



*banana (GM) T-5 minutes. The T stands for Trouble.*



**banana (GM):** ...but trouble aside, the walk back through San Meat is a pleasant one. The main boulevards are lined with trees and conjured air scents, keeping away the worst of the butchery stink; tourists natter happily around a statue of the Goddess piloting a gravy boat. Small white elf children play teleportsies from alley to alley - in this white-and-meat city, even most of the alleys are well lit. As Kon's Men walk they could talk, or take in the sights, or they could roll dice.  
(See #perfectcircle for what dice to roll and why)



**Xandrah:** rolling 3d6 dragons

$$(6 + 2 + 3)$$
$$= 11$$



**banana (GM):** :allears:



**Zarick:** rolling 2d6 the five positive

$$(2 + 1)$$
$$= 3$$



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol is content to just chill for now with Kon and the others -- because clearly Kon is running this show now, given by what's written on their team registration -- but he feels his mind pulled back towards his Queen and his Lord, and Silesias the Grey...

rolling 2d6 ELF QUEEN, CONFLICTED

$$(5 + 2)$$
$$= 7$$



**Zarick:** rolling 1d6 the conqueror conflicted

$$(6)$$
$$= 6$$



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

$$(4)$$
$$= 4$$



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

$$(2)$$



**banana (GM):** Dragon advantages advance to Double Dragon. The Conqueror, too, is in the ascendant - and the Elf Queen is more dangerous than ordinarily.



**Placidus:** Channelling... The Demigod



**banana (GM):** ...the Demigod is \*always\* dangerous. The question is to whom.

Well, it's probably not a problem!

San Meat! You have the walk back to the Gut & Bowel, then rest of the afternoon to plan and read and train and plot..

Also, you have



*banana (GM) T-4 minutes*



**Xarvrax:** "How do you even go about training for something like this, I would figure eating ahead of time would be a bad idea.

"



**Placidus:** Placidus sets himself up in the common area of the G&B, on a chair and booster seat with a spread of papers in front of him, covered in sketches and numerals (featuring prominently is a mailed, spiked fist) and also this bizarre... thing, the dwarves gave him.



**Ghol, Going East:** The elf-orc shrugs. "I'm just gonna eat like crap and run around a lot afterwards."



**banana (GM):** Eating too much in advance is definitely pretty dangerous. The heats for each event are held one day before the competition itself, and a lot of contestants skip that dinner and breakfast..



**Placidus:** "I think that if we'd started training weeks ago, then eating high volumes of food to prepare your systems would've been a wise idea. As it is, the best preparation we can do is learn the rules for all the events."



**banana (GM):** Incidentally, your registration papers came with an event list, which can be found at <https://app.roll20.net/forum/post/1120940/the-hungry-games-event-registration/>



**Placidus:** So... what ARE the rules for the events.



**Kon:** Kon and Placidus will likely be settling in this afternoon in whatever passes for a study in this inn to determine precisely that.

Well. Size permitting.



**Placidus:** With Travis distracted, Kon and Placidus are the clear #1 and #2 in group intelligence, respectively.



**Xarvrax:** Hey!





**banana (GM):** Unless you want to separate out the clipboardsfull of rules and each read a page as you walk, it might be best to focus on one event at a time.


Or waiting until Time Permits, as Kon indicates (somehow).




**Zarick:** Well, a lot of them have a limit to how many of us can enter, right? We should probably worry about those first to figure out who's going to participate.


 **banana (GM):** It's true. Only the deadly Night Steaks and intelligence-testing Taste Against Time match entire teams against each other.


 **Placidus:** Placidus will just walk. It's hard to read a clipboard over Ghol's shoulder when you're three and a half feet tall.


 **banana (GM):** It's not a big city. Just three minutes of rambling will take you back to the inn, and the only major sights on the way are a street full of shops and a park full of lounging soldiers.


 *banana (GM) T-3 minutes*


 **Placidus:** Placidus *\*does\** need to do some shopping...


 **Kon:** Kon, being a great big warg, is probably the best suited entrant for The 100' Sausage event barring any game-changing riders to the rules -- one assumes it involves consuming (some portion of?) a 100' Sausage with either a time or completion-based scoring schema.


 **Vraknaar:** It seems like maybe one of the dragons might be the best for Jawsculpting, as horrific as that sounds? Sounds like it might hurt and they'd recover the best, most likely.


 **Placidus:** Kon's probably one of the better candidates for all of the contests that don't require opposable thumbs, as Improv Sandwich might well.

 **banana (GM):** That's exactly what it involves. The rules for this one are quite short, and you can skim it to see that it's basically an *\*endurance\** event.


 **Placidus:** ...the man-dragons have thumbs, right?


 **banana (GM):** Racing through the Sausage is apparently no good if it you end up staggering off into the fields to collapse halfway.


 **Xarvrax:** I'm the tougher dragon, but you're dexterous, so you might be better at making things.

 **Placidus:** Xarvrax certainly does more jawing, of the two.

 *banana (GM) T-2 minutes*

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol is keeping a wary eye out for anymore orcs as they walk -- especially ones who don't quite look like they fit in even in a diverse, traveler-friendly milieu such as this. Estella is operating in this vague theater, and this is precisely the sort of event she'd send scouts to, if only just to go grocery shopping for her.

 **banana (GM):** There's the building in sight now. This main boulevard - the unimaginatively named Meat Street - opens out into squares three times along its length, although the white elves don't build 'squares' so much as 'spirals'.  
  
You haven't seen an *\*orc\** in the town- but actually, the park off one of the squares had several soldiers chatting to people that included a half-orc like Ghol.  
  
Well, not quite like Ghol. Different ears.  
  
..and quite a lot shorter.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Meat Street. Hah. That's cool. There was a scout back in the host who swore up and down that the main thoroughfare in Santa Cora was Pain Street.  
  
...Huh. What's that guy's facial hair situation? Maybe there are orc-dwarves or orc-gnomes out there, too.



**banana (GM):** If he made it that far toward the coast, the scout deserves to tell any lies he likes.

A plausible guess: the short halforc is hanging around WITH a couple of gnomes, and there's a definite resemblance. It raises a question, really - why would elves be so uniquely unsusceptible to orcism in the first place? Formerly.



*banana (GM) T-1 minutes, however*



**Placidus:** Meanwhile, Placidus (in FLAGRANT dereliction of his managerial duties) has taken once again to fiddling with the pile of junk gifted him by the fine ladies of Team Wash-it-Down. Maybe it's nonsense. Maybe it's a trap - they are competitors, after all. But that doesn't square with the presented data... this might be an emergent consequence of his earlier summation... but what about that strange backwards gnome woman they supposedly found deep beneath the earth?



**banana (GM):** Finally, there's the cramped but secure little inn.



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol has some guesses, mainly revolving around "because elves got to make the rules of orcing."



**Placidus:** There are a bunch of free-floating terms he can't quite find room for in his figuring.



**banana (GM):** Also, free-floating \*parts\*. The thing isn't always entirely one piece.



**Placidus:** What the-



**Ghol, Going East:** For now, he's going to keep Arry's revelations to himself, because that was the trust under which they were revealed.



**banana (GM):** So, last you left this place, you'd secured two rooms upstairs for the price of not being as mean to the owners as some wizards were. Speaking of- you've lost Travis. He muttered something before heading off, so it's probably ok?



**Ghol, Going East:** Wizards.



**Vraknaar:** Hopefully he doesn't get himself arrested.



**Placidus:** Travis can take care of himself. If not, then surely the rest of us can take care of him. It'll be fine either way.



**Xarvrax:** "Well, we should probably sort out who's doing what competition. What's your opinion on this mr. 'Manager.'"



**banana (GM):** There are some voices inside, in the bar.



**Kon:** Kon has either settled in to nose around in various official documents, or if either room or documents to nose are lacking, he's sunning himself outside.



**banana (GM):** Room \*is\* lacking. When the warg attempts to enter the outer foyer, a big guy and a short guy step in front of him, out from the shadows of the shard-strewn bar.



**Placidus:** "I'm not sure yet. Do the rules require different team members to be employed in each event? That seems unlikely, since there's a team that's just one person--" Oh. "Oh." What's all this, then.



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol is so caught up in his own thoughts he literally walks into them.

**banana (GM):** The short one is, if anything, furrier than Kon himself. He's(?) around Placidus' height,



but covered in long hair and no clothing at all (at least, none exterior to the pelt). You can't even see a face.



**Placidus:** Placidus looks the hairy little person head-on, then. "Hello," he says, vaguely.



**banana (GM):** The \*big\* guy into whom Ghol walks whips a large, red-ringed wand from his belt and jabs it at you while taking a step backward. Again, "guy" is an approximation here, because he's a really big snake-headed being in a good suit ruined a little by slumped posture, and a narrow Temperburg hat.

"Freelance inquisitors. You're under arrest."



**Ghol, Going East:** "Haha, what?"



**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax manages to not ram into Ghol, looking at least a little shocked, "You're going to arrest me?"



**Placidus:** Placidus himself looks rather unkempt - his hair's growing back in quickly, though it's still very uneven in the spot atop his head where his tonsure was. He used to have to shave that every couple days. The fuller hair around the sides of his head is becoming quite curly as it grows out. "I'm sorry?"



**banana (GM):** Little guy, high pitched: "Arrest. Verb, and in some cases other parts of speech. It means you have been detained by our arguably lawful 'authority' and are welcome to resist."

Big guy: "If you resist arrest, you're under arrest."



**Vraknaar:** Vraknaar steps forward. "Under whose authority are you going to arrest us?"



**banana (GM):** Little guy: "I \*like\* what happens then."



**Ghol, Going East:** "Placidus, what's freelance? Is that like unemployed?"

"Because it sounds a lot like unemployed."



**Xarvrax:** "It means they have neither the authority, or likely even the actual power to do so."



**banana (GM):** The yuanti drops the wand a little and rubs its broad chin at Vraknaar. "Well, we don't have backup or legal rights, per se. But it's generally considered totally ok to make a citizens' arrest of necromancers."



**Placidus:** "Freelancing is much worse than being unemployed. Unemployed people don't have to do any work."



**banana (GM):** Little guy: "I'm 'generally' in this scenario."



**Placidus:** "So... on what pretext are you arresting us as necromancers? Where are you intending to take us?"



**Xarvrax:** "Yes yes, you're big scary inquisitors, and I'm a sorcerer, also a dragon."



**Vraknaar:** Vraknaar bares teeth in a growl. "You're a damned fool, if you're going to walk up to a Wyrms and accuse us of necromancy."



**banana (GM):** "It's more of a con-text than a pretext, the context being that we've received a report of necromancy being practised in this fine(?) establishment."



**Placidus:** "Wait, wait."



"Back up a tick."

"Was your plan just to... arrest the first person you saw?"



**banana (GM):** The hairy one: "Samwise, look!" He's picked up a large triangular shard of the shattered forcefield. It glimmers brown-and-translucent. "This could come in handy, for causing pain."



**Xarvrax:** "You mean those morons that already were arrested for Necromancy?"



**Ghol, Going East:** "They're literally trying to arrest a warg for necromancy."



**Placidus:** "Who, themselves, I might add, weren't actually even necromancers."



**Samwise:** To the other inquisitor: "Back that thought up. Free-standing magic like that has even better uses than gratuitous violence."

The snakeman nods at Placidus, though. That was clearly exactly their plan.



**Placidus:** "How long have you been doing this?"

"Freelancing inquisiting, I mean."



**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax scoffs, "There's no better use than gratuitous violence for anything."



**banana (GM):** So the elven barkeepers are staying out of it, again, and one of them's vanished entirely, but the other at least has the grace to roll her eyes. With the sun beginning to set outside, she's going around lighting some covered tallow bundles to bring some cheer to the public room.

Hairy inquisitor: "I couldn't agree more... \*blue necromancer\*."



**Samwise:** "Oh, a while. On and off. You know."



**Placidus:** Are we inside the inn right now?



**banana (GM):** You're in the outer foyer, just inside.

These guys are inbetween you and the stairs up to your rooms! Rude!



**Placidus:** "Could we maybe talk about this outside?"



**Xarvrax:** "I'm not a Necromancer, you imbecile."



**Samwise:** "Hey, I'm asking the questions here."

To Placidus: "Can we take this outside?"



**Placidus:** You know, somewhere where pissing off two man-dragons isn't going to put these poor inkeeps out of house and home.



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol laughs again. "Alright, Kon and I are going outside. Y'all are welcome to follow me, if you want to get your asses beat in the street."



**Placidus:** "Wait, wait." Placidus takes the clipboards full of notes. "Could you watch these, please, while we're inquisitioned?"

Those are important!



**Xarvrax:** "I mean, I could just arrest the two of you on the authority of The Five, probably, I mean, it has about as much weight as your arrest."



**Placidus:** Don't want to get any blood on them.

 **Samwise:** "Sure, hand them over."

 **Placidus:** "No, no, not you."

 **banana (GM):** Elf: "He means me."

 **Vraknaar:** "I can't begin to explain how your intent here is stupid. You want to arrest a group that includes two dragons, sworn enemies of the One-Eyed King, for necromancy. Forgetting that, the two of you want to arrest the five of us."

 **Placidus:** "Yes, thank you."

 **banana (GM):** She just, takes the documents and smirks. Maybe these guys are known around town...

 **Samwise:** "Gleemax, I do believe we're going to need to make room for these people, or dragons as the case may be."

 **Placidus:** Placidus looks to the hairy one once the important documents are in comparatively sane hands. "Sorry, we didn't catch your- ah."

 **Gleemax:** Walk-skipping outside: "Oh, yeah. People take a lot more room when they're spread out all over the sidewalk."

 **banana (GM):** Is anyone not following the "Freelance Inquisition" to the shade of the inn's awning?

 **Placidus:** Placidus will do so after letting them pass. Are they armed?

 **Samwise:** "Hang on a sec." He's spotted something under the awning- it's a wasp nest. Samwise aims his wand at the dark corner and fires a blast of force, shattering the nest into honeycomb; dozens of surviving wasps boil off in the other direction, driving away pedestrians with panicked cries.

 **Gleemax:** "There's nothing quite like privacy."

 **Placidus:** "That is the second wasp's nest you've kicked in the last ten minutes."

 **Samwise:** "Tell me, whatever your name is. What do you know about the Dark Arts?"

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax laughs, "If you weren't about to be brutally murdered, we could probably be good friends."

 **Ghol, Going East:** \*cough\* "dork arts" \*cough\*

 **Gleemax:** Gleemax looks jumpy through all the hair. "Who's going to murder us??"

 **Placidus:** "Nobody's going to murder anyone, hopefully."

 **Xarvrax:** "I was pretty sure when we went outside, it was so we wouldn't get blood all over the nice inn."

 **Vraknaar:** "As long as we can back down calling us necromancers, sure."

 **Placidus:** "But, the easiest way to get murdered is to avoid aggravating dragons."

 **Xarvrax:** "I feel that it was implied there would be murdering."

 **Placidus:** "And, here's something you might not know: dragon aggravation is *\*not\** a linear proposition."

"Aggravating two dragons is much, \*much\* worse than twice as bad as aggravating one dragon."



**Samwise:** "Hang on, there's been some sort of misunderstanding."

"We're not here to \*murder\* necromancers. What kind of maniac would do that?"



**Gleemax:** "What kind... indeed."



**Ghol, Going East:** These dudes aren't blocking the door anymore, are they?



**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax points at himself.



**Ghol, Going East:** Like, we're just standing outside talking, right?



**Vraknaar:** "That's what I usually try to do to necromancers. So you'd better can it."



**banana (GM):** Yeah, they've gone around the corner outside to bluster



**Ghol, Going East:** Let's just...go inside.

To our rooms.



**Placidus:** "I hope we can resolve this peacefully. But you have to understand, we're not... going anywhere, with you."

"Because this is preposterous."



**Gleemax:** "WOW. Get a load of this guy's disrespect for thaumaturgically-based alternate life-definitions."



**Samwise:** "It's making me depressed, little buddy. We \*love\* necromancers. We wanted to find out if you were any good at it."



**Placidus:** "We aren't necromancers, even slightly."



**Gleemax:** "False advertising!"



**Placidus:** "Even the people you \*heard\* were necromancers aren't necromancers."

"No actual necromancy was done, here."



**Samwise:** "That's not a lot of help, and it's probably inaccurate."



**Xarvrax:** "So not only are you terrible at finding necromancers, you're also just morons trying to find necromancers in the heart of the Dragon Empire."



**Gleemax:** "The abbatoirs besieged by belligerant newly-risen cattle creatures say 'definitely' inaccurate, Samwise. There's necromancy in this town."



**Samwise:** "That's right. There's necromancy around, and we're not morons- we're recruiters."



**Gleemax:** "Indeed we are no ordinary morons."



**Placidus:** "Recruiting... necromancers?"



**Xarvrax:** "Believe me, we've noticed."



**Placidus:** "Who are you... freelancing for? Are you under contract right now?"



 **Samwise:** "Our current case goes exactly halfway to the top, little guy. Between gods and men, if you get what I'm saying, which you probably don't."

 **Placidus:** "The Demigod."

 **Gleemax:** "I doubt they know anything at all. Could we just get back to the idea of murders?"

 **Ghol, Going East:** The...Dummy...god...? Nah, that's lame. Good filter, Ghol.

 **Samwise:** Samwise looks at Xarvrax's charred mouth-scales and Vraknaar's muscles. "We're actually going to shelve murders, I think."

 **Vraknaar:** "So are you lot necromancers, then?"

 **Placidus:** Something occurs to Placidus. "You're not... clerics of the dark gods, are you?"

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax glances down at the gnome, "Are we also shelving murders?"

 **Ghol, Going East:** "Either that, or they're trying to sell us something."

 **Placidus:** "Perhaps, registered members of the team the Demigod's sponsored for the Games?"

 **Samwise:** "No, no. no."

 **Gleemax:** "Absolutely not. We could never be tied down!"

 **Samwise:** "Free spirits. Far too free. Insufficiently dark."

 **Gleemax:** "We only work for three things: Imperial gold, Federal dollars and the Concordian Dream."

 **Xarvrax:** "I'm almost afraid to ask what the dream is."

 **Placidus:** "How much are you being paid to search for necromancers? Who's paying you?"

 **Vraknaar:** "You've got to be kidding me."

 **Samwise:** "Well, to take your questions in order, not enough, and are you willing to pay to find out?"

 **Placidus:** "We're willing to match 'not enough', certainly."

 **Samwise:** "Alternatively, if you can *find* the necromancer for us, the payment would flow in roughly the other direction."

 **Gleemax:** "Sans fees and applicable charges."


 **Placidus:** "Yes, gladly. We will gladly find the necromancer for you." He glances back and up at Xarvrax, before saying to Gleemax: "Please leave, though. We're not going anywhere. This is where we live."

 **Kon:** Kon is dozing again, or at least looks like it, but Ghol can still tell he's tensed up and ready to pounce if necessary.


 **Placidus:** "You can come by and check for a status report. Just... go, now, please."


 **Samwise:** "Well, OK. I can tell when we're not wanted."


**Gleemax:** "You can?"


 **Samwise:** "I've been taking a course."


"If you aren't necromancers at all-" The yuan-ti pulls out an apple and waves it around. "Know anything about this apple?"

 **Vraknaar:** "I think you need some remedial lessons."

 **Placidus:** Placidus squints. What kind of apple is it? Is there anything odd about it?

 **Samwise:** Doesn't seem to be. You could roll intelligence with any applicable backgrounds (orchard husbandry? vegetarianism?)

 **Placidus:** I'm going to claim 'natural historian' here. Knowing what different plants are is basically 85% of what natural history is


 **Xarvrax:** "Oooh an apple, the greatest tool a necromancer can get his hands on."


 **banana (GM):** The other 15%: animals?


 **Placidus:** rolling d20+10 natural historian


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
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 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol frowns. "Why wouldn't necromancers be able to answer questions about apples?" Still, he's a nature guy...does Scout apply at all, given his time living off the land in the course of his duties in human lands would involve "borrowing" from orchards?


 **banana (GM):** That's an almost ordinary apple, yeah. Its luscious red colour is, however, a coat of paint.


 **Placidus:** Are there any bite marks on it?  
Did one of them bite into a painted apple.


 **banana (GM):** There's some sort of.. rounded incision. Snakes don't have teeth to speak of, though.


 **Ghol, Going East:** And why wouldn't necromancers be able to answer questions about apples, again?

 **banana (GM):** You're almost certain the other guy is a halfling...

 **Samwise:** "It's not that they can't," Samwise explains. "But they're generally reluctant."

 **Placidus:** A rounded incision, like if someone stuck a straw into it, or like if someone poked a hole in it?

 **banana (GM):** More like if someone with blunt halfling teeth bit it.

 **Xarvrax:** Who paints an apple?

 **Placidus:** rolling d20 I'm going to set myself a dc 15 charisma check not to burst out laughing

(2)

= 2



**Ghol, Going East:** Necromancers?



**Placidus:** Placidus bursts out laughing.



**banana (GM):** Perhaps this is the question to which Samwise seeks an answer.



**Vraknaar:** Vraknaar is a little taken aback by the gnome's laughter. Haven't heard that before.



**Samwise:** The snake's tongue briefly flickers at the air in annoyance. "Can't use those things together, I guess. Come on, Gleemax. We've got nine more suspicious groups to cover by yesterday."



**Placidus:** It's a reedy, staccato sound, Placidus's laugh, like if a woodpecker could talk.



**Gleemax:** "We'll almost certainly be back."



**Placidus:** "I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I was laughing at your foolishness."  
"Take care."



**Gleemax:** The little one's facehair quivers for a moment- a frown? A snarl? But then a runaway horse canters down the street and the big inquisitor swings him round by the shoulder, pointing. They lope off, firing wildly into the air.



**Ghol, Going East:** "There they go. Two guys who don't know a thing or give a fuck."



**banana (GM):** That's the spirit of the Hungry Games!



**Placidus:** Placidus wipes a tear from his eye, and the pile of junk jiggles as he balances it in the other hand. "You know. Oh, mercy. You know, on balance, I quite like them."



**Vraknaar:** "Certainly seems that way."



**Ghol, Going East:** "I dunno about like. I think...appreciate? Yeah, appreciate might be the better word."



**Placidus:** "I'm glad they left, at any rate, so that the dragons didn't murder them."



**Xarvrax:** "I still want to murder them, but less than before, at least."



**banana (GM):** Could've gone worse. If pushed, they did seem pretty ready to resort to violence- but then again, so are you.



**Vraknaar:** "So, back to planning then, I guess? If no one else wants to detain us or casually throw about accusations of necromancy?"




**Placidus:** "You know, my grandfather was fond of saying 'you've got less sense than an unshaved halfling'."  
"I never quite understood what that meant before."  
"But yes, we should get back to preparing for the Games."





**banana (GM):** LAWS OF THE GAME OF HUNDRED-FOOT SAUSAGE


1. Each participant shall be accorded a link of sausages stretching 100' in length.
2. Each sausage in the link shall be no more than six inches in length and two inches in diameter.
3. The Game is played from sunup to sundown, by single team members.
4. The participant with the least sausages remaining in their link, to be removed by eating, shall win the favour of the Goddess.


Sounds like the simplest of the lot. Arguably, some of you could have got through that while the others were arguing with the freelance inquisitors, so I've written it out here.


 **banana (GM):** That is, however, a lot of meat.


 **Placidus:** "That's a lot of meat. It definitely seems like an event where Kon would have an edge against the field."


 **Xarvrax:** ;"That's definitely seems like the game for one of those two, yeah.


 **Vraknaar:** "Or you. I've seen you put it away before."


 **Kon:** Kon yawns confidently.


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax glares at his brother, "I'm the toughest one here, if that's what you're implying."

 **Vraknaar:** "Especially your skull." Vraknaar gives what passes for a grin on a man-dragon.

 **banana (GM):** It's nice and warm out here on the street in the shade. Inside, the innkeepers have begun to cook. Smell drifts out.. the Games are a tourist attraction, but not for tourists susceptible to heartburn.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol is currently trying to mentally figure out how many sausage links are in your standard healthy adult deer.


 **Placidus:** Ugh. Luckily Placidus is easily put off his food, or the fact that he hadn't eaten all day would be haunting him. It'd make biting into a painted apple extremely tempting.


 **Kon:** The warg, at least, does not look particularly concerned.


 **banana (GM):** CRITERIA OF THE MEAT ART JAWSCULPTURE


1. No instrument or tool other than the mouth to be used.
2. Judgement is by equal votes of other participants, no participant to vote for their own sculpture, and of the clergy.
3. A point will be awarded in the categories of Originality, Structure, Precision and Combo.


 **Vraknaar:** "Oh. That's not nearly as bad as it sounds."


 **Xarvrax:** Combo?


 **Vraknaar:** "And additionally, definitely my jam. I made a dragon out of some potatoes once. The flavor wasn't great, but for playing with your food, it can't be beat."

 **Placidus:** "Which of the two of you is more artistic?"  
"Well, that settles that then."

 **Xarvrax:** "Unless you count rampant destruction as an art, it's not me."


 **banana (GM):** This is surprisingly easy to assign. Maybe you could be professional eaters.

 **Placidus:** Maybe we were just brought together by destiny for no higher purpose than to win this contest.


 **banana (GM):** RESTRICTIONS AND CAVEATS UPON THE NIGHT STEAKS


1. Any participant in a torchlit zone is Safe and may not be harmed.

2. Any participant engaged in butchery and dressing is Safe and may not be harmed.
3. Any participant who leaves the field of play before sunup is Safe and may not be harmed, but may not return to the field of play.
1. The first team to have slaughtered one animal for each remaining team member achieves victory.
- \*4.

 **banana (GM):** \*slaughtered and consumed


 **Xarvrax:** "Well, we're definitely good at slaughtering things."


 **Vraknaar:** "Hunting. We've got an orc, a warg, and two dragons. Let's do this."


 **Ghol, Going East:** "...That's it? No prey restrictions?"


 **Placidus:** "I'm betting Ghol can field-dress a carcass better than anyone else."


 **Xarvrax:** "I can cook and kill it all at once!"


 **Ghol, Going East:** "Read it again. There's GOTTA be prey restrictions. If not, what's to stop you from just killing other hunters and...hrm." It's beginning to dawn on Ghol why there so many "Safe" exceptions.  
\*there are


 **Vraknaar:** "Wait, though. You only need as many animals as you have team members?"


 **banana (GM):** Participation in each of the events is, according to your documents, optional.


 **Placidus:** "That one's definitely a group effort."


 **banana (GM):** Fine print for Night Steaks includes this: the hunting area is seeded with only a certain amount of game...


 **Placidus:** Night Steaks is one of the all-team events, right?


 **banana (GM):** yes


 **Xarvrax:** "Not necessarily, you have to kill one animal per member competing."  
"So if you're just one person, you just have to kill one animal."

 **Placidus:** "So the strategy in Night Steaks comes down to whether it's optimal to split up and find animals, or to stay together and avoid being murdered."  
"That's... very straightforward."

 **banana (GM):** Sounds like Salubriot might have an advantage, here - as would any other team who can field a single brilliant eater.

 **Vraknaar:** "Right, but that's what I'm saying. Seems like that one-man team might be at an advantage, if he can get one animal."

 **Ghol, Going East:** "One assumes any tiebreakers are quantity-based."  
"Like, a team that completes the event with 5 members beats a team with 2."

 **Placidus:** "Ghol and Kon together might make the optimal pairing. They can hunt quickly, take care of themselves, and only need two animals."





**Ghol, Going East:** "That's true."



**Vraknaar:** "The rules say the first team to get the requirement wins. So a tie would only happen if you finished at the same time."



**Placidus:** "There are also no rules against, taking someone else's animal to make sure this doesn't happen."



**banana (GM):** IMPROV SANDWICH GUIDELINES (AMATEUR, GAMES DIVISION)

- Symbology over quality.
- Quality over quantity.
- Quantity over nonentity.
- Have fun, and keep the crowd entertained - any ingredients supplied by partisans are legal!



**Placidus:** "Wait."



**Ghol, Going East:** "...'Symbology?'"



**Placidus:** "This is an event for MAKING sandwiches?"  
"You don't even have to eat them?"



**Vraknaar:** "So they just... throw stuff at us and we have to make sandwiches out of it?"



**banana (GM):** It is. And in the rules detail, they explain that symbology is a fancy way to say Meaning.  
The ideal sandwich makes... a Statement.



**Placidus:** "I want to do this one."  
"No, that's not right."  
"I am the Manager. I am demanding to do this one."



**Xarvrax:** "I have no idea how to make a meaningful sandwich, so go right ahead."



**banana (GM):** IMPROV SANDWICH GUIDELINES APPENDIX (AMATEUR, GAMES DIVISION) -  
DOUBLES EVENT  
- Synergy over symbology.



**Placidus:** Can the singles Sandwich Artist be on the doubles team?



**banana (GM):** Apparently so.



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol doesn't want to be the one to suggest to the dragon bros that "synergy" might not be up their alley...



**Vraknaar:** "Perhaps you and Travis?"



**Xarvrax:** "Let the Wizard do that one."











**Placidus:** "I'll get Travis on the doubles team with me, then."





**Ghol, Going East:** Kon and Placidus might make a good doubles team. Or the Wizard.  
But, you know. Wizards.


**Placidus:** We need to let Travis do \*something\*.


	<b>Ghol, Going East:</b> Do we?
	<b>Placidus:</b> ... Good question.
	<b>Vraknaar:</b> Letting wizards do things is how we got into trouble last time.
	<b>Placidus:</b> Oh, like any right-thinking adventurer wouldn't have snatched that orb right up.
	<b>Xarvrax:</b> But see, we're not letting him do something, we're FORCING him to do something. Big difference.
	<b>Ghol, Going East:</b> Good point.
	<b>Placidus:</b> That leaves the Taste Against Time, yes?
	<b>Travis Meacham:</b> I was forced into picking up the orb last time.
	<b>Vraknaar:</b> "forced"
	<b>banana (GM):</b> THE HOLY SELECTION RITE: TASTE AGAINST TIME PRAYER TO ALABASTIEN MEAT She of fairest skin, streaked with choicest lipids - heed our prayer. We dedicate to You this combat of wits, matching paired dishes by taste and condiments by Divine Recommendation. We promise to Your glorious flesh its most discerning consumption, the most refined of spices and the most aged of wines. We declare that Your champion will reach the Final Meal in Realm record time this year, as it has been every year, forever by Your grace.
	<b>Vraknaar:</b> 'Hey, pick up that orb.' *picks up orb* 'You've forced my hand on this one.'
	<b>Ghol, Going East:</b> Mention an orb and the Wizard comes skidding into the room, almost tripping over his own feet he's moving so fast.
	<b>Placidus:</b> "Who's idea was it to write game rules in verse?" *Whose
	<b>banana (GM):</b> Since you've spent the evening studying, feel free to ask any other questions about the events. You've got a basic roster of the other teams, too - available here <a href="https://app.roll20.net/forum/post/1105134/the-hungry-games-team-registration#post-1105134">https://app.roll20.net/forum/post/1105134/the-hungry-games-team-registration#post-1105134</a> Priests. The night comes, however, and stomachs can only take so much. Once you've slept and woken there will be three days to the Opening Barbeque.
	<b>Xarvrax:</b> Can I punch said Priests?
	<b>Travis Meacham:</b> alright so, brief query does it sound to anyone else like that event involves dying
	<b>Placidus:</b> Final Meal is a bit ominous, certainly.


 **banana (GM):** Nothing death-related is explicitly mentioned in the fine print for Taste Against Time (unlike Night Steaks!).  
However, there is one odd thing about it.


 **Placidus:** But, like... the same team won this last year.


 **banana (GM):** It's a team event, but there's an individual victor.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Only one returning member, though.  
Who was the victor last year?  
Er  
Last time.


 **banana (GM):** Team Army. Captain Glory Manson - then Senior Sergeant - was a member, and is returning to fly the Empire's flag of meat once again.


 **Placidus:** A FLAG OF MEAT WOULD BE TERRIBLE  
IT CANNOT CATCH THE BREEZE MAJESTICALLY


 **Travis Meacham:** Or, it can, if it's made out of prosciutto.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Was Manson the listed victor of the Taste Against Time last year? Surely this would be public knowledge...

 **Travis Meacham:** TRravis, the educated and sophisticated eater, knows all about things like prosciutto.


 **Ghol, Going East:** \*last time!!


 **Placidus:** That's why Travis is going to be indispensable on the Doubles Improv Sandwich team.


 **banana (GM):** Public knowledge, sure, but where's it listed? During your researches of the evening you could ask around - the bar fills up, temporarily. Pick someone and give me a Charisma roll.

 **Travis Meacham:** i'm indispensable wherever i go, yet somehow people don't see it that way


 **Vraknaar:** Probably because you wander off when we're accosted by vagabonds.


 **Placidus:** Placidus, rather than give someone a Charisma roll, is going to go shopping. He needs new clothes!

 **Xarvrax:** rolling d20 + 10 grab a random person and demands answers.

(14)+10

= **24**

 **banana (GM):** Well, that's one successful approach.  
Give me a writeup of shaking the answers out of some poor elven citizen!

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax looks around the bar for a bit trying to discern who might know what he's looking for, but eventually just grabs a random elf, "Where do they keep the records for The Games' previous victors?"



**banana (GM):** The initial response is "What?" and then "Hey, stop!", but it quickly becomes clear that nobody else in the bar room is willing to mess with Xarvrax by coming to the white elf's aid. He yells a few memorised sporting stats to dazzle you before teleporting free.



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol, meanwhile, is going to go for some air -- and see if he can't at least track down directions to this Silesias guy's place, if not go visit him. Unless the group has some other outing planned.



**banana (GM):** Most are irrelevant, but through dint of counter-yelling Xarvrax can extract the one piece of info you were looking for: although Team Army won the Taste Against Time, it was then-Vengeance General Nevercalm Rockwar, a dwarf, who was its specific victor. Not Manson.



**Vraknaar:** Nevercalm Rockwar



**banana (GM):** Captain Glory *\*was\** the victor of a 100' Sausage, somehow.  
Some of the dwarves took new names during their struggle.



**Ghol, Going East:** That's...not especially promising on the whole "Victor doesn't die" front.



**Placidus:** It takes a while to find a tailor - especially after one confusing and nauseating mixup revolving around the phrase 'skirt steak' - but eventually Placidus walks out of a place a couple gold pieces lighter, in a sturdy green robe with a very strong leather traveling satchel - lots of pockets (11) for samples. More importantly - most importantly - Placidus has a simple, almost shapeless brown hat to cover his partially-bald head, beneath which his light and curly hair emerges on all sides.

*skirt t steak'*



**banana (GM):** turns out the /em command doesn't like single quotes  
Unless someone absolutely wants to fit in extra carousing, staying up late and playing sudoku, etc, it seems that the day is over. Even for Placidus' tonsure.  
The good news: a new one follows.



**Travis Meacham:** that IS good news



**Xarvrax:** It's surprising how often that ends up being the good news of the day.



**banana (GM):** Ghol, going East, sleeps oddly that night.  
He's gone West, recently, and in his dream he marches in that direction - struggling on against a tide of sleeting stars. They brush and tingle and sting against his skin, scraping his armour, points of three-coloured light blowing in the celestial wind to try and force him back, away. There's something important here, though; something he has to do before he can turn around. He *\*knows\** that as surely as he's known anything else that came from the voice and the green eyes in the starry sky, although on this particular unique occasion there are no eyes and there is no voice. Just the knowing. Not turning around, not yet.




**Ghol, Going East:** He knows he shouldn't be disappointed he doesn't get to see Her this -- he knows he's got bigger concerns, and that it's ludicrous to expect Her to show up in his dreams all the time like that's all She's got on Her calender for the evening -- but Ghol is 17 years old, and he awakes in the hours before dawn disappointed nonetheless.





**banana (GM):** It's the first time that She's ever been absent for such a powerful dream.  
No words, no smiles or promises, not even a plea. Just the Will, not yet to return to the course- not now, not until he has the egg.


**Ghol, Going East:** He goes for a short walk to clear his head and finds Kon already awake. The two of


 them walk together as the stars fade above them in the growing ambient light, and he tells his best friend in hushed tones of his latest dream.


A commandment to go west again, when all he wants to do is go east. And yet another vague item on his shopping list.


 **banana (GM):** The morning comes for everyone else, not just orc-elves. Three days to the Barbeque, and therefore also to the first day of heats. How are you going to spend it, in this holy city on this holy week?


 **Vraknaar:** Probably not eating too much. Then again, Vraknaar's planned event isn't about eating a lot so much as it is eating \*carefully\*.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Left to his own devices, Ghol would probably swing by Arry's and then look for Silesias. He's willing to sightsee/etc. with the group first, however.


 **Kon:** That's certainly what Kon prefers to do.


 **Placidus:** There's actually very little of the event that actually requires you to eat an enormous amount, rather than eat in a weird way or under duress.


 **Vraknaar:** Maybe we should take in the epicurean delights of a three-day meat bonanza, then.

 **banana (GM):** It's true- the Hungry Games are not about gluttony. Alabastien Meat is a goddess of bounty, not excess.  
Well, the 100-Foot Sausage is about gluttony.


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax plans to wander the city, familiarizing himself with as many dishes, spices, and other meat related items as he can for the final event.


 **Vraknaar:** Scoping out the competition might not be a bad idea, either.

 **banana (GM):** A day of education. If you do spend it that way, that's totally worth a temporary Background.  
(but is it worth the time...?)


 **Travis Meacham:** Travis is already thinking about any dirty tricks they might need to perform.


 **banana (GM):** Well.

 **Xarvrax:** Unless I can rely on having the tongue of a dragon, I should probably learn about meat and meat accessories.

 **banana (GM):** Do you think you can fairly and squarely defeat Team Army, the Snakebelly Stretchers, the Aftershock, the Thaumaturgustators, the "Barbarians", Gnome Team, the Steak Whisperers, Salubriot, the Heartsblood Gorgers, and Wash-It-Down? If so there's no need for dirty tricks.

### *Prepare the Training Montage.*

 **Vraknaar:** One thing's for certain. Vraknaar's definitely going to be playing with his food at every meal.

 **banana (GM):** Let's clarify then: Xarvrax is going to research and practice Meat. Vraknaar's going to learn about the competition. Ghol's going to visit a sage. Travis is.. thinking dirty? Clarify. And Placidus?

Oh yeah, and Travis wasn't here when we did relationship rolls :O so he should make one now!



 **Travis Meacham:** rolling 1d6 archmage


( 3 )


= 3


rolling 2d6 conqueror positive

( 2 + 6 )


= 8


 **Kon:** Kon will tag along with Ghol, since the teen isn't just going to a friend's house where Kon can reasonably expect an adult to supervise him.


 **Travis Meacham:** The most dangerous event sounds like the Night Steaks. It's also the event where some judicious treachery or, shallw e say, gamesmanship, could carry over into other events.

 **banana (GM):** dang  
ok, you've now got DOUBLE STRENGTH advantages floating from all the lords of the dragon empire

 **Vraknaar:** Are the events in the order they're listed on the list? Chronologically?


 **Travis Meacham:** So: is it possible to, let's say, arrange the arena or get some ahead of time knowledge to help us wreck some fools.


 **Placidus:** Placidus is going to study the metal thing unless or until something distracts him. The first step on that road would probably entail grilling (no pun intended) the dwarves about it, to see if they know anything more. Past that, he's got a lot of time to just, poke around with it and test it.


 **banana (GM):** Yes, that's the order. Day 1 is the heat for the Sausage, day 2 is the Sausage proper and the heat for Improv Sandwich 1s, etc  
OK, Travis will be studying the most dangerous of the events and trying to Prep some things- and Placidus is skiving off entirely. I mean, he's managing.  
So, let's see how these things go.


 **Placidus:** Placidus has a hands-off managerial style which is widely appreciated by his allies.


 **Vraknaar:** No one wants a gnome to put their hands on them. Except, perhaps, other gnomes.


 **Placidus:** Besides, there's two more whole days to devote to studying sandwich physics. But this thing is driving him nuts. He's got to get at least SOME inkling of what it's for.  
Or what it used to be for. Or whatever it was supposed to be for.


 **banana (GM):** I think I'm going to straightforwardly call for a roll from each of you except Ghol here, but, because it's a day of self-directed research, it's up to each of you WHAT you're rolling. Just gimme a case to apply whatever it is (which I'm guessing will remarkably turn out to be high stats)  
Has Placidus considered: what it's going to be for, but isn't yet?


 **Placidus:** He has...


 **banana (GM):** What if the strongest periods of history were as yet undetectable ripples?

 **Vraknaar:** can i instead use up my dragon six (i'm pretty sure one of those is mine) to have some practice/consultation session with a fellow dragon

 **banana (GM):** sure  
you can have an automatic Good, But Dragon Flavoured result


 **Vraknaar:** and/or get info about our competition  
i'll use both sixes that i got for that, if need be

 **Travis Meacham:** I've got, in addition to my general wizardly adeptitude (that's now a word), Disguise Self, so i'm gonna roll an int + wizardry roll about the night steaks and either use disguise self in the process of it or figure out when a cunning disguise would be most warranted


 **Vraknaar:** tooth training with a dragon, competition info from an imperial soldier


 **banana (GM):** sounds good


 **Travis Meacham:** rolling 1d20+10


() + 10

= **14**


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax decides to go find one of the priests who deals with the taste against time event, figuring the best place to learn about meat would be the people who worship it.


 **banana (GM):** Vraknaar's pulling double duty..! by dint of someone else's intense effort

 **Xarvrax:** rolling d20 + 10


() + 10

= **24**


 **Placidus:** I'm going to try and use natural historian, specifically placidus's understanding of mathematics and organic structures like plant roots and the ways rocks fracture etc


 **banana (GM):** ok, i'm going to go in alphabeti- why do you all have names that start with x and v and z

 **Placidus:** rolling d20+10 this is that roll, here

() + 10

= **21**

 **Vraknaar:** Vraknaar heads somewhere where he can get the attention of a fellow Wyrms. They're probably all coppers, but if there are any chromatics about he'd call on one. I bet someone knows another dragon who's good with his or her teeth.

 **banana (GM):** roll accepted, and effective but not startling  
It's not long before Travis has joined the train of a priestly delegation preparing the playing fields,

looking just like a robed elf.

More than he ordinarily does, I mean.

The Night Steaks will be raised in an area of private woodland enclosed by the city walls and by a river, just on the north edge of town. Travis wanders around, pretending to help prepare, and is immediately able to pick up some shocking information!



**Xarvrax:** Zzzzap.



**banana (GM):** The game animals that are being seeded in this area are five boars and five bulls - that's just one large animal per competing team. (The Aftershock, apparently, will \*not\* be playing for these steaks).

What's weirder, the reason you're here now instead of in several days... the event's being moved up.



**Travis Meacham:** That isn't very many animals at all.



**banana (GM):** Night Steaks is to be held immediately, as the very first event of the Hungry games; its heat, a 'safe' two-hour version which takes place in the twilight, will be on the night of the Opening Barbeque, and the real thing is the day after. Why are they doing this unannounced? Well, it seems somebody made a valuable donation to the Alabaster Grill, combined with a called-in favour by what the priests grudgingly refer to as "legitimate authority, in the circumstances".

As for preparing the hunting ground, an area a mile or two on each side and thick with bushes and creeks.. any ideas?



**Travis Meacham:** are the starting positions fixed and laid out?



**banana (GM):** While Travis is having ideas - Placidus can find the dwarf team, but they're mostly interested in the Games and know nothing further about his contraption. (In fact, he should roll either Endurance (offers of beer) or Charisma to avoid spilling some info on HIS team). His own research is a little more fruitful.

starting positions: yes. Right now, the only one that seems particularly advantageous is high ground near the centre of the enclosure- that's going to the Gorgers, lots having been drawn.



**Placidus:** I'm going to claim my Mendiant Friar of Megistus background on the constitution roll - the brotherhood brewed their own beer, and Placidus can hold his drink pretty well for a gnome as a result



**banana (GM):** ok!



**Placidus:** rolling d20+3 here's that roll

( 8 )+3

= 11

ack



**Xarvrax:** Not well enough, it seems.



**banana (GM):** The Whirly Thing.. it doesn't \*do\* anything that Placidus can work out, though it could easily do something he can't. Yet, it has an effect. A predictable result. When left to its own devices, totally unwound, all tensions and springs released and when the whole thing is set down and left to topple over.. it points always in the same direction.



**Travis Meacham:** ok so first i want, if possible, to set up some wizard marks that will let us move at top speed through the enclosure with the surety of knowing where things are

then, is there any way to like ... encourage one or two of the game animals not to head that way, but rather this way



**banana (GM):** It's a bit hard to think through the fog of what the dwarf ladies plied Placidus with- they're very nice, really. Former miners, former sappers, now released from their duties of vengeance, champions of a kinder gentler Forge, they were very interested in all Placidus' friends. ANYway, the device points east by southeast.

Hmm. It's still several days before the event, so directing animals is kind of futile- but markers, you can do.



**Placidus:** Is the angle fixed?



**banana (GM):** Any more magic than that, alas, and the priests will catch on.

If Placidus spends the half hour tromping from north San Meat to the south, he finds that no, it is not..



**Travis Meacham:** well in addition to magical prepping, travis isn't too proud to stoop to some crude physical dirty tricksmanship



**banana (GM):** The thingy seems to be pointing to a specific place, a long long way east of here (and a little to the south).



**Travis Meacham:** he's going to pee on several of the starting positions.



**banana (GM):** wow



**Ghol, Going East:** piss wizard



**banana (GM):** i refuse to behold the whizzard



**Placidus:** So it's pointing \*to\* something. This sounds like a job for (Placidus stifles a hiccup) mathematics! Placidus is going to use the maps we have as well as a (geometric) compass and straightedge to try and figure out, based on how much the angle changed over the walk, how far it is and roughly where it seems to point



**Travis Meacham:** everything is a job for mathematics, imo



**banana (GM):** Xarvrax, meanwhile, trains in Meat Lore.

You've come to the right place for it.

The farmers, buyers, butchers, preservers, salesmen, chefs and epicures of San Meat are happy to discuss their art with a six-foot-tall blue dragon. Lightning breath is an excellent weapon in any cook's arsenal, and trading brief favours can get you some pretty deep meat secrets.

Who knows how long you'll remember this stuff.. the proper preparation of rosemary oils for lamb, the Sacred Number of ribs per serving, the proper carving of flank steak II (advanced).. but it's all very relevant to the games.



**Xarvrax:** While I'm out, is there anyone I could find and shake to get a non cryptic version of the event?



**banana (GM):** Placidus triangulates with excitement, or mathematics...! It's.. this can't be the device's ACTUAL function, but it incidentally points to a point on the coast of the Snakesrule. There's absolutely nothing there on your map.

Yep, Xarvrax can fit in some explication from the chefs, for one event at least- which one did he want to know more about?

At any rate, he gains a temporary "Head full of meat +3"



**Xarvrax:** The Taste is probably the one we know the least about.



**banana (GM):** Shaking it is, then.



**Placidus:** Well, we're definitely going to go to that point on the coast as we head that way.



**banana (GM):** Meanwhile, Vraknaar introduces a green wyrm from the Yetanotherwood to the concept of Jawsculpture.



**Travis Meacham:** what if it's way unnnnnnnnder the coast  
whiiiiiiiiiiiiinnnnne



**Vraknaar:** cool a green dragon!



**banana (GM):** The local beast is half-feral, but it often comes close to town- you can guess why. When it sees Vraknaar the first rumbling of draconic is something like 'thank the GODS, fuck, now i'm talking LIKE an elf'. Apparently it does not get along well with army metallics at ALL.



**Vraknaar:** Vraknaar hasn't met nearly enough green dragons in his time. They're definitely a bit less prominent in Drakkenhall and tend to keep to themselves mostly anyway. What's this one like?



**Placidus:** If it's under the coast, then I guess we'll be exploring a spooky buried ruin or something? Which sounds ownage as hell?

If it's somehow magnetized to a specific vein of valueless metal with no means to access it by digging straight down through hundreds of feet of sand, then sure, fine, we can skip it. But the odds of that being the case are extremely small.



**banana (GM):** The green dragon is kind of obsessed with the idea that grey elves will try to settle "her" wood, since the white ones have a city right here- and apparently, they have tried. So far, the wyrm has won. In 'tribute', she steals animals from the farms, more than she can possibly eat, and hangs them up around the forest on branches and vine lianas and occasionally ropes of minor magic. While one of the less sane dragons that Vraknaar's met, she's got a really good aesthetic sense for meat arrangements. At least as it regards carcasses. Most of the carving and slice-stacking techniques she can teach ARE mouth-oriented, though, since the goal was to get enough sulfuric dragon slobber on the bodies that the elves wouldn't want them back.



**Travis Meacham:** extremely "small", eh heh heh heh.



**Placidus:** Oh wow, nice. Nice.



**banana (GM):** Demystifying the Taste Against Time a little: it sounds more like a scavenger hunt than anything else. The arena is the whole city of San Meat, and the goal is to follow clues gained by eating. But there are many branching sensory paths, and many false endings...



**Vraknaar:** Getting dragon slobber on things so others won't want them FTW. Vraknaar passes a pleasant afternoon chomping animals in precision patterns with a wyrm much larger than himself. She's got practice, but his smaller maw makes styling much easier.



**banana (GM):** And in the morning, Vraknaar fit into his busy schedule a visit to the other half of his lineage.

In the park where the humans train.. he's not very old, as dragons go, and for all his uniqueness as the first hybrid he's not THAT influential, but sometimes? They're impressed. Sometimes the Dragon Army soldiers are like heIII yes it's Vraknaar the Red! And open up about all their competitor research.



**Xarvrax:** Nobody ever cheers for me...





**banana (GM):** The human dragonriders Comic and Petra chat happily about meats, about wars, and about all the gossip on the other nine teams. About your own, basically all they ask is: the team captain is *\*really\** a warg?

xarvrax's growing inferiority-except-when-shouting complex



**Kon:** *\*woof\**



**Vraknaar:** He sure is.



**banana (GM):** Similarly to the meat lore, Vraknaar can have a temporary "Who's Eating Who +3" to know things about the opposing teams.

And now there are two days until the Opening Barbeque.

Who wants to be the one who finally remembers, that night around the common room, that Doulz the Imperturbable wanted to meet about merchandising?



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol and Kon return late, don't say much, and retire almost immediately that night.



**Travis Meacham:** "Say, Vraknaar, did oyu or your brother ever meet with Doulz?"

"How'd that go?"



**Vraknaar:** "I didn't. Seems like something we should do together probably."



**Xarvrax:** "Or he might eat you out of spite."



**Placidus:** Doulz is imperturbable!



**Ghol, Going East:** Says so right there on the tin.



**Vraknaar:** "You're the spite-eater around here."



**Xarvrax:** "I mean that he'll eat you, because he knows better than to eat me."

"Really, you're just one mouthy comment from me away from a horrible death."



**Vraknaar:** "You're the one who was trying to piss him off. You get away with not being eaten by being the favorite. I manage it by not being a pain in the ass."



**banana (GM):** The inn's patronage has swelled, now that a Games team is staying here. People come at nights just to hear the dragonmen argue, and gauge the wizard's power, and be scared of the warg.

The forcefield pieces are finally gone, the owners actually say words from time to time - it's not an uncomfortable place, the Gut & Bowel. Except when its namesakes are involved, with some of the local food, and with the outhouses.



**Kon:** The warg makes a show of yawning more toothily than usual for his adoring public.



**Vraknaar:** "Guess we'd better go see how perturbed our patron is, then."



**banana (GM):** What, right now after dinner? I guess technically, there's no need to put it off.



**Xarvrax:** "Do I have to talk to the stupid copper dragons again?"



**Vraknaar:** "I guess it could wait, but not too long. They are paying for all of this. And if we talk to them, they might be less likely to eat us if we fuck it all up."



**Xarvrax:** "Unlikely."



**banana (GM):** Among the rest of Kon's Men, disinterest in the topic is palpable.



**Travis Meacham:** Well, Travis is sure that one of the dragon men should go.  
Just not him.



**Ghol, Going East:** Dragon merchandising does seem somewhat niche.  
"Niche" is a word Ghol has half-misdefined in his head as "irrelevant" thanks to loose usage.



**Vraknaar:** Vraknaar mutters and gets up. "Guess I'll do it, then. If he does eat me, you're going to have to explain it later."  
"On the other hand, without you there, I'm far less likely to get eaten."



**Xarvrax:** "No no, I'll go with you."  
"Can't miss a chance to laugh in their faces again."



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol and Kon will tag along if only to get away from the prying eyes at the inn, then.



**Placidus:** Placidus will come, tipsily.



**Travis Meacham:** Travis is going to sit in the inn and drink and play cards.



**banana (GM):** Doulz spoke of the "arara eyrie" on the east side of town, beyond the forest gate. There's a little ridge of hills, there, and a scarp of them carved away by running water in times past - as most of you trek along the wide elven streets, its natural rocky spires begin to come into view, mimicking the whitecrystal spires of the city itself.



**Vraknaar:** I can see why that green was concerned. Blech.



**banana (GM):** Does the city come to resemble the wood, or the wood the city? Just kidding, it's the second one. Elves aren't so much creatures of nature as creatures around whom nature bends.



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol shrugs when the Wizard stays behind. Wizards. Who knows, maybe he's going to complain about Magic to anyone who will listen.



**Travis Meacham:** Travis is going to be a little, but not very, upset if everyone but him becomes a famous sports star.



**banana (GM):** That's definitely going to happen.  
There's a little pass between the city gate and the eyrie carved into the hillside. An ill-trod path leads that way- the hunters and gatherers' ways into the forest go south, instead of north.



**Ghol, Going East:** He's on the lamb, you know.



**banana (GM):** har har




**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol's scout instincts take over as they leave the city, watching the woods around them just in case anything seems...off.  
He's gotten pretty paranoid ever since an entire division of the Movement's scouts started searching for him.





**Placidus:** Araras...! Those things are the worst, particularly when they're actually magical guardians.





**banana (GM):** Presumably Doulz knew what he was doing when roosting here. Although.. what if he didn't realise the perturbability of humanoids?


 **Xarvrax:** Why name things after birds anyway.


 **banana (GM):** \*What if he knew, but wasn't perturbed by it?\*


 **Vraknaar:** Maybe there are more of those birds here. Vraknaar's on the lookout.


 **Travis Meacham:** what if a dragon was a big asshole??? wow that would be crazy.  
crazy.


 **banana (GM):** Well, I can't upload things for some reason. HOWEVER


 **Placidus:** ah, a Venn mesa


 **banana (GM):** You enter the valley of the eyrie. Sure enough, there's a glint of copper high up on the opposite cliff- behind a wall of stalagmites, Doulz is sleeping.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Dragons be aware, we got a full heal


 **banana (GM):** Inbetween here and there are flat-topped stone platforms, steep edged - not impossible to climb, but difficult. And here, because of course they do, the arara nest.

 **Travis Meacham:** lol if theres going to actually be a fight i want to have come along, by the way

 **Placidus:** Argh!

 **banana (GM):** Thank goodness Travis' arcane premonitions had him jolting alert, rushing to save his witless friends.

 **Placidus:** He just got bored is all.

 **banana (GM):** The wizard appears in a flash of ritual energies, precariously and heroically posed between the largest nests.  
Everyone, including Travis, should roll initiative.


 **Placidus:** Well, that was bad aim.

rolling d20+1

(12)+1


= 13

how unlucky

 **Vraknaar:** rolling 1d20+5 initiative

(19)+5

= 24

 **Xarvrax:** rolling d20 + 4

(10)+4

= **14**



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

() + 1

= **9**




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

() + 3

= **8**



**banana (GM):** rolling d20+4

() + 4

= **12**

rolling d20+5

() + 5

= **16**

rolling d20+6

() + 6

= **9**

rolling d20+5

() + 5

= **18**



**Placidus:** "I really don't like these birds."



**banana (GM):** The flying avalanches, stylised in stone pieces, also do not like you. You have too much meat.



















**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol shares a look with Kon. They've got to pace themselves here. Who knows what other animals they're going to have to fight over the next couple days.



**Travis Meacham:** "You did a number on the last one. Speaking of, how'd you do that?"

**Placidus:** "Ask me after I do it again repeatedly."

	<b>Vraknaar:</b> so are those three birds to the right both Nearby and in a group?
	<b>banana (GM):</b> Yes, and they're mooks unsurprisingly
	<b>Vraknaar:</b> hm. what about the three to the south
	<b>banana (GM):</b> So, these things are fast- they launch themselves into the sky in a shower of boulders - but Vraknaar was Expecting This.
	<b>Vraknaar:</b> close enough to be grouped? and/or mooks?
	<b>banana (GM):</b> Not even the mysterious metamorphic arara, shifting as it does from flat smooth-faced rock to jagged fracturing quartz, can outpace him.  yes  i mean, no  the three to the south are two sedimentaries - like the one you fought earlier - and the igneous arara  the two sedimentaries are in a group  they are not mooks, though they don't have a lot of hp
	<b>Vraknaar:</b> hmm... oh well. no sound burst yet then
	<b>banana (GM):</b> the stock assets are because ic ouldn't upload my cool bird pics >:-)
	<b>Vraknaar:</b> if they have less than 40 hp i'm going to befuddle one  and also activate Song of Heroes
	<b>banana (GM):</b> they do
	<b>Vraknaar:</b> rolling 1d20+6 vs MD  (17)+6  = 23  it's confused until the end of my next turn
	<b>banana (GM):</b> wait, remind me who you're actually attacking here  is it the one i marked with befuddlement
	<b>Vraknaar:</b> srue  sure
	<b>banana (GM):</b> because if so, you've one-shot it
	<b>Vraknaar:</b> it doesn't matter which one  wait what  befuddle doesn't even do damage
	<b>banana (GM):</b> oh  i though thtat was 23 damage



ok, it is befuddled



**Vraknaar:** it confuses. so on its turn it will randomly attack



**banana (GM):** dang, ok. how does that work exactly



**Vraknaar:** song of heroes, incidentally, means that everyone has +1 to attack  
it makes an at-will or basic attack against a random nearby ally



**Ghol, Going East:** fiddly bonuses!!!

**Metamorphic Arara:** The rockbird which had been sitting calmly at the centre of the canyon of spires raises its wings and calls to the sky.



**Vraknaar:** and it can't make opportunity attacks or use powers willingly on its turn

*arararararararararara*



**Travis Meacham:** More Of Them



**banana (GM):** The ground begins to rise, first sand and grit then pebbles and entire rocks floating slowly into the air- they're attracted to the arara, patching up holes and sealing their wounds! As long as the metamorphic is channeling, the arara will regenerate.

The sandstone arara swoop..!



**Vraknaar:** Vraknaar squares his feet. "Of course the idiot would sleep in a nest of these things. Let's end this quick, you lot!" The dragon looks down the field and looses a shattering roar at one of the beasts, startling it so effectively it goes after one of its own kind rather than face The Dragon.



**banana (GM):** One raises its wings and fires a shard blast of stones at Travis -

rolling d20+6 vs ac, natural even = +ed

(16)+6

= 22

5 damage

The other arara, sadly, turns on its own.

rolling d20+6 clatterrattlebang

(6)+6

= 12

hey, it missed



**Vraknaar:** good job, idiot. way to miss



**banana (GM):** Xarvrax is next to face the assault.

rolling d20 save vs confuse? does it have a save?

(12)

= 12



**Vraknaar:** it's end of my next turn



**Xarvrax:** I'm gathering power.

rolling d6

( 4 )

= 4



**Vraknaar:** so it's still confused (and thus cannot make opportunity attacks)



**Xarvrax:** Nothing happens



**Placidus:** Is this river passable?



**banana (GM):** fair enough



**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax begins to crackle with lightning, debating if he should release it at one of the stupid rock birds, or the stupid copper dragon.



**banana (GM):** so, the river is passable, but takes a move action to do so- effectively, the two sides are Zones

this applies even to the arara

the arara, however, fly



**Vraknaar:** confused also says they can't use limited powers, so i don't think it can use a reaction power unless it has an at-will one



**banana (GM):** they do NOT need extra move actions or rolls to fly up to the mesas



**Placidus:** does that mean that none of the things on the other side are nearby?



**banana (GM):** yes



**Placidus:** okay, then I've got to move across river



**banana (GM):** good



**Placidus:** call it there. focus, go

Ack! Placidus scrambles across the river to help Travis, the water almost knocking him over. He lost his hat on the far shore, so it scarcely looks like he got new clothes at all. Oh well. That seems less important, at the moment.




**banana (GM):** The biggest of the arara shakes itself awake - and as it does, its stones vibrate more and more.

The mass of rubble that makes up the mutant bird's form begins to quiver, to rattle, to heat- and melts.

The Igneous Arara bears down on Travis, enfolding him in a volcanic embrace..!

move to engage

rolling d20+5 vs PD, armour is useless against the heat

() + 5

= 6



**Ghol, Going East:** Nice.



**banana (GM):** by "is" i mean "was". its rapid flight cools it some. armour is now effective against its heat.



**Placidus:** fumble!!



**banana (GM):** that was the fumble  
it owned itself via the cool night air...



**Placidus:** I'm celebrating it



**Ghol, Going East:** Is there anything special about the bird I'm about to highlight



**Travis Meacham:** Cool night air, bro.



**banana (GM):** That's the metamorphic arara, the one which changes shape; it's also at the top of a tall pillar.



**Ghol, Going East:** Is he too terrain'd to engage, etc



**banana (GM):** If you want to move up to engage it, you need to pass a Strength check to climb



**Ghol, Going East:** ergh.  
What DC?



**Travis Meacham:** get this igneous guy offa me, so i can blast the metamorph, in my o



**Ghol, Going East:** ok



**banana (GM):** dc 15



**Ghol, Going East:** move to engage, attack w/ghol and kon



**banana (GM):** that's two moves, though...?



**Ghol, Going East:** oh is he far



**banana (GM):** the river, recall



**Vraknaar:** i think fording the river takes a move



**Ghol, Going East:** right



**Placidus:** yeah it takes a move to cross the river



**banana (GM):** travis heroically placed himself such as to be difficult to reach, drawing their fire



**Placidus:** that was nice of him



**Ghol, Going East:** and now wants me to rescue him,



**Placidus:** it's your turn to be heroic



**Vraknaar:** no one ever said wizards were smart



**Ghol, Going East:** does just moving to engage sufficiently satisfy travis's needs



**Travis Meacham:** that should let me back off and then fire, righ?



**Vraknaar:** you still have to roll to disengage i think



**banana (GM):** i'll say you can have a +2 to the disengage roll from ghol's distraction  
and of course it can't follow you without ghol OAing it



**Ghol, Going East:** with ghol and kon engaged it also suffers -1 to any disengage checks of its own




**banana (GM):** very well. your fate is sealed

The sedimentary arara, least of their kind...

These birds crumble as they fly, visibly degrading on the wing.

Unfortunately, they crumble into Placidus Fixlmillner.

rolling d20+5 vs AC, 16+ and the arara disengages after the attack

() + 5

= **14**

rolling d20+5 vs AC, 16+ and the arara disengages after the attack

() + 5

= **22**



**banana (GM):** rolling d20+5 vs AC, 16+ and the arara disengages after the attack

() + 5

= **6**



**Placidus:** hmm



**banana (GM):** looks like one hit, for 4 damage  
i say "looks like"



**Placidus:** ac 14 hits me too



**banana (GM):** nice  
take 8 damage



**Placidus:** no



**banana (GM):** and take travis's turn- oh no



**Placidus:** instead I will trigger... Timely Mistake  
trigger: enemy hits me or an ally with a natural odd attack roll



**banana (GM):** that happened, twice



**Placidus:** this si targeting the one that rolled a 17  
is there MD or PD lower  
their



**banana (GM):** pd, it's 11  
(md 12)



**Placidus:** also do I need to be nearby to vraknaar for the +1 to hit



**banana (GM):** vraknaar frantically sings across the river



**Vraknaar:** yes you do



**Ghol, Going East:** Amp (Adventurer Feat)



**Placidus:** way not to cross the river, dick



**Vraknaar:** nearby is within one move action though  
and i am



**Xarvrax:** It looks like you are nearby, yeah.



**Placidus:** oh, okay  
well, here goes



**Vraknaar:** (also the river ruling came after my turn i think)



**Placidus:** rolling d20+6 vs PD

(19)+6

= 25

nice



**banana (GM):** yeop





**Placidus:** rolling d6+3 force damage, and they have to reroll the attack and use the second roll  
even if it's lower


(3)+3



= **6**


 **banana (GM):** The arara won't be rerolling any attacks today.

 **Placidus:** sorry, 'and must use lower result'  
is it dead? hell yeah

 **banana (GM):** no spillover damage, though

 **Placidus:** so I take 4?

 **banana (GM):** yep


 **Placidus:** k  
oh and also my non-focus-retention feature


rolling d20 I need an 18+ on this


()

= **19**


lmao

 **banana (GM):** just as predicted.

 **Placidus:** okay so I kill another one of the araras with a free rebuke

 **Vraknaar:** if only you had targetted the first one  
you could have just... literally not taken any damage

 **Placidus:** alas


 **Travis Meacham:** alrighty so now i shall roll a disengage roll


rolling 1d20+2

() + 2


= **17**

Sever.

 **banana (GM):** Travis manages to flatten and reinstall. Gouts of magma lash after him, but miss their mark.

 **Travis Meacham:** and then i'll cast ray of frost on the metamorphic arara

rolling 1d20+5

() + 5

= **23**

rolling 3d6 damage

( 5 + 5 + 4 )

= 14



**banana (GM):** The mesa is beginning to ring with the echoing cries, the hum of Placidus' deadly notwizardry, and now actual magic..!



**Ghol, Going East:** oops



**Xarvrax:** The metamorphic one is the one way far away from you.



**Placidus:** The birds descend on him, all pebbles and screeches and hate. Placidus is ready, though. One of them fishbowls and explodes like violet fireworks, taking out another one but leaving Placidus to get pelted by shrapnel.



**banana (GM):** oh, right



**Xarvrax:** He probably can't hit that one.



**Placidus:** "I HATE these STUPID birds!"



**banana (GM):** Nah, he can just shoot up  
araras are incredibly unfair to melee characters



**Vraknaar:** on my turn, here's my roll to sustain song of heroes

rolling 1d20 need an 11

( 8 )

= 8

alas



**banana (GM):** Heroes For A Turn



**Vraknaar:** i'll give the +2 for song of heroes ending to xarvrax



**banana (GM):** here's the good news

### ESCALATION



**Vraknaar:** and then ford the river. can i whack that last mook arara



**banana (GM):** yep



**Vraknaar:** rolling 1d20+6 vs AC

( 6 )+6

= 12

not a compelling result

it takes 1 damage. thanks melee



**banana (GM):** indeed, insufficient

the bird dodges in a hail of yellow stone..! looks like you've scared it



**Vraknaar:** Vraknaar looks at his brother before leaping the river. "Well, you've got a clear shot. Don't fuck it up!" He doesn't land well on the other side, though, and his broad claw-swipe barely grazes the remaining arara attacking Placidus.




**banana (GM):** The metamorphic arara sinks its talons into the soft rock of the mesa top.

Minor action- it begins to \*grow\*

at the beginning of its turn, all arara regenerate

rolling d6+1

(  )+1

= **2**

2 hp

hmmm



**banana (GM):** vraknaar, fording rivers. ghol, going igneous

it hesitates between targets - and selects Ghol



**Vraknaar:** Oh. You fucker.



**banana (GM):** \*peck\*

rolling d20+8 vs AC the metamorphic arara's attack is precise and vicious.

(  )+8

= **20**



**Ghol, Going East:** hit




**banana (GM):** 5 damage, and you are stuck for a turn

the ground rises up and stone itself grabs ghol's legs!

time to shake off this befuddlement

The sandstone araras move to defend their larger cousins- they land awkwardly, deliberately between Ghol and Vraknaar, and begin to unleash covering fire, blast after blast of shards.

rolling d20+6 vs vraknaar's ac, 5 damage on hit, +escalation on even

(  )+6

= **14**

rolling d20+6 vs vraknaar's ac, 5 damage on hit, +escalation on even

(13)+6

= 19

 **banana (GM):** so 1 damage and 5 damage



**Xarvrax:** Alright, crossing the river.

And hurling a lightning fork at the Metamorphic one.



**banana (GM):** Everyone advances on the arara- no cowards among Kon's Men.



**Xarvrax:** rolling d20 + 8 vs PD

(13)+8

= 21



**banana (GM):** a palpable hit



**Xarvrax:** Fuck, I can never get an even roll for that.

rolling 3d6 + 4

( 5 + 5 + 5 )+4

= 19

So 38 damage.



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

The metamorphic rock quivers and quavers. This particular bird is not long for the world. It's kicking up the stone daisies.



**Xarvrax:** I don't think I'm close enough to breath weapon it.



**Vraknaar:** yes you are

if you're close enough to lightning fork it, you can breath weapon



**Xarvrax:** Oh, well then.

rolling d20 + 6

(16)+6

= 22

vs PD, so.



**banana (GM):** ulp



**Xarvrax:** rolling d6

( 2 )

= 2

2 Lightning damage.



**VoxPVoxD:** I'm back, you can cease all waiting on me as you assuredly did



**banana (GM):** The temporarily-largest of the birds falls under the hail of lightning and the wisp of frost-melding into the ground as it goes. What came from the stone returns to the stone.



**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax hurls himself over the river, loosing the energy flowing through him in a bolt of lightning, following it up with a quick blast from his mouth.



**VoxPVoxD:** is this arara engaged with me  
the last one didn't



**banana (GM):** it is, yeah  
the one that disengaged did it as a result of hitting you



**VoxPVoxD:** what a stupid bird



**banana (GM):** well, it's got rocks for brains.



**VoxPVoxD:** is there a bonus for vraknaar engaging it



**Xarvrax:** It's literally as dumb as a sack of rocks.



**VoxPVoxD:** rolling d20 here's a disengage roll

( 14 )

= 14

nevermind, eat shit bird

move focus go



**banana (GM):** The molten Igneous Arara is pretty single-minded, since its mind is aflame. The arara boss is dead, but it still wants to melt down Ghol for slag- technically it's most interested in his armour...



**VoxPVoxD:** Placidus swats at the sedimentary arara "Back! Back! Idiot bird!" before ducking under the man-dragons' legs to get out into the open, where he can concentrate.



**Ghol, Going East:** It's leather. Leather! Stupid bird!!!



**banana (GM):** It rears back a little and unleashes a bounding ball of magma..!

rolling d20+5 vs PD, natural even = bounce

( 16 )+5

= 21






**Ghol, Going East:** sigh.



**banana (GM):** the magma glob continues on to Placidus!


rolling d20+5 vs PD, natural even = bounce

(  )+5

= **11**

, and misses him, but bounces to Xarvrax!

rolling d20+5 vs PD, natural even = bounce

(  )+5

= **8**



**Xarvrax:** Also miss.



**VoxPVoxD:** trigger



**banana (GM):** at whom it is finally ended.



**VoxPVoxD:** bitter lessons: a nearby enemy misses me with an attack



**Travis Meacham:** i like that, despite that not being in the power itself, his rolls decreased each time



**banana (GM):** well, ghol takes 9 fire damage and ongoing 4 fire damage



**VoxPVoxD:** what its pd/md sitch



**banana (GM):** pd 13 md 15




**VoxPVoxD:** man, warp flesh is so good



**Ghol, Going East:** The magma just glances off Ghol on the way by, if that, but it's still magma, and that's enough to set Ghol's freaking clothes on fire.



**VoxPVoxD:** rolling d20+6 vs PD


(  )+6

= **14**

hell yeah

rolling 2d6+3 it takes this much force damage, and cannot attack me unless I am the only

available target

(  +  )+3

= **12**

also xarvrax gains 12 THP  
and I retain focus



**Xarvrax:** Bwuh?



**VoxPVoxD:** cheers



**Ghol, Going East:** freaking occultist



**Vraknaar:** wait can you choose who to give that to



**VoxPVoxD:** it has to be someone missed by the attack



**Vraknaar:** ah



**banana (GM):** The arara is.. confused. This noise- it hates it! And cannot see it!  
Looks like it's going to keep attacking Ghol, basically..?



**VoxPVoxD:** sounds good to me



**Ghol, Going East:** even though Ghol's feet are stuck in the ground, surely if he is engaged with this bird he can still attack it



**banana (GM):** yep  
just, not in a cool athletic way >:-D  
unless you have ideas...  
about how to be cool



**Ghol, Going East:** also is the save vs damage at the end of the turn?



**Vraknaar:** rip a rock foot out and kick it with a rock



**banana (GM):** damage is taken at start of turn, then save is just after that, iirc



**Ghol, Going East:** 4 damage

rolling 1d20

( 20 )

= 20

ugh



**VoxPVoxD:** There's no hum, right now. The magma bird ripples and becomes briefly spherical, screeching in pain (?) as it does, and bits go flying, with purple streamers of light. Placidus sidesteps the bouncing orb of lava or whatever, but leaves a divot on the ground for it to catch, causing it to scatter in midair right in front of Xarvrax.




**Vraknaar:** damage is actually at the end of turn with the save





**banana (GM):** twenty!





**VoxPVoxD:** Xarvrax finds this display really entertaining.

 **Ghol, Going East:** What about the stone feet thing, is that save ends too

 **Vraknaar:** avoiding the "well at the start of his turn he keels over" thing from 4e

 **banana (GM):** stone feet was until end of turn, so you're free now


 **Ghol, Going East:** end of whose turn

 **banana (GM):** yours

 **Ghol, Going East:** w/e not going to argue


ghol attacks

rolling 1d20+6

(  )+6

= **14**

rolling 1d6+4


(  )+4

= **9**

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE

vs AC

 **Ghol, Going East:** even, second attack


 **banana (GM):** the 1 damage, then, occurs

 **Ghol, Going East:** rolling 1d20+6

(  )+6

= **8**

rolling 1d6+4

(  )+4

= **10**

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE

natural 2

reroll

rolling 1d20+6

(  )+6

= **13**



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

( **5** )+4

= **9**

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE



**banana (GM):** two weapon fighting..!



**Ghol, Going East:** christ.

kon



**Kon:** rolling 1d20+7

( **17** )+7

= **24**

rolling 1d8

( **7** )

= **7**



**banana (GM):** kon still got it



**Kon:** 2+7



**Travis Meacham:** once again i repeat, strictly by the kon



**Ghol, Going East:** done



**banana (GM):** The creature is staggered! Its magma hardens into a black outer crust...



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol's still trying to get his feet free while wildly swinging over his head, trying to pat out the fire and not get, freaking, dripped on?? His attacks are generally ineffective.



**banana (GM):** travis, then



**Travis Meacham:** are the two sedimentary birds in a group with the igneous?



**Kon:** Kon, on the other hand, picks his spot, coils up, and springs into the air while the arara swoops down, wisely not biting down into the magma-filled bird but instead viciously swiping it out of the air close to the nadir of its dive. It bounces off the ground, hard, but unsteadily recovers and climbs back into the air.



**banana (GM):** yes, they moved to defend it



**Travis Meacham:** alright then



**banana (GM):** they'll intercept, for example if someone else tries to get to it



**Travis Meacham:** rolling 1d4 color spraying the igneous and this many minus one sandstones

( 2 )

= 2

okay so the ignerous and one sandstone



**banana (GM):** ok, i'll call it the left one



**Travis Meacham:** rolling 1d20+6

( 10 )+6

= 16

vs MD

for

rolling 2d8 psychic

( 2 + 1 )

= 3

THAT'S NOT VERY HIGH



**VoxPVoxD:** nice roll



**Travis Meacham:** rolling 1d20+6 vs md on the sanstone

( 17 )+6

= 23

ok so two hits, probably



**Vraknaar:** if they're grouped i could Sound Burst but idk



**banana (GM):** well, you did hit both



**Travis Meacham:** and if either of them has 10 or fewer hp left, staggered



**banana (GM):** nope.



**Travis Meacham:** well that was a heck of a roll, brownie




**Vraknaar:** yeah. to hell with it



**Travis Meacham:** turn





 **Vraknaar:** rolling 1d4 sound burst hits this many enemies


(  )

= **3**

perfect


 **banana (GM):** Magic sprays limply through the air! It pinwheels into two of the birds, pushing them aside - more rock grinds as bits fall gradually off.

 **Vraknaar:** rolling 1d20+7 vs PD igneous

(  )+7


= **11**

rolling 1d20+7 sandstone left

(  )+7


= **13**


rolling 1d20+7 sandstone right

(  )+7

= **22**

those are some sweet rolls!


 **banana (GM):** you've hit both the sandstone araras  
the igneous one is Tough vs physical


 **Vraknaar:** rolling 5d6+4 thunder damage, half of this against the igneous

(  +  +  +  +  )+4


= **19**


also, i've unfortunately done 1 thunder damage to kon and ghol!

 **banana (GM):** aiee

 **Vraknaar:** they are all also dazed

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol, Getting Punked

 **Vraknaar:** the left arara is dazed (save ends), the other two until the end of my next turn

 **banana (GM):** Two more 'birds' go crashing to the ground - these ones don't merge gracefully, they just splinter.

what left arara



**Vraknaar:** oh. or they're dead

oh. shit. i'm engaged btw



**banana (GM):** and dazed is.. -4 to hit



**Vraknaar:** so i guess this bird gets to hit me




**banana (GM):** oh, cool



**Ghol, Going East:** congrats, vraknaar



**banana (GM):** rolling d20+5

(  )+5

= **12**



**Vraknaar:** nope

i breathe some fire into its face



**banana (GM):** it tried.




**Ghol, Going East:** are ghol/kon dazed as well



**banana (GM):** IT WAS A TRICK



**Vraknaar:** rolling 1d20+7 vs PD

(  )+7

= **27**



**VoxPVoxD:** hell yeah



**Vraknaar:** rolling 2d6 damage, dragon breath critical

(  +  )

= **3**

ah yes



**Travis Meacham:** lol



**VoxPVoxD:** hell yeah.



**banana (GM):** lol, well

twice three... is six

**Vraknaar:** no it's 1d6 damage

i just rolled twice as many dice



**banana (GM):** ah.



**Vraknaar:** ghol and kon are not dazed



**banana (GM):** The sedimentary arara is fragile, but it's a stubborn little thing! The jet of fire directly precisely into its face doesn't have the full-body burning effect that would be required to totally dissolve its flowing rocky bonds.

hmm, why isn't this thing in init



**Xarvrax:** Alrighty.



**Vraknaar:** Vraknaar looks down the field at the mess of stone birds assaulting his friends, and takes in a huge breath. A moment later, the battlefield is split by an ear-shattering roar with such force that the two lesser arara literally fly apart from the trauma. The remaining large one holds together. Unfortunately, the roar stings Ghol and Kon a bit with its force. Dragons aren't known for their measured responses.



**Xarvrax:** Time to chaos bolt the big one.

rolling d4

( 1 )

= 1



**banana (GM):** i'm uncertain as to the significance of this One



**Vraknaar:** it's the damage type



**Xarvrax:** rolling d20 +7 vs PD

( 6 )+7

= 13



**Vraknaar:** cHaOs rEiGnS



**banana (GM):** unless it's fire damage, not very important



**Xarvrax:** It's cold.



**banana (GM):** 13 misses..!



**Xarvrax:** Then it takes one.


Also

rolling d6


( 3 )


= 3

All staggered enemies take 1 damage.

 **banana (GM):** handy, chip damage

Placidus can calculate it or not as he likes, but there are still arara flying.

 **VoxPVoxD:** okay first things first I'm going to expend focus on a rebuke attack. is the mook vraknaar crit still up after the chip damage


 **banana (GM):** These things aren't animals, exactly, and they aren't quite elementals. What they are is territorial and, with the boss arara gone, basically mindless. They'll keep coming until you're dead.

(which seems unlikely to occur)

in fact ye


it is on Two hp

 **VoxPVoxD:** rolling d20+7 vs the lower of md/pd

(  )+7


= **16**

rolling d6+3 psychic or force damage depending on which is lower

(  )+3


= **8**

 **banana (GM):** pd is lower


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax fires off a bolt of random energy at the molten bird, swinging just close enough to chip it with the ice it swirled into, but not do real damage.


 **VoxPVoxD:** force then

 **banana (GM):** and that hits it

 **VoxPVoxD:** so it takes 8 force damage


 **banana (GM):** dang

 **VoxPVoxD:** then I regain focus. Go

 **banana (GM):** A blast of sheer magical\*\* energy shreds the remaining molten substance- there's a whistling noise over Ghol's ear...

 **Ghol, Going East:** wait what

 **banana (GM):** And it bursts.

 **Ghol, Going East:** I thought that was against the mook

 **banana (GM):** oh!

**VoxPVoxD:** I killed the one vraknaar was embarrassing himself against, yeah



**banana (GM):** kind of you



**Ghol, Going East:** of course, that does mean this asshole gets one more round of attacks on ghol



**banana (GM):** this is extremely relevant, as the arara's up next  
albeit friendless.



**Ghol, Going East:** so perhaps i should have shut uo  
p



**banana (GM):** i'm tempted to have it disengage and go for placidus, but



**Vraknaar:** he's at -4 to attacks though



**banana (GM):** he used magic\*\*\* so that it can't.



**VoxPVoxD:** The arara Vraknaar wreathed in flame flaps through it intact, only to unceremoniously tear  
itself apart, chips flying everywhere, a moment later.  
"These DAMN-"  
"STUPID-"  
"BIRDS!"



**banana (GM):** oh well, at least when it got staggered it recharged its bouncing magma. The thick black  
skin congeals and hurtles outward!



**Ghol, Going East:** "I'm! On! Fire!"



**banana (GM):** rolling d20+5 vs PD, ghol, bounce on nat even

(19)+5

= 24



**VoxPVoxD:** trigger



**Vraknaar:** ghol does a jumping flip and slam dunks the magma ball into a net



**banana (GM):** no bounce, but enjoy your 9 fire damage and 4 ongoing fire



**Ghol, Going East:** even with the -4 that hits



**VoxPVoxD:** wait no I used that one



**Travis Meacham:** Ghol, Stopping, Dropping, and Rolling



**VoxPVoxD:** nevermind



**banana (GM):** Travis Meacham: Ghol, Stopping, Dropping, and Rolling



**Vraknaar:** Ghol, Scorching Heat



**Xarvrax:** I agree, it's got a +5 even with -4?



Not that it really matters.



**Ghol, Going East:** It's a 19



**Vraknaar:** he forgot the -4 i think. but it doesn't matter



**banana (GM):** i did forget it!



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol is literally on fire now. His actual body.



**banana (GM):** or rather, i trusted you to remember it.



**VoxPVoxD:** scorching, vraknaar

...or packing?



**Ghol, Going East:** Even through that, though...



**banana (GM):** To be fair, the arara is also on fire.



**Ghol, Going East:** rolling 1d20+7

(12)+7

= 19

rolling 1d6+4

(2)+4

= 6

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE

natural

rolling 1d20+7

(12)+7

= 19

rolling 1d6+4

(1)+4

= 5



**Ghol, Going East:** ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE



**banana (GM):** neither misses



**Ghol, Going East:** 4 dmg

to ghol



**Xarvrax:** You just rolled almost the same thing twice.



**banana (GM):** please continue to burn. thank



**Xarvrax:** 11 damage didn't blow that thing up? hopefully wizard man can.



**Travis Meacham:** is the ararararararararara still up? i'll try to shoot it with frost



**Ghol, Going East:** what?

how is it not dead?

fine



**banana (GM):** it is, in fact, super dead



**Ghol, Going East:** rolling 1d20+8

(18)+8

= 26

rolling 1d8

(7)

= 7



**banana (GM):** sorry travis



**Ghol, Going East:** for kon



**Vraknaar:** is there any way i can expend a battle cry at the end of battle. so i can give ghol some surge power



**Travis Meacham:** i figured it was dead



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol, yelping and crackling, just chucks both his machete and axe up in the air at the bird in blind, painful rage -- and spears it.

Ruining both weapons.

**Igneous Arara:** The parrot-shaped creature, made of hot flowing stone, engulfs the scout's weapons. It's more than it can stand...



**Ghol, Going East:** He doesn't care, however, as he's rolling around on the ground suffering from severe burns.



**banana (GM):** Around the damaged rust and iron, it congeals, turns solid and falls with a CLINK and then a CRACK.



**Travis Meacham:** "Ghol! Ghol!" Travis is gonna try to pat Ghol out with his coat, but maybe Kon's handling that part of the firefighting.



**Kon:** Kon knows, of course, that rolling around on super-heated rock is not going to solve things -- he pins Ghol to the ground and, with a paw covered in mud, gingerly bats the flaming, hissing debris off

the teen orc.



**Vraknaar:** can i give ghol a little end of battle dragon help  
to get some mileage out of my feat basically



**banana (GM):** yeah, go for it  
The arara's revenge in flame...!



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol at this point is a whimpering, smoking wreck mostly concerned with trying not to cry or pass out or go into shock.



**Vraknaar:** rolling 2d4 have this much extra hp on a recovery

( 1 + 1 )

= 2

ah yes



**Xarvrax:** TRIANGLES OF TERROR!



**Vraknaar:** the reason vraknaar is the first and not the last is because he's just cursed with eternal unluckiness



**VoxPVoxD:** I can't wait to get an at-will "when an ally dies, instead they didn't" attack

**Doulz the Imperturbable:** "Fantastic. Hold that pose while I capture the hero's toils."



**Vraknaar:** Vraknaar dashes over to Ghol, helping Kon put out the flames with his scales. "Don't worry. You'll be good as new in no time."



**Kon:** KON SNARLS VERY LOUDLY AT THE DRAGON, AND BARKS TWICE.  
SHUT YOUR DAMN DRAGON MOUTH.



**Travis Meacham:** "Placidus, he's definitely going to need some salve. And bandages. A lot of both."



**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax roars at the dragon, amplifying it as much as possible with his magic without causing himself harm.



**Vraknaar:** "We've still got potions, you know."



**Xarvrax:** "You're going to be posing in a dragon sized coffin if you don't shut your damned mouth!"

**Doulz:** The adult copper wyrm is perched on a rock outcrop, too high for Kon to leap. He has some sort of white board in front of him, and is rapidly shuffling canvases.



**Vraknaar:** "If you perched here for explicitly this purpose, I'm inclined to agree with my brother."



**Kon:** This, in fact, is the first time Kon has looked remotely like the Scary, Slavering Warg archetype from Stories about the Orcish Hordes and Their Beastly Riders, and it's gone as quickly as it came -- Kon turns back to the fallen teen, ignoring any reply, even silent reply, from the Imperturbable.



**VoxPVoxD:** Placidus is already at work tending Ghol's burns.

**Travis Meacham:** "And we should give him at least one of those potions, yes. But even then we need



to make sure dirt and rock don't get in those burns, it will hurt him a lot if they do."

**Doulz:** "I make no such claim. Still, these renderings of your battle will impress the public ahead of the Eating."



**Vraknaar:** "Thanks, learned scholar. Don't put rocks in open wounds. I'll file that away as important medical advice."



**VoxPVoxD:** Luckily, his brand-new robes are still sopped with river water, so there's plenty of it right here to clean Ghol's wounds.,



**Kon:** if we get a short rest here, ghol will use 2 recoveries, taking the average 4 and adding his Con mod of 4 for 16, +2 from Vrak for 18



**banana (GM):** You can have a short rest, but Doulz will be making insensitive remarks all the while, stopping juuust short of admitting he laired here on purpose.



**Xarvrax:** "I don't give a damn about the public, I will burn the city down before I fight more of the stupid birds to 'impress' people. I'm a damned dragon, that's impressive enough!"

**Doulz:** The burnished dragon spins one canvas around with a claw. Pictured there in spell-fused paint is a scene of Vraknaar blasting two arara apart with noise and roaring. "Of course it is, as long as it is correctly \*depicted\*."



**Vraknaar:** "Think of your legacy, brother. There are a lot of dragons. You're supposed to be the best one."



**VoxPVoxD:** I'm not gonna use a recovery but I AM rolling recharges

rolling d20

( 14 )

= 14

that's on my 6+

this is my 16+

rolling d20

( 8 )

= 8

feh



**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax growls at his brother, "I'm the last one, I don't have to be good or bad, I just get to live longer."



**Vraknaar:** rolling 1d20 befuddle

( 3 )

= 3

rolling 1d20 song of heroes

(1)

= 1



**Xarvrax:** I will also do that.



**Vraknaar:** good



**Xarvrax:** rolling d20

(12)

= 12

Blargh.



**Travis Meacham:** "Sorry we're a bit late. You know, I actually don't know about dragon sleeping habits. Do you guys like, stay awake for three hundred years then sleep for one hundred?"



**Vraknaar:** "Well maybe you should \*try\* to be the best, if you're going to be the Last."

**Doulz:** To Xarvrax "If only more of us had the luxury of destiny. We are merely wyrms, and must count on that basis to claim our rights." Another canvas shows Xarvrax himself smashing the metamorphic creature - this one's given pride of place in a gesture of respect(???).

Turning to Travis, the copper dragon shakes his rather large head. "The Great Wyrms might be able to manage it. I just sleep eight hours a day and march or fight the rest. I am a Free Copper Company."



**Travis Meacham:** Travis nods. "I see. Thank you."

**Doulz:** "It's no problem. You'll find we enjoy discussing dragons, ourselves in particular."



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol has gone quiet at this point. He should be fine. Weapons are more or less unsalvagable, though. That might be a good thing; walking around with Movement weapons isn't doing him any favors.



**Xarvrax:** "Why the hell did we even come out here in the first place again?"



**Ghol, Going East:** Not really something that's on his mind at the moment.



**Vraknaar:** "So he could paint your picture, I guess."



**VoxPVoxD:** Are the paintings any good?

**Doulz:** Behind the rock is some sort of weird saddled knapsack. With almost dainty claw-motions, Third Company stacks the canvases inside it.



**Xarvrax:** "Remind me to burn the next non-flame resistant artist we meet."



**VoxPVoxD:** "You won't need reminding."



**banana (GM):** Well, he cheated. They're splotches of paint thrown onto the canvas, with irregular edges- and then smeared by magic into a near-perfect representation of the scene as it was seen.



**VoxPVoxD:** Dragons are the WORST



**banana (GM):** It's very accurate, if there's art, it lies in the composition.

\*but if there's art

Or, as it were, the setu;.

p



**Travis Meacham:** Waaa, little baby luddites complaining about how photography isn't art.

Get with the times, gramps!! Magic is here to stay!!!



**VoxPVoxD:** -the wheezing, dying Archmage



**banana (GM):** The Archmage's vitality is essential to the health of the world itself...!

Night is setting well and truly in. Doulz is willing to make conversation if desired, but seems to want nothing further of you - he's packed away the 'paintings' and is now arranging another saddlebag-device full of slots and little bags.



**Vraknaar:** Vraknaar's looking over Ghol. He definitely looks markedly better, after treatment. "You alright?"



**Travis Meacham:** "So, uh ... was this all the merchandising you wanted to do? Take our picture while fighting araras to sell?"

**Doulz:** "Should be sufficient, human. Do you have any suggestions for slogans?"



**VoxPVoxD:** "Do the profits on this go to defray our debt?"



**Xarvrax:** "Die in a fire."



**banana (GM):** "My mail drops with acts of heroism will attract attention. You will then either do well or you will not. Either glory accrues to you and to us, or you will pay. There's no debt owed, at that point."

**Doulz:** The wyrm refrains from pointing out that's like, the least likely way for him to die.



**VoxPVoxD:** "We should leave, now, then."



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol weakly waves him off...then passes out. Kon gently lifts him up onto his back. He'll probably be fine after some bed rest -- orcs and elves both heal rather quickly naturally, so Ghol should be back on his feet in no time -- but he's having to get carried off the battlefield a bit too often.



**Travis Meacham:** "I'll remember this," says Travis. Not menacingly or anything.



**VoxPVoxD:** "It was fairly memorable, all told."

"It'd be a happier memory if Ghol wasn't set on fire."

**Doulz the Imperturbable:** "Very well. Best of luck, and take down the impostor anarchists if you can."



**Kon:** Kon's head snaps around.



**Travis Meacham:** impostor anarchists?


which tream was anarchiusty





**banana (GM):** none was obviously so..?? wait. vraknaar should roll dice about this either int to KNow or wis to Figure It Out, the background obviously applies




maybe i got those two the wrong way around

 **VoxPVoxD:** int to know, wis to \*know\*


 **banana (GM):** ^^  
drakknar


 **Vraknaar:** rolling 1d20+7 the wisdom is always to know things before other people do

() + 7


= **21**


 **banana (GM):** Hang on.


 **Vraknaar:** should have been a +8 actually but w/e

 **banana (GM):** The 'Aftershock'... anonymous, but those initials. They're using pseudonyms which evoke the "Thunder" of ten years past - the incredibly popular bardic act who rocketed to fame by winning the Hungry Games, then, at the height of their glory, endorsed the Fisher's revolutionary ideals and vanished..!


Barry Bitter. L'Angelo. The Singer. Names that broke a generation's hearts.


 **Travis Meacham:** they're the ones not competing in night steaks, right?


 **banana (GM):** (And are still held, in some.)  
yep

 **Vraknaar:** But did they vanish because they left, or did someone vanish them?


 **Travis Meacham:** BBLATS


 **banana (GM):** that's decidedly unclear

 **Vraknaar:** Guess we'll have to find out...!


 **VoxPVoxD:** Maybe they're not even impostors.  
Who knows, or indeed, cares. Let's go home.

**Doulz:** Doulz certainly doesn't seem to.

 **VoxPVoxD:** Walking alongside Ghol, Placidus can't even be free of the smell of cooked meat all the way out here.  
This place is dreadful.

 **banana (GM):** There's no trouble on the way home. All the locals know to avoid the arara eyrie, see. The creatures can be put down, but they just.. reform. Already the process is underway, with the tallest spire slowly growing wings...

 **Vraknaar:** wow. burn

 **banana (GM):** The inn waits, welcoming. Nobody arrests you. Beds are soft, albeit too few in number, and it's been a productive day.

Two left to the Opening Barbeque.

Kon's Men are going to be famous... or they're going to be very, very ill.



**VoxP****VoxD:** Let's me real, here. We're going to be both.



**Travis Meacham:** it is what it is.