



banana (GM): Just to recap, a wild and rack-tossing stag has burst out of the woods and is hurling snakes at you.



Riidi WW: Ethically, I am not at fault.



banana (GM): There's also an arara of all things - like a parrot made of an avalanche - also summoned to guard the grove. Could it be that Xarvrax's advice to > get orb was ill-concieved?



Zarick: Xarvrax's advice is pretty much always ill-conceived. Vraknaar may have been seen bracing for impact.



VoxPVoxD: Look, you don't just *leave* something like that sitting there.



Xandrah: I blame the wizard, because. Wizard.



VoxPVoxD: Find orb, take orb. It's an immutable cosmic principle.



banana (GM): The good news is you have this foot-wide lightless stone sphere thing, but yeah-megacobras.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar's orb suspicion at least explains his quick reaction. No snakes allowed!



banana (GM): Since we're in medias res I won't ask for new relationship rolls at the moment. You still have a floating Elf Queen advantage and some sort of big damn dragon event to come. More immediately, Vraknaar IS prepared- enough so to act immediately!



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+5 vs AC, basic attack

(9)+5

= 14

not good enough to trigger anything

rolling 1d8+4 damage, otherwise 1 on a miss

(3)+4

= 7

Megacobra: SSSSSsssss.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol grumbles, peels off a bandage that offends flexibility, and readies his weapons. Having to fight stone birds and...megacobra??...because of wizard. Shameful wizard.



banana (GM): you're going for the one on the tree? that's got..
imagine me scrabbling irl through note shere
to find the Thing




Crion: I won't.





Vraknaar: how big is the tree anyway


banana (GM): The fallen trunk is long and twisty- hard to move past. It'd provide some cover too from


 things on the other side of it. Which Vraknaar is, relative to the stag.


 **Vraknaar:** well shit.


 **banana (GM):** ok i found the thing. Megacobras have 16 AC


 **Vraknaar:** Vraknaar rushes forward, slashing with his talons at the snake, but it's just a little too quick and gets off with a tiny scratch.


 **VoxPVoxD:** Way to literally attack a monster's armor class, you fucking peasant.


 **banana (GM):** They're quite huge/dangerous!!


 **Vraknaar:** i'm sure i'll pay with my blood


 **banana (GM):** Placidus can help.


 **VoxPVoxD:** Is there a position on this dais that might provide cover in the event that, like, the stag fires a snake at someone as a ranged attack?


 **banana (GM):** The dais is a few steps high, with its fallen pillars. If you crouch down behind one of them it'd give you a moment's space, force them to reposition at least.

 **VoxPVoxD:** Well, I'll do that, and acquire focus. Imagine me making a flourishing hand gesture across the table as I say 'Go.'


 **banana (GM):** The two serpents react- not in time to ignore Vraknaar. One of them has to snake away from his claw, spiralling around and around the trunk- and launching itself off onto the dragon's body.


 **VoxPVoxD:** Placidus does the most sensible thing he can think of, when he's faced with mortal peril from massive, terrifying beasts in a massive, terrifying forest. He crouches down and starts counting the fine hairline cracks in this pillar, here.

 **banana (GM):** rolling d20+6 vs pd megacobra strangle attack!


() + 6

= **17**


 **Vraknaar:** hit. a surprising result


 **banana (GM):** 1 damage... and this is a quick action. it wraps itself FURTHER around you

rolling d20+6 vs pd megacobra strangle attack!

() + 6

= **15**


 **Vraknaar:** hit again

 **banana (GM):** The creature begins to constrict. But cobras are venomous serpents, and it's mostly just setting up for a lunge.


so, 2 damage total, and then:


rolling d20+10 vs AC - megacobra venomous bite! stacking +2 to hit for each constrict it's hit

with this turn

() + 10

= **15**

 **Vraknaar:** that's with the bonuses included right


 **banana (GM):** if that hits, you take 3 damage and 3 ongoing poison damage.

 **Vraknaar:** if so then miss


 **banana (GM):** yes

then you don't take the etcs

The other snake, sensing similarly attractive prey, worms rapidly across the clearing to Xarvrax.


 **Vraknaar:** Vraknaar's failed lunge gives the cobra the opening it needs to wrap itself around him, but his scales are too much for its fangs to penetrate.

 **banana (GM):** rolling d20+6 vs pd constrict (1 damage if hit)

() + 6

= **7**

 **VoxPVoxD:** Womp womp.

 **Xarvrax:** Swing and a miss.

 **banana (GM):** rolling d20+6 vs AC bite, no bonus


() + 6

= **23**


 **Xarvrax:** Not so much.

 **VoxPVoxD:** trigger

This serpent has made... a timely mistake!!

 **banana (GM):** At last it manages to get a fang between the scales. Soothing numbness fills your limbs!!!
has it

 **VoxPVoxD:** rolling d20+5 this is vs the lower of pd and md


() + 5

= 8


no!!!!


well, I retain focus, at least


 **banana (GM):** pd 15 md 10


 **Xarvrax:** So two damage?

 **banana (GM):** retained!

 **VoxPVoxD:** MD 10 is very heartening, though

 **banana (GM):** nope; xarvrax takes 3 damage and 3 ongoing poison damage from the bite
that's its big attack, the constrict is just setup

 **VoxPVoxD:** Things with scales are basically monsters that should be stamped into the dirt by giant boots.

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax manages to stop the snake from coiling around him, but distracted by that, he fails to notice its true intentions.

 **banana (GM):** The large stag.... paces.


Specifically it thunders around the edge of the clearing and into the trees! It's avoiding direct conflict...

rolling d20+6 vs PD Snake Toss (quick action, but 1/round)

(11)+6


= 17


 **Travis Meacham:** Snake Toss.


 **banana (GM):** Distracted by being distracted by the cobra and failing to notice its true intentions, Xarvrax fails to notice the stag twisting its neck and launching another smaller cobra at him!
5 *separate* ongoing poison damage. watch out. poison.


 **Xarvrax:** Fun.

 **Vraknaar:** where did it go?


 **Xarvrax:** So I'm taking 8 poison damage a turn.


 **banana (GM):** now i am not 100% certain whether those two stack in 13th age
so you might only have 5. or you might have 5 and 3 with separate saves


 **Vraknaar:** i think they do actually stack


 **banana (GM):** It went: into the forest, just behind a stand of bushes.


 **VoxPVoxD:** The stag's at 12 o clock, just above the clearing.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Okay, that settles it. The fucking, SNAKE THROWING HERBIVORE has got to go.
Can Ghol and Kon reach it in one move action? One assumes it is not Far Away.


 **Vraknaar:** oh okay i see it now


 **VoxPVoxD:** In case people are too zoomed in to see it.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Oh come on.

 **banana (GM):** You can follow it - a move action to move into the forest, albeit one that requires a Wisdom check


 **Ghol, Going East:** So Ghol would need to spend two move actions to reach the thing, and then it could just run away again.

 **banana (GM):** it literally is far away, yes. however now that it's IN the forest it can't move fast
the whole green area is one Zone


 **Ghol, Going East:** Blergh. Ghol will chase it into the forest. I assume Track applies to the Wisdom check?


 **banana (GM):** the Tree Zone
yes, it does

 **Ghol, Going East:** rolling 1d20+10


()+10


= **18**

 **banana (GM):** yep
The primal, twisted stag whirls as you follow it..going to engage?
Because it looks only too happy to do that.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Neither Ghol nor Kon have quick actions available, so they literally cannot.
Pass turn.

 **banana (GM):** no?


 **Ghol, Going East:** To move far away requires two move actions

 **banana (GM):** ah, misunderstanding:
to REACH someone far away requires two move actions
it's an action to move from clearing to forest
and, if you want, another action to then move To Them
regardless of the speed factor involved here, travis is up

 **VoxPVoxD:** Big Travs.

 **Travis Meacham:** travvy m.
alright im just gonna hit the snake on top with a ray of frost

rolling 1d20+5 vs pd

() + 5

= **12**

and turn



Xarvrax: Well, that was useful.



banana (GM): it hits, so, it was
what does a ray of frost do
wait no
that's PD not md. goondolences
xarvrax



Xarvrax: So to save is d20 + con + level?
I assume?
Or just the d20?



VoxPVoxD: It's just a naked d20, 4e style, I'm pretty sure.



banana (GM): i'm not actually certain. better check
i think it might be d20 + level, rather than d20 + con + level



Travis Meacham: oppa 4e style



VoxPVoxD: ^




banana (GM): ok, here's the scoop on 13a ongoing damage:
at the *end* of your turn you take ongoing damage - all of it stacks! - and, immediately after taking each one, make a save against it
a standard save is: Roll d20, pass on 11+
there are ways to get bonuses to this
but likely you do not have any right now
so first xarvrax can act before he has to die of poison



Xarvrax: Gathering power then.

rolling d6

()

= **4**

And no benefit.

I'll also use my breath weapon on the cobra.



Vraknaar: wait really?
you should always get a benefit shouldn't you?



Xarvrax: It's one damage against staggered enemies.
There are none, and thus.



Vraknaar: ah



banana (GM): yeah, the cobra's fine right now



VoxPVoxD: Can a cobra even stagger?



banana (GM): if anything it's trying to stagger you!!



VoxPVoxD: Like, logistically?



Travis Meacham: it can smash you with its head



Xandrah: rolling d20 + 5 vs PD

(14)+5

= 19

rolling d6 lightning damage

(5)

= 5

And now time to die to poison.

So I take damage and then roll?



banana (GM): yep



Vraknaar: you have 40 hp you big baby



Xandrah: rolling d20

(3)

= 3



banana (GM): Lightning! A blast flickering around the serpent's scales.



Xandrah: Wooooooooo



banana (GM): Some of it just, earths. They're blackening, though



Vraknaar: roll another save against the 5



banana (GM): you roll separate d20s against each poison



Vraknaar: or the 3



Xandrah: rolling d20

(16)

= 16



banana (GM): so you have failed to beat the 5, but maybe not the 3



Xandrah: Hurraaaaaaay.

I'm dying slightly slower!



VoxPVoxD: The 5 won't be the 3 for Ages yet!



banana (GM): according to the book 13a ongoing stuff is balance dto all stack, but you do get to separately save against it all each time, and save bonuses tend to also stack



VoxPVoxD: Yes!



banana (GM): So, Placidus is hiding behind that dais.

Travis isn't hiding so much as just, standing there preparing spells. But Placidus is obviously hiding.



VoxPVoxD: Well, he would quibble with the word 'hiding', but that's what he's obviously doing.



banana (GM): The arara that comes rattling out of the forest is piqued by this.

It spreads its wings wide and cries "HELLO! HELLO", unleashing a hail of sandstone shards!



VoxPVoxD: Oh dear.



Ghol, Going East: While the others handle the megacobras, Ghol and Kon plunge into the thick brush after the source of the serpents: a giant, likely very smug stag. Festooned in snakes. They locate it with ease, being familiar with how to track normal stags (let alone ones whose clothes are constantly hissing) and corner it near a twisted oak.

Fighting it is going to be something else entirely.



banana (GM): rolling d20+5 vs AC arara hail, 5 damage on hit, free damage equal to the escalation die on natural even hit/miss

(13)+5

= 18



Vraknaar: does being constricted by this snake make it hard to disengage presumably so



VoxPVoxD: no!! I'm taking damage!!



Travis Meacham: hello. hello



banana (GM): ahaha! ahjahaha

And Placidus thought it was cats he had to worry about.



VoxP**VoxD:** "Aaahh!!" They're like brambles! Razor sharp brambles.



Vraknaar: alright



banana (GM): actually, zarick, the cobra is not really a constrictor



Vraknaar: here's a disengage check



banana (GM): you can disengage from it normally



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20

()

= **19**

oh. sure

now i roll well



banana (GM): now if you were up against a Megaboa..

lol



Vraknaar: the cobras definitely aren't mooks, right?



banana (GM): no indeed.

they are.... wreckers



Vraknaar: okay. then i breathe a shitload of fire into its face




banana (GM): did you think this was some kind of minicobra,



VoxP**VoxD:** But, the tree-



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+6 vs PD, faerie fire

() +6

= **15**



banana (GM): ok! note escalation die +1



Vraknaar: ugh



Xandrah: Aaaaand waiting for the poof noise as smoke comes out.






banana (GM): hits

(ac 16 pd 15 md 10)



Vraknaar: rolling 3d8+4 fire damage, and it's vulnerable, hard save ends

( +  + ) +4

= 19

time to drastically reduce the number of cobras here

as a quick action also

rolling 1d20+6 vs PD, dragon breath

(1)+6

= 7

within expected parameters



banana (GM): The cobra is immediately staggered and its perch bursts into flame!



Xarvrax: You are just terrible.



VoxPVoxD: Womp womp.



banana (GM): The dry timber goes up like timber. Try not to walk there.



Vraknaar: also i guess i overdid it because the vulnerability won't really help



Travis Meacham: It's going down. I'm yelling timber.



VoxPVoxD: This.



Vraknaar: oh well. i encourage someone to kill that thing



banana (GM): it's actually going up, in flames



Vraknaar: +2 to threat range



banana (GM): but yes the thing is vulnerable- what's that, +4 to hit it? +2?



Vraknaar: so it gets crit on an 18+ now



VoxPVoxD: Vulnerable is expanded crit range, IIRC.



banana (GM): Placidus: there's an Arara.



VoxPVoxD: Is the Arara engaged with me?



banana (GM): oh, nice



Xarvrax: poke the snake with a stick, do it.



banana (GM): Nope. It has a short-ranged attack, throwing its rocky substance at you.



VoxPVoxD: Cool. What're its defenses? I've got a karmic rebuke with its name on it.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar steps back, takes a deep breath, and opens wide. A hellish torrent of flame issues forth, practically melting the cobra and the tree it's perched on. However, it's still wriggling in a vaguely threatening fashion.

banana (GM): It's hard to tell whether the parrotlike creature is really *alive*. It certainly isn't organic,



and its own shifting pebble-tide substance seems to replenish as it attacks you.



VoxPVoxD: lower pd than md!! finally



banana (GM): AC 17 MD 15 PD 11



VoxPVoxD: rolling d20+6 vs PD

() + 6

= **7**



banana (GM): they are magical creatures, surprisingly



VoxPVoxD: are you FUCKING

Flaming Cobra: sss..ssss...



banana (GM): nice



VoxPVoxD: Well, that's a bit of a googly. I'll regain focus. Go.



banana (GM): Alright. This megacobra's first priority is to make like the burning tree used to, when it was alive, and leave.



VoxPVoxD: With the pain and the sudden being-on-fire of various nearby things, Placidus can scarcely concentrate! This is dreadful.




banana (GM): rolling d20 save to get away instead of burning

()

= **11**

Incredibly, it evades the flames >:-D and launches itself onto Vraknaar again >:-D


rolling d20+6 vs pd constrict

() + 6

= **25**

The shithead snake deals you 1 damage as a quick action, then:

rolling d20+8 bite vs ac

() + 8

= **24**



Vraknaar: it's mad now



banana (GM): 3 damage and 3 ongoing poison. what a cool cobra.


it's ON FIRE

of course it's mad

The other one's already on Xarvrax and just, tries to kill him.


Can I suggest some healing or focus fire?

rolling d20+6 vs pd constrict 1

() + 6

= **25**

 **banana (GM):** rolling d20+6 vs pd constrict 2


() + 6

= **8**

1 damage

 **Xarvrax:** Of course.

 **banana (GM):** rolling d20+8 vs ac bite


() + 8

= **23**

3 damage and ANOTHER 3 ongoing..


So: whatever druidic magic you've awakened here is super bad ass. The big stag in the woods is harried on all sides.. its reaction is to turn and attempt to gore Ghol, leaning back on its forelegs before trying to catch him on its antlers!

rolling d20+6 vs AC, 8 damage and impalement

() + 6


= **17**


 **Ghol, Going East:** tie

 **banana (GM):** if that hits, you are now Grabbed by the stag. the only legal target for its antler attack is ghol, now, unless he breaks free

(the antler attack being what it just did)


With a malicious green light in its eyes the overgrown deer kicks up a leg and throws another snake into the clearing, at Travis... at the same time that serpents begin to slither from its body onto Ghol.

 **Travis Meacham:** clearly we were right to pick up the orb, because it's malicious and evil

 **banana (GM):** snake toss targets one ranged enemy and the impaled enemy, if any


Travis Meacham: and we must destroy it, for justice

 **banana (GM):** rolling d20+6 vs PD, travis


()+6


= **13**


rolling d20+6 vs PD, ghol


()+6


= **10**

 **Travis Meacham:** that's an exact hit. faile


 **banana (GM):** if either of you was hit, 5 ongoing poison damage, ghol's up

 **Ghol, Going East:** miss

 **banana (GM):** Snakes go EVERYWHERE.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Well, THAT hurts. But it's not going to run away now...!

rolling 1d20+6

()+6

= **10**

rolling 1d6+4

()+4

= **6**

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE


miss, even

rolling 1d20+6

()+6

= **26**

 **Ghol, Going East:** rolling 1d6+4

()+4

= **10**

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE



banana (GM): Surface wounds.



Ghol, Going East: Nice. ok here's kon



banana (GM): It bleeds red like any other animal. Whatever they did to it didn't change its nature.



Kon: rolling 1d20+7

(16)+7

= 23

rolling 1d8

(6)

= 6



Vraknaar: damn. that first hit does 20 damage



Xarvrax: That would be 26 damage right there.
Take that stupid snake hurling moron.



Ghol, Going East: +1 from the first miss



banana (GM): woa.



Ghol, Going East: so, 27



Xarvrax: Even better.



Ghol, Going East: done



banana (GM): OK, that leaves it staggered, also bitten.



Travis Meacham: i'm gonna shoot a ray of frost at the nearly dead snake

rolling 1d20+6 vs pd, come on come on

(17)+6

= 23

aww yeah




Vraknaar: cool off.





Travis Meacham: rolling 3d6 damage


(4 + 4 + 6)


= 14


 **banana (GM):** Well.. it puts out the fire, at least.


 **Xarvrax:** I probably should have mentioned that I could have killed that one.
But I guess I'll just focus on the one eating my face.


 **Vraknaar:** haven't you gathered power? don't waste it on chumps with no hp


 **Travis Meacham:** flavoring and done


 **banana (GM):** This chump has negative hp, in fact. It is an ex-cobra.


 **Xarvrax:** Burning hands would have hit both, actually.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol roars with an antler in his midsection and brings the machete down first -- this glances off the thing's antlers -- and his axe down second. The axe cuts and snake in half...and then buries itself in the thing's neck. It screeches and buckles, trying to shake HIM off now, and Kon pounces. The three roil together in a tangled mess of battle.


 **banana (GM):** xarvrax. still engaged with Big Snak


 **Vraknaar:** well, now it can hit the bird


 **Xarvrax:** They're not in a group, or are they?

 **Vraknaar:** oh
guess not then


 **banana (GM):** The great stag's legs kick up as it tries to find purchase on the loam - over and over it goes, still stabbing Ghol with every roll and toss. It can't get free, caught by its own impetuous serpentry!

 **Xarvrax:** So Big Nak is eating a chaos bolt to the fangs.

 **banana (GM):** yeah, no groups here

 **Travis Meacham:** Travis remembers his instruction, back at (REDACTED). Many magical beasts are exceptionally vulnerable to extreme changes in temperature. Also probably most natural ones. The snake's still hissing in pain from the burn when a jolt of cold stops its heart permanently.


Sandstone Arara: "Pretty birdy."

 **Xarvrax:**


rolling d4

(3)

= 3

 **VoxPVoxD:** "No! You are not a pretty birdy! You are a dreadful, nasty birdy!"

Sandstone Arara: "Pretty birdy. What's it doing? What's it got in its beak."

 **Xarvrax:** Perfect.

 **Vraknaar:** lightning?



banana (GM): ..for whom..



Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 6 vs PD

(18)+6

= 24

rolling 2d8 + 8 lightning damage

(7 + 4)+8

= 19



banana (GM): yep



Xarvrax: Also, because it was even, I get a chaotic benefit.

rolling d6

(5)

= 5



banana (GM): You won't have the megacobra to push around anymore.
, only its ongoing 5 and 3 poison damage.



Xarvrax: Stupid bird takes 1 damage too.
Yep.



banana (GM): ahaha really?



Vraknaar: bzzt



banana (GM): ahahaha



VoxPVoxD: No!!

Arara transformation.



Vraknaar: oh no what did you do



Travis Meacham: pretty birdy.



VoxPVoxD: Stupid dragons.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax pulls the damned snake off of him, hurling it to the ground before slamming a column of lightning into it.



banana (GM): When you begin to chip away as its surface, the whole stone megaparrot goes still- the pebbles cease to crawl and slide and clatter!
The arara becomes a smooth facade - then begins to move again, enraged!



VoxPVoxD: "Ack!"



Xarvrax: Well, time to die of poison.

rolling d20 vs 5 damage one.

(19)

= 19

Aha!



banana (GM): yeah, go ahead



Xarvrax: Take that poison!

rolling d20 vs 3 damage

(4)

= 4



Travis Meacham: you have taken that poison, but then no longer



Xarvrax: Blah.



banana (GM): you still take the 5 damage, mind, but then you get rid of it

Xarvrax's body is racked with various venoms! Does the Great Blue Wyrms ever have to put up with this?? You bet not. You'd bet she has anti-poison sorceries, or something, for fuck's sake.



Xarvrax: Being the size of a large building also probably helps.



banana (GM): So the enraged arara has swollen in size, its pebbles becoming small boulders and the space inbetween filling with gravel.



Vraknaar: btw, if you press a number when you activate any status indicator, it puts that number on there



banana (GM): It's rendered blockily now, no longer a parrot so much as a stone elemental being- but still screeching.

It spreads its wings wide- and a torrent of stone pours forth!!!

rolling d20+5 vs AC placidus, 5 damage on hit, 1 damage on even hit/miss

(19)+5

= 24



VoxPVoxD: trigger




banana (GM): rolling d20+5 vs AC travis, 5 damage on hit, 1 damage on even hit/miss

(17)+5


= **22**

rolling d20+5 vs AC vraknaar, 5 damage on hit, 1 damage on even hit/miss

()+5

= **14**

rolling d20+5 vs AC xarvrax, 5 damage on hit, 1 damage on even hit/miss

()+5

= **9**




VoxPVoxD: have its defenses changed



banana (GM): ok, placidus interrupts this
nope
AC 17 MD 15 PD 11



VoxPVoxD: rolling d20+6 Moment of Karma, vs PD

()+6

= **26**

YES



Xarvrax: Either way, I laugh as it fails to hurt me, also boom.



banana (GM): lol



VoxPVoxD: rolling 3d6+3 FORCE damage, doubled

( +  + )+3

= **16**



banana (GM): actually, that attack will do 1 damage to xarvrax because of the natural even miss!
...unless placidus...
you have got to be kidding me. it's on 16
oh, wait. it could be on 32 and this would still do it



Vraknaar: welp



VoxPVoxD: is this bad



Xarvrax: Kabooooooooom?



banana (GM): it's bad for the arara.



VoxPVoxD: should I bother checking for my free rebuke attack
Well then.



banana (GM): no
so at what point in the attack sequence do you interrupt



VoxPVoxD: the trigger is "an enemy hits me with an attack"



banana (GM): are people still Stoned, or not?



Vraknaar: i think they are stoned, then



Xarvrax: So we are in fact, still stoned.



banana (GM): right, still take damage then
5 to placidus and travis, 1 to xarvrax



Vraknaar: Dragon is strong to rock. Vraknaar uses an arm to cover his eyes, and shards of rock bounce harmlessly off of his scales.



banana (GM): Shortly, many many more shards.



Xarvrax: Despite feeling weak from the damned poison, the stupid bird's rocks bounce off of Xarvrax's scales, such that he barely notices.



Travis Meacham: I can't believe I've taken hit point damage.



Vraknaar: take that, occultists!!



Travis Meacham: actually, wait
i haven't yet.



banana (GM): i can't believe we don't know how much hp you have. what's travis' hp?




Travis Meacham: i'm going to use Shield to make you reroll that attack vs my AC



banana (GM): :O
lol

rolling d20+5

()+5

= **14**



Travis Meacham: noooo that still hits (i'm very fragile)
i've now taken 5 of my 24 hp in damage



Vraknaar: hm. who needs Surge Efficiency the most



Xarvrax: Aw, boo hoo, I've taken your entire hit points in damage.



Vraknaar: i guess probably nardrax



banana (GM): lol



Vraknaar: can i cut through the dais to move closer to the stag



VoxPVoxD: "NO!" Placidus isn't screaming in fear here. He sounds like an irate schoolmaster. The overall effect is optic. The bird flickers, swooshing into a distorted, nearly spherical shape like you were looking at it through a fish-eye lens. But it's real. Rocks go flying, propelled in every direction as the bird rounds out by trails of violet light.



Vraknaar: or do i have to go over a burning tree



banana (GM): yes- but it will be a move action to get over there into the forest, and you won't have reached it with just that action



Vraknaar: i know

then i'm going to use my bard feature that lets me use a standard action to activate a battle cry regardless of roll

to heal alternate crybaby dragon

heal a recovery plus

rolling 2d4

(2 + 2)

= 4

rolling 1d20 vs poison save

(20)

= 20



Vraknaar: of course.



banana (GM): two pyramids

*double two pyramids



Xarvrax: rolling 1d6 + 8

(4)+8

= 12



banana (GM): Well, the withering hail of rocks and snakes has let up.

Placidus could probably stand up safely, now. Not that the hiding place was safe against the bird.



VoxPVoxD: Placidus does stand, brushing flecks of stone off his clothes and skin. He's covered in a barrage of tiny cuts. Holding his hands aloft like an orchestra conductor, he starts counting to himself to

regain composure before stepping away from the dais.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar snakes through the ruined dais, avoiding the others there, and claps his brother on the shoulder in passing. "Nice shot."



VoxPVoxD: move here, focus, go



banana (GM): The stag thrashes! The stag catches its hooves against the twig carpet - and flexes upright!



Ghol, Going East: hit



banana (GM): rolling d20+6 vs ac The stag impales! 8 damage to ghol, maybe

(12)+6

= 18

Snakes, a frenzy now, a dying dance of snakes- improbable quantities of small and tiny serpents cover the stag's fur. It hurls them aside, most failing to hit any mark.

rolling d20+6 vs PD ghol

(1)+6

= 7

rolling d20+6 vs PD vraknaar

(18)+6

= 24



VoxPVoxD: trigger on the ghol snake



banana (GM): One gets the incoming dragon. 5 ongoing!!



VoxPVoxD: oh wait no it wss a natural 1 anyway
nevermind



Ghol, Going East: does that fumble do anything further, or should i Roll



banana (GM): oh man



VoxPVoxD: have you been forgetting to fumble



banana (GM): oh man!!



banana (GM) forgot about FUMBLES



VoxPVoxD: ::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::LET'S GET READY TO FUMBLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE



Ghol, Going East: Agreed...!



Travis Meacham: *immediately issues a dMCA notice to this campaign*



VoxPVoxD: lol



banana (GM): So, the thrashing stag trips back over and kicks itself in the head.

rolling d20+6 maybe one of the snakes bites it ;_;

(2)+6

= 8

no, it's ok



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+7

(7)+7

= 14

rolling 1d6+4

(5)+4

= 9

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE



banana (GM): (that's it)



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+8

(12)+8

= 20

rolling 1d8

(6)

= 6



banana (GM): Snakebearer Stag: AC 18 PD 16 MD 10

so yes that's a miss



Ghol, Going East: that's kon



VoxPVoxD: trigger on that attack, which I assume is kon's



banana (GM): and then a not miss



VoxPVoxD: rolling d20+7 vs MD "Better yet, here"

(10)+7

= 17



Placidus: #trigger warning



Ghol, Going East: Ghol fails to get the axe free from the stag's neck during this wild ride, and slashes in effectually again with his machete.



banana (GM): hit



Xarvrax: Trigger is my trigger word! Stop using it!



Placidus: rolling 2d6+3 extra damage from kon's attack

(3 + 3)+3

= 9



Kon: Kon, meanwhile, continues to rip and tear, as--
-- the warg finds himself strangely...optimized.



banana (GM): Ouch. All that ripping and tearing has it on its last legs.



Placidus: The stag finds itself briefly arrested in mid-tussle, its muscles paralyzed just long enough for Kon's teeth to get a greater purchase in its flesh. The warg's teeth can feel that deep, rattling hum emerging from the stag's body.

rebuke check



Ghol, Going East: Over his shoulder, at the bard, with an antler shoved in his side: "DON'T YOU FUCKING DO IT. HE'S MINE. DON'T YOU FUCKING DO IT."



Placidus: rolling d20

(13)

= 13

nada





Travis Meacham: travis doesn't pay attention to ghol for even one millisecond
color spray

rolling 1d20+7


(3)+7

= 10


 **banana (GM):** Now, it could be that the stag is Ghol's legit prey. Certainly from Vraknaar's point of view they are Embroiled. But it could be that he is its.


 **Travis Meacham:** well, since that's vs MD,IT HITS


rolling 2d8 psychic damage


( + )

= **10**

 **banana (GM):** yep


 **Travis Meacham:** and if it's not dead it's weakened, but it's probably dead


 **banana (GM):** i would class it as dead


 **Vraknaar:** Vraknaar stops short at the forest's edge, but it doesn't matter, it turns out.


 **Ghol, Going East:** "You FUCK! You SHIT!"


 **banana (GM):** Articulate.


 **Placidus:** Despite himself, Placidus winces. There's really no need for such coarse language.


 **banana (GM):** So here's how ongoing damage works at the end of fights: after a fight's over you automatically pass all saves. So anyone who's still poisoned, take one last burst of the damage and then your immune systems can handle it.


 **Travis Meacham:** "It isn't a contest," Travis uietly says.


 **Placidus:** If it was, though, Travis totally won.


 **banana (GM):** The Snakebearer Stag disagrees, in that it was a contest between the guardians of Gwyddeth Beacon and you, a group of adventurers, and the adventurers won.


 **Placidus:** The Snakebearer Stag can think what it likes, being dead.


 **Xarvrax:** Well duh, that's what adventurers do, win things.


 **banana (GM):** The flashing lights which rip apart the last of its muscle and bone do not constitute the entirety of that victory, but they herald it.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol disentangles the antler from his ribcage, stands, and gives the stag one last angry kick in the ribs of his own before walking away, snarling. They can't even eat the thing. Fucking, snake deer.

 **Vraknaar:** "Damn. I hope that orb was worth it."

 **Travis Meacham:** What does the orb DO, if ayntning

 **banana (GM):** Calm, at last, descends. There's a distant WHOOMP as trees begin to burn.

 **Vraknaar:** "Oh. Hm. Maybe... fire wasn't the best idea."

banana (GM): Right now it doesn't do anything except be awkwardly large and impressively light.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax glares at his brother, "I'm the one hurling lightning, and yet you're the one who set the forest on fire."



Ghol, Going East: "You -- DRAGONS."



Vraknaar: "I was spitting actual fire, though. I didn't really think about it."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol and Kon are immediately back into action, running around trying to figure out how to put out this fire.



Placidus: Placidus looks at Travis. "Can you put that fire out?"



Vraknaar: Vraknaar, despite his draconic heritage, is not especially fire resistant.



banana (GM): It's possible that some combination of actions COULD put the fire out. If I could get, say, two successful DC 15 relevant-stat checks across the group.



Xarvrax: "I could always fight fire with fire, that works, right?"



Ghol, Going East: No Tracker bonus?



Travis Meacham: can i apply my Wizard background to dousing the fire w/ Epic Magic



banana (GM): i'm going to copy your tokens away, everyone finished editing for a sec?



Vraknaar: "Maybe? I don't know. I fight pretty much everything with fire but it doesn't seem like a good idea right now!"



banana (GM): only because it's really shitty to ghol



Ghol, Going East: ass



banana (GM): tracker probably does *not* apply



Placidus: can I apply Natural Historian, knowing as I do the way things burn when set on fire, which is the basis of all science



Ghol, Going East: Tracker probably would be able to locate a nearby water supply if any



Xarvrax: I could do a con check and stomp out the fire?



banana (GM): ah, ok



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+10

(17)+10

= 27



banana (GM): yeah, wilderness scouting could be relevant. apply it after all



Ghol, Going East: bonuses being WIS+Track+level

banana (GM): this is probably yet another Wis check

even for travis



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+5 well my widsom's a lot lower.

(13)+5

= 18



Placidus: rolling d20+9 wisdom check

(13)+9

= 22



Xarvrax: I mean, I can roll, but I'd not be getting any bonus, and there's no need apparently.



Vraknaar: surely Being a Dragon +5 could help with physically withstanding fire



banana (GM): cool! let us know how you put out the conflagration... working together. or at cross-purposes



Vraknaar: but they've got it covered.



banana (GM): it could, but, yes



Placidus: Placidus points out the best places for Travis to magically cool down or douse, which ought to contain the blaze enough for Ghol's efforts to seal the deal.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax pats his brother on the back, "We're dragons, we start fires, less races put them out, that's how it goes."

lesser*



banana (GM): That literally is how it goes.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol was able to find a nearby pool -- not quite a lake, not merely a pond -- with a feeder river running behind the burning tree-stand.



Travis Meacham: Travis makes sure to steer Placidus to the other side of the fire from the one Ghol is containing.

Don't want to step on any more toes.



Placidus: Gnomes are very easy to steer.



Ghol, Going East: Some water and KILLSTEALING WIZARD ASSMAGIC later, everything's good.



Kon: Kon shakes his head and snuffles. Teens.



Placidus: now, on the new map, everyone but xarvrax immediately drowns, while xarvrax takes his place on omen's throne



banana (GM): One bucket chain, one display of arcane power, one near-exhausted rest.. things are ok.

Xarvrax: Sounds about right, yeah.



Travis Meacham: glub glub glub



banana (GM): You're deep in the Yetanotherwood, like an hour's walk from the road, which is reachable only through your thinly-beaten path, but it's ok. Still plenty of time for the journey, and now with orb.



Placidus: do we do recoveries etc now



Xarvrax: Oh right.



Ghol, Going East: Ugh, we walked past San Meat?!



Xarvrax: rolling d20

(2)

= 2



banana (GM): yep, short heal-up



Xarvrax: Ffffffffffffffffff



Vraknaar: i think i'll use my one adventurer healing potion



Xarvrax: Never going to get lightning fork back.



banana (GM): you did not walk past it, no
it's still a way off



Xarvrax: rolling d6 +4

(2)+4

= 6



banana (GM): the whole south-marrow wood is the Yetanotherwood



Vraknaar: rolling 2d8+2 healing

(2 + 6)+2

= 10




Xarvrax: rolling d6+4

(5)+4


= 9




Ghol, Going East: rolling d8+4

() + 4

= **10**

 **Vraknaar:** rolling 1d20 song of heroes

()

= **4**


rolling 1d20 befuddle

()

= **14**

cool. got befuddle back


 **Ghol, Going East:** rolling d8+4

() + 4


= **12**

 **Xarvrax:** Fucker.

I want my cool power back.

 **Placidus:** I'm spending two recoveries to regain 9 of my 10 hp lost

 **banana (GM):** refuddle.


 **Placidus:** I'm using the daily ability from my advance feat to auto-recharge my recharge 6+ power
here's a roll on my recharge 16+


rolling d20


()

= **6**


alas

 **Ghol, Going East:** ghol returns to full HP...but no recoveries

 **banana (GM):** occultist measures once, casts twice

 **Xarvrax:** I'm assuming the one I used in the battle does in fact count?

 **Placidus:** Yes.

 **banana (GM):** Can I assume that you'll be trekking back to the Viacarnis?

it does!



Xarvrax: Just making sure.

Still have four left, regardless.



Vraknaar: recoveries are used up no matter when you use them, unless it's a Free Recovery of which i might acquire some later



Placidus: Placidus will spend the walk tidily daubing the deepest cuts on his face and scalp and forearms with a poultice he made from some mushrooms and herbs he picked on the way back to the Way of Flesh. When they emerge onto the road once more, Placidus does so looking like a child being treated for Diviner's Pox.



banana (GM): Then: The sun is low in the sky as the edge of the treeline finally comes into sight. A few more minutes' bushwhacking and you'll be out of this oddly dense place, with its growling birds and overhanging limbs. The whole forest seems to kind of hate you, tripping with inconveniently shed bark and harassing with sneezing spores...

The two elves on the road draw back in alarm as Placidus emerges. One of them- who'd been turning over an orcish body - holds up a staff and calls, "Back!"

Other elf: "Easy now Addy. There's no call to assume these people are *our* enemies."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol steps forward, intent on giving them no reason to think otherwise --



Placidus: Placidus looks similarly alarmed, and vastly more ridiculous. "What? Hello."



Kon: -- until Kon slips in front of him, shielding him from sight and staring down the elves. Not growling or being additionally threatening, though.



banana (GM): As Ghol emerges from the woods, two tall white elves give him an odd look... as they do to everyone else. You're coming out right where the trail of corpses ends.



Ghol, Going East: "What the--"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax snorts, "Really? You're going to command me?"



Placidus: Placidus, who raised his hands to demonstrate his harmlessness, finds himself just, patting Kon on the side.

That's a big warg, so it is.



Ghol, Going East: The orc says this into a face of soft warg fur.



Vraknaar: Trail of corpses? The orcs we left behind?



banana (GM): The elves look quite alike. They're each dressed in brown clothing with odd tassels, and floating behind them are several mid-air columns of packs and crates.

Yep.



Xarvrax: I figured it was more a pile, but hey, trails are good.



Vraknaar: "Guess we should have cleaned up after ourselves. Sorry."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol pokes his head underneath Kon to stare at the two elves. Elves...!

Suspicious elf: "Arry, we have to be careful." To Placidus and then Vraknaar: "I'd 'well met on the road'

you, but it seems blood sacrifice has broken the waystone line. Do you know anything about this?"



Xarvrax: "Sacrifice? We didn't sacrifice anything, we just killed a lot of stupid orcs."

Other elf: "Well, the effect's the same. but understandable. There was an attack this far south?"



banana (GM): The two of them step back to let you all emerge - moving towards their weird floating column things. There are several of what look like pack-loads of goods, scattered at different heights above the centre of the black stone way.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol, from beneath the warg: "They were trying to kill some Imperials. I invoked the Doom."



Travis Meacham: "A small band, but probably many more behind them."



Placidus: At least it isn't hot enough for the bodies to have started to stink, yet. "Yes, an orc raiding party."



Kon: Kon gives Ghol a soft kick to try to get the idiot to stop talking. Elves...



Xarvrax: Xarvrax raises an eyebrow at the elves, "I'm not one for grand magical workings, more lightning hurling, but even I know that sacrifices are all about intent."



Ghol, Going East: This is the first time Ghol has been so close to two white elves, after all. Any weird or special reactions...?

Arielbeth: "That's pretty scary. I'm Arielbeth, and I *will* offer road's greetings- but could I just make sure you aren't highwaymen?"

First elf: "Highwaydragons."



Vraknaar: "How are you going to 'make sure'? Do you have a highwayman detection spell?"



Xarvrax: "Are you going to attack us? Unless so, I won't be adding elf to the list of things I've murdered today, no."



banana (GM): Ghol takes little moments and glances to look at the two. They have his exact same ears, and the shape of the head and shoulders... but there are big differences.



Placidus: "I'm totally harmless." Being tiny and unarmed and covered in some kind of handmade lotion sells that pretty well. Traveling with a bunch of dragons, an orc and a warg, and a wizard might not.



Travis Meacham: Travis is only obviously a wizard when he does anything whatsoever. In casual conversation he just looks like an idler.



Placidus: That's what he looks like when he does magic, too.



banana (GM): The two white elves are paler skinned, obviously, and as they speak their pupils dilate or contract in emphasis. The core of their eyeballs is not black but pulsing colour. They're slenderer than Ghol, and taller, but he feels.. inexplicably, he's certain this meeting was Destined. It was always, obviously going to happen. Without conveying any actual semantic meaning to the destiny, he's pretty sure they feel it too.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar obviously does not pretend at being innocuous. You stop trying to blend in when you're seven feet tall and covered in blood red scales. Except in Drakkenhall. No one cares there.

Travis Meacham: "Road's greetings to you two, as well," says Travis, with his hands open and empty.

Arielbeth: "I was going to ask, is all."

Adanneloc: To Travis: "Well met. Adanneloc and Arielbeth of San Meat." The tension is easing.



Ghol, Going East: Hrrrrmm.



Travis Meacham: "Travis Meacham, recently of Axis."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol pops out from behind the warg, trying to look natural. "Hi, I'm...Ghol."



banana (GM): Neither of the elves seems heavily armed. There's a knife at Adanneloc's belt, but his dress is pretty simple- this would be the least alarming group of entities you've met today.



Kon: The warg hisses at his buddy. What the hell, man!



Xarvrax: "Yes yes, names are fun, what are you two doing here?"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol pats him on the side. It's fine! Totally fine.



Vraknaar: "It's a road, brother. Calm down."



Xarvrax: "It's a road covered in dead orcs that they're hanging about, forgive me for being curious."

Arielbeth: Both of them nod to Ghol, in acknowledgement of.. something. "We're returning to our home town from a shopping trip. Unfortunately, the roads are more terrifying than expected."



Vraknaar: "Forgive -them- for being curious. They're just walking along a road home and then bam, corpse city."



Placidus: "I imagine most people would stop and stare a little bit if they found a number of dead bodies strewn up and down the road."

Adanneloc: "Are you also travellers, as well as marauders?"



Vraknaar: "Travelling marauders, I would say."



Placidus: "I don't maraud in the slightest. We're simply making our way to San Meat."



Xarvrax: "Is that what we're calling ourselves now? I do like the sound of Marauder Xarvrax..."

Arielbeth: "Oh, of course!"

"That explains everything, doesn't it?"

Adanneloc: "It IS the season of eccentrics on the road to the Games. Well."



Vraknaar: i mean ham. lead me to it

Adanneloc: "If you don't mean harm, we'll be on our way."



Ghol, Going East: Wait...!



Placidus: "We don't mean harm. Which way are you headed?"



Ghol, Going East: "So, uh. Are you guys headed back to San Meat?"



banana (GM): The two white elves each step with precise motions into a spot between the floating

columns of goods. They shrug into invisible harnesses- and the invisible discs move with them, settling into orbit like they're human (elven) pack (disc) animals (mages).



Travis Meacham: Philosophers like to talka bout how you can't get anything for free with magic, and it takes just as much effort to move things one way as the other. It's a complete lie.



Vraknaar: hey. i want to buy some of that, let's call it, disc stuff

Arielbeth: "Exactly so. Did you want company on the last leg of our journey?" They're a little wary. If you want to walk with these guys someone might have to be Reassuring.



Vraknaar: "You might want it more than we do, I think. If more orcs show up, seven stand a better chance than two. Or five, for that matter."



Ghol, Going East: "We'd love to! Right guys??" Ghol is like. Actual enthusiastic teen-ing out right now.



Xarvrax: "I suppose it couldn't hurt."



Ghol, Going East: C'mon, please???

C'mon c'mon c'mon



Vraknaar: i will use tactical reassurance

though i guess it'd be... charisma...



Xarvrax: I am the charismatic one here.

Get out.



banana (GM): i'm going to ask vraknaar to roll charisma anyway because he got in first,



Travis Meacham: Travis will walk with anyone who walks with him. Way of the road.



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+3 oh god help

(15)+3

= 18

booya

Arielbeth: "Addy?" She's slightly younger than the other elf.

Adanneloc: "You know, I'd rather walk with you than in your way."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax nods, "Always a good plan when dragons are involved."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol does NOT fist pump. He still has some restraint.



Vraknaar: "We're not going to eat you, I promise. Besides, I hear your town has much better things to eat than elves."




Travis Meacham: i can't believe one of the elf wizards is named ARry.





banana (GM): They still look both about to set out immediately, but, togetherly.

Vraknaar: "I've never eaten an elf, but I've been told it's stringy. No offense." How could you not offend

 someone by telling them what they taste like?


 **Placidus:** "Well, let's get on, then. I've got a bunch of tiny cuts in this habit. I need to mend them." Or get new clothes. New clothes might be nice. Placidus scratches his scalp. This is *just* like Diviner's Pox.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Will you morons stop discussing what elves taste like in front of elves?? Even theoretically????


 **Placidus:** Hopefully there are clothes in San Meat that aren't themselves made of meat. As funny as the implications of the phrase 'skirt steak' are.


Arielbeth: : "Much, much better. This sack? The Seven Deadly Spices." She grins. "I'm actually a specialist in disturbing food. You can't scare me, red guy."

 **banana (GM):** (Vraknaar and Xarvrax never did give their names.)


 **Placidus:** Neither did Placidus, but of course nobody cares about the gnome.
The sad fate of all gnomes, really.


Adanneloc: "Well, it's disturbing to priests."


 **Vraknaar:** "Seven Deadly Spices? I like where this is going. I'm Vraknaar, by the way."


 **Travis Meacham:** "What makes them deadly?"

Arielbeth: : "Nice to meet you; my brother already gave our names."
"Capsaicin." You probably have no idea what that is.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol also likes where this is going. He wants to talk more about elves, too, but that's not a subject you just pull out a list and start asking questions from.


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax smirks, "I'm Xarvrax, and it's fairly rare people don't cower in fear, or bow before us, when we're around."

 **Ghol, Going East:** Unless you're Travis, of course.

 **Placidus:** I DEMAND a roll to know what capsaicin is


 **banana (GM):** int check!

 **Placidus:**


()+6

= **14**

fuck!

 **banana (GM):** nope!!

Adanneloc: : "You sound like a contestant, alright."

 **Placidus:** "Have you been to San Meat before?"

Arielbeth: There's an odd weariness to her tone as you walk. "Actually, our people have lived there for hundreds of years. We're culturally assimilated, even if our faith isn't what you'd expect."



banana (GM): Light is already beginning to fade from the sky, but there are just farms around and the long curving road. It's safe to keep walking for quite a long time yet.



Xarvrax: "Assimilation is better than destruction, at least."



Vraknaar: "Depends on your priorities."



Ghol, Going East: On that subject, Ghol will remain wisely silent.

Arielbeth: "Much! And we do appreciate the food."



Placidus: "I'd wager most things are better than destruction, in the abstract."



banana (GM): I think you guys might be.. talking past each other, here.



Travis Meacham: "Is something wrong?" asks Travis, frankly, to Arielbeth.

Arielbeth: "Huh? Apart from unexpected danger on the road, we've had a good trip."

Adanneloc: "Why pry, Travis Meacham?"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax laughs, "He's a wizard, it's what they do."



Travis Meacham: "People like to talk about their problems, and I can listen."

oh by the way im going to make a Wizard roll to see if their baggage train bears distinctive hallmarks of a particular academy or magister

rolling 1d20+10

(16)+10

= 26

Adanneloc: "Well, we haven't got any."



banana (GM): Gods. This is.. this is bullshit.



Vraknaar: "Hard to say anyone doesn't have problems. Especially these days."



banana (GM): These people aren't wizards at ALL. They're just using white elf powers. They can *do* that, you guess.



Travis Meacham: That IS bullshit.



Vraknaar: white elf privilege



Placidus: White elves are easily the best and coolest elves.



Travis Meacham: I had to work(?) hard(?) to develop my skills(?)



banana (GM): Control over force and light, movement through twists of space- these are the hallmarks of the so called "high" elves, an inherently magical race. As they carry their floating burdens, the two's pupils pulse, emitting green and white light, dimly illuminating the road ahead as the sun continues to

sink.

Arielbeth: "If we don't get these goods back to the family business by the time the Games start, we'd have a problem. Tourists are already starting to arrive at the outer hotelries, and there's a LOT of forbidden tastes to cater for."



Ghol, Going East: White elves DO seem pretty cool, both specifically and in the abstract.



Xarvrax: "Oh? How forbidden are we talking here? Everyone knows the more forbidden something is, the better it is."



Placidus: "When do the Games start?"



banana (GM): Notably, they're the ones who objected to attempted dwarf genocide. So they're rather more welcome here in the West than are other elf varieties.

Adanneloc: "She only means forbidden by the Alabastien church. Get your mind out of Gash's proverbial, wyrm."

Arielbeth: To Placidus: "Just ten days now. Registration closes in under a week - didn't you know?"

"Hang on, are you guys **not** competitors? Because you **really** look like a team."



Placidus: "I don't even eat meat."



Ghol, Going East: Pointing a thumb at Placidus: "He's our manager."

Adanneloc: "Ha."



Travis Meacham: "I wonder if Kon can sign up, or if the rules require you to be bipedal."

Adanneloc: "Maybe you're not so bad after all. I can barely stand it anymore myself."

Arielbeth: "I will never tire of prime rib."



Placidus: "I bet Kon could walk on two legs at least as well as a drunken halfling, and I assume drunken halflings are admitted."



Xarvrax: "I'm a dragon, eating things is what we do best... also burn things... and crush things... We're the best at a lot of things, really."



Kon: Kon nods strongly.

Arielbeth: "No bipedal rule, no. Diversity teams have done well for the last few Games, until the Conqueror's team started winning."



Placidus: "The Emperor sends a team to the Games?"

Arielbeth: "The Army's finest. Last time they did REALLY well."



Placidus: "Well, that makes sense. Marching on stomachs and all that."

"It seems almost unsporting, though."

Arielbeth: "With the prizes on offer, He probably figured the treasury could use it."



Xarvrax: "Treasure and food, now I'm interested."

Arielbeth: "I knew it."

Adanneloc: "Don't get too excited. If you weren't planning on competing, you probably don't meet the requirements anyway."



Placidus: "Requirements?"



Vraknaar: "We have mouths and stomachs, don't we?"



banana (GM): The sun at last sinks below the horizon and all the waystones light up, pulsing gently. In the distance you hear the lowing of cattle and a cock cry.

Adanneloc: "And do you have the entry fee?"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax glances around, "Send the bill to the Blue, she'll cover me."



Vraknaar: "I don't know. How much is it?"



Travis Meacham: "What if the entry fee is esoteric, like you have to bring a new kind of meat or something. That would fit with it being a temple city."

Adanneloc: "Ha. You have a draft on Drakkenhall for fifty thousand silver pieces? ..or that, yeah. A new meat dish."

Arielbeth: "But if anything, that's harder. Most teams just have sponsors!"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol looks around warily. Both he AND Kon likely qualify for that one...



Xarvrax: "Yeah, just don't tell her it was me, but send her the bill."



Travis Meacham: "So ... out of curiosity ... has anyone ever brought poison stag-snake?"

*stag-snake steak

say that ten times fast

Adanneloc: "I always forget about the dish. Meatists are kind of weird, even when you grow up with them."

Arielbeth: "Addy..."

Adanneloc: "Come on, they say worse about us."



Placidus: "Who do you pray to?" Hopefully they're not just generic Elect-worshippers.



Kon: Kon is already trotting out into the woods to retrieve the stage-snake steaks.

*stag



Placidus: Exit, stag left.

Arielbeth: "You didn't- oh! Wow."

Adanneloc: Proudly: "We're Meat Khetherans."

"Do you know what that means? It means living in someone else's holy city because you're not going to leave your family lands, looked down on for your family god. It means doing the shitwork the priests won't."

Arielbeth: "It's fun work and they're missing out."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax nods in understanding, "The priests I've known did tend to enjoy foisting their dirty work on others."



Travis Meacham: I don't know what a Khetheran is.



banana (GM): It's dark now, and hard to see off the road. The wood has given way on both sides of you, and stile after stile of fenced in land is springing up; small tributary lanes lead out to farmhouses and villages, and as far as the ear can hear, there are animal farms...



Placidus: "That's quite nice. I'm a friar of Megistus, myself. At least I was." Placidus is making conversation half out of interest and half to have something to focus on while he counts stones on the road, buckles on the packs, et cetera.

If he'd been paying full attention he probably wouldn't have mentioned that.



banana (GM): Khethera the Healer is the goddess of care for the peaceful and for animals. She's of the Elect, but kind of out of favour, because she won't do battlefield miracles...



Kon: Kon returns shortly, dragging the snake stag with relative ease. He'd appreciate finding somewhere to bind it up and carry, though.



banana (GM): Which is perhaps why even the gruffer Adanneloc sympathises with Placidus here, as both elves make little distressed noises. "That was a real shame, and so sudden."



Vraknaar: "Having some sort of... lottery or however it is they decide it for gods seems to defeat the point of gods, doesn't it?"



Travis Meacham: must be kind of awkward to believe in care and ministration toward animals in the middle of meat, yep



Ghol, Going East: With his background, Ghol has a certain sort of kinship with both of them here...but he still loves meat.



Placidus: "Yes, totally unforeseeable," says Placidus mildly. "The Electoral College is a massive racket, but, well. I suppose religious devotion is a resource like any other to be marshalled in wartime. At least, from a certain perspective."

Arielbeth: "It's cruel and bizarre. Things never used to be this way before, I mean, the Conquest has been wonderful in other ways, but why treat the gods themselves with this indignity?"

Adanneloc: "Please.. be careful about who you say that to, Arry."



Placidus: "From a particular mindset it's no different really than making sure all the forges and foundries in the land are turning iron for swords and arrowheads."



Xarvrax: "I'd offer words of support, but the Blue would have my scales for acknowledging the gods."



Vraknaar: "No, she wouldn't. The Five acknowledge the gods. They just don't fear them."

Arielbeth: "I'll say what I like. There's a camping spot here- should we break and try cooking your weird poison deer?"



Xarvrax: "Close enough."



Travis Meacham: The Conquest has been epic and win in every way, thinks Travis as someone whom the electoral college has no impact on.



banana (GM): The Great Black Wyrms are a special case, but even he doesn't **fear** the god of whom he is High Priest. Probably. It's hard to imagine a great wyrm fearing.



Placidus: Only because none of us can have seen the last hobbit movie



Ghol, Going East: Ghol doesn't really fear any god, but that's mainly because he's seventeen years old.



Travis Meacham: "We should. It's getting dark and it's not nice to walk at night, even if it's pretty safe."



banana (GM): The Conquest is **incredibly** epic. The part where they shattered the palace in Horizon, or the one where the dwarves burned down the Kingswood- those are metal as hell.
The 'campground' you've found was a graveyard, once.



Ghol, Going East: Uh oh.



banana (GM): There aren't any graveyards in the Empire. The Conqueror dug up the bodies and salted the earth and ground the headstones into powder. His dragonflights burned the proto-zombies un-alive and only wrecked foundations remain of the dark chapel.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol's going to do his usual thing of at least trying to scout around and make this campsite safe. For certain definitions thereof.




banana (GM): It literally is pretty safe.



Placidus: Placidus would've been a lot angrier about the Elector's machinations and optimizations a few years ago. But his sentiment's been pulled in new directions, many of which he hasn't yet invented angles to point to. Since then he can afford to be phlegmatic. It's impressive, the sheer accountancy of it. When he realized Megistus's de-election was imminent, he made a tidy sum of traveling money flipping his holy symbol into a handful of symbols of Prame and then selling those back at a substantial profit.



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+10

() + 10

= 19



Placidus: Those gold pieces are still weighing down some inner pocket of his habit. Some of them will go toward buying him new clothes entirely.



banana (GM): Ghol finds: fields. Fields full of sleeping cows, high-walled fields with domesticated deer, sheep and more cows and lambs and a dam full of pigs and hutcheries of clucking fowl.
You're definitely getting close to the holy meat lands.



Ghol, Going East: He is suspicious. He stares at them suspiciously. One of them moos.
Otherwise, the campsite appears safe.



banana (GM): The elf siblings wave their burdens to the ground in a neat matrix, lowering the force discs with gestures and keywords - must be some sort of magical devices. They have a single large tent between them and, obviously, a lot of cooking gear.



Travis Meacham: Dang.



banana (GM): Arielbeth's spices make your mouths water and then your eyes run. The good news for everyone but Placidus is that the Snakebearer Stag tastes great and is NOT poisonous; the bad news is that it tastes just like any other venison.



Placidus: Once they've settled, Placidus takes out one of his little notebooks and strews a handful of the remnant stones of that arara in his lap, studying them. Is it just mundane stone, now?



Vraknaar: guess we could have gotten some orc meat



Ghol, Going East: Drat, but also, delicious.

Adanneloc, contented: "This is why you're the cook and I'm the vet."



Ghol, Going East: Oh please, they've had orc before.
Half-orc, half-elf, on the other hand...well, hopefully no one is looking for entry fees.



Vraknaar: "That was great. I'm not used to eating things with spices."



Ghol, Going East: No one ELSE, that is.



Xarvrax: I told you guys, the Blue's got this.



Vraknaar: i think we do still have a mega dragon roll waiting in the wings



banana (GM): Placidus's ararastones hang together oddly, reforming into a tattered winglike segment. The whole mass turns and shifts- its enchantment(?) clearly lingers. They don't FEEL like stones, when they aren't cutting you up- it's squishy instead of sharp, and the grid-cement is slimy rather than powder.

*grit-cement

In time, the campfire too dims.



Placidus: Huh. Peculiar.

The stones, not the fire dimming.



banana (GM): They didn't have araras in Glitterwood. Probably for the best.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol will tend to it until sleeptimes, then responsibly douse it before bed unless someone's keeping watch.



Travis Meacham: Travis is out like a light.

, an expressino that is only somewhat applicable in this setting.



Placidus: Glitterwood... ugh. Placidus will stay up scribbling until it's totally impossible to see anymore.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar takes a turn at watch. Can't be too careful.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax is flat on his back, staring at the sky for a bit before passing out.




Vraknaar: No I wasn't!!




banana (GM): Absolutely nothing happens during the night, so it turns out you were too careful after all.




Placidus: Obviously the narrator is trying to lull you into a false sense of security in order to visit a midnight ambush on us.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol tidily packs what's left to be packed and cleans up the rest of the camp, ready to go early.

 **banana (GM):** You wake to sunlight flooding the razed cemetery and the infinite paddocks beyond. For the first time in daylight, there it is on the horizon: the road turns south back toward the wood, and white-gold spires. San Meat. Between here and there is a long flat black expanse and probably tens of thousands of cows.


The sky, though.


 **Placidus:** That is too many cows to be in one place, or indeed total.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Cowland.


 **banana (GM):** Light reflected red from six great winged shapes. Copper dragons flying in *formation*, descending with incredible grace and speed, directly toward.. near you.


 **Placidus:** Placidus looks up. Yep.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Huh.


 **banana (GM):** Like a wonder of nature they execute aerial stop-turns, forming a pentagram around a central larger copper, and *plunge*- each of them into a different field. Breakfast time.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Dragon privilege.


 **Vraknaar:** "That's what we need. A full-sized dragon on our team."


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax sighs as he sees them, "Why can it never be chromatic dragons, they're so much easier to deal with."


 **banana (GM):** Adanneloc, peering out of the elves' tent, thins his bloodless lips and crawls back in.


 **Vraknaar:** "I like the metallic ones. Sure, they're a little gaudy, but they're friendly enough."

 **banana (GM):** Just as you've seen them, the largest of the copper dragons has seen you. She's the only one who didn't take a cow, and the only one more than a few metres long, descending now in a complex helix toward your gravecamp.


 **Vraknaar:** dragon landing spirals ftw!!


 **banana (GM):** The others are scattered over a couple of square miles, feeding for the foreseeable future.


 **Placidus:** I can forsee them leaving eventually.


 **banana (GM):** OK, yes, but it'll be a while.

What DO you do when an adult copper wrym drops out of the sky and snorts the ashes of your campfire like it was sherbert?

 **Ghol, Going East:** Grumble and continue tidying up.

 **Kon:** Pad around the woods looking for breakfast.

 **Vraknaar:** Cross my arms and regard it imperiously. You know who I am.

 **Placidus:** I wait for one of the dragons to say something, carefully avoiding being swept up in the big dragon's snorting.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax stands, turns to the dragon and raises an eyebrow.



Travis Meacham: Well, Travis knows that copper dragons are friendly if you're on the right side, so he just kind of waits for something to happen.

He'd say hello if it looked at him, I guess.



banana (GM): The dragon folds its front legs under its body and settles down, wings shaking to flap away moisture from the upper atmosphere. Of course she totally ignores most of the camp to chat to the First and Last of the dragonwrought.

"Still restless, kin?"



Vraknaar: "We were just watching you and yours thin the herd."



banana (GM): Snarling wryly: "This is all they'll let us take. You'd think the meat elves would be happy to have such a prestigious group volunteer for their game! But no, we are too strong and have teeth too sharp."

Sounds like this dragon thinks you should know who she is, actually.



Vraknaar: Do we?



Xarvrax: Xarvrax laughs, "If they let you all have your way, there'd be nothing left for the rest of them."



banana (GM): Well.. no. Most of the metallic dragons that fly for the Conqueror have been in the west a long time, longer than you've been alive. Any given wyrm tends to overestimate its own fame.

(Incidentally, she probably won't ignore the rest of you if you actually do or say things)

(The dragonwrought just got First Attention)



Vraknaar: "We might see if they'll let us join. Can't have our kind go completely unrepresented."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol has little to chat with dragons about at the moment.



banana (GM): Does he have anything to chat about with elves? Arielbeth and Adanneloc have emerged to quietly help pack up, staying as far away from the monster as possible.

Dragon: "That would be something to see! Hmm. Hmmmm."



Placidus: Placidus doesn't care about the meat contest. He's counting graves.



Vraknaar: "We've got to find a way into the contest, though. A sponsor or a new dish. Not much luck on either front."



Travis Meacham: "So you mentioned the family business. Which business i that? I take it it's one of the big enterprises in San Meat?"



Ghol, Going East: Now elves are another thing entirely. He'll go over to help them pack, trying to figure out how to raise the issue.

You know. The Issue.



Xarvrax: "Normally I'd suggest we force our way in, but if that didn't work for you, I doubt the two of us would have better luck."



banana (GM): Dragon: "'Dish'? What is that."



Vraknaar: "A kind of meat. Something they haven't seen."

Dragon: "Of course force would have worked! I'm Subcommander Vovhko of the Free Copper Companies!"

"But no, we are too polite to interrupt a cultural ritual."

Arielbeth: "Not that big.. the meat priests can't prepare dishes without animal content, though. We cook staple foods and exotic side meals, to save the city from heartburn."



Ghol, Going East: 'So, I think I'm an elf' might not be the best opener, not in the least because it's a lie by hedging -- he knows he is an elf, meeting some bare-minimum threshold of elfdom. But he is also an orc, and indeed, appears to be an orc -- an extremely elvish orc, considered in certain lights, but an orc nonetheless...

Anyway, the WIZARD's over here now, so he'll save it for later.

Freaking wizards...



Travis Meacham: "Ohhh... well, Placidus will definitely appreciate that." Travis sees Ghol's antsiness and wanders off over to give Placidus the good news.



banana (GM): travis ruins everything again,



Xarvrax: WIZARDS.



Travis Meacham: I LEFT, OKAY. HE CAN TAKE A HINHT

To Placidus, "So they don't cook meat, but do you think they have to pretend and fake the flavors of it in some of what they make? Meat substitutes? Or do they just do the vegetables and grain thing straight?"



Ghol, Going East: Once Travis has left: "So..."



Placidus: "Oh, that's wonderful. I was worried I'd be reduced to foraging for grass, and that the grass would be made of meat also somehow."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax metaphorically looks down on the dragon, "Is your title supposed to be impressive?"



banana (GM): Arielbeth looks at Ghol a moment.



Travis Meacham: "It's a sacred trust, I suppose."



Vraknaar: "It's not bad. I hear the Free Copper Companies do pretty well on the front lines."

Vovhko: "My battalion is the only dragon force in the Imperial Army that doesn't need humans perching atop it, so.. yes?"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol coughs uncomfortably, Packing a Thing. "...what's it like, being an elf? In San Meat." Wait! Fuck! They already answered this! IT'S LITERALLY ALL THEY'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT SINCE LAST NIGHT.

Okay. Okay. Uhhh. "Oh, you guys are priests, right? Do you know if Pauldron has a temple in the city?" HE DOESN'T. HE'S PAULDRON. ROADSIDE SHRINES, DUMBASS.



banana (GM): "Very well indeed. Third company-" she gestures with both claws and a wingtip at one of the feeding dragons in the distance- "won so many medals in the Chhorizon campaign that they had to make special scale-hooks, ha!"

"He doesn't wear them, obviously, except at formal dress occasions." Thing is, copper dragons aren't *big* enough to ride.



Vraknaar: "Humans aren't so bad, once you get used to them."



Ghol, Going East: AAAAHHH this is horrible



Xarvrax: Xarvrax snorts, "If they can't ride you, it's not terrible impressive that they don't."



banana (GM): Adanneloc: "Uh?"

Arielbeth: "Well.. it's an elven city. And we're not exactly priests, you know, but I'm sure somebody does follow Pauldron. He's an orc god, right?"



banana (GM): She's gotta be doing that on purpose.



Placidus: "Have you had a chance to take a look at your sphere, yet?"



Vraknaar: Did he just call it a--



Ghol, Going East: "Half-orc," he blurts.



Travis Meacham: "I gave it a careful look inside the woods, but not since we've brought it out. It didn't seem to do anything, although of course it was guarded and trapped so itm ust do SOMETHING."

Vovhko: "Do you know how many *humans* it takes to make up a battalion? More than a hundred. We're one alone, and they still won't let us accrue glory to the Free Copper name."



Placidus: "Is it heavy? You don't seem to be carrying it like it's as heavy as it looks, though of course you might just be terribly strong."



Ghol, Going East: Clarifying: "He's a half-orc god. But yeah."

Vovhko: "..should've eaten ALL their sheep.."

Arielbeth: "I didn't want to ask, but you do look different to the.. bodies on the road. Just not all the way different."



Travis Meacham: "Here, feel it." says Travis. It's very light, almost weightless.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax turns to them, "I wouldn't recommend it."



banana (GM): The orb, or ball.. it's light. But not actually as light as it was when you went to sleep.



Placidus: "Huh. That's remarkable." Does anything else about the stone seem strange or notable to Placidus?



Xarvrax: "It had your name on it, and look what happened when you touched it, wouldn't recommend any of us touching it."



Vraknaar: Vraknaar shrugs philosophically at the wurm. "It's probably just because they know you'll win. Not many humanoid-sized beings can eat a whole cow and still be hungry afterwards."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol laughs nervously. "Yeah! Yeah, that's...a whole thing."



Vraknaar: "Sure, it'd be only fair for you to win, but it wouldn't be any fun for them, would it? And this is their city, after all."



banana (GM): Placidus' gnomehandling of the orb hasn't summoned any more primal intervention. It'd be nice to have magical scrying powers about now.. it's clearly an artifact of some kind, but the only

thing *he* can tell about it is that it was one of many.

The terms wouldn't balance any other way...



Travis Meacham: "Hmm," says Travis when he passes the sphere over. "It's actually a little bit heavier than it was. Is it because it left its altar in the forest? Or is it storing up energy of some sort?"

Did Xarvrax write down what the pillars' inscription said?

Vovkho: "Still. Dragons should be the champion of all things."



Placidus: Placidus wonders aloud. "I wonder where the others are."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax did not, no.



Placidus: Placidus wrote it down!



Xarvrax: He was too busy not dying to snakes and poison.

Vovkho: Snorting: "How good ARE you at eating meat? We've heard your kind have 'the best of both worlds', but it obviously isn't true and doesn't mean anything."



Ghol, Going East: 'Casually,' while packing: "For a long time I thought I was half-orc, half-human, right? Like any other half-orc." Deep breath. "Then the dreams started."



Vraknaar: Vraknaar snorts. "Guess we'll find out."

Adanneloc: "Half-*human*? Don't sell yourself short. Is that seriously where most half-orcs come from?"



Vraknaar: Does he mean about eating meat, or the second part? Why not both?



Xarvrax: Xarvrax whirls back around to the dragon, glaring at it, "What was that you said earlier about battalions? That it takes 'more than a hundred' humans to make one? Does that mean you're so weak of a dragon it takes less then a hundred humans to kill you?"



banana (GM): Vraknaar hasn't met many dragons who'd give up their greater wingspan and flames for the ability to wear a shirt.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol shrugs. All they taught him was that some were born like that, some...became that way.

He's not particularly up-to-date on the literature.

Vovkho: "Trained soldiers of the Empire with blessed enchantments. I'm First Company; yes, five squads of SOLDIERS could take me down. But I would cost them greatly."



banana (GM): *Vovkho



Travis Meacham: It's so chill that Xarvrax is so much a dragon he's trying to throw down with a humongous wyrm

Arielbeth: "You mean dreams of the Queen, though." ..apparently it's been so obvious to these two that Ghol is half-elf that they didn't think it worthy of comment until he mentioned this is not ordinary.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol blinks. "Yeah."

He'd been...extremely worried about this conversation possibly going the Shouts Of "Abominations!!", Weapons Being Drawn direction.

It is not, after all, an entirely unheard of reaction even in humans, these day.



banana (GM): It still might, for people less sheltered than those of Lower Marrow...



Xarvrax: "It's sad to know that the most decorated frontline dragons could be brought low by a mere hundred humans. I'll make sure the Five know that they need to start sending less pathetic forces, if they're going to bother at all."



Ghol, Going East: +s



Vraknaar: "Belittle me if you wish, Least of all Metals." Vraknaar, usually the more level-headed of the two, uses a Draconic slur for copper dragons. "My sire believes in me, and would you doubt his word? It would perhaps take a hundred -thousand- soldiers to defeat him. Would you defy his will?"

Vovhko: "Says the wyrm whose hoard is not even enough to pay this entry fee! Don't think your fishing wasn't obvious."



Ghol, Going East: Are these guys SERIOUS? Ghol's having a moment here.

Vovhko: "..kin, kin. I've yet to see the hundred thousand soldiers who could bring down YOUR maker. But you are not him."



Placidus: Meanwhile, Placidus and Travis are just chilling out, talking about mysterious orbs.



Travis Meacham: We're having intellectual conversations and puffing on our pipes.



Vraknaar: "And yet, he was an egg too, once. Give it time."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax has a devilish smirk on his face now, "Maybe it'd take more than a hundred if you weren't so busy getting fat and docile on your pile of gold."



banana (GM): As a consequence of which Travis has finally become aware of just what that inscription said...



Placidus: "Does the name 'Mara' mean anything to you, incidentally?"



Travis Meacham: "Not to me. Did it really have my actual name written in some ancient language, though? That's very cool."



banana (GM): Actually, though.

Roll Archmage relationship dice if you got em. If a 6 turns up, the name DOES mean something to Travis.



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d6 this is conflicted

(4)

= 4



banana (GM): nope.





Travis Meacham: ive seriously rolled 5 4s in my 7 relationship rolls.





banana (GM): ;_;

 **Placidus:** You think that's bad, I haven't gotten to make a single one.


 **banana (GM):** Vovhko splutters and emits tiny jets of searing flame. She gets up on four legs and seems about to leap into the sky for a second, then settles back down.

 **Travis Meacham:** probably, the older names are not famliar to me either


 **Placidus:** Placidus nods. "I do wonder who the other orbs are for. Maybe they're all for you? And you have to go and collect them?"


 **Travis Meacham:** "Or maybe I'm one of a group of, I dunno, call it six legendary champions each of whom will have found an orb?"


Dragon: "We have done more for the Empire than you can conceive, Xarvrax. Our hoard is commensurately vast."


 **Placidus:** "That's also well within parameters."


Dragon: "Let's make a wager like your humans do."


 **Travis Meacham:** "I guess Ghol would have to help Kon carry his orb, though."


 **Placidus:** "Maybe we'll meet someone else."


 **banana (GM):** Frankly, the thing's smooth shape and girth make it hard for even a humanoid to carry around.


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax waves his hand, "Get on with it then, I don't have all day to spend talking to a lowly wyrm like you."


 **Placidus:** "I'm sure Kon will let Ghol carry Kon's orb and pretend it's his."


 **banana (GM):** The dragon *growls*.


 **Kon:** Kon barks, having just heard his name while wandering out of the woods, happily sated. He takes a long look at what Ghol's up to with the two elves, eyes narrowing, and decides the orc/elf teen is probably fine and should be left alone. He wanders over to the wizard and the gnome, giving the dragons a wide berth, and settles down next to them.


 **banana (GM):** Vraknaar's seen this happen before. If it was just him? He'd probably be rolling initiative right now. But wyrms *know* what will happen to them if they touch the last and favourite son.


 **Travis Meacham:** For being a really, really big wolf with very sharp teeth, Kon is reassuringly calm.

 **Placidus:** Pat pat. Good dog.

 **Xarvrax:** "Growling at me is funny, you think you scare me."

 **Vraknaar:** Probably why Vraknaar's less of a blowhard. Being imperious is pretty hard from the inside of a stomach.

 **Xarvrax:** "There are four dragons in this world that scare me, and I hate to break it to you, but you're not one of them."

 **Travis Meacham:** "So how did you and Ghol meet? I don't know why I am asking you this, actually, because you can't talk."



Kon: Kon nods.



Placidus: "Ghol raised him, is my understanding."



Travis Meacham: "Very good."



Placidus: "Or rather, they grew up together."



Kon: Barks once for yes.



banana (GM): Coppers are the smallest and least aggressive of all the dragonflights. This one's also a military leader, and she's willing to settle things a subtler way than by tail swipe.. just. "Here is the wager we will make. The Free Copper Companies will 'sponsor' you to eat out these meat elves, and if you win? We will split the prize."

"When you lose, however, you will still owe us half of that prize. A debt that WILL be collected."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax laughs, "Have you seen my companions? The Orc and Warg could probably find a way to out eat you if they wanted."



Vraknaar: "So be it, then."



Placidus: Placidus looks up. "Excuse me, Subcommander Vovhko?"

"Exactly how big is the prize?"



banana (GM): Vovhko extends her neck and calls- an enormous bugling cry that echoes through the morning air, terrifying animals for miles. One of the copper dragons listens and begins to more hurriedly finish its meal, hopping for a fence to leap awkwardly into the sky. Then the dragon turns to the gnome, who is about the size OF her head and neck.



Travis Meacham: Please be nice to animal.



Kon: Strongly agreed.



Placidus: Placidus looks the dragon directly in the eye, presumably too stupid to be scared. Placidus is an idiot, right?



Xarvrax: Xarvrax shakes his head and mutters, "Can't even half deafen me, really are puny."



Ghol, Going East: At this, Kon sits up, tensing, contemplating the dragon.

Subcommander Vovhko: "As well as the usual precious stones, the meat elves have secured _The Goblet Of Balsamo_. Whether you want to hand over the gems or the priceless treasure is your choice, although if your gut is representative of the effort it will not be a choice at all."



Placidus: Does Placidus know what the Goblet of Balsamo is?



Xarvrax: Xarvrax smirks again, "You're just saying that because you want more shiny things to be lazy on top of."



Ghol, Going East: Presumably the elves and orc-elves have stopped their conversation to stare at this display of petty dragony in growing horror and embarrassment.

Arielbeth: Both white elves are talking quietly to Ghol, now. This is nobody else's business. "There's nothing to be afraid of. You grew up outside a wood? Without knowing who you were?"

Subcommander Vovhko, withering: "And you think you are a dragon."



Xarvrax: "If being a dragon means being a lazy incompetent blowhard... then I guess you're more of one than me, true."



Ghol, Going East: "Yeah?" Ghol's still nervous, but he visibly relaxes. He grew up in the woods, but he's fairly sure that's not the meaning he's supposed to take here. With more certainty: "Yeah. Until recently I was just another one of the nomad-band."



Travis Meacham: Travis would literally never talk to another wizard like this, which either shows how sophisticated or how violently unpredictable wizards are.



Vraknaar: "Enough posturing. You've made your wager. Now we must be off to win it."



banana (GM): The copper wyrm that drops out of the sky moments later is carrying huge saddlebags. Vohko: "Captain Doulz. You are to escort these civilians to San Meat and sponsor them to enter the Hungry Games. Observe their movements and report back if they leave the city or lose and attempt to flee. Anything other than taking the first overall place will be a loss."



Placidus: Since the narrator is a BIG JERK, Placidus will just ask Travis: "What's the Goblet of Balsamo?"



Ghol, Going East: They..don't hate him! Or visibly want to murder him! This is going better than most of the last month.



Travis Meacham: does travis know? it feels like he might know



Placidus: Also most of the next several months.



banana (GM): well, he might. or a bard might. it's an int check.. but dc 20. this is champion tier stuff



Travis Meacham: im guessing wizard does not apply?

rolling 1d20+5 Alright Let's Do This

(12)+5

= 17



banana (GM): sadly, no



Placidus: I'm going to claim my traveling theatre background here, on the grounds that maybe someone wrote a song about it



Xarvrax: Why not, oh I don't know... ask the literal priest elves who live in the city where they have the mystical artifacts?



Travis Meacham: close but no cigar



banana (GM): legends and songs! that IS an appropriate background



Travis Meacham: maybe xarvrax, being practical and straightforward, thought of that



Placidus: rolling d20+7 come onnnnn

(13)+7



Travis Meacham: travis just tried to remember school



banana (GM): the Meat Khetherans aren't actually priets



Placidus: yeah boyeeeeee



banana (GM): they're just a religious minority

[members of]

renames campaign to 20th Age



Ghol, Going East: Ghol: "I was raised up north and out west, in the foothills past the swampland, by other orcs. They never told me where I came from. Until recently I just thought I was...born there. Made there."

"Appeared there, one day."

Adanneloc: "The dreams don't mean much these days. The war and the shards.. it's best to just think of ourselves as Imperial citizens."

Arielbeth: "You mean you didn't know at ALL? Wow. That'd be like growing up without a mother and going through-"

Adanneloc: : "ARRY."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol winces.

He opens his mouth, planning to talk about crowns, but -- She entrusted the task to him...he'll wait to see if they mention it first.

And maybe not in front of Adanneloc.

Doulz, Free Copper Captain: "It seems our silver is yours, dragon-kin. The subcommander is *angry*, so I won't ask details. Do you truly need an escort the remaining few miles to the city?"



Xarvrax: "You don't seem to be as thickskulled as your commander, so that will be fine."



Vraknaar: "What? No. We don't need an escort. We'll be fine."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax throws his hands into the air, "Whatever, I just want to get to this contest, win it, and shove it in that blowhard's face."



banana (GM): At this point Vovhko just, jumps and begins flapping, initiating VTOL and scattering bedrolls everywhere. She's bugging out.

Doulz: "I will meet you at the Alabaster Grill, then. I must ascertain the subcommander's state of mind."



Kon: Kon snorts with annoyance at the departing dragon and starts padding around camp, cleaning up. The boy is busy, after all.



banana (GM): He grins, a dragon expression which is not at all the same thing as a human smile, and begins to lumber away.



Placidus: Placidus: "Oh! Right, I remember. The Goblet of Balsamo will, if you fill it with the rarest of wines and then drink from it, cure any poison or disease."

"I, er, saw a play it featured in." This is not technically a lie: when your mother dresses you up in twigs and makes you stand at the rear of the stage as a prop because the fake trees won't stand up, you can in fact see the entire play.



banana (GM): Might be just the thing after the sort of meals this thing is likely to take.



Xarvrax: "Of course we'll get something to cure poisons after we've already dealt with the horrible snake monster."



Vraknaar: "We don't have any wine anyway."

Arielbeth: "Well, anyway. Be careful in the city, won't you? Some of the meatists are a bit.. fixed in their opinions. We love our home, don't get me wrong."



Placidus: "We could do with some, frankly."



Travis Meacham: "I'm going to be honest, that sounds like a vintner's advertisement."

Adanneloc: "We love our home, which is a small town of religious zealots which grows every five years to the world's greatest spectacle, churning fundamentalism with grift."



Placidus: "I don't think you need to advertise the kind of wine the Goblet of Balsamo would accept."
"It's the kind they won't even sell you unless you know to ask for it already."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol nods. Adanneloc...gonna have to get him to run meat errands or something. Somehow he doesn't think just asking the dude to go do something else so he, a complete stranger, can spend time alone with his sister is going to work.



Placidus: I can't see why not.



banana (GM): :-*



Ghol, Going East: 'No! I just want to talk to her about dreaaaammmsss!' as the Meat Cops drag him away.



banana (GM): The dragons are leaving at last. If anyone was paying attention, it looks like your two dragon friends somehow annoyed the big ones into giving you 50000 silver pieces?



Ghol, Going East: Man, dragons are weird.



Travis Meacham: It came with a big ol' string, though.



banana (GM): Or at least delivering them shortly.



Kon: Kon staunchly agrees.



Travis Meacham: Still, if we lose, maybe we can just bushwhack the guy who wins and take the goblet.



Xarvrax: Why not both?



banana (GM): The paddocks are only slightly decimated. A few labourers are visible here and there, cleaning up... the Free Copper Companies were, it seems, authorised to eat.



Xarvrax: We can win, and then beat up a dragon.

banana (GM): A battalion's worth of dragons?



Xarvrax: ... They can't be that strong, surely.



Placidus: As they get back on the road, Placidus looks sidelong at Vraknaar. "Is he like that all the time, then?"



Vraknaar: "Yes. Definitely."



banana (GM): It's hard to estimate the value of experience. Dragons who are.. veteran soldiers in a military command structure.. that's not how things WORK in the east, and it's not how Vraknaar and Xarvrax's INSTINCTS say they should work.

Who knows if it works out or not.

Presumably, their enemies do.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax glances back at them, "It's true, I really am."



Placidus: "And here I thought *my* family was pushy."



banana (GM): The elf siblings chat happily and point out landmarks as you walk south. It's just a little walk now to the whitecrystal gates of (in ancient elven tongue) the House of Meat.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol is at the front now, openly hanging out with the elves, something they are likely variably pleased with.



banana (GM): They are at minimum pleased for the ability to gossip about dragons, because wow. a good stopping place?



Kon: Kon isn't a huge fan of it either; he doesn't have anything against Adanneloc and Arielbeth in particular -- certainly not the latter, Ghol needs to learn how to talk to girls at some point -- but...elves... On the subject of elves in general, as always, the warg keeps his own counsel.



Travis Meacham: dragons are weird.



Kon: On that, the warg and wizard strongly agree.



banana (GM): dragons are very much something with which the world is being made to Deal, these days