



banana (GM): These are the last minutes of the eleventh hour of the morning.



Zarick: it's eight o'clock



banana (GM): Perhaps that's when you usually get up! But today, Travis doesn't seem to have got out of bed at all. Everyone else has just been dawdling downstairs, probably.

But you know what, let him sleep. There's important stuff to do.



VoxPVoxD: Placidus found a melon! It's called a blood melon, for reasons passing understanding - it's not even red! But it's the first honest meal he's been able to get without any damn meat in it in this awful, stinking town.



banana (GM): The weird noise from the wizard's room stopped pretty quickly and won't lead to any further problems.



VoxPVoxD: Placidus ran the numbers: Travis will be fine. Probably just ate some bad meat.

Oh, wait, that's literally all of it.



banana (GM): Now, you've got a Conqueror and a The Five advantage outstanding. But I'm stealing them.

Thanks to the relationships and deeds of Kon's Men, the world is shaping itself, ever so slightly, to suit them. This will be revealed at a sooner date.

So give me a new set of relationship rolls please!



VoxPVoxD: How soon is now?



Vraknaar: rolling 2d6 the five positive

(4 + 3)

= 7

rolling 1d6 the conqueror conflicted

(6)

= 6

rolling 1d6 the wizard king negative

(6)

= 6

good. good.



banana (GM): dang




Xarvrax: rolling 3d6 The Five positive

(3 + 4 + 1)

= 8


No dragons today it seems.

 **banana (GM):** well, there will be, but no EXTRA ones



VoxPVoxD: Placidus is drawing hearts in his notebook. Or maybe they're snakes? It's hard to tell and nobody really cares in the first place.

channeling the Prince of Shadows

 **banana (GM):** Always an interesting choice.



Vraknaar: i want to own some bones with my lich king 6



Xarvrax: Don't go stealing dreams or hopes now.



Crion: rolling 2d6 ELF QUEEN, CONFLICTED

(5 + 5)

= 10

lol

rolling 1d6 ORC LORD, CONFLICTED

(6)

= 6

nice.




Placidus: The Wizard King 6 should entitle us to destroy any skeletons we meet.



Xarvrax: Oh god, the elves!




Vraknaar: welp,

 **banana (GM):** ahaha



Placidus: Well, elves can't be any worse than dragons, and we've been positively crawling with those.

 **banana (GM):** okay. it's going to be a portentous day.

These are the last minutes, then, of the eleventh hour, in the last days of the eleventh age. The day after tomorrow is the Opening Barbeque of the Hungry Games.

Here in the Gut & Bowel you've had all the breakfast you can take; the city awaits! Adventure, training, investigation, worship, tourism- all these things are to be found in San Meat.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol is tender from last night's...activities. You know, the on-fire ones.



Xarvrax: Good, another day in which I can go shake people.



Vraknaar: Don't shake any babies.



Kon: Kon takes to his morning meat with abandon, however.



banana (GM): That's right. That f- that imperturbable Doulz! His 'merchandising' efforts were, surely, more painful than was necessary.

..but perhaps effective? Here, coming into the common room of the hotel - a gust of light and air from the outside, and young elven fans. "Are you- are you really Kon's Men? The fighter-eaters?"



Vraknaar: Pretty much everything dragons do is more painful than necessary. Vraknaar feels reasonably well prepared for the Games, so he's ready to look around the city.



banana (GM): You've literally got white elf young adults here asking for autographs. They have.. leaflets, with pictures of you getting set on fire heroically.



Kon: Kon barks happily. In matters not involving Ghol's future or immediate well-being, he takes to elves just fine.



Placidus: Oh, that's nice. It should cheer Ghol up.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax stands in front of the crowd, "Yes yes, we're amazing, feel free to get an autograph from the future ruler of the Dragon Empire here."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol, on the other hand, learns that your chest swelling with pride doesn't grant immunity to burns hurting 'cause you moved.



banana (GM): It's more a clique than a crowd. "Wow! Will you be doing your own cooking, sir dragon?"



Placidus: That strange pile of junk hasn't done anything overnight, correct? It still just lay there, unwound, pointing in the vague direction of Santa Cora?



banana (GM): Yep. Placidus' gizmo merely gizms.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax holds out a hand, letting some fire dance along it, "Well, it's possible. It all depends on what event I decide to compete in."



Ghol, Going East: As enjoyable as this is -- and as certainly as Ghol would love to sit around and bask in Kon's adoring public -- Ghol does have some things that need doing today. Namely, he needs to pick up new weapons -- including a freaking bow. It's high time he replaced the one he left behind when he fled the Movement.



banana (GM): The fans look like local citizens, not tourists. They're pretty starry-eyed, though - for all its pretensions, this is a peaceful place and dramatic conflicts are rare. "Are you with the Empire then? Are you guys not going with the other soldiers today?"



Ghol, Going East: But, you know...the elves all seem so into it...and that one's pretty cute...so...



Vraknaar: "Why, where are the soldiers going?"



banana (GM): Teen elf fan, happily: "I don't know!"



Ghol, Going East: Nice!

Wait, that's bad...!



Xarvrax: Xarvrax scowls, "Helpful, aren't you."



banana (GM): The bartender is just smiling and wiping down the countertop. Kids these days and their portentous missives.

 **Placidus:** Well, these fawning fans of Ghol's are certainly a double edged sword. Placidus bustles forward once he's all packed up, metal whatsit in his now expansive satchel as he pushes between Vraknaar and Xarvrax's legs. "Yes, hello, excuse me, manager here, we really ought to be getting on-"

 **banana (GM):** Which of their legs is he going under,

 **Placidus:** They're standing side yb side and he's going between them. Just, down at thigh level. It's considered the height of impropriety for a gnome to just walk between someone's legs.

 **Ghol, Going East:** The height of impropriety: oh, just a tad under four feet.

 **Placidus:** It's true; Placidus's shoes do make him an inch or two taller than he was the day before.

 **Vraknaar:** "Well, where are we getting on to, then?"

 **banana (GM):** Gnome jokes~
An elf: "My mum said you're newcomers and haven't got a chance, but my dad said you'll win the Night Steaks easy and get a big advantage..!"

 **Ghol, Going East:** Yeah! Yeah!!

 **banana (GM):** Another elf: "Do you believe in the Goddess? What's Her kitchen like?"

 **Xarvrax:** "And that would be... what exactly?"

 **banana (GM):** They're liable to go on like this.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol and Kon are liable to entertain them until dragged away.

 **banana (GM):** I don't think anyone had a particular destination in mind, but there's no sense sitting inside all day.

 **Placidus:** "Please, please, hold all your autographs and accolades for now! Kon's Men aren't going anywhere, except for right now, when we are. Excuse us! We'll be patronizing the G&B B&B for the duration of our stay in the city and our categorical domination of the Games!"

 **banana (GM):** At this point, it's pretty clear that the Meacham Nap won't be coming to an end.

 **Placidus:** We're 'getting on' to 'away from these damn elf kids'.
'So we can talk in peace'.

 **Xarvrax:** Wizards.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Aw. Well, there will be other chances to hang out, and be a cool guy.

 **Xarvrax:** Even dragons sleep less than wizards, and that's saying something.

 **banana (GM):** When you spill out into the street, followed by a tiny but excitable crowd, there's a couple of strange things about what remains of the San Meat morning.

 **Vraknaar:** Dragons sleep just long enough to surprise you when you're sneaking around them in their sleep.

 **banana (GM):** There's all the bellowing and cheers from down the main boulevard, but more importantly, scattered down the empty street.. and on the rooftops.. and in gardens and water butts.. everywhere are the fliers.



Xarvrax: Oh god.



banana (GM): Kon's Men! Champions of beast and human alike! Kon's Men, the fighting eaters!



Kon: Kon nods, strongly.



banana (GM): There are individual renderings of most of you, and a group shot. Kon's Men, bringing a dominating new approach to consumption!



Kon: STILL not too happy about how Doulz got his action shots, though...



Placidus: 'Most of you'?



banana (GM): Looks like the city's been letterbombed.
Kon himself, oddly, has been left out.



Placidus: Wow.



Vraknaar: What.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol isn't pleased about that.



Placidus: "What? That's not right."



Xarvrax: I told you Doulz was an idiot.



Vraknaar: Maybe he's our secret weapon. ~mystery dog~



banana (GM): Ghol's looking very tragichero with his shirt burnt off and so on, but the warg didn't fit in the shot.



Kon: Kon is just fine with it, of course. Paintings and sketches and all this -- enjoyable, but works of men. From the point of view of a "beast," artistic reproduction is a form of ownership, after all, and Kon is wholly self-owned.



banana (GM): I think Doulz meant dragons, many of whom are happy to call themselves 'beastly'.



Kon: Kon doesn't particularly care about Doulz, or the things he means.



Xarvrax: Nobody cares about Doulz, he's a moron.



Vraknaar: And yet, his plan worked!



Ghol, Going East: Man, Ghol looks kinda badass though...!



Placidus: Doulz is easily the smartest and friendliest dragon we've seen.



banana (GM): With the boulevard as pedestrian-free as it is, the leaflets are just accumulating in paperdrifts as the wind dictates. Even the carts of goods which move in and out of the city continually have been left on one side of the road.



Ghol, Going East: Surreptitiously, the orc-elf teen nabs one of the flyers featuring him looking all stoic and emotionally distant, but still available.



banana (GM): Around a brown cart filled with dripping packages, cats are gathering - five of them with short grey and calico hair, investigating and pawing at the paper wrapping.



Vraknaar: "Seems pretty spare, considering what it's been like. Did we miss something?"



Placidus: Once Placidus has counted the fliers (it's hard, but he can estimate the count of the big drifts very quickly) he's sort of 'over' their contents. "The army went somewhere, didn't it? Maybe there's some gathering elsewhere in the city."



Kon: Cats...



banana (GM): Far away, words on the wind: "..for the.. ..and drive them into the cliffs!" Roar of approval.



Placidus: Placidus has, while he's counting the fliers and talking, put quite a lot of distance between himself and the cats.
He's barely standing with the group now.
He keeps shifting posture with the wind.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax is not a big fan of dripping things, and thus stays away from it all.



Ghol, Going East: Driving "them" to the cliffs could be a good thing, or a bad thing. Where ARE there cliffs around here, anyway?



Vraknaar: Vraknaar's definitely going to head towards the source of the words/roars.



Kon: Cats...!



Placidus: Do we have to pass the cats to get to them?



banana (GM): Around San Meat itself, there aren't many. There is of course the Giantwalk to the west- the long barrier range that separates settled Marrow from the wilderness lands - but unless you go some way north, it's more 'hills' than 'cliffs'.
Yep.



Placidus: Argh!!



banana (GM): Don't worry, they're friendly- one hops down from the cart and comes over to rub against whoever looks most likely to open packages for it.



Kon: Either out of sympathy for Placidus's plight or his own amusement, Kon pads over to the cart, and within moments is simply festooned with cats.
Placidus should be able to slip by without a mandatory stealth sequence.



Placidus: That's cute. Placidus actually snuffles a little. His eyes tear up.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar likes cats. They're lazy, proud, and they love to sleep on top of things. Give them wings and fire breath and they'd practically be brothers.



Placidus: Vraknaar's track record on brothers isn't great.



banana (GM): It's kind of weird how animals in general don't recognise Kon as a dangerous predator. Something about the way he acts just reads 'friend', and yet there are the hunts...



Xarvrax: Hey!

 **Kon:** In fairness, cats are not precisely prey creatures, though one imagines some wargs would make do in desperate circumstances...

 **banana (GM):** The yelling is definitely coming from the square before the Alabaster Grill. Once closer, you can see a *big* crowd of citizens and tourists- and several groups of bizarrely accoutred individuals who comprise other Games teams.

 **Kon:** Not Kon, though.

 **banana (GM):** But at the centre of it all are the soldiers.

 **Xarvrax:** More soldiers, joy.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol reaches down to where his weapons usually rest out of reflex, and starts when he realizes they're not there.

 **Kon:** Kon perks up, and sitting atop his head, so does a smaller cat in almost the same pose.

 **banana (GM):** Scores of Imperials - more than a company, the regulars of the garrison, and using the lowest dais of the Grille to speak to them are Team Army. Captain Glory Manson and his squad look more impressive today than usual, as a semicircle of riding dragons sits behind them in heavy armour and sinous necks.

 **Placidus:** Pfeh. Dragons. We've got those. Placidus sneezes, out of derision.

 **banana (GM):** "...were it not for the seriousness of the threat, we'd never want to leave! But your fair city and its bounty must be protected, like any other - ALL the northern and the central armies are being called to this threat. From the Glitterwood they march, and from the Snakesrule, and from Axis.."

 **Xarvrax:** Pfft, dragons, I am one of those.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Hey, it's that Gory Mansion guy, from the defending champions.

 **Placidus:** Are they leaving?!

 **banana (GM):** Looks like it. You've caught up to the edges of the crowd, so you could ask..

 **Vraknaar:** "What's the threat, though?"

 **Placidus:** The orc horde, presumably.

 **Vraknaar:** obviously vraknaar doesn't yell that out
he just says it, to the others

 **Ghol, Going East:** Wow. "Movement," please.


 **banana (GM):** The nearest group of people who look like they know anything about anything are some... individuals... lounging on walls and barrels and a soapbox. They're dressed well, sort of. Their clothes *fit* well, but they don't look nice- except for one.


 **Placidus:** "The orc horde, presumably."


 **Ghol, Going East:** "Movement," Ghol corrects him.


 **Placidus:** "Maybe they've brought fliers of their own."


banana (GM): There's half a dozen of the louche loungers and one bigger guy on a stoop, with his feet

 up on the back of a sleeping mastiff. All watch Kon's Men curiously, disinterested in the spectacle and the crowd.

 **Placidus:** Placidus wipes his eyes and goes up to them. "Ho! Well met, good afternoon, greetings. What's the hubbub?"

 **banana (GM):** Manson: "Make no mistake, this is a time of trial. Of testing. But the holy celebration must continue in our absence! If not for the good cheer and full stomachs of its people, what does the Empire have worth defending?"

 **Kon:** Kon, currently dropping one cat gently on top of another cat and watching with interest as both freak out, does NOT approve of using mastiffs as foot rests.


 **banana (GM):** The hound doesn't seem to mind. It's big for an ordinary dog, but its nose is wrinkling now- Kon's approach will wake it soon.


The guy sitting behind the dog is *much* better looking than the others; he's squat and kind of body-builder looking, but his suit is actually tailored rather than sort of.. found, and his clear skin and coiffed hair say Rich.


That guy doesn't pay any attention to Placidus. The one woman with the group does.

"Hey, little guy. Team Army is legging it. Whoever spread this rumour is pretty genius, yeah?"


A tall man: "Could be true."


 **Ghol, Going East:** Oh, it's true alright. Not that Ghol's just going to up and confirm that to everyone they meet on the street.

 **Placidus:** "What's the rumor?"

 **banana (GM):** Hang on, the assembled dragons behind the soldiers- Doulz is among them, and another copper you don't know!


Neither's large enough to ride, so they must just be sort of hanging out.


 **Xarvrax:** "Can we go now? I really don't want to deal with that idiot a second day in a row."

 **banana (GM):** Woman: "A hundred thousand orcs are coming to kill us all."


Everybody sniggers.


"Yo, I'm Jenny. You guys look a lot like your pictures."

 **Placidus:** "Oh, that sounds dreadful, Jenny."


 **banana (GM):** "Hey, how did you-"


 **Ghol, Going East:** Oh, well THAT's definitely false. It's demonstrably only 88,000.

 **Vraknaar:** Is it true? I mean, they said they were bringing thousands, but...

 **banana (GM):** A thin man: "Give it up. We've lost our touch and now anygnome knows our names."

Another to Jenny: "Well, *your* name. Hardly unheard of."

 **Placidus:** "I'm not just anygnome. I'm Placidus Fixlmillner, manager of Kon's Men, and I'd recognize the Steak Whisperers anywhere."

 **Ghol, Going East:** Better than gno-one.

banana (GM): Did anybody else recognise them? Placidus must have been doing his research.. then



again, so had Vraknaar. He can roll to know who they all are if he likes.



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+7 wisdom + temp background?

(18)+7

= 25

Manson: "It is with great regret.. in service to our country.. to leave before the meal is begun.. some day return to the fair south.."



Kon: Kon saunters over, the cats having fully commandeered a ride on his back and the top of his head.
He keeps a wide distance between himself and the gnome.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax grabs a cat off of Kon and sets it on his shoulder experimentally.



Placidus: Placidus sneezes.



Xarvrax: Shaking his head, he puts it back on the warg, not having a familiar was the right idea, having something riding on his shoulder is weird.



banana (GM): Oh, yeah, of course. As well as Jenny, that's Sid and Legitimate Phil - those are their Night Steaks entrants. And Dull Nono there is the sausage guy.. then Maury over in the corner, Halfer, Vraknaar hears at least one of them is good at sandwiches?
He can't place the big guy in the suit, though. His smart black briefcase says Important, but he isn't a Whisperer himself.



Ghol, Going East: Legitimate Phil, huh. Ghol sizes up the competition.



banana (GM): Sid: "We don't necessarily wanna be recognised."



Xarvrax: "Too late for that, it seems."



Placidus: That's the Anonymous Businessman, What Businesses At Midnight, one assumes.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar looks straight at him, then. "Are you new, then? I recognize the rest of the group from their descriptions, but..."



Placidus: "That's clearly their sponsor."
"Unless they have a stack of anonymous businessmen in their luggage and wanted to air a new one out."

Businessman: He sounds like he's quoting, from a list. "'Vraknaar', first-wrought, trained but not blooded. 'Placidus', errant, escaped booked up north by the a twelve hour span and the skin of his teeth."



banana (GM): *escaped booking
*by a
wtf.



Xarvrax: "Businessmen probably do need airing out every now and then, otherwise the awful stench would choke their clients."



Vraknaar: Vraknaar shrugs. "It's no surprise you know about me, but I asked about you."

Businessman: "'Xarvrax', last-wrought, only value is destruction. Do you people have anything to talk about?"



Placidus: "I do plenty of booking, thank you. I just finished a very nice book on the growth patterns of far-eastern Fanged Vines. Did you know that infestations are commonly treated with sugar? Rots the teeth."



banana (GM): Sid: "We don't necessarily wanna banter."



Kon: Kon contemplates hurling a cat at him.
(Kontemplates)



banana (GM): Jenny does want to banter. "How do you stop the rot, then?"



Xarvrax: "We could talk about my value a little, if you want, I really enjoy that."

Businessmen: : "Hey. I'd hire you if I wanted something burned down. If you're not selling or buying, why not go hang out with the other worms?"



banana (GM): *businessman oh my god i cannot spell



Placidus: "There are a couple tricks. Most commonly a solution of two parts saleratus and ten parts water."



Xarvrax: "You're right, there are other worms around, why bother talking to the ones in front of us?"



banana (GM): A couple of the Whisperers are looking nervous. They don't want this to escalate, but they also don't want to countermand their sponsor...

Jenny: "Does that work for other tooth-stuff? Like fingernails that're rotting from too much paint, or..?"

Businessman: The dog wakes up, sees Kon. It raises a large head and *almost* barks before thinking, hang on. Is this really a good idea?



Vraknaar: Vraknaar looks between his brother's bluster and Placidus's eager discussion of solvents.



Kon: The cat-armored warg stares back at him, posing the same question.

There: 's a *very* quiet growl, for appearances. "Fair enough. Leave my men alone and I'll do you the same courtesy."

Businessman: There's a *very* quiet growl, for appearances. "Fair enough. Leave my men alone and I'll do you the same courtesy."



Placidus: "Nails and teeth aren't actually made of the same stuff. For fingernails the thing to do is just buff and file them. I used to get cracked nails quite a bit working in the gardens. The trick is to file towards the center."







Ghol, Going East: Ghol is already bored with this guy. He's moving up a bit further in the crowd to see if there's any other news.



Placidus: Placidus, who's never heard the term 'booking' before, is a LOT calmer than he would be if he had!



banana (GM): It's pretty much a term of thieves and policemen. Placidus is neither :)

	Placidus: Exactly! He's just an honest fellow. Doesn't mean any harm to anyone.
	Vraknaar: Vraknaar's definitely heard it before, but he assumes Placidus has too and was just being a smartass.
	banana (GM): Ghol, Going Forwards approaches the dais. The speeches are done and everything's winding down now- the soldiers are forming up, the dragonriders packing up. Doulz spots him, however.
	Xarvrax: Look what you've done!
	Ghol, Going East: Ah, cripes.
	banana (GM): Maury: "With cracked nails she'd have worse problems."
	Xarvrax: Bad orc! Bad!
	Jenny: "Don't think I wouldn't pass them on."
	Placidus: What, it's not like Doulz is going to trick us into another random encounter.
	Xarvrax: He's a dragon, that's literally all they do.
	Placidus: That's not true, sometimes they're just passively annoying.
	Doulz: Your promoter shakes himself into the air and swoops all of twenty metres to Ghol, landing in juuust enough space to avoid crushing any hastily-moving meatcitizens. "Greetings, orcelf. Good news for you and yours."
	Ghol, Going East: Oh, yeah, speak up why don't you.
	Vraknaar: Don't be silly. Xarvrax doesn't trick us into random encounters. Well, except that time with the orb...
	Ghol, Going East: "Burn ointment's on sale?"
	banana (GM): Ghol is definitely getting a few looks from the crowd today.
	Xarvrax: "I finally get to kill you for annoying me one too many times?"
	banana (GM): Has Xarvrax left the Steak Whisperers alone and come over too, then?
	Xarvrax: He has. Businessmen be damned, it's dragon posturing time.
	Doulz: "My leave has been cancelled. Our deal will now be operating on the honour system." Fanged grin at Xarvrax. "Not a problem for you."
	Ghol, Going East: Ghol's fairly certain that was a burn of some sort...?
	Xarvrax: "Good, I'd say it's been pleasant, but not even I'm not that good a liar."
	banana (GM): The Whisperers are a little more relaxed, then, and their sponsor has gone back to leaning on the wall with his eyes closed. Legitimate Phil is sizing the rest of you up. "Isn't there another guy?"
	Vraknaar: "How will we deliver your payment, win or lose, then?"

 **Placidus:** Wow, is Ghol just going to think everything is a burn now? ONE TIME that happened.

 **Vraknaar:** Vraknaar also has to attend to the dragon.

 **banana (GM):** OK, he's sizing up Placidus and.. Kon.


 **Placidus:** The two smartest members of the party.

 **banana (GM):** That counts as a rest.

 **Placidus:** "Yes! Travis is on other business right now."

Doulz the Imperturbable: "Hold onto it until we find you, or are reported dead on the frontline, redkin. The Empire is the hoard of us all."

 **Kon:** A cat peaks down over the crown of Kon's head in front of his eyes, and the warg's tongue darts out to lick it on the face, sending in a startled scamper back down Kon's neck.

 **Vraknaar:** "Fair enough. Hopefully we both live long enough for that, then."

Sid: "We don't necessarily care about your business."

Jenny: "Quit it, Sid."

 **Ghol, Going East:** Wait, did he just call the empire a.....ohhhh, HOARD. Okay. That makes more sense.

 **Xarvrax:** "We'll keep your shiny new bed safe, sure, have fun murdering things somewhere else."

 **banana (GM):** Now the dog's spotted the cats and is standing up. This is too many cats.

 **Vraknaar:** The Empire is both horde and hoard.

 **Kon:** Kon could be persuaded to agree, but not by this guy.

 **Vraknaar:** Maybe also whored, depending on how many one-eyed wizards you ask.

 **banana (GM):** The Steak Whisperer sponsor, dislodged, has to get up and lean on the wall manually. He makes it look like quite an imposition. To Kon: "That's some talent."

 **Kon:** Kon -- and all the cats on Kon -- swivel as one to consider the businessman.

Doulz: "Certainly. I must go." The copper dragon just turns around and makes to fly off.

 **banana (GM):** There's a lot more room now, as the San Meat garrison are beginning to march west, and the crowd has made space. Only the dragonriding Team Army are still prepping to leave.

 **Placidus:** "Kon's our captain for a reason."

Businessman: "Can he deal with men as easily, then? Untrained thugs, say."
To Kon: "But it's you I should ask."

Phil: "We've got plenty of training, your bossship."

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax comes back to hear the end of the conversation, "Go ahead, try and hurt him, I'll go

grab a snack before the show."

Maury: "The boss is not proposing, Philip, that it is us the wolf is employed to lead."



Placidus: A single raised finger. "Kon is a warg, not a wolf."



Kon: Kon's eyes narrow. One would presume some would find it hard to project principled distrust while bedecked with felines, but Kon is not among them.



banana (GM): Phil: "Crack troops, we'd be."

Jenny: "A what?"



Ghol, Going East: "A warg," repeats Ghol, like that answers the question.

Businessman: "The boss" is just ignoring his team, waiting for a response.



Ghol, Going East: Because: it does.



Placidus: "A warg!" Placidus adds for emphasis.

We're like two steps and a drumline away from bursting into song, here.



Kon: Kon glances over at Ghol and makes a gentle shrugging motion, so as not to dislodge his cats.



Vraknaar: a waaaa~aarg



Xarvrax: "And I'm a dragon," Xarvrax points at Placidus, "he's a Gnome, need any more help identifying things?"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol, to the businessman: "Go on."

Businessman: "Well-bred sheepdogs are valuable. Leaders of men are more so. When you've lost your stake and your lunch in these games, we could work something out."



Kon: Kon makes a low chuffing noise, almost like a...cough? But no, that's not it.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol helpfully translates: "He's laughing at you."



Xarvrax: "Well, that's got to be a new low, getting laughed at by an animal."



Kon: Without waiting for a response, Kon turns, cats and all, and sweeps from the scene.



Vraknaar: "Probably not a new low, for some back-alley goons like these."



Placidus: "Now, now, let's not devolve into insults. We don't know where in the alley this lot prefers to hang out."

Businessman: Shrug. He still faces Kon. "Get the boy to contact me if you change your mind. 'The promise of a kiss is as good as silver'. Any bar or low house in the West."



banana (GM): Jenny: "Is it really that smart?"



Xarvrax: "Now you want to make out with a warg? Man, you're weird, even for a businessman."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol, who was following Kon away from the group: "You'll pay to find that out."

Sid: "We don't want any--"

Boss: "Training break is over. Everyone inside."



Placidus: Placidus looks sidelong at the businessman, before flipping his notebook open to the page full of heart-snakes and double-checking his figures.



banana (GM): ..sometimes the terms come out and balance **quite** directly.



Xarvrax: "Is it too late to call Doulz back, get him to paint that picture? I'd like to put some posters of that around town."



banana (GM): But if that's so, then Placidus does not like the way the boss watches the warg go. Would he just let something go?



Placidus: He wouldn't, which means he hasn't.



Kon: The cats stare back.



banana (GM): Jenny, Phil: "Nice to meet you guys. You ain't got a chance in the jawsculpting, though."



Placidus: "We should go," Placidus says quietly, looking down at his notes. "It was a pleasure to meet you, Jenny."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol has some shopping to do anyway.
Should drop by and see Arry, too...there's the matter of that sword.



banana (GM): Or "weapon of a sort", as she put it.



Ghol, Going East: And, you know, making sure she saw what a total badass he is in these posters.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax decides to continue his work from yesterday, hunting around for people to learn things about these contests and other useful things.



Placidus: Placidus is **also** interested, presently, in historical information on the Games - either records or witness accounts of, e.g., what the winning Improv Sandwich and Jawsculpting entries looked like last year.



banana (GM): With the unusual team gone - they have a large house just off the main square, you got a glimpse inside - there's plenty of time left in the day to go about these investigations.

The Dragon Soldiers (and soldier dragons) are gone, too; flying and marching out of San Meat to join the legions which will oppose the orcs. Scrambling everyone like this.. it's kind of a big deal. Convenient for you guys, in the short term. Maybe very short term.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar goes with his brother, but he's got an odd feeling about today. That twinge of distant anger that would normally be his brother's or his forebear's. What could it be...?



banana (GM): OK, you might as well split into two rough groups and then meet up. Neither errand's likely to take that long - with the priests setting up all the event courses and infrastructure, information's easy to come by now, and the Van Sammen home is not far either.



Placidus: We also heard something from Samwise and Gleemax (who Placidus thinks of, in shorthand, as Wise and Glee) about active necromancers in the area..? It'd do to keep an ear open about that.

If there's time, you know.

Nobody's really **eager** to meet a necromancer.



banana (GM): The snake-and-halfling duo did claim there was a rogue necromancer about! That would

be Bad.

Unless, perhaps, they were a rogue in the sense that, unlike most necromancers, they weren't evil or creepy or anything?



Vraknaar: Vraknaar's eager to meet a necromancer, but not in a way that Placidus would recognize eagerness.



Placidus: Maybe they just use undead minions to pick locks and disarm traps.



Kon: Kon will saunter back to the group in an hour or so, still slightly damp: he's gone and bathed, then dried himself, to get rid of any lingering cat dander.

The cats, of course, have Dispersed.



Placidus: What a good dog.



Kon: Kon would appreciate the sentiment, if find the phrasing insultingly patronizing.



Placidus: It can't be insultingly patronizingly phrased if you never actually say it!



Kon: The conditional tense, my dear gnome.



banana (GM): The third level up of the Alabaster Grill is a still-wide white dais covered in seating, literal grilles, and clerical infrastructure. Here, the meat priests work outside on a sunny day - and answer competitors' last-minute questions. There's an elf called Fr. Mattile Beefexalter willing to tell you things - what do you want to be told?

Ghol, meanwhile, in a scented courtyard.



Ghol, Going East: Meanwhile, in news involving characters with no upper level grasp of grammar-- Ah, yes, here we are.



Placidus: "Is there a record of past winning entries? Specifically in the artistic contests? Perhaps a narrative of the Taste Against Time?"



banana (GM): The private-entry gates are locked, but Ghol's immediately welcomed into the van Sammen workshop by an old man called All-somethingorother and shown through to wait in the courtyard. Apparently "his young friends" will be there shortly. In the meantime, the trees are almost outdoorsy enough to be comfortable and the stonework on the benches is.. ok, whatever niche cultural art the Meat Khetherans have might be lost on Ghol.



Ghol, Going East: It is all very...chiseled.



Xarvrax: "Which competition would be the hardest, and are there and tips or tricks to winning it?"

Fr. Beefexalter: Absolutely there is such a record! Here are some linocuts mounted on wooden frames of the past twenty years' jawsculpture. Look, the detail on this ikon of a leaping trout from ten years back is all the more impressive for having been mouth-maneuvered out of actual troutscales.



Vraknaar: "Is there a variety of materials for jawsculpture, or do you just get what you get and have to work with it?"

Fr. Beefexalter: To answer two questions at once, the T.A.T. is the most comprehensive and difficult of the events, involving as it does more than sheer appetite. It's all about cluehunting strategy - Team Army last Games used a novel form of divination, appealing to the massed voices of the Elect to override Alabastien Meat's secretkeeping, and before that a rogue victor concentrated on finding who'd prepared each dish and simply beating out of them the location of the next. Anything, apparently, goes,

because if it didn't then the event would be impossible.



Xarvrax: "Ah good, violence isn't prohibited, always a thing I love to hear."



Placidus: The DAMN ELECTOR.



banana (GM): Adanneloc and Arielbeth turn up, in that order, with no Azzy around. Arielbeth has a parcel with her, wrapped in cloth - Adanneloc speaks, though. "How come you're **this** blessed, Ghol?"

Addy: "The dreams keep coming. Even my son had to admit to their reality. She is absolutely positive that you're the hope and saviour of.. something. We won't get any damn sleep unless we agree."

Fr. Beefexalter: Yes indeed, many meats are provided. Art knows few bounds, and by request, special edibles can be arranged.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol just kind of...shrugs uncomfortably? 'Why are you blessed so much' is a bullshit question, Addy.



Vraknaar: Good. Good. The idea is already crystallizing in Vraknaar's mind.

Arry: "We're used to dealing with our own Goddess, who's distant and gentle. The divine-in-elven is more.. immediate. But I think you need to have this."



Placidus: What about the sandwich arts? What's the precedent there like?



Kon: Kon will have tagged along with Placidus and the dragons, and is listening attentively, if from a resting position.

Fr. Beefexalter: "Varied, my son. There are many forms of strategy- from the stacking of votes to the stacking of fillings. Of course, we have a returning genius in the younger Chatwick, who last Games was able to sway many to his side by novelty of construction alone.."



Placidus: "Go on."

Fr. Beefexalter: "As an acolyte at the time I was only privileged to taste imitations of his work.. but that brilliant combination. Mustard **and** pickle. It revolutionised impromptu cuisine."



Placidus: "I see..."

That actually does sound pretty good.



Kon: Kon's snout wrinkles. Mustard and pickle are not quite to his palate.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax gags, "Eurgh, none of that sounds edible, much less revolutionary."



Placidus: Philistines.

Fr: . Beefexalter "Can I just suggest-"

. Beefexalter "My children, you've asked a lot of worldly questions. Why not put your faith in prayer?"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax puts a claw in front of his face to hide his snickering.



Kon: Were he a less polite warg, Kon wouldn't have bothered to stifle his yawn just now.



Placidus: "Prayer is a losing proposition, Father. Out-praying the Elect is an exercise in futility. They're so optimized..."

Fr. Beefexalter: "Our Alabaster Provendora has been an invaluable member of the pantheon since its formation, however. And there are *blasphemous* Federal heretics taking part. Someone, I feel, should stand up for goodness and light, insofar as one can stand up after a really good meal."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol will gingerly take the parcel from Arry if she's offering it, and carefully unwrap it...



Placidus: "Oh, certainly, goodness and light are wonderful, and I strive to fill the world with them. But as a means of actualization, prayer is so thoroughly mined out."

The little friar smiles brightly. "You see, in these last days faith itself has become an ideologically bankrupt enterprise. The servants of the gods are just cogs in a war machine."



Xarvra: "Does setting things on fire count as filling the world with light?" Xarvra looks back and forth between them.



Placidus: "To the Elector's credit, that machine runs *very* smoothly."



Xarvra: Xarvra slumps a little, "Guess not."



Placidus: "Does it make a difference?"

Arielbeth: "Better saving the world than hanging on a wall."



banana (GM): The fabric contains.. a towel, which is all scratched up and cut, for reasons that become apparent. Wrapped further in the towel is the most vicious *meant* thing Ghol's seen since leaving the Lord's Movement. It's a crystal-handled hammer, with a jewel-set grip; there the subtlety ends. The business end is made of red metal streaked in sickly golden *something*, and could basically be described as a spike covered in spikes. There are hooks, barbs, catchers and grippers. It's like a burr, but aerodynamic and balanced for striking.

Adanneloc van Sammen: "This is the Rune of Peace."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol marvels at it, taking it in hand and swinging it. Vicious, yet perfectly balanced, monstrously combat-tuned and precision-made. It's like...a perfect fusion of elven and orcish weaponsmithing principles.

It's just a light test-swing, and he makes sure to step far back into the open courtyard before doing so, of course.

Beefexalter: The priest is a partisan. "Fire is an excellent tool for cooking *and* war, but it must be directed. With direction, there's no shame in power. We all contribute to the greater enterprise of freedom. Would you rather still live under the necromongers' lash? Would you rather exchange your blessed gold coins for Federal dollars valid only for as long as the King says they are valid?"



Vraknaar: "Only so I could burn them, and the man who exchanged them."



Ghol, Going East: He's going to have to practice with this -- it's much like his axe in that he can strike cleanly, or he can strike so the weapon catches in his opponent's flesh, but the mechanics of the swing are different...

But, he needn't do that in front of these nice people.



Placidus: "I'd rather not be asked to take an economic enterprise as an article of faith. That's not the Elector talking, Father - that's the Prince of Shadows's gospel."

Arielbeth: "I've never seen anybody wield it, but I think.. that's how it would be done."

Ghol, Going East: "This is...quite a weapon."

	Placidus: "I don't need faith for that. That's what sums are for."
	banana (GM): Addy just shakes his head.
	Ghol, Going East: Ghol carefully re-wraps the Rune of Peace in cloth. "Who named it?"
	banana (GM): Another older meat priest has caught wind of the conversation and is sort of drifting over, looking meaningful. Father Beefexalter tries to appear as saintly and disinterested as possible. "The Goddess accepts any point of view, as long as they will Eat." "But if you'll excuse me, we must deal with this ah.." Other priest: "The disturbance in the east." "With this disturbance. Very disturbing."
	Placidus: "Thanks for your help, Father. May your works always sizzle enticingly."
	Vraknaar: "That's certainly... something. Just pray to meat and you'll win? If it works, why doesn't everyone do it?" "Not to mention the priest just told us it didn't work."
	banana (GM): Other priest: "It's not disturbing, it's a catastrophe! Most of the city guard marched out this morning!"
	Placidus: "What's wrong?"
	banana (GM): Beefexalter: "Hang on, this isn't my job. Why don't you take it the captain of- oh."
	Arielbeth: "It was renamed by our ancestor who gave up the warlike life. They called him 'A'.. he's a bit of a legend in our little community." There's a call from the other side of the courtyard.
	Adanneloc: "I'll go deal with that. You continue the history lesson."
	Placidus: Placidus follows the priests. What sort of disturbance?
	Xarvrax: Guard leaving the city? Surprising that there isn't rioting and looting yet.
	Vraknaar: They did say most, at least.
	banana (GM): They're sort of drifting away across the alabaster, but nobody actually stops you. "Father Vealsgravy, what do you propose - we send the war clerics? They need to be at their best for tomorrow night! The Games must go on!"
	Placidus: San Meat is a peaceful town. Rioting and looting is more of a halfling thing. "Excuse me, excuse me. We're in the problem solving business."
	Vraknaar: "Yeah, we're the Fighting Eaters, not the Boring Eaters."
	banana (GM): Like four priests turn to you, all robes and golden-glowing eyes. One of them is holding a spatula with a hamburger patty on it.
	Placidus: "It's on the fliers and everything."
	Xarvrax: "I fight things, sure."
	Placidus: It's a credit to the gnome's composure that he hasn't gagged once since this conversation started.



banana (GM): "It IS them, the ones from that.. letter."
"More like a letterbomb.. went all over the tables and stairs.."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax actually looks impressed, "I've always been curious, how do you all get your eyes to glow like that?"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol watches him go. "He...doesn't like me very much," the elf-orc teen observes when Adanneloc is out of presumed hearing range.



Placidus: "Well, dragons don't do things by halves."



Vraknaar: "Yeah, sorry, he got a little overenthusiastic I guess."

Arry: "Well, no. I do, though."



Ghol, Going East: This time, Ghol manages to avoid puffing his chest out and mildly aggravating his bandaged burns.



banana (GM): Very Junior Priest, to Xarvrax: "Inherent superiority of the white elf race. Relative superiority, of course. We can't *fly*."



Vraknaar: "Do you always rub it in around the other elves? Not very friendly of you."

Arielbeth: "The van Sammen forebear known as 'A' apparently slew.. more people than I'd rather think about. Nevertheless, the Rune's consecrated by Khethera now, and it has the power to heal even as it.. harms."
"I think. We don't know EXACTLY what it does."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol nods. A weapon like this isn't merely a tool...it's a statement. He'll need more time with it to figure out what it's saying, though...



Xarvrax: Xarvrax sulks, vowing to find a way to get enough magical power to make his eyes glow anyway. That'll show those stupid elves.

Important: priest: "Kon's Men.. if you're as cool as they say you are, perhaps you can help our city."

Important priest: "Kon's Men.. if you're as cool as they say you are, perhaps you can help our city."



Placidus: "We're far cooler than that. Tell us the problem."



Kon: Kon perks up as that. He IS pretty cool.



banana (GM): A door bangs open in the van Sammen courtyard. Azzy's backing out of it, wild-eyed, along with other family members that Ghol doesn't know. "This was a really bad time to give up the weapon! You! What have you brought on us?"



Ghol, Going East: Uh oh.

Arielbeth: "What?"

Priest with a Problem: "This citizen is, uh, saying there's an evil wizard hiding out in his business, casting evil spells."



banana (GM): An elf barges his way through the growing crowd of priests at this point. "Holy heck, it's you. Well met off the road and come with me IMMEDIATELY."

Last time you saw this guy, he was covered in floating discs.



Placidus: "Which business?"



Vraknaar: "That's very general, but probably good enough, let's go." That primal fury builds in the back of Vraknaar's mind.



Kon: Kon jumps to his paws and is at the elf's side in a flash.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax chases after the elf, ready to end a fight.

Somebody van Sammen, probably Abby or Anny or whatever: "Arielbeth, the stranger is back! He's.. he hurt Appenine and he's doing something to the animals. It stinks bad."

Arielbeth: In shock: "But it always stinks in there."

Somebody van Sammen, probably Abby or Anny or whatever: "Not just the normal smell! There's.. something *wrong*!"



banana (GM): Adanneloc is only too happy to be chased over. Maybe these orckillers or whatever can make themselves useful rather than just playing the damn Games. His family is in danger..! The white elf is half-running half-skipping down the street as he teleports every few feet.

*chased after



Ghol, Going East: Ghol is already moving. He'll slip past the elves in the doorway back into the butchery, and if there's no room in the doorway he'll vault through a window instead, parkouring easily through and grabbing a long, sharp boning knife -- really more of a machete -- and then on the move again, following whoever.



banana (GM): Ghol immediately runs into someone - another elf in a long kilt and a green cap. "Wrong way, man! We've got to get out of here!"

There is indeed an overwhelming smell coming from beyond- and a wrongness, something that catches at his senses..

From further away, Vraknaar feels it worse than anyone. The death magic. This is what he's been taught to fear and face and fight. This is the ultimate wrongness in the world, the rite that takes the spirits of the deceased and *binds* them into servitude forever. It should not be here, in this land.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol is a teen badass with a fucked up hammer and a tool explicitly designed to separate meat from bone. He's the only dude in the world the Queen of All Elves can entrust to restore Her rightful rule. Last night a dragon artistically rendered a bird setting him on fire. He is heading towards violence, with violence.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar knows the source now, the fear is a brief flash before it's engulfed by fire. The normally even-tempered Red is crashing ahead of the group recklessly, small gouts of smoke and flame issuing from his snout as he runs flat out.



Placidus: "Well."


"Let's follow him."





Xarvrax: Xarvrax has seen this enough times to know what's going on, and breaks out into a sprint to keep up with his brother.





banana (GM): Adanneloc reaches a set of wide doors in an alley- and stops, like someone running into a wall. The Meat Khetheran drops to his knees and retches as Vraknaar catches up and outstrips him, entering the building...

 **Placidus:** Placidus can't keep up on his own, but luckily Kon is there to give him a boost.


 **Kon:** Kon more or less grabbed him by the scruff and flipped him up onto his back right before breaking out in a lope.

 **banana (GM):** It's a blur of stink and.. crashing noises? There's blood everywhere, metal set into the floor, hooks hanging from the ceiling- actually, that stuff is usual for an animal killing ground. But the air is rippling with power. Someone moves at the far end of the room from Vraknaar, leaving, but sadly the dark power doesn't leave with them.


 **Placidus:** Placidus clings to Kon's back. He's not worried about Kon bucking him, but, his sense of balance has never been great.


 **banana (GM):** A mass of crumpled meat and bone begins to rise as if on puppet strings, too many parts sliding together all across the grilles, five legs and two tails and *teeth* that no cattle ever had in life- the abomination faces the door and stamps and moos in rage. The others aren't here yet.. but Vraknaar should be able to take it...

Except: the animal stalls down one side of the building are going thump, thump, thump, the wooden doors splintering as maddened, un-slaughtered *things* throw themselves against the thin walls.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol will shove the kid behind him -- he was hoping the kid would have something useful to give him, but it looks like it's just slingshot and an empty bottle on his belt -- and keep moving. He enters at about the same time as the rest of the group...

 **banana (GM):** Fortunately at that point Ghol bursts into the abattoir from the other side.


 **Vraknaar:** It's not time for words. Vraknaar's eyes burn with the fire of his forebear and the wooden building rattles with the force of his roar.

 **banana (GM):** He'd better roll initiative, then. Actually, you all should.

 **Placidus:** rolling d20+1

(13)+1


= 14

 **Vraknaar:** rolling 1d20+5 go! go!

(7)+5


= 12

ff

 **banana (GM):** rolling d20+6 cowbominations

(16)+6

= 22

 **Vraknaar:** i guess roaring took time



Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 3

(16)+3

= 19



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+1

(19)+1

= 20



banana (GM): rolling d20+4 sheeppalling things

(19)+4

= 23

rolling d20+5 zombie pig-men

(9)+5

= 14

Right, then.

Vraknaar and Ghol, then shortly the others, see a grided killing floor with blood drains. Only the blood's got up out of them and gone back into the corpses.

Several dead animals have pulled themselves down off ceiling hooks, with the clean metal still attached. Others are *forming* from organs and bone baskets strewn about, previously in order. The immediate threat is a single cow-thing, but..



Ghol, Going East: Ghol tosses the cloth from the Rune of Peace. Pray for war, prepare for...



banana (GM): rolling d20 save - sheepformed thing 1 try and break down stall wall

(18)

= 18

rolling d20 save - sheepformed thing 2 try and break down stall wall

(18)

= 18

..looks like things with ruminant stomachs exposed and teeth in their ears will be joining the fight, wool hardening like diamond.

rolling d20 save - cowthing 2 stall

()

= 5




Placidus: Placidus retches, but does *not* throw up.



banana (GM): The thudding from the walls grows. And the five-legged Thing stalks ungainly toward Vraknaar, lowing in pain- a sound which echoes from far beyond this world.

dead cow engages and uses Ex-Cattle Call

rolling d20+4 vs will, 5 damage and Fear

() +4

= 13



Vraknaar: i assume that's vs MD?



banana (GM): omg

yes i mean MD.



Placidus: lmao, vs will



Vraknaar: then hit



banana (GM): alright, fear save ends and 5 damage

then Ghol is on them!

fear is a big deal: -4 to hit and inability to use the escalation die



Placidus: Jeeez.



banana (GM): it seems a bit out of character for vraknaar but we'll say his scales are vibrating too fast or something,



Placidus: No, we'll say Vraknaar is a coward.



Ghol, Going East: Can Ghol close the distance between himself and the cow in one move? And should he try, would the sheep...things...be positioned to intercept him?



banana (GM): yes, he's charging in pretty fast


hmm

the sheep are not fast enough to do that, they're lumbering hoofed things. the PIG creatures probably could, but both are still enstalled




Ghol, Going East: Ghol will hit the cow-thing, then.

rolling 1d20+6

() +6

= 24

rolling 1d6+5


()+5

= **11**

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE

even


rolling 1d20+5

()+5

= **10**



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d6+4

()+4

= **10**

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE



banana (GM): its AC is 17, the first one hits blockers~



Ghol, Going East: if I use lethal to reroll that second attack, will you allow me to keep the damage die




banana (GM): sure




Ghol, Going East: lethal

rolling 1d20+5

()+5

= **14**

rolling 1d6+4

()+4

= **8**

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE

rip.



banana (GM): total damage, then?



Kon: Kon sets Placidus down and moves in to join the fray...!!

rolling 1d20+6

$$(14)+6$$

$$= 20$$

rolling 1d8

$$(2)$$

$$= 2$$



Placidus: "Oof!"

Augh, the smell...



Ghol, Going East: 14 damage.



banana (GM): The smell is not entirely physical. There were many animals here, living and dead, and only a few wills have been left behind to animate them- mostly, the soul has been drained out of the place entirely. The meat will be immediately rotten and poisonous, inedible. This is not a sacred method of slaughter.



Xandrah: Xarvrax walks into the room, surprisingly calm, it's nice to have things that he doesn't have to worry about not killing for once.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol's first blow crushes clean into the cow-thing -- the rune is lighter than he thought it'd be, or he's gotten stronger. The follow-through leaves him a bit off balance, though, and combined with his unfamiliarity with the boning machete, which is nowhere near as well-tuned as the Rune, he's only able to land one blow.



banana (GM): The cow creature takes blows.. Rune of Peace sings through the air, but doesn't seem to do anything apart from being good to hit with. Its tripled leathery hide and entire lack of reliance on internal organs makes the creature strong...!



Kon: Kon charges in and nips at the creature a bit, but he's wary of the dark, foul blood reanimating these creatures -- he doesn't want to drink that stuff.



Xandrah: Feeling that the cowbeast is under control, he turns to the animals that have burst out of the stalls.

rolling d20 + 5 vs PD

$$(3)+5$$

$$= 8$$

rolling d20 + 5 vs PD

$$(9)+5$$

$$= 14$$



banana (GM): The Ruminant Things are shambling slowly forward. Their many hooves are shod in metal, which will likely be the main danger- they still have herbivores' teeth.



Xandrah: Burning hands at the sheep, probably both misses.



banana (GM): PD 13, so one hit



Xandrah: Ah.

rolling 1d6 + 4 fire damage

(3)+4

= 7

I suppose that'll hit the front one? I guess I should have specified

Or the back one

either way.



banana (GM): The farther sheep catches fire! Plenty of wool to burn through, though.

I call it a 'sheep', but really it's an aggregate of several animals, near-headless, dragging viscera behind and without it.

rolling d20 pig 1 save

(5)

= 5

rolling d20 pig 2 save

(8)

= 8

Thump. Thump. Thump. More reanimated corpseaggregates batter against the walls. They WILL join the fight sooner or later...



Placidus: move, focus, go



banana (GM): vraknaar's turn - before you act, please roll a wis check to recognise some stuff actually, int would do



Placidus: Placidus tries not to step on anything too gross as he gets behind the two man-dragons. Six. Six, six, six, six, six...



Vraknaar: hm. int sucks. oh well

rolling 1d20+1 int

(17)+1

= 18



banana (GM): that's good enough for... the second-best outcome

Vraknaar recognises the signs before he sees the spellcaster. The blood in the gutters and the pit- it's rising up, taking on a life of its own..! Infused with the Low Arcanum of pure Death, the congealed red-black mass begins to lash, whiplike, at anyone in the area. He can call out to warn Kon in time, engaged as they are from the same side.

But who's casting the spell.. this isn't really your forte, but you've had some training to follow the power back- right! There in the far door, a figure disappearing-- all Vraknaar could see was a green cap.

The necromancer's gone. His sorcery remains.



Vraknaar: "Stay out of the blood!" Vraknaar manages to growl-yell before taking a wild swing at the beast in front of him with his claws.

rolling 1d20+1 vs AC

(14)+1

= 15

guessing that's a miss, if so 1 damage



banana (GM): +1?



Vraknaar: Fear



Placidus: +5 -4



banana (GM): ah! ah.

well, better save against it



Vraknaar: in either case here's the save

rolling 1d20 vs 11 presumably

(14)

= 14

good

escalation



Vraknaar: The Red's Fury carries him too far, and his wild swing doesn't cause more than superficial damage. Get it together. Focus.

brb. i'm ac 17 pd 13 md 12 if you need to bash me while i'm afk



banana (GM): excellent

the Ruminant Things have burst their stalls..!


With the thud of far too many hooves, they move behind Ghol and compete to, as it were, ram him.

rolling d20+5 vs AC, iron hooves, 6 damage

(8)+5

= 13

rolling d20+5 vs AC, iron hooves, 6 damage

() + 5

= **16**



Ghol, Going East: miss miss



banana (GM): well, nbd

The fanged cattle creature is now surrounded..

It lashes out! A group attack vs

rolling d5

(**1**)

= **1**

Just Vraknaar!



Xandrah: Take that, stupid cow.



Ghol, Going East: Phew. Relatively.



banana (GM): rolling d20+4 vs ac Lacerating teeth from several heads!

() + 4

= **10**

well, maybe not

rolling d20 other cow, save

()

= **1**



Xarvrax: Well, that went better than expected.



banana (GM): It's Ghol's turn.. and he must make a save immediately, or be caught in thorned vines of animated, coagulating blood.




Placidus: Wow, this is the work of the second lamest necromancer ever.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol tries to ignore the two sheep(?) behind him as he focuses on the cow...

rolling 1d20+7

() + 7

= **27**

rolling 1d6+5

(2)+5

= 7

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE



Placidus: you need to save vs blood



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+6

(14)+6

= 20

rolling 1d6+4

(5)+4

= 9

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE

ugh



banana (GM): neither of those successful attacks is a save, imo



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20

(19)

= 19



banana (GM): ok, consider it blood dodged



Xarvrax: So that's 23 damage.



banana (GM): He's feeling it.



Kon: rolling 1d20+7

(6)+7

= 13

rolling 1d8

(1)

= 1



banana (GM): The cowthing is having limbs and entire chunks of flesh knocked back off. With the necromancer fled, his magic can only take so much beating,.



Ghol, Going East: 23 damage, done



banana (GM): xarvrax, too, is caught in blood...



Xarvrax: rolling d20

(3)

= 3

The bloodening



banana (GM): The whipcords catch at you and drag you in..!
Xarvrax is pulled to his knees and slides helplessly, scales grating on grilles, to the centre of the killing floor. Take 5 necrotic damage



Ghol, Going East: Ghol's second swing is more successful than his first, and he's able to bring the boning knife to bear this time too.



banana (GM): Deboning, it turns out.



Kon: Kon remains hesitant, meanwhile.



Xarvrax: So do I still get to do things?



banana (GM): yep



Xarvrax: Well, time to burn some hands.

rolling d20 + 6 vs PD left

(20)+6

= 26

rolling d20 + 6 vs PD right

(11)+6

= 17



banana (GM): here's the good news about zombies and critical hits



Placidus: we've certainly been on the right side of variance



Xarvrax: Kaboom?



Placidus: Headshot.

Xarvrax: Good, good.



banana (GM): the other one is hit



Xarvrax: rolling d6 + 4 fire damage

(6)+4

= 10



Placidus: trigger

rolling d20+6 vs the lower of pd and md on the not-critted zombie

(18)+6

= 24



banana (GM): that'll hit its md, which is lower



Placidus: rolling 2d6+3 it takes this much psychic damage

(2 + 6)+3

= 11

free rebuke check

rolling d20

(7)

= 7

nada, focus lost



Ghol, Going East: BTW i still don't see health/recovery bars for Placidus



Placidus: er no it takes 11 additional fire damage

not psychic damage

also it can't attack me



banana (GM): do you see them now?

rolling d20 pig 1

(12)

= 12

rolling d20 pig 2

(8)

= 8



Xarvrax: Xarvrax looks worried about the blood pulling him in, until he realizes where it's put him. Lifting both hands, he points them at each of the "sheep," one of which has its head burned clean off, the other simply burns.



Ghol, Going East: Yep, they're there now



banana (GM): With a crash of splintered wood, a tide of muck and guts comes spilling out of a stall..! Borne aloft on the wave is something with trotters. It rolls, grunts, squeals.. flings hellbound rot masses outward.
at, let's say, Xarvrax, since he's over that way



Placidus: Xarvrax's right hand tingles. He can hear a deep bass hum in his head. The fire catches and ignites as if the sheep-zombie was accelerated - the flames physically move at like 150% speed.



banana (GM): rolling d20+5 vs md, clods of evil - 6 poison damage

(19)+5

= 24



Placidus: focus go



banana (GM): lol



Xarvrax: Xarvrax gags, "This is why I hate things that drip! They never lead anywhere good!"



banana (GM): OK: more and more Things are joining the fight. This has the hallmarks of a terror attack. The One-Eyed King sends agents, usually lesser wizards, to create disruption and panic in Imperial centres- during, for example, a holy festival.



Vraknaar: cow slashing

rolling 1d20+6 vs AC

(7)+6

= 13

1 damage



banana (GM): It was sheer luck that you were here at the right time, in the right place- if these things get out into the streets they will slaughter too many for even Placidus to count...



Vraknaar: turn over. teh



Placidus: Try me. Placidus has counted a *lot* of gruesome bodies.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar still can't seem to calm down and make a precision strike -- he's just flailing wildly, carving off small chunks instead of doing any real damage.

Placidus: Probably related to that booking thing.



banana (GM): To add to his misery, one of the ruminant things has *noticed* Vraknaar. They are, after all, guided by a malign intellect... the sheepcreature tries to disengage from Ghol:

rolling d20

(16)

= 16

succeeding, it wants to move around to the other side of vraknaar



Placidus: rude!



banana (GM): and assuming it makes it there, will rear up and *kick* him



Placidus: Oh heavens, the smell is even worse up close.



banana (GM): rolling d20+5 vs ac

(20)+5

= 25

im sorry zarick.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol turns and tries to get the Rune on the sheep, but he's still not quite used to the blood floor...



banana (GM): 10 damage, and the hoofblows send you stumbling into the killing floor...!



Placidus: No!



banana (GM): Yes.



Xarvrax: BLOODENING



Placidus: Man I really need to level my way into a generic 'ally gets hit' spell.



banana (GM): rolling d20 cow 2 getting its save out of the way

(9)

= 9

no..!



Vraknaar: cripes




banana (GM): thump thump

the other one's going to try and break away into a spot where it's not fighting three people



Placidus: man this fight would be going so much worse if those things weren't stuck in their pens

 **banana (GM):** rolling d20 disengage


()

= **6**

it can't, though


well, it lashes out with that terrible cry. people aren't subject to the ex-cattle call more than once, so vs ghol:

rolling d20+4 vs md

()+4

= **8**


speak of the devil.
go, but roll a save


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

()


= **18**

 **banana (GM):** fair enough

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol repositions to remain engaged with the cow, but slide around outside of the blood.


 **banana (GM):** sliding is.. a little too easy right now
the floor is slick with substances
frankly, this is NOT what they put on the recruitment posters for adventurering

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

()+8

= **17**

rolling 1d6+5

()+5


= **10**

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE

 **banana (GM):** a hit, just



Kon: rolling 1d20+8

() + 8

= **22**

rolling 1d8

()

= **5**



banana (GM): palpable



Kon: 15 damage



banana (GM): lol nice

The Fang Cow stands, still!

It stands as gruesomely high as one can on 1.



Placidus: trigger



Xarvrax: Whoops, suddenly it falls over.



Vraknaar: maybe now that it has 1 hp i can kill it



Placidus: do you want it



Vraknaar: no



Placidus: I can leave it for you




banana (GM): placidus carefully considers scoreboarding



Placidus: okay then:

rolling d20+7 vs md/pd

() + 7



= **15**



Ghol, Going East: Ghol slips around to the front of the cow monstrosity and swings hard -- he's only able to bring the Rune to bear this time due to the angles involved -- and catches it right on the side of the head.



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

( + ) + 3

= **14**


free rebuke check

rolling d20


(16)


= 16


nuts


 **Xarvrax:** What do you have to roll for that?


 **Placidus:** 18+


 **banana (GM):** Seems like a weapon dedicated to peace is working perfectly well against these 'creatures'.


 **Xarvrax:** Wow, that's worse than a breath weapon.


 **Placidus:** the good news is the check doubles as the attack roll


 **Vraknaar:** it's the rune of peace, as in you smash something over the head and yell "peace" and then skateboard away


 **banana (GM):** rune of PEACE OUT

 **Kon:** At the same time, Kon rears up and instead of biting, swats -- with both paws together -- almost like an axe-handle smash.

 **banana (GM):** Xarvrax is no longer surrounded...! Except by razor-edged, whipping cords of animate blood.

 **Placidus:** Kon's paws rattle with bone-shattering force and the deadstock splatters all over Vraknaar.

 **banana (GM):** so, he should save to avoid taking 5 more necrotic

 **Ghol, Going East:** The Rune and Kon's strangely thrumming paws together crush the thing's head like a rotten vegetable, instead of rotten meat.


 **Xarvrax:** rolling d20

(17)

= 17

Good, yes?

 **banana (GM):** good

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax breathes lightning down onto the tendrils holding him, shattering them and grounding out harmlessly against his scales.

Stepping out of the blood, he brings a hand to bear on the stupid rotting beast that attacked him.

rolling d4

(3)

= 3



banana (GM): The pig creature is rotting indeed. It's hard to tell how much of it is animal matter and how much.. let's say, former animal insides. The back end is just mush.



Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 7 vs PD

(18)+7

= 25



banana (GM): that hits it, though



Xarvrax: rolling d8 + 4 lightning damage

(6)+4

= 10

Also, benefit.



Placidus: Placidus is very keenly concentrating, though it's not clear on what. Maybe it's on breathing through his mouth - how on earth does Travis do this all the time?



Xarvrax: rolling d6

(4)

= 4

Nothing good.

Going to also breath weapon it, I guess.

rolling d20 + 7

(4)+7

= 11



banana (GM): Well, lightnings are keeping the creature occupied at least. The power of necromancy is not yet abated.



Xarvrax: that would be a miss.

So that's it for me.



banana (GM): rolling d20 save - the other pig

(15)

= **15**

Another swineflood bursts forth on a tide of intestines!!

It will follow the first one's lead and begin to hurl bits of itself (??) at Xarvrax as the original advances, snorting menacingly.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax looses a bolt of energy directly at the rotbeast, and hits it dead center, the lightning blast from his mouth, however, veered too far right.

banana (GM): (the original also throws rot)

rolling d20+4 vs pd for 6 poison

()+4

= **20**

rolling d20+4 vs pd for 6 poison

()+4

= **13**

fixlmillner.



Xarvrax: Hit miss.



Placidus: focus go

banana (GM): prospective jawsculptor.



Vraknaar: teh

so i need to roll a save to escape, or just to avoid damage?



banana (GM): both- if you fail the save, you take damage and are DRawn In but, after being pulled over there, you could just.. leave



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20

()

= **5**



banana (GM): since there's no creatures there to engage or w/e




Vraknaar: booya



banana (GM): well, that's 5 necrotic and some slip-and-slide BloodWhips!



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+7 here goes nothing a third time

() + 7

= **13**

ah yes



Ghol, Going East: wow.



Placidus: trigger

wait is that a mook



banana (GM): what does this trigger on

nope



Vraknaar: i'm going to use song of spilt blood



banana (GM): no mooks here



Placidus: [] INEVITABLE FALL (Recharge 16+ Level 1) Interrupt, Close Quarters, Expend Focus, Retain 1-5

- Trigger: An ally attacks a nearby enemy and misses.

- INT vs. MD, 4d8+WIS Psychic + 5 ongoing Psychic. Miss: 5 ongoing Psychic

rolling d20+7 vs lower of md and pd

() + 7

= **11**

no!!



Vraknaar: song of spilt blood gives enemies a penalty to attack me equal to the number of allies who have more hp than me

so, all of them



banana (GM): lol, that's quite a lot then



Vraknaar: even kon i think?



banana (GM): placidus does not hit either md or pd!



Vraknaar: (i have 16 right now)



banana (GM): the lower is pd, though



Placidus: 5 ongoing force damage, then



Vraknaar: anyway, i do 1 damage and my turn's over



Ghol, Going East: kon is only 20 HP



banana (GM): and yeah enemies now have -4 to hit vraknaar

Ghol, Going East: 19, now



Vraknaar: that's still more than me



banana (GM): well, the escalation die goes up to +3, which should guarantee hits *eventually*

rolling d20 save

(4)

= 4



Vraknaar: Vraknaar just can't catch a break. His furious howling as he leaps from a pit full of blood strikes terror even into the hearts of animals already slain, even if his blows don't hit home.



banana (GM): this Ruminant Thing is still trapped within its stall. it's feeling pretty vraknaar right now



Placidus: The monster Vraknaar engages is hard to get a fix on - its position and shape keeps flickering, and streamers of purple light snake out from the suppurating gaps in its flesh as it moves about.



banana (GM): er

wait no

the FANG CATTLE feels that way

the ruminant thing is like, over where ghol is

and will attack him

rolling d20+6 vs ac ironh oof!!

(5)+6

= 11



Ghol, Going East: nuss

also: miss

Ghol will return the favor.



Placidus: oh wait also rebuke freeroll check, since I lost focus

rolling d20+7

(13)+7

= 20

er, no +7

no attack either

rip



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+9

(17)+9

= **26**

rolling 1d6+5

(**3**)+5

= **8**

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE



banana (GM): rip.

that hits the sheep for sure, though



Vraknaar: did you lose focus?



Ghol, Going East: no second attack.



Placidus: yeah I only retain focus on a 1-5 with that power



Vraknaar: i thought your focus retention was your attack roll, which was a 4. within 1-5 parameters



Kon: Kon moves to engage the sheep-like that his buddy is going after.

rolling 1d20+9

(**14**)+9

= **23**

rolling 1d8

(**1**)

= **1**



Placidus: oh right

lol

nevermind



Kon: 9 total damage.



Placidus: man, occultist is good.



banana (GM) as baa-aa-aa



banana (GM): The pained bleating is almost lifelike, almost fools you into thinking you're harming a living thing. The voicebox isn't quite the right shape, though.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol again swings his mighty Rune, and again connects with the sheep -- but with Placidus this close, he doesn't want to take the chance of swinging the knife here too.



banana (GM): Xarvrax is slowly being driven back by the swine.. sorcery versus rot..!



Kon: Kon, meanwhile, is back to feeling out a new enemy -- the blood concerns remain.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax brings his hand back up at the damned thing.

rolling d20 + 8

(20)+8

= 28

Ahahahahaha



Vraknaar: fuck off



Xarvrax: DIE



banana (GM): well, ok



Xarvrax: Xarvrax lets out what looks to be a solid column of lightning into the pig at point blank range, all that's left is a scorch mark.



banana (GM): Looks like the driving back is on the other foot now.
anything else, or is it the other pig's turn?



Placidus: okay, minor action rebuke
targeting that sheep



banana (GM): it's not placidus' go



Placidus: it is so



banana (GM): it is not



Placidus: says so in the turn order



banana (GM): what
really?
for me, "swineflow" is above "placidus"



Placidus: I don't see a swineflow at all



Ghol, Going East: Swineflow no longer appears



banana (GM): hang on, is there a layer issue here



Ghol, Going East: for me



Placidus: there it is



banana (GM): roll20 is weird
i moved those tokens to gm layer, because they were dead
but, they were the tokens with turns



Placidus: lol

don't forget the one pig's ongoing, though
or whatever that thing vraknaar is fighting is



banana (GM): The avalanche-like thing with the front body of a pig paws uselessly at Vraknaar, trotters windmilling. It attempts to disengage..!

rolling d20

(12)

= 12

Is it single-minded enough to go after Xarvrax now that he's blown the other one to shreds? Yes.



Xarvrax: Is it mad that I killed its buddy?

Ah good.



banana (GM): rolling d20+4 vs md, 6 poison

(3)+4

= 7

vOv placidus



Xarvrax: swing and a miss.



Placidus: don't forget its ongoing
and it gets a save vs it too



banana (GM): i did forget it
what's its ongoing



Placidus: 5 force



banana (GM): rolling d20

(8)

= 8

The halfpig quivers and judders...
it's not an appealing sight.



Placidus: okay, minor action rebuke on this sheep thing

rolling d20+8 vs md/pd

(16)+8

= 24



banana (GM): hits either, md's lower



Placidus: rolling 1d6+3 psychic

(2)+3

= 5



banana (GM): It shakes, but doesn't shake apart. These things are *tough*



Placidus: which expends focus, which I then immediately regain
go



Vraknaar: can i get at that sheep somehow because the other two options aren't great



banana (GM): The doors are open, so you could go around via the outside.



Vraknaar: song retention roll

rolling 1d20 need a 6+

(18)

= 18



banana (GM): In the street are gathered the bravest of the van Sammens - just three white elves on the other side of the road, watching in horror.



Vraknaar: oh. sure. thanks



banana (GM): lol



Xarvrax: And now you'll get that 6.



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+8 vs AC. fuck your sheep!

(11)+8

= 19



banana (GM): that hits



Xarvrax: It's a miracle!



Ghol, Going East: congratulations.avi





Vraknaar: rolling 1d8+4 damage. hooray


(8)+4


= 12

i guess i could heal. too bad i can't use it on myself!!!

 **banana (GM):** the last Ruminant Thing is.. dispersed

 **Vraknaar:** is xarvrax nearby or is he too far away

 **banana (GM):** not destroyed, exactly- you claw apart its pieces until they stop crawling back together
he's nearby yeah
no zones in this fight


 **Vraknaar:** well, then have a recovery plus


rolling 3d4 this much


( +  + )


= **4**


come the fuck on

 **banana (GM):** i think we had quite enough zones recently

 **Placidus:** lol

 **Vraknaar:** ff. that's my turn

 **Xarvrax:** rolling d6 + 8

()+8


= **13**


 **banana (GM):** rolling d20 save..?


()


= **20**


huh, ok

 **Xarvrax:** Super explode out... a little late.


 **banana (GM):** Heads down, a terrible quasibovine horror crashes through the door and charges right into Placidus, nearly trampling him over...!

 **Vraknaar:** Vraknaar runs out the door and back in another, leaping onto the sheep-beast and smashing it apart against the floor of the building. Bystanders may get wet.

 **Placidus:** we're at +4 escation now right

 **Ghol, Going East:** Four on the escalation die now, right?

 **banana (GM):** rolling d20+4 vs md ex-cattle call

() + 4

= **16**

yes, we escalate

see, E.D. 4 does happen



Placidus: 15 hits, so trigger



banana (GM): t-trigger..?

5 damage and fear is what should be triggering



Xarvrax: Blow it's head off like you did the last zombie to hit you.



Vraknaar: i could have used flurry for literally the first time in the game last turn



banana (GM): that's an unfortunate thought



Placidus: my thing triggers on hit, do the effects apply before or after I roll



banana (GM): after



Ghol, Going East: The Fang Cattle don't go down to crit or Ghol would have killed the first one in his first attack




Placidus: okay, so I'm still at my full to-hit here



banana (GM): yeah



Placidus: rolling d20+9 moment of karma vs md/pd

() + 9

= **13**



banana (GM): it's not a zombie like the others

it's a sort of modification

cow given evil

more a possessed type of thing



Placidus: any chance that hits its lowest defense



banana (GM): in fact, no

its lowest is md 14

pd 15, ac 17



Xarvrax: Whomp whomp?



Placidus: nuts. at least I keep focus

now I'm afraid though



banana (GM): 5 damage and fear, then, cow smash

-> ghol



Placidus: "aaaah!!!"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol goes in on the new threat.

rolling 1d20+10

(18)+10

= 28

rolling 1d6+5

(2)+5

= 7

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE

even



banana (GM): indeed



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+9

(20)+9

= 29

rolling 1d6+4

(6)+4

= 10

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE

nice.



Xarvrax: So that's 27 damage right there.



Kon: Kon gets in on the action too.

rolling 1d20+10

(15)+10

= 25

rolling 1d8

(7)

= 7



Xarvrax: 34, jeez.



banana (GM): well, ok. this thing is straight staggered



Ghol, Going East: 34 damage.



banana (GM): you do NOT go after the manager



Ghol, Going East: Ghol is getting the hand of this now. Hit 'em with the left, and then in comes the knife from the right -- just making a smooth, clean cut down the putrifying flank of the thing.



Kon: Kon comes in at the end, smashing THROUGH the cow beast, staggering it, trying to give Placidus room to move...



Xarvrax: Xarvrax is really getting tired of these damned pigs, time to see if he can turn this one into a scorch mark too.

rolling d20 + 9

(18)+9

= 27

rolling d8 + 4 lightning

(8)+4

= 12

rolling d6

(1)

= 1



banana (GM): well, it's a good start



Xarvrax: So it takes 12, and I get 1 AC until my next turn.
And that's it.



banana (GM): A lot of the filth that surrounds the creature, the medium on which it surfs, is blown away.
Not enough to prevent it continuing its relentless and somewhat pointless assault..!
The distant necromancer is big on recovery-denial.

rolling d20+4 vs md, 6 poison

(3)+4

= 7



Xarvrax: failure.



Placidus: don't forget the ongoing



Ghol, Going East: Ghol spares a glance at the pig-thing threatening the world's brattiest dragon. It's still standing in the blood. If only he had a bow...! He REALLY needs to look into one of those.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax spots the attack coming this time, and stops it with a gout of flame.



banana (GM): rolling d20 *forgets ongoing*

(6)

= 6



Placidus: rip

anyway, fear is -4 to hit AND no escalation die, right



Vraknaar: yeah



banana (GM): yep



Placidus: that gives me an attack bonus of... +1



banana (GM): minus freaking eight



Placidus: warp flesh don't fail me now



banana (GM): *don't fail me cow



Placidus: rebuke on this cow asshole

rolling d20+1 vs md/pd

(9)+1

= 10

welp



Xarvrax: IT FAILED



Placidus: am I engaged

with it

and does fear penalize disengage checks



Vraknaar: yes and no



Placidus: rolling d20 here's a disengage roll either way, subtract 4 or ignore as needed

(16)

= 16

sick

focus, go. fear save:

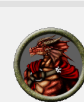
rolling d20

(5)

= 5

argh

"Aaah! Aaah aah ahhhhhhh-

 **Vraknaar:** rolling 1d20 6+ keeps song

(9)

= 9

rolling 1d20+9 vs AC

(10)+9

= 19

rolling 1d8+4 damage

(8)+4


= 12


also if it's alive i'm going to dragon breath it. if it's not, dragon breath the other

rolling 1d20+9 vs PD

(13)+9

= 22


 **banana (GM):** 12 damage, klet's see...


 **Vraknaar:** rolling 1d6 fire damage


(1)


= 1


yase

 **banana (GM):** yes, the cow is still alive


 **Placidus:** trigger then

 **banana (GM):** and then takes 1


 **Placidus:** rolling d20+1 vs md/pd


()+1

= **5**

 **Vraknaar:** well then i massage it gently with soothing flames

 **Placidus:** focus is retained

 **Vraknaar:** Vraknaar turns and leaps upon the cow-beast, ripping and tearing out chunks of flesh, small gouts of flame from his snout singing it in his anger.

 **Placidus:** is it my turn again or has the turn counter just not moved
I have to assume the latter

 **banana (GM):** sec sorry

cal


argh!! ok i'm back. sorry about being distracted for the last round there. inconvenient timing

Against all odds, the viscera that crowd this room are still moving. Sinew cords around bone and blood floats free in the air.. although it's starting to subside, at last.

The surrounded cow opens a mouth full of gleaming, needlepoint fangs.


It opens wide, wider than bovinely possible, hinges its jaw back like an alligator, and *spins*...

 **banana (GM):** rolling d6-1

()-1


= **5**

rolling d20+6 vs ac, vraknaar

()+6

= **22**

rolling d20+6 vs ac, ghol

()+6

= **14**

rolling d20+6 vs ac, kon

(6)+6

= 12



Ghol, Going East: miss miss



Vraknaar: even with the -4 it hits me

god is real and he hates me



banana (GM): vraknaar, whom god hates, takes 8 damage



Ghol, Going East: Time to end this.

rolling 1d20+11

(13)+11

= 24

rolling 1d6+5

(6)+5

= 11

ON MISS: 1 DAMAGE



Kon: rolling 1d20+11

(20)+11

= 31

rolling 1d8

(6)

= 6



Xarvrax: All of the crits.



banana (GM): yeah, that seems ended



Ghol, Going East: Ghol and Kon deliver peace to the final cow.



banana (GM): Those spinning razor jaws.. at last, they cease. The teeth, impelled by mystic force rather than jawbones, continue to whirl for several seconds before clattering to the ground and into nonexistence.

Cue Xarvrax the Blue and the tide of swine.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax doesn't give a damn about peace, he just wants this "pig" gone.

rolling d20 + 10

(4)+10

= 14

vs PD

Good?



banana (GM): just



Xarvrax: rolling d8 + 4

(1)+4

= 5

rolling d6

(6)

= 6

So it takes 6 damage.



banana (GM): Nevertheless, the pig flows on.



Ghol, Going East: PLEASE let the pig survive to the point where Ghol can make a +12 attack on it.



banana (GM): It oinks back and forth... there's no real chance of winning this fight. The creature's mouth opens, and a *voice* issues forth.

Swineflood: "Better than expected, in this place, at this time."



Placidus: I hope my ongoing kills it autotmatically after it's done talking



banana (GM): it literally will



Ghol, Going East: lol



banana (GM): It's not a hollow sepulchral voice, nor the squeals of a pig. It's just a male, probably human or elven, conversational.



Ghol, Going East: Does Ghol recognize it at all...?



banana (GM): No- it's not the green-capped necromancer.



Ghol, Going East: Hrm.



Placidus: Placidus is too busy throwing up on the floor of this slaughterhouse to speak to the thing.

Swineflood: "Still, well within expectations. Well... within."



banana (GM): Even as the occultist empties his stomach, his pre-planned calculations come to pass. The pork quivers again, and again, coming apart into ragged shreds.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar spits black dragonblood onto the floor of the slaughterhouse. "Expect that I'm going to come find you."



banana (GM): One porcine ear twitches toward the dragon voice, borne now not on a piggy head but just a slump of muck. Your voice is Heard. Then it ceases.
Blood splatters, unmoving. The abattoir is still. Apart from subsidence.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol stares at the blood pool for a second, then kicks open the big door to the abattoir. "Everybody out!"



banana (GM): There are a few white elves outside, but they're just screaming and running back and forth and so on.
Coming down the street verrrrry slowly is one of the priests, with a couple of acolytes holding magic staves warily.



Ghol, Going East: To the others: "We might need to burn this place to clean it."



Placidus: "Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh," Placidus pulls himself back to his feet, looking down in disgust at the grime on his robes.



Vraknaar: "I can do that." Vraknaar growls through bloodied fangs. "Just say the word."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol holds up the hand with the boning knife in it, before wisely tossing the thing back inside the building. The Rune should be fine, but better safe than sorry with the knife.
"Let me talk to the van Sammens before we go setting things on fire. For now, let's just...lock the place down."



banana (GM): To their credit, when they see what you're closing the doors on, the priests start running *toward* the scene.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax runs a pulse of lightning through himself, getting rid of the smell and muck on his body.



banana (GM): Doesn't that make a shower of blood and grime go everywhere?



Vraknaar: Vraknaar nods and then staggers out. "I'll be... outside. Get me if you need me."



Kon: Kon promptly takes up a position in front of the door, allowing the priests past if they so wish and keeping everyone else out. Ghol's first order of business is to clean and re-wrap the Rune, then go back inside the main house and talk to Arry and her family.



Placidus: Placidus is looking for a water pump or a basin or something he can wash up in. He'll messily petition one of the white elves if they happen to be near enough, else he'll just poke around.



banana (GM): They're all gathered on the far side of the building, in a retail storefront - it's a comforting space made of old wood, deep carpets and dry shelving. Crucially, this particular room does not include any meat products for sale.



Travis Meacham: whats all this then. have i stumblerd into hamnjesia



Placidus: Yes.

Allopec van Sammen: The oldest of the Meat Khetherans is waiting for news. Ghol ran faster than anyone else, basically. "Orcelf child, whose name rings in our dreams. You've taken our heirloom and used it to defend us? But from what?"



Vraknaar: Vraknaar is sat next to the building with his back against it, covered in indistinguishable blood. Characteristic of his breeding, he *broods*.



banana (GM): ...some time ago, in the Gut and Bowel.

They thought Travis was sleeping in that morning, but the truth is he woke a little before anyone else.

The noise, see, was right next to his bed. Clunk.

Clunk .



Ghol, Going East: Ghol is still being really careful what he touches. "Necromancy. Blood necromancy." He's already consulted with Vraknaar about what he saw -- "Where is the green-capped elf?"

Arielbeth: "The stranger. He kept coming back, talking about business deals with faraway clients.. too far east. We sent him away, but answered questions, to be polite."



Ghol, Going East: Almost growling: "The next time he and I meet will be his last."

Allopec: "We van Sammens have the best live-storage abattoir in San Meat. The rites of the Grill priests do not permit it among their own."



banana (GM): Father Vealsgravy gently pushes past the rest of Kon's Men to peek inside the building.

The meat priest turns away after a few seconds with his face set very hard. "Contaminated. None of Her children can ever be slaughtered here again."



Placidus: Placidus finds a pump, and sticks his face beneath it. He pulls it out of the running water and looks up at Vraknaar and Xarvrax, before shaking his head as it's abruptly covered with water. "Bbbbbbrrrrrrrrrr"

Somehow he was bone dry for a moment there after ducking into the water.



Xarvrax: "Thanks for stating the obvious. What else do you want to tell us that we already know?"



banana (GM): The source of the noise, Travis finds, is clear: it's the orb! His stone.. sphere.. thing has rolled from where he left it and fallen onto the ground, despite its ordinary lightness.



Kon: With the front covered, Kon takes the opportunity to circle around, nose the other doors into the condemned building shut, and look around to see if there are any clues -- can he catch the scent of the green-capped necromancer? He bumped into Ghol, so he should be able to pick it up from there...



banana (GM): Does Kon have stats? If not, Ghol can make a wis check on his behalf. But, here's the thing... with -5.

In any other city, the warg's nose would be infallible.



Kon: Kon uses Ghol's.


Well, that obliterates the Tracker background bonus, which one assumes applies.



banana (GM): yep



Kon: rolling 1d20+6

() + 6

= **7**

lol



banana (GM): The scent is lost.

Bombarded, really.



Kon: Kon sighs a warg sigh. Too much conflicting blood.

Once the scene is secure -- surely the city guard will be descending on the place shortly -- Kon is going to wander off to take his second bath of the day.



Travis Meacham: Travis looks askance at the orb. Is it still moving?



Placidus: Placidus keeps washing up, his arms and the elbows and knees of his robes being carefully rinsed of any grit and viscera (always a moment after the water hits them). Meat is so damned vile. Meat is murder.

(can we do short rest stuff btw)

Vealsgravy: "Nothing else but thanks. The accomplishments of this year's teams are many, but Kon's Men can say they saved much of the city from NecroTerror and stomach-turning."





banana (GM): (yep)



Vraknaar: i think i'm going to use a potion

rolling 2d8+2 potion recovery

( + )+2

= **14**



banana (GM): The orb is not moving on the hotel room carpet.. but it is glowing. Brightening even as Travis watches.

It felt heavier yesterday than it did before, and heavier two days ago than three...



Placidus: (I'm going to spend two recoveries, for 3.5+1 + 3.5+1 hp, healing me to full exactly. here are my two recovery rolls, both 16+)

rolling d20

()

= **11**

rolling d20

()

= **8**



Vraknaar: rolling 2d8+2 two more recoveries

$$(\text{7} + \text{7}) + 2$$

$$= 16$$



Placidus: (rip)



Travis Meacham: Well, you don't want to wake up everyone else with an incandescent beacon. Travis picks up the orb and begins to walk down the stairs.



Xarvrax: rolling d20

$$(\text{16})$$

$$= 16$$

Sweeeet, Lightning Fork returns.



banana (GM): Good news: Travis has correctly ascertained what's going to happen.

He only mis-guessed the timescale.

Travis touches the orb- and light rims his fingers, flaring out and around. Silently, the honey-golden colour floods the room, slamming into the walls, disarranging furniture, lapping against the door and pressing him back onto the bed.

It continues to spill forth, without sensation or sound..!



Travis Meacham: "Rrgh!" grunts Travis, quietly.



Vraknaar: oh right



banana (GM): It wouldn't do to scream and yell.



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20 song of heroes

$$(\text{7})$$

$$= 7$$

rolling 1d20 befuddle

$$(\text{2})$$

$$= 2$$



Travis Meacham: is this a spell? what is it doing to travis besides pushing him backward physically?



banana (GM): gimme int roll to work out what the hell and whether it will harm you and so on



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+5 this is unmodified int

$$(\text{1}) + 5$$

= 6

lol



banana (GM): lol



Travis Meacham: a classic travis roll here



banana (GM): ..maybe next time scream or yell. The flood of light.. Travis is certain it's safe.

And you know what, he's right as far as that goes.

Dipping a hand in the stuff produces no ill effects, and casting the Mage Gaze reveals.. nothing. Nothing but his own lapsed consciousness, a too-long trance of concentration. The flood, in a sudden surge, *rises*

Still pouring through the porous sides of the orb, gold light picks Travis up and pins him to the ceiling. It fills the room, pressing against walls, filling your body too.. doesn't seem to inhibit breathing, thankfully.

It does, totally, inhibit sound.



Travis Meacham: Travis discovers this when he tries a tentative yell for help after being pinned to the ceiling. "Hm," he says silently.



banana (GM): Several hours later, this happens:

Two weary and scared groups meet at the corner of the streets. Well, some of the figures in them are like, triumphant or angry or whatever, but there's a lot of the weary.

While the Meat Khetherans begin to argue with the Alabastiennes over the disposition of their slaughterhouse and the rest of you unite- a familiar beacon rises into the sky.



Placidus: "Oh dear."

Where's Travis?



banana (GM): Within Travis' room, as he tries various things and learns a lot but, infuriatingly, not quite enough to free himself, the unphysical pressure of the beacon finally makes its way "through" the ceiling.

Like a vast flare, the column that rises from the Gut & Bowel pierces the clouds, hurtling into the sky- far faster than it did back in the forest, with all the built up pressure. So as far as you can tell, your hotel is exploding or whatever, this is probably normal.

Actually Travis has just been dumped unceremoniously aside onto the roof.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax sighs, "Great, hopefully this time we don't get attacked by more horrible beasts."



banana (GM): No beasts.



Travis Meacham: This is not good for his self-esteem. Obviously the beacon wasn't specifically to draw them, and Travis himself, to the orb.



banana (GM): Well, he's here, isn't he?



Travis Meacham: Sure but the beacon's still going off!



Placidus: Is the roof actually blowing up?

Or is it just shooting a laser into the air?



banana (GM): No, light sort of seeped between cracks and stuff. It's like a light show.



Placidus: "Travis! Are you alright?"



banana (GM): So the garrison is gone, the Games begin tomorrow evening, half the city is abuzz with the terrible news of necromancy and the other half is gawping at the golden beacon picking out one particular hotel.



Vraknaar: "Well, why is it doing that now?"



Ghol, Going East: Hrm. This is...different.



Travis Meacham: He shouts down from the roof. "Yes! It definitely was not harmful!"



banana (GM): I'll assume this conversation takes place after five minutes of hurried travel.



Placidus: "Well, that's good." Placidus looks up and down the street. Is the guard still mostly out of town? Nobody's coming to gawp at the display who looks like they mean trouble, right?



banana (GM): Nobody that means trouble you can't handle. The garrison isn't coming back any time soon, but who's going to interfere right now with the guys covered in guts?



Placidus: Placidus cleaned up! Mostly. Still wants a proper bath.



banana (GM): There are members of other Games watching, but the general position THEY take is: shrug and get back to training. Not a lot of time left.

*other Games teams

The inn's proprietors aren't happy, but at this point they've basically given up.



Travis Meacham: Maybe a giant beacon shooting out of the top of your inn is the wave of the future.
"Rooms for rent," et cetera.



banana (GM): It only goes on for twenty minutes, anyway.



Placidus: Think of the future marketing opportunities! It's not like you got imprisoned in a force cage by a dickhead wizard.

You know. Again.



banana (GM): well, it's Late. is that enough pointless horror
to be going on with



Vraknaar: my pointless horror has twenty sides



Xarvrax: Yes.



Travis Meacham: so does mine
i got to roll one die today.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol still has to go out and get a bow at some point, but that can probably wait.



banana (GM): at least it was a really funny time to roll a 1



Vraknaar: anyone can roll one bad die. it takes real commitment to roll all of them



banana (GM): i had other ideas but why NOT be pinned to the ceiling by your own (sort of) arcane energies



Placidus: Placidus is going to study up on sandwich physics just as soon as he can bear to loom at food again.



banana (GM): by "own" i mean they're his legal property.

In a way, today was great training for the Hungry Games. They can't possibly be harder to stomach.



Travis Meacham: By 'legal' we mean 'it is in my possession, so try and take it'



Placidus: That's what the law is, in these, the last days of the 11th age of the world.