The Meandering Mute

# Info.:

**Name:** Mercy “Mute” Murdock

**Race:** Elf

**Class:** ~~Warlock~~ Monk

**Gimmick**: No tongue, no eyelids (might be a skeleton???)

**Mechanics**: Can only talk to friends with message cantrip.

**Personality**: Blabbermouth.

# Introduction:

A dishevelled man approaches the party. Apart from Sheckel, they all pretend to pay no mind. he smells like he hasn’t had a shower for at least a month.

The man seems to be in pain, then pulls an eye dropper from his breast pocket and squeezes a small amount of water into each eye, visibly relaxing him.

# Scenarios:

## First Words:

“Oh dear [GOD]! I can’t express how relieved I am to be actually TALKING to someone!”

Party, slightly taken aback, “I’m sorry, how are you talking exactly?”

“Yeah, I thought you were a mute!”

“I am my friend! I am using magic!”

“Why’d you not do it before then?”

“Ah, If only it were that simple…. You see, the only way for my magic to work is for me to be friends with them! Convoluted, I know. But that’s just how magic is, I'm afraid. And, to be frank, if magic wasn’t so backwards, It wouldn’t be half as interesting.”

## Prison:

Guard: “Oi! What's wrong with you, ey?”

Mercy: Stares blankly

Sheckel: “Hey, I’m talking to you!”

Sheckel: “Sorry about my friend sir, he’s a mute.”

Guard: “What? Is he one of those zealots that thinks hes so cool ‘cause he ain’t talkin’?”

Sheckel: “No, not at all sir. You see, he’s got no tongue.”

Mercy: *Opens mouth, revealing a stumpy part of flesh.*

Guard: “My god! What happened?”

Sheckel: “Punishment, for something he said. At least, that’s what we gathered.”

Guard: “Thats awfully cruel.”

Sheckel: “I know sir.”

Guard: “And, err, what’s wrong with his eyes?”

Sheckel: “Oh, he just has no eyelids.”

Guard: “OH CHRIST!”

Sheckel: “I know sir, it’s excruciatingly painful.”

Guard: “Is-is there anything you can do?”

Sheckel: “Yes, usually we have an eye dropper for him.”

Guard: “Ah-huh, and where is that now?”

Sheckel: “That was confiscated with the rest of our belongings.”

Guard: “Well this just won’t do! This [ouchie] will go on no longer, not on my watch! Don’t you worry mate, I’ll see what I can do.”

Mercy: Signs something rude

Guard: “What was that?” The guard asks Shekel.

Sheckel: “He says… thank you.”

Guard: “No problems!” He leaves the room, muttering about what it would be like without a tongue.

Mercy: “That was some quick thinking”

Sheckel: “Anything for a friend, Mercy.”

Mercy: “Mercy.”

Sheckel: “I hate you”

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