



banana (GM): These are the last days of the eleventh age of the world.

Some say: the last days of the world. Things are changing further and faster than has ever happened before. Destruction seems poised to overwhelm mortal races, terror beyond ken, the downfall of all great things and the utter void etc etc etc blah blah blah. That's what they say ELSEWHERE.

In Axis it's pretty damn obvious that things are Beginning.

gimme some relationship rolls to find out just what it is that might begin today, please!



Placidus: No.



banana (GM): ok, well everyone else has to roll



Xarvrax: rolling 3 d6 Positive with The Five

(4 + 5 + 4)

= 13



Placidus: I am going to channel the Archmage



Ghol, Going East: rolling 2d6 ORC LORD, CONFLICTED

(5 + 2)

= 7

lol



banana (GM): dang, that's three complications to date



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d6 ORC LORD, CONFLICTED

(2)

= 2



Vraknaar: rolling 1 d6 Positive with The Five

(2)

= 2

rolling 1 d6 Conflicted with The Conqueror

(6)

= 6

rolling 1 d6 Negative with The Wizard King

(3)

= 3



Travis Meacham: rolling 2d6 positive conqueror

(2 + 2)

= 4



banana (GM): ..and the conqueror Aids



Vraknaar: this is a good time to roll a positive result with the conqueror, imo



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d6 archmage conflicted

(4)

= 4



Ghol, Going East: rolling 2d6 ELF QUEEN, CONFLICTED

(3 + 6)

= 9



banana (GM): the orc lord 2d6 one was a mistake, right?



Crion: yep



banana (GM): so we've got: positive complication Five, positive complication Archmage, conflicted advantage Conqueror and conflicted advantage Elf Queen



Crion: I have no preference if you want to use the first roll from that (the 5) or not



banana (GM): i'm going to grab those last two results (the conqueror and elf queen ones) for plot reasons immediately. for the others, feel free to suggest a time when your relationship's benefits-with-consequences might come into play, or if you don't i eventually will



Placidus: k



banana (GM): There are more than five people leaving Axis today! Four men and a dog, this is not a gathering that provokes unusual attention.

Even when three of them aren't wearing shirts, and two of THOSE are dragons.. this is the crucible of the Empire, the heart of Conquest, the place where all things now start, the dawn of a new age. You have to wait in line with everyone else.

Wait with destiny at hand, with the ambition for fame and fortune, with things to run from and things to run to- but you'll wait. The passage through the caldera wall is rough red stone, walls higher than any

Emperor could build, and it's heavily guarded. There is a long, long queue.

Tell me about the four men and a dog who wait to leave Axis and I'll tell you about the queue.



Ghol, Going East: The half-orc, half...the half-orc Ghol reserves the right to put on a shirt at any time, of course. Just not now, when it's as warm as it is right now.

He is, however, wearing his pauldron, due to Pauldron.



Kon: *is a warg* *eschews the clothing of man*



Vraknaar: Vraknaar will put on a shirt when you get past his cold red hands. Not that many will accost a seven foot tall human-draconic hybrid because of his choice of attire. The dragonwrought shifts impatiently, clearly not accustomed to waiting for things. "How do normal people do this all the time?"



banana (GM): You've been waiting for nearly a glass, shuffling forward on demand, and it is certainly hot. Beneath the walls of Axis, magma still seethes. Also, there was a burst of dragonfire up ahead for some reason a quarter-glass ago and that doesn't help.



Placidus: Placidus is wearing a shirt, naturally, because as hot as it gets there is such a thing as decency. He doesn't mind waiting on lines - he brought a book! A Treatise on the Aculescent Fauna of Pocket Bay is a real page-turner.



Vraknaar: It helps me! Vraknaar quite enjoys the heat, and especially enjoys the spectacle of one of the greater of his kin.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol fingers the grip of his machete. Still getting used to telling time by anything but the sun.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax doesn't really need a shirt, his shining blue scales will protect him better than any pathetic armor could hope to match. Looking at his brother, he sighs, "It's called patience, normal people have patience."



banana (GM): Immediately behind and in front of the group of enqueued would-bes are a guy on a cart full of incredibly heavy black rocks, and the most well-dressed man in line. Neither seems to be complaining, so this must be normal. Up ahead there's sunlight at the end of the caldera crack, and conversations.



Ghol, Going East: ...What is TAKING so long? He swings up onto his faithful warg's neck. "Kon, stand up for a minute."



Kon: *stretches*

Then the warg does so -- standing up on his hind legs to give Ghol a view of the front of the queue.



Ghol, Going East: So what's going on up there?



Vraknaar: "Patience is for people who can't breathe fire. Do you think he was patient with whoever bothered him?" Vraknaar gestures towards the spot where the dragonfire recently issued forth.




banana (GM): What's taking so long: behind the mason's cart, a group of clerics shuffle awkwardly in their even hotter robes, muttering prayers to Thim Tarmody. Up ahead, a welter of questions bombard the waiting customs officers.





Travis Meacham: Travis turns slightly around, seeing the warg. He doesn't shy away. "That is an excellent-looking warg you have there."





banana (GM): "My grandson lives in the city, and he said South Garrison was the way *in*."


 **Placidus:** Placidus doesn't spare any of this kerfuffle a glance, past what it takes to make sure he shuffles ahead a half-step every several minutes. This line is glacial. Ohhh, glaciers. It would be nice to visit a glacier right now. All that ice and none of this awful smell. If you think people stink when it's hot out normally, imagine how bad it gets when your nose is at everyone else's waist level.


 **banana (GM):** "Pass it back- we're looking for spies and traitors! Pass these proclamations back!"
"Two silvers? There can't be a two silver toll. My caravan already PAID."
"Is this the way to Ironhenge?"


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol glances down. "I don't really 'have' him. He's my -- okay, that's enough."


 **Kon:** Kon sighs and sits back down, then immediately begins sniffing at the posh wizard -- from a respectful distance.


 **Travis Meacham:** "Oh, sorry." He turns to the warg. "Sorry."


 **Kon:** *woofs*


 **Ghol, Going East:** To the rest of them: "Looks like it's just idiots up ahead."


 **banana (GM):** The red rock walls barely give enough room for a man to stand beside a large dog, let alone a warg. Kon's greeting to Travis would stall the line even further if it wasn't already dead still.


 **Vraknaar:** "Ugh. Can't they just get incinerated so we can leave?"


 **banana (GM):** Hairy man on a cart full of black stone slabs: "Careful of your lesser wishes, bro."


 **Xarvrax:** "You can't just burn everyone, sometimes murder isn't the best solution."


 **banana (GM):** Cart guy: "The blue guy is right, and my point is it's you who'd get burned. While standing in front of me."
Behind him, the black robed clerics shuffle away, dissociating themselves from a potential argument.
Looks like Travis is near the head of the line, though. There's just one group also waiting, and in front of THEM, a guy in a cloak arguing over some map.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Maps...!


 **Vraknaar:** "Look, it's not murder if they were going to get roasted anyway. And I'm pretty hard to burn, nosy."


 **Travis Meacham:** He cranes his neck around, trying to see the guy better.

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax glances at the man, "You're lucky, that type of insolence is normally what gets people set on fire."

 **banana (GM):** "Surely that still is murder. It'd be murder in Horizon. You got different laws up north?"

 **Vraknaar:** "Look, I was just kidding, alright? Make one joke about fire breath and everyone thinks you're just going to burn down a farming village."

 **banana (GM):** "Oh, I ain't worried."
"You know why?"

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol considers clamboring back up on Kon's back and scanning the crowd for orcs, but orcs generally don't go in for the whole orderly-queue business. Especially not if they're hunting

someone.



Xarvrax: "Not really, and I don't really care either, I just want to leave this damned city."



banana (GM): Cart guy completely ignores your lack of care, holding out a hairy hand to shake. "I'm Janes Mason is why. Mason stone held up against dragonfire already and we'll do it again. Good to make your acquaintance..?"



Vraknaar: Vraknaar looks at the man, completely taken aback, then roars with laughter. "Are you trying to sell me your rocks right now?"



banana (GM): Janes: "Well lemme ask you, bro! Do you ever have bad dreams- malfunctions of the burn gland - feuds among your dragon bros? Masons of Horizon are arguably here to help."



Ghol, Going East: ..."Bro?"



banana (GM): Finally, the family at the head of the line is past and the guy who keeps asking for directions has been placated. He's taken through the questions now by some sort of inspector - name, occupation, destination, reason for travel.



Placidus: Even Placidus looks up at this.



Travis Meacham: Travis smiles. This is exactly what the rude dragon-man deserves.



banana (GM): Janes: "Term of respect and brotherhood among races."



Xarvrax: "I stand corrected, murder is apparently the correct solution, please burn him before I do."



Vraknaar: "I don't care how strong your rocks are, buddy. If two dragons are fighting over something, I suggest being in a different country. One with a body of water between you, preferably. And I'm not buying."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol blinks. "Oh." He's still more boy than man, and has only been away from the host for weeks.

So he actually takes that at face value.



banana (GM): The inspector's yelling something now, passing more things down the line. The huge guy in front of Travis gives him a stack of papers.



Travis Meacham: He looks at it. Are they all the same paper or is this a "You have to take one each of three different stacks" thing.



banana (GM): "Spies and traitors! We seek the cult of Mailer - we seek a man named Travers or Travis - we seek the Killer Zorigami - anyone with information for the Conqueror will be rewarded!"



Placidus: Placidus glances from the man-dragons to the mason to - oh there's that wizard, Placidus has seen him in passing a few times. Travis? That was the name - Ghol and Kon and surreptitiously, takes a little nub pencil out of the binding of the book he's reading and starts scribbling something in the margins.



banana (GM): It's one sheet of paper, with four faces drawn on it. One of them is a MUCH better reproduction than the others, done by magic.



Ghol, Going East: Travers? Do we know a Travers?



banana (GM): It's also familiar to all- that would be the Diabolist, with the perennial WANTED beneath her horned face. She's winking at the scrying pool or magical porthole and giving a thumbs up.

	Vraknaar: Ugh. Paper. Vraknaar manages to not quite shred the flyer he's given. They're always after - someone-.
	Ghol, Going East: Oh, she's cute. Who's -- ah. Right.
	banana (GM): The others are just impression drawings - just a guy in a robe, a guy in a robe with a *staff*, and a humanoid mechanical thing made of pipes and gears.
	Xarvrax: Xarvrax glances at the paper and sighs, "Nothing is ever simple in this town, is it?"
	Travis Meacham: Travis passes the stack of papers back. "Listen, uh, any chance I could pretend to be with you guys."
	banana (GM): Inspector Sudglass: "Next!"
	Ghol, Going East: Ghol frowns. Why would he...oh, man! He must be Travers!
	Placidus: Placidus: "Hello! Yes, certainly, come along." He's still got his nose in the margins. "That will be satisfactory."
	banana (GM): Well, he *could* be a cultist of Mailer.
	Kon: *yawns* *idly moves to shield Travis from view of as many guards and assorted civilians as casually possible*
	Travis Meacham: i am NOT the killer zorigami, though.
	Ghol, Going East: Good job, bro.
	banana (GM): Janes Mason: "More of these proclamations? Ghurak's *ankles*."
	Vraknaar: "What did you do, then?" Vraknaar leans in. "And what can you do?"
	banana (GM): He passes the stack to the priests behind him, who diligently spread them out to take one each. So, right now there's nobody left in the line in front of you guys- whether you're one group or not... The customs station is a little covered platform containing one (1) human, with a clipboard
	Travis Meacham: We're one group, right guys. Right.
	banana (GM): one (1) bronze dragon, large, with its tail stretched across the passage to bar peoples' paths To the left is a barracks building; behind slots in the walls are men and women with crossbows, answering questions.
	Kon: *nods diligently*
	banana (GM): They've actually just run out of questioners, so right now they're mostly glaring at people and fondling their crossbows.
	Placidus: Placidus seems to have taken it as axiomatic that Travis is accompanying them. "Let's just get going. We can have this conversation once we're outside."



Xarvrax: "I can probably get us through this easily enough brother, regardless of if you decide to bring your friends along."



banana (GM): (if anyone hasn't made their map-area visible, this would be a good time)



Ghol, Going East: Ghol stands next to his buddy, trying to look as casual as a shirtless half-orc, half-elf teen raised in the wild can.



Vraknaar: "Fine. Let's go, then." Vraknaar strides up in front of the group, together with his brother. Surely they won't be detained.



banana (GM): It would also be a good time for someone to: step up to the customs inspector. This soldier is higher ranked than the rest of the guards hanging about, with an idiot grin on his face that might just be there to stave off boredom. If so, it's not working, because he's tapping his foot under a little cardtable.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax walks up to the man, less of a scowl than usual on his face, "Hello, it's us five and the dog," he says, pointing to the gathered group behind him.



banana (GM): "Welcome to South Garrison, bythegraceofhisImperialHighnessDragonEmperor Roland I Liberator, wehopeyou'veenjoyedyourstay in the City of Stones! Inspector Sudglass, 1st army. Name or names?"



Ghol, Going East: "Dog?" Ass.



banana (GM): Mason inches his cart a little closer. It's pulled by a single unhappy stallion.



Ghol, Going East: Er, 'dog.' That wasn't said aloud.



Xarvrax: "I'm Xarvrax, and these are my companions. As I've been waiting in this line for what feels like an eternity, is there any way we can just speed this up?"



banana (GM): Inside the guard post, the lieutenants are discussing something. "...signs that they'll move today. We'd better get reinforcements." "Yeah, I'll rouse the next shift."

Sudglass: "Sure. All I need next is the rest of your names."



Placidus: Placidus inches forward a bit. He's scanning all around, his lips moving. To the untrained eye it might look like he's performing some strange incantation, but the truth is he's counting. Counting stones in the guard post, counting scales on Vraknaar's back, counting the laces on Travis's very expensive boots...



Vraknaar: "You forgot the official title list, brother. Vraknaar, firstborn Scion of the Dragons, et cetera."



banana (GM): Want to take advantage of your with-complications Five roll here?



Xarvrax: "Yes yes, that's because I don't want to be here another week."



Travis Meacham: Travis nods. "Draven. Draven Menzies."



Xarvrax: That does sound like a good idea, yes.















Travis Meacham: This isn't the best alias possible, containing as it does several of the same morphemes, but short notice.



Vraknaar: welcome to the lies of draven

Ghol, Going East: Thumb at himself. "Ghol." Thumb at his bro. "Kon."

	<p>banana (GM): Sudglass doesn't look particularly interested in the Firstborn Scion of Dragons. Actually, he looks kind of.. stupid.</p> <p>But the bronze beast behind him rears up.</p>
	<p>Placidus: Aah! A dragon!</p>
	<p>Kon: *tenses quietly*</p>
	<p>banana (GM): In the deep language that only some of you can understand, it rumbles: "Is your business urgent, far-kin?"</p>
	<p>Ghol, Going East: ...Did that dragon just say "fuckin'?"</p>
	<p>Vraknaar: Vraknaar wished the flames issued from a red, but sort of expected to be disappointed. Plus, the bronzes aren't so bad. They're strong and don't mess around, just like reds.</p>
	<p>Ghol, Going East: Ghol can't make out the rest.</p>
	<p>banana (GM): They're also a lot more capable of loyalty, which is why this one's serving in the First Army...</p> <p>Vraknaar has probably not ever met a red dragon who'd take *orders*.</p>
	<p>Vraknaar: Reds are capable of loyalty... to themselves and their immediate kin. Then they're very capable. Otherwise, not so much.</p>
	<p>Placidus: Red dragons would take orders, were they at a restaurant that only served screaming villagers.</p>
	<p>Xarvrax: Xarvrax looks up at the dragon, replying in kind, "It's not that they're urgent, I just wish to leave this city and get on the road before one of them causes a scene."</p>
	<p>banana (GM): The wrym's name is Kyrokyl. You know this, as it's impossible to conceal yourself in the language of dragons. His laughter is gusts of wind. "Always squabbling, these little men."</p>
	<p>Vraknaar: "The one behind us tried to sell us his rocks, can you believe it? Said it'd protect us from other dragons that wanted to do us harm."</p>
	<p>banana (GM): Kyrokyl: "**I'll* mark your passage and the emperor can leave well enough alone. Drakkenhall will be interested to hear of this progress, given who *you* must be." This last was to Xarvrax.</p>
	<p>Placidus: Oh, now the dragons are talking to each other. That's strangely unencouraging. Maybe it's because whenever two dragons talk to each other it sounds like a slow-motion avalanche.</p>
	<p>banana (GM): The dragon to the soldiers: "They're cleared. No need for names. Come, Pipper. We have a report to make."</p>
	<p>Xarvrax: Xarvrax nods, "They do love hearing of my adventures, or so I'm told."</p>
	<p>banana (GM): One of the crossbow-wielding lieutenants comes out of the guardpost with half a squad. "Early, isn't it?" Then the dragon for some reason lets him climb into a *saddle*- an event that would be extraordinary in any other city - and picks up the others easily in gentle claws.</p> <p>The inspector: "Well? Well. I see."</p>
	<p>Kon: *smugs*</p>



banana (GM): A little way back, Mason grumbles. "Did you have to go and wake them ALL up?"
Kyrofyl to Xarvrax: " 'Worrying', actually."

In a burst of energy, the creature leaps up into the air, scrabbling at the sides of the canyon with its wings, and somehow climbs to a sufficient altitude to swoop away.



Ghol, Going East: Rough.



Wraknaar: "Gods forbid anything happen to their -baby-." Wraknaar gives his brother a shove that would have probably killed a man, but it doesn't even stagger the blue.



banana (GM): Sudglass: "OK! No names. So. Destination?"
What.. IS your destination?



Wraknaar: Then, switching back to the common tongue, he gestures to the rest. "Let's--" The interruption is met with a sigh.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax glares at his brother, "I can end you, you know."



Ghol, Going East: East, of course. But...



banana (GM): The guards shift positions to make up for their temporarily depleted numbers. Inside their post are some long trestle tables, jail cells, a supply room.. you can see almost the whole thing through those archer-holes.



Travis Meacham: "Do we need to do the rest of the questions if the information won't be attached to any names?"



Xarvrax: "Right, destination, where exactly did you say we were going again brother?"



banana (GM): Inspector Sudglass: "Yes."



Travis Meacham: "I see."



Placidus: Somewhere with fresher air, one hopes. Placidus is counting the people in the guard post.



banana (GM): The manuballista wielders inside the barracks lean out and nod along with that very firm 'Yes'.
"If you need a moment to bicker, perhaps you could give me your occupations first..?" Is this guy an idiot?



Travis Meacham: "Gentleman of leisure."



Ghol, Going East: We're headed to San Meat, of course.
San! Meat!



Wraknaar: "Hells if I know. I didn't exactly plan this out. And... occupation, seriously?"




Xarvrax: "I'm a dragon, does that count?"
"I'm pretty sure that's an occupation."




banana (GM): Sudglass: "Dragon absolutely counts. Gentleman would count twenty years ago."





Ghol, Going East: Thumb at himself: "I'm a hired guide." Thumb at Kon: "He's a warg."


 **Placidus:** Placidus reaches for his holy symbol, only to remember he sold it right before the announcement about the de-election of Megistus. It stings a little, still, but 25 gold is 25 gold. "I am a philosopher."


 **banana (GM):** Apparently no more detail is forthcoming. The inspector makes notes. "Destination, then?"

Behind you, the line stretches through the canyon, all the way back to the border of Axis proper. There's got to be a hundred or more people waiting, but what the hell. They've waited this long and they'd wait longer anyway. You've got time to make something up - or even actually decide on a real destination.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Again: San Meat. C'mon.

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax glances back at the group, "Well? Where are we going? I don't really care either way."

 **Travis Meacham:** To Placidus, "I was headed for Cloudhome, to do some research and also because it's far away. Do we ... know each other?"


 **Ghol, Going East:** "San Meat was discussed."


Just lie to the dude. We can always decide later.


 **banana (GM):** Sudglass just beams and nods as you begin discussing this and pointing at maps. "It's surprisingly common for people who leave Axis, not knowing where to go next. What destination could possibly compare?"


Janes is close enough to hear that, and snort. His colourful dress mark him as a partizan of Horizon for sure.

 **Ghol, Going East:** THIS GUY, THOUGH.


 **Vraknaar:** "It is a really nice volcano."


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax turns back to the inspector, "Yes yes, such a wonderful place," he drones. "We're going to San Meat, now can we leave yet?"


 **Ghol, Going East:** Yesssss


 **Xarvrax:** I don't know if we're totally decided on that, I'm just tired of this guy.

 **Kon:** *pants* *grins*


 **banana (GM):** "Yes, nearly done." The inspector makes another note. "To San... wait. Waiiiit a moment." He's looking INTENSELY at you.


 **Ghol, Going East:** ...me?

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax growls, "I'm tired of waiting human, get on with it."

 **banana (GM):** Eyes rove back and forth across the group.. but no, they're not focusing on one person in particular? He's looking at the big scroll that was just going back in Ghol's pack. "Wait."

"Show me that map?"

 **Vraknaar:** Uh oh.

 **Placidus:** Placidus looks up at Travis. "We've met, once or twice. Perhaps not well enough to remember names? Placidus Fixlmillner, Mr. Menzies."

Placidus winces. He *knew* it.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax brings a claw to his face, "Nothing ever can be simple, can it?"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol sighs, rolls his eyes theatrically, looks at the others as he takes the map down off his shoulders.



banana (GM): Looks like Travis may have inadvertently thrown in his lot with.. map-smugglers? Cartographers? What.



Travis Meacham: Are THESE guys Mailer cultists? Is Mailer some kind of renegade mapmaker?



banana (GM): Sudglass: "You-you can't use THAT! This map is completely, totally.."



Vraknaar: Renegade postal carrier. Caught sending illegal maps.



banana (GM): He points at Vraknaar, accusing!



Ghol, Going East: "It's...a map."

The half-orc teen looks around. "It's a map, guys. A map."



banana (GM): "This guy is the FIRSTBORN SCION OF THE FIVE! An honoured guest of the Conqueror's reign! And this is how you intend to navigate?"



Ghol, Going East: "Yes. With a map."



banana (GM): travis, gimme an int chekc

*check



Xarvrax: Xarvrax groans, "I'd tell you that I'm going to hit you, but hitting things isn't my job."



Placidus: Placidus: "Do you have a better map to provide us, sir?"



Vraknaar: "It is a bit old, evidently. Consider it something of a challenge, eh?"



banana (GM): to see whether you know anything about the dark god Mailer's association with maps.



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+4

(20)+4

= 24



banana (GM): Sudglass: "Yes indeed." It's not clear who he's talking to. Then it is: "Lieutenant Swift! Bring out the boys."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol, disbelieving: "But it's a MAP!"



banana (GM): Mailer is associated with undeath, with war, with mashing bones and flesh together; he's the great foe of dragons, and his dark cult specialises in their destruction. They connive and fight, spies and commandos and soldiers alike. No maps, though.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax looks at the guards. "Are we really doing this over a map? I don't even need a map."

banana (GM): Lieutenant: "Sir?"

Inspector: "BRING THIS MAN A BETTER MAP."

Lieutenant: "Sir, yes sir."



Ghol, Going East: . . .



Kon: . . .



Travis Meacham: This is so embarrassing.



Ghol, Going East: . . .



Placidus: Placidus nods, satisfied. See what being reasonable can accomplish?



Kon: *flops down* *covers head in paws*



banana (GM): They set off at a rapid pace indeed.

Looks like Swift's unit are couriers, or something? They're basically jogging out into the eastern private military canyons.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax looks at his brother, "If it wouldn't make things take even longer, I would tell you to punch him for this."



Vraknaar: Good thing we're entirely free of suspicion of being cultists of Mailer, then. Because even if they would have us (they wouldn't), why would we do that?



banana (GM): Sudglass: "Fists will not be necessary. Now, your reason for travel?"



Vraknaar: "Punch him yourself. He's busy recognizing my glory!"



Travis Meacham: I know this one. "Adventure, fame, and glory."



banana (GM): "Fantastic. We could use more like you on the front lines. Although San Meat is in the opposite direction to those."



Ghol, Going East: "Also, we heard there's a meat-eating contest going on. In San Meat."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax whispers to the guard, "I think we're going to win it."



banana (GM): Sudglass: "And you all have the same reason for travel..?"



Vraknaar: "We'll undoubtedly get there eventually. But we've got to chase down a few things first."



banana (GM): There's a commotion behind you. Janes is calling 'Bro, not cool!' as someone shoves his wagon from behind. The stone is INCREDIBLY heavy, so it doesn't actually move, though.



Placidus: Placidus turns, mostly out of curiosity but also to avoid giving an opinion on meat.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol turns around.



Kon: *same*



Xarvrax: "I swear, I'm going to start hurling lightning at the next interruption to my getting out of this city."



banana (GM): A crash of noise, filling the canyon. A slate slab falls and fragments fly. Two enormous men in dark black robes are shoving their way forward, with a third between them and an entire group

behind.



Vraknaar: "And you called me impatient." Vraknaar snorts.



Placidus: "Er."



Xarvrax: "I said that normal people had patience, since when am I normal?"



Travis Meacham: "This is not acceptable line behavior."



banana (GM): Man In A Black Hood With A Black Beard And Hands Glowing Black With Dark Magic: "Forward! Past these fools and out into the Realm while we can!"



Ghol, Going East: "Nope."



Vraknaar: would it be reasonable to assume that we know about mailer since he's dedicated to our destruction?



Kon: *growls*



banana (GM): Everyone knows about Mailer.



Placidus: What on earth... how does something glow black? The optics of that are confounding, but there it is, right in front of Placidus's eyes.



Xarvrax: "See? And this is why I hurl lightning at things that interrupt me, because they're usually horrible monsters, or just really annoying."



banana (GM): Some of the Gods of Light are obscure. Mailer, Blamer, Gash, Mottle and Guest? If your parents didn't use their names to keep you in line, you heard of their atrocities at second hand. The Dark Gods have among their powers the necessity to be *known*.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar turns. "You must be the Mailer cult that we're all on the lookout for. You're late. Also, soon deceased."



Ghol, Going East: We're wrecking these guys, right?



banana (GM): Inspector Sudglass: "Wreck those guys!! The Empire promises you rewards!!"



Ghol, Going East: This guyyyyyyyyyyyyy
...owns. Let's do this, bro!!



Kon: *woofs*



Placidus: Placidus makes a mental note: the next time he's waiting on line, he's going to stand in the middle of it, in case evil cultists sneak up behind them, putting him in front.



banana (GM): Janes Mason, barely noticed, is trying to scramble beneath his cart. Roll initiative!



Vraknaar: The Red roars to the heavens, a sound that echoes throughout the narrow passageway impressively. "Come, wretches! Earn your god's favor, or burn away to nothing! It's your choice!"




Xarvrax: rolling 1d20+ **3**

(**11**)+3

= **14**




Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+1

() + 1

= **3**




Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+3

() + 3

= **11**



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+5

() + 5


= **12**



banana (GM): yall might want to open the turn-order tracker, it's the clock icon



Placidus: rolling d20+1

() + 1

= **21**



Vraknaar: it opened itself



Xarvrax: Yep.




Crion: Kon moves after Ghol on his init if you're going to list him, if not nbd



banana (GM): oh, cool!


hmm, why isn't this rolling

rolling 1d20+4

() + 4

= **10**

rolling 1d20+8

() + 8

= **11**



banana (GM): The cultists are pretty sinister looking guys.



Vraknaar: the little dudes have health bars but the others don't
just fyi



banana (GM): Most of them have a dark monk aesthetic going on. Grey cloth, shadowed faces, etc.



Ghol, Going East: Dork monk. Haha.



banana (GM): The two big ones? They've got a more obvious issue. They shamble under their own power, but their faces are falling off.



Ghol, Going East: Whoa.



banana (GM): rolling d20+1

(18)+1

= 19



Placidus: Placidus blanches a bit. Necromancy is scary.



Vraknaar: Ain't afraid of no ghosts.



banana (GM): It's bad news.



Kon: *growling intensifies*



banana (GM): They're also *fast*- but Placidus is faster. He was watching, after all. Counting.
When the last guards left... well.
There's a canyon full of cult, like three imperial soldiers total, a big wagon and behind you, through a short twisty passage, the vast countryside of the Inner Empire. Willing to do your part to protect it?



Travis Meacham: Can't let down the side.



Ghol, Going East: Let's get tough and go hard.



Xarvrax: I said I was going to hurl lightning at the next interruption, and that's what I'm going to do.



Kon: *agrees both in general and with regards to the particulars*



Placidus: It's true; as displeased as Placidus looks, as unnerved and disgusted, he doesn't, precisely, look surprised. And elect or no, Placidus is still nominally a servant of a god of Light, and even the gentlest and most benign of them do not suffer the five hands of darkness.
So, with deliberate calm... he goes to stand quietly in a corner.



Ghol, Going East: Wait, what?



banana (GM): Quite sensible. The advancing cultists look to ALL have magic as well as arms, except maybe the dead ones.



Placidus: move there, take a standard to acquire focus, end turn



Travis Meacham: its a damn shame the aesthetics of our occultist arent shonen anime.
you could have assumed the hokuto shinken secret heaven-breaking stance



banana (GM): The corner of the guardpost is kind of exposed with respect to the advancing revealed cult spies. Is that really where Placidus wants to hang out?
Because if so, one of the big ones shoulder-charges him



Placidus: It's not that he wants to. He doesn't have a choice in the matter. Position and momentum.



Ghol, Going East: Is it possible to intercept?



banana (GM): Not where you are and where he is.
Right now, Placidus is further back down the canyon than anyone else, and vulnerable. A zombie's rotting fist takes advantage of this!!



Vraknaar: i think to intercept as a non-fighter you have to be in their path, generally



banana (GM): right, or have some sort of reason to do so anyway

rolling d20+7

(7)+7

= 14



Vraknaar: basically more of a "hey, don't walk past me" than a counter-charge



banana (GM): vs AC, 6 damage
being undead, by the way, these things are vulnerable to holy damage



Placidus: that's a hit, which will trigger Moment of Karma



banana (GM): :o



Vraknaar: good thing we're all holy men



Placidus: this is vs the lower of PD or MD; I need to know which it ends up being b/c that affects damage type

rolling d20+5

(20)+5

= 25



Ghol, Going East: Nice.



Placidus: I see.



Xarvrax: Well then.



Vraknaar: getting things started right



banana (GM): dang.
their MD is lower - 9



Placidus: okay, so the following, doubled, is psychic damage



banana (GM): oh, no need for that
zombies have this ability:
Headshot - dies instantly on crit
...'



Placidus: lmao



Travis Meacham: lol



Vraknaar: amazing



Xarvrax: Well, that takes care of that.



Vraknaar: do you roll separately to retain your focus, or is it keyed off your attack roll



Ghol, Going East: Ghol sees the zombie charge his gnome bro and keeps struggling to get his machete out of the sheath -- keeps getting caught!!! -- but then...



Placidus: The rotting hulk overwhelms the little friar - there's more momentum on the backswing of its mottled legs than the gnome's entire body could muster. He's hurled back into the wall of the guard post with an audible 'oomph!' which is quickly drowned out by a heavy, bass humming sound. You can feel it in your sternum.



banana (GM): looks like occultist triggers are an interrupt action
so you haven't actually taken any damage
of course it totally knocked the breath out of you.
what a pain!



Placidus: The zombie feels it in its skull. Then the cultists feel bits of skull scatter against their faces and robes like a hailstorm.
The zombie, headless, neck stump smoking gently, falls to the ground before the winded gnome.



banana (GM): Well.
The dead guys are following some sort of preset plan. The other one scans the group and looks for the greatest threat... that would be the canine bigger than most bears. If it'd paid attention to Placidus for just a second longer, maybe the conclusion would be different.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax roars with laughter, seeing the hulking beast splatter along its friends.



Kon: *snarls*



banana (GM): As is, it moves when the other does, reaching Kon and delivering a huge blow!

rolling d20+7 six damage

(10)+7

= 17



Kon: hit



Vraknaar: noble wolf friend! no!



banana (GM): Xarvrax's promised lightnings react next.



Kon: The warg meets the blow head on, snarling into it, jaws snapping even as blood flows. Gone is the sedate oversized puppy from moments ago.



banana (GM): Cult Leader: "What. Gnash him! Hex their bones and scales!"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax moves forward to stand next to the Gnome, "I was initially going to come up here to protect you, but it seems that's unneeded, now I just need a better shot."



Vraknaar: make sure you power up first!!

DRAGON ball z



Ghol, Going East: Haha. Dragon balls.

Ghol's like 17.



banana (GM): The canyon's beginning to ring with screams. The *sole* remaining ranker in the guard post moves up to the door and bolts it, but his squad leader offers: "Get them in range of my bolts if you can."



Vraknaar: Vraknaar and Xarvrax are actually considerably less than that, I think.



Xarvrax: He then opens his mouth as if he's going to speak again, but instead of words, a crackling sound emerges, along with a column of lightning.

Breath weapon at the cult leader guy, I'm pretty sure he should be nearby.



Placidus: Placidus shoves against the massive zombie with his foot, to no avail. He's still panting.



banana (GM): He is indeed. They've come to you, like dark cultists to the slaughter.



Travis Meacham: A great deal like that, actually.

oh uh whats the deal with the escalation die



Vraknaar: it doesn't start until next turn



banana (GM): it goes up by 1 every round- starting at 1 next round



Vraknaar: but it just adds to your attack rolls



banana (GM): well, it might have other effects for some people



Vraknaar: (and if you have restricted powers, you can use them)



banana (GM): but yeah it adds to all player attack rolls



Vraknaar: if you're asking about cyclic spells, 0 doesn't help



Placidus: Also, and this is cruche for a wizard, who cares about eg the evenness or oddness of the

escalation die, 0 isn't even



Travis Meacham: 0 is clearly even!!!!!!

damn you based tweet



Placidus: Agreed.



Xarvrax: Ah wait, it's a close quarters thing.



Vraknaar: hey, i can't use flurry unless it gets to 3



banana (GM): yep, 0 is NOT a number in escalation maths



Vraknaar: no, you can lightning him

close-quarters just means you won't provoke OAs for using it



Xarvrax: Oh.



banana (GM): yep

means it's safe to use while engaged



Vraknaar: (but you're a spell fist, so you never do that anyway)



Xarvrax: So it's 1d20 + 5 right?



Vraknaar: yes



Xarvrax: rolling 1d20 + 5

(14)+5

= 19



Placidus: Huzzah!



Xarvrax: against PD



Ghol, Going East: ... for dragon !



banana (GM): The cult leader is no coward - Mailer demands otherwise! He lunges forward, hefting his curved steel knife! It draws all the lightning, which is terrible.

what's the attack do



Xarvrax: rolling 1d6

(5)

= 5



banana (GM): in general, just roll attack and damage at the same time & tell me the defense etc, then we can resolve it all at once



Xarvrax: Ah.



Vraknaar: Just Five



banana (GM): Sparks and little arcs rive from the blade into his body- but the enchanted robe absorbs much of it. He's OK for now.

vraknaar's turn



Xarvrax: That's a quick action.



Vraknaar: well that's funny because it took forever!



banana (GM): oh!

lol

ok, it's still xarvrax's turn as long as he acts with the speed of a blue dragon

whatever that is



Xarvrax: Seeing his lightning do nothing, Xarvrax snorts, "Fine, let's try something bigger." He then starts to pulse lightning across his body, slowly drawing it into his hands.



banana (GM): well, it did SOMETHING. 5 damage.



Xarvrax: Gathering power this turn.



Vraknaar: roll for cHaOs



Xarvrax: rolling 1d6

(6)

= 6



banana (GM): what's the chaos roll do?



Xarvrax: Some of the sparks fly off onto the nearby zombie, giving it a little jolt.
It takes one damage.



banana (GM): It doesn't notice.



Xarvrax: It does my level in damage.



Vraknaar: so i can engage two guys at once as long as they're close together, right?



Xarvrax: Which, unfortunately, is one.




Vraknaar: if so, i'm going to get in some cultist face. probably even if not


rolling 1d20+5 vs AC, Bronze Thwarts an Army.

(18)+5


= 23


so close


 **banana (GM):** you actually can't, but, you don't need to probably

 **Vraknaar:** oh
i do actually
but i guess i'll use my other opening then

 **banana (GM):** oh? wait i'd better actually look it up if it's important

 **Vraknaar:** since i literally can't use bronze thwarts an army

 **banana (GM):** how does it work? i've misunderstood the intent of move-to-engage probably

 **Vraknaar:** you have to be engaged with two enemies to use BTaA

 **banana (GM):** right

ok, what i'm going to say is that if guys are close together- fighting back to back or whatnot, or if they're already both fighting someone else- then you can move to engage multiple people at once like that


however i'm still going to cruelly deny it in this case as the cultists had specifically spread out rather than do ghat

and nothing's caused them to move into a narrow area or w/e

 **Vraknaar:** hm

in that case i'm going to use the "move before attack" property of springing mantis strike to engage one, then use my move to attempt to disengage


in any case here's damage


 **banana (GM):** any objections to that as a general rule for Engaging, anyone>
?\

 **Vraknaar:** rolling 1d6+3

(**1**)+3


= **4**


 **Ghol, Going East:** Nope.

 **Vraknaar:** rolling 1d20+2 disengage

(**13**)+2

= **15**

 **Xarvrax:** fine with me.

 **Placidus:** caring about the engagement rules is for muggles

Vraknaar: that's my turn though



banana (GM): (as mentioned earlier, the cultists are all spellcasters who deliberately spread out around their leader, in order to Destroy Everything etc)



Travis Meacham: agreed w vox



banana (GM): so is that 4 damage to the cultist>
the blow staggers him severely..!
Travis got put on a List with these guys earlier. Doesn't mean he has to like them. And it's his turn.



Travis Meacham: not inclined to deploy my acid arrow here



Vraknaar: "Always taking your time, brother!" Vraknaar runs up and leapfrogs his brother, dashing into the front lines of the cultists and raking a claw viciously across one of their torsos before leaping nimbly backwards to stand in front of the Blue. "Come on then, you bastards! Let's see if you've got real dragonslaying chops!"



Travis Meacham: He takes a couple steps back. "Let's try to draw them in."
, and points at the zombie engaged with Kon.

rolling 1d20+5 vs PD on the zombie

(2)+5

= 7

that's proooooooooooooooooobably a miss.



banana (GM): The cult leader stares at Vraknaar... and then *all of them begin laughing at once*. Apart from the guy who he's knocked over. Hurts too much to laugh.



Ghol, Going East: Wizards...!



banana (GM): "Yes. Hybrid creature, we have EXTREME dragonslaying chops."
sadly, you hav emised the zombie
it has ac 15, pd 13, md 9



Xarvrax: Xarvrax glares at his brother, the lightning flashing brightly for a second, "You know, I haven't chosen a target yet, I could blast you out of existence if you'd like."



Vraknaar: Vraknaar stands in front of his brother and extends two talons, beckoning the front line of the cultists.



banana (GM): what a coincidence as it's their turn.



Vraknaar: "It didn't work last time!"



banana (GM): Priest of Mailer: "Show him. Show him your chops."
They fan out in a line, shoulder to shoulder



Vraknaar: guess it's going to be a hail of arrows or something then



banana (GM): As one, the cultists point their shitty sacred knives (some sort of low-carbon alloy) at Vraknaar and chant.



Vraknaar: aw crap




banana (GM): it's actually a hail of R: scalebane hex +4 vs PD - 4 damage, or 6 damage vs dragons

rolling d20+4

() +4

= **10**

rolling d20+4

() +4


= **6**

rolling d20+4

() +4

= **18**

rolling d20+4

() +4

= **19**


rolling d20+4

() +4

= **17**



banana (GM): rolling d20+4

() +4

= **22**



Vraknaar: cripes



banana (GM): that's a shitload of damage, i believe



Placidus: Crikey.



Xarvrax: 4 hits, that's going to leave a mark.



banana (GM): 24 marks, yes

Vraknaar: time to get Literally Killed



Travis Meacham: Tis always that time.



banana (GM): Leader: "Ahahaha! Ahahahahaha!"



Vraknaar: Vraknaar is still standing, after a hail of spells designed specifically to kill him. "Would you hurry up already?!" This to his brother.



Xarvrax: "I'm just letting them do as you asked them."



banana (GM): "Skin them and bring handbags to Santa Cora! By Mailer's elongated hand be cursed you all!"

rolling 1d3 this hex targets multiple nearby enemies!

(2)

= 2



Travis Meacham: is that a magic spell



banana (GM): yep



Travis Meacham: im going to counter-magic it



banana (GM): dang



Placidus: yes!!



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+5

(3)+5

= 8



banana (GM): what.. what happens when you countermagic it



Travis Meacham: well, if that hits his MD, the spell is canceled and he loses the action



Xarvrax: Probably nothing with that roll.



banana (GM): it doesn't, because his md is 16
nice try though



Travis Meacham: Well then.



banana (GM): "Ahahahahahahaha!"



Ghol, Going East: WIZARDS....!




Travis Meacham: NOBODY NOTICED THAT BECAUSE YOU WERE ALL FACING FORWARD




banana (GM): Waving aside your pathetic countermagic, the cultist subjects the dragonwrought to
mailer's doom

rolling d20+6 xarvrax

()+6

= **26**

rolling d20+6 vraknaar

()+6

= **10**

vs md



Vraknaar: whew
glad that wasn't me



Xarvrax: Well, that was lucky, for you.



banana (GM): lol



Vraknaar: be pretty funny to get Literally Killed in the first fight



Xarvrax: I get hit, duh.



Vraknaar: miss, barely



banana (GM): xarvrax takes 4 damage, and attacks against him by cultists now have +2 to hit



Xarvrax: Ah joy.



banana (GM): Making like he meant to focus all the spell's power on the blue one, "You're next!"
A flurry of spells confuses Ghol briefly... but he'll get used to it!




Ghol, Going East: Ghol roars a teen orc roar and slams into the zombie that hurt his buddy...

rolling 1d20+5

()+5

= **19**

rolling 1d6+4

()+4

= **7**

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE



Vraknaar: is it evens or odds that allows a second attack

Xarvrax: Xarvrax blinks at the leader, "That's if your little pawns are still alive."



Ghol, Going East: even




Vraknaar: good.




Ghol, Going East: he's attacking again

rolling 1d20+5

() + 5

= **18**

rolling 1d6+4

() + 4

= **9**

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE



Xarvrax: Well okay then.



banana (GM): that is not a miss however
9 damage to the zombie?



Ghol, Going East: neither misses
the second attack triggers on even



banana (GM): oh shit, i forgot to check: when does kon act



Ghol, Going East: regardless of hit or miss



Vraknaar: so 16



Placidus: kon acts after ghol



banana (GM): aha
16 So Far




Placidus: have you guys considered one-shotting the zombie? help pro tip



Kon: Kon snarls and descends on the zombie...

rolling 1d20+6


() + 6


= **13**

rolling 1d8

()

= 3


 **banana (GM):** They're side by side now?
13 misses zombie ac

 **Kon:** Next to each other and both engaged with the zombie.
done


 **banana (GM):** rolling 1d1 Escalation Die

(1)

= 1

 **Xarvrax:** Also, as a note, I can't see the rest of the party's HP bars.

 **Vraknaar:** same


 **Ghol, Going East:** Same.

 **Placidus:** same


 **Travis Meacham:** Same.

 **Kon:** *same*


 **Placidus:** for update's sake: my hp is full. cheers


 **banana (GM):** huh. let me see if i can fix that
re: the bars


 **Vraknaar:** mine is less than full


 **Ghol, Going East:** I'm assuming that damage just hasn't been applied to the zombie yet, not that 16 damage took off a pixel's worth of HP


 **Travis Meacham:** Mine's full.

 **Ghol, Going East:** because otherwise: uh oh


 **Placidus:** the zombie has 60 hp
I believe

 **banana (GM):** had


 **Placidus:** so 16 hp should be a quarter of the bar or so
right

 **banana (GM):** & yeah i hadn't applied it yet
also, it had 59, not 60


Ghol, Going East: phew


 **Xarvrax:** There we go. Can see everyone's.


 **banana (GM):** cool


 **Placidus:** same
it's my turn now, right

 **Ghol, Going East:** except The Wizard


 **banana (GM):** it is!


 **Xarvrax:** Oh wait, except wizard man, yeah.


 **Placidus:** move, focus, end turn


 **banana (GM):** Inspector Sudglass is kind of stunned by the fury of the attack. "These guys are spies! They shouldn't be able to stand up to adventurers in combat. You're obviously adventurers."


 **Ghol, Going East:** Oh fuck off, dude.


 **banana (GM):** The LT: "You're in the way! I can't get a shot."
the imperial army, yall


 **Xarvrax:** Any objections to me lightning forking those two?


 **Vraknaar:** it's the zombie's turn first


 **banana (GM):** here's how mooks work, everyone! it's probably super relevant


 **Placidus:** Placidus paces the back rank, watching the lines form and break. He's still counting under his breath.


 **banana (GM):** when you hit one, any extra damage spills over to the rest

 **Vraknaar:** but i'd lightning fork the minions honestly. any damage carries over so aoeing them is incredibly effective

 **banana (GM):** so if you do more than enough damage, you can kill all of them at once
yep
of course they do have SOME hp. so it's not a sure thing


 **Vraknaar:** plus they're sort of tuned to kill you (and one hit would kill me) so...

 **Ghol, Going East:** The zombie is going to have to make a disengage check at -1 to do anything but stay stuck to Ghol/Kon, I believe.

 **banana (GM):** oh, sorry- was that Placidus's turn done?

 **Placidus:** yes

 **Ghol, Going East:** and, hurt them

 **Placidus:** my turns are very short

banana (GM): ok! zombie

The deadest of the cult hasn't really been paying attention. It doesn't care about dragons. It cares about Fighting the Enemy, and that would be the orc+warg who've laid into it.

rotting fist! probably against kon again

rolling d20+7

() + 7

= **18**



Placidus: kon...!!



Ghol, Going East: hit



banana (GM): another 6 damage,. this thing is merciless

go xarvrax



Kon: Kon takes another vicious blow, this one to his flank, and roars back at the dead thing imperiling it.

*him.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax stops crackling with lightning, and opens his mouth again, instead of lightning, this time a wave of ice blasts out.



banana (GM): Its strength is relentless. The creature, once an.. elf? Man? It's hard to tell when it's mostly bone and scraps of rot.. it's powered now by arcane hate. No need to tire.



Xarvrax: Breath of the white at the mooks.



banana (GM): they have PD 13 MD 9



Xarvrax: Do I roll double, or just double after rolling?



Vraknaar: either

the difference is academic




banana (GM): roll to hit each one

for each you hit, apply chaining damage



Xarvrax: rolling 1d20 + 6

() + 6

= **15**



banana (GM): & write up a cool thing about how!



Xarvrax: rolling 1d20 + 6

() + 6

= **11**

Argh.

The second misses.

 **banana (GM):** ok, damage?



Xarvrax: rolling 3d6 + 4

(**5** + **4** + **4**)+4

= **17**

So 34.



banana (GM): o_o

why is it doubled?



Vraknaar: gather power



Placidus: charging up



Xarvrax: And it does half damage to the missed target.



banana (GM): well,
write up Killing All Of Them



Vraknaar: so that's actually 51 total to the mooks



Travis Meacham: Hell yeah.



Placidus: HELL yeah



Travis Meacham: That's a large quantity of damage.



Vraknaar: okay well, on my turn, no guts no glory



Ghol, Going East: SORCERERS...!!!



Vraknaar: i'm going to punch this goddamn cult leader in the face, then breathe fire on him



Placidus: I can see why Vraknaar didn't let us meet Xarvrax sooner. He wanted to maintain the illusion that he was the cool one.



banana (GM): vraknaar's up, albeit injured



Placidus: I've got vraknaar's back hit or miss



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+6 vs AC, Silver Warrior Advances

( **4**)+6

= **10**

argh

it does half damage, at least...



Placidus: is that a miss



Vraknaar: almost certainly



banana (GM): i'm afraid his enchanted robe takes that one as well



Placidus: trigger!

Inevitable Fall



Xarvrax: The wave of ice washes over the group of cultists, freezing them all as if they were ice sculptures before Xarvrax closes his mouth and stops the flow of ice. He roars at the frozen cultists, shattering them into a hail of frozen chunks, "Who was next, you pitiful human?!"



Vraknaar: if you can make that a hit it'd apply ongoing i think



Placidus: not quite



Vraknaar: oh well then. half



Placidus: rolling d20+5 this is vs the lower of MD or PD

(5)+5

= 10



Vraknaar: rolling 1d8+3 half of this

(4)+3

= 7



banana (GM): The cult leader doesn't blanch, but only because he can't. He's already Maximally Goth.



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+6 dragon breath vs PD

(16)+6

= 22


oh sure now you give me a good roll

rolling 1d6 fire damage


(2)

= 2


so an awesome total of 5 damage




banana (GM): As the frost sweeps from left to right and the dragon's shattering roar breaks apart his entire cell, he has this to say: "Gashshit."




Placidus: does a 10 hit MD or PD




banana (GM): nope




Ghol, Going East: did you remember the escalation die




Vraknaar: yes




banana (GM): 11 hits neither, also




Ghol, Going East: rip




banana (GM): pd 12 md 16




Placidus: okay, the cult leader takes five ongoing psychic damage
BUT
I got to retain my focus




banana (GM): noted!




Vraknaar: also i'm going to try and disengage, using leaf on the wind



Placidus: I don't think I can take more than one interrupt action per round though



banana (GM): correct




Vraknaar:

rolling 1d20 dc 11


(10)

= 10


hm. is it worth spending ki to succeed on that
probably not
oh well. turn over




banana (GM): he's got a knife..




Placidus: You call that a knoife.




banana (GM): travers




Vraknaar: ac is my best defense by far though. if he knifes me i'm probably better off



banana (GM): (alleged)



Travis Meacham: alright well, with no cultists left
is Kon in epic danger that would demand i evoke an acid orb onto the zombier?



Ghol, Going East: he can take one more normal damage hti

selected: d "WOW."



Vraknaar: The Red, torn and bloodied, shoulders his way through frozen cultists, charging their leader. "A shame you didn't pay attention!" Vraknaar's fist rimes with frost briefly, but the enchanted robe turns the blow aside. "Damnation!" A roar accompanied by a gout of flame singes the cult leader, while the Dragonwrought tries to retain his defensive stance.



Travis Meacham: selected: d Wow



Vraknaar: ac 17 now at least



banana (GM): well, that didn't work

Lieutenant: "WOW."




Placidus: As Vraknaar bears down upon the cult leader, Mailer's devotee can hear that deep bass thrum again. It doesn't rise to the level it did before, but he can't shake it. It's rattling around in his skull. Past the blue man-dragon, Placidus is maintaining steady eye contact with him.



Travis Meacham: alright i'm goign to Color Spray the cult leader, even though the escalation die isn't even even.

rolling 1d20+6 vs MD of cult leader

() + 6

= **9**



banana (GM): today has been a day of variable quality rolls



Travis Meacham: there'
s no miss effect there.



banana (GM): that one, specifically, doesn't hit

OK, the cult leader is kind of intimidated at this point. He's got one hand in his pocket, sweats comically, glances at the high-rising canyon walls, and so on. Still: he's a fanatic, with nowhere else to go. "I'll.. bag at least one dragon today."

Stepping to follow Vraknaar, he swings!

rolling d20+5 vs ac - cursed knife, 6 damage vs dragons

() + 5

= **7**



Placidus: whew!



banana (GM): The result is unremarkable.



Vraknaar: good, fuck off



Xarvrax: Swing and a miss.

banana (GM): ghol's up



Ghol, Going East: Ghol roars too now, laying into the zombie...

rolling 1d20+5

(18)+5

= 23

rolling 1d6+4

(1)+4

= 5

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE +1



Placidus: don't forget the five ongoing psychic from placidus btw banana



Vraknaar: The Red catches the man's wrist easily. "They're gonna send you home in a bag. Or throw you in the gutters, since I doubt a wretch like you has a family."



Placidus: and the save



Ghol, Going East: even

rolling 1d20+5

(18)+5

= 23

rolling 1d6+4

(6)+4

= 10

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE



Xarvrax: Well okay then.
Just keep rolling the same number forever.



Ghol, Going East: [A] Animal Companion (1/Day)
- Kon may attack 2/Round with a standard action.



banana (GM): flurry of barks



Kon: rolling 1d20+6

(15)+6

= **21**

rolling 1d8

(**6**)

= **6**

rolling 1d20+6

(**15**)+6

= **21**

rolling 1d8

(**5**)

= **5**



banana (GM): all hit



Xarvrax: Dear god, what is with your double rolling powers.



Ghol, Going East: The half-orc and his warg buddy go to town, but it's a tough foe...



banana (GM): The dark cultist shakes his head. The hum.. the intensification. Vraknaar's taunts don't shake him, but the gnome's EYES...

(he's still taking the 5 psychic damage)

That zombie is being TORN apart. Not quite as successful as the head-explosion... thing. But it's getting there.

The creature's dark animation, directed perhaps from afar.. it isn't easily downed. It's easy to see why armies of these things dominated the world.



Placidus: okay, well, now I make an attack on my own turn, like a fucking peasant
specifically, qucik action: karmic rebuke, targeting the zombie



banana (GM): wait! wait



Placidus: ok



banana (GM): make that attack.. with +2



Placidus: nice




banana (GM): (escalation)



Placidus: rolling d20+7 this is vs md on the zombie

(**15**)+7


= **22**


 **banana (GM):** hit

 **Placidus:** rolling d6+3 psychic damage

(**6**)+3


= **9**

 **banana (GM):** Oscillation results: predictable. Total collapse: Inevitable. Schematic configuration: not yet.

 **Placidus:** expend focus, which I then immediately regain with my standard. ending turn

 **Ghol, Going East:** *sucks breath in through teeth*

 **Placidus:** kon....!

 **banana (GM):** The caldera canyon is now considerably less populated. Most people in the line have run off..

What with all the frozen shattered corpses, you're free to move around. But the zombie doesn't want to move. It's utterly single-minded. It does not care how sad it is to see a limping dog.

rolling d20+7

(**3**)+7


= **10**


 **Placidus:** does that hit


 **Kon:** no


 **Placidus:** whew

 **Kon:** AC 16

 **banana (GM):** xarvrax, victorious

 **Xarvrax:** Alrighty then.

 **Kon:** The zombie comes in to try and end things; the limping warg dodges to the side and tries to tear its head off -- not quite able to get there.

 **Xarvrax:** rolling 1d20 +2

(**19**)+2

= **21**

Uh-Oh.

Cult Leader: "Useless piece of trash deadman."



Vraknaar: cripes



Xarvrax: Someone's going to get frozen.



Vraknaar: time for xarvrax to ascend



Xarvrax: Going to use breath of the white on the cult leader.

rolling 1d20 + 7

(15)+7

= 22

rolling 3d6 + 4

(5 + 3 + 2)+4

= 14



banana (GM): hits



Placidus: if that doesn't kill him I've got a trigger



Xarvrax: Xarvrax blasts another wave of ice at the cult leader this time, taking care not to freeze his brother in the process.



banana (GM): The dark cultist staggers back under the draconic revengeblast and the wave of punches- anywhere away from the eyes. Away from the wizards and the wargs. He turns, scrambling back-

Janes Mason breaks an obsidian slab over his head.



Placidus: Nice.



Travis Meacham: dragon proof.



Ghol, Going East: Bro...!



Vraknaar: "Stands up to dragonfire, but breaks on a soft human skull? I'm not convinced."



Xarvrax: The wave of ice is cut short by the loud exclamation of, "What?!"



Ghol, Going East: "Could still use some help with this deadfucker!"





Placidus: lmao

Sudglass: "Yes! These people need all the help they can get, frankly. Save this fort, and the Emperor's gratitude is yours."




banana (GM): it's vraknaar's turn

 **Vraknaar:** rolling 1d20+8 precise mantis kick, vs AC

() + 8

= **20**


rolling 1d10+3 damage

() + 3


= **6**


ah yes


turn over. i have 3 ac now

 **Placidus:** if that doesn't kill it I've got a trigger

 **Vraknaar:** err +3


 **Travis Meacham:** sudglass needs to watch out for a damn friendly fire incident.


 **banana (GM):** Another blow, another bone broken.
trigger away!


 **Placidus:** rolling d20+7 vs md



() + 7

= **26**


 **banana (GM):** well ok


 **Xarvrax:** I'm going to breathe more ice at him, I swear to god.


 **Placidus:** rolling 2d6+3 psychic damage


( + ) + 3

= **10**

 **banana (GM):** no more zombie!

 **Placidus:** superior rebuke check:
oh nevermind
excellent

 **banana (GM):** you hit it so hard its bar goes out to the left now

 **Ghol, Going East:** As soon as the zombie is down, Ghol literally drops his weapons to rush over to Kon.



Kon: *whines*



Placidus: The bones in Vraknaar's hand vibrate with that same pervasive bass thrum, and his fist's impact literally shakes the decrepit zombie apart.



banana (GM): Who IS this guy? All the rest of you really know about him- Travis not even that much- is this: he knows a lot about trees.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar spits out some black dragonblood onto the cobbles, looking daggers at his brother. "Sure took your gods-damned time about it, didn't you."



banana (GM): He's very short. He followed a god now deeply, deeply out of favour. And he can do that THING.



Xarvrax: "I'm sorry, would you like me to throw feeble punches next time?"



Travis Meacham: Also, Travis HAS seen him around. He just can't remember what the chap was up to.



Ghol, Going East: He's Placidus, tree dude. Not important right now. Kon...!



Vraknaar: "As long as you do it before they turn their scale-peeling spells on me."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax smirks, "Or maybe I'll get my ass kicked, I could try doing that next time, but it would take too long, I suppose."

Dead Cultist: The zombie explodes.



Ghol, Going East: ...

Janes: "Tharmodites these days." He backs away. You guys aren't much less scary than the cult.



Placidus: Placidus looks at the scattered bits as they go flying, brushing a few off of his robe as he gets closer to the warg. "That had to hurt," Placidus mutters. He pats the warg's side a bit. "There, there. It's all right now."

Sudglass: "Well, I suppose we can waive the reason for travel and the racial census. ..is your companion alright? We have some shade and water here."



Ghol, Going East: "I need bandages and poultice, if you have any." If not...he begins rummaging through his bags.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar growls and his scales hiss and steam for a moment, before slowly starting to knit themselves back together. The draconic physiology really is amazing.

Lieutenant: "We've medical supplies in the post." The soldiers fetch some things. "Your beast kept that thing from reaching us.."

Sudglass: "Where ARE the rest of your men?"



Xarvrax: Xarvax points at the inspector, "Who cares, I do believe I heard mention of a reward?"



banana (GM): "Yes, er. Absolutely, I think. I suspect I'm authorised for that, in the circumstances."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol fusses.



Placidus: Once it's clear Kon's getting the care he needs, Placidus looks around. The configuration seems to have been reduced to lowest terms.



banana (GM): At this point like half the Army turns up.



Placidus: Which suggests an impending - ah. Multiplicative.



banana (GM): "We've got maps, sir. And reports. And the supplies. Also, we spent a bit longer in order to fetch-"

Sudglass: "Very good, Lieutenant. All under control here. Pass me that purse, please, and get the new shift settled in."

Soldier: "Okay?"



banana (GM): The pace of life begins to settle, and the queue to form.



Placidus: Despite all that, we're *still* on line.



Travis Meacham: It's ridiculous.



banana (GM): Here's the good news: although you don't know each other well, you've learned that everyone here can fight. Those cultists were no joke- dangerous infiltrators from the East!



Placidus: Well, we learned everyone but Travis can fight.

Sudglass: "OK, uh- here. Are you able to move on? There's quite a few people.." He's holding a jangling bag and a scroll case.



Ghol, Going East: Also man. Zombies hurt.



Vraknaar: He was supervising. A wizard's duty.



Placidus: That's true.

Wizards. They've got their heads on straight but MERCY what a bunch of toffs.

rolling d20 this needs to be 16+ for placidus to get his expended spell back

(20)

= 20

~



banana (GM): lol



Vraknaar: what the hell



Ghol, Going East: can we take a short rest?



Vraknaar: stop figuring out the secrets of the universe you little fucker



banana (GM): yep, spend recoveries and recharge



Ghol, Going East: I think that lets us use a recovery



Vraknaar: should i roll or average recoveries...

banana (GM): as many recoveries as you like, actually



Travis Meacham: Let's take a short rest, after we clear the checkpoint.



Vraknaar: given today's dice probably the latter



banana (GM): pick either, but be consistent
also yes



Xarvrax: Unfortunately breath of the white is not a recharge spell.



Vraknaar: fuck it.



Ghol, Going East: rolling 3d8 kon

$$(6 + 8 + 2) = 16$$



banana (GM): you're leaving the good inspector hanging!



Vraknaar: rolling 2d8+4

$$(4 + 1) + 4 = 9$$



banana (GM): i see



Vraknaar: rolling 2d8+4 here's two more. wonderful

$$(8 + 3) + 4 = 15$$



Placidus: Placidus takes the proffered goods. "Thank you, sir."



Vraknaar: exactly max hp. aesthetically pleasing, but, half gone



Xarvrax: Oh god, maaaaaaap



banana (GM): It's a staggering situation.
This IS a nice map. A map of Marrow might have been more RELEVANT, but this one's nice.



Placidus: Placidus: "Ghol?"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol frowns at the map. They're claiming the sea, are they?



Travis Meacham: hydra.



Placidus: He taps at the northern forest, where the new Court of Stars is marked.

banana (GM): The hundred gold pieces you later discover in the bag are nicer.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol blinks at the map, then beams.

 **Vraknaar:** "Well, this one's more accurate at least. Maybe less valuable, though."

 **Ghol, Going East:** Then gets control of himself and kind of tries to morph it into a look of intense concentration.

 **Xarvrax:** "Yes yes, maps are great, now let's get out of here before more stupidity arises."

 **Ghol, Going East:** "Yeah. Thanks Placidus." He nods seriously. "That sure is...a court."

 **banana (GM):** Yeah, you can already hear the cries beginning behind you.

 **Placidus:** Placidus: "Certainly less nice. In any event, we should be going. I already feel like I need a bath and every further minute we spend in this sulfurous pit, the crown jewel of our Empire, makes it worse."

 **Kon:** Kon's a fast healing sort, especially with the best medical supplies the Conqueror's army can supply on short notice.

 **Vraknaar:** "Right. Let's get the hell out of here before we have to kill anything else."

 **Travis Meacham:** "Agreed."

 **banana (GM):** Axis doesn't stop its intake and outtake just for a cult attack. The heart of the Dragon Empire beats-- "What's taking so long? I have all this stone to move." "News for the front of the line! There's a celebration at Skarper's!" "Ironhenge? Tell me, somebody, while we wait." "I'd rather stop waiting!"

 **Kon:** He bounces back up onto his paws and walks side-by-side with Ghol past the checkpoint.

 **banana (GM):** Nobody else tries to stop you. They can see the look in your eyes.

 **Ghol, Going East:** *terrorizes countryside*

 **banana (GM):** A vast half-orc battles a rectangular wizard over the Sword Point.
Leaving behind chunks of flesh embedded in ice, you tramp the canyon.
Soldiers wave; Mason kind of half-jeers half-cheers. The caldera walls rise higher and higher even as the passage comes to an end; you can see the bright blue sky as a snaking line above.
Then there's a briefly blinding light, and a great gate, with more soldiers- and the rows upon rows of gently waving rye.

 **Placidus:** "Aahhhhh." That breeze feels GOOD.

 **banana (GM):** The flat black stones of the Via Arcana, the Wizards' Way, run forever to the south and east. Farms, too, continue to the horizon. Roads gently split and fork, and the only living creatures are birds in the sky and agricultural labourers on the land.

 **Vraknaar:** "I'll miss the heat, but I won't miss... well, most of the rest of it."

 **Placidus:** "The evil cultists, I thought, were a particularly sour note."

 **Xarvrax:** "Finally free of that damned city!"

 **banana (GM):** If you ARE going to San Meat, however, you'll want to take this road only for half a day's

travel, and then turn at the first safe sign...



Ghol, Going East: Finally, Ghol pulls on a shirt. The white cotton looks a bit out of place given the mud-and-blood-spackled furs and leathers that make up the rest of his outfit, but whatever.

Ghol would like to swing by San Meat before heading to Horizon.

Not just for the meat -- for the elves, too.



banana (GM): It is indeed the closest elven settlement to Axis.



Placidus: Ghol: the only orc who places 'elves' and 'meat' in distinct categories.



banana (GM): Right now the world doesn't look full of adventure. It looks full of ryegrass. The great mountain towers behind you, and ahead- anything at all.



Xarvrax: "As long as we stay out of major cities, I truly don't care where we head, San Meat sounds interesting though."



Travis Meacham: The world looks full of adventure if you have the eyes to see it, you normie.



Placidus: Placidus: "So, Travis."



Kon: Kon's tongue has lolled out and he's started panting at the mention of San Meat. Seems he's hungry.



banana (GM): *Danvers



Placidus: "Is there anything we ought to know about why the Axis guard were looking for you?"



Vraknaar: "Major cities aren't so bad. I miss Drakkenhall."



Travis Meacham: "Oh yes, the alias was a bit clumsy, wasn't it."



Ghol, Going East: While they walk, then -- while they're going wherever it is they're going -- Ghol and Kon will slip off into the woods by the side of the road to look for small game and the like.



Travis Meacham: "It's really nothing serious. There was just a ... mishap. That's all, really."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax glares at his brother, "We are not going to Drakkenhall. I've had enough pampering."



banana (GM): Also, going to Drakkenhall would be incredibly time-consuming and difficult.

What with the wars en route. That reminds me - if anyone wants to try and work out Where The War Is, give me a wisdom check.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol is in favor of it anyhow, given its proximity to the new Court.



Placidus: Placidus glances at the wizard, here, and then frowns. "Well. It'll all even out in the end."



banana (GM): if you all put your heads together on it i'll take the best check +2 - but you'd have to share information with each other




Vraknaar: "Hah! Pampering. I miss Drakkenhall because hanging out with dragons is pretty much the best. No offense to present company."




banana (GM): Curiously, it's not just dragons who feel that way.


Placidus: would 'studied the military history of axis and kingswood' be applicable

 **Vraknaar:** definitely applying might of the wyrm here
do skill checks get +level added also

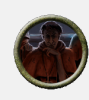
 **Placidus:** they do


 **banana (GM):** they do!

 **Vraknaar:** rolling 1d20+7 might of the wyrm + wisdom

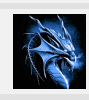
() + 7

= **17**


 **Placidus:** rolling d20+5 subtract one from this roll if military history isn't applicable

() + 5

= **12**

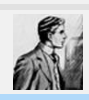
 **Xarvrax:** Neither of mine would fit here.


 **Ghol, Going East:** rolling 1d20+3

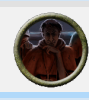
() + 3


= **9**

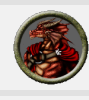
Ghol remains in the woods with Kon, hunting.

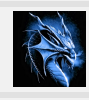
 **Travis Meacham:** "So where did you meet Ghol? He's very unusual, and very young."

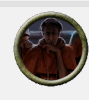
 **banana (GM):** The nearby woods are poor thin things, but there's a little game. Ghol can move parallel to the others as they walk and still catch up easily.

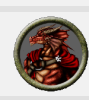
 **Placidus:** Placidus: "I was doing research in the caldera."

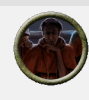
 **banana (GM):** The Via Arcana is long and straight and safe- marked by the Archmage's waystones every half mile. It's one of the easier ways to travel, though it can't beat the speed of sail.

 **Vraknaar:** "I was sleeping in the caldera. That's definitely the part of Axis I'm going to miss."

 **Xarvrax:** "I'm not going to miss it, it was just as boring as Drakkenhall."

 **Placidus:** Placidus stops in the middle of the road, and holds up a tiny hand. "Just a moment, please."
He looks up and down the road, the index finger on his left hand bobbing in time with muttered syllables. Counting, again.

 **Vraknaar:** "What're you looking for?"

 **Placidus:** "Eleven... twelve! Here." He walks up a few yards ahead to one of the waystones, and then looks behind it.



banana (GM): ...that's odd. A little line of earth.. and unless you miss your guess, it's in line with where the other waystones have been placed.

This one, then, has been *moved*. It might be worth examining its magic for anything unusual.



Travis Meacham: I immediately, immediately, do that.



Placidus: "Travis, could you come here?"



Travis Meacham: "Yes, what is it?"



banana (GM): They look like little grey teeth poking up out of the ground- the molars of the road. Waystones protect and speed travellers. All the major routes in the Realm have them, Federate and Imperial alike- the Archmage doesn't take sides. But this one is different.



Placidus: "Take a look at this. Does it seem off to you?"



Travis Meacham: "Hm ... yes. Slightly. Let me see..."

rolling 1d20+11

(7)+11

= 18



banana (GM): You DO see. Alarming. Very alarming indeed.

The stone was not moved by hand, nor was its magic disrupted thereby. It's the opposite: the ley-line of power which runs down this side of the road has become jagged, shifting the stone. But the Via Arcana is no highway of the ancients.

It's brand new, and the power is also new, strong, almost too... Travis is not a master of the High Arcana, of course. But he knows what a spell looks like that's the product of a disordered mind.

don't ask why he knows that



Ghol, Going East: Meanwhile, Ghol and Kon hunt.

rolling 1d20+9

(2)+9

= 11

But pickings are slim.



banana (GM): (dc 15 to find enough to feed more than just yourself)



Travis Meacham: "Well, this isn't the result of tampering. It looks more like the spell itself has gone haywire."



Ghol, Going East: Kon gets a rabbit or two to munch on, but beyond that they're out of luck. They'll try again later.



Placidus: "That's bizarre, isn't it?"

"These spells were all laid down by the Archmage, weren't they?"

Vraknaar: "If anyone should be able to cast a spell properly, it should be the guy who calls himself the



Archmage, shouldn't it?"



banana (GM): Throughout the day, Vraknaar chats with the others, putting together their various views of the world... he's learning a lot. Given his former high level glimpses into the Empire's expansions and birth pangs, he's going to be able to put together a pretty good tactical overview of the state of the world.

It should!



Travis Meacham: "I wouldn't have expected it, no. And yes, it was laid down by the Archmage ... recently. It looks like he put too much into it."



Placidus: "Huh. I must make a note of this." Out comes the little black notebook, its place marked with a pen.



Xarvrax: "What did you expect from someone that 'high and mighty,' not being able to control that much power is normal for a human."



banana (GM): That's.. actually true, as well as a racial stereotype.



Placidus: So it goes with racial stereotypes in fantasy fiction.



Vraknaar: "Yeah, because you've totally never had your power get out of your control. Let's see you make a magic highway, then."



Travis Meacham: "I don't know. Maybe he just had a bad night's sleep the night before, these things can happen. We definitely should report it when we get the chance, though."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax laughs, "I don't need a magic highway, I have perfectly good legs to walk on."



banana (GM): Speaking of which, you're going to want to make camp at some point. There's a little hamlet coming up, where the road turns off west toward San Meat, but the climate's good enough that you could just set up outdoorsy if you've got an aptitude for it.

Which I believe exactly three of you definitely do and two definitely don't.



Ghol, Going East: Uhh. Four.



Kon: *barks*



Vraknaar: check your bipedal privilege



banana (GM): As the sun begins to sink, yet another map rises.



Travis Meacham: that map is cool as heck



Ghol, Going East: Glad to be moving away from the orcish host.



banana (GM): That's a common sentiment.




Xarvrax: My question is, is the Orc Lord actually in one of those groups?





banana (GM): almost certainly the northern one





Placidus: After camp's set up, Placidus finally seems willing to talk about the battle earlier today. He raises an open question - "How do you think that cult managed to sneak those undead around inside Axis?"


 **banana (GM):** When Ghol deserted from it, the southern fork of the horde was commanded by a wary old general called Estella, Growing Wider. She's one of the oldest and fattest orcs he'd ever met, and claimed to have once been a wealthy human chef.

 **Vraknaar:** "Axis is a big place. Easy to slip something by, as long as you're not trying to go into a secure area or, obviously, out the gates."


 **Xarvrax:** "Probably the same way we managed to sneak out a wanted criminal?"

 **Ghol, Going East:** Estella knew how to roast a rack of basically any meat you could provide. Any meat.


 **Placidus:** "He's much less obtrusive than a zombie."


 **Ghol, Going East:** But Ghol's setting up camp at the moment...


rolling 1d20+7


() + 7


= **18**


 **Vraknaar:** "We managed it by a) being important and b) killing several other wanted criminals in the process of leaving. Though that second one was mostly you, so thanks I guess."


 **banana (GM):** Few orcs were willing to admit to being humanspawn rather than wildborn - Estella got away with it because under her command, EVERYBODY got to eat.


 **Travis Meacham:** "I don't want to split hairs with you, since I AM grateful."
"But technically, I am not a wanted criminal, I am merely wanted."


 **banana (GM):** Maybe the cult were smarter than they seemed? Mailer's not really known for that, though.


 **Placidus:** "A wanted alleged criminal."


 **Vraknaar:** "What did you do?" Vraknaar asks bluntly. "Surely they don't want you over nothing."


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax sighs, "Did you ever stop to think that they didn't sneak them in, but raised them in the city?"

 **banana (GM):** By the time the other catch up to Ghol, there's no need to proceed to the hamlet. With practised ease he's prepared an unobtrusive copse for comfort and brief safety. There'll be few signs in the morning that anyone had been present.

 **Placidus:** "That leaves the same question. Axis is a crowded city."

 **banana (GM):** No it isn't!

 **Placidus:** It seems that way when you're really small!
And everything smells so bad.

 **Xarvrax:** "As you said, Axis is a big place, plenty of places to hide bodies."

Vraknaar: Wouldn't it seem less crowded if you were small?



Travis Meacham: vox's tissue of lies is falling to shreds



banana (GM): Axis is an enormous caldera with a moderately sized urban area in the centre of it and a lot of tunnels and badlands around it, in which one might hide a zombie if one was so inclined.



Placidus: Try getting almost-stepped on every fifteen minutes and see how open you feel.



Xarvrax: I'm a dragon, I do the stepping on.



Travis Meacham: *in a quiet voice* "I turned someone into a toad, okay?"



Kon: Kon's had a long, ouchful day. As soon as the small fire is made and the smoke properly diverted windward, he curls up next to it and falls asleep.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar literally falls over laughing. "Wizards!"



banana (GM): god. wizards



Vraknaar: "So did you, like, squash the toad afterwards? Let him go in a lily pond and forget about him?"



Travis Meacham: He sighs heavily. It's really not possible to tell this story in a good way.



Vraknaar: "Do you still have the toad? Can we talk to it?" Vraknaar sounds like an excited child sometimes.



Placidus: Placidus: "Now see, that's not so bad. Did you know a toad's nostrils are on top of its head? It's true!"



Travis Meacham: "I put him in a pot with a mesh cage around it and left a note."



Xarvrax: "And that's why I just use magic to kill people, at least they keep their dignity as a corpse."



Placidus: "I don't think those zombies had much in the way of dignity left."
"Hard to hold your head high, when, well."



Vraknaar: "Did you... sign the note? Is that how you became wanted? 'Sorry I turned your Baron into a frog, Emperor. Please don't come looking for me'."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol, who has been putting the finishing touches on the camp, grins as he flumps down into Kon's fur (careful to steer clear of his bandages).



Kon: Kon drowsily licks him once on the cheek, then settles back down to sleep.



banana (GM): Here Vraknaar betrays his newness to the area. Not only is hereditary nobility not a Thing west of the midland sea, the Conqueror has made a big fuss about banning it. All are to be equal (under the Emperor), and freed from arcane/economic tyranny.


Basically, you'd have to go as far east as Erewhile to find a baron (at which point you might find too many for your liking!)




Vraknaar: Surely there's still some kind of nobility. There's nobility in Drakkenhall, even if it's established by who could literally tear who apart, if they so chose.




banana (GM): Nope! They threw the Prince of Horizon out of the highest tower in the city and broke his back.

 **Vraknaar:** Guess he should have learned to fly.


 **Travis Meacham:** No barons, just toffs.


 **banana (GM):** Yeah, there's plenty of those.


 **Placidus:** Placidus: "In any case, there's no need to judge people or cast aspersions based on mistakes they might've made in the past. This is time of change! There are massive fluctuations month by month."


"A year from now we might not recognize ourselves, so much will have happened. A decade from now people might not recognize the world!"


"So. Perspective."

 **Travis Meacham:** it's not like i MEANT to do it, or like i CHOSE not to be able to fix it. Geez.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol listens, but quickly dozes off himself on his comfy warg pillow.


 **Vraknaar:** "Judge? We have a wizard who can tell people 'do what I say or I'll turn you into a frog', and be able to support that threat with experience. That's -awesome-."


 **Ghol, Going East:** It has been a long day for the half-orc boy and his buddy.


 **banana (GM):** Politics and repentance go over the young half-orc's head. His mind clears and fills with stars.


This is a night for dreams.


 **Placidus:** "I admire your positivity, Vraknaar."


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax snorts, "I could make the threat, 'Do what I say or I'll blow you into icy chunks,' and back that up, just for the record."


 **Travis Meacham:** "Mostly what I'm good at right now is shooting rays from my hands, the fiddlier stuff is still touch and go."


 **Placidus:** For Placidus's sake, every hour that passes where no one asks him what he did or where he came from is a blessed one. That is so many conversations he does not want to have right now.


 **banana (GM):** In Ghol's dream, there are two beautiful women. But one is Her, and this kind of dream is never that kind. The others are all around, a constellation of stars bright and dark, and She moves among them, whispering, imbuing, essaying.


 **Vraknaar:** "You blow chunks, all right." Vraknaar is already on the ground, so he's curling up into a dragon ball.

 **Placidus:** To Travis: "Is that usual? I don't know what a graduate of wizarding school has mastered."

 **Travis Meacham:** "Hah, well, that's another interesting story that I could tell you about."

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax kicks his brother, before sitting down to rest.

 **banana (GM):** The other figure, at Her side, and shapelier- he's seen this her before, but not known her from Her. Now he's seen a picture, and so everyone's familiar. What a pleasant dream. The world is little patches of green, glowing and fading, others growing so slowly. The stars gently continue to go out.

 **Ghol, Going East:** A picture...from the wanted poster?



banana (GM): It is, of course. She - and She - progress, the one by right and the other following behind.

Then something happens which is impossible, and all the stars quake. The Queen looks at Ghol burning green amidst the white constellations. She tells him what to do.



Ghol, Going East: Her servant listens.



banana (GM): He must come to Her through fire and over water. He must bring the crown of bark and the crown of leaves and the crown of thorns. Please. It isn't yet too late.



Ghol, Going East: This he will do.



banana (GM): The pretty face peers, straining to see the stars. Only green eyes can, and so the one figure beckons the other away from this nothing, into Something, to more solicitous and deaf places.



Travis Meacham: if the diabolist sinks the elf court into hell, i suppose SOME people will be sad



banana (GM): Who?



Ghol, Going East: Fuck off wizard! This is my dream!



banana (GM): It's over, anyway.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol wakes up after this, after everyone else has fallen asleep, and he spends a long time staring up, all the way up at the stars.



banana (GM): thanks for playing, everybody! we'll continue soon, at the End of the Eleventh Age.