

“As usual, there’s 3 places you can go tonight!” you hear Jack say, broadcast into your room. “Make your choice, and we’ll guide you on the trail there! Find money, find items to help you, and have a good ol’ time!” You make your choice, and a pair of staff members guide you where you ask.

A wooden swinging gate creaks open as you push through into **The Saloon**. The stench of alcohol assaults your nostrils, but after brushing that off you observe the wide drinking parlor, housing a dozen circular tables with several chairs strewn about in disarray. The wide bar countertop is polished clean, with half-empty bottles and drinks everywhere, and the multiple shelves of well-stocked liquors behind the countertop sparkle like a rainbow.

There’s a 2nd-story parlor up a flight of rickety stairs. It’s basically a whole new floor, with only a narrow gap to view the 1st story below. There’s a few more tables and chairs and drinks, but what catches your eye is a huge bear head mounted to the wall, frozen forever in a nasty snarl.

But it’s still the middle of the night, and the only illumination in the saloon are feeble candles on the tables.

You quickly nab what you can in the area. You’re able to find the **Wrath of Lucifer**, some **Gummy Vitamins**, and **\$11**. Seems you were also lucky enough to find a **Trebuchet**, a rare find.

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You wander the room for a while, meeting up with Bachus. It seems neither that girl you hardly saw nor that nasty dwarf lady showed. Damn.

Still, the two of you search the room, eventually finding a back room. You open the door, and within is a small room, just as dark as everywhere else. A girl stands next to one of the windows, illuminated by moonlight. It’s the girl with the space hair. The crazy. You decide to ignore her, and as you’re about to close the door you hear her say something strange.

*“Now I see with eye serene the very pulse of the machine.”*

“Wha- OH SHI-” you squeak out as Veronique turns on a dime and slashes at you with a knife, cutting you across the arms.

At the same time, Bachus yanks you back out of the doorway. He looks down at you. “She won’t close your curtain.”

You’d like to use molotov cocktails but you realize that might burn down the whole building with you inside. But that doesn’t mean you can’t use bottles. You whip out a pair you grabbed from the bar, and begin swinging them at the lunatic.

She laughs, cutting at you, but not landing any serious wounds. This isn't your first knife fight, and it's one knife against two bottles. Still, your arms are getting cut up.

Bachus is trying to help as well, trying to get good punches in, but every time he does, Veronique swings her knife at him.

Soon, her swings at Bachus provide you an opening, and you break a bottle over her head drenching her in alcohol.

She staggers back into the room, and Bachus slams the door closed on her.

A thought crosses your mind. *Say, maybe I can light some fires!* "Open the door," you snap at Bachus. He gives you a confused look, but obliges.

You know it'd be more efficient to stab her with the shards of the broken bottle, but she needs to know not to screw with you. You whip out a lighter and dive at Veronique.

Though she stumbles backwards, you strike the lighter just close enough that the alcohol ignites, and Veronique screams as she catches on fire, flailing her arms, before the flaming girl runs straight for the window she was next to and crashes through it.

You elect not to pursue her, and instead inspect your arms. *What the hell?* As you look at them, those same words she said are etched into your arms:

*"Now I see with eye serene the very pulse of the machine."*

"What the hell," you say, confused.

Bachus puts a heavy hand on your shoulder, and gestures towards the entryway.

Yeah, better to get out of here now than have to deal with any more crazies. You head on back to your room, nursing your cut arms.

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 Rulim Character sheet

Engagements you saw:

Veronique v Rulim (Rulim assisted by Bachus)