

## Chapter 017 – Are We All Seeing This?

12 Calistril 4708  
Korvosa, Varisia

### Scene #1 – Korvosa – Into the City (West Dock pt.1)

*Coming onto the southern half of Harborview Boulevard, the group quickly came into contact with a group of doomsayers, speaking of the end of days and the coming of a reckoning that would destroy them all. "The Eye of Groetus has turned from the Boneyard to look upon Korvosa!" one particularly wild-eyed doomsayer chanted repeatedly into the night air. Catching sight of the party, he rushed up to them while he waved his hands and screamed, "I have seen you in a dream! Walking among the sick, dead and dying during Korvosa's darkest hour! You are the harbingers of Groetus! The harbingers of the End Times! The harbingers of death itself!!!"...*

Brack gives a loud huff at the claims made by the approaching doomsayer. He brings his hand up and begins to wave it in dismissal, **"Afraid yeh calculations are a bit off and yeh got t'wrong group 'ere. It just so 'appens we 'ave one of Pharasma's clergy 'ere now, and 'e was saying just last night that t'eye 'asn't moved an inch."**

Brack shifts his head to look towards Mazour such that his hood conceals the slight wink he throws from the sight of the doomsayer.

**"Ain't that right priest?"**

The priest stopped in his tracks for a moment and blinked in the dwarf's direction as if truly noticing him and the party for the first time before his eyes settled on Mazour. **"But that was last night priest! What about now!?! The eye of the Great Harbinger must be on us now with the King's death!!!"** The crowd around the doomsayer all turned to elf expectantly, waiting for a reply.

Up close, the wild-haired Doomsayer looked rather more destitute and sick-looking than the party might've first thought.

**"I'm not loving being the center of attention... or this raver. We should make an exit before this escalates..."** Redii whispered to the others.

**"Honestly good sir, you are mistaken."** Mazour steps forward and raises the spiraling holy symbol of Pharasma. His posture was ramrod straight, his smile was calm and benevolent while his voice was low and steady. **"I am a cleric of Pharasma, Lady of Graves. I can assure you that the eye is not turned here. I know the King's death is momentous, but the Eye is too busy trying to peep on the Lady of Graves to look here."**

As the doomsayer approached, Mazour could see his sickly skin and the poor state of his clothes. Using his knowledge of medicine, he looks to see if he can identify the malady of the man before him. **"As the Lady's cleric, I do walk among the sick, dead and dying. To offer comfort and aid. Allow me to aid you."**

The Doomsayer looked at Mazour for an awkwardly long amount of time before saying, **"You must be right... it is not Groetus' eye upon us. It must be the work of another... Urgathoa or Rovagugg... Yes, it must be Rovagugg whose presence I feel..."** Without missing a beat, he turned back to the crowd and began chanting, **"Pray for salvation from the Unmaker's wrath!! Pray for salvation in Korvosa's darkest hour. Pray that my dreams of the nightmare to come do not come true!!!"** Part of the crowd took up the new chant, but more than a few mumbled to themselves or their neighbors and gave the doomsayer skeptical looks before dispersing to a different part of the city.

"Nicely done," Redii commented once the doomsayer moved off and forgot the group completely. She released her hand from one of her Sai hidden within her jacket, not that she thought that the man could truly harm her in any way, but better to be overly cautious than not with the state of things. "Now, shall we head off before the crowd remembers we're here?"

Hutton's balled-up fist unclenched from his side as a snort of derision escaped him.

"Right. Thanks for that," he offers to Mazour. "Wasn't looking forward to bodily removing him from our path. The crazies can be crazy after we've gotten the children to safety."

He nods to Redii and resumes his quickened-yet-still-lumbering gate toward Zellara's house.

Following the others to Zellara's house he placed a hand on Brak's shoulder, "That, was a grand idea Brak. Nice play."

Brack gave a slight grin as he remarked, "Thank yeh. Always found t'religious types to be t'most gullible." He stops for a moment, realizing the obvious gaff he made, then continues, "No offense Priest."

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## Scene #2 – Korvosa – Into the City (A return to Zellara's)

Continuing on, it wasn't long before the party came across the intersection where Zellara's house resided - or rather, where she used to reside. Despite the fact that the group was only there hours ago, looking at the very same house now, it was clear from the exterior that the house had been abandoned for quite some time.

"Tippy..." Redii said more to herself than to the rest of the group. Stepping up to one of the windows, half-fallen shades greeted her that partially obscured the dark interior of the house. "It's hard to see much inside..." Redii commented. "Clearly something strange is happening though. Want to check out inside or leave it be? And before you say anything, she's dead - I think - so it wouldn't be a break-in or anything. That being said..." she added before pausing and looking around to see how many people were around (or paying attention), "...we should probably be a bit discreet. Don't want to be accused of looting by the wrong crowd..."

Simultaneously, while Redii was talking, Mazour began to feel a strange tingling sensation urging him gently to enter the home...

Mazour opened his mouth to press them on into the house when he saw it. The faint glow tucked away in his robes, the Harrow deck. "We need to get in there," he said with more firmness than he ever used before. Slipping the deck out and holding it in his palm to show the others he glanced from it to the door. "A bit late for indiscretion at this point," he motions to the whole group of them, including the children. He shrugs at Redii. "No point... lingering... then."

Stepping forward Mazour reached out opening the door and peering in.

Mazour found the door to the house unlocked and entered the darkened interior. Almost no sign of the warm home the group had experienced previously was there besides the table where the party had first met. There was no food, wall hangings or rugs to be found and whatever furniture used to be in the space lay scattered across the home in pieces. A thick layer of dust covered the entirety of the place, with the only sign of recent activity being a series of recent footprints...

As the group took in the scene the light from the Harrow Deck suddenly grew from dim to blinding in a flash. When the light faded, the party found themselves back in the home they had originally entered - stale bread and all - with Zellara there as well, though "slightly" different than before. Instead of sitting in her chair at the table, she floated above the Harrow Deck as a spectral entity, vaguely similar in

appearance to how the group first saw her, though in different clothing and perhaps with less worry across her face. One of the children whispered in fear, and the oldest tugged at Hutton's sleeve and said quietly, **"What's happening...?"** Anyone near Redii heard her mumble **"Tippy..."** to herself.

Zellara looked down at the assembled group for a moment, examining each person in kind, before a smile spread across her face. **"You've done a great service to the city of Korvorsa... and for my son. And for that, I thank you."**



Seeing the ghost of Zellara floating about, Brack blinked twice then reached for his pack. His eyes did not stray at all from the strange sight, and once he retrieved the Bottle of Boundless Coffee. Giving the bottle a quick shake, eyes still on Zellara, he opens the lid and takes a swig then replaced the cap.

The ghost remained as Brack finished gulping down the coffee. **"Guess that we all are seeing this, eh?"**

**"Oh... yes... we certainly are all seeing this."**

**"Right,"** he manages hoarsely before clearing his throat. **"How's great and all, but we really need to see to these kids. Any of this ghostly food good for half-starved urchins?"**

Hutton glances down at the child tugging at his sleeve. He puts one huge hand on their tiny shoulder, as comfortingly as he can manage, and takes a small step between them and the ghost.

He glances down at the upturned eyes and then back to Zellara's ghost. **"Thank you for the information and whatnot you provided to get us all on the same page and pointed in the right direction. I hate to be the 'Gloomy Gus' here, but the city's quite literally on fire and we need to make sure these kids are safe before seeing to our own holdings and fellows. Any chance this magic of yours can both feed and protect or do we need to keep moving?"**

Zellara turned towards Hutton and looked at him for a moment before speaking, her voice similar if slightly more detached than when you first met her, **"Unfortunately, that appears to have been something I was only able to accomplish once. You will find most of my former home to be nothing but an illusion now."** She paused as she looked off into the distance, tilting her head slightly at the same time. **"Regarding food and shelter for the children... I think it would be best if you returned to your home. You should find what you need there. Though I recommend haste..."**

Mazour stepped into the building, motioning for the others to come into the room. **"We followed our hearts, and you Zellara. Justice has been served, for all of them. Us, our friends, loved ones, your son. And these children here. I have to say that this..."** He motions his hand with the harrow deck around the room before continuing, **"...is very impressive. But, I have to ask... how did you do it?"**

Turning to Mazour, she similarly stared at the elf before continuing. **"As for your question of how. I do not quite know myself. I suspect, my anguish and despair as I died, mixed with a need for justice kept my spirit latched to this realm; attaching to the one item I was most attuned to in this world - my Harrow Deck. At first, my purpose was singular: to find and aid those who could end Gaedren's evil once and for all. But yet, with his passing, I am still here. And still connected to the ones I had searched for..."** She paused to sweep her ghostly gaze upon the rest of the party, seeing - yet unseeing eyes - seemingly penetrating to the core of each person. **"I cannot explain it, but I know that there is more required of me here before I can be reunited with Eran. A cannot affect the world any longer - I sense that ability has left me - but I feel a connection to the Weave of Time and the Song that connects every being in the Cosmos. It may not be much, but I will assist you all when I can."**

There was a slight hitch before Zellara's ghostly body restarted, her voice growing louder and her body glowing brighter with each word as her voice took on a chant-like state. **"FATE, has called upon YOU four and your DESTINIES are intertwined. The tendrils of your actions will reverberate far and wide, YOU, the SOURCE that will send ripples across the world as a stone in a pond. But EYES will be upon you. SOME, that will seek to aid. OTHERS that will despise you; fear you; wish for your destruction! BE STRONG! For the potential for GREATNESS and the SALVATION of us all is within you!!"**

A chill swept through each of the party as the words reverberated in your heads. The glow from Zellara's body quickly faded and she seemingly blinked as if in confusion for a moment. **"...but I will assist you all when I can..."**

**"Oh."** Mazour raised an eyebrow questioningly, looking over to the others as Zellara made her... Proclamation? Prophecy? Declaration of insanity? He wasn't quite sure which, but it did not matter.

Brack downs the contents of his bottle unflinchingly as Zellara makes her proclamation. He takes out his small notepad and jots down some information as the Maz and the others converse with the spirit.

**"Oh so many questions right now, however we have no time. Can we speak with you again? Through your Harrow deck? We have to take the children somewhere... more well kept,"** he said as he glanced around the room and its occupants. Looking back to Zellara, Mazour shrugged.

**"I am not sure..."** She began as her form slowly became more and more transparent. **"But any help I can give, I will..."**

**"What is this fate you speak of? Where would we even begin? What can I do to help?"**

Heading the ghost's warning about her time left on this plane, Brack politely waits for Mazour to finish before clearing his throat and asking his questions, **"Ma'am, yeh gave us a riddle in yeh 'arrowing, wrapped it in t'mystery of what yeh just described, and are leaving us with an enigma for what we can expect next. if yeh got any details from t'reading yeh were withholding or,"** he pauses, checking himself for what he's about to ask, **"...newfound insights yeh got from beyond t'grave yeh wish to share, then would yeh kindly do so?"**

**"Fate? I know not what the Lady of the Graves has in store for you..."** Zellara began as she continued to fade, the reality of the abandoned home returning into view as well. Strange as it may be, hearing her speak, the party all had the sense that she had no recollection of the reading she had just

shared. **"...but should I glean anything of whatever events are to come, I will find a way to share that with you all."**

She paused one last time to look over the party. **"It appears my time here is at an end. Take care, and take my Harrow Deck with you. I look forward to discovering with you what comes next..."** And with that last word, Zellara completely faded from view.

Redii - who had a very concerned look on her face - seemed to be in her own head and only stirred at the mention of the children. There was a momentary silence before Redii cleared her throat, suddenly full of energy. **"Well, that was wild right!?"** She began as she scratched at one of forearms. **"Heh, well, that was quite a lot to think on - which I think we can do after we find somewhere to lay low. Going to my place in North Point seems like a bad idea, but you all live relatively close by. So where to?"**

Brack gave a slight shudder say Redii's suggestion, **"East Shore would likely be t'safest and could work something out for yeh all to stay at my uncle's. It'd be tight but out of the main city. Best we take a boat or skiff across t'river though, wouldn't want to get stuck in a bottleneck on the bridge, eh?"**

**"I'll offer the Temple. It will be safe, there's plenty of room, plus food and drink, beds, it's quiet as a tomb,"** Mazour paused to raise an eyebrow before continuing, **"plus there is a library if we need it. East Shore's not a bad place to be, but we're closer and there's no river to cross"**

**"Then it's settled, let's head to the Gray!"** Redii commented, quickly jumping onto the suggestion. Standing up and beginning to make her way to the door, she turned to the group and asked, **"Is everyone ready to go?"** The children who were as pale as ghosts quickly shuffled behind Redii at the door, equally ready to leave the remains of Zellara's home.

Brack gives a short, respectful huff, **"Thank yeh Priest. Ready on this end Miss Rabbit, wouldn't want to keep yeh waiting."** His tone sounded slightly relieved at the prospect of heading out to the temple. The dwarf straightened out the hood on his cloak and checked his belongings for the trek.

**"Hrm,"** Hutton simply murmurs as he chews the inside of one cheek, apparently deep in thought.

He turns to follow the group out the door, doing a quick headcount to make sure none of the children get left behind.

Falling into step with Mazour, the big man quietly comments, **"I take it you're not all that well versed with ghosts and specters, etc."** as if it were a question. **"Think there's any chance all of that was some kind of elaborate hoax?"**

**"I've seen a few. But they don't normally do..."** Mazour gestured wildly with his hand back toward the house, **"...that."** The elf fell in line with Hutton, watching him play mother hen with the children. **"No. That was no hoax. Well, some of it could be faked easily enough with magic. But I'm not so sure it would be as easy to affect me. I was... drawn... to Zellara's house. When we got to her door, I had this... urge... to enter. I have a theory it's tied to the Harrow deck. But, I don't think it was a hoax. It makes too much sense that she lingers to finish something. And why pull a hoax on us? We just need to figure out what's going on."**

He sighed and looked around with a casual boredom that scarcely covered his nervousness. Eyes constantly circling back to the children, he felt exposed as they moved through the streets. **Pah! Now I'm as bad as Hutton!** Chuckling to himself, he followed along with the others.

The next portion of the party's journey south went without too many issues. Occasionally, the group would have to detour when a crowd appeared around the bend – mainly commoners with makeshift wooden clubs and torches – either chanting, milling about or occasionally roving ominously looking for a fight. Patrols of the Korvorsan Guard were sparse, but members of the Sable Company were routinely seen overhead. The rare Hellknight strike force occasionally barged past the group as well in their intimidating armor to somewhere supposedly more important – well at least based on the curses they shouted out at any who got in their way.

As one group of Hellknights charged by, a man in the crowd shouted **“Look at them! The Hellknights of the Nail are giving up on Korvosa and are making plans to leave the city!”** The soldiers managed to find time from their important business to properly explain to them how dangerous it was to spread an unfounded rumor. The party didn't stick around to watch, but the man's scream could be heard from at least a couple blocks away.

Other rumors, stories and conjectures did swirl around the party though as they made their way through the city. Some were old hat like: **“No Korvosan monarch has ever died of old age. No Korvosan monarch has ever produced an heir after being crowned. They call it the ‘Curse of the Crimson Throne.’ No way in hell would I ever sit in that chair if I got crowned!”** Others spoke of the troubles in other parts of the city. Most said Bridgefront and North Point had it worst, but even places like the Heights and Castle Korvosa itself weren't immune to having a crowd gathering outside their doors. Others still spoke wild theories from people supposedly in the “know” that stated that the king was killed by a variety of people including: the Queen; the Shoanti; the city's Seneschal of Castle Korvosa Neolandus Kalepopolis; city legends like Blackjack and the Keylock Killer; an ancient dragon out to raid the city's coffers, a Giant raid and the beyond impossible culprit dead deity Aroden himself. Whenever someone suggested that the king – an elderly man – had died of natural causes, everyone would laugh or berate them for their small-mindedness or foolishness.

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#### Scene #4 – Korvosa – Into the City (Outside the Gray)

On and on this went for quite some time until the party eventually made it to the Pillar Wall: the massive 100-foot-tall reminder that stretched across most of the southern end of Citadel Hill; a remainder of what once must have been a magnificent barrier in the city's previous life. Perhaps because of what lay on the other side, the riots rarely lingered in this part of the city.

Coming to one of the gates, the group found a few of Mazour's brethren standing guard around it. The gate was closed and oddly, they faced the gate instead of out a guard would typically do. At the party's approach, a human woman of middle years with short chin length hair with flowing black and white robes beneath a burnished breastplate turned and announced in a commanding tone, **“The Gray is closed to visitors tonight. The dead stir tonight. Please cont- Mazour? Is that you? Where have you been!?!”**...

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#### Out of Character

#### Scene #3 – Korvosa – Into the City (Traveling South)





- If you want to interact with anyone in the city at this time, feel free to do so

#### Scene #4 – Korvosa – Into the City (Outside the Gray)

- Please let me know what you would like to do.
- @Mazour, you recognize the woman speaking as Souma Dalda, a warrior priest of Pharasma
- You're also generally away that the Priest acting in the manner mean that the some of the dead are roaming about the Gray at the moment. A semi-normal occurrence.

## Health Status

100% hitpoints: **Healthy**  
 75% to 99% hitpoints: **Light Wounds**  
 50% to 75% hitpoints: **Medium Wounds**  
 25% to 50% hitpoints: **Serious Wounds**  
 0% to 25% hitpoints: **Critical Wounds**

Brack	Hutton	Mazour	Redii
			
17/17 hit points <b>Inspiration X2</b>	22/22 hit points <b>Inspiration</b>	15/15 hit points <b>Inspiration X2</b>	17/17 hit points <b>Inspiration</b>
2/2 hit dice; 4/4 Bardic Inspiration; 1/1 Joyful Verse; Spell Slots: 3/3 1 <sup>st</sup> ,	2/2 hit dice; 1/1 Second Wind; 1/1 Action Surge; Service Tattoo: 1/1 Protect; 1/1 Heal; 1/1 Strike	2/2 hit dice; 4/4 Eyes of the Grave; 1/1 Channel Divinity; 1/2 Blessing of Raven Queen; 1/1 Gifts of the Faithful; Spell Slots: 3/3 1 <sup>st</sup> ,	2/2 hit dice; 2/2 Ki
4/4 Harrow Points	4/4 Harrow Points	4/4 Harrow Points	5/5 Harrow Points
		20 Arrows	5 Sais

Group LootItems	Held By	Location Found
<i>A narrow teak cigar case inlaid with tiny bits of jade (25 gp)</i>	TBD	Gaedren's Lair
<i>A 2-pound gold ingot bearing the Cheliox coat of arms (worth 100 gp)</i>	TBD	Gaedren's Lair
<i>A miniature gold crown (worth 150 gp)</i>	TBD	Gaedren's Lair
<i>A fist-sized scrimshaw carving of a kraken with garnets for eyes (worth 150 gp)</i>	TBD	Gaedren's Lair
<i>A silver ring bearing the inscription "For Emmah—the light in my nights" (worth 100 gp)</i>	TBD	Gaedren's Lair
<i>A highly realistic and highly scandalous ivory figurine of two entwined succubi (worth 250 gp)</i>	TBD	Gaedren's Lair
<i>A masterwork dagger with a strange blade shaped almost like a key bearing the inscription: "For an inspiration of a father" (worth 400 gp)</i>	TBD	Gaedren's Lair
<i>An abalone-shell holy symbol of Shelyn (worth 300 gp)</i>	TBD	Gaedren's Lair
<i>(5) Potions of Healing</i>	TBD	Gaedren's Lair
<i>(8) pinches of Dust of Dryness.</i>	TBD	Gaedren's Lair
<i>Queen Ileosa's bejeweled brooch</i>	TBD	Gaedren's Lair

<i>Zellara's Harrow Deck</i>	<i>TBD</i>	<i>Gaedren's Lair</i>
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