

MTL S1E7: Vritranya

Steve/Roscoe: Mythic Thunderlute is brought to you with support from 11th Hour Theatre Company, Philadelphia's only All Musical Theatre Company. Visit 11thHourTheatreCompany.org for more information. If you'd like to support Mythic Thunderlute, join our Patreon by going to Patreon.com/MythicThunderlute. With that, here's Episode 7!

(MTL Theme Song Plays, within the team sings "Mythic Thunderlute" in rockin' harmony)

Steve/Roscoe: Welcome to Mythic Thunderlute everyone! Hello. I'm Steve Gudelunas.

Jake/Edgar: I'm Jake Blouch.

Lillian/Jocasta: I'm Lillian Castillo

Michael/Gamemaker: I'm Michael Doherty.

Leigha/Pugface: And I'm Leigha Kato.

Steve/Roscoe: We are Mythic Thunderlute!

Lillian/Jocasta: I have a question for you guys.

Leigha/Pugface: What's your question?

Lillian/Jocasta: For those of you who live in Philadelphia, uh-or have lived in Philadelphia, which is all of you except me.

(Mike giggles)

Lillian/Jocasta: So, I've recently become addicted to Philly Cheesesteak sandwiches.

Jake/Edgar: Ohhhh --

Lillian/Jocasta: That's what the baby wants and so that's what the baby gets.

Jake/Edgar: You don't need to say sandwiches, it's--implied.

Steve/Roscoe: Yeah -- exactly -- I was gonna say, 'sandwich' is redundant, but keep going.

Lillian/Jocasta: Okay, so Philly Cheesesteaks.

Jake/Edgar: There you go.

Lillian/Jocasta: Kay.

(giggles)

Lillian/Jocasta: And um -- there's this place near me that makes, what I'm assuming is a very good one, I don't know, I've never been to Philly. But-- they always ask me if I want to put marinara sauce on it?

Jake/Edgar: Sure.

Lillian/Jocasta: Is that a thing?

Jake/Edgar: Yea.

Steve/Roscoe: That's a pizza steak.

Michael/Gamemaker: That *is* a pizza steak.

Steve/Roscoe: But that's fine.

Leigha/Pugface: Some people do that though.

Lillian/Jocasta: 'Cause, like, I want to be as legit as possible. So they're like, you know, peppers, onions, eh, and I was like yes, yes, yes, I want all the things.

Leigha/Pugface: And we respect that.

Michael/Gamemaker: The original is Cheese Whiz and onions, which would be known as a Whiz Wit.

Steve/Roscoe: Correct.

Leigha/Pugface: That's right.

Lillian/Jocasta: Ah ha.

Steve/Roscoe: Yeah yea, peppers are not a part of it, which I think is funny when any like -- people make like Philly Cheesesteak dip it's like, *green peppers and onions*. I'm like --

Leigha/Pugface: Mhmm.

Steve/Roscoe: No, fried onions, yes.

(Jake laughs)

Leigha/Pugface: Yes. Correct.

Steve/Roscoe: But uh -- I'm also a provolone person.

Leigha/Pugface: I LOVE provolone.

Michael/Gamemaker: If you do provolone and whiz, you can travel through time.

Steve/Roscoe: You can.

(Leigha laughing)

Lillian/Jocasta: Ok. Provolone *and* whiz. This is good to know. Listen, I wanna get it right. It's important to me that I'm teaching this child, even in the womb --

Michael/Gamemaker: *(laughing)* Yes...

Lillian/Jocasta: -- how to eat things correctly.

Leigha/Pugface: Incredible.

Jake/Edgar: And then next time you're in Philly we're gonna go get a roast pork broccoli raub.

Leigha/Pugface: YUM.

Michael/Gamemaker: (*gasp*)

Steve/Roscoe: Because that's the real sandwich of Philadelphia. Anyway! Let's pass it off to our fearless leader and gamemaker...Michael Doherty.

Michael/Gamemaker: Thank you, thank you! Alright, FOLKS! *Here's the deal:* Our four players will improvise their way through a fantasy-style role playing game of my making.

Jake/Edgar: We will, we're making it up.

Leigha/Pugface: Mhmm

Steve/Roscoe: Uh-huh!

Michael/Gamemaker: After we record we add sound effects,...

Jake/Edgar: Woo!

Michael/Gamemaker: ...underscoring,...

Lillian/Jocasta: Duh duh duh duh duh duuuuuh!

Michael/Gamemaker: ...full-fledged musical numbers,...

Jake/Edgar: (*singing*) WOOOOO -- !

Michael/Gamemaker: ...and special guest voices!

Leigha/Pugface: Uhhhhhhhhhhhhh...

Michael/Gamemaker: And boom!

(*the group giggles*)

Michael/Gamemaker: There you have an episode. Sound good?

Leigha/Pugface: Yas!

Jake/Edgar: Yes!

Lillian/Jocasta: So good!

Steve/Roscoe: I'm still not sure --

Michael/Gamemaker: Well... (*more giggles*) let's play Mythic Thunderlute!

Leigha/Pugface: Hell yeah!

Jake/Edgar: (*rock scream*) YAAAAA!

Steve/Roscoe: Yes!

Lillian/Jocasta: Let's do it!

Michael/Gamemaker: Leigha, you want to give us a "previously on"...

Leigha/Pugface: (clearing her throat) Previously --

(the group burst out into laughter and continues laughing through this next exchange)

Michael/Gamemaker: Excellent.

Steve/Roscoe: Yes...YESSSSS.

Lillian/Jocasta: That went so well.

Michael/Gamemaker: So much pressure on that moment.

Previously On...

Leigha/Pugface: (breaths) Previously, on Mythic Thunderlute...

Michael/Gamemaker: After being quested to the dragon nation Vritranya, and lured into the mysterious Cave of the Forgotten, rock band *Mythic Thunderlute* finds themselves watching Roscoe's favorite band, *Necromantica*. Lead singer, Sindar the Righteous, uses their necrotic magic to summon the Forgotten spirits of one-hit-wonder bands, and enlists their help in generating new material. Mythic Thunderlute offers their guidance, but instead Sindar challenges them to a Battle of the Bands. Thunderlute accepts, and performs a far superior song that floors its listeners. As a result, they are gifted the forbidden Necklace of Ach'Tochtun, all of Necromantica's instruments, and the freedom of the Forgotten spirits. The next morning, they journey through North Taliashire, where Mayor Wimsley Woggle makes an impassioned warning against the dangers of southern mining. An officer from South Taliashire chats with Pugface and Roscoe about assassinating the Mayor, but when the group doesn't act quickly enough, an arrow is fired, striking Mayor Wimsley's right hand man, Pascoe Slim. Joscasta attempts to heal him, but it's too late. Defeated and divided, the group heads through the mountain pass and into... Vritranya! We begin--

Gamemaker: You ride your horses down the narrow pathway known as Vritrani's Pass, with mountains towering on either side of you. Herman, who has been quiet for a while, asks...

Herman: "So, we were given three days after our meeting with Zodindra before the fog comes to kill all the crops, right?"

Roscoe: "Uh-Yeah."

Edgar: "Yes, what day ehh-- what day is it?"

Herman: “Well do we think that it -- he meant exactly 72 hours from then? Or was he giving us three *full* days to change our sovereign’s mind?”

Roscoe: “Herman, I’m gonna guess it’s probably 72 hours.”

Edgar: “Ooo...”

Herman: “If it *is* 72 hours then the fog comes at midday tomorrow. If it’s three full days then perhaps not until tomorrow evening or the following morning.”

Roscoe: “Right, yeah. Good job.”

Edgar: “Sound like a weatherman.”

Jocasta: “I -- Ya know, Herman, I really appreciate how you’re keeping track of this stuff.”

Pugface: “Cause no one else is.”

Herman: “They call me the Human SunDial.”

(*snickers*)

Roscoe: “That’s what they call you? *That’s* your nickname?”

Edgar: “Is that? That’s--”

Herman: “Yup. In some circles.”

Roscoe: “Yeah, that makes sense.”

Herman: “Not for the reasons you’d think.”

Jocasta: “What are the reasons I should think?”

Sir Aiden: “I think we’d rather not know, old boy.”

(*Steve snickers*)

Gamemaker: You soon come to an opening: You’ve made it to the other side of the Vritranian Mountains!

Edgar: “Oh goodness!”

Gamemaker: The diamond-like clouds now hover directly over you.

Pugface: "Oo!"

Gamemaker: You look out across a massive desert as Sir Aiden speaks...

Sir Aiden: "Now friends, to find the underground city of Kurali, where the Cathedral lies: Your guess is as good as mine on how to traverse."

Edgar: "Oh --"

Sir Aiden: "We could continue due west, or veer slightly and head southwest or northwest."

Pugface: "Does anyone know which is faster?"

Roscoe: "Uhh -- no..."

Pugface: "-- safest!"

Sir Aiden: "Well -- we don't know exactly where we're going to begin with --"

Roscoe: "Right, so we could literally pick any option and be right."

Edgar: "Perhaps one of you young people with your young set of eyes could do, eh--"

Jocasta: "I was going to say, I could always turn myself into, like, a desert bird of some kind."

Herman: "You can do that?"

Jocasta: "Yes!"

Pugface: "Oh!"

Edgar: "We'll all avert our eyes as you do it."

Jocasta: "I mean -- you don't have to! I'm just gonna --" and she just, like, goes for it.

Gamemaker: What kind of bird to turn into?

Jocasta: I was actually thinking (*laughing*) -- what is it that they say on uh -- Monty Python?

Jake/Edgar: A swallow.

Gamemaker: A swallow --

Jocasta: A swallow!! That's what it is.

Gamemaker: So, you turn into a swallow...

Edgar: "Woah!"

Pugface: "Jesus."

Roscoe: "That's impressive."

Gamemaker: ...and fly directly into the air. And you can see in the far West some rock formations that seem to be a little bit of a different geographical landscape than the one that you currently see stretched out in front of you.

Jocasta: "Directly due West?"

Gamemaker: Yes.

Jocasta: "And if I, like, start surveying North West and South West?"

Gamemaker: If you look to the South you see you eventually hit the ocean, The Dealrose Sea. And if you look North you see the Rocky River that runs alongside Taliashire that creates the Northern border of Vritranya.

Jocasta: Okay-- she's gonna come back. Tuck herself, little bird self, into her top before she transforms back. So -- she's not wearing any pants but her top's pretty long, so it's alright.
(*giggling*)

Herman: "Oh my word! You know in this robe I don't wear pants either."

Jocasta: "Oooo."

Pugface: "No one needs to know that Herman, you keep that to yourself."

(*Jake giggles*)

Jocasta: "That might've been -- a-a wee bit of an overshare."

Roscoe: "Keepin' it free, ya know?"

Herman: "That's why they call me a Human SunDial."

Roscoe: "Wow!" (*laughing*)

Pugface: "That's enough out of you."

Jocasta: "There it is. I didn't know before why, but I know now."

Sir Aiden: "My word."

Jocasta: "Alright -- um -- South West is not the way we want to go, there's, I mean...I guess there's an argument for going that way maybe there's, like, a port town or something. Now, this place is supposed to be like, underground?"

Sir Aiden: "That's exactly right. I would think it wouldn't be near the sea in that case."

Jocasta: "Exactly."

(music starts)

Pugface: "Nooo..."

Jocasta: "I don't think we want to go to either water source actually --"

Roscoe: "No."

Jocasta: "I feel like due West is the way we wanna go."

Sir Aiden: "Very well."

Roscoe: "Sounds good to me."

Gamemaker: You ride due West...

(Pugface makes an exasperated sigh)

Gamemaker: ...and the red rocks turn into scorching hot sand.

COURSE OF THE STREAM

Roscoe: *(singing)*

PUGFACE, I DON'T KNOW IF WE CAN GO ON ANYMORE
MY THROAT IS GETTING DRY, MY NECK IS GETTING SCORCHED
TUTAROSSO'S FEET ARE HEAVY

Pugface: *(singing)*

HOLD ON, IT'S JUST A LITTLE FURTHER NOW

Roscoe:

IF I DON'T MAKE IT OUT, ONE THING, JUST PROMISE ME
I WANT YOU TO TELL MY MA...

Pugface:

THAT'S NOT HOW IT'S GONNA BE!

Roscoe:

TELL HER I WAS TRYING TO SAVE HER
WISH IT WASN'T UP TO ME...

Edgar:

WELL I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT.
IT'S A PICKLE, ISN'T IT?
WOULDN'T HAVE CHOOSE THIS FOR MYSELF
IN MY WILDEST DREAMS
BUT THAT'S NOT THE WAY IT WENT
FATE FLOWED ANOTHER WAY
AND WE WEREN'T BORN FOR A SIMPLE LIFE
SO IT SEEMS
THERE'S NEVER BEEN A PADDLE
JUST FOLLOW THE COURSE OF THE STREAM

Edgar: "Oh."

Gamemaker: Hours tick by as the sun punishes you.

Pugface: "Yuck."

Gamemaker: You squint to notice any signs of opening leading underground. Everyone roll Perception. (*dice rolls*)

Pugface: Oh yes!! 23.

Gamemaker: Jocasta, although you don't find any underground openings you do have the gut feeling that you're on the right track.

Herman:

JOCASTA, I DON'T KNOW IF WE CAN FIND OUR WAY THROUGH THIS
MY SUNDIAL WITHERS, AND SINCE WE DON'T HAVE A COMPASS

Jocasta:

HOLD FIRM HERMAN HOLD FIRM, WE'RE GONNA PULL THROUGH SOMEHOW.

Pugface:

JOJO, DON'T YOU THINK THAT WE'RE JUST WANDERING AIMLESSLY
NOTHING HERE TO MARK OUT WAY, AS FAR AS I CAN SEE
I'M SO HOT, I'M SO THIRSTY

Jocasta:

I KNOW, YOU JUST GOTTA HOLD ON NOW

(refrain)

I KNOW IT'S BLEAK

WISH I HAD A QUIP RIGHT HERE

BUT ALL I GOT IS FAITH IN YOU AND ME

DO YOU TRUST ME PUG?

Pugface: "Of course"

Jocasta:

THEN TRUST ME WHEN I SAY

I GOT THIS FEELING DEEP INSIDE OF ME

IT'S DRAWING ME FORWARD

FLOWING ON LIKE THE COURSE OF A STREAM

(the song continues...)

Aiden: "Shall we continue in this direction then?"

Jocasta: "Yes"

Gamemaker: So you continue along due West for another hour or so when the sun begins to set.

Sir Aiden: "Now, tomorrow we shan't rest until we find the underground city of Kurali."

Pugface: "Alright."

Gamemaker: You're also all feeling quite dehydrated right now, having been in the heat for a while.

Roscoe: "Ugh --"

Pugface: "For sure. No one has any water?"

Gamemaker: When you check your water jugs you notice that you're running pretty low.

Edgar: "Oh no!"

Sir Aiden: "Oh dear, Vanitius! We forgot to fill up in Taliashire!"

Pugface: "Yeah we did."

Edgar: "Ohhhh Aiden!!"

Sir Aiden: "Well it was a bit of a thing, wouldn't you say?"

Jocasta: "I think so."

Edgar: "Oh! Well-I-I think being a Knight of the Kings Guard and all that, you should at least know how to --"

Sir Aiden: "I've let you down my friend."

Edgar: "And you know what happens if you die of-of thirst out here!"

Sir Aiden: "I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

Roscoe: "We die."

Pugface: "Can we dig to find, like, a water...?"

Edgar: "Dig?"

Sir Aiden: "We can try, it looks rather dry, my dear gnome."

Jocasta: "Are there any...plants anywhere near us?"

Gamemaker: You are surrounded by only sand.

Edgar: "'Don't go near the water source' they said."

Roscoe: "Guys, I'm...I'm gonna die soon...I can feel it deep in my chest."

Jocasta: "You're not gonna die."

Pugface: "--gonna die. That's dramatic."

Edgar: (*getting weepy*) "Oh he's going to die and then -- and then, we're going to have to eat his body!"

Jocasta: "No! No."

Pugface: "Knnnnock it off!"

Sir Aiden: "My friends, I would like to say, in the name of water and food conservation, I'm going to bed. But, Roscoe, here's some jerky to tide you over. Don't eat too much or you shan't be able to shit."

Roscoe: (eating sounds) I eat the whole thing. As soon as he -- as soon as he hands it to me I eat all of it.

(*Jake laughs*)

Aiden:
WE'LL JUST WAIT OUT THE NIGHT, RIGHT?
AND SEE WHAT TOMORROW BRINGS

Jocasta:
Y'ALL THINGS AIN'T QUITE AS BAD AS THEY MIGHT SEEM

Herman: "Well team, uh, do we want to build a campfire or call it a night?"

Roscoe: "A fire? It's a thousand degrees out here."

Edgar: "Yeah."

Pugface: "Won't it get cold though?"

Roscoe: "I mean, I've never been to the desert. I have no idea how the temperature works out here."

Pugface: "Hot during the day and freezing at night."

Roscoe: "That makes no sense."

Jocasta: "Ya know we could all just lay really close together and conserve some, like, if it, that way if it gets cold."

Herman: "Cuddlefest!"

Roscoe: "Uh...Herman."

Pugface: "Jesus, Herman."

Jocasta: "I mean, not cuddlefest so much as like, sleeping close together."

Herman: (*laughing*) "I'm so sorry."

Roscoe: "Herman, that's inappropriate."

Edgar: "You go sleep on your own SunDial." (*group giggles*)

Roscoe:
IT CAN ALWAYS GET WORSE,
I MEAN IT'S TRUE I'M SORRY

Edgar:
Ah-ha! IF YOU'VE GOT THAT ATTITUDE, ROSCOE CHUBB -- Let me tell you something ah--!

Herman:
NO USE FRETTING NOW. MY DEAR COMPANIONS, SWEET DREAMS.

Pugface:
WE JUST PUSH ON TOMORROW
FOLLOW THE COURSE OF THE STREAM

(*song ends*)

Aiden: (still singing)
AND SIR AIDEN KEPT WATCH
OVER THE SLEEPING--

Edgar: Okay, all right. All right, Aiden. Song's over.

Gamemaker: You rest for the night! Roscoe, as you sleep you dream that you are surrounded by herb smoke once more. The same aged halfling from last night emerges from the smoke and stares at you.

Roscoe: "Uh..."

Gamemaker: He holds up two fingers and whispers the word...

Aged Halfling: "...IS..."

Gamemaker: Can you roll perception with me?

Roscoe: Yup. A 16.

Gamemaker: You realize that his voice is the exact one that was coming from the small metal box you found in the cave.

Roscoe: "Could you give me some more details...please?...sir??"

Gamemaker: He holds up a finger to his mouth and is consumed by the smoke once more. And you jolt awake!

Roscoe: "Buhh!!"

Gamemaker: It is morning.

Roscoe: "Uh --"

(Pugface yawns)

Herman: "How did everyone sleep?"

Roscoe: "Horribly."

Pugface: "It was freezing -- like i said."

Roscoe: "I feel like that jerky might be backing me up."

Gamemaker: Aiden chimes in...

Sir Aiden: "Good news team! While yesterday was punishingly hot, it seems today is only swelteringly hot."

Edgar: "Oh --Uh."

Jocasta: "Oh, thank you Aiden."

Sir Aiden: "Shall we continue on then friends?"

Roscoe: "Yeah, Aiden!"

Pugface: "Sure, sure."

Jocasta: "Let's do that, Aiden."

Gamemaker: You mount your steeds who are looking a bit thirsty and worse for the wear.

Pugface: "Ohhhh..."

Gamemaker: And you head off.

Edgar: "Sorry Nick Fouls."

Gamemaker: Now due to the lack of remaining water and the hotness of the sun, I'm going to need exhaustion checks every hour of travel in the sun.

Jocasta: Nice. 18.

Gamemaker: Okay, Jocasta, you soldier forth, not succumbing to exhaustion.

Pugface: 21.

Gamemaker: Okay, Pugface soldiers on, not succumbing.

Roscoe: I got a natural 1.

Edgar: Ohhhh

Gamemaker: And what about you, Edgar?

Edgar: (*sheepishly*) 11.

Gamemaker: Okay! Roscoe!

Roscoe: "Uh!"

Gamemaker: You start to feel the heat kick in and then you see in front of you, just ahead, a thin, tall-ish halfling walking through the desert haze.

Roscoe: "Does anybody else see that guy?"

Gamemaker: You look around you and you no longer see your party mates.

Roscoe: "What the fu--"

Gamemaker: Before long, you realize, also, you're no longer on Tutturosso, and that the halfling is none other than the late Pascoe Slim.

(*Jake gasps*)

Roscoe: "This can't be right, you're dead and I had nothing to do with it."

(*Mike laughs*)

Roscoe: "Nothin."

Gamemaker: He places his hand upon your chest and, before you know it, you've switched bodies.

Roscoe: "Oh...this is horrible. Everything is so high!"

Gamemaker: You suddenly find yourself at the Grotto, the BrewPub where you and Pascoe met six nights ago.

Roscoe: "What is happening to me??"

Gamemaker: As you take in your new surroundings, someone roughly bumps into you.

Roscoe: "Hey, hey..."

Gamemaker: It's you...

Dream Roscoe: "Hey buddy, watch where you're goin', wouldja?"

Roscoe: "Watch where you're going you little...oh...woah..."

Dream Roscoe: "You're not from around here are ya?"

Roscoe: "Yes I am I live right here..."

Dream Roscoe: "What's ur name?"

Roscoe: "My name is Roscoe."

Dream Roscoe: "Pascoe?? The hell kind of a name is that?"

Roscoe: "I didn't say my name was Pascoe, my name, I said..."

Dream Roscoe: "Oooooooh, NORTH Taliashire, I get it now..."

Roscoe: "No, I don't live in North Taliashire!"

Dream Roscoe: "So, look, look, look, maybe you didn't realize but uh, you're not welcome here, pal."

Roscoe: "Woah, you better settle down buddy, it's -- you're the one who's not welcome here."

Gamemaker: Edgar Hawke comes running up from behind this version of you attempting to intervene.

Dream Edgar: "Uh...Roscoe, perhaps we should leave?"

(Jake giggles)

Dream Edgar: "...You've had quite a lot to drink..."

Roscoe: “No, no, no. Now, hold on. Now, hold on, Edgar...”

Dream Roscoe: “Look, Eddie I’m fine, I’m fine. It’s this asshole that’s the problem.”

Gamemaker: And these versions of Edgar and yourself vanish into blasts of sand.

Roscoe: “I haven’t even smoked this morning, what the hell is going on?”

Gamemaker: And whirl together into a large crowd before you, chanting

Crowd: “Wimsley! Wimsley! Wimsley!”

Leigha/Pugface: God...

Roscoe: “Ah --”

Gamemaker: You see the back of Mayor Wimsely standing in front of you and in the distance you see yourself and your band mates. Jocasta rushes towards the stage while the rest of the band stares up at a tall wooden watchtower.

Roscoe: “I don’t even know what to do anymore.”

Gamemaker: By the time you notice the watchtower, Roscoe, you see an arrow flying toward you.

Roscoe: I dive out of the way.

Gamemaker: Gimme a roll for it.

Roscoe: It’s a four.

Gamemaker: Okay, the arrow pierces your neck (*the crowd gasps*) and you fall to the ground choking on blood.

Roscoe: “Ughhh!!”

Gamemaker: Mayor Wimsley appears over you.

Dream Wimsley: “Pascoe?! Pascoe, stay with me! You’ve got this old boy!”

Roscoe: “No, I don’t!”

Gamemaker: Suddenly Jocasta appears over you, fraught with worry, she places her hands on the arrow and as she yanks it out, you startle awake! You are on Tutturosso still travelling through the desert.

Roscoe: “Buuhhh! What the fuc --”

Pugface: “You okay, bud?”

Roscoe: “I-I don’t know. I feel like I was transported inside the body of Pascoe Slim, which was awful.”

Pugface: “You’re dehydrated, buddy. It-it’s fuckin’ hot.”

Gamemaker: Meanwhile, Edgar, you see through the desert haze, an elderly elf wearing a crown.

Edgar: “Wah...?”

Gamemaker: By the time you approach him, you realize it’s your late father, Elgenitor Quendelari.

Edgar: “Ohhhh...you...MOTHER....”

Gamemaker: You are *suddenly* in the Qar’Shalten throne room, on the day you abdicated the throne, nearly 1,400 years ago.

(Edgar stammers)

Elgenitor Quendelari: “So, you’re choosing a music career over leading the people of this nation!?”

Edgar: “Yes, I’m choosing a music career, over leading the people of this nation. Whaaa?!”

Elgenitor Quendelari: “But the people need you. Use your charisma to lead your fellow elves instead!”

Edgar: “Leave that up to Kistani!”

Gamemaker: Elgenitor suddenly looks very sullen, and you don’t remember this part of the conversation.

Elgenitor Quendelari: “Well. I can see I won’t be convincing you otherwise.”

Edgar: “Neh --”

Elgenitor Quendelari: “All I ask is this, Edgarnon: Whatever you do, do it with a selfless heart. You’re about to have a nation of people who resent you; prove them wrong by being kind and do right by the ones around you, whoever they may be.”

Edgar: “You just wait until we invent folk rock, father.”

Elgenitor Quendelari: “I love yo--”

Gamemaker: Your father crumbles into sand, along with the throne room, which shifts into the Nation of Man, on the brink of war, 1,200 years ago. Humans run and scream all around you, as dragons fly overhead.

Edgar: “This was a bad day.”

Gamemaker: A voice calls out behind you...

Voice: “Edgar, come on! We need to set sail!”

Edgar: “I’m coming!!”

Gamemaker: You turn around to see Wendell Stump, drummer of ElfMother, on the deck of the ship that took you to Fovor on the brink of the Great War...

Wendell Stump: “Come aboard! If we stay, we die!”

Edgar: “You want *me* to come aboard? Oh-uh-I-I don’t know, maybe we want to find Tanner Brayden and see if he wants to get on the boat!?”

Wendell Stump: “I don’t know who the hell that is, man! You need to come aboard!”

Edgar: “Alright I’ll just get on the boat because obviously it’s better than the dragons behind me.”

Gamemaker: As you head toward the boat you hear a human call out behind you...

ElfMother Fan: “Stay, Edgar! Use the Thunderlute for good!”

Edgar: “I’m really sorry, but, I’m going to get on the boat.”

Gamemaker: And with that all of the humans burst into flame and scream.

Edgar: “See what I mean??”

Gamemaker: Reality falls to sand again...

Voice of Elgenitor Quendelari: "Do right by the ones around you"

Gamemaker: ...followed by a series of images: The fifty King's Guard being melted into skeletons...

Edgar: "Ehhh, it was self defence --"

Gamemaker: You standing in the Boardstead dungeon saying...

Dream Edgar: "I suppose that the people that I vaporized were, in fact, people!"

Edgar: "Ehhh..."

Gamemaker: Then, Mythic Thunderlute huddled in the Cave of the Forgotten and you saying...

Dream Edgar: "We have to kill them."

Edgar: "Well! I didn't really mean it!"

Gamemaker: And Jocasta flipping you off as she leaves the cave, hurt.

Edgar: "Ohhhhhh, come back Jocasta! Don't flip me off!"

Elgenitor Quendelari: "Do right by the ones around you."

Gamemaker: You finally come to!

Edgar: "Uahh!!"

Gamemaker: You are riding Nick Foals through the desert, surrounded by your companions.

Edgar: "I--"

Jocasta: "Are you okay??"

Edgar: "I--"

Pugface: "What is happening??"

Edgar: "Pugface??"

Pugface: "Huh!?"

Edgar: "What day is this day?"

Pugface: "Don't ask me, I don't know. I don't know my own name."

Edgar: "Are we still -- are we still a band??"

Jocasta: "Of course we are!"

Gamemaker: Everyone roll Perception as you continue to look for the city.

Jocasta: 17 for me.

Roscoe: 9 for Roscoe.

Pugface: 10.

Edgar: 19.

Gamemaker: Okay. Pugface and Roscoe, you look for paths underground and all you see is haze. Edgar and Jocasta, though it might be a mirage, you spy something specific and large in the distance. It seems to be a very oddly shaped rock. My friends who have *not* succumb to exhaustion yet, please give me another Constitution roll.

Jocasta: 16 for me.

Pugface: 10.

Gamemaker: Pugface, the heat overtakes you --

Pugface: "No!"

Gamemaker: -- and you suddenly find yourself back at home, surrounded by your six older brothers, who are once again in their teen years. They are being incredibly loud.

(Fart noise and and explosion of laughter from the teenage boys)

Pugface: "Ahh! AAHH. No."

Gamemaker: No matter what you say, you notice that none of your brothers are paying attention to you.

(A smaller fart noise, followed by more laughter)

Pugface: "Well they *never* do!"

Gamemaker: They continue to play and you feel a hand on your shoulder.

Pugface: “Uh!”

Gamemaker: And it’s your father, Rikio.

Pugface: “Ahhhh, Dad!”

Gamemaker: He leans in close to you and says...

Rikio: “You know somethin’, my little pug? Yer brothers may not let ya get a word in edgewise, but that doesn’t mean that what you have to say isn’t important.”

Pugface: “Okay...okay.”

Rikio: “Just, never be afraid to speak your mind, no matter how hard it may be. Wait...you know what?”

Gamemaker: And Rikio begins to play a gemstone and dance around the living room.

(music starts)

MORE THAN WHAT THEY SEE

Rikio: *(singing)*
WHADDDAYA SAY WE GET UP AND MOVE?

Pugface: I’m not in the mood, Dad.

Rikio:
FOLLOW ME, PUG, START FEELING THE GROOVE!

Pugface: The groove for WHAT!?

Rikio:
YOU’RE BIGGER AND BOLDER EVERY DAY.

Pugface: Well, I dunno about *that*...

Rikio:
YOU’RE GROWING IN THE MOST BADASS WAY!

Pugface: Come on, Dad--

Rikio:
YOU’RE A COOL TEEN ON THE SCENE

AND GET IT AINT KEEN TO BE SEEN WITH ME.
BUT YOU'RE WISER THAN YOU THINK.
DON'T SECOND GUESS, DON'T BLINK
YOUR BROTHERS ARE BIGGER
BUT THE WAY I FIGURE
YOUR HEART GIVES YOU THE EDGE.
SPEAK YOUR MIND, PEEK OVER THAT LEDGE!

(refrain)

QUICKER THAN A GUITAR LICK
CLEARER THAN A BELL
YOUR LYRICS'LL FIT THE SONG JUST RIGHT,
NOW SING THEM, LOUD AS HELL!
YOU'LL GROW AND CHANGE MY LITTLE PUG
CAN'T ALWAYS DANCE WITH ME.
SHARE THAT HEART WITH THE WORLD.
AND SHOW THEM WHAT I SEE.
WHAT I SEE...

Pugface: *(singing)*

I HEAR YA DAD; I WANNA ROCK,
SCREAM, AND WAIL LIKE EDGAR HAWKE
WHEN I'M ON STAGE, MY SET IS TIGHT
I CAN PLAY UNTIL THE WORLD IS RIGHT

I'M AN ACE ON THE BASS, BUT A TOTAL DISGRACE
IN THE FACE OF A PLACE WITH NO MUSIC
MY WORDS DON'T POP LIKE THEY SHOULD
I KNOW I'LL BE MISUNDERSTOOD

Rikio:

THE MUSIC IS YOU
THAT WILL ALWAYS BE TRUE
SPEAK IN LIFE THE WAY YOU DO
WHEN WE JAM, JUST ME AND YOU

Take it, Puggy!

(he waits for her to sing...)

(Pugface groans with worry)

Rikio: "C'mon...I know ya can!"

Pugface: *(gaining volume and confidence throughout)*

QUICKER THAN A GUITAR LICK
CLEARER THAN A BELL
MY LYRICS'LL FIT THE SONG JUST RIGHT,
I'LL SING THEM, LOUD AS HELL!

Rikio: "That's it, Pugface!!"

Pugface:

YOU TEACH ME HOW TO CHANGE AND GROW,
I'M PROUD OF WHO I'LL BE.
NO SCAREDY PUG, WITHOUT A BEAT,
I'LL SHOW THEM WHAT YOU SEE!

Both: *(in harmony)*

QUICKER THAN A GUITAR LICK
CLEARER THAN BELL
OUR LYRICS'LL FIT THE SONG JUST RIGHT,
WE'LL SING THEM LOUD AS HELL!
LOUDER FOR THE KIDS IN BACK
THIS IS WHO YOU CAN BE
DON'T EVER LET THEM DROWN YOU OUT!
BE MORE THAN WHAT THEY SEE!
WHAT THEY SEE...
WHAT THEY SEE...
WHAT THEY SEE.

Pugface:

I'LL NEVER LET THEM DROWN ME OUT,
I'M MORE THAN WHAT THEY SEE

Rikio:

NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO, MY PUG,
YOU'RE EVERYTHING TO ME.

(music ends)

Pugface: "Thanks, dad."

Rikio: "You got it, sweetheart. Now, what was it you were trying to say?"

Pugface: "It's about Autumn."

(the group giggles at her abruptness)

Rikio: “Oh!”

Pugface: “I hate her.”

(the giggles get louder)

Pugface: “I don’t like her. I’ve never told you that, but you need to know this!”

Gamemaker: His jaw drops and then he crumbles into sand, which swirls back together to become Byron Crane, your favorite professor at the Sakular Edennia, the non-religious, elf-run higher learning institution from which you recently graduated.

(Jake laughs)

Gamemaker: You find yourself before your entire Draconic Studies class, about to give an oral presentation.

Pugface: “So...”

Gamemaker: Professor Crane calls out...

Professor Crane: “Remember to breathe, Pugface!”

(giggles)

Pugface: “Okay...hello everyone...I’m going to talk about...dragons...”

Gamemaker: As you struggle to find the words, some of your fellow students begin to snicker at you.

(unfamiliar students giggle)

Professor Crane: “Hey! Public Speaking isn’t easy. It’s a skill learned in time.”

Gamemaker: That word, “time,” echoes as the sands shift once more to show you a series of images: You standing speechless as your father tells you he’s getting remarried, *you* crumbling under pressure on the witness stand two days ago..

(Pugface wimpers)

Gamemaker: ...and finally: Saying nothing after Officer Gourd tells you of his assassination plans and walking toward the fateful watch tower.

Pugface: “Ahhhh--”

Gamemaker: You gasp for air.

(she gasps)

Gamemaker: You are once again on Delilah, riding through the desert with your companions.

Pugface: *(bursting into tears)* “Roscoooooooooooooe!!”

Roscoe: “Ah, Pugface, it’s okay, did it happen to you too? Did you see the dreams?”

Pugface: *(still crying)* “I just don’t like to speak in public, I just don’t like it!!”

Jocasta: “What is happening?”

Roscoe: “I know, it’s okay, you don’t have to speak in public, it’s okay.”

(Edgar joins in Pugface’s crying)

Jocasta: “It’s okay.” *(Edgar keeps whimpering)* “Edgar relax.”

Gamemaker: Herman turns to Jocasta and says...

Herman: “Heh, looks like you and I are the only sane ones around here.”

Edgar: “Shut up, Herman!”

Gamemaker: As he says that, Jocasta, he begins to shrink along with Smelly until the two of them vanish.

Jocasta: “Oh...no.”

(Jake laughs)

Gamemaker: Your party mates are no longer around you. And you realize that you’re shrinking as well, until you are the size of a toddler.

Jocasta: “Oh!”

Gamemaker: You see your mother, Minerva, looking decades younger.

Jocasta: “Mama!”

Gamemaker: She smiles at you and comes running toward you.

Jocasta: “Oh, yay!”

Gamemaker: Suddenly, a ferocious bear appears behind her and roars.

(Jake gasps)

Gamemaker: Roll Constitution.

Jocasta: Oh, hell. Oh no! That would be a five?

Gamemaker: You find that you’ve been paralyzed with fear!

(Lillian gasps)

Gamemaker: Minerva turns to see the beast. Acting intuitively, she brandishes a blade...

Jocasta: “Oop!”

Gamemaker: ...and she stabs the bear in the gut. And the bear transforms into human form and Minerva lets out a gasp!

Jocasta: “Oh no --”

Gamemaker: Minerva begins to weep over the now dying man.

Jocasta: “Oh no!”

Gamemaker: You remain frozen as Minerva and the man crumble into sand, which forms into Officer Gourd, nearing the top of the watchtower. You finally regain control of your body!

Jocasta: “No!”

Gamemaker: Try and stop him!

Jocasta: She’s gonna take off towards the stage again, hoping to get there faster than she did last time.

Gamemaker: Alright, you book it toward the stage! Give me a -- an athletics check.

Jocasta: Ah, cripes. Six.

Gamemaker: Alright, so you're making it toward the stage again. The arrow flies over your head and stops directly above you!

Jocasta: (*gasps*) She's gonna try and grab it out of the air.

Gamemaker: You grab the arrow which crumbles to sand, along with all of your surroundings. You snap awake! Once again on Smelly, with Herman right behind you, humming quietly.

Jocasta: "Ohhhh, no."

Pugface: "It happened to you too, didn't it?"

Roscoe: "We gotta go."

Edgar: "I don't like it."

Jocasta: "I didn't act fast enough."

Gamemaker: You ride vigorously toward the geographical oddity and before long you have reached the rock!

Edgar: "Ah!"

Gamemaker: Which all of you can see has been singed by a dragon's flame. Pugface, you now see the word KURALI written in Draconic upon it.

Pugface: "Oh yeah! It says Kurali!"

Roscoe: "Well look at that! We found a sign!"

Jocasta: "We just have to find the entrance right?"

Sir Aiden: "Indeed."

Jocasta: She starts pushing on the word itself, in hopes that there's like a secret button or something.

Gamemaker: Ahh--Jocasta, as you inspect this side of the rock, nothing is happening.

Jocasta: Great.

Edgar: "We're here!"

Pugface: "Who are you calling for?"

Jocasta: She's gonna move around --

Gamemaker: Jocasta, as soon as you cross to the western side of the rock, you discover a large stone staircase leading underground. (*she gasps*) And sitting just in front of it is a baby dragon.

(*the baby dragon coo's*)

Jocasta: "Oh!"

(*Pugface gasps*)

Jocasta: "Hello!"

Pugface: "Ohhh, you guys!!"

Roscoe: "What in the world *is* that thing?!"

Edgar: "Oh my gosh it's so...!"

Pugface: "No! No! Don't touch it yet!"

Herman: "Am I hallucinating now?"

Jocasta: "No, no, no. Pugface, can you speak draconic?"

Pugface: "Oh yea--yeah I can, but this is a little baaaaaby. Ohhh--"

Sir Aiden: "Everyone dismount!"

(*they do*)

Jocasta: "When'd he become the boss?"

Pugface: "You guys, I don't wanna lie, I've--I've always wanted a little pet. Can we bring 'im along with us?"

Roscoe: "We are not taking--no. No."

Jocasta: "What if that's somebodies--"

Edgar: "It depends on how your conversation with the dragon goes!"

Pugface: I walk over to the little fella.

Gamemaker: OK-- Pugface, the baby dragon cautiously approaches you. It looks lonely and in need of love.

Pugface: "Hi little guy! My name is Pugface."

Gamemaker: Are you speaking in Draconic?

Pugface: Yea, I am. I am.

Gamemaker: The baby dragon comes even closer to you and kind of lights up, and recognizes the tongue in which you speak.

Edgar: "Um--"

Jocasta: "Oo, I like it!"

Roscoe: "I dunno, can we just walk past it? I mean--"

Gamemaker: The baby dragon squeaks out to you, Pugface, in draconic and says...

Baby Dragon: "Mama?"

Pugface: "Ohhh--you guys! It thinks that I'm its mother!"

Edgar: "Oh sweet--der--NO."

Pugface: "No, I have to keep it!"

Roscoe: "Well--no. You're not!"

Pugface: "No! Please! Well--At least when we walk though!"

Jocasta: "I vote yes."

Pugface: So, I pick it up, and I-I wrap it wh--I have a--like a scarf."

Gamemaker: After you do that, Pugface, it starts rubbing on your shoulder affectionately and purring.

(the baby begins to purr loudly)

Edgar: "Ohhhh!"

Roscoe: "No. This is bad."

Edgar: "You're gonna get your scent on it!"

Jocasta: "Pugface, what are you gonna name it??"

Pugface: "Ohhhhhh--How about...Lulu?"

Jocasta: "Oh, I like it!"

Herman: "I like it!"

Pugface: "Little Lulu."

(Lulu purrs louder)

Roscoe: "You can't name it."

Pugface: "Roscoe, what is it doing to you?"

Roscoe: "It's not what it's doing to me now. It's what it's gonna do to me later."

Jocasta: "Has anyone else noticed that there's stairs...too?"

Pugface: "You wanna leave it for gone??"

Roscoe: "And now we're gonna take it, and we're gonna have to *feed* it. When--we don't even have any water!"

Edgar: "Aiden, you're in charge here, what do you think of all this?"

Roscoe: "No, he's not in charge here!"

Sir Aiden: "Well, I don't care what we do with Lulu. I say we get down these stairs so we can continue with our adventure!"

Jocasta: "That's what I was saying. I feel like--there's stairs."

Pugface: "Let's go, Aiden!"

Sir Aiden: "Alright. I say we leave our horses up here under the shade of rock."

Roscoe: "Yeah, let's leave the horses up here and take the dragon. What a great idea."

Gamemaker: You place your horses in the shade and you descend the staircase. Who is walking behind Jocasta, currently?

Roscoe: Uh--Roscoe!

Gamemaker: Roscoe, you start to notice a citrine glow coming from Jocasta's bag.

Roscoe: "Hey Jocasta?"

Jocasta: "Yeah?"

Roscoe: "Could you do me a favor? Could you maybe just check in the bag and see what's glowing, for me?"

Jocasta: "Sure!"

Roscoe: "That'd be great."

Jocasta: She pulls her big fat bag off her back, puts it on the stairs and starts digging' thru.

Gamemaker: OK, you soon see that the source of the glow is the Necklace of Auch'Tachun.

Jocasta & Edgar: "Oh!"

Pugface: "Didn't know that thing glowed in the dark."

Edgar: "I have to say, the necklace is probably, here in the depths of this ancient draconic city, at its most powerful. If we find, like, a nice resonant chamber down here, we have to put this thing on and try it out, (laughing casually) because--I mean--Let me just put it on."

Pugface: "Get. Away."

Edgar: "Well, why shouldn't I wear it? It's mine after all!"

Jocasta: "It's OURS."

Edgar: "Oh, was it gifted to you when you were a child thousands of years ago??"

Jocasta: "Did you lose it and finders-keepers somebody else?"

Roscoe: "And right now you sound like a loser *and* weeper!"

(Edgar gasps)

Jocasta: “See, I don’t like what this necklace does to us! Look how we argue!”

Edgar: “Let-let--Sally forth.”

Gamemaker: You continue down the stairs, Pugface, part way down you see carved into the wall a draconic phrase which you read as...“Who do you serve?”

Pugface: “Who do you serve...”

Sir Aiden: “Well not Vanitius any more, I can tell you that.”

Edgar: “I’m really kind of open to whoever, you know, is uh---”

Sir Aiden: “The whole reason we were quested here is to request the help of the dragon gods and serve them.”

Roscoe: “Okay well then I guess it’s them!”

Pugface: “Great! Well that was easy.”

(Mike laughs)

Edgar: “Ah--In that case, I think, Jocasta, ya--ya know, maybe you should put that necklace on and uh--”

Jocasta: “I do think somebody should put it on. I think it should be...Roscoe.”

Roscoe: “Uhhhhhh--sure. I mean I’m always up for a good time.”

Gamemaker: Roscoe puts on the forbidden and legendary Necklace of Ach’Tachun.

Edgar: “Domino’s gonna be so mad, he can never find out.”

Gamemaker: And you finally reach the bottom of the stairs and find yourselves in an enormous cavern, the walls of which are charred black...

Edgar: “Ooo--”

Gamemaker: ...with cracks of red magma glowing through. Large yellow stone buildings line the walls, with no sign of life or light within them. And before you stretches a long stone bridge leading to an enormous stone cathedral, upon which is carved a mammoth Dragon’s Head.

Edgar: “I’m imagining we’re gonna make our way towards that cathedral with the mammoth dragon’s head.”

Gamemaker: Now, on either side of the narrow bridge is a massive drop-off into a lake of lava.

Edgar: "Oh."

Gamemaker: So, if you move slowly you should be able to traverse without an issue.

Jocasta: "Right."

Pugface: "Take it easy..."

Gamemaker: You traverse the treacherous bridge. Is everyone moving carefully?

Jocasta: "Yea!"

Edgar: "Very carefully."

Gamemaker: OK. While notably cooler underground you can feel the heat from the lava below and eventually you reach the cathedral's entrance!

Pugface: "We did it!"

Jocasta: Is it, like, open?

Gamemaker: It's wide open, you can step right in.

Jocasta: Oh good.

Gamemaker: Within, you see a raised circular platform with a thin stone lectern jutting from the center of it. Lining the circular wall of the Cathedral are twelve evenly-spaced Hexagonal floor carvings.

Sir Aiden: "Have any of you actually summoned a God before?"

Edgar: (laghing) "Yeaa--About thirteen of them, yes!"

Sir Aiden: "Oh, my word. Well then, do your thing I suppose."

Jocasta: "Oo! Now we could sing a song!"

Herman: "Ooo! Very good! What's it going to be, gang? I don't even know what kind of music Dragons like."

Pugface: "Easy Listening."

Herman: "Easy Listening?"

Roscoe: "Pugface, your dad was really into Easy Listening wasn't he?"

Pugface: "That's right!"

Roscoe: "Like I always remember--"

Pugface: "Absolutely!"

Roscoe: "I always remember, like, Perry Tomo and the Two Tones?"

Edgar: "Maybe with just a little bit of rock and roll in it so it feels a little more like Feely Stan?"

Roscoe: "Feely Stan!" *(laughing)* "They were so--"

(Leigha laughs)

Roscoe: "They were so innovative."

Pugface: "You're gettin it."

Sir Aiden: "Sing on then my bards!"

Edgar: "Alright, what's the name of this song?"

Pugface: "Autumn in..."

Herman: "...in Vritranya?"

Roscoe: "Autumn in Vritranya."

Pugface: "Autumn in Vritranya."

Gamemaker: Alright, everyone give me a performance check.

(dice rolls)

Pugface: Pugface has ten.

Jocasta: Thirteen.

Edgar: Thirteen, yea.

Roscoe: Natural 20.

Gamemaker: Okay, Roscoe. Because you rolled so well and because you're utilizing the Necklace of Ach'Tachtun, you're able to lead the band through this really satisfying Easy Listening tune.

Autumn in Vritranya

ROSCOE: (*singing*)

ROCKS OF RED AND SANDS OF GOLD,
AMBER EMBERS AT YOUR FEET.
VRITRANYA STILL THE SAME, OLD,
FEVER DREAM OF BLISTERING COLD
AND SWELTERING HEAT...

WHEN IT'S AUTUMN IN VRITRANYA,
THERE ARE NO LEAVES THAT FALL.
WHEN IT'S AUTUMN, IN VRITRANYA,
THERE ARE NO LEAVES AT ALL.

THER EIS NO VEGETATION, BUT
THE SUN IS SHINING BRIGHT.
IT'S HOT AS FUCK, BUT JUST MY LUCK,
I'LL FREEZE MY HALFLING ASS OFF
IN THE NIGHT

WHEN IT'S AUTUMN...
MOTHER NATURE SHOOTS THIS MEAN CANNONBALL...
WHEN IT'S AUTUMN,
IN VRITRANYA,
IN THE FALL.

SUMMERTIME....DAMN! THE DAYS CAN REALLY ROAST YOU UP.
SPRINGTIME...BAM! THE DAYS STILL TOTALLY TOAST YOU UP!
WINTERTIME...WHAM! THE DAYS DON'T FAIL TO FIRE YOU UP.
AND IN AUTUMN, IT'S JUST AS HOT BUT THERE'S SOMETHING, I DUNNO, SPECIAL
ABOUT IT YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

WHEN IT'S AUTUMN IN VRITRANYA
YOU'D LIKE A COLD MORTHEMBER RAIN.
WHEN IT'S AUTUMN IN VRITRANYA
YOU'D LIKE AN ANTIPAST' BUT THERE'S NO FOOD CHAIN

ALL YOU GET IS DESOLATION, BUT

THE STARS ARE SHINING BRIGHT.
IT'S COLD AS FUCK, BUT JUST YOUR LUCK
YOUR BURN YOUR EPIDERMIS OFF AT FIRST LIGHT
IT'S AUTUMN
MOTHER NATURE FIRES A WICKED CANNONBALL...
WHEN IT'S AUTUMN
IN VRITRANYA,
IN THE FALL.

WHEN IT'S AUTUMN
IN VRITRANYA, I'M ONT'YA, YOU COULD BAKE MY MOTHER'S LASAGNA OUTSIDE
IN THE FALL!

(music ends)

Gamemaker: A column of shimmering light shoots out of the hex directly in front of you. There is a blinding flash and then before you, you see the imposing diamond like God known as Vritrani. You can feel his power radiating.

Vritrani: "I am Vritrani. God of All. Who dares to disturb the Draconic Pantheon."

Roscoe: "Uhh--hi yeah we're Mythic Thunderlute."

Edgar: "We're here on behalf of King Cyrus?"

Roscoe: "And we need your help."

Pugface: "And some water?"

Vritrani: "I see. Well, the flesh skinned mortals have historically loathed our kind. But I see you bear the Necklace of Auch'Tachun."

Edgar: "Oh yes!"

Roscoe: "Oh, Yea...yea...yea."

Edgar: "That's ours."

Pugface: "Good eye."

Jocasta: "And we don't loathe your kind, in fact, we're protecting one of your kind as we speak!"

(Lulu purrs)

Vritrani: "I see...caretakers of our young..."

Jocasta: "That's right."

Vritrani: "What is't you seek from The Draconic Twelve?"

Jocasta: "Oh, well...the old gods, um, have called upon us to help our--our community believe in them again and come back to them, and when we told the King about that he felt that maybe we should come to you and ask for your help!"

Sir Aiden: "Because the Elven Gods have sworn to destroy us!"

Jocasta: "Yes."

Sir Aiden: "We need you to protect us from them, old chap."

Roscoe: "Please."

Vritrani: "Don't call me 'old chap'."

Roscoe: "Aiden, shut your mouth!"

Jocasta: "Aiden, maybe you shouldn't do any of the talkin'."

Pugface: "Don't call him 'old chap'!"

Roscoe: "Now you and Herman at the same time!"

Herman: "Guys, guys, guys I got this!"

Roscoe: "No, Herman!"

Jocasta: "No, Herman, no."

Edgar: "Herman."

Pugface: "Let Herman speak."

Edgar: (*whispering*) "Don't fuck this up Herman."

Herman: (*singing*) IT'S HERMAN'S TIME TO DO HIS THING...

Edgar: "Ohhhh my god, (breaking into laughter) oh my god. Kill him!"

Pugface: "Shut the fuck up!"

Jocasta: "Herman--"

Vritrani: "Please, stop--stop that Monk immediately."

(*Steve laughs loudly*)

Pugface: "That's the last time."

Edgar: "We bring you this monk as sacrifice."

(laughter)

Jocasta: "No! No--"

Edgar: "We also bring you this Virgin Roscoe as sacrifice."

(more laughter)

Jocasta: "No! No!"

Roscoe: "Woah woah woah woooh WOAH!"

Jocasta: "That's not true! We are not bringing any sacrifices!"

Edgar: "Oh."

Roscoe: "No, and I am not a virgin for the record!"

Pugface: "Ahhhhhhh...dead!"

Vritrani: "If you seek our protection, I shall summon the twelve."

Roscoe: "OK, great. That's what we need--"

Vritrani: "Or as you mortals call us...the ancient Gods."

Jocasta: "That would be very nice."

Vritrani: "Just sayin'."

Gamemaker: And with a move of Vritrani's head, the other eleven hexes become pillars of light, each one a different gemstone color. From them emerge eleven different gods- Vritrani, the Diamond God, introduces each one as they appear:

Edgar: "Uh oh..."

Roscoe: "We gotta do this again?" (laughing)

Vritrani: "Up first, the ruby god Perrin, lord of war and agriculture."

Perrin: “But we live in a desert, so... not a ton to do.”

(laughter)

Vritrani: “Next, the emerald god Joroles, lord of land and nature.”

Joroles: “Ya know, Gaides gets a looooot of credit for the making of this continent, but you know who made the desert? Me, baby!”

(Jake laughs)

Vritrani: “The hematite god Mimona, lord of wisdom and insight.”

Mimona: “I can tell you are under duress and under hydrated. I shall heal you and your steeds.”

Edgar: “Oh!”

Gamemaker: And with that, Mimona closes her eyes, and with a silver shimmer, your exhaustion is cured!

Roscoe: “Ohhhh!!!”

Edgar, Jocasta & Pugface: “Oh!”

Jocasta: “Thank you so much.”

Pugface: “Thank you!”

Roscoe: “Oh! MamaLUKES!”

Pugface: “You have no idea!”

Vritrani: “The pearl god Njola, lord of fortune and chance.”

Njola: “I sense your fortune has not been strong of late”

Jocasta: “I--I mean, that's basically true yea.”

Edgar: “No-Nothing gets by you!”

(Steve laughs)

Vritrani: “The granite god Velma, lord of death and the afterlife.”

Velma: “You're closer to death now than you've ever been!”

Edgar: “Ooookay, thats--alright...”

Roscoe: “That's, yea, youse--”

Jocasta: “I mean, everyone is like, you’re born and then you’re dying for the rest of your life, so--”

Herman: “It is literally true.”

Vritrani: “The kyanite god Sateli, lord of time.”

Sateli: “Y’all, if you could see the fourth dimension like me, you’d just be like ‘What’s the rush?’”

Pugface: “Alright!”

(Jake giggles)

Vritrani: “The jasper god Therun, lord of weather and the elements.”

Therun: “‘round here though? Mostly just heat.”

Roscoe: “You’re good at that. You’re *very* good at your job.”

Jocasta: “Nailin’ it.”

Vritrani: “The turquoise god Volor, lord of the sea.”

Volor: “Splish splash, amirite?”

(laughter)

Vritrani: “The kunzite god Dogor, lord of love and truth.”

Dogor: “Be honest with each other, and more so with yourselves.”

Pugface: “Yeah.”

Roscoe: “Yea, ok.”

Vritrani: “The amethyst god Hermeli, lord of travel, bounds, and trade.”

Hermeli: “Oo! Travelers! You know, this may shock you, but we actually don’t get a ton of guests!”

Roscoe: “No, it doesn’t shock us at all, actually..uh...”

Pugface: “Happy to be here.”

Vritrani: “And finally, the citrine god Bravolos...”

Pugface: "Oh!"

Vritrani: "--lord of music, dance, and celebration."

Bravolos: "Mmmm! Dope jewelry, friends. Way to keep those vocals toight!"

Pugface: "Oh my."

(giggles)

Vritrani: "Enough! These mortals seek our protection from the elven gods. Tell us, mortals, what you shall give us in return."

Vritrani: "What is it that you might want?"

Jocasta: "Well--I know I've spoken out of turn already, but if I may, my friends?"

Roscoe: "Fine!"

Pugface: "Go ahead."

Jocasta: "Listen Aiden, we're putting you on a short leash."

Sir Aiden: "Alright. Well. King Cyrus himself hath commanded that we shall forsake the god Vanitius and worship the Draconic pantheon instead."

Vritrani: "Very well. If so, kneel and swear."

Gamemaker: Sir Aiden drops immediately to his knees.

Edgar: "Aiden kneels on behalf of a--sort of a surrogate for all of us, so..."

Vritrani: "If you do not kneel, I cannot know that you are pure in your intention."

Edgar: "I am *kneeling* in that case!"

Pugface: "Right."

Roscoe: "Well, fine, alright, whatever..."

Pugface: Pugface is kneeling slowly.

Jocasta: Jocasta would've kneeled right away.

Gamemaker: Herman steps forward.

Herman: "Wait...this is my moment! To finally stand out--"

Gamemaker: And Sir Aiden yanks him down by the cowl.

Roscoe: “Yeah--common, Herman.”

Gamemaker: Vritrani looks to his fellow Gods who seem to communicate with him telepathically.

Vritrani: “If and when the Elven Pantheon comes to destroy you, we shall protect you. At that point, we expect you nations undying worship.”

Jocasta: “Yes. Should you come to need to save us from the Elven Gods, we will promise to follow you.”

Vritrani: “Very good. Any other questions before we depart?”

Edgar: “Uh--is there any way that we could get some sort of escort back across the desert? It was a bit of a harrowing journey, or at least like a--”

Vritrani: “Very well, when you reach the surface of Kurali, you shall have escort.”

Edgar: “Oh! Very nice. Thank you!”

Sir Aiden: “May I ask something? Eh--Why did the diamond clouds suddenly appear above this nation to begin with?”

Vritrani: “Oh--we have an old enemy in the Red God, Maress. When he was recently reinstated into being, it triggered the reawakening of the Dragon Gods, and the Dragons themselves.”

Roscoe: “Got it. So all the Dragons are back? Like all of ‘em?”

Vritrani: “The youngest usually awake first.”

Edgar: “Hmm.”

Pugface: “They’re waking up now?”

Vritrani: “As we speak.”

(low rumble)

Gamemaker: The entire Cathedral begins to rumble and bits of sand fall from the ceiling.

Vritrani: “But there is another conflict that should concern you: One that brews in your very streets.”

Roscoe: "Oh?"

Vritrani: "One of you has family you must never see again..."

Jocasta & Pugface: "What?"

Roscoe: "Please tell me it's Giovanni."

Herman: "I think it might be Edgar because we already know he's been banished!"

Edgar: "Yeah! Ah-no, that's me. That's me. Hello. Hello."

Vritrani: "Two of you have family in grave danger..."

Jocasta: "Wha-wah..."

Roscoe: "Once again, please tell me it's Giovanni!"

Vritrani: "And one of you has family that you do not yet know. Learn who they are and find them, quickly. They will be the key in the final battle."

Roscoe: "Wait-wait..."

Jocasta: "Are we gonna need their help in order to...stop the mining? Is that what you're trying to say?"

Vritrani: "I'm saying certain things have been set in motion. Protect your loved ones but above all...find the lost family member."

Roscoe: "Where am I supposed to find--"

Gamemaker: The cathedral is shaking more than ever.

Roscoe: "We gotta get outta here."

Vritrani: "Thus ends this gathering of the twelve."

Gamemaker: And with another move of Vritrani's head, he and his fellow gods disappear in shimmers of light.

Edgar: "Let's go!"

Gamemaker: You leave the cathedral and come to the bridge to find (music) dozens and dozens of dragons coming out of the large stone buildings and taking flight.

Autumn in Vritranya (Reprise)

Mother Dragon and the Dragons: (singing)
OHHHHHHHHH

Gamemaker: When they reach the top of the city they bore through the ground causing light to shine down upon you

Mother Dragon and the Dragons:
WHEN IT'S AUTUMN
IN VRITRANYA
IN THE FALL

Sir Aiden: "My word, RUN!"

Gamemaker: And Sir Aidan begins dashing across the narrow bridge

Edgar: Aiden, you take care of yourself!

Jocasta: I'm gonna walk across carefully.

Gamemaker: Great! Is everyone else walking carefully?

Roscoe: Sure

Edgar: Yes.

Pugface: Yea.

Mother Dragon and the Dragons:
FAAALLLLLL

Gamemaker: Alright Sir Aidan makes it safely across to the other side, but as you traverse slowly a dragon suddenly bursts through the bridge in front of you!

Mother Dragon:
SUMMERTIME, DAMN (explosion), THE DAYS CAN REALLY ROAST YOU UP...

Pugface: "Jesus!"

Edgar: "Oh, no!"

Sir Aiden: "You're going to have to jump my friends. Come across!"

Pugface: "Alright."

Gamemaker: Herman is going to jump first -

(drum fill)

Mother Dragon and the Dragons:
SPRINGTIME, BAM, THE DAYS STILL TOTALLY TOAST YOU UP!

Gamemaker: -and successfully land on the other side.

Jocasta: Jocasta's gonna turn into a bird.

Mother Dragon and the Dragons:
OHHHHHHHHHH

Gamemaker: Alright you successfully make it across.

Pugface: "Traitor!"

Jocasta: Well you know what, her clothes stayed on the side that you guys are on.
So she's currently naked on the other side.

(guitar slide)

Roscoe: Roscoe just kind of like runs across and...it is a 17.

Gamemaker: Roscoe you haul yourself across...

Mother Dragon and the Dragons:
WINTERTIME WHAM THE DAYS DONT FAIL TO FIRE YOU UP

Gamemaker: ...and you successfully land on the other side.

E5

Pugface: All right, I'm gearing up to jump... 18 baby.

Gamemaker: Pugface your little gnomish body just hurls and flings across successfully to the other side of the gap in the bridge.

Mother Dragon and the Dragons *(harmonies)*:
BUT IN AUTUMN, IT'S JUST AS HOT BUT THERE'S SOMETHING I DUNNO
SPECIAL ABOUT IT YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

Mother Dragon:
WHERE'S MYYYY CHIIIIIIILLLLLLLD

ALL YOU'LL GET IS DESOLATION, 'CAUSE
MOTHER'S FIRE IS BURNING BRIGHT.
IT'S HOT AS FUCK, DON'T PRESS YOUR LUCK.
I'LL FLAME YOUR FLESHY ASSES OFF... IF YOU FIGHT.

WHEN IT'S AUTUMN!
MOTHER DRAGON HOCKS A WICKED FIREBALL...
WHEN IT'S AUTUMN
IN VRITRANYA
IN THE FFFFFFFF-- (*mother dragon goes to breath fire on them!!!*)

Lulu: "Mama?"

(underscoring cuts out)

Jocasta: Jocasta looks at Pugface and goes, "Pugface, it is time to let go of the baby"

Pugface: "I know that."

Roscoe: "Come on, you've had it for like two hours."

Pugface: "Don't rush me!"

(underscoring shifts to gentle lullaby)

Pugface:
ROCKS OF RED AND SANDS OF GOLD,
AMBER EMBERS AT YOUR LITTLE FEET
(a quiet sob)
VITRANYA IS YOUR REAL HOME
BUT I WILL DREAM OF YOU,
A HERO, REMEMBER ME, STAY SWEET

Pugface: And I walk up slowly to the big dragon.

Gamemaker: The large dragon bends down and the baby dragon hops aboard its head.

Pugface: "Take care of yourself now..."

Gamemaker: The Mother Dragon looks at you and softens and says...

Mother Dragon: "Thank you for taking care of her."

Gamemaker: And Mama Dragon takes flight.

(Drum fill and Outro/fade)

Mother Dragon: (ad lib a la “great gig in the sky”)

WHOA - OHHH

OHHH OHH WHOA... OHH IN THE FALL

OOHHH WHOA IN THE FALL

Gamemaker: Suddenly Vritrani appears in the air and says,

Vritrani: “Now then, your escort awaits...”

Gamemaker: --and with that a shimmer the color of diamonds falls across you all and you find yourselves at Vritrani’s Pass. Night has now fallen.

Jocasta: “Nice!”

Edgar: “Haaah.”

Pugface: “Wow.”

Roscoe: “What a day.”

Pugface: “We had a day!”

Jocasta: “I have a question. Would anyone be willing to give up a piece of clothing because when I decided to fly from one side to the other, that means I left both my big fat bag full of stuff and my clothes on the other side.”

Edgar: I’ve got a-ah-a jesters costume--uh--”

Pugface: “I’ve got a scarf you can wear as a skirt!”

Roscoe: “I’ve got a pair of pants I never wear.”

Jocasta: “OK. I will take Roscoe’s pants. I’m gonna take the scarf and make it into a tube top.”

Pugface: “Crafty!”

Sir Aiden: “Well, come my friends, let us find a place to rest for the night. I can send a Kay Wren to our sovereign in the morning.”

Gamemaker: As you head off, you hear a loud thud behind you, in Vritranya. Pugface, in draconic you hear someone call out...

Mother Dragon: “Gnome!”

Pugface: “Huh?”

Gamemaker: You turn around to see the Mother Dragon...

Mother Dragon: "You've shown kindness to my child. May this protect you in the days to come."

Gamemaker: And she cranes her head back and grabs something from her back. Which she tosses at your feet. It is a ruby red breast plate.

Pugface: "You guys."

Gamemaker: The Mother Dragon calls out...

Mother Dragon: "Don it."

Pugface: "I'm gonna put it on!"

Gamemaker: Pugface, you hop off your horse and you put on the ruby red breast plate.

Pugface: "Look at me!"

Gamemaker: As soon as you do, the Mother Dragon snorts out a blast of fire which strikes you!

Pugface: "AHHH!"

Gamemaker: Pugface, though startled, you find that you are completely unharmed. Gain +3 to your AC and you are now resistant to fire damage!

Edgar: Waaaahhhh!!

Pugface: Whhhaat???

Roscoe: Nice!!

Gamemaker: You continue through the pass and back into North Taliashire. Now, although Mimona gave you your strength back, you find that you and your horses are in desperate need of rest once more.

Roscoe: "Tuttorosso's tired."

Gamemaker: North Taliashire seems a rather peaceful village at night. And everyone give me a perception roll.

Roscoe: 18 for Roscoe

Jocasta: 24 for Jocasta

Edgar: 6

Pugface: 15 for Pugface.

Gamemaker: For Pugface and Edgar all is calm. For Jocasta and Roscoe, you notice the silhouette of Officer Gourd's corpse, hanging high in the distance.

Roscoe: "Ohh, shit."

Jocasta: "Whoo."

Gamemaker: You do spy an Inn in the square with a sign hanging that says The Humble Halfling.

Roscoe: "Oh, I didn't know they were talking about me!" (*he chuckles at this joke*)

Jocasta: "It's as good a place as any to go rest."

Roscoe: "Let's definitely rest here. Hello hello hello!" (knocking)

Gamemaker: You go inside where you awaken a dwarven women sitting at a desk.

Inn Keeper: (*snoring*) "Ooh! Hello, dear ones. Will you be stayin' the night?"

Pugface: "Yes, please!"

Roscoe: "One night if that's okay with you?"

Inn Keeper: "It's five gelder's each. I've got two rooms left, with four beds a piece just down the hall. Room seven and eight."

Gamemaker: The dwarvish woman takes the gelder and slides you two keys. You go down the hall, you rest for the night. Roscoe, you dream yet again that you are surrounded by herb smoke. The aged halfling emerges from the smoke once more and stares at you. This time, he holds up three fingers and whispers...

Aged Halfling: "My..."

Roscoe: "Where is my...okay?"

Gamemaker: And is enveloped in the herb smoke again you are rudely awakened!

(*a bell is ringing in the town*)

Roscoe: "Buuuuh!!!"

Gamemaker: Herman comes bursting into your room....

Herman: “Wake up! Everyone! The first plague is upon us!”

Edgar: “Ohhh no...”

Pugface: We run outside.

Gamemaker: Outside, you see through the fog the silhouette of a halfling sitting on the small stage in the square. Everyone roll perception.

Edgar: A Nat 20.

Gamemaker: Edgar, you realize it's Mayor Wimsley.

Edgar: “Mayor!”

Gamemaker: You get his attention and he wanders over to you and says...

Mayor Wimsley: “Ah! The southerners. Jocasta, I took your advice. I decided to take the night and think on how best to handle the escalating tensions.”

Jocasta: “Oh, that...that's good! And?”

Mayor Wimsley: “Well I awoke to discover this unnatural red fog and to find that my followers hadn't the patience you instilled in me. The town's been abandoned!”

Jocasta: “The town's been abandoned?”

Edgar: “Where did they all go?”

Gamemaker: Herman's jaw is agape and he points behind you.

Herman: “That's not fog...”

Gamemaker: And you turn to see a column of black smoke coming from South Taliashire!

(Pugface and Roscoe gasp)

Gamemaker: And that's where we will end our episode!!

Steve/Roscoe: No!!

Leigha/Pugface: Nooooooooooooo!!!

Jake/Edgar: Noooooo!!!!

Credits

Michael/Gamemaker:

Tune in in two weeks on Tuesday, November 16th for Episode 8: The Battle of Taliashire. And make sure to leave us a review and subscribe! Mythic Thunderlute was conceived by Jake Blouch, Michael Doherty and Steve Gudelunas. Jake Blouch serves as our guitarist and voice of Edgar Hawke. Lillian Castillo was the voice of Jocasta Stormwood. I'm Michael Doherty, the editor and head writer, AKA; The Gamemaker. Steve Gudelunas is our resident drummer and the voice of Roscoe Chubb. Leigha Kato is the voice of Pugface Doodleop. Dan Kazemi does our underscoring, arranging, synth, keyboard, mixing and mastering. Alex Keiper is our co-producer and chief story editor. She did the sound effects for this episode.

Course of the Stream was written by Jake Blouch. More than What They See was written by Jake Blouch and Alex Keiper. And Autumn in Vritranya was written by Dan Kazemi. The drums for this episode were mixed and tracked by Rob Kapolowitz. Our production manager is Molly Foy. Social Media assistance from Sarah Royds. Marketing consultation by Judd Mellinger-Blouch. Imaging by Lee Cortopossi and Daniel Kontz and Web Design by Campbell O'Hare.

Shout out to some of our patreon supporters; Steve Scott Stark, Megan Winch, Jeremy Gable and our newest supporters Roberto Castillo, Campbell O'Hare and Mike McKeon. Join us on Patreon to get an early glimpse of our next episode or find us on BandCamp.

We'll catch you next time on Mythic Thunderlute.

