

## Chapter 016 – Reminiscing

12 Calistril 4708  
Korvosa, Varisia

### Scene #1 – The Old Fishery – Resurfacing

*Amid the chaos, the voice of a Korvosan herald cut through the din: **"The king is dead! The king is dead. Long live the queen!"** only to be shouted down by ragged cries of **"Hang the queen!"** or **"The usurper must die!"***

*It appeared that the **Curse of the Crimson Throne** had struck again. King Eodred Arabasti II, fifth and longest reigning monarch in Korvosa's history, was dead and departed for the world beyond. And the city's sanity had gone along with him...*

Eyes locked on the hippogriffs as they flew overhead. Or mostly did. As the blood dropped and the rider crashed, Mazour looked around. The chaos crashed into his ears, the proclamation of the King's death and the Queen's rise. As the crowd yelled and cursed the new monarch, he noticed the hole in the fishery. The noise, the blood, the crowds all faded away to nothing as he looked on the hole.

**"The... children,"** his breathy voice trembled. And with that, he was moving as quickly as he could back inside. A flash of purple and blue smoke where he stood was now mirrored back on the window inside the fishery. Running he made his way back down. **"Children! We've got to leave now. Come with me, we'll keep you safe."**

Appearing on the Main Fishery Floor, Maz found the space a wreck. A large hole in the ceiling had rained roof debris down onto the main floor. Part of the catwalk that led to the upper level of the Old Fishery was destroyed as well, making it difficult to borderline impossible to reach that area from the inside. It didn't take long to find what had caused the destruction: another hippogriff and rider had crashed into the building to a sickening end. Hiding underneath the surviving portion of the broken catwalk, the (5) children the party had left earlier in the evening were huddled together, eyes wide in panic. They first jumped at seeing Mazour, before the oldest child spoke up and said, **"We didn't think you were coming back... What's happening..."**

Mazour placed his hand daintily on his chest and playfully feigned shock at the child's words. **"Oh child, who could stop us,"** he asked as he motioned to the others. **"Don't worry about everything, we'll be sure to keep you safe. It's just a... heated... discussion on the new monarch. Gather up please children, it is time to go."** And with that he moved them along.

Making their way out of the Underpier, Brack followed Mazour's lead as the priest set out to gather the children, **"T'priest is right, young ones, we got to get out of 'ere. Yeh best t'keep yeh 'ead down and keep yeh profile low. Ain't no telling what we'll find along t'way, but we'll get you to 'is temple straight away."**

The dwarf motions for Mazour and the others to come close, making his desire to remain out of earshot of the children plainly evident, **"Once we do get to yeh temple, what do yeh all plan we do next,"** he looks out into the chaos that has beset the city, the havoc clamoring beyond the fishery's dilapidated remains, **"If yeh want my say, best we lay low for a bit. Let this all blow over and see 'ow the dust settles, eh?"**

Nodding, Mazour looked down to Brack. **"I had been thinking on that. If the... situation... ,"** He motions toward the chaos outside before continuing in a more hushed tone, **"...gets dangerous perhaps we should hide at Zellara's house. I'm sure the temple can help with the children. Getting there**

may be a bit tricky though. Her house is closer though. Plus, I believe there may be... answers there."

Waving the children to him, he gathered them up. Kneeling down to be close to eye level with them he smiled warmly. "We're going to get you somewhere warm and safe. And some food? Oh yes, you all do look hungry. Come along and stay close to us. We will keep you safe. I swear to you all, with Pharasma's hand on my heart, we will keep you safe. No more nightmares. Come along now."

Redii, who had decided to quickly scout ahead into the city while the others checked on the children, opened a side door to the Fishery Floor and rejoined the others. The children jumped at Redii's sudden appearance before calming down when they recognized her. "It's a mess out there... Getting to the Lofties in Northridge is going to be challenge; do any of you live close by? We may want to lay low for a couple days, assuming your places hasn't burned down already..."

At the doorway Redii approached, and Mazour stepped forward to assure the children.

"I'm in Grey down South. It's a trip but I can assure you no one will try to burn it down. But we also pass Hutton's inn and Zellara's house."

Suddenly realizing he has no idea what to do with children, Hutton awkwardly shoos them toward Mazour as he surveys the room for any further dangers or freshly-excavated escape routes. Fortunately (or unfortunately) for Hutton, nothing obvious caught his attention.

As they gathered up to leave, Mazour stopped for a moment. His finger on his chin as if he'd forgotten something. "Oh dear. Brack, would you mind gathering up Hookshanks? I'd almost forgotten about that little pest. He may have some... information."

Brack gave a curt nod and gathered himself up with a determined look upon his face. Right as he began to leave, however, the dwarf paused and turned back to the others, "What exactly are we intending to do with 'ookshanks anyways? Yeh said it yourselves, it's a mess out in t'streets and for us to be escorting t'children along with a bound 'alfing would likely attract all sort of attention we don't want, eh?"

He pauses, and gives a deep sigh filled with weariness, "We did what we came 'ere to do. Gaedren is no more and 'ookshanks was nothing more than muscle to t'mastermind. After we get whatever information you want, Priest, we should let 'im be and t'city take him." He motions again to the city in turmoil, "We'll 'ave plenty more on our 'ands to worry about than trying to string along 'ookshanks."

"You know my position." Redii said plainly in reply to Brack. If she had it her way, Hookshanks would've joined the rest of Gaedren's crew in the worlds beyond long ago.

"I'm with Redii on this. But do as you will Brak. I just wanted to see what he knew." Looking down at the children he grimaced. The pain that bastard had them endure would haunt him for a long while. "I'm not sure why all the fuss. In all this mess, dragging some little bastard around wouldn't be looked at askew. All they would have to do is... talk to him to understand it."

While they were gathering, Mazur looked around for a shop to buy some food and perhaps a few bottles to help them settle in for the evening. Or the next few days.

Brack nods towards each individual and gives a gruff snort before beginning to make haste up to the captive gnome. Now with the catwalk destroyed, he takes a breath of relief with the long route he had to take back to the front of the fishery.

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## Scene #2 – The Old Fishery – Reminiscing

*While Brack went off in search of Hookshanks, the conversation continued on down below on the Main Fishery Floor...*

"You've probably never graced my doorstep, but I feel it's important to note that my establishment (assuming it's still standing) is a tavern. As in 'drink, passable food, and frivolity in the guise of a neighborhood meeting place.' It's distinctly not an inn, in that - and this seems important, given the circumstances - there are no accommodations for 4 adults and 5 children. Assuming it's withstood this initial onslaught on the city, I'm happy to get everyone indoors and fed. But it's no substitute for an orphanage or temple."

Hutton looks around and peeks back out the way Brack went, a nervous energy belying his usual calm determination. "Wonder what's taking the dwarf so long. We need to get moving. I'm with you, Mazour. We should head to Zellara's. It's only a few blocks away and there was food there. We should be able to assess the state of things in this part of the city a little better along the way and figure out some sort of plan when we get there. Worst case, by the time we get there, we'll be most of the way to Pillar Hill or Gray so we can press on if we need to."

He looks out the door again after Brack. "But we need to go. There's no telling how sturdy this place is after having a hippogriff rip through it like that. It wasn't in great shape when we got here. I don't like sitting still when madness is running rampant."

"Pish posh, Hutton dear." Mazour waved a hand dismissively and continued, "Of course I've been there. As point of fact, I met the reason I'm here with you at all there. But there was quite a bit of alcohol involved so you'll have to excuse me. It has been a while though. She doesn't... go out much anymore. And I don't wander like I used to without Laina. It's not as much fun without my partner in crime." The elf gave a sad smile. *Don't mourn her! She's not dead. Enough being maudlin, dear.*

"Come to think of it, I recall being escorted out on one occasion." A slow smile spread across Mazour's face, and his eyes gleamed with mirth. "That... was a good night."

"Wait," Hutton says as he glanced back at Mazour, taking a much longer look this time. "That wasn't you that night with the halfling acrobats and the baboon, was it...?" he asks incredulously; visibly concerned. "Marni's been trying to get the stains out of the ceiling ever since. You have any idea what cleaning a ceiling will do to a dwarf's temperament?"

Mazour placed two fingers on his temple and paused with a contemplative look. "I was there for that! But that one wasn't me. I was too busy taking cover. I did not know baboons were that... accurate. Did anyone every find out how the room frosted over? The scene will forever be etched in my memory, flying halflings, flying baboon, flying... everything else...ice everywhere, and there I was sliding helplessly across the floor trying to drunkenly figure out just what was going on. And Laina, that little \*\*\*\*\*, just laughing like a maniac."

Hutton grimaces and looks back out the door. "I wasn't there for it, so I wasn't able to question anyone. We just gave the boy a mop and didn't think about it too much." A short pause. "The ceilings, though..." He visibly shudders. "I don't much care about the how. I just can't figure out the why."

Redii, sitting on her haunches off to the side, watched the exchange between the two with a wry smile. *I guess they're less sticks in the mud than I thought... we'll at least these two...* she chuckled silently to herself imagining Brack at a wild event before saying out loud, "I'm rarely in Pillar Hill unless it's for "business", but I'll have to make the trip one time once things settle down." And turning to Maz, she added, "You and Laina (surprisingly) sound like a riot. I think you'd have fun hanging out with the Lofties. They can sometimes get a bit wild when they want to be."

Nodding back to Hutton, he smiled again. **"I often ask myself that same question about the confetti. Though I assume that was much easier to clean."**

A call from above called for Hutton stopped the conversation short. Thoroughly confused by the summons, considering the lack of urgency in Brack's voice, Hutton scowls and walks out the door with a brief, **"Wait here,"** to the others.

When Hutton tromped off to see after Brack, he turned to Redii.

**"Ah, the Lofties. I've heard tales of their little parties. Alas, I could never get an invite. But, oh yes Laina and I had a knack for being at those legendary moments. And who doesn't like a good party?"** He paused for a moment, looking over Redii, covered in spider goo, wet sand, and grime from the fishery. Looking down at his own clothes he just sighed. Slipping his hand into his robe, Mazour produced a small silvery globe. Absently he traced his thumb over the glyphs, causing the filth he'd accumulated to roll down him like hot wax and fall to a puddle at his feet. **"Here, dear, you look like you need this,"** he said as he handed the globe to Redii.

*Note to self, tell Kitty to be more discreet with Lofties' business in the future,* Redii told herself as she accepted the globe from Mazour. Eyeing it for a few moments, she eventually emulated rubbed the glyphs in a similar fashion to and watched with a mix of relief and slight revulsion as all the filth and grime rolled off her to puddle at her feet. **"Thank you for that. I hadn't realized till just now how much I had 'collected'."** After a beat she added, **"I cannot wait to never come back here. Even with what's happening in the city."**

Preparing to return the globe to Mazour, she noticed the state that the children were in and paused. Walking over to where they were seated, she crouched in front of them and helped each of them use the globe on themselves to wash the grime off of them that had been on them for who knows how long. The children were far from returning to a more normal life, she never truly had, but getting them cleaned up was a positive start.

**"I think it's time we left this place. Shall we?"** Redii asked as she returned the globe.

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### Scene #3 – The Old Fishery – Hookshanks

Taking the long way around to the front of the building with the catwalk destroyed, it was clearer to Brack that the city was truly a mess at the moment. Shouts and flickering lights of fires or torches deeper in the city were quite obvious from his current vantage point. The chaos hadn't spread in full force to West Dock as of yet, but it was only a matter of time...

As he makes his way around, the growing din from the city gives the dwarf a rare shudder as the blood drained from his cheeks. He increased his pace towards the front door.

Removing the impediment they had used to keep the Fishery sealed previously, Brack entered the entryway to find roof debris scattered across the space. Hookshanks was nowhere in sight. Before he could more than take in the scene though, he heard the shifting of tiles and wooden planks from one corner of the room. A moment later the head of the rather irascible gnome poked free.

**"Oi! Tha you Gaedren? I hope ye gutted them invaders; now let me out! An' what 'n 'e bloody hell is going on out 'ere!?!"** It seems that Hookshanks is alive and well? Well at least alive...

Brack froze as Hookshanks mistakenly regarded him for his old employer. The dwarf stared down the gnome, saying nothing as he remained steadfast as a statue. After the revelation dawns upon

Hookshanks, Brack speaks up, **"Said it once and I'll say it again 'ookshanks, our business wasn't with you. Gaedren's gracing t'seabed with 'is presence and it looks like yeh got a second chance now to make something better of yeh luck,"** he grunts, **"And in case yeh 'aven't taken a gander outside, it's 'igh time for those looking to get lost with what madness that Korvosa's become, if yeh catch my drift. Don't want no more trouble, and I suppose yeh don't want any more from t'others down below either, eh?"**

Before Hookshanks departs, Brack speaks up one more time with earnest curiosity, **"Before yeh go, tell me this. Gaedren seemed to 'ave some business with a certain fortune teller by t'name of Zellara. Do yeh know what was going on?"**

**"F\*ck yeah, whatever just let outta here already! Wit Gaedren gone, I got no reason to stick around."** He paused for a minute before adding, **"Let me go and and I'll tell ya what ya want to know about Gaedren and that Varisian lady."**

The dwarf squinted at the gnome, his grimace deepening as the desperation in Hookshanks voice. Hearing his plea, Brack pauses to consider then speaks in a stern tone, **"What I'm 'earing is a whole lot of 'aste and not a lot of 'onesty. Now, 'ow do I know yeh ain't going to turn tail and trot on our as soon as I keep my end of the deal, eh?"**

Brack unsheathes his clan dagger, letting whatever miniscule light left in the fishery office catch the intricate design along its blade and hilt. **"Tell yeh what, 'ookshanks, yeh tell me first what business Gaedren 'ad with Zellara and why we found 'er disembodied 'ead in 'is locker..."** he punctuates the latter half of his request with additional reverence for the deceased.

As Brack speaks, he offers up his dagger in one hand, letting the other rest gently upon the blade as if offering a solemn oath upon some holy parchment, **"...and I'll give yeh my word, solemnly sworn on Thrunhart steel, that I shall not lay a 'and on yeh."**

**"Fine, I'll tell ya."** Hookshanks began with a grin before sharing the sad tale of Zellara Esmeranda...

*Zellara Esmeranda, a Varisian fortune teller of some note, lost a valuable family heirloom, an exquisite harrow deck, to one of Gaedren's pickpockets a year ago. When she learned of the theft, Zellara's son Eran took it upon himself to get the deck back. He was murdered by Gaedren's thugs, and his head and hands were returned to Zellara in a box as a threat. Zellara went to the Korvosan Guard, but although sympathetic, they had little additional time or resources to devote to the crime lord. Frustrated, desperate, and harboring a growing need for revenge, Zellara took it upon herself to track down Gaedren. She sold most of her belongings, purchased a new harrow deck and called upon the cards for aid. Her latent magical skill, combined with her persistence and obsession, gave her results— yet as she would soon learn, not all Harrowings point to triumph...*

*She discovered the location of Gaedren's current hideout, but was seen when she attempted to infiltrate the Old Fishery where he dwelled. Gaedren's thugs grabbed her and brought her below to stand before the master. The crime lord was impressed that she'd gone through so much trouble to find him, but when she spat on him and cursed him, his anger got the better of him and he ordered her killed. He fed her body to his alligator, but he saved her head, keeping it in a box in his lair alongside her original stolen harrow deck.*

**"An' theres yours have it. Zellara got her comeuppance an' it looks like tha girl's curse got Gaedren right back hehehe. Seems fair to me. Now, cut me loose so I can scam. You promised!"**

The dwarf regarded Hookshanks with appreciation, **"Thank yeh for the information."**

Despite this, Brack didn't take a step further to the halfling. Instead, he pinched the fleece of his hood and continued in the same stern tone, **"And yeh are right 'ookshanks, I gave yeh my word not to lay a 'and on yeh. Afraid that'd make it mighty difficult to undo t'knots, eh?"**

His hook started to shine with a subtle glow as the dwarf's raised voice projected from just outside the office room, **"Come 'ere 'utton, I need yeh to give me a 'and with something."**

The dwarf raised his hood, gave a nod to Hookshanks, and left the room.

Entering and taking in the scene with the dwarf and bound halfling, Hutton's scowl deepens.

**"Too much for you to handle even tied up? We don't have time for this nonsense, Brack; we need to get moving."**

Removing his handkerchief again, he holds it toward the dwarf. **"I'm going to get the others. You can gag him if you want to bring him for questioning. Otherwise just bar the door and leave him so we don't have to worry about him interfering with us getting the children to safety. I've no taste for unnecessary bloodshed."** He glares at Hookshanks, eyes narrowing. **"Assuming he doesn't do anything to make it necessary."**

Brack regards Hutton with mild confusion. He coughs to clear his throat then speaks to the hulking man, **"Got something out of 'im for the Priest to chew on but in doing so, I gave 'ookshanks my word that I wouldn't lay a 'and on him,"** the realization about Hutton's nature begins to dawn upon the dwarf, **"and it would seem yeh ain't one to lay a finger on t'man either, eh?"**

The dwarf scratches his beard, gives a shrug, and tops it off with a gruff snort. **"Yeh a strange one, 'utton Crowcreek,"** he huffs, **"Give me a minute to bar t'doors and I'll come give yeh all a 'and with the children."**

**"Wait, what are yous doing!?"** Hookshanks began to rant as came to realize what was about to happen.

Brack silently goes about the task, ignoring any further complaints or chatter from the captive halfling.

**"Yous lyin' lout! Yous yellow-bellied no-good two-timer!! Yous-"** Hookshanks shouted and more before the doors were resealed and his voice was reduced to no more than a quiet muffle.

Not long after Brack wrapped up, Hutton returned with the rest of the group. Gathering in front of the entrance, the party all took a moment to look at the Old Fishery one last time before Redii took a deep breath and turned South. **"Better get a move on..."** She didn't get a look back as she began walking.

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#### Scene #4 – Korvosa – Into the City (West Dock pt.1)

Finally leaving the Old Fishery once and for all towards Zellara's home, the party, with (5) young children in tow, ventured out into the city suddenly in an uproar. For the first few minutes of their journey, the party was unmolested by the meandering crowds that eventually appeared around them. That quickly changed though when the group moved past a bend on the path: Large masses of protestors, rioters and the like were huddled into varying sized groups along the. While some groups were partaking in wanton destruction, more often than not, different groups were either arguing/ fighting with each other or clashing with the overwhelmed city defense forces, routinely outlined 5-1 or worse.

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 Korvorsa’s darkest hour! You are the harbingers of Groetus! The harbingers of the End Times! The harbingers of death itself!!!”...**

## Out of Character

### Scenes #1-2

- Feel free to add anything in these areas that you’d like!

### Scene #4 – Korvosa – Into the City (West Dock pt.1)

- Please let me know what you would like to do. The man is about 20ft away from you at this point and coming in fast.
- DC5 Religion check to know that Groteus is as Lessor God of the End Times and a Harbinger of the End of Days.

### 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<br><b>Inspiration X2</b>                                                  | 22/22 hit points<br><b>Inspiration</b>                                                             | 15/15 hit points<br><b>Inspiration X2</b>                                                                                                             | 17/17 hit points<br><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 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|----------------|
| A narrow teak cigar case inlaid with tiny bits of jade (25 gp)       | TBD     | Gaedren’s Lair |
| A 2-pound gold ingot bearing the Cheliox coat of arms (worth 100 gp) | TBD     | Gaedren’s Lair |

|                                                                                                                                                   |            |                       |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|-----------------------|
| <i>A miniature gold crown (worth 150 gp)</i>                                                                                                      | <i>TBD</i> | <i>Gaedren's Lair</i> |
| <i>A fist-sized scrimshaw carving of a kraken with garnets for eyes (worth 150 gp)</i>                                                            | <i>TBD</i> | <i>Gaedren's Lair</i> |
| <i>A silver ring bearing the inscription "For Emmah—the light in my nights" (worth 100 gp)</i>                                                    | <i>TBD</i> | <i>Gaedren's Lair</i> |
| <i>A highly realistic and highly scandalous ivory figurine of two entwined succubi (worth 250 gp)</i>                                             | <i>TBD</i> | <i>Gaedren's Lair</i> |
| <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> | <i>TBD</i> | <i>Gaedren's Lair</i> |
| <i>An abalone-shell holy symbol of Shelyn (worth 300 gp)</i>                                                                                      | <i>TBD</i> | <i>Gaedren's Lair</i> |
| <i>(5) Potions of Healing</i>                                                                                                                     | <i>TBD</i> | <i>Gaedren's Lair</i> |
| <i>(8) pinches of Dust of Dryness.</i>                                                                                                            | <i>TBD</i> | <i>Gaedren's Lair</i> |
| <i>Queen Ileosa's bejeweled brooch</i>                                                                                                            | <i>TBD</i> | <i>Gaedren's Lair</i> |
| <i>Zellara's Harrow Deck</i>                                                                                                                      | <i>TBD</i> | <i>Gaedren's Lair</i> |