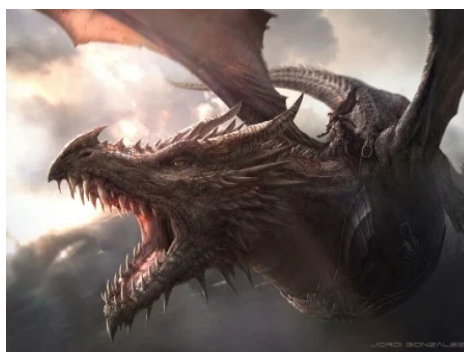




## MHS CLUBS & ENRICHMENTS



2025-2026

### D&D Club (Dungeons & Dragons)

#### SCHEDULE

Thursdays 3-5:30

#### ROOM

Social Studies Wing (2500's)

#### FEES

No fees (unless you want the **coveted** clothing item of the year)

#### ADVISORS

[Contact Information](#)

Zenzi remained prone on the warehouse rooftop looking over the harbor. *The Dark Kraken* had only been docked for four hours, but with the hundreds of workers scurrying to unload and reload her, Zenzi knew her time to get aboard the ship and find that tome was quickly fleeting. There were so many people, though, not just workers but guards too, lots of guards wearing the deep blue and silver livery of Duke Persa. Zenzi began to sweat in the cool, night air as she formulated a plan.

Freeing a small bottle attached to her belt, Zenzi downed a blue, viscous liquid. She slid off the warehouse roof as silently as the wind, and slipped into the water making nary a ripple in the smooth water of Bugroot Bay. Granted the ability to breathe underwater by the potion, Zenzi propelled herself toward the stern of the *Kraken*, and finding some secure handholds began the climb. She was careful; one slip would cause her to fall and alert the guards! About 12 feet up the ship, Zenzi caught a break; a stray rope from the ship dangling over the side was within reach!

Using the rope, Zenzi climbed to a nearby window. Peering in, Zenzi breathed a sigh of relief and whispered a quick thank you to Tymora, the goddess of Luck, for Zenzi was looking into the captain's quarters. If the tome was on board, this would be a likely spot to store the book. Moreover, a sure sign of Tymora's blessing was that the room was completely empty.

Picking the lock was easy for Zenzi, an accomplished second-story thief. As she slipped inside, she spied a plain, square chest with an ornate lock. 'Odd place for a lock like that', thought Zenzi to herself, as she went to work on it. As the lock conceded to her skill, and the chest began to open, Zenzi felt a slight scratch against the inside of her right hand. A needle hidden within the lock had scythed out and broken the skin, delivering a dose of some kind of poison! Zenzi immediately began to weaken even as she spied the target of her mission. Grabbing the book and reeling from the poison, Zenzi began to stagger for the window, not knowing if she would make it. And that's when the door opened and the captain, a large ogre, smiled a toothy grin, "I have been expecting you!", he grimaced..

**What happens next? That's what our game is all about!**