

Episode 2

Zar told them of his life, how he came to Kriios in search of an anchor, and found that anchor in his Goddess Kriialla, he decided to dedicate his life to her, and while he meditated, waiting for instructions, she granted him the gift of sentinel, he would never age while in stasis.

Two months ago, he was awoken from his stasis, Kriialla told him of a being named Garthax, who would bring about the end times by reviving Harbinger, who she had sealed away hundreds of years ago.

Zar told them how he was tracking Garthax, and this was the closest he had been to him since he started. And is determined to find out where he went next, but for now he needs support, and he needs to find worthy adventurers willing to aid him.

Raksha, Valkar and Kolsal all looked at each other, as they were considering joining. Raksha for the interest of the story and the excitement it could bring, Kolsal for the gold, and Valkar for how own personal reasons.

Enthusiastically Zar agreed. And set out for Glaria, the town they were all in, as he searched for an inn to rest his weary soul in a bed, instead of a rock. However Zar was faced with a challenge, one he didn't even know existed.

Due to a large influx in Dragon attacks on the continent, people were left with a sour taste when it came to the dragonborns. Seen as the “Effect of monsters” and “death bringers” people harboured resentment for these folk. Most have let go to the ludicrous idea that dragonborns are in any way responsible for the attacks, but there are few who cling to the stereotype, looking for someone to blame for the loss of life.

Immediately upon approaching the gate, he was accosted by a guard, and several individuals as he searched for an inn, this was the first time zar had seen such unkind hospitality, before Zar pulled up a hood, hiding his scaled figure, they ducked into an inn known for weary travelers, and not much else, it was the same inn the three of them had met, its name: *The Sleeping Kriian*.

Inside, the floor wood floor had come up in places, there were beer stains covering the

stage and the bartender was unstoppably busy, charging a mere copper per 2 beer.

As the 4 of them made their way across the sticky floor, each of them sat at the bar and ordered a beer.

Zar asked the Bartender if anything strange has been going on in the area, as he realized the four of them just arrived in Glaria that day,

“Well,” the bartender huddled closer to the counter “I’d recommend not goin out at night, see.”

“Any reason why?” Raksha asked.

“Just dont, yeah?”

That was the last of it, as the busy bartender moved to the side and began helping others.

As the party drank, it was early evening, when the bartender made an announcement

“Listen up Fockers, you dont have much time to get home, you know the deal, anyone inside after lockup pays for a room, if there arent any left, you get the table. Yeah?”

The party paid no mind to the announcement and finished their drinks right as another announcement was made, roughly an hour later when the sun had begun to set.

“Shit” the bartender muddled under his breath as he hopped the counter and lowered iron sheets across the window, and placing a large log in front of the door.

“Aight! Lockups been done, meet me at the counter for a room, 5 silver a night. Dont like it? Take the stage” he said returning to his station behind the bar as people began to crowd for rooms.

Confused, the party purchased rooms and retired for the night. Inside the rooms, there was barely enough space to move, a small dresser with a key on top, and a bed to sleep in.

Throughout the night, the party began to hear screams, crying and monstrous chittering. Upon waking up, they walked out to the main lobby to see the windows un sheeted, and the door wide open. Outside, the gravel road had run red.

Arms, legs, heads. Dismembered children and a couple, slashed to death were in the streets holding each other on the ground.

“Kriiallabov” Valkar muddled under his breath.

“Any able bodied men! Drag the pieces to the allies! We, the guards will help dispose of them!” a few Bounty hunter guards called out, before dragging corpses across the streets and into neighboring alleyways. The party looked into one, and could see already a mound of bodies accumulating, before they themselves began to assist with cleanup. By mid afternoon, carts of bodies had been run to the church, where they were being buried in mass graves, and “sifters” got to work sifting the gravel, sending the blood stained bits to the bottom.

“What happened here?” Zar asked, to which the rest of them just shrugged, not 25 feet from them, a lone boy was crying. Asking where his parents were, the party set out looking for a description of the parents, and went to the local church, fearing the worst. Upon entering, they saw the Krii Allan priest, Nelan, digging a pit, as carts were being dragged in and dumped.

“Excuse me, but have you seen a couple, one of them, brunette, tall and thin, pale skin and a Balion man, with a clean shave?” Valkar asked. To which Nelan only pointed behind him, where the party could see two figures matching the description.

“Eum, not exactly sure how tall she was. But her legs are in a different pile if you want to make arrangements.”

The Party, defeated. Travelled back towards the house they had seen the boy at before. Cursing the streets. Cursing the monsters.

They vowed to end this curse.