

Warehouse Raid
24 February 2005/25 Fedefrost 1273
River District

Trent Malene: A darkened warehouse sits in the River District along the pier. The front door where boats are moored is lowered and latched. Another door that leads in through the front is closed. In the back, a small white service door.

Klockwork Men: ::Private Allen stares straight ahead, his ears listening to the rats scurrying along the streets and the slight shuffle of the man to his left, Private Loftus, as they stood outside the warehouse::

Trent Malene: ::Trent Malene leads a small group to the edge of the shadows and watches for guards, patiently watching the patrols:: Psst. Are we all here?

Klockwork Men: ::the streetside of the warehouse was quiet, and the man once again wondered why they were assigned to guard such a shabby place, but he wasn't one to question orders::

Trent Malene: Report.

GryPheonix: ::a small group entered through the white service door, hauling in a single crate from the docks::

Klockwork Men: ::Private Curtis looked left then right and nodded in satisfaction at not seeing anything amiss, the river was all quiet tonight::

Klockminions: ::Two are sitting on crates inside the warehouse glancing up to make sure the two in the office do not catch them slacking off::

GryPheonix: ::watched over the special order carefully as he entered, behind::

Blake Givens: (vs) Ready sir. ::The teenager gripped his sword nervously::

Klockwork Men: ::a hand reached out to stop a group of people trying to enter his post with a crate:: Excuse me, sir?

Klockwork Men: ::to **Gry**::

Trent Malene: ::pats Blake on the shoulder:: Stick close. Don't make any noise or we're dead before we've started.

GryPheonix: Greetings.. I have the special order you requested.

Klockwork Men: I had no reports of any special orders.

Klockwork Men: Let me see your paperwork.

GryPheonix: ::slipped out the order parchment, offering to the man::

Blake Givens: ::nods and looks for guards::

CamTandreg: Guess that sinks us ::grumbling under his breath as he crouched in the shadows::

Klockminions: ::upstairs in the office Sgt Cray is going over the duty scedule with Private Fish::

GryPheonix: It's no surprise, this was supposed to be secret. Can't let the rebels catch wind of it.

Klockwork Men: ::Private Curtis takes the papers and looks them over:: We don't get many deliveries at night. Get it inside and then you best be on your way.

Klockwork Men: ::hands the papers back to the man::

Sharnsay: ::On her stomach, Nisi laid on a nearby rooftop overlooking the warehouse::

Trent Malene: ::softly:: Looks like...windows on the first and second floors. There's a place that opens on the river. Two doors I can tell. I guess we could get in through the river access if you're up for a swim. Or we can take the high ground. Ideas?

GryPheonix: Understood. ::motioned to his crew to move the crate further inside where it

could be secured::

CamTandreg: [w] Plan ahead?

Blake Givens: (q) I don't swim so good. Can we get up to the second floor without being seen?

Trent Malene: [q]Cute, Tandreg. No way to get floor plans. Army's hard to infiltrate.

Klockwork Men: ::he watched the man and his crew a few moments, then went back to looking up and down the river for any new movement::

Trent Malene: [q]Second floor it is. Here::he opened his backpack and pulled out four red stones:: These burn. Hot. If you have to, use them, get out of the way.

Trent Malene: ::divvies them up::

Blake Givens: ::nods, taking his share::

Klockwork Men: ::Private Allen shifted his stance, something you learn to do so that your legs don't get tired and your feet don't get sore and glanced to his right, up the street as a rat squeaked particularly loudly::

CamTandreg: And they're used how?

GryPheonix: Right here... ::finding an open spot::

Sharnsay: ::She smiled as she noticed the 'working' girls heading down the street towards the warehouse, giggling and whispering between each other::

Trent Malene: Just say, "Flame on" and let go::hands Cam a rope and hook:: You've got start arms. Make yourself useful. Aim for the second floor.

Trent Malene: ::breaks across the light for the shadow of the building:: Come on.

Klockwork Men: ::Private's Allen and Loftus both looked left toward the sound of giggling and smiled slightly to themselves::

Sharnsay: (Girl#1) Evening boys! ::waving to the soldiers::

CamTandreg: ::He peeked around the corner, his broadbrimmed hat pulled down low over his face, then trotted after::

Klockwork Men: ::Private Loftus nodded:: Ladies....

GryPheonix: ::fished out a small flask from his long coat, taking a long sip from it::

Sharnsay: (Girl#1) Working late tonight?

Trent Malene: ::presses his back against the building, points up, then leans around the edge of the building and throws an empty bottle toward the far side::

GryPheonix: ::Sighs pleasantly::Hits the spot. ::then slips it back into his coat::

Trent Malene: ::wheeeeew...crsh::

CamTandreg: ::He took a step out from the building and tossed the hook up toward the window::

Trent Malene: ::click...it hooks::

GryPheonix: ::stopped for a moment, faintly tipped ears catching something::

Klockwork Men: ::all the men outside stiffen up and look toward the sound where the empty bottle hit:: Stay here! ::Loftus told Allen and moved toward the sound::

Trent Malene: [q]I'll go first. You two, come on my heels. We won't have much time.

GryPheonix: ..I hope that isn't what I think it is.

Sharnsay: ::The girls stop and look on curiously::

Blake Givens: ::nods, his throat dry::

Klockwork Men: ::weapon at the ready he glanced around for anyone who might be around, not seeing anything he moved back over to the door and smiled at one of the women:: Just a rat trying to get into a can.

CamTandreg: ::He gave Trent an upnod and looked toward Givens, silently gesturing him to follow::

GryPheonix: [Merc1] Ah you worry too much.

Trent Malene: ::shimmies up the rope for the second window, getting a quick look at the inside as he passes::

Trent Malene: ::first floor...crates arranged around an open water entrance...the lowered door stops boats from entering, but two are parked::

Trent Malene: ::pokes his head in...holds his breath and checks for guards....::

Sharnsay: (Girl#2) Something wrong?

GryPheonix: Be at the ready none the less.

Trent Malene: ::slips in the rest of the way and beckons for the other two to follow...lands softly::

Blake Givens: ::Once Trent was inside, he was quick to follow behind. He just wanted to be out of sight::

Klockwork Men: ::Pr. Allen smiled:: Nope. All's well.

Sharnsay: (Girl#1) So how late are you working? ::She flashed him a smile::

Klockwork Men: All night I'm afraid. But I'm off tomorrow night. ::he winked suggestively::

Klockminions: ::Downstairs they get on thier feet and start their patrol around the crates once again.::

Trent Malene: ::pulls the rope back in through the window::

Sharnsay: (Girl#1) Ooo. ::she stepped slightly closer:: So what's your name?

CamTandreg: ::He shimmied up the rope behind Givens, taking a quick look through the first window. He was through the second before Trent got too carried away with reeling him in::

Trent Malene: ::nods to Cam:: [q]Get your crowbars. There's something important in here. Be careful. Stay within sight.

Klockminions: Ye hear something ::Guard one to Guard two:: Must be the darn riverrats again, things are as large as a cat::Guard two's reply::

GryPheonix: You hear anything out there?

Klockwork Men: Private Allen, Ma'am. ::Pr. Loftus cleared his throat:: Allen, pay attention to the road, not the women.

GryPheonix: [Merc2]..silent.

Blake Givens: ::he moved further in, listening for footsteps::

GryPheonix: Should atleast hear some more of the night's music.

Sharnsay: (Girl#1) I like private. ::giggling::

Klockminions: ::Sgt. Cray and PR Fish are still in the back office on the second floor::

GryPheonix: [Merc1] I can tell where this is going...

Klockwork Men: ::Pr Allen chuckled::

Trent Malene: ::gingerly slides a crowbar into a crate and starts to loosen the top::

Sharnsay: (Girl#2) What's the matter? Don't like girls? ::She grinned at Loftus::

Klockminions: Say arn't ya glad we are not stuck outside tonight::Guard two:: Up ::Guard one walks around a large crate and holds the light up a little higher::

GryPheonix: ::the crew finished getting the crate into place but their leader seemed a little cautious about leaving it for the moment::

CamTandreg: ::Moving along the wall away from the window, he pulled a crowbar from where it was strapped onto his back, sword-style. There was a light under the office door that made him uneasy and he moved that direction::

GryPheonix: ::glanced around for the Klockwork guards::

Klockwork Men: ::Pr. Loftus:: I like women just fine. I don't like punishment for not doing my job right.

Trent Malene: ::dives out of the way of the rising light::

Klockminions: ::Sgt Cray is starting to yell at PR Fish and it can be heard outside the office, something along the line of on the double::

Trent Malene: ::listens...frowns and checks his crate...shoes::

Blake Givens: ::He tried to peek into one of the crates, but the yelling caused him to duck behind one::

Klockminions: I swear I heard a rat::Guard one grumbles, secretly afraid of large fishy smelling rats, he sniffs the air::

Trent Malene: ::well...he checked his feet...no, not the right time::

Sharnsay: (Girl#2) Well, I wouldn't want that. Are you off tomorrow too?

CamTandreg: ::Staying in the shadows, he eased toward the office::

GryPheonix: ::on the first floor with his crew, he glanced towards the back entrance::

Trent Malene: ::peeks over the rail down at the warehouse floor...those didn't look like Klockwork guards::

Trent Malene: ::this must have been the right place::

Klockwork Men: ::Pr Loftus nods:: Sure am. Where you working tomorrow?

Trent Malene: ::he began to work on the nearest crate to him::

GryPheonix: ::adjusted the scarf around his face::

Klockminions: ::Private Fish comes busting out of the upstairs office::

GryPheonix: ::sharp eyes searched for movement::

Trent Malene: ::makes a quick motion over his throat a few times, hoping Cam sees him if he doesn't see Fish::

CamTandreg: ::He sucked in his breath and froze where he was::

Sharnsay: (Girl#2) Down at the Soaring Seagull.

Klockwork Men: Well, Private Allen and I will just swing by there tomorrow and have a drink. ::he winked at the girl::

Klockminions: ::Not wasting any time he heads for downstairs to make sure all is well on the first floor or Sgt Cray will have his behind in a moment::

GryPheonix: ::he was dressed in a dark leather long coat, a scarf obscured his face except for misty grey eyes and a bit of black hair peeking through the fabric::

Sharnsay: (Girl#2) I'd love to know your name.

Klockwork Men: ::Private Curtis pokes his head in the receiving door and looks toward Shad:: You done with that delivery?

Sharnsay: (Girl#2) :She rested her hand on his chest::

Klockminions: ::Sgt Cray is still cursing in his office as he is looking over paperwork, as the door closes his voice is muffled once again::

GryPheonix: Yes. But something seems amiss outside.

Trent Malene: ::nevermind...he started moving again, trailing Cam and Blake, going for the office...then stopping near Blake:: Check the other side::hands him a small crossbow:: This is mine. If you get a clean shot and you're cornered, don't b

Klockwork Men: Oh, tis just the local street whores making their rounds. Nothing to worry about.

Trent Malene: e afraid to use it.

Klockwork Men: ::Loftus takes a step back, away from that tempting hand:: Seamus, miss.

Klockminions: ::Both guards snap up and look sharp as Pr Fish walks up to get a update on the situation which should be norm as always::

GryPheonix: It's not the women who concern me.

CamTandreg: ::His hand tightened around the crowbar and he looked toward Trent before

continuing toward the office::

Blake Givens: ::he nodded taking the crossbow carefully, and loading it::

Klockwork Men: Well, if someone will watch this door I'll make a walk around.

Klockminions: All well? ::Asks Pr Fish:: All's well just the darn river rats again :: Says Guard one:: Must be big ones tonight. Oh and the delivery is almost done.

GryPheonix: I'll maintain a watch here then.

Sharnsay: (Girl#2) ::his movement didn't bother her:: I'm so looking forward to tomorrow night.

Trent Malene: ::points at Cam...then points at the door to the office::

Klockwork Men: ::Pr Curtis nods and moves toward his left making a full circle around the building, the two men out front snap to attention when they see him walk by::

GryPheonix: ::hoping he'd follow basic procedure and bring some backup just in case on the patrol::

Trent Malene: ::slides on his belly to the rail and peeks down, watching movement below::

Klockminions: Rats? ::PR Fish does not buy it:: Been drinking on duty? ::leans forward to sniff the air::

Trent Malene: ::the bottle was once filled with hard liquor right before it shattered, if that can be smelled on the air::

Sharnsay: ::The girls giggled and waved to the newest private, stepping away from the men::

Trent Malene: ::a normal, unassuming bottle::

CamTandreg: ::Another upnod and he glided toward the door. Purposefully, he bumped against the wall::

Klockminions: No I have not::Guards sulk but sniff as well::

Klockminions: *&%^\$::From inside the office::

GryPheonix: ::relaxed, adjusting something from behind his coat::

Trent Malene: ::leans a little forward...keeping track of the numbers and bodies...it was safe for now::

Blake Givens: ::he moved to the far side of the room, cautiously looking into crates as he looked around::

Klockwork Men: ::Pr. Curtis smells the strong odor of alcohol mixed with salt and fish and wrinkles his nose then gives the ladies a nod and returns to the service entrance::

CamTandreg: ::He jiggled the door latch and waited::

GryPheonix: ::a moment later he had his walking cane out::

Klockminions: Go back to your duty stations:: Pr Fish moves off to check on the door::

Klockminions: ::Fish looks at Curtis:: All's well?

Sharnsay: (Girl#1) Bye! ::giggling, waving to Curtis::

GryPheonix: ::there were about four mercenaries guarding the crate in the far end of the first floor::

Klockwork Men: ::nods at Pr. Fish:: Yep. Nothing wrong outside, but those whores.

Klockminions: *(&%::From inside the office, he does not want to be bothered until he is done with his lousy paperwork::

Trent Malene: ::mutters under his breath:: Knew we needed more.

CamTandreg: ::He jiggled again, louder and more insistent::

Klockminions: ::Peeks over Curtis shoulder:: Darn and we are working tonight.

GryPheonix: ::all dressed nondiscriptly as merchants or laborers::

Blake Givens: ::looking in the first crate, his eyes about bugged out and he picked up one of the many swords inside::

Klockwork Men: Yeah, tell me about it. Although they didn't smell much better than the

street.

Trent Malene: ::merchants and laborers in a building guarded by Klockwork Soldiers...he frowned...knew something was not right...but what?::

GryPheonix: ::listened carefully faint tips poking out from the cloth about his head::

Klockminions: Bloody Hell Fish can you not once get you duty done without me holding your "bleab bleab" hands! ::Sgt Cray, a very large and wide but not fat man comes to his feet and heads for his office door::

GryPheonix: ::tips of his ears::

Blake Givens: ::he looked around to tell one of the others but they were both busy, so he moved on to the next one::

CamTandreg: ::Hearing the movement inside, he gave an impertinent tap on the door, then stepped to the side::

GryPheonix: ::hand-motioned to the mercs who took up better positions about the area::

Klockminions: ::Disgruntled because he was disturbed he pulled the door open::

Klockwork Men: ::Pr. Allen and Pr. Loftus smiled at the ladies and then looked up and down the street just to make sure no one else was coming along::

Trent Malene: ::and they were moving...any attempt to take them all out at once would seem to be ineffective...he patted his pack and shook his head::

Klockwork Men: So, we have a date tomorrow night then?

CamTandreg: ::Both hands gripped the iron bar as it swung at Cray's head::

Klockminions: ::Fish is on his way back inside by now::

GryPheonix: ::glanced up towards the second floor suspiciously::

Sharnsay: (Girl#1) I certainly hope so. Anything particular you.. enjoy?

Klockminions: ::better report back to Cray::

Trent Malene: ::Fish was on the move...he skittered along on his fingertips and toes, watching the soldier move::

Klockminions: ::Iron bar swings towards poor Cray's left cheek, hand comes up in reflex as something heads towards him::

Klockwork Men: Well now, that's something I wouldn't want to discuss out here. You'll have to wait till we are in private. ::Loftus winked at her again::

GryPheonix: ...Where are the bloody guards.

Klockminions: ::Fish moves around a large crate::

Blake Givens: ::from the second crate, he removed one of many shields. A child in a candy shop, his eyes widened with excitement::

CamTandreg: ::Cam was not a small man, and it didn't make any difference to him if it was a sword he was swinging or a crowbar::

Sharnsay: ::both girls giggled:: I love private!

GryPheonix: ::tapped his cane on the floor::

Trent Malene: ::stalks toward Cam and Cray, drawing his dagger...::

Klockwork Men: @::both men grinned at the women::

Klockminions: ::the iron hits the hand brakes it and does connect with the skull as well, Cray gets knocked back from the blow and cries out in pain before falling down::

CamTandreg: ::He swore softly and thwacked the noisy Cray again::

Trent Malene: ::nods to Cam and steps around Cray, grabbing at his shoulders...starts to pull him back into the room::

Klockwork Men: %::Curtis looked over his shoulder at the door as first a tapping then some shuffling sounds came from inside, but there wasn't an alarm sent out so he stayed put::

GryPheonix: ::heard something from upstairs:: What the?
Blake Givens: ::movement caught his eye and he turned to see the soldier fall. Goodies forgotten, he reached for the crossbow, aiming for the next person who came into the room::
Klockminions: ::Fish starts running towards the stairs, that was no rat sound::
CamTandreg: ::He ghosted away from the office toward the head of the stairs::
GryPheonix: At the ready!
Trent Malene: ::yanks Cray fully into the room with a hard pull and nudges the door slightly shut::
Klockminions: ::Poor Cray, who will feed his ten kids, gets beaten once again with the iron and this time only gurgles::
Klockwork Men: ::Allen and Loftus glanced upward. ~A rat, inside?~::
CamTandreg: ::Really big rat::
GryPheonix: Aiden..Colin.. watch the front steps.
Trent Malene: ::keeps his dagger at the ready and grits his teeth as he peeks around the door:: [q]Damn.
Blake Givens: ::he swore silently, now Cam was in the way::
Klockminions: ::Guard one, jumps and pulls his sword, so Guard two gets antsy and does the same. Both look upstairs watching Fish run up the stairs::
Klockwork Men: @::the women were forgotten, they looked at each other, and waited for the cry to arms::
GryPheonix: [steps leading to the second]
Trent Malene: [q]Fall back, Cam, fall back.
GryPheonix: [Colin] Gotcha boss..
Sharnsay: ::They refused to be forgotten, suddenly serious, they went towards the men for protection::
CamTandreg: ::He waited until any part of Fish showed, then swung his trusty crowbar::
GryPheonix: [Aidan] ::readied his blade subtly, leaning by a crate for cover::
Klockminions: ::Fish nose showed first so he gets it right in the face::
GryPheonix: Watch yourselves... they might be hidden in the shadows.
Klockwork Men: @Ladies, stay here against the wall. If anything happens, get to your Tavern.
Klockminions: ::Guard one itches and drops the light, to make him less of a target::
Trent Malene: ::goes through Cray's pockets for keys...equipment...then heads for his desk, going through the paperwork::
Klockminions: ;:Oh a lot of paperwork and yes keys in the pocket::
Trent Malene: ::clicking his tongue as he tries to find some information...what he finds goes in his backpack::
Sharnsay: Be careful.
Trent Malene: ::sticks his ear to the wall to listen to the office next door for sound::
CamTandreg: ::Damn, but that felt good. Letting go with one hand, he grabbed for Fish's shirtfront::
GryPheonix: They may have Mancers among their ranks.. take appropriate precautions.
Klockminions: ::Fish's nose broken, blood everywhere but he is not out and cries out as best as he can with teeth missing something which sounds like:: **rlm....
Klockwork Men: ::Curtis steps half in and half out of the receiving door, weapon at the ready::
CamTandreg: ::The fist holding the crowbar connected with Fish's rearranged face::
CamTandreg: ::Or aimed, rather::

GryPheonix: We may have intruders upstairs...:briefing Curtis::
GryPheonix: ::hand-motioning to the second floor::
Klockwork Men: ::gives a nod to Shad and glances toward the other two guards inside the room then the stairs:: Did anyone go up to check?
Klockminions: ::Guard one and two are now ready and armed and up for a fight, both heading for the upstairs::
GryPheonix: Yes... they haven't returned yet.
Sharnsay: ::both girls drew daggers silently, and once both men's attention was on the door, they struck, attempting to bring the blade down at the exposed area between the men's armor::
Trent Malene: ::goes back to the door to check on Cam's progress...[q]Get off the stairs.
Klockwork Men: ::watches the other two guards heading toward the stairs and gives another nod::
GryPheonix: Watch your backs.
Klockminions: ::As if Fish could see anything with blood all over his face, smack smack and once again he tries to sound the alarm:: <mumbledcoff> lrm....
Klockwork Men: @::Loftus felt something tickle his neck and swatted only to find his hand connecting with a blade:: What the....
CamTandreg: ::He hauled Fish off the stairs and around the corner:: [vsw] Would you just die, for crying out loud? ::SMACK!::
Sharnsay: (Girl#2) Sweet dreams.
Klockwork Men: @::He turned to stare at the woman beside him for several stunned moments before his eyes glazed over and he fell face first into the street::
GryPheonix: ::that smack was enough:: Confirmed!
Trent Malene: [q]::taps the door open and closed...tap tap tap::
Blake Givens: ::he looked around for a target half afraid he'd find one::
Klockminions: ::nice now poor Fish never gets to make Sgt damit! He gets blundered to death and gurgles his last breath choking on blood:::
Klockwork Men: ::Allen felt something bump against his gorget and turned only to watch his comrade drop to the ground, blood pooling around his head:: What the....
Klockwork Men: @::he looked to the two women and frowned at the weapons in their hands:: You are under arrest.
Sharnsay: (Girl#1) Damn! ::attempts again, desperate::
Klockminions: ::Guard one is halfway up the stairs and Guard two turns, maybe he should sound the general alert first, better safe than sorry::
CamTandreg: ::Fish tucked out of the way, he glanced at the stairs, then looked around for Trent and the boy::
GryPheonix: I'll check upstairs...:it took a thief to catch one::
Trent Malene: ::tap tap tap::
Trent Malene: ::tap tap::
Klockminions: ::Guard one is angry and has a nice sharp sword, slowly edging up the stairs looking for movements in the shadows::
Trent Malene: ::tap tap tap::
Blake Givens: ::the boy was half hiding behind a crate of shields, crossbow ready::
Klockwork Men: @::Allen has his weapon drawn and is holding it in the women's general direction when one of them lunges at him, he tries to fend her off with his blade just before her knife plunges into his armpit::
Trent Malene: ::thinks...Cray...measures the man's uniform size::
Trent Malene: ::a little big...::

Sharnsay: ::both girls fell on him, hoping to keep him silent::

GryPheonix: ::moved towards the guard, no weapon except his cane as he covered for him::

Klockminions: ::Guard two is sounding the general alarm by blowing the horn ...of ... well the Alarm to call in the outside troops::

CamTandreg: ::Round de corner, he hefted his trusty bar again.::

Klockwork Men: @::Curtis charges up the stairs behind his fellow soldiers, weapon at the ready::

Trent Malene: ::tosses a red stone out of the cracked door...tink tink tink...it stops at the top of the stairs::

GryPheonix: ::leaned by the wall, letting the soldiers pass::

Trent Malene: ::touches his fingers to his lips:: Flame....

GryPheonix: ...oh Sh!...leaps away from the stairs::

Blake Givens: ::ducks::

Trent Malene:on.

Klockminions: ::Oh but Guard looks up, something had moved upstairs::

Klockwork Men: ::from out of the shadows a shape rumbles to life, slow plodding movements carrying it toward the bugle sound, its gears whirring and whizzing::

GryPheonix: ::the other mercs ducked away from the stairs::

Trent Malene: ::well...it burned...actually...it exploded, sending shards of ruby glass everywhere in an unfolding plume of swirling flame::

CamTandreg: ::If that was a body flying up the stairs near Cam, he was in line to be dented::

GryPheonix: ::grabbed a guard or two to save them from the blast::

Sharnsay: ::Time for the ladies to depart, fast!::

Trent Malene: ::kicks the door open and goes dive-rolling from the room::

Klockwork Men: ::Curtis was only halfway up the stairs when he saw a stone tossed at the top of them, the other two guards ahead of him::

GryPheonix: ::coughed as he hit the ground, rolling to his feet::

Klockminions: ::Great, fun Guard one gets pulled down in time only to have part of his back covered in little nasty pieces of glass::

GryPheonix: ::parts of the shards embedding in his coat::

Trent Malene: ::the wood the flame contacted began to smolder and burn brightly::

Klockwork Men: ::Curtis saw Shad and the other guards flying off the side of the stairs and he'd lunged after them, his legs getting hit with a few shards, but the armor protected most of him::

Klockminions: ::Guard one now pissed and bloody and out for revenge::

CamTandreg: ::The exploding fire thinger was a bit of a shock. Reeling away around the scanty protection of his corner, he swore and -- dropped the crowbar -- and beat at the flames sprouting from his arm::

Trent Malene: Cam::he pointed to his crate:: Help.

Trent Malene: Now::he shoved the crate toward the stairs::

Klockwork Men: ::the "machine" continued to rumble toward the stairs, his mission....go where the bugle had sounded and receive his orders - up the stairs he started::

CamTandreg: Oh, just bloody flamin' great ::He grumbled, peeling his burning coat off and tossing it down the stairs as he hurried to help Trent. His face was cut and bleeding::

Klockminions: ::Charge up the stairs after the machine::

GryPheonix: ::breathed a faint sigh of relief as the 'machine' came into support the guards::

Klockminions: ::Let it take the next blow::

Blake Givens: There are shields in this crate.

Trent Malene: ::they push and the crate goes bouncing down the stairs...thump thump thump::

GryPheonix: Ingenious bastards...::as the crate went down the stairs::

Klockwork Men: ::rumble, screech, rumble, screech:: ::The mechanical man got to the point where the guard had sounded the bugle and stopped, waiting for his orders::

Trent Malene: I suggest you use one of them, boy!

Blake Givens: ::Seeing the gang coming up the stairs, he wasn't dumb enough to shoot the machine, instead taking a shot at the soldier coming behind::

Klockminions: UP the stairs you Tin man! We are under attack ! ::Guard two yelling at machine::

Trent Malene: ::meanwhile, a huge crate goes bouncing DOWN the stairs::

Klockwork Men: ::CRASH!:::a crate of shields hits the machine and cracks open, the mechanized man begins to totter as if he might just fall backwards, although he tries to comply with his orders and move forward::

Klockminions: ::Guard one is under fire and bellows out:: They got a bloody archer!

Klockwork Men: ::one foot comes up - slip!- it lands on a shield and he begins to totter more::

Trent Malene: I know what they're guarding. It's on the first floor.

Blake Givens: ::reloading the weapon, he shot again::

Trent Malene: ::grabs the top of an open crate and flings it at the machine man's head::

Klockminions: ::But sounding the alarm was a good thing, other patrols may be on the outside up the road::

GryPheonix: ::fishes out a copper coin and flings it at one of the intruders::

CamTandreg: ::Winching, he drew a hand over his face:: I s'pose you want it? ::He went to work with the crowbar, opening another crate and reaching in to grab whatever was volunteering to be the next weapon::

GryPheonix: ::not exactly lethal.. but enough to distract::

Klockwork Men: ::Clang! - mechanical man's head spins to the side and his "sightless" eyes stare at the wall, he stops moving, effectively blocking the stairwell from ascent or descent::

Trent Malene: ::swats a coin out of his face:: What the?

Klockminions: ::Wonderful, guard takes Tincan as a shield:: We need an archer!

GryPheonix: where's the target?

Trent Malene: You sure do, you whiny bastard::he fishes out another stone and flings it::

Blake Givens: ::didn't even see the coin:: The stairs are blocked. ::shoots at any soldier available::

Trent Malene: ::tink, tink tink::

Klockminions: Up the stairs trying to shoot me! :: So the enemy archer has to be in direct line of the guard and tincan::

Klockwork Men: ::Curtis is once again behind the other two guards and nods as the cry for an archer is sent out:: Merchant! ::pointing at Shad:: One of your men got a bow?

CamTandreg: ::Oh, joys! Warhammers! He flung one at the mechanical thing with fierce glee::

Trent Malene: ::bounces past the machine man toward the first floor...::

Trent Malene: ::tink tink tink::

Trent Malene: ::tink...tink...skiiiiid::

GryPheonix: Yes... ::a short bow was tossed towards Shad who caught it::

Klockminions: Incoming! ::Does he mean the arrows or rock?::

Blake Givens: ::partially he was::

Trent Malene: ::landing on the first floor was teh ruby stone::

below::

GryPheonix: ::strangely, the man seemed to be using blunted arrows, not sharpened::

CamTandreg: We plannin' on going down there, boss? ::Things were starting to feel just a mite toasty. And that wasn't even counting his own charred person::

GryPheonix: ::almost like he was trying not to kill anyone::

Trent Malene: ::a crate full of...axes...ew, nasty::

Klockwork Men: ::the tincan swayed backward again as another hammer hit him from the front::

Klockminions: ::Strains to keep the darn thing upright as it is, breaking out in a sweat::

Klockwork Men: <curtis> ::slowly he pushed himself upright, his leg was going numb from the pain of the bolt through his thigh, as soon as he got halfway up, he realized he was dizzy and lay back down again - this wasn't good::

Klockminions: SOmebody going to shoot the bastard upstairs or not:: yells down the stairs::

GryPheonix: ::reloaded and took another shot::

Trent Malene: ::the first floor was now starting to burn through, wood cracking and crumbling and falling into the river below:: We can't stay up here forever::looks back to the window:: You think you can hold out here for a few moments?

CamTandreg: ::Peering through the flames, he sailed another hammer into the mess below, then turned to investigate the contents of another crate::

CamTandreg: I'm good.

GryPheonix: ::stepping cautiously from the flames::

Blake Givens: Stupid thing! ::angry, he shot again and any target with a uniform::

Trent Malene: ::nods and runs for the window, looking outside for any opposition::

GryPheonix: ::he would prefer the shipment be lost to the river than fall into the hands of the rebels::

Trent Malene: ...dips the rope out and slings the hammer in his belt::

CamTandreg: ::He pried the lid open and sailed it down the stairs, then grinned at the contents:: Too bad we can't bring some of this home with us.

Klockwork Men: <Tincan> ::steps into the burning pool at the top of the stairs and the wood creaks and groans, suddenly the mechanical man disappears as the whole thing gives way under his weight::

Klockwork Men: ::CRASH!::

Trent Malene: Well. I saw a boat. We could ask them nicely!

Klockminions: ::Guard two is almost outside but he will be too busy with trying to get help to notice anything else::

Klockwork Men: <Curtis> ::is crushed under the weight of the falling tinman and dies immediately::

Klockminions: Bloody hell:: Tincan shield goes down before him and he is off balance now::

Trent Malene: ::jumps out the window and sliiiiides down the rope to the first floor::

CamTandreg: ::Hefting a spear, he squinted, picked a target -- anything moving downstairs was good -- and put his shoulder into sending it on its way::

Trent Malene: ::presses his back against the wall and sticks to the shadows as he moves for the back door...the mercenaries...the crate::

Klockminions: ::Guard follows Tincan and smacks on top of it and poor Curtis::

GryPheonix: ::took cover before the spears started flying::

Sharnsay: ::Nisi calmly watched the streets with her bow loaded, just in case::

Klockwork Men: <tincan> ::his orders were up the stairs, now he was on his back he began to try to get up, he had to get up the stairs::

Trent Malene: ::checks for Nisi's position...waves to her and gestures up and down the street::

GryPheonix: ::reloaded then carefully took aim at Cam, firing another blunted arrow::

Klockwork Men: <tincan> ::stands, the guard who had just landed on him ignored as he began to move toward the stairs again::

CamTandreg: ::Edging back from the flames, he looked around the room::

Sharnsay: ::One arrow raised then she ducked out of sight again::

Trent Malene: ::tiptoes to the back door and draws his hammer back::

CamTandreg: ::Something thunked into his hat and nearly took it off his head:: What the --!! Who did that?

GryPheonix: ::ducking quickly this time aiming towards the door::

Trent Malene: ::takes a test swing...stops just in front...::

CamTandreg: ::He felt with his free hand:: You ruined my hat!!

GryPheonix: ::the other mercs were aiming short bows, covering for their boss::

GryPheonix: Get another one!

Blake Givens: ::Readying, he shot at the archer again, getting rather annoyed with him::

Klockwork Men: <tincan> ::they really should have given the poor thing more intelligence, he steps into the burning wood on the first floor and.....SPLASH!...down goes the wood and the mechanical man, into the river::

CamTandreg: ::Moving to another crate, he shoved it toward the flaming stairs::

Trent Malene: ::steps back a few steps, then charges forward, throwing his entire weight into the door, stopped only by his shoulder against the wall::

Trent Malene: ::thoom, the door goes down::

GryPheonix: ::ducked, but his cloth mask was snarred off::

GryPheonix: ::reflexively shot towards the door::

Trent Malene: Flame::tosses the rock around the corner::

GryPheonix: Cover! ::as the mercs ducked away from the back door::

Trent Malene: What the?::arrow goes flying through the door...rock goes flying in the door::

Trent Malene: BOOM!!!!!!

CamTandreg: ::The crate tumbled through the air and crashed, scattering splinters and wood and contents everywhere::

GryPheonix: ...Woh..

Blake Givens: ::laying on his stomach, he threw a second "rock" towards where the mercs ducked to:: Flame on.

GryPheonix: no! ::shot at blake::

CamTandreg: ::He ducked his head instinctively as another explosion rocked the building:: Think they know we're here yet?

Trent Malene: ::draws a pair of throwing knives:: Mercs. I hate mercs.

Klockminions: @::Guard two makes it outside and sounds the horn loud and clear::

Blake Givens: ::that second arrow hurt, hitting his side:: I sure do.

Trent Malene: ::how did he miss that guard? This was going to be tight....

GryPheonix: ::there were shouts from the merc as that flame orb hit extremely close::

Trent Malene: ::ducks inside and marks the shadows, throwing the pair of knives at the first thing he sees but not stopping...going for the crate::

CamTandreg: You doin' all right, kid? ::He was back at the spears, grabbing a load and trotting toward the window::

Sharnsay: ::Guard two makes it outside with the horn and Nisi aims and shoots her arrow at him with calm accuracy::

Blake Givens: No. Kill them.

GryPheonix: ::reloaded, firing at the shadows::

GryPheonix: Survivors!?

Trent Malene: ::ducks behind the crate, engulfed in flames ever-spreading...time time time was running out::

GryPheonix: Aidan:Man down!

CamTandreg: Workin' on it ::Oh, look. Guard Two. If the arrow didn't get him, maybe this spear would. Fling!!!::

Trent Malene: ::he began to swing at the crate, break it open::

CamTandreg: Now'd be a good time for you to get out of here ::to Givens::

GryPheonix: ::the spear embedded itself by Shad's head, inches away::

Blake Givens: ::grabs a few shields and swords and tosses them out the window, not worrying about subtly right now:: I'm gone.

Klockminions: @:: Nisi, she is not old enough to kill blah.. but she learned well so poor Guard goes down sadly his horn sounded and soon a few more Klocks may show up::

Sharnsay: ::This wasn't her first kill with an arrow, and it won't be her last::

Trent Malene: ::rope was still in the window...and then there was...well, the river::

GryPheonix: ::checked his quiver, as he reloaded..down to a few arrows. Just his cane left::

Trent Malene: ::yells up above through the hole in the second floor::Stay out of a straight fight...::he knew they were dead if it came to hand-to-hand...::

GryPheonix: ::sideglanced towards the rope, loading a spare regular arrow as he shot, aiming to u=cut it down::

CamTandreg: ::He was curious to know how Blake was going to cart his stash home, but now probably wasn't a good time to ask him::

Trent Malene: ::the crate held...parchment?::

Trent Malene: ::more paper...::

Trent Malene: ::and in the center...a metal...dog::

Blake Givens: ::he was more concerned about getting out the window without breaking anything important::

Trent Malene: [Metal dog]Arf!

GryPheonix: ::doing his best to be as little of a target as possible::

Trent Malene: Um. Hi?

Trent Malene: [Metal Dog]Arf. Arf?

Trent Malene: ::looks around::

CamTandreg: ::Trotting back to the stairway -- or as close as he could get -- he tried to see if Trent was in sight:: Y'done playing around down there?

Trent Malene: ::staying low, not wanting even Cam to see him, just in case:: I don't know! It's...I don't know what it is!

Blake Givens: ::crash, he was lucky he landed on shields and not swords::

GryPheonix: ::a blue orb was tossed from the mercs at the fire, and something was shouted, blasts of water sprayed about to quench the flames::

Trent Malene: ::thinks...hops on the top of the crate and grabs the dog:: Run boy.

Trent Malene: Arf!

Sharnsay: <vvs> Hurry. Get out of there.

Trent Malene: ::the dog runs...and Trent sleds his way out of the building, through the flames::

CamTandreg: Well grab the -- whatever -- and let's get out of here, eh? ::Delving into his pocket, he pulled out a stone and flipped it toward the figures he saw moving:: Flame on!

Trent Malene: Cam! Moooo--!::voice engulfed::

CamTandreg: ::The shout was lost in the noise:: Scooting toward his favorite crate, he grabbed a pair of warhammers, shoved them into his belt, and ran for the window::

Klockwork Men: @::The sound of a lot of metal covered feet running down the street echoed off the walls of the buildings::

Klockwork Men: @::The patrols were coming::

Blake Givens: ::he grabbed what he could, and raced as fast as his bruised body would allow, down the street, thinking the others were leaving too::

Klockminions: @Oh yes and they were ready for trouble, nobody sounded the horn unless it was huge trouble::

Trent Malene: ::rides up to Blake on his metal dog:: Hey, kid, load up the dog. He's a tough one.

CamTandreg: ::He drew his sleeve across his bloodied face, then grabbed the rope and slid down::

Trent Malene: ::hops off::

Klockwork Men: @::The patrols were coming up the street from BOTH directions::

Trent Malene: ::shadows down the street...damn, he tried to think fast:: Up past the butcher's. The alley leads right up to Commerce Row. Find Hilda.

Trent Malene: She'll store the stuff, then you get lost, alright?

Blake Givens: Got it. Cam?

Sharnsay: ::Time for Nisi to make a strategic withdrawal::

CamTandreg: ::He landed with a grunt and staggered away::

Trent Malene: Don't know. Almost not caring. If he was smart, he took the rope.

Trent Malene: I'll go get him.

GryPheonix: ::glanced again, making sure no one was trying to head his way::

Trent Malene: ::runs back:: Get lost, make sure you don't lose that dog.

Blake Givens: ::he headed towards the butchers::

Trent Malene: [Metal dog]Bark::follows Blake::

Blake Givens: Let's go Spot.

CamTandreg: ::He headed toward ... barking?::

Trent Malene: [Spot]Arf!

Trent Malene: ::runs up to Cam:: The kid's gone, we need to distract those guards.

GryPheonix: ::slipped out another copper coin, focusing on it for a moment then flinging it expertly::

Klockwork Men: @::clomp, clomp, clomp - they were getting closer::

CamTandreg: ::He slipped a pair of stones from his pocket:: These help?

Trent Malene: ::the building wasn't burning anymore, at least not the bottom one::

Trent Malene: ::thinks:: Maybe. Follow me.

Trent Malene: ::runs toward one of the approaching patrols, then toward the river::

CamTandreg: ::He ran after Trent, wiping his face repeatedly just so that he could see::

Trent Malene: ::points to the river:: Light it up.

GryPheonix: Maintain position... escape if necessary. ::to the mercs still standing:: I'm going to track.

Klockminions: @::They better run or they will be in view soon::

GryPheonix: [Aidan]Good luck boss, ::bandaging up one of the injured mercs::

Sharnsay: ::She followed slowly, keeping out of sight and well above the others::

CamTandreg: ::He could burn water? Nice. He threw one of the stones:: Flame on, sweetheart.

Trent Malene: ::the water didn't really burn...it sort of sizzled and steamed and smoked::
Both of them.

GryPheonix: ::moved away, heading off after the intruders::

Trent Malene: ::checking behind them::

CamTandreg: Yessir ::The second stone arched out over the water and he called out in a sing-song voice:: Fla-ame o-on!

GryPheonix: ::stopped by the door, carefully peering::

Klockwork Men: @::one set of clanging footsteps headed toward the river as one patrol broke off and headed toward the rising steam, the other continued toward the burning building::

GryPheonix: ::He would have to go after the intruders with the guards in the area to.. save face::

Trent Malene: ::runs and dives into the water:: Keep your head above the waves! The current gets strong!

CamTandreg: ::Oh, right. He was going to swim with a pair of weights attached to his waist. Damn. He yanked them out as he ran into the water, flung them away and dove::

Trent Malene: ::ditches his greatsword...he loved that sword...and undoes his belt, losing the hammer in it::

Trent Malene: ::treads water as he's sucked into the darkness::

Sharnsay: ::She headed off in a different direction, deep into the night::

CamTandreg: ::Well, this was one way to get clean, he thought irreverently as the water tugged him away::

Klockwork Men: @::There would be an investigation for hours, the mercs would be interrogated for even more hours and then set free. Heads would roll, but not tonight::

GryPheonix: ::and Shad would set on investigating the situation discreetly...::