



banana (GM): 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



banana (GM): Fine, everybody else make them tehn.



Riidi WW: rolling 1d6 conflicted archmage

(3)
= 3



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

(4)
= 4



Xandrah: rolling 3d6

(1 + 5 + 6)
= 12



Riidi WW: *nods decisively*



Zarick: rolling 2d6 The Five positive

(6 + 5)
= 11



banana (GM): we've got some significant results here

 **Zarick:** rolling 1d6 The Conqueror conflicted

(5)


= 5


 **banana (GM):** holy crap


 **Zarick:** rolling 1d6 Wizard king negative


(4)


= 4

 **banana (GM):** looks like dragons are going to figure heavily


 **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:** *...!!!*


 **banana (GM):** 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.


 **banana (GM):** yeah but i mean
5 5 6 6
that's pretty draconic.

 **Placidus:** Dragons: they love meat

 **banana (GM):** 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
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...

 **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.

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 breadsticks.

*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.


**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol gets a bit...uncomfortable recently, visiting little places like this. Reminds him too much of what he used to do for the orcish host.


**Vraknaar:** "I thought our course of action was 'going south'. Did anyone have some more specific plan in mind?"


**banana (GM):** Not proper covered wagons. Even here in the agricultural heartland, foot and oxcart are the most prevalent ways to travel - until you get to the ocean. That's the only way goods move in bulk.


**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!"


**Riidi WW:** "Hah!"


**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."


**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


 ask Placidus, or perhaps the Wizard Travis, if they've ever heard of the three crowns which he has been set to find...


 **Placidus:** "I wouldn't figure on that. There's no reason to guess at what you can do yourself."


 **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.


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

 **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)

 **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.

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

 **banana (GM):** Yesterday afternoon, when you came down from Axis, seems to have been a dull moment. The road is *busy* now.

Passing traveller: Godsdag, sers.

 **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.



Travis Meacham: "What ho."



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?



Ghol, Going East: Ooh.



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 and armed men unwilling to approach.
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.



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.



Xarvrax: Green? Bleh.



banana (GM): Then it's probably Travis who first notices the column rising, as lunchtime passes. The rest of you might well be distracted by the dust in the distance, armoured men making a hasty path to the road...



Ghol, Going East: Ghol picks it up soon after, if not at the same time. Scout and all.
His hands stray down to his weapons...



banana (GM): That's from northwest, a hilly area. But the column of light comes from way, way into the woods, and it looks like this:



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, 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.



Ghol, Going East: Weird...



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.



Placidus: Is that a peacebond pillar?



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



banana (GM): Int check for Placidus.



Placidus: rolling d20+5

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



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?



Ghol, Going East: Ehbbb.



Placidus: Placidus: "I do, actually. Shall we?"



Kon: Kon barks in agreement.



Xarvrax: "I suppose we can go see what idiot managed to break their own magic."



Vraknaar: Vraknaar eyes the men. Seems like it'd be odd to see Empire soldiers this far from a front. Deserters?



Placidus: "It wasn't magic originally, I suspect. At least not formal magic. The kind of emergent nature-manipulation that you might see a wildspeaker or a proper druid do, maybe. Perhaps even some totally natural phenomenon. But now..." A tiny shrug.



banana (GM): If you'd rather not find out, you could slip away from them and into the woods before they even notice there was a group of armed adventurers on the road. That would be Dex all round.



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+1

(11)+1

= 12



Xarvrax: rolling 1d20+2

(3)+2

= 5



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



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

(13)+3

= 16



banana (GM): Placidus: You can. But it doesn't matter much. Xarvrax is a huge blue man who clatters when he walks and with occasional stormclouds around his head.




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


(3)+10


= 13




Placidus: Placidus doesn't care if people notice the man-dragon. If he didn't want people to notice him, he wouldn't be so massive or brightly-colored.


 **banana (GM):** What you *could* do, it seems, is all hide *apart* from Xarvrax and let him deal with it.


 **Placidus:** rolling d20+2 in any event


()+2


= **8**


 **banana (GM):** Oh. Maybe not so much.
(Easy/group adventurer-tier stuff is DC 10)


 **Placidus:** Well, nuts.

 **Ghol, Going East:** When it becomes obvious that the gnome and blue dragon will not be making it to cover in short order, Ghol and Kon stride back out onto the road to stand with them.


 **Xarvrax:** If he can add dragon forged, so I could I, so that would be + 5?


 **banana (GM):** Are your backgrounds actually the same? Because that's kind of boring. I don't mind if they have some overlap, but..


 **Vraknaar:** you also should have added your level
one background is the same, one is different


 **Travis Meacham:** were you forged for craftiness, or forged for might and power


 **banana (GM):** that's my question also, although i do like the one-same-one-different thing


 **Vraknaar:** actually tbh dragons aren't really known for being sneaky. maybe i shouldn't have added it
so yeah, i retract my bonus and get detected


 **banana (GM):** well, it's not a big deal in any case


 **Vraknaar:** Vraknaar starts to move aside to remain unnoticed, then checks himself. Is he really going to hide from a couple random soldiers?


 **banana (GM):** With perhaps some reluctance, you turn away from the wood- behind, the gold light climbs even higher, piercing the cumular nimbus. Six guys in slightly odd armour are coming right for you, now- seemingly altering course to your part of the road. Are the waystones *that* weak?

 **Placidus:** Maybe they're nice..

 **Travis Meacham:** I mean, we're armed, too, and we're nice. Ish.

 **banana (GM):** Could be. Anyone want to roll int or str to assess what's odd about them?

 **Travis Meacham:** rolling 1d20+5 this is intelligent.

()+5

= **21**

Ghol, Going East: Any backgrounds (scout, emissary of the orc lord) apply?



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



banana (GM): i'll give you a Fact for each person who gets over 15!



Placidus: Nuts!!



banana (GM): >=15, that is



Xarvrax: rolling 1d20

(13)

= 13



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 wrym for this. military knowledge!

(20)+4

= 24



banana (GM): ...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."



banana (GM): 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."



banana (GM): You've got a minute before they make the road, assuming they do. Anything in particular you want to get done?



Ghol, Going East: "Those guys aren't normal Imperials. They're Dragon's Teeth."



banana (GM): Running quickly into the wood is still an option. It would be obvious, though.



Vraknaar: "Run? They're our allies, aren't they?"



Xarvrax: "I suppose that I can crush whatever is forcing them our way."



Placidus: "We'd need to see what they were running from to be sure of that, no?"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol looks slightly less certain about this than the others might. No one is really the orcish host's ally.
Then again, he's not really part of that august institution anymore, so...



banana (GM): Chaos is! Chaos and terror.



Ghol, Going East: The Diabolist~
Okay, gotta focus.



Vraknaar: "Only one way to find out, right?" Vraknaar starts heading in their direction.



banana (GM): Some way to the east on the black road: a cart full of beets drawn by a single human man. He's turning around and heading back east.



Placidus: Placidus groans a little. That cool pillar of light...!



Travis Meacham: "Don't worry, we'll see what's there in a moment." Travis hopes. Assuming they don't die.



banana (GM): Vraknaar's going off-road to intercept the squad of soldiers?



Vraknaar: Yeah.



banana (GM): There's an odd reaction: now just a few dozen yards away, the jogging men yell and wave you backwards, away.
Like: get out of the way kind of gestures.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol and Kon oblige.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax steps to the side, shaking his head and sighing.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar doesn't impede them, but shouts, "Hey, wait! What is it?"



Travis Meacham: Travis wasn't in their way to begin with.



Placidus: They'd probably just trample Placidus.



banana (GM): The lead soldier, running now, is close enough to yell. He's an unprepossessing man with curling hair spilling out of his domed helmet.

Squad leader: Back to the road! The orcs are coming! Back to the road!



Kon: Kon straightens and growls.



Ghol, Going East: "What???"

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 soldier 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, that 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 half-orcs, smooth-faced like Ghol. There are a score visible already, big and lithe men and women, stomping through the field.



Ghol, Going East: "Fuck 'em."

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.



Placidus: Placidus finds swearing distasteful, but he finds the prospect of being slaughtered by orcs even moreso. But this is still credibly the summation of the terms he worked out this morning. The gnome doesn't look particularly worried, just yet.



Ghol, Going East: As someone passingly familiar with orcish force composition/strength, how WOULD Ghol rate their chances?



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.



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: 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.



Vraknaar: "I've got your back, then, Ghol. Try what you can. If you can't, well, we'll take a lot of them with us."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol's always heard that referred to as "the Doom of Gulthan," as in "I invoke the Doom of Gulthan," roared directly at the most powerful opposing orc on the field. Any reason to think these orcs know it differently?



Placidus: One certainly hopes not.



banana (GM): Dooms is dooms.



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.



Ghol, Going East: Nice.

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.



Crion: Hrm...

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.



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."



Ghol, Going East: "Any more questions I need answered, I'll just beat them out of your seventh in command."



Travis Meacham: "Hm."



Ghol, 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?



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



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



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!"



Placidus: Oh dear.



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.



Placidus: No!!
In fact: "No!!"



Travis Meacham: WHAT THE DEVIL



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

= 25



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+5 initiative!

(2)+5

= **7**



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+1

(**10**)+1

= **11**



Placidus: rolling d20+1 initiate

(**20**)+1

= **21**



Xarvrax: rolling 1d20+2

(**13**)+2

= **15**

What is it with you and 20s.



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.



banana (GM): ok, hopefully this map and init tracker will now update properly

rolling d20+5

(**1**)+5

= **6**

rolling d20+5

() + 5

= **10**

rolling d20+3

() + 3

= **20**

Orcs and half-orcs 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



banana (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.



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, rioight



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

() + 5

= **17**

rolling d20+5

() + 5

= 8

rolling d20+5

(18)+5

= 23



Ghol, Going East: lol
hit



Vraknaar: ugh. exact hit



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



Xarvrax: Miss.



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



Travis Meacham: Good news.



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

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



Placidus: Gawrsh.

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

VOLCANO KING alive."



Placidus: does that kill him
if not, trigger



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."



banana (GM): 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



banana (GM): speaking of sixes



Xarvrax: The orc in front of me takes one damage.



Vraknaar: cHaOs rEiGnS

Orc: "Oof."



banana (GM): i'm not clear on whether that's your whole turn?



Xarvrax: That's it for me.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol knocks aside the thick arm that struck him and comes back on the warrior that struck him.



banana (GM): ok, Ghol and Kon are a little faster than the berserkers



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+5

(7)+5


= **12**

rolling 1d6+4

(**2**)+4

= **6**

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE

 **banana (GM):** The orc defends! With his 15 AC.

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

(**8**)+5


= **13**


rolling 1d8

(**3**)

= **3**

Neither Ghol nor his trusty friend are able to do much more than engage him, though.

 **Vraknaar:** so he takes 2 i guess
oh no
no miss damage for kon. rip


 **banana (GM):** The rock-wielding man in front of you is vicious with that thing. He swings it around like a sort of solid nunchaku, deflecting axe and sword blows. That can't be good for your blades' edge.


Were the drummer alive to instruct them, his most vicious allies might have focused on beating down one enemy.. as it is, the berserkers go with their instincts. Personal, ravaging combat.


They split off to the sides, racing toward Placidus and Travis!


..and reaching the road, find its obsidian edge like fly-paper; visibly they struggle through the air, thews bulging, slooowly pushing aside the wards of the Way.

Two moves used for each of them. Vraknaar's up.


 **Vraknaar:** so, quick action, i activate Song of Heroes
all nearby allies get +1 to attack while my song lasts

 **Placidus:** Sick.

 **banana (GM):** Majestic dragonsong. Something like a warbling whale but more.. screechy.

 **Vraknaar:** now i'm going to attempt to disengage and that'll inform the rest of my turn

 **banana (GM):** gl


 **Vraknaar:** rolling 1d20 need an 11 here

()


= **12**

do any of these guys have 40 hp or less

 **banana (GM):** all of them

 **Vraknaar:** okay, i'm going to use befuddle then

rolling 1d20+6 vs MD on the orc engaging xarvrax


() +6


= **8**


ah yes


fortunately, an even miss dazes it


until the end of my next turn


 **banana (GM):** Vraknaar has no similar difficulty stepping onto the road. This is his homeland, or at least that of his allies, and he's protected.


 **Vraknaar:** that's the end of my turn


 **banana (GM):** alright, how should i mark daze...


 **Placidus:** I'm up now, right

 **banana (GM):** Yep!


 **Vraknaar:** The Red pushes away the orc assaulting him and takes a step back. "Do you wretches truly think you can challenge the might of the Dragon Empire? Are we going to let them, my brother?"

 **Placidus:** cool. first thing's first, expend focus for karmic rebuke at the guy engaging me

 **banana (GM):** Placidus Filxmillner! There's an orcish berserker in your face! He's got two machetes, one red already with the blood of a Dragon Army soldier!

 **Placidus:** is its pd or md lower


rolling d20+6 vs whichever of the two is lower

() +6


= **9**

no!

 **banana (GM):** AC 15, PD 14, MD 12


 **Vraknaar:** Vraknaar then turns and stares at the orc trying vainly to attack his brother and catches his gaze. The reptilian eyes of the dragon bore even into the soul of an orc, and shake it hard. "Do not think


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

 **banana (GM):** handy

 **Placidus:** it's just acquiring focus that provokes
incidentally, disengage roll here

 **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

 **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

= 14

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.



banana (GM): omg
the escalation die!!!



Travis Meacham: oh that's right, things Escalated



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



Ghol, Going East: o n e



Vraknaar: i like how the font became more urgent



banana (GM): rolling d20+5 orc attacks ghol

(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



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



Vraknaar: no, that's a daily i think



Ghol, Going East: OW. COME ON.



Travis Meacham: acid orb only recharges in the overworld

which it took me two reads to realize was not The Land

i'm just going to stpe backward, the orc can make an attack of opportunity



banana (GM): Just forty yards away, the wounded commandos are resting. The other gathered orcs keep watching them, in case they try to break the rules- and most of them actually can't get up, having lain down. The two least-injured ones are clearing the cart of its purple cargo, making room for the wounded.




Vraknaar: yeah wizardry becomes more powerful in sky world



banana (GM): nice

rolling d20+6 Greataxe!

() + 6

= **10**

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



Placidus: stop

trigger



banana (GM): hammertime



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



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

() + 6

= **17**

vs pd

for

rolling 3d6 cold damage

( +  + )

= **12**




Placidus: trigger



banana (GM): hits



Placidus: rolling d20+7 vs the lower of pd and md

() + 7



= **14**



banana (GM): also hits



Placidus: rolling 2d6+3 additional damage to travis's attack

( + ) + 3

= **11**



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 a bolt of cold over Ghol's shoulder.



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.



Placidus: Placidus sighs with exertion, his breath misted with cold.



banana (GM): xarvrax



Xarvrax: Lightning forking the one right next to me.
wait.



banana (GM): The dazed one?



Xarvrax: what does daze do?



Vraknaar: -4 to attack



banana (GM): it has -4 to hit



Xarvrax: Then the other.



banana (GM): (also this is close quarters, right?)



Vraknaar: it's only for his turn though so they're equally valid
xarvrax doesn't provoke for using ranged powers
Spell Fist



Placidus: can't resist the fist



Xarvrax: rolling d20+7

(13)+7

= 20

Damn.



Vraknaar: at least you hit



banana (GM): yep



Placidus: oh wait I forgot, superior rebuke d20

rolling d20

(3)

= 3

nvm

carry on



Xarvrax: rolling 3d6+4

(6 + 3 + 4)+4

= 17

And double that, so 34.



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?"

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



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.



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.

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

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

= 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



Xarvrax: I did.



Vraknaar: i don't think you did



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



Xarvrax: Unless level is also there.



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.



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



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



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



Wraknaar: "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

(14)+5

= 19

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 library?"



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 OFFffuckkkkk"



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



banana (GM): Hearts hardened, they plunge OFF the road- like being ejected from a pachinko machine- and then Vraknaar is there. How do you intercept?



Vraknaar: basically you just declare it if they're moving past you i think?
then their attack targets you instead of who they were going for



banana (GM): hmmmm. yes, but there's enough room for the guy to move around you...



Vraknaar: (the difference with fighters is that they can get out of current engagements)



Xarvrax: Can I also intercept?



banana (GM): it's not a constrained space or anything, so i'm not sure you can just block his way to Ghol
who basically left himself exposed



Ghol, Going East: Kon would try to intercept as well, but I doubt he has positioning



banana (GM): anyone feel otherwise?



Placidus: This is why you wear a shirt.



Vraknaar: hang on



Xarvrax: If I did, he'd have to go all the way around Kon to get to him.



banana (GM): that's true. Kon would have time to move into position, perhaps
if the orc has to evade both dragonwrought



Ghol, Going East: I'd find it tough to believe that out of Kon and the two dragons, none of them can intercept at least one of these guys



Vraknaar: i feel like this berserker on my side would be easily intercepted. there's no way he's not either moving past me or stepping off the road



banana (GM): well, the general mechanic for preventing people from moving freely to attack your friends is: engage them
he's happy to step off the road, is the thing



Vraknaar: right but that's what intercepting does



banana (GM): but ok, there's three of you in the way
pick one of you and you can intercept the second berserker



Vraknaar: i'll do it



banana (GM): "right but that's what intercepting does" what i mean is: Be Engaged With, that is the reliable way to stop break-off attacks



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





banana (GM): lol



Placidus: I might literally have intercepted if I had focus


but I don't, so: doublecheer

 **banana (GM):** rolling d20+6 vs vraknaar's AC

() + 6

= **20**

rolling d20+6 vs ghol's AC


() + 6

= **9**

8 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


()


= **7**


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.

() + 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

= 7

 **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)

= 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)+1

= 5

 **banana (GM):** You're probably harmless.

 **Placidus:** Unquestionably. I'm just a little gnome! I'm not even doing any magic.
move-focus-go

 **banana (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



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



Vraknaar: together i think



Xarvrax: Ah.



Travis Meacham: rolling 2d8 psychic

(**7** + **5**)

= **12**

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

(**1**)

= **1**



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?


 **banana (GM):** They're both in the general swirling melee.
(e.g. "Nearby", so yes)


 **Xarvrax:** rolling d20 + 6


()+6

= **9**


 **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:** Ffffffffffff.
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


()+7


= **12**


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.

 **banana (GM):** gholle

 **Ghol, Going East:** Both weapons and bare teeth brandished, Ghol launches himself at the berserker, Kon right behind...!
this is +2



Xarvrax: "Guess I'm out of juice, give me a minute."



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+5

(13)+5

= 18

rolling 1d6+4

(4)+4

= 8

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE
odd, so no follow up.



Kon: rolling 1d20+5

(11)+5

= 16

rolling 1d10

(3)

= 3



banana (GM): he's on 10



Kon: also +2



banana (GM): wait, were they both +2 damage?



Kon: no, to hit



banana (GM): if so why not just.. add it to the damage roll
oic
sorry



Kon: both use the escalation die



Vraknaar: he's macroing




banana (GM): it is confusing.





Travis Meacham: Marcoing and Poloing




banana (GM): call your spotter parrot ranger pet Polo


 **Kon:** so is keeping track of kon's five different bonus states

 **banana (GM):** ok, the berserker's down to 7! he freaking roars


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol and Kon both land their attacks...

 **Vraknaar:** at least he doesn't have huge crit radius now. he'll roll a 20 to make up for it

Berserker RAAARARRAAUUUAAAAUUAGHGHGGHGGGGHHGH!


 **banana (GM):** Disengaging isn't going to profit either of these guys- not while their other potential targets are on the road. They each swing great big axes!

rolling d20+5 at vraknaar

() + 5


= **19**


rolling d20+5 at ghol

() + 5


= **16**


 **Vraknaar:** god damn

 **Ghol, Going East:** miss
pew

 **Placidus:** trigger
on the ghol one

 **banana (GM):** 8 damage to vr- pew


 **Vraknaar:** good thing xarvrax is the last dragonwrought or this would be awkward when i die to random encouters


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


() + 7

= **12**

focus retained, if nothing else

 **banana (GM):** hits md
just

 **Placidus:** rolling 1d6+3 psychic

() + 3

= **7**



banana (GM): He's not quite staggered, but he IS displeased.



Placidus: Good.



Vraknaar: okay so i'm going to dragon breath



banana (GM): That makes sense.



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+7 vs PD

()+7


= **13**

rolling 1d6 fire damage

()

= **3**

rolling 1d20+7 attack vs ac

()+7

= **11**

ah yes

i'll try and disengage i think

rolling 1d20

()

= **4**



Vraknaar: a powerful turn



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!"





banana (GM) holy shit we are escalating




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.


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

 the one under ghol

 **banana (GM):** that one does
he's on 7

 **Placidus:** okay, then this is vs md


rolling d20+8

()+8

= **11**

no!


focus go

 **banana (GM):** damn, berserkers are strong
travis Up


Sergeantson: "Get ready to get this cart moving. I don't like how this is going."

Nelson: "We can't give up on them now, sir!"

Sergeantson: "The mission comes first."


 **Travis Meacham:** alright, color spraying again since last round it was Cyclic


rolling 1d4 so many targets


()

= **2**

good, good.


 **banana (GM):** that's a relevant number

 **Travis Meacham:** rolling 1d20+8 right hand

()+8

= **10**

rolling 1d20+8 left hand

()+8

= **11**

THERE ARE THE OLD TRAVIS ROLLS I KNOW AND LOVE
vs md

banana (GM): oh

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 the left



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?



banana (GM): yes; 14/12



Placidus: rolling 4d8+3 psychic damage

(1 + 5 + 3 + 3)+3

= 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!"



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.



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



banana (GM): (technically they are temporary hp, and he cannot be healed)

Berserker: "..."



Xarvrax: "Why won't these stupid bastards just die?!"

Orcish Heckler: "Why won't you?"

"It's only a matter of time, dude. We have eight thousand soldiers coming over the mountains as I heckle."



Xarvrax: rolling d20+8

(18)+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."



Wraknaar: "What a shame that one dragon could equal them, then." Wraknaar 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 fight eight thousand of these chaps."



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.



banana (GM): rolling 2d6

(5 + 6)

= 11



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

= 24

rolling 1d6+4

(3)+4

= 7

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.



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+5

(20)+5

= 25

rolling 1d6+4

(4)+4

= 8

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE

yeah.



Vraknaar: welp



Xarvrax: Well, that was just perfect.



Placidus: g.g.



Travis Meacham: Critty nail



banana (GM): danhg



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."


	Ghol, Going East: Opens his eyes, looks over at Sergeantson: "I don't just fight every orc I come across." Weeell, actually... "I knew those drums."
	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.
	Travis Meacham: "Godsspeed."
	banana (GM): Well, whatever, it's probably someone else's problem.
	Placidus: "Are we free to go, now?"
	banana (GM): In response, a soldier gives Placidus a bandolier full of vials and a thumbs up.
	Placidus: "Lovely. Take care."


 **banana (GM):** (you can take 500 gp worth of potions, oils and runes~)


 **Placidus:** "Vraknaar, Ghol, some of these will probably be nice for you."


 **banana (GM):** (see pages 283-284)


With tips of the helm, the Teeth are de-carting. Any reason to hold them back?


 **Travis Meacham:** not as far as i can see


 **Placidus:** Not from Placidus. He's already looking south again. Is that hole in the clouds still there?


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol isn't in shape to stop anyone. For the moment he's going to doze off on Kon's back and let whatever healing poultices and such have been applied do their work.


 **banana (GM):** It's closing up! But the road is slightly elevated compared to most of the Yetanotherwood, and the location is fixed in your mind. That honey-light still lingers in odd stone niches and tree-bark cracks...


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


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


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


 **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.


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


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


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


 **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.


 **Ghol, Going East:** (scout background applies?)

rolling 1d20+10 I think it should, so


() + 10

= **17**

 **Vraknaar:** i'm down. i'm definitely calling dragon forged on this for keen dragon senses


 **Ghol, Going East:** ugh
Elf Queen advantage it is.


 **Vraknaar:** rolling 1d20+10 eye of the dragon


() + 10

= **20**


 **banana (GM):** scout applies, keen senses could indeed also

 **Ghol, Going East:** Whoa.


 **banana (GM):** so you can use that advantage for something else if you prefer


 **Xarvrax:** I'm not wise at all, so.


 **Placidus:** It shows.


 **banana (GM):** How's Vraknaar navigate some way through the woods? Eventually, you'll run across a path. But until then?


 **Ghol, Going East:** ...he realizes Vraknaar is on top of it. Ghol, Going Back to Bed.


 **Travis Meacham:** Travis likes to walk in the woods. He's fourth in line, with only Kon and Ghol behind him, and Kon only has to nudge him with his muzzle a few times.

 **Vraknaar:** Ghol is definitely the more experienced woodsman, but Vraknaar's eyes are worlds away better. Trail signs are less easily recognized but more easily spotted. The sounds of animals loping along well-travelled paths more easily heard.

 **Kon:** Kon is moving a bit slower than usual himself, not because Ghol's weight is slowing him down, but because he's being extra careful with his sleeping buddy on his back.

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax follows along behind his brother, knowing him to be the better of the two with physical senses.

 **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 artificial; packed loam over a layer of twigs.

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



banana (GM): They haven't been used or maintained in a long, long time...

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.



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



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*



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.
Standing on tiptoe.



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: "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.



Vraknaar: Honey-colored 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 they?



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!
Talking is my business!



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



Xarvrax: And business is good!



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



Xarvrax: I feel Wyrmtongue is applicable here?



Travis Meacham: somebody was really into hexagons. are any natural/primal/druidic/what have you figures associated with the Hexagon



Placidus: "What in the world?"



banana (GM): wyrm tongue is acceptable here as long as you put it in a cool way!



Placidus: Wyrmtongue can only translate written words if you lick the writing.
Canon fact.



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



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.



banana (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



Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 3

(17)+3

= 20



banana (GM): No problem! This is written in Clouthane, the lost language of earth giants.
And it says:
RULU MADE ME
ARTAN UNIDID 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



awake to counter this trespass.

The smooth stone orb, for all its unwieldy size, weighs about as much as a soap bubble.



Kon: Kon rolls Ghol off his back as gently as possible and stands, alert.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol is up a second later.



Travis Meacham: This makes Travis briefly bobble it when he picks it up. "Whoa! It's so light..."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax glances around, "You know, I probably needed those other two pillars to know if you should have actually touched it or not."



banana (GM): i'm thinking this is a good time to Call It- but let's say you've got a few moments to chat, decide, act etc before anything Happens



Xarvrax: "Oh well, you're still alive, so good news!"



Vraknaar: so we should probably sort out our assets before we break especially if nature is about to kick us in the collective dick



Xarvrax: Gotta roll to recharge lightning fork.



banana (GM): those assets include an elf queen advantage and a The Five MEGAVANTAGEPLICATION, still floating
probably won't have a new set of rolls next session



Xarvrax: rolling d20

(6)

= 6



Vraknaar: oh i thought the dragon bonanza was claimed



banana (GM): they'll be often-but-not-always



Xarvrax: Fffffff.



banana (GM): nope!
i mean
i claimed i'd claim it



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20 recharging song of heroes

(8)

= 8



banana (GM): but it hasn't taken any sort of effect



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20 recharging befuddle

()

= **1**

the dice continue their relentless pounding



Travis Meacham: "This isn't a recrimination, because I can appreciate an experimental and intrepid spirit from a friend and comrade."



banana (GM): dang



Vraknaar: so any objections to just... buying ten adventurer tier healing potions with our 500gp consumable budget



Travis Meacham: "But I am very glad I did not die from picking up a mysterious partially-deciphered object."



Vraknaar: we could buy one or two stronger ones or could buy some runes/oils



VoxPVoxD: rolling d20 recharging inevitable fail

()

= **6**

no!



Xarvrax: Join the terrible club.




banana (GM): inevitable fail

remember, yall: you get to roll recharge for those after the NEXT battle, too



Xarvrax: rolling 1d6 + 4

() + 4

= **10**

Boom.



banana (GM): this is important because of those noises in the woods.



Vraknaar: i wouldn't object to having a champion tier potion so i can maybe keep a recovery...



Travis Meacham: i've got nothing to recharge yet



Vraknaar: what's ghol's recovery situation



Ghol, Going East: 2/8

full health



Vraknaar: okay since no one cares i'm calling it: two champion healing potions, six adventurer one of the former i am consuming






banana (GM): The packed-twigg mat shakes as a large animal bursts from the trees, thrashing forward, covered in.. scales? No, they're moving independently, coiling around its antlers! Hooves thunder beside the fallen tree, and yet it *writhes*...



VoxPVoxD: What the-



Vraknaar: rolling 3d8+2 come on. please. i need this

( +  + )+2

= **22**

there we go




banana (GM): A massive stag, made bulkier by the snakes that wrap around its body, armourlike, coiling from its chest to its hooves and antlers!
Then, it ducks- and with a swing of its head and enormous prongs, the two largest go soaring toward you.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol spins around to look at the Damned Wizard(s). "What have you done?!"




banana (GM): rolling d20+3

()+3

= **14**

rolling d20+6

()+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

()+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



banana (GM): feel free
if nothing else we can pick it out of the chatlog



Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 3

(4)+3

= 7



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

(8)+3

= 11



Xarvrax: Fffffff



Ghol, Going East: see.



Xarvrax: SEVENNNNNNNNNNN



VoxPVoxD: rolling d20+1 init, innit

(20)+1

= 21



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+5 initiative

(19)+5

= 24

seriously what in the fuc



banana (GM): lmao



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+3

() + 3

= **7**



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



banana (GM): same
thanks for playing!