Marcus Veranius: "Ah, yes. The Element of Surprise."



Ireena Kolyana: "I think he means *wind*, Marcus."



Rictavio: "At my age, that has a certain element of surprise to it."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena pulls a face of disgust.



Rictavio: "Speaking of breaking things," says Rictavio, "What should the rest of us do when you cast this spell?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hit things or try to atleast" Henry suggests



Suldae Westwind: (weren't we talking about a magic circle for our 2 (two) non wereravens)



Rictavio: "Shall I prepare a magic circle?"

"We could place it right in the doorway, so that none of them can escape the room and hide in that ridiculous belfry tower."



Suldae Westwind: "That sounds like a good idea. These things didn't seem prepared for... the automatic wereraven defense mechanism" Suldae makes a grimace. She doesn't enjoy that, though she enjoys it significantly more than getting stabbed. Ah, comparisons.

"Means there are only two of us they even can hurt at all, without silver weapons"



Rictavio: "And there are several silver swords lying around in that room," says Rictavio, thoughtfully.

"They're not the brightest creatures, though. I doubt they'll have the sense to use them."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well now that sounds like as good a plan as any"



Rictavio: Rictavio takes powdered silver from his pouch and carefully begins arranging the circle. "It will just barely fit in the chamber. For safety's sake, I'm including celestials, elementals, fey, fiends, and undead."

"Give me just a moment..."

Magic Circle

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 minute

Range: 10 ft

Components: V, S, M (Holy water or powdered silver and iron worth at least 100 gp, which the spell consumes)

Duration: 1 hour

You create a 10-foot-radius, 20-foot-tall cylinder of magical energy centered on a point on the ground that you can see within range. Glowing runes appear wherever the cylinder intersects with the floor or other surface.

Choose one or more of the following types of creatures - celestials, elementals, fey, fiends, or undead. The circle affects a creature of the chosen type in the following ways.

- The creature can't willingly enter the cylinder by nonmagical means. If the creature tries to use teleportation or interplanar travel to do so, it must first succeed on a Charisma saving throw.
- The creature has disadvantage on attack rolls against targets within the cylinder.
- Targets within the cylinder can't be charmed, frightened, or possessed by the creature.

When you cast this spell, you can elect to cause its magic to operate in the reverse direction, preventing a creature of the specified type from leaving the cylinder and protecting targets outside it.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the duration increases by 1 hour for each slot level above 3rd.



Suldae Westwind: "The sooner we end the fight, the less time they'll have to find sense within themselves," Suldae highlights the obvious.



Marcus Veranius:

On your turn, you can use a bonus action to regain hit points equal to 1d10 + your fighter level.

2
Fire

13
Healing

Second Wind
Marcus Veranius

(Ignore the fire damage)



Marcus Veranius feels fit and fine to start helmet-blasting some invisibles!



Suldae Westwind: (wait werent we taking a short rest)



Marcus Veranius: (Use my second wind before the rest, get it back after and save some hit dice)

GM: (Oh you sly dog)



Suldae Westwind: (legit)

(can we assume the short rest already happened and the discussion is happening as everyone is fresh...er)



Ireena Kolyana: "Before we breach, I could cast Haste? Maybe?"

GM: (That's what I was assuming)

(Make sure you roll your healing if you haven't already though)



Suldae Westwind:

SONG OF REST

Class: Bard

Beginning at 2nd level, you can use soothing music or oration to help revitalize your wounded allies during a short rest. If you or any friendly creatures who can hear your performance regain hit points at the end of the short rest by spending one or more Hit Dice, each of those creatures regains an extra 1d6 hit points.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

5

HIT DICE (D10+3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

5

HIT DICE (D10+3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

rolling 2d6

(6 + 5)

= 11

GM: (Also I just realized True Strike is awesome for invisible enemies)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

9

HIT DICE (D10+3)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (isnt magic missile also)



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling d6

(3)

= 3



Suldae Westwind: (it has the 'cannot miss' gimmick right)

GM: (I believe you still have to see the target for magic missile)



Suldae Westwind: (though true strike is a cantrip?)

(oh i see rip)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

7

HIT DICE (D10+3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

rolling d6

(6)

= 6

(So Henry is back at full juice)

GM: (I've returned both Ireena and Rictavio to full health, and increased their remaining spell slots slightly.)



Ireena Kolyana: "Right, so, Haste? Who wants it?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I mean, I would take it." Henry says



Marcus Veranius: "Extra sprays from the helmet? Sure!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "OR that"



Rictavio: "Before we go in there, I just want you all to understand how very much you mean to me. I pray for Pelor's blessing upon each and every one of you."

Bless

Enchantment 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: Up to three creatures of your choice within range

Components: V, S, M (A sprinkling of holy water)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You bless up to three creatures of your choice within range. Whenever a target makes an attack roll or a saving throw before the spell ends, the target can roll a d4 and add the number rolled to the attack roll or saving throw.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot level above 1st.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'm bound to end up doing a bunch of flailing about like an ass"

GM: (All players and Ireena are now under the effect of Bless)



Ireena Kolyana: "Marcus it is, then..."

Haste

Transmutation 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A willing creature that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (A shaving of licorice root)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

Choose a willing creature that you can see within range. Until the spell ends, the target's speed is doubled, it gains a +2 bonus to AC, it has advantage on Dexterity saving throws, and it gains an additional action on each of its turns. That action can be used only to take the Attack (one weapon attack only), Dash, Disengage, Hide, or Use an Object action. When the spell ends, the target can't move or take actions until after its next turn, as a wave of lethargy sweeps over it.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae treats everyone to the magical world edition of benny hills with a sequence of limericks about how badly they're going to whoop the ass of these invisible fuckers.

BARDIC INSPIRATION

Class: Bard

You, the target, get a Bardic Inspiration die - a d6 initially, a d8 starting from level 5, a d10 starting from level 10, a d12 starting from level 15. You keep it for 10 minutes. During these 10 minutes you can use it up by rolling it and adding the result to one ability check, attack roll or saving throw. You can only have one at a time and uses refresh at

short rest, so use it up!



Suldae Westwind inspires



Suldae Westwind: (One on Marcus, one on Henry, one on Rictavio, one on Ireena, one left)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So are we ready?" Henry asks



Ireena Kolyana: "As ready as we're gonna be, I think... I guess we all just start shooting as soon as we open the door?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Pretty much yeah"



Marcus Veranius is has his hands in the helmet's diamonds, ready to cast at will!



Rictavio: "It is important to note that they will still be able to attack targets on the periphery of the circle, but that the circle's magic should offer some protection."

"So perhaps we ought to put our meatier young fellows up in front."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I do have a name" Henry says sardonically



Suldae Westwind: "Wereravens, he means wereravens."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Could we get to it dinner is ready)"Oh right yes"



Ireena Kolyana: "If those swords start flying, we'll, uh... Let you take over."



Suldae Westwind: "That, yes."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena steps in front of the door and slips her knife into the crack slightly. "Ready?"

GM: (Does the formation look right?)



Marcus Veranius: "Umm... I kindof need to be in the front for this one."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Yeah)

(Cones)



Marcus Veranius: "Unless you wanna play Magic Beam Tapdancing."



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh," says Ireena. "Right."

"Well, we're all right behind ya."

She leaves her dagger in the crack, ready to be jammed in and trigger the door.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "okay" Henry says tenseing "Now go"

GM: (All you, Marcus)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Could I already roll my attacks I got to go real quick please?)

GM: (Go ahead!)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

36 + 2 | 31 + 2


30ft/60ft
Dagonbone Warpick (+16)
 Henry of Willowsbrook

16 <i>Piercing</i>	5 <i>Acid</i>
------------------------------	-------------------------


29 + 1	17 + 1
---------------	---------------

30ft/60ft
Dagonbone Warpick (+16)
 Henry of Willowsbrook


20 <i>Piercing</i>	4 <i>Acid</i>
------------------------------	-------------------------

 **Marcus Veranius:** (I have no idea how to measure a cone)

GM: (A cone extends in a direction you choose from its point of Origin. A cone's width at a given point along its length is equal to that point's distance from the point of Origin. A cone's area of Effect specifies its maximum length.)

 **Ireena Kolyana:** A cone's point of Origin is not included in the cone's area of Effect, unless you decide otherwise.)

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Brb)

 **Marcus Veranius:** (Cone is 60 ft)
 (Fuck it, room is blasted)

GM: (Yeah, you can easily position it such that there is no cover)

 **Marcus Veranius:**

DC18

Half Damage on save / No Effects

Dexterity Save

1. Fire
2. Acid
3. Lightning
4. Poison
5. Cold.
6. [No damage; Restrained]
7. [No damage; Blinded]
8. Struck twice. Roll two d8s.

6
Fire

38 <i>Damage</i>	2 <i>Damage Type</i>
----------------------------	--------------------------------

60-foot cone

Prismatic Spray
 Marcus Veranius

(Ignore the fire from blazing weapon)

(How many targets do I need to roll beams for?)

GM: (6)

**Marcus Veranius:** rolling 5d8

(4 + 7 + 1 + 7 + 2)

= 21

**Invisible Stalker:**

DEXTERITY

Invisible Stalker

Ability: 17

DEXTERITY

Invisible Stalker

Ability: 21

DEXTERITY

Invisible Stalker

Ability: 7

DEXTERITY

Invisible Stalker

Ability: 14

DEXTERITY

Invisible Stalker

Ability: 18

DEXTERITY

Invisible Stalker

Ability: 12

GM: (4 failures)

(Looks like... Acid, (dodged poison), Blinded, Fire, (dodged blinded), and Acid again)

(Do you want to roll the 10d6 separately for each, or just use the 38 across the board?)

**Marcus Veranius:** [38 acid damage to target 1][19 Poison damage to target 2][Target 3 is Blinded][38 fire damage to target 4][Target 5 is unaffected][38 Fire to target 6]

On a failed save, the target is Blinded. It must then make a Wisdom saving throw at the start of your next turn. A successful save ends the blindness. If it fails that save, the creature is transported to another plane of existence of the DM's choosing and is no longer Blinded. (Typically, a creature that is on a plane that isn't its home plane is banished home, while other creatures are usually cast into the Astral or Ethereal planes.)

With the power of Haste: Use an Object, marcus fires another volley

DC18

Half Damage on save / No Effects

Dexterity Save

1. Fire
2. Acid
3. Lightning
4. Poison
5. Cold.
6. [No damage; Restrained]
7. [No damage; Blinded]
8. Struck twice. Roll two d8s.

30
Damage

4
Damage Type

60-foot cone

Prismatic Spray
Marcus Veranius

rolling 5d8

(8 + 6 + 7 + 6 + 2)

= **29**

rolling 2d8

(2 + 2)

= **4**



Invisible Stalker:

DEXTERITY
Invisible Stalker

Ability: **19**

DEXTERITY
Invisible Stalker

Ability: **20**

DEXTERITY
Invisible Stalker

Ability: **10**

DEXTERITY
Invisible Stalker

Ability: **7**

DEXTERITY
Invisible Stalker

Ability: **8**

DEXTERITY
Invisible Stalker

Ability: 7



Marcus Veranius: [15 Poison damage to target 1][30 fire damage to target 2 from two beams][Target 3 is also Restrained][Target 4 is Blinded][Target 5 is Restrained][30 Fire to target 6]

On a failed save, the target is Restrained. It must then make a Constitution saving throw at the end of each of its turns. If it successfully saves three times, the spell ends. If it fails its save three times, it permanently turns to stone and is subjected to the Petrified condition. The successes and failures don't need to be consecutive, keep track of both until the target collects three of a kind.



Marcus Veranius introduces Barovia to the concept of laser light shows



Invisible Stalker: [pass: Poison] [pass: Struck Twice] [Restrained—but it's immune] [Blinded] [Restrained—but it's immune] [Acid (I think)]

(Is that right?)



Marcus Veranius: (I calculated the poison damage it's taking in my blurb)

(Half damage on a pass)

GM: (It's immune to poison anyway, so sort of a moot point)



Marcus Veranius: (oof)

The lazer light show is now over.

[EoT]

GM: (I'll deal with Henry's rolls now, assuming he comes up and hurls his warpick)

(That's one hit and one miss)

The room is briefly filled by dazzling rays! Several targets are struck by a variety of entertaining magics. Two are now blinded, and several are on the verge of death. Henry's flying warpick finishes one of them off, and a puff of fine silvery dust falls to the ground.

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae plays a rather simple melody that she's accustomed to by now.

FOR DESCRIPTION ONLY

(Flute) Gust

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 Action

Range: 30 ft

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

You seize the air and compel it to create one of

the following effects at a point you can see within range:

One Medium or smaller creature that you choose must succeed on a Strength saving throw or be pushed up to 5 feet away from you.

You create a small blast of air capable of moving one object that is neither held nor carried and that weighs no more than 5 pounds. The object is pushed up to 10 feet away from you. It isn't pushed with enough force to cause damage.

You create a harmless sensory effect using air, such as causing leaves to rustle, wind to slam shutters shut, or your clothing to ripple in a breeze.

(The closest critter is pushed away)



Invisible Stalker:

STRENGTH
Invisible Stalker

Ability: 6

INITIATIVE
Invisible Stalker

Initiative: 16

GM: (That's a misclick, sorry)

(Ok, he's pushed away)



Suldae Westwind: And then there's the halo, flying rather blindly.

20 + 4

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

16
Thunder

31 + 4

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

19
Thunder

GM: (That's going to have to be at disadvantage)



Suldae Westwind: (twice for disadvantage)

GM: (Gotcha)

(It's definitely a hit—seems like it was guided by the gods lol)



Suldae Westwind: Bouncing off something invisible, the halo continues its flight off to the side...

$$21 + 3 \quad | \quad 30 + 3$$

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

20
Thunder

It is, all things considered, quite difficult to dodge a *sound*, even if the thing that's dodging is invisible.

$$31 + 2 \quad | \quad 28 + 2$$

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

15
Thunder

$$28 + 1 \quad | \quad 30 + 1$$

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

16
Thunder

$$31 + 4 \quad | \quad 15 + 4$$

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

15
Thunder



Suldae Westwind: (im assuming the last one hit too?)

GM: (Yup!)



Suldae Westwind:

$$31 + 4 \quad | \quad 30 + 4$$

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

16
Thunder

$$18 + 1 \quad | \quad 14 + 1$$

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

17
Thunder

(is that finally a miss)

GM: (That's still a hit)



Suldae Westwind: (I love this)

Pelor's blessing is no joke, apparently.

$$25 + 3 \quad | \quad 29 + 3$$

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

11
Thunder

(how do i measure again)

$$32 + 1 \quad | \quad 15 + 1$$

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

15
Thunder

(ty)

GM: (the Q key drops pins)



Suldae Westwind: (thanks!!!!)

GM: (You've done 80)



Suldae Westwind: (now more)

$$19 + 3 \quad | \quad 16 + 3$$

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

15
Thunder

$$14 + 3 \quad | \quad 19 + 3$$

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

12
Thunder

GM: (And that's as far as it can go)



Suldae Westwind: The halo whirls around the room in a chorus of destruction. It manages to chorus with itself, that's how fast it is.



Ireena Kolyana: "Jeez!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae can barely hear Ireena's exclamation behind the melodic din.

Ireena Kolyana:**22****21**

100/400

Heavy Crossbow (+5)**8***Piercing***Suldae Westwind:** (EoT)**GM:** (1 Bless)***Ireena Kolyana takes a potshot at one of the spots where she saw the Halo bounce, and her crossbow bolt rips through the ethereal creature, dealing some damage.*****Rictavio:** "Keep up the pressure!"**HAND CROSSBOW***Rictavio***Attack: 19 | 10****Damage: 5** piercing + **14**
piercing**HAND CROSSBOW***Rictavio***Attack: 21 | 15****Damage: 6** piercing + **16**
piercing**GM:** (He doesn't have Bless, but he'll use that Bardic inspiration)

(Was that 1d6?)

**Suldae Westwind:** (excellent)

(1d8 by now i think)

BARDIC INSPIRATION*Class: Bard*

You, the target, get a Bardic Inspiration die - a d6 initially, a d8 starting from level 5, a d10 starting from level 10, a d12 starting from level 15. You keep it for 10 minutes. During these 10 minutes you can use it up by rolling it and adding the result to one ability check, attack roll or saving throw. You can only have one at a time and uses refresh at short rest, so use it up!



Suldae Westwind inspires**Rictavio:** 7**Rictavio looses two crossbow bolts to the same target, which screams like a whirlwind.****Invisible Stalker:**

INTELLIGENCE

Invisible Stalker

Ability: 17

INTELLIGENCE

Invisible Stalker

Ability: 15

INTELLIGENCE

Invisible Stalker

Ability: 7

INTELLIGENCE

Invisible Stalker

Ability: 19

INTELLIGENCE

Invisible Stalker

Ability: 4

INTELLIGENCE

Invisible Stalker

Ability: 20

GM: (Wait, two of those are dead)**Suldae Westwind:** (RIP)***Suddenly, three of the silver swords on the ground scoop themselves into the air—revealing the positions of their bearers.*****Invisible Stalker:**

INITIATIVE

Invisible Stalker

Initiative: 11

GM: (Ignore that, I don't know how I keep misclicking that)**Invisible Stalker:**LONGSWORD +1 (TWO-
HANDED)*Invisible Stalker*

Attack: 1 | 9

Damage: 9

You have a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this weapon.

One of the swords flies towards the Circle, and with a pulse of light you see an almost humanoid form of solid air bounce off the barrier, never even getting time to swing at its intended target.



Invisible Stalker:

LONGSWORD +1 (TWO-HANDED)
Invisible Stalker

Attack: 6 | 1

Damage: 7

You have a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this weapon.

LONGSWORD +1 (TWO-HANDED)
Invisible Stalker

Attack: 20 | 3

Damage: 3

You have a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this weapon.



Suldae Westwind: (oh my god)

A second sword swoops for the doorway as well, and is rebuffed twice—just as effectively.



Suldae Westwind: (they are REALLY stupid

E>



Invisible Stalker:

LONGSWORD +1 (TWO-HANDED)
Invisible Stalker

Attack: 7 | 1

Damage: 11

You have a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this weapon.

LONGSWORD +1 (TWO-HANDED)
Invisible Stalker

Attack: 19 2

Damage: 10

You have a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this weapon.



Suldae Westwind: (this keeps being entertaining)

And the third sword is no more effective than its brethren. Seeing that they have given away their positions for nothing, they drop the swords and attempt to flee!



Marcus Veranius: "..."

GM: (You can each make an attack of opportunity with disadvantage, Marcus and Suldae)



Marcus Veranius: "Do you... wanna just leave the castle?"

"We won't pursue if you just leave."



Suldae Westwind:

17 + 4		12 + 4
20/60		
Dagger of Venom (+8)		
Suldae Westwind		
6		7
Piercing		

Suldae lashes out with the dagger.

that seems to find its own way into her palm.

She feels the edge of the blade strike something like thickened wind.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae also nods along to Marcus's proposition.



Invisible Stalker: The whirling winds keen sadly, fearfully, keeping their distance now.



Rictavio: "They *may* be able to understand us..."



Ireena Kolyana: "Quick! Does anyone speak Auran?"



Rictavio: "It may not do any good. Think about it. They've been imprisoned here by Strahd, by who knows what spellcraft?"



Ireena Kolyana: "That doesn't mean they're compelled to fight us."



Rictavio: "You underestimate the power of a Geas."



Ireena Kolyana: "Like Strahd can even cast that."



Marcus Veranius: (Any of the primordial languages would work; they're understandable by the other languages. You'll just come off as having a thick accent)

(Alas, I dont have any of the four)

Suldae Westwind: (i dont think gobliln or gnomish are related, right?)



Marcus Veranius: (Nope. I think only the four Primordial languages act that wat)

*way

"...funny enough, I always wanted to learn Auran."



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh wait! I'm a dummy. I have *Comprehend Languages* in my spellbook."

"Give me just a moment here..."

"I *know* I have it somewhere..."

She digs through her spellbook hastily, rifling through the pages.

She finds the spell, and hastily begins to read. "One second, guys..."

GM: (It takes a full minute for her to ritually cast it)



Marcus Veranius is just standing there awkwardly



Marcus Veranius: No weapon drawn, just... ???



Rictavio: "I wonder if they play cards. That's pretty universal."

Rictavio pulls out a deck of antique cards and begins to shuffle them. He draws several, and shoves the rest of the deck across the line of the circle.



Marcus Veranius: "I don't think now's a good time. Strahd will just peek at the cards."



Rictavio: The cards scatter and tumble, bashed about by winds.



Marcus Veranius: "...or that."



Rictavio: "Well. I guess they don't want to play cards..."



Ireena Kolyana: "I've got it!"



Marcus Veranius begins playing Extreme 52 Card Pickup; Tornado Edition



Ireena Kolyana: She stands up very carefully, leaving her spellbook open on the ground. She lifts a hand in an arcane gesture, and tips her head, and opens her mouth, and the strangest sounds of wind and air begin to flow.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae restrains her halo, waiting for the diplomacy attempt to bear fruit.



Ireena Kolyana: Also, Marcus suffers the effects of an ending Haste spell, because it only lasts for a minute anyway.



Marcus Veranius falls to the ground, dropping the cards again



Marcus Veranius: "Drat."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena says: "Shhav' ghaess it?"



Invisible Stalker: Winds whisper and hiss in response.



Ireena Kolyana: "They say they're having a bad day."

"What should I ask them?"



Suldae Westwind: "Why they are attacking us," Suldae suggests.



Ireena Kolyana: "Vshash verrh ihhai ittikkig iss?"



Invisible Stalker: The winds hiss and scream.



Ireena Kolyana: "They say we stole their bodies and ruined their homes (?)"

"I think they mean the armor."



Marcus Veranius: "Their homes attacked us." Marcus comments.



Ireena Kolyana: "Sshaarr shhanness ittikket iss."



Invisible Stalker: The winds howl and roar.



Ireena Kolyana: "Apparently they don't see it that way. We broke into their home, where they've watched her sleeping for centuries and centuries. They won't let us touch her."

"Not sure who the 'her' is here?"



Rictavio: "It doesn't sound like they're prisoners."



Ireena Kolyana: "No, wait. A person can be a prisoner and not even know it."



Suldae Westwind: "Why won't they let us touch her?"



Marcus Veranius: "...probably whatever was meant by the prophecy."

"I wonder... is she who I think?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Vshash vhan't ihhai let iss thaaksh sherr?"



Invisible Stalker: The wind *roars*.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena twists a finger in her ear.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I'm back and up to speed)



Ireena Kolyana: "They say, and I quote: 'She lies sleeping, and will soon wake, and nothing must disturb her slumber.'"



Marcus Veranius *draws the sunsword and shoots a bolt clean into the air*



Ireena Kolyana: "Again, quoting here: 'especially not meddlesome adventurers!'"



Suldae Westwind: "What happens when she wakes? Also is there a useful answer to who is she?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Vshhi iss ssshe?"



Invisible Stalker: The winds whisper long and sad.

They seem to be further away, deeper in the room now—perhaps because of Marcus's bolt.



Marcus Veranius: "...sorry, wind was getting a bit loud."



Ireena Kolyana: "They... They say she... Fell? And they tried to catch her, and their sisters in the water softened her fall, and their brothers of the land... Tried to hold her. But the man came, and stole her, and would not let her rest. So they followed, and he... Let them stay, to watch her, and see that she

was not disturbed."

Ireena puts a hand to her mouth.

She looks at Suldae, her eyes wide.

"It's *me*. My body, I mean. My... Old one."



Marcus Veranius frowns. This was a cruel prophecy indeed.



Rictavio: "The tomb of Tatiana?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena nods.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well" Henry surmises "Fuck"



Suldae Westwind: "...That was my guess," Suldae admits uneasily.



Ireena Kolyana: "The heart of the castle... The heart of the curse..."



Suldae Westwind: "...What do we do about that?"



Marcus Veranius: "A vault of temptation hidden behind a woman of great beauty. These prophecies continue to be obtuse."



Suldae Westwind: "Also, what do they mean about her waking?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Vault of temptation... What vault of temptation? Are we supposed to assume Strahd keeps his treasure in there, too?"

She gestures towards the fortress.

"I'll... I'll ask them."

"Vshit thi ihhai nnein, ssshh vill ivike?"



Invisible Stalker: The winds whisper, sift, and shudder.



Ireena Kolyana: "She'll come back—her wind, they mean. It will return to her, and she will rest, and they will rejoice, and return to the sky."



Marcus Veranius: "They need to let go."

"So much of this land bleeds because no one knows how to let go of what's passed."

"Their corpses parade around as puppets, burying what could be with what's long gone."



Ireena Kolyana: "Her wind..."



Rictavio: "Her soul, perhaps?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Vshen viss tshh lisst tinnh ihhai ssiv sherr fike?"



Invisible Stalker: The winds whisper.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I would assume" Henry says frowning



Ireena Kolyana: "The last time they saw her face was when she was sealed inside the stone."



Suldae Westwind: "Well," Suldae says uncomfortably.



Marcus Veranius steps into the room, ignoring the stalkers. There is only one thing to do here,

and no negotiation will bar him.



Ireena Kolyana: "I... I want to try something."



Suldae Westwind: "...Be safe," Suldae grips her hand.



Invisible Stalker: The winds scream and roar, threatening to dive upon him.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena jogs to catch up to him.



Marcus Veranius ignores the howling, ready to take every cut they offer. It won't be enough



Ireena Kolyana: "Viit! Ihahak idhan nne! Dhi ihhai nhat nhav nne?"



Invisible Stalker: The winds spiral around the two of them, searching, feeling.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Why do I get the feeling this is gonna be an awful mess in about one minute"



Invisible Stalker: Then, with wails of joy, they hurtle away.

The air grows very still, and silent, and watchful.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena beams.



Suldae Westwind: "Okay, that's nice, what now?" Suldae says nervously.

She keeps worrying about Ireena getting *hurt*.



Ireena Kolyana: "Now we figure out how to... Get inside."



Marcus Veranius: "A very uncomfortable thing. I suggest you stay in the circle."



Marcus Veranius flies to the top of the fortress, looking for an easier way inside



Suldae Westwind: How big are the windows compared to bird size?

There were openings, right?



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Could either of you share what their plan or are we actually that cliched as adventures?"

plan is



Suldae Westwind: "I'm also curious..."



Marcus Veranius: "Not this time." Marcus continues to frown, looking for ways inside.

The stars in the domed ceiling, upon closer inspection, are little crystals which each burn as brightly as a candle flame. The tower is twenty feet on each side and thirty feet high, with arrow slits and a battlemented roof. The arrow slits are four inches wide and two feet tall, and the walls of the tower are at least three inches thick. On the north side of the fortress is an adamantine door, and on the roof is an adamantine trapdoor.



Ireena Kolyana: "I don't have a plan, I'm afraid."

"But I asked them if they recognized me."

"They did."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae turns into her raven form and tries to squeeze through the arrow gap.

Ireena Kolyana: "They're going to let us into the chamber, unharmed, but they don't know how to open the fortress.

GM: (Roll a dex save)



Suldae Westwind:

8

22

DEXTERITY SAVE (7)
Suldae Westwind

(ER)

(welp)



Marcus Veranius follows Suldae's plan, having done the same in the Amber Temple easy enough

32



Suldae Westwind: (wasnt meant to be disadvantage but that doesnt seem to matter rip)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (who rolls dex?)



Suldae Westwind: (people who are ravens and trying to get through the arrow slit im guessing)

A blast of raw magic strikes Suldae right as she tries to squeeze through the arrow slit. It hurls her aside like a toy, leaving her stunned and prone. (Make an INT save to shake off the stun)

GM: (Yes, trying to slip through the arrow slit incurs the dex save)



Marcus Veranius:

24

DEXTERITY SAVE (11)
Marcus Veranius

42

A blast of raw magic strikes Marcus right as he tries to squeeze through the arrow slit. It hurls him aside like a toy, but does not leave him stunned or prone. He takes only half the damage.



Ireena Kolyana: "Huh."

"Guess the windows aren't the best option..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tries the door

The door has no handle, and no visible hinges. It is a three-inch-thick plate of pure adamantine.



Marcus Veranius has lost his temp HP from super crits



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tries pucjing it



Suldae Westwind:

19

INTELLIGENCE SAVE (3)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: pushing



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shakes herself as she regains her bearing. It looks pretty funny in bird form.

GM: (Temp HP can't be added together, so each super crit changes the number of temp HP you have, not adding constantly to a pool)

(But your temp HP probably is enough to take the brunt of the blast anyway)

The door does not open at his push.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena knocks on the door. The sound echoes for a time.

"There's probably a secret password again."



Suldae Westwind: "Bwuh," Suldae complains, coming back into humanoid form. She's sitting on the floor glaring balefully at the tower..



Rictavio: "It's only adamantine. Between all of us, we might be able to batter it down."



Ireena Kolyana: "Only adamantine?"



Suldae Westwind: "Please open," Suldae tries.



Suldae Westwind is casting a spell, please stand by...



Suldae Westwind:

Command

Enchantment 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range

Components: V

Duration: 1 round

You speak a one-word command to a creature you can see within range. The target must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or follow the command on its next turn. The spell has no effect if the target is undead, if it doesn't understand your language, or if your command is directly harmful to it. Some typical commands and their effects follow. You might issue a command other than one described here. If you do so, the GM determines how the target behaves. If the target can't follow your command, the spell ends. Approach. The target moves toward you by the shortest and most direct route, ending its turn if it moves within 5 feet of you. Drop. The target drops whatever it is holding and then ends its turn. Flee. The

target spends its turn moving away from you by the fastest available means. Grovel. The target falls prone and then ends its turn. Halt. The target doesn't move and takes no actions. A flying creature stays aloft, provided that it is able to do so. If it must move to stay aloft, it flies the minimum distance needed to remain in the air.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can affect one additional creature for each slot level above 1st. The creatures must be within 30 feet of each other when you target them.



Marcus Veranius: (To clarify, I've only been keeping the highest pool of Super Crit temp HP)

The spell fails, because the tower is not a creature.

GM: (I figured you were, just wanted to make sure)



Suldae Westwind: "Aw, that didn't work."



Ireena Kolyana: "I could try to cast Identify, maybe? See what we're dealing with?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Uhm what was the name of Ireenas first live again I for the live of me can't remember atm)



Suldae Westwind: "Sounds like a plan!"

GM: (Tatiana)



Suldae Westwind: (Tatyana)

(or that)

GM: (Probably Suldae's spelling)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus has only one other option he can think of.



Ireena Kolyana: "Ok. I'll have to ritually cast it, which will take ten minutes."



Suldae Westwind: "Anyone get any faster ideas to get out of the way first?"



Marcus Veranius: "Hey Sergei. Remember that thing you mentioned about teleporting me to your location through astral whatsits?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Tatyana" Henry says tentatvily



Marcus Veranius YEETS THE SUNSWORD



Rictavio: "Perhaps a dispel magic?"



Marcus Veranius: (though the arrow slit)

7 29



Henry of Willowsbrook: Placing his hand on the door as he says it

The sunsword bounces violently off a blast of magic, and spins back into the room, steaming.

Sergei: "Ow."



Marcus Veranius: "SHIT! SORRY!"

Sergei: "Just... Ow."

"I'll live."

"Oh wait, no I won't, haha"



Marcus Veranius picks it back up and tries polishing it off."



Marcus Veranius: "It's fine, it's fine."

Sergei: "I am unharmed, except for my dignity."

The sound of Tatyana's name does not awaken the door of the tower.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (any reaction to Henry's password test?)

(kay)



Rictavio: "I could try to dispel the magic of the door, but it would only be temporary, and we'd still have to deal with the door itself, which isn't exactly a lightweight item..."

"Or... I could attempt to dispel the magic that keeps yeeting things back out the windows?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "How heavy would you say the door would be?"



Suldae Westwind: "I could open the door if it's unlocked."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Brb)



Suldae Westwind: (Thaumaturgy can cause an unlocked door to slam open or shut)



Marcus Veranius looks at the door



Suldae Westwind: (no clarification of how heavy it can be for it to work in the description)

"If the only lock is magical..."



Marcus Veranius: "You telling me we can break this thing for scrap if you dispel its protection magic?"



Rictavio: "That assumes the lock is strictly magical, yes..."



Suldae Westwind: "...Actually I could try that right now."

Suldae gives a melodic whistle, summoning the awe of her god for a moment.

FOR DESCRIPTION ONLY

Thaumaturgy

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: See text

Components: V

Duration: Up to 1 minute

You manifest a minor wonder, a sign of supernatural power, within range. You create one of the following magical effects within range: Your voice booms up to three times as loud as normal for 1 minute. You cause flames to flicker, brighten, dim, or change color for 1 minute. You cause harmless tremors in the ground for 1 minute. You create an instantaneous sound that originates from a point of your choice within range, such as a rumble of thunder, the cry of a raven, or ominous whispers. You instantaneously cause an unlocked door or window to fly open or slam shut. You alter the appearance of your eyes for 1 minute. If you cast this spell multiple times, you can have up to three of its 1-minute effects active at a time, and you can dismiss such an effect as an action.

(just in case the door itself isnt even locked, just that heavy)

(XD)



Rictavio: "Well, *break for scrap* might be an overstatement. But metal is metal, after all. Even adamantine can be... Dealt with the old fashioned way."



Marcus Veranius has a dream. The dream is ADAMANTINE CROWBAR

The door does not budge under the effects of Thaumaturgy. It appears it is, in fact, locked.



Ireena Kolyana: "Adamantine is immune to non-magical damage, and resistant to magical damage. Breaking this down will take time—time we don't really have."



Suldae Westwind: "Well, it's locked."

"Try dispelling it?"



Marcus Veranius: "...you don't suppose..."



Ireena Kolyana: "I'm working on *Identify*, I should have some more answers soon... But try dispelling things for now."



Marcus Veranius tries just... picking the lock



Rictavio: "Right, so should I target the door, or target the spell?"

GM: (Roll the check, Marcus)



Marcus Veranius:

29

Thieves Tools (11)
Marcus Veranius

rolling 1d8 Bardic Inspiration

(1)

= 1

Marcus works his best magic on the lock, and to some avail. The mechanical aspect of the lock clicks open.

The arcane aspect remains.



Ireena Kolyana: "I heard a click. Did that get us anywhere?"



Marcus Veranius: "I've got the physical lock jammed open."

"Just magic holding it closed now."



Rictavio: "I'll try dispelling the magic lock, then."

Dispel Magic

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: One creature, object, or magical effect within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

Choose one creature, object, or magical effect within range. Any spell of 3rd level or lower on the target ends. For each spell of 4th level or higher on the target, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a successful check, the spell ends.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you automatically end the effects of a spell on the target if the spell's level is equal to or less than the level of the spell slot you used.

WISDOM

Rictavio

Ability: 15 | 7



Suldae Westwind: (OUCH)



Rictavio: "Aargh!"

Rictavio cries out in pain and shambles backwards.

"It... It fought back!"



Ireena Kolyana: "What in the hells *is* this thing?"



Marcus Veranius: "This is the last of Strahd's defenses. The one thing no one's breached."



Ireena Kolyana: "And where did Strahd get it? He's not up to crafting something like this..."



Marcus Veranius: "A general of war's personal fortress. The castle may be his family's but this is distinctly his."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (back)



Ireena Kolyana: "It must be ancient, then..."

"But it looks as though it were forged just yesterday."



Marcus Veranius: "As is its master."



Suldae Westwind: "...Rictavio, could you try again? Perhaps I could help, somehow," Suldae readies her flute.



Rictavio: "Magic," says Rictavio, and he spits.

"I... I'd be willing to try, yes. I barely pulled away in time, just now."

"I'll put more power into it this time."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I could try aswell" Henry says



Suldae Westwind: Suldae winces, but still looks at him imploringly.

She offers accompaniment to his magic now, a reinforcement and a prayer for all that she doesn't know this spell herself.

BARDIC INSPIRATION

Class: Bard

You, the target, get a Bardic Inspiration die - a d6 initially, a d8 starting from level 5, a d10 starting from level 10, a d12 starting from level 15. You keep it for 10 minutes. During these 10 minutes you can use it up by rolling it and adding the result to one ability check, attack roll or saving throw. You can only have one at a time and uses refresh at short rest, so use it up!



Suldae Westwind inspires



Marcus Veranius: "Henry, you're the only one strong enough to open the door when the magic's busted. Get over here."



Rictavio:

Dispel Magic

Abjuration 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: One creature, object, or magical effect within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

Choose one creature, object, or magical effect

within range. Any spell of 3rd level or lower on the target ends. For each spell of 4th level or higher on the target, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a successful check, the spell ends.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you automatically end the effects of a spell on the target if the spell's level is equal to or less than the level of the spell slot you used.



Suldae Westwind: (last one, for Rictavio)



Rictavio:

WISDOM

Rictavio

Ability: 19

6

GM: (Total of 25)



Suldae Westwind: (o nice)



Rictavio: "Ha!"



Marcus Veranius puts his crowbar in the door for Henry to use



Marcus Veranius: "Make it count big man!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae whistles again, beside the flute.

With a flash and a ripple, a field of arcane power breaks like the skin of a bubble.



Suldae Westwind:

FOR DESCRIPTION ONLY

Thaumaturgy

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: See text

Components: V

Duration: Up to 1 minute

You manifest a minor wonder, a sign of supernatural power, within range. You create one of the following magical effects within range: Your voice booms up to three times as loud as normal for 1 minute. You cause flames to flicker, brighten, dim, or change color for 1 minute. You cause harmless tremors in the ground for 1 minute. You create an instantaneous sound that originates from a point of your choice within range, such as a

rumble of thunder, the cry of a raven, or ominous whispers. You instantaneously cause an unlocked door or window to fly open or slam shut. You alter the appearance of your eyes for 1 minute. If you cast this spell multiple times, you can have up to three of its 1-minute effects active at a time, and you can dismiss such an effect as an action.

> ou instantaneously cause an unlocked door or window to fly open or slam shut.



Rictavio: "Watch out, now! There's still that blasting spell, that's a separate effect. It won't necessarily be safe to enter. And the door won't be restrained for long!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry readies himself to force the door open.

A the tootling of Suldae's flute, the door springs inward.



Suldae Westwind: (Inward???)

(How does that work geometrically speaking)



Marcus Veranius: Henry's participation trophy is stolen by bard

You see 50,000 copper pieces, 10,000 silver pieces, 1,000 platinum pieces, 15 assorted gems each worth 100 gold pieces, and a shield emblazoned with a silver dragon. Lying atop this incredible pile on the ground floor of the fortress is Ireena Kolyana, beautiful and alive and gently sleeping—or... Is she?



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena swallows.

"It was... One thing to think about it. It's another thing to see it."



Suldae Westwind: "Odds on that being an illusion?"



Rictavio: "Gentle Repose," says Rictavio.

"Over time, the effects can become permanent."



Suldae Westwind: "...Or that, also makes sense."



Ireena Kolyana: "That's very disturbing."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sooo what now"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is holding Ireena's hand tightly.

"Great question!"



Ireena Kolyana: "What are we supposed to *do* with m— with her?"



Marcus Veranius: "Ric, I need Freedom of Movement."



Rictavio: "Granted."

Freedom of Movement

Abjuration 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (A leather strap, bound around the arm or a similar appendage)

Duration: 1 hour

You touch a willing creature. For the duration, the target's movement is unaffected by difficult terrain, and spells and other magical effects can neither reduce the target's speed nor cause the target to be paralyzed or restrained.

The target can also spend 5 feet of movement to automatically escape from nonmagical restraints, such as manacles or a creature that has it grappled. Finally, being underwater imposes no penalties on the target's movement or attacks.



Marcus Veranius: "And I need everyone else to look away."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Marcus please tell us what you are trying to do"



Ireena Kolyana: "It might just *kill* you, if you're not Strahd. There are spells that can do that, you know."

"We should at *least* figure out what's going on here..."



Rictavio: "No time. That door will reassert itself at any moment."



Suldae Westwind: "...Say, Marcus, how vulnerable are its hinges to magic light sword, while the spell's not there?"



Marcus Veranius: "I'm only doing exactly what the prophecy wanted since the day we heard it. This treasure will lead us to Strahd."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Could the door be removed from its hinge?)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae eyes the door's mechanism.



Marcus Veranius: "**Because this is the only way to force Strahd out of hiding!!!!**"

GM: (The door does have concealed hinges, visible now that it is open.)



Marcus Veranius charges into the room, attempting to strike at the corpse of Tatanya

GM: (Roll a Dex save)



Suldae Westwind: "Marcus, the hinges first!"



Marcus Veranius:

20

DEXTERITY SAVE (11)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry lifts the door out of its frame



Suldae Westwind: "...or that."

52**Suldae Westwind:** Thanks.

^ Suldae's speech

**Marcus Veranius hopes the freedom of movement will stop the push. Just need to get within cutting distance****Power blasts over Marcus, glancing off of Rictavio's Freedom of Movement. He is not hurled aside or slowed, but the power still strikes him hard (52 points of force damage)****Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Athletics for the door?)

GM: (Athletics for the door)

**Henry of Willowsbrook:****21 + 1****ATHLETICS** (14)
Henry of Willowsbrook

rolling d8

(3)

= 3**Marcus Veranius:** (I dont suppose this is something I can Scarab of Protection for half damage?)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** 25**Suldae Westwind:** (dont forget Henry's aura)

(it halves stuff, right?)

The doors are insanely heavy, but Henry manages—using his entire body—to heave one of them off its hinges and hurl it aside.**Marcus Veranius:** (OH! I have advantage on the save)**29****DEXTERITY SAVE** (11)
Marcus Veranius

GM: (In that case, it's half damage)

**Marcus Veranius:** (Thanks scarab!)**Rictavio:** "Well, that solves the door..."**Marcus Veranius pushes through towards the treasure pile, towards the corpse, the sunsword lit and blazing****Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry drops the slab of metal thoughtlessly watching Marcus attempt**Marcus Veranius raises the sword, ready to strike the heart**

With a rattle, the coins on the floor begin to move...



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh, shit, shit, shit..."



Marcus Veranius brings the sword down



Suldae Westwind: Suldae attempts to light the coins on fire, sort of.



Marcus Veranius:

32

Sunsword (+13)
Marcus Veranius

14 + 9
Radiant



Suldae Westwind:

DC19

Dexterity Save

11
Radiant

60 feet

Sacred Flame
Suldae Westwind

Divine flame washes over them. Is there any effect?



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d6 Blazing weapon

(4)

= 4

With a blast of holy fire she is able to hurl the nearest coins aside, breaking their animating effect without melting the coins themselves.



Marcus Veranius:

When you score a critical hit against a creature, that target takes an extra 4d6 cold damage, and you gain a number of temporary hit points equal to the cold damage dealt.

19
Cold

Critical Fury
Marcus Veranius

At the same time, Marcus rams the sunsword right through Tatyana's heart.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena faints.

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry catches her



Tops K.: (o-o)

There is a CRACK like the dawning of creation, and something, somewhere, shatters.



Henry of Willowsbrook: and checks her Vitals

You hear the sound of millions of pounds of solid crystal falling several hundred feet and striking a stone floor.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena is unconscious, but alive. Her vitals are shockingly weak.

Sergei: "Tatyana, it is me, my love! Come to me!"

The floor of the castle rumbles, and dust shakes from the ceiling, and somewhere, a man roars in impotent rage.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae grabs Ireena and holds her.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Come on Ireena this is a horrible place for a nap"

In a brilliant supernova of sudden light, Tatyana's body vanishes.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tries to shake her awake

The sunsword dims slightly... Then stabilizes.

Sergei: "Thank you, Marcus..."

Tatyana: "Thank you all."



Suldae Westwind: What is *that*?

(more specific sensory description pls)

Sergei: "I'm sorry I won't be able to see this through... But I leave the sword in your care, Marcus. Use it wisely."



Suldae Westwind: (I need to know *exactly* how much Suldae is freaking out)

The voices boom, louder than a person present in the room. Souls long imprisoned now seem to be freed.



Marcus Veranius: "..."

Another link in the curse has shattered irrevocably.

The voice of Tatyana comes again.



Marcus Veranius: "You found your future, not through vengeance or hatred."

"How could I be upset Sergei?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is pressing Ireena to herself protectively.

She's looking around in frantic half-panic.

Tatyana: Right in Suldae's ear, she hears the voice of Ireena Kolyana: "Be not afraid. She is free now—as are we."



Suldae Westwind: WHAT THE FUCK DOES THAT MEAN?!

The voice does not find a receptive audience.



Marcus Veranius: "The curse's heart no longer binds souls to the land for Strahd's protection."

With a heavenly howling, the spirits seem to fade and depart.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena's eyes flutter open.



Marcus Veranius: "The crystal heart has shattered."



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh. Hey."



Marcus Veranius: "And so has any hope of Strahd ever meeting his chosen bride."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae whimpers then presses her face to Ireena's shoulder in a bear hug.



Marcus Veranius: "No paths will bar us from him, for Strahd will want to attend us personally."



Suldae Westwind: She cannot word right now.



Ireena Kolyana: "Why sssso sssad?" Ireena says. Her words are a little slurred.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry ignores Suldae for a moment to give Ireena a meical once over



Rictavio: "I'd never have believed it, if I hadn't seen it for myself."



Henry of Willowsbrook: medical

GM: (Go ahead and roll Medicine)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

21 + 1

MEDICINE (1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius:

On your turn, you can use a bonus action to regain hit points equal to 1d10 + your fighter level.

12
Healing

Second Wind
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ireena could you follow my finger with just your eyes please, as best you can"



Ireena Kolyana: "Shure thing, big guy."

"Why are you holding up so many?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Magical curse induced fainting aside first aid was still first aid



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena is medically unharmed, but having a parasitical soul stripped away from you is bound to have some after-effects. With some rest, she should be fine.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well her mind and sould just got walloped something fierce but she should be alright once she gets a chance to sleep it of." Henry explains "But I'll just go ahead and assume she'll have a murder hangover afterwards"



Ireena Kolyana: "Oof. If I'm going to have a killer hangover anyway, can I at *least* get drunk first?"



Rictavio: "Perhaps another time, my dear," says Rictavio.



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh, right... We needed to figure out what this thing was."

"I think I'm... Ok."

She gets up gingerly, stiffly, like a much older woman. "Oh, my *head*..."



Liliet (Suldae): (sorry, my internet decided to not for a while there)

Suldae helps her up, full contact.



Ireena Kolyana: "Thank you, Suldae."



Marcus Veranius *cries in joy at the happy passing of his best friend sword spirit, his long-deserving bride, and the 1000 platinum no one is eyeing closely due to Ireena's fainting*



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yeah I don't think there is much we can do about the pain, sorry Ireena" Henry says keeping an eye on her to prevent her from falling over



Suldae Westwind: Suldae still hasn't registered there was actually money there. She's a little distracted.



Rictavio: "If I might interject into our rejoicing: the spells upon this fortress are *not* gone, you know."



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Rictavio: "I'd stop standing there if I were you, Marcus."



Marcus Veranius *grabs the shield, bags the coin, and BOOKS IT*



Ireena Kolyana: "The word... I know the word."

"She... Told me."

"He used to come and visit her."

Ireena shudders.



Suldae Westwind: Back to "she", Suldae notes.


A good sign, probably.

Maybe?

She has no idea how this works.




Henry of Willowsbrook: "So how about we make like the trees and leave so we can regroup, murder Strahd right in his face and get out of here?"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "The word is *Fratricide*."

There is a rumble from the tower, then several powerful spells dim.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "That's better."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "...can we all agree they were both kind of awful?" Suldae asks weakly, staring at the tower.


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Yes."


"It was another time... Another world."


"But I think it's fair to judge them anyway."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Wow" Henry says "Somehow I'm still surprised by his petty douchieness"


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "At least they're on to whatever fate awaits them."


 **Rictavio:** "He is remarkably... childish, in some ways."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "Not a rare thing, in people who think the world should bend to their desires..."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "We won't be allowed out, I think. That other door... We're still sealed inside. He's going to wait until nightfall."


"We might as well get whatever we can from this thing. There's a second story with some better loot."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "You say that like this whole mess wasn't caused by him throwing histories largest tantrum"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Not quite. There's still the belltower." Marcus points out.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "So we could get out onto the roof? That's not a bad idea."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "I wouldn't be so sure about largest. History contains some... remarkable competition."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Yeah I checked up there and it leads nowhere"


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "I can't cast *Fly*, though... Henry might have a hard time."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "I can cast *Fly*."


 **Marcus Veranius:** "No windows?"

 **Rictavio:** "With Henry, we can *make* windows."


 **Suldae Westwind:** "I can also just go up and check manually."


 **Ireena Kolyana:** "No, we can't. The walls won't let us."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "It's very likely we just destroyed the castle's magical protection. I heard the crystal heart falling to pieces."


 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae extricates herself from Ireena, a little embarrassed by the spot of clinginess she had there, and makes herself useful by flying up.


Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sighs with defeat "There were windows"


 **Suldae Westwind:** There are no more spiders... right?


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry checks for more loot to distract himself

 **Marcus Veranius checks the upper floor of the fortress inside a fortress**

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Can someone explain to me why Strahd had a tower built inside a tower?"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena finishes casting her Identify spell, picking up the ritual where she left off.


 **Marcus Veranius:** "Is this some rich person flex I'm too poor to understand?"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "It's a Daern's Instant Fortress."


"He's not using it the way you're supposed to... But it is a bit of a flex, yeah. Dwarven craftsmanship."

"Ludicrously expensive, probably."


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Can we steal it`?"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Once we take all the treasure out, yeah."


"We might have a hard time repairing the door..."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Good thing we didn't damage the door."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Well sorry about that"


 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena looks at the door that was ripped off its hinges and lies nearby, on the ground.

"Uh..."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Just gotta put it back on its hinges, right?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "..."


 **Marcus Veranius turns around**


 **Rictavio:** Rictavio palms his face slightly.

 **Marcus Veranius stars at the door**

 **Marcus Veranius stares at Henry**


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "What"


 **Rictavio:** "I mean, we can just *put it back* and *pretend* it's locked...?"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Not like he'd know from a glance."

"Wait, but he knows the magic word already."

"I don't know how to reset it..."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "I didn't even get that good of a grip"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Maybe it's best to come back for it, after we've killed him?"

Marcus Veranius: "You know what? I don't care. Wife wanted a lifestyle on the move, I wanted four walls and a shop."



Suldae Westwind: "Marcus, did you break the lock or just pick it?"



Marcus Veranius: "Think about it; a portable shoe shop!"



Suldae Westwind: "Your shoes are your fortress," Suldae suggests a slogan.



Rictavio: "FOOT FORTRESS!"



Marcus Veranius: "Sturdy boots from a sturdier tower."



Ireena Kolyana: "No, no... Foot locker!"



Marcus Veranius: "Ric why?"

"NO! I am not taking branding suggestions!"



Rictavio: "Fortified feet?"



Marcus Veranius: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA



Suldae Westwind: so Suldae was checking out the belltower



Ireena Kolyana: "Sorry Marcus."

The belltower does have arrow-slit windows, each about a foot wide and three feet tall.



Marcus Veranius throws his arms up and checks the second level, rather done with this



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry all the loot out of the fortress placing it to the side for now.

The upper floor of the tower contains 10 pieces of jewelry (250 gp each) in a red velvet sack, an alchemy jug, a +1 rod of the pact keeper, and an unlocked wooden coffer with four compartments, each one containing a potion of greater healing.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So that should be everything" Henry says "I'll try putting the door back"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae checks what's outside of the windows.

GM: (I'm afraid I have to call the session there—thank you all for playing!)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (One last door repair check before we stop?)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae will help with that after she's done with the tower, too)

Outside the windows, a dense storm swirls in the darkness. The tower seems to be about halfway up the castle heights, and below it you see a large circular rooftop of greened copper.

GM: (You can make the repair check, but it won't work)

(Gotta be a wish spell to repair the thing, sadly)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry is the diligent type so he will still try to put it back so what Int? or Wis check)

GM: (Luckily, you do have at least two spellcasters capable of casting Wish—both of whom are

currently outside the castle)



Marcus Veranius: (Might be better to just glue on a mundane door. Otherwise people might try attacking the walls and it'll be a more expensive fix)

GM: (That's an Int check)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

10

INTELLIGENCE (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (Honestly that's not a bad idea, Marcus)

Henry carefully lines up the hinges and sets the door back into place.

The door teeters over very slowly, and hits the floor of the chamber with a resounding crash before he can catch it.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "To be fair, I broke it before we knew we could use it so I take no blame for this" Henry says crossing his arms in front of his chest



Suldae Westwind: "You also broke it so Marcus wouldn't get stuck in there and die," Suldae adds.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Also that" Henry says with a nod



Suldae Westwind: "Aaand I was the one trying to convince Marcus to be even more destructive with it, so y'know, Henry's immune to criticism over this, really."



Marcus Veranius looks at the doorframe



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe something made of mahogany..."



Suldae Westwind: "Anyway, if we're not absolutely married to the idea of taking a pile of copper coins with us, the belltower has windows that we could fit through with a couple of Polymorph spells."

Thunder rolls outside the walls of Ravenloft. Inside, our heroes stand around a tower and a pile of treasure.



Rictavio: "So, what's our plan?"



Marcus Veranius is looking over some sketches of the castle between today's scouting and a copy of the model from the Amber Temple



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Still the same I reckon with a few *minor* adjustments in the middle" Henry says



Ireena Kolyana: "We should probably check in with the others, if we can. Just to let them know we're not dead..."



Marcus Veranius: "...I have something. It's a bit crazy but could possibly work."




Henry of Willowsbrook: "Do I have to get out on the roof?"




Marcus Veranius: "Technically we all do. I think I've located where we are in the castle."


Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sighs "Continue"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "That belltower is one of the eastern towers not visible from the front, but we got a good look at it from the model in the amber temple."


"And adjacent to those tower windows is the roof of the keep section."


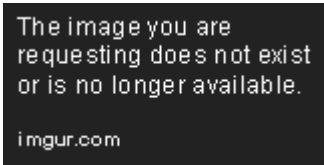
"Adjacent to the keep roof is the large tower that bridges into what is likely Strahd's chambers at the very top."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "So we just have to get to the wall-top somehow?"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "So I was thinking, we could break through a window, walk across the roof, then blow a hole into the bigger tower."


 ***Marcus Veranius prepares a handy sketch for the purpose of visualizing the plan***


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Slight problem" Henry says raising a hand before ramming his sword into the wall with full force


 **Marcus Veranius:** 


Even Wxudt, it seems, cannot pierce the walls of Castle Ravenloft—not while the curse still lingers.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Walls appear annoyingly indestructible"

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "That *is* pretty annoying..."


 **Marcus Veranius:** "That's what I figured. Which is when I came up with an even more stupid plan."

 **Rictavio:** "I wonder if it would be possible to tamp down the effect temporarily?"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "That tower has windows."


"One of which faces the roof we'd be exiting on."

"It's about 30 ft up though."

 **Liliet (Suldae):** "I fail to see how that's a problem"


 **Marcus Veranius:** "It is for some of us. Yet it also isn't."

"Because we found a ladder."

 **Suldae Westwind:** "I have enough juice in me for a couple of Polymorph spells yet, also."

"In case the ladder is insufficiently helpful."

 ***Marcus Veranius quickly sketches an amendment to his plan.***

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "I also have 50ft of good rope"

Marcus Veranius:

The image you are
requesting does not exist
or is no longer available.

imgur.com

"Size about lines up. 20 ft gap between the towers, 30 ft upwards to the window."

"We just move Strahd's portable fortress right there in the middle!"



Suldae Westwind: "A rope is also a good idea, yes."

"I love being able to fly."

Suldae high-fives Ireena.



Marcus Veranius: "And since the castle is indestructible right now, the roof will support it completely!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...damnit This makes sense" Henry says visibly displeased "Alright fine let's get onto the damn roof..." he trails off meekly



Ireena Kolyana: "So wait, let me get this straight. We go out into the storm that's controlled by Strahd, get to the wall-top, circle the wall until we get to the big round tower, put the instant fortress there for extra height, climb the gap between the fortress and the bridge, then cross the bridge to get into the taller tower?"



Marcus Veranius: "Honestly, we can just set the Instant Fortress right outside the window to this tower and the only storm-facing we'll be doing is 5, 10 ft intervals at best."

"Measurements are that tight."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "It's that or sit and wait" Henry says



Ireena Kolyana: "So we put the fortress on the round copper chapel roof, then? I'm still just a bit confused..."



Marcus Veranius: "Not on the round roof."



Rictavio: "Won't we have to polymorph to fit through the window anyway?"



Marcus Veranius: "The gap between the two towers, under the bridge."



Suldae Westwind: (im posting questions on discord)

(in visual form)



Marcus Veranius *has taken the time while everyone was arguing about architecture to empty out the tower's treasury into Rictavio's bag of holding.*



Marcus Veranius: Except the Alchemy Jug. That went into Marcus's bag



Suldae Westwind: "So, any specific requests about the Polymorph spell?" Suldae grins predatorily, looking at Rictavio and Henry.



Rictavio: "Something respectable, please."



Suldae Westwind: "So a spider."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs



Suldae Westwind: "Personally I respect spiders greatly. Any objections to spiders?"



Rictavio: "I've always wondered what it would be like to be a spider. I've no objections."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Let's just get on with it before this castle makes my headache any worse"



Suldae Westwind is casting a spell, please stand by...



Suldae Westwind:

FOR DESCRIPTION ONLY

Polymorph

Transmutation 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (A caterpillar cocoon)

Duration: Concentration Concentration, Up to 1 hour

This spell transforms a creature that you can see within range into a new form. An unwilling creature must make a Wisdom saving throw to avoid the effect. The spell has no effect on a shapechanger or a creature with 0 hit points. The transformation lasts for the duration, or until the target drops to 0 hit points or dies. The new form can be any beast whose challenge rating is equal to or less than the target's (or the target's level, if it doesn't have a challenge rating). The target's game statistics, including mental ability scores, are replaced by the statistics of the chosen beast. It retains its alignment and personality. The target assumes the hit points of its new form. When it reverts to its normal form, the creature returns to the number of hit points it had before it transformed. If it reverts as a result of dropping to 0 hit points, any excess damage carries over to its normal form. As long as the excess damage doesn't reduce the creature's normal form to 0 hit points, it isn't knocked unconscious. The creature is limited in the actions it can perform by the nature of its new form, and it can't speak, cast spells, or take any other action that requires hands or speech. The target's gear melds into the new form. The creature can't activate, use, wield, or otherwise benefit from any of its equipment.

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Henry of Willowsbrook: "Marcus have you tried reaching the others again?" Henry asks while he still can



Suldae Westwind: Suldae plays a merry ditty that *sounds* like hte crawling of a million legs. But this time thye're on her side!



Marcus Veranius: "I'll check."



Marcus Veranius *tries sending a message over the wedding ring*



Marcus Veranius: "You there, Honey? I think we may have broken something important."



Rictavio: "Oh myyyyy woood!" Rictavio says, shrinking rapidly, his voice getting squeakier as he goes.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "What's... honey? You're.....up!

"Are.....alright?"

The sound of Ezmerelda's voice is broken by something that sounds like heavy breathing.

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry crawls around slowly at first before skittering up the wall to Ireena's eye level



Marcus Veranius doesn't like this. Probably takes something strong to interfere with a god's own devices



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks up, worried. She glances at Suldae, her eyes saying: "Well, that's not good..."

Without comment, she transforms into her raven form.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is just happy Ezme seems alright.

Also, she might or might not be highly selfish and just happy Ireena's here.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Spider-Henry leaps from the wall onto Marcus



Suldae Westwind: She transforms into the hybrid form and flies up to the window. Is it open? what's outside?



Rictavio: Rictavio skitters up the wall to the top of the belfry, and perches on the window-slit.



Marcus Veranius: "We're fine. Remember the plan. Strahd's on the...."

stares

"...ropes. I'll call back later."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Can't.....you. Stay....!"



Suldae Westwind: "Marcus, just say every sentence three times."

"Then she'll hear all the words at least once, odds are."



Marcus Veranius: There wasn't a plan. But Strahd was likely listening in, and making him think there was a greater scheme at work could throw off his game.

"I don't think that's how it works."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "We're...Had some trouble....witches. Be careful....!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry leaps off Marcus and begins to skitter up on his own his plan to hitch a ride foiled



Marcus Veranius turns to the others



Suldae Westwind: "Just say we're fine!"

The windows of the tower are open due solely to the fact that their glass is artfully shattered. Given the state of the castle's defenses, this must be assumed to be a stylistic choice on Strahd's part. Outside, the storm is wild and dark, flickering constantly with lightning. The wind is strong and the rain comes in pounding sheets.



Marcus Veranius: [We're we're we're we're fine fine fine fine]



Suldae Westwind: [I am assuming Marcus is rapping this]

Suldae shows him two thumbs



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Stay....safe safe safe...."



Marcus Veranius: "Strahd's minions are still putting up a fight despite the five armies we've thrown up."

"Nothing Ez can't handle but I'd rather not tax her resources."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Spider-Henry Spider-Henry does whatever a spieder does which admittedly wasn't all that much if he was being honest



Suldae Westwind: Suldae watches over both the spiders as she plays the winds into gently buoying others to the tower top, then flies over herself after a particularly strong gust.

BOOM! A massive stroke of lightning strikes the copper roof just below your window, nearly blinding you.



Suldae Westwind: (very weak wind manipulation is my jam)



Marcus Veranius birb squawks



Suldae Westwind: Suldae flattens herself on the roof, already in hybrid form as it is heavier and thus less likely to be winded the fuck off the roof.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Jokes on Strahd Spiders eyesight wasN't all that great to begin with



Rictavio: Spider Rictavio scuttles up onto the rooftop.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena lands beside Suldae, also in hybrid form.

The feathers on her head begin to stand up.



Marcus Veranius is glad for magic resizing hats. This storm was terrible



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry in an act of petty immature spite draws S= a crude drawing of a dick in spider silk on the nearest surface

From the tower-top, looking west, you can see between the two main towers of the fortress. A bridge connects them about twenty feet above you. Below the roof you are currently standing on is the main roof of the keep. You can just barely see a chimney through the pounding rain.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (BRB dinner)



Ireena Kolyana: Little blue sparks flicker through Ireena's head-feathers and she looks up in dismay.



Marcus Veranius mimics the sound of a trumpet to rally the Polymorph Gang, then starts flying towards safety under the bridge



Suldae Westwind: Suldae moves towards the angle between the towers.



Ireena Kolyana:

8 | 7
ARCANA (6)



Suldae Westwind: It seems like it should be in wind shadow from most directions.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena, perhaps foolishly, reaches out to try and redirect the lightning building above

her. This of course causes it to strike. **53**

10

20

DEXTERITY (1)

GM: (Wasn't supposed to be at disadvantage either time, whoops)

(What's Henry's aura bonus again? Plus something and advantage?)

(Ah, +3 to saves, resistance to spell damage)



Suldae Westwind: "Ireena!" Suldae screams. Magic builds up in her voice, almost involuntarily.

12

Healing

60 feet

Healing Word
Suldae Westwind

BOOM. A bolt of lightning strikes Ireena directly, sending whirls of steaming feathers in all directions.



Ireena Kolyana: She seems to be briefly stunned, but Suldae's healing words snap her out of it. She scrambles to keep up with Suldae and Marcus.



Rictavio: Rictavio hitchhikes under the rim of Marcus's hat.

GM: (I'm going to assume Henry follows y'all)



Suldae Westwind: (And also is on someone)

"This should be safest!" Suldae yells, pointing up while in the wind shadow of the corner.



Ireena Kolyana: "The bridge! It should protect us from at least some of the lightning!"



Marcus Veranius points to the top of the bridge with his beak and starts flying up. Bridge has to have a door



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena follows, squawking.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae makes sure Rictavio and Henry are both on them, then follows as well.

Rain splashes against the sagging, sloping rooftop. Flashes of lightning illuminate gargoyles perched on the roof's end peaks, their hideous stares forever fixed on the courtyard some one hundred thirty feet below. The party makes it to the bridge... (changing maps)

Once on top of the bridge, you see an archway on the northern tower, leading in to a huge spiral staircase where the remains of something made of ruby still flicker with crimson light. Jagged shards of crystal hang from a growth on the ceiling of that tower, and their glow comes out into the storm. To the south you see the rooftop of the squat tower, and a spiral staircase leading down into its guts. There is no obvious entrance to the tall spire conjoined to this one, and the windows are all shut.

As you land, you hear the Fwump of heavy wings beating the air...

(Perception checks, please)



Marcus Veranius:

23

PERCEPTION (12)
Marcus Veranius

Marcus sees that the gargoyles are gone.



Suldae Westwind:

18

PERCEPTION (13)
Suldae Westwind

Suldae sees that the gargoyles are gone.



Marcus Veranius returns to hybrid form and runs to the safety of the heart chamber



Suldae Westwind: "Indoors!" Suldae yells and follows him.



Marcus Veranius: (Henry and Ric are also pulled inside by virtue of Hat Bus)

Suddenly you hear the roar of an Elder Dragon, and the silvery specter of Argynvostholt glides smoothly overhead, rippling with lightning. You have time—before ducking indoors—to witness him turn three gargoyles into gravel.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena ducks inside last, shaking her feathers. She transforms slowly back into human form.

"Well, that was something."



Marcus Veranius thinks



Suldae Westwind: "Henry, Rictavio, crawl on my hand if you want the Polymorph off", Suldae sticks her hand out in front of herself.



Rictavio: Rictavio hops from Marcus's hat and lands on Suldae's hand.



Suldae Westwind: The spell is off him just as Suldae turns her palm over so he'll be under it and not over it.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena approaches the edge of the landing and peers down nearly 200 feet to the bottom of the tower, where the remains of an enormous crystal heart lie shattered on the floor.



Rictavio: "Thank you, my dear," says Rictavio, growing back to full size.

"And thank *you* for the ride, Marcus."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena stands at the edge, hugging herself, staring down.



Marcus Veranius: "I was hoping for a door or something where the towers meet. We may have to go back downstairs and look around for another way in."

"...so this is what's left of the crystal heart Hiere described."



Rictavio: "There was a staircase leading down, on the roof of the other tower," says Rictavio.



Suldae Westwind: "There might be a passage there," Suldae agrees.



Rictavio: "This whole tower seems to be devoted to... This."



Suldae Westwind: "...Are we going back over to the other staircase?"

Suldae has already Prestidigitated everyone dry and warm, but *still*.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena shakes herself out of her reverie. "That might be best, yeah."

"Unless we want to climb higher here?"

Several halberds that once hung on the walls now lie on the stairs.

The staircase does continue both upwards and downwards, without any guard rails.



Ireena Kolyana: "This thing is a death trap," says Ireena.



Rictavio: "Do you suppose these halberds might once have been animated?"



Suldae Westwind: "I like how you sound confident that they no longer are."

Suldae sighs and steps back into the storm.



Rictavio: "Wouldn't they have attacked us, if they were?"



Marcus Veranius: "Broken or not, this tower is giving me the creeps. Anyone got the Horn of Blasting from the amber temple?"



Rictavio: "I think it's in my bag," says Rictavio.



Marcus Veranius: "Mark me as a man who appreciates a good story. Broken by heartbreak or not, I'd rather be sure this thing is completely dusted."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena follows Suldae out into the storm just in time to see Argynvost swoop past and eat a gargoyle out of midair.

"Nice to watch a dragon, when it's not trying to kill you," says Ireena.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods in agreement.



Rictavio: "I'm all for it," says Rictavio. He pulls out the horn of blasting.



Suldae Westwind: She takes out the flute and starts playing, calming the winds around them slightly.



Suldae Westwind is casting a spell, please stand by...



Rictavio: Without further ado, he steps up to the edge of the landing, raises the horn to his lips, says the magic word, and blows...



Suldae Westwind:

(Flute) Gust

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 Action

Range: 30 ft

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

You seize the air and compel it to create one of the following effects at a point you can see within range:

One Medium or smaller creature that you

choose must succeed on a Strength saving throw or be pushed up to 5 feet away from you.

You create a small blast of air capable of moving one object that is neither held nor carried and that weighs no more than 5 pounds. The object is pushed up to 10 feet away from you. It isn't pushed with enough force to cause damage.

You create a harmless sensory effect using air, such as causing leaves to rustle, wind to slam shutters shut, or your clothing to ripple in a breeze.

(Chained Cantrips, Best Thing Ever)



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh, that's better, thank you Suldae."



Marcus Veranius takes the horn of blasting. "Thanks ric."



Marcus Veranius: "Unless you want to do the honors?"

BWOMMMMMMMMMM!



Rictavio: 54



Marcus Veranius: *He does*



Rictavio: 30

The horn does not explode, and its magic thunders over the crystal remnants of the heart. You hear the tinkling of many fine cracks forming, then there is a glittery burst as what remains of the crystal is, quite literally, dusted.

The crimson cloud of glitter falls slowly down the two hundred feet of the tower, illuminating countless coffins standing upright on the spiral staircase, all of them open and empty.



Rictavio: "Uh..."

"So, Marcus, there's something I've been meaning to bring up."

"Vampires, you know. They don't like the sun. Typically they sleep through the day, and it's not an optional thing."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae discovers that she really likes loud horn sounds.



Rictavio: "But every once in a while, if a vampire really knows what he's doing..."



Marcus Veranius stares at the empty coffins



Rictavio: He looks at Marcus very seriously.

Argynvost swoops past again, his claws rending a gargoyle in the air.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena whoops, pumping her fist in the air.

Suldae Westwind: Suldae adds a triumphant trill to the melody.



Marcus Veranius: "...if he knows what he's doing what?"



Rictavio: "He doesn't lie dormant, during the day."

"Or at least, he can *choose* not to. Though it taxes him greatly."



Marcus Veranius: "I'm rather certain Strahd's awake, yes."



Rictavio: "So might his minions be," says Rictavio.

"As evidenced by... All of that."



Marcus Veranius: "Reaching Strahd before nightfall has never been about catching him sleeping."

"If he's not dead before the moon rises, everything trapped in here gets to march outside."

"I don't think the Barovian army can hold off the vampire spawns."



Rictavio: "It's possible he's not *awake*, really. He has enough power that even lying dormant he might be able to manifest images and spell effects."

"But that's a good point..."

"But under the darkness of the storm... What's stopping them now?"



Marcus Veranius: "..."

"We need to move quickly."



Rictavio: "Let's keep moving. "

Rictavio says this at nearly the exact same time as Marcus.



Marcus Veranius moves for the southern stairwell



Marcus Veranius:

On your turn, you can use a bonus action to regain hit points equal to 1d10 + your fighter level.

14

Healing

Second Wind
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry skitters up to Suldae to be despidered



Suldae Westwind: So he is, as Suldae steps back to give him room to transform.

He is..... big



Henry of Willowsbrook: Once he returns to his original form he shudders "Stupid roofs"

GM: (Brb 5 minutes, sorry)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae considers the logistics of hugging him while playing the flute, then nuzzles his armor with her cheek.

Henry of Willowsbrook: He nods at her in thanks "Happy thoughts, like fresh vegetable stew, warm summer nights, burning this castle to ruins and turning those ruins into rubble maybe use that rubble to make a road" He says mostly to himself

GM: (back)



Rictavio: "You could make a big road, maybe big enough to turn all of Barovia into something other than a podunk piece of shit garbage heap."



Ireena Kolyana: "Hey! Some of us are from here."



Rictavio: "Are you denying that it's a podunk piece of shit garbage heap?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Well no, but... Fine. Let's keep moving."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae checks down the staircase.

The staircase continues downward twenty feet to the first landing, then continues further down.

At the first landing, you find a door on the westward side.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae plays a tweet to open it with Thaumaturgy.



Marcus Veranius peeks downstairs a bit to see if there's a landing on the eastern side a bit further down

The next landing is larger, but it is also on the western side.



Marcus Veranius: "Maze of a castle..."



Suldae Westwind: (does the door open)



Marcus Veranius returns to Suldae's landing

The door springs open at Suldae's subtle spellcraft. The low ceiling of this twenty-foot-square room presses down on you. Torn and broken couches lie in heaps, haphazardly strewn about. Deep claw marks cover the hardwood furniture, and the once lush upholstery has been sliced to shreds. From the dark shadows amid the rubble, three pairs of green eyes stare back at you.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae waves at the... cats?

One cat tentatively emerges from the rubble, carefully sniffing the air.

It approaches cautiously.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae crouches down and offers it a hand to sniff.

"Mrrow?"

The cat sniffs her hand.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae attempts to smoothly transition from the sniff to scratching its neck/ear /whatever it'll agree to.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry regards the cats with suspicion



Suldae Westwind: Suspiciousness is cats' natural state, in both ways. Suldae finds the situation quite

natural, and believes in diplomacy.

Chomp! The cat bites her hand like the bite of a tiger, sinking six-inch fangs into her. There is a grumbling roar of monstrous purring from the rubble.

GM: (Suldae takes 8 magical piercing damage.)



Marcus Veranius: "Hey, HEY! Bad kitty!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae attempts to free her hand via tricks with the inside of the cat's mouth.

10

CHARISMA (6+2)
Suldae Westwind

10

DEXTERITY (2+2)
Suldae Westwind

(what)

(i was trying to roll just dexterity)

(but, like, wow)

The cat releases her on its own, and darts back into the safety of the rubble.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry uses his Divine Sense



Ireena Kolyana: "What the hell was that?" Ireena asks.

"That wasn't any ordinary cat..."



Henry of Willowsbrook:

DIVINE SENSE

Class: Paladin 1

As an action, until the end of your next turn, you know the location of any celestial, fiend, or undead within 60 feet of you that is not behind total cover. You know the type of any being whose presence you sense, but not its identity. Within the same radius, you also detect the presence of any place or object that has been consecrated or desecrated. You can use this feature a number of times equal to 1 + your Charisma modifier. When you finish a long rest, you regain all expended uses.



Ireena Kolyana: "Are you alright, Suldae?"



Suldae Westwind: "It didn't want to be friends..."



Marcus Veranius pats Suldae on the shoulder



Marcus Veranius: "Seems a bit hungry. Or psychotic."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nurses her hand. That was obviously magical, considering how it pierced through all her defenses, but it feels exactly as upsetting as a regular cat bite.

Henry does not sense any celestials, fiends, or undead.



Suldae Westwind: "Don't be mean to cats."

"They are suspicious of strangers."

"Sometimes... they just don't want to be friends."



Marcus Veranius goes into his bag and tosses a ration of meat into the room.



Suldae Westwind: "Ooh, good thinking."

A huge black paw—easily the size of a panther's death mitten—reaches out and pulls the ration under the rubble.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hm not devil or undead cats" Henry muses "probably fey"



Ireena Kolyana: "I... Don't think these are cats."



Marcus Veranius: "Uhh..."



Ireena Kolyana: "At least, not house-cats."

"Maybe... Maybe we skip this room?"



Marcus Veranius: "We have to find a way westward. I'll bite bolts here."



Rictavio: "Come on, after everything we've killed? You think these will be more than a minute's challenge?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Maybe they can be reasoned with?"

Ireena looks meaningfully at Suldae.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae attempts to toot at the big paw owner.

Animal Friendship

Enchantment 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A beast that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (A morsel of food)

Duration: 24 hours

This spell lets you convince a beast that you mean it no harm. Choose a beast that you can see within range. It must see and hear you. If the beast's Intelligence is 4 or higher, the spell fails. Otherwise, the beast must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or be charmed by you for the spell's duration. If you or one of your companions harms the target, the spell ends.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can affect one additional beast for each slot level above 1st.



Rictavio: "Look, we can't spare evil monsters just because they're *cute*."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae backs up enough that she can kick him while still playing.

Animals can't be evil.

The spell fails.



Suldae Westwind: Well, not *meaningfully* evil.



Marcus Veranius disagrees. All seagulls are evil



Suldae Westwind: "Well, that thing's no beast," Suldae concludes.

"Hmm."

"Please let us pass?" she asks instead.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry frowns "Stay" He says in Sylvan



Suldae Westwind:

Suggestion

Enchantment 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you

Components: V, M (A snake's tongue and either a bit of honeycomb or a drop of sweet oil)

Duration: Concentration Up to 8 hours

You suggest a course of activity (limited to a sentence or two) and magically influence a creature you can see within range that can hear and understand you. Creatures that can't be charmed are immune to this effect. The suggestion must be worded in such a manner as to make the course of action sound reasonable. Asking the creature to stab itself, throw itself onto a spear, immolate itself, or do some other obviously harmful act ends the spell. The target must make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, it pursues the course of action you described to the best of its ability. The suggested course of action can continue for the entire duration. If the suggested activity can be completed in a shorter time, the spell ends when the subject finishes what it was asked to do. You can also specify conditions that will trigger a special activity during the duration. For example, you might suggest that a knight give her warhorse to the first beggar

she meets. If the condition isn't met before the spell expires, the activity isn't performed. If you or any of your companions damage the target, the spell ends.

There is no response to Henry's Sylvan, and Suldae feels that the Suggestion spell has not taken hold.



Marcus Veranius steps into the room, walking along the edge of the wall as to avoid direct conflict

Something like a tiger's rumbling growl threatens him, but there is no immediate attack.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae estimates ceiling height and how high the beast looks like it can reach.

GM: (growl*)

The ceiling is only about eight feet up.



Marcus Veranius mimics the growl with raven mimicry, attempting to frighten it down with a deeper tone



Marcus Veranius:

20

INTIMIDATION (6)
Marcus Veranius

The growl of the beast becomes a curious, almost playful one.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (armor gives advantage)

(btw)



Marcus Veranius: ...maybe that worked?



Suldae Westwind: Suldae attempts to mimic what Marcus said.

The growling stops.



Suldae Westwind:

18

PERFORMANCE (11)
Suldae Westwind

You can hear the swishing of an enormous tail.

For the moment, the beasts seem hesitant to attack.



Marcus Veranius continues along the wall, gently moving across the room



Marcus Veranius: "Good kitty, sweet kitty..."

A black cat darts out from some rubble in his path, and hides under rubble on the opposite side of the room.



Marcus Veranius opens the door on the other side

Heavy beams support the ceiling of this large room, the outer wall of which curves to follow the shape of the tower. Dim light filters into the room through the steel lattice squares of two leaded glass windows. Several tables stand throughout the room, weighed down by stacks of glass jars and bottles, all of them bearing labels.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae follows.



Marcus Veranius: Now that's more like it!



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena darts across to join Suldae.



Suldae Westwind: Upon consideration, she waves the others over.



Marcus Veranius tosses another meat ration in the corner, then motions for the others to move while the cat is eating



Rictavio: "After you," says Rictavio, to Henry.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follows the others unhurried



Rictavio: Rictavio follows last, muttering: "That's a good kitty, yes, you're a big stupid brute, aren't you, you can't understand a word I'm saying!"

There is a low but blood-chilling grumble.



Rictavio: Rictavio skips the last few steps and squeezes through the door.



Marcus Veranius closes the door quickly



Suldae Westwind: "Ric, do you actually have a death wish?"



Marcus Veranius: "He... kindof does?"



Suldae Westwind: "The odds that it can understand us but doesn't want to talk are much higher than-"

"It's not an animal or my spell would have worked!"

Suldae hides her face in both her palms.

She's so glad she's got Ismark and Ric is Marcus's pain in the ass.



Marcus Veranius: "I might not know much about monsters but food is food.



Suldae Westwind: "Sorry, he's an idiot!" she yells into the gap after some consideration after opening the door a little.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks around the room for anything interesting



Suldae Westwind: Then she slams it back shut.

Henry sees several labeled ingredient bottles: "Virgin's Tears", "Eye of Newt", "Brick of Stubbed Toe", "Broken Nose", "Cat's Breath", "Devil's Tongue", "Rancid Brain", "Slithering Toadstool", etcetera. The names seem to have little bearing upon the contents of their bottles, which all appear to be various herbs and dried mushrooms.

Rictavio: Rictavio shrugs a little ruefully. "I couldn't help myself."



Suldae Westwind: "These seem like alchemical ingredients..."

"Marcus, you have that silence spell, right?"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena looks around the room, picking up jars and putting them down as she reads labels and examines their contents.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry moves to the next door



Suldae Westwind: "I'm not saying cast it, but do keep it in mind. Just saying."



Ireena Kolyana: "I don't know what half of these are, or what you'd do with them."



Marcus Veranius: "I have spells. They are limited though."



Suldae Westwind: "The other half looks useful though?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Some of them are common garden herbs."

"I don't see any finished potions..."



Suldae Westwind: "Look, you and I both now this might be vital."



Ireena Kolyana: "Or brewing equipment."



Suldae Westwind: "...well, none of us are alchemists, so whatever, I guess?"

The next door seems to be locked from the inside.



Suldae Westwind: "Ric, wanna take those?"



Rictavio: "Not particularly," says Rictavio.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Any plants Henry recognizes?



Suldae Westwind: Suldae shrugs and moves on.



Rictavio: "We could pitch them out the window, if we want to ensure that our enemies can't use them."



Henry of Willowsbrook:

21 + 1

NATURE (9)

Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius: "All this stuff screams trap for someone way smarter than we are."

Henry recognizes Athelas and Elfroot, Wolfsbane, Astor, Black Arum Lily, and Redcap.



Henry of Willowsbrook: What are those used for ? Would he know?



Ireena Kolyana: "These names... They must be nicknames."

"This makes me think of witches or hags."



Suldae Westwind: "I honestly don't think Strahd could..." Suldae trails off halfway through, realizing she nearly said "this could not possibly go wrong" equivalent.

"...That sounds like a plan."

"Unless someone objects, let's do that?"



Marcus Veranius: "You know, wasn't Baba Lysaga the caretaker of Strahd?"

"Maybe this is his alchemy room."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry step closer to the glasses squinting at them

GM: (Henry unfortunately does not have enough alchemical knowledge to know what all of them are for, but he recognizes Elfroot as a common ingredient in country poultices used for burns, and Redcap is poisonous. Wolfsbane is also said to be useful for combating werewolves.



Marcus Veranius moves towards the locked door to see if he can make it slightly less so.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Most of these aren't really all that dangerous" Henry says pointing out the plants he recognized and what bits he knows about them



Marcus Veranius: "Doesn't have to be a trap or a weapon. I'm sure Strahd has uses for potions now and then."

(Roll Thieves Tools for unlocking the door?)

GM: (Go ahead)



Suldae Westwind: "Yeah, but Rictavio got me paranoid now..."



Marcus Veranius:

27

Thieves Tools (11)
Marcus Veranius



Rictavio: "Why? What did I say?"

Click! The lock gives easily under Marcus's skilled hands.



Suldae Westwind: "Well, I nearly replied "eh, it'll be fine" and I just really don't like that."



Marcus Veranius gently pushes the door open

Green-glowing wisps of steam bubble up from a fat, black cauldron in the center of this dark, oppressive room. Surrounding the cauldron are seven tall wooden stools.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "We could burn them I don't think anyof them do anything besides smelling unpleasant when burned"



Ireena Kolyana: "I'd hesitate to burn this one, it's poison oak. It doesn't grow in Barovia, but I've read treatises about it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "And that's a dead end" Henry remarks looking over Marcus shoulder into the room



Ireena Kolyana: "If you breathe the smoke, you can get the rash in your lungs. Very deadly..."



Rictavio: "Why seven stools?"

"Surely Strahd doesn't have that much ass."

Marcus Veranius: "Strahd must run a killer coven."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Hm never heard of that plant so burning is out" Henry says



Marcus Veranius: "Which means those cats may have been Familiars possibly?"



Suldae Westwind: "Hmm..."

Suldae investigates the eastern and northern walls.



Ireena Kolyana: "Familiars..."



Suldae Westwind:

15

INVESTIGATION (5)
Suldae Westwind



Marcus Veranius: "Witch's den."



Ireena Kolyana: "Makes sense."

Suldae does not discover any secret passages.



Suldae Westwind: (oh hey how's Ireena's familiar doing)

GM: (Is she searching the ingredient room, or the potion room?)



Suldae Westwind: (the potion room first)

GM: (Lmao I think I took that spell off her list for some reason, I haven't thought about it in a year and a half)

(No secret passages or hidden goodies in the ingredient room.)



Suldae Westwind: "...Ugh. What IS behind this wall?" Suldae knocks on it trying to just understand how thick it is.



Marcus Veranius uses the wand of secrets, attempting to detect secret passages within 30 ft of himself. He does this while standing in the doorway



Suldae Westwind: (this wall)

The Wand of Secrets sits quite still, not pointing anywhere.

Suldae determines that the wall is only a few feet thick.



Marcus Veranius: "This is incredibly frustrating."

She also spots a heavy tome, lying open on a stand just on the north side of the room. It was not visible from the doorway.



Ireena Kolyana: "I want to know what fucking architect designed this place."



Rictavio: "Yes, I'd like to dig them up and have a word with them."



Marcus Veranius: "Probably one of the Amber Temple corpses. The floor plans were there."



Ireena Kolyana: "Makes sense."

"Deranged wizards, probably."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry once again tries to use his Sword shaped universal key on the wall
Suldae tried



Marcus Veranius: "Should have inspected the model more closely..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae checks out the tome without touching it.

Wxudt deflects off the wall without even scratching it.



Suldae Westwind:

16

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

The book radiates an aura of pure malice. She sees that it is a spellbook—and a heavily enchanted one, at that.



Ireena Kolyana: "What have you got there, Suldae?"



Suldae Westwind: "A spellbook. Do you like evil spellbooks that want to kill you or curse you or something?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I think I'll might try myself as a woodcutter for a while after all this is over, you know to work out all this frustration with uncuttable things"



Ireena Kolyana: "Ooh, a feisty spellbook that needs me to break its spirit, crack its spine, and rip the secrets from its pages? I'm all for it."

The book whimpers slightly.



Ireena Kolyana: "Shall I try a mage hand?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...what?"

"Did you hear that book cry in fear? Or am I losing my mind"



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Ireena Kolyana: "No, I'm pretty sure I heard that too..."



Marcus Veranius: "Pass me the book. Lemme take a look at it."



Suldae Westwind: That actually creeped Suldae out a bit, so she sympathizes with the book.

"...Or maybe it'll just be a nice book and let us check it out without need for extreme measures?"

27

INTIMIDATION (8)
Suldae Westwind

20

INTIMIDATION (8)
Suldae Westwind

(cause armor advantage)

The book swings shut, closes its latch, and turns its little lock.**Ireena Kolyana:** "Aw. That's almost... Cute."**Rictavio:** "It's bound in human skin," says Rictavio. "Still cute?"**Ireena Kolyana:** "How do you... No, I don't want to know."**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae picks it up with Mage Hand and brings it towards Rictavio.**Rictavio:** "One encounters such things from time to time."

"I have absolutely no desire to touch that."

**Suldae Westwind:** "I'm assuming the book didn't bind *itself*."

"Just open your bag."

**Rictavio:** "I don't want it rooting around among our possessions."**Marcus Veranius:** "We're not putting that in the bag of holding."**Rictavio:** "Since it's plainly animated in some fashion..."**Suldae Westwind:** "...You're no fun." Suldae puts it in her own bag.**Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry rolls his eyes "Just chuck it in the fire if it doesn't wanna be read"**Suldae Westwind:** Her possessions will be fine, she's sure the book will behave :)*Suldae feels a throbbing migraine stab her suddenly behind the eyes. 10 (psychic damage).***Suldae Westwind:** "...Maybe later," she answers Henry.**Ireena Kolyana:** "Are you alright, Suldae?"**Rictavio:** "What do you suppose this potion is, anyway?" Rictavio asks.

"And where are the ones who brewed it?"

"Why aren't they here, if their familiars are here?"

**Marcus Veranius:** "Downstairs with my wife probably."

"She mentioned witches."

**Rictavio:** "That is not a comforting thought."**Marcus Veranius:** "Poor cats. Never gunna see their masters again."**Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena busts out laughing at that, then she says: "Aww... That's kind of sad."**Suldae Westwind:** "...Eh."

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Well we should head down further since this is a deadend"



Suldae Westwind: "And yeah, kinda."

Suldae's Migraine throbs. 10 psychic damage.



Suldae Westwind: "Ugh." She takes out the book, still using Mage Hand.

"What was that about burning it? I'm warming up to the idea."



Marcus Veranius: "Toss it into the cauldron."



Suldae Westwind: That sounds like a good idea. Not "nothing could go wrong" good idea, but "take out the frustration on it" good idea. So Suldae does that.,

The book it tossed into the cauldron.

The book plunks beneath the green and boiling surface, then floats back to the top, bobbing on the little waves of its own ripples.

Then its latch clicks, it swings open, and lying flat upon its back it sinks again—on purpose.

There is a Click as the door to the chamber locks itself.



Marcus Veranius: Wha?



Marcus Veranius messes with the door again, being locked out on the wrong side



Suldae Westwind: "Hmmm."

"That might have been a mistake."



Marcus Veranius:

28

Thieves Tools (11)
Marcus Veranius

GM: (Go ahead and attempt a thieves' tools check, Marcus)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae tries to light the contents of the cauldron on fire.

DC19

Dexterity Save

15

Radiant

60 feet

Sacred Flame
Suldae Westwind

Marcus manages to break through the lock once again, but this time it is much more difficult. Luckily, his skill is more than a match for it.



Suldae Westwind: Sorta.



Marcus Veranius makes sure to jam the lock this time with a sliver of adamantine from the fortress



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sighs "Maybe you should stop touching every ownerless book around Suldae"



Suldae Westwind: Holy fire.
"Never."

There is a muffled scream of pain beneath the bubbling surface.



Suldae Westwind: "Also, technically I never touched it, depending on your definition."
Suldae continues.

Then, slowly, several charred pages drift up to the top.



Suldae Westwind:

DC19

Dexterity Save

11

Radiant

60 feet

Sacred Flame
Suldae Westwind

She argues with Henry in between delivering chunks of the melody.

It's a little like "Fweet!" - pause - "Fweet!"

Arguing fits in the pauses.

There is no further sound from within the cauldron, but blackened pages bubble to the surface, tearing apart on the little waves.



Ireena Kolyana: "I think that's done it..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry walks over and begins to spear(sword)fish in a cauldron



Suldae Westwind: Suldae continues for a little more time, just in case.

He manages to spear the remnants of the book.



Henry of Willowsbrook: cauldron



Suldae Westwind: "...Say, is any of that still readable?"



Marcus Veranius: "I gotta say fellas, Henry's girlfriend makes this cooking thing look easy."




Henry of Willowsbrook: "Anyone want these" He asks pointing at them hanging off his sword like the world's most disappointing kebab
kebab




Suldae Westwind: Suldae checks out the remains.


The book is a charred, blackened wreckage of itself.


Unfortunately, nothing remains legible.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Oh well," says Ireena.

 **Suldae Westwind:** "Boo. Greedy."

 **Marcus Veranius:** "Darn shame. Overcooked."

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae magics up some berries for herself.

 **Rictavio:** "Eurgh, that smell! It's atrocious!"



Marcus Veranius starts heading back to the stairwell

 **Suldae Westwind:**

Goodberry

Transmutation 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch


Target: See text

Components: V, S, M (A sprig of mistletoe)


Duration: Instantaneous


Up to ten berries appear in your hand and are infused with magic for the duration. A creature can use its action to eat one berry. Eating a berry restores 3 hit points, and the berry provides enough nourishment to sustain a creature for one day. The berries lose their potency if they have not been consumed within 24 hours of the casting of this spell.


At Higher Levels. Each berry restores +1 extra hit point for each level above 1st

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "Sort of like bad roasted pork..."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry flings the remains into a corner "Now let's go"

 **Marcus Veranius:** "We're gunna need to try from one floor lower."

 **Ireena Kolyana:** Ireena sighs. "Alright."

 **Suldae Westwind:** (did you reduce my hp for that psychic damage)

 **Marcus Veranius:** "I have a sneaking suspicion as to where we need to go."

GM: (I did not)

 **Marcus Veranius:** "..."

 **Suldae Westwind:** (then Suldae consumes all ten bananas one after another)

Three enormous black panthers with long, whipping tentacles sit perched on the rubble now, watching you, sphinx-like, with huge emerald eyes.



Ireena Kolyana: "Uhhh..."



Suldae Westwind: "Hi!", Suldae waves to them. "Let us by?"

She takes an experimental step along the inner wall.

One of the beasts begins to lick the back of his paw.

Quite suddenly, the beast blurs. It seems to be in two or three places at once.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae takes out three meat rations, following Marcus's wise example, and throws them to all three of the creatures.

"Please?" she adds.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Wait I hearfd of these they are from the Feywilds I believe"



Ireena Kolyana:

INITIATIVE
Displacer Beast

Initiative: **7**

INITIATIVE
Displacer Beast

Initiative: **8**

INITIATIVE
Displacer Beast

Initiative: **17**

INITIATIVE
Ireena Kolyana

Initiative: **17**



Marcus Veranius:

24

INITIATIVE (8)
Marcus Veranius



Rictavio:

INITIATIVE
Rictavio

Initiative: **3**



Henry of Willowsbrook:

2.1

INITIATIVE (1.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's initiative is **20.15**

(aaaa)

(why are you like this r20)

Marcus sees that all three of the beasts are looking at Suldae with far more interest than they are looking at the rations she just threw. He knows instinctively that they will pounce.



Marcus Veranius: "She aint on the menu!"



Displacer Beast:

DISPLACEMENT

The displacer beast projects a magical illusion that makes it appear to be standing near its actual location, causing attack rolls against it to have disadvantage. If it is hit by an attack, this trait is disrupted until the end of its next turn. This trait is also disrupted while the displacer beast is incapacitated or has a speed of 0.



Marcus Veranius rushes in front of Suldae and starts taking potshots at...



Marcus Veranius: (First round advantage)

(Cancels out until hit

16

120

Sword Beam (+15)
Marcus Veranius

10

Radiant



Suldae Westwind: (wow)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d6 blazing weapon

(3)

= 3

(Oh that was a miss)



Suldae Westwind: (that displacer beast was really just not there huh)

Pew! The blast from the sword hits the wall, zooming right through the spot where the beast seemed to be.



Rictavio: "They project illusions!"



Marcus Veranius:

16

120

Sword Beam (+15)
Marcus Veranius**4**
*Fire***9**
Radiant**Ireena Kolyana:** "No shit!"**Marcus Veranius:** (Lucky)**35**

120

Sword Beam (+15)
Marcus Veranius**1 + 2**
*Fire***9 + 5**
Radiant

When you score a critical hit against a creature, that target takes an extra 4d6 cold damage, and you gain a number of temporary hit points equal to the cold damage dealt.

13
*Cold***Critical Fury**
Marcus Veranius**GM:** (It's just crits and crit fails, with you lmao)**Marcus Veranius:** (I use my last lucky dice for a crit)
(Haha)**Suldae Westwind:** (this is beautiful)**GM:** (So that's two misses and a hit, or one miss and one hit?)**Marcus Veranius:** (One miss, one rerolled miss)**GM:** (Gotcha)***The second blast does not miss.*****Marcus Veranius:** (I'm gunna action surge so 5 more attacks in total)**GM:** (Lmao)**Marcus Veranius:**

21

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

2*Fire***20***Radiant***18**

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

5*Fire***22***Radiant***GM:** (Everything above a 13 hits, I think you can only miss with a crit fail)**Marcus Veranius:****23**

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

4*Fire***19***Radiant***17**

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

1*Fire***24***Radiant***16**

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)
Marcus Veranius

1
Fire

23
Radiant

(Anything that rolls over goes onto the next cat)

GM: (Wait, how did you roll 16 with a nat 1, then roll 16 with a 6? Is that coming out right?)



Suldae Westwind: (i think its a sharpshooter thing?)

(theres a modifier there)

GM: (Oh, gotcha gotcha)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Sharpshoter yeah



Marcus Veranius: (The opening attacks was without Sharpshooter for better to-hit)

GM: (v confuse)



Marcus Veranius: (I could have rolled all of those with advantage with the Displacement effect disabled, but I got lazy)

In the space of six seconds, Marcus turns one of the beasts into a single mark on the wall with a somewhat comical inverse-silhouette of a cat in mid-lunge. By the time he turns his attention to the second beast, both it and its companion are scrambling like panicked cats, kicking rubble out from under themselves in their attempt to flee. One of them quite literally runs on the wall, but Marcus tracks it easily and brings it back to the floor with two well-aimed blasts.

GM: (EoT?)



Marcus Veranius: (EoT)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry hears noises of terrible violence from beyond the door and contemplates if drawing a weapon is even nessecary for this

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae uses the fact that the beast near the door is down and rushes over to it.

(can bonus action be readied)

(if yes, then Suldae readies the halo to fly over to whatever cat looks like it's about to hurt one of her friends, if that happens)

(and also in that case, EoT)

GM: (Just one problem—both displacer beasts have a reach of 10 feet, so you're triggering AoOs if you do that)

(RAW I don't think a bonus action can be readied, but in this case I don't mind it)

(Although in this case, is Suldae readying it to defend *her* too? Because it would trigger, if that's the case, since both displacer beasts are going to try to maul you)



Marcus Veranius: (Are they hiding from Marcus or are they preparing to attack?)

GM: (They're prepared to fight for their lives, but there's a good chance they might flee by the time they actually have a turn, at this rate)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (crying in fear is a free action)



Suldae Westwind: (can AOOs stop movement or just nick you while you're moving?)

GM: (Depends on the AoO. These are not automatic grapples, so they won't stop your movement.)



Suldae Westwind: (In that case Suldae eats those, and no readied action is not on at that point yet)

GM: (Fair enough)



Ireena Kolyana:

<p>TENTACLE (~- MNTL9fHYyKxADWLJJRT REPEATING_NPCACTION_- MNTLA-7DY0sIECWOHVr_NPC_CRIT) <i>Displacer Beast</i></p> <hr/> <p>Attack (~- mntl9fhyykxadwljjrt/repeating_npcaction_- mntla-7dy0siecwohvr_npc_crit) : 32 19</p>

<p>TENTACLE (~- MNTL9fHYyKxADWLJJRT REPEATING_NPCACTION_- MNTLA-7DY0sIECWOHVr_NPC_DMG) <i>Displacer Beast</i></p> <hr/> <p>Attack (~- mntl9fhyykxadwljjrt/repeating_npcaction_- mntla-7dy0siecwohvr_npc_dmg) : 26 30</p>

GM: (Those were... Not from Ireena)

(And not with advantage, just the first rolls



Displacer Beast:

<p>Damage: 9 + 5 magical bludgeoning + 3 + 2 magical piercing</p>
--

<p>Damage: 13 magical bludgeoning + 2 magical piercing</p>
--



Suldae Westwind: (yeowch)

Thwack, thwack! Suldae is swatted twice by spiked tentacles, but she makes it to the door.



Suldae Westwind: (deduct the damage pls?)

GM: (You still have your action, too)

Suldae Westwind: Suldae stands pressed to the wall so she's not impending movement in case the kitties want to run.

She readies the halo as I said.

EoT

(no action)

GM: (Dedication, I dig it)



Ireena Kolyana: "Holy shit, Suldae!"



Suldae Westwind: "I'm fine!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "No you are not!"



Suldae Westwind: Swelling bruises are invisible under clothing anyway, right?

(Suldae is wearing dragonscale armor, so damage comes in from of bruises, whether it's piercing or not)



Ireena Kolyana:

13

100/400

Heavy Crossbow (+5)

5

Piercing

Ireena takes a potshot at the wounded beast, simply because its displacement effect has ended.

The bolt sticks, prompting a cry of rage.



Displacer Beast: The wounded beast lunges for Marcus, ready to kill, and—

GM: (It's halo time)



Suldae Westwind:

13 + 1

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

20

Thunder

(WOW)

GM: (wow indeed)



Suldae Westwind: (WOW THIS REALLY DID HAPPEN)

Suldae's unwillingness to hurts the kitties affects the halo's trajectory unfavorably.

The halo zooms for the beast somewhat more sluggishly than usual, and the beast twists out of the way and lunges for Marcus, tentacles flying.



Suldae Westwind: (also bless probably ran out by now?)

Displacer Beast:

TENTACLE (~-
 MNTL9FHYYKXADWLJJRT|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
 MNTLA-7DY0SIECWOHVR_NPC_DMG)
Displacer Beast

Attack (~-
 mntl9fhyykxadwljjrt|repeating_npcaction_-
 mntla-7dy0siecwohvr_npc_dmg)

:

19 | 25

TENTACLE (~-
 MNTL9FHYYKXADWLJJRT|REPEATING_NPCACTION_-
 MNTLA-7DY0SIECWOHVR_NPC_DMG)
Displacer Beast

Attack (~-
 mntl9fhyykxadwljjrt|repeating_npcaction_-
 mntla-7dy0siecwohvr_npc_dmg)

:

23 | 14**Suldae Westwind:** (or did it?)**Marcus Veranius:** (One hit)**GM:** (It's definitely gone by now, I think)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (it did)**Displacer Beast:**

Damage: **7** magical
 bludgeoning + **5** magical
 piercing

**Marcus Veranius:****30***Melee*

Retaliation Fury (+13)
 Marcus Veranius

When a creature you can see
 damages you, you can use your
 reaction to make a melee attack
 against that creature, with
 advantage on your attack roll.

1
*Fire***17**
*Radiant***GM:** (That was the wounded one, so you actually do have advantage, not just a flat roll)



Marcus Veranius takes the moment of its hit as an opening and stabs the creature with sunlight

GM: (In case you feel like crit fishing)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d20 Critfish

(17)

= 17

GM: (Oh well)



Displacer Beast: The beast *screams*.



Marcus Veranius: (The displacement turns on again at the end of its turn, so RIP)

(My attack doesnt turn it off again)



Displacer Beast: Its companion takes one look at the situation, turns to the window, pops the latch with a tentacle, and leaps out into empty space.

BOOM!

In midair, it is struck by a massive blast of lightning. Still falling, steaming, it is snatched up by a swooping silver dragon...



Suldae Westwind: "..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Huh"



Rictavio: "Well, that was something!"

HAND CROSSBOW

Rictavio

Attack: 18

Damage: 2 piercing + 9
piercing

HAND CROSSBOW

Rictavio

Attack: 17

Damage: 6 piercing + 14
piercing

GM: (That's disadvantage, sorry)



Rictavio:

HAND CROSSBOW

Rictavio

Attack: 14 | 17

Damage: 5 piercing + 15

piercing

GM: (Still two hits)

(Henry, you're up)

The beast is severely wounded, but now that it knows it is truly cornered it is prepared to fight with all its fury.

GM: (The displacement effect is not on right now, thanks to Ric's hits)

(So no disadvantage)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Where is the window?

GM: (Western wall)



Henry of Willowsbrook: next to it?

GM: (Yeah)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Here let me help you" Henry graps the beast

34 + 1

ATHLETICS (14)
Henry of Willowsbrook

(Would you like to guess Henry's plan?)



Displacer Beast: "Yipe!"

GM: (Proceed)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "And out you go" Henry tosses the oversized cat out of the window like a sack of potatoes

(Do I roll to yeet?)

GM: (Though mayest roll to yeet)

(Thou*)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

31 + 1

ATHLETICS (14)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (Damn autocorrect)

And verily, the beast was yought.

Argynvost swoops past, snatching the beast right out of the air with one clash of his mighty jaws.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'm sure it'll land on it's feet" Henry says "..or not"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae sighs.

Argynvost: (In Draconic) "Delicious! Thank you."

Marcus Veranius: "So it's confirmed then. Outside isn't safe for anyone right now."



Suldae Westwind: "I feel like it's safer for us than... not-us," Suldae shares thoughtfully.



Marcus Veranius brushes off the bite attempt, magic tattoos absorbing most of the damage



Marcus Veranius: "Another landing on the floor below us. Let's try this again."



Ireena Kolyana: \as GM (Holy shit, I just realized I owe you guys a bunch of XP for this session and last)

GM: (Dammit)



Marcus Veranius: (I kindof assumed XP was on pause due to MEGADUNGEON)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Oh right you do)

GM: (I keep mixing up the slashes because the one you use for commands in the coding language I use for work is the other one)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae heals herself with a muttered prayer.

12
Healing

60 feet

Healing Word
Suldae Westwind

GM: (I mean right, yeah, totally. XP is on pause because of the megadungeon)



Suldae Westwind: (so i realized i have a mana potion)



Marcus Veranius: (We also have four greater healing potions)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You know that was quite carthatic so I might just thow the next thing that annoyes out of the tower aswell" Henry says stroking his chin in deep contemplation



Suldae Westwind: (what does a mana potion do in this game, specifically? i know this came up before but i forgot)



Henry of Willowsbrook: annoys me



Marcus Veranius: (Long rest in a bottle)



Suldae Westwind: "That sounds like a plan," Sudae agrees, then sighs. Cats)=



Henry of Willowsbrook: (refills all your spell slots)



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, I feel sort of sorry for them, but... Man they had it coming."



Marcus Veranius: (We had one each and I dont remember if we used any)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry used his when we fought the gods)



Suldae Westwind: (I was wondering if Suldae used hers but i think i would have remembered to mark it off SOMEWHERE if i did and all copies of my inventory insist i have it)



Rictavio: Rictavio goes to the window and spits out of it. "Good riddance. I was always more of a dog person anyway."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'm sure there are plenty of cats out there just waiting to be love n´by you"
Henry says ruffling Suldaes hair with affection



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena makes a noise of disgust. "Oh, come on. It's not their fault they were evil."



Marcus Veranius: "The dogs dont like us either." Marcus reminds as he's heading down the stairs.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae throws the halo at him. Lighhtly.

No damage, but an educational scream in the ear.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shakes his head grinning and following Marcus down the stairs

Marcus comes to a dark landing ten feet wide and twenty feet long. An ornate square rug covers the floor to the south. Set into the west wall is an ironbound wooden door with a wooden trapdoor set into the floor in front of it. Hanging on the north wall above the trapdoor is a framed portrait of Strahd Von Zarovich—in younger, better, more flesh-and-blood years..



Suldae Westwind: (yeah Henry mentioned drinking his potion but Suldae never did)

Suldae tosses a dagger at it.



Marcus Veranius stares



Marcus Veranius: "Now that's a bit rude. Thing's a museum piece!"



Suldae Westwind: (The dagger is aimed at his heart)

"Sometimes, being rude is an appropriate response," Suldae says primly.

The dagger stops in midair and drops to the floor.



Suldae Westwind: Bard wisdom and everything.

"Hey?!"



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Ireena Kolyana:

INITIATIVE <i>Rug of Smothering</i> <hr/> <i>Initiative: 12</i>
--

INITIATIVE <i>Guardian Portrait</i> <hr/> <i>Initiative: 12</i>
--



Henry of Willowsbrook:

7.1

INITIATIVE (1.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Ireena Kolyana:

INITIATIVE

*Rictavio*Initiative: **9**

INITIATIVE

Initiative: **18.15****Marcus Veranius:****24**INITIATIVE (8)
Marcus Veranius**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae's initiative is **20.15****Ireena Kolyana:**

INITIATIVE

*Ireena Kolyana*Initiative: **21****Suldae Westwind:** (well this is definitely better than being nearly eaten by a door from knocking on it)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "OKay out the window it is"

The eyes of the portrait turn to look upon you, and at the same time the carpet at the south end of the room rears up like a huge upholstered cobra.

**Marcus Veranius sees the rug start coming to life and attempts to cut it apart. BAD RUG!****Suldae Westwind:** (Note: Suldae will pick up her dagger as soon as the fight is over, even if I don't remember that, assuming we finish it in the same room)**Marcus Veranius:****13****16**

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

4*Fire***21***Radiant***22****30**

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

1 + 3*Fire*

20 + 6
Radiant

17		25
120		

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)
Marcus Veranius

1
Fire

23
Radiant

20		22
120		

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)
Marcus Veranius

2
Fire

21
Radiant

GM: (We should probably pause the session here, actually)



Marcus Veranius:

When you score a critical hit against a creature, that target takes an extra 4d6 cold damage, and you gain a number of temporary hit points equal to the cold damage dealt.

7
Cold

Critical Fury
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: (a good plan, its my bed time)

GM: (But I'm glad Marcus has such a visceral reaction to his Age-Old Enemy)



Suldae Westwind: (age old enemy being rugs or mimics period?)



Marcus Veranius: 109 mixed damage against Death House V2: Death Mansion

GM: (Actually Marcus just killed both the portrait and the rug...)

(So it's not much of a cliffhanger lol)

(But it's still time to end the session, unfortunately—many things to do)

(Thank you all for playing!)



Marcus Veranius: **"FURNITURE!!!"**

(thanks for running o3o)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ruined a perfectly good rug by making it evil"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae toots a few winning notes on the flute, then picks up the dagger.



Liliet (Suldae): omg r20 changed its greeting!

its only half that size now :0



Zanshukun: I'll be afk for a bit in case GM gets here soon



GM (GM): Oh wow, the greeting looks different!

I wonder if that means they updated the chat function so you can edit things? Probably not.



Suldae Westwind: its only half that size now :0 hmm

nope

they did not

anyway the important thing is it only takes up HALF the screen now, not the whole of it --



GM (GM): It is kind of a nice change

It never needed to be that big, anyway



Suldae Westwind: y e p

i wish there was a toggle to turn it the fuck off



GM (GM): Alright, now where were we



Suldae Westwind: the description of the deaths! didnt happen

Upon stepping into the room, Marcus sees a portrait of Strahd von Zarovich contort to life, raising a painted hand to deflect Suldae's dagger. Behind him, he hears the rug rear up like a striking cobra. In reaction to this sudden rearrangement of the room, he (very understandably) instinctively atomizes both the rug and the portrait in a sudden spray of radiant death.



Zanshukun: Back



GM (GM): There is now a rug-shaped soot-mark obscuring much of the southern portion of the chamber, and a vaguely portrait-shaped soot mark remains smeared across the northern wall.



Marcus Veranius: "I'm never going to be able to trust any furniture again."



GM (GM): (I'll give another description of the room, since it got sort of glossed over)

The description as written was "You come to a dark landing ten feet wide and twenty feet long. A cold draft of wind rushes down the spiral staircase at the north end of the east wall and whistles mournfully through the room before streaming down the stairs to the south.

An ornate, square rug covers the floor to the south. Set into the west wall is an ironbound wooden door with a wooden trapdoor set into the floor in front of it. Hanging on the north wall above the trapdoor is a framed portrait of a handsome, well-dressed man with a serene yet penetrating gaze."

Now it's just a ten foot by twenty foot room with entrances to two spiral staircases, one going up, one going down. There's a trapdoor on the floor in front of a shut, locked door.



Ireena Kolyana picks up Suldae's dagger and hands it back to her.



Rictavio: "So, which way do we want to go next?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae kisses her on the cheek.



Rictavio: "There's liable to be a lot of furniture in this place, Marcus. That thing doesn't run out of 'arrows', does it?"



Marcus Veranius: "About as often as the sun runs out of light."



Suldae Westwind: "Let's explore the floor first?" Suldae suggests as she tugs the door curiously, carefully stepping around the trapdoor.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry carfully kneels next to the trapdoor seeing if it's locked or trapped



Marcus Veranius: "We should wrap around the floor, see if there's an entrance to the tower from this level. I have a feeling of where we need to go."



Marcus Veranius opens the western door

Both this door and the trapdoor are currently locked, by mechanical means.

GM: (Roll Arcana, Henry)



Marcus Veranius isn't asking nicely



Marcus Veranius:

17

Thieves Tools (11)
Marcus Veranius

Click! The lock resists him.



Rictavio: "That's a tough nut to crack. I've seen one like it before, it's a nearly prehistoric design."

"Here, you've got to apply torque at the same time, I'll help." (roll again)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

19 + 1

ARCANA (-1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius:

22

Thieves Tools (11)
Marcus Veranius



Rictavio: Henry determines that both this trapdoor and the door in front of him are booby trapped with evocation spells, triggered to activate the moment the door is opened unless a command word is said.

"There, that's done it!"

Marcus and Rictavio defeat the lock on the door.

Henry of Willowsbrook: "DOnT"



Ireena Kolyana: "What is it?"



Marcus Veranius holds his hand above the doorknob



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Whoops my voice cracked there" Henry says standing up "The are trapped to blow up unless you speak a command word"
they



Ireena Kolyana: "We'd better figure out how to counteract the spells. It might trigger if you let go at this point, Marcus."



Suldae Westwind: "Please don't?" Suldae suggests and pauses for Henry to verify that it was not, in fact, the command word.



Marcus Veranius: "Hmmmmmm."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I think, evocation was the explosiony kind of magic right?"



Ireena Kolyana: "Let's check out what spell will be released, and see if we can pry the command word from the glyph," says Ireena, to Suldae.



Marcus Veranius: "Are you certain it's explosives?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae nods and crouches to study the trapdoor.

20

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind



Rictavio: "Evocation magic includes a lot of different spells," says Rictavio. "It might not be limited to an explosion."
"It might have the *force* of one."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Might be lighting" Henry says with a nod "Lightnig sucks"



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena crouches beside her, offering assistance. (Help action)



Marcus Veranius: "The brute force approach then. I'm going to try tying a rope to the doorknob so we can open it from the cover of the stairwell."



Henry of Willowsbrook: lightning



Suldae Westwind: (help action means advantage on the roll?)



Ireena Kolyana: "If you release the doorknob at this point, the spell may trigger anyway."

GM: (Yes, Suldae)



Marcus Veranius is not touching the doorknob

GM: (She's going to help on both the trapdoor and the door, so you can roll again for the trapdoor if you want to crit-fish, and roll with advantage on the door)

Rictavio: Rictavio is. He was applying torque.



Marcus Veranius: "...shit."



Rictavio: "Don't worry about me, old boy. Just figure out the solution."



Suldae Westwind:

23

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

(that was reroll for the trapdoor)

(now for the door)

15

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

19

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

(...rip)

Suldae and Ireena together determine that the spell on the trapdoor is a powerful flame spell (level 7 fireball). It is set to trigger only if the trapdoor is opened without the command word being spoken. With Ireena's aid, Suldae is able to extract the command word: "Welsa".

The door, on the other hand, is a little more difficult to crack. They are able to determine that it is a very powerful spell (level 8), but they are unable to find the command word.

This also seems to be a fire-based spell.



Suldae Westwind: "Mmmmgh," Suldae says, unsatisfied.



Ireena Kolyana: "It's not much to go on..."



Suldae Westwind: "...Fire harms me less since I've finished the book and gained its boon.." "I could just try to take it on?"



Rictavio: "I might be able to attempt dispelling the magic?"



Suldae Westwind: "Or let's try that first!" "Good plan!"



Rictavio: "I have one more good *Dispel Magic* in me." (one 4th-level slot)



Ireena Kolyana: "I can try to counterspell it right as it triggers."



Suldae Westwind: (can Suldae offer advantage on the involved Arcana roll by helping)

GM: (Don't you have bardic inspiration?)



Suldae Westwind: (oo one sec)

(i have one bardic insp left. we really need to start marking who i gave it to that hasnt used it yet)

(also at this point it feels more in-character for Suldae to try to help more directly, she's a high key magic nerd)

GM: (Works for me)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Dispel magic is a wisdom check not arcana since Ric is not a wizard but a cleric)

GM: (Oh shit, Henry's right)



Suldae Westwind: (aw dammit)

(RIP Ric)

GM: (Well, for a good performance roll and some musical RP, I'd allow him to roll with advantage on that check)



Rictavio: "Well? Shall I proceed with my attempt to dispel?" (This is Rictavio's last 4th-level slot. He is out of third and fifth-level slots.)



Ireena Kolyana: "If you fail, I can be ready with Counterspell."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathed and nodeed, then started whispering a prayer, improvising a prayer to Pelor as best she could



Ireena Kolyana: "Unless there's a cleverer way we could do this? What else can we use?"



Rictavio: "I wouldn't mind having a shield of some kind between myself and the door, to be honest."



Suldae Westwind: (hey can i use Religion for this)

Suldae moves forward, fitting her slim body between him and the door for the most part.

GM: (I'll allow it)



Rictavio: "Oh. Hi Suldae."



Suldae Westwind:

22

RELIGION (13)
Suldae Westwind



Rictavio: "No, I meant a *literal* shield. I was going to say it more directly, but I didn't want to sound greedy." He looks pointedly at Henry's massive fuckoff dragonbone shield.



Suldae Westwind: Both is better anyway.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry is bracing for the worst "Here" Henry says walking over to place the shield flush against the door



Suldae Westwind: the order is: shield - Suldae - Rictavio.



Rictavio: "Right. Well, I'm already touching the doorknob, so I'll try to cast the spell through that. Perhaps some of the lesser spells that might detect me removing my hand can be broken before we need to brute-force the larger spell...

"Here goes..."

Dispel Magic*Abjuration 4***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 120 feet**Target:** One creature, object, or magical effect within range**Components:** V, S**Duration:** Instantaneous

Choose one creature, object, or magical effect within range. Any spell of 3rd level or lower on the target ends. For each spell of 4th level or higher on the target, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a successful check, the spell ends.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you automatically end the effects of a spell on the target if the spell's level is equal to or less than the level of the spell slot you used.

WISDOM*Rictavio***Ability: 11 | 13**

"Fuck."

BOOM.**Ireena Kolyana:****Counterspell***Abjuration 3*

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell

Range: 60 feet**Target:** A creature in the process of casting a spell**Components:** S**Duration:** Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect. **At Higher Levels.** When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.

Henry of Willowsbrook: (he needed a 14+ on the roll)



Ireena Kolyana:

8

ARCANA (6)



Suldae Westwind: (i dont know what annyone expected)



Marcus Veranius: "Alright, well. I got an idea that's worth a shot if we're gunna try brute forcing it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: (We already kind of blew up Tops)



Marcus Veranius: (Haha, I missed the boom)

(Scroll buffer)

*A blast of flame erupts from the door! **40** fire damage to the shield.*



Rictavio: "Oh, that wasn't that bad."



Henry of Willowsbrook: 20



Rictavio: "And on the plus side, I've got my hand off the door." Rictavio pulls back a steaming stump. A moment later he realizes that his hand is completely gone. He screams.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Because cuddling Henry is literal magic

GM: (The shield takes no damage)

(It just absorbs it all)



Suldae Westwind: (can lesser restoration fix the hand)

(i wont lie i expected the hand thing)

(...can lesser restoration cast at lvl 4 fix the hand)

GM: (Probably not, no)



Suldae Westwind: (i have no lower 2+ spell slots left lmao)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I'll just assume no because the spell regeneration exists)



Suldae Westwind: (rip)



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh no! Rictavio!"

"Your hand!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae whispers a prayer as she caresses his arm. She cannot bring the hand back, but she can heal the stump at least.



Ireena Kolyana: "Is it cauterized? Is it bleeding? We'd better clean the stump, we---"



Suldae Westwind:

11

Healing

60 feet

Healing Word
Suldae Westwind



Rictavio: Rictavio busts up laughing.



Marcus Veranius quickly breaks out his waterskin. "It's ok, you're OK!"



Rictavio: He slides his hand out of his sleeve.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so we all took 20 fire damage)



Rictavio: "Got you."



Marcus Veranius: "You're..."

"..."



Suldae Westwind: (hey fun fact thats not funny)

GM: (None of you took damage, the shield just killed the explosion)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Oh neat



Marcus Veranius blank stares



Suldae Westwind: (ignore Suldae's action, she would look at what was happening before she did that)

Suldae pushes Rictavio in the side, utilizing her small stature and closeness to him.

20

DEXTERITY (2+2)
Suldae Westwind



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena sees red. "You ass!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry smacks Ric across the back of the head "Jackass"



Rictavio: Rictavio is weeping tears of laughter now.



Suldae Westwind: (also, he's on the floor now)



Rictavio: "He-hey! Ow! You should have seen your faces!"



Marcus Veranius goes through the door. He's got no time for this



Suldae Westwind: Suldae also kicks him for good measure.



Ireena Kolyana: "Now is *not* the time for this."



Escher: "Hello. You don't look like the usual food."



Suldae Westwind: "Hello," Suldae waves.

GM: (Room description coming right up)



Suldae Westwind: (ye this was just inevitable lol)

As thunder shakes the tower, heavy beams groan under the weight of the ceiling. Three ornate

lanterns hang by chains from these beams, each casting a dim glow. The curved west wall is fitted with three windows of leaded glass in steel latticework. A bookcase sits on the east wall between two doors. Plush, overstuffed chairs and couches are placed about the room. The fabric has faded with age, and the patterns it depicts are nearly gone. Lounging on one couch is a handsome young man whose attire, while elegant, is worn and faded.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Unrelated to this sorry excuse of decency I'm really starting to like this thing" Henry says inspecting his shield with an approving nod



Marcus Veranius: "...good evening. Sorry to disturb your rest."



Escher: "I wasn't resting. I was waiting for my dinner."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Try to eat any of us and you will regret it" Henry says in way of a greeting



Escher: "But you don't look like food..."



Escher gets gracefully to his feet, smoothing his silk pants.



Sulda Westwind: "We're not food, no," Sulda confirms. "Excuse us, we were just looking for a way to pass into the other tower?"

By the glide in his step, you sense that he is a full vampire.



Sulda Westwind: She points with her arm to clarify where.

Sulda ignores that for the moment. Maybe he'll just answer and that'll be that.



Escher: "Into which tower? There are several."



Marcus Veranius: "The master's tower."



Escher: "Why are you wandering the grounds unescorted?"



Sulda Westwind: (as I have said, Sulda points with her arm towards the other tower)



Escher: "This is highly unusual. The master will want to hear about this."



Sulda Westwind: "He knows," Sulda assures him.



Marcus Veranius: "Oh, don't worry. He knows we're here."



Escher: "What are you looking for, anyway?"



Sulda Westwind: Fully sincerely.

27

PERSUASION (11)
Sulda Westwind

"The way to the main tower."

Sulda blinks at him guilelessly.



Escher: "And after that?"



Rictavio: "He's stalling."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yep he is"



Suldae Westwind: "Well, we were looking for Strahd."



Escher: "I can take you to Strahd."



Suldae Westwind: "I don't think you want to," Suldae says, again with full sincerity.

19

INTIMIDATION (8)
Suldae Westwind

24

INTIMIDATION (8)
Suldae Westwind

(armor advantage)

She blinks and turns her head just so, turning the very innocence of her expression into an unsettling threat.



Escher: He raises his hands placatingly. "Now now, let's not be hasty. There was no malice in my offer. I know where Strahd is, at all times."

"I will gladly lead you to him."

"I know the ways and corridors of this castle better than most."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Huh" Henry lets out in the flöates monotone



Marcus Veranius dims the sunsword



Suldae Westwind: "We'd honestly prefer instruction to a guide," Suldae says seriously. "Could you ddraw a scheme?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: flatest



Escher: "The castle will obstruct your path. It always does."

"Until Strahd wishes to be found, you will not happen across him. He has many lairs."



Suldae Westwind: "Oh, *that* kind of architecture," Suldae says with both sudden understanding and sympathy.



Marcus Veranius: "...I believe his claim. This isn't the first residence with malice we've been forced to endure."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Who are you any way random poffy shirted vampire dude" Henry says tilting his head



Suldae Westwind: "Hmm," Suldae tilts her head, visibly evaluating him as a guide, then glances at her party members.



Escher: "I am Escher. Once upon a time, I was Strahd's muse. I wrote him poetry, and sang him songs, and pleased him with my harpsichord and my skill with the organ. After he finished his lessons, he no longer needed me, and so he gave me this floor. From time to time, he visits—when he is in a mood. He is always in a mood, these days, and I grow very tired of it."

"He will feel better once he has eaten you."

"And maybe he will reward me for assisting him."

"You see, you get to your destination, and we both get what we want."

"I see no reason an amicable arrangement cannot be arrived at."



Henry of Willowsbrook:

7 + 1

INSIGHT (6)

Henry of Willowsbrook

(Well Henry buys whatever this guy is selling wholesale) "I guess"



Sulda Westwind: "Just so long as it's clear that if you attack us after we arrive to the destination, you'll be a smear on the floor before Strahd has a chance to do anything," Suldae says amicably. "He's run from us before; he'll certainly be more confident in his castle, but whichever way the fight goes? You, we can take. And will."

27

INSIGHT (8)

Sulda Westwind



Escher: "Oh, I'm no warrior. I hate the taste of battle-blood."

"I prefer my meals to be... Weary. I send them to sleep, and they do not hate me."



Sulda Westwind: "When we're close, you'll run, and we'll both take the wager," Suldae evaluates his willingness to stick to this plan.



Escher: "Oh, I won't run. I'll just watch. Maybe I'll compose something about it afterwards."

He picks at his fangs with a bored fingernail.

"Anyway. I'm ready if you are."

"I suggest that you follow me from a respectable thirty foot distance. Allow me to do the talking."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae stares at him skeptically

(hey DM what can she discern)

GM: (She discerns that he is not lying or omitting anything, and that he has no intention to trap you or betray you or fight you himself. Either he is an exceptional actor, or he is not attempting to deceive you.)



Sulda Westwind: She shrugs and turns to the others.

"We might as well?"



Marcus Veranius: "I see no harm. Lead the way good ser."



Sulda Westwind: Suldae turns to him with a smile that's subtly predatory. First, it's fun. Second, just in case he gets any ideas.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shrugs "If he lied, well what is one more dead vampire anyway?" Henry says rolling his shoulders "





Sulda Westwind: "Lead the way."





Marcus Veranius actually sees no point. Lost with a guide or lost without a guide. It makes little difference, but observing Escher's path through the castle may gleam insights to its inner


workings.


 **Marcus Veranius:** Marcus will wait to see which way Escher intends to go, dimming the sunsword to let him pass safely without... melting.

 **Escher:** "Thank you kindly."

 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae figures there's at least a chance it'll save them some energy. Maybe not time, but if he's not lying about diplomacing his way through obstacles...

 **Escher:** "Please give me as much space as you can. Oh, I do detest the stench of mortal battle-sweat."
He comes out to the landing, and leads the way down the southern spiral staircase.
"It's this way. We have to go all the way to the bottom."
"Keep up! But not too close!"

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry rolls his eyes "Great we just had to run into the pretenious one didn't we"


 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae casts Prestidigitation upon herself as others with a light flute melody as she follows. Mends any dents on the equipment as well.
Not for the sake of this stink ass dude, but he reminded her.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** Somewhat huffily, Ireena says: "Well / think you smell wonderful."

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** He follows


 **Marcus Veranius tries to contact Ezmerelda through his ring**

 **Marcus Veranius:** [You doing OK? We found a guide but I'm rather certain he's leading us astray.]


 **Sulda Westwind:** By the time everyone's down the stairs, they all smell like fucking *lavender*.
Literally, if not for long after Suldae stops playing.

At last, after passing through five or six floors, the party reaches the bottom of the spiral stair.

The last few steps descend into murky black water. Escher walks on top of the dark waves, his feet not touching the surface of the water.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Are we there yet?" Henry repaets with the smae annoyed monotone
repeats
same

 **Sulda Westwind:** Suldae tries the water with her foot, grimaces.

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** as the last 4 times he asked

 **Sulda Westwind:** "I can dry us out afterwards," she says dryly and continues down the stairs.

"Careful, here," he says, his voice echoing magnificently. "There are several hidden trapdoors in this hall, each containing a teleport trap. It will not kill you, but it will be a chore to retrieve you."

 **Sulda Westwind:** Carefully.

The water is two feet deep.



Ireena Kolyana: "Eurgh."



Suldae Westwind: She begins playing again, simply looking for wisps of magic.



Marcus Veranius: (Most of the partu has waterwalking from Marcus's boots, right?)



Suldae Westwind: (oooooh wait that was a thing?)

GM: (I believe that's correct)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I don't remember getting a pair of those)



Suldae Westwind: (retcon then)



Marcus Veranius: Boots of Dragon Hide:

Allows the wearer to walk on acid, water, and lava without harm and without sinking.

(Marcus made pairs for everyone but himself; he went with swimming)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae offers her arm to Marcus with a suggestive gesture - why not be a raven and ride?

She continues after Escher without missing a beat.



Marcus Veranius begrudgingly plays shoulder parrot, cursing his variant designs



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Did the NPCs also get boots?)



Ezmerelda Veranius: "...\$@&...f....sh....u?"



Suldae Westwind: (I'm sure they did)

(Henry can carry Rictavio if they did not, and Ireena can make Suldae into Odin)



Marcus Veranius: (Of course they did. What self-respecting shoemaker leaves out a good friend from the joys of comfortable boots)

Ireena and Rictavio follow, stepping out onto the water, boots active.



Ireena Kolyana: "These boots were genius, Marcus."



Rictavio: "Highly useful!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Huh I forgot they did that" Henry says following



Escher: "Oh drat, I always forget," says Escher.



Suldae Westwind: "What do you forget exactly?" Suldae asks, stopping.



Escher: "Well, these fellows don't talk, so I'm afraid you'll have to do some fighting. Zombies. I'm not sure how many live in the torture pit."

"Where would you like me to stand while you... do what you do best?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae points towards one of the staircases to their sides.

With a perfectly flat expression.

(then to the other. she doesnt care which)

Escher: "As you wish."

"What does one say upon such occasions?"

"Happy Hunting?"

"Break their legs?"

"In any case, I should get to it, if I were you."



Strahd Zombie:

INITIATIVE

Strahd Zombie

Initiative: **18**



Henry of Willowsbrook:

7.1

INITIATIVE (1.1)

Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius hops off Suldae's shoulder and onto the staircase. He can shoot bolts from there



Marcus Veranius:

26

INITIATIVE (8)

Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's initiative is **12.15**

(welp, Suldae's on mop up duty lmao)

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE

Rictavio

Initiative: **9**

INITIATIVE

Ireena Kolyana

Initiative: **18**



Marcus Veranius aims carefully for the four zombies somewhat in view of his corridor. Gunna be a few tricky shots here but nothing he cant handle



Marcus Veranius:

14

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

8

Radiant/Fire

20
Radiant

22

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

10
Radiant/Fire

24
Radiant

14

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

15
Radiant/Fire

24
Radiant

17

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

9
Radiant/Fire

20
Radiant

(Shoot, these should be with advantage)

rolling 4d20

(6 + 16 + 15 + 18)

= 55

GM: (Final rolls and damage numbers? Any bonuses against undead?)



Marcus Veranius: 28 / 34 / 39 / 29 against the zombies

(Err, 14, 22 / 15 / 18 to hit)

With four blasts, Marcus turns two zombies into little puffs of ash, and blasts apart the upper bodies of two others, leaving only two sets of legs to toddle blindly forward.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae gives a demonstrative full-body shiver as she sees that. Eugh. Creepy. (Kind of fun creepy, but still)



Marcus Veranius: "...huh. Must have aimed too high..."

[EoT]



Ireena Kolyana: "That's pretty gnarly."

You create three glowing darts of magical force. Each dart hits a creature of your choice that you can see within range. A dart deals 1d4 + 1 force damage to its target. The darts all strike simultaneously, and you can direct them to hit one creature or several.

At Higher Levels: When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, the spell creates one more dart for each slot above 1st.

4

Force

120 feet

Magic Missile



Suldae Westwind: (does Ireena not have damaging cantrips)



Ireena Kolyana sees only one more available target, further in the room, and she looses several arcane darts of force at it, dealing some damage—and decapitating it. The headless zombie staggers on.

GM: (She does not have any damaging cantrips, no)

(Brb one sec)



Suldae Westwind: (rip)

(at least this spell doesnt involve attack rolls adksdlfjsdkjf)

Perhaps a dozen zombies converge on the mouth of the tunnel, moving with slow but military precision.



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh fuck, there are a lot more of them!"

The halo sings greedily.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae throws it.

24

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

18

Thunder

GM: (They have an AC of 8)



Suldae Westwind: (beautiful)

(watch as i crit miss the next tone)

26

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

13

Thunder

30

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

16

Thunder

23

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

15

Thunder

(this one's for the legs)



Suldae Westwind:

24

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

14

Thunder

(also legs)

17

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

12

Thunder

20

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

14

Thunder

17

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

12
Thunder

19

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

14
Thunder



Suldae Westwind:

18

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

14
Thunder

13

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

15
Thunder

(AAAND crit miss)

(rip)

Zooming around, ricocheting off the zombies, the halo severs many heads.



Suldae Westwind: The halo swishes through the narrow corridor, and upon swishing past the latest zombie it targets, returns back to Suldae.

Headless, the zombies keep coming, arms outstretched.



Suldae Westwind: (using the rest of its movement to move it back)

GM: (works for me)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's flute sings.

FOR DESCRIPTION ONLY

Sacred Flame

Evocation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature that you can see within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

Flame-like radiance descends on a creature that you can see within range. The target must

succeed on a Dexterity saving throw or take 1d8 radiant damage. The target gains no benefit from cover for this saving throw.



Strahd Zombie:

DEXTERITY
Strahd Zombie

Ability: **11**



Suldae Westwind:

DC19

Dexterity Save

13
Radiant

60 feet

Sacred Flame
Suldae Westwind

(like this)

(@the closest one)

EoT



Rictavio:

HAND CROSSBOW
Rictavio

Attack: **11 | 5**

Damage: **3** piercing + **11**
piercing

HAND CROSSBOW
Rictavio

Attack: **20 | 15**

Damage: **4** piercing + **10**
piercing

"Finally, something even I can hit!"

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry walks forward to the closest Zombie and hacks away with Wudxt

26

Vorpalsword (+17)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A

creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

18

Slashing

28

Vorpalsword (+17)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

19

Slashing

37

DC18

no damage on save

Strength Save

The shield flies 60 feet in a straight line knocking enemies prone unless they succeed on the STR or DEX save. Medium or smaller creatures pinned by this attack take double the damage.

15

Bludgeoning

60 feet line

Bone Shield Hammer
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: (rip for all these already not having heads)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Just straight ahead

GM: (That's a kill on the first hit, and you could kill another nearby guy with the second one if your

movement's not all gone)



Strahd Zombie:

STRENGTH
Strahd Zombie

Ability: 9

STRENGTH
Strahd Zombie

Ability: 4

STRENGTH
Strahd Zombie

Ability: 14



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Man these guys are annoying" Henry grunts falling into a

ready stance shield raised

EoT

SPLAT! The shield flies unimpeded straight to the wall, turning three zombies into a fine paste. The shield returns to his hand a moment later.

Chunks of splattered zombie fall off the wall, hitting the water with dark plunking sounds.

GM: (Marcus, you're up)



Marcus Veranius takes more shots at the zombies. Thank henry for bringing them over



Marcus Veranius:

16

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

10

Radiant/Fire

24

Radiant

28

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

15

Radiant/Fire

20

Radiant

28

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

13

Radiant/Fire

22

Radiant

GM: (Three shots, three kills. Do you want to describe them?)**Marcus Veranius:** (I dont think I'm getting better than the two zombies that got evaporated top-halves)

(That was brutal GM)

(YOU get the kill of the day)

(Play of the Game material right there)

P-p-poof! With a casual spray of deadly radiance-bolts, Marcus turns three zombies into temporary craters in the pool of dark water. The water splashes back into place a moment later, faintly steaming. Henry is sprayed with a fine mist of rot.

Rot-soot, really.

One zombie remains, arms upraised, mouth gnawing the air. The waterlogged corpse is putrid with rot, and she draws a ragged hiss of reeking breath as she staggers towards Henry.

**Suldae Westwind:** (aw yeah this is awesome)**Ireena Kolyana:**

Prestidigitation

Transmutation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action**Range:** 10 feet**Target:** See text**Components:** V, S**Duration:** Up to 1 hour

This spell is a minor magical trick that novice spellcasters use for practice. You create one of the following magical effects within range: You create an instantaneous, harmless sensory effect, such as a shower of sparks, a puff of wind, faint musical notes, or an odd odor. You instantaneously light or snuff out a candle, a torch, or a small campfire. You instantaneously clean or soil an object no larger than 1 cubic foot. You chill, warm, or flavor up to 1 cubic foot of nonliving material for 1 hour. You make a color, a small mark, or a symbol appear on an object or a surface for 1 hour. You create a nonmagical trinket or an illusory image that

can fit in your hand and that lasts until the end of your next turn. If you cast this spell multiple times, you can have up to three of its non-instantaneous effects active at a time, and you can dismiss such an effect as an action.

"Ew ew ew, here, let me get that for you, Henry."

Ireena vanishes the filth.



Suldae Westwind: (im so proud of my magical understudy)

GM: (Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: (what? ireena started seriously studying magic when Suldae was around. theres no other way it could have gone)

GM: (Lol)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae catches up.

DC19

Dexterity Save

9

Radiant

60 feet

Sacred Flame

Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry who had be standing stock still with his eyes closed after being sprayed lets out a deep breath "Thanks Ireena"



Strahd Zombie:

DEXTERITY
Strahd Zombie

Ability: **18**



Suldae Westwind: (RIP)

GM: (Lmao)

(Is there such a thing as a crit save?)



Suldae Westwind: (i think its only attacks but let me google)

GM: (RAW there is not)

(Looks like it is only attacks)

(So that's an automatic fail no matter what she rolls, and she rolled the best she possibly could)



Suldae Westwind: (she did her best. we applaud her. but,)

(i dont remember if she was damaged before)

The zombie jumps nimbly out of the way! Almost. Pleased with herself after her surprisingly quick movement, she does not fully escape Suldae's quick reflexes, and the spell erupts over her.

GM: (Still your turn, I think)



Suldae Westwind:

17

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

16

Thunder

GM: (She was not damaged previously, no)



Suldae Westwind: The halo follows the flames.

GONG! It strikes her, knocking her arms right off her torso. The rest of her hits the water with a dead splash, but her fallen arms swim on the water like pale eels, searching for a victim.

GM: (The arms can count as different targets, for the purposes of the halo)



Suldae Westwind:

24

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

16

Thunder

(two arms, each separate, right?)

24

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

13

Thunder

The halo turns one arm to so much splattered goo, then turns and does the other, too.

Bits of rot float on the surface of the dark water.

Dark, low shapes thrust up out of the still, brackish water that fills this fifty-foot-square room, the ceiling of which is festooned with hanging chains that look like thick, black web strands. A balcony set into the north wall overlooks the room and has two large thrones atop it, with a red velvet curtain behind them.

The dark shapes in the water are racks, iron maidens, stocks, and other instruments of torture. The skeletons of their last victims lie within them, their jaws seemingly frozen open in silent screams.



Escher: "Oh, is it over?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae grimaces as she surveys the room, then plays, cleaning herself and her companions once again, just in case.

"Yes. Ew."

GM: (The balcony is 7 feet up from the water's surface, or 10 feet up from the ground.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "How charming" Henry says glancing about the room



Escher: Escher glides out into the middle of the space. "We must get up there."

He does so by simply gliding up to the balcony.



Rictavio: "Good shooting," says Rictavio, as Marcus passes by.



Marcus Veranius gives a thumbs-up as he flies into the room, then onto a very familiar balcony



Suldae Westwind: Suldae flies up to the balcony as well, then throws a rope down to Henry and deputizes Marcus to help hold it.



Marcus Veranius: "...huh."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena lands beside Suldae. "Huh."



Escher: "Now, there are a pair of iron golems in the next room," says Escher. "You'll want to be cautious not to upset them."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ric you take the rope" Henry says securing a 10 ft run up "I don't need it" he runs and jumps up onto the balcony



Rictavio: Rictavio struggles up the rope.

At the top, he reaches for Marcus's hand.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae waits until Ric is up, then gives Henry a thumbs up.

"We'll be careful with the golems," Suldae says solemnly.



Escher: "I believe they're more intended to guard the teleportation device than anything, so as long as we leave that alone, they shouldn't wake."

"I think..."

"At least, they've never woken for me, and I am always cautious not to touch the master's contraptions."



Marcus Veranius pulls Rictavio up



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry has a 3,6m vertical on his jumps with just a 3m run up...dude got mad hops)

GM: (Boing!)



Rictavio: "Thank you, old boy."



Marcus Veranius thinks to himself; the bunker tank ought to be around here somewhere. Unless it moved...



Rictavio: "Not as... Spry as I used to be."



Ireena Kolyana: "Well, should we go through the curtain?"



Marcus Veranius swings open the curtain, nervous at what condition the other side is in



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry even without the Belt would crush the fantasy NBA)

The door beyond the curtain is closed.



Liliet (Suldae): Suldae pushes it.

(or pulls it, whichever it was)



Marcus Veranius: Something is wrong. This door was knocked clean off its hinges by a crab tank



Marcus Veranius raises the sunsword

The door swings smoothly inward.



Suldae Westwind: This might be a different part of the castle with the same architecture. Suldae wouldn't put that past this fucking place. That said...

She sure remembers the Amber Temple.

The apparatus of Kwalish stands in the corner, empty, shut down. It does not appear to be damaged.

This room is thirty feet square, rising to a twenty-foot-tall flat ceiling. A stone brazier burns fiercely in the center of the room, but its tall white flame produces no heat. The rim of the brazier is carved with seven cup-shaped indentations spaced evenly around the circumference. Within each indentation is a spherical stone, twice the diameter of a human eyeball and made of a colored crystal. No two stones are the same color.

Overhead, a wood-framed hourglass as tall and wide as a dwarf hangs ten feet above the brazier, suspended from the ceiling by thick iron chains. All the sand is stuck in the upper portion of the hourglass, seemingly unable to run down into the bottom. Written in glowing script on the base of the hourglass is a verse in Common.

Two nine-foot-tall iron statues of knights on horseback, poised to charge with swords drawn, stand in deep alcoves facing each other. The brazier sits between them.



Ireena Kolyana: "So... Where is everybody?"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae immediately runs up to check the crab.

GM: (Roll Investigation)



Escher: "Where is everybody who?"

"You... Don't suppose they might have used the device?"

"That would be... Most unwise."



Suldae Westwind:

22

INVESTIGATION (5)
Suldae Westwind



Escher: "At any rate, to get to Strahd, we must pass through this center door. It isn't far, now."

Suldae finds that the apparatus does have a faint sheen of leftover spellcraft. It looks like it endured a few direct hits from a fireball or similar magic, but it is so well constructed that the damage is entirely superficial. A little polish and it will be good as new. Inside the machine, tucked behind some of the levers, Suldae finds a hastily-folded note sealed with a lipstick kiss.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae picks up the note and passes it to Marcus. Somehow, she guesses,



Marcus Veranius opens the note

The note reads:



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry blinks before rubbing the bridge of his nose "He made us run around in a circle just to fuck with us didn't he?" He lets out a huff. "Fucking fine then"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Babe, we've decided our safest option is a rope trick. Hiere showed up in the nick of time. Strahd was right on top of us. Hiere isn't sure how the rope trick will work with the way the castle is shifting all around us (or something like that, he wasn't making sense.) You might not be able to hear me on the ring. In case things get complicated: I love you. I regret nothing."



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena is resisting her urge to read over Marcus's shoulder.



Marcus Veranius closes the note, saying nothing.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae absolutely reads over Marcus's shoulder.



Rictavio: "Are they alright?"



Suldae Westwind: "Yeah," Suldae says curtly.



Ireena Kolyana: "What happened to them?"



Marcus Veranius: "Of course they are. It's my wife."



Suldae Westwind: "Not now," Suldae waves towards their guide, still in the room.



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh, r-right."



Marcus Veranius burns the note before anyone else can see it



Marcus Veranius: "WELL THEN! That door you said?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rolls his shoulders and cracks his neck "Let's just get this whole fucking thing over with"



Escher: "This door, yes. Now, be cautious, there is a trapdoor in the middle somewhere, hidden by the fog."



Suldae Westwind: "Noted."

Suldae moves right after him, scouting for magic traps.

22

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry tries to keep everyone close to him to keep them in his protective Aura

The door creaks open to reveal a stone staircase between rough masonry walls. There is little dust on the steps, but light fog tumbles down the steps from above.



Suldae Westwind: "Marcus, I check the magic, you check the floor?"

This tunnel is cut into the Pillarstone of Ravenloft itself. Its surface is slick, and its ceiling is barely 6 feet high. A lingering fog limits visibility to a few feet.



Rictavio: "This tunnel... It looks much newer than the rest of the construction."



Escher: "Yes, it is a recent addition. He wanted a shortcut between his brooding grounds and the rest of the castle."



Suldae Westwind: "His what,"
Suldae splutters in a giggle.



Escher: "One must *brood*, dear. When one is immortal, it is quite essential."

"He likes to pace the halls of the dead, holding the skulls of fallen enemies and family members, talking to people who exist now only in his memories."

"Quite romantic, really. He has always been such a poetic soul."



Suldae Westwind: "..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry can't even be bothered to roll his eyes anymore.



Suldae Westwind: "Well NOW they do."
"We killed his mom last week."



Escher: "Oh, how unfortunate. I thought she was already dead?"



Suldae Westwind: "You would have thought so from his bullshit, huh?"



Escher: "That just goes to show you how little he tells me, anymore."
Escher sighs dramatically.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae reaches over to pat him on his shoulder.

GM: (Need a perception or investigation check from whoever is looking for mechanical traps)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae asked Marcus)



Marcus Veranius:

23

PERCEPTION (12)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: (hopefully that should do it lmao)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Being dead hasn't stopped you so why are you acting all surprised"



Escher: "Oh, I'm not dead."

"I simply have a different form of life than you do."



Marcus Veranius is quiet, thinking on the note's contents. He pauses for a moment.



Marcus Veranius: "Stop."

Marcus spots the trapdoor hiding under the fog.



Suldae Westwind: "Philosophy," Suldae says and rolls her eyes.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Semantics" Henry adds



Escher: "It can really come to occupy a great deal of one's time, yes," says Escher. "Philosophy, I mean. I have recently been getting deeper into my Aninonianoninaides. Have you ever read her?"
"Fascinating stuff."



Suldae Westwind: "We have an army of revenants outside," Suldae points out.



Marcus Veranius investigates the trapdoor, seeing if there's a way to jam it somehow



Suldae Westwind: "We're in no position to be pointing fingers."

21

HISTORY (8)
Suldae Westwind

GM: (Roll a thieves' tools check, Marcus)



Suldae Westwind: (DOES Suldae know that?)



Marcus Veranius:

19

Thieves Tools (11)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: (hey so who has and has not used bardic insp
)



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus is holding onto one use)



Suldae Westwind: (gotcha)



Marcus Veranius: (I need it. Sorry)

GM: (Suldae has read it, yes, and has some strong opinions on it probably. That author is known for her total endorsement of an "order of life" schema that puts predators at the top of everything. Vampires, from this schema, are a higher order of life, and thus morally obligated to control the herd-like lower forms and to use their blood so long as it can be obtained with minimal cruelty.)



Suldae Westwind: "Yeeees," Suldae draws out.



Escher: "Oh, you have! How wonderful! What did you think?"



Suldae Westwind: Her tone says everything she thinks about that.



Escher: "I find her prose a bit challenging, from time to time."

Escher seems to be very tone-deaf.

Surprising, for a musician.



Suldae Westwind: "I think it says that vampire hunters are the apex form of life?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Sounds Stupid" Henry says going solely of the authors name



Suldae Westwind: "Predators of predators and all that."

"I mean, you asked."

Marcus manages to jam the trap so that the doors will not open.



Escher: "Yes, I quite liked that bit. Rather made me feel better about the unfortunate necessities of my diet."

"I'm sure you understand."



Marcus Veranius: "Safe."



Escher: "Oh, have you found the trap? My, you are all so skilled. I have rarely had the pleasure of leading adventurers so capable."



Suldae Westwind: "I think it's stupid," Suldae says honestly.



Marcus Veranius continues while Suldae debates



Escher: "Well, I suppose one should not expect academic brilliance from short-lived mortals," says Escher, with a sigh. "Still, it is good to know that she is still being read, and that I am not entirely behind the times. One so rarely gets new books, here."



Suldae Westwind: "Also, I'm sure you have a plan for not being evil after Strahd can no longer provide for your unfortunate necessities, right?" she adds lightly.

"Apex predator you're not."



Escher: "Oh," says Escher.

"Oh no, goodness me... I had given it no thought."



Suldae Westwind: "I'm sure you will," Suldae says as she follows him closely.



Escher: "How troubling... Yes, I suppose if you do manage to kill him, I shall have to find another means of sustaining myself..."

"No matter. You will not slay him. No one has yet. I'm convinced it's quite impossible."



Suldae Westwind: "Well we'll just have to see, right?"

"I'm sure this is as good a way to pass your time as any, in either case."



Marcus Veranius: (anyone else lose the lights?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Everything is impossible until someone does it" Henry says offhandily tightneing his belt



Suldae Westwind: (ye it sure is dark suddenly)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (ye)



Suldae Westwind: (can see again)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (it's his brooding room of cause it's dark and moody)

GM: (Sorry, they've changed the way you set it up in the settings. Two incompatible systems, now.)

(I think I've got it set right now.)

Escher opens the door.



Escher: "Oh, you'll want to be on your toes. No telling what he may have brought down here. He often has his honor guard rest here, when he is brooding."

"I'm afraid I can't give you specific numbers, I've never bothered to count how many of us he maintains. He keeps some of us from the others, too, which does make things more complicated."



Vampire Spawn: "HISS!"



Marcus Veranius: "...you'll want to stand back."

"15 feet minimum."



Vampire Spawn: A pale vampire-spawn lunges for the first living person to step through the door.



Escher: "Duly noted," says Escher, swooping away.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Unfortunately for them first one is Henry



Vampire Spawn:

CLAWS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: 12 | 19

Damage: 11 slashing
Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.

CLAWS
Vampire Spawn

Attack: 20 | 26

Damage: 8 + 5 slashing
Instead of dealing damage,
the vampire can grapple the
target, escape DC 13.

The Vampire Spawn rakes its claws across Henry's shield, then stabs them into a gap in his armor, drawing blood. It licks its fingers, growling like a beast.



Suldae Westwind: (wow)



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spawn

Initiative: 5

INITIATIVE
Vampire

Initiative: 9

Suldae Westwind: (whats Henry's AC by the way? XD)



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Ghost

Initiative: **17**

INITIATIVE
Banshee

Initiative: **9**



Henry of Willowsbrook: (25)



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Giant Wolf Spider

Initiative: **17**



Marcus Veranius:

26

INITIATIVE (8)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook:

6.1

INITIATIVE (1.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook



Suldae Westwind: Suldae's initiative is **11.15**



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE
Ireena Kolyana

Initiative: **13**

INITIATIVE
Rictavio

Initiative: **14**

GM: (Looks like Marcus is up first)



Marcus Veranius lights the sunsword and charges in

GM: (Wait, didn't have Henry have something that meant he couldn't be surprised?)

(That came up earlier, what was the wording of the feature?)

(That vampire spawn attack may not have been kosher)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Can be surprised yes loun stone of awareness)

GM: (In that case, that move wasn't kosher, so you weren't damaged)

Henry of Willowsbrook: (Unseen Attackers still would have advantage so your call if the spawn was stealthy)

GM: (Oh, it has advantage for other reasons)



Tops K.: *"You can't be surprised while this dark blue rhomboid orbits your head."*



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so did I get hit or not?)

GM: (Yup, so the surprise attack was illegal, so you were not hit)

(I've already removed the damage)



Tops K.: (Dunno if that means the surprise attack is canceled, but if it is then Marcus has advantage for attacking something that hasn't acted)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (k)

GM: (I'm interpreting it as a canceled attack, yes, so Marcus has advantage)



Tops K.:

12

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

10

Radiant/Fire

20

Radiant

rolling 1d20+10

(15)+10

= **25**

11

28

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

11

Radiant/Fire

21

Radiant

GM: (That's a miss)

(no just kidding)



Tops K.: (That enough to finish it?)

GM: (Pretty close, but not quite)



Tops K.:

27

19

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

14

Radiant/Fire

24

Radiant

GM: (It'll die at the start of its turn though, due to the radiance)

(Oh too late lol)

(Now it's dead)



Tops K. swings around Henry and fires three beams of light into the vampire spawn as he charges into the room



Marcus Veranius does this why did Roll20 reset my token



GM (GM):

INITIATIVE

Hell Hound

Initiative: **12**



Marcus Veranius retreats



Marcus Veranius: "I couldn't see anything."

[EoT]

The ghost of a huge, rotund nobleman comes hurtling through the wall nearby. A pair of strange wings seems to be attached to him, and in a ghostly wail, he says: "I can fly! I can fly!"



Escher: "Oh, it's Prince Ariel du Plumette."

"He seems upset."



Ghost:

HORRIFYING VISAGE

Ghost

Each non-undead creature within 60 ft. of the ghost that can see it must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened for 1 minute. If the save fails by 5 or more, the target also ages

1d4 x 10 years. A frightened target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the frightened condition on itself on a success. If a target's saving throw is successful or the effect ends for it, the target is immune to this ghost's Horrifying Visage for the next 24 hours. The aging effect can be reversed with a greater restoration spell, but only within 24 hours of it occurring.

The ghost transforms into a howling monster of twisted psychic forms.



Suldae Westwind:

21

WISDOM SAVE (3)
Suldae Westwind



Henry of Willowsbrook:

19 + 4

WISDOM SAVE (6)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (I don't think Suldae can see the ghost from where she's standing)



Suldae Westwind: (it was next to her previously?)

GM: (Come to think of it, I'm pretty sure only Henry can. Escher must have seen it while it was flying.)



Marcus Veranius:

23 + 3 | 15 + 3

WISDOM SAVE (7)
Marcus Veranius



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae has darkvision, just to rmeind)

GM: (At any rate, y'all resist it)

(I know, but the angles mean the ghost has total cover from her point of view)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah i mean on the way there)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I basically rolled against ageing since Henry has an Anti fear aura



Suldae Westwind: (i just dont want to give up on my temporary immunity lmao)

GM: (Lol)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

AURA OF COURAGE*Class: Paladin 10*

Starting at 10th level, you and friendly creatures within 10 feet of you can't be Frightened while you are conscious.

At 18th level, the range of this aura increases to 30 feet.

GM: (Suldae is up)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae cannot see shit from this corner but she can see SOMETHING's there, so she moves over, motioning for the vampire asshole to go somewhere else

The halo screams to life.

26

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

18

Thunder

(im assuming this hit)

(can the halo target targets Suldae cannot see?)

GM: (At disadvantage, as long as she knows roughly the area where it is by some other means)



Suldae Westwind: (alright then Suldae just moves until she can see the ghost)

23

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

12

Thunder

(hit, right?)

GM: (Yes, that's a hit)



Suldae Westwind:

32

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

16 + 11

Thunder

(back to the first target)

The halo's does not seem to hurt the ghost very much. (Resistance to thunder damage)



Suldae Westwind: (well it makes for a fine bounce target)

GM: (Lol that is true)



Suldae Westwind: (that thing isnt dead yet right? btw what is it, vampire spawn or?)

24

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

16
Thunder

(ghost)

17

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

17
Thunder

(first target)

GM: (It is not dead yet, and it is a vampire spawn, yes)

(You're bouncing it off Escher?)



Suldae Westwind: (no, that was the first location where Suldae was)

(when she first threw it)

(Escher should have moved away anyway)

15

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

15
Thunder

(does this hit?)

GM: (Yes, sorry)

(My grandma needed something)



Suldae Westwind: (mood)

21

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

13
Thunder

GM: (Hit and still alive)



Suldae Westwind:

19

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

13
Thunder

GM: (Hit and still alive)



Suldae Westwind: (ghost)

29

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

19
Thunder

(vamp)

GM: (Hit and dead)



Suldae Westwind:

24

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

21
Thunder

(ghost)

GM: (Hit but still alive)



Suldae Westwind: (well I don't have any more bounce targets so that's it lmao)

GM: (So that was your bonus action, I think)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae steps back.

Ah, but not before she lights the ghost on fire, you're right.



Ghost:

DEXTERITY
Ghost

Ability: 7 | 7



Suldae Westwind:

DC19

Dexterity Save

8
Radiant

60 feet

Sacred Flame
Suldae Westwind

Suldae's fleeter on her feet than she'd been before, since she read the book. It's as if it opened her

eyes to reality in an entirely new way, making what was an obstacle before a gust of wind now.

(sorry Escher, you're gonna have to keep moving lmao)

In a blaze of thunder and flame, Suldae announces the party's position to the entirety of what sounds like a very large chamber, evaporating a ghost and a vampire spawn in the process. The darkness chitters with many sounds, and you hear the sound of tombstone slabs sliding open all around you. The light of the Sword will draw them, even as it burns them. Things are coming.



Suldae Westwind: Boom, fuckers.



Ghost:

INITIATIVE Vampire <div></div> Initiative: 20



Vampire:

INITIATIVE Vampire <div></div> Initiative: 8
--

INITIATIVE Vampire <div></div> Initiative: 20

INITIATIVE Vampire <div></div> Initiative: 21

INITIATIVE Vampire <div></div> Initiative: 19

INITIATIVE Vampire <div></div> Initiative: 24

INITIATIVE Vampire <div></div> Initiative: 13



Vampire:

INITIATIVE Vampire <div></div> Initiative: 8
--

INITIATIVE Vampire <div></div> Initiative: 21

INITIATIVE Vampire <div></div>

Initiative: 11

INITIATIVE Vampire

Initiative: 5

INITIATIVE Vampire

Initiative: 7

INITIATIVE Vampire

Initiative: 23

**Vampire:**

INITIATIVE Vampire Spawn

Initiative: 18

INITIATIVE Phantom Warrior

Initiative: 18

INITIATIVE Imp

Initiative: 9

INITIATIVE Vampire Spawn

Initiative: 15

INITIATIVE Vampire Spawn

Initiative: 21

INITIATIVE Vampire Spawn

Initiative: 19

**Escher:** "Now hang on a minute! I'm claiming them, got it?"

Escher shouts this to the darkness, which echoes for a long time in listening silence.

"Right, I'm still a big favorite around here, and don't you forget it."

"I'll be taking the credit, thank you very much, and you won't be interfering."

"You know how the master likes it. Just bar the exit."

The darkness echoes with movement.

You see the flickering red of many staring eyes, watching, letting you know they are there.

**Suldae Westwind:** "...Works, thanks."

The tomb in front of Suldae opens, and a vampire male steps out, his head scraping the low ceiling, a silver longsword in one hand.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae stares at him skeptically, evaluating his aestheteic.

Further down the hall, other vampires are emerging where the party can see them. They watch, making no movement.



Escher: "Right." Escher pops his collar slightly, stiffening out the points. "That's better."

"Now, if you please. It's this way."



Marcus Veranius dims the sunsword as to not disturb the horde



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So do we have to deal with all of them after we killed Strahd? Because that might take a while" Henry asks quietly

Escher stops before a closed portcullis in the northern wall.



Suldae Westwind: "One thing at a time," Suldae mutters to him.



Escher: "As I said, it's highly unlikely that you will succeed in killing him. I would suggest you take the advice of your friend here, and not worry about it. Since it's unlikely to matter."

"Ahem," says Escher, leaning on the bars. He puts his forehead to a gap between the bars of the portcullis and croons into the dark tomb. "I have a present for you, my master. Precious life, and just the kind you like."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Strahd! Open this fucking gate and let us get on with it, I tire of hacking through your pawns" Henry shouts intent on not entertaining the slightest bit of theater from Strahd anymore

The portcullis rattles open.

White marble steps descend to a tomb that has a vaulted ceiling thirty feet overhead. A stillness—a calm amid the storm—is felt here. In the center of the tomb, a white marble slab supports an intricately inlaid coffin. Chiseled into the slab is a name: Sergei von Zarovich. To the north, behind the coffin, are three alcoves. A beautifully carved statue stands in each alcove—a stunning young man flanked by two angels—looking as polished and new as the day each was placed there. An iron lever protrudes from the south wall, west of the tomb's entrance.

Seated on top of the coffin, surrounded by Kasimir, Ismark, Ezmerelda, and Gertruda, is Strahd von Zarovich. They sit casually, almost posed, all of them looking placidly in your direction. Fang markings are visible on their necks.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "'re on ou... way... hold on..."

Marcus, and only Marcus, hears this transmission through the Ring.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Hiere... es like a maniac..."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae, seeing this, glances at Marcus.

Being aware of the ring's existence and all.



Strahd von Zarovich: "Greetings, my friends."

"I believe I have some things that you have lost."

"I have not wholly turned them, no—not yet. But I will. Their condition is yet reversible."

"Won't you come in, and discuss terms in a civilized manner?"



Escher: "I brought them, my master. I hope you are pleased?"



Strahd von Zarovich: "More than pleased, Escher. I am overjoyed."

"This has been too long in coming..."



Marcus Veranius steps forward



Suldae Westwind: "Now fuck off," Suldae advises him quietly.

This is honestly in his best interest, while at the same time one less vampire for them to fight. Win-win.



Escher: "I think I shall observe from... The top of the stairs, yes. Right here."

"I shan't be in the way."



Marcus Veranius looks Strahd up and down, beak bobbing as he does so



Strahd von Zarovich: "You stay out of it, Escher. You're bound only to complicate matters."



Marcus Veranius: "Same as the day we first met. Do you remember Strahd? A month ago at that miserable little house."



Strahd von Zarovich: "No, it is not the same," says Strahd, very seriously.

"You have shattered my world."

"I intend to make myself thoroughly even."

"But I see also the wisdom of survival."



Suldae Westwind: "Seriously, get out of the blast radius," Suldae mumbles to the guy. "Climb a coffin or something," she jabs her thumb backwards.



Marcus Veranius: "Maybe not the same circumstances, but the same man before me."

"Maybe it's the perspective of a shoemaker, but you can tell a lot of someone by how they wear their boots."



Escher: "Oh, whispers Escher, and he flies backwards, ducking behind a wall.



Marcus Veranius: "Do you want to know what your boots say about you, Strahd?"



Suldae Westwind: ...and then there's Marcus. Suldae actually wants to know what Strahd's boots say about him.

Also, she now wants talking boots.



Strahd von Zarovich: "I'm listening."



Suldae Westwind: Preferably on someone else's feet, though.



Marcus Veranius: "Fine leather, nothing but that reserved for those of nobility. Golden alloy clasps thoroughly shined. Heal square and unscathed. The kind of art a finest tradesman put heart and soul into."

"Every statue and art piece shows you in those boots."

"And they're picture perfect to the original."



Strahd von Zarovich: "Please, I weary of your clever mouth. Bring it to the point."



Marcus Veranius: "But that's the rub. No wear and tear. These are boots that have never seen the road. Never tasted the fields of battle."



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd's eyes flicker dangerously into little whirlpools of crimson flame.



Marcus Veranius: "As in all things, you are a fraud. A spoiled child who's never done his own work, relying on minions and mother to do your bidding."



Strahd von Zarovich: "Never seen battle, hmm?"

Strahd gets to his feet and steps down from the plinth. Standing between Ismark and Ezmerelda, he lets his fingers trail through their hair.

"I have trod the bones of my enemies underfoot since I was a boy."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is actively letting Marcus handle this.

Illusions are a thing!



Strahd von Zarovich: "And yet my boots remain unscuffed, untarnished, after centuries upon centuries of brutal use."

"Do you know what that says about me, Marcus?"



Suldae Westwind: She quietly chugs a potion while she's got time.



Strahd von Zarovich: "It says I am a *spellcaster*."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shifts his stance minutely using his Divine Sense to check if this Strahd is Real



Marcus Veranius: "And what spells do you have today? Illusions I see."

Strahd disappears into a rippling cloak of perfect darkness. Gertruda, Ismark, Ezmerelda, and Kasimir stand up and walk to predetermined positions in the room.

**Henry of Willowsbrook:****DIVINE SENSE***Class: Paladin 1*

As an action, until the end of your next turn, you know the location of any celestial, fiend, or undead within 60 feet of you that is not behind total cover. You know the type of any being whose presence you sense, but not its identity. Within the same radius, you also detect the presence of any place or object that has been consecrated or desecrated. You can use this feature a number of times equal to 1 + your Charisma modifier. When you finish a long rest, you regain all expended uses.

**Strahd von Zarovich:** "I see you have seen through my ruse, and thus it serves no further purpose."**Marcus Veranius:** "On the contrary, it DOES serve a purpose."**Strahd von Zarovich:** Strahd pulls a sword that is three swords vibrating in place from the sheath at his back, and all four of your companions transform.**Marcus Veranius:** "It shows that you are **Afraid.**"

"Desperate to use guile to be my better."

"Your magic, you fear it wont be enough."

**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae is loving this.**Marcus Veranius:** "I'm the variable none of your conquests have seen."**Suldae Westwind:** Especially now that the illusions are gone. She likes htat part.

"Enough," says Strahd. Two walls of invisible force ripple into place, turning the chamber into a narrow hall.

"Come and face me."

GM: (Aaaand scene)

**Suldae Westwind:** (can we level up 9.9)

GM: (I have to end the session here, I'm afraid)

(Yes, you can level up)

**Suldae Westwind:** (yeah i was going to ask for it actually)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** Damn it I was just typing something**Suldae Westwind:** (zzzz time work tomorrow etc)

GM: (Lmaooooo)



Suldae Westwind: (finish typing it nothings stopping you)

GM: (Please finish what you were typing!)

The vampires revealed by the illusion stand around fountains full of steaming blood, behind their walls of force.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry Looks at Marcus from the corner of his eye "I know you were on a roll right now and I applaud you, great monologe really got the fire burning" his glance shifts ahead "Buuuuut!" Henrys legs tense as he makes himself ready to dash forward "I. Call. Dips."



Strahd von Zarovich:

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spellcaster
Initiative: **10.18**

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spellcaster
Initiative: **21.18**



Henry of Willowsbrook: rolling d10

(2)

= 2



Strahd von Zarovich:

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spellcaster
Initiative: **15.18**

INITIATIVE
Vampire Spellcaster
Initiative: **24.18**

INITIATIVE
Strahd von Zarovich
Initiative: **16**

INITIATIVE
Ezmerelda Veranius
Initiative: **23**

INITIATIVE
Ismark Kolyanovich
Initiative: **4**

INITIATIVE
Kasimir Velikov

Initiative: 19

**Strahd von Zarovich:**

INITIATIVE

Gertruda

Initiative: 6

**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae's initiative is **8.15**

Roll for HP

Roll 1:	8
---------	---

**Henry of Willowsbrook:****6.1**

INITIATIVE (1.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

rolling 1d8

(2)

= 2

(Henry's Initiative despite calling d8 is 8)

**Marcus Veranius:****27**

INITIATIVE (8)
Marcus Veranius

**Zanshuken:****16.1**

INITIATIVE (1.1)
Henry of Willowsbrook

rolling d8

(5)

= 5

21 now

**Strahd von Zarovich:**

INITIATIVE

Ireena Kolyana

Initiative: 11

INITIATIVE

Rictavio

Initiative: 13

Roll for HP

Roll 1: 5



Suldae Westwind:

FOR DESCRIPTION ONLY

Destructive Wave

Evocation 5

Casting Time: 1 Action

Range: Self (30-foot radius)

Target: Each creature you choose

Components: V

Duration: Instantaneous

You strike the ground, creating a burst of divine energy that ripples outward from you. Each creature you choose within 30 feet of you must succeed on a Constitution saving throw or take 5d6 thunder damage, as well as 5d6 radiant or necrotic damage (your choice), and be knocked prone. A creature that succeeds on its saving throw takes half as much damage and isn't knocked prone.

DC19

Half damage and not knocked prone.

Dexterity Save

17
thunder

500000
0

necrotic or radiant

Self (30-foot radius)

Destructive Wave

Suldae Westwind

oops

DC19

Half damage and not knocked prone.

Dexterity Save

17
thunder

16
necrotic or radiant

Self (30-foot radius)

Destructive Wave

Suldae Westwind

Abjuration 3

Components: V, S, M

None Spell Attack. self, one creature of your choice that you can see within range.

15

necrotic

30 feet

Life Transference

Suldae Westwind



Suldae Westwind:

You sacrifice some of your health to mend another creature's injuries. You take 4d8 necrotic damage, and one creature of your choice that you can see within range regains a number of hit points equal to twice the necrotic damage you take +5.

At Higher Levels: When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the damage increases by 1d8 for each slot level above 3rd, and the healing additionally increases by 1 point for each slot level above 3rd.

16

necrotic

30 feet

Life Transference

Suldae Westwind

You sacrifice some of your health to mend another creature's injuries. You take 4d8 necrotic damage, and one creature of your choice that you can see within range regains a number of hit points equal to twice the necrotic damage you take +5.

At Higher Levels: When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the damage increases by 1d8 for each slot level above 3rd, and the healing additionally increases by 1 point for each slot level above 3rd.

24

necrotic

30 feet

Life Transference

Suldae Westwind

You sacrifice some of your health to mend another creature's injuries. You take 4d8 necrotic damage, and one creature of your choice that you can see within range regains a number of hit points equal to

twice the necrotic damage you take +5.

At Higher Levels: When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the damage increases by 1d8 for each slot level above 3rd, and the healing additionally increases by 1 point for each slot level above 3rd.

26

Higher Level Cast

23

necrotic

30 feet

Life Transference
Suldae Westwind



GM (GM):

I AM THE ANCIENT

Strahd causes a creature loyal to himself to take the damage instead of himself. Any vampire or vampire spawn he can see can be the recipient of this damage. If this damage kills the recipient, any leftover damage is applied to Strahd. Strahd can use this ability only three times per day.

Feck

You didn't see that

Goddammit R20

Guess that's an ability I have to scrap now



Tops K.: Didnt see what?



GM (GM): Good answer



Tops K.: rolling 2d8 Hitpoints

(1 + 1)

= 2

Well that's unfortunate



GM (GM): You can take average instead



Tops K.: Lets hope that luck doesnt carry over to game...



Liliet (Suldae):

Roll for HP

Roll 1:	3
---------	----------

...taking the average

Average for HP

Average:	5
----------	----------



Zanshiken:

rolling d10

(**10**)

= **10**

Strahd waits at the far end of the hall, his strange sword dancing in his hand, his crimson eyes flickering from Henry to Marcus as they enter the room. On both sides, behind their walls of force, four identical male vampires stand in two separate pairs, each standing by a fountain of welling, glowing blood.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry rockets forth his magically enhanced strength letting him close the distance at almost blinding speed.



Liliet (Suldae): (what was our initiative/plan situation)

(Suldae can cast Telepathic Bond now)



Tops K.: (Lights are kill)



Liliet (Suldae): (GM can she have cast it right before the battle starts. After the mana potion)



Suldae Westwind: (cannot see anything wher we are)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (GM is turning off dynamic lighting?)

GM: (Sorry, I figured that would save some PC resources for everybody)
(is that better?)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah but i still cant see the hall where the vampires are)
(nor magnus or anyone else in it that isnt a token i control)
(now i can see it!!!)

GM: (We can say you cast Telepathic Bond before the battle, yes)



Suldae Westwind: (TY)

Telepathic Bond

Divination 5

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: Up to eight willing creatures of your choice within range

Components: V, S, M (Pieces of eggshell from two different kinds of creatures)

Duration: 1 hour

You forge a telepathic link among up to eight willing creatures of your choice within range, psychically linking each creature to all the others for the duration. Creatures with Intelligence scores of 2 or less aren't affected by this spell. Until the spell ends, the targets can communicate telepathically through the bond whether or not they have a common language. The communication is possible over any distance, though it can't extend to other planes of existence.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry draws Wudxt and the Vorpalsword begins to glow with a faint emerald glow as he unleashes 4 Strikes at the Devil Strahd

(4 attacks with action surge and fighting Spirit for advantage)

25

32

Vorpalsword (+17)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

11

*Radiant Smite Damage/Undead
Smite/Radiant*

19

Slashing

26

31

Vorpalsword (+17)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a

head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

23

*Radiant Smite Damage/Undead
Smite/Radiant*

18

Slashing

34

21

Vorpalsword (+17)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

18

*Radiant Smite Damage/Undead
Smite/Radiant*

19

Slashing

36

20

Vorpalsword (+17)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

11*Radiant Smite Damage/Undead
Smite/Radiant***19***Slashing***Henry of Willowsbrook:** 73 radiant + 75 slashing

(I assume all 4 connect?)

**Strahd von Zarovich:****BOUNDARIES**

If a creature steps into Strahd's reach, Strahd takes one unarmed strike against them, attempting to grapple.

**UNARMED STRIKE
(VAMPIRE FORM ONLY)***Strahd von Zarovich***Attack: 19**

Damage: 7 bludgeoning +
12 necrotic

If the target is a creature, Strahd can grapple it (escape DC 18) instead of dealing the bludgeoning damage.

They do all connect

He tries to grapple you, but you break his grasp effortlessly.

"Oof!"**GM:** (Please RP your swings)

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry swings twice racking an X across Strahd's chest holy light glimmering of his sword's edge before swinging for his neck or at least his mouth. That should shut him up for a moment before he reforms his jaw. Henry after the last swing finds his target stands before Strahd, his normally blue eyes glowing a vibrant green "Oh You can not fathom how much I was looking forward to this" He points his sword at Strahd "Have at thee vile bastard, your day of reckoning has arrived"



Sulda Westwind: Sulda notices the lever and telepathically requests Rictavio to close the grate after they all go in - there are a few too many undead at their back for her liking.

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** EoT

Sulda Westwind: Sulda takes a step forward, pulling Ireena with her, and whispers a short rhyme.



Strahd von Zarovich: Twisted halfway around, torn apart by the arcane blade, Strahd von Zarovich just *barely* holds himself together.

**Sulda Westwind:** (one sec can't find the spell)

*a short prayer

Warding Bond*Abjuration 2***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** Touch**Target:** A willing creature you touch**Components:** V, S, M (A pair of platinum rings worth at least 50 gp each, which you and the target must wear for the duration)**Duration:** 1 hour

This spell wards a willing creature you touch and creates a mystic connection between you and the target until the spell ends. While the target is within 60 feet of you, it gains a +1 bonus to AC and saving throws, and it has resistance to all damage. Also, each time it takes damage, you take the same amount of damage. The spell ends if you drop to 0 hit points or if you and the target become separated by more than 60 feet. It also ends if the spell is cast again on either of the connected creatures. You can also dismiss the spell as an action.

**Strahd von Zarovich:****STRIKE***Strahd von Zarovich*

Strahd makes one attack with a melee weapon or one unarmed attack.

**VORPAL LONGSWORD
(ONE-HANDED)***Strahd von Zarovich***Attack: 27**

Damage: 15 Slashing + **13** Necrotic
Requires Attunement

You gain a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. In addition, the weapon ignores resistance to slashing damage.

When you attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without the lost

head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.



Suldae Westwind: oof



Strahd von Zarovich: His crimson eyes brim with wild hate. He is a cornered beast, and he will fight to the bitter end, whether he can speak without his jaw or not. He reaches into the darkness of his cloak and draws out a black blade and swings it once, never touching it with his hand, and sending it back into the darkness of his cape an instant later.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (so Strahd has 30 Strength good to know)



Strahd von Zarovich: (1 of 3 Legendary actions used)



Suldae Westwind: The halo thrums to life.

21

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

16

Thunder



Henry of Willowsbrook: (or he rolls to hit like he has 30 Strength to be clear)



Suldae Westwind: (does that hit the fucker)

GM: (No)



Suldae Westwind: welp



Henry of Willowsbrook: (So he attacked Henry right?)



Suldae Westwind: EoT

GM: (That was a legendary action to attack Henry, yes)



Suldae Westwind: (took some of Ireena's movement draggin her with me)



Marcus Veranius: Marcus knew what weapon danced within the count's hands; a sibling sword to his own with the selfsame power. Intending to counter kin with kin, the wereraven swordsman would charge forward and bathe this darkest chamber in sunlight.

The sunsword would take what shapes Marcus needed; a Lance to skewer the count, an axe to sunder his blade, a bow to place an arrow of his bane, and a beam for good measure.



Strahd von Zarovich:

LEGENDARY REACTIONS:

Strahd can take three reactions each round. As his health gets lower, that number will increase.

**Marcus Veranius:****21****29**

10

Sun-Lance (+13)
Marcus Veranius**12***Radiant/Fire***17***Radiant***Strahd von Zarovich:****BOUNDARIES**

If a creature steps into Strahd's reach, Strahd takes one unarmed strike against them, attempting to grapple.

**UNARMED STRIKE
(VAMPIRE FORM ONLY)**
*Strahd von Zarovich***Attack: 34****Damage: 8** bludgeoning +
15 necrotic

If the target is a creature, Strahd can grapple it (escape DC 18) instead of dealing the bludgeoning damage.

**Marcus Veranius:** (Das a hit)**Strahd von Zarovich:** As soon as Marcus comes within range, Strahd's hand snatches out and clutches him by the throat.**Suldae Westwind:** wait, if it's a lance,**GM:** (You can still use an action to try to escape---it's still your turn)**Marcus Veranius:** Held in place or free, the sun would not yield and neither would its wielder**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Remember your resitances folks I almost forgot our Armor gives Necrotic resitance)**Marcus Veranius:** (Yo I hit the wrong button for Lance, Lemme hit the right one)

GM: (Oh go ahead sorry)



Marcus Veranius:

14

22

10 (20 ft charge)

>**Charge (Sun-Lance)** (+13)
Marcus Veranius

DC19

The creature is not knocked prone.

Strength Save

If you move at least 20 feet straight toward a creature before hitting it with a Sun-Lance attack, the target takes an extra 1d12 damage and must make a Strength saving throw. On a failure, the target falls prone.

>A prone creature's only Movement option is to crawl, unless it stands up and thereby ends the condition.

>The creature has disadvantage on Attack rolls.

>An Attack roll against the creature has advantage if the attacker is within 5 feet of the creature. Otherwise, the Attack roll has disadvantage.

11

Radiant/Fire

23

Radiant

GM: (If it's a lance, doesn't it have the reach property?)



Marcus Veranius: (It does, but Marcus is entering Melee for followup attacks)

GM: (Strahd only has 5 feet of reach)

(So your attack could hit him before he attempts to grapple)



Marcus Veranius: (Have Strahd roll a save for prone, and disadvantage on Grapple if he fails)



Strahd von Zarovich:

STRENGTH
Strahd von Zarovich

Ability: **27**



Marcus Veranius: (Then Marcus is still grappled)

Undeterred, his weapon becomes an axe of sunlight and attempts to strike the arm wielding its sibling

sword.

33

16

Sun-Axe (+13)
Marcus Veranius

13 + 5
Radiant/Fire

18 + 11
Radiant

When you score a critical hit against a creature, that target takes an extra 4d6 cold damage, and you gain a number of temporary hit points equal to the cold damage dealt.

10
Cold

Critical Fury
Marcus Veranius

21

15

>Sundering Strike (Sun-Axe)
(+13)
Marcus Veranius

As part of the attack action, make a single attack roll with your Sun-Axe against a creature wielding a weapon, including natural weapons. If the attack hits, the weapon is damaged, and all attacks made with this weapon have disadvantage. Another sundering strike destroys the weapon. This attack has no effect on magical weapons, unless your Sun-Axe is also magical.

(Gunna put precision on that for good measure)



Marcus Veranius:

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

1
Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]
Marcus Veranius

...22 to hit with the weapon-shatter



Strahd von Zarovich: [Alas, a miss]

[But the first hit was a definite hit]



Marcus Veranius: Maintaining the swing's velocity, Marcus pulls back the sword and forms a bow. He lets loose an arrow formed of the blood of his sworn enemy to dissolve its master in life.

17 | 22
600 ft

Dragontooth Arrow (+15)
Marcus Veranius

While stuck within an enemy, they continue to pump acidic venom with every round. For each round they remain stuck in an enemy, the enemy takes 1d6 acid damage. This damage increases by 1d6 with every round. (Round 1: 1d6. Round 2: 2d6. Round 3: 3d6.) There is no upper cap on this damage. Removing the arrow requires a strength save with a DC equal to the attack roll which embedded the arrow in the victim's flesh.

12
Radiant/Fire
10 | 11
Radiant | *Acid*

(Precision on this too)

When you make a weapon attack roll against a creature, you can expend one superiority die to add it to the roll. You can use this maneuver before or after making the attack roll, but before any effects of the attack are applied.

7
Bonus Accuracy

[Precision Attack]
Marcus Veranius

29 to hit / Removal DC

And with arrow loosed, Marcus holds the sword straight out. One beam of sunlight to the chest aimed for cursed heart.



Marcus Veranius:

25 | 17
120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)
(+10)
Marcus Veranius

11
Radiant/Fire

23
Radiant

3
Bonus Damage

Dread Ambusher
Marcus Veranius

Marcus holds out for his strikes to hold true.

[EoT]



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd takes it all: the axe upon his arm, the arrow deep into his chest, the bolt of sunlight to where his heart should be. It burns in his chest like flaming coals behind his ribs, but it only makes the crimson fire of his eyes glow brighter. He squeezes Marcus's neck very tightly through it all, and does not release his hold.

Jawless, he can only project his hate through his blazing eyes, and he does so.



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae had asked Rictavio to close the door after them telepathically)
(Remidner that the entire party can communicate telepathically right now)



Strahd von Zarovich:

<p>CAST <i>Strahd von Zarovich</i></p> <hr/> <p>Strahd casts one spell.</p>
--

GM: (Legendary Action at the end of Marcus's action: 2 of 3 used)



Strahd von Zarovich:

Dominate Person

Enchantment 5

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A humanoid that you can see within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You attempt to beguile a humanoid that you can see within range. It must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or be charmed by you for the duration. If you or creatures that are friendly to you are fighting it, it has advantage on the saving throw. While the target is charmed, you have a telepathic link with it as long as the two of you are on the same plane of existence. You can use this telepathic link to issue commands to the creature while you are conscious (no action required), which it does its best to obey. You can specify a simple and general course of action, such as “Attack that creature,” “Run over there,” or “Fetch that object.” If the creature completes the order and

doesn't receive further direction from you, it defends and preserves itself to the best of its ability. You can use your action to take total and precise control of the target. Until the end of your next turn, the creature takes only the actions you choose, and doesn't do anything that you don't allow it to do. During this time you can also cause the creature to use a reaction, but this requires you to use your own reaction as well. Each time the target takes damage, it makes a new Wisdom saving throw against the spell. If the saving throw succeeds, the spell ends. At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a 6th-level spell slot, the duration is concentration, up to 10 minutes. When you use a 7th-level spell slot, the duration is concentration, up to 1 hour. When you use a spell slot of 8th level or higher, the duration is concentration, up to 8 hours.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry hits him as a reaction to casting

GM: (Go for it)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

30

Vorpalsword (+17)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

5

Radiant

16

Slashing

MAGE SLAYER

Feat:

You have practiced techniques useful in melee combat against spellcasters, gaining the following benefits:

- When a creature within reach you can take opportunity attacks casts a spell, you can use your reaction to make a melee weapon attack against that creature.

- When you damage a creature that is concentrating on a spell, they have disadvantage on the saving throw it makes to maintain concentration.

- You have advantage on saving against spells cast by creatures with your reach.



Suldae Westwind: (the melee attack does not itself disrupt the spell, right?)
(or does he immediately need to roll Concentration with disadvantage?)



Marcus Veranius: (It would force a concentration save at disadvantage)



Strahd von Zarovich:

CONSTITUTION
Strahd von Zarovich

Ability: 19 | 9



Henry of Willowsbrook: HA he needed a ten



Suldae Westwind: (lovin' this)



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd's eyes blaze with hate, and magic forms where his mouth would be, but a single moment later, Henry bonks the spell right out of his brain.

Strahd slowly turns his head back around to look at you with a ratcheting sound of dusty bones clicking, shattered, across each other.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sees the magic take form and rams his blade right trough it through



Strahd von Zarovich: [Oh right, you were using a sword, duh]
[Sorry]



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry shifts his stance slightly To show Strahd his shield hand and wags a finger at him



Suldae Westwind: Suldae mentally asks Ireena if she has anything that will help Henry... and particularly Marcus who is currently being held by his throat... in close combat.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena responds telepathically: "Oh! Haste! Duh!"

Haste
Transmutation 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A willing creature that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (A shaving of licorice root)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

Choose a willing creature that you can see within range. Until the spell ends, the target's speed is doubled, it gains a +2 bonus to AC, it has advantage on Dexterity saving throws, and it gains an additional action on each of its turns. That action can be used only to take the Attack (one weapon attack only), Dash, Disengage, Hide, or Use an Object action. When the spell ends, the target can't move or take actions until after its next turn, as a wave of lethargy sweeps over it.

(On Henry)



Suldae Westwind: (so beautiful)



Rictavio: Telepathically: *"I can't get to the lever! It's on the other side of the Wall of Force!"*



Suldae Westwind: The spellcaster girlfriends stand plastered to the wall of the hallway, fingers interlinked, eyes on the fight, as they think coordination at each other.

Telepathically: "Alright, we'll handle it!"

(Will figure out next turn if Ireena or Suldae Mage Hands it)

Also telepathically: "Do something else useful then. Can you help Marcus and Henry? Ireena's hasted Henry!"



Rictavio: Seeing Marcus's condition, Rictavio shouts: "GET OFF HIM!"

He puts on an extra burst of speed and manages to grab Marcus by the scruff of his cloak, casting *Freedom of Movement*.

Freedom of Movement

Abjuration 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (A leather strap, bound around the arm or a similar appendage)

Duration: 1 hour

You touch a willing creature. For the duration, the target's movement is unaffected by difficult terrain, and spells and other magical effects can neither reduce the target's speed nor cause the target to be paralyzed or restrained.

The target can also spend 5 feet of movement to automatically escape from nonmagical restraints, such as manacles or a creature that has it grappled. Finally, being underwater imposes no penalties on the target's movement

or attacks.



Suldae Westwind: (NICE!!!)



Marcus Veranius has ascended from lightsource to speed of light



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is... a little worried when she sees Rictavio charge forward towards the vampire, but okay then!



Rictavio: There is a flash of dazzling light, and Strahd's claws are forced apart, releasing Marcus.



Marcus Veranius slips out of the vampire's grasp, taking a breath of air as he prepares for the followup attack from Strahd.



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd reaches out his hands, and swells, pulsing with blood. His jaw clicks back into place, even in the brilliant light of the Sunsword, even in Henry's aura. You see streamers of arcane power flying from the hands of the four vampire spellcasters, and by their power he is healed.

"My worthy opponents..."

80



Suldae Westwind: FUCKER



Marcus Veranius: Marcus's helmet shines through the room, dim light scorching the vampire even as he regenerates. Dark Power cannot stop the glow of radiance.

As long as it has at least one Diamond, The Helm of Brilliance emits dim light in a 30-foot radius when at least one Undead is within that area. Any Undead that starts its turn in that area takes 1d6 radiant damage.

4
Radiant

Diamond Brilliance
Marcus Veranius



Strahd von Zarovich: The glow is like a mild sunburn, but it counts.

[Don't forget the acid arrow venom—it will take effect on his turn]



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d6 Acid

(5)

= 5



Strahd von Zarovich:

MULTIATTACK (VAMPIRE FORM ONLY)
Strahd von Zarovich

Strahd makes three attacks, uses his Shadow Step ability,

and casts one spell.

"This will not be a long battle."

VORPAL LONGSWORD
(ONE-HANDED)
Strahd von Zarovich

Attack: 30 | 32

Damage: 16 Slashing + **15**
Necrotic
Requires Attunement

You gain a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. In addition, the weapon ignores resistance to slashing damage.

When you attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without the lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

VORPAL LONGSWORD
(ONE-HANDED)
Strahd von Zarovich

Attack: 24 | 27

Damage: 12 Slashing + **22** Necrotic
Requires Attunement

You gain a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. In addition, the weapon ignores resistance to slashing damage.

When you attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without the lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

**VORPAL LONGSWORD
(ONE-HANDED)**
Strahd von Zarovich

Attack: 30 | 30

Damage: 16 Slashing +
14 Necrotic
Requires Attunement

You gain a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. In addition, the weapon ignores resistance to slashing damage.

When you attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without the lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.



Suldae Westwind: REALLY need to do something about that sword



Marcus Veranius: (Who is Strahd hitting with these?)



Zanshuken: (who is he attacking?)



Strahd von Zarovich:

DC23

Dexterity Save

49

Lightning

150 feet

Chain Lightning

Strahd von Zarovich

He slashes three times with his blade of shadow, target Henry, then Marcus, then Henry again. He flings a finger, and looses a bolt of lightning from the tip. Then, with a twist of his heel and a turn of his cloak, he slips through his domain in an instant, in a flash of darkness, reappearing beyond the Wall of Force.

FOR DESCRIPTION ONLY

Chain Lightning

Evocation 6

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 150 feet

Target: A target of your choice that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (A bit of fur; a piece of amber, glass, or a crystal rod; and three silver pins)

Duration: Instantaneous

You create a bolt of lightning that arcs toward a target of your choice that you can see within range. Three bolts then leap from that target to as many as three other targets, each of which must be within 30 feet of the first target. A target can be a creature or an object and can be targeted by only one of the bolts. A target must make a Dexterity saving throw. The target takes 10d8 lightning damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 7th level or higher, one additional bolt leaps from the first target to another target for each slot level above 6th.

[targeting Henry, Marcus, and Rictavio with the lightning bolts]



Suldae Westwind:

Counterspell

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you

casting a spell

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature in the process of casting a spell

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect. At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.



Marcus Veranius: Marcus strikes back upon being hit, attempting to strike Strahd's sword wrist.

Knowing the sibling sword was likely his spell focus, this could shut down the remainder of Strahd's attack

17

23

Melee

Retaliation Fury (+13)
Marcus Veranius

When a creature you can see damages you, you can use your reaction to make a melee attack against that creature, with advantage on your attack roll.

9

Radiant

(No advantage, just 17 to hit)

(oof)



Suldae Westwind:

14

CHARISMA (6+2)
Suldae Westwind

(oof)

(so close)



Strahd von Zarovich: The sword Strahd is swinging is not in his hand; he swings it with a wave of a hand but it hangs in the air alone, as though bound to him by a spectral tether. Marcus's retaliation has no effect.

It is back in his cloak the moment he is done with his third swing.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae attempts to disrupt Strahd's casting, but her concentration slips for a moment.

Strahd von Zarovich: [need a DC 23 dex save from Henry and from Marcus for the lightning bolts]



Rictavio:

DEXTERITY

Rictavio

Ability: 16 | 11



Marcus Veranius:

16 + 3

13 + 3

DEXTERITY SAVE (11)

Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook:

18 + 4

5 + 4

DEXTERITY SAVE (0)

Henry of Willowsbrook



Marcus Veranius: The Scarab of Protection defends Marcus from his sworn enemy's attack



Henry of Willowsbrook: damage is halved due to HEnrys aura



Rictavio: [That's 49 points of lightning damage originally]

[So 24 points after halving]



Vampire Spellcaster: "He is the ancient, he is the land!" The Vampires chant around their glowing pools of blood, and the radiance of the Sunsword seems to be unable to harm them in the red glow of the fountains. As Strahd stands beside one fountain and his spellcasters chant their familiar dirge, he seems to swell in shadows and in power, his flesh mending before your eyes.



Strahd von Zarovich: "You see, Marcus. I am not without my surprises."

"I am no mere *vampire* to be slain by the rising of the sun!"

"I am the greatest lich in history!"

"And you have pestered me for the last time."

96



Ezmerelda Veranius: "...abe? Are you there? I think we're getting closer!"

"Hold still if you can hear us! It's a tricky landing!"



Marcus Veranius is running low on tricks. Spellcasters and their reality-bending...



Suldae Westwind: (While this is going on, so long as Ireena is concentrating on the Haste, Suldae asks her to take Mage Hand care of the lever.)

GM: (She'll have to do that on her turn)



Suldae Westwind: (yah)

(its for when that happens)



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Hold still!"

"No, wait, not her too!"

FLASH!

A whirling disc of light appears above the group, and in an instant, Ismark, Kasimir, Ezmerelda, and Gertruda pop out of the strange warp. Then the hole in the universe vanishes.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Oh, hi guys! Who are we fighting?"



Gertruda: "AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAÄÄÄÄÄÄ!!!"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Marcus! We're here!"



Marcus Veranius points to all the vampires in the immediate room



Marcus Veranius: "Hey Honey! We found Strahd!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "And his flunkies"



Marcus Veranius: "I think he's the real one this time cause he's lighting up like Festivus."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "That's cute. Henry, your hair is smoking."



Marcus Veranius: "...like festivos." Marcus mutters. Never go to a Veranius holiday party.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Oh, honey."



Vampire Spellcaster: The Vampire spellcasters can be seen preparing magical spells to be released upon triggers only they could know. They are watching the party closely as their master drinks.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "The pools heal him we need to take them out aswell as the walls"



Gertruda: "My prince! Help me! These people kidnapped me!"



Strahd von Zarovich: \em just laughs.

dammit



Strahd von Zarovich just laughs



Gertruda: Gertruda runs directly into a wall of force, and paws it at pathetically. "What is this? Has the world gone mad?"



Strahd von Zarovich: "My dear Gertruda. You should have stayed asleep."

CAST

Strahd von Zarovich

Strahd casts one spell.

[Last legendary action]

Power Word Stun

Enchantment 8

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: One creature you can see within range

Components: V**Duration:** Instantaneous

You speak a word of power that can overwhelm the mind of one creature you can see within range, leaving it dumbfounded. If the target has 150 hit points or fewer, it is stunned. Otherwise, the spell has no effect. The stunned target must make a Constitution saving throw at the end of each of its turns. On a successful save, this stunning effect ends.



Gertruda: Gertruda staggers, and stands dumbfounded in place, swaying slightly, apparently seeing stars.



Suldae Westwind: ...She will be fine. Suldae hopes. She still feels kinda bad for having hurt her earlier and every thought about this girl just feels sociopathic... but Strahd might have just done them a favor.



Kasimir Velikov:

Arcane Hand*Evocation 5***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 120 feet**Target:** An unoccupied space that you can see within range**Components:** V, S, M (An eggshell and a snakeskin glove)**Duration:** Concentration Up to 1 minute

You create a Large hand of shimmering, translucent force in an unoccupied space that you can see within range. The hand lasts for the spell's duration, and it moves at your command, mimicking the movements of your own hand. The hand is an object that has AC 20 and hit points equal to your hit point maximum. If it drops to 0 hit points, the spell ends. It has a Strength of 26 (+8) and a Dexterity of 10 (+0). The hand doesn't fill its space. When you cast the spell and as a bonus action on your subsequent turns, you can move the hand up to 60 feet and then cause one of the following effects with it. **Clenched Fist.** The hand strikes one creature or object within 5 feet of it. Make a melee spell attack for the hand using your game statistics. On a hit, the target takes 4d8 force damage. **Forceful Hand.** The hand attempts to push a creature within 5 feet of it in a direction you choose. Make a check with the hand's Strength contested by the Strength (Athletics) check of the target. If the target is Medium or smaller, you have advantage on the check. If you succeed, the hand pushes the target up to 5 feet plus a number of feet equal to five times your spellcasting ability modifier. The hand moves

with the target to remain within 5 feet of it. Grasping Hand. The hand attempts to grapple a Huge or smaller creature within 5 feet of it. You use the hand's Strength score to resolve the grapple. If the target is Medium or smaller, you have advantage on the check. While the hand is grappling the target, you can use a bonus action to have the hand crush it. When you do so, the target takes bludgeoning damage equal to 2d6 + your spellcasting ability modifier. Interposing Hand. The hand interposes itself between you and a creature you choose until you give the hand a different command. The hand moves to stay between you and the target, providing you with half cover against the target. The target can't move through the hand's space if its Strength score is less than or equal to the hand's Strength score. If its Strength score is higher than the hand's Strength score, the target can move toward you through the hand's space, but that space is difficult terrain for the target. At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 6th level or higher, the damage from the clenched fist option increases by 2d8 and the damage from the grasping hand increases by 2d6 for each slot level above 5th.



Suldae Westwind: crush Strahd?

grapple and crush



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir glances around the chamber swiftly, sizing up the situation. He tosses Gertruda over his shoulder, then turns and points his hand at Strahd. "You. You killed my sister! Today you die!"



Suldae Westwind: "Ismark," Suldae calls out meanwhile in a somewhat more subdued voice, "get Marcus to the fountain to the left"

Kasimir's power twists around Strahd, becoming a massive glowing hand of force.

The hand attempts to catch and crush Strahd... **23**



Suldae Westwind: > If the target is Medium or smaller, you have advantage on the check.

With advantage... **14**



Suldae Westwind: (rip)



Strahd von Zarovich:

STRENGTH
Strahd von Zarovich

Ability: **19**

"Aaargh! Unhand me!"

Suldae Westwind: (BEAUTIFUL)



Kasimir Velikov: "YOU KILLED PATRINA!"



Kasimir Velikov *twists his hand into a crushing fist, and across the room Strahd von Zarovich is lifted into the air in a tightening grasp.* **7**



Suldae Westwind: (rip)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "On it, Suldae!" Ismark gives Marcus a hug from behind, and the two of them disappear in a blast of crimson smoke.



Vampire Spellcaster: ...But a spell cracks the air!

Counterspell

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature in the process of casting a spell

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect. At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae has used her reaction for the turn)

(can another counterspeller handle this)

(im pretty sure "counterspell the counterspell" is valid)

GM: (It's totally valid)



Suldae Westwind: (oh also hte vampire should make the check first?)

the spell is lvl 4



Vampire Spellcaster:

INTELLIGENCE
Vampire Spellcaster

Ability: **17**



Suldae Westwind: (alas)

Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark's eyes flash, and the counterspell is counterspelled.

Ismark and Marcus arrive at their destination, and both of the vampire spellcasters on that side of the wall unleash the spells they prepared as ready actions.



Suldae Westwind: Magic crackles in the air, as the weave shakes back and forth in the contest of wills.



Vampire Spellcaster:

Misty Step

Conjuration 2

Casting Time: 1 bonus action

Range: Self

Target: Self

Components: V

Duration: Instantaneous

Briefly surrounded by silvery mist, you teleport up to 30 feet to an unoccupied space that you can see.



Marcus Veranius: (You cant ready action a bonus action spell)



Vampire Spellcaster:

Dimension Door

Conjuration 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 500 feet

Target: See text

Components: V

Duration: Instantaneous

You teleport yourself from your current location to any other spot within range. You arrive at exactly the spot desired. It can be a place you can see, one you can visualize, or one you can describe by stating distance and direction, such as “200 feet straight downward” or “upward to the northwest at a 45-degree angle, 300 feet.” You can bring along objects as long as their weight doesn’t exceed what you can carry. You can also bring one willing creature of your size or smaller who is carrying gear up to its carrying capacity. The creature must be within 5 feet of you when you cast this spell. If you would arrive in a place already occupied by an object or a creature, you and any creature traveling with you each take 4d6 force damage, and the spell fails to teleport you.

[oops]



Marcus Veranius: (That one's good. BURN YOUR SPELL SLOTS)



Suldae Westwind: (oh my, this was the BEST order of doing things)

(...unless the other two also teleport away)



Ezmerelda Veranius:

Haste

Transmutation 3

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: A willing creature that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (A shaving of licorice root)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

Choose a willing creature that you can see within range. Until the spell ends, the target's speed is doubled, it gains a +2 bonus to AC, it has advantage on Dexterity saving throws, and it gains an additional action on each of its turns. That action can be used only to take the Attack (one weapon attack only), Dash, Disengage, Hide, or Use an Object action. When the spell ends, the target can't move or take actions until after its next turn, as a wave of lethargy sweeps over it.

Ezmerelda casts the Haste into their ring, granting its effects to both her and Marcus.



Strahd von Zarovich:

LAIR ACTION: SHADOW

Strahd von Zarovich

Strahd targets one Medium or smaller creature that casts a shadow. The target's Shadow must be visible to Strahd. If the target fails a DC 20 Charisma saving throw, its shadow detaches from it and becomes a shadow that obeys Strahd's commands, acting on initiative count 20. A greater restoration spell or a remove curse cast on the target restores its natural shadow, but only if its undead shadow has been destroyed.

Kasimir's shadow wavers in the gaze of Strahd's glowing eyes...

**Kasimir Velikov:****16****2****CHARISMA SAVE (0)**

[Ooh]

**Suldae Westwind:****FOR DESCRIPTION ONLY****Dimension Door***Conjuration 4***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 500 feet**Target:** See text**Components:** V**Duration:** Instantaneous

You teleport yourself from your current location to any other spot within range. You arrive at exactly the spot desired. It can be a place you can see, one you can visualize, or one you can describe by stating distance and direction, such as “200 feet straight downward” or “upward to the northwest at a 45-degree angle, 300 feet.” You can bring along objects as long as their weight doesn’t exceed what you can carry. You can also bring one willing creature of your size or smaller who is carrying gear up to its carrying capacity. The creature must be within 5 feet of you when you cast this spell. If you would arrive in a place already occupied by an object or a creature, you and any creature traveling with you each take 4d6 force damage, and the spell fails to teleport you.

(sorry)

***Marcus Veranius takes the vampire's absence as his cue to sabotage the fountain*****Marcus Veranius:** He retrieves an Immovable Rod from his bag and shoves it into the fountain, button down, to permanently block its flow***The fountain burbles to a stop, and its glow begins to fade.*****Marcus Veranius:** (Is the lever pulled? And did we need to pull it?)**GM:** (I think Ireena cast Haste instead?)

(Rictavio was going to do it, but he couldn't get through the wall of force)

**Suldae Westwind:** (Ireena cast Haste last turn)***Marcus Veranius goes ahead and pulls the lever too***

GM: (There's only been one round so far)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah sounds good)

With a clank and a rattle, the portcullis drops into place. Beyond it, many crimson eyes are watching.



Marcus Veranius: Lacking a better option, Marcus uses his non-haste action to drink his mana potion and recover some health with Second Wind

Gotta wait for the enemies to jump back over

On your turn, you can use a bonus action to regain hit points equal to 1d10 + your fighter level.

11

Radiant/Fire

6

Healing

Second Wind

Marcus Veranius

(There is no radiant or fire damage as part of this healing)

[EoT]



Suldae Westwind: Suldae dashes towards Henry and drags him into a Dismension Door with a very calculated targeting.

GM: (lmao)



Suldae Westwind: She'd quip about a multi-target environment but actually she's a little big scared shitless so she just lets her Halo do the talking for her.



Vampire Spellcaster:

Counterspell

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature in the process of casting a spell

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect. At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of

4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.

CHARISMA
Vampire Spellcaster

Ability: 20



Suldae Westwind:

Counterspell

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature in the process of casting a spell

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.

(Suldae's turn again means she gets her reaction back :))

GM: (This is correct :))



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Which one tried to Counterspell ?)

GM: (One of the fellas on the right)

(Oh wait)

(How many counterspells have I used, those DDs were reaction-cast as ready actions)



Marcus Veranius: (You've used one counterspell, one readied DD)

GM: (In that case, that was their last Counterspell until their next turn, when they get their reactions back)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry points his sword at the vampire that tried to disrupt them "Bad Call"

GM: (Oh wait, you're right, one of them teleported the other. So I still have one more Counterspell.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (No one used Misty step)

Suldae Westwind:

23

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

14

Thunder

(Henry, they couldnt)

(Misty Step cannot be readied)

(hence the switch to DD)

does htis hit that vampire

GM: (It does)



Suldae Westwind:

31

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

14

Thunder



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I know but one misty step the other dd solo)



Suldae Westwind: (that couldnt happen, DM retconned the misty step)



Vampire Spellcaster:

CONSTITUTION
Vampire Spellcaster

Ability: **14**

(Concentration check)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Oh my bad missed have skiped that line when I was catching up)

GM: (More Halo pls)



Suldae Westwind:

23

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

12

Thunder

GM: (Hit)



Suldae Westwind:

24

Halo throw (+12)

Suldae Westwind

18
Thunder



Vampire Spellcaster:

CONSTITUTION
Vampire Spellcaster

Ability: **14**



Suldae Westwind:

16

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

13
Thunder

(miss?)

GM: (Alas, yes)



Suldae Westwind: (rip)

EoT

GM: (Good show though)

(Henry, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae has no confidence in actually managing to get Strahd with this even grappled, so she focuses on the "minions" instead)

GM: (Probably wise)

(You could have hit him, though)



Suldae Westwind: (in theory sure)

(i didnt know that before I rolled)

(and I consider it a point of integrity to determien the target before rolling --)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "On a Scale of 1 to 10 how innconviniet would smasching that fountain be"
Henry asks "Wait don't answer that"

"I'll just enjoy the surprise"

First: hasted action Henry spikes his Warpick at the fountain spout

31

30ft/60ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook**4**

Radiant

17

Piercing

3

Acid

(What happens?)

CRUNCH! The Warpick strikes the fountain beautifully, but it seems to be very sturdy—and very magical. It remains functional.**Suldae Westwind:** (so its damaged but not destroyed yet?)**GM:** (Yes)**Henry of Willowsbrook:****24**

30ft/60ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook**3**

Radiant

21

Piercing

4

Acid

21

30ft/60ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook**2**

Radiant

14

Piercing

1

Acid

Again with the action

**Vampire Spellcaster:** The Vampire Spellcasters hurl themselves in the way, taking the blows so that the fountain will not. (two hits against two separate vampire spellcasters)**CONSTITUTION**

Vampire Spellcaster

Ability: **7****Suldae Westwind:** BOOM***At the crash of one of the blows, one Wall of Force collapses.*****Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Fine. by. me." Henry says turning and sending his shield rocketing into the

fountain

DC18

no damage on save

Strength Save

The shield flies 60 feet in a straight line knocking enemies prone unless they succeed on the STR or DEX save. Medium or smaller creatures pinned by this attack take double the damage.

5

Radiant

16

Bludgeoning

60 feet line

Bone Shield Hammer

Henry of Willowsbrook



Vampire Spellcaster:

STRENGTH
Vampire Spellcaster

Ability: 23

STRENGTH
Vampire Spellcaster

Ability: 13

STRENGTH
Vampire Spellcaster

Ability: 22

STRENGTH
Vampire Spellcaster

Ability: 21



Henry of Willowsbrook: (no radiant damage it's not a weapon attack)



Vampire Spellcaster: The vampires leap in the way, all of them trying to sway the shield from its course—but it cannot be swayed. It slips the grasp of three of them and slams the fourth against the far wall of the chamber, plowing right through the fountain in the process in a spray of blood and rubble. The glow of the fountain fades.

CONSTITUTION
Vampire Spellcaster

Ability: 16

GM: (That was for the one who was crushed—he took 32 points of magical bludgeoning damage, so the DC was 16. He maintains Concentration)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'd compliment the dedication if you weren't bat shit shitting insane thralls to

histories biggest douchbag" Henry says "Speaking of" he turns to Strahd "Miss me?"

GM: (He is immune to the prone condition, however, but he still gets smushed)



Henry of Willowsbrook: EoT



Strahd von Zarovich: "You have no idea."

ATHLETICS
Strahd von Zarovich

Skill: 18

Hand: 15



Strahd von Zarovich: He bursts free of the Arcane Hand, and swings his hand, and a different blade flies from a sheath at his side, and swings out like a spray of throwing knives.

**DANCING SILVER
SWORDS**
Strahd von Zarovich

Requires attunement

This weapon is three silver swords sharing the same space but slightly different time intervals. Each slash can launch one of the three swords up to a distance of sixty feet. It travels in a straight line and disappears after striking a target or after hitting the ground, reappearing back in your hand. If an opponent manages to catch one of the silver swords, (via an athletics or sleight-of-hand check equal to the attack roll which threw it) the sword does not disappear. The captured sword can be wielded only with disadvantage, as it tries to resist the will of its captor. At the first opportunity, the sword attempts to escape and return to the hand of its master.

As a legendary action, the master of the sword can teleport to any one of his three swords before it disappears.

ATTACK 1: 31 to hit, **13**

magical slashing damage.

ATTACK 2: 21 to hit, **8**
magical slashing damage.

ATTACK 3: 32 to hit, **10**
magical slashing damage.

DANCING SILVER SWORDS

Strahd von Zarovich

Requires attunement

This weapon is three silver swords sharing the same space but slightly different time intervals. Each slash can launch one of the three swords up to a distance of sixty feet. It travels in a straight line and disappears after striking a target or after hitting the ground, reappearing back in your hand. If an opponent manages to catch one of the silver swords, (via an athletics or sleight-of-hand check equal to the attack roll which threw it) the sword does not disappear. The captured sword can be wielded only with disadvantage, as it tries to resist the will of its captor. At the first opportunity, the sword attempts to escape and return to the hand of its master.

As a legendary action, the master of the sword can teleport to any one of his three swords before it disappears.

ATTACK 1: 34 to hit, **10**
magical slashing damage.

ATTACK 2: 19 to hit, **8**
magical slashing damage.

ATTACK 3: 22 to hit, **15**
magical slashing damage.

The first one spears towards Henry, the second misses Suldae by a hair's breadth, and the third one glances off Henry's armor uselessly.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (that weapon feels like cheating but it is Strahd)



Strahd von Zarovich:

Harm

Necromancy 6

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature that you can see within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

You unleash a virulent disease on a creature that you can see within range. The target must make a Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, it takes 14d6 necrotic damage, or half as much damage on a successful save. The damage can't reduce the target's hit points below 1. If the target fails the saving throw, its hit point maximum is reduced for 1 hour by an amount equal to the necrotic damage it took. Any effect that removes a disease allows a creature's hit point maximum to return to normal before that time passes.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Which one hit? the 13 or 10 damage?)

GM: (The 34 was the to-hit, the 10 is the damage)

(Wait, I clicked the button twice)

(He only uses it once)

(I only saw the second set of rolls)

(Let's go with the second set of rolls)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (we take those since(not because they are worse but because you already described them))

:)



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd reaches out a casual hand, and lets necromantic magic fall on Henry.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae presses herself into the corner. She doesn't have anyone to shield, here, so she has nothing to distract from her fear.



Henry of Willowsbrook:

12 + 4

CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)
Henry of Willowsbrook

16 + 4**CONSTITUTION SAVE (3)**

Henry of Willowsbrook

(using Insp

And Suldaes Bard Insp)

rolling d8

(5)

= 5**Suldae Westwind:** (yaaaaaaaaaaaaa)**Strahd von Zarovich:** Henry takes half of 14d6 necrotic damage, but his hit point maximum is not reduced.**48****Henry of Willowsbrook:** (aura so 12)

Henry smiles through the pain "Whats the matter tired already?"

**Suldae Westwind:** "I might be getting you hurt. I am sorry," Suldae whispers to Ireena telepathically.**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (reaction attack for the spell cast**Vampire Spellcaster:** All four of the Vampire Spellcasters begin charging little crimson stars between their hands.**Suldae Westwind:** This was a plan. It still seems like a good one to her. That doesn't mean she *likes* it.**Henry of Willowsbrook:****22**

30ft/60ft

Dagonbone Warpick (+16)

Henry of Willowsbrook

7

Radiant

15

Piercing

4

Acid

GM: (Miss)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (yeah I was due a miss)**Suldae Westwind:** "...I will drop the spell if you tell me to."

(to Ireena, still)

**Strahd von Zarovich:** Strahd catches Henry's warpick and casually tosses it back to him.**Vampire Spellcaster:**

Delayed Blast Fireball*Evocation 7***Casting Time:** 1 action**Range:** 150 feet**Target:** A chosen point within range**Components:** V, S, M (A tiny ball of bat guano and sulfur)**Duration:** Concentration Up to 1 minute

A beam of yellow light flashes from your pointing finger, then condenses to linger at a chosen point within range as a glowing bead for the duration. When the spell ends, either because your concentration is broken or because you decide to end it, the bead blossoms with a low roar into an explosion of flame that spreads around corners. Each creature in a 20-foot-radius sphere centered on that point must make a Dexterity saving throw. A creature takes fire damage equal to the total accumulated damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. The spell's base damage is 12d6. If at the end of your turn the bead has not yet detonated, the damage increases by 1d6. If the glowing bead is touched before the interval has expired, the creature touching it must make a Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, the spell ends immediately, causing the bead to erupt in flame. On a successful save, the creature can throw the bead up to 40 feet. When it strikes a creature or a solid object, the spell ends, and the bead explodes. The fire damages objects in the area and ignites flammable objects that aren't being worn or carried.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 8th level or higher, the base damage increases by 1d6 for each slot level above 7th.



Suldae Westwind: what about concentratoin?
and wall of force?

The Wall of Force vanishes and four glowing pinpricks of light appear at intervals around the room, hovering in the air,

GM: (All four spellcasters are now separately concentrating upon Delayed Blast Fireballs)



Suldae Westwind: (well one of them sure is right next to Strahd)

GM: (This might imply that he's not scared of them)



Suldae Westwind: "Protect yourselves!" Suldae mentally yells at Ireena as she sees the fireballs.



Ireena Kolyana: "Shit!"

**Suldae Westwind:****21****ARCANA (13)**
Suldae Westwind

"Hold on, I have a plan."

"Marcus, this is up to you. See those glowing beads? You need to throw them in that corner behind the vampires REALLY FAST."

"Ireena, ready Resilient Sphere in case something goes wrong. I think Strahd did something to Kasimir's shadow, so be on your guard, but if you are in a bad situation - just try to protect as many people as possible, okay?"

Suldae avoids telling Ireena about her plan on how to handle healing, because she suspects Ireena will not like the version where she just hurts herself any more than the version where she hurts both of them. Just as a hunch.

**Ireena Kolyana:** Telepathically: *"Resilient sphere only carries one! I'll ready Wall of Force!"*

(Ireena prepares to cast Wall of Force to protect as many companions as possible)

**Ezmerelda Veranius:** "Kasimir, your shadow!"**Liliet (Suldae):** "Yes, that's a better plan!"

It's good to have companions you can rely on.

**Marcus Veranius:** [Move into the room a bit more! I have a plan!] Marcus thinks, looking at the space between bars blocking their exit.**Ezmerelda Veranius:****+3 RAPIER (DEFENDER)**
*Ezmerelda Veranius***Attack: 13****Damage: 14** piercing**+3 RAPIER (DEFENDER)**
*Ezmerelda Veranius***Attack: 25****Damage: 14** piercing**SILVERED SHORTSWORD**
*Ezmerelda Veranius***Attack: 16****Damage: 9** piercing

Ezmerelda makes short work of Kasimir's twisted Shadow, and with a final scream it fades, shredded on her silver sword.

**Kasimir Velikov:** "Thank you, Ezmerelda."**Ezmerelda Veranius:** "Into the room!"

Suldae Westwind: (or maybe not?)



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir shoves Gertruda to one side, further up the stairs, and rounds on the vampire spellcaster directly before him. Realizing that he does not want to break this vampire's concentration, he squeezes his left hand almost absently, trying to crush Strahd once again, and with his right hand he punches a hasty firebolt across the room.

10 | 11
120 ft
Fire Bolt (+8)
10
Fire

Aaaaand misses.

28 (Arcane Hand grapple check)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (wasn't Strahd already grappled?)

GM: (He broke out on his last turn)

(Also, I don't think that was a dice roll lol)



Kasimir Velikov: **10**

GM: (There, that was a diceroll, but he's technically supposed to have advantage on it)



Kasimir Velikov: **11**

GM: (Well)



Suldae Westwind: (wait, did he break out?)

(i dont remmeber that)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I swear sometimes it feels like the NPCs aren't even trying)

(well Strahd still has to roll to avoid it)



Strahd von Zarovich:

ATHLETICS
Strahd von Zarovich
Skill: **19**



Suldae Westwind: oh yeah found it

rip



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd von Zarovich easily dodges the Firebolt and forces the fingers of the Arcane Hand apart.

"A nice trick, Kasimir! But I believe I can do one better."



Ismark Kolyanovich: *"Don't even think about it."*

23

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

8**17***300 feet***Eldritch Blast (+9)**

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

13**12***300 feet***Eldritch Blast (+9)**

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

7

Henry of Willowsbrook: (so 1 hit)

GM: (Tragically, three misses)



Suldae Westwind: (but one was close!)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Ah so Strahds AC is 24 then I believe we weren't sure if it was 23 or 24 last time)



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark's bolts of blazing rage miss, but only because Strahd dances swiftly out of the way. The first bolt passes within an inch of his chiseled jaw.



Rictavio:

Bless

Enchantment 5

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Target: Up to three creatures of your choice within range

Components: V, S, M (A sprinkling of holy water)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You bless up to three creatures of your choice within range. Whenever a target makes an attack roll or a saving throw before the spell ends, the target can roll a d4 and add the number rolled to the attack roll or saving throw.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot level above 1st.



Suldae Westwind: whomst?



Strahd von Zarovich:

LAIR ACTION: SPECTER
Strahd von Zarovich

Strahd summons the angry spirit of one who has died in the castle. The apparition appears next to a hostile creature that Strahd can see, makes an attack against that creature, and then disappears. The apparition has the statistics of a specter.

(Life Drain Attack: **17** to hit, **6** necrotic damage on a hit. The target must succeed on a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or its hit point maximum is reduced by an amount equal to the damage taken. This reduction lasts until the creature finishes a long rest. The target dies if this effect reduces its hit point maximum to 0.

LAIR ACTION: SPECTER
Strahd von Zarovich

Strahd summons the angry spirit of one who has died in the castle. The apparition appears next to a hostile creature that Strahd can see, makes an attack against that creature, and then disappears. The apparition has the statistics of a specter.

(Life Drain Attack: **11** to hit, **9** necrotic damage on a hit. The target must succeed on a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or its hit point maximum is reduced by an amount equal to the damage taken. This reduction lasts until the creature finishes a long rest. The target dies if this effect reduces its hit point maximum to 0.



Suldae Westwind: who did rictavio bless



Strahd von Zarovich:

LAIR ACTION: SPECTER
Strahd von Zarovich

Strahd summons the angry spirit of one who has died in the castle. The apparition appears next to a hostile creature that Strahd can see, makes an attack against that creature, and then disappears. The apparition has the statistics of a specter.

(Life Drain Attack: **6** to hit, **9** necrotic damage on a hit. The target must succeed on a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or its hit point maximum is reduced by an amount equal to the damage taken. This reduction lasts until the creature finishes a long rest. The target dies if this effect reduces its hit point maximum to 0.

LAIR ACTION: SPECTER
Strahd von Zarovich

Strahd summons the angry spirit of one who has died in the castle. The apparition appears next to a hostile creature that Strahd can see, makes an attack against that creature, and then disappears. The apparition has the statistics of a specter.

(Life Drain Attack: **6** to hit, **13** necrotic damage on a hit. The target must succeed on a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or its hit point maximum is reduced by an amount equal to the damage taken. This reduction lasts until the creature finishes a long rest. The target dies if this effect reduces its hit point maximum to 0.

LAIR ACTION: SPECTER

Strahd von Zarovich

Strahd summons the angry spirit of one who has died in the castle. The apparition appears next to a hostile creature that Strahd can see, makes an attack against that creature, and then disappears. The apparition has the statistics of a specter.

(Life Drain Attack: **9** to hit, **15** necrotic damage on a hit. The target must succeed on a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or its hit point maximum is reduced by an amount equal to the damage taken. This reduction lasts until the creature finishes a long rest. The target dies if this effect reduces its hit point maximum to 0.

LAIR ACTION: SPECTER

Strahd von Zarovich

Strahd summons the angry spirit of one who has died in the castle. The apparition appears next to a hostile creature that Strahd can see, makes an attack against that creature, and then disappears. The apparition has the statistics of a specter.

(Life Drain Attack: **22** to hit, **13** necrotic damage on a hit. The target must succeed

on a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or its hit point maximum is reduced by an amount equal to the damage taken. This reduction lasts until the creature finishes a long rest. The target dies if this effect reduces its hit point maximum to 0.

Strahd raises one clawed hand, and an icy cold thickens the chamber air. Fine mists of spectral power twist up from the foundations of Castle Ravenloft, and the twisted spirits assault Kasimir, body and mind! [17 to hit for 6, 22 to hit for 13—the rest missed]



Strahd von Zarovich:

5

CONSTITUTION SAVE (0)



Kasimir Velikov: (That was Kasimir's roll, sorry)

1

CONSTITUTION SAVE (0)



Suldae Westwind: OH MY GOD

OH MY FUCKING GOD



Kasimir Velikov: (Now Concentration checks)

11

CONSTITUTION SAVE (0)

19

CONSTITUTION SAVE (0)

(He maintains Concentration on the Arcane Hand)

(His HP Maximum is reduced from 70 to 51)



Suldae Westwind: (this is kind of bad)



Kasimir Velikov: "Guh!"



Ismark Kolyanovich: "KASIMIR!"



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd chuckles. The sound echoes and booms in the chamber like strange thunder.



Suldae Westwind: (brb)



Marcus Veranius sees the fireballs, hears Suldae's request, and charges at the beads of concentrated hellfire. Even after all they've faced in this cursed land, this magic-shmagic stuff was utter nonsense to him.

Marcus Veranius: But shooting things at other things? That was more his speed.

Object interaction- FIREBALL YEET

(What's the DC for these things?)

GM: (You'll know it if you fail)

(It's moderate, should be fairly easy for Marcus)



Marcus Veranius: (Saves made with advantage via Haste)

14 + 0 | 31 + 0

DEXTERITY SAVE (13)
Marcus Veranius

30 + 0 | 20 + 0

DEXTERITY SAVE (13)
Marcus Veranius

28 + 0 | 24 + 0

DEXTERITY SAVE (13)
Marcus Veranius

30 + 0 | 31 + 0

DEXTERITY SAVE (13)
Marcus Veranius

GM: (Bahahahaha)

(You pass, obviously)



Marcus Veranius dances around the circle of fireballs, throwing them into the chamber's corner. He hoped it would be enough to destroy the fountain but would settle for ashed vampires instead.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae holds her breath, hoping Marcus succeeds...

GM: (So that's **171** points of fire damage)

(And four DC 16 Dex saves needed from each vampire...)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Thats a lot of rolls)



Suldae Westwind: (I sure love it when baddies Do This To Themselves)

GM: (Yeah who am I kidding)

BOOM!



Suldae Westwind: (they dont have Henrys aura either)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Nope creatures of his choice)

In a single instant, all four vampire spellcasters are completely destroyed in a blast of dazzling flame.



Suldae laughs out loud with a hysterical edge.



6/27/23, 5:07 PM

Suldae Westwind: (Suldae told her she'd drop the spell as soon as she told her to)

GM: (Are you sure you wish to proceed?)



Suldae Westwind: (I mean Suldae is harming herself for the same amount)

(I am fully prepared to argue that this is a stupid idea but it's not evil as such)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (suldae basically said "This might hurt brace yourself" without specefying)



Marcus Veranius: (The opposite; Suldae is sacrificing her own life force for a beloved NPC)

(I think?)

GM: (And stealing the life force of her friend to do so)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae is harming herself and Ireena to heal Henry)

(she did not get Ireena's consent for this no but it was a mid battle decision and its not reh reason she linked them up)

*the

(I brougbht this up last session, we discussed this!)

GM: (Go ahead and roll a Charisma saving throw)



Suldae Westwind:

12 + 2

CHARISMA SAVE (11)
Suldae Westwind

(holy shit)

GM: (Holy shit)



Suldae Westwind: (hold on what does the armor do)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (... on closer inspection it might have been smarter to take Henry's turn before this considering that Ireena has to roll a concentration save)



Suldae Westwind: (advantage!)

12 + 1

CHARISMA SAVE (11)
Suldae Westwind

(okay)

GM: (Lmao)



Suldae Westwind: (okay then)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (+3)4

3



Suldae Westwind: (yeah Henry's bonus also)

14+3=17

(Suldae's lowest Charisma is very high she's a bard and she knows exactly what she's doing, sort of)

Suldae reaches for the power, and feels the watchful eye of the Book upon her in the moment before she would take from Ireena's life force. She realizes instantly that this is crossing a certain moral line that the book does not approve of, but in the moment she realizes this, she feels Ireena sense the magic and understand, and give freely. The magic comes, and flows, and life is exchanged.



Suldae Westwind: (THANK YOU)



Ireena Kolyana:

7

CONSTITUTION SAVE (6)

feck



Suldae Westwind: (oh my fucking god akdlfsdajfkhsdlkfj)



Ireena Kolyana:

17

CONSTITUTION SAVE (6)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (aaaaand there goes Henry's turn)

(Or not?)



Ireena Kolyana: Expecting the pain, Ireena braces for it, and manages to hold onto her concentration. Henry remains hasted.



Suldae Westwind: (-10 for each of us)

GM: (Done)

(I applied the healing as well)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes out tearfully. The pain was nothing she wasn't braced for, but...



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I already had)



Suldae Westwind: (I APPLIED IT TOO)

(HOLD ON LET ME REVERSE IT)

(so how much is Henry's HP right now and how much was it previously)

(I'm confused)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (he went from 50 to 95)



Suldae Westwind: (oh)

(welp this was more timely than I thought)

(and I already thought it was timely)

GM: (Oh wait)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (GM don't worry I fixed it)

GM: (Before you play your turn, Henry, I'm going to take two legendary actions: one for Marcus's turn, one for Suldae's)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Oh that okay)



Suldae Westwind: (I'll point out Suldae hasn't bonus actioned yet)

GM: (Assuming R20 lets me open his sheet)

(Ah, proceed)



Suldae Westwind: There is only one enemy standing before them now, and so instead of the halo Suldae straightens her spine.

It comes hesitantly - she had taken a blind leap there, and just because she made it doesn't mean she never parted with solid ground - but bright light shines around her, adding to the light from Marcus's sword.

HALO

Other: Book of Exalted Deeds

Once you've read and studied the book, you gain a protective halo. This halo sheds bright light in a 10-foot radius and dim light for an additional 10 feet. You can dismiss or manifest the halo as a bonus action. While present, the halo gives you advantage on Charisma (Persuasion) checks made to interact with good creatures and Charisma (Intimidation) checks made to interact with evil creatures. In addition, fiends and undead within the halo's bright light make attack rolls against you with disadvantage.

[EoT]



Strahd von Zarovich: "Aaargh!"

Pinned by the light of the Sunsword and the Halo, bathed in Henry's Aura, Strahd rears back and flings out a claw. He points at the half-elven bard, and whispers a deadly command.

"Die."



Suldae Westwind: (oh well that's wonderful)

The spell slams into Suldae like a tidal wave—but breaks instantly.



Strahd von Zarovich: "WHAT!?"



Suldae Westwind: (oh?)

With her shared pool of health, the spell cannot grasp her life force completely.



Suldae Westwind: (oh me likey)

Henry of Willowsbrook: (AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae breathes out, still feeling the fingers of death slipping off her.



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd whips around and points a claw at Marcus. *"DIE!"*



Suldae Westwind: So much of this was a bad idea, but... there was a reason.

The spell fails again, for the power of the bond between Ezmerelda and Marcus.



Suldae Westwind: There were reasons for her decisions.

sadkfjlkjfdhlsdjh



Strahd von Zarovich: "NO!"

"NO!"



Suldae Westwind: we're beating Strahd with the power of love



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Is it Technically Henry's turn yet?)

GM: (Yes, go ham)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Asking because reactions)



Marcus Veranius has no idea why Strahd is pointing at everyone and screaming, but he does so love when plans fall apart. At least when they aren't his own



Henry of Willowsbrook: Without even having Time to think Henry finds himself lashing out at Strahd's attempts of spell crafting

25 + 2

Vorpalsword (+17)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

6
Radiant

15
Slashing

(Reaction attack)

GM: (That's a hit)



Suldae Westwind: (im loving this)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henrys eyes shift to the Sword orbiting Strahd "Hm you seem troubled Strahd, here, let me take this of your hands" Henry uses hasted action to grab the floating sword

GM: (It's not floating near him, he puts it back into his cloak at the end of every swing)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Oh)

GM: (You're probably not going to be able to get it from him)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Well then)

Then Fighting Spirit And 3 Attacks

$$28 + 4 \quad | \quad 20 + 4$$

Vorpalsword (+17)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

1
Radiant

18
Slashing

$$18 + 4 \quad | \quad 23 + 4$$

Vorpalsword (+17)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

2
Radiant

21
Slashing

28 + 3 | **26 + 3**

Vorpalsword (+17)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

7
Radiant

16
Slashing

GM: (Three hits)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (hm let's put some smites on those, 2 second level and 1 third level



Suldae Westwind: (aw hella boom)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (4d8+4d8+5d8)

rolling 13d8

(3 + 3 + 5 + 5 + 2 + 3 + 5 + 2 + 7 + 6 + 1 + 4 + 8)

= **54**

(thats the radiant damage)

GM: (lmao)



Henry of Willowsbrook: 64 total radiant+55 slashing

Henrys Sword begins to once again glow with a violent intensity as he blurs into motion delivering a strike to Strahds outstretched arm before turning into a horizontal slash across his face and then a final vertical swing like Henry was trying to split Strhad like a log.

Strahd

Strahd attempts to protect himself from the hail of blows, but his swordsmanship is no match for Henry's skill, speed, and strength. Each blow that makes contact ignites with holy flame, and Strahd's wounded flesh steams and burns when the vorpal sword rips through his armor. He manages to avoid taking any blows to the face, and manages to avoid being cleaved in twain, but he is hard pressed and badly injured by the time Henry's assault is done.



Strahd von Zarovich: "Enough."

I am the ancient. I am the land!



Suldae Westwind: (oh is that so)



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd's eyes blaze with crimson flame.

The ground begins to shake.



Suldae Westwind: "I'm pretty sure the land was there before you were," Suldae says quietly, yet loud enough to be audible.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You need a new catch phrase this one is starting to mold"



Suldae Westwind: (think stage whisper)



Marcus Veranius: (Did the second fountain get destroyed by fireball hell?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry had smashed it last session)

GM: (I believe both fountains are out of play)



Strahd von Zarovich:

MULTIATTACK (VAMPIRE FORM ONLY)
Strahd von Zarovich

Strahd makes three attacks, uses his Shadow Step ability, and casts one spell.



Marcus Veranius holds the Sunsword aloft, accursed auras no longer blocking its presence. Nothing will stop the flow of light now.



Strahd von Zarovich:

VORPAL LONGSWORD (ONE-HANDED)
Strahd von Zarovich

Attack: 26

Damage: 18 Slashing + 17 Necrotic
Requires Attunement

You gain a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. In addition, the weapon ignores resistance to slashing damage.

When you attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without the lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

VORPAL LONGSWORD
(ONE-HANDED)
Strahd von Zarovich

Attack: 25

Damage: 13 Slashing + 9
Necrotic
Requires Attunement

You gain a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. In addition, the weapon ignores resistance to slashing damage.

When you attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without the lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

UNARMED STRIKE (VAMPIRE FORM ONLY) *Strahd von Zarovich*

Attack: **33**

Damage: **11** bludgeoning +
11 necrotic

If the target is a creature,
Strahd can grapple it
(escape DC 18) instead of
dealing the bludgeoning
damage.

Earthquake

Evocation 8

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 500 feet

Target: A point on the ground that you can see
within range

Components: V, S, M (A pinch of dirt, a piece
of rock, and a lump of clay)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You create a seismic disturbance at a point on the ground that you can see within range. For the duration, an intense tremor rips through the ground in a 100-foot-radius circle centered on that point and shakes creatures and structures in contact with the ground in that area. The ground in the area becomes difficult terrain. Each creature on the ground that is concentrating must make a Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, the creature's concentration is broken. When you cast this spell and at the end of each turn you spend concentrating on it, each creature on the ground in the area must make a Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, the creature is knocked prone. This spell can have additional effects depending on the terrain in the area, as determined by the GM. Fissures. Fissures open throughout the spell's area at the start of your next turn after you cast the spell. A total of 1d6 such fissures open in locations chosen by the GM. Each is 1d10 × 10 feet deep, 10 feet wide, and extends from one edge of the spell's area to the opposite side. A creature standing on a spot where a fissure opens must succeed on a Dexterity saving throw or fall in. A creature that successfully saves moves with the fissure's edge as it opens. A fissure that opens beneath a structure causes it to automatically collapse (see below). Structures. The tremor deals 50 bludgeoning damage to any structure

in contact with the ground in the area when you cast the spell and at the start of each of your turns until the spell ends. If a structure drops to 0 hit points, it collapses and potentially damages nearby creatures. A creature within half the distance of a structure's height must make a Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, the creature takes 5d6 bludgeoning damage, is knocked prone, and is buried in the rubble, requiring a DC 20 Strength (Athletics) check as an action to escape. The GM can adjust the DC higher or lower, depending on the nature of the rubble. On a successful save, the creature takes half as much damage and doesn't fall prone or become buried.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (who is he attacking?)



Suldae Westwind: (oh btw lets not forget about +1 to saves from warding bond)
(for both Suldae and Ireena)

Strahd sweeps his hand in a violent arc. His vorpal sword comes spinning out of his cloak, slices across Marcus's chest and slashes brutally across Henry's shield (dealing him no damage). Then Strahd's hand shoots out, unarmed, and claws Henry across the face.



Marcus Veranius: (...say, can Henry mage slayer that spell before Strahd can pull it off? o-o)
(I have bad feelings about this)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Already used the reaction to hit after the power word Kill attempt)



Marcus Veranius meets Vorpal Sword with Sibling Sword, striking back against Strahd's weapon



Marcus Veranius:

$$20 + 2 \quad | \quad 27 + 2$$

Melee

Retaliation Fury (+13)
Marcus Veranius

When a creature you can see damages you, you can use your reaction to make a melee attack against that creature, with advantage on your attack roll.

13

Radiant/Fire

14

Radiant

(No advantage, my bad)

(Wait it does, Im dumb)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae grips the Weave instinctively, attempting to stop the spell from going off.

(one sec)

Counterspell

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature in the process of casting a spell

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.

15

CHARISMA (6+2)
Suldae Westwind

(welp)

Weave rips out of her hands, Strahd's spell too powerful for her to stand against just yet.



Suldae Westwind: (WAIT)

(I have an 8th level spell slot i just realized)

GM: (You would have had to declare it before seeing the roll)



Suldae Westwind: (makes sense)

(well, now at least i still have it)

(but Earthquake isnt counterspelled by Suldae)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (this is turning into ace attorney with all the "hold it"s)



Suldae Westwind: ("...I was hoping to come up with an objection while I was objecting, Your Honor. I didn't")



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Any of our NPC want to try and counter spell?)

(So Henry makes two Dex Saves one to avoid falling prone and then one to avoid the fissure correct?)

GM: (We probably should have at least one NPC attempt the counterspell as well)

(It's a doozy of a spell)

Suldae Westwind: (so does anyone have a lvl 8 spell slot spare)

GM: (Lol I don't think so)



Ireena Kolyana:

Counterspell

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature in the process of casting a spell

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect. At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Kasimir Seems like the most likely one to try imo)



Ireena Kolyana:

14

ARCANA (6)



Suldae Westwind: (oof)

Suldae feels Ireena's attempt fail as well.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (So first things First Everyone on the ground rolls Concentration)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae wasnt concentrating on shit B))

Then the ground begins to tremble in earnest, and his power ripples through the land. (DC 18 Con saves needed for concentration, DC 18 Dex saves to avoid being knocked prone OR DC 18 Dex saves to avoid falling into the pits, which are 20 and 10 feet deep respectively from left to right.)



Suldae Westwind:

16 + 3

DEXTERITY SAVE (7)
Suldae Westwind



Rictavio:

CONSTITUTION*Rictavio***Ability: 13**

(Bless is gone)

DEXTERITY*Rictavio***Ability: 6****Suldae Westwind:** (can suldae shift into hybrid as part of a successful save)**Ezmerelda Veranius:****CONSTITUTION SAVE***Ezmerelda Veranius***Save: 11****Rictavio:** (Rictavio falls 20 feet into the pit)**Marcus Veranius:** (Can Marcus spend luck on Ez's save?)**Suldae Westwind:** (uh thats bad)**GM:** (Yes to Suldae's question, yes to Marcus's question)**Ezmerelda Veranius:****CONSTITUTION SAVE***Ezmerelda Veranius***Save: 13****Kasimir Velikov:****DC16****Dexterity Save****44***Lightning**150 feet***Chain Lightning****GM:** (Ignore that, misclick)**Kasimir Velikov:****13****CONSTITUTION SAVE (0)**



Ezmerelda Veranius: rolling 1d4 Bless before it fades

(4)

= 4



Kasimir Velikov: (Arcane hand is gone)

12

DEXTERITY SAVE (2)

(Kasimir falls 20 feet)



Ezmerelda Veranius: +2 Ring of Bonding, with +4 bless for this one spell. Ez passes with a 19



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is now sorta-hovering by alternating pushing off the walls behind her and off the air with her wings.



Ireena Kolyana:

9

CONSTITUTION SAVE (6)



Suldae Westwind: (AKLKFHSDLKJFHSDLKFJHDSLKF)

GM: (Henry's haste is gone)



Ireena Kolyana:

6

DEXTERITY SAVE (2)

GM: (Ireena falls 20 feet into the pit)

(Probably because she's trying to save Gertruda from the fall)



Marcus Veranius:

25 + 4

DEXTERITY SAVE (13)
Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Do we have Bless and Haste for the Save or do they fade before hand?)



Suldae Westwind: > at the start of your next turn after you cast the spell
the fissures shouldnt have appeared yet
raw at least



Marcus Veranius: (Strahd is the land. Land does what he wants)

GM: (Yup)



Suldae Westwind: (reasonable)

GM: (But I'll let you have bless and haste for the save)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Thanks)

$$4 + 6 \quad | \quad 18 + 6$$

DEXTERITY SAVE (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

As a reaction to falling, Ireena instantly reaches out to cast Feather Fall.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (So Henry does not fall into the fissure)

$$10 + 8 \quad | \quad 20 + 8$$

DEXTERITY SAVE (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

$$13 + 7 \quad | \quad 14 + 7$$

DEXTERITY SAVE (0)
Henry of Willowsbrook

And He remains Standing for now



Suldae Westwind: would he move away from right above the fissure as part of the save?



Henry of Willowsbrook: (He would be at the edge on one side but not sure which side)



Suldae Westwind: (I figure a 5ft movement up to where the fissure doesnt take up the entire square is reasonable)

(so he doesnt crash right into Strahd nor get separated from him)



Ireena Kolyana:

Feather Fall

Transmutation 1

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you or a creature within 60 feet of you falls

Range: 60 feet

Target: Up to five falling creatures within range

Components: V, M (A small feather or piece of down)

Duration: 1 minute


Choose up to five falling creatures within range. A falling creature's rate of descent slows to 60 feet per round until the spell ends. If the creature lands before the spell ends, it takes no falling damage and can land on its feet, and the spell ends for that creature.




Henry of Willowsbrook: (Well Henrys next turn is him coming down of his haste so he won't be doing much)

Ireena, Gertruda, Kasimir, Ezmerelda, and Rictavio all fall harmlessly to the bottom of the 20-foot

pit.

 **Suldae Westwind:** Ireena isnt even THERE tho

 **Strahd von Zarovich:** "I AM THE LAND!"

 **Suldae Westwind:** ...i guess tremor
(wait but the wereravens)

 **Marcus Veranius:** (Wait, I didnt roll a save for Ez)


 **Suldae Westwind:** (would Ezme and Ireena not shift also)

 **Marcus Veranius:** (Did I need to?)


 **Suldae Westwind:** Ezme passed iirc

 **Marcus Veranius:** (There's a lot happening with this spell; sorry :C)

GM: (It's ok)

 **Suldae Westwind:** > Ezmerelda Veranius:+2 Ring of Bonding, with +4 bless for this one spell. Ez passes with a 19

GM: (I think that was concentration)

 **Marcus Veranius:** (That was concentration on Haste)


 **Suldae Westwind:** oh wait right

GM: (Still need Dex)

 **Marcus Veranius:**

<p>DEXTERITY SAVE Ezmerelda Veranius</p> <hr/> <p>Save: 7</p>
--

 **Suldae Westwind:** (wow. wow. wow)

 **Marcus Veranius:** No saving that one. OOF

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (And down the pit she goes)

GM: (If they had passed their saves, I would let them shift)

(Since they failed the saves, they fall)


(But Ireena's got them)

 **Strahd von Zarovich:** "I AM THE ANCIENT!"

"I AM THE LAND!"

"AND I SHALL FEED!"

The ground moves, rolling in his power, and—

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Oh Strahd has to roll concentration on Earthquake since MArkus attacked

him for 27 damage)

CRUNCH. The earth seals over your companions.



Ismark Kolyanovich: "KASIMIR!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Is mark is still there! he needs to roll dex to remain standing))



Ismark Kolyanovich:

12

DEXTERITY SAVE (3)

hem falls over, unable to keep his balance on the changing earth.



Ismark Kolyanovich falls over, unable to keep his balance on the changing earth.



Ismark Kolyanovich:

DC17

Dexterity Save

25

Higher Level Cast

14

Fire

60 feet

Hellish Rebuke



Strahd von Zarovich:

DEXTERITY SAVE
Strahd von Zarovich

Save: 23

"A worthy blow! Nevertheless, an insignificant one."



Marcus Veranius holds firm. There was simply nothing Strahd could do to break his resolve. Either death would take him and his beloved together, or they would live together hand in hand.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Concentration check for Strahd?)



Strahd von Zarovich:

CONSTITUTION
Strahd von Zarovich

Ability: 18

GM: (Wait)

(Lmao I think that's a fail)

(Yeah, 39 damage, half would be 19)



Strahd von Zarovich:

LEGENDARY RESISTANCE
(3/DAY)

If Strahd fails a saving throw, he can choose to succeed instead.

GM: (Oh well, we were bound to burn these someday)



Marcus Veranius: "The ancients shall hold no sway in this new land that will grow from their ashes."



Strahd von Zarovich: (Strahd maintains his Concentration)



Marcus Veranius: "Dawn comes."



Strahd von Zarovich: "Enough grandstanding!"



Marcus Veranius swings the sunsword, attempting to cut off Strahd's cloak



Marcus Veranius:

20 + 1

120

>Sharpshooter (Sword Beam)

(+10)

Marcus Veranius

13

Radiant/Fire

24

Radiant



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You are the last person that gets to say that" Henry retorts



Suldae Westwind: Suldae can tell Ireena hasn't taken damage, right?



Marcus Veranius: (Just the 20)

GM: (Neither Ireena nor Ezmerelda has taken damage.)



Marcus Veranius:

DC19

The creature is not disarmed.

Strength Save

When you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can expend one superiority die to attempt to disarm the target, forcing it to drop one item of your choice that it's holding. You add the superiority die to the attack's damage roll, and the target must make a Strength saving throw. On a failed save, it drops the object you choose. The object lands at its feet.

17

Radiant/Fire

1

Basic Damage

[Disarming Attack]
Marcus Veranius**Ireena Kolyana:** (Telepathically): *"Suffocating! Can't breathe!"***Strahd von Zarovich:**

STRENGTH <i>Strahd von Zarovich</i> <hr/> <i>Ability: 20</i>

**Marcus Veranius shoots again****Marcus Veranius:****21**

120

Sword Beam (+15)
Marcus Veranius**9***Radiant/Fire***13***Radiant***DC19***The creature is not disarmed.***Strength Save**

When you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can expend one superiority die to attempt to disarm the target, forcing it to drop one item of your choice that it's holding. You add the superiority die to the attack's damage roll, and the target must make a Strength saving throw. On a failed save, it drops the object you choose. The object lands at its feet.

5*Bonus Damage***[Disarming Attack]**
Marcus Veranius**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae is terrified, but at this point there's little she can do other than keep fighting...**Marcus Veranius keeps attempting to slash away the cloak****Marcus Veranius:** (27 mixed Radiant/Fire)

(Gunna need another save from Strahd)

GM: (Working on it)

(Slow internet)



Strahd von Zarovich:

STRENGTH
Strahd von Zarovich

Ability: **9**



Marcus Veranius: (sorry :C)



Strahd von Zarovich:

**LEGENDARY RESISTANCE
(3/DAY)**
If Strahd fails a saving throw, he
can choose to succeed instead.

GM: (That's 2 out of 3)



Marcus Veranius uses his bonus action shot to try again, sundering the cloak



Marcus Veranius:

20

120

Sword Beam (+15)
Marcus Veranius

10

Radiant



Suldae Westwind: (is it?)

(Didn't he use one up earlier?)



Marcus Veranius: rolling 1d8+4+1d6 Extra damage I forgot to toggle

(4) + 4 + (1)

= 9

DC19

The creature is not disarmed.

Strength Save

When you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can expend one superiority die to attempt to disarm the target, forcing it to drop one item of your choice that it's holding. You add the superiority die to the attack's damage roll, and the target must make a Strength saving throw. On a failed save, it drops the object you choose. The object lands at its feet.

1

Bonus Damage

[Disarming Attack]
Marcus Veranius**Strahd von Zarovich:****STRENGTH**
*Strahd von Zarovich**Ability:* **25****Suldae Westwind:** (I swear Strahd has already used a Legendary Resistance in this fight)**GM:** (Yes, this was the second time)

(You guys have been wise enough not to use many saving-throw-inducing things)

**Marcus Veranius:** (Can Marcus use luck to force a reroll?)**GM:** (Is that within the feature?)**Marcus Veranius:** (Lemme double check)**Suldae Westwind:** (no I mean last session)**Marcus Veranius:** (Fleck, its just opposed attack rolls)



(Im thinking of portents)

**Suldae Westwind:** (I think Strahd used a Legendary resistance last time)**Marcus Veranius uses his hasted action to try once more****Suldae Westwind:** (ill check)**Marcus Veranius:****33**

120

Sword Beam (+15)
Marcus Veranius**12***Radiant*

rolling 1d8+4+1d6

()+4+()**= 13****DC19***The creature is not disarmed.***Strength Save**

When you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can expend one superiority die to attempt to disarm the target, forcing it

to drop one item of your choice that it's holding. You add the superiority die to the attack's damage roll, and the target must make a Strength saving throw. On a failed save, it drops the object you choose. The object lands at its feet.

5

Bonus Damage

[Disarming Attack]

Marcus Veranius



Strahd von Zarovich:

STRENGTH
Strahd von Zarovich

Ability: **8**

GM: (Wow lol)



Suldae Westwind: (nvm i was probably confusing it with reactions)

The sunsword rips into the black cloak again and again, and though the dark material resists its brilliant edge, it cannot stand under that well-aimed assault for long, and soon great glowing holes of gradually-growing immolation begin to spread from the regions Marcus has struck repeatedly, and as their glow increases and the light and embers ripple through the many layers of interwoven shadow of the cloak, Strahd cries out in anguish and in rage.



Strahd von Zarovich:

MOVE
Strahd von Zarovich

Strahd moves up to his speed without provoking opportunity attacks.



Marcus Veranius: 116 mixed damage total

He leaps into the air, and swoops away, a ripple of hate in the air—leaving the smoldering wreckage of his twisted shadow behind.



Marcus Veranius charges, devilish smirk on his beak. There was nowhere for that Vorpal sword to hide now



Strahd von Zarovich: He rests his hand on the handle of the lever to open the portcullis, grinning a feral, red-eyed grin. The vorpal sword still flashes in his free hand.



Marcus Veranius puts his free hand on the lever, holding firm. It would be a contest of strengths



Marcus Veranius: (Object interaction. Marcus is now out of actions)

[EoT]



Strahd von Zarovich:

BOUNDARIES

If a creature steps into Strahd's reach, Strahd takes one unarmed

strike against them, attempting to grapple.

UNARMED STRIKE
(VAMPIRE FORM ONLY)
Strahd von Zarovich

Attack: 38

Damage: 8 + 2
bludgeoning + **10 + 11**
necrotic
If the target is a creature,
Strahd can grapple it
(escape DC 18) instead of
dealing the bludgeoning
damage.

The moment Marcus steps into his reach, Strahd has him by the throat once again—as though he has already forgotten how this ended last time.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Marcus takes 6 necrotic damage



Marcus Veranius: Marcus CAN force a reroll on that one with Lucky

rolling 1d20

(11)

= **11**

Not a crit

GM: (I believe an 11+18 still hits)

(The crit is sort of irrelevant, he's not dealing damage with this)



Marcus Veranius: (Oh, shit)

GM: (It's just supposed to be a grapple)



Marcus Veranius: (Oh well, I spent the luck)

(Should have payed attention)

GM: (So Henry and Suldae, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: (i gotta go first if there are no objections)

(kinda need to run to do a thing)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry feels the magical strain of Haste wieghing heavy on him making him unable to to anything but talk

GM: (Go for it, Suldae)



Henry of Willowsbrook: weighing

Suldae Westwind: Suldae has a vague hope of tatters of a plan. She just hopes Ireena and others can hold out...

DC19

Dexterity Save

9

Radiant

60 feet

Sacred Flame
Suldae Westwind



Ireena Kolyana: (Telepathically): *"We can't hold out for long! Gertruda's just a child!"*

GM: (Oh hold the phone, I owe you a bunch of Concentration checks)

(I'll do the Dex save first)



Suldae Westwind: (actually can i have gotten Ireena's feedback before i did the cantrip)



Strahd von Zarovich:

<p>DEXTERITY <i>Strahd von Zarovich</i></p> <hr/> <p><i>Ability: 26</i></p>
--

GM: (I suppose)



Suldae Westwind: (and can i change my mind)

(I know its not by the book so if no then no)

(retcon the cantrip and do another action_

(retcon the cantrip and do another action)



Strahd von Zarovich: Go for it!

GM: (Ahem, I mean Go for it!)



Suldae Westwind:

FOR DESCRIPTION ONLY

Shatter

Evocation 2

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: A point of your choice within range

Components: V, S, M (A chip of mica)

Duration: Instantaneous

A sudden loud ringing noise, painfully intense, erupts from a point of your choice within range. Each creature in a 10-foot-radius sphere centered on that point must make a Constitution saving throw. A creature takes 3d8 thunder damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. A creature made of inorganic material such as stone,

crystal, or metal has disadvantage on this saving throw. A nonmagical object that isn't being worn or carried also takes the damage if it's in the spell's area.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of or higher, the damage increases by 1d8 for each slot level above 2nd.

Suldae measures it so it would only break the top of earth

not reach the people inside, based on Ireena's telepathic feedback

CRACK! Suldae blasts the earth apart, freeing her companions in a cloud of dirt and stone.



Suldae Westwind: With that, her melody shifts into a different cadence.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I have an RP heavy Idea so I'll start typing that up a bit)



Suldae Westwind:

11

Healing

60 feet

Healing Word

Suldae Westwind

(on Ireena)

(Suldae follows Henry's movements, hovering behind him)

(for Henry's turn just move them both at once pls)

(now brb)

and EoT

GM: (I've tabulated the damage and I think the concentration checks I need to make for Marcus's assault are: (18) (10) (11) (10) (15))



Strahd von Zarovich: 16 19 13 23 25

GM: (Fails on the first roll lmao)

The earthquake ceases its terrible rumbling, but the castle above quakes and trembles ominously, and dust dribbles from the ceiling.



Mordenkainen: (Telepathically): *Finally! There you are. I've brought your favorite coffin. Do you have the brute in such an arrangement where you might be able to say his last rites and send him into range?*



Suldae Westwind: "...We'll want to get out of here real fast when we're done..." - Suldae telepathically to everyone who can hear her.



Strahd von Zarovich:

BITE (BAT OR VAMPIRE FORM ONLY)

Strahd von Zarovich

Attack: 32

Damage: 15 magical

piercing + **49** necrotic
The target's hit point maximum is reduced by an amount equal to the necrotic damage taken, and Strahd regains hit points equal to that amount. The reduction lasts until the target finishes a long rest. The target dies if its hit point maximum is reduced to 0. A humanoid slain in this way and then buried in the ground rises the following night as a vampire spawn under Strahd's control.

Strahd sinks his teeth into Marcus's neck.



Marcus Veranius: 24 Necrotic taken



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry watches unable to move glaring at Strahd breathing heavily as he works his way through the spell bound exhaustion his eyes on the lever, the matching portculis and the now fresh holes in the stone floors "Vasilika, darling can you hear me? I really would appreciate a bit of help right about now" he asks through his connection



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd rumbles, amused. "Why, Marcus. Rebellious to the end."

CORNERED *Strahd von Zarovich*

Strahd targets one humanoid he can see within 30 feet of him. If the target can see Strahd, the target must succeed on a DC 25 Wisdom saving throw against this magic or be charmed. The charmed target regards Strahd as a trusted friend to be heeded and protected. The target isn't under Strahd's control, but it takes Strahd's requests and actions in the most favorable way and lets Strahd bite it.

Each time Strahd or his companions do anything harmful to the target, it can repeat the saving throw, ending the effect on itself on a success. Otherwise, the effect lasts 24 hours or until Strahd is destroyed, is on a different plane of existence

than the target, or takes a bonus action to end the effect.

"There's really no reason to resist me anymore..."



Marcus Veranius:

27 + 4

WISDOM SAVE (9)
Marcus Veranius

"A present to you, Dear Master."

His eyes are whirlpools of crimson flame in a mask of twisting shadow—and Marcus resists their power.



Marcus Veranius sticks the sunsword through Strahd's neck



Marcus Veranius:

26

Melee

Retaliation Fury (+13)
Marcus Veranius

When a creature you can see damages you, you can use your reaction to make a melee attack against that creature, with advantage on your attack roll.

16
Radiant



Strahd von Zarovich:

PARRY


Strahd adds +10 to his AC against one attack that he can see.

Strahd swats the blow aside with the vorpal sword.



Marcus Veranius: (Roll with advantage)

rolling 1d20+13

() +13

= **15**

rolling 1d20+13 Luck come on plz I want this

(19)+13

= 32



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Strahds AC with Parry is 34)

(I think)



Strahd von Zarovich: "Enough of this. I have been amused by your antics, but I tire of this game."

GM: (Henry is correct)



Marcus Veranius 's sword falters, strength spent on burning the cloak



Marcus Veranius is out of tricks

Strahd pulls the lever.



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus still has a hand on the lever)

(Would it be opposed to resist it?)

GM: (Yes, it would be an opposed athletics check)



Strahd von Zarovich:

<p>ATHLETICS <i>Strahd von Zarovich</i></p> <hr/> <p><i>Skill:</i> 16</p>
--



Marcus Veranius:

18

ATHLETICS (0)
 Marcus Veranius

GM: (LMFAO)



Suldae Westwind: (B I T C H)

Marcus manages to get his foot jammed into the mechanism of the lever.

The lever is nonmagical, and not silvered—it cannot crush his foot, it cannot descend further.



Marcus Veranius: Today

Just this once

Marcus himself is the crowbar



Henry of Willowsbrook: (OOOOH DAMN SON MARCUS'S NOODLY ARMS SAVE THE DAY)



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd looks at Marcus, bemused, in spite of himself.

"You know, for all your flaws, you do have a certain tenacity that I find amusing."

"In younger years, I would have kept you."

"Now, I am wise enough to fear your stupidity, your bull-headedness, your resilience..."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ez, that grosse old cunt is hitting on your husband!" Henry shouts from across the room



Strahd von Zarovich:

DC23

Wisdom Save

26

Psychic

120 feet

Weird

Strahd von Zarovich

FOR DESCRIPTION ONLY

Weird

Illusion 9

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: Each creature in a 30-foot-radius sphere centered on a point of your choice within range

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

Drawing on the deepest fears of a group of creatures, you create illusory creatures in their minds, visible only to them. Each creature in a 30-foot-radius sphere centered on a point of your choice within range must make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, a creature becomes frightened for the duration. The illusion calls on the creature's deepest fears, manifesting its worst nightmares as an implacable threat. At the end of each of the frightened creature's turns, it must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or take 4d10 psychic damage. On a successful save, the spell ends for that creature.



Marcus Veranius:

23

WISDOM SAVE (9)

Marcus Veranius



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry is immune to fear



Suldae Westwind: (Imao Suldae is decidedly outside the radius)

(I was quite right in not moving closer just yet)



Henry of Willowsbrook: and so are those in his aura



Strahd von Zarovich: Each creature in a 30-foot-radius sphere centered on a point of your choice

within range



Suldae Westwind: (ah)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

AURA OF COURAGE

Class: Paladin 10

Starting at 10th level, you and friendly creatures within 10 feet of you can't be Frightened while you are conscious.

At 18th level, the range of this aura increases to 30 feet.



Suldae Westwind: (alas Henry's point about aura stands)

Suldae feels the spell slide off her soul, protected by Henry's very presence.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Paladins are great at taking things the GM wants to use against you and going "Nope, none of that nonsense")

Strahd's magic manifests in an instant, bursting through the chamber like a storm of black sand. Darkness crashes against Henry's aura like a wave, but it envelops the rest of the party.



Suldae Westwind: (its great)



Strahd von Zarovich:

WISDOM

Rictavio

Ability: 19

GM: (That was from Rictavio)



Suldae Westwind: (oof)

(Henry might want to move closer to get other people into the aura lol)



Kasimir Velikov:

13

WISDOM SAVE (5)



Ezmerelda Veranius:

WISDOM SAVE

Ezmerelda Veranius

Save: 17



Henry of Willowsbrook: (He would if he could)



Ireena Kolyana:

16

WISDOM SAVE (3)



Ismark Kolyanovich:

20

WISDOM SAVE (6)



Suldae Westwind: (next turn)

(this shit is concentration)



Ismark Kolyanovich:

DARK ONE'S OWN LUCK

Class: The Fiend

Starting at 6th level, you can call on your patron to alter fate in your favor. When you make an ability check or a saving throw, you can use this feature to add a d10 to your roll. You can do so after seeing the initial roll but before any of the roll's effects occur.

Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a short or long rest.

5

(Ismark resists)

"RESIST IT! THEY'RE JUST ILLUSIONS!"



Ireena Kolyana: "NOOOOOO! PLEASE, NO!"



Rictavio: "OH GODS!"

"PELOR, HAVE MERCY!"



Kasimir Velikov: "PATRINA!!! NO!!!"



Gertruda: "MOM!? MOM!"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS, YOU BASTARD!!!"



Suldae Westwind: (oh boy i dont like this for Gertrude)



Strahd von Zarovich: Standing in the howling darkness like a pair of crimson eyes.

Strahd says: "You should all have listened when I tried to warn you away."

"Now I shall have to kill you."

GM: (And now it's the NPC turn)



Suldae Westwind: (ALKFKSDHFDS SOMEONE HELP GERTRUDE)



Marcus Veranius: (Ismark has a chance to end this. If he breaks Strahd's concentration, the spell ends before anyone else is affected)

(GO, ELF HUSBANDO)



Ismark Kolyanovich: "Sorry, Marcus..."

DC17

Dexterity Save

14
Fire

12
Radiant

60 feet

Flame Strike

FOR DESCRIPTION ONLY

Flame Strike

Evocation 5

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Target: 10-foot radius, 40-foot-high cylinder centered on a point within range

Components: V, S, M (Pinch of sulfur)

Duration: Instantaneous

A vertical column of divine fire roars down from the heavens in a location you specify. Each creature in a 10-foot-radius, 40-foot-high cylinder centered on a point within range must make a Dexterity saving throw. A creature takes 4d6 fire damage and 4d6 radiant damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 6th level or higher, the fire damage or the radiant damage (your choice) increases by 1d6 for each slot level above 5th.

Ismark does his best to aim the blast, and trusts in Marcus to do the rest.

In the cracks between the stones beneath the feet of Strahd, magma begins to bubble and glow. Strahd has one moment to register what is about to happen before a blast of frenzied hellfire wraps him in a pillar of flame.



Marcus Veranius:

19

DEXTERITY SAVE (13)
Marcus Veranius



Strahd von Zarovich:

DEXTERITY SAVE
Strahd von Zarovich

Save: 17

CONSTITUTION <i>Strahd von Zarovich</i>

<hr/> Ability: 21

Strahd's darkness wraps him in shadows even amid the brilliant flames, and he can be seen in silhouette. He maintains his grip on Marcus, and on his Concentration.



Marcus Veranius dodges the worst of the flames, but holds firm onto the lever



Marcus Veranius: This costs hom more than a few burns

(him



Suldae Westwind: now I'm not saying Rictavio should Death Ward Gertrude

but I'm not saying he shouldn't

"Gertrude!" Suldae yells out telepathically as she realizes what the darkness can do to a child's soul, before she has time to cast her own spell

[referring to next turn]



Rictavio: "HENRY! HENRY, WHERE ARE YOU!"



Kasimir Velikov: "GET TO HENRY!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Still standing right over here" Henry replies just slightly exserbated
exasperated

In the strange and howling darkness, you see many things which look like shadows, pacing horned and winged in forms of black mist. Eyes glitter in the dark.

The Sunsword's radiance pulses suddenly, flaring up—for a single moment, the chamber is clearly visible.



Ireena Kolyana: "EZ! HELP ME WITH GERTRUDA!"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "ON IT!"

You hear a flutter of wings...

Ezmerelda and Ireena, both in hybrid form, come barreling in for a landing with Gertruda screaming between them.



Kasimir Velikov: "With me, old man!" Kasimir shouts.



Rictavio: "What, but! You're older than I am!"



Suldae Westwind: (asjkdfhalsdjl)



Kasimir Velikov:

Fly <i>Transmutation 3</i> Casting Time: 1 action Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (A wing feather from any bird)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

You touch a willing creature. The target gains a flying speed of 60 feet for the duration. When the spell ends, the target falls if it is still aloft, unless it can stop the fall.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, you can target one additional creature for each slot level above 3rd.

GM: (Ok, so Ezmerelda, Ireena, and Rictavio all still have spells they can cast/actions they can take)



Suldae Westwind: (PROTECTION FROM GOOD AND EVIL)



Rictavio:

Protection from Evil and Good

Abjuration 1

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (Holy water or powdered silver and iron, which the spell consumes)

Duration: Concentration Up to 10 minutes

Until the spell ends, one willing creature you touch is protected against certain types of creatures - aberrations, celestials, elementals, fey, fiends, and undead.

The protection grants several benefits. Creatures of those types have disadvantage on attack rolls against the target. The target also can't be charmed, frightened, or possessed by them. If the target is already charmed, frightened, or possessed by such a creature, the target has advantage on any new saving throw against the relevant effect.

GM: (...Who am I casting it on?)



Suldae Westwind: (Gertrude fucking *first*)

(this is going to keep coming up otherwise)

GM: (It's Concentration)

(But I'm cool with that if you are)



Suldae Westwind: (a better question is whether Ric or Ezme should cast it)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (So I see there are more goons around)



Suldae Westwind: (Ezme has it too)

(and Ezme has a lot less use for Concentration)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Isn't Marcus still Hasted by her?)



Suldae Westwind: (oh youre right nm)

(Rictavio should redo Bless actually)

(Suldae will handle the protection)

(like not to be subtle about it but Fuck This Shit)

(Gertrude is a fucking live grenade in our midst and I will gladly use Suldae's concentration on defusing at least part of it)



Rictavio: Rictavio casts *Bless* on Marcus, Henry, Suldae, Gertruda, Ezmerelda, and himself.



Strahd von Zarovich: "Not so fast!"

"The gods have intervened enough, I think..."

COUNTERSPELL

Strahd casts Counterspell at the power level of his choice.



Suldae Westwind: (what level tho)

(can we tell)

GM: (5th)

(You can tell)



Suldae Westwind:

Counterspell

Abjuration 5

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature in the process of casting a spell

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.



Strahd von Zarovich:

COUNTERSPELL

Strahd casts Counterspell at the power level of his choice.



Suldae Westwind: (asdjkhalsdfjlskd)

(im assuming its 5th again)

(?)

GM: (Yup)



Suldae Westwind:

Counterspell

Abjuration 6

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature in the process of casting a spell

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.

The weave screams as Strahd and Suldae wrestle with it.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (You only have 1 reaction Lil)



Suldae Westwind: "No you," Suldae breathes out as she grips the Weave with all her might.

GM: (I believe you'd have to have another reaction to cast it again)



Suldae Westwind: (ah shit)

(rip)

(does anyone else)

GM: (Strahd has three reactions because he breaks the game terribly)



Suldae Westwind: (Strahd has three reactions bc we have the whole party & thats a threat)



Ireena Kolyana:

Counterspell*Abjuration 3*

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature in the process of casting a spell

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect. At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.

GM: (But at 5th level)



Suldae Westwind: (TY)

(i was terrified you were going to have Ireena roll for it)



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena intervenes, wresting the spell away from both fighting parties and unentangling all three wills. Rictavio's spell manifests as intended.

"You've underestimated us, you evil bastard!"

"Tonight you die!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Ezme Ireena still have actions)

(Ugh magic Missiles?)



Suldae Westwind: (someshit like that lmao)



Ireena Kolyana:

You create three glowing darts of magical force. Each dart hits a creature of your choice that you can see within range. A dart deals 1d4 + 1 force damage to its target. The darts all strike simultaneously, and you can direct them to hit one creature or several.

At Higher Levels: When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, the spell creates one more dart for each slot above 1st.

3
Force

120 feet

Magic Missile

GM: (At 5th level)

**Suldae Westwind:** (that meas a little more damage lol)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (7 darts with 3 damage each)**Ireena Kolyana releases a barrage of magic missiles, pummeling Strahd from afar.**

GM: (21 points of damage, Strahd will roll Concentration)

**Strahd von Zarovich:**

CONSTITUTION
Strahd von Zarovich
Ability: 15

GM: (A pass)

**Marcus Veranius:** rolling 9d6 Acid

(2 + 5 + 6 + 3 + 3 + 5 + 6 + 2 + 6)

= 38

**Strahd von Zarovich:****18**

Higher Level Cast

12

Force

120 ft

Magic Missile
Ezmerelda Veranius**Ezmerelda Veranius:** (That was from Ez, not Strahd)

(Sorry)

**Strahd von Zarovich:**

CONSTITUTION
Strahd von Zarovich
Ability: 14

Strahd's concentration breaks.**The howling darkness falls away, but demons of shadow linger still within the vault, eager now to shield their master.****Ezmerelda Veranius:****13**

Higher Level Cast**11**

Force

120 ft

Magic Missile
Ezmerelda Veranius**Marcus Veranius** *isn't confident he can survive this many demons while fending off Strahd...***Ezmerelda Veranius:** Ezmerelda looses a second barrage, but as it strikes Strahd, there is a strange betrayal...**Strahd von Zarovich:****I AM THE LAND**

Strahd causes a creature he can see who is loyal to himself to take damage in his stead. If this damage kills the recipient, any leftover damage is applied to Strahd. Strahd can use this ability only three times per day.

One of the shadows nearby dies in agony, and Strahd seems somehow unharmed...**Strahd von Zarovich:****LAIR ACTION: DOORS***Strahd von Zarovich*

Strahd targets any number of doors or windows, causing each one to either open or close as he wishes. Closed doors can be magically locked (needing a successful DC 20 Strength check to force open) until Strahd chooses to end the effect, or until Strahd uses this lair action again.

**Suldae Westwind:** (oof rip)*The chain which binds the portcullis to the lever snaps within the wall, and with a grinding scream of rusty metal, the portcullis rattles up into the ceiling.***Strahd von Zarovich:** Strahd grins like a demon, his fangs glittering in the sunsword's blazing light. His skin is blistered and burned, and falling away in chunks; his body and his armor are hacked to pieces, his cloak has burned away, but he fights now like a cornered beast—because he knows he is one.**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (GM it might have gotten lost but HEnry had asked Vasilika if she were able to help last turn any response to that?)**Vasilika:** *Henry, take strength from the land! Rise to your feet, champion!*

GM: (The aftereffects of Haste end early—take your turn please)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (eh so I had a turn last turn? that would have canged things a lot)
changed



Vasilka: (No no—you have a turn this turn, before your next turn)

GM: (End of this round, before the beginning of next session's round)



Suldae Westwind: (Vasilika took some time to pick up the phone)

GM: (So... Right now)

(Well, that happens sometimes, when lots of things are happening at once)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (SO About that Instant tree...

Could we have a remix for that? I'll even offer up my Javelin of Lighting for the trick)

GM: (Lol what are you planning)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (...Lightning spweinng Holy Tree in the door way? y'know nothing
extraordinary)
spewing

GM: (Uh)

(Sure)

(Why not)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry finds the magic Javelin with his hands as the gate opens "Oh no I
don'T think so" and with his full might Henry hurls it at the soil peaking out from the ruined staircase.

"Bloom" Henry calls out activating the Javelin of Lightning. The order also resonates with the magic
infused wooden shaft of the weapon causing it to sprout roots and branches even in flight.

***It roots deep within the stones of Castle Ravenloft, and for a single rumbling moment it seems the
whole fortress will collapse above your heads. Then, in an explosion of thickening branches, the
javelin blooms. Lightning flickers down its branches and crackles from its crown as it impales
several running vampires and completely blocks the hall in a portcullis of lightning.***



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Javelin does 4d6 lightning save for half btw if you want a baseline for the
effect)

(I imagine standing next to it would be less than pleasant)



Strahd von Zarovich: "WHAT!?"

"I am the Ancient, I am the Land! Wither and die, tree!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae does not enjoy the idea of the castle collapsing on them, but if it takes
Strahd as well...

The tree, remarkably, seems to ignore this.



Suldae Westwind: (asdklfjasklhdf i love no sells)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "The land you may be but I Speak for the Wild. And the Wild, Strahd, says fuck off and die"

GM: (I'm going to count planting that tree as a free action)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry retorts laughing giddily like a child at the may fairgrounds

GM: (Was there anything else you wanted to do on your turn?)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry swings almost absent mindedly at the nearest devil

25 + 1

Vorpalsword (+17)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

7

Radiant

21

Slashing

29 + 4

Vorpalsword (+17)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

8

Radiant

17*Slashing***DC18***no damage on save***Strength Save**

The shield flies 60 feet in a straight line knocking enemies prone unless they succeed on the STR or DEX save. Medium or smaller creatures pinned by this attack take double the damage.

2*Radiant***21***Bludgeoning**60 feet line***Bone Shield Hammer**

Henry of Willowsbrook

at strahd

(without the radiant)

He tears the shadow demon apart like a figure of mist. It has hardly time to scream before its tattered remnants fade.

**Strahd von Zarovich:**

STRENGTH
Strahd von Zarovich

Ability: **21**

Strahd catches the shield, but it slips his grasp and returns to Henry's arm. Strahd is impeded by the fact that he is currently bearing Marcus's weight in his free hand.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry follows right behind his shield advancing on Strahd at an almost relaxed pace



Suldae Westwind: (marcus is still a bird, right, just for accuracy of mental image)
(well, human sized bird)

GM: (I believe he's in hybrid form)



Suldae Westwind: (precisely thanks)



Marcus Veranius: (He's been in hybrid form for most of the castle)
(And actually before the castle too. Only difference is he's not hiding it with Disguise Self)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah im just picturing Strahd holding whats basically a giant bird with one hand)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Closing in the last couple fett Henry wags his finger and clicks his tounge
"How rude of you Marcus to hog all the fun again"

Suldae Westwind: (its a stormy night and youre a terrible goose)

(Suldae was still locked onto him & following)



Marcus Veranius: *CLOAK IN THE MOAT*



Suldae Westwind: (basically this is her movement this round)

GM: (Is that EoT, Henry?)



Suldae Westwind: so im not quite clear what the plan was with the coffin

GM: (Somehow I always feel like you have more attacks)



Suldae Westwind: there was that message from the mage guy



Henry of Willowsbrook: End of the Extra Turn yes

"Ready to dance?" Henry says grinning wide

GM: (Ok, well before player turn starts, I'm going to take a legendary action)



Strahd von Zarovich:

BITE

Strahd von Zarovich

Strahd makes one bite attack.

BITE (BAT OR VAMPIRE FORM ONLY)

Strahd von Zarovich

Attack: 34

Damage: 18 magical piercing + **42** necrotic
The target's hit point maximum is reduced by an amount equal to the necrotic damage taken, and Strahd regains hit points equal to that amount. The reduction lasts until the target finishes a long rest. The target dies if its hit point maximum is reduced to 0. A humanoid slain in this way and then buried in the ground rises the following night as a vampire spawn under Strahd's control.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (On liner to end the session)



Marcus Veranius gives a claws-up with the lever hand, thankful for Henry's approach

Suldae Westwind: what the FUCK



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd sinks his teeth into Marcus's neck once again, drinking deeply.
(Marcus is still grappled, ye? Hasn't had a turn yet)



Marcus Veranius: (21 Necrotic)



Suldae Westwind: hey so a while ago Suldae healed Ireena for 11 hp
i dont think shes taken damage since then
and any other damage than that 10 from the spell period



Strahd von Zarovich: Wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, Strahd says: "Ready enough."
He prepares to wield Marcus like a bludgeon.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Stop treating our Ranger like a juice box! He is marginally better than that)



Suldae Westwind: Ireena should be at full HP right now

^^



Marcus Veranius is almost out of fight...



Henry of Willowsbrook: (How much Max HP has he lost? or better how MUch Hp can he get back?)



Suldae Westwind: "Ireena", Suldae whispers in a warning and a question



Ireena Kolyana: "Yes?"



Marcus Veranius: (Marcus can heal up to 75 damage)



Suldae Westwind: (Ireena should be able to guess what Suldae is going to do from her tone)
(shes going to do the healing again)



Ireena Kolyana: "Oh. Go ahead. I'm ready."



Suldae Westwind:

You sacrifice some of your health to mend another creature's injuries. You take 4d8 necrotic damage, and one creature of your choice that you can see within range regains a number of hit points equal to twice the necrotic damage you take +5.

At Higher Levels: When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the damage increases by 1d8 for each slot level above 3rd, and the healing additionally increases by 1 point for each slot level above 3rd.

9

Higher Level Cast

24

necrotic

30 feet

Life Transference
Suldae Westwind

(Marcus this time)

24+9 = 33, so 17 for each of us, and meanwhile 66+5=71 for Marcus

GM: (Holy shit)



Suldae Westwind: (there is a reason Suldae is doing this)



Strahd von Zarovich:

**BITE (BAT OR VAMPIRE
FORM ONLY)**

Strahd von Zarovich

Attack: 22

Damage: 17 magical
piercing + **44** necrotic
The target's hit point
maximum is reduced by an
amount equal to the necrotic
damage taken, and Strahd
regains hit points equal to
that amount. The reduction
lasts until the target finishes
a long rest. The target dies if
its hit point maximum is
reduced to 0. A humanoid
slain in this way and then
buried in the ground rises
the following night as a
vampire spawn under
Strahd's control.

Strahd attempts to bite Marcus once again, sensing the life returning to his body—but Marcus is too swift.



Marcus Veranius finds newfound strength in sacrifice. There is no lever to hold, no clothes to conceal. Marcus swings for the Sunsword's Sibling in Strahd's possession, intending to shatter it for good



Marcus Veranius:

14 + 2

Sun-Axe (+13)
Marcus Veranius

8

Radiant/Fire

10

Radiant



Suldae Westwind: (RIP)

Strahd von Zarovich: "Stop that."



Marcus Veranius follows up with another strike on the spin



Marcus Veranius:

30 + 3

Sun-Axe (+13)
Marcus Veranius

12
Radiant/Fire

15
Radiant

16 + 3

>Sundering Strike (Sun-Axe)
(+13)
Marcus Veranius

As part of the attack action, make a single attack roll with your Sun-Axe against a creature wielding a weapon, including natural weapons. If the attack hits, the weapon is damaged, and all attacks made with this weapon have disadvantage. Another sundering strike destroys the weapon. This attack has no effect on magical weapons, unless your Sun-Axe is also magical.

9
Radiant/Fire

The Sun-Sword strikes the vorpal blade with great fury, and the black crystal begins to glow where it was struck. Another blow like that...



Marcus Veranius: [Haste]



Suldae Westwind: [i love this]



Marcus Veranius turns the spin upwards, sunsword held aloft to the crypt's ceiling. He brings it down like a headsman's axe onto the Vorpal Sword

**Marcus Veranius:****27 + 3****Sun-Axe (+13)**
Marcus Veranius**7***Radiant/Fire***9***Radiant***31 + 2****>Sundering Strike (Sun-Axe)****(+13)**
Marcus Veranius

As part of the attack action, make a single attack roll with your Sun-Axe against a creature wielding a weapon, including natural weapons. If the attack hits, the weapon is damaged, and all attacks made with this weapon have disadvantage. Another sundering strike destroys the weapon. This attack has no effect on magical weapons, unless your Sun-Axe is also magical.

14*Radiant/Fire****The vorpal sword shatters with an earth-shaking BANG!******Shards of white-hot shrapnel scatter in every direction, needly-thin and cruel with darkness.*****Suldae Westwind:** (im going to deduct the damage from the healing from Ireena and Suldae's totals)**GM:** (Make a Cha save, Marcus, Henry)**Marcus Veranius:****18 + 4****CHARISMA SAVE (3)**
Marcus Veranius**Henry of Willowsbrook:****10 + 8****CHARISMA SAVE (8)**
Henry of Willowsbrook**GM:** (Go right ahead, Suldae)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** ...really a 2?***The shrapnel rips neatly through both Henry and Marcus, dealing 13 piercing damage and 14***

necrotic damage. Neither one of their souls is affected by the spraying shards, though they feel as though the whisper of death itself has passed right through their chests.



Strahd von Zarovich:

CHARISMA SAVE
Strahd von Zarovich

Save: **23**

"Aaargh!"

"IMPUDENT MORTAL!!!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry swings

Fighting Spirit 2 attacks with 2 3rd level smites

19 + 2 | **35 + 2**

Vorpalsword (+17)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

30

Undead Smite/Radiant Smite/Radiant

21

Slashing

22 + 2 | **30 + 2**

Vorpalsword (+17)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

16*Undead Smite/Radiant Smite/Radiant***22***Slashing*

43 slashing and 46 radiant

**Suldae Westwind:** (will there even be anything left for Suldae's halo asdkfhasdlf)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Whiny Wannabe Immortal" Henry roars back**Suldae Westwind:** (da m n)

(get his ass)

**Strahd von Zarovich:** Strahd takes the first blow defenselessly, but cannot bear to take the second blow, and its damage is transferred across the room, instantly crushing another shadow demon.

Strahd clutches at his guts, grimacing, eyes blazing with hate.

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry twirls his blade in a mocking fashion like a pretentious noble duelist**(From Marcus Veranius):** So Marcus is still under the effects of Freedom of Movement, and there have been several large flashes of energy**Henry of Willowsbrook:** and then immediately undercutting any sense of dignity by blowing the wettest raspberry possible at Strahd**Suldae Westwind:** Suldae claps**(From Marcus Veranius):** I would like to use 5 ft of movement to grapple escape, then a bonus action to hide in the chasm hole next to Ezmerelda**(To Marcus Veranius):** /as GM Sure thing**Marcus Veranius:** (To GM)rolling 1d20+11+1d8

(1)+11+(3)

= 15**Strahd von Zarovich:** Strahd is desperate. He reaches deep into his power, calling upon the tattered remnants of his kingdom.**ACCURSED**
Strahd von Zarovich

Strahd attempts to cast heinous magic, and the gods opposed to him resist.

Any player can roll a single skill check of their choice to contest a single Charisma saving throw from Strahd, and cause this effect to

backfire to the advantage of the players. Players must confer out of character before choosing who will roll the skill check, and what skill check will be rolled.

Strahd's dark magic manifests in one of the following ways.

- 1) One character of the winner's choice is now long-rested.
- 2) Two characters of the winner's choice regain their expended spell slots, class features, and magic item charges, but not their HP.
- 3) One character of the winner's choice loses half of their AC until the end of their next turn.
- 4) One character of the winner's choice loses half of their remaining HP.

Regardless of who wins the contest, Strahd takes 2d8 psychic damage. If Strahd wins the contest, he immediately casts one spell of his choice upon one target he can hear or smell, then uses his I am the Ancient feature if he still has a reaction to use. If he has no reactions remaining for the round, his AC drops by five points until his next turn.



Suldae Westwind: Pushed by Correllon's unseen hand, Suldae raises the flute to her lips and plays a melody of defiance.



Strahd von Zarovich: (Strahd will be rolling with advantage, for this)



Suldae Westwind:

16

RELIGION (13)
Suldae Westwind

24

PERFORMANCE (16)
Suldae Westwind

(sorry first one was a misclick)

**Strahd von Zarovich:**

CHARISMA <i>Strahd von Zarovich</i> <hr/> Ability: 22 12

**Suldae Westwind:** (LOL)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (GAHAHAHAHAHA EAT SHIT STRAHD GAHAHAHAHAHAHA)

The power of Barovia twists and turns, and Suldae sinks her magic into the roots of the curse and turns it, in a moment, like the volta of a song, and in her hands Barovia rejects Strahd wholesale.

GM: (Which feature will you use, and on whom?)**Suldae Westwind:** can i decide by next week

pls

its 11 pm

im sleep

GM: (Lol sure thing, sorry)**Suldae Westwind:** that said marcus being long rested sounds like an interesting option, considering**GM:** (It's a good cliffhanger to end on)**Suldae Westwind:** of course fucking up strahd's ac also sounds amazing

and then theres the option of recovering spell slots

...

GM: (To be fair, you haven't had a hard time hitting Strahd)**Suldae Westwind:** yeah next week

(my halo has)

GM: (Lol next week)

(Oh true, good point)

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (could you roll the damage on Strahd pls)**Strahd von Zarovich:** 10**Marcus Veranius:** rolling 5d6 Acid since Strahd's turn is coming up

(6 + 3 + 3 + 1 + 2)

= 15

Suldae Westwind: Strahd: why do i feel like im rotting from the inside what am i missing

Strahd: eh its too familiar a feelign to really tell

GM: (Strahd also happens to be out of reactions, so his AC drops by 5 and he does not use his I am the Ancient ability)



Henry of Willowsbrook: And as the land disobeys him, the acid courses through his veins and the wet spit lands on his cheeks

GM: (So if you halved his AC at this point, it would go from 19 to 9, but only until the end of his next turn anyway, which is coming right up)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (truely three equally bad occurences I swear)



Suldae Westwind: (so the meaningfully useful choice is between long resting Marcus and regaining resources on some two people)

GM: (Those are probably the wisest options, yes)



Suldae Westwind: (the thing is, returning Henry his smites *slaps*)

GM: (Yes, yes it does)



Marcus Veranius: (To GM)rolling 1d20+16+3

(7)+16+3

= 26



GM (GM): (Howdy)



Liliet (Suldae): (im here!!!)



GM (GM): (Alrighty, I believe we left it hanging with you about to make a very important choice)



Liliet (Suldae): yeah ive basically come to a decision about how to make the decision



GM (GM): Lol

Just do what Suldae would do in the immediate moment



Liliet (Suldae): thats not what it says in the description 9.9

also, telepathic bond

Suldae can totally mentally confer with her teammates and evaluate how they are feeling about htis



GM (GM): lol

It's ok to make a choice, even if it isn't perfect



Liliet (Suldae): yeah but like ive basically already decided I just need Marcus's input

also where is Marcus's token



GM (GM): I'm not sure

(From Tops K.): Marcus is hidden in the chasm by Ezmerelda, Bonus Action Hide last round during Bladespllosion



(To Tops K.): I know



(To Tops K.): the point is I'm not telling them that



Liliet (Suldae): Marcus and Henry feel reinvigorated in all senses except the literal

(2 long rests without the healing)

also, where is Marcus's token



(To Tops K.): Is your plan actually to have Marcus ditch Henry & Suldae and the rest without telling them goodbye? Or will they be in on the fact of your "death" and this is more for the sake of some of the larger allies/Barovia at large



GM (GM): (Marcus is currently hidden very well.)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (How about GM looks for the token and you start on the Halo attacks you wanted to do)



Liliet (Suldae): OH

I was looking whose turn it was lmao



GM (GM): lol

After the Halo, it's Strahd's



Suldae Westwind: well then

15

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

15

Thunder

uh



GM (GM): (Unfortunately, that is a miss)

(His AC is currently 19)



Suldae Westwind: anticlimactic lol

ty

EoT if i remember correctly



GM (GM): Since you just ripped a very powerful spell away from him, go ahead and roll that with advantage, please



Suldae Westwind: HMM

14

Halo throw (+12)
Suldae Westwind

13

Thunder

uhhh

dice say no

lmao



GM (GM): Dice does indeed say no



Strahd von Zarovich: The Halo zooms towards Strahd.

BOUNDARIES

If a creature steps into Strahd's reach, Strahd takes one unarmed strike against them, attempting to grapple.

UNARMED STRIKE (VAMPIRE FORM ONLY) *Strahd von Zarovich*

Attack: 20 | 35

Damage: 7 bludgeoning +
10 necrotic

If the target is a creature, Strahd can grapple it (escape DC 18) instead of dealing the bludgeoning damage.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is staggered by the might of the magic she'd managed to turn against the man, and the Halo is wobbly in its flight.



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd *catches* the Halo.

It burns in his grasp, but he clings to it even as sparks and cinders crumble from his palms.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae raises her eyebrows. She doubts he can damage it, meanwhile it can clearly damage him quite fine.

Not her original intent, but she supposes this'll do

(brb)



Strahd von Zarovich: His face is feral rage, his eyes are whirling crimson gyres of spectral flame. You have chipped through the mask of whatever once made him human. You face now the true demon within, the beast of greed and lust that turned the man into the monster.

UNARMED STRIKE (VAMPIRE FORM ONLY) *Strahd von Zarovich*

Attack: 38 | 30

Damage: 10 + 1
bludgeoning + **19 + 22**
necrotic

If the target is a creature, Strahd can grapple it (escape DC 18) instead of

dealing the bludgeoning damage.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (who is he attacking?)



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd grips the Halo firmly in both hands, and bends it almost completely in half.

He drops it to one side with a growl and it lands with a heavy *clunk*.

MULTIATTACK (VAMPIRE FORM ONLY)

Strahd von Zarovich

Strahd makes three attacks, uses his Shadow Step ability, and casts one spell.

UNARMED STRIKE (VAMPIRE FORM ONLY)

Strahd von Zarovich

Attack: 31 | 27

Damage: 9 bludgeoning + 14 necrotic

If the target is a creature, Strahd can grapple it (escape DC 18) instead of dealing the bludgeoning damage.

BITE (BAT OR VAMPIRE FORM ONLY)

Strahd von Zarovich

Attack: 37 | 26

Damage: 20 magical piercing + 47 necrotic

The target's hit point maximum is reduced by an amount equal to the necrotic damage taken, and Strahd regains hit points equal to that amount. The reduction lasts until the target finishes a long rest. The target dies if its hit point maximum is reduced to 0. A humanoid slain in this way and then buried in the ground rises the following night as a vampire spawn under Strahd's control.

Strahd reaches out a hand and grabs Henry, and crushes him close for a desperate bite. He sinks his fangs deep, sucking life from the holy warrior. (The unarmed attack is a grapple)

Strahd von Zarovich: (That's the first two attacks)

Strahd drops Henry to one side and lunges for Suldae.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (yep 50 points of damage)



Suldae Westwind: (dang)

(brb again)



Strahd von Zarovich:

UNARMED STRIKE
(VAMPIRE FORM ONLY)
Strahd von Zarovich

Attack: **25** | **25**

Damage: **8** bludgeoning +
19 necrotic

If the target is a creature,
Strahd can grapple it
(escape DC 18) instead of
dealing the bludgeoning
damage.

Strahd picks up Suldae by the throat.



Suldae Westwind: (so he does)



Strahd von Zarovich: (One moment)

(Buffering)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae, well aware that struggling physically is futile, only pushes him away enough to flip him the bird in his field of view.



Strahd von Zarovich:

Feeblemind
Enchantment 8

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 150 feet

Target: A creature that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (A handful of clay, crystal, glass, or mineral spheres)

Duration: Instantaneous

You blast the mind of a creature that you can see within range, attempting to shatter its intellect and personality. The target takes 4d6 psychic damage and must make an Intelligence saving throw. On a failed save, the creature's Intelligence and Charisma scores become 1. The creature can't cast spells, activate magic items, understand language, or communicate in any intelligible way. The creature can, however, identify its friends, follow them, and even protect them. At the end of every 30 days,

the creature can repeat its saving throw against this spell. If it succeeds on its saving throw, the spell ends. The spell can also be ended by greater restoration, heal, or wish.

SPELL SAVE DC: 46

(That DC is wrong, hang on)

(wtf where did that come from)

Feeblemind

Enchantment 8

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 150 feet

Target: A creature that you can see within range

Components: V, S, M (A handful of clay, crystal, glass, or mineral spheres)

Duration: Instantaneous

You blast the mind of a creature that you can see within range, attempting to shatter its intellect and personality. The target takes 4d6 psychic damage and must make an Intelligence saving throw. On a failed save, the creature's Intelligence and Charisma scores become 1. The creature can't cast spells, activate magic items, understand language, or communicate in any intelligible way. The creature can, however, identify its friends, follow them, and even protect them. At the end of every 30 days, the creature can repeat its saving throw against this spell. If it succeeds on its saving throw, the spell ends. The spell can also be ended by greater restoration, heal, or wish.

SPELL SAVE DC: 26

(That's still wrong)

(Should be 20)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry attacks him in response to the spell cast)



Strahd von Zarovich: (Go for it)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

27 + 3

Vorpalsword (+17)
Henry of Willowsbrook

When you Attack a creature that has at least one head with this weapon and roll a 20 on the Attack roll, you cut off one of the creature's heads. The creature dies if it can't survive without The Lost head. A creature is immune to this

effect if it is immune to slashing damage, doesn't have or need a head, has legendary Actions, or the DM decides that the creature is too big for its head to be cut off with this weapon. Such a creature instead takes an extra 6d8 slashing damage from the hit.

2
Radiant

19
Slashing



Strahd von Zarovich: (That's a hit)



Suldae Westwind: (so Marcus was standing next to where Henry is right now and Strahd was grappling him)

(apparently he is no longer grappled I take it)

GM: (He still had Freedom of Movement from earlier)

(He is no longer grappled, that is correct)



Suldae Westwind: (ooh I forgot that)

GM: (Henry, if the special reaction attack hits, does it automatically interrupt the spell or something?)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

MAGE SLAYER

Feat:

You have practiced techniques useful in melee combat against spellcasters, gaining the following benefits:

- When a creature within reach you can take opportunity attacks casts a spell, you can use your reaction to make a melee weapon attack against that creature.
- When you damage a creature that is concentrating on a spell, they have disadvantage on the saving throw it makes to maintain concentration.
- You have advantage on saving against spells cast by creatures with your reach.

(That's all it does)

GM: (Gotcha)



Suldae Westwind: (I have my reaction back tho)

GM: (So need a Counterspell or a DC 20 Int save from Suldae, then)



Suldae Westwind: (don't I)

(yep)

GM: (Yes, you do)

(Brb one sec)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae twists the Weave back away from Strahd in a fit of will, staring him straight in the hateful, dark eyes.

Counterspell

Abjuration 8

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature in the process of casting a spell

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.

SPELL SAVE DC: 19

(if i fail to resist this i wont have any use for my spell slots anyway amirite)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (true)

GM: (beautiful)

(Now that's what I call resource management)

(Alright, it's NPC turn)

(Any special requests?)



(From Tops K.): Marcus politely requests over telepathy that Ez drops the horn into his hidey pit



Ireena Kolyana: "You let her go, you monster!"

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry catches him self after being tossed aside and swings for Strahd as he grabs Suldae (just describing the reaction attack)

GM: /w Tops She does so



Ireena Kolyana: lol



Suldae Westwind: Suldae glares Strahd in the eye. He is a spellcaster with few peers, but her own mastery had grown over the time she'd opposed him beyond what once would have been the limit of her imagination.



(To Tops K.): She does so



Suldae Westwind: (I mean would a Freedom of Movement be possible)



Strahd von Zarovich: "You are no weakling..." he says. He sounds almost surprised.

Freedom of Movement

Abjuration 4

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M (A leather strap, bound around the arm or a similar appendage)

Duration: 1 hour

You touch a willing creature. For the duration, the target's movement is unaffected by difficult terrain, and spells and other magical effects can neither reduce the target's speed nor cause the target to be paralyzed or restrained.

The target can also spend 5 feet of movement to automatically escape from nonmagical restraints, such as manacles or a creature that has it grappled. Finally, being underwater imposes no penalties on the target's movement or attacks.

.....
SPELL SAVE DC: 15



Suldae Westwind: Suldae blows a raspberry in his face, using the fact he's so close to her against him.

(I take it I don't get to actually escape until it's my turn?)



Rictavio: Rictavio hops what's left of the pit, lands beside Suldae, and taps her on the foot—the only thing within reach. Strahd has gotten a bit taller in the darkness, it seems.

GM: (That is correct)



Strahd von Zarovich:

Counterspell

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature in the process of casting a spell

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect. At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.

SPELL SAVE DC: 26



Suldae Westwind: (was that lvl 4?)



Strahd von Zarovich: (No, he's going to roll)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)



Strahd von Zarovich:

INTELLIGENCE
Strahd von Zarovich

Ability: 19 | 27

Strahd breaks the spell of Rictavio before it can take hold.

"No. I am not finished with you yet."



Ireena Kolyana:

Counterspell

Abjuration 3

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature in the process of casting a spell

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect. At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of

4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.

SPELL SAVE DC: 14

"Oh yes *you are*."

GM: (Rictavio's spell takes hold)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae feels the Weave crackle against her, as allied spellcasters pit their own wills against Strahd in aiding her escape.

GM: (Ireena, Ezmerelda, Ismark, and Kasimir still have their full actions/movements etc)



Suldae Westwind: She feels as though she's flying, which is a bit fitting in an ironic way considering her feet are, indeed, not touching the ground.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Well Ismark is out of spellslots so I assume he will Eldritch Blast Strahd or one of the other enemies)



Tops K.: (More Twin-Magic Missiles from Ez?)



Ismark Kolyanovich:

26

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

14

24

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

11

16

300 feet

Eldritch Blast (+9)

Eldritch Spear with Agonizing Blast.
(range boosted to 300 feet, add CHA modifier to damage)

12

Ismark looses three beams of crimson fire at Strahd. Strahd catches one of them upon the palm of his hand, canceling its effect, but the other two strike him in the torso.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is really grateful for how good Ismark's aim is.



Kasimir Velikov:

10

Higher Level Cast

6

Force

120 ft

Magic Missile

"Unhand her, you lout! You'll get no more blood from us today!"



Ezmerelda Veranius:

MAGIC MISSILE (ROBE
OF STARS)

Ezmerelda Veranius

Attack: **12**

Damage: **23** force

MAGIC MISSILE (ROBE
OF STARS)

Ezmerelda Veranius

Attack: **10**

Damage: **23** force

Ezmerelda opens wide her cloak of stars and unleashes twin waves of magic missiles.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is almost feeling embarrassed from all the attention. Sure she's a bard, but being rescued and a performance aren't the same thing, and she always pictured herself as the one doing the rescuing...



Ireena Kolyana:

Dancing Lights

Evocation Cantrip

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 120 feet

Target: Four points within range

Components: V, S, M (A bit of phosphorus or wychwood, or a glowworm)

Duration: Concentration Up to 1 minute

You create up to four torch-sized lights within range, making them appear as torches, lanterns, or glowing orbs that hover in the air for the duration. You can also combine the four lights into one glowing vaguely humanoid

form of Medium size. Whichever form you choose, each light sheds dim light in a 10-foot radius. As a bonus action on your turn, you can move the lights up to 60 feet to a new spot within range. A light must be within 20 feet of another light created by this spell, and a light winks out if it exceeds the spell's range.

SPELL SAVE DC: 14

Coordinating psychically, Ireena unleashes a barrage of flashing lights in the moment Suldae attempts to escape!



Suldae Westwind: Suldae, forewarned, squints, only keeping her eyes open enough to enjoy the look on Strahd's face as this happens.

(is this all NPCs)

GM: (It is)



Suldae Westwind: (ty)



Strahd von Zarovich: (Go ahead and roll that escape check with advantage)

(The DC is 18)



Suldae Westwind: what check?

> The target can also spend 5 feet of movement to automatically escape from nonmagical restraints



Strahd von Zarovich: (Oh lol duh)

(What was the point of the dancing lights, then?)



Suldae Westwind: (yeah this was just for fun and to conserve spell slots lmao)

(to piss him off)



Strahd von Zarovich: (Lol)

Strahd seems momentarily irritated with the dancing lights just long enough for Suldae to slip effortlessly free from his grasp.



Suldae Westwind: (I know there's not a lot left to go but fuck this guy's composure and strategical thinking)



Marcus Veranius *hasn't been seen since the sword's explosion, yet light still floods the chamber*



Suldae Westwind: Suldae backs up, though not so far that Ricravio would present an easier target.



Marcus Veranius: In fact, it begins growing brighter

And brighter.



Suldae Westwind: (can I just use my movement and then the rest after Marcus's turn)












GM: (For sure)




Suldae Westwind: (ty)




(From Marcus Veranius): As Marcus uses an action to brighten the sunsword

-  **Suldae Westwind:** (doing that then)
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Henry might have to stop attacking for a turn and heal himself a bit this turn)
-  **Strahd von Zarovich:** Strahd snarls like a panther, crouching, shielding himself from the light.
-  **Suldae Westwind:** (don't. Suldae does that)
-  **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (So I'll go last)
-  **Suldae Westwind:** (go after Suldae then, that's reasonable)
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "Sibling slain by sibling, then slain by one who truly hates."
-  **Marcus Veranius 's voice echoes from multiple points in the room**
-  **Suldae Westwind:** (HOLY SHIT)
-  **Marcus Veranius:** "I have stolen your ritual Strahd; this castle gives birth to gods once again."
-  **"The Dawn":** "I am The Dawn, the light that rises over this new land of Barovia. Your reach can no longer grasp me. There is naught for you to slay, for now I too am eternal."

GM: (Roll deception with advantage, and intimidation with advantage)
 (And don't forget Bless)
 (Oh wait I don't think it works on skills)


 **"The Dawn":**

18		15
DECEPTION (12)		
Marcus Veranius		
31		17
INTIMIDATION (12)		
Marcus Veranius		

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "...did I get hit that hard?" Henry asks no one in particular

 **Strahd von Zarovich:**

INITIATIVE <i>Strahd von Zarovich</i> <hr/> <i>Initiative: 21</i>

 **"The Dawn":** (Hang on, lemme double check something)

 **Strahd von Zarovich:** (wrong button sorry)



"The Dawn": rolling 1d8 Silver Tongue deception bonus (thanks suldae for Maneuver refresh)

(2)

= 2



Suldae Westwind: (I love this combo of deception and intimidation: don't believe him but still be absolutely terrifying)

G: < (...Reroll it)



Suldae Westwind: *terrified)

GM: (The silver tongue thingy, I mean)



Suldae Westwind: (anyway are you counting +5 from the armor? just checking)



"The Dawn": rolling 1d8

(6)

= 6

(Also yes)



Suldae Westwind: (to intimidation)

GM: (I'm going to be as generous as possible because these are going to be contested rolls)

(So a 24 Deception and a 31 Intimidation)

(Those are going to be countered with an intelligence check and a charisma check, both at disadvantage for Strahd)



Strahd von Zarovich:

INTELLIGENCE
Strahd von Zarovich

Ability: 14 | 20

CHARISMA
Strahd von Zarovich

Ability: 14 | 28



Suldae Westwind: (FUCK HIM UPPPPP)



Strahd von Zarovich: "No... *NO!* **NOOO!**"



Suldae Westwind: (can I toot a DUN DUN DUNNN as a free action)



Strahd von Zarovich: "I WILL DESTROY YOU! I WILL DESTROY YOUR FRIENDS! I DENY YOU, DAWN! YOU ARE NO GOD! I WILL *SHOW* YOU WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A **GOD.**"

(He totally believes it tho)



"The Dawn" shines brightly, forcing Strahd off-guard. The next attack against Strahd Advantage to hit



(From "The Dawn"): Bonus Action Help Action - Mastermind Rogue

GM: (I forgot to perform a lair action, so before we go any further I'm going to do that)



(From "The Dawn"): At range of up to 30 ft if the target can hear or see you



Strahd von Zarovich:

LAIR ACTION: PASSWALL
Strahd von Zarovich

Until initiative count 20 of the next round, Strahd can pass through solid walls, doors, ceilings, and floors as if they weren't there.



Sulda Westwind: (is this an escape action lmao)

GM: (It will be, if he gets another turn)



Sulda Westwind: (that's a big ass if right there)

GM: (It just prepares him to glide through the walls like a ghost)



Sulda Westwind: (yeah I'm just looking at this like this sure doesn't look like an attack)



Strahd von Zarovich: (That was his lair action)

(I'm going to take a reaction now though)

(One sec)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...the fuck is going on...." Henry murmurs "...eh what ever, Fuck Him Up!"



Strahd von Zarovich:

NO, YOU LIVE TO SUFFER
Strahd von Zarovich

Strahd causes one enemy who has died to return to life as a Revenant.



Sulda Westwind: Sulda has no clue what's happening but is enjoying this greatly anyway.



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd reaches for the soul of Marcus, intent on ripping it back from the void beyond... Only to find that Marcus's soul is somehow *beyond his power*.

(Because he's not dead)



Sulda Westwind: (AKJDSHKLFJDHSKFLJSD)



Strahd von Zarovich: Strahd looks at his hands, eyes widening in horror, realizing at last how he has been outdone.

GM: (Any additional stuff on your turn, Marcus?)



"The Dawn": (I was gunna do something at round-end if we can split up actions)

GM: (I'll allow it)

(Go ahead with your turn, Suldae)

(I regret to inform you that the Halo is no longer functioning)



Suldae Westwind: (I got that impression but ty for the clarification yeah)

GM: (I mean, you could throw it, but)



Suldae Westwind: (welp frees up my bonus action)

Suldae checks with Ireena mentally, as she notes Henry's state after failing to shield her. This will not stand either way...



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena is ready for whatever Suldae has planned.



Suldae Westwind:

You sacrifice some of your health to mend another creature's injuries. You take 4d8 necrotic damage, and one creature of your choice that you can see within range regains a number of hit points equal to twice the necrotic damage you take +5.

At Higher Levels: When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the damage increases by 1d8 for each slot level above 3rd, and the healing additionally increases by 1 point for each slot level above 3rd.

7

Higher Level Cast

26

necrotic

30 feet

Life Transference

Suldae Westwind

($33/2 = 17$ to both Ireena and Suldae, $33*2+5+1 = 72$ healing to Henry)

GM: (It's so beautiful)



Suldae Westwind: (it is)

(and now for the followup)

1

Higher Level Cast

8

Healing

60 feet

Mass Healing Word
Suldae Westwind

Suldae pulls the flute away from her lips and *sings*, rejuvenating everyone who can hear her.
(okay could have more oomph but)
)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (...you can cast two leveled spells in one turn tho)



Suldae Westwind: (wait shit)



Henry of Willowsbrook: can't



Suldae Westwind: (i forgot)

GM: (Oh shoot, Henry's right)
(Lol)



Suldae Westwind: (ok then)

GM: (Any other bonus action activity?)



Suldae Westwind: (can Suldae use the bonus action to provide a dramatic soundtrack to make whatever Henry and Marcus do more dramatic)

GM: (Yes)
(Absolutely)



Suldae Westwind: (doing that then)
(EoT)

GM: (Henry, you're up)



Suldae Westwind: (GM did u do the damage to Suldae bc I havent)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Question did the refresh also affect Magic Items?)

GM: (What damage)



Suldae Westwind: (the life transference damage)

GM: (Yes, the refresh also affected magic items)
(I applied it to Ireena, but not to you)



Suldae Westwind: (ty i will then)

GM: (I think)



Suldae Westwind: Suldae winces as she feels not only her own strength sap, but Ireena's as well, through the bond. But Ireena is on the other side of the room, safe as can be... in this situation...

GM: (Actually wait, one sec)
(Legendary Action)

Henry of Willowsbrook: ...okay



Strahd von Zarovich:

MOVE

Strahd von Zarovich

Strahd moves up to his speed without provoking opportunity attacks.



Suldae Westwind: (the Dancing Lights are still in his face)

GM: (They have no mechanical effect)



Suldae Westwind: (yes)

(im just pointing out)

(for the ambience)

(also im p sure he has a harder time seeing shit with them)

(i know its not in the spell description but really lmao)

GM: (Actually, wait)



Henry of Willowsbrook: ...well there goes my turn seeing has strahd has yeeted himself out the room, which direction did he go? into the big room or somewhere else?

GM: (I'm going to retcon that move)

(Even if it makes sense for him, realistically if it makes sense once he's just going to use it every lair action)

(He could move like... Hundreds of feet away, through the walls, before you even got your turn)

(So scratch that)

(You won't like the alternative either, but it's less cheap than *he instantly gets away and there's nothing you can do*)



Strahd von Zarovich:

ENOUGH OF THIS!

Strahd von Zarovich

Strahd causes one chamber of the castle to collapse, granting himself 20d6 temporary hitpoints. At the same time, he teleports to another part of the castle. These effects can be countered with two separate DC 18 Counterspells.

Chambers above the collapsing chamber also collapse. Any creature within a collapsing chamber must succeed on a DC 20 Dexterity saving throw or

take 10d6 necrotic damage and 8d6 bludgeoning damage. In addition, falling characters who cannot fly take maximum fall damage from the heights of the chambers they fall through in a collapse unless they are rescued by some means or they succeed on a DC 18 Dex or Str save.

GM: (Suldae, I believe you have your reaction back)



Suldae Westwind: (so I do)

GM: (So does Ireena and Kasimir and Rictavio, I'm pretty sure)
(Who will be making the counterspell rolls?)



Suldae Westwind: (to be clear, i cannot expend a lvl 7 slot to pass this automatically?)

GM: (That is correct)



Suldae Westwind: (ty got it)

Suldae feels herself flagging - Strahd is still her superior in magic, which is no surprise. She will not be able to pull this off much longer, but for the moment she reaches out and takes hold of the Weave...

Counterspell

Abjuration 4

Casting Time: 1 reaction, which you take when you see a creature within 60 feet of you casting a spell

Range: 60 feet

Target: A creature in the process of casting a spell

Components: S

Duration: Instantaneous

You attempt to interrupt a creature in the process of casting a spell. If the creature is casting a spell of 3rd level or lower, its spell fails and has no effect. If it is casting a spell of 4th level or higher, make an ability check using your spellcasting ability. The DC equals 10 + the spell's level. On a success, the creature's spell fails and has no effect.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 4th level or higher, the interrupted spell has no effect if its level is less than or equal to the level of the spell slot you used.

SPELL SAVE DC: 19

CHARISMA (6+2)
Suldae Westwind**Kasimir Velikov:** (Using Kasimir because he has the highest bonus and a history of rolling well)**Suldae Westwind:** (ty lmao)**Kasimir Velikov:** (Plus he's the only full wizard in the party)**14****INTELLIGENCE SAVE (8)****Suldae Westwind:** (isnt it a check not a save)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (It is)**Kasimir Velikov:** (It totally is, it's an arcana check, my bad)**12****ARCANA (8)****Henry of Willowsbrook:** (nope straight int)**Kasimir Velikov:** (Oh ffs)**10****INTELLIGENCE (4)**

Straight int, you say

**Suldae Westwind:** (well, Kasimir does not succeed it seems)**Ezmerelda Veranius:**

INTELLIGENCE <i>Ezmerelda Veranius</i> <hr/> Ability: 11
--

**Ireena Kolyana:****11****INTELLIGENCE (2)****Suldae Westwind:** (not everyone can be a bard and add their proficiency bonus to straight ability checks)**Henry of Willowsbrook:** (Unless you are an abjuration wizard you do not add prof to counterspell attempts)**Suldae Westwind:** (uhhh Rictavio)**Ismark Kolyanovich:** (Ismark has Counterspell but no spell slots left)**Suldae Westwind:** (Jack of All Trades)

(I knew. I fucking knew I should have refreshed one of the spellcasters and not Marcus)
(alas)



Rictavio: (Rictavio does not have Counterspell)

GM: (Henry, I'll let you make a contested grapple check to try and grab him so that the teleport takes you along)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Well seeing as we are in the basement atleast we wont fall)

34 + 1

ATHLETICS (14)
Henry of Willowsbrook

GM: (No no, you countered the collapse and the temporary hitpoints)
(All that's at stake now is the teleport)



Henry of Willowsbrook: Beat a 35 you undead dipshit



Strahd von Zarovich:

ACROBATICS <i>Strahd von Zarovich</i> <hr/> Skill: 34



Suldae Westwind: (LMAP)

O

(WELL HE DIDNT)

Henry manages to grab him in the instant before he teleports, and both of them vanish from sight.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh no you don-" Henry says leaping forward



Suldae Westwind: (can Suldae use Telepathic Bond to figure out where they are)

The castle twists and shifts, and beneath your feet you feel a trembling of the earth.

Boom.

Millions of massive roots burst forth from the crevasse, lunging toward the ceiling of the chamber as they grow with supernatural speed. They creep between the cracks of Castle Ravenloft and split the ceiling of the chamber wide open, thrusting the floor you stand upon into the storm-tossed skies above the castle.

You are just in time to see Strahd Von Zarovich reappear in the air above the castle, and clinging to him: Henry.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "-ddamn blood sucking piece of pompous trash" Henry curses



Suldae Westwind: ...Well that looks bad.



Strahd von Zarovich: "CAN YOU FLY, HENRY?"

"I DIDN'T THINK SO."



Suldae Westwind: (who was Fly cast on)

Lightning splits the sky behind him, and his hair whips wildly in the darkness.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (not Henry)



Suldae Westwind: (reasonable)

(can I get the wereraven token down to size

)



(To Marcus Veranius): (So how would you like to have Ezmerelda disappear at this point, to help Marcus's plans in the next bit by DM magic shenanigans if necessary?)

GM: (By how would you like I mean would you like)

(One sec

(Typing in too many things)



(From "The Dawn"): I don't thin Ez needs to at the moment



Suldae Westwind: (ty)

The roots deposit you all upon the walls of Castle Ravenloft.

GM: (Except, curiously enough, Marcus... Maybe he really is gone)



(From "The Dawn"): But Marcus will use his Action Surge to birb form and hide in Ez's cloak given that his cover is busto



(To Tops K.): Beautiful)



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae is not buying that)



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I DON'T FUCKING NEED TO IF HE CAN" Henry yells grinning manically at pointing at Argynvost shadowy form circling the castle sky "HE ARGYNVOST LOOKY WHAT I FOUND IN THE BASEMENT!!!!" He yells over the storm

Hey* not he



"The Dawn" 's voice rings out again, speaking to a far-away spellcaster through a sending stone



"The Dawn": "Launch the coffin."



Suldae Westwind: (this. is. beautiful)

Argynvost: *"Ah, little wizard! How long have I waited, and watched you from your Ossuary? How long have I longed to devour you? Too long."*

The great silver dragon dives through the storm, and Strahd snarls, great wings of darkness unfurling from his back in the flickering stormlight.



Strahd von Zarovich: *"I am the Ancient. I am the Land!"*

Now outside all holy light, Strahd begins to heal in Henry's hands.



Henry of Willowsbrook: 'Ireena tell me you still have a fether fall left in you' Henry says in through the telepathic bond 'I might need it soon'

Suldae Westwind: "Is he ever going to get tired of saying that," Suldae mumurs to the others through the Telepathic Bond link.

(I'm assuming he can be heard bc hes loud and drama)



Ireena Kolyana: "60 foot range, Henry!"

"But it's ok because Suldae has Resurrection!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: '...not reassureing'

Joan: "WHY WOULD HE NEED RESURRECTION? WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING IN THERE?"



Suldae Westwind: "Please come up with a different plan if you can though!!!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry still has his action right?)



Mordenkainen: "I would encourage you all to take cover expeditiously. You will need at least a foot of stone for shelter."

GM: (Absolutely, Henry still has his full turn)

Suddenly, winds whirl around Ireena, and something zooms invisibly toward Henry.

He feels his weight somehow no longer matters at all... The winds have him.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ruination is upon you Strahd"



Strahd von Zarovich: "Careful, Henry! Pride cometh before a *fall*!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: 4 attacks with fighting Spirit action surge and dem smites



Strahd von Zarovich: jesus



Henry of Willowsbrook:

$$29 + 4 \quad | \quad 29 + 4$$

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+16)

Henry of Willowsbrook

38

Undead Smite/Radiant Smite/Radiant

18
Piercing

8
Acid

$$29 + 3 \quad | \quad 36 + 3$$

60ft

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+16)

Henry of Willowsbrook

29 + 25

Undead Smite/Radiant Smite/Radiant

1

$$\begin{array}{c|c} 21 + 2 & 28 + 2 \\ \hline 60ft \end{array}$$

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook

$$\begin{array}{c|c} 22 & \\ \hline \text{Undead Smite/Radiant Smite/Radiant} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{c|c} 17 & 9 \\ \hline \text{Piercing} & \text{Acid} \end{array}$$

GM: (Hooooooly)



Henry of Willowsbrook:

$$\begin{array}{c|c} 25 + 3 & 32 + 3 \\ \hline 60ft \end{array}$$

Baleful Dragonbone Warpick

(+16)
Henry of Willowsbrook

$$\begin{array}{c|c} 9 & \\ \hline \text{Radiant Smite Damage/Undead} \\ \text{Smite/Radiant} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{c|c} 16 & 11 \\ \hline \text{Piercing} & \text{Acid} \end{array}$$



Strahd von Zarovich: For a split second as Henry raises his Warpick, Strahd thinks he still has the upper hand. Then the mighty paladin does not fall, and Strahd's expression opens wide into dismay and even terror.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (I heard you like d8s)

GM: (Final damage?)



Suldae Westwind: akdjflhasldlfjhaslkdfjhaslkjdfh



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Gimme a sec
70 piercing 123 radiant 43 acid)



Suldae Westwind: (the wind spirits???? was that the wind spirits???)
(akjsdfhlaksjfdhaj)


WHAM. WHAM. WHAM. WHAM.


There isn't even time to say "Oh Fuck."


Strahd spins away, a twisted wreck of himself, half-shattered, a figure more of mist than flesh. Bits of his body rain in all directions, burning away like singed paper. Something like the shape of a man still hangs there, in the air before Henry.

Behind the vampire still clinging to his un-life, Henry sees something getting very rapidly closer... A coffin?

 **Suldae Westwind:** (oh boy)


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "And speaking of pride, I'm sure you are proud of your spell craft" Henry say seeing it coming" So really you brought what comes next on yourself"


 **Strahd von Zarovich:** Stunned, Strahd mutters: "What...?"


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry metally asks the wind to GET HIM THE FUCK AWAY OH GOD OH NO


Abruptly, the wind spirits lift Henry by the arms and swoop away with him, diving towards his companions far below.

GM: (Where do you take cover?)

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** Henry points at the coffin as he speeds away


 **Suldae Westwind:** (okay so)
(I have a semblance of a plan)
(Kasimir and one other person should still have Fly)
(and we have 4 wereravens on top of that)
(we get the fuck down behind that wall)
(carrying whomstever is necessary, Gertruda included)


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** (wait Henry so farr is the only one besides MARCUS that knows the coffin is coming right?)

 **Suldae Westwind:** (TELEPATHIC BOND)
(if Marcus isnt keeping it secret we all know)
(well those who are bonded anyway)
(the rest can take a hint)

 **Hiere Unthere:** "I gotchu fam."


A rope trick portal has appeared in the middle of the party!


 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** "TAKE COVER" Henry yells as he hurtles towards his friends
Henry will bowl anyone he can reach into the portal

 **(From "The Dawn"):** Marcus politely requests that Ezmerelda fake-trips, then disappear with the Cloak of Stars before the explosion goes off

 **Henry of Willowsbrook:** with him

The portal is conveniently open like a doorway, rather than a trapdoor.

 **Ireena Kolyana:** "QUICK!"
Ireena darts into the portal.

 **Suldae Westwind:** Suldae shoves everyone between the portal and herself into the portal.

Given how she can fly, she's going with "shove everyone else inside first"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark takes Kasimir's hand, and they run into the portal together.



Suldae Westwind: (well, shoves within her str 8 lol)

Suldae and Henry both make it into the portal as well, but Ezmerelda stumbles, just a moment before—

B-B-B-BOOOOOOOOOM.



Suldae Westwind: (Suldae does absolutely not make it into the portal before Ezme)
(she's making a point of this and I said so)

GM: (Just roll with it, trust me)



Suldae Westwind: (if Ezme stumbles, Suldae shoves her through and is behind her)
(mmmmmmmmmmmm i mean I do trust you but I just *said* what I was doing)
(can you narrate it somehow that makes sense)



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Let Marcus have his romantic rescue damnit)



(From "The Dawn"): Is K. Let Suldae have her rescue

Suldae manages to get Ezmerelda into the portal just a split second before she herself makes it.



Suldae Westwind: (I hear you but I'm more willing to have Suldae manhandled by other characters or blown up than act OOC)
(i mean like the same outcome is possible with Suldae *trying* to do what I said)
(I wasn't trying to mess up the scene I'm sorry)

Then, from the endless white void of the interior of the Rope Trick, you see out into a roiling hell of fire and light.



Henry of Willowsbrook: (seeing as he wasn't mentioned I assume Henry collided with Ric as the winds flung him into the portal)

As you watch, the very stones of the castle begin to melt before your eyes in the heat of that blinding explosion.

Soon the light is too blinding to look at.

Many long moments later, the light begins to fade. You see a smooth lake of glass on a cliff-top, connected to the main portion of the cliff by a bridge of stone.

Castle Ravenloft is no more.



Suldae Westwind: We are also kind of in mid-air, with... well, plenty of ways to get down. But it's the principle of the thing.

The Rope Trick portal moves smoothly through the lingering smoke, heading out towards the main battlefield.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "... thank all the gods we didn't touch that thing"

Before your eyes, the army of revenants crumbles to dust.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae instinctively moves closer to Ismark.

He's fine, right? He's fine. They were on time.

The last remaining enemies, standing on the little spit of land just before the bridge, smolder and sizzle. They cling to life—just barely.



Mordenkainen: "Go away, we're done with you!"

DC17

Dexterity Save

66

Fire

61

Bludgeoning

1 mile

Meteor Swarm

The Mad Mage

A rain of meteors eliminates this last wounded group of stragglers, just moments before the Rope Trick alights on the grass before Mordenkainen.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae watches the goings-on, feeling dizzy. She takes Ireena's hand, just to ground herself, but this still does not feel quite real.

The battle feels both as if it had taken years and as if it had gone by in an instant - one minute they were preparing to enter the castle on a halfway-to-suicide-mission, the other Strahd is gone and the castle with him.



Mordenkainen: "Impressive Spellcraft!" Mordenkainen says, as Hiere and his Rope Trick disappear, depositing you all before him on the grass.



"The Dawn" sighs a breath of relief at the sighting of Barovia's greatest firebomb, bringing sunlight to cut through every inch of darkness in the country all at once. Some might call it the hands of divines that planned it out as such. Alas, the only power Marcus truly held was dumb luck.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pulls himself up from the ground the transition having knocked him on his ass weapon still in hand



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena slumps to the ground, shaking like a leaf.

"It's over. It's over. It's over."

"It's over."

She looks at Suldae. *"It's over."*

"We did it."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "We did it."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir stands staring at Ismark, as though in wonder at the fact that he is still there.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark is grinning from ear to ear.



"The Dawn": "That we did, that we did." Marcus's voice echoes through the Telepathic Bond



Gertruda: Gertruda begins to sob quietly to herself.



Suldae Westwind: "We need to get her back to her mom," Suldae points out.



(To Tops K.): At this point I think they've seen through the ruse lol



Vasilka: "Henry, someone was waiting very impatiently for you," says Vasilka, gliding smoothly through the long grass.



(From "The Dawn"): I'm gunna see if I can get Suldae to call Marcus out on it



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry for the first time since the night he lost his companions in Barovia feels his knees buckle



Vasilka: She holds out her hand, which contains a single acorn. She drops it, and it turns at once into Joan.

Joan is on him in an instant, holding him tight.

Joan: "You made it!"

"You all made it!"

"Wait..."

Joan begins to count on her fingers.

Joan: "Where's..."

"The guy with the hat?"



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Marcus? MARCUS!? OH MY GOD, MARCUS!"



Suldae Westwind: Suldae looks around.

"I swear he's fine."

13

HISTORY (8)
Suldae Westwind

19

ARCANA (13)
Suldae Westwind

(the first one is misclick, sorry)



Mordenkainen: "What happened to him?"



"The Dawn": [I'm fine. But I'll never get to retire if people think the Great Hero Marcus survived this battle.] Marcus clarifies over the telepathic bond.



Kasimir Velikov: "Marcus destroyed a Vorpil sword, and paid a heavy price for his bravery."

"But his sacrifice permitted us all to escape with our lives."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Oh, Marcus!"

She slumps to her knees, "sobbing" inconsolably.



Mordenkainen: Visibly uncomfortable, Mordenkainen looks away, saying casually: "I don't suppose you managed to salvage any of the detritus? Shards, bits of vorpal material?"

"Or of course, I mean, body parts, too. A finger? An ear?"

"Did nothing remain?"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks around "Fuck this" Henry takes a step away drawing his Vorpal Sword as he steadies his Breath



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir looks dramatically at the sea of glass. "No," he says. "There wasn't time to save anything."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae rolls her eyes and walks off to the bridge to poke at it.

It's calming.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry closes his eyes as he grips the sword in both Hands sinking deep into his mind and letting every thing around him fall away in his concentration only focusing on his Bond with Marcus

"Don'T make me come over there and get you" He says to marcus both aloud and in his mind



"The Dawn": [No! I worked extra hard planning my fake death and I already gotta figure out how to disappear Ezmerelda since Suldae saved her from THAT fake death too!]

[Also thank you for saving my wife, Suldae]



Vasilka: Vasilka's eyes flash briefly green. She smiles to herself.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "I'll never marry again," says Ezmerelda, tearily. She seems to be milking this a bit much.



"The Dawn": [Maybe if she fake-falls off a cliff. Everyone falls off this cliff here for real. Bards might buy it.]



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry raises the sword above his head "To bad Jackass you don't get off that easy" Henry swings down with his entire being intent on breaking Marcus smoke and Mirrors



Suldae Westwind: [Well you're welcome and also I think you're overthinking it a lot]

"Henry, come on, we can do this later and in private"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "No"



"The Dawn": [I got like two gods to run away from. I am thinking exactly as much as I need to!]



Henry of Willowsbrook: "None of this fake martirical bullcrap"



Suldae Westwind: [Turn into a raven and fly away most people wont be able to track you and gods will know either way]



Ezmerelda Veranius: "I think," says Ezmerelda.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae grabs Henry's hand.

She looks at him with big pleading eyes.



Ezmerelda Veranius: "I think we have all earned a drink. In Vallaki, maybe."

Suldae Westwind:**35****PERSUASION** (16)
Suldae Westwind**Henry of Willowsbrook:**9 + 8 | **13 + 8****CHARISMA SAVE** (8)
Henry of Willowsbrook

"..." Henry pauses ".....I am way to tried for this" He puts the sword away "Marcus?"

**"The Dawn":** [Yeah?]

Henry of Willowsbrook: "That list of things to run away from?" Henry says "you can add one pissed of farmer to it because the moment I see you" He glares into the empty space "I. Will. Punch. You. Right in the face."

**Marcus Veranius:** [...]

[Henry, you are one of the most reliable guys I've ever met. I'm glad you were my impromptu best man at the wedding.]



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Piss off mate" Henry says waveong him of as he puts his arm around Joan "Also next 50 rounds are on you" he adds with a tired smirk



Ireena Kolyana: "I.. I want to see the outside world," Ireena said. "A tavern somewhere that isn't in Barovia."

"A tavern someplace no one knows any of us, where we can celebrate in peace."

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Well as It happens I might know a place"

Ireena Kolyana: "We can do the rounds with the Martikovs and the Krezkovs and everybody else later."

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Although one person might know me"

Ezmerelda Veranius: "Or not. Maybe we just walk away... Maybe we just let Barovia be free, and let the story be whatever it becomes." "They don't really need us now."

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "Morty can you teleport us to my Idiot Sister?"

Rictavio: "Such is the monster-hunter's life," says Rictavio, putting a hand on Ezmerelda's shoulder. "I'm sure wherever he is, Marcus is smiling at us all."



Mordenkainen: "Please don't call me Morty," says Mordenkainen. "I'll need a hair sample for that."

**Henry of Willowsbrook:** "...shit"**Mordenkainen:** "No, a hair sample from *you*."

Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh yeah sure"



Mordenkainen: Mordenkainen rips out some of Henry's hair without further preamble.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Ow" Henry whines



Suldae Westwind: "I want to show you the world," Suldae tells Ireena, taking her hand. "So you can find a place in it to call home... that I could come back to any time I wanted it."



Mordenkainen: Then he twists the air with his hands, looming the Weave, altering time and space... A portal appears behind him in the grass, leading to a beautiful castle and a well-appointed banquet hall.

"She wasn't happy to hear you were coming, when I told her last week," says Mordenkainen.

"She said: 'Only a week to prepare? Are you mental?'"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...what" Henry says gaping at the scene beyond the portal



Mordenkainen: "Lovely gal. Anywho, I shall be leaving now, if there's nothing else you need from the Great and Mighty Mordenkainen?"

"You shan't be seeing me again, I think; I have many projects that have languished far too long in my exile."



Suldae Westwind: Suldae runs up and gives him a hug, then dances away back to Ireena. She smiles and waves, then.



Mordenkainen: Touched, Mordenkainen says: "Ew, affection."

He clearly doesn't mean it, though.

He does Prestidigitate his robes unnecessarily, "cleaning" them after the physical contact.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "oh Lorelei what did you do..." Henry says walking towards the portal dragging Joan with him absentmindedly



Suldae Westwind: Suldae Prestidigitates and Mends everyone as well. As she follows.



Marcus Veranius 's voice rings out to Ireena. [Say, do you still need that Amulet of Non-Detection? Could I barter it off you?]



Marcus Veranius: [I ought to let Henry punch me in the face. It's only fair.]



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena slips off her amulet and hands it to Ezmerelda.



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark and Kasimir step into the warp together.



Gertruda: "B-B-B-but wh-wh-what ab-b-bout m-m-meeeeee?"



Mordenkainen: Mordenkainen waves his hand and Gertruda vanishes.

"Not to worry, not to worry! I've simply returned her to her mother's side."

"What happens from there, well... That's on her."



Birb Marcus pokes his head out from Ezmerelda's cloak once she's through the warp and out of Mordenkainen's sight. He's wearing the amulet.

Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry steps through the portal into the Hall "LORELEI!" he shouts

Lorelei: "HENRY!"

"YOU GET OVER HERE THIS MINUTE, YOU BIG JERK!"

Lorelei looks almost exactly as Henry remembers her, but leaner and more tanned and battle-hardened.

Lorelei runs to embrace her brother.

Lorelei: "The wizard said you'd be bringing friends... I hope we've made enough food."

"Who's this?"

Joan: "I'm Joan, your ladyship." Joan curtsies.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "YOU are the last person I want to hear that from" Henry says as his arms calmly shut around her in the mother of all hugs

"Who did you swindle into letting you use this castle?"

Lorelei: "Swindle! I'll have you know, I won it fair and square. It was a jousting tournament. Lord Billoughsby was most ungraciously unseated by the tip of my spear. You should have seen it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry levels a deadpan stare at her "try the other one, you were always a piss-poor rider"

"I'd sooner believe it if you said you won it at poker" Henry says with a tone translating to 'which you were always awful at to'

Lorelei: "I've changed a lot, since you left," she says, somewhat sadly.

"You'd be surprised what I know how to do, these days."

"Anyway, let's get these hungry people fed!"

The lids are removed from all the feasting trays, and the smell of hot food wafts through the great hall.



Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezmerelda seats herself without preamble, and begins to eat heartily.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry's expression changes "Where's Rihannon? And how are Mom and Pa?" He asks quietly

Lorelei seems sad.

Lorelei: "Rihannon..."

"She's taking forever to get changed, she'll be down in a minute."

"As for Mom and Dad... I haven't got the heart to tell you, they..."

"They know everything and they're fine with it, and they want to know why you didn't just talk to them before disappearing out of the blue."

"Also, I'm the heir apparent, now."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Duh"



Birb Marcus sits on the table by Ezmerelda's plate. As much as he'd love to participate in the

feast with proper cutlery, Henry doesn't seem the kind of guy to punch a bird in front of his sister.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I cut and ran"

Lorelei: "Don't get me wrong, they were *not* happy at first."

"They disowned me for a while, and I had to make it on my own."

"You know how stubborn they can be."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Yeah..."

Lorelei: "In the end, it was Rihannon who managed to convince them. Mom came down with something awful, and the clerics couldn't do much for her. But Rihannon wouldn't give up."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "

Henry nods mutely

Lorelei: "She's a cleric now herself. Pretty high ranking, too."

"Even dad had to accept that we weren't monsters, after that."

"Once they started seeing things a little differently, well... They changed. A lot."

"I wish you had been here to see it."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You know *that* isn't why I left right?"

Lorelei: "...No, I didn't know that."

"Why did you leave?"



Ismark Kolyanovich: Ismark and Kasimir sit side by side, eating quietly together, holding hands under the table.



Rictavio: Rictavio seats himself across from Ezmerelda. He makes eye contact with bird Marcus.

He eats anyway, ignoring Marcus.



Ireena Kolyana: Ireena picks at her food, her mind a thousand miles away, still stunned by how much her world has truly changed. She looks up at Ismark from time to time, still surprised to see him still alive. This makes her look at Suldae with tremendous gratitude.



Birb Marcus nibbles on a cut of meat from Ez's plate, staring at Rictavio



Birb Marcus: He nods solemnly in understanding

Joan just hovers at Henry's side, but a little distance away, giving him some privacy with his sister.



Suldae Westwind: Suldae is a bit zoned out, still a little overwhelmed from everything.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry sighs putting his forehead against hers "I never really wanted it back then you know? The orchards and the farm and the quiet life. I wanted to go out and be a Hero. Slay dragons, Save Kingdoms." He pauses to shake his head "But Rhiannon loves it out here and I loved, no I love her, so I would have went with it"

"But then I walked in on you two"

"I heartbroken and at the same time set adrift"

was

Lorelei bites her lip, unable to meet his gaze, twisting her fingers.

Lorelei: "I... I never got the chance to tell you how... Sorry I was. I never meant to hurt you."



Birb Marcus: [Is everything alright Suldae? That doesn't seem like the look of a champion.] Marcus comments over Telepathy



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'm so happy fo the two of you"

Lorelei: "It was all my fault. I... I don't have an explanation. I don't have an excuse."

"I'm sorry, Henry. I really, truly am."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry flicks her in the forehead

Lorelei: "I wish I had... I wish things had..."

"I've spent all these years thinking you hated me."



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry looks at her face neutral as he pinches both her cheeks and pulls them just enough that they hurt "Will you let me finish?"

Lorelei laughs.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I accept your aplogy for your sake" Henry says letting go "I'm over it, mostly" he would not admit how recently he got over it but hey he was the older one

"Genuien Love is nothing you should apologize for"

Lorelei: There are tears in her eyes, now. She knows how deeply she has wounded him, and how much that forgiveness must have cost. The years of guilt cannot be erased, but she is no longer the woman who made that mistake. She says: "Thank you."

Rhiannon: "Enough mush! Let's eat!"



Birb Marcus hops over the banquet table and pokes at Suldae's plate to get her attention



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry kisse Lorelei on the forehead "Come on, I thought you'd grown out of being a crybaby. Let me tell you about the shit I've seen and done while I introduce you to every one" He leans in close and whispers "I'm home"



Birb Marcus: [Hey! Miss storyteller! You're gunna keep with out creative edits of my demise in your songs about this, right?]

*our

["Perished in a beam of sunlight" rings better in notes than "hid in a chasm and baited Strahd out through taunts over sending stones."]



Suldae Westwind: [Oh don't worry I'll keep the ending to your version]

[First, it's epic, second, if I commit evil acts I won't be in the good Book's good books anymore]



Birb Marcus: [Well if not an epic story of conquest, the truth would probably make a good comedy.]



Suldae Westwind: [Eh. Not the kind I like]



Henry of Willowsbrook: [That reminds me] Henry stops in his retelling just as he was explaining how

he meet Marcus and Suldae. He stands up and walks over.



Birb Marcus *stares at Henry, sweating nervously*



Birb Marcus: [Don't do it. Don't punch my face...]

[NOT THE FACE! AAAAA~!]



Henry of Willowsbrook: "So are you gonna take it like a man or like a bird. Either way works for me to be honest"

Henry is looming over him



Birb Marcus: [Bird. I aint blowing my cover over this!]



Henry of Willowsbrook: "everyone here knows anyway except the servents" Henry says dryly
servants



Birb Marcus: [We aint in Barovia anymore; lycanthropy's frowned upon in these parts!]



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Wait, hang on one second, before you do that..."



Birb Marcus: [Once dinner's done, I'm finding a proper Aaracokra colony to blend into and working Dragonhide for a living. You can track me down by the markets for a reunion.]



Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezmerelda carefully removes her ring, still holding it.

"Ok, go ahead."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You have to change anyway, because I'm not introducing you like this to my sister"



Birb Marcus: [...]



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...I'll let you be my best man when I marry Joan if you change"



Birb Marcus: [Feh. Gimme two minutes for a cover story]

Joan: "Oh! Are we getting married!?"



Birb Marcus *flies off out a window*



Henry of Willowsbrook: "I'll tell her the whole truth anyway"

Joan: "How wonderful!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry catches him



Birb Marcus: [ACK! RELEASE ME! AAAA]



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Oh god just transform already" Henry sighs holding the him



Marcus Veranius *poofs into existence in Henry's hands*



Henry of Willowsbrook: "You done?"



Marcus Veranius: "This is supposed to be a big secret! I'm gunna get in loads of trouble for this!"



Marcus Veranius frowns



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry winds up for a punch



Marcus Veranius closes his eyes, flinching



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pulls his full weight and power into it but pulls to a stop a hairsbreadth away from Marcus face



Marcus Veranius is shaking furiously in fear



Marcus Veranius opens an eye to peek



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry pokes him in the forehead "Changed my mind" He says sticking out his tongue and grinning wide



Marcus Veranius angry squawks



Marcus Veranius: "No, you punch me right now!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry just laughs "You really don't look like the Hero of Barovia"



Marcus Veranius: "I came here dressed to be punched!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Okay" Henry slaps him with all his might

GM: (rofl)



Marcus Veranius makes a dramatic show of falling to the floor



Marcus Veranius: "Ow! That hurt!"



Ezmerelda Veranius: Ezmerelda puts her ring back on.



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Was supposed to" Henry comments still laughing
Henry holds out a hand



Marcus Veranius takes Henry's hand and hoists himself up, hoping no one remembers his immunity to nonmagic punch damage



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry is still wearing his magic armor



Marcus Veranius: ((OOF))



Henry of Willowsbrook: including gloves

GM: (I'm afraid to say I think Henry may be right lol)



Ezmerelda Veranius: "Honey, your nose is crooked."



Marcus Veranius puts a hand to his beak



Marcus Veranius tiny pained squawks



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Come on my still leagally wife is a cleric, she'll fix that"



Marcus Veranius deadpan stares

Marcus Veranius: "...of Pelor?" He winces



Henry of Willowsbrook: "...ugh Rhiannon?" Henry asks "Whos cleric are you?"

Rhiannon: "I'm a Cleric of Sune," says Rhiannon.

"Hold still, this will only hurt for a moment..."

There is a sharp flash of red light, and Marcus's nose is straight once more.

**Marcus Veranius wipes his forehead in relief**

Ezmerelda Veranius: "That's better," says Ezmerelda.



Marcus Veranius: "Going to be real with you; trying to hide from Pelor and the Raven Queen right now. Hoping that each thinks I went to the other's afterlife and they don't talk often enough to double check."

"Let's keep this meeting our secret.

"



Henry of Willowsbrook: "Now where was I, ah right and then this jackass just jumped out the window without a word! I thought he baileD"



Marcus Veranius: "Not true! I was there the entire time!"

"In a hole."

"Taunting a vampire into thinking I ascended."

"He was so distracted, think he didnt see your left hook coming!"



Henry of Willowsbrook: (Henry is talking about out First encounter in the coffin shop)



Marcus Veranius: "...oh. You mean the coffin shop."

"Yeah, no, your brother's right. I'm a jackass."

**Marcus Veranius smugly grins**

Ezmerelda Veranius: "He's my jackass," says Ezmerelda, protectively.



Rictavio: "Don't worry, Marcus," says Rictavio. "The moment sunlight falls upon you, Pelor will know. I think that he has gotten what he needed, from you. So long as that sword is passed on to a worthy bearer, I think you have nothing to fear from him."



Henry of Willowsbrook: "But in your defense you did have a good plan ypu jst didn't tell us about it" Henry says getting back into sharing his experiences with his Sister and soon to be exwife/sister-in-law



Ezmerelda Veranius: "And won't the Raven Queen know, just by sensing the fact that your Raven soul hasn't returned to her yet?"



Marcus Veranius: "..."



Ezmerelda Veranius: "I mean, hell, I don't know how it works."

"Maybe the Raven Queen doesn't know?"



Marcus Veranius sits down next to his wife, grumping. Spellcasters and divines, and otherworldly forces. THIS IS WHY HE WORKS WITH SHOES!!!



Marcus Veranius: Shoes are simple!



Rictavio: "I think the gods are done with all of us, for a while at least," said Rictavio. "We have each sacrificed, to do what we have done."

"And we have succeeded, against all odds."



Ireena Kolyana: "We're all... Free."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "So," says Ismark, to Kasimir. "Where will you go next?"



Kasimir Velikov: "Wherever you do, of course."



Ismark Kolyanovich: "I knew you were going to say that, but I still wanted to hear it."



Kasimir Velikov: Kasimir smiles to himself.



Rictavio: "I shall set off upon the road once more, I think... Pelor is not quite finished with me."



Marcus Veranius slides a sword handle over to Rictavio



Rictavio: "You can't mean that, man."



Marcus Veranius: "You're a good judge of character. I'm sure you'll find a proper home for this."



Rictavio: "Oh," says Rictavio, who was about to say "I'm not worthy"

"I shall endeavor to give it a good home," he says.



Henry of Willowsbrook: Henry, using his now noble sisters connections; leverages the Baron of Shoenemark into allowing him to found a Knightly Order which he will Grandmaster for a bit until it is established enough to then semi-retire into the "Call me when going gets rough" status. His time is mostly spend fishing and working his private land near the Rose Lake with Joan.



Marcus Veranius: "I'm sure Suldae can tell you a day's worth of stories that start with elders passing down artifacts of power to chosen youths."

"It'd make a good retirement plan."

"Hell, it already worked once before. Heard a story about an old man that passed some chosen youths some tomes of power, and they knocked over some dusty zombie king."



Marcus Veranius smiles. "You've got a track record already."



Rictavio: Rictavio smiles to himself, taking the sunsword reverentially. "Where Pelor wills me, I will take it."

"Then, I think I shall retire... Perhaps to Krezk."