

ZYN: [sings] *Wasted away again on the Citadel, looking for this one's asari of blue...*

DIRECTOR: Psst! Hey, Zyn! Shush.

ZYN: This one is practicing for karaoke night. What? We've started? Oh, my!

Serene greetings, gentle listeners. This is Zynamondan. If you have enjoyed listening to *I Should Roll*, this one invites you to like, subscribe, and leave a rating and/or review with your preferred podcast purveyor. These ones would all appreciate it. Of course, [sings] *Some people say that there's a vorcha to blame, but this one knows it's Kasumi's fault...*

VI: A podcast by the Intergalactic Improv Initiative.

KAYA: *Ride of the Valkyrie, Episode 7: A Pocketful of Dead Bodies.*
Featuring the voices of Hans Cummings, Ché Grové, Chase Hutchison, Hunter LaPaglia, JD Kelly, Leah Ryan, and creator, Kaya Renwick.

IBOW: A nice mess you've got us into with your nodding head and the deference due to an asari of pedigree.

VUKAW: Merely corroborative detail intended to give artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative.

IBOW: Corroborative detail indeed! Corroborative fiddlestick! You Should Roll.

KAYA: Last time on *Ride of the Valkyrie*: While Carver and Bean were meeting Omega's best on the loading docks, Zyn, Kache, Titoh, and Gratch were finding dead bodies and talking to the downtrodden denizens of the Barrows. It's about time they all got back together again.

VI: March 15th, 2184, Terran Universal Coordinated Calendar. Omega Nebula, Sahrabarik System, Omega. The Barrows.

KAYA: So we will start with the Barrows crew, and I believe you guys were deciding to make your way back out of the Barrows to get, like, a decent comm signal to get in touch with Carver and Bean, and then to update them and get an update on what they're doing and decide where you're going from there. Now, Kache, before we start, could you clarify for me how many bodies you took?

JD: I believe it was three bodies. We decided it was a reasonable amount for Kache to be able to carry, because these people are living in slums, they're quite emaciated, and they seem like they've been a bit, like, drained of everything anyway, so there weren't, they weren't particularly heavy, despite being, you know, bipedal bodies. And you said there was, like, a tarp from one of the—

KAYA: [overlapping] Yes.

JD: [overlapping] —slum encampments here that I could wrap the three bodies in, in such a way that we'd be able to carry it through without them, you know, being on display, because that's—

KAYA: [overlapping] Yeah, for sure.

JD: —awkward—

KAYA: [overlapping] Li'l bit.

JD: —and, and I think Ché—Titoh, had gone to speak to some of the people, and they'd been...forthcoming to a point?

KAYA: Yeah.

JD: In terms of their fear about what's going on and how the people—

KAYA: [overlapping] Yeah.

JD: [overlapping] —how the corpses had ended up there.

KAYA: Yes. Okay. Do you happen to—I know one of them was a drell. Do you happen to remember the other two species?

JD: I think one of them was human. I can't remember the other one.

KAYA: Okay.

HANS: Wasn't there an asari?

KAYA: That was my—that was the one that I thought I remembered was—I thought there was—sorry. So we'll go with drell, asari, and human, and if that's not correct, because I'm going to be working on that episode soon, I can redub that line. [chuckles]

JD: Replace the stolen audio here. [chuckles]

KAYA: Yes, exactly.

CHASE: Gratch is...

GRATCH: Staring at the cave, daydreaming [HANS laughs] about the cluster grenade.

CHÉ: Titoh's keeping a very surreptitious, yet, focused, eye on him [apprehensively] to make sure he doesn't do anything crazy.

GRATCH: Gratch go [elongated] boom...

KAYA: Alright. So you are hauling your—hauling the tarp back with you, and it takes a while to get out of the Barrows far enough that the eezo-laced rock doesn't mess too badly with your comms, but eventually you do, and you are able to get a call through to the *Valkyrie* on Omega's terribly crackly, interasteroid communication system—I suppose intra-asteroid communication system—and the *Valkyrie VI* responds with,

VI: Who would you like to talk to?

ZYN: This one would like to speak to Captain Bean.

KAYA: Now—Leah and Hunter, which one of you showered first?

LEAH: I would have insisted on Hunter. [giggles]

HUNTER: Yeah, that makes sense.

LEAH: Based on how gross—or I'm sorry, Carver, I would have insisted on Carver, based on how gross he was and covered in turian, and ugh... also, you know, to be hospitable.

KAYA: In that case, the VI responds.

VI: Captain Gainian is in the shower!

ZYN: Could this one leave a message? [LEAH laughs]

VI: Certainly! Please record your message at the beep! [Beep]

ZYN: Captain Bean, this is Zynamondan, the hanar paying for this expedition. This one is wondering: Does the ship still exist? Has it exploded? As this one recalls there were some serious problems you went to resolve. This one would appreciate it if you could call us back immediately. Thank you. Have an Enkindled day.

LEAH: I love, "Have an Enkindled Day." [laughs]

HUNTER: [overlapping] I've missed Zyn. I've missed this so much.

VI: If you are content with your message, you may hang up at any time. Otherwise, please indicate you wish to hear more options.

HANS: I hang up.

LEAH: Oh, gosh. [laughs]

KAYA: Okay.

VI: Reka District, MSV *Valkyrie*.

KAYA: *Whoosh!* We are over at the *Valkyrie*. So what is Carver doing while Bean's in the shower?

HUNTER: So Carver, because of everything that has happened, feels like shit. So, he's going to immediately go put his helmet on. No more—even though, even though I've showered, even though he's showered, he's washed, he's, like, "I don't want to look them in the eye. *Helmet.*"

The helmet's going on, first off, because I don't want to have it again. Two, something I didn't think of previously that I've kind of thought of since then, being on Omega, probably not the smartest to be wearing a brand spanking new, N7 marine hardsuit. So can I, like, makeshift a poncho to, like, toss over it? Like. [KAYA and HUNTER laughing] You know what I mean?

KAYA: I—yeah, I absolutely know what you mean.

LEAH: [overlapping] I would also like to interject that Bean *absolutely* is the proud owner of many a poncho.

KAYA: Okay. Then I'm gonna ask you to roll Investigation,

HUNTER: [overlapping] Okay.

KAYA: [overlapping] And depending on what you roll, we will say that you either make a poncho or that you discover Bean's poncho stash.

HUNTER: Okay, I've gotta.

JD: *Stash*. [laughs]

LEAH: You're just hoarding them. [laughs]

HUNTER: [giggles] Before I roll...

JD: [overlapping; delighted] "I have fifty-seven ponchos."

[EVERYONE laughs]

CHASE: [overlapping] There's also leftover fabric from Gratchen's costume.

KAYA: True.

HUNTER: [overlapping] Yeah, I don't want to take one without asking. Can I just make one and then, like, potentially, once Bean is out, be, like, "This is stupid." No, "I have this," if that is okay.

KAYA: [overlapping] I mean, yes. Yes.

HUNTER: [overlapping] I—I don't want. To just take one. I've already, I feel like I've already done so much. I don't want to be like '*I'm taking your ponchos.*'

KAYA: [overlapping] Sure. Okay. Yes. Although I will say at this point you don't know that Bean has a poncho stash. So we do have to roll to resolve this first. [LEAH chuckles]

HUNTER: [overlapping] Okay, understood, understood. You said Investigation, right?

KAYA: Yes, please.

HUNTER: Okay.

HUNTER: That is a seventeen.

KAYA: Okay, with a seventeen, you do actually discover Bean's poncho stash. Bean, where is the poncho stash?

LEAH: There's a laundry pile in my quarters. [HUNTER wheezes] And it's *all over* the room. So take your pick; the floor is yours.

KAYA: Okay. So you are wandering around the small— the *Valkyrie* is not very big, right? We've established this. And so, you're kind of poking around looking for something that looks, you know, like it's not being *used*, because, yeah, you, feel like you've kind of trodden on Bean's toes a few extra times today than you really want to, and you find the room that is their quarters, 'question mark', and the only

reason you kind of think that it's theirs '*question mark*', is, well— what would be one personal item that Bean would have in their room, Bean?

LEAH: A statue of a Dalmatian. [HUNTER laughs]

KAYA: Okay, you find a statue, a little statuette of an earth dog, of a Dalmatian. And—

JD: Can I ask a question?

KAYA: Sure.

JD: Just a *rules* question if—

KAYA: Yeah.

JD: If Carver had had to make the poncho, what skill would that be?

LEAH: [laughs] I would like to roll Embroidery. [EVERYONE laughs]

JD: The look on your face of, "I did not anticipate this question," [chuckles] speaks *volumes*.

CHASE: Repair?

KAYA: [overlapping] Yes, well, it would either be Repair or Performance depending on what he wanted to make it out of, I think.

JD: [overlapping] *Oh*, good answer. Cool.

KAYA: [overlapping] And how nicely he wanted to make it. If you just want to, like, rip a neck hole in something, pretty sure that's Repair. If he wants to find, make something that actually looks, like, actually looks decent, that would probably be Performance.

JD: I think—

KAYA: [overlapping] Thank you for putting me in on the spot. I love that.

JD: [teasing] I think ripping a neck hole is what he did in the previous episode. [chuckles]

HUNTER: No, [elongated] [EVERYONE laughs] no. [aggrieved] I *bent a mandible*. Get it right—

KAYA: [overlapping] That's what the *lady* did; that's what the lady did. Okay, so you find—you presume this is Bean's, these are Bean's quarters. And the floor, and the bed, and the—there, everything's kind of just covered in [elongated] fabric. So what, what do you do?

HUNTER: I want to try to make one, 'cause I don't want to just take one, especially without, like, talking to Bean first.

KAYA: Okay.

HUNTER: So I'm going to attempt to make one. I'm better at Repair than I am Performance, but I think it'd be really funny to do Performance in case it goes horribly wrong? So, you know.

KAYA: Then I'd say you find you, managed to find among the things that, like, they're actual ponchos here. They're like, "Oh, I didn't, I wouldn't have pegged Bean for"—Okay, sure. But then you find, like, maybe it's a moving blanket or something, and it's a little— it's clearly been used, or maybe it was used to, like, pack something, but it's definitely of a *less nice* quality. And so you figure you know of anything, this you could replace this more easily [LEAH laughs]

HUNTER: Sure.

KAYA: You figure. Okay, so roll Performance.

HUNTER: Alright. That is plus three. [chortles] Well, *it is* a number I have rolled before.

KAYA: Oh no.

HUNTER: It is a *crit fail*.

KAYA: Oh my God. Oh *my God*. Okay. Bean you come out of the shower to the sound of ripping fabric and quietly muttered English swears. [HUNTER laughs] I'm not sure that all of them get translated by your omnitool.

BEAN: Oh Spirits, what are you doing with my most prized possession? [KAYA cackles]

CARVER: [stuttering] I'm sorry, I—I thought, I thought it was something I could replace. I just wanted to make something to be a bit more inconspicuous.

BEAN: [overlapping; solemn] It's the only thing I have left of my birth mom. [beat; relaxes] I'm just fucking with you. [HANS chuckles] I'm so sorry. *Spirits*, you should see your face right now. It's so funny. No, it's just some rags. Do you, do you want something to wear? I'm, I'm happy to fashion you something. I don't know if we're exactly the same size, but...

CARVER: I—are—are you sure? I—I couldn't.

BEAN: Yeah, yeah. Ooh, you know what? You would look *really* devastating in, like, a nice seafoam green. Oh, just bring out your eyes a bit!

CARVER: I'll take it. Yeah, sure.

KAYA: Okay. Okay. Just, quick point of order. Bean, how tall are you? [Hunter laughs]

LEAH: [giggles] Let me, cite my—

HUNTER: [overlapping] Six-two, aren't you?

LEAH: [quietly] Did I write it down? I know I'm six foot. But I don't know if I'm six foot—I don't think I'm, like, six-*five*, but I'm six foot.

HUNTER: [overlapping] I think you're six-two.

LEAH: Okay. Yeah, that sounds about right.

KAYA: Okay. So you're about half a foot taller than Carver. Also, you have this thing called a carapace. And so, your your ponchos, they're—in order for a poncho to sit nicely on a turian, there's a little more fabric involved. So, Carver, you end up with a seafoam green tent. [Carver and Bean laugh]

HUNTER: [dying with laughter] Can we at least, because I can already foresee this happening, if we somehow get into combat, I'm going to try to run away and trip because the fucker is too long. Can we, like alter, it at least like short enough to where I'm not going to trip myself. *Please?*

BEAN: Oh, if, if you cut it, it'll be like a crop top for me when I inevitably take it back. You know, I—I do want this back. I do like this outfit. But I do like a good crop top, so I'm fine with you cutting it a little bit. Just... a couple inches.

CARVER: Perfect. Thank you.

KAYA: [barely holding it together] Okay. At about this point is when the VI chimes in and says,

VI: Bean, you have a message.

BEAN: I have—Oh my God, I have mail. [giggles] [Carter laughs]

KAYA: That's perfect. Okay,

BEAN: Vi, play my message.

KAYA: [overlapping, like AOL] *You've got mail!* Okay, Zyn's message plays over the intercom.

BEAN: Oh. Oh. Okay. Can I—Vi, call Zyn?

VI: Calling Zynamondan.

ZYN: This is Zynamondan. Hello, how does this thing work? Can you hear this one?

BEAN: Yeah, yeah, Zyn. Hey, it's Bean—or Captain Bean, as you called me, it was really nice.

ZYN: Is the ship still there?

BEAN: [confused] ...Yeah?

ZYN: Yay! It did not explode. This is excellent news.

BEAN: It didn't. It didn't. It was kind of a whole thing, but it is not, in fact, exploded. Although s—someone got exploded...out—outside the ship.

ZYN: Was it, was it Carver?

BEAN: No! No. Carver and I are fine. Thank you for, you know, that's very considerate of you to ask. But no, there was some violence that happened and I think several people are dead. But we are great. We're, you know, lightly traumatized. But we're doing great. How are y'all holding up? What's? What's up?

ZYN: This one is happy and sad for you then. Perhaps we should meet up. We are currently taking three unfortunate souls from the Barrows to a doctor. Although...they're dead already, so this one is not sure how much the doctor will be able to do.

BEAN: Oh.

ZYN: Yes, so. If you could—

GRATCH: [overlapping; interrupting] Who are you talking to?

ZYN: This one is—

GRATCH: [overlapping] Is that the taxi driver?

ZYN: [overlapping; exasperated] This one is speaking to Captain Bean.

GRATCH: Taxi driver Bean?

ZYN: Captain Bean. Captain of the *Valkyrie*.

GRATCH: Can you have her bring my varren meat? Gratch is hungry.

ZYN: Gratch is hungry.

BEAN: I got your meat, Gratch. [groans] *Ugh*—

ZYN: [overlapping] Yes, we are on speakerphone.

BEAN: [overlapping] I got—I got your *varren* meat, specifically. I don't have *your* meat. Y—It sounds bad when I said it. I'm sorry. [JD laughs]

GRATCH: Gratch is very hungry. Bring two please.

BEAN: Two, like what unit? [KAYA cackles] Like, two whole, whole varrens, or two, like, cups?

GRATCH: Two—Two haunches? Two varren haunches, please.

BEAN: Okay, got you. I'm, I—I got you. I got that.

GRATCH: Thank you!

KACHE: Bean, this is Kache. The people you took care of, did they deserve it?

BEAN: Um. I didn't really take care of them. It's kind of a whole thing. There was a person here who kind of just snip-snapped 'em a little bit. I feel like Carver, Carver— Carver, do you wanna? I—I feel like you should step in at this point.

CARVER: Sure. Kache. Hello. We're, yes, we're fine. We ran into a bit of a scuffle, some nasty individuals, but we're fine. There was a woman that showed up and kind of finished our work for us. Don't know who she is. She left her contact info, but we didn't want to go meet her without the rest of you.

BEAN: I do have to say it is like the weirdest way I've ever gotten a girl's number. So I mean, at least there's that. But...

GRATCH: Is it Kasumi Goto?

BEAN: I actually didn't get her name. It's—it's on my, it's in my system.

LEAH: Do we have the name?

HUNTER: Oh yes, the contact got added, yeah.

LEAH: Yeah.

KAYA: Yeah, you can definitely ask the VI.

BEAN: Hey, Vi, what was the name?

VI: Most recent contact added to database: Rose Gardner.

BEAN: Rose Gardner. I don't know if anybody knows a Rose Gardner. But it sounds like a rose garden, and that's nice.

KACHE: I mean, that could be a fake name.

BEAN: Oh, that makes more sense.

CARVER: But it does sound like an alias.

ZYN: It could be a destination.

KACHE: We've got a bunch of unfortunate people up here going through some troubles. There's some kind of disease, and the doctor wants samples, which is why I got a pocket full of dead bodies up here right now.

BEAN: Okay. Do you need help with those? Should we come to you?

KACHE: Well, that's what we got to figure out. We go meet your lady, we go help these people, we visit the doctor, or there's something up here making people less alive than I'd like.

BEAN: I'm not really keen to meet her, if I'm honest. I don't know, Carver, how you feel? But I'm. I'm down to go help people.

JD: Kaya, what? What is the, like, geographical, like— is, is the meeting place like on the way in one direction or another, 'cause I know we've got to go down to get to the, where Mordin is where the body is.

KAYA: [overlapping] Yes. Yeah. So you, the Barrows are up in the top part of the asteroid. That's the un-mined-out part. Afterlife is, like, between you and Mordin's clinic. And so, it's sort of, it's—I mean it's sort of on the way, but also, like, you guys would know when you spoke to the woman who you now know is named Rose. Uh, she didn't specify a time. She just said to let her know when you wanted to meet and she would meet you at Afterlife. So you're not on a timeline with her.

HUNTER: Oh, perfect. Okay, then, yeah. For sure.

KACHE: Well, how's about we go and check these bodies down with the good doctor, and then maybe we meet this lady on the way back?

BEAN: I'll bring the meat. Anybody else want any other snacks while I'm coming?

GRATCH: Don't wash it.

BEAN: [what the fuck] I wasn't... gonna? Okay. [KAYA laughs] Alright. What? We'll be right there.

KACHE: So should we meet at the doctor's clinic?

BEAN: Yeah, can you just, uh, send me a ping on my omni?

KACHE: We'll, we'll ping you.

BEAN: Awesome. Thanks.

HUNTER: Just drop a pin.

LEAH: [laughs] Literally.

KAYA: A waypoint.

JD: We create, we create waypoints and update our To-Do List in our—

KAYA: In your journal, your assignments, you'll open your—

LEAH: Objectives.

JD: Yeah. Yeah.

KAYA: Menu wheel?

JD: Yeah.

KAYA: Yeah. Yeah. Anybody. Anybody wanna like check for any, any power points, up—you know, any inventory slots, any—

CHÉ: Companion quests.

KAYA: —clear your codex entries nobody ever reads.

HUNTER: If you're like me, actually equip better weapons instead of using the base weapons for ninety percent of the game.

KAYA: [elongated] *Oh*, I wanted to *kill you*. [EVERYONE laughs]

LEAH: I would like to lock the door on my way out—

HUNTER: [overlapping] I was about to mention.

LEAH: —and I would also like to put on armor. I am just going to be so explicit, I am wearing armor.

HUNTER: Yeah, I just have my just my stuff and I do have my helmet on all this time and then now the lovely—

KAYA: [overlapping] Okay.

HUNTER: —tent of a poncho.

KAYA: Do you belt it or anything? Or is it just like?

HUNTER: For sure.

LEAH: Before we go, can I just put on, like, a rainbow poncho and just, like, nudge Carver and be like "*Poncho Bros*"?

HUNTER: I love it.

KAYA: Okay. Alright.

VI: The Barrows.

JD: Can I do an Insight roll into Titoh?

KAYA: I mean, certainly.

JD: Cool. I roll an eighteen, and what I would like to know is: is Titoh okay? Like, Titoh was the person speaking to the people in the slums, and they were obviously going through a lot of not good stuff, and they spoke to Titoh the most, because I was just dealing with the bodies and so I only caught, like, the end-of-the-conversation stuff, but it didn't seem pleasant.

And then...we've called up, and when I mentioned it, we were all kind of shouting over each other, but, like, Titoh, didn't say anything. And, I just want to, like—can I tell Titoh's mental state at this point? Are they just being quiet and reserved, or are they troubled by this? Can I even read that? I don't know.

KAYA: That is entirely up to you, Ché. So you know that JD rolled an eighteen. How much he gets from uh from Titoh on an eighteen is entirely up to you.

CHÉ: Titoh maybe a little quieter than usual. Not that she's a chatterbox in the best of times. Um, she looks kind of blank in a way? But if you look closely, you can probably see she's internalizing a lot.

JD: Kache would like to lower as much as he can—it's not something you're used to doing, but like so it's not too demonstrative, but just like,

KACHE: Hey, you okay? You need anything?

TITOH: I'm—I'm good. Thank you. Kache. We just need [clears throat] to get going, yeah?

KACHE: Sure.

CHÉ: And she uncomfortably moves on.

GRATCH: Uh, Titoh?

TITOH: [on one of her last nerves] Yes?

GRATCH: How, how's Gratchen's makeup holding up? [Hunter cracks up]

TITOH: Honestly? [elongated] Or... you know, you're looking great. We'll give you a touch up when we can. But you do— you rock, you're looking good.

GRATCH: [euphoric] Gratchen's still pretty?

TITOH: Yes, Gratchen's beautiful... [idea] And, and, and, *and* to stay beautiful,

GRATCH: Yeah?

TITOH: Gratch should not operate with any explosives, because they leave residue on your hands, which can get in your face and ruin your makeup. So... just keep that in mind. Keep that in mind.

GRATCH: [overlapping; a little let down] Gratch no... Gratch, no go boom?

TITOH: You will not be pretty if you go boom.

GRATCH: Pretty or boom, pretty...? Gratch decide later.

TITOH: Oh. It just gives us some time anyway.

KAYA: Anybody want to do anything else before we hop back over to the *Valkyrie*?

JD: I don't know... Could we make Titoh feel *more* uncomfortable?

KAYA: I don't know. I mean, Zyn, we—we've got Zyn. We can bat three for three here.

ZYN: This one thinks we should get on with it.

TITOH: Thank you, Zyn. You are my favorite jellyfish.

HANS: I float away, and every time my tentacles drag on the floor I kind of shake them off and you see, like, a weird, disgusting combination of colors flash through my body and...[trails off]

CHÉ: Titoh is going to go walk next to Zyn. Because. Zyn, Zyn doesn't ask any questions or bug Titoh.

LEAH: Can I ask a quick question?

KAYA: Yeah?

LEAH: Are... are hanar... lubricated?

[EVERYONE, baffled, devolves into laughter]

HUNTER: [overlapping] Okay. *PAUSE*.

HANS: [overlapping] Well, I did have two ryncols, so.

CHASE: [overlapping] That's a different kind of podcast.

JD: [overlapping] Sorry, the way the *deep lore* that we explore as part of this podcast.

LEAH: [overlapping] Just like—is there—is there—I'm sorry.

KAYA: It's okay. Okay, can, can you clarify the question please?

LEAH: Is there a slime trail whenever, like, like, like, you know, how slugs, like, when they move, there's, like, a slime trail! Like, when hanar touch the ground—like, when one of Zyn's tentacles touches the ground, is, does it leave anything behind?

HUNTER: *I'm crying.*

[EVERYONE laughs]

LEAH: *I'm sorry.*

KAYA: [between gasps] Okay, that's okay. So we know we have to decided that one of Zyn's attacks is they can excrete a substance that poisons their enemies, but I think it is up to Zyn slash up to Hans to world build in this moment, whether that is on *command*? ...Or constant?

HANS: I would think that it is a voluntary secretion, otherwise no one would be able to safely touch a hanar ever. Unless they were immune to that particular toxin.

KAYA: [overlapping] Yeah, fair enough.

HANS: I mean, we're not, we're not *cone snails*, you know. I mean. Or...maybe we are?

LEAH: Thank you for answering my question.

HANS: It actually— it must be voluntary; because *Fornax*.

KAYA: Oh my God, you're so not wrong. Okay, on that wonderful note, [LEAH giggles] we're gonna swap back over to the Poncho Bros.

JD: I mean, hang on a second. I just to clarify this further, [EVERYONE laughs] right. you know. So, hanar don't *sweat* either, right? So, do hanar pant to lower their temperature down?

CHÉ: Do they have mouths?

HANS: [truly stumped] I don't, I—

JD: Yeah.

HANS: I don't think we have a central circulatory system like a mammal. I mean, it's just kind of like a protoplasm.

JD: [overlapping] Back.

HANS: So I, I don't know how that works [JD giggles]. I'm, I—I didn't get that far in biology.

JD: [far too pleased with himself] That's fine. I just wanted more deep lore. This is good.

KAYA: Well, you realize that now I'm going to think about this and I'm going to come up with an answer; one of us is. [JD giggles] [sighs] Okay, Poncho Bros, how you doing? And we'll do a quick check in with you and then we'll go to Mordin's.

HUNTER: I [talking through giggles] am *so thrown off*.

[JD and LEAH laugh]

LEAH: I'm so sorry.

HUNTER: Yeah. Carter's just going to stay quiet pretty much the whole, like, walk, because he still feels terrible. So, he's not going to start a conversation, I would say.

KAYA: Would Bean like to do an Insight check to see if Bean can figure out why Carver's being quiet?

LEAH: Bean would *love to*.

HUNTER: [giggles] I'm sure they would.

LEAH: Okay, it's not a two, it is a six plus four; it's a ten.

KAYA: Okay so. Carver how? What's your—same with? Same with Ché— Ché and Titoh, what— what is— what does Bean get on a ten?

HUNTER: On a ten. I mean, they could definitely tell that Carver is purposefully being a bit more standoffish than—than normal. I wouldn't say necessarily why.

KAYA: Alright, Bean, you can tell that Carver's being standoffish. Are you going to do anything about it? Or it can be a real awkward poncho bro walk to Mordin's.

BEAN: Do you want to hold one of the dirty meats? I kind of got my hands full, and I-I don't know.

CARVER: Sure.

THRESHERS: [elongated] *Yee Haw!*

DAVID: I'm David Jones Thresher!

CARTER: And I'm Carter Bill Thresher!

THRESHERS: Welcome to Threshers Used Space Lot!

DAVID: If you bring us one space-grade piece of scrap metal, we'll trade you for a bottle of Thresher's Three-in-One engine oil—

THRESHERS:—absolutely free!

DAVID: Find us on Noveria out past the Kármán mine.

CARTER: Here's a review from one of our most bestest, most specialest customers.

BEAN: Hi. Is this thing recording? I—I—I didn't use your oil, but I'm sure it's, it's fine. It's just fine. It gets the job done...for the most part. It's real cheap, like almost concerningly cheap? But it's— it's good. Good stuff.

ANNOUNCER: Thresher's Three-in-One Oil contains no traces of thresher maw and has no affiliation with Tuchanka, krogans, or thresher maws.

VI: Gozu District, Mordin's clinic.

KAYA: Carrying your varren haunches of questionable cleanliness, you find your way down into the depths of Gozu district, where you see plenty of people. It's a reasonably populated district, pretty, pretty dark as are most of Omega's districts with the dim orange light and people lighting fires and barrels and things like that. Omega's, I mean, it doesn't exactly have central heating. You see more of the blue-and-white suits, blue-and-white hardsuits wandering around. A reasonable number of them, like, not a lot, but they seem to be patrolling, as it were, mainly in twos: humans and turians and batarians. Mostly batarians and turians here on Omega. Few humans, not quite so many.

You see plenty of other folks in hardsuits and folks not in hardsuits. And this is what the arrows team is seeing as well, as you, you all make your way to the clinic. And eventually you find this rundown building, as are all buildings on Omega, the prefab shelter that's been sort of lodged into the rock. It's a quiet place. Doesn't seem to be, you know, a line banging down the door for medical care.

The sign over top just says "Clinic" in a fairly hastily but well-built-and-wired sign the—it lights up and you can read it from a good ways away. And it reads "Clinic" in—the screen is, that it flashes in different languages, so that you don't have to rely on an automatic translator to know that you can receive medical care here. As you all approach, you manage to get there at approximately the same time. I'm going to say the Barrows team, you get there a little bit early, like maybe maybe a minute or two, not too bad, and you see—well, actually, I would like the Barrows team, I would like you all to roll me Perception checks.

HANS: Nineteen.

CHASE: Eighteen.

CHÉ: Eighteen.

JD: Nineteen.

KAYA: Okay, wow. Well done, guys!

HANS: [overlapping] We should drink ryncol more often.

KAYA: Apparently! I feel like, probably, the ryncol is worn off by now, as you've traveled all the way up to the Barrows and back. It's been a while.

You all notice these two figures coming down the corridor, and they are not dressed like just about *anybody else* that you've seen. I don't even know if any of you would know the *term* for this particular garb. They kind of look like they're wearing curtains, sorta, but, you know, as you look closer—no, that's—well, that's Bean and you presume that's Carver; it's—he's got his helmet on.

But, I mean, it's, it must be, unless Bean's just, you know, picked up somebody else, which doesn't really seem like—well, I mean, Bean picked you guys up. So, I mean, who knows? But, yeah. Presumably that's Bean and Carver, and they are wearing seafoam green and a *blindingly* bright rainbow as they come down the corridor towards you.

ZYN: Is that Bean and Carver?

TITOH: Not exactly laying *low*, are they?

JD: With—with my free hand I wave it in the air to get their attention so that they can see that it's us.

GRATCH: [sniffing sounds] I smell my varren meat. [HUNTER giggles]

KAYA: Very, *very* glad you added varren in that sentence.

GRATCH: Hey. Hey! Taxi driver, where's my meat?

BEAN: Yeah, yeah. Hi, Gratch. Here—here's your meat.

GRATCH: Thank you!

ZYN: Carver looks quite distinguished. He reminds this one of the Everlight Grotto of the Peaceful Mind. The waters are that exact color.

BEAN: Well, and you can't see him right now, on—on the fact that he's wearing a helmet, but his eyes look really nice too, in this color.

CARVER: Thank you.

BEAN: Yeah, dude, you got some nice eyes.

KACHE: Zyn, what the hell's the Outrageous Flax Seed of a Brutal Shark Feed? What are you talking about? [HUNTER gasps with laughter and claps]

ZYN: The color of the color of Carver's...curtain. It is the exact color of the waters of the Everlight Grotto of the Peaceful Mind on Kahje.

KACHE: Yeah, but what is the Profound Barbecue of the Varren's Bone Saw?

ZYN: It is a place where hanar go to find inner peace and [dreamily] contemplate the stillness of the universe when things are calm and serene [elongated], and this one almost can feel, this one floating in there now. [back to reality] Hmm, but this one is on Omega instead.

TITOH: Where the hanar go to forget the plight of those around them, pretty much. Isn't that right, Zyn?

ZYN: This one could never forget the plight of the drell.

GRATCH: Uh oh.

BEAN: Maybe when this is all over you could take us all there, you know? Sounds real nice and a lot more appropriate of a venue than a brothel, you know?

GRATCH: And after that we could go to the fiery plains of Heshtok, and I'll show you where the vorcha, they release their problems.

BEAN: Or that too, yeah.

TITOH: I prefer the sound of that.

ZYN: That's that, that sounds...burning.

GRATCH: It's alright. Just a flesh wound.

ZYN: We should dispose of these—I mean, we should— We should. Oh, we should just dispose of these bodies. Let us go into the clinic.

BEAN: Real quick, why do we have bodies? We have bodies because...

ZYN: Because we are *helping* people.

GRATCH: Cause Aria f—Aria found Gratch and Aria gave gave crew mission to find husk doctor and we found bodies and doctor wants to study husk doctor, Dr. and or hody—husk body, husk, husk bodies, and so now we bring husk bodies to husk doctor who's inside.

BEAN: Okay.

ZYN: This one wonders can Gratch say that three times quickly?

GRATCH: Three times quickly.

TITOH: Can't say it one time slowly.

ZYN: This one would applaud if this one had hands. [JD and LEAH chuckle]

GRATCH: I'll get you for that.

KAYA: As you guys approach the door to the clinic, it slides open as public spaces are wont to do. And if any of you remember the level from Mass Effect 2, there's the sort of the lobby area where there's, like, there's the reception desk and a few seats. And then in behind is where Mordin works. It is not full of people. It is actually very quiet.

In fact, you see no one as you come in, but you hear. Sort of this pitter-patter chatter sort of singsong coming from the back [mumbled sounds of MORDIN singing *I am the Very Model of a Scientist Salarian* in the background], full of strange words that don't really mean anything to most of you, and they're not full sentences, this little yeah, this is this this singsong chatter about bits of scientific knowledge and amino acid this and protein that and synthesized bioavailable—bioavailability of ions. Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. All to lovely little tunes coming from the back of the lab.

HANS: Since Zyn is a pop culture aficionado, might Zyn recognize the tune? I could make a History check.

LEAH: Oh. [giggles]

KAYA: That, yes, sure. Make a History check.

HANS: Apparently that is too cultured for Zyn. I only rolled a seven.

LEAH: Of course it...

KAYA: Unfortunately, no, it does—you do not recognize it, but it's very catchy.

HANS: I will record a snippet on my omnitool—

ZYN: That reminds this one, Bean and Carver. This one has a video to show you later.

KAYA: Hey, umm, are you guys, are you guys going in? Are you ringing the bell? What's the plan?

JD: Oh no. Kache doesn't ring bells, Kache is going straight to find a member of staff.

KAYA: There's nobody else here. There is—

JD: There's a voice.

KAYA: Well, yes. Yeah. But like a member of staff. So are you just following the voice?

CHÉ: Can I try to stop Kache just for a second?

KAYA: I mean, you can *try*.

CHÉ: I'll try to sort of put a hand on his shoulder, kind of just let him know that I'm like,

TITOH: Hey. We might be a little bit more cautious here. This doctor is a little bit *flighty*, and we don't want to surprise him. So unless you want to get a *gun* to the head, we might want to. Take it a little bit slow.

BEAN: [amazed] He can fly?

HUNTER: I knew it was coming. I was waiting on it. I knew it.

ZYN: Perhaps this doctor is a hanar.

GRATCH: A husk with wings.

HANS: I will ring the bell.

KACHE: Well, maybe if Titoh knows what they're talking about, they should take the lead here.

TITOH: Thank you.

CHÉ: Okay. I will *ring the doorbell*.

KAYA: Okay, so I think you guys have already gone in, but there is like a little desk bell, which I think possibly, so I'm guessing, like, Zyn goes to ding it, and Titoh,

maybe, like, slips her hand under first or something. [JD laughs] Not sure how you guys want to do that, but it's a little bit like, "Let me do that."

CHÉ: Maybe.

KAYA: And at the sound of the bell, the humming stops. There's a small clatter of some sort of tools in the background, as if someone's putting something down. And a moment later, a white-and-orange salarian with half of a cranial horn missing pops out and surveys the group. His eyes land on each of you in turn. He looks at Kache first says,

MORDIN: Growth patterns in hump indicate far younger than norm for experienced krogan mercenary. Typically seen in unclaimed children; very rare. Born off-planet?

KAYA: His eyes next land on Gratch.

MORDIN: Waves of differentiated cells on limbs and face indicate multiple explosion injuries. Excellent teeth. Otherwise, extraordinarily average specimen of vorcha.

KAYA: Next in line is Carver.

MORDIN: Distinguished rank for inexperienced soldier combined with obvious colonial provenance: extreme ambition, or knockoff armour?.

KAYA: Next is Bean.

MORDIN: Uncommon mode of dress for female turian. Suggests non-Hierarchy influences. Holds herself like—ah. no. Body language indicates discomfort. My apologies. Male or neuter?.

KAYA: Zyn.

MORDIN: Chosen spectra of bioluminescence indicate formal schooling at impressively high level. Also substance use, possibly drell hallucinogenic oils. Fascinating combination.

KAYA: And finally, Titoh.

MORDIN: Scaling indicates malnutrition through childhood and early adolescence. Cnidaria City native. No marked breathing discomfort. Good sign. [elongated] Ah, Miss Raas. Nice to see you again. How can I help you all? I see tarp. I smell bodies. Have you been to the Barrows?

TITOH: Hi. Hi, Doctor Solus. Yes, we have indeed been to the Barrows. I think my friend here will have something to present to you,

CHÉ: And I will gesture towards Kache and his pocketful of bodies.

GRATCH: Gratch holds out a varren.

CHÉ: Wait, did I say Gratch? I meant Kache.

CHASE: No, you said you said Kache.

CHÉ: [overlapping] Oh. [giggles]

CHASE: Gratch holds out a varren anyway.

CHÉ: [overlapping] Oh, okay. I was like, wait that? [CHÉ and CHASE giggle] I said the wrong thing?

GRATCH: Gratch is being helpful.

JD: Gratch is joining in. [chuckles] Kache just lifts to show that it is indeed a tarp full of bodies and says,

KACHE: Where—where you want them?

KAYA: He inhales deeply and gestures to a table over on the side.

MORDIN: Right here is fine. Let's see. How many?

JD: I place the tarp of bodies on the side—is when you say a side, is there enough, like, how much room is there? Can I respectfully...

KAYA: That particular table, there would, if they're quite small, there would be room for two. There are other sort of cots in the room. This is, it appears like it's a sort of overflow, where this is like a waiting room for patients or something or other.

So if you—there are enough open spaces that you could put each of the three bodies on separate cots. The one Mordin has indicated is just *one*, because he doesn't know how many you have at the moment. He can't—He's pretty impressive, but he can't see through things *yet*.

JD: Okay, uh, can I open the tarp, put the tarp down on that space, and open the tarp, but hold it so that the bodies don't, like, pull out, like, as it's, like, being respectful as much as possible, but there's not a lot of respect in this scenario, so it's like—

KAYA: Sure.

JD: Kache wouldn't want to just, like, dump them because, you know, that's not very tasteful, but he needs to display that there are three, and say, and he'll say,

KACHE: Which one do you want here?

KAYA: He follows you over and peers in and you see no distaste, no bothering. He looks very clinically at them, of course, examines:

MORDIN: Hmm. Three: drell, asari, human. I see. Excellent, excellent specimens. Very good, very good. Here, let me help.

KAYA: And he reaches in and gently takes the asari, who is the smallest of the three, and lifts her out and moves her to one of the other cots and begins examining immediately, while you guys do your thing.

JD: I'll place one, the human body here, and the other one I'll put on to one of the other cots. Just that they are, then, available to be inspected I guess.

KAYA: Yeah, okay. Mordin is now thoroughly engrossed in his task, it'll probably take him a couple of minutes. You guys can if you want, you can use this couple of minutes to talk amongst yourselves. He is back to murmuring, muttering under his breath. But what he's doing is he's scanning with his omnitool and poking and prodding.

ZYN: This doctor is not flying.

CHÉ: I'm going to sidle up to Zyn and whisper,

TITOH: Zyn, what the hell was he saying about drell hallucinogenics?

ZYN: This one is uncertain. While this one did indulge *once* at university, this one's friend Martotuuni was quite an imbiber of drell hallucinogenics, but this one rarely partook oneself. Uh, perhaps this will be a conversation for a different time.

CHÉ: Titoh just raises her eyebrow, like, "What the fuck, dude?" By the way, is this something that—

ZYN: It was consensual!

TITOH: I don't want to know [JD cackles], quite honestly,

CHÉ: Is this something that I would know is a thing, like, do drell know that they're hallucinogenic? Am I hallucinogenic to myself? Are other drell hallucinogenic to me? Or is it just non-drell species?

KAYA: Roll. Roll History.

JD: You can't say that this campaign doesn't plumb the depths of Mass Effect lore, you know.

CHÉ: [giggles] It sure does. Oh, that's ten.

KAYA: Okay, well it was a DC 5, so you're fine. Yes, I think you would know this. It's relatively common knowledge. It's a little bit on the risqué side of things, like, it's the sort of thing that you wouldn't talk to like a kid about, sort of thing. But as soon as you got out into the world, I imagine that it was not long before that you were approached, because you spent a fair amount of time on Ilium, where *everything is for sale*.

I imagine at some point at least once Titoh has been approached, if she wanted to sell her scale oil for a quite a reasonably high markup. You would, in fact, know that there's all, it occasionally gets used in cocktail drinks, and very pure forms of the oil can fetch extremely high prices.

CHÉ: Okay, ah, second question. So do other drell, do, like, do they—or is it only non-drell that get high off it? Do you like to have a—uh, what's it called?

CHASE: Immunity? Tolerance?

CHÉ: Yes, thank you. Thank you. Tolerance is the word I was looking for.

KAYA: Yeah, I think, I believe it is canon that drell are canonically immune to it. It's a natural evolutionary thing. And so, it's one of those things that it's like for them it's beneficial and for others there's just enough of whatever sort of chemicals in it that for most species it is mildly hallucinogenic. For some it is, for some it would be stronger, and of course everyone's personal mileage would vary.

CHASE: So Gratch is listening to this, and he—and kind of putting pieces together. And then staring at Titoh's arm.

[EVERYONE titters]

LEAH: [overlapping; laughing; elongated] Oh no.

CHASE: Not saying anything yet.

CHÉ: Again, just gonna give him the *strongest look*, like that you give to a toddler who's about to do something bad, and you're giving him that *look* [JD chuckles] that says, "Don't you dare."

And I sidle away from him a little bit further.

GRATCH: Gratch could taste colors.

LEAH: I pass Gratch the other haunch.

GRATCH: Ooh! Varren meat. [eating noises]

TITOH: Thank you, Bean. [JD laughs]

BEAN: I got you.

JD: Kache would like to wash his hands.

KAYA: Okay. Yeah, absolutely. Yeah, there's a sink nearby that's not hard to find.

GRATCH: Did husk doctor call Gratch average?

TITOH: Average is just the salarian way of saying...really strong, so don't worry about it.

GRATCH: I thought salarians were smart. [grunts]

LEAH: I would love to follow Kache when he goes to wash his hands—just not, like, 'follow him' follow but, like, I'm just kind of hovering. I'm staying close to Kache.

KAYA: What's Carver up to?

HUNTER: Ah, it's funny you should ask. So on our way—I meant to ask earlier—on our way, you said that we passed several people in like, the blue-and-white hardsuit. I'm assuming that you're—that's the same hardsuit that homeboy that got...had big idea last episode...same, same hardsuit, right?

KAYA: Yes, correct. Yep.

HUNTER: Perfect. So seeing this, obviously, we don't know because, I don't believe we rolled well enough to, like, know what they, what it was, right?

LEAH: [grimacing and strained] Nope. No, we did not. [laughs]

HUNTER: Okay, cool. So even without knowing, like, full context, Carver is just going to be watching, you know, we passed several of these lovely folks on the way here. So Carver's kind of hovering by the door and, like, watching out if there's, like, a window or, like, something, just to kind of keep an eye on surroundings.

KAYA: You see at, like, a regular interval, like, a pair of them will walk by, and it's not the same pair, but, like, you see, these blue-and-white hard-suited again, mainly turians and batarians, walk by every so often. They are mostly just sort of chatting to each other or kind of looking around. They're all armed. They don't look particularly *bothered*. They're sort of walking.

He turns around from the trio of bodies, having completed his examinations and looks at the group again.

MORDIN: Excellent specimens. Very good for research. We'll be able to determine many, many things from these. To the matter of the bounty. To whom would I pay this?

KAYA: And he brings up his omnitool and is tapping.

BEAN: Not Gratch.

KACHE: I guess. I—I brought the bodies here, but, uh, I'll, it'll be for all of us, as it was a group effort, but I'll, I'll take care of it.

MORDIN: Ah, very good.

KAYA: And so he waves his omnitool in your direction, and you receive 5000 credits.

MORDIN: This should be sufficient.

LEAH: Oh my God. Payday, *mama*. Ooh!

GRATCH: Wait, wait, wait. Can you tell Aria that we helped? Aria sent us to help. [KAYA chuckles]

MORDIN: Ah, Aria sent you my way. Interesting. She's more concerned about this than I thought. Yes, I can send a message, although judging by the amount of ryncol on the air, you may be returning there yourselves. If you see her before I do, you could certainly tell her. But yes, I can inform her.

Now, as a matter of scientific curiosity, this is a very strange makeup of a...mercenary group? What is your goal? Did you chance to come together for this particular quest of finding corpses? Seems—seems very strange. Pardon my curiosity.

GRATCH: Gratch's makeup is pretty! Titoh and Bean put makeup on Gratch's face; that's the reason for Gratch's makeup.

JD: Kache points to Zyn and says.

KACHE: We're all here because of him. Them. They—it. Zyn.

MORDIN: I see.

ZYN: This one came to Omega to...tracking a thief who stole a Prothean artifact from the museum in which this one works.

KAYA: Mordin considers you for a moment Zyn, and says,

MORDIN: Would that museum happen to be the most Serene Blossom of the Mind's Dawning in Kithoi Ward? [LEAH inhales deeply in amazement]

ZYN: It is. This one is surprised that you have heard of it. This one is even more surprised that you said the name correctly.

MORDIN: This one has had the privilege of procuring several artifacts for that museum myself. Excellent curation. *Fascinating* docent. You say that an artifact was stolen?

ZYN: That is correct. It is approximately the size of a humanoid cranium. But this one is not certain what the exact nature of the artifact is.

MORDIN: Fascinating. Prothean artifact size of bipedal cranium. Do you have any other information?

ZYN: This one believes it may have been purloined by Kasumi Goto. However, that is pure conjecture based on a...dream? That this one's boss claims to have been sent by the Enkindlers.

JD: Kache passes Mordin the datapad with the—it had, like, the readout of all the things that came in that shipment, didn't it?

KAYA: Yes.

JD: Because it was like an inventory for the museum and said,

KACHE: It apparently came in a shipment with all this stuff.

KAYA: He takes the datapad, he scrolls through it, pauses on the bioluminescent readouts; watches them.

MORDIN: This Prothean artifact was functional. Very rare. Even more rare to find a functional Prothean artifact that is not a memory shard or fragment of beacon network. Hmm.

Will say doubtful Kasumi Goto stole it. Possible. But not her style.

TITOH: That's what I've been saying.

GRATCH: Kasumi only steals presents.

BEAN: I liked that serial. That was a good one.

KAYA: He thinks about this for several seconds. Nods. Says,

MORDIN: Fascinating. Very curious. Would like to investigate more, but unfortunately, currently very busy. However, could propose a *trade*, if you are interested.

BEAN: What kind of trade?

MORDIN: I work as a doctor. It is my preference that *fewer* people die, not more. And so I would very much like to discover the source of this particular...ailment.

KAYA: And he gestures to the bodies on the tables. And then he proceeds, he walks by them, and he comes to the drell.

MORDIN: This is a particularly impressive specimen. You see the pattern of the lightning here?

KAYA: And he has, he's partially undressed—I mean, none of them are, like, wearing much more than rags. But he has sort of moved, moved part of the rags away, so that you can get a better look at the fractal patterns on the scales, which are, they're *most clear* on the asari, but they're *darkest* on the drell.

MORDIN: Theorize that because drell circulatory system is naturally more arid than other species, the patterning is more distinct in the scaling here. When combined with the natural scale oil, you see these, this burning pattern. Now, oh, all this is very scientifically curious, but you—but you folks are, are undoubtedly more concerned in the threat level. And this is where it gets curious because there is no visible entry point.

It is as if the electrical burns came from *within* the body. Very strange. Not like anything I've ever seen before. Would love to go and investigate myself, but...am only one salarian.

KACHE: So do you need more samples?

MORDIN: More samples would be useful, but what would be most use will be a firsthand account of what causes these injuries.

BEAN: Have you checked for a less visible entry point?

MORDIN: Well, yes.

KAYA: He goes over to the asari, who is mostly unclothed at this point, with a certain amount of dignity, because if you know anything about Mordin, he does, like to give his patients dignity, and he gently turns her side to side.

And yeah, you, so the patterning is such that it really does look like it's coming from inside the body, and there's—it's everywhere. It doesn't go in cones; it goes in *circles*.

BEAN: Do you think, like, maybe it's something they ate?

MORDIN: Possible. Would be very interested to see what sort of consumable would cause an effect like this. If you find it—if you eat anything that causes this, come to me immediately.

BEAN: I'm not very hungry, but thank you.

ZYN: This one will keep a very close—but this one lacks eyes. This one will perceive Gratch very carefully, as Gratch seems to enjoy the taste of unwashed, varren meat.

GRATCH: It's delicious.

KACHE: Well, I'd say those folk up there are starving. So the likelihood of them eating something that's poisoning them seems high.

MORDIN: Certainly.

BEAN: Species eat different things, right? Like we went to the, to the store and and—and—and we've got a big crew, and we can't all eat the same thing. So, like, they're all different. Eat right. And so, is there anything that they all can eat? That is popular on Omega?

GRATCH: [excited to share] We can give them Blast-Ohs!

MORDIN: Blast-Ohs deliver absolutely no nutritional content. Better to eat the box.

GRATCH: You can eat the box?

MORDIN: ...No.

KACHE: I thought that Zyn was keeping the boxes.

ZYN: Yes, this one is taking the boxes.

GRATCH: I was wondering where those went.

MORDIN: If you are willing to make this information trade, if you return with firsthand accounts of what may be causing this, then I will do my best to procure information on the potential whereabouts or potential identity of your Prothean artifact.

Do we have a deal?

ZYN: Yes.

MORDIN: Very good.

KAYA: And he turns away and keeps working.

ZYN: If anyone else would like to also answer in the affirmative, you are welcome to. Or decline.

KACHE: Seems like the best lead we got so far.

BEAN: Mr. Doctor, do you have any recommendations on where to start? Looking that is?

KAYA: He looks surprised, looks over his shoulder and says,

MORDIN: Wherever you found the bodies.

VI:

You have been listening to *I Should Roll, Ride of the Valkyrie*, Episode 7, *A Pocketful of Dead Bodies*. Featuring the voices of Hans Cummings as Zynamondan, Ché Grové as Titoh Raas, Chase Hutchison as Gratch, Hunter LaPaglia as Carver Fairbank, JD Kelly as Kache, Leah Ryan as Bean Ganian, and Kaya Renwick as everyone and everything else.

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