Summary 4-17-17

***Previously…***

*The combat with the witches is grueling…The three witches reveal themselves for what they truly are: hags…Kyrat and Ander attempt to question the young girl, but she only responds to yes or no questions…Ander knows, though, that hags kidnap babies and eat them, giving birth to a horrible copy…Dr. Moe stumbles upon a unique artifact… a statuette of a stone monkey…Its eyes are two large rubies, …he is overtaken by a hypnotic effect. The rubies orbit his head. The group splits up…Moog goes to* ***Kramlik of the Craftsman’s Guild****, Ander and Raime visit to* ***Lady Bynnoa of the Merchant’s Guild****, and Kyrat goes to* ***Brognon of the City Guard****.*

*The wizard slinks through the bobbing streets of Riverdeep…The Craftsman’s Guildhouse. He enters and meets with Kramlik…completely enveloped in some baggy leather bodysuit, his eyes covered in glass goggles and his mouth covered by a complicated respirator…the wizard shifts his appearance…that only draws hostility from the guards. He is taken and thrown in the guildhouse dungeon…*

*The Merchant’s Guildhouse is lavish and massive. The dreamy elf girl, who introduces herself as* ***Lae Duff****, leads the pair to Lady Bynnoa…The walls are completely covered in art, and Lady Bynnoa herself sits at the head of the table…*

*“...the last River King of Riverdeep…went mad…he ordered the city burned and the castle destroyed. His guards obeyed like they were born to do nothing else, and the castle was forever lost beneath the mud of the swamp. It was said that the king died, still in his throne with the…crown still on his head.”*

*Upon expressing interest in the deal, the orc leads Kyrat to the mansion of* ***Earl Veragul Pearly****.*

*Veragul Pearly looks pale and sickly, barely able to stand on his own, and he explains the situation in a feeble, wavering voice:*

*“The Balogogi orcs that…are amassing in numbers unseen for hundreds of years… these are hardened orcs from the far north, grizzled and harsh. Thousands of these orcs are setting up camp on the shores…reports from scouts say that the orcs are gearing for an attack on Riverdeep…last time the Balogogi moved east, [they were] stopped only by the Lord’s forces from Riverlock in the north.”*

*Earl Veragul Pearly is counting on harnessing the mystical powers of the lost crown of the River King to defend the realm from incursion.*

Theon, Fiora, Kyrat.

Theon, Fiora, and Kyrat had a special mission on their hands—the rescue of Moog from the dungeon of **Kramlik**. The plan was simple: walk in to the Craftsman’s Guildhouse and offer a ransom—buy Moog his freedom. “I really think we should just keep this peaceful,” says Kyrat as the trio planned their meeting with Kramlik. If only they could foresee what was to come…

The group wended their way through the streets and canals of Riverdeep towards the Craftsman’s Guildhouse. Fiora was trailed by a smooth black jaguar named Flame, and behind Theon padded a young direwolf pup named Frostbite. They came upon the large, plain building before long. Bells were ringing from the back as small ships unloaded raw materials onto the building’s own dock, and muffled voices echoed over the water. The three decided to suit up in their armor and carry their weapons—just to add a bit of an intimidation factor. A guard opened the door at their approach: “What business do you have here?” He began confidently, but as he saw the group outside the doors he began to get nervous, stuttering. “Do-do you have business with K-Kramlik?”

Each quickly explained that they were acquaintances of the wizard who came here the previous day, and they were wondering where to find him. They wanted to see Kramlik. The guard showed them in, but explained that they needed to leave their weapons with him—and that the animals should stay outside. Fiora gives her pack and weapons to Flame, tying the backpack around the jaguar. Theon stuffed Frostbite into his coat, concealing the pup. Kyrat reluctantly handed over Flametongue to the young guard. They were led through the building.

The halls were bare wood, but the building was lively. Businessmen, guards, and administrators walked the halls and sat at tables, talking and jesting loudly. Up the stairs was a small, open waiting area outside of a large office—Kramlik’s office. The guard opened the door, beckoned them in, and closed the door behind him. The room was a mess—a personal workshop for an ingenious engineer. Gears were strewn about the shelves, bronze tools and artifacts lay on tables, and large pieces of machinery sat in corners. One corner held what looked to be a clockwork humanoid, its bronze body sleek and shimmering. In the room were Kramlik and his personal guard. Kramlik sat at his desk, and when the group entered he slid what he was tinkering with under a pile of papers. “What…do you need?” Kramlik sighed through his respirator. The leather-suited dwarf was stocky and muscled.

The trio explained their purpose and their relationship to Moog the wizard. Throughout the explanation, Kramlik sat, breathing heavily. His eyes narrowed under his glass goggles. “You are…a friend to this wizard? He…attempted to swindle me. I do not…appreciate his dishonorable ways. In addition, …he seemed to know more about this situation…than I would like. He is here…held up in my tower. My men…questioned him nicely. He is fine.”

Fiora demanded to see him, and that he be released. They promised to pay whatever price be necessary for his freedom. “Well,” Kramlik started, “I will release him if you contract yourselves…to me. Work with my men…and no one else. Not the Earl, not the Merchants. Me. You…will find what I am looking for…and you shall bring it here. You say you…know of the ruins? You will lead ten…of my men to them. Then I will release your wizard.”

The bartering continued, but Kramlik was stubborn. Eventually, they convinced him to show them Moog. He and his guard led them up the tower stairs off his office, and they came to the top of the tower. The room was dark with no windows. The air was heavy and dark. The room was divided into prison cells, holding Moog and one other, a venerable elf. Both looked beaten and bloody. Fiora immediately went to the bars and began to heal Moog, but Kramlik’s guard shoved her away, breaking her concentration on the spell. “He is not in your possession…yet; and I say…he is not to be healed,” Kramlik growls.

This is where it went downhill. Fiora had a grudge—no one shoves a ranger. They negotiated the release of Moog and the old elf, but they were forced into a contract to help Kramlik and his men. This would not stand with the four adventurers (Moog now freed). They were led down to his office, and as Theon made one last statement against helping Kramlik, the tension snapped. Fiora whistled for Flame, her jaguar, as Kramlik’s guard raised his sword to attack. Kyrat, weaponless, lunged at the guard to grab his weapon. Just as Kramlik was fiddling with some contraption on his desk, Fiora threw a dagger that dug itself into the dwarf’s back. Kramlik screamed in pain, his respirator turning the howl into a horrible whirring sound. Theon cast a spell, filling the room with a thick fog—no one could see what was happening.

A ball of acid sprayed from Moog’s hands. Theon kicked the guard’s sword from his hand and dashed towards Kramlik. The fog swirled! Kyrat tacked the guard to the ground, wrestling with him—rolling, clawing, punching, biting. Fiora got to Flame and grabbed her weapons—but as she reentered the office the building was pierced by another whirring howl—Kramlik grasped the stump of his wrist, his hand severed by Theon’s blade. It was time to go. Moog cast an enchanting spell on Kramlik, causing him to laugh uncontrollably, unable to call for help or stop laughing. Kyrat dug his thumbs into the eye sockets of the guard as he screamed. Theon hurriedly swept Kramlik’s desk for papers and artifacts, taking a small bronze ball contraption and some schematics.

Before any help could arrive, Kyrat, Moog, Theon, Fiora, Flame, Frostbite, and the old elf were gone out a window, running towards the inn. Moog was free, but they had made a powerful enemy.

What next? What can the old man tell them?