A	<b>banana (GM):</b> These are the last days of the eleventh age of the world, and the first miles of a journey. Please make relationship rolls with meat on your mind.
	Placidus: No.
	Ghol, Going East: rolling 2d6 ELF QUEEN, CONFLICTED  (4+6)  = 10
	Riidi WW: rolling 2d6 positive conqueror  (2+4)  = 6
A	banana (GM): Fine, everybody else make them tehn.
( <b>(</b>	Riidi WW: rolling 1d6 conflicted archmage  (3) = 3
	Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d6 ORC LORD, CONFLICTED  (4)  = 4
噩	Xandrah: rolling 3d6  (1+5+6)  = 12
	Riidi WW: *nods decisively*
	Zarick: rolling 2d6 The Five positive  (6+5)  = 11
A	banana (GM): we've got some significant results here

33	Zarick: rolling 1d6 The Conqueror conflicted
	(5)
	= 5
A	banana (GM): holy crap
	Zarick: rolling 1d6 Wizard king negative
	<ul><li>(4)</li><li>= 4</li></ul>
a.	banana (GM): looks like dragons are going to figure heavily
N	
	Zarick: damn. i was so close to being a story nexus
	Crion: p. sure you still are
	Placidus: I'm going to channel the Orc Lord
	Ghol, Going East:!!!
	Kon: *!!!*
$A_{\bullet}$	<b>banana (GM):</b> so we have advantage elf, advantage conqueror, orc complications and *massive*, partly complicated advantage from The Five
	sorry, i mean conqueror complications
	Placidus: conqplications
	Xarvrax: And also just regular advantage from the five.
$\overline{A}$	banana (GM): yeah but i mean
	5 5 6 6
	that's pretty draconic.
	Placidus: Dragons: they love meat
A	<b>banana (GM):</b> ok, the only one of those i'm reserving in advance is the dragon one. though it's so pivotal that someone can call on it also, independently

**banana (GM):** The first little village out of Axis is nothing but an excuse for a general store. Five houses and relatively massive merchant facilities surround the intersection of the Via Arcana and the older Via Carnis. From the east, salt air; south and west is the Yetanotherwood and the inlands of Marrow.

There's a crossroads, and a grove of trees, and a hamlet; all portentous.

Riidi WW: drei volk, zwei dragons, ein fuhrer

Ghol, Going East: ...Ham...

In the grove outside of town, would-be heroes slumber. Eventually, far off bird calls and the rumbling of ox-drawn caravans on the road wake you. The pilgrimage is on.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol frowns. To Placidus: "What's 'carnis' mean?"



**Placidus:** Placidus is up before dawn, looking over charts and miming a sextant with his fingers. Eventually he draws an X in the middle and then little squares, like crossed flags or axes. "It means meat. The Meat Road."



Ghol, Going East: "Nice!!"



Kon: \*woofs happily\*



Riidi WW: what ... KIND of meat, is san meat about are there large cattle herds? game? birds?



Zarick: "Seems like a pretty weird name for a road."



banana (GM): Good question! Have any of you travelled much in the southwest? If not, you've at least heard this: they \*supply\* meat from there, feeding much of the West, and cook it, and make shrines; there are also the famous Games.



Vraknaar: "Seems like a pretty weird name for a road."



**Placidus:** Placidus doesn't mention that it's technically the old Coran word for 'flesh', which could be used in other senses. Ghol just seems so excited about meat... Placidus is hoping to fill up on broadsticks.

\*breadsticks



banana (GM): Definitely large mammalian meats, but also fowl and specialties. We're talking about the holy meattown here.



**Placidus:** Traders and small-scale boutiques trade their wares and talk shop at massive 'swap meats', one assumes.



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol has not traveled much in the southwest, or much anywhere on this map, really.



**banana (GM):** The sun rising over the Midland brings a salt flash to the air- a moment of whiteness among the orange light. Something responds from the other direction, light flickering over the road. Through the sheltered grove, you can barely see a train being organised - wagon after wagon led by whistling human and gnomish women.

The boards hammered into a tall tree at the hamlet's border were inscribed EVENT BOUNDARY. There's no particular reason to visit it, unless you want to buy nails and wheels and chatt to woodworkers.

\*chat



Riidi WW: "The boundary of what event?"



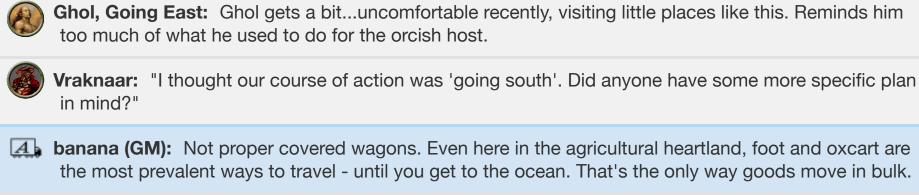
Xarvrax: Xarvrax stretches, turning to look at the group, "So I guess we have to actually decide on a course of action today?"



Placidus: We don't even have a wagon, as Placidus's feet will loudly attest. "We certainly \*ought\* to, at any rate."



**banana (GM):** To be fair, not many people own wagons.



Riidi WW: Sounds like the infrastructure of this land is ripe for reform. I have a just-in-time delivery system idea

banana (GM): Does it involve amphibians?

Ghol, Going East: To Vraknaar: "What about...San Meat?"

**banana (GM):** Unlike the twisted Yetanotherwood elms, this grove is birch - hardwood lumber growing straight. It was probably planted for later harvest.

Vraknaar: The red dragonwrought grins. "Why? You can't be hungry already. We just ate."

**Placidus:** Placidus's perspective is skewed, having spent the bulk of his youth in wagons. Obviously most people don't live in traveling theatres. And a good thing, too - imagine the traffic. Imagine how poor attendance would be! "It's not that far off now, and it's as good a place as any to go next."

**Ghol, Going East:** "Not yet, sure...but by the time we get there, I will be!"

Kon: \*nods at this sound and inescapable logic\*

Placidus: "We can't go too far out of our way, lacking any way in particular. We'll reach wherever we end up, tautologically, be it by straight line and parabola."

Vraknaar: "Philosophy." Vraknaar snorts.

Riidi WW: "We should go east, afterward, though. I want to go to Horizon, soon."

Placidus: "It's simple geometry."

Riidi WW: "Hah!"

**Ghol, Going East:** 

"Agreed!"

Xarvrax: "Geometry is only truly useful for determining the best angle at which to hurl lightning to ensure the most pain."

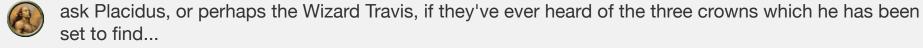
**banana (GM):** What a \*surprise\* that a wizard would want to visit the city of arcane spires, enchanted streets and sorcery-shattered walls. It's on the way to most places, though.

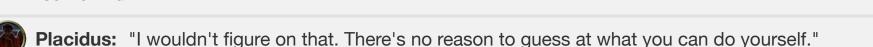
Vraknaar: "Why, what's in Horizon? I'm pretty sure I can guess what's in San Meat."

Placidus: "If nothing else, we ought to make sure somebody knows what's wrong with the Via Arcana."

**Xarvrax:** "With a working this big, I would figure the one who put it down, the so called Archmage would noticed if it was skewed in any way."

Ghol, Going East: Ghol has some arcane research to do of his own...when he gets a minute he should





Vraknaar: "I'm sure he has a lot on his mind right now."

**banana (GM):** That's true. You might well be the most carefree people in the Realm, at this moment, and the world's icons are definitely the opposite.

South via the Southwest, then. What's it like, breaking camp and moving out onto the black roads? Anyone got chores, prayers for the journey, a marching song or navigational bearings to take?

**Vraknaar:** "Anyway, for the moment I'm content to leave the scheming to you lot. My commands were 'don't die' and 'get stronger', and nowadays I'm pretty sure I can do those things in most places, so..." Vraknaar shrugs.

**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol isn't really used to praying, at all, but he'll still kneel down in the clear campsite briefly, touch his pauldron and send some thoughts the so-named god's way.

**Riidi WW:** There are always chores, of course. Water for tea, water for cooking, water for washing. Putting out the fire, packing away, making sure all your trash is correctly disposed of...

**Travis Meacham:** Travis helps. He's very helpful. For instance, his wizardry is able to highlight all the little scraps of food and canvas that need to be disposed of by everyone else.

Xarvrax: Xarvrax packs up his things, and leans against a tree, waiting for the rest to be ready to leave.

banana (GM): (oh my god travis is a Modern Adventure Game UI)

Vraknaar: Chores? A dragon does not do -chores-.

**Ghol, Going East:** Otherwise, Ghol is industrious at quickly dismantling the camp both to clean the area and -- this is important -- hide that they've been there.

**Placidus:** Placidus keeps unrolling the chart he drew up this morning, looking around at the pattern of trees or up at the sky, and making minor corrections before rolling it up. He travels light, blissfully, and packed up quickly. On the road he counts leaves and trees and passersby and road stones. He's humming. 'Road to Kardilan' is a slow but upbeat tune Placidus can't sing - could never sing, despite being made to practice - but he's gotten very good at humming.

Kon: After a time, Kon begins woofing along softly -- in harmony.

banana (GM): Yesterday afternoon, when you came down from Axis, seems to have been a dull

moment. The road is \*busy\* now.

Passing traveller: Godsday, sers.

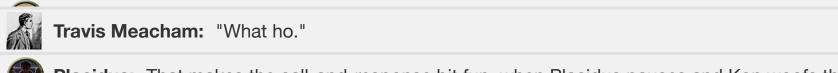
**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol just rolls his eyes.

banana (GM): There's a logistics company moving east, the opposite way to you - rookie soldiers in brassy armour with complex mechanical weaponry, moving in the shadows of their allies high above.

Ghol, Going East: God's Day? It's God's Day, already?!

The traveller was referring to all the gods, probably. Just a greeting.

Ghol, Going East: Oh. Right. Ghol knew that.



**Placidus:** That makes the call-and-response bit fun, when Placidus pauses and Kon woofs the next note. The monk touches his scalp to the traveler, a gesture of greeting. His hair's coming back already...

banana (GM): The wagon train is moving up the way you came, to Axis- and before you've made it half an hour to the west, \*riders\* on sleek white animals come galloping past. Horses this far north?

On the horizon more encounters loom. It could easily be a chatty road. With the waystones protecting it every hundred yards, it's unlikely any will be bandits.

Placidus: Are they going in the same direction as we are? Heading, as it were, Meatward?

**banana (GM):** Yep. From their painted hair, they're probably southern 'barbarians'.

Travis Meacham: What are actually the functions of a waystone, by the way?

Travis Meacham: (stone)

banana (GM): (The stereotype is, of course, that barbarians ride horses. So)

Vraknaar: "They're definitely in a hurry. Maybe they're hungrier than you are."

Xarvrax: Xarvrax laughs, "I highly doubt that, with how insistent he is on going to San Meat."

**banana (GM):** The waystones are the most pervasive and least powerful of the Archmage's creations. A weather ward or peacebond pillar is far more impressive, but in aggregate, the stones along a road impart their solid strength to travellers. On a waystone road, you move \*fast\* and safely, with monsters

They aren't actually active magical devices- or people would steal power from them, probably. Instead they mark and guide the ley lines that channel the road's actual protective force- supernatural channels laid down in the bones of the world.

Travis Meacham: Neat.

and armed men unwilling to approach.

Ghol, Going East: Ooh.

**banana (GM):** Walking cross-country from Axis to San Meat would take weeks, but on the Viacarnis you'll likely make it in three days flat.

**Placidus:** This is what makes the odd behavior of the waystones so notable.

**Kon:** Every now and again, usually during a lull in the humming, Kon will wander slightly off and raise his nose to the wind, sniffing around two or three times before padding back over to the group, satisfied. Like he's trying to see if the wind's caught a scent that particularly troubles him...

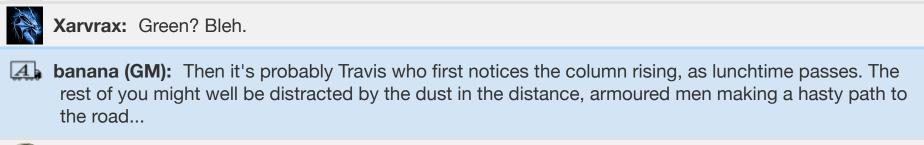
**banana (GM):** Right, they're utterly routine. There's not a lot that can go \*wrong\* with a waystone.

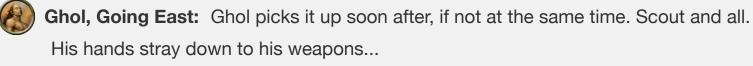
Occasionally branch roads lead north, into rolling grainfields. Your journey's soon going to be bracketed between those and the dark forest. Hope you like looking at dark green or light green things for hours on end.

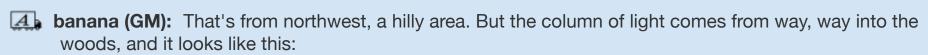
Ghol, Going East: And how!

Placidus: Ghol, Admiring Himself In A Mirror

Travis Meacham: Travis likes dark green things more than light greent hings.







Travis Meacham: "Say, look over there."

Placidus: Placidus had taken to scribbling again, so he looks up there rather than over there.

banana (GM): The golden light rises within a perfect cylinder, but not uniformly. It's slow, unbeamlike,

**banana (GM):** The golden light rises within a perfect cylinder, but not uniformly. It's slow, unbeamlike, staining the air. It climbs on and on toward the sky, originating from far south in the elm wood. Soon the bottoms of clouds are lit up the colour of honey, reflecting an odd colour across the whole road.

Vraknaar: "What in the hells is that?"

banana (GM): It's a pillar of honey-gold light climbing slowly through the air out of the forest, I just said.

Xarvrax: "That is obviously some kind of magic."

banana (GM): Int check for Placidus.

**Placidus:** Is that a peacebond pillar?

Placidus: rolling d20+5

Ghol, Going East: Weird...

(17)+5

= 22

**banana (GM):** No, it's no arcane magic. The periodicity of this event is strong, but altered- something's broken its symmetry. If you had to guess you'd say it \*was\* part of a primal nature-rhythm, druidstuff, but is now rogue and operating on its own time.

(fyi, if explanations like this make no sense to people other than placidus, that's normal)

Ghol, Going East: ...and how!

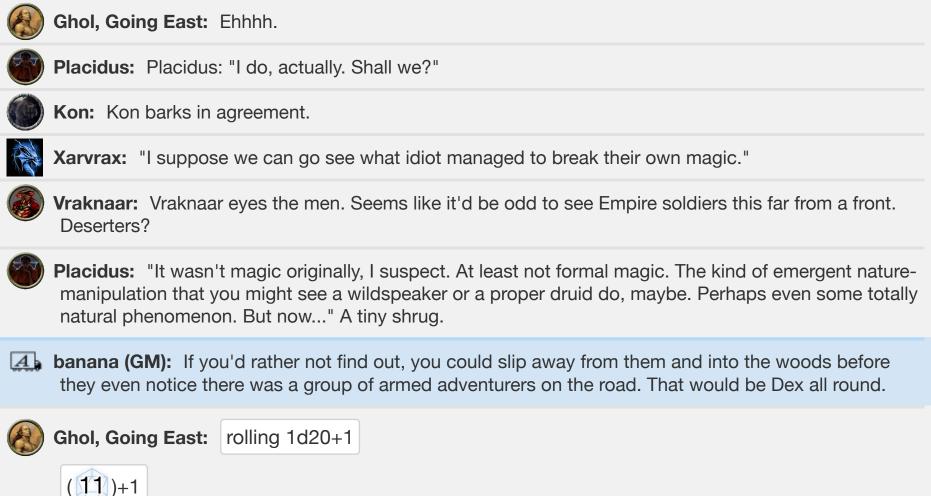
Placidus: "It may be magic, but it's certainly aberrant. It's all syncopated."

Ghol Going Fast: Ghol is more focused on -- and concerned with the armored men approaching the

**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol is more focused on -- and concerned with, the armored men approaching the road.

Travis Meacham: Travis doesn't think very hard about what Placidus is saying, "Want to check it out?"

**banana (GM):** Yeah, there's half a dozen of those. But they're kind of far off, and in Empire arms, so it's ok, right?



Placidus: Can I add my 'Mendicant Friar' background to aid moving in a way that looks totally un-

rolling 1d20+3 i wouldn't say travis is "armed" exactly.

banana (GM): Placidus: You can. But it doesn't matter much. Xarvrax is a huge blue man who clatters

rolling 1d20+10 definitely adding dragon forged here. sinuous and stealthy

Placidus: Placidus doesn't care if people notice the man-dragon. If he didn't want people to notice

when he walks and with occasional stormclouds around his head.

him, he wouldn't be so massive or brightly-colored.

**12** 

(3)+2

5

notable?

(13)+3

= 16

Vraknaar:

13

3)+10

Travis Meacham:

Xarvrax: rolling 1d20+2



A.	banana (GM): actually, either would
	Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+10  (18)+10  = 28
	Placidus: rolling d20+6 Placidus studied the military history of Axis and the Kingswood  (4)+6  = 10
$A_{\bullet}$	banana (GM): i'll give you a Fact for each person who gets over 15!
	Placidus: Nuts!!
A	banana (GM): >=15, that is
	Xarvrax: rolling 1d20  (13)  = 13
$A_{\bullet}$	banana (GM): Hang on, Travis knows that kind of run. Stumbling limp dash, rather- the squad is injured!
	Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+4 using might of the wyrm for this. military knowledge!  (20)+4  = 24
A	<b>banana (GM):</b> and Ghol knows that kind of armour. He's seen soldiers like this fight, just once. They're Dragon's Teeth. Special-forces commandos of the imperial army.
	Ghol, Going East: "Whoa."
A.	<b>banana (GM):</b> Vraknaar, seeing further than most, perceives this: the dust on the hills behind. The soldiers are being *chased*,
	Placidus: Oh dear.
	Travis Meacham: "I think we should render assistance, or alternately run very quickly into the wood."
A	<b>banana (GM):</b> You've got a minute before they make the road, assuming they do. Anything in particular you want to get done?



Another soldier: Citizens- can you fight? We have- incredibly important
Placidus: Placidus's collar suddenly feels quite tight.

, , ,

**Travis Meacham:** It sounds like getting back to the road makes sense.

Vraknaar: "What are they doing here?" They shouldn't be this far south.

banana (GM): He's winded. They're all panting as they come level with you, and the back three are

heavily bandaged.

Ghol, Going East: Ghol snarls and draws both his weapons. He has had enough of this pursuit.

**banana (GM):** Cresting the hill, now, green and yellow figures en masse..

Soldier: : uuarghhh. \*collapses\*

: Nelson! Nelson, as long as you've a gladius in your hand we need you!

**Kon:** Kon swoops down and under the falling solider with his head, lifting him up and shrugging to get him fireman-carried over his back.

**Soldier:** Nelson! Nelson, as long as you've a gladius in your hand we need you!

**Vraknaar:** "Can we fight?" Vraknaar stands beside his brother, arms crossed. "I should say so. Let them come, then."

**Kon:** He will deposit the soldier on the road and then loop back next to Ghol, unless requested otherwise.

**Travis Meacham:** "Well,t hat looks like a lot of them. Are you SURE we don't want to get back to the road?"

**banana (GM):** The leader's decided Vraknaar is in charge. "Michael Sergeantson. Dragonwrought- I thank you. My people have information that MUST get back to Axis."

**Kon:** I am a Sergeant, and I was born a Sergeant's son. Off the highway is my enemy; to the highway I will run.

Xarvrax: Lightning arcs between Xarvrax's hands, "And miss a chance to fight? Unlikely."

**Vraknaar:** The Red inclines his head. "Then on with it, soldier. We'll cover you." Vraknaar looks over at Ghol. "Are you going to be okay fighting these guys? I guess this is a bad time to ask your relationship with your kin."

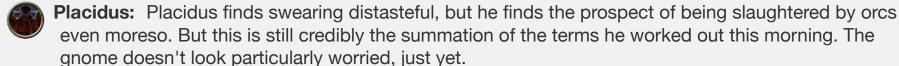
**banana (GM):** The soldiers are making for the road whether or not the rest of you do. Deliberately, paced, more and more tusked heads crest the rise- and a couple of halforcs, smooth-faced like Ghol. There are a score visible already, big and lithe men and women, stomping through the field.

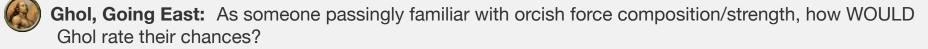
Ghol has more than enough orc in him to not be bothered by the concept of fighting orcs in and of itself.

Ranker Nelson: There's too many. We've no chance unless you're Electors' agents who lost your browns in the mud of the road.

Ranker Pilate: The gnome does have that look about him. Buck up, asshole.

Ghol, Going East: "Fuck 'em."





**banana (GM):** (actually i'm going to start using "" for speeches even when speaking as someone. it's confusing)

Well, that's the odd thing.

These aren't the scouts that have been pursuing Ghol. This is an actual raiding party - they must have left the southern horde just after he did, to get here by now. And against an orcish raiding party... if he had another dozen of Kon, maybe.

The last orc forms up on the hill. Twenty-six in all. They're barely armoured, in scraps and some cases \*wood\*, but they carry huge jagged pieces of metal and clubs more suitable for an ogre, things designed to induce tetanus yet wielded like thin daggers.

**Ghol, Going East:** "Might want to try talking first," Ghol mutters to the dragons and assorted wizards/wizard-likes. "They're not messing around."

Sergeantson: : "If we can scare them off.. and the road.. that's better. But do you think you can?"

Ghol, Going East: Surely Ghol can invoke some rule of parlay?

banana (GM): Placidus' 5 says: Yes, he can. There are dangers to it.

Xarvrax: "You're the orc here, get to talking."

**banana (GM):** Assuming these are orthodox followers of the Orc Lord's rules, there's one unbreakable covenant of parlay which they'll accept:

The speeches in prelude to a personal challenge.

The rite allows for second speakers and general arguments and everything. But it always ends with the duel.

€ GI

**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol snarls wordlessly at the dragon. Part of it's getting into character. The other part is the big blue fucker calling him "orc." Ghol is other things besides.

Travis Meacham: That's a cool rite, and Travis supports it.

Ghol, Going East: But it's true: he is an orc as well.

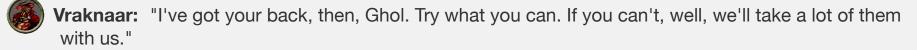
**Injured soldier, looking south:** "What the fuck is that? It's like dandelion. Fading light. We followed it home."

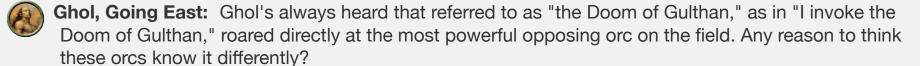
Placidus: "Hard to say at this distance."

**Nelson:** "..not home yet.."

**banana (GM):** The twenty-sixth orc sits down behind the others on a tree stump, and unstraps war drums. You've got moments before a charge.

Maybe the road would prevent it. Maybe.





Placidus: One certainly hopes not.

**A** banana (GM): Dooms is dooms.

Ghol, Going East: Nice.

Crion: Hrm...

**Ghol, Going East:** To everyone else: "Get on the damn road."

To the orc with the drums: "I INVOKE THE DOOM OF GULTHAN."

**banana (GM):** Unless you've led very unpleasant lives, this is the first time anyone else has been present with Gulthan's name invoked.

Travis Meacham: I get on the road.

banana (GM): It draws an immediate response: snarling, bared fangs, howls of rage. The guy sitting on

the stump just gets back up and shoulders his way to the front. He's got \*two\* pauldrons.

**Subcommander Sergeantson:** "Form up best you can, near the forest edge. Hope we'll be walking east soon. Might be running sooner."

**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax stands there unimpressed, when you've been roared at by a full grown dragon, normal shouting just loses impact.

Orc: "No CHANCE a HALF-TAME THING like you is my doom. Who's going to fight? What stakes will I KILL YOU FOR?"

"Dragons ON LEGS with man-pants? I'll break them. Or the little man who goes TICK. TOCK. TICK. Are you the fighter in more than just our dream?"

Ghol, Going East: "So you CAN SPEAK WORDS. I was WORRIED the WARG WOULD HAVE TO TRANSLATE."

Xarvrax: "Man pants?"

Vraknaar: Vraknaar looks impressed, despite himself. Orc posturing is nearly as great as dragon

posturing.

A banana (GM): Ignoring Ghol briefly: "MAN-SIZED BALLS at best."

The gang behind the drummer is laughing hard, now. This guy must be popular.

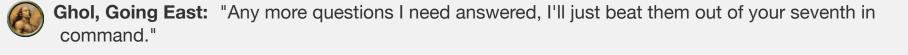
Orc: "You want a wolf to fight for you, it's LIKELY TO HAVE A BETTER CHANCE."

Ranker Pilate: Very quietly: "This is insane."

**Ghol, Going East:** "You think so? You and your six best against me and mine, we'll see who walks away."

Placidus: Equally quietly: "I quite like this."

"Well, not that bit."



Travis Meacham: "Hm."

Chol, Going East: It's either six on six or six on two dozen.

**banana (GM):** The drummer is given pause! It sounds like Ghol is suggesting.. a totally fair fight?

Xarvrax: Xarvrax smirks, "I vote we beat it out of all of them, but just one works for me."

**Travis Meacham:** I was kind of hoping for noe on one, and Travis could ... cheat.

Vraknaar: Vraknaar was definitely not hoping for one on one. Watching a fight is not his style.

**Orc:** He waves forward five brutally tough orcs with scars and rusty iron chunks and the kind of muscles you don't get at the gym.

"CAN'T ARGUE WITH THAT." Almost wry. "We'll commend you TO MELL!"

Ghol, Going East: Ghol grins and taps his pauldron with his machete in reply.

**Sergeantson:** Urgently: "My men aren't cowards. They know that, they followed us- but our information is more important than our honour. If you want to do this we'll be grateful."

Travis Meacham: Well, you can't let down the side. "I will."

**banana (GM):** The Dragons' Teeth scramble for the beet cart, which stalled when its owner ran away unnoticed. Several of them salute. The orcish drummer takes up a huge padded mallet- and then the honey-amber light goes out.

Travis Meacham: WHAT THE DEVIL

Placidus: Oh dear.

Ghol, Going East: Ghol spits. Whatever. Just a weird pillar of light. It's fight time.

Xarvrax: "It was just some stupid nature magic, we've got bigger things to worry about now."

banana (GM): Anyone who wants to memorise where it was, roll Int..

Anyone and everyone, roll Init.

Placidus: rolling d20+10 I'm claiming my 'natural historian' background here

(15)+10

Placidus: No!!

In fact: "No!!"

**= 25** 

Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+5 initiative!

```
= | 7
    Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+1
      (10)+1
       11
    Placidus:
               rolling d20+1 initiate
      (20)+1
     = 21
              rolling 1d20+2
    Xarvrax:
      (13)+2
       15
     What is it with you and 20s.
A banana (GM): dang
    Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+3
      (16)+3
       19
banana (GM): OK, remembering the location of the honey-beacon will not be a problem. It was quite
     impressive, and the hole it left in the clouds hasn't yet closed.
    Xarvrax: Mine is actually 16, forgot to add 1.
banana (GM): ok, give me a sec to write some stuff down and move some things around
     ..the sec continues..
    Travis Meacham: very wel.
A banana (GM): ok, hopefully this map and init tracker will now update properly
      rolling d20+5
      (1)+5
      rolling d20+5
```



Orcs and halforcs charge, wielding terrible blades/chunks!! The drummer begins to pound- he's stronger than any of the others and it shakes the damn road.

Placidus, as usual, was expecting this.



Placidus: Indeed.

move, focus, go



**Manana (GM):** So the orcish warriors come running down off the hills. Is anyone other than Ghol NOT on the road?



Xarvrax: I also am not.



A banana (GM): tuff dragons



**Vraknaar:** vraknaar was standing with his brother

SO



**Placidus:** Placidus bobs his head in time with the rhythm of the drummer's mallet-pounding, pacing along the road until he's roughly behind Vraknaar while remaining within the waystones.



Travis Meacham: the road doesn't, like, punish firing from it, rioght



banana (GM): The initial wave of warriors don't do anything stupid like beat their chests, but they yell unnervingly precise insults as they run, heads down, arms up. They're going one-each for the humanoids- though you see the Drummer's watching Kon closely.

It does not.

The Archmage's magic, whatever its flaws, has nothing against you.



**Crion:** Quick, Travis, distract the ref,



banana (GM): jagged swords! vs AC of vraknaaar, xarvrax and ghol in order

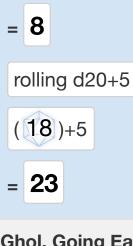
rolling d20+5

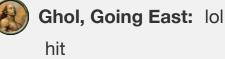
(12)+5

17

rolling d20+5

3 )+5





Vraknaar: ugh. exact hit

Travis Meacham: Good news.

Xarvrax: Miss.

**banana (GM):** Here's the good news about orcs:

banana (GM): They crit on 17-20 unless staggered

banana (GM): 5 damage to vraknaar, and 10 to ghol

Looks like your Entirely Fair Fight made them angry. The first one to reach Ghol is a half-orc like himself, but with the full-blood's rage on his face- "Coward! City-lover! Inevitability! You'll never know the true Way!"

Then he practically brains you with a chunk of fucking ore or something. travis up

**Ghol, Going East:** Those aren't even complete senten--OW!

**banana (GM):** He's literally holding a heavy, partly-metal rock.

The orc's weapon is a big sharp rock.

**Travis Meacham:** i'm gonna drop an Acid Orb on the drummer and, hell, i'll Evoke it

banana (GM): he won't be happy about that. AC 17 PD 12 MD 15
\*PD 11

**Travis Meacham:** rolling 1d20+5 vs PD

(9)+5

= 14

Hell Yes

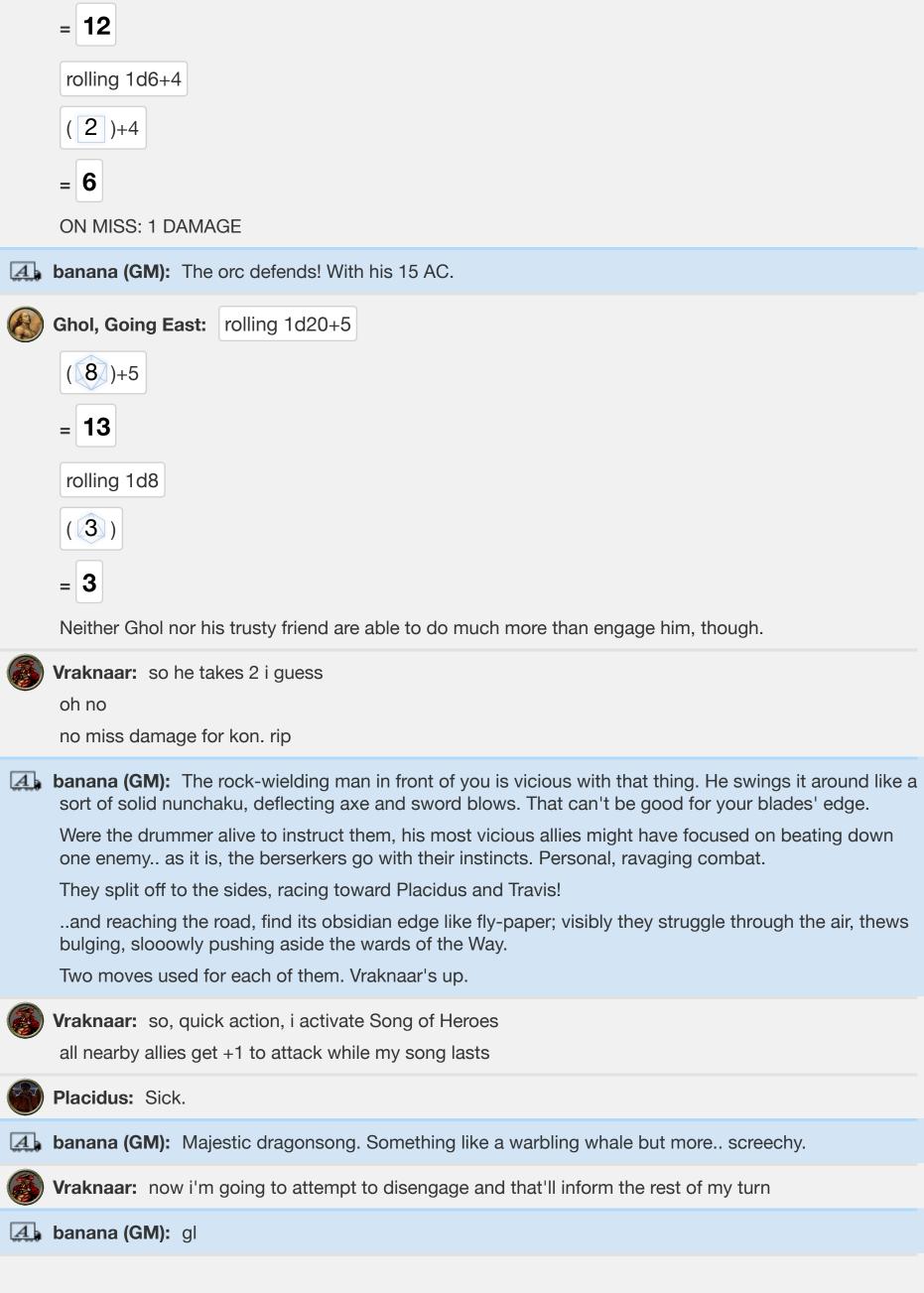
Placidus: Gawrsh.

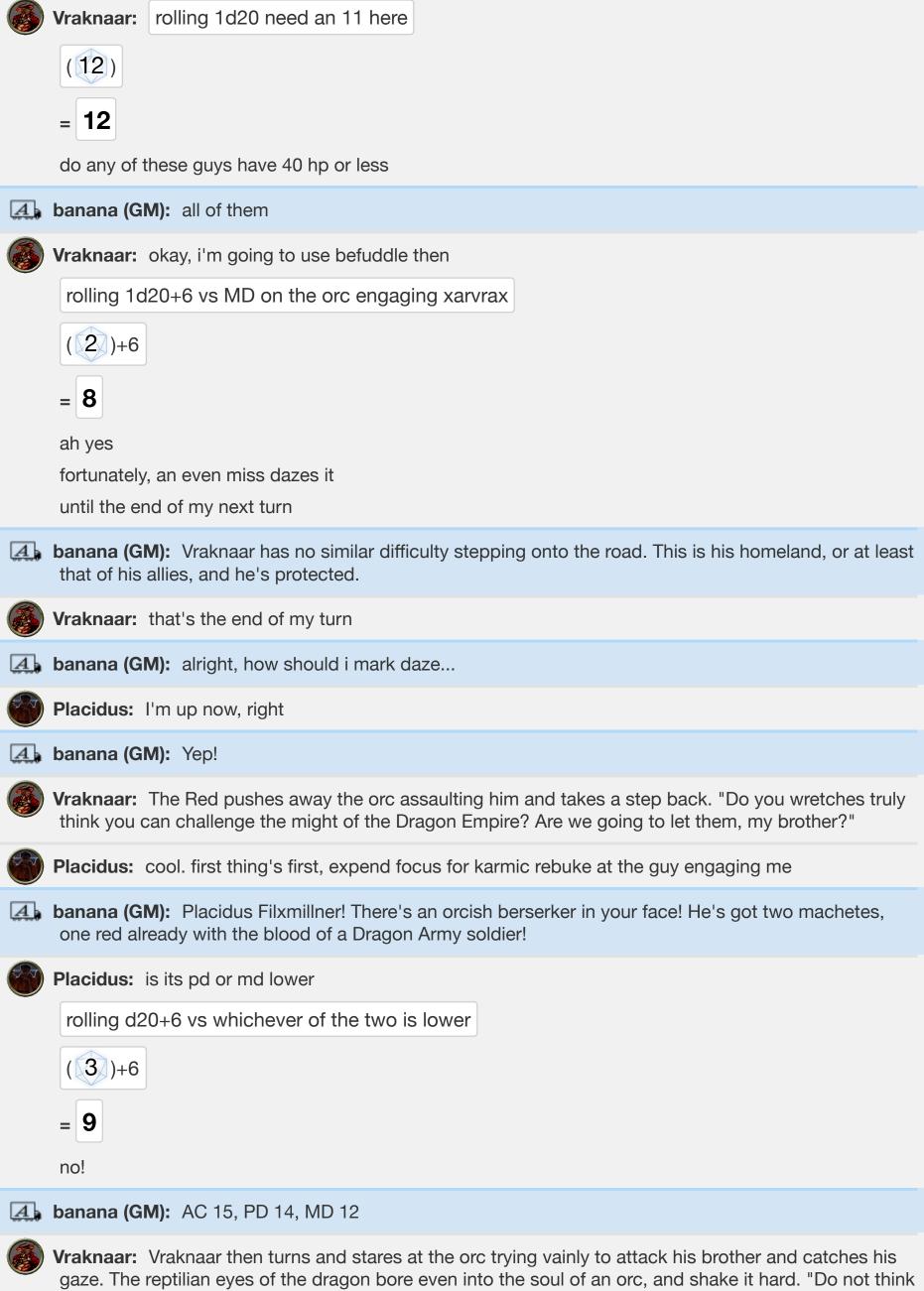
since it's evoked that does 40 acid, ongoing 5

Orc Leader: "We'll kill your bodies. We'll KILL YOUR SOULS. Your SPY FRIENDS won't make it to their

	Placidus: does that kill him if not, trigger
A	banana (GM): He raises a mallet, wild magic stirring and a wave of acid washes the flesh from his bones.
	Placidus: RIP. "You see," Placidus says to Vraknaar. "THAT'S wizardry. Totally different."
	Vraknaar: "Shit. Good thing we brought that guy along, then."
A	<b>banana (GM):</b> If anything this makes the other orcs madder. But their score of remaining friends just climb the hill to watch, and laugh. "Called yourselves the toughest? Beaten by fucking humans. Good riddance to your Dooms."
	Travis Meacham: "Whew, that one came out REALLY nicely."
	Berserker: : "We're going to win, shitbirds!"
	Xarvrax: Xarvrax crackles with lightning, glaring at the orc in front of him, "You can't hit me? You must be a terrible warrior, it's not like I'm a hard target."  Gathering power.
	Vraknaar: "Look, if you think I'm going to be intimidated after your six became five in an instant"
	Xarvrax: rolling d6  (6)  = 6
A.	banana (GM): speaking of sixes
	Xarvrax: The orc in front of me takes one damage.
	Vraknaar: cHaOs rEiGnS
	Orc: "Oof."
A	banana (GM): i'm not clear on whether that's your whole turn?
	Xarvrax: That's it for me.
	<b>Ghol, Going East:</b> Ghol knocks aside the thick arm that struck him and comes back on the warrior that struck him.
A	banana (GM): ok, Ghol and Kon are a little faster than the berserkers
	Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+5  (17)+5

VOLCANO KING alive."





yourself a match for one dragon, little orc, much less two." **banana (GM):** (is karmic rebuke a close attack, or what?) Placidus: it is, yes the orc thinks himself a match for like half a dozen dragons and you can't stop him Placidus: all of my actual spells are close-quarters A banana (GM): handy **Placidus:** it's just acquiring focus that provokes incidentally, disengage roll here **A** banana (GM): anything else before the warriors..? ah Vraknaar: i can stop him and i did! at least for one turn Placidus: rolling d20 (20)20 banana (GM): well, Placidus: Naturally. banana (GM): you're disengaged i'd say Xarvrax: Seriously, 20s forever. Placidus: move, re-acquire focus, go banana (GM): The berserker howls in fury- with the struggle that is motion on the Viacarnis, he might not even be able to catch up with Placidus at all. **Xarvrax:** I'm the sorcerer here, so quit it with the dice sorcery **Description** banana (GM): Another warrior, noting the problem of the waystones, closes on the less-protected Xarvrax. He faces two attacks. rolling d20+5 (18)+5= 23 rolling d20+5 (9)+5



looks like one crit, one miss? 10 damage



Xarvrax: hit/miss

yep.



Placidus: The absence of the drumming threw Placidus off his own rhythm. He didn't complete the arithmetic in time to \*stop\* this brute, though it was trivial to glide between his legs back to the edge of the road.



banana (GM): "We'll BUTCHER your BROTHER like this road of MEAT. For BUTCHERS!"



**Vraknaar:** don't forget your +1s (plus another one for escalation)

The orc warrior isn't quite as good at this as his deceased raid leader.



**Lab** banana (GM): omg

the escalation die!!!



**Travis Meacham:** oh that's rgiht, things Escalated



**Placidus:** I forgot the escalation die but sadly a 10 still misses



Ghol, Going East: one



**Vraknaar:** i like how the font became more urgent



**Labelian banana (GM):** rolling d20+5 orc attacks ghole

(20)+5

= 25



Vraknaar: one. -one-!



banana (GM): another 10 damage, gahaha



Vraknaar: cripes



**Ghol, Going East:** hrm.



banana (GM): Repeated bludgeons with the chunk of strange metal ore- it's a good thing Ghol invoked the Doom that he did, or they might have been overwhelmed.

He still might be.



Xarvrax: On second thought, I might end up lightning forking.

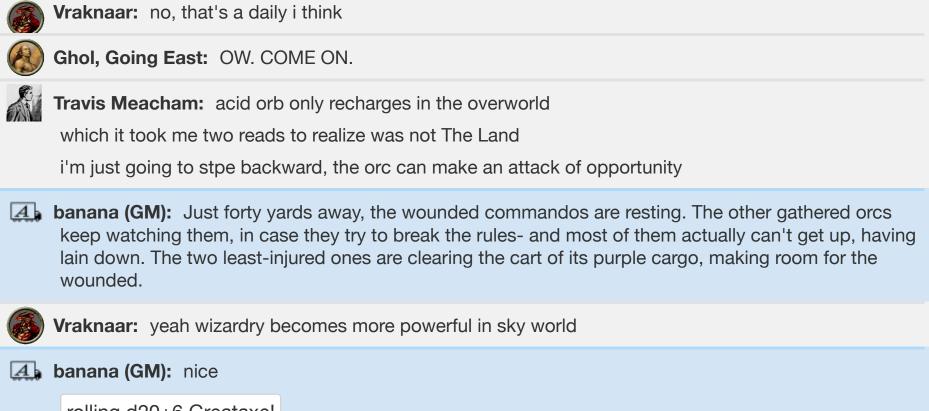


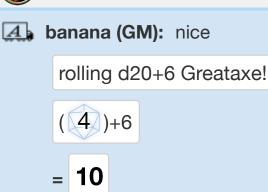
Vraknaar: why wouldn't you

it's a recharge power

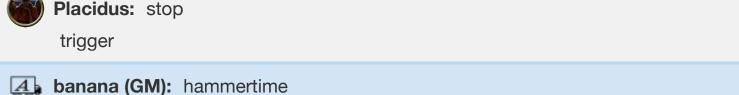


**Delta Delta Complex Services** banana (GM): incidentally, does acid orb recharge? also it's travis' turn





The berserker takes a wild swing! \*Too wild.\*



- Placidus: of my racial power!!!
- Trigger: Nearby enemy rolls a natural 1-5 on an attack or save.
- Change attack roll to natural 1 and improvise further curse.
- banana (GM): what is... further curse
  - **Placidus:** so the berserker's going to lose control of the thing they're swinging, and it's gonna deal some damage (the book suggests half weapon damage as a default value) to one of the orcs engaged with ghol
- banana (GM): oh, literal improvisation!
- Placidus: yes

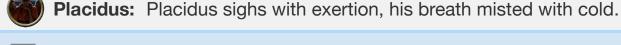
  A banana (GM): The greataxe goes flying ;\_; into the guy with the rock! Utterly enraged, the berserker
- bounds over to retrieve it, but it's too late to prevent his friend (comrade? lover? rival?) from suffering 4 damage.
- Placidus: as both a free action and a racial power it doesn't interfere with my occultist powers a'tall Placidus just folds his arms. Serves you right.
- banana (GM): Travis may continue i think
- Travis Meacham: ok, i'm going to use ray of frost on the guy who's engaged with ghol and wounedd

rolling 1d20+6 (11)+617 vs pd for rolling 3d6 cold damage (|3| + |5| + |4|)12 Placidus: trigger banana (GM): hits **Placidus:** rolling d20+7 vs the lower of pd and md (7)+714 **A** banana (GM): also hits **Placidus:** rolling 2d6+3 additional damage to travis's attack (2 + 6)+311 **A** banana (GM): flavour that.. mutually..? he's been torn apart by frost and rhythm! Travis Meacham: It's really easy to work with Placidus. It seems like whatever you do, he's ready for just that and has the perfect complement. Travis doesn't even bother nodding to him BEFORE firing off

**Placidus:** Travis's ray of frost lances out from the far side of the road. There's a sternum-rattling hum when it hits the orc in the chest, at the exact right spot to shock his heart into stopping.

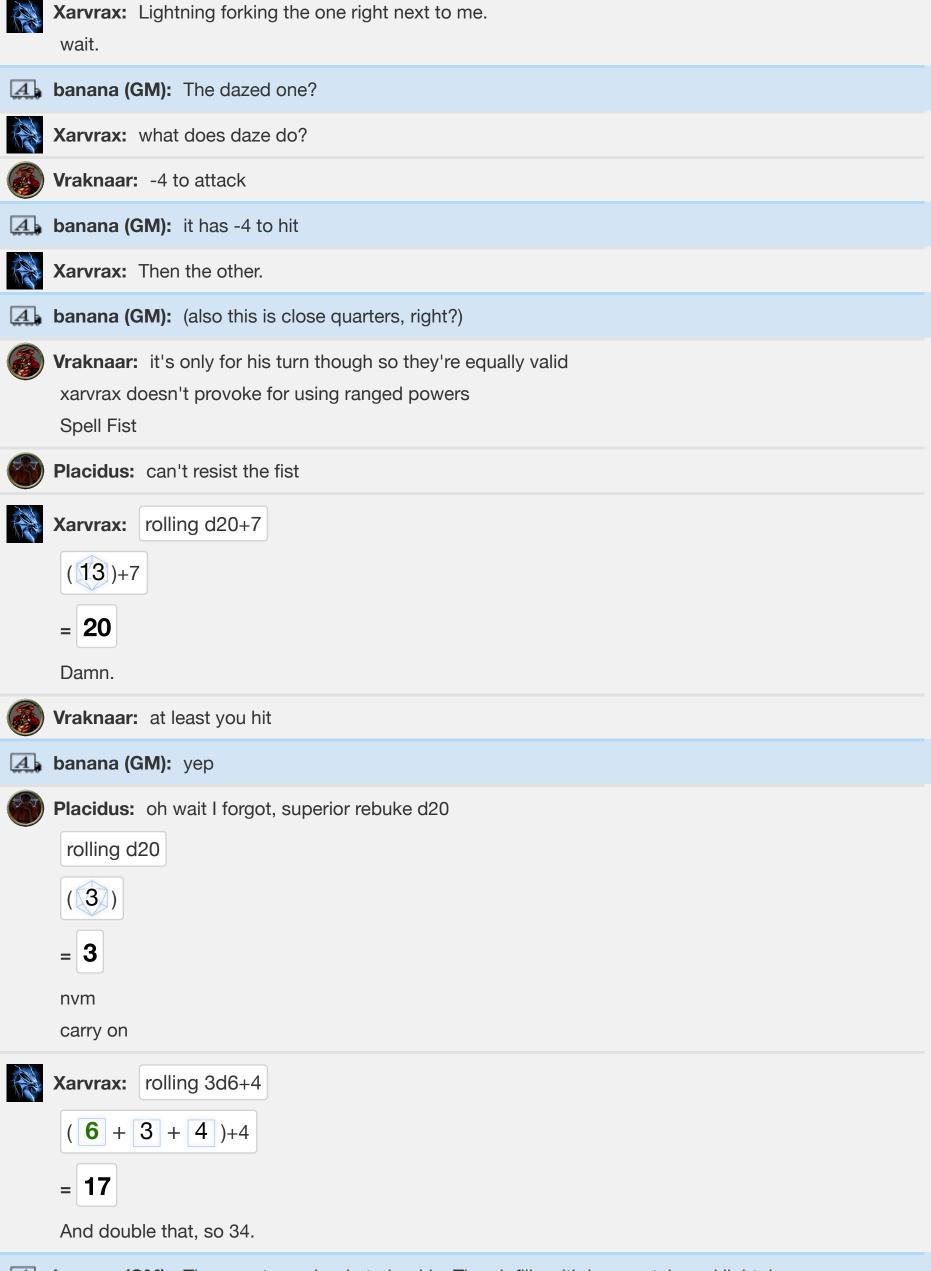
banana (GM): The orc throws up her arms, staggers, and freezes in place - large bloodied rock held high in one hand!

By the time the rime melts, her blood's stopped pumping. In front of Ghol is now a heap.



a bolt of cold over Ghol's shoulder.

**A** banana (GM): xarvrax



banana (GM): The waystones begin to buckle. The air fills with ice crystals and lightning arcs-

elemental energies are ripping orcs apart. (and one is still a smear of bone mass on the hill).

Subcmdr Sergeantson: "Who.. ARE you?"

**Xarvrax:** The lightning jumping through Xarvrax comes to a single point at the tip of his finger, blasting a solid column of energy through the orc to his left.

Also going to breath weapon the other.

Ranker Nelson: "They're just wizards, ser."

Orcs on the hill: "Win some, lose some!"

**banana (GM):** The orc spends a few seconds experimentally determining whether you can live without lungs.

**Placidus:** Placidus has run the numbers on this. Outlook is extremely engative.

Subcmdr Sergeantson: "Damn lucky for us if so. Keep your voices down in case the others decide to

break this truce."

Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 6

(5)+6

Xarvrax: I did.

= 11

**Placidus:** Placidus scoffs loudly at this, but perhaps not loudly enough to be overheard over all that lightning.

Vraknaar: did you remember both of your +1

Xarvrax: vs PD, which misses.

banana (GM): breath weapon hits if it's MD, misses PD

Vraknaar: i don't think you did

**Xarvrax:** Unless level is also there.

banana (GM): that's relevant - his PD is only 13

Vraknaar: highest ability mod (+4) level (+1) song (+1) escalation (+1)

Placidus: you always add level to attack rolls, yes

Vraknaar: still misses though

**Xarvrax:** So it would just be 12.

Placidus: rip

banana (GM): The orc dodges frantically! He'll live to destroy civilisation yet. "I'll LIVE to DESTROY CIVILISATION YET! Cast down all your towers. Boil all your lightnings into a new stormy sea."

also, it's ghol's turn

Ghol, Going East: Ghol reaches out to touch Kon -- half to steady himself, but half to call upon the deep connection between them, an ancient and old magic of kinship learned at high price in the

western foothills as youths.

[] PACK LINK (Daily Level 1) Quick Action, Ranged

Target: Kon

Effect: Until the end of battle, whenever Kon attacks an enemy that is engaged with Ghol, increase

Kon's

damage dice for that attack by one size, up to a maximum of d12.

Vraknaar: "Boil lightning? You're pretty dumb."

Xarvrax: Xarvrax snarls, "You can't boil lightning, you incomprehensible moron!"

banana (GM): "It's a metaphor, scumscales."

**Vraknaar:** "You're a metaphor, stinkbreath."

**Placidus:** Is now really the time to quibble over this? Placidus thinks but doesn't say. Because saying it would be quibbling.

Orcish Heckler: "Jagh burned a library once! He's familiar with literary conceits!"

Xarvrax: "I'll burn you once! Probably more than that, actually..."

**Travis Meacham:** "The lightnings of civilization will consume you!"

**Ghol, Going East:** Then Ghol launches himself at the dazed warrior engaged with the blue dragon.

**Snarling Berserker:** To Travis: "Ask your spy friends about THAT."

Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+5

19

(14)+5

rolling 1d6+4

(5)+4

9

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE

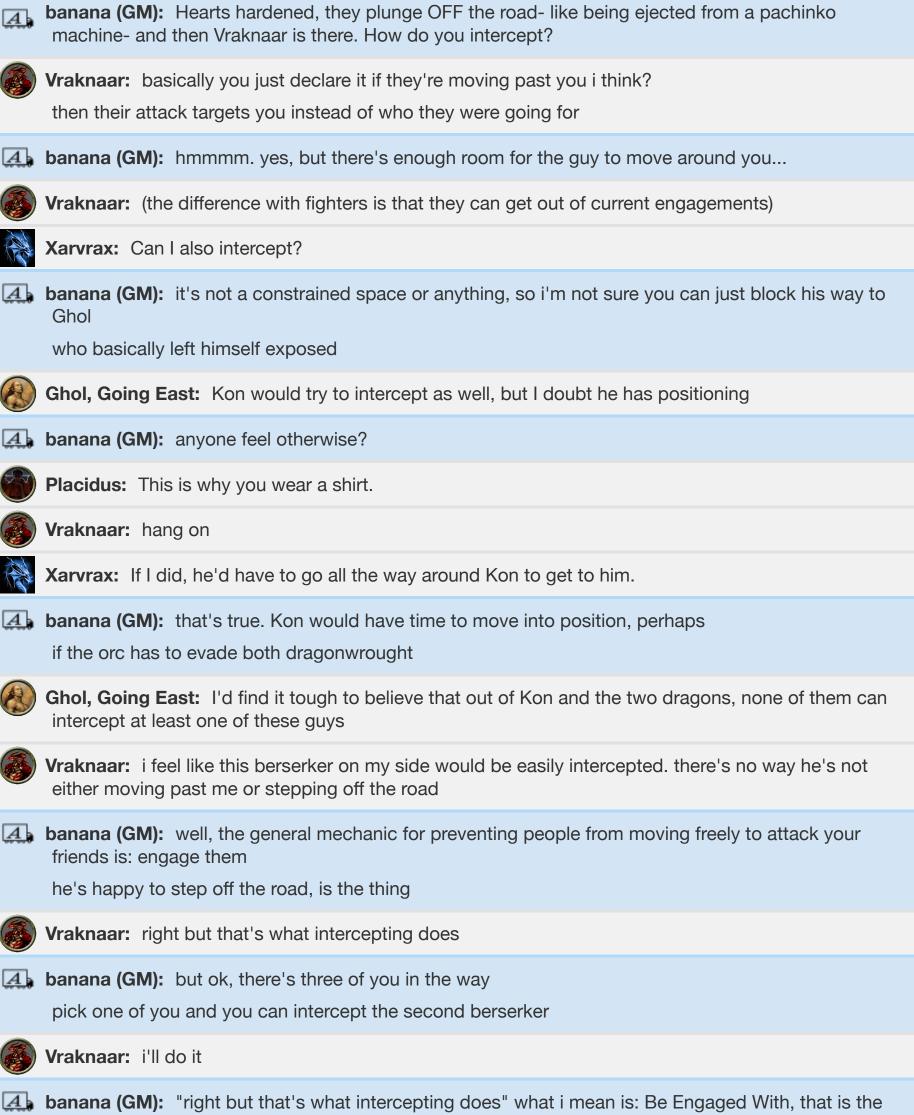
plus 2

**Dazed Warrior:** What-

**Ghol, Going East:** procs another attack

rolling 1d20+5

```
(10)+5
        15
      rolling 1d6+4
      (1)+4
     = 5
     ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE
     also +2
    Dazed Warrior: What-!
    Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+5
      (14)+5
     = 19
      rolling 1d10
      (6)
        6
     ALSO +2
     That's Kon the third time
     Travis Meacham: "Wait, am I asking them about the lightnings of civilization, or Jagh burning aq
    Xarvrax: I was about to say, do you just get to attack for as long as you roll evenly?
    Dazed Warrior: "Prame's psychoses! Someone keep this guy OFFfffuckkkkk"
    Ghol, Going East: Ghol and Kon descend on the dazed warrior while the others quibble.
     Vraknaar: yes. he's got base 4e ranger tech going on here
    banana (GM): While he's paying attention to Ghol's assault... Warg.
    Placidus: Warg, huh. What ISN'T it good for?
    banana (GM): The berserkers, alone in hostile territory, hesitate.
    Orcish Heckler: "At least kill ONE of them! The cute yelly traitor!"
banana (GM): neither is engaged any more, it seems
    Vraknaar: if they're going for ghol, i can intercept one
```



reliable way to stop break-off attacks

Travis Meacham: i'm certainly not going to intercept. cheer

Placidus: I might literally have intercepted if I had focus

🔼 banana (GM): lol

but I don't, so: doublecheer rolling d20+6 vs vraknaar's AC **A** banana (GM): (14)+6= 20 rolling d20+6 vs ghol's AC (3)+68 damage to vraknaar, via greataxe The two bersekers are still in good shape! They do both head TOWARD ghol, but one's stopped and takes a swing at a dragon instead... you're up Vraknaar: here's my song sustain roll rolling 1d20  $(\sqrt{\Lambda})$ failure: song of heroes ends who do i give the +2 to **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol sees the greataxe coming, thank Pauldron -- it even slinks along the pauldron's metal as Ghol dances out of the way. **Vraknaar:** anyone got a good attack to use **Xarvrax:** I can probably burning hands both of them? Vraknaar: i could give it to xarvrax but he hasn't gathered any power... Placidus: in the dark I'd probably give it to xarvrax. which attack I get to use in a turn isn't up to me and travis burnt his best spell already Vraknaar: i'm going to attack. i'll figure out song bonus in a sec Travis Meacham: im gonna use color spray on my trurn Vraknaar: travis it is rolling 1d20+6 unfortunately no more song of heroes for me.

(17)+6

= 23

Berserkers: Stop planning to kill us as if we weren't RIGHT HERE-Vraknaar: rolling 1d8+4 damage, also a battle cry (3)+4**A** banana (GM): definite hit Vraknaar: Pull It Together! for ghol banana (GM): they have AC 15 PD 14 MD 12 **Vraknaar:** rolling 1d4 add this to your recovery (1) Travis Meacham: is it a plus 2 attack bonus or a plus two damage bonus banana (GM): the pyramidal 1 Vraknaar: attack, for your first attack roll Travis Meacham: ok Placidus: is either of these berserkers Engaging me, placidus fixlmillner banana (GM): Not at all! **Ghol, Going East:** rolling 1d8+1 (4)+15 banana (GM): You're probably harmless. Placidus: Unquestionably. I'm just a little gnome! I'm not even doing any magic. move-focus-go Abanana (GM) Matters escalate. Travis Meacham: ok i Spray both berserkers rolling 1d20+9 right hand

(13)+9

= 22

rolling 1d20+7 left

(10)+7

**= 17** 

vs MD

do i roll damage separately or together

 $\overline{A}$ 

**banana (GM):** well, that's successful just the one damage roll



Vraknaar: together i think



Xarvrax: Ah.



Travis Meacham: rolling 2d8 psychic

$$(7+5)$$

and if they have 10 or fewer hp they are weakened



Xarvrax: You have to roll to see if it hits more than one.



Travis Meacham: oh thats right

rolling 1d4





Xarvrax: Forgot that part last time.



Travis Meacham: damn it, only the right hand guy

THE DANG PYRAMIDAL ONE!!



**Vraknaar:** Vraknaar slashes at the berserker who slashed him. "Come on, Ghol! We've got this! Travis, some more of that magic would come in handy right now--!"

**Berserker:** "Power caged into a spell and twisted by a prism! It burns me! It chafes at my sense of rightness and my flesh and bones!"



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol growls, mutters, (grutters?) then full-out roars, climbing from down on one knee back to his feet, directing the roar just as much at the berserker as the hecklers that goaded him into attacking.

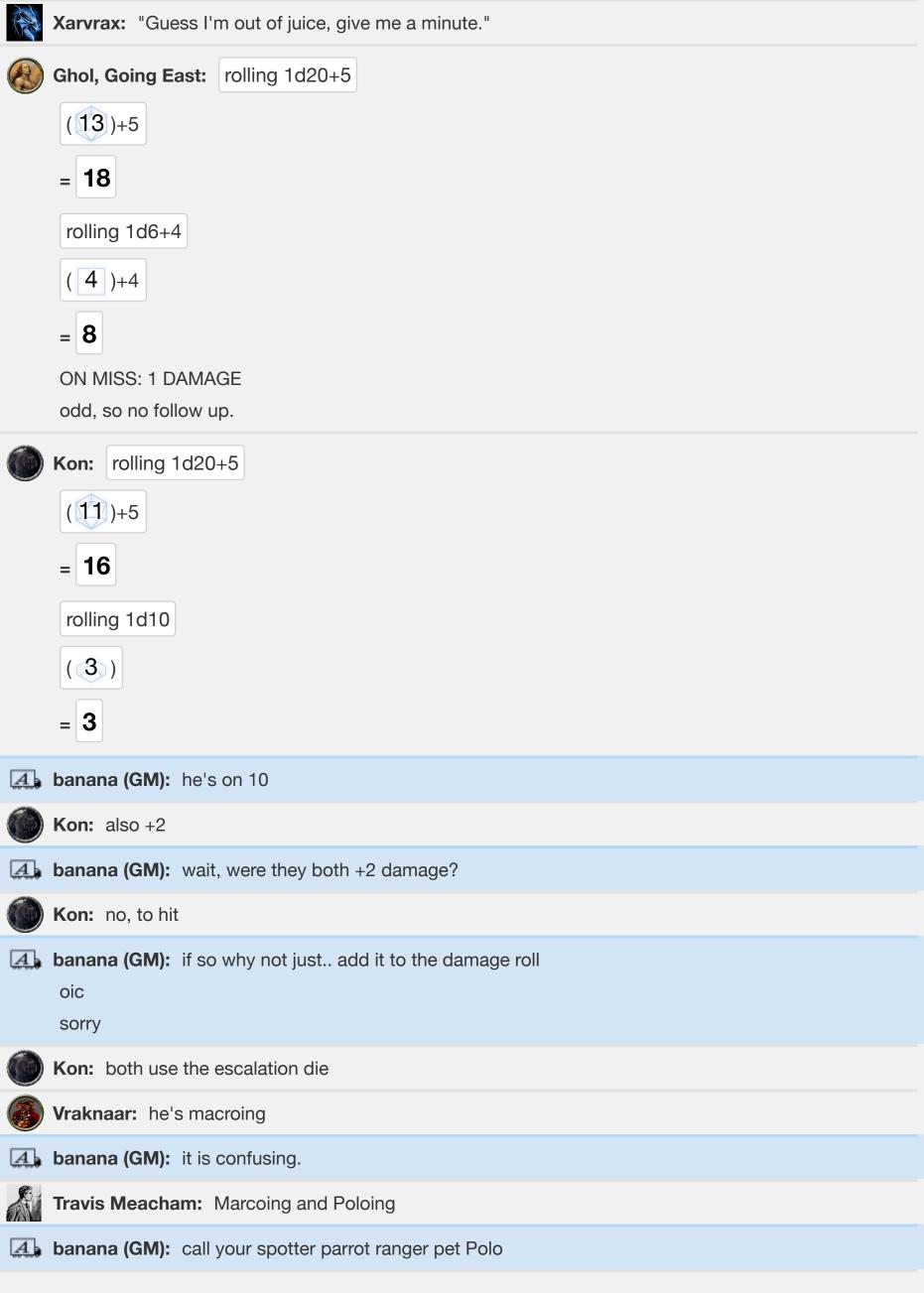


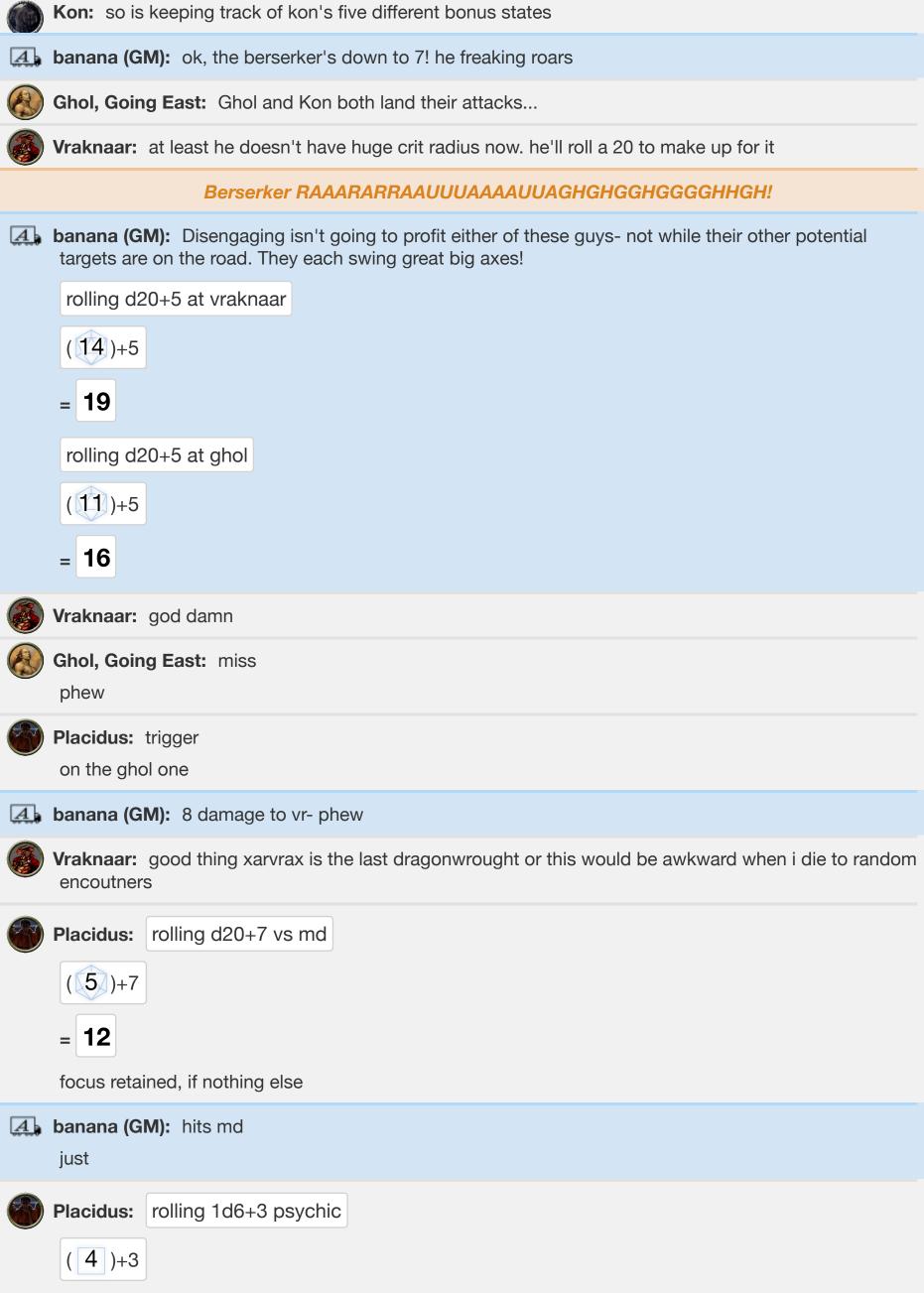
Xarvrax: "Hmm, let's see how much orcs like fire."

I should be able to hit both with burning hands, correct? **Labelian banana (GM):** They're both in the general swirling melee. (e.g. "Nearby", so yes) Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 6 (3)+69 banana (GM): the only thing that's Far Away in this fight is, to the orcs, you if you're on the road and they aren't Xarvrax: Ffffffffff. vs PD. So probably a miss. banana (GM): yep **Vraknaar:** you should roll a second attack if you're attacking both banana (GM): true **Vraknaar:** also, that should be +7. +5 normal, +2 escalation Xarvrax: Ah. banana (GM): true **Xarvrax:** rolling d20 + 7 (5)+712 still vs PD. banana (GM): still a miss. Xarvrax: I figured. **banana (GM):** Tougher than the other orcs, these ones are shrugging off some of your elemental blasts! The air burns and twists but they dance aside or just take the sparkly bits on their chests. Xarvrax: Xarvrax lifts his hands at both orcs, and flames start swirling, before going out in a puff of smoke. **A** banana (GM): gholle **Ghol, Going East:** Both weapons and bare teeth brandished, Ghol launches himself at the berserker,

Kon right behind...!

this is +2





	= 7
A	banana (GM): He's not quite staggered, but he IS displeased.
	Placidus: Good.
	Vraknaar: okay so i'm going to dragon breath
A	banana (GM): That makes sense.
	Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+7 vs PD
	(6)+7
	= 13
	rolling 1d6 fire damage
	(3)
	= 3
	rolling 1d20+7 attack vs ac
	(4)+7
	= 11
	ah yes
	i'll try and disengage i think
	rolling 1d20
	(4)
	= 4
	Vraknaar: a powerful turn
A	banana (GM):but the berserker is undeterred.
	Xarvrax: That's okay, it's not going to get to go again.
	Orcish Heckler: "Niddles! If you can finish them off, you get to be leader next!"

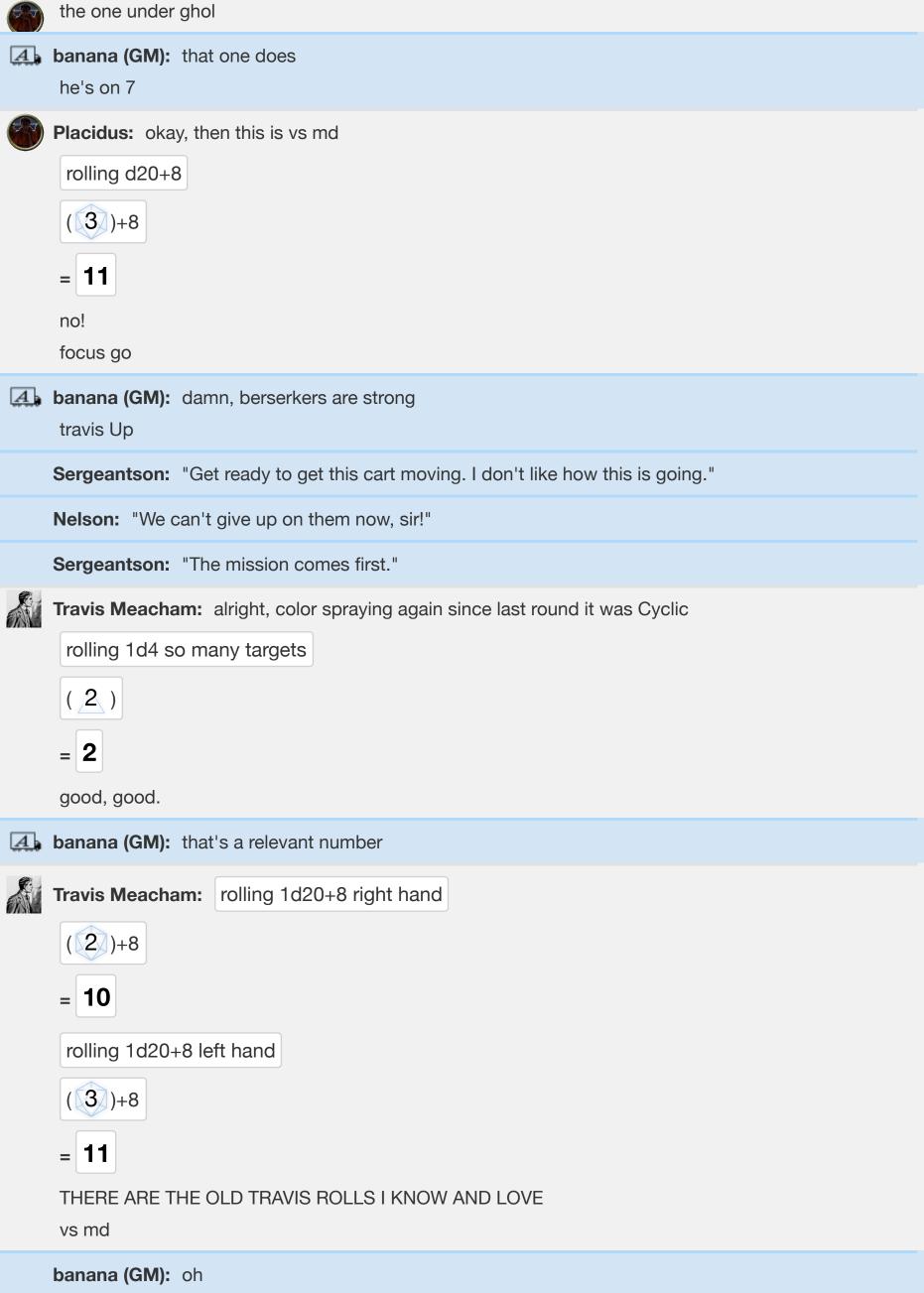
**Vraknaar:** Vraknaar's bleeding, but undaunted. He spits a gout of fire into the berserker's face, but that doesn't even faze him long enough to drop his guard, and the red dragonwraught can't even find an opening to fall back.

banana (GM) holy shit we are escalating

. .

A

Placidus: since focus is retained, I open with a karmic rebuke. which of these has lower hp, I can't see



that's to HIT not damage ah yes well, **Placidus:** which one of those do we most want to die I'm gonna pop a recharge power here **Travis Meacham:** i think the right hand but idk for sure banana (GM): Industrial lights and magic are everywhere but orcflesh. The world hums. Vraknaar: i have 6 hp currently but i don't think you can kill this guy before his turn **Xarvrax:** The lower both are, the higher chance I can kill both. Travis Meacham: ohh **Placidus:** my recharge power deals 4d8 damage Travis Meacham: okay so do it on thel fet Vraknaar: oh. hm **banana (GM):** if you stagger the left one, it'll no longer crit with +3 range... but, it does 8 damage base. **Vraknaar:** you definitely don't want to use a 4d8 power on the guy with 7 hp anyway Placidus: yeah I'm going to trigger on the guy on the left Inevitable Fall **Vraknaar:** you're triggering me! Berserker: "That's what HE said! About your empire. Its fall. The inevitability." **Placidus:** rolling d20+8 this is vs the lower of md and pd (16)+8= 24 banana (GM): hits both Placidus: md is lower I assume? **A** banana (GM): yes; 14/12 **Placidus:** rolling 4d8+3 psychic damage

= **15** 

and 5 ongoing psychic



Vraknaar: ongoing is end of turn so hopefully xarvrax gets it

## One of the waystones explodes.



**Placidus:** More specifically, it cracks and buckles, before the energy it channels forces it apart. The orc's bleeding from his ears and tear ducts before then.

also, superior rebuke

rolling d20

(19)

19

YES

that's a to-hit roll on a rebuke attack

rolling 1d6+3

(|2|)+3

5



Placidus: 5 more damage to that guy



banana (GM): oh man.



Ghol, Going East: Roaring: "PRESS THE ATTACK! KEEP HITTING THEM WHEN THEY GO DOWN! THEY ARE THE ORC LORD'S STAMPEDE AND HIS BLOODY HORN, AND THEY DO NOT FALL LIGHTLY!"

**A** banana (GM): The berserker... falls.

Not lightly.

He lands on his knees.

Blood is everywhere; it looks just like gnome blood, to Placidus. The man's eyes go totally blank. Then he stands back up.

The axe comes up in the air, smooth as butter. There's absolutely nothing behind the face now.



Placidus: No.



**A** banana (GM): rolling 2d6 he has this many hp

(|3| + |3|)

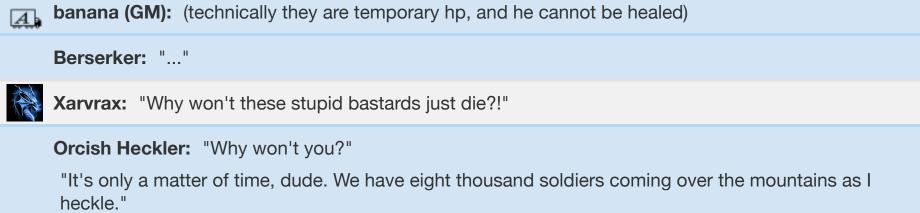
= 6



Placidus: No, no, no, no, no.



**Vraknaar:** if only that was a 5. gets up, only to die at the end of his turn anyway



Xarvrax: rolling d20+8

= 26

Travis Meacham: the open maws on these guys is cool

**Another orc:** "Should you really be TELLING them that, friend?"

Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 8

(13)+8

= 21

against PD

I assume that hits both?

**Heckler:** : "The spies will get away to tell, anyway. This is the Doom of Gulthan."

More orcs: "So it is."

**Vraknaar:** "What a shame that one dragon could equal them, then." Vraknaar isn't entirely bluffing here. If his patriarch showed up, eight thousand orcs would seem a paltry number indeed.

**Xarvrax:** rolling d6 + 4 fire damage

**(6**)+4

= 10

Travis Meacham: "I'd like not to fght eight thousand of these chaps."

**A** banana (GM): 10 fire damage dealt!

**Placidus:** The brief, blissful peace, before it gets back up. Its blank, glassy eyes... Placidus's mind is elsewhere entirely. He nearly stumbles off the road backing away.

**A** banana (GM): rolling 2d6





Xarvrax: Xarvrax roars, "Enough of your prattle! burn you stupid bloodthirsty idiots!"



banana (GM): One of the berserkers, at last, collapses- and the other steps into his place. The orcs are not yet done. They will die, but they will exact as a great a toll as possible.

Still afire, he rages, swings. Ghol?



**Ghol, Going East:** rolling 1d20+5

$$(19)+5$$

rolling 1d6+4

$$(3)+4$$

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE

racial power:

[] LETHAL (1/Battle Racial Power) Free Action

- Ghol rerolls a melee attack roll and chooses the roll he prefers.



rolling 1d20+5 **Ghol, Going East:** 

rolling 1d6+4

$$(4)+4$$

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE

yeah.



Vraknaar: welp



**Xarvrax:** Well, that was just perfect.



Placidus: g.g.



Travis Meacham: Critty nail



**Ghol, Going East:** The Barbarian stands -- right into Ghol's axe. The blank-eyed head falls from the dead orc's shoulders.

## flavour that



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol turns.

"THIS MATCH IS OVER. RING THE DAMN BELL."

Heckler: "Pack it in."



Vraknaar: Vraknaar spits black dragonblood onto the road. "This has not been a good week."

Orc: "You're strong. We'll put your names on a list."

"We use lists, now. Maps, plans, that sort of thing."

Third Orc: "Today you get to live."



**Travis Meacham:** Travis isn't a trained medic but he'll certainly help out with whoever is. Ghol and Vraknaar both probably need some bandaging.



**Placidus:** Placidus, unharmed, looks white as a sheet. He's regained composure enough to collect himself, though his tiny heart is still thudding in his chest.

Placidus \*is\* a trained medic, such as it goes.



Xarvrax: "You all are on my list, the list of civilizations to raze to the ground."



banana (GM): A score of orcs turn, and begin to lope away over the hills.



**Vraknaar:** "Did you just threaten to burn down an orc's civilization? I'm pretty sure that's their thing. Not a very good threat, brother."

"You work on your posturing and I'll work on--" \*hack\* "--not dying."



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol grins. "Give Estella, Growing Wider my regards," he says, then spits in the dirt. He waits until they're over the hills, then turns, walks two steps, and falls over.

**Sergeantson:** The subcommander's come up behind Ghol. "You're all damn heroes. But how did you know that name?"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax snorts, "We're dragons, we are the original civilization burners."



**Kon:** Kon is there to catch him.



**Vraknaar:** "Okay but for you to burn their civilization, they have to build one first, right? They're nomads."



Placidus: Placidus walks up to Vraknaar, still rattled. "Do you need your wounds bound?"

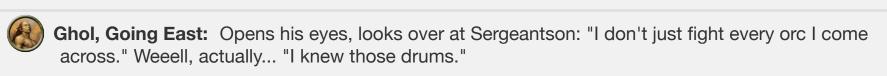


**Vraknaar:** The red dragonwrought shakes his head, and they get to see draconic regenerative powers in action for the second time in two days, as steam starts to knit scales back together. "I'll be fine."

"Sort of pushing it, though."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax pokes his brother, "You really need to stop hugging axes brother, it's what gets most dragons killed."



**banana (GM):** The Teeth subcommander is in no position to argue. He's got, like, one healthy soldier behind him and another exhausted, then three on the cart in various states of dying.

Vraknaar: "I think dragonslayers usually prefer shining swords and barbed spears."

Xarvrax: "The bad ones maybe, axes are much more effective for that sort of thing."

**banana (GM):** Sergeantson: "Well. We have to move. But for this, you can name your prize within reason."

Vraknaar: "Got any potions? Magic? Stuff that'd be handy for the next time that happens?"

Ghol, Going East: "Your message," Ghol manages. "What news have you of the host?"

**banana (GM):** Lieutenant Kurb, a halfling on the cart: "Might've saved Fulcrum, you-all."

Sergeantson: "News? They're smart. Even their bluster is deceit. We saw the eight thousand, alright, but we saw ten times that many still in the swamp."

Ghol, Going East: Ghol nods. "You saw correct."

**banana (GM):** Given the attrition of the marsh, that's about how many Ghol remembers. Only a part of the strength of the movement- but enough, unchecked, to destroy this land in surprise assaults.

Travis Meacham: "I especially do not want to fight eighty-eight thousand of them."

Xarvrax: "I think we could take them."

banana (GM): Sergeantson: "We'll take care of that."

Although even the Dragon Army doesn't turn on a dime...

Vraknaar: "I'm pretty sure eighty-eight thousand would be enough to give even the Great Wyrms pause."

**banana (GM):** "That's why we have to move. Kurb, give them the whole potion stock. We're headed home to break the news."

Xarvrax: "Those five pause at everything, that's why there's still a war going on in the first place."

banana (GM): Pause to argue among themselves, sure.

The dragonflights and the Golden Army in Drakkenhall could definitely take this orc force that's being

discussed- but they're busy, a long way away.

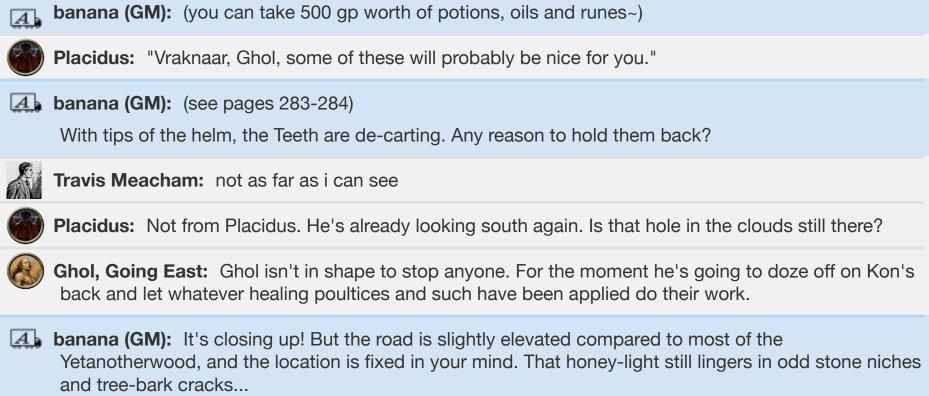
banana (GM): Well, whatever, it's probably someone else's problem.

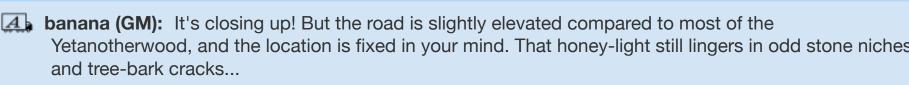
**banana (GM):** In response, a soldier gives Placidus a bandolier full of vials and a thumbs up.

Placidus: "Lovely. Take care."

Travis Meacham: "Godsspeed."

Placidus: "Are we free to go, now?"





Handing the potions off to whichever man-dragon is nearest. "Come, come." Vraknaar: "Probably worth checking out. I hope that waystone that blew up isn't going to mean more

trouble."

Travis Meacham: "Let's head out, then. Kon, can you carry Ghol?"

Xarvrax: Xarvrax puts up a hand, "I'm fine, I didn't get nearly beat up enough to need magic for it."

banana (GM): Someone'll be along to repair it. Maybe not soon- but the Viacarnis is in the heart of the West and close to Axis. It's a safe area.

**Lab** banana (GM): I mean, unless 88000 orcs come over the Giantwalk.

Placidus: To Travis: "We haven't lost it all yet."

**Placidus:** I don't see why not. He always does.

Kon: \*nods\* \*woofs\*

**A** banana (GM): The wood begins right at the edge of the road.

It's dark- dank, even. Elms and firs cluster thickly among undergrowth, and things slither not too far away from your crowded movement.

**Placidus:** Off the road and away from the bodies, Placidus has calmed down considerably. The color's come back to his face. He scratches his scalp as he looks around, following his vision and memory to the place that pillar stood.

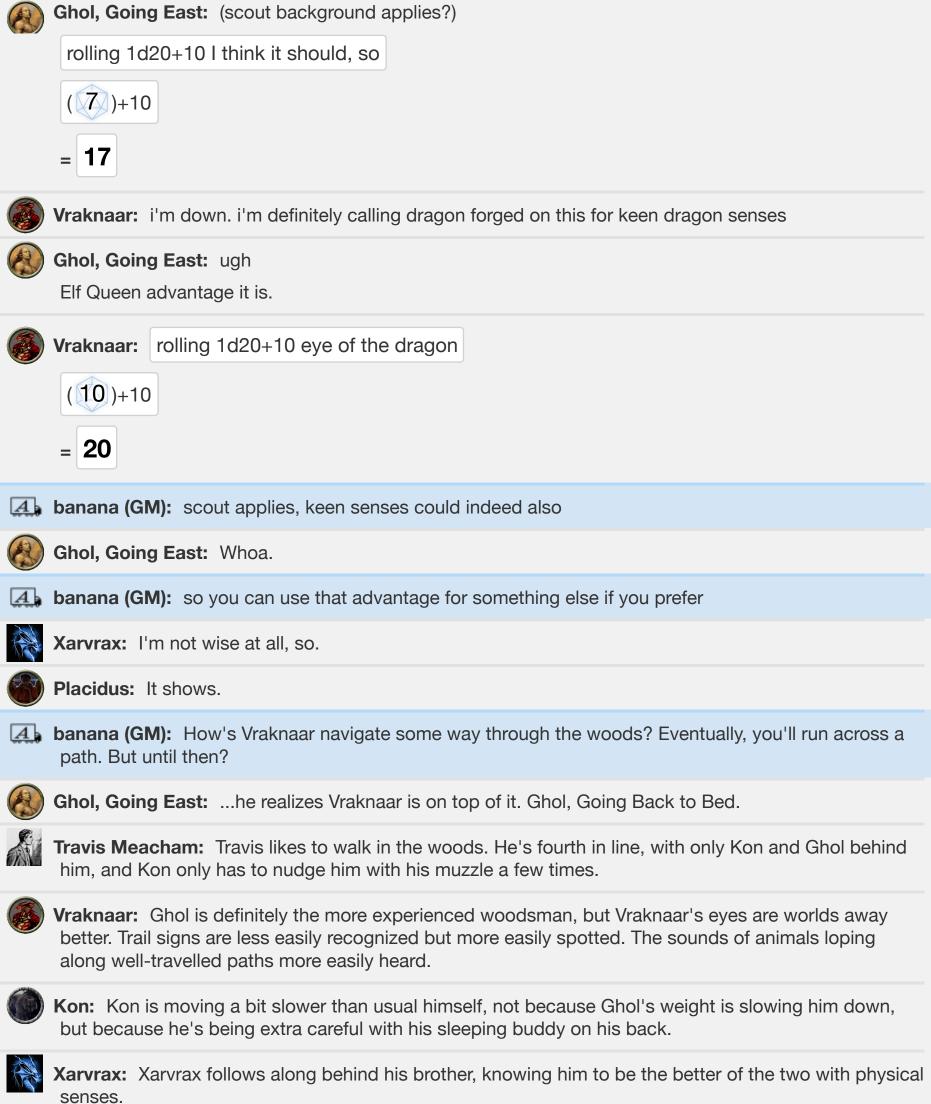
**banana (GM):** You know exactly how to get there. As the crow flies.

Navigating this wood, where the twisted treetops block out even ordinary sunlight? I'm going to ask for a DC 20 wis check or that Elf Queen advantage.

**Placidus:** Crows are the second-worst animal, after cats.

**Ghol, Going East:** Kon prods Ghol awake as they step into the wood. He's woozy, but after a second to get his bearings...

**Xarvrax:** What, you're a mysterious guy who doesn't like crows? What's wrong with you.



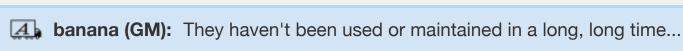
**banana (GM):** By dint of finding the routes more travelled, you pick a path in the direction Placidus patiently(?) indicates. The trees grow denser, but the paths become clearer, until some turn out to be

Travis Meacham: aww, so are we not gonna see kon scrape ghol off his back by accident on a low

artificial; packed loam over a layer of twigs.

hanging bough

Crud.



Raucous birdsong occasionally breaks out. The sun sinks through afternoon, and you're reminded that this place, politically yours though it may be, is not the safety of a waystone road.

Eventually the trees begin to thin once again. Looks like a clearing up ahead, with some sort of small structure.



**Kon:** Kon noses around gently, sniffing the underbrush for...who knows, really. Nothing in particular. Things.



**Placidus:** Placidus is patient, now. We're headed in the right direction.



Travis Meacham: If there's one thing Travis knows about clearings with structures, it's that you walk into the structure after knocking on the door.



banana (GM): Door?



**Travis Meacham:** If it doesn't have a door you just enter.



**A** banana (GM): Enter?

I mean. I guess you could walk between the broken pillars.

What we have here, gentlemen, is a dais.

Even the brush thins out. An oval area is tamped down with the same twig-carpet technique as the path; apart from a fallen tree taking up one side of the clearing and dividing it like a hand of a sundial, the whole place is fairly pristine.



Placidus: Well that's unusual.



Travis Meacham: \*keeps trying rpg text parser verbs\* Ascend Dais



**A** banana (GM): It's still and feels \*old\*. The air is unmoving and birdsong gone.

Travis, eager to be first onto the dais, finds it essentially a ruin... essentially.

There's a staired stone platform, weathered and ancient- nobody's been here in a long time, but the structure is older still. Broken, mossy pillars lie around it, having originally formed some artistic or ritual pattern. There's a depression at the exact centre of the dais, however, which is not broken, and may still be fulfilling its original function.

In the irregularly hexagonal depression sits an Orb.



Travis Meacham: "Hmm ... there's something up here."

An orb!!



**banana (GM):** Well. It's a round thing.



Kon: Ball!!! \*woofs\*



**A** banana (GM): Who knows if this is an orb proper. Could just be an incredibly smooth proto-cement ball.



**Kon:** Kon is smart enough not to just, walk up to strange orbs and try to play with them, however.



Vraknaar: "I wouldn't touch that. You can if you have to. But I'm not gonna."



Travis Meacham: "I might touch it. I won't touch it yet, though, because I want to take a closer look at

it."

Placidus: Can Placidus make any surmises as to its purpose? He gets up to examine it too.

Xarvrax: Xarvrax follows Travis up to the center. "I don't know much about nature magic, but when magic structures are this broken and weathered, they normally don't work."

**banana (GM):** Well, this is definitely where the column of light originated.

Surmise from that what you will. The stone(?) sphere is not, to Travis' examination, conventionally enchanted.

(Enchantments are rarely conventional.)

Vraknaar: Honey-colored liquid?

Talking is my business!

Xarvrax: And business is good!

Standing on tiptoe.

Vraknaar: "Need a lift?" Vraknaar says to Placidus.

**Placidus:** How big around is it, roughly? Does it sit directly on the dais or is there some further pedestal? Are there any markings? How many pillars surround (or would have, at peak functioning, surrounded) this dais?

**Travis Meacham:** Does it have discolorations or anything on it? What about the shape of the depression?

**Kon:** Kon is not available for lifting duty this time, as he has gingerly sat himself down a slight distance from the dais to rest, Ghol still sleeping on his back.

**banana (GM):** We're looking at a one-foot orb here. That's diameter not radius, but it's still inconveniently large! It's simply in the depression, as if it rolled there, but... ah, yes: there are stains.. until very recently this was filled with liquid.

banana (GM): Could be, but not enough to have formed the column which pierced the clouds.

The alleged orb is light grey stone, almost pearly. Its surface is unmarked, but letters are chiselled into the stone dais - at the base of the six broken pillars.

(Two of those still stand, three have toppled over, and one is entirely shattered, its top part missing.)

**Travis Meacham:** What are ther letters? also are the pillars cylindrical? and how tall are thery?

banana (GM): Well, that depends on whether you can interpret ancient tongues.

Placidus: Do the stains smell of anything? Placidus will get a boost from Vraknaar to check.

Xarvrax: Aha!

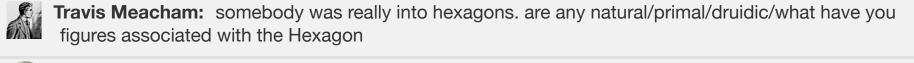
hanana (GM): (the letters depend not the nillars, those are havegonal and taller than everyone ever

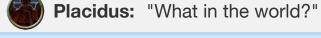
**banana (GM):** (the letters depend. not the pillars. those are hexagonal and taller than everyone except Xarvrax)

-

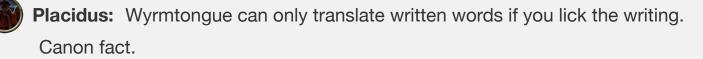
banana (GM): Placidus smells! He smells... air.

Xarvrax: I feel Wyrmtongue is applicable here?





**A** banana (GM): wyrmtongue is acceptable here as long as you put it in a cool way!



banana (GM): Druidic sixes.. you probably don't know off the top of your head. The dead High Druid had a coven of twelve grand druids, which is.. twice six?

Placidus: Placidus looks around. Does the health or vitality of the immediate area seem notably

direction? **banana (GM):** Actually, yes. The clearing around the dais has had very little encroachment from the forest. The trees are incredibly thick around it in all direction at one, but their underbrush stops dead at

different from the rest of the woods they've walked through? Does it seem notably extreme in either

**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax studies the writing at the base of the still intact pillars, the writing is ancient, but not so ancient as to predate draconic, and as the last Dragonwrought, the Great Wryms instilled in Xarvrax a need for the knowledge of at least the basics of all languages.

**Manana (GM):** There's not a lot that predates Draconic, yeah. Whether there's anything at all is a matter of great contention.

dc 15 in

t

an invisible line.

rolling d20 + 3 Xarvrax:

(17)+3

= 20

**A** banana (GM): No problem! This is written in Cloudhane, the lost language of earth giants.

And it says:

**RULU MADE ME** 

ARTAN UNDID ME

TRAVIS WIELDS ME

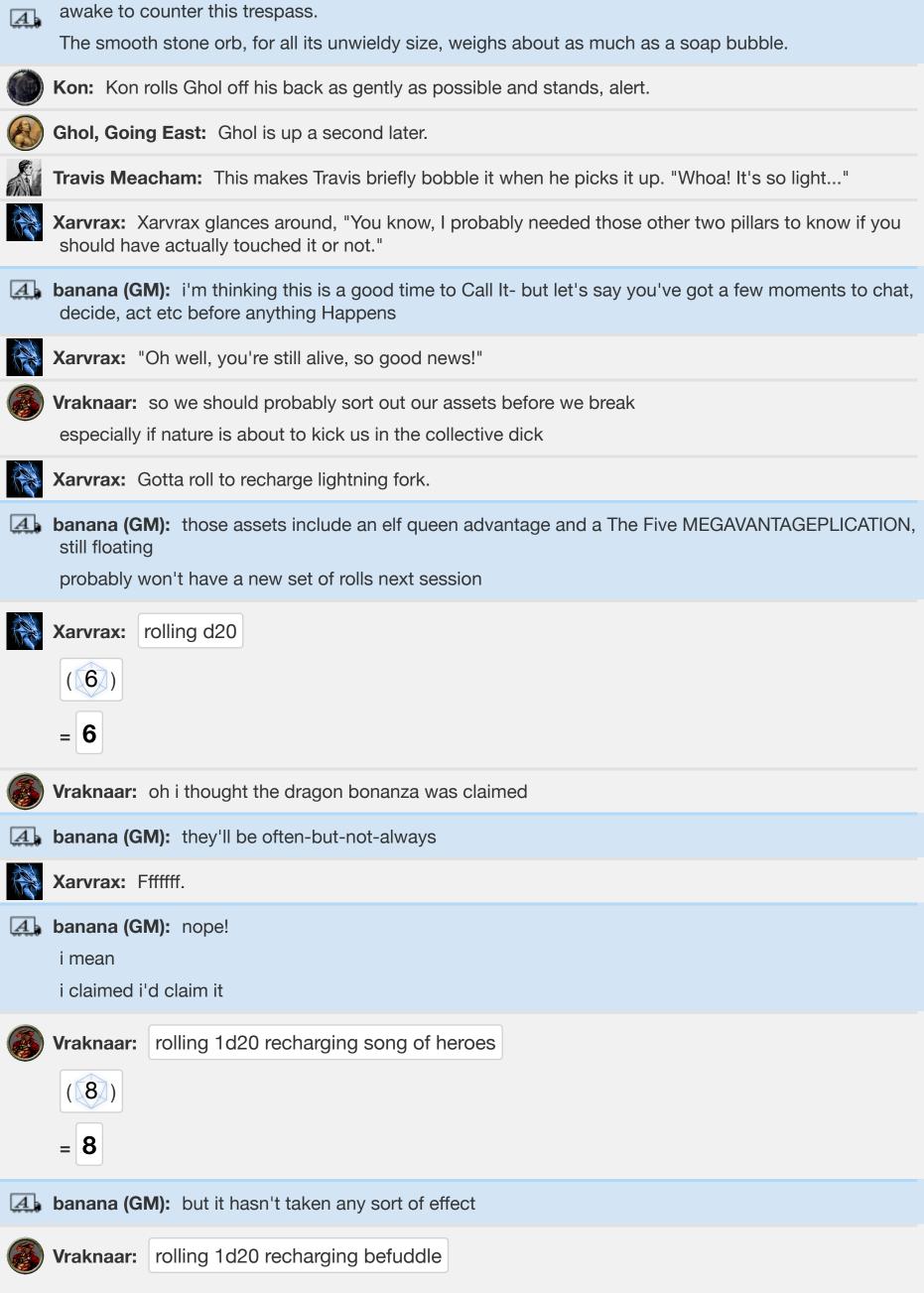
MARA WILL BREAK ME

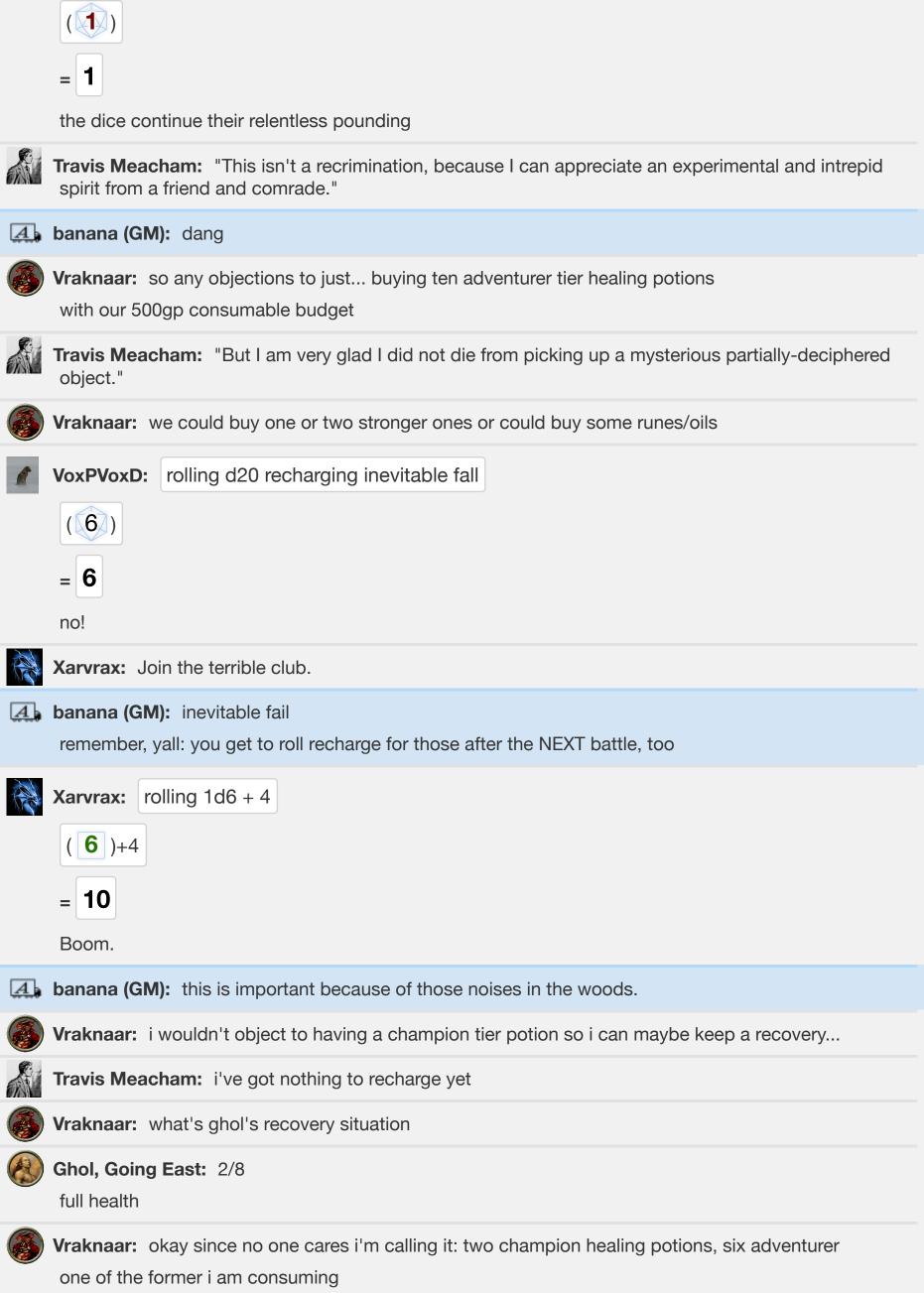
Xarvrax: "I think you should touch it."

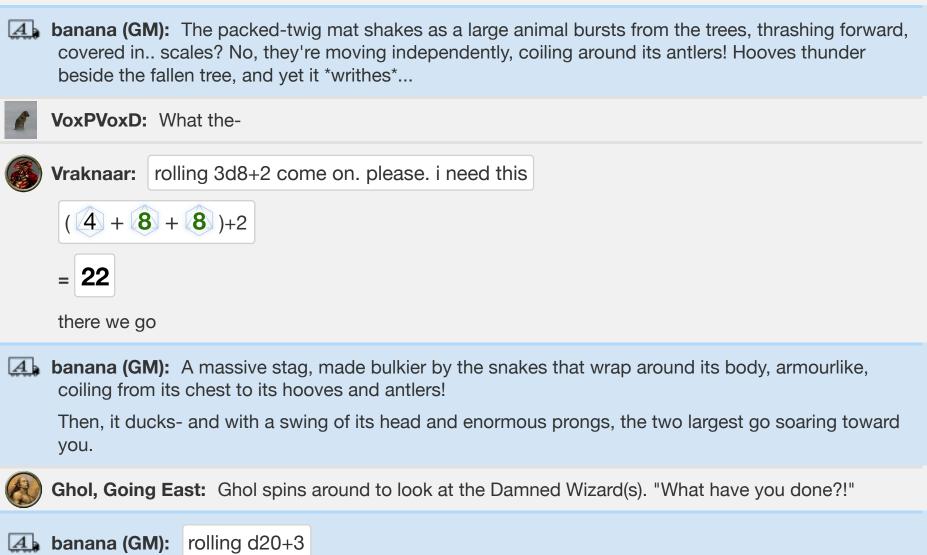
Travis Meacham: Travis picks it up, trusting Xarvrax even though it's not clear if he related what the inscriptionp said.

Xarvrax: I did not relay it, no.

banana (GM): Obviously, the forest echoes with cries and thundering hooves as its primal guardians







(11)+3

= 14

rolling d20+6

(13)+6

= 19

**Xarvrax:** So I'm going to go head and change my spells a little during our recovery time.

**banana (GM):** Here's what they haven't done: enough.

From the FAR side of the clearing comes a hideous... rattling.

**Xarvrax:** Actually, nevermind.

Vraknaar: "Look, if you hang around with wizards, you're going to piss off nature eventually. It's just the way of things."

**banana (GM):** The noise of pebbles, an avalanche of gravel...

rolling d20+5

(2)+5

= 7

A bizarre bird comes swooping through the trees- a parrotlike creature made of rubble, constantly

shifting bits of rock and shards of glassy stuff that form a crawling, jagged skin to its body.

The arara opens its pebblewings wide and a storm of shards, like horizontal hail, sweeps over you- as the stag begins to fling venomous snakes!!



**VoxPVoxD:** "Why did it have to be snakes?"



**banana (GM):** ..or that's what will happen next time, at the end of the eleventh age.



Vraknaar: should we just all roll init now

as the monsters have done



**A** banana (GM): feel free

if nothing else we can pick it out of the chatlog



Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 3





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



Xarvrax: Fffffff



Ghol, Going East: see.



Xarvrax: SEVENNNNNNNNNN



rolling d20+1 init, innit VoxPVoxD:



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+5 initiative

seriously what in the fuc



banana (GM): Imao



**Travis Meacham:** rolling 1d20+3





VoxPVoxD: ahahahaha



Vraknaar: placidus has literally tapped into the power of the cosmos



Ghol, Going East: wait i'm dumb, ghol's init mod is +1

so that's 9



banana (GM): one of those Megacobras is slithering down the trunk btw. it's not easy to pass through that area still



Travis Meacham: alright

good sesh. v. good ses.



VoxPVoxD: agreed



**A** banana (GM): same

thanks for playing!