*Episode 1—You All Meet in a Tavern*.

**Chance:** The sounds of chattering fauna and insects echo in the dark, dense jungle floor. Clouds of smoke block almost all the light from above the trees. Barely visible, we see a stone archway surrounded by stone walls and trees. Elaborate carvings of moons, hawks, and jungle vegetation decorate the arch. As we move closer to examine the archway, all of the sounds of the jungle begin to grow eerily quiet.

**Chance:** A swift zap of light appears and then disappears in the center of the arch. Soon another one quickly comes, and then another. The sound of crackling electricity begins to emanate from the stone arch, as a swirling mist begins to form from the center. As the mist envelops the sides of the archways, we begin to see two bright flames appear in the mist.

**Chance:** The flames shift into two glaring eyes and the face of a giant dragon, bathed in flames, begins to form. It begins to move toward us, manifesting from the portal. It opens its large maw and produce(s) a column of flame. The jungle is no more, all we can see is fire. And in that fire, words begin to form. Age of Ashes. The words crumble to ashes, and are blown away as the scene fades to black.

\*Key Sound\*

\*Calming Music\*

\*Ping\*

\*Fanfare and Drum Beats\*

Timestamp: [2:30]

**Chance:** Welcome to the Basically Good Podcast, I am your host and dungeon master, Chance Gowan, and you’re listening to *Episode 1—You All Meet in a Tavern*. Now before we get on with our show, we’d like to just give you guys a little glimpse of why we picked this name for our podcast, and also plug some of our social media.

**Chance:** The name behind our podcast came from the idea of the alignment chart, which you guys might know is: good, neutral, evil, chaotic, lawful, neutral, stuff like that. And we were just thinking about protagonists from D&D games, and how pretty much regardless of the alignment chart, they’re all basically good people. Even if they’re neutral or evil from the start, they all kind of turn into good guys. So, that’s kinda the idea behind our podcast’s name.

**Group:** “Yeah”

**Chance:** Also I’d like to mention that we do have some prepods, you might have seen them in the apple podcast spotify list, the prepods are not part of the adventure per se, but they are more of warm up exercises and conversations we have before the show. If you want to get to know us more, learn anything about us, or hear us warm up, feel free to check out those pre-pods. We talk a lot about nerdy stuff, D&D, video games, stuff like that. Also, we do have a discord server, and on that discord server, you can hear us talk about like most recent episodes, we drop all of our photos from our sessions in there, so you can see the actual creatures and NPCs that we’re interacting with. And there’s just a way for you guys to communicate with us.

**Chance:** If you want a further (source of) communication, we do have an email for our podcast, it is [contact@basicallygood.com](mailto:contact@basicallygood.com) That is a URL to our website where we have character sheets and more information for you guys. If you want to contact us, that is the best way possible for you to reach us. As well as our instagram and twitter. Instagram is @basicallygoodpodcast, Twitter is @basicallygpod. We want to make a lot of content for you guys outside of the podcast, and the best way for you guys to see that is through instagram and twitter.

**Chance:** All of the sounds and music you guys are going to hear are going to be either made from us, or through Sirenscape. Sirenscape is going to be a lot of the sounds that we use. They make really great sounds for a lot of other D&D podcasts. Go listen to them, use them for your games. And all of the music on here that you’ll be hearing is made from Ronnie Clements. Thank you guys for listening, and without further ado, *Episode 1—You All Meet in a Tavern.*

[5:15]

\*Pastoral Flute Music plays underneath\* (Breachill Title Track- Ronnie Clements)

**Chance**: Our story begins in a small quiet town, nestled in the foothills of the Five Kings Mountains, in Eastern Isger. A town known as Breachill, named so after the traveling Wizard, lord Lamond Breachton, who saved an outpost of amnesiac human settlers from freezing, one particularly nasty winter. And nearly one hundred and seventy winters since, that outpost has grown into a fully fledged, homely village with a community of friendly craftsmen and merchants who, it is said, still praise their town’s savior as though he were a deity.

**Chance:** The folk of Breachill are hearty and self-proficient, but who also like to play as hard as they work, which is why they have a tavern on almost every one of their streets. In Breachill, all are welcome, especially those who would call themselves adventurers. Due to its location, Breachill has been a place for travelers of all kinds who would stop and share a meal and a story. And it wasn’t long before the town decided to hire these nomads through the Call of Heroes. A town hall meeting to hire aid for important tasks in the interests of the citizens, but that didn’t necessarily require the town guard.

**Chance:** It is this Call of Heroes in the autumn of the year 4719 in the Age of Lost Omens that our story begins. This year the winds bring something new to the town of Breachill, as if the air had a scent of smoke from a long forgotten fire. Four strangers now make their way through the streets, not knowing what lies for them on their paths for redemption and vengeance.

\*Music changes to upbeat tambourine and flute with the same melody\* (Breachill Tavern- Ronnie Clements)

**Chance:** We find these strangers now at the Wizard’s Grace, A tavern favored by those adventurers seeking the Call of Heroes. Here we see a relatively full tavern of Breachill citizens and various travelers sharing drinks and meals and tales. But away from these cheery villagers, in the corner, we see a lone goblin on a short stool, tinkering with a small device. The goblin looks through his goggles at the object in his green fingers, though they are now mostly black from grease and oil. But as we take a closer look, we realize this is more than a device, but a bomb. As the goblin’s hands carefully fidget with the explosive, the scene around him changes from a crowded tavern to a small goblin hut.

**Chance:** As the goblin works, an older goblin enters the hut. He gives the tinkerer a disapproving glare.

**Older Goblin:** “Frizzigigg!”

**Chance:** Frizzigigg continues to work, unaware of the goblin. The older goblin marches over, and rips the bomb out of Frizzigigg’s hand.

**Older Goblin:** “How many times do I have to tell you? These things hurt people!”

**Chance:** Frizzigigg stares down at the work table, his green knuckles turn white as he grips his crafting tool.

**Older Goblin:** “You got so much smarts in that noggin of yours, more than anyone in gibgash! But why do you gotta use it for these damn things? We Bumblebrashers use our smarts to help folks now. Like your sister, she’s always fixing people, and she makes some copper while she’s doing it!”

**Chance:** Frizzigigg continues to avoid looking at his father. His father sighs.

**Frizzigigg’s Father (Older Goblin):** “I don’t want you messing with these no more!”

**Chance:** Frizzigigg’s father takes the bomb and marches out of the hut. Frizzigigg lets go of the tool in his hand and reaches into his pocket. He pulls out another alchemical bomb. But before he can begin working on it, he hears a large commotion outside the tent. And then a scream. Treezal! Frizzigigg slips the bomb back into his pocket and rushes out of the hut.

\*Drum beats enter, tense music\* (Battle one- Ronnie Clements)

**Chance:** In the center of the small goblin village stands a cabal of bloody orcs, and one of them is holding Treezal! The orc palms Frizzigigg’s sister’s head, and with his other hand, holds a knife to her throat.

**Orc Captain:** “Listen up Gobs, you didn’t see any of this, you hear? We’re gonna take this here girl, and if you’re quiet, MAYBE you’ll get her back.”

**Chance:** The tribe breaks into an uproar, half of them weeping, begging for them to let Treezal go. But the others hurl insults and curse the orc’s ancestors. Frizzigigg surveys the scene, hidden by a rock behind the orcs. He quickly whips out a bomb and pulls back his arm to throw it at his sister’s captors. He slowly lowers his arm, realizing that Treezal would be at risk too. Frizzigigg frantically wracks his brain for something he could do. But before he can act, an Orc shouts:

**Orc:** “Captain they’re *erk-*”

**Chance:** \*Thwip\* An arrow protrudes from the orc’s throat, and he falls to the feet of the orc holding Treezal. The Orc captain throws Treezal at the crowd of goblins and draws his Falchion.

**Orc Captain:** “To Arms!”

**Chance:** The orcs draw their weapons as a group of four adventurers charge into the goblin village. Frizzigigg’s eyes gleam at the sight of his heroes. A dwarven man snaps an orc’s kneecap, and then his skull with his dark wooden greatclub. A half-elf woman fires off arrows while her hawk attacks those trying to flee. And a halfling woman plays an inspiring battle song on her ornate flute. And finally a human man begins to duel the orc chief with his polished long sword and shield.

**Chance:** Frizzigigg begins to shed tears of relief as his town’s oppressors are cut down. He looks to his father, gathered near a hut with his mother and some other Bumblebrasher goblins. But they don’t seem to share Frizzigigg’s enthusiasm. Suddenly \*thwip\* an arrow appears in his mother’s chest. Frizzigigg turns in horror, and sees the heroes are starting to attack the orcs and goblins alike. The human knight pulls his sword out of the dead orc captains chest.

**Human Knight:** “Slay them all! We can’t let any of them escape for reinforcements!”

**Chance:** Frizzigigg watches in horror as the village saviors begin to turn on his own kinsman. In a blind fury, Frizzigigg charges the battlefield. He reaches into his pockets and empties them of all the bombs he’s created. Bomb after bomb hits each of the adventurers. Each hero is soon engulfed in flames and sparks. But as Frizzigigg hurls a firebomb at the knight, he quickly bats it away with his shield. Frizzigigg watches in shock as his bomb sails through the air towards a merchant’s wagon. Time moves slowly as Frizzigigg watches his bomb roll under the wagon, into the hiding place of Treezal. Frizzigigg watches as his sister’s expression changes from confusion to fear. The wagon erupts into a column of flame. The knight yells to his party:

**Human Knight:** “Fall back, we cannot withstand this horde!”

**Chance:** The heroes flee from the village, and soon the Goblins come out of hiding, and find themselves saved. They gather the wounded and begin to cheer for the savior. But Frizzigigg hears none of this. He reaches what’s left of the wagon, and begins searching for his sister. Frizzigigg searches frantically through the ashes and splinters, but Treezal is nowhere to be found. Frizzigigg’s father approaches the distraught goblin.

**Frizzigigg’s Father:** “Frizzigigg, you did it! You saved us! But your mother, she’s, she’s recovering, don’t worry. We’re so proud! What’s… what’s wrong son? Where’s Treezal? Frizzigigg, where’s your sister?”

**Chance:** Frizzigigg’s empty eyes stare down at the ashes in front of them. The scene around him changes from the goblin village, and back to the crowded tavern. Frizzigigg pulls his goggles back on, and begins to work once more.

\*Music returns to upbeat tambourine and flute with the Breachill melody\* (Breachill Tavern- Ronnie Clements)

[14:05]

**Chance:** Okay I’m gonna have to take a break for a second.

**Group:** \*Cheer\*

**Zach**: So good!

**Silas:** That’s Frizzigigg!

**Zach**: What a nightmare!

**Chance:** Frizzigigg is not the only one working in solace in this tavern. We turn to a table nearby, where we see a middle-aged half-orc man, who’s about to begin writing a letter. He wears expensive fabrics from the capital, and writes with a fine ink and quill set. As you watch him wet his quill and begin writing.

\*Music transitions to calming, growing string music\* (Erkel’s Theme- Ronnie Clements)

**Chance:** The tavern scene around him shifts to a dark office lit only by a lone candle on his desk. He signs a lengthy letter *Master Erkel Thaddeus Short.* Erkel stares at the letter he has just penned. A bead of sweat rolls down his wrinkled brow. His eyes quickly darting from right to left as he reviews his writing. He folds the letter and holds it to a candle. The parchment ignites and quickly becomes a small pile of ash on his desk.

**Chance:** Frustrated, Erkel throws open his desk drawer and reaches for another piece of parchment. His tired eyes flicker with curiosity. He withdraws his hand from the drawer holding not parchment, but a sheathed dagger. Erkel looks down at the dagger curiously. How many years has this been here? He unsheathes the dagger to find the polished and oiled steel that can only be found on weapons never used. On the blade is engraved “To Erkel Thaddeus Ulfnod”.

**Chance:** Erkel is transported to the age of four again. His father, a large half orc warrior, hands him the dagger wrapped in a bow. Erkel smiles and pulls the dagger out and swings it around. His father grins, and begins to show Erkel how to wield it. After a few minutes of practice, Erkel grows tired of the dagger, and walks over to a small journal engraved “Erkel Thaddeus Short”. He begins to flip through the pages, and begins to draw. His father’s expression shifts from pride to disappointment. His mother, a beautiful Chelish woman, rests her hand on his father’s back. She embraces him with a smile, as they watch their son playing with his journal.

**Chance:** Erkel is now fifty-three again, a tear in his eye as he looks down at the long forgotten gift. He wipes the tear away, and begins to sheath the dagger before he notices something. He flips the dagger over, and sees another inscription. It reads “Answer the Call”. Erkel looks down at this engraving, never before noticing it. He stares at it for a few moments, thinking. He sheathes the dagger and places it on the desk. He quickly pulls out a piece of parchment, wets his quill, and begins writing. Within minutes, he has another lengthy letter. He finishes:

**Erkel:** “...and so I regret to reform you, that I will be stepping down as financial overseer of the Elidir Bank. Sincerely Master Erkel Thaddeus Short.”

**Chance:** A twinkle appears in Erkel’s eyes as we shift back to the Wizard’s Grace and he folds a new letter into an envelope.

\*Music returns to upbeat tambourine and flute with the Breachill melody\* (Breachill Tavern- Ronnie Clements)

**Chance:** He melts some wax over the envelope and presses his signet ring onto it. As Erkel collects his things and wraps up his personal business, a woman passes by Erkel, making her way towards the fireplace.

[18:06]

**Chance:** An elf woman takes her place in a seat near the hearth of the Wizard’s Grace. She appears very out of place at a tavern. She wears garments made of furs and hides, and beside her rests a large greatsword against her chair. Her dark black hair is in braids, and rests on her almond colored shoulders. A large scar from an old burn covers most of the left side of her face. She pays no attention to the looks she receives from the villagers. She just stares at the roaring fire in the tavern’s hearth. But the flames look familiar.

\*Music transitions to drum beats, ominous music\* (Ominous Jungle- Ronnie Clements)

**Chance:** The flames begin to creep out of the hearth and begin to envelop the tavern. The woman is now a young girl, trapped in a flaming hut and her father lies under a pile of flaming debris.

**Ka’lere’s Father:** \*straining\* “Ka’lere... find E’kere. Run!”

**Chance:** Her father chokes out these last words before he succumbs to the flames. Ka’lere stands in horror as her father burns. The most horrible roar shakes her from her shock. She turns and sees an opening in the corner of the hut. She quickly runs over and tries to squeeze through. As she does, she feels the skin on her hands burning away as she digs her way through the hut wall. She falls to the ground outside the hut to see the entire village on fire. Dead friends and family lie scattered with weapons in hand. She struggles to find the will to move looking out over what remains of her clan. But then another roar from above shakes her. She quickly jumps to her feet and begins to run through the carnage.

**Chance:** She yells for her brother. She screams his name until no sound will come from her mouth. She makes her way through the flaming huts, tears flowing down her cheeks, not knowing if they are from sorrow, or from the black smoke that engulfs her. A giant thud shakes the earth ahead of her. She loses her footing and falls to the ground. An enormous shadow moves behind the smoke in front of her. Whatever courage she had mustered was now gone. She sits inhumanly still as the shadow shifts from smoke into scales. And in front of her, the massive head of a red dragon emerges from the smoke to gaze down at her.

**Red Dragon:** “What’s this? A straggler? You creatures are a plague upon this plane. Merely made to be fodder for superior creatures.”

**Chance:** The dragon looks around the flames.

**Red Dragon:** “Was this your family? Your mother? Your brother? Good. The deeper the wound, the longer it will last.”

**Chance:** The dragon begins to move closer to Ka’lere. It opens it maw to reveal the flames licking the back of its throat. But then it closes its mouth.

**Red Dragon:** “You know, I think I’ll let you live. You can spread the gospel of what you’ve seen and heard today. Tell them that Sayaadi, an elevated being, has come to liberate you poor writhing creatures and bring about a new age of ashes. Tell as many as you can. Tell them they stand no chance.”

**Chance:** Ka’lere sits, still trapped by fear. The dragon smiles. He opens his maw once again. The flames quickly leap out of his mouth and at Ka’lere’s face. As soon as the flames come, they’re gone. Ka’lere cries in pain as the skin on her face begins to melt.

**Sayaadi (Red Dragon):** “There, a mark of good fortune.” *The dragon chuckles* “Now all can hear and SEE the good news. Now go! Run little one! Tell the world of Sayaadi!”

**Chance:** Ka’lere, terrified, jumps to her feet, and runs away clutching her face. Sayaadi’s laugh, booming behind her, following her as she flees.

[23:20]

\*Music returns to upbeat tambourine and flute with the Breachill melody\* (Breachill Tavern- Ronnie Clements)

**Chance:** Ka’lere can still hear his laugh as she stares at the fireplace at the Wizard’s Grace. Her long healed scar begins to burn as she feels the heat of the coals. While Ka’lere meditates by the fire on her mission and motivation, our last stranger sits at the end of the bar, contemplating his own journey.

**Chance:** Whew! Gotta take a little break.

**Zach**: So freaking good!

**Silas:** Yup!

**Jackson:** Yeah!

**Ronnie:** Oh, both of those, I’m so, all three of those, my goodness!

**Zach:** Man, mine is so like “Here I am writing the letter, and now, back to reality I’m writing a letter.”

**Group:** \*Laughs\*

**Silas:** No, it was great!

**Ronnie:** Yes it was.

**Zach:** Check it out, we’re writing letters!

**Ronnie:** Man, my own story got me dude.

**Zach:** I hear this is about dragons, and I’m like “Ronnie gets to do anything he wants when we get this dragon on his back. Like, he can have his way with this dragon.”

**Chance:** Alright, okay. Now are we ready for the last one?

**Group:** Yes!

**Chance:**  Okay.

[24:33]

**Chance:** While Ka’lere meditates by the fire on her mission and motivation, our last stranger sits at the end of the bar, contemplating his own journey. An elf man sits alone slowly caressing the wooden beads of a bracelet in his hands. As he slides his fingers along the beads, the scene begins to change and he is walking down an empty dilapidated city street.

\*Music transitions to soft renaissance music, with voice, organ, and flute\* (Aryn’s Theme- Ronnie Clements)

**Chance:** The elf approaches a bridge and finds a mass of civilians in front of a line of Hell Knights. The crowd hurls insults at the stoic guards as they stand motionless in their ebony platemail.

**Crowd Members:** “Let us through! We’ve got children, you’ve got to let us pass!”

**Crowd Members:** “Get out of our city and go back to hell!”

**Chance:** Through all of this, the hell knights don’t budge. One of them steps forward.

**Hell Knight:** “By order of the Majesty of the Queen of the Crimson Throne, Ileosa Arabasti, All of Korvosa is hereby quarantined until the Blood Veil epidemic has been eradicated. Return to your homes, this is your final warning.”

**Chance:** Anger boils inside him, and he is not alone. The crowd of citizens begin to uproar. The screaming and shoving picks up, and soon the crowd begins to surge forward towards the bridge. The elf is caught in the momentum of the crowd, and is pushed towards the hell knights. Soon insults aren’t the only thing being hurled at them. Rotten food, glass bottles, and rocks start sailing through the air and clash against black armor.

**Chance:** The hell knights draw their blades and move in a disciplined line towards the advancing mob. The mob rushes forward, armed with nothing but fists and the odd club. But it is no match for hell knight steel. The elf is jostled and tossed about in the wave of angry citizens. Row after row of old Korvosans are cut down by the dark swords, and eventually he is thrust towards the wall of hell knights. He raises his hands in surrender, but is met with the hilt of a longsword to his temple, and his vision goes black.

**Chance:** Not long after, we see the crowd has been dispersed and the hell knights walk among the dead. A hell knight walks over to the elves body, his chest rises with raspy breaths. The hell knight pats him down and turns out his pockets. He pulls out a few pieces of parchment, one of which is signed: Aryn. The hell knight throws these aside. He picks up Aryn’s hand, and examines the bracelet. He drops his hand, uninterested, and goes to stand up. Before he turns away, he spies a glowing light coming from under Aryn’s tunic. He pulls out a makeshift necklace, yanks it away from Aryn’s neck. He stares at the glowing black crystal inside his hand, and slides it into his pocket, and continues on his way.

**Chance:** Aryn awakes lying in an alleyway, next to a pile of corrupted bodies. He jolts up, and begins looking all over his arms and hands. No boils. His hands grasp at his neck and finds the crystal missing. He looks all around him, turning over bodies very carefully. This can’t be happening. He bolts out of the alley and begins to make his way back to the bridge. Everyone is gone, and the bridge has been collapsed. And then it sets in. The crystal is gone. He looks out over the waters, past the city of Korvosa, to a cliff along the coast. It is there he sees a far off, dark speck, that he knows. Citadel raid, home of the hell knights, order of the nail. Aryn sits at the bar, and holds the last remaining evidence of his past life in his hand.

\*Music returns to upbeat tambourine and flute with the Breachill melody\* (Breachill Tavern- Ronnie Clements)

[28:49]

**Zach:** That is some FAT motivation!

**Ronnie:** Meaty!

**Zach:** Yeah, big motivation!

**Aryn:** Oh, shit! You know where I be at, Blood Veil city!

**Silas:** Oh, what an amazing callback!

**Ronnie:** Yes!

**Chance:** A large thud on the bar shakes Aryn from his thoughts. He turns and sees a large woman behind the counter, who has just slammed a big pot onto the bar. She has her hair pulled back into a bun, and dons a stained apron and a large smile.

**Tavern Owner:** “Attention beloved patrons of the Wizard’s Grace. Today is the first of Arden, which you all know means it’s time for another Call of Heroes! Now, I figure there’s a pretty good chance we’ve got some visitors here in my tavern, and I think we better give them a friendly Breechhill welcome! What do ya’ll think?”

**Chance:** And you just hear like a round of applause from all of the patrons within the tavern, and then she says:

**Tavern Owner Lady:** “Now if you’re an adventurer here today to answer the call, you better get your ass up here!”

**Zach:** Oh No!

**Group:** \*Laughs\*

**Chance:** And for the very first time, I’m going to say, what do you do?

**Ronnie:** So nostalgic

**Jackson:** Oh man, I don’t even know!

**Zach:** Who’s the closest to her, is it, who’s at the bar? Am I at a table?

**Chance:** Yeah, so Aryn’s at a bar, Frizzigigg’s in the corner, Erkel’s at a table, and Ka’lere’s at the hearth.

**Jackson:** I perk up and I look around and I know I need to go but I’m waiting for someone else to go so that I feel comfortable that I can go. So I’m just like peeking around, I’m half up, but then I kinda go back down. And I’m just waiting.

[30:53]

**Zach:** Erkel notices the movement at the bar and fills his cheeks up with air and purses his lips, you know? Like kinda holding his breath but like giving it a pause \*sighs\* and then he stands up. Adjusts his coat.

**Erkel:** “Um, Good afternoon, all! My name is Erkel, I’m, uh, here for the call of heroes, just visiting. I hope you all are doing well, enjoying your drinks. I’m very happy to be here, I’m, you know, looking forward to potentially working with some of you in the future.”

**Zach:** He sits down.

**Chance:** There’s a round of applause, and before you can sit down the woman says:

**Tavern Owner: “**No, no, no! Come up here!”

**Zach:** \*Bashfully\* I go.

**Tavern Owner:** “Now Mr. Erkel you set yourself down right here, now are there anyone else in this tavern?”

[31:52]

**Jackson:** At this point, I pop up, and I’m like:

**Aryn:** “Yeah, I guess uh… yeah me too.”

**Tavern Owner:** “All right, well come over here, sit next to Mr. Erkel, right here. What’s your name honey?”

**Aryn:** “Um, it’s um, it’s Aryn.”

**Tavern Owner:** “Aryn! Now everyone say ‘Hi, Aryn!’”

**Erkel:** “Hello, Aryn”

**Aryn:** “Hi guys”

**Chance:** Alright.

**Tavern Owner:** “Now are there anyone else? I see a few unfamiliar faces, I won’t call you out, but if you don’t say nothing I will.”

**Ronnie:** Ka’lere is still brooding and looks at the fire, trying to ignore what’s going on here.

**Chance:** \*laughs\* Everyone-Everyone is white in this tavern.

**Zach:** Did you say everyone?

**Chance:** I’m sorry there’s some green people in here too.

**Silas:** Yeah, yeah, yeah.

**Ronnie:** Yeah, there’s one green person.

**Zach:** Who’re you calling green?

**Ronnie:** There’s a couple, oh, my bad.

**Zach:** What do you mean by us people?

**Silas:** Frizzigigg drops down from his table and goes:

**Frizzigigg:** “All right, might as well get this over with!”

**Silas:** And then he makes his way over to, you know I think he bounces when he walks. He bounces his way over to the bar and he climbs up on top where the other two are kinda standing near and he says:

[33:21]

**Frizzigigg:** “My name is Frizzigigg, I am a goblin. I’m not, alright-let’s get- let’s get one thing straight: I’m here, I’m gonna do whatever it is I need to get done, but I am NOT an adventurer, all right? That’s not me, I can- I wanna make that very clear, I am NOT a part of one of these parties, or one of these groups, whatever you want to call it. I am here for myself. I will get the job done, and then I will go home.”

**Chance:** Everyone just cheers at that.

**Group:** \*Laughs\*

**Zach:** And Erkel leans over to Aryn while everyone is cheering and clapping and goes:

**Erkel:** “Is this, Is this for Adventurers, is this the right place? I’m here for the adventurer’s call.”

**Aryn:** “Yeah, yeah, yeah, I think this is...okay.”

**Erkel:** “Oh yeah, okay, no-no-no thank you. Great speech!”

**Frizzigigg:** “What are you two whispering about, eh?”

**Aryn:** “Uh… That’s a nice bomb!”

**Erkel:** “Hello!”

**Chance:** Ha, does Frizzigigg just have a bomb out?

**Frizzigigg: “**Don’t touch it!”

**Silas:** Umm, I guess he do-Well he’s got his-

**Zach:** Two drawn!

**Silas:** -he prepared a few cause if he prepares them in the morning he gets more of them. So he’s got a few bombs in his bandolier. Oh also, I want to say this about Frizzigigg! Frizzigigg, this is a very important fact about Frizzigigg that everyone might notice when he hops up on top of the bar. In Pathfinder, two satchels hold as much weight as a backpack, so Frizzigigg wears two satchels because he believes that satchels are better so he has a satchel on either hip.

**Zach:** I notice the satchels.

**Chance:** It’s fashionable!

**Ronnie:** Yes.

**Frizzigigg:** “It’s practical, they’re right there by your hands, they just work, they just work so much better. I don’t know why anybody wears a backpack!”

**Erkel:** “I really like your satchels.”

**Frizzigigg:** “Can’t do nothing with a backpack while you’re wearing it”

**Chance:** The woman behind the bar says:

**Tavern Owner:** “All right, well I think we got, maybe one more? Uh, I’ll let you introduce yourself?”

[35:40]

**Ronnie:** Sorry, Ka’lere is...

**Chance:** I mean, Ka’lere sticks out.

**Ronnie:** She definitely sticks out, for the listeners, I mean everybody who’s a part of this podcast already knows, but Ka’lere is from the northern part of the Mwangi Expanse, which in Golarion, which is the world of Pathfinder, is the equivalent of like northern/western africa. So her skin is very dark, so she’s an elf but she’s very dark, and she sticks out kinda like a sore thumb. Kind of the tavern we’re in, there’s some green people of course, we have orcs and goblins, but the spread of ethnicities is more like an england or an ireland, so everybody’s pretty fair skinned and Ka’lere is just not fair-skinned at all.

**Ronnie:** So, she’s staring at the fire, she stands up and turns to the crowd, those of you at the bar now see the right side of her face, that is covered in kind of a massive scar. She has dark skin, so it’s not necessarily a different tone, but you can tell like there is some sort of scar there, some of the hair on the right side of her scalp doesn’t grow, so it’s kind of pulled back. And she turns to the lady who has spoken and says:

**Ka’lere:** \*sighs\* “If you’re not going to let me get away with just sitting here I might as well introduce myself. My name is Ka’lere. I’m not from around here. I’m from the northern part of the Mwangi Expanse. My one goal here is to expel evil and to eradicate this world of the one true evil, the red dragon. Get in my way, and I’ll have a word with you. But, if it is also your goal to eradicate the evil in this world, then I will gladly stand beside you, as an adventurer or.. whatever you want to be called.”

**Ronnie:** She glares at the green goblin sitting on the left side of the bar.

**Ka’lere:** “I don’t have time for fun and games! Some of you may know where I come from, but some of you may not. My family is gone, my friends are gone. I travel alone, and I have no intention of making unnecessary friendships or relationships, but if you prove yourself useful, then maybe we can have some sort of.. professional relationship.”

**Ronnie:** And she sits down at the bar.

**Silas:** While she’s walking up to the bar, I think Frizzigigg after that, just leans over and whispers to Erkel:

**Frizzigigg:** “Who put a stick up her butt, eh?”

**Erkel:** “Ooh, haha! I’m not quite sure.”

**Group: \***Laughs\*

**Chance:** Everyone reacts like very slowly to Ka’lere’s speech but then they’re like:

**Crowd:** “Yeah, alright, that’s kinda badass, yeah. Haven’t seen one of them in a while!”

**Zach:** My eyebrows are like...

**Chance:** And then the woman behind the bar says:

**Tavern Owner:** “Well, now that we’re acquainted, we’ve got a little tradition around here at the Wizard’s Grace!”

**Silas:** Please, no!

[38:55]

**Tavern Owner:** “You see, my old gramps used to be an adventurer like you!”

**Zach:** Ooh boy

**Ka’lere:** “Don’t say it, don’t you dare say it!”

**Zach:** I’m fully engaged and listening!

**Tavern Owner:** “What, what are you talking about?”

**Ka’lere:** “Did your grandfather perhaps take an arrow to his knee?”

**Tavern Owner:** “Yep, oh, so you’ve heard the stories about him! He’s very very famous! I’m glad the stories about him have reached the Mwangi Expanse! Now before every call of heroes he would go off into the crimson tide woods and he’d kill himself a boar. Then he’d haul it back here and make a meeaan stew, and eat the whole damn thing himself! And so, on the first of every month, we would like to have every hero eat some of his famous stew for good luck. What do ya’ll say to have some?”

**Chance:** And everyone kinda in the tavern is like:

**Crowd:** “Yeah!”

**Erkel:** “Sounds delightful, of course!”

**Frizzigigg:** “Do, like, do we have to, or can we just get on with this whole thing?”

**Chance:** And everyone just says:

**Crowd:** “Yeah!”

**Zach**: Erkel’s just looking around clapping!

**Chance:** She goes ahead and has four bowls, and she puts the whole pot of stew into four big bowls, and puts them next to you guys, and everyone in the tavern is just kinda like sipping on their drinks and watching you guys.

**Zach:** Does it smell good? What does it smell like, what does it look like?

**Chance:** Ummm, Erkel smells it?

**Ronnie:** Like Hoooog Stew!

**Chance:** Hmm. You smell a lot of garlic, you don’t, it’s not a lot of, it’s a very strong smell, and you don’t know what it smells like though.

**Erkel:** “I do like garlic!”

**Zach:** I pick up my spoon.

**Ronnie:** Ka’lere goes ahead and just starts eating. She doesn’t come from a very civilized area, you know the Mwangi are civilized but she’s been roaming the country for like, quite a bit of time just finding work where she can so anytime someone offers her free food, that’s edible, she just takes them up on their offer and she just starts eating.

**Jackson:** And I think that Aryn starts eating too, because he starts feeling really uncomfortable that everyone’s looking at him, and so he looks down into his plate and just starts eating, because he feels the pressure that he’s supposed to.

**Chance:** Do you two other guys start eating?

**Silas:** Frizzigigg slips on his goggles, the goggles that he has, they’re like the magnifying glass ones, like the ones at a jewelers or something, so he slips those on. He kinda slips his head-he’s standing up on the bar, make him eye level with everyone else- and he sticks his head in the pot and inspects the stew for a second, and then sighs, gets the bowl, sits down, and starts eating.

**Chance:** Erkel?

**Zach:** He points to one of the members of the crowd and goes, before taking a bite-

**Erkel:** “Have you all tried this?”

**Zach: -**and then he goes in for a spoonful. Making conversation!

[42:10]

**Chance:** All right, I’m gonna go ahead and ask for the first die roll of the adventure.

**Ronnie:** Oh here we go!

**Zach:** I knew it!

**Silas:** Uh Oh!

**Chance:** I need everyone to roll a twenty sided die!

**Ronnie:** Yes, this is what i’ve been waiting for!

**Chance:** And I need you to add your fortitude save.

**Silas:** Yup there it is

**Ronnie:** \*Sings\* My fortitude save is nothing!

**Zach:** Holy, how about a 6 to start us off! Ooh, gimme a six!

**Ronnie:** A super solid six, that’s what I like to see!

**Silas:** Hmm, got a 13!

**Jackson:** I got a hot 19!

**Ronnie:** One second, I’m working on it, I’m working on it, I’m working on it. Oh Ka’lere got like a 7...jeez.

**Zach:** Perfect, we’re sitting next to each other!

**Chance:** So Aryn and Frizzigigg-what’d you get Silas?

**Silas:** Thirteen.

**Chance:** Yeah, you guys are like chowing down on your like, yeah there’s some lumps uh, this stuff is really not great.

**Group:** \*Sounds of Digust\*

**Chance:** But you just kinda power through it and you get about halfway down the bowl. Ka’lere and Erkel I don’t know if it’s the high class stuff Erkel is used to, or maybe it’s a cultural difference but after a couple of spoonfuls, you guys just feel like you’re getting sick. And you’re like, kind of gagging a little bit on the stew.

**Ronnie:** Bruh!

**Chance:** What do you guys do now?

**Ronnie:** Um…

**Erkel:** “Thank god I’m green already.”

**Ronnie:** Ka’lere kind of like, puts her spoon down into the bowl, and just tries to compose herself and just like kinda stops eating.

**Tavern Owner:** “Now, now it’s good luck if you finish the whole bowl, miss Ka’lere!”

**Ka’lere:** “What has good luck done for me so far, huh? I’ll eat this if I want to, if not I’ll just leave it. I’m here to be an adventurer, not some sort of hog eating whatever’s put in front of me.”

**Erkel:** \*Clears Throat\* “Excuse me, I do want to step in here. What is included in this soup? I smell the garlic, is there some garlic in this?”

**Tavern Owner:** “Na, ah, it, it’s got some boar!”

**Erkel:** “Okay, what, what cuts of boar were used in making this stew?”

**Tavern Owner:** “Right, I just follow my old gramp’s recipes!”

**Erkel:** “Really? What-Could I see that recipe by chance, is that something that we all have here in the Wizard’s Grace?”

**Tavern Owner:** “Na-Now I don’t have it on me, it’s somewhere else, but, but look!”

[44:52]

**Chance:** And she points behind her and you see there’s a whole like a large wall- you know when you go to a weird diner and there’s like pictures of like Dolly Parton and Jerry Seinfeld- there’s like a whole Seinfeld episode on this- where there’s like pictures of them on the diner wall?

**Silas:** Sure!

**Tavern Owner:** “Now look at all these heroes that have finished their bowl of stew! Wouldn’t that be fun if you made yourselves on this wall of fame?”

**Erkel:** “Um, just a side question here, how many of these heroes are still alive after eating their bowl of soup?”

**Tavern Owner:** “I-I reckon most of them! Eat up honey!”

**Chance:** And she kinda pushes the bowl towards you.

**Erkel:** “Delightful!”

**Silas:** \*laughs\* I just continue to eat.

**Chance:** Okay, all of those who are continuing to eat I need another fortitude save.

**Ronnie:** Yeah, Ka’lere stopped eating.

**Silas:** So, even the people who saved the first one?

**Chance:** Yes, yes if you continue to finishing, if you made the save then you get halfway down the bowl, if you didn’t and you’re continuing to eat you need another fortitude save.

**Ronnie:** I mean I guess he wouldn’t have any reason to stop.

[46:03]

**Zach:** I rolled a two, so 5!

**Silas:** Ooh! Okay, that one’s better, 19!

**Jackson:** I got a 10.

**Chance:** Okay, let’s see, the good the bad. Frizzigig, you automatically feel like you’re- you know when you eat something spicy, it doesn’t hit automatically, it’s like you down the soup, and then all of a sudden you feel your mouth starting to get real spicy? But then you kinda stave it off. Aryn on the other hand, you finish your whole bowl of stew and then immediately, your whole mouth begins to be on fire.

**Aryn:** \*Coughs and Gags\*

**Chance:** And you’re looking around for water.

**Aryn:** Could I have something to drink here?

**Chance:** Erkel on the other hand, you take a couple spoonfuls, and you lose your lunch into the bowl.

**Zach:** Ohohoh Jeez! I like, try to be graceful about it, but I’m sure it’s not very graceful.

**Ronnie:** Am I sitting next to Erkel?

**Chance:** Yeah.

**Ronnie:** I kinda pat him on the back and whisper in his ear and say:

**Ka’lere:** “Hey, hey, \*interrupted by Erkel vomiting\* you don’t have to do it if you can’t, just hold on!”

**Chance:** I need one more fortitude save from Aryn and Frizzigigg.

**Erkel:** “I think it’s a texture thing!”

**Jackson:** I got a 15.

**Silas:** I got a 16.

[47:53]

**Chance:** Okay! Aryn, you kinda just feel like now that it’s fully setting in your stomach, you can finally just let it sit, and you’re fine. You finally made it past the stew, and then Frizzigigg, you also feel like, Agh your stomach is just turning, but you’re fine, you’re not gonna lose your lunch. And at this, everyone in the tavern busts out laughing and begins applauding all of you. And the woman behind the bar says:

**Tavern Owner:** “Now Gramps may have been a great adventurer, but he was the worst damn cook in all of Breachill! Now he’d always finish with the three fingers of Whi-Outlaw Whiskey, now I’d say these here fellas earned themselves a drink, what do you guys think?”

**Chance:** Then everyone kind of claps, and then the woman behind the bar pours you guys three drinks, oh sorry, four drinks of outlaw whiskey, and everyone kinda claps and goes back to their drinks. What do you do?

**Zach:** I down the sucker, just immediately, shoot that boy back.

**Chance:** And at this, the woman behind the bar goes ahead and she writes “Aryn and Frizzigigg” up on the Wall of Fame for making it through the boar stew.

**Erkel:** “Do I get like half credit?”

**Silas:** Well first I think he wants to say just to the rest of the party:

**Frizzigigg:** “What-What-What’s wrong with you guys?”

**Aryn:** “Uhh, it was hot, that’s all!”

**Ka’lere:** “I don’t really like to consume things that are actually harmful to my body.”

**Erkel:** “I had some spoiled milk on the way here, I believe, this morning and that mixed with the spicy mixed with the lumps in this soup and it just… Good job though, I am very impressed!”

**Jackson:** I’m wiping away tears from my eyes.

**Frizzigigg:** \*Sarcastically\* “Yeah, we’re all gonna get along just fine, aren’t we? Alright, I’m gonna go over here.”

[50:01]

**Silas:** Frizzigigg hops down, he goes over to the wall of names and begins pouring over the names looking for a name.

**Chance:** A name?

**Silas:** Mhmm.

**Group: \***name jokes\*

**Silas:** He looks for the name Gibgash but he’s not gonna share that with anyone.

**Chance:** Okay, he doesn’t see anything that says Gibgash.

**Silas:** Okay.

**Chance:** I’ll say this, there are also dates by the names, and I’ll say this, there is no goblin that has recently survived the bowl of stew.

**Silas:** Cool.

**Ronnie:** Ka’lere at the sight of seeing the goblin kind of pull away and walk over to the wall, she also walks over to the wall, and kind of like, looks up and down the names, and is very specifically looking for Sayaadi, not expecting to see anything, but any time she sees a list of names she looks to see if she can find that name specifically. I’m assuming he’s not there.

**Chance:** Um, there are actually no ancient red dragon names on that wall!

**Ronnie:** Yeah I would assume so, but mentally she’s gonna look and see...

**Zach:** I wasn’t gonna say anything!

**Ronnie:** Anyway, she has PTSD. Moving on!

**Chance:** Call for a good time!

**Zach:** Oh gosh!

[51:57]

**Frizzigigg:** “What are you looking for?”

**Ronnie:** She turns to Goblin and she kinda says:

**Ka’lere:** “Just shadows and ghosts of my past that I’ve been chasing for a while. What about you?”

**Frizzigigg:** “Well I mean nothing uh.. Nothing that...uh… I’m sorry I’m trying really hard to be nice, I think that’s moody and dumb.”

**Ronnie:** Ka’lere just turns and walks the other way. She just doesn’t want to deal with this. She thought she could find somebody who was on the same wavelength, obviously this goblin is just horrendous. So, she leaves and she goes back to the bar. And she just sits down, and drinks her whiskey. And that’s all that she does.

[52:50]

**Zach:** Dabbing his corners of his mouth, wiping some water away from his eyes, looks up at the nice lady behind the counter, and says:

**Erkel:** “How long have you been holding this tradition in this establishment?”

**Tavern Owner:** “I’ve been working here near my whole life, ever since I inherited it from my gramps!”

**Erkel:** “And so, the tradition has been going on for that long?”

**Tavern Owner:** “Yessir Mr. Erkel! My gramps became a very prevalent adventurer, one of the first to come by Breachill and answer the call! And then when he retired from the adventuring life he opened up here the Wizard’s Grace tavern! And ever since, we’ve been, we’ve been serving adventurers of all kinds!”

**Erkel:** “I’ll bet you see a lot of interesting people come through here.”

**Tavern Owner:** “Oho! Yeah, but I don’t want to talk too badly about anybody that’s real foul. Honestly, most of the heroes who come by are pretty pleasant folks!”

**Erkel:** “That’s wonderful. What would you say the ratio is of people that can actually stomach this, uh, delicious soup you made here?”

**Tavern Owner:** “Well, as you can see if you take a gander over at the wall of fame, maybe only thirty heroes have ever actually lasted my old grandpappy’s stew.“

**Erkel:** “Well I don’t feel so bad then!”

**Tavern Owner:** “No, don’t feel bad Mr. Erkel. It’s a horrendous stew, I didn’t last two seconds when I tried it myself!”

**Erkel:** “Well that’s good, it makes me feel quite a bit better, but I do think it really was the milk! If you can get me on a better day I think I would be able to hold out a little bit longer. But Aryn, you seemed to stomach that just fine!”

**Aryn:** “HUH? Oh…”

**Erkel:** “Pardon me!”

[54:40]

**Tavern Owner:** “Oh, I forgot to mention! Mr. Aryn and Mr. Frizzi-what-whatever it was…”

**Frizzigigg:** \*from a distance\* “My name’s Frizzigigg!”

**Silas:** He calls over from the end of the corner.

**Zach:** That was perfect!

**Tavern Owner:** “It’s a real silly name, I like your name. I don’t get too many goblins here! But you two can have one free drink on the house every day AND you get one free stay per week! Here at the Wizard’s Grace.”

**Aryn:** “I don’t think I can drink THAT much, but..Thanks?”

**Ronnie:** Haha one drink a day, “I don’t think I can drink that much!”

**Silas:** Frizzigigg bounces on back over and he says:

**Frizzigigg:** “Uh, so like what, what am I supposed to do the other six nights?”

**Tavern Owner:** “Mm, well, most people just pay for when they stay here... I think it’s called a discount. Most people like it!”

**Frizzigigg:** “We’ll uh..you know what we’ll work on that!”

**Tavern Owner:** “...Okay!”

**Chance:** And she goes back and starts serving people.

**Ronnie:** Oh my gosh!

**Jackson:** Okay!

**Erkel:** “Do you gentlemen know where this is supposed to start?”

**Chance:** What do you guys want to do? Do you guys kinda talk, or what are you guys doing while you’re here?

**Ronnie:** Ka’lere is done talking, the one person she thought she could connect with just ended up being like the bottom of a grease pan, so.. She’s just gonna sip on her whiskey. Somebody wants to talk to her, she’s down, but she’s not reaching out to anybody else, so..

[56:13]

**Silas:** I just want to say every single, I think, campaign or even smaller than that down to one shot more kinda stuff, that me and Ronnie have been in together as far as I can remember, our characters have NEVER gotten along.

**Ronnie** No never! They never will either, it just won’t happen.

**Silas:** Not even once! It just, it never happens.

**Ronnie:** I tried to bridge that gap this time, but Silas decided he didn’t want it to happen, so...

**Silas:** It just-the character I made just can’t handle that!

**Chance:** You just threw the ball up and he just did not spike it. He just let it fall.

**Ronnie:** No he did not. I gave him the opportunity. That’s on him this time man, last time was probably my fault but this time it’s definitely his.

**Silas:** There might be hope for them yet, we’ll see.

**Ronnie:** \*laughs\*

**Chance:** Do any of the other guys, I mean, you don’t necessarily have to roleplay this but are you guys just hanging out, like what do you want to do while you’re sitting here resting?

**Jackson:** I think Aryn’s chatting with Erkel, right? That’s what just started, so…I think that we’re just chatting.

**Zach:** Yeah! Surely!

**Jackson** And he has like a handkerchief or something and he keeps kind of like patting away his eye and then turning the handkerchief so he doesn’t pat himself with what he just wiped his, you know, face with, and…

**Zach:** After like four turnovers of the Kerchief I like reach into my pocket and pull out another one and say:

**Erkel:** “Here, use this one instead.”

**Aryn:** “Oh, thank you so much!”

**Erkel:** “Of course!”

**Ka’lere:** I think at this point, Ka’lere is very intent on listening to what’s going on around the tavern. I don’t think she’s looking to interact with anybody but she’s just trying to listen in to what people are talking about. Especially like the two or three at the bar who are also self identified adventurers, so…

**Chance:** Gotcha!

**Silas:** Frizzigigg wants to, wait or were you gonna say something about that?

**Chance:** Me? No, I’m good.

**Silas:** Frizzigigg wants to corner, uh, what was her name again? The barkeep?

**Chance:** Uh, no-one asked.

**Ronnie:** Oh that’s an interesting name. Miss No-one asked!

**Silas:** Oh! Well then as she’s out serving people, and once he can pull her to the side, he has a few questions he wants to ask her.

**Chance:** Okay!

[58:32]

**Tavern Owner:** “Ah, Mr. Frizzy, what’s up?”

**Frizzigigg:** “Uh… Friz-Frizzigigg, and uh I didn’t catch your name?”

**Tavern Owner:** “Uh-huh. Oh, it’s Trinil. Trinil Uskwold. Thanks for asking!”

**Frizzigigg:** “Alright Trinil.”

**Ronnie:** Also, Ka’lere is gonna roll a perception check to see if she can hear all of this conversation. So, this is the second roll of the podcast.

**Chance:** Okay.

**Ronnie:** Yeah, I just wanted to make that KNOWN! That’s a 21 thank you very much.

**Chance:** Okay, alright, you probably hear it, unless Frizzigigg is trying to be real secretive.

**Silas:** I don’t think he’s trying to be, I don’t think he’s worried about her at least.

**Chance:** Okay.

**Silas:** He asks her and he says:

**Frizzigigg:** “So uh, adventurers in the area, d-do they always come through here?”

**Trinil (Tavern Owner):** “Well, now there’s quite a bit of taverns here in Breachill. But I think we’re probably the fan favorite of most adventurer groups! I’d like to think!”

**Frizzigigg:** “Alright and how long does a group stay in here? Normally? Like how long is it before they move on?”

**Trinil:** “Hmm. Well, they like to do a lot of odd jobs, but they stay maybe about a year or so, but they really, they see this place as kind of a stepping stone. Either heroes get all big for their britches and they go on to bigger and better quests, or they like to stay here and retire, and live a simple life, helping out simple townsfolk. It really depends on the kind of heroes.”

**Frizzigigg:** “Right, one year. Alright, I might have some questions for you later, but uh..I’m good for now.”

**Trinil:** “Alright. W-Well look at that!”

[1:00:30]

**Chance:** And you hear kind of a \*ching\* \*ching\* and there’s like a little like old hand me down clock behind the bar. I think they have clocks in this time, in this era of technology. But there’s a clock, and it chimes like a cuckoo clock.

**Trinil:** “Well I reckon it’s-it’s twelve o’clock! The call of heroes is just now starting! You’d best be off!”

**Frizzigigg:** “Where, wait what? Where are we going? What’s up, what am I doing?”

**Aryn:** “To the call of heroes! What, you guys don’t...It’s down that way!”

**Trinil:** “The call of heroes is right down the road at the Breachill Town Square! That’s what you’re here for!”

**Aryn:** “Did ya’ll not read the pamphlet?”

**Frizzigigg:** “There was a pamphlet?”

**Aryn:** “Yeah, it was at the welcome center!”

**Frizzigigg:** “Welcome-What?”

**Aryn:** “It’s just-we gotta go down here guys, come on!”

**Trinil:** “Yeah, ya’ll best get- Follow Aryn, he knows what’s going on.”

**Ka’lere:** Wait, let me get my map, let me get my map.

**Erkel:** “Ma’am I want to thank you so much for your patronage, you’ve been an excellent barkeep. And what was your name again?”

**Trinil:** “It was Trinil Uskwold and thank you for askin’!”

**Erkel:** “Ms. Uskwold. Thank you, pleasure!”

[1:01:51]

**Ronnie:** Ka’lere mumbles under her breath that:

**Ka’lere:** “If there’s an ass that exists, this orc will probably kiss it.”

**Ronnie:** So.. she just like, kind of files that away in her mental cavities.

**Chance:** Alright, what do you guys do, do you head out?

**Zach:** I head out!

**Ronnie:** I think so.

**Jackson:** We head out!

**Zach:** I hold the door for everyone. \*laughs\*

**Erkel:** “Come on, come on!”

**Chance:** And with that, the four strangers that have entered Breachill make their way towards the town square, to answer the Call of Heroes. And with that, we will end today’s story for now.

**Group:** \*Gasps\*

**Ronnie:** Oooohhh Baby!

\*Typewriter sounds\*

\*Ringing ping\*

\*Calming flute music\*