



# Episode - Heist Planning & Other

## Company Treasury:

- zero gold, you maniacs spent it all
- 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

## The Casino Job will be split into THREE phases:

- . Planning from afar (talking to Ira and Athlonia, spy check, talking to Daria, other?)
- . Onsite Planning (casing the casino after you arrive for the tournament)
- . The Heist itself

## **Master Question & Planning List:**

- Who is security? What do we know about it? How do they hire?
  - **DM comment:**The Collectors handle security, as far as you know currently. They're muscle, but not dumb or greedy. The Collectors work for the Bank. You don't know if the Casino hires other outside help.
- Who is running waitstaff and entertainment?
- Why should we trust Ira & Athlonia? Any background check on them?

Spy roll versus Riga -

Spy roll versus Casino -

Quartermaster's roll -

## **Poem that Martin Wrote**

Along the shore the cloud waves break,  
The twin suns sink behind the lake,  
The shadows lengthen  
In Carcosa.

Strange is the night where black stars rise,  
And strange moons circle through the skies  
But stranger still is  
Lost Carcosa.

Songs that the Hyades shall sing,  
Where flap the tatters of the King,  
Must die unheard in  
Dim Carcosa.

Song of my soul, my voice is dead;  
Die thou, unsung, as tears unshed  
Shall dry and die in  
Lost Carcosa.

### 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.

### Spectre Dream:

- You stand before a grand canvas, the white expanse daunting in its purity. As your brush touches the fabric, colors burst forth, swirling in patterns that echo the cacophony of your inner turmoil. The painting takes on a life of its own,

forming landscapes of despair, figures twisted by madness, cities that crumble into dust.

- You are not creating but merely channeling the excess of emotions that the universe pours into you, and you feel your sanity waver under the onslaught of raw, unfiltered artistry.
- In the midst of your frenzied painting, you feel a tug, an irresistible force drawing you into the art itself. With a sudden shock, you realize you've become one with the chaotic scene on the canvas.
- You're no longer the artist; instead, you've become a character in your own nightmare creation, trapped in a world of madness and despair. The painting remains on the easel, now an ordinary piece of art to all the observers you watch walk by and admire it.
- While you are left to live and relive the terrifying scenes you've brought to life.

#### Rok Dream:

- It's cold outside and your bedroom window stands wide open. The curtains sigh into the room. You watch yourself sleeping, wrapping the sheets more tightly around your shoulders, and you see they're ripped, shredded, yellowed with age. You rise from bed and stumble out of the room. Along unfamiliar corridors and across large chambers, you see marble, carpet, glass, velvet, brick, porcelain, oil, gold, wood.
- One of you is muttering "It's all a distraction, all a distraction." There's a mask on the wall and you take it up, put it on. You see a sword and pick it up. The robe of tattered yellow cotton fans out behind you, lending you a dignity commensurate with your task.
- And then you see someone in a side corridor watching you. Your doppelganger, eager and worried. Suddenly furious you hurry over, gripping the sword tightly. "You think you can stand in judgment over me? You think this has nothing to do with you!?" You wonder just what you're capable of. "It is my crown! Mine!"
- You whirl forward, the weapon singing. Attack and defense are contrived and awkward. But blood blooms thickly on your arm - you're shocked - and you hold the wound and watch your double raise the sword again. And you both look so afraid.

### Grim Dream:

- You sit at the bow of the boat. It's a bright little vessel of polished wood with a white sail, and it moves gently across the lake. You look down into the water where your trailing hand disturbs the surface; it's thick and gray. Is that movement?
- You pull up your hand and a mottled shape balloons past you not far below, then another - huge marine creatures. Up ahead the water slaps. One of the things clears the surface for a moment then dives. You see it still. It's coming right at you - bigger and bigger - and it rears out of the water fully now, looming above the boat like a cliff.
- You won't wait for this to happen. You stand and step off into the water. Falling. Falling. Eyes closed.
- The water becomes mist. It clears and a landscape stretches out around you, stone and heathland, and then a walled cemetery. Stepping through the gates the mossy graves fan out all around. You walk on and on, tombstones everywhere, thousands, no, millions. Finally you come to a spot you seem to know. You read some of the names here and they're all familiar to you, your family and friends, everyone living and dead is here. And the dates on the graves are all within a few years of today.
- Your own grave is cracked. It's a plain tablet without even your name but you know it. You feel half a memory of how it was before you were in that boat, before the King came. But everyone's here now. For this is Carcosa.

### Eldrin Dream:

- You stand among finely dressed people, talking and laughing. Your surroundings are beautiful, music plays, and your eyes land on a particularly lovely woman in white lace and muslin. One by one men approach her but after a brief moment each quickly slips away, and you notice they look panicked and lost.
- When the last has gone she raises her fan to her face and turns toward you. You walk over then your fingers are against the small of her back, guiding her in the dance. Her perfume fills the room, and now the two of her are alone in a gallery of glass doors. You realize you've not yet seen her face and suddenly

you're afraid. A chill comes off her and you shut your eyes tight. You feel her hand on your face, cold and questing.

- Something brushes your eyelids. You open them and look out and see darkness without end. Deeper than the black ocean, you're submerged in its waters, pushed down upon and falling upwards at the same time. You're dying slowly, still holding tight, falling up into the stars that are her face. Even as the pain and terror overwhelm you, you know there should be no other end. This is her right.

#### 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...