

The Ballad of the Carrionette

As sung by Haidar Battlesinger, Oath of Glory

I — The Summons

Come gather close, ye guildbound folk,
And hear what happened on that day,
When murder stalked the halls of stone
And truth wore many a face away.

Three Masters gave us grim report:

Two souls were lost, one elf lay dead—
Kile Autumnroar, scholar bright,
Gribron Nev, an outsider,
And Virric Silentgaze, slain in fright.

"Find the missing. Bring the killer.
Let justice be our guiding light."

Thus Haidar and his companions
Stepped boldly forth to face the night.

Haidar wasn't known for brains, but for his immense might!
So he wondered what he'd missed.
But heroes need not know all things.

II — The Hawk's Tale

Russel Sprout spoke with Virric's hawk,
And thus the first strange truth was heard:

"I never liked the Big Fuzzy, who detested us"
"He looks like us beasts, but is a traitor by choice"

We knew only one such folk
A poor fellow named Deak, The stable hand Firbolg.

Hawk continued with his truth talk:

"It was the girl. She killed him."

We questioned every single word.

*"Did you attack your master?
Why claw the elf you loved?"*

The hawk replied:

**"That was not Virric.
Perhaps the girl was not the girl."**

Stranger still, the bird revealed
That Virric loved Kile Autumnroar.
But something had changed the elf.

**Virric was Virric—
But Virric was not Virric.**

And so we knew that darker forces
Were moving somewhere out of sight.

III — The Dead Behind the Wall

Then came a vile and rotting smell
From somewhere in the twin towers.

We traced it to a hidden wall
And found a secret chamber concealed in stone.

With a touch from Russel The Great Gnome
Mysterious stone wall opened like a childrens toy—

And Gribron's corpse
Came crashing down upon poor Russel.

Slimy, bruised, and cut a thousand times,
His wounds resembled Virric's own.

With a vial beside him marked:
"Not to use on peers."

And suddenly the dead
Had begun to speak.

We made our way to Gribron's room
and we found more clues:

The living sapling stolen from Russel,
Necrotic magic, strange transmutation,
And pages with a book scattered through the floor.

The book from the Dark Library,
Its subject curses and possession,
Had been ripped apart.

The papers described Gribbron's movements—
Like notes kept by a hidden watcher.

Something was moving from body to body.

Something was wearing people.

IV — Death at the Stables

We found Deak, the firbolg,
Tending horses within the stable.

He claimed he'd helped Virric's hawk
And had seen nothing since.

But Irith with his keen eye, had saw the lie.

Haidar seized the firbolg—

Yet before justice could be questioned,
Deak collapsed, dead under Haidars mighty arm.

Then came Lithra, halfling girl,
Screaming for everyone to hear:

"Haidar murdered him!"

A lesser man might have fled.

But Haidar stood before the crowd
And declared his innocence.

"I have fought monsters, beasts, and men,
But never struck an innocent!
Let truth itself judge what happened here!"

Yet rumors fly faster than arrows.

And Haidar's name had become stained.

Then two stone golems burst from walls
And marched upon the stable.

Louis met them without fear.
Stone met his mighty striped fur.

The magic Irith has cast
slowed their advance.

And Ellian herself appeared
To judge the chaos.

She examined Deak's fatal wound:

A cut impossibly clean—

Perhaps made by Virric's blade.

The mystery deepened.

V — The Girl in the Tavern

We followed Lithra to the tavern.

Russel cast his magic sight
And found the same dark influence
Crawling through her body.

She clutched a bag.

Inside was something magical.

Then she reached toward Loui.
Tiger reactor quicker, kept the girl on blades reach

Clifford bound her with magic—
But the spell failed.

And from a nearby table came a voice:

**"This has gone long enough.
Show me your evidence."**

Barron, Master of Skill.

He had been watching us
The entire time.

So Haidar stood before them all
And told the truth of what we'd found:

Virric.

Gribron.

Deak.

The necrotic curse.

The stolen sapling. The Ballad of the Carrionette

The cursed book.

The strange magic.

And Lithra's lies.

*"Whatever is in that bag," Haidar said,
"is the heart of this mystery."*

Lithra opened it.

A little porcelain doll emerged.

A Carrionette. which was stolen from Sprout.

And Clifford knew its secret.

A soul trapped inside a doll,
Able to possess the living—
But only after taking a life.

Destroy the doll,
And the possessing soul dies with it.

Then Haidar remembered.

He had faced these creatures before.

VI — The Carrionette

Haidar stepped forward.

"Do you remember your sisters?"

The halfling fell silent.

*"Do you remember how we found them?
How they met their end beneath our hands?"*

The girl's smile disappeared.

Haidar raised his warhammer.

***"Leave this body.
Leave this guild.
Leave its people alone.
Do so, and perhaps we find you
A body in which you may safely live."***

The Carrionette laughed.

"And if I refuse?"

Haidar raised his hammer higher.

***"Then I shall use this hammer
As I used it upon your sisters—
And crush you beneath my radiant might!"***

The creature finally abandoned its disguise.

"But I like this body."

Then we understood.

Lithra was already dead.

The thing before us was wearing her flesh.

And Loui moved.

One step.

One flash of steel.

The halfling body fell,
And her clean cut head rolled away.

The Carrionette struck the floor—

CRACK.

Porcelain shattered.

And the darkness within it died.

VII — The Race for Glory

The mystery solved, we raced for Gunther,
Master of Strength, to claim our reward.

Yet other adventurers had heard
And raced beside us through the halls.

But Loui was faster.

Much faster.

The tiger warrior surged ahead
Like a hunting beast upon its prey.

No rival could match his speed.

He reached Gunther first.

We told the Master the full tale:

The murders.

The possession.

The cursed magic.

The Carrionette.

And the truth behind Lithra.

The reward was ours.

And so, before the guild could forget,
Haidar swore to make a song.

For deeds such as Loui's
Should never be allowed to fade.

VIII — The Song of Louis

So raise your cups, ye guildbound folk!

Let every drinking table ring!

For when the Carrionette came,
The tiger struck like lightning's sting.

**Loui, Loui, swift of claw,
Loui, Loui, sword in hand!
When the monster shed its mask,
Loui made the final stand!**

He faced the stone that barred our path,
He raced the guild and won the prize.

His blade flashed bright, his courage brighter—

And glory shone within his eyes.

Sing of Russel and his magic,
Who made the silent hawk speak true.

Sing of Clifford, sharp of mind,
Who saw the monster hiding through.

Sing of Irith, whose arcane arts
Held back the giants made of stone.
And his sharp eyes, cutting through hidden lies.

And sing of Haidar Battlesinger—

Who made damn sure their deeds were known.

For truth shall always be our shield,
And glory shall our banner be.

We do not need to change the truth.
We merely make it worth heard.

So sing of Virric, Gribron, Deak, Lithra
And Kile, our losses to terrible darks.

Sing of the heroes of the Guild
Who faced the darkness in their home.

And if another shadow comes
Wearing the face of friend or kin—

Let it remember what we learned:

We've faced your kind before.

And we will surely WIN!