



Episode Muscovar

- Madness in



The recording is [HERE!](#)

Company Treasury:

- , gold
- one healing potion
- potion of gaseous form
- Eldrin - Chantry Lantern (no holy water though), Bramble Shield, Amulet of the Drunkard
- Rok - Sword of Blind Faith, Masque Charm
- Spectre - Dust of disappearance, chains of returning (no link yet), Charlatan's Die
- Grim - OG Gambit Splint Armor, Potion of the Tragic Hero, Wind Fan
- Bo - Bumper Bangle, Emerald Pen
- Trigger - Robe of Useful Items, Timekeepers Monocle
- Foliage Seed
- Wand of Limited Magic Detection
- Three Barking Stones
- Potion of Aqueous Form
- Two Keycoins
- Locklinks
- Scroll of Wristpocket

Neighborhoods of Muscovar:

- Quayside
 - Stone Gate
 - Gold Gate
 - Hounds
 - Hall Hill - ritzy
 - Easelton - arts
 - The Flops
 - Acres - outside golden gate
-



Musovar is the busiest of the 'Big' cities

Busy busy city. Lots of trade.

"Fantasy London"

Stone gate (east)

Gold gate (west)

We will pass through stone gate (coming in from north)

Looking into a crowd

Huge oak tree - Eldrin becomes a plant with a Christopher Walken accent

Heavy traffic into-out of Muscovar

Tree says people are scared of the King (in Yellow)

Metagame: Some strange floral porn discourse is taking place

At the gate, there is a line and characters are being questioned

Valiant staring at person in charge; Old half orc who looks like John Cleese; this is Cadbury; they know each other, clearly old friends

Cadbury has an avuncular gaze

Re the opera; it premiered last night;

Kazmir is spymaster of Muscovar; we're going to see him and see what we can find about the crisis at the opera

Bo taking a key out over and over again

Keyside arms - cheap; Gilded lilly - fancy

Bo has a key he's never had before

This is the beginning of Bo's dream from episode

Bo's Dream

Bo Dream:

- You're walking along a busy street in a city. It's night. You're in a hurry, but there are many other pedestrians about who slow your progress. Also, despite your haste, every twenty yards or so you feel compelled to stop and check that you have your key with you. You pull it out of an inside pocket of your jacket - it is a large corroded old-fashioned key on a very long loop of string.
- Then, as you take it out one more time, instead of the key you're looking at a small human-like figure, a fetish, lying there in your hand. It's grotesque, and now there's something else - a sweet, fetid smell on the air, like rotting fruit.
- You look up, disturbed, and the city is gone to be replaced by a flat landscape punctuated by mounds and hills and a few stunted trees. You stand with the other pedestrians. There's a pressure building as though a storm is in the air. You sense water nearby and the wind blows the smell to you. It's still dark but you can just make out and count seven shapes, standing stones, placed around you.
- The quality of the air changes, then the ground shifts beneath you. Your heart feels too big for your chest. Something is coming. There

are cut-off screams and the people near you wink out like stars, one after another.

- You are alone, looking for the thing. You sense it at the last moment as it reaches out for you, takes you and lifts you up, lying there tiny under its inspection. You can't help but look up into its eyes...

Inspecting the key; it's very large

Walk

Hall Hill

Guards

We come across Kazimir Kulyk

We all hop in and on his carriage.

Horse + Carriage (Muscovar Uber)

He tells us in confidence: The survivor is Chancellor Purpose

We go to see Purpose; under Combine's protection

...

My nerves are bad tonight. Stay with me? Speak to me. Why do you never speak.
Speak!

What are you thinking of, what thinking. I never know what you're thinking.

I think we are in the rats alley, where the dead men left their bones.

What is the wind doing?

Nothing? Do you know/see/remember nothing?

I remember. Those are pearls which were his eyes. Was there nothing in YOUR (Bo) head.

... calms down.....

Focus: star fragments

Kazimir denies something landed in the city

We go to the Opera.

Nebula Hall - most important cultural institution in Muscovar

Street is cordoned off

Marquee Sign: "The King in Yellow"

Bertrain - Barber of Baku

Many dead people; trampled

Tok into the room with dead folks; constable was being eaten

"Have you seen the yellow sign?"

Trigger's Dream

Trigger Dream:

- Faces look up expectant. You sit with the others, your violin pinched between chin and shoulder, your left hand on the strings. The music starts up and the orchestra crashes into its brief life. But are you the only one playing a role? Isn't the audience applauding and calling out in the wrong places? And the other musicians - they're competing, sounding their instruments randomly.
- The conductor points at you. You glance at your music and there is a sign, the sign - it writhes and squirms and seems ready to reach out for you. You must assuage it. Hastily, you start to play to its rhythm, build the sound yourself note by note.
- You're exultant. You work furiously, crouched forward, balanced on the edge of your chair, and as you do you glimpse the other members of the orchestra around you, and they're no longer human.

Creatures thin and strong with wings and long heads, rows of long teeth.

- Your instrument is gone. You're sitting on the edge of a round hole - you can't see the bottom - and there are things falling down into it. One by one the creatures, your neighbors, are diving in - they spread their wings out, they grow, and glide down. There's the conductor, his tattered yellow robes drifting in a wind that isn't there. He turns and points to you, and without thought you jump - down, down. You count the seconds you have left, and you're aware that this is the only act that has ever mattered in your life.

The thing in the pit

Sneaking down Aisle

Tuxedos and gowns find their places
But the program gives no warning
The lights dim and the play begins
The violet of morning
In Carcosa

The sun bleeds in the East
The Hyades sing their dying throes
The stars rise to claim their prize
The Queen's song still echoes
In Carcosa

Songs of sorrow songs of pain
Masked and disguised
All hope has fled the Queen in Red
Her fate is crystallized
In Carcosa

The Queen grows weary of wordy games
Her daughter dances delusioned
Her sons sing her song but her heart belongs

To mists and illusions

In Carcosa

The audience shifts uncertain

What is rhyme and what is reason

Uneasy in their seats but the play is not complete

They begin to suspect treason

In Carcosa

At midnight a Stranger calls

The Queen is unsurprised

O King In Tatters the clock is shattered

He turns to us with his awful eyes

Big fight. We win against scissor insect mushroom head. But the king in yuellow comes out.

Remember that Bo Eldrin and someone has a "ONE" which brian will tell us about

There is also a giant snake

Eldren etc