

Cutscenes

The Dead Three and Deities of Fury Cutscene

- The Dead Three

- Far away from the Phanda-Corps, deep within a subterranean mausoleum that would have once been a mighty spectacle to behold, dark water drips from its ceiling, and the smell of mould and death fills the air.
- The three members of The Baleful Hands sit silently, waiting for orders from their superiors in the next room or their patron deities from beyond.
- Viantha Cruelhex, Death's Head of Bhaal, twirls her daggers through her fingers before her heavily tattooed and scarred face.
- Flennis Brittlebone, Master of Souls, pours over her vile spellbook as she slowly traces her crooked index finger along the edges of a human skull attached to her staff.
- Karanor Vurik, Black Gauntlet of Bane, readjusts his eyepatch and uses his one good eye to monitor the conditions of the catatonic bodies of the Heroes of Baldur's Gate suspended in a wall of flesh and bone above him.
- They all know what will happen, but none are sure of when, and their patience is about to be rewarded.
- Nerys violently wakes and takes what seems to be the first breath of their life.
- All of the Baleful Hands turn and look at them. Karanor immediately orders them to "Move", and they act immediately.
- Flennis casts *silence* on the Heroes before they can scream or get a word out. She mockingly presses a finger to her lips and giggles and dances on the spot.
- "They're all yours, Viantha. Do play nice. I don't want my poor little Minsc to get any scratches on his perfect skull", she cackles.
- Viantha barely heard any of that as she swiftly climbed up the flesh wall and started to gag each of the Heroes tightly with rags covered in a sedative poison.
- Karanor picks up his shield and mace and hurriedly walks through the bone-littered corridors of the mausoleum to the chambers of their masters.
- He steels himself before turning to the last corner of the crypts.
- Graven steps descend into a wide, octagonal chamber with a high, vaulted ceiling. The mosaic floor is littered with rubble, and a murky pool floods the chamber's far side.
- A humanoid figure draped in black robes stands over a decrepit table covered in notes and books with a tall, wicked staff leaning against it.
- Another shaded figure sits cross-legged in a chair in the far corner of the room and lazily swirls a goblet of liquid.
- Above them, both is the only source of light, a chandelier fitted with old candles.
- Karanor dares not look up in that direction, for he knows what fate he would face if he did.
- "Masters. They have awoken", he calls out to the two figures.

- The black robed figure turns to Karanor, his skin stretches his sunken cheeks as he speaks, “Unfortunate. You will wait until we have a solution.”
- The black-robed figure, Uluran Mortus, turns to the seated figure and says, “We need to speak with our Thayan friend.” The other figure stays silent.
- Uluran gestures magically in the air and speaks a *sending* spell, “Rath Modar... the doppelgangers are dead. We need a plan. Now.”
- Uluran’s knuckles are white, and his jaw is clenched, his gaze meets with the seated figure as they both wait.
- A moment passes, and fading into existence on the opposite side of the table is an illusion of Rath Modar.
- The Red Wizard leans on his flaming staff with his withered hand and gestures with his other to his compatriots, “Well, I’m *here*. What are we to do about our new predicament? I’m assuming they didn’t retrieve your journal, Uluran.”
- “Well, I don’t have it, do I?” He retorted to Rath, “Let’s check in on the Phanda-Corps and find out.”
- He reaches into his robes, pulls out a dark crystal ball and places it on the table in view of all three figures. “Thank you for your assistance in gathering their descriptions, Karanor,” Uluran calls over his shoulder, “We are about to see the fruits of your labour.”
- Karanor stays silent and watches on. Uluran mutters an incantation and reaches out to Jarl’n.
- Images appear in the crystal ball of a battle-worn Phanda-Corps standing near the ruins of the Tower of Storms with Uluran’s journal and sailing charts in hand.
- The seated figure speaks up, “Oh, that’s them alright, but I didn’t realise *they* were the Phanda-Corps. I only recognise the drow. It looks like all of his other friends died or left him behind on their little quest last year.”
- Rath notices that Uluran is fuming and staring at the journal. “There’s nothing we can do about getting that back now, Uluran. We need to find a suitable host for Chardansearavitriol,” Rath instructed.
- Uluran concedes and replies, “I’m aware. But I don’t think your plan to use Lhammaruntosz will work. They have a Scaly Eye sailor with them now. That old fart will probably get them to cure her of your tricks. Voaraghamathar is now our best candida-.”
- “Iniary would never allow us the opportunity to even speak with them,” Rath interjects, “the lich has complete control over the dragon, and I don’t think any of us risking an encounter with them.”
- He glares at Uluran and the seated figure, waiting for a response, which doesn’t come. “You both know what I’m suggesting now,” he implies.
- Uluran quickly cuts in before continuing, “Yes, and we all know how your last two attempts went. Cryovain and Venomfang are dead. Do you *really* think Claugyliamatar will have a change of heart? She didn’t help you when you went to Avernus! We all know she helped the Council of Waterdeep stop you! What makes you think she’ll allow us to get near her!?”

- Rath stands in defiance of this assault and simply replies, “No, she won’t. She’s too cautious, she won’t leave Deeping Cave except to eat. She’s cornered. You’ll have to take her by force or at least... subterfuge. Chardansearavitriol needs a host to leave here, so give him one.”
- He turns his gaze to his lieutenant, Karanor, standing atop the staircase. Karanor’s eyes widen, and the seated figure bursts out with raucous laughter.
- Uluran replies, “Karanor, my dear friend, you are about to bear the responsibility of a lifetime.”
- Karanor begins to slowly back away in fear as Uluran reaches for a foul tome filled with necrotic formulas and spells.
- Uluran begins to read incantations from the tome and calls out to something above him, “Chardansearavitriol the Ebondeath, I beseech you! Take this mortal body as your own for a journey to one that may suit you! The vessel of Claugiyliamatar, Old Gnawbones, awaits you within Deeping Cave in Kryptgarden Forest!”
- Uluran stands in silence, arms raised to the ceiling of the mausoleum, waiting for a response. After a moment, the candles in the chandelier flicker and fight to stay alive as the shadows of the ceiling grow darker and eat away at the life of the room.
- An omnipresent voice rings through the mausoleum. It’s deep and rough, but it sounds distant and weak, “Claugiyliamatar will sate my hunger. She will know what true despair is soon enough. Once her body is mine, I will tear Voaraghamathar and Iniarn apart for my original vessel.”
- The shadows gather from the ceiling, and purple energy swirls in tandem with Uluran’s gestures. A massive, spectral skeleton of a black dragon forms, floating in the air with eyes like burning purple souls.
- Karanor is too slow. He turns to run, but the dracolich envelops him before he can take a step. The purple shadows swirl around him and violently force their way through every orifice and pour of his body.
- Once all of the shadows are gone and the shaking finishes, Karanor sees with eyes that aren’t his a voice unlike his own, “This body is weak. My time is running short.”
- Uluran, Rath and the seated figure watch in awe before Uluran stammers, “Yes, Ebondeath. Karanor knows the way, but let me grant you some fodder for your journey. Brakkis Elspaar and his Stone-Cold Reavers should do.”
- Uluran uses his tome once again to summon forth the decayed and heavily damaged corpses of the Stone-Cold Reavers: Syleen Wintermoon and her blood raven, Rosa, Runa Vokdottir and Jabarl the Orc-Biter.
- Uluran frowns, “I fear that only you, Brakkis, cleric of the Lord of Bones, will have the strength to defend our new god. Your friends will do better as *one*.”
- Uluran motions with his hand, and the book's pages light up. The undead corpses of Syleen, Runa, Jabarl and the blood raven Rosa contort, warp and morph into a horrific mass of flesh and bone like a hulking gorilla that moans in unearthly pain.

- “Chardansearavitriol, you may take the Baleful Hands and their new additions,’ Uluran gestures to Brakkis and the Stone-Cold Reavers, “and take what should be yours.”
- Karanor grins and walks away laughing with Brakkis and the Stone-Cold Reavers in his wake.
- “Spectacular,” the seated figure says, “Now. What of your ship Uluran? Do you think those fanatics who stole it have figured out how to sail it or sink it out of ineptitude?”
- Uluran looks frustrated at this, “I wish I knew. I can’t scry on them, everyone I saw there I killed. I don’t even know how I ended up in the water. It was just pain.”
- Rath Modar’s heavily scared face curls into a grin, and he snarks, “I may have a solution for you. Thanks to Valindra’s Sanctum, you can see me here, and I can scry anything I want.”
- The illusion of Rath modar begins to walk on the spot, and green light begins to shine bright on his face. He starts moving an invisible contraption before gesturing to Uluran’s crystal ball.
- “Observe,” he gloats.

● Deities of Fury

- Far out in the ocean, a deathly grey ship constructed of dead wood and a whale carcass sails through a storm toward a small archipelago. The crew is entirely made up of creatures of pure wind, water and lightning encased in heavy armour.
- Helming the ship is a half-orc woman with arms like trunks of steel and fists like war hammers. Fheralai Stormsworn stares at the island and to the sky, waiting for her siblings' patrol report.
- Her eyes squint as she spots a creature fly up from one of the mountain islands nearby. She smirks as she knows what this means: success.
- The flying creature approaches fast, and its white, leathery skin becomes clearer as it gets closer. Nak and his rider, Gol Stormsworn, the overweight younger brother of Fheralai, glide down towards the undead ship.
- Gol calls out to his sister as he dismounts Nak, “This is the place. Kata is cleaning up some zealous locals to make things easier for you.”
- Fheralai places her hands on her hips and chuckles, “I’m sure she’d enjoy that. Now, if you could check on our little friend below deck and get him singing, we can go.”
- Gol thinks momentarily and replies to Fheralai, “This is the last chance to back out. I don’t you getting hur-”
- In an instant, Fheralai moves from the helm to the main deck and holds Gol by the throat. “I don’t want to lose any more family than I have already,” She barks at him, “Don’t question my authority again, or it will be the last thing you do. Now go tell Tarbin to get singing!”
- She throws Gol aside, and he scrambles below deck. Nak stands by her side and whispers, “He was thinking about that the whole way back. He’s weak, and you know it.”

- Fheralai ignores this and stares out to sea towards the island. From below deck, music from a lute weakly reaches their ears, and the ship lurches forward.
- Fherealai heads back to the helm before *BOOM* the ship gets caught in something underwater.
- Fheralai catches herself and calls out to Nak, "SHIT. Nak! Get eyes in the sky I don't want to hit a reef this close to victory!"
- Nak nods and takes flight up and around the ship, searching the waters around the ship. Gol comes rushing up from below deck and shouts, "What's happening?!"
- Before Fheralai can speak, the water at the ship's bow rises and breaks, revealing a massive helmet covered in barnacles and a bearded face covered in seaweed.
- The head continues to rise from the water. The rest of the storm giant's body comes into view, and Fheralai sees it's halting the ship with one hand.
- "This is as far as I shall allow, ants," the giant booms, "King Hekaton Will not allow anyone else to disturb Slarkrethel. The beast must slumber for the rest of eternity, or the world will crack in two under its weight. Turn your vessel around, or I shall sunder it in the king's name."
- Gol and Nak regroup behind Fheralai, waiting for her to act. She defiantly stands on the ship's deck and says, "I decline your request. But you have made this easier for me."
- Right before the giant responds, a massive shadow washes over his face and the ship. It looks up to the sky, and a gargantuan figure flies through the clouds around them.
- With lightning speed, Fheralai leaps from the ship straight towards the giant's head and lands a mighty blow with her fist into the giant's jaw.
- Lightning crackles from her fist, and a shockwave rocks the waves and the ship. The giant falls backwards into the ocean, unable to catch itself in time.
- Now floating in the air with her body crackling with lightning, Fheralai calls out to the heavens, "Kata! Take this weakling as a tribute for our soon-to-be ally!"
- The gargantuan figure in the sky breaks the clouds, and the giant's eyes widen as talons the size of its arm latch onto it and hold it tight.
- The massive roc lifts off from the water, and the younger sister of Fheralai, Kata Stormsworn, rides the bird towards the islands nearby.
- The giant screams and curses the roc and Fheralai as she magically rockets through the air behind them. She pays him no mind.
- Leaving their stolen ship behind, Gol and Nak take flight and fly after them. Fheralai stops at the northernmost point of the islands and slowly descends to the water's surface.
- The roc and Nak circling above her, Fheralai raises her arms and begins to call out with a thunderous voice, "Let Auril silence all with her biting cold! Let Talos give no one hope when they look to the skies! And let Malar curse this day with the titan of all beasts! For we are the ones to wake Umberlee's Chosen, Slarkrethel!"
- As she speaks, she hovers in places while the water beneath her whips into a maelstrom. The air grows cold, and the skies darken and rumble with thunder.

- Fheralai signals Kata, and the roc releases the storm giant from its grasp. Fheralai calls out again as the giant tumbles through the air, “As a Chosen of Talos, I offer you, Chosen of Umberlee, the opportunity to take revenge on those who have wronged us! Together we can take the artifact from the people of Leilon and right those wrongs!”
- The giant hits the water's surface, and water rains over Fheralai as she waits for a response. A moment passes, and she furrows her brow in anticipation.
- All that can be seen from the scrying orb is an explosion of water as innumerable thick dark tentacles erupt from the maelstrom and raise the giant into the air before tearing it in half.

● The Dead Three

- The scry ends, and Uluran, Rath and the seated figure are silent.
- Rath speaks up, “We need to act fast. We can’t let them or the Phanda-Corps stop the Baleful hands.”
- Uluran nods in agreement, “Any distraction will do. I’ll send the Soulless Sovereign through a *gate* to you, Rath. Let them march through the woods to the museum, then the chapel. That’ll surely keep them occupied long enough.”
- The seated figure stands, finishes his drink and places his goblet on the table. “I may pay them a visit,” Aldren Bloodbeam proposes, “Give them something to worry about.”



The Battle for Phandalin Cutscene

- The Midnight Siege

- Far away from the Phanda-Corps, over the Sword Mountains and at the base of their foothills lies the town of Phandalin waiting intently for any sign of trouble to the north.
- Standing outside the barricaded Phanta-Keep and under its limited torchlight is Mayor Sildar Hallwinter and his Cheriff Daran Edermarth donned in battle armour and weaponry.
- The pair are anxious while they wait for any news from Xanth or Big Al on their respective duties in the defence of the town.
- Sildar turns to Daran and breaks the silence “I’m unsure if we’ll all make it through this without the Phanda-Corps. But I have full faith that you will protect our people, I don’t want us to end up like Conyberry.”
- Daran takes a deep breath and doesn’t meet Sildar’s gaze “I wish they were here too, but we all knew a day like today would come. A day without our greatest defence.”
- The pair stand in silence for a moment more before the main door of the Phanta-Keep creaks open and a sweaty and panting Big Al steps through wearing the uniform of the Phanta-Keep.
- Sildar lets out a sigh of relief, “Finally. Your little secret mission all done then?”
- Big Al straightens himself up and gives Sildar a side eye, “Yeah, you could say that. Just to give y’all some peace of mind, we’ve got our secret weapon ready to go.”
- Sildar glares at Big Al and Daran’s demeanour lightens at the news, “What’s Wilf got hiding around here then?”
- Big Al grins and lets out a chuckle, “Hehe, Wilf doesn’t know anything about this one.”
- Before Sildar and Daran could get another word in, a torch light breaks over one of the nearby hills and a scouting party of Ifrit Legion cavalry led by Xanth come galloping towards the town entrance and up to the Phanta-Keep.
- As they pass through the town centre they call out to the town guards standing at the ready and bells begin ringing throughout the town.
- Farmers, prospectors and other tradesmen and women ready to defend their town pick up arms of what they can nearby.
- Xanth reaches the top of the hill and calls out to the trio, “They’re here!, At arms!”
- Sildar turns to his three commanders, Sildar, Big Al and Xanth, “It seems it’s time for me to go to my people. I wish you all good luck and I hope you make it out of this alive.”
- He gives a forced smile and nods, “I shall ask Sister Garaele to inform Lord Neverember of these events and our soon to be victory.”
- He heads through the open door of the keep and his footsteps fade away from earshot.
- Xanth turns to the humans and catches himself on the keep wall with a weakened black-veined arm, “I will aid you in this fight, but I don’t know if I will make it through to the end. Whatever this ‘death curse’ is, it’s not something I want spreading.”

- Big Al places a hand on Xanth's side, "You've done enough comrade, take a rest for this fight, we'll ta-"
- *CCCRRRRBOOM*
- Before he could finish his sentence, a massive cluster of rock, dirt, bone and fire smashes into the side of the Phanta-Keep.
- "Shit! Get inside!" called Sildar to the others.
- As they clambered past the barricades, all of the hair on their necks stood up on their ends and a cool chill hit the air stopping them in their tracks.
- Two ghostly incorporeal figures drifted through the side wall of the keep and high speed towards them.
- One clad in black robes and adorned in skulls and bones and the other a male elf-like figure wearing ancient armour and a wreath made of corporeal metal that perfectly fits their head.
- The elf-like figure floats down towards the trio and lets out a raspy cold cackle.
- Elsewhere, beneath the Phanta-Keep in Gren's temple to Berronar Truesilver, Douvric places an inert Flerken at the base of the altar Winston is resting on.
- "Finished him buddy. I'll leave him here to look over you pal. I Don't know if this place can hold what's about to come, but I sure hope you both make it through,"
- Douvric places a pair of silver rings on a finger of Winston and Flerken before muttering a prayer under his breath to the altar at the front of the temple.
- The ground shakes as something hits the keep outside. Douvric quickly gathers his senses and rushes out of the temple, closing the doors behind him.
- As silence falls over the temple for a few moments, a maternal voice rings out from the air and Winston and Flerken, "You are needed. Your home is under threat. Moradin, grant this shell the strength it needs to defend those in need, Please!"
- The mithral-steel body of Flerken begins to glow and heat up as gold energy from the silver ring spreads out through the body lighting up the enchantments inlaid along its body.
- Flerken's eyes light up and a voice rings in its head, "Up. Up! UP!"

Leilon Alliance and Thalivar's Beacon Cutscene

● Leilon Alliance

- A few hours earlier, in Leilon's Fishery, members of Leilon's council and other important regional figures converge for an emergency meeting.
- Members present include the town's council;
 - Grizzelda "The Growler" Copperwrought, the gruff female dwarf is overseeing Leilon's construction work.
 - Gallio Elibro. The middle-aged male Rashemi human is the leading authority on all things magical in Leilon but has spent most of his time in his tower.

- Merrygold Brightshine. This amiable male halfling is the local priest of Lanthander, god of light.
- Valdi Estapaar. Lord Neverember gave this half-elf female the job of overseeing the town's fishing industry. With the recent opening of the quayside, she's now one of the most important figures in town.
- The newest member of the town council, appointed by Lord Neverember to replace Sgt. Hazz Yorum, Vangol Kuskolt. This fiery male dwarf priest stands for Tyr, god of justice, and adjudicates most legal disputes in the town.
- Also attending the meeting, but not on the council, are;
 - Private Emmalou, a young female human, who is now the commanding officer of all of the town guards after Vester's death and Hazz's arrest.
 - Gallio's female rock gnome apprentice, Cray Onderquill, is in attendance to provide any magical assistance during the meeting.
 - Pog and Ulla, the male/female rock gnome artificer duo from Gnomengarde, come to Leilon's aid at Phandalin's request.
- Lastly, the most curious figure sitting in the meeting with the rest of the members of the meeting is the Lord of Luskan, Zardoz Zord.
- The Illuskan man presents himself as a slender, well-dressed sailor with a wide-brimmed tricorne.
- Many of the other members seem to be on edge with Zardoz present, with every word spoken with caution.
- "We need to know exactly what we're up against" Vangol proclaims to break the awkward silence, "The Phanda-Corps keep telling us that a dragon is coming but none of us have seen any sign of one."
- He looks around the room as there's a low murmur of agreeance. Pog and Ulla, however, are remaining silent and sheepish.
- Zardoz takes his feet off of his nearby stool and leans forward with a hand held up. "I think our stout friends might have something to say," he says with a voice commanding enough to silence the room peacefully.
- He warmly holds out his hand to offer the gnomes the floor to speak.
- The pair look at each other and Pog stands up on his seat to gain eye height with everyone else.
- "We've seen what might be coming our way, but not first hand." Says Pog a little nervously. "We were only in Phandalin in the aftermath of the Midnight Siege."
- The room is hanging on what Pog and Ulla have to say and Pog takes his time to find the right words.
- "A massive army of undead marched through Conyberry and then to Phandalin. The people there survived thanks to the efforts of its people, its leader's direction and outside help from the allied ogres."

- Gallio interjects, "Well if Wilf's forces are here then we don't have anything to worry about." He looks to Emmalou, "Get them sorted out would you," and he stands to leave with Cray but is stopped by Vangol.
- "Meeting's not done yet," Vongal objects, "I think our tinkering neighbours have something more to say."
- Gallio glares at Vongal, "I have work to do, and if these forces can't stop whatever's coming, then I can."
- Before Vongal can retort, Vaaldi interjects, "Now, now fellas. No need to get feisty. If the Phanda-Corps are right in their messages, then a dragon is coming, and more help is better than none."
- Gallio and Vongal give each other a disdainful look before taking a seat again, as does Valdi.
- Merrygold then speaks up with a smile, "Pog, continue."
- "Thanks," Pog says with a nod, and then he gestures to Ulla. She reaches into her large satchel that had been resting behind the pair on a table.
- With all he might, she pulls out a small metallic object comprised of rune-covered parts made from different metals, linked together with a variety of gears, bands, bits, and bobs.
- The metals are all different colours, making the device shine with a rainbow of colours when held up in the light.
- Everyone in the room is amazed and seemingly caught off-guard by the majesty of the craftsmanship of the device.
- Gallio's eyes widen as he beholds the device and rapidly tries to decipher its purpose.
- Ulla pipes up with a hint of delight, "This is Gnomengarde's greatest creation, the Gnomengarde Grenade. Made by our senior artificer's Fibblestib Pinebark and Dabbledob Plasterpatch."
- She holds it proudly in front of her waiting for applause which doesn't arrive. Grizzelda breaks the silence, "It looks spectacular, but what exactly does it do? We can't exactly fight a dragon with art, heh"
- Ulla looks a little embarrassed and she turns to Pog, "Oh, sorry I should've explained that, sorry."
- Gallio looks as though he is about to interject again, but Zardoze beats him to it with a manic and proud smile on his face, "It goes boom doesn't it?"
- All eyes turn to him and he shrugs his shoulders, "I've had my fair share of sea battles to know what a bomb is when I see one. Haha!"
- Pog recollects the room's attention, "Exactly! Except there's one issue. We need someone to get close to the dragon when it's here. We can't delay the explosion or trigger it from afar."
- "We also can't teleport with it or it'll detonate, making us useless in a fight," Ull adds. "If the Phanda-Corps aren't here, we need a volunteer."
- The pair hopefully look around the room at everyone individually, with their eyes lingering on Lord Zardoze.

- He gives a questionable look of concern at the pair, twisting his feather in his hat.
- “I’ll do it,” calls Emmalou, now on her feet with a face full of determination.
- “Emma, please don’t,” Merrygold says, “surely there can be someone else, not you. We need you alive. Don’t throw yourself to the darkness on a whim.”
- “I’ve defended this town before. I can do it again,” she says triumphantly. “That dragon can sink through all of the Nine Hells for all I care.”
- Merrygold doesn’t reply, but he gives Emmalou a solemn look.
- “Well then,” Gallio says, “With that sorted I think I’ll make my way out as I feel like my time has been wasted. Anything happening outside of my research is insignificant once I’m done.”
- He stands to leave with all eyes on him with Zardoz glaring at him with cold asseseive eyes.
- Cray stands up and follows, but before they reach the door, it bursts open with the shrieking body of a white dragonborn thudding against the ground.
- Gasps and looks of shock bounce through the room “Kristoffen?”Valdi calls out.
- “Uuuggghhhh,” Kristoffen replies as he tries to get to his feet.
- “Sorry to in’errupt,” a gruff old voice calls from the doorway.
- Standing outside the Fishery is the haggard human man Captian Bronze of the Scaly Eye, with his sword in hand pointing at Kristoffen.
- Standing behind him is a beautiful sea elf woman with deep green eyes wearing a sky-blue gown adorned with sparkling coral.
- She doesn’t say anything, but she holds a calmness in her presence that seems to emanate through the Fishery.
- “This one’s been spyin’” Bonce calls as he steps into the room.
- “What? Spying?” calls Valdi. “Wait, hang on, this is a private meeting. Who are you two?”
- The woman steps forward, “We are members of the Scaly Eye. We received a vision from Bahamaut of your pending doom, and we’ve come to aid Leilon in your time of need. Your people, The Swords of Leilon, once gifted us our home, we’re here to return that favour. I am Dragon Speaker Rauthra, and this is Captain Bronze. We docked only a few moments ago and were directed here when-”
- Bronze interrupts, “When we saw this one with this listening in on your little meeting.”
- He tosses a stone carved with runes into the middle of the Fishery, landing at Cray’s feet.
- Cray picks it up, “A sending stone,” she says, “Who were you talking with?”
- Everyone looks to Kristoffen who’s now laughing on the floor, “Hahahaha! Oh, you’re about to find out, but it’s too late, for all of you anyway! Something far worse than a dragon is about to bear down upon Leilon! Hahahaha!”
- Bronze kicks him in the chest to shut him up.
- Cray then hears a powerful female voice ring into her ears through the sending stone.
- “Finally, our work will pay off. Your efforts will be rewarded Kristoffen. Slakrethal and the Deities of Fury will have Leilon and its precious artefact!”
- Cray drops the stone in fright, “Galio, we cannot activate the tower! There are more people on their way!”

- “All the more reason to get started now,” he retorts and pushes past everyone and out of the Fishery.
- Cray goes to run after him but is stopped by Kristoffen who’s grabbed her ankle, “Please! Tell me what she’s offered me! What has she wrought upon us!”
- Cray skates herself free of Kristoffen, “The voice said something about the Deities of Fury and Slakrethal taking something from Leilon. I’m sorry, but I have to stop Gallio from killing us all before that.”
- She runs off after Gallio through the docks towards the House of Thalivar.
- “Well, looks like we’ve got our hands full,” says Zardoz.
- “Indeed,” says Rauthra, “More so than you all think. Slakrethal is not any thrall of the Deities of Fury, he is Umberlee’s greatest champion. Her chosen. A kraken of the trackless sea bent on the destruction of the world. Only a being of great power, pure malice and utter shortsightedness would release him from his prison beneath the Ruins of Ascarl. I fear that the dragon, Chardansearavitriol, is a drop in the water for the battle to come.”
- “Well said,” says Zardoz as he jumps to his feet, “I intend on working with the people here and knowing what we’re up against is a great place to start. Pog, Ulla, Emmalou and Bronce, I think we should start rallying our forces. Everyone else, get to safety.”
- Merrygold replies, “I think I should stay. If there’s a fight, people will need healing. And if the Phanda-Corps aren’t here, then we’ll need leaders the people can get behind. No disrespect Zardoz, but you’re not exactly an authority in Leilon.”
- Zardoz raises an eyebrow at Merrygold and gives her a smirk, “I like you.”
- Merrygold blushes at this and turns to Vongal, “I’ll trust that you Valdi and Grizzelda will get the people to safety.”
- Vongal nods, “I’ll start calling out for evac right after I give this one a good beating.”
- He looks down at Kristoffen coughing on the ground and grabs him by the collar to drag him out of the Fishery with Valdi and Grizzelda following behind.
- Rauthra looks over the remaining group within the Fishery, “Well, I must say I’m glad there’s still hope for the people of the Sword Coast. Even with vastly different walks of life, hope still prevails. You will be our Leilon Alliance, the Sword Coast North’s last-ditch effort. We can only hope the Phanda-Corps are headed this way.”
- She turns to Bronce, “I won’t be far. Trust in Mother Wyrms.” She winks at him and steps outside.
- Zardoz jests with Bromce, “Quite the friend you’ve got there. Is there more to the two of you? Or is it just me who thinks we’ll be seeing more of her?”
- Bronce doesn’t respond to that, but turns to everyone else, “What’s the plan then?”
- “I think we need our big cannon,” says Emmalou as everyone there turns to her, “There’s a friend of the Phanda-Corps waiting on the outskirts of the town that we might want to talk with. And you two gnomes are on speaking terms.”
- Pog and Ulla look at each other and deflate, “Oh not him,” they sigh in unison.
- Emmalou leads Pog and Ulla out of the Fishery and Zardoz turns to the others, “Any ideas to start?”

- Merrygold ponders for a moment, “I think we should get to the city centre. We’ll have a better idea of what to do with everyone once we’re there.”

● Thalivar’s Beacon

- Cutting away from the Fishery to the base of the House of Thalivar, Gallio quickly scales the path with Cray in tow.
- Gallio spots Cray behind him, but doesn’t say or do anything about it.
- Waiting for them, at the entrance to the tower, is a lithe male elf bearing the symbol of Tymora and Silla, the chirpy-looking halfling woman.
- Gallio doesn’t seem like he’s going to stop and talk, and begins to make his way directly to the door.
- The elf tries to catch his attention and says, “Excuse me. Galio. We need a moment of your time it’s-”
- “I have no time to spare, Puck. Move.” Gallio interrupts her and pushes past the pair into the tower.
- Cray quickly follows inside and gives an apologetic look, “Sorry, he’s a bit busy. Maybe come back later.”
- Silla pipes up, “We’re here on an urgent request from the Phanda-Corps. It’s about our research!”
- Silla’s shouting falls on deaf ears as the pair race up the stairs of the tower. Silla and Puck glance at each other and give a stressed sigh.
- Puck gazes up at the tower from the outside, “I don’t like doing this, but we need to see what they’re doing at least. Stay quiet.”
- Puck waves her hand and the pair vanish and make their way upstairs after the wizards.
- As they reach the top of the tower, having avoided anything that would alert Gallio, they see he is hard at work with Cray on the highest floor of Thalivar’s Tower.
- The massive egg-like geode continues to rotate within its glass containment cylinder as the pair hurriedly call out magical coordinates and phrases to each other.
- Eventually, Gallio steps back from the geode, puts away his spellbook and reaches out to a silver bell hanging from the wall nearby.
- Cray calls out to him, “Wait! We need help, we can’t do this on our own! You know that!” Gallio turns to Cray, “We haven’t much time anymore! There are too many threats on their way here already! We have the power to stop them and rewrite everything at our fingertips.”
- Cray falls silent, not knowing what to do. Gallio doesn’t hesitate and he goes to ring the bell.
- Right as he’s about to, Puck reveals herself and Silla and tries to cast *hold person* on Gallio, but he shrugs it off, “Too weak, Puck. I’m too invested to give up now!” Gallio gloats.
- Gallio rings the bell right as Puck lunges for Gallio. Cray, in a split second of panic, casts *shatter* in the centre of the room.

- Cray and Silla are launched from the top floor out of the glass windows and Puck and Gallio vanish in a puff of ethereal mist.
- Cray crawls to her feet, limping, bleeding and grunting in pain as she was just too slow to cast *feather fall* in time.
- She tries to make her way to find Silla, but she can only find the mangled body of the halfling covered in lacerations and shards of glass.
- Cray slumps over Silla, “Oh, I’m sorry. I’m so, so sorry.” she begins to weep over
- For a moment the tower is quiet. No trace of Galio or Puck can be seen or heard.
- Then, in a flash, the tower erupts with ethereal mist and then bursts into blue flames of the brightest daylight sky.
- Shouts reach Cray’s ears as Zardoz, Merrygold and Bronze race up towards her.
- “Get away from there!” Zardoz shouts as he sprints ahead towards the pair.
- He looks up in terror at the blue flames wreathing around the tower, knowing exactly what they are.