



banana (GM): High Father Burgersear is giving a speech. He's a priest, they do this.



Placidus: Pfeh.



Travis Meacham: Travis is not listening.



Ghol, Going East: Speeches...!



Travis Meacham: He's a wizard, they do this.



Kon: Kon is dozing. He's a party leader, they -- oh, some commotion's starting up. The warg perks up.



Skeleton: The skeleton, swaddled in gray-green robes, IS listening. For whatever reason, its memory just didn't run as far as the hungry games, and it's hoping for something, anything, that'll make sense of this bizarre phenomenon.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax is purposefully not paying attention.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar is paying attention, because maybe this could give them an edge, slackers!



banana (GM): Each of the barbecues lining the square has been lit simultaneously from the holy canisters, sending up a flare of red light all around the edge of the crowd. As the priest with megaphone and spatula intones sacred phrases, the smell of sauces rises and little inadequate paper plates are being passed around.



Placidus: Placidus is counting. How many people are here? How many priests? Etc. He's not ignoring the speech, as such, but the bulk of his concentration is elsewhere.

Burgersear: "...in these the XIth games of the modern era, we expect our stomachs to be as satiated as our eyes and our piety glands; the prosperity of the Goddess will.."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol frowns. Piety...glands?



Placidus: Placidus quietly scoffs at the phrase 'piety gland'. These buffoons wouldn't know a part of the body that wasn't on some diagrammed side of beef.



Ghol, Going East: Well, whatever. Not the weirdest thing a priest's ever claimed about a part of the body.



banana (GM): There are a lot of people! It's dictated mostly by the capacity of the public square, but enterprising elves have sold seat space on the rooftops all around, and thousands upon thousands are gathered here to watch. It doesn't quite rival the armies that are marching to oppose each other up northwest..



Skeleton: Hmm. That doesn't bode well for the skeleton's relationship with the gods.

Burgersear: "...in order to comply with the direst of omens, the STEAKS HAVE BEEN RAISED!" A confused cheer at this.



Skeleton: Well, maybe skeleton is also missing impiety glands...?



Ghol, Going East: Ghol glances up, briefly.



Placidus: Oh, a pun? We're doing puns now?



Xarvrax: Xarvrax slams his head against the ground.

Burgersear: "That is, in we've moved up the Night Steaks event, taking place this evening after the first Sandwich heats. Your rules committee and taste testers, without further ado, I now introduce, for the first time joining us this decade, the most holy and reverend.."



Kon: The warg shakes out his forelegs. They already knew about this, of course, but it's good to keep up appearances.



banana (GM): Thanks to the raised "floats" around the square, the ten participating teams of eaters are clearly visible to the crowd. Your own stage is positioned between that of the Apprentice's Thaumaturgustators and an ominous bare-wood affair on which a single huge figure stands stock-still, concealed by a drape.



Placidus: That'll be Salubriot, one assumes.



banana (GM): The priests are invoking holier and holier rites - the crowd can wait easily enough, as the sizzle of sausages is beginning. They're very adept at chanting and cooking at the same time...

While the eyes of hundreds are upon you, let's have some relationship rolls. What Icons guide your guts today?



Ghol, Going East: rolling 2d6 ELF QUEEN, CONFLICTED

(6 + 4)

= 10

rolling 1d6 ORC LORD, CONFLICTED

(1)

= 1



Xarvrax: rolling 3d6 Dargans.

(2 + 5 + 4)

= 11



Skeleton: Unless someone's insisted, Skeleton is lingering just below and next to the Kon's Men platform rather than actually standing on it. Let's see how unlucky it is...



banana (GM): Also! Is anyone here an expert on... religion? Roll Int with an appropriate background if you like, but it's a difficult thing - dc 20.



Skeleton: rolling 2d6 wizard king

(1 + 4)

= 5

rolling 1d6 diabolist

(4)

= 4



Placidus: Placidus will channel... the Diabolist.



Skeleton: skeleton's necromancer background might be good for religious questions pertaining, specifically, to afterlives and interruption of same? would that help



Travis Meacham: rolling 2d6 conqueror

(6 + 6)

= 12



Xarvrax: rolling d20 Not religion.

(4)

= 4



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d6 archmage

(6)

= 6

Nailed it.



Xarvrax: Wow.



Skeleton: jeezum crow



Placidus: as you do



Vraknaar: rolling 2d6 the five positive

(4 + 2)

= 6



Xarvrax: Now you're going to roll 1s the rest of the session.



Vraknaar: rolling 1d6 the conqueror conflicted

(3)

= 3



banana (GM): o_o



Vraknaar: rolling 1d6 the wizard king negative

(6)

= 6



Travis Meacham: Travis wouldn't call himself an expert on religion, but heck, he went to school.

rolling 1d20+5

(18)+5

= 23



banana (GM): o_o



Ghol, Going East: Wizards, man.



banana (GM): It seems that Kon's Men are both influential and knowledgeable today.



Placidus: Anyway, Placidus was a follower (for a while) of an Elected god (for a while). He knows some things.



Skeleton: rolling 1d20+6 here's skeleton's int, add 4 if Necromancer somehow applies

(8)+6

= 14



Placidus: rolling d20+7 Mendicant Friar +1

(19)+7

= 26



Xarvrax: The only god Xarvrax knows about is big, blue, and breathes lightning.

Burgersear: "..the fates themselves, the champions of the godd-" At this point, the guy in a brown robe behind him coughs a little. "of the Gods! Thanks go to the loyal and true farmers of San Meat, without whom.."



banana (GM): SO here's the thing about omens.

Travis has had plenty of time to study the skies involuntarily, and Placidus is never NOT counting. When a high priest describes omens, lowercase, it's a technical term; he has a very specific and cosmically measurable definition. You can, therefore, *evaluate* Burgersear's claim that signs sent by the Gods were responsible for moving the event schedule around.

Specifically, you can tell that he's being honest. It lines up with your own examinations...

As the sacred barbecue goes on, the initial speeches end and there's a period of free-eating. You're

guests of honour, so you get food brought right up to you, and there's even an initiate who'll take orders for drinks!

Doulz would probably have wanted, at this point, for you to start holding up signs or going on about how cool your sponsors are...



Placidus: But who sends the signs of the Gods? Is that even within their own purview anymore, or has that too fallen into the grasping conscription of the Elector?



Ghol, Going East: Meanwhile, that smell is getting Ghol hungry. And why shouldn't he eat? Night Steaks isn't until later and the competition isn't about how much you can stomach. Not literally, at least.



banana (GM): That is a very interesting question.



Placidus: Who are we meant to be talking our sponsors up to? Should we be speaking generally to the crowd?



Vraknaar: Vraknaar's definitely eating. His contest is about precision, not stomach capacity. It's hard to concentrate if you're hungry.



banana (GM): Ideally, but it's up to you. There **are** going to be some formalised brag sessions shortly - once the first round of hotdogs is done and the band finishes playing.

They've got a group of gnomes and humans up there on the lowest level of the Alabaster Grill, doing choral rounds accompanied by wind instruments - it's not stirring, but aids the digestion.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax eats some, his game also doesn't actually involve eating.



Travis Meacham: Travis is going to look what other people are eating, as well as nibble himself. Scope out the prevailing trends for sandwiching, assuming the judges are eating.



Skeleton: Skeleton 'eats' a couple franks and things, but this consists of loitering around, sort of examining them periodically, and when no one is looking slipping bites to Kon.



banana (GM): Relevant! The breadtech on display is frankly low class. There's a lot of meatpiles, meatchunks, skewers, shishkebabs and slices - only a few organised what-you'd-call sandwiches are coming out of the affair, mostly put together by enterprising crowd members close to the salad carts. But you do notice a couple of things...



Ghol, Going East: As the rest of the group is contemplating religious meaning and thinking about things, etc., Ghol is stuffing his face. He'll be ready to rock when it matters.



Kon: Kon eats as is sensible for his size and metabolism -- that is to say, a lot.



banana (GM): Over at the "Barbarians" float, there's a guy with really pale skin but tribal tattoos making sandwiches for the lot of them. As in, everyone on the stage and nearby crowd members are all handing him their platters, which he quickly arranges and passes back, improved. The man seems to have an uncanny knack for combining foods..



Travis Meacham: Hm.



Placidus: Well, Placidus is the manager. Probably he has to talk. And talking means he doesn't have to eat any of this rank, meaty trash. "The Free Copper Companies are the champions of the skies as surely as we will be the champions of the Games! Kon's Men bring clear eyes, full hearts, and empty stomachs. The banner of the Companies will fly on the final day!"



banana (GM): You've already heard, I think, of Sam Chatwick. No other individual brilliant hoagiers are in evidence, but you can see a couple of pairs clearly treating this as practice for the doubles event..

the dwarf women Kapp and Vil are having great fun tossing stuff at each others' plates, and there's a pair of gleaming armoured knights over far away from you who are certainly working together *somehow*. Then again, those two always seem to be together.



Xarvrax: Time to go magic-user shake down that guy.

Burgersear: Briefly reclaiming the megaphone, the High Father announces: "A couple of our contestants - and then the Manifestation!"



Vraknaar: Don't go shake down barbarians. You're going to end up as someone's boots.
"Not a bad speech there, Placidus. Hopefully it's true, though."



Placidus: "Well, if it isn't, then we'll have bigger problems than my sounding stupid," the gnome mutters.



banana (GM): Crowd listening to Placidus: Yeah! Woo! Go Copper Men! Wait, is it Kon or Copper?



Travis Meacham: "Yes, the 'steaks' are pretty high, aren't they?"



Xarvrax: "Don't you start too."



Skeleton: When Placidus is done talking, Skeleton gets his attention from just beside the platform.
"Sorry, which companies are these...?"



Xarvrax: "I can't punch a priest, but I can punch you."



Ghol, Going East: Oh, hey! Travis showed up. Wonder how things went with that orb.



Travis Meacham: THEY WENT GREAT.



banana (GM): Someone should probably tell Skeleton about this, yes.



Placidus: Placidus peers down. "The Free Copper Companies are our sponsors! Led by Subcommander Vovhko, they've furnished our entry fee. We have to pay them back. It'll be difficult if we don't win."



banana (GM): The roar of the crowd is really muted, because everyone's eating. There's a small army of service staff helping the priests.. women butchers, suppliers with cartloads of condiments, and the occasional disc-floating Meat Khetheran handling the preparation of unholy meatless dish-components.



Placidus: "Have you ever stood between a dragon and a pile of money they think is theirs? I'm asking because you look like you might have."



Xarvrax: "I do that on a daily basis, if I can help it."



Skeleton: "I see. I... see. So maybe this is a stupid question by why did we decide to enter, and so need the fee, at all?"



Xarvrax: "Because I made fun of the stupid dragon, I'm pretty sure?"



Placidus: "Xarvrax! You can field this one."



Skeleton: but why*
"In earshot?"



banana (GM): It looks like a couple of the other teams are going to be handed round the magic

megaphone, giving their intro speeches before the break for the Manifestation. Here's the question: is there a team to whom you'd like to actually pay attention while they do this?



Skeleton: "Frill... shot...? I'm not sure if there's a technical name..."



Vraknaar: "Yeah, he's dumb like that usually."



Xarvrax: "Right to their stupid face. It's very entertaining."



Travis Meacham: does "the team that's but a single prson" count



banana (GM): In fact, yes.



Travis Meacham: becaus i want to pay attention to him/her/it, if he/she/it is doing anything



Skeleton: "...ah. So then they, what, told you - us - that you'd either give them some sort of return on an investment or die?"



Placidus: "I believe the 'or die' was left implicit."



banana (GM): Right: Salubriot is among the couple who're to speak.. forcing them, you'd *think*, to finally reveal themself.



Placidus: "Dragons can be surprisingly tactful, it turns out. Present company excluded."



Xarvrax: "No, we were definitely told that they'd kill us."



Skeleton: "Hmm. Well, I guess that's... I guess that's what happens. Are they usually more indulgent with you?"



banana (GM): But in fact this happens. A trembling initiate scurries up to the near-empty stage, holds out the megaphone to the huge heap of sackcloth. Something underneath *snatches* it- it looked like a pile of ash emerged from the canvas and then whisked back in.



Ghol, Going East: Whoa.



banana (GM): There aren't many people around that stage. It's just, kind of scary, and no food is in evidence. But the muffled voice from beneath the sacks is hard to ignore, and so you can hear:

Salubriot: "SALUBRIOT WILL EAT WELL TONIGHT."

"BUTCHERED COW. BUTCHERED MAN."

"SALUBRIOT NEEDS NO BARBECUE TO BURN MEAT."



Placidus: "Er."



Skeleton: "HmMMM."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax arches a brow, "I don't think he's very friendly, or human."



banana (GM): No, there's quite a lot too much bulk there to be a single human.



Placidus: "I hesitate to say this, and not least because it's another damned pun."

"But it's possible we've bitten off more than we can chew."



Travis Meacham: "I guess the wait is ogre."

Weight?

.....



banana (GM): X(



Skeleton: Any indication that Salubriot is some kind of stitched-corpse necro-golem or similar? Otherwise, Skeleton's got nothing, and is pretty sure it misheard Travis.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax materializes a small lance of fire at his fingertip, "Which one of you should I set on fire first?"



banana (GM): Nah, you'd know that. Salubriot is a living being for sure.



Xarvrax: "Any volunteers?"



Vraknaar: "I'm with my brother here."



Skeleton: Anyway, the skeleton turns their hood to aim at the one member of Kon's Men that's only just turned up. "Ah, hang on, though. You're Travis, right? Wizard?"



Placidus: "Look, it's a perfectly legitimate idiom."

Burgersear: "Prepare to feast your eyes also, my children! Finish the fruits of the grill and wash them down with elfwine, for the Manifestation will be in fifteen minutes on the left-centre stage."



Ghol, Going East: The Manifestation, huh.



Travis Meacham: "Yes. Hello, you seem to be a skeleton."



banana (GM): Oh yeah, Travis might want to know about this. When the others came back from the Shadow Quarter, apparently half the town had burned down and they had a skeleton.



Travis Meacham: "Are you a puppet of the One-Eyed?"



Ghol, Going East: Oh come on man, don't just like, say it out loud!



Skeleton: Skeleton does NOT seem to be a skeleton. They seem to be a skinny figure in a totally body-concealing robe. "Well, I'm... maybe Placidus can explain, here. But I was probably a wizard at one point."



banana (GM): rolling d20

(4)

= 4



Travis Meacham: IF THEYRE A COP THEY HAVE TO TELL YOU



Xarvrax: Xarvrax slaps the wizard upside the back of the head.



Ghol, Going East: NOT MAGIC COPS



Skeleton: (unless travis is somehow able to pierce skeleton's disguise, here? i'm not sure if this is an ooc misunderstanding or a shockig reveal)

(the disguise is just like, some cloth, so maybe he can)



banana (GM): Ok, you've literally got a few crowd members coming over, here. One of them's a city guardsman in crystal armour and everything, spear strapped across his back. "Excuse me, athletes. Did someone say 'puppet of the One-Eyed "King"'?"

(there's also the possibility that someone already told travis this back at the hotel)



Placidus: Nice. Nice. "Hello...?"



Travis Meacham: "I don't believe so. We were talking about that horrifying heap of rags, which by the way could you tell me if he's been seen before?"



Ghol, Going East: Hrm.



banana (GM): The guard's looking at Travis, not Skeleton... "Right, only we're on the lookout for that sort of thing. There's been an outbreak of necromancy."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax scowls at Travis, ready to deal with this mess if he has to.



banana (GM): Looking over at where Salubriot lurks (insofar as ten feet of burlap can lurk): "Not by me, anyway."



Placidus: "So we heard. Awful mess, that. Did you catch the necromancers?"

"I heard they travel in covens."



Vraknaar: "I don't know why you're looking suspiciously at us." Vraknaar steps forward. "Don't you recognize me?" It'd be hard not to, frankly.



banana (GM): "That's just a rumour, sir. Most of One-Eye's agents work alone or in huge goddessdamn armies - it's something about the sheer evil that surrounds them."

Oh shit. It's *Vraknaar*.



Placidus: Yes! Vraknaar is the savior of whatever.



Vraknaar: or maybe he wasn't being suspicious



Placidus: Hurrah for obviously-not-a-skeleton.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol uses the commotion to strategically secure seconds.



banana (GM): Guard: "Oh! Oh, I- Oh! Wow, from Drakkenhall- and the fire- and the fight *against* the necroterrorist!"



Kon: ...some of which Kon intercepts with a stern chomp. Ghol will thank him later, when he's not cramping up.



banana (GM): "Guys, come look at this - Vraknaar the Red is going to be in the Games!"



Vraknaar: "Yeah. Don't worry about it, though. If we run into any agents of the One-Eyed King, we'll definitely take care of them."



Travis Meacham: Travis did not fight against the necroterrorist, which is a shame because that is a cool word.



Placidus: Placidus leans down to whisper to Skeleton: "We're going to need something to call you out in public."

 **Skeleton:** Skeleton is staring in silence up at the stage, at Travis in particular. It just... wow, how could he just- wow. Can't even.

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax grumbles, "No one ever is happy to see me like that."

 **Placidus:** Weird.

 **banana (GM):** There's like three soldiers now that want to shake Vraknaar's hand (they're gauntleted, so claws are not a problem) and profess thanks for the necromancy you're going to presumably eliminate in future. "Anything we can do for you, mate? ..in the events, even?"

 **Travis Meacham:** it's wiZard's sight. he could tell his name was Skeleton

 **Skeleton:** "...Kelly...? I can't think of anything."

 **banana (GM):** peleton the skeleton

 **Travis Meacham:** Eton
Eton and Malmsbury

 **Placidus:** Peloton the Skeleton is for when we have to enter a bike race later.

 **Vraknaar:** "If something comes up, I'll let you know. For now though. we've got things under control I think." Vraknaar claps one of them on the back.

 **banana (GM):** (From all the grills of the Opening Barbecue, the priests have been watching for a sign - and here it is, braised before them. The perfectly done rib. A small crowd of initiates rush to get it seasoned and ensconced on a silver plate, rushing the meal up two levels of the grill so that airwash cools it to the perfect temperature...)

 **Ghol, Going East:** Nice.

 **banana (GM):** The crowd's large enough, and the guard so understaffed what with the whole war thing, that they have to go - but they introduce themselves as 'Kireviel' 'Glessis' and 'der Naat', and insist to Vraknaar that he's got to come to the Meat Guard if at any point during the events he needs help. Being a notable foe of the Wizard King is popular around here.

 **Placidus:** "Manifestation doesn't even rate center stage?"

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol is not arguing. He is trying to stealthily signal one of the attendants for more meat...but Kon is too quick, and indicates to the hapless attendant that the young elf-orc has been cut off.

 **banana (GM):** On the side stage High Father Burgersear and another senior priest you've met, Vealsgravy, have laid a little table - it's quite ordinary apart from the seating, which is a single filigree silver throne almost as tall as Salubriot. Who's vanished, incidentally, slouching away into the city.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Creep.

 **Travis Meacham:** Kon 'indicates' that to the attendant by shoving him back, I presume

 **banana (GM):** I think when a warg wants you to go away it can just, stand there and look at you and make sure you see it looking at you.

 **Kon:** By putting his head down and "gently" walking into the man until he decided there were other orders to take, yes.



banana (GM): (Most of the white elves on their rooftop lawnchairs (roofchairs?) are watching anxiously, rapt. Their attention is spreading to the tourists and ticketholders in the square, who turn also to see the steaming Rib.)



Kon: This also allowed him to smack Ghol with his tail whenever the elf-orc teen tried to dodge around him towards the attendant's serving plate. This isn't his first go-round.



banana (GM): It's curiously similar to how the 'aunt' halforks of the village treated Ghol when he was a very small boy.



Vraknaar: That rib sure smells good.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol, Grumping East.



banana (GM): Anyone with a scrap of arcane talent can, at this point, sense the wizards one float over from you all rolling their eyes simultaneously. The three full spellcasters manage powerful expressions of distaste, creating little harmonic ripples of sarcasm in the air, while their five apprentices combine to manage a single wild-eyed powerscowl.



Ghol, Going East: (Ghol, Grumping, Eats. He was able to nick one more scrap off a plate as it passed. Kon snorted but allowed it.)



Placidus: Let's all pay attention to the emotions of wizards.
Let's literally do that.



Xarvrax: Pfft, it takes five wizards to scowl.



Travis Meacham: Travis smiles and waves at them. That's ((the guys name i could look up)) over there! He's cool.



Xarvrax: Capel the old?



Placidus: Capel the Bold! What a tool.



banana (GM): Capel the Bold doesn't notice for a second, but Xiaxi the green wizard nudges him and he waves back. You guys are totally allies sort of.



Xarvrax: Sorry, I meant Crappel the old.

Burgersear: The High Father lifts the megaphone and doesn't say anything. A hush runs out over the square.



banana (GM): With most attention now concentrated on the place of honour, eyes strain to see.. or rather, Skeleton's eyes do, or rather, they would if ske had any. Up on the stages, you all have good views.


There's something in the air over the table, a shimmering - the edges barely visible of a small thing which is far farther away than it could possibly be and still be here.


To the accompaniment of quiet, the image coalesces - a white and elegant hand, with blood-red nails. The woman's hand has an arm behind it, but barely visible, and only the suggestion of a body beyond. The figure that is or is not in the filigreed chair takes the Rib and raises it to an invisible mouth, where it swiftly vanishes in chunks.


Then it's gone.





Vraknaar: A rib fit for a goddess.


 **banana (GM):** A great sense of satisfaction rolls out over the square of San Meat. You are participatorily sated - even Ghol, even dragons. And you are blessed.


 **Placidus:** Well, that's quite nice. Placidus feels at peace until the smell of braised lamb fills his nose again.


 **Kon:** Kon flicks his tail back away from the teen. The gods are occasionally good for something.


 **banana (GM):** For the duration of the Hungry Games, everyone has + (2x base HP) max hp, by the divine grace of Alabastien Meat.


 **Placidus:** Whoa.


 **banana (GM):** (your base hp is 6 7 or 8 + con mod, according to your class - essentially you have hp as if two levels higher)


 **Ghol, Going East:** Heck yeah, getting tough, being tough.


 **banana (GM):** The shimmer is gone, the plate is empty. There's a sigh, but you can't tell who sighed.


 **Placidus:** Sighs and wonders. What's next?


 **Skeleton:** Skeleton puts a hand to where their stomach would be, looking as confused as a figure in an all-concealing robe could.


 **Vraknaar:** we can't edit our hp max but my new one is 50 i guess?


 **Xarvrax:** I've got 48.


 **banana (GM):** lol really? isn't it linked to the character sheet hp values


 **Vraknaar:** oh right yes


 **banana (GM):** The barbecue continues. After a while, it's your turn to speak.


 **Skeleton:** i'm 36 now


 **Vraknaar:** i was thinking of just the token


 **banana (GM):** yeah, thankfully updating character sheet updates the token!


 **Placidus:** 42 hp

 **banana (GM):** It's like a preview of what being really tough is like! For many members of the crowd, this is an unimaginable number of hit points, and there's massive revelry beginning. The alcohol is coming out now, which helps.

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax is glad he managed to reign in his sarcasm, he's not a worshiper of Alabastien, but it's general not a good idea to antagonize a divine being when they're actually there.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol is sitting at 54 HP and Kon at 45

 **Travis Meacham:** so who's gonna speak for our team. Mr. Manager, i presume

 **Placidus:** Placidus looks prepared to do so as soon as whatever formal introduction forthcoming.

Vealsgravy: "Announcing next - Kon's Men need little introduction! This group may be brand new, but

you've all seen the posters and banners - and you've heard of their feats of heroism! The terrorist attacks on the Khetheran and Shadow Quarters would have been far more deadly without the intervention of these eater-adventurers. Truly, they've been called by the Goddess to participate in our Games..."



Xarvrax: "Goddess, sure. Definitely wasn't a hungry dragon."



banana (GM): An initiate is here with a magically enchanted funnel - a megaphone, which will project someone's voice out over the square.



Placidus: Placidus gets up on the little gnome podium they provided and holds his hands up for the megaphone. Or gestures for it to be lowered to his mouth, or whatever.



Kon: Kon will pad over and sit down next to him.



banana (GM): You could have skeleton speak, confusing everybody badly.



Kon: He's sitting up to his full height this time, not slouching or lazing.

And while Placidus speaks, Kon will look out into the crowd, impassive, returning any stares or glares that come his way.



banana (GM): There's like two thousand stares.



Kon: How rude.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax stands behind Placidus, impassively watching the crowd.



banana (GM): Not many glares.. but the gaze of the dark priests is heavy, and the "Barbarians" look pissed off (recall: they were in the Establishment when you burned it down). Gnome Team is cheering, though.



Placidus: "Friends! Sons and daughters of the Dragon Empire, visitors from far-flung places! Prepare yourselves for feats of culinary genius and meatly daring! We are Kon's Men, champions of the Free Copper Companies. We have come for the Games - and we have come to win! A collection of toothy talent unparalleled! Witness Kon, the wisest of wargs, and his noble charge Ghol, Going East, the Knight of Stars!"



Kon: The Barbarians also employ Dog Hater. The only concession that Kon will make here is the slight twitch of a sneer as his eyes pass over that luminary before summarily ignoring them for the rest of Placidus's speech.



Placidus: "Witness Vraknaar, first of the dragonwrought, son of the Red, and savior of San Meat! Witness Xarvrax, the last!"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax grumbles, feeling wholly unappreciated.



banana (GM): He'll just have to show them. Show them all. His true power...



Kon: *The team from the Barbed Wastes also employ Dog Hater. The only concession that Kon will make here is the slight twitch of a sneer as his eyes pass over that luminary before summarily ignoring them for the rest of Placidus's speech.



Placidus: "Witness our wizard, a wily adventurer and fearless master of great and mysterious powers! He is the bearer of the golden beacon that pierced the sky just yesterday! He is Travis!" Placidus leaves out his last name, in case there's anyone looking for an alleged fugitive criminal by that name.

The Apparator: "So that's what it was." Just loud enough to be heard from here.



Xarvrax: Wizards.



Placidus: "And I, I am Placidus Fixmillner, a gnome without a home. A humble philosopher charged to advise Kon and his Men to victory... and to create a sandwich for the Ages!"



Ghol, Going East: Knight of Stars! Yeah!! Ghol thinks about correcting Placidus after the speech but, get this: now he's the Green Star, AND the Knight of Stars! Two badass star-based names! It rules!



Xarvrax: Where's all my cool names?!



Vraknaar: Nobody wants to give you a nickname because you'd just threaten to set them on fire for it.



Xarvrax: Fair enough.

Crowd: Yeah! YEAH! Kon's Men! Wily and meatly, or something. Golden powers! Toothy parallels!



Placidus: "We're here for victory, yes. But also for glory! The glory of Subcommander Vovkho and the Free Copper Companies! It's under the careful aegis of their wings that stand before you as future champions of cookery!"

"Let's have a hand for the dragons!"



Xarvrax: "Yeah! Go me!"



banana (GM): They won't be able to claim any welching on the deal, for sure.



Placidus: Scaly bastards.



Kon: At the end of Placidus's speech, Kon will punctuate it by throwing back his head and giving his best deep, loud howl. He can be theatrical when it counts.



Travis Meacham: Travis has his eye out for that 'apparator' fellow.



Kon: And besides, every pair of eyes on him is a pair of eyes not on Skeleton.



Placidus: After he's done, Placidus immediately sits down on the stage.
He hates public speaking, and being on stage, and feels very faint right now.



Skeleton: "Pretty good."



banana (GM): Everyone's cheering and happy, and they'll remember your names... and they're going back to their food. Mostly.



Placidus: Once in a production of The Road to Santa Cora he just had to be a nameless silent dark cultist in the back and he got so nervous he threw up in his cowl.
They didn't let him offstage to clean until intermission.



banana (GM): Actually, though, there's a couple of figures making their way rapidly through the crowd. Someone's attention was definitely drawn by the speech.




Ghol, Going East: Ghol's hands drift down to the hilts at his waist.
You know, just in case.





Xarvrax: Xarvrax stands in front of the wizard, figuring this is his fault somehow.


	Placidus: Placidus is hyperventilating. "Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo,"
	Kon: Regardless of what's going on in the crowd, Kon will move in front of Placidus here and sort of curl around him to at least give him the illusion of no longer being on stage.
	Placidus: This seems to calm him down.
	Kon: Meanwhile, the warg keeps his head turned and eyes on the crowd.
	banana (GM): Yeah, they're making for Xarvrax and Travis's side of the stage. A pair of elves looking kind of worried or annoyed. The crush of the crowd is great, however, and you have a minute before anyone arrives.
	Ghol, Going East: Elves...? What sort of elves?
	Xarvrax: Screw it, Xarvrax decides to leap down off the stage, and go to meet the elves.
	Travis Meacham: Travis has nothing to be a afraid of, technically.
	banana (GM): Grey, actually. They stand out a little, particularly if you look at the eyes.
	Ghol, Going East: Huh. Ghol will hop down after the dragon.
	Vraknaar: Vraknaar's definitely behind his brother. It's got to beat grandstanding.
	banana (GM): They veer *toward* Xarvrax. Ordinary looking elves, but there's something odd about their expressions, zealous.. "Hey!" She's jabbing a finger in the sorcerer's chest.
	Placidus: Placidus finally recovers fully. "I didn't throw up, did I? Sort of blacked out for a second there. Okay, okay. Hoo."
	banana (GM): The Barbecue is beginning to wind down. There are just a couple of team speeches left, and then the grills are turned off - elfwine, however, will flow freely for some time.
	Travis Meacham: "You did great."
	Xarvrax: Xarvrax glares down at the finger, "Don't make me poke back," he says, bending a claw towards them.
	Vraknaar: "I'd be glad to, frankly."
	Placidus: "I couldn't think of anything for Xarvrax besides 'the idiot whose fault this all is'."
	Ghol, Going East: "Hey!" says Ghol defensively, putting himself between the dragon and the elf.
	Placidus: "Which didn't seem, ah, thematically appropriate."
	banana (GM): as "Elf woman" "What the hell, Honoured Wings. *Copper* dragons? Why are you subserving yourself to the least of the metallics?"
	Elf woman: "What the hell, Honoured Wings. *Copper* dragons? Why are you subserving yourself to the least of the metallics?"
	banana (GM): The phrasing gives it away. They're freaking, dragon cultists.
	Ghol, Going East: Oh for the love of.


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax arches a brow, "What?"

 **Placidus:** Chasing tail, it's called.


 **banana (GM):** These guys.. they're everywhere in the east, now. They're, convenient, compared to some of the alternatives. Like actual violent resistance to the expansion of the Empire over there. There's a lot of that too. But they're kind of weird.

 **Travis Meacham:** Travis wonders the same question himself. Why DID we sign up under the crappy dragons, as opposed to the cool dragons. Hmm. Wait.

 **banana (GM):** They don't have a name or a hierarchy, but they have a common dogma and even powers, somehow. They worship dragons.
They're not quite sure whether to worship dragonwrought. But the man is making the sign of the Five on his chest in obeisance, so maybe.


 **Xarvrax:** "Maybe these idiots, " Xarvrax gestures to those around him, minus his brother, "might think highly of them, but I've done nothing but antagonize them since I've gotten here."


Cultist: "Oh, that's good to hear! Have you been making plans to betray the coppers and take their hoards? Can we help?"


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax sighs, "No, and no."


Cultist: "Come on, Honoured Wing. You gotta let us do something for your scaled majesties. All the army Wings flew out, and they just kind of."


Other Cultist: "Left us behind." He looks very very sad.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol will step back here, though he'll still hover around. He's still not...generally in favor of elves getting hurt, but cultists of any stripe -- except Hers -- are generally exempt from rules like that.

 **Vraknaar:** "So, what? You want us to adopt you?"

 **Travis Meacham:** Travis is befuddled by the dragonewrought. There are people THROWING themselves at them to help out and all they can do is say "no thanks we got it covered." Well DO WE???


 **banana (GM):** The world carries on, if you're humanoid. The last speeches... is there any other team whose efforts and members you'd like to take this opportunity to study?


 **Xarvrax:** "What exactly could you even help me with?"


 **Placidus:** Has Jenny's team spoken yet?


Cultist: "We can shine your scales." Other Cultist: "Bring you sulfur drinks." Cultist: "We'd like to walk ahead of you and tell people to get out of the way, please."


 **banana (GM):** Nope, the Steak Whisperers are among those who haven't yet.


 **Placidus:** Well, let's see that then.
Is their Wholly Anonymous Yet Legitimate Sponsor onstage?


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax rubs a hand against his chin, "Hmm... it would be nice to have someone to do that last one..."

 **banana (GM):** He's holding the megaphone.

 **Placidus:** Nice.
Probably too far to throw a cat.

 **Kon:** Sadly.


 **banana (GM):** The Whisperers lounge around on their stage. They're sooty, but relaxed.. and fewer in number than before. Also, they're wearing something like a uniform.


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax looks at the cultists, "Excuse me for a second," Before turning to face Legitimate Phil on stage, "Learn to fire proof your buildings, idiot!" And then turning back to the cultists, "Regardless, just stick around, and I'll let you know if you can help out in some way."


Cultist: "I'm *really* good at anticipating your orders and giving them to anyone nearby. My boyfriend's not too bad."


Other: Cultist "OK! We'll be here."


Other Cultist: "OK! We'll be here."


 **Vraknaar:** "That doesn't sound good."


 **banana (GM):** Choosing between the dragon who's interested in their adulation and the one who isn't, the cultists happily ignore Vraknaar to trail around after Xarvrax.


 **Placidus:** I think we're all happy about that.


 **Travis Meacham:** Yep.


 **banana (GM):** Thankfully the Whisperers' stage is far enough away for them to not have heard the taunt... their sponsor's the one speaking. The big man in the well made suit. Everyone else now wears loose black clothing with unobtrusive pockets and belts.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol snorts at the cultists as they trail off, judging them with the sort of haughtiness only a true hypocrite can muster. If you ask him, of course, he'll tell you his relationship with the Elf Queen is COMPLETELY different.

 **Travis Meacham:** This big man with the well made suit is definitely a respectable and legitimate businessman.

 **banana (GM):** What would be quietly were it not for the magical amplification. "You don't know my people, San Meat. I do."
"I know what they can do when they have to. I know how hungry they are, and how eager to impress you."
"If you weren't the children of a great Goddess, you'd have to pay a lot to know what I think and who I'm picking for winners."

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax has stopped paying attention, the clear line of bull spewing from his mouth is more than he can take.

 **banana (GM):** "This is a holy event. There's a lot of power in your city right now, a lot of influence. Who bests others here could decide.. anything."

 **Ghol, Going East:** Too bad there aren't any more pets around to huck at this guy.



Xarvrax: I vote we make a team effort and throw Kon at him like a toothy missile.
missile.



Travis Meacham: I'm confident the prince of shadows, in his legitimate business guise, is backing us.



Kon: WOW.
Kon is NOT a pet.



banana (GM): "I don't often step out of the shadows." A few people are paying attention, now. Some priests look surprised and/or alarmed. "I've travelled from Glitterhaegen just to give you the next winners of the Hungry Games."



Placidus: Placidus is having trouble telling if this is a promotion or a threat.



banana (GM): "This is Nono, the toughest stomach in Marrow. Survived poisons you can't make from just meat. Halfer. Mark that name, because by the time you can report it on to the Guard he'll be gone. Jenny here is the greatest numbers mind in the Empire."



Placidus: Jenny...



Kon: The answer to that question appears to be 'yes.'



banana (GM): "Sid and Maury will eat for themselves. You'll see their work at the start and end of this affair."
"Let me tell you a couple of things about beginnings and endings."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax is slightly more worried about taunting the man now.



Kon: Kon is pretty much done here, and is debating just, leaving.



Placidus: Placidus is going to stay to hear the end of this.



Kon: Preferably as publicly as possible, and directly in the gentleman on the megaphone's sightline.



banana (GM): "I was there when a new light blossomed in Axis and burned away the Federation. I'll be there when its last dying shadow is consumed. That's a process which starts... today."
The Prince: "There will be long, long interim. In the dying of the lights, people will need things. If you're smart, you'll find me and my services."
"Don't take me at my word. Take my Whisperers at theirs. Watch how we get things done."
He drops the megaphone, which clatters to the wood with a ringing noise.



Kon: Before he finishes, Kon is parting the crowd as he makes his way towards the exit.



Vraknaar: "Now I'm thinking we might need some help."



Kon: He can find more compelling commentary down with the cats.



banana (GM): Some of the celebratory mood remains. They have hop beer, blood beer, and elfwine. But the end of the Barbecue is maybe a little more somber than past years, as the sun sinks in the sky toward evening (and ultimately: Night).



Placidus: Ain't it funny how the night steaks...

Cultist: To Vraknaar "Yes, Honoured Wing? What help do you need?"



banana (GM): You now have a few short hours of afternoon and evening, to digest and plan - you could party with the crowds and fans, you could retire and relax.. but either way, you'll be turning up at the southern enclosure, tonight, when ready.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol and Kon have been getting limber since mid-afternoon -- Ghol has almost fully forsaken any planning sessions. He's getting In the Zone, he says -- and practicing his archery.



Kon: Kon, however, will gladly sit in on any and all strategy sessions,.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax turns to the cultists, "I want you two to find that man and let him know I want to talk with him more about beginnings and endings."

Other Cultist: "Yes, Blue lord. We'll go right away."



Skeleton: Skeleton's made it known to the others that dark magic could be used to make one of our entrants really tough and really slow... but it probably wouldn't help with Night Steaks, given our chosen strategy.



banana (GM): They do hurry off, though the Prince of Shadows is no longer anywhere to be seen - you can hear the woman saying something as they go. Something about 'ohhh did you see how *shiny*-'



Placidus: Placidus only just now notices the cultists. "Who are they?"



Xarvrax: "Worshippers of me, of course."



Placidus: "What?"



Skeleton: "Oh, they have those, don't they. Hey, that's who I could say I am, in a pinch."



Placidus: Placidus looks askance at Vraknaar, as if to say, 'this sort of thing is your responsibility to prevent'.



Xarvrax: "Yeah, it happens sometimes, people just sort of throw themselves into my service."



Vraknaar: "Come off it. If a bigger dragon comes along, you'll be left behind."
"They'd probably take one of the coppers over you, what with the wings and all."



banana (GM): (Just let me know when you're ready to all turn up - though of course ghol and kon will be doing so in a different Role to others)



Xarvrax: Xarvrax decides to wait for the cultists at the steaks.



Placidus: Placidus is going to go leave to prepare; he has some work to do. Part of him wants to oscillate the Prince of Shadows again, just to see what happens. Can he tell? Does he have any idea?
He'll scan the crowd as best he can (which is poorly, from the ground) for one last look at Jenny before he goes.



banana (GM): The human's chatting with the others - although as always, she seems a little apart from the rest. Does a lot of looking around at the crowd and the city, although of course she doesn't see Placidus, because nobody's holding him up above all the elves.



Skeleton: Skeleton's ready to wait for the night event. If ske's got some time, ske'll see if it's possible to take a look at the first place that Kon's Men tangled with Bonanda's zombified animal slaves, but that might well be under lockdown or totally cleaned up or something.



Ghol, Going East: On the whole, the two actual entrants are going to prepare to do their best,

legitimately. Kon will keep his ears open in case anything Travis has planned requires his or Ghol's aid or input, but otherwise it's probably best they know as little about any extracurricular activities the group has planned as possible.



Travis Meacham: Travis HAS let him know about the signs and markers he placed inside the arena.



Ghol, Going East: Then this should go pretty smoothly...in theory.



banana (GM): Skeleton can get a brief look at the abattoir from past the warding lines of the meat priesthood! Embarrassingly, their protective ritual seems to repel skeleton, as if it was *tuned* against animate bones. But you can see the scene.. certainly a ripe place for necromancy, if you didn't mind overripe. Graveyards are better, but nobody buries humanoids anymore around here. ..why do you *know* this stuff?

Alright, so.

The Night Steaks are taking place in an enclosed hunting ground just outside the south wall of San Meat. It's a large enough area to contain quite a bit of game, if it weren't for the fences... fortunately, they've released a number of animals into the blocked-off woodland.

The sun is setting as you approach - but approach where? There are roughly three relevant places to go.

Kon and Ghol must, of course, head to the entrants' area- staff are going to pre-seed them throughout the enclosure, answer their questions, and so on. There is also a long series of balconies and hides set up along the top of the city wall, where a number of spectators can see out over the ground; inside the city, there will also be a scrying portal set up in an area of seating.

There is also the back gate with its marked path.



banana (GM): Picked out by the Signifying of a low arcanum, Travis has left indications of how to enter the arena the priests' way, the maintenance entrance, as it were, to the grounds, to an even-less-lighted portion.. but what exactly are your plans and disposition tonight?



Xarvrax: Xarvrax heads up to one of the balconies, not really trusting a scrying portal to be accurate and untampered with.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol and Kon are one mind, the way they used to be in the forests back west -- Ghol's got his arm over Kon's neck/shoulder area, occasionally whispering something in his ear while staring off into the middle distance, then he's pacing around the area, then he's checking the pull on his bow again. The two of them are completely ignoring any other competitors, and only dealing with event staff to the smallest degree necessary to keep things moving.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar follows his brother, reasoning that maybe if things go -really- wrong a balcony will allow easier access to the area.



Skeleton: Skeleton's inclined to watch through the scrying portal if there's actually nothing to be done in the event itself - but is that true? They're ready to creep about by virtue of being really light and not actually making breathing noises if Travis or someone else has the idea to.



banana (GM): Ghol arrives, ushered by priests and guards past silk ropes. There are others here, already being led in groups into the enclosure, given places to wait until the attendants leave and the night truly begins... it'll be moonless, too.



Ghol, Going East: That's fine.



Travis Meacham: ang on a mo

hmm

disguise self only has a 10 minute duration



banana (GM): He sees half a dozen dwarves go by, two of the wizards, an enormous man twice his height and covered in flames.. an acolyte comes up and nods respectfully. "Are you ready to enter, sir Knight of Stars?"

angs on a mo



Travis Meacham: i think it's still worth trying it, though. travis looks over the night steaks entrants for someone who looks a little like him and memorizes his features for possible disguise self usage

with the plan being sneak in in a generically incognito robe and hood, use it if it looks like The Officials are gonna bust him



banana (GM): One of the "Barbarians", Far-Archer, looks rather like Travis, and so does Sir Derivus Chatwick from the Snakebelly Stretchers. It's a matter of whether you want your disguise to be "mostly naked and covered in tattoos", or "full plate armour".



Ghol, Going East: Ghol nods, not bothering to append Green Star or the like.



Travis Meacham: full plate armour.



Placidus: Placidus is up on a balcony with the dragons.



Travis Meacham: "Uh ... Kelly ... how well can you mak yourself scarce if necessary?"

Warping back in time Travis murmurs to Ghol not to kill Chatwick too quickly, because that's his backup disguise.



Skeleton: "Hmm, let me see." The two are speaking in private, so no one else is around to comment as, with a jumbling sound, the skeleton just falls into a disorderly pile of bones with a robe fallen atop it.



banana (GM): He's got the backup of several other Erskine Knights, so it might be hard to murder the guy even if you were so inclined.



Ghol, Going East: That should be fine; they'll only be fighting other contestants in self-defense anyway.



Skeleton: "Pretty well, I think," says the pile.



Travis Meacham: "Very nice."



banana (GM): The most deniable and magical of Kon's Men prepare to cheat. It's not like they're the only ones..

Fortunately, they're the only ones hanging around outside this barely-visible fence gate in the dark south woods.



Skeleton: "What's the actual plan, here? Throw magic at the other contestants and hope they can't tell where it came from?"



banana (GM): They take Ghol and Kon into the woods, along trails between little hills and past streams. Quickly, they lose sight of other contestants.. although both have very good senses of direction for where the other groups *probably* are. The only sounds of game from the path are very faint and far away. The sun's gone, now, so just starlight and the priest-attendant's lamp light your way.



Ghol, Going East: Keep your eyes on the Dark Cultists. They're the reason this is the first event, after all.



Travis Meacham: "That and interdict the people trying to cheat against us."



banana (GM): There they went, the four robed and hooded dudes, cowls down, flared robe sleeves

together, drifting soundlessly across the ground.. heading for the exact centre of the place, more or less.



Placidus: Well, that's spooky.



banana (GM): There's a crowd in the balconies.. but Placidus and the dragon brothers get a private box.

You can't see all the detail - it's a large area, and the walls aren't THAT high. But you have a decent view over much of the hunting ground, with tiny points of light moving around it... also, one much larger flame.



Placidus: Placidus has a box of peanuts! Thanks to the Meat Blessing he hasn't been hungry all day, but this is the kind of thing you want snacks for. There are 448 peanuts in this little box.

Crunch. 447.



banana (GM): From the hidden gate, Skeleton and Travis can't really see the lights. They hear the horn, though.



Skeleton: "Hmm... well, some of the stuff I've figured out so far is tricky to aim, but I think I can make do."



banana (GM): Ghol's attendant shakes his hand and Kon's paw. "Good hunting. Remember, the torchlight poles are Safe Zones." The priest moves rapidly away.

From outside the private box, you hear an acolyte providing commentary to the crowd. "The first signal. Its pitch will wake up the animals, as well as the eaters - drives them out of their hidey-holes. There could be a first catch soon, although of course for Salubriot that wouldn't count.."

The hunting ground of the Night Steaks is empty, suddenly, around Ghol. It's quiet, and dark, on this little hill. You see, well, trees - and brush waving in the wind or otherwise. Time to kill and to eat.



Ghol, Going East: As soon as the horn sounds, Ghol and Kon are moving. Sniff, slide, slip, sneak -- they're already on the hunt.



banana (GM): Commentator: "Looks like Washitdown are starting at one of the torches.. they're performing some sort of very complex handshake. (Louder) Could we get a scry on this?"



Vraknaar: Why does the first catch not count for Salubriot? Does he have a handicap?



Placidus: Of course, while he's nibbling with his right hand, he's got his notebook open on his lap and is making notes with his left. It's a risky gambit he has in mind, but like his uncle Petroclus used to say, "no gamble, no future". Right now Placidus isn't going to think about how he doesn't say that anymore ever since he had to change his name and move across the sea to evade his debts.



Travis Meacham: he must be a group entity



banana (GM): Vraknaar might know this - he did research.. but it's an obscure factoid, so roll int or cha to have remembered/come across it.

It's dark in the hunting ground, but not totally quiet. Ghol deep inside and the mages at one edge can all hear sounds in the distances - boots, blades, the crackling of leaves.



Travis Meacham: Also travis is gonna keep his eye out for a prey animal if one crosses their path. You never know.



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+5 int + research background

(18)+5

= 23



Placidus: Crunch. 433.



banana (GM): Oh hey, you did come across this.



Ghol, Going East: They usually hunt slightly apart, still in the corners of each others' eyes but guided by sound and instinct -- sight is a second order sense, useful to see where you're going, less so to judge where prey has been.



banana (GM): They made a special provision for Salubriot. He's exactly two contestants - so the guy has to eat 200' of sausage, hunt two animals, make two jawsculptures, et cetera.



Ghol, Going East: Tonight they're a bit closer together, a bit less separate, just as they discussed. Slightly bigger profile, but no chance of one getting picked off without the other noticing.



banana (GM): The only other part to the rumour Vraknaar heard is that Salubriot himself pressed for it to be three.



Vraknaar: Damn. Sounds like a cool dude.



banana (GM): I'd like some Rollz from ghol, skeleton and travis. Whatever suits your goals, such as finding game, being quiet, etc..



Travis Meacham: he does. we should befriend him.



Xarvrax: I'm pressing for "him" to be referred to as an it from now on.



Ghol, Going East: Presumably Ghol gets his Scout background; does he get a situational bonus from Travis's signs/etc?



Skeleton: Skeleton's no hunter. They're trying not to find things but to avoid being found themselves, to make sure they can intervene from surprise should the need arise.

rolling 1d20+7 dex+skeleton

(5)+7

= 12



Travis Meacham: It's a trick to make light that other people can't see. A burglar's lantern is very well and good, but travis doesn't have that kind of prepared tool, and anyway it would be hard for him to dispose of it in a pinch. So as he and skeleton move quietly(?) through the woods, he's making sure they can both see what's going on.

rolling 1d20+11 int + wizard

(20)+11

= 31

Placidus: behooooold the wizaaaaard



banana (GM): I've got some good news and some bad news. Both will wait a little.



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+11 and whatever other bonus may apply

(20)+11

= 31



Xarvrax: Ahahahaha.



Ghol, Going East: Ho ho ho.



Placidus: Team!!



banana (GM): There it is. This is going exactly as it should.. among the creatures in the event are literal *cattle*. Maybe it's not that surprising, given the name, but a *cow*? This is no forest creature. Its tracks were blatant and the heifer is just, standing there in a stream, drinking. There's no way in a million years that she's noticed Ghol.

This even draws commentary from someone scrying above: "Looks like Konsmen and the Barbs have already found game! That was quick, blessed be to Alabastien."



Placidus: 400 even. This is intense.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol's mind isn't up high enough right now to get cocky or crack jokes or even think this is weird. He's just solving hunger for skill with violence. He and Kon move.



banana (GM): Travis sees exactly what's coming for Skeleton.

He even sees it in time - before the two vast and shadowed hands can clap together and smash the skeleton mage's skull like a portentous egg. There's a vast hulking figure right there...!



Skeleton: Please don't crush Skeleton's skull. There's no indication of whether it's replaceable.



Vraknaar: "I smell fire," He mutters to his brother and Placidus. "Maybe Salubriot?"



Xarvrax: Hmm.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol uses the bow for the first kill. The first arrow finds lung, sending the cow stumbling and shrieking -- into Kon's jaws, which savage its neck and then twist, snapping it. Ghol is already by its side as it falls -- stabbing his next arrow through the cow's eyesocket and into its brain. It is painful but it is brief -- the kill does not suffer.



Placidus: "Makes sense," says Placidus with his mouth full. 378.



Xarvrax: "Something seems off here."



banana (GM): Now that Vraknaar mentions it, there is a scent hanging about your box. Surely Salubriot isn't hiding inside it.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax glances around, feeling out with his magic for the source of the disturbance.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar feels out with his nose. Magic's for blue babies.



banana (GM): Magic wins out, here. The space just behind Placidus.. it's thinning. Someone is, well, magic-ing it, from afar.



Placidus: Placidus is either oblivious or preternaturally calm. "You guys! You're missing it!"



Travis Meacham: Travis yanks Skeleton out of the way. He could cast a spell but you want to see what you're dealing with before you Go Loud.



banana (GM): There's some drama going on down below, for sure. A pair of deer, caught between two teams...



Skeleton: "I think the- hey-"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax wreathes his hand in fire, pointing it just behind Placidus, "Someone, or something is up to something, and I doubt it's friendly."



Vraknaar: "Well, you're good at unfriendliness. Can we get at them?"



Placidus: Placidus looks behind him. Is there anything there that he can tell?



banana (GM): Looks like.. Capel and Xiagi on one side, the Heartsblood Gorgers on the other. There are literally six spellcasters down there staring each other down over deer.




Xarvrax: If all of the spell casters are down there, who the hell is doing this?



banana (GM): Skeleton goes flying, thrown by Travis to the ground.. and where sker upper body was is a meaty thud which bursts into flame.
Travis can't possibly go louder than this guy just has. Salubriot is an Ire Giant. Roll initiative.



Skeleton: rolling 1d20+3 initiative

() + 3
= 8




Xarvrax: Us too?



banana (GM): nope



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+4 init

() + 4
= 24




Xarvrax: Aw.





Travis Meacham: NAILED IT AGAIN.





banana (GM): rolling d20 + 8 Salubriot


() + 8
= 17

 **Vraknaar:** holy shit that's a lot of wizard twenties

 **banana (GM):** Ghol's kill is there, blood running away in the stream. One down, and the forest is still full. There's movement - but Kon sees where others are going. There's been no problem keeping away from others so far.


 **Xarvrax:** And now he rolls a one on his attack.

 **banana (GM):** Instead, their problem is this: somebody needs to eat this cow.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Luckily, one of them is a big, healthy, hungry warg who was very careful about his eating earlier in the day.


Ghol can chip in here or there.


...Do they need to be alerting event staff or anything about their kill?


 **banana (GM):** Salubriot - this guy is the same shape as the being under the canvas, anyway - looks amused. It's hard to see the expression of a guy whose hair and beard are fire, BUT, his mouth is also very large - so he's grinning for sure. "Not on the list, are you? So nobody will be looking for you." Ire Giants can *hiss*.


Travis gets the drop, though..


And elsewhere: Placidus can't see anything, until suddenly he can.


 **Placidus:** "Er-"


 **banana (GM):** Exactly where the blue and red dragonwrought indicated is.. a girl. Woman? She's either very short or very young.. blonde, red-skinned, dressed in a sort of travelling robe with potion belts. Very striking. "Hey!" The girl gives a big thumbs up. "I don't know who any of you are!" Beaming.

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax blinks, the fire around his hand going out, "What."


 **banana (GM):** Girl: "That can't be your name, dude."
"Also, you are NOT the guy who summoned me, but- friends anyway?"


 **Placidus:** Placidus looks down at his notes, at the watching hand. Then back up at this woman.
351.

 **Vraknaar:** "Depends on what he summoned you for."


 **banana (GM):** As far as Ghol knows, he doesn't need to tell anyone anything. They can sense the satiation of hunger, probably, by divine magic or whatever.

Kon wargs down the meal. It takes time, but hardly likely more than others would... that leaves Ghol on watch meantime. Give me a being on watch roll.

 **Xarvrax:** "Well, it's rude to ask someone's name before giving yours.

 **Travis Meacham:** wargs down
lol

 **Ghol, Going East:** rolling 1d20+11

() + 11

= 12



banana (GM): Girl: "I will let that comment pass. Guys say that kind of thing."



Ghol, Going East: ugh.



banana (GM): "Look, I'm incredibly busy right now. I totally assume you've got a good reason for this?"



Vraknaar: "A good reason for what?"



Xarvrax: "You're busy? You're the one using sorcery to try and sneak up on me."



Travis Meacham: Evoke-ing acid arrow



Placidus: "Hello, madam. I'd offer you my hand, but one of them's covered in salt and the other one's covered in ink. Yes! It's about the skeleton. Friend of mine. I think they're in trouble."



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+6 vs PD NO WHAMMIES

(19)+6

= 25

so thats 40 acid and ongoing 5



banana (GM): Girl: "Fingering me across time and space. As it were." She peers at Placidus dubiously. "The skeleton? Seriously? You're with them?"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax glances at the gnome, "You know her then?"



Placidus: "Well, they're with us, I think. But yes."



Travis Meacham: sadly i dont crit on that 19. still it shouldh ave done work



banana (GM): Commentator: "Goddess, this is- there's always some chance of violence, but this is brutal. Xiaksi had to be using that that arm for more than carrying a staff around."



Placidus: Placidus looks at Xarvrax. "Diabolist, this is Xarvrax, the last of the Dragonwrought. I couldn't think of a fancy title for him and he's still a bit sore about it."



Travis Meacham: Skeleton hasn't seen Travis at work before and may have gotten a negative impression of his competence from the rest of the group.



Vraknaar: "Diabolist? That's one hell of an ace up your sleeve, no pun intended."



Travis Meacham: But sometimes, for wet-work, you just can't beat a huge gout of acid flying lightning-swift at an ire giant.



Placidus: "I don't think there are 12 aces in a deck."
"I'm not much of a card-player, though."



Skeleton: "Oh, nice."



banana (GM): The Diabolist: "No, look. I can't spend all my time on this. You guys seem nice but I'm

really, really busy. Like.. everyone in the Empire would be lose out if I hang out with you guys. Seriously."



Xarvrax: "There're four, and you've clearly lost it if you're working with her."



banana (GM): Diabolist: "He's not."



Placidus: "No, I understand completely! It shouldn't take but a moment. If you could grant us victory so that Skeleton could flee the scene then it'd be over in a trice! Obviously we'll still be here for the inverted waveform to neutralize."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax sneers at her, "Good, it's always nice to know that I'm not working with demon worshippers."



banana (GM): The wave of acid that splashes across Salubriot's upper body douses part of the flames and makes him reel back. "Fuck, human. I will grind your bones to season my kills!"




Placidus: "I'd ask you to forgive Xarvrax, madam, but I feel one unreasonable request is enough."



banana (GM): Salubriot pulls a small tree out of the ground and tries to knock Travis over with it.

rolling d20+9 vs ac

() + 9

= **12**

He's too blinded by ire/acid!



Placidus: please tell me that missed.



banana (GM): Yep.

Well, probably?



Skeleton: that would not have missed skeleton...



banana (GM): Let's find out!



Travis Meacham: twa

*yes

it missed



Skeleton: twa~



banana (GM): Diabolist(!): "You've been reading the wanted posters, huh? I don't worship demons. That would be silly, and dangerous."



Xarvrax: "The Gold told me all I need to know about you, which was not to trust you."



Travis Meacham: so, skeleton. hooray for beware of PRASIE THE SKELETON
AMAZING HCEST SPOTTED
TRY JUMPING



banana (GM): To Placidus: "All I've got for you is this little guy." There's another nothing-then-something - a tiny fat demon pops out of the air, a yellow imp with batwings. it has a little pitchfork and

as well as its stomach, its ears are outsize...



Vraknaar: "Of course we don't trust her. That doesn't mean we couldn't use her help."



Skeleton: all right, does this joker currently have 50 hp or fewer



banana (GM): "He'll pass you on, go for it."



Placidus: Placidus watches this exchange between Xarvrax and the Diabolist. Then he's focusing intently on the demon.

so which of salubriot's md and pd is lower



banana (GM): PD, oddly.

He's very large, but the fire is magic. Or it would kill him.




Vraknaar: it takes a lot of willpower to be so mad



Placidus: well, trigger. feats don't fail me now

rolling d20+6

()+6

= **15**



Salubriot: "Stop dodging. STOP-" He's interrupted by the popping out of thin air of a little yellow imp. It has an enormous, outsize mouth.



banana (GM): hit



Placidus: rolling 2d6+3 force damage. travis gains an equal amount of thp

( + )+3

= **9**



banana (GM): His hp weren't fewer than 50 when you asked, but they are now.



Travis Meacham: hooray



Placidus: The imp's voicebox rattles with a deep bass thrum, and some of the flames on Salubriot's body briefly flicker violet. Travis feels bizarrely refreshed.



banana (GM): Diabolist: "OK." She smiles happily as the imp's ears twitch, then vibrate, and then it blurs into nonexistence. Turning to Xarvrax and Vraknaar: "Nice to meet you guys."

To Placidus, head angled so that only he can see what replaces the smile: "Don't do that again."




Ghol, Going East: NO




Placidus: "Noted," Placidus's voice went up a notch here.





Ghol, Going East: UGH


 **banana (GM):** Salubriot: "Owugh. Of course cheaters have tricks. Bloody, never a break, can't believe this,"


The thrumming imp is gone as suddenly as it came - and up in the box, so is the tiefling girl.


 **Placidus:** Placidus looks down at his peanuts contemplatively. 333. "She was rather charming, I thought."


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax glares at the Gnome, "I would also suggest you avoid that in the future, I'd rather not deal with enemies of the Five."


 **Placidus:** "What? Isn't that your entire mission?"


 **banana (GM):** Kon's finishing his meal. It's as much as he'd usually eat for a while, but they *have* been training - and he's got way more capacity to store up food than an ordinary wolf.


 **Skeleton:** Skeleton, fortunately, isn't directly engaged with the giant as yet. So, they've got time to make this into a whole production, throwing their arms wide and rearing back and drawing on a great cacophony of swirling shadows and spooky noises!


 **banana (GM):** Ghol watches with fond feelings. Maybe he should have been watching the woods, though, rather than Ghol.

 **Vraknaar:** "Well, either deal with them or -deal with them-, you know."


 **banana (GM):** *rather than Kon


 **Ghol, Going East:** Maybe so.

 **Skeleton:** rolling 1d20+7 casting terror vs MD with ackling soliloquy, which gives recharge + some kind of GM-decided benefit


( 7)+7

= **14**


 **Placidus:** "In any case, she was helpful."


 **Skeleton:** - HIT: The target use all of its actions to flee battle (Hard save ends, DC 16+). It won't provoke OAs and is free if attacked by you or your allies


- MISS: 1d10 + Int psychic damage


 **banana (GM):** There are a pair of shadowed figures just there. Behind Ghol. They're holding bladed things like they know how to use them.

Sid the Steak Whisperer: "We had you tipped for a winner, yeah. All could've been over in another half glass."

 **Placidus:** "I have to admit, I only would've given 30, 40% odds that she'd appear in person, though."

 **Skeleton:** that woudln't even hit my own md, so i am dubious

 **Placidus:** "Mostly they don't."

 **Vraknaar:** "Do we know if she was helpful yet? That thing she sent could easily work against us. Do

you know what it's doing?"



Placidus: "Yes! The imp acted as a tuning fork, allowing me to oscillate obliquely."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax points to where she was, "I don't think the Gold would appreciate me or my companions dealing with her in any way other than murder or delivering her to him to be murdered."



Placidus: "I promise not to tattle on you, Xarvrax."



banana (GM): Salubriot straightens up as the fire begins to burn on his skin again. He points at Skeleton.. "Fuck you. FUCK you. I hate whatever you are."

Doesn't run away in terror, though.



Skeleton: rolling 1d10+4 psychic damage, then!!!

(10)+4

= 14

hooray...?



Vraknaar: "Fortunately, brother, you're the Blue's scion, and I'm sure she would approve of putting your enemies to work for her."



Skeleton: "Ah, but do you hate me so much thBOO!"

"...nothing? I saw you jump a little- Travis, do something-"



banana (GM): The Great Gold Wyrms and the Archmage are of one mind re: demons: they're so absolutely horrible and dangerous that dealing with them is way way worse than just, like, going to war and killing people and stuff. Even the Orc Lord, One-Eyed King and Demigod are reputed to agree.



Placidus: Well, bully for them.



banana (GM): That little imp was not particularly horrible, but, it wasn't *nice*.



Placidus: "So how do the Five get along, anyway?"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax looks at his brother, "Despite what you all may think, I do actually respect a few authority figures, and the Gold is one of them."



banana (GM): Ironically, the Blue is rumoured to be less opposed to infernomancy than other great wyrms.. but it's a rumour, you know? Overall the policy of all the Five is the same: don't.



Travis Meacham: alrighty so the Sitch has escalated, right



banana (GM): Yep, and it's Travis' turn. Salubriot is staggered but has caught fire. Warning: any melee contact will burn you



Travis Meacham: alright well we're just gonna bust out a ray of frost



Ghol, Going East: Was Sid talking to Ghol?





Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+6 vs PD again


$$(7)+6$$

$$= 13$$


 **banana (GM):** Sid was.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Presumably before stabbing him.


 **Placidus:** "Come on, come on, if you're not going to be good spectators you should at least be good conversation partners." Placidus leans forward in his seat. Oh, wow, the wizards are in for it now! 319.


 **banana (GM):** He's sort of pre-stab. Ready to lunge at any moment. They've definitely got you At A Disadvantage should things turn physical...

 **Ghol, Going East:** Well, Ghol will whirl to face him, at least. No sense taking this in the back.

 **Travis Meacham:** oh sorry that should have been a 14

 **Ghol, Going East:** If Sid's not attacking, Ghol will also skip back over to where Kon is.

 **banana (GM):** that's fortunate, as 14 hits and 13 would not

 **Travis Meacham:** i forgot the escalation die, you see
okay that's


rolling 3d6 cold damage

$$(4 + 5 + 3)$$


$$= 12$$


Sid: "Sit down, boy. All you have to do is stay here a while. Rest after your meal."


Maury: "We'll be making sure of that with some ropes, but it don't have to hurt."


 **Ghol, Going East:** The second Kon has finished enough cow to qualify, they're going to bolt. And if that doesn't work, they're going to fight. Sorry guys.


 **banana (GM):** Kon's pretty much done.


 **Ghol, Going East:** As soon as that horn sounded, the talking part of the evening was over.


 **banana (GM):** Nobody's going to call that remnant "uneaten" at least.


 **Vraknaar:** "Somehow, I doubt our respective events will be this action-packed. I'm not sure whether to be happy or sad about that."

 **Placidus:** "Well, you never know. This is the one that's *supposed* to be all blood-soaked."


 **banana (GM):** Commentator: "..Capel's made it to the torchlight. His spell has the shadows delayed, but still they follow. Why don't the fathers step in?"


 **Placidus:** "But with the Prince of Shadows and a whole dark cult in town, who knows."


 **banana (GM):** What's Ghol's plan to flee, then?


 **Placidus:** "Plus," adds Placidus, his mouth full (302), "I heard a rumor that the Diabolist was seen around here."


 **Ghol, Going East:** Back into the woods. Try to lose them in the trees. It's his job, after all.

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax lightly punches Placidus in the shoulder.


 **banana (GM):** Salubriot grunts as another blast of energy takes him in the side. "Owugh. You're... terrible. Awful. You'll never be able to look someone in the eye and talk about tonight. I'll kill you."

 **Travis Meacham:** "You can walk away at any moment, man."


 **Placidus:** Placidus still almost falls over. Luckily he has the presence of mind to keep his peanuts level. "Was that affectionate? I assume it was affectionate since nothing's on fire."

 **banana (GM):** OK, this is going to be a contested dex roll for Ghol.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Does he get Scout?


 **banana (GM):** yes

rolling d20 + 8 the Night Whisperers are pretty damn good at stalking people

() + 8

= **18**


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

() + 8

= **11**


teh


rolling 1d20+2 init


() + 2


= **12**

 **Xarvrax:** Hmm.

 **banana (GM):** You turn. You move! But the rocky path up from the river is narrow, and Sid is there - Kon turns back. Maury is *there*.

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax could probably interfere without it seeming like it was him.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Too bad. He kinda liked these guys. The Rune and axe are out.

 **banana (GM):** Salubriot tries to pick Travis up bodily...



Xarvrax: If he arced a lightning fork at the right angle.



banana (GM): rolling d20+7 vs PD; on hit, hurl

(10)+7

= 17



Xarvrax: Someone could be "struck by lightning."



Placidus: The sky is clear.



Travis Meacham: well, that does hit.

has he takjen his ongoing both turns/did he successfully save



banana (GM): Salubriot, badly injured, grasps Travis around the waist - 5 fire damage. Here's the good news: although super mad at you, he mainly wants to end this and get away. Travis experiences unpowered human flight.

whoops, didn't roll save

rolling d20 1

(7)

= 7

rolling d20 2

(2)

= 2

man, he's got low hp

Travis goes flying through the air, down the hill and, ultimately, into a tree quite some way away. Take another 5 physical damage.



banana (GM): Turning to Skeleton: "And should I grind your flesh to - no, that won't work."



Travis Meacham: alright, 10 damage down



banana (GM): rolling d20+4 sid

(18)+4

= 22

rolling d20+4 maury

(19)+4

= 23




Skeleton: "What do you mean, it won't work. I've got - I've got plenty of flesh. All I need."

Maury: "This is a shame."



Skeleton: skeleton uses Chant of Endings on the ire giant!

rolling 1d20+7 vs MD for some negative energy damage

() + 7

= **19**

rolling 1d10+4 this many damages, specifically


() + 4

= **10**



banana (GM): The dark-haired Whisperer tosses a knife at Kon, trying to hamstring him. Someone's given the guy a class on warg anatomy, it seems.

rolling d20+3 vs pd

() + 3

= **11**



Ghol, Going East: miss



Kon: Kon nimbly leaps the side. Both he and Ghol have been eerily silent since Sid and Maury approached.

*to the




Skeleton: Having lied, Skeleton backs away with their arms wide and gloved fingers crooked. The robed figure is haloed in darkness which itself is haloed in a ghostly-silver blue. The darkness pulses like a beating heart, in anti-time with the flames that ring Salubriot; each time the shadow stretches outward, the fire gutters.



banana (GM): Sid: "What are you doing, numbskull? Don't hurt the dog." He advances on Ghol with a blade in one hand and a length of cord stretched between it and the other..

rolling d20+5 vs ghol ac

() + 5

= **16**



Kon: miss

Sid: "Shit!"

Ghol, Going East: Ghol's quicker than that, too.

HAMMER OF FAITH (1/Day) Close-Quarters, Standard Action

- Until end of battle, Ghol's basic melee attacks use d12 as their base weapon damage dice.



Placidus: "HA!" See? Kon and Ghol, now there's a team. You two should take notes." 282.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol's eyes begin to...glow. Green.

The Green Star is threatened, and angry, and someone just tried to cripple his friend and take his freedom.



banana (GM): The massive Salubriot claps his hands to his chest as whatever blazes within begins to give out. "Mottle! This- you-" He's spitting with rage; spittle that cracks stone and leaves little flames lingering. But the thing is, the giant is neither armed nor armoured tonight. He appears to have genuinely come here to hunt, rather than to fight. He turns to run.



Xarvrax: "I'm going to make notes using your skull in a second."



banana (GM): Travis isn't close enough to intercept, but might be able to catch up enough to launch a spell. Any intent to do so?




Kon: That very friend doesn't take kindly to rope.



Travis Meacham: Nope.



Kon: rolling 1d20+7 vs sid, AC

() + 7

= **14**

rolling 1d10

()

= **3**



Ghol, Going East: done



Travis Meacham: If he's running off and spitting curses at how Mottle has either betrayed or let him down, well, job's done. Victory.



banana (GM): More or less, yeah!

Sid: "Sshit." He cradles the arm where Kon's swipe tore holes in it. "Just like on the posters, huh?"




Ghol, Going East: Again -- no reply.

Maury: "Ok, that's enough." The man has something in his hand - a bottle of liquid. He tosses it to the ground, where it smashes apart...



banana (GM): rolling d20+5 vs ghol ac

() + 5

= 9

rolling d20+5 vs kon ac

() + 5

= 6



Ghol, Going East: miss



banana (GM): ...splattering neither of them. Acid hisses and bubbles away on the rocks beside the river. The Steak Whisperers are beginning to panic.



Skeleton: Skeleton's not going to chase the fleeing fire giant if Travis doesn't - certainly not while Travis is somewhere off in the other direction, possibly hurt. The robed undead scurries through the shadows of the forest to find where the wizard landed. "Well, we... won?"

rolling 1d20 recharge terror 18+

()

= 15



Xarvrax: "You know, I'd cheat here, and try and help them, but they don't really seem to need it."



Skeleton: rip.



Placidus: "I get the impression the Whisperers never stopped to consider the possibility they'd fail."



banana (GM): Commentator: "Salubriot's fled from.. whoever it is, they didn't go past any light. Robes.. could be the Gorgers again? That would bring them up to three kills and two woundings."



Placidus: "This is probably a bad time to consider it."



Travis Meacham: "We did, but we need to keep track of Ghol and Kon. Where could htey be?"



Placidus: "All things considered."

Sid: "We know you. We know everything about everyone. 's your last warning." He... drops back to defend himself, poised to counterattack?



banana (GM): ghol turn



Ghol, Going East: did Sid disengage



Skeleton: "I don't know whether we should be following the noise or avoiding it... either way, they're not here." Skeleton turns to forage outward.



banana (GM): There's a knock on the door by Vraknaar. "Any sickness bags to take out?"

yes

whatever skeleton and travis are trying to achieve, they should roll for it



Ghol, Going East: does he not have to roll for that, or should I OA



banana (GM): you can oa if you like, but he seems Prepared for it



Ghol, Going East: sorry, marty

rolling 1d20+8 vs marty ac

(18)+8

= 26

rolling 2d12+6

(8 + 1)+6

= 15

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE

what's marty's HP after that?



banana (GM): Commentator: "Meggs has brought down another board. That brings Wash-It-Down to three killed, one eaten, and they've scared off the rogues who want to make this into a fight- not bad, ladies."

*another boar



Skeleton: i think we want to find and escort ghol, which means navigating the woods. i guess int or wis to track him or figure out where he'd be? if enough death has gone down that skeleton can just like, follow bits of shadow and newly-shed animus i'd add necromancer but that seems tenuous, especially since it's not only ghol killing stuff



banana (GM): That's the first damage Maury's taken, he's not staggered.



Placidus: Placidus looks around. Nobody threw up in anything, right? (255)



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+7 vs AC

(9)+7

= 16

rolling 2d12+5

(4 + 8)+5

= 17

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE



banana (GM): yow. now he is

For the first time, someone by the river speaks above a whisper. Screams, really.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol and Kon swivel to look at Sid. Clear message: this is your chance to get out of here. If not, Kon goes in. And from there, well...



Travis Meacham: "If we find another prey animal we'll want to get that, I think. Where could they be..."



Skeleton: "Oh, yes. I'll keep my sockets.. empty..."
"...lit?"

Sid: ...

...the eater, assassin, whatever he is gives a little ironic bow. "Delay's as good as a holiday." Legs it.

Maury: "Aw, no. No, Sid."



Placidus: Weird that a bunch of violent mercenaries cobbled together by a crimelord feel no loyalty to one another.



Travis Meacham: Im shedding a tear at the human tragedy playing out here.



banana (GM): skeleton: you could certainly use necromancer to track Death, although that might lead all over



Ghol, Going East: what's marty's HP?



banana (GM): wis for navigating woods if that's what you want to do



Ghol, Going East: he look like he's going to die if we just leave him here?



Placidus: Placidus is looking down at his notes. "You know, if she's going to be angry the next time, I should avoid it for a while."



banana (GM): Maury's on 13, which would be -1 were it not for the grace of meat.




Placidus: "What do you two think? I could try the Five next."



banana (GM): He looks, in short, mauled, but held together by a good meal.



Skeleton: rolling 1d20+6 skeleton thinks a bit, and then use wis+necromancy to track a CLEAN death, or an honest one - that of whatever game ghol and kon've surely found by now

(7)+6

= **13**



banana (GM): Aha, yes. Skeleton has found a trail.. some animal killed quietly and well. You could follow it, unless Travis has a better idea.



Ghol, Going East: In one fluid motion, Ghol shoves the last of his two small healing potions into Marty's hands and skips away off into the trees, he and Kon gone as soon as they arrived, back on the hunt.



Placidus: "These peanuts are making me thirsty." Placidus looks around the box. Where did that elfwine go? Ah. Here we are. Something to wash them down with (210).



Travis Meacham: Travis has no better idea. Let's rtoll.



banana (GM): Neither Kon nor Ghol is hurt. All the rogues accomplished was to delay them, a little, and to make noise and scare away game. Was it relevant? Right now, there's no room for that thought.

Through the shadows and beneath the leaves, Skeleton and Travis hunt... there. A group of four soldiers gathered around a small fire, cooking a dead pig.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax has stopped watching Ghol and Kon, and is checking on the other teams progress at this point.



banana (GM): In retrospect, skeleton may have leaned a little too heavily on assuming that it'd be one of Ghol's kills.



Placidus: Nice going, Skeleton.



Xarvrax: That skeleton will be the death of you, apparently.



banana (GM): Xarvrax probably sees what's happening! The Snakebelly Stretchers have shiny armour, and their fire... and oh shit, that's your two friends just about to walk into them.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar seems anxious that he can't really do anything but watch, here. Maybe he should have tried to sneak in also.



Skeleton: Skeleton does a few strange things here. They put their finger into their hood and under their scarf, then hold it up as though feeling the wind. They rub their feet through the dirt and pick their way through bits of ash Salubriot left behind. They even just rock in place a bit. Eventually, though: "This way. Found something that isn't a murder..."
"...oh."



Placidus: Placidus shakes his little box up at Vraknaar. "Peanut?"



Travis Meacham: "We might wanna step back a bit."



Xarvrax: "Those two idiots are going to get killed out there, and not even really help Ghol or Kon."



banana (GM): So in order that would be Sir Derivus Chatwick, Sir Maddel of Hect, Dame Kusa Impkin and Sir Zekiel Impkin. The Impkins are the ones who were dextrously sandwiching, earlier today.
If you want to avoid their notice and slip away again, roll em.
...or invoke an Icon.



Vraknaar: "Well, one of them's already dead, and one of them's a wizard. They might both be wizards. So not a total loss."



Travis Meacham: i'm definitely going to invoke the conqueror and just slide back cleanly from the Troops.



Placidus: "Mr. Skeleton was definitely a wizard. He's so bone-headedly causal."



banana (GM): Kon has a scent. Ghol has the mark.. a monkey swinging through the trees. Small enough to eat fast! But there's something odd about it.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax punches Placidus in the same shoulder, slightly harder this time.



Placidus: "Is this because I didn't offer you a peanut?"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol's bow is already out.



banana (GM): Give me a Noticing What's Odd About Monkeys roll.

Placidus: "I didn't think you'd eat something that hadn't begged for mercy first."



banana (GM): Sliding back cleanly is not on the cards, but...



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+9 wis 4, animal ken 2

(20)+9

= 29

ugh

UGH

THAT COULD HAVE BEEN THE HUNTING ROLL



Placidus: nice going



banana (GM): The firelight stretches far out into the brush. That's the point of it, probably. Sir Maddel points a roasted leg and says: "With a tousled mop like that, you *have* to be a Meacham."

Don't worry, it effectively is...

So the monkey. Good game, if a bit exotic. The problem is the thing on its back.



Skeleton: Skeleton interlaces their gloves and steps carefully back and sideways. Even if they can't reasonably get out of sight, they can at least kind of fade into Travis's background.



banana (GM): A.. shadow clings there, a thing with four clawed legs made of, as far as Ghol can tell, darkness. It's not natural.



Travis Meacham: "Oh uh... hi there, sir Maddel."



banana (GM): Perhaps you've never been to Hect - which is somewhere in the Snakesrule - but family clearly have. "Of the South Marrow Meachams? Or the Imperials?"



Ghol, Going East: None of this seems to be a good reason not to hunt the monkey at first -- but then the other Ghol, the one who learns and thinks instead of hunts, butts his way into the conversation.



banana (GM): The thing is. It's right there. You might, *might* still be ahead of everyone else, if you strike now.



Travis Meacham: "Imperials. I'm three weeks out of Axis, where you may have heard an interesting story about someone matching my description. We were just, um, looking for our teammates and wandered in here, you know how it is."



banana (GM): Dame Impkin is cheery, despite carrying an enormous broadsword on her back. "Come have a flank, there's too much to go around."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol does the quick calculus as he keeps pace. What does a shadow mean? Is he going to have to fight that thing? Would it disqualify him if he caught it?



banana (GM): Maddel: "Not technically allowed for us to share, but you know how it is, times and whatnot. You're the enemy, then!"

This said very jovially.



Ghol, Going East: Please don't assist the other team in their rules-mandated consumption, friends.



Travis Meacham: "Oh, that's very generous of you, but really I'm totally stuffed. Pigged out at the

opening ceremonies."

"Did you see a warg come through this way?"



Skeleton: "I couldn't eat another bite, but thanks."



banana (GM): Commentator: "..he's out. Capel the Survivor has made it out to the edge and- what's this? He's turning away from the light, setting down the pack. Of course, if he doesn't get through the whole thing it doesn't count."

Dame Impkin: "No wargs."



Placidus: "That's a much less impressive epithet than Bold, isn't it?"



banana (GM): Sir Chatwick: "Tell you the truth, I've got no bloody idea what a warg is."

Sir Maddel: "Kind of hound, Chatwick. Large."



Vraknaar: "Depends on what you survived, I guess."



banana (GM): The bits of it you saw appeared to involve shredding by frenzied, telekinetic teeth.



Placidus: "I suppose that's true. Still, if you got to pick one of those, wouldn't it be Bold?"



Travis Meacham: "It's smart, too. I think it's really the brains of this whole outfit."



Placidus: "Vraknaar the Bold!"

"Name like yours you want a one-syllable epithet anyhow."

"It just sounds better, you know?"



Vraknaar: "Ah, but everyone says they're bold. Not everyone can say they've survived. And then the listener has to ask 'survived what?'"



banana (GM): Sir Chatwick: "Not a nice thing to call your Emperor, is it?" It occurs to Travis that when they said 'enemy', they weren't referring to Kon's Men; these people have no idea who you are.

..except, broadly, the Right Sort Of Person.



Placidus: "That's a good point," says Placidus. 101.



Travis Meacham: "I know the official word is to talk up his draconic nature and sagacity and whatnot. But if you think about it, he's a wolf at the door of the crusty old King."



banana (GM): Sir Impkin, a black haired man with a sharp nose, is the only one without a breastplate - he looks scholarly to the point of actually having a book in a little 'scabbard' at his side. "Sad thing when a wolf goes after snakes, Meacham. Tends to get bit."

Dame Impkin: "Ha!"



Ghol, Going East: The math says: there's not enough time left. Whatever the shadow thing is, they'll have to deal with it. Ghol's eyes are still glowing green as he prepares to strike...





banana (GM): Sir Maddel: "Not that we've any great love for the Zombie King."


Dame Impkin: "Ha."


Monkey: The arboreal climber turns, sniffing the air for just a second, to hang from three arms- and that's one too few. The arrow takes it in the tail and it drops to the ground.


"EEEEAAaaaaa"

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol slides the bow back across his shoulders and brings his rune and axe to bear. This isn't over yet...


 **banana (GM):** True enough. Shadow engulfs the creature from behind, puppeteering its limbs, and the trapped monkey launches itself - or is launched - from the ground directly at Ghol. In a moment of detachment, you notice that it has six fingers on each hand.

 **Xarvrax:** "This could be over now, if he's lucky."


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

() + 5


= **17**


 **Vraknaar:** "Still has to eat that thing. It looks weird."


 **Ghol, Going East:** rolling 1d20+2 init

() + 2

= **16**


 **Placidus:** "I had a cousin who looked like that monkey."
"Grandmother used to say he was part halfling."

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol knows his bad religion. The games have a Guest.

 **banana (GM):** The commentator overhears you. "Get the scrying lenses.. yes, Ghol East is up against something indeed! Please direct your gazes to where the wolfmaster tussles with what looks like an agent of the Unexpected God...

The frenzied creature leaps to Ghol's chest and begins to slash - its paws aren't sharp, but the blades of shadow which extend beyond them are.


rolling d20+7 vs ac, hit 8 damage and immobilised, miss 4


() + 7

= **17**


The spectators can spot a burst of steam down below. Salubriot's just tackled an alligator.

 **Ghol, Going East:** ac18, miss

 **banana (GM):** The shadowblades cut, but not deeply.



 **Skeleton:** ghol east = guest????

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

() + 7

= **11**

rolling 2d12+6

( + )+6

= **23**

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE

even, attack again



banana (GM): miss



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+7

()+7

= **17**

rolling 2d12+5

( + )+5

= **12**

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE

ugh



banana (GM): hit



Kon: rolling 1d20+7

()+7

= **18**

rolling 1d10

()

= **2**



banana (GM): hit



Ghol, Going East: Ghol and Kon hit with a whirlwind of silent snarling.



banana (GM): Commentator: "There's two of them and it's a tiny thing! Looks like Ghol is in the race for second place, with only the Barbs also having a chance.. I say second, because Capel's just finished his dinner. Everyone raise a cheer for the Thaumaturgi- for Horizon!"

The monkey doesn't shriek anymore. It's as quiet as Ghol is. But in a horrible rictus, face *pulled* by the

shadow all around the back of its head, it smiles...

rolling d20+6 vs pd, Bite Your Face Poison

(18)+6

= 24



Ghol, Going East: hit



banana (GM): Chomp! The wound on Ghol's flesh *bubbles*; only 4 damage now, but 6 ongoing poison.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol roars...

6 at beginning of turn, 44hp



banana (GM): The knights show no signs of actually letting Travis and Skeleton.. depart, but they're good company. "What's that?" demands Sir Chatwick as a light rises to the south.



Xarvrax: It's at the end isn't it?



banana (GM): It looks like a flame, but stylised, a vast arcane symbol or rune...
end, yes



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+8

(19)+8

= 27

rolling 2d12+6

(12 + 10)+6

= 28

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE



Placidus: "Hahaha! Look at that."



Xarvrax: Well, good night monkey.



banana (GM): aiee

Ghol throws the monkey to the ground! It bounces - and though two limbs are horribly ruined, comes to stand on the others somehow. Still moving.



Travis Meacham: "Is that the finishing beacon? I wonder who could have won."



Ghol, Going East: surprising to make that an 18 if the monkey's still up



banana (GM): It isn't the finishing beacon.



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+8

(13)+8

= 21

rolling 2d12+5

(9 + 11)+5

= 25

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE



banana (GM): It's a great flame set on a tower - the sign of the Archmage and the High Arcana. Powerful magic at work out there somewhere.



Placidus: "That's the Archmage's variable."



banana (GM): ;_;
There go the other two limbs.



Placidus: "Also, I hope Ghol knows a recipe for monkey stew, at this rate. It's practically mince now."



Vraknaar: "Uh oh. Like we need more cooks for this soup."



Xarvrax: "And what does that mean, exactly?"



Placidus: "It means the Archmage is doing somethinf."



Xarvrax: "Thank you, very specific."



Placidus: "Something, I mean." Placidus is still talking with his mouth full. 42.



banana (GM): The shadow-puppetted primate collapses, and the shadow flees. All Ghol's looking at now is a rather mangled monkey.
Commentator: "They've brought down a whole bull. Unfortunate, but Immense is up to the task of consuming it..."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol's almost glowing green as he flies in pursuit of the creature -- let no Guest go unwelcomed in the roadside house of Pauldron, in the arbor greens of Cacartic Hone. He displays due hospitality until the monkey stops moving. And then, still glowing, he picks up the remains and begins to eat them, raw, skin, flesh, and bone, cutting the inside of his mouth gladly, spitting out the ribs and spine, and staring out into the night around him, daring anyone to interrupt his meal.




banana (GM): "Holy Goddess, what's this at the Gorger camp? The dead wizard is moving. Are they doing *necromancy* under the gaze of the watchers? Surely this goes too far."





Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20


(19)


= 19


 **Skeleton:** Skeleton turns their hood. Are they? Surely not.


 **Ghol, Going East:** save vs poison


 **banana (GM):** No, they aren't. No necromancy going on here.


 **Placidus:** "There you go, Xarvrax."
"You see? Patience is a virtue."


 **Vraknaar:** "A... resurrection? I didn't even know that was possible."


 **Placidus:** "If you told me the Archmage just made up the High Arcana as he went, I wouldn't argue."
"Who even knows what he can do."


 **banana (GM):** The High Arcanum of Growth can manage it. True resurrection is very difficult, and the low path offered by Decay is great for e.g. commanding legions of minions...


 **Placidus:** "Besides fail to keep roads straight."


 **banana (GM):** But sometimes, for some mysterious reason, it can be worth it.


 **Ghol, Going East:** using a recovery to get back to full HP


 **banana (GM):** The monkey is not the best meal Ghol's ever had. Except in terms of being successful.


 **Xarvrax:** "Wizards have no respect for the laws of nature, there's a surprise."


 **banana (GM):** In that sense it is literally the best.


 **Placidus:** Placidus: "I mean. Probably whoever enforces the laws of nature at least FROWNED at a man-dragon."

 **banana (GM):** It didn't taste good and it wasn't really satisfying and he almost throws up from the shadowpoison, but he knows: that was it. Victory. The blessing of Alabastien Meat intensifies to the point of tangibility.


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax glances at Placidus, "And how do they feel about what you do, then?"


 **Placidus:** "I expect we'll find out eventually."

 **Ghol, Going East:** Always eat horrible things to become a champion and demonstrate mastery of the self and the world around you.


 **Travis Meacham:** uh, placidus is ALL ABOUT dat laws of natujre

 **Ghol, Going East:** ALWAYS do that shit.


 **banana (GM):** Sir Impkin: "Best be moving on, fellows." A de-robed priest, bald and screaming, bursts through the clearing and rushes out the other side, wrapped in chains of light which are melting away his flesh. "We've got another two beasts to hunt if we hope to place."


 **Placidus:** "I mean, nothing I do is UNNATURAL, strictly speaking."
"It's just, you know."

 **Travis Meacham:** "Good hunting to you."

 **Placidus:** He brandishes his empty box.


"A little odd."

 **Ghol, Going East:** Man, if the Diabolist could see him now...too bad an Icon like her wouldn't be caught dead in a place like this.

 **banana (GM):** Sir Maddel: "And best of luck to your empire! Or not, ha ha!"

After that it's just details.


I'd like a roll each from: Ghol, to leave without further incident and while being cool; Travis or Skeleton, to get something, anything, out of this; Vraknaar or Xarvrax or Placidus, to convince the meat priests arguing up on the balcony that yes, this means the Thaumaturgustators lost, or at least haven't finished yet.

 **Xarvrax:** I'll do it.

rolling d20 + 9

() + 9

= **26**


 **Placidus:** rolling d20 this is a recharge roll on bitter lessons rather than a roll to convince those twaddles of anything

()


= **5**


alas

 **Ghol, Going East:** rolling 1d20+11 wis 4 scout 5


() + 11


= **15**

 **Travis Meacham:** rolling 1d20+11 there's GOT to be some magical components with all this spellslinging that was going down. Maybe xiaksi dropped something?

() + 11

= **18**

 **Ghol, Going East:** That should...barely squeak by.

 **banana (GM):** Capel the Bold is covered in scars and bits of shadow and the detonated remains of his own shielding spells. His triumph has gone to fury. "My colleague gave his LIFE, temporarily, and you're telling me that's not good enough for your petty rules?"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax sighs, "Sorry Capel, but should you not be more worried about who killed them than if you won a contest or not?"



banana (GM): On their way out of the enclosure, Ghol and Kon stumble across more of the Steak Whisperers (chagrined, easily intimidated) and a flaming corpse (alarming, unidentifiable). There's a rough moment when three hooded figures appear on a ridge line and begin chanting - but there's a ring of torchlight just nearby, with friendly dwarves and celebration. They're not sure what they're celebrating, but you know.



Ghol, Going East: Is Marty there?

Capel: "Obviously the Hand of Mailer killed him. Consequences of our line of work. I'm concerned by WHEN they killed him. What if, at the time, I finished that damn porker, I was the only arcanist alive? Is there any provision for unappointing a winner just because some ch- just because one of our masters doesn't understand the rules properly?"



Travis Meacham: is that the start of "charlatan"
it might be.



Placidus: Placidus, meanwhile, is out at the enclosure. "GHOL! KON! Splendid work!" He's clearly been drinking. His cheeks are bright red.



banana (GM): Maury and Sid aren't there - this is the others, Nono and Halfer. They sort of melt out of Ghol's way while contriving to look as if they *chose* to do that. If he goes close one of them will try to pick his pocket.



Ghol, Going East: If Marty isn't with the other Steak Whisperers, Ghol isn't leaving yet.
Ghol's going back to where he almost killed the man to make sure he's not still there.



banana (GM): Gone. This is a night for vanishings.
In this case, it's a good sign.



Ghol, Going East: Well, that's something at least.



Xarvrax: "I'm glad you care little enough about your team mates that you're exploiting their death to try and win a competition, are you sure that you're 'Capel the Bold' and not 'Capel the Terrible?'"



Ghol, Going East: Now he'll leave.

Capel: Aware he's lost: "Are you sure you aren't.. Xarvrax the Terrible?"



Vraknaar: Vraknaar's escorting Placidus, since he's drunk enough to have yelled his congratulations at every humanoid of roughly Ghol's dimensions. Which, at least, is not many.



banana (GM): You reunite as other contestants are drifting in, with priests everywhere and fans cheering just outside (and bookies paying out..).



Ghol, Going East: Xarvrax found a nickname after all!



banana (GM): Far-Archer and Dog Hater are *dragging* their companion, an enormous wastelander - might be the fattest guy you've seen. "Second place," an acolyte informs them. "Most pious of you."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax smirks, "I'm sure I am, actually. I'm a terrible terrible human." He pauses before breaking out in laughter, "I guess it's a good thing I'm a dragon then, isn't it."

Placidus: Placidus looks up at Vraknaar. "Xarvrax! You're blushing."

 **Vraknaar:** "Yep. Now hold still until Ghol actually comes out."

 **banana (GM):** Skeleton and Travis make it in eventually, from a direction totally other than where you'd have gone if you knew about the secret back entrance. They didn't win any material advantage in the competition itself, but they DID find a melted priest wearing magic underwear.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol's finally coming out of his...state. His eyes are back to their normal color, at least. He looks completely unhurt, beyond the obvious bad taste in his mouth. "Hullo, Placidus. Ran into Marty and Sid in there. They tried to tie me up. I let 'em live, so hopefully Jenny won't get mad at you."

 **banana (GM):** It's this sort of.. indecent netting thing. Not sure what it does, but it's powerful. Also, it reads to Travis like this magic item was enchanted, like, twenty minutes ago, possibly by accident.

 **Ghol, Going East:** "Hey, dragon bros," he says to the Dragon Bros. He looks around. "Did we win?"

 **Travis Meacham:** Well, it's still worth a pickup.

 **banana (GM):** Jenny's books, of course, had Ghol and Kon tipped to come *second*. That's cost them a lot of money.

 **Xarvrax:** "It seems that way, on a resurrection based technicality."

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

 **Ghol, Going East:** There is, of course, a marked difference between demonstrating that you're a powerful and indisputable champion and actually like, satisfying a contest's conditions for victory.

 **Placidus:** "That was nice of you, Ghol. Jenny's pretty. At *least* as pretty as the Diabolist."

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol, wistfully: "Yeah..."

 **banana (GM):** Placidus seems to have consumed more dubious substances tonight than Ghol has.

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax snorts, "She wasn't that good looking."

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol frowns, actually hearing those sentences for the first time. "Wait, what?"

 **banana (GM):** Commentator: "The point tallies will be added during the night, but on places - this is outright victory for Kon's Men! And Kon the Worg it-himself!"

 **Travis Meacham:** "Well, I'm not sure if we did good work or not, but boy howdy."
"Salubriot is a tough cookie."

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax slaps Travis on the back, laughing, "It seemed like you two had it under control!"

 **Placidus:** "Salubriot is SO BIG."
"Barely buckled a decimeter even with that imp right there as a focus."
"Honestly. A giant in the Hungry Games."

 **banana (GM):** Salubriot is HUGE. But it seemed like barehanded he wasn't all that dangerous.
At least if you don't rely on standing next to people to attack them.

 **Ghol, Going East:** "Wait, backup, what's this about the Diabolist?"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax glances at Ghol, "I just told you, she's not that good looking."



Ghol, Going East: "She was HERE?"



Placidus: "Can we talk about it in the morning?" Placidus says before dropping to a stage whisper. "Just between you and me, I think I ate too many peanuts."



banana (GM): A win in your first event! Even placing would have been a good start towards the overall prize, but this is great - maybe you really could become the champions of the Hungry Games. Make your names. Fill your stomachs. Repay fifty thousand silver pieces. Who cares about wars and gods when there's victory to be had?



Xarvrax: "Oh yeah, her and Placidus were making kissy face at each other in our booth."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol very quickly goes from looking stunned to looking mortified to looking like he's going to cry to looking REALLY angry and then finally settling on shoulder-slumped dejection.



banana (GM): That's one inaccurate way of describing the face, yes.



Ghol, Going East: "noo"



Placidus: "If you think that was a kissy face then I will thank you to never mention or practice dragon courtship anywhere I can see, ever again."



Vraknaar: Vraknaar shoves his brother roughly. "Oh, shut it. She came to help and they did not make kissy faces."



Ghol, Going East: To Placidus: "Did she...say anything about me?"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax breaks down, falling over laughing and pointing at Ghol,



banana (GM): She.. mentioned your group familiarly, being possibly aware of you in a vague sense therefore?



Placidus: Placidus looks at Ghol. "Oh, Ghol..." The half-orc gets a hug, or at least his thigh does. "It'll be okay."

"You did really well."



Travis Meacham: "Also, we found these." Travis shows the magic underwear. "I think they're a piece of pollution."



banana (GM): It's more 'lingerie' than anything.



Placidus: What size are they?



Ghol, Going East: That gets a really deep sigh out of Ghol. "Thanks, Placidus," he says in a sad voice.



banana (GM): Vaguely human-sized.



Xarvrax: Seeing Travis' "loot" Xarvrax laughs even harder.



Ghol, Going East: This guy...!



Placidus: "If it makes you feel better, tomorrow I'll oscillate the Elf Queen, just for you. Because YOU, my friend, are a champion."

banana (GM): If these are the last days of the eleventh age of the world, it could be worse.



Ghol, Going East: That seems to cheer him up a little.