

# Felkirk's Boat Problem - 526SuFeBoPr

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The docks were where the biggest battle had occurred in Felkirk with several navy boats already sunk and a large galley sitting out moored in the middle of the bay. As row boats ferried boatloads of people to the shore the normally water covered docks were sticky with the metallic ichor and smell of blood that even overrode the stench of day old fish.

Mercenaries, Guards, and even private troops of the wealthy merchants lay dead or dying across the piers and along the steps leading down to where their boats and warehouses normally lay. Armed men and women patrolled the docks and looted what they could easily take and destroyed those that they couldn't.

But a glimmer of hope comes from a group of adventurers drawn to the chaos and the sounds of battle as the days of death and fighting continue.

**DM:** (The docks have been overrun with a band of mercenaries who have a large war galley that has destroyed many ships and buildings along the docks. The soldiers are slowly pushing into the streets unless someone can stop them.)



The calm near the merchant quarter had returned briefly after a violent clash at a nearby warehouse exposed a secret base used by assassins. But that peace did not last. From the direction of the docks came smoke, screams, and eerie flickers of fire. Citizens spoke of a massive ship manned by

demons that destroyed vessels one by one and unleashed chaos on the dockworkers. The destruction spread quickly, and terrified survivors brought word of the horrors they had seen.

When the group approached the docks, the truth became clearer. Fires lit the scene, and the attackers were not demons after all but skilled warriors dressed in fearsome armour. They moved with deadly precision, killing and stealing before loading their spoils onto a large galley waiting in the bay. This was more than a random act of violence. It was part of a larger invasion, and as patrols began cutting down anyone who wandered too near, it became clear the night still had more blood to spill. The docks had become a battlefield, and their enemies were nowhere near finished

**DM:** (The party investigates the mention of demons at the docks and find a mercenary company that has armour that could be mistaken as demons. There are a lot of fires which are burning the bodies of those they have slain as boats ferry stolen goods back to a large galley on the water. The mercenaries look like they are getting ready to start pillaging the surrounding areas if they are not dealt with soon. Refer to 526MoSoShScSh)

Every approach into the docks was heavily guarded. Soldiers patrolled every path, making any attempt at a quiet entry impossible. While retreating to reconsider their options, the party noticed a rope swinging from a beam above, the kind used in dockside pulley systems. A whispered voice called to them from a rooftop above, leading them to a broad-shouldered dockworker crouched near an access hatch. He introduced himself as Bunker, a rigger who had turned his knowledge of the docks into a quiet resistance. He welcomed the party into his hideout, a space filled with crates, barrels, and the discarded armor of fallen soldiers.



Bunker made it clear he had no intention of letting the enemy claim his docks. His bold stance and detailed awareness of the area gave the party a new hope. He offered a rooftop vantage point through a hatch across the way, where they could survey the enemy's movements. Through the slats of the access door, the docks below revealed the true scale of the threat. Soldiers were everywhere, their presence thick and coordinated. Any attempt to reclaim the area would be long, violent, and fraught with risk. But with Bunker's help, the group had a start.

**DM:** (Bunker is focusing on keeping the mercenaries from exiting the docks or entering the warehouse he is hiding in. He doesn't seem willing to do more than perhaps distract the soldiers for a few moments but he won't get involved. He does however mention that there seems to be more men coming from the galley. Refer to 526TuReRi)

As the group observed from their rooftop perch, a rhythm began to form in the movements between the galley and the shore. Rowboats came and went, each trip ferrying masked soldiers outward and returning with stolen goods and prisoners. Figures of authority stood watch on the docks, quietly managing the exchange with practiced care. The galley's ballistae remained fixed on the boats, watching with cold precision as if daring anything to stray from the pattern.



The scale of the operation grew by the minute, and so did the danger. The soldiers widened their sweep through the city's edge while the watchers above remained still, though unease stirred among them. Bunker paced more often, his nerves strained by the weight of discovery. When a nearby ship exploded in a shower of wood and screams, the threat became undeniable. The galley was the heart of the assault, and its destruction was fast becoming the only answer. Tonight, there would be no more waiting. It was time to strike.

**DM:** (The party can work out how but there are several sets of spare armour with Bunker, a few rowboats in sight that have a covering overhead and whatever other way that makes sense that would stop the soldiers coming from the galley. Refer to 512WeGaAs)

The steady waves that rolled in from the bay against the shore betrayed the chaos and bloodbath that had taken place here over the last few hours. As the flames from the burning ships spread to the docks the light flickered across the water and the armour that the soldiers wore as they moved about the docks and aboard the ship.

A single working pier stood while soldiers moved on and off it as they transported what they had looted from buildings or taken from the bodies of those that now burned in piles. However the boats they had commandeered to run the ill-sourced goods had closed off roofs that hid much of the cargo from view.

**DM:** (Refer to the map on the next page and on 512ThFeDo. Depending on if the party wishes to board the boat, attack it from the docks or something else the map can pose a few options. However, the fight should be very challenging with a leader mercenary dressed in blue armour commanding the other soldiers and the ballistae onboard the galley firing at them periodically. Refer to 526FrBaWaBu)



As flames devoured the damaged galley, the party made their quiet escape aboard a small rowboat, the chaos behind them reflected in the calm shimmer of firelight on the water. A dark bird, likely a raven, stood unmoving atop the burning mast, watching their departure before taking flight through the smoke-choked sky. Unseen by the party, the raven's

body was marred by decay, its feathers hiding pale flesh, a broken beak, and open wounds.



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