



banana (GM): This is a civilised competition for heavy eaters. Giving praise to the Goddess would be inhibited by unrelieved hangovers or unrelaxed eathletes. Therefore, no Hungry Games events are scheduled before eleven in the morning.



Ghol, Going East: Yaaawn. Good.



banana (GM): All Kon's Men have time to awaken, rise from their beds (or their graves), take in the beginning of the day.. it was quite a night. Good for you; not so much for some others.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol is used to waking up with dawn when he's out in the wild...but last night was a long night, and he deserves to sleep in a little bit. So he's basically just sprawled all the heck over his inn bed, snoring up a storm until Kon nudges him awake.



banana (GM): Travis will notice this, unless he's stupid: the stone orb is sloshing just a little bit. It's beginning to fill up again.
Still light and airy for now, but the beacon seems to build up on the regular...



Ghol, Going East: Today is...basically a day off, for Ghol. Right? Probably. He's not competing in any of the sandwich events. Kon's got the 100' Sausage whatever heats in the evening...but all he's got to do there is cheer.



Kon: Kon, of course, is mindful of such, and is having but a modestly sized rabbit for breakfast to keep the metabolism up.



banana (GM): Yep! The morning's event will be the heats for the sandwich-making contest - involving at least three of you, but fairly quick and chaotic, since this is just the trial before the real competition. Then everyone but Kon gets the rest of the day to themselves.



Placidus: Placidus is up before dawn with a pounding headache for some reason. Probably the enormous amounts of knowledge in his incredible brain. Still, a raw egg, some slightly fishy sauce, a bit of red pepper, and a tiiliiny dash of fortified wine go in a glass, and then in his belly, and after a bath he's at his notes again. The friars of Megistus brew their own beer. Until very recently it was popular all around the Glitterwood. It came to pass, then, that they needed to devise their own [incredible knowledge] cures too.



banana (GM): There's noise outside the hotel, even in the morning. San Meat runs a complex economy of meat delivery, butchering, dressing and sales, as well as export - not even the Games stop the farm commerce, not with an army marching up north that needs to be fed.
Inside, the Gut & Bowel is mostly quiet.. you occupy all but one of the rooms. The other is filled with low, excited whispering.



Ghol, Going East: Bother. ...It's not those dragon cultists, is it?



Travis Meacham: Travis still wishes he knew what the becaon actually DOES.



Placidus: It's probably not important.



banana (GM): Well, he knows one thing it does.



Xandrah: Giant light beams rarely are.



banana (GM): To Ghol, the voices do indeed sound like those of the dragon worshippers. They've followed you home.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol pauses. "Bother?" He shakes his head. He's been hanging out around Paracelsus a lot.

He almost thought "too much," but, no.

Well...they ARE elves...he should be nice...



banana (GM): You know, since you're relaxing in the morning - Skeleton hasn't even finished meditating yet, or being dead, or whatever - you might as well make some relationship rolls.



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

(5 + 4)

= 9

rolling 1d6 ORC LORD, CONFLICTED

(1)

= 1



Xarvrax: rolling 3d6 Dargons.

(3 + 3 + 2)

= 8



Travis Meacham: rolling 2d6 positive conqueror

(1 + 5)

= 6



Zarick: rolling 2d6 the five positive

(6 + 2)

= 8



Placidus: Placidus is covering his notebook in stars and triangles like some kind of bizarre cross between an astronomical chart and a weather forecast.



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d6 conflicted archmage

(4)

= 4



Zarick: rolling 1d6 conqueror conflicted

(4)

= 4



Placidus: (Channeling the Elf Queen)



Zarick: rolling 1d6 wizard king negative

(6)

= 6



Ghol, Going East: Ghol didn't dream of the Elf Queen last night...or the Diabolist, which, ugh! Why did Paracelsus have to ostrich her in THEN, of all times?!

Os...trate?



Zarick: you thought you could escape dragons? you can't. they're all around you



Ghol, Going East: Os-something.



banana (GM): Destiny weighs in. Some of your influence in the corridors of power - far though they mostly be from San Meat - will be in play today.



Ghol, Going East: *Placidus



Placidus: don't forget my elf queen 5 also,



banana (GM): a more powerful complication awaits..



Ghol, Going East: #



banana (GM): So: Before noon, you should be at the Alabaster Grill. At least, several of you should. There's a little bit of the day before then, but does anyone have anything to do? Maybe you're laser-focused on winning this thing, on becoming the heroes of the day.



Placidus: The morning heats present an interesting challenge. It's to be a showcase of everyone's second-best idea.



banana (GM): Breakfast in the bar is interrupted by less fans today, even though you're the leaders of the competition - or because of it. There are a couple of guards outside the hotel, keeping rabble away.



Placidus: Placidus is, certainly. His notes on Sandwich Physics are probably worthy of a monograph by this point. Not many can say they've calculated rates of friction and slippage to devise the optimal ingredient layering paradigms. Pladicus can.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol might glare sternly (or what he thinks is sternly) at the dragon cultists if he sees them, but otherwise he's got little to do but have breakfast downstairs.

...he IS still bothered by that monkey last night, though...



Xarvrax: Xarvrax has no clue what he's going to do for sandwiches, but he knows that he's going to destroy the competition.



Placidus: At sandwich-making?



banana (GM): He might be more bothered when he hears the news. The white elf woman serving you breakfasts says, "Did you hear? The antipriests who brought death to the games last night.. one of them bit it, too."
"As it were."



Xarvrax: It's still a contest, and thus, people can be destroyed.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol frowns...



Travis Meacham: Travis hasn't practiced for sandwich-making. He had An Idea, and hopefully that's good enough.



Skeleton: rolling 2d6 wizard king negative

(2 + 2)

= 4

rolling 1d6 diabolist positive

(3)

= 3

well, that's a relief



Ghol, Going East: ...he doesn't RECALL seeing or hearing of one of the 'antipriests' or whatever getting killed...unless...
Nah. Couldn't be.



Xarvrax: I also hope your idea is good enough, otherwise...



Ghol, Going East: Someone must have knocked him (it?) off during the chaos.

Bartender: : "'Twere the priest of-"

Bartender's husband: "I've told you not to say 'twere. We're educated people."



Zarick: Wizards: the first 'idea guys'.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax high fives the husband on his way out the door towards the area for today's games.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol waits expectantly, breakfast meat half-chewed.
...why did Xarvrax just walk into the room, high five an elf and walk out?




banana (GM): Incidentally: do skeletons eat breakfast?




Ghol, Going East: Dragons, man.





Zarick: Even though that dragon cult is probably a bunch of useless toadies, Vraknaar can't help feel but they're a little bit right: they're spending a lot of time on showing off for a crowd under the banner of some copper dragons. Vraknaar wants to see if he can track down any evidence of the necromancers who've been dogging their footsteps all throughout San Meat.


 **Placidus:** When Ghol comes down for breakfast, he sees Placidus has commandeered one of the tables for himself, covered with diagrams and charts.


He's standing on the chair rather than using a booster seat, leaning down over it like a slightly taller Napoleon.


 **Skeleton:** Skeletons don't, and in fact if they can help it they don't even pretend to - this is surely the last place one wants to sit awkwardly at a table pretending to pass bits of food past a hood.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol will steer himself over to sit with Placidus, then. He's still waiting to hear which dark god the dead priest represented. Grammar isn't THAT important.


 **banana (GM):** Evidence! Well, Vraknaar's got a bit of time in the morning.. and when he steps out into the street, a couple of white-armoured guards salute, ready to help. Please give me a stat+background roll, and a description of combing the town that justifies why you're rolling it.

 **Skeleton:** Unless there's some pressing reason to actually be present, the skeleton remains locked and bundled up in Placidus's room, only emerging robed and apparently not hungry once everyone else is ready to head out and take on the day.


 **Travis Meacham:** "Placidus, old sport. Is there any chance you can make me one of those morning breakfast drink thingies? For some reason my head hurts."

 **banana (GM):** Sadly for Ghol, the conversation fizzled- he'd have to actually bring it up again.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol, to the bartender: "Which dark priest died?"

 **Placidus:** "Ah, certainly. Just a moment. They're quite invigorating after a late evening."


Bartender: "Guest's minion, which is a relief to everyone I'm sure."

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol thanks her and sits down again next to Placidus.


" ... "


" ... "


"...So, I might have eaten a priest."


 **Placidus:** Once he's got another raw egg from the Kitchen, he's mixed it up and there's a highball-sized glass with some murky red-brown liquid in it.


Placidus gets back to the table just in time to hear this. "Er."


 **Travis Meacham:** Travis gulps it down in one swig. "Ahh. Thank you."


 **Placidus:** "How do you... feel?"

 **Ghol, Going East:** "Feels good."

 **Placidus:** "Let me see your hands."

 **Vraknaar:** "Don't eat priests. They're bad for your gizzard."

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol shows Placidus his hands.

 **Placidus:** Placidus counts the fingers.

Ten, right?



banana (GM): Yep.



Ghol, Going East: Phew.



Travis Meacham: "No, you didn't eat him. I saw him run through the camp of the knights, horribly on fire."



Placidus: Placidus nods firmly. "You're probably fine."



Travis Meacham: "Actually, it's from his ... her? body that I retrieved the ... underwear."



Ghol, Going East: "Oh, sweet."

"Sweet that I didn't eat him."

"Underwear is, well. You know. Cool?"



Travis Meacham: "Or her. Technically all I saw was a human-shaped figure screaming from unquenchable flame."

"Which might have been my and Kelly's fault."



Placidus: "Did check it for magic?"



Ghol, Going East: "Kelly? ...Oh."



banana (GM): Yeah, the raw arcane energies consuming the figure made it difficult to discern sex or affiliation. Serves them right for attacking people, you suppose.



Travis Meacham: "It's magical. I don't know whta it does, though. I don't know what ANY of my magical stuff does."



banana (GM): sounds like someone needs a Sage or Identification Spell



Placidus: "I'm sure you did the right thing, given the circumstances." The circumstances being 'you already entered the field of play illegally'. That's neither here nor there.



banana (GM): That's one of the problems with magical artifacts. Often the only obvious property they have is being magic.



Xarvrax: Especially because Capel isn't going to help us again.

I may have pissed him off.



Ghol, Going East: "So, do you think they're going to...do...anything about the dark priests? I mean, they can't be done, right?"

"Dark priests don't just murder people the once."



Vraknaar: "We can probably rule protection against fire out, as one of their properties."



Ghol, Going East: Well, maybe they murder each individual person the once.



Placidus: "If they didn't do anything about the four of them, I'm not sure they're apt to bother about the surviving three."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol isn't particularly versed on the fine distinctions between servants of the dark gods and the undead.

banana (GM): Most of the dark gods don't even *like* undead!

Theologians would be horrified.



Ghol, Going East: Yeah, well. That's what they SAY.



Placidus: Some of the undead are marvelous conversationalists.



Travis Meacham: "It was legal to kill people in that arena."



Kon: Kon, meanwhile, naps.



Xarvrax: And some of them are boneheads.



Travis Meacham: "Or, at any rate, tolerated."



Kon: Post-breakfast naps are very important.



Placidus: "I wonder if an Ire Giant gets more or less angry after you almost kill them."



Skeleton: Speaking of, the skeleton's sidled up by now, figuring that enough of breakfast must've been finished that they won't end up lingering long enough to raise questions. A green-robed figure sits with gloved fingers interlaced amidst plates that may or may not belong to it. "So - you can't cast Identify or something?"



Placidus: "I wonder what happens if an Ire Giant gets angry."



Ghol, Going East: "Aaah!"

"Oh."

"...Good morning."



Skeleton: "I think it burns more fie- what- oh."



banana (GM): Actually, identification magic is a standard part of most wizards' training. Travis must have had an unusual course of study, and acquired some other skills instead..



Ghol, Going East: Ghol is still getting used to Skeleton Out of Nowhere, even in disguise.



Xarvrax: Wizards. Can't even learn everything.



Skeleton: Can't you...?



Travis Meacham: "I can not cast Identify, no."



Skeleton: "Oh. I forget, how easy is it to learn to?"



Placidus: Placidus is checking the rules of the Improv Sandwich event again. How many sandwiches are you supposed to make? Do you have to eat your own sandwich?



Travis Meacham: "I don't want to talk about it," he says, scowling.





banana (GM): You can trial as many sandwiches as you like within the time limit. The only specific quantity required is that you have to have enough to offer to the other eaters who'll be judging it that they can do so - or somehow get them to vote for you on sight alone.


(And smell, and so on)





Skeleton: "Oh. Well," The skeleton just trails off.


 **Placidus:** "Let's talk, instead, of gladiatorial sandwich-craft. Are you two ready for the heats this morning?"


 **Kon:** Kon will rouse himself by the time they're ready to leave for the Grill; it's only proper he show up to support the team in the Improv Sandwich heats.


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax looks at Travis, "Are you ready then?"


 **Travis Meacham:** "Definitely. I've got a gfreat idea."
"What if ... the bread was not bread."


 **Xarvrax:** "Alright, so after we throw that in the trash..."


 **Skeleton:** "Isn't that, like. The definition?"


 **banana (GM):** Gather closely, here. The walls have- no, actually, the guards are keeping people away so you're basically safe to trade secrets.


 **Placidus:** Oh, that's something else to check. *Is* there a legal definition of Sandwich within the laws of the contest that entries have to meet?
Or is it up to you to just, sell the judges on your idea?


 **banana (GM):** More or less "no priest calls you a heretic for making it".
So yeah.


 **Travis Meacham:** are the jduges priests, or fellow competitors


 **banana (GM):** The latter - adding a weird political dimension.


 **Placidus:** Can we vote for our own sandwiches, or the sandwiches of other entrants of the same team?
Are the singles and doubles segregated?


 **banana (GM):** a) no b) no c) yes
The way to the Grill seems like a natural venue for this discussion. Anyone got an objection to walking and talking?


 **Placidus:** So we're persuading, specifically, our competitors.


 **banana (GM):** (also "banana (GM): Evidence! Well, Vraknaar's got a bit of time in the morning.. and when he steps out into the street, a couple of white-armoured guards salute, ready to help. Please give me a stat+background roll, and a description of combing the town that justifies why you're rolling it.")


 **Ghol, Going East:** None!


 **Vraknaar:** Nope. "I don't know, a sandwich without bread sounds better to me. Just lets you get to the meat of it that much quicker."


 **Placidus:** Placidus needs a moment to wrap all of his notes up, but he's ready to Sorkin his way there after that.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol might wander off with Vraknaar, if he appears to need the help.


 **Travis Meacham:** "I hope they have everything I need for this. If I have to make my own eggs ... actually, that might be better.
Hmm."


 **Kon:** Kon, on the other hand, will stick with the contestants.


 **banana (GM):** ravis pulls a brooding chicken out of a hat
*travis


 **Vraknaar:** so you said that our temp backgrounds and regular backgrounds can stack?


 **banana (GM):** Yep!


 **Placidus:** one of each, yeah


 **Travis Meacham:** Prepare, okay. Not make. It is not a distinguished use of wizardry to conjure eggs.

 **Skeleton:** The chicken rapidly regenerates its hit points as long as it doesn't move-


 **Kon:** Kon can't see why not, but Travis is the expert, he supposes.

 **Placidus:** Although we WILL be making eggs... specifically, goose eggs on the scorecards of our enemies.


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax slaps his brother upside the head.


 **Vraknaar:** so i'm going to roll wis + might of the wrym + savior of the shadow quarter. vraknaar's using his knowledge of guerrilla warfare + his fame to try and find any hidden pockets of necromancers
brb though

rolling 1d20+11


() + 11

= **19**

 **Skeleton:** If Vraknaar's looking for hidden pockets of necromancy and isn't actually trying to do it in secret, Skeleton will help.


 **banana (GM):** Ok, Vraknaar and Ghol are going to, with a couple of city guard, essentially scour the town.. hopefully we can avoid further unfortunate incidents. It'll take a while, going tower-to-tower, and of course the citizens that blink hurriedly away are the ones you want to talk to the most..


Skeleton: counted in? Are you sure you want to try travelling around with literal soldiers for hours, though.

 **Skeleton:** rolling 1d20+6 here's wis+necromancy

() + 6

= **23**

 **Ghol, Going East:** This is basically Vraknaar's deal. Ghol will just hang around looking tough unless directly consulted.

 **banana (GM):** If skeleton wants to help, I'm going to require a charisma check from sker as well. They're literally on the alert for, skeletons.

Looking tough is good.



Ghol, Going East: He is a bit nervous that the freaking skeleton is following them around on their search for, get this, skeletons.



Skeleton: Well, Skeleton would probably not stick with the main party but instead sort of snoop along in places they haven't been yet or already have been through - a second pass, as it were...



Ghol, Going East: But then he's a bit nervous around the Skeleton in general.



banana (GM): OK, you can substitute a dex check instead to follow helpfully and sneakily.



Skeleton: rolling 1d20+9 actually here's Charisma+Skeleton, representing, well... being good at being a skeleton. not clacking at inopportune times, making sure the robe always looks filled-out, etc. my dex is worse!

(15)+9

= 24



banana (GM): Whoever's on their way to the Sandwich heats, then, is on their way! The banners hanging from the templecity streets are unfurled again, and crowds throng everywhere - you're recognised easily, Kon in particular as the warg who was half of the victorious hunters last night! It's.. a bit alarming, having a warg wandering around and taking part in the Games. He's, you know, huge and fanged, but he's a winner. Everyone likes a winner.



Kon: Kon is, of course, as regal, temperate, and aloof as he usually is when not in the midst of hunting or battle. Doubtful many have seen such a cultured warg this far east!



banana (GM): Astonishingly, Skeleton's presence on the skeleton hunt is actively helpful. Nobody even questions it when ske analyses traces of necromancy with sker own necromantic power, etc - it turns out to be easy to pass this sort of thing off as Holy Or Otherwise Magic.



Skeleton: "You see, all I have to do is find things that AREN'T perfectly normal thaumaturgy, theurgy, shamanism, or mundane prestidigitation, and-"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol just watched it happen and he STILL can't quite believe it.



banana (GM): Most of the citizens and tourists have never seen a warg at all, attributing this generally to their being still alive.



Kon: Hrmph.



Travis Meacham: I'm not saying all wargs are outrider scouts and cavalry in the orc horde ravaging civilization.

BUT the outrider scouts and cavalry of the orc horde ravaging civilization all have wargs.



Kon: Not true!



Placidus: There's also bear-horses.



banana (GM): The main city square is relatively resplendent today. The setup for the Improv Sandwich heats includes shaded, groaning buffet tables, many little roped off prep areas, indoor and outdoor kitchens, spectating/tasting stands.. there's people everywhere, though the event area itself is empty

and acolyte-guarded.

Kon, Xarvrax, Placidus, and Travis step out of the boulevard and almost run into, oh, this is embarrassing.



Kon: Ursquines generally deserve the reputation they -- and wargs -- have in the east. At least the ones Kon has met do. He's willing to withhold judgment on the race as a whole.



banana (GM): Coming out of their house on the edge of the square are Jenny, Sid, and Maury, who is limping.

The Steak Whisperers look at you.



Kon: Kon stops, glares, and growls quietly.



Placidus: "Good morning!" says Placidus brightly.



Travis Meacham: "Oh yeah, also. I had a thought last night."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax waves and puts on a big shit-eating grin, "Hi guys, have fun last night?"



Travis Meacham: "Maybe we shouldn't eat anything the antipriests make."



Kon: Too late, in one teen elf-orc's case.



Placidus: "I mean."

"Ghol's fine."



Vraknaar: Is that a legitimate tactic? Poison sandwiches?



Placidus: "Mostly."



banana (GM): It *sounds* illegal. Feeding someone poisoned food is probably illegal.

Then again, so's attacking people with magic spells.



Travis Meacham: "Yeah but what if it's not poisoned, what if it's just drugged or tainted to affect your sense of taste or ... smell .. hmmmmm."

Actually, that's an insanely good idea. Is it possible for Travis to work something up re: that

Jenny: "Could have gone better, actually. We had the odds wrong on a few.. scraped over the line into the black, but..." She becomes aware that Sid is glaring intently at Kon.



Placidus: "Is there actually a difference between a sandwich that tastes really good and a sandwich that makes you think it tastes really good? Epistemologically?"



banana (GM): Maury says something very quiet which you don't quite catch. Sid: "Others re just inside."

Here's a question: does anyone want to expend either your The Five or Conqueror advantages to defuse this situation? Alternatively, you could leave it fused.



Xarvrax: Eh.



Placidus: I'd just as soon save those for the actual competition. The Steak Whisperers can stay mad a while.



Travis Meacham: heck, i've got a conqueror 5 and am willing to step in here.

 **Placidus:** Fine. Be that way.

 **Kon:** Either way, Kon will stop growling, bow his head to Jenny politely, then snap a bark off at Sid and sweep away into the crowd to find a good seat.

 **Travis Meacham:** "Hey, come on guys. That was last night. It was specifically an open field anything-goes match. So that's how we played it - and that's how you guys palyed it."

"It's all in the Games, right?"

 **banana (GM):** Sid: "Is it? See, it's odd that you say "we", wizard. Tallies with something I heard from a giant."

 **Travis Meacham:** Travis grins. "Not sure what you mean. How is that giant doing, by the way? Placidus said it looked like he was getting beat down hard."

 **Placidus:** "He looked at least 70, 80 degrees off the vertical."

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax nods, "He did get his ass handed to him."

 **Placidus:** "So! Who's ready for some sandwiches?"

 **banana (GM):** Jenny, urgently: "There's information and there's information. Sid."

The other Whisperer doesn't seem to hear her. Maury's stumbled back over to the house and opened it; more black-clad figures are there...

 ***banana (GM)** Then the sky falls on you.*

 **Placidus:** Travis's chicken was supposed to warn us of this!

 **banana (GM):** Just a shadow on the ground, unnoticed beside the shady characters with whom you're conversing... but it grows within seconds into a huge blob of blackness, and there's wind and scales.

Everyone jump or otherwise quickly move out of the way, imo, because a brass dragon is landing *right* between you.

 **Placidus:** Placidus gracefully falls over as he scrambles back and trips over his big satchel.

 **Xarvrax:** Ugh.

 **Placidus:** He falls over outside of its landing zone, at least.

 **Travis Meacham:** Travis hustles without running, because his shoes aren't really for it.

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax steps a single step to the side and turns to face where it's landing.

 **banana (GM):** The street sweep through San Meat is peaceful, at first. The guards' authority, Vraknaar's fame, Ghol's tough and/or hearththrob attitude, Skeleton's magic.. you're quickly proceeding from district to district, door to door, being told earnestly by elf after elf that they know nothing about the dead.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Hey, yeah. Ghol is probably attracting a bunch of, uh, unrelated attention. That should at least help the Skeleton keep out of sight...

 **banana (GM):** The VTOL dragon turns to Xarvrax, bemused- it didn't expect anyone that it'd have to care about to be here.. but the rider on its neck is paying no attention to you. They stand up in the stirrups instead and begin bellowing out to the square, voice magically augmented.



Kon: Down the street, Kon has turned and wandered back. Another great exit, ruined.



Travis Meacham: 'wow you're right, ghol IS incredibly sexy and girls DO fall all over him. thank you, dm'



banana (GM): The Steak Whisperers' home is almost completely blocked off by the dragon's bulk. Maury has fallen over. Legitimate Phil emerges, but he just starts laughing and goes back inside.

Courier: "ATTENTION! Stand and listen for the Imperial Courier's words!"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol, Going Shirtless

Courier: "The morning's update on the situation in Marrow to the gathered people of this ceremony, by the grace of



banana (GM): his Imperial Highness Dragon Emperor Roland I Liberator."

Brass Dragon: "What happened to your other two legs?"



Placidus: What a stupid place for a courier to land, thinks Placidus as he gets up.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax arches a brow, before smirk, "I traded them for fists, easier to punch people with."

Courier: "Orcs are visible on the western horizon from Fulcrum! The ENTIRE horizon. Quick-marching, the Empire's forces aren't far behind, and will meet them in glorious confrontation! Even now the advance scouts harry one another in the ryefields of the west!"



Placidus: Ooh, rye. Placidus has wandered off to the perimeter of the competition area.



Travis Meacham: That's a lot of orcs, and, presumably a lot of imperial troops.

Brass dragon: The wyrm is rather old, and has a very specialised and busy job. It's never heard of dragonwrought. "Elandrat's disfavour, blue one. I would not be in your shoes, let alone choose the capability to wear them."



banana (GM): The heats! Competitors other than Paracelsus are lining up too - people are listening to the courier, but it seems to be just more of the same old propaganda, so they're going about their business..



Xarvrax: Xarvrax raises a clawed foot, "I still can't wear shoes, the claws tear straight through them. Also, what's wrong with being me? I'm amazing."



Travis Meacham: Travis keeps on walking and catches up with Placidus.

Courier: "The reserves from Lower Marrow have reached Horizon, there to resupply and deal briefly with some local issues! On the front, then, will be the third through eight Glitterwood Legions, the Home Regiments, the war-priests of the central plains and my own glorious aerocavalry brethren!"



Travis Meacham: local issues in horizon, eh. sounds like wizard troublnlke


Brass dragon: "You can't be as amazing as me, Prov the Swift-Appearing."




banana (GM): Elsewhere.. it's on the edge of the Shadow Quarter that the stench of necromancy arises.




Xarvrax: Xarvrax thinks for a second, "Fair enough I suppose, that's a pretty good title."

 **Ghol, Going East:** Well. Maybe should have expected that.


 **Skeleton:** "...hmm..."


 **banana (GM):** The temple guards are oblivious, but Vraknaar can literally smell it, and Skeleton can see it. This cluster of hovels, built into vast stumps of long dead ancient trees.. someone inside has been raising the dead. Only a couple of white elves are in the area, watching from high windows and hurriedly closed doors.


Prov: "Wisdom."


 **banana (GM):** The Sandwich competitors have gathered, and priests are standing around ushering them to places. You have a *lot* of people making food today - these heads are for both the singles and doubles events, and of course some won't make it to the main competition

Half the substance of the teams of the Hungry Games, then, are gathered - a riot of colour and arms and varied races, more diverse even than the touristy parts of the crowd.

 **Skeleton:** "I think we... win?" Skeleton's hood turns to look at Vraknaar a moment. Who've we got with us? Some guards and cultists? Just one or the other?


 **banana (GM):** Just guards, the dragon cultists didn't come.


 **Placidus:** Placidus waves at the dwarf ladies who bought him drinks the other day, and also the gnome team, out of solidarity. He doesn't wave at Jenny, since he just saw her a little bit ago and it would be weird.


 **Kon:** Do they still have team booths/dais/platforms here at the Grill? If so, Kon will be lounging on one of those. If not, he'll have found an appropriate seat in the crowd.


 **Vraknaar:** "Hard to say, isn't it? Could be anything in there."


Courier: "Once the horde is thrown back into the mountains a day of celebration will be declared - or continued celebration in the case of " consults scroll covered in notes " San Meat! Look forward, Imperial citizens, to that victory. This is all."


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol looks dubiously at the houses. "You want me to take a look around?"


 **Skeleton:** "Any sort of walking corpse at all.."


 **banana (GM):** There are still little wooden stages, not mostly in use right now. Kon can step over some ropes meant to hold back considerably smaller beings and laze.

 **Travis Meacham:** Travis is scoping out the prep tables and cooking areas.

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax waves at the dragon, "Good luck, seems like you'll need it with a human that stupid."

 **Skeleton:** "Well... I suppose we go in and look?"

 **banana (GM):** You've got the option of indoor or outdoor prep - it's very nice weather, due to the literal blessings of the Goddess, but some things need a more sterile environment. There are piles and stacks and pans and wedges of every kind of meat, cheese, bread, salad and condiment you've *heard* of, except possibly things they eat only in Ostgard. A couple of priests have a sort of starting flag that they're about to drop - teams are gathered in little strategic discussions, clumps of three, mostly. The Impkins, here to do doubles sandwich for the Erskine Order, look over and call out good luck.

 **Kon:** Ah, good. Kon will do so.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax pokes the wizard, "So? Any actual good ideas?"

City guard: "If you say so. We'll be right behind you, sirs, with the full authority of the Cult of Meat and sharp swords."

City guard: "If you say so. We'll be right behind you, sirs, with the full authority of the Cult of Meat and sharp swords."



Ghol, Going East: Great. Thanks guys.



Travis Meacham: oh do the doubles sandwiches have to be related to each other?



Ghol, Going East: Ghol will look to Vraknaar to get the okay before trying to poke around...not that he's like, particularly good at that in an urban setting.

But he's just been hanging around doing nothing, so might as well contribute.



Skeleton: At least they're sharp swords and not heavy clubs. Unless Vraknaar has better ideas, or indeed fails to go in first, Skeleton moves in.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar nods. Just look around befor charging in.

Father Burgersear: With megaphone and spatula in hand, the superior priest begins talking up the heats event. "We're gathered to take INSPIRATION from the goddess today."



banana (GM): In fact, the doubles sandwich event requires you to both collaborate on one sandwich - and many teams try to gain an advantage by producing elaborate concoctions that can't feasibly be prepared by a single individual.



Travis Meacham: In a low voice, so that it's difficult to verhear him. "I already told you. What if, instead of bread, we had a sandwich where the bread was woven strips of bacon?"




Placidus: Oh, cool, another speech from Burgersear. This is really interesting, and not at all a giant waste of time, thinks Placidus INCREDIBLY SARCASTICALLY.



banana (GM): It's so interesting that I'm not even going to transcribe it.



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+4 hrm...

( 2)+4

= 6

Ah.



Travis Meacham: "We could hash and fry some potatoes, beat them into some eggs and sausage, and then either a sweet or a tangy condiment. I think this could really start something."



banana (GM): Teams crowd around and into their chosen prep areas... there are the dwarves, and the gnomes, and the knights, and five apprentice wizards, and the three remaining dark cowled priests in their auras of radiating terror..

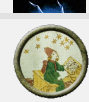


Travis Meacham: "Maybe even some lettuce or field greens for a crisp mouthfeel."



banana (GM): Someone in the crowd: "PUT IT ON! PUT IT ALLLLL ON!"

Xarvrax: "I suppose that could work."



Placidus: The first thing Placidus does after he gets to one of the sterile indoor areas is wash his hands thoroughly.

He's going to be doing that a lot, today. Because he's going to be handling meat.



banana (GM): Ghol eases open the door of a stump-hovel and moves very quietly inside, Skeleton following. Without alerting a soul, he steps into a shadowed area - and on a bone, which shatters loudly into fragments.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax pokes the wizard again.

"I have an idea."

"Any meat we cook today, let me handle it."



Ghol, Going East: Yep! Definitely necromancy!



Skeleton: Skeleton twitches and more or less jumps away from the noise, throwing their hands up defensively and standing up on one foot and generally looking ridiculous.



Ghol, Going East: He will freeze in place, looking around the room. How many MORE bones are there...?



Travis Meacham: "Alright. If we go with my idea it'll be mostly bacon, and we'll need to cook a LOT of it, all to a relatively same consistency."



Xarvrax: "I can do that. I'm great at frying things. You could say... it's my specialty."



banana (GM): Unfortunately, the bone fragments float up into the air and start spinning, as more rise to join them - red light fills the room, revealing wreckage and bloodless bodies. A necromancer's trap. Therefore, Ghol Vraknaar and Skeleton should roll initiative
brb unfortunately



Ghol, Going East: "Vraknaar! In here!"

rolling 1d20+2

(18)+2

= 20

SIGH.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar smashes through a door somewhere. Necromancers...!!

rolling 1d20+6


(16)+6

= 22




Travis Meacham: "Great! You can be on bacon, I'll work on the potatoes and eggs. I'll need some of the grease, of course.

"


 **Ghol, Going East:** "Keep the guards outside! We'll handle this!" It'd be great if they don't see precisely how they handle it.

 **Ferrinus:** rolling 1d20+3 initiative for skeleton


() + 3

= **5**


 **Skeleton:** Hmm.

 **banana (GM):** back unfortunately


Priests are everywhere at the Improv Sandwich heats. They have little autoglasses for time keeping, scoring sheets, they run to fetch utensils and provide refills.. a hundred scents rise and mix.


 **Placidus:** The essential philosophical component of the ideal sandwich term is multitude. It must contain a countably high number of distinct elements, whether it be composed of multiple small ingredients, multiple layers, many complex interlocking flavors... this sandwich for the heats is an elementary expression of these principles. A trial run before the finals.

 **banana (GM):** As does song.


 **Placidus:** But it's got to be good enough to get him there.

Placidus will get the oil heated while he carefully measures the dimensions of the cooking area.

 **banana (GM):** In one of the prep areas, there's a doubles team - two humans, one who looks like a living statue, the idealised male form. He's got a mixing bowl. The other has a dress, a face older than her body, and a beautiful voice which cuts through the clamour...

 **Travis Meacham:** The nature of bacon is such that Travis and Xarvrax will be making a lot of sandwiches, individually, rather than one big one they cut up.

This is for the best - it allows each baconwich to be a variation on the theme.


 **banana (GM):** "Sing a song of sustenance, ingredients combined." "Inspired taste sensations, a diet for the mind.." Bardic magic, or something similar- and music in its own right. The crowd are rapt.

..and in a darker place


rolling d20+5 shardcloud initiative

() + 5

= **11**

 **Travis Meacham:** I RECOGNIZE THOSE TWO
I RECOGNIZE THEM .

 **banana (GM):** rolling d20+6 pool golem initiative

() + 6

= **14**



Kon: Kon even begins bobbing his head along in time before considering that this might be interpreted as cheering for an opposing team, and circumspectly ceasing to do so.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax begins to rub his hands together and cackle madly for effect, though, his hands keep moving long after the cackling ends. Slowly building up a static charge to make what he's about to do easier.



banana (GM): Who does Travis recognise?

Because a lot of people are having really similar suspicions right now.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax gestures with his head to Travis, "Hey, could you lay out all the bacon you think we're going to need for this in a nice straight line for me?"



Travis Meacham: Travis lays out a LOT of bacon in a straight line. It's a very long line.



banana (GM): So: Ghol and Vraknaar have the drop on the skeletons, including on Skeleton. There are four of the shard cloud things hanging in the air, fluttering toward you - they are not the source of the red glow.



Placidus: The singing's all over in the doubles area, right?



banana (GM): I mentioned bloodless corpses, yes? Their blood had all pooled unnaturally together on the ground, and now it rises into a sort of golem, an animated blob, far bigger than a person. You're in small cramped dark rooms carved into the tree stump, and these dark creations are whirling and slopping about..

Placidus: the singing is, although the areas are right next to each other.



Travis Meacham: it's master jeff and tsukasa oyashiki



banana (GM): Bacon line.



Xarvrax: Time to lightning fry some bacon.



Ghol, Going East: "Oh, man."

Ghol's natural inclination is: go for the big thing.



Vraknaar: Let's rumble. Vraknaar obviously hasn't listen as he's sucking in a deep breath.

*hasn't learned his lesson

rolling 1d20+6 vs PD, fire breath

(12)+6

= 18


rolling 3d6+4 fire damage, vulnerable hard save ends


(4 + 6 + 6)+4


= 20



banana (GM): vs whom? that is sufficient to hit anyone, though


 **Vraknaar:** (if that missed it does 10 damage and vulnerable until end of turn)
the big one


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol almost breaks for the blood golem immediately, then hears the inhalation behind him--

 **banana (GM):** Flame washes over the blood blob walker and sears it black! It begins to stagger about, less sloshing than gooping, agility reduced.

Placidus's oil has come to the right temperature! He's got a few dwarves watching him, oddly- someone tipped them off to be here for the Fixlmilner special, according to their hastily constructed signs they're waving.


In the confined space, Ghol has to hastily dodge while the exhalation continues. I mean, he's seen what that fire can do.. but then the coast is clear for him to go in.

 **Xarvrax:** Do I have to roll anything to lightning fry bacon, or can I just do it?

 **Vraknaar:** The flames of the Red don't just burn... they erode the structure of anything they touch. His allies' attacks will find purchase easily, even in an amorphous blood blob.



 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol goes in.

rolling 1d20+7

() + 7

= **21**


rolling 2d6+6


( + ) + 6

= **13**

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE

vs blood golem

 **banana (GM):** I'm going to assume that small meatcooking lightnings are something Xarvrax can manage without effort. It certainly draws a few oohs and aahs- but how will it tastes?



 **Ghol, Going East:** even, 2nd attack

rolling 1d20+6

() + 6

= **7**

rolling 2d6+5

( + ) + 5

= **14**

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE



Travis Meacham: Travis tries a strip. How DOES it taste?



Ghol, Going East: Yikes



banana (GM): Hit - the blood golem is staggered by the your twin assault.



Placidus: Er. Well, okay. They see him with rolled-up sleeves, carefully breaching little oysters. Once the oil's come up to temperature, he's got them laid out on cutting boards in elaborate geometric patterns. Placidus takes a step back, and the dwarves feel a deep hum in their sternums, as would anyone who was around but not visible, like a spy or something.



banana (GM): How does the bacon taste? Delicious, frankly. It's not just crispy, but crumbly- forming little curls and nodules which have a special tang.. it might be a challenge to make any solid structure from this, but it's pretty novel.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol's first blow with the Rune lands solidly, but the second from his basic machete ends up with the blade slapping wetly into a patch of goop -- not doing much of anything, let alone damage.



Placidus: The gnome frowns, and takes half a step to the left. Then he takes a full step to the right. A quarter step back and- aha! Lit with trails of violet light like tiny firecrackers, the oysters do an elaborate dance into and out of the oil in a very precise sequence, coming to rest on a set of elevated cooling racks to drain.



Xarvrax: Don't sorcerer's apprentice us here.



banana (GM): The animate blood pool “draws back”, or at least into itself, and then stretches out- rushing forward to wrap up Ghol and Vraknaar, attempting to prevent them from breaking the bone clouds. It’s engaged with you both..



Placidus: You'd like that, wouldn't you, sorcerer.



banana (GM): rolling d20+6 vs ghol ac

(3)+6

= 9

rolling d20+6 vs vraknaar ac

(19)+6

= 25



Xarvrax: No, because that's MY job.



Travis Meacham: damn it xarvrax youve done too good a job here!!



Ghol, Going East: Ghol manages to dive out of the way!



banana (GM): Vraknaar takes 8 damage from the Blood Slam - and disengage checks from the golem are now a hard save, rather than easy.

(for him)



Xarvrax: "Fine fine, I'll cook some of it with fire too."



Travis Meacham: "Alright, this bacon is really, really good. We can't make a sandwich out of it, but I have another idea."



Kon: Kon might have suggested weaving the uncooked bacon and THEN having Xarvrax zap it, but that would require speaking -- and besides, surely the artists know their work.



Travis Meacham: HE SAID A STRAIGHT LINE
THATS PROBABLY HOW LIGHTNING WORKS

"Let's grill up some patties of ground beef, and get some cheese, onions, pickles, lettuce, tomato, and mustard."

unless The Bacon Cheeseburger is already a well-known invention



Xarvrax: "I'll handle the meat then."




banana (GM): The bone shard clouds drift forward, whirling and shredding.. specifically, two each are going to shred Ghol and Vraknaar. Here's the super unfair part: they move THROUGH and past you, ending up unengaged.

rolling d20 + 5 vs vraknaar ac, 5 damage

() + 5


= **22**

rolling d20 + 5 vs vraknaar ac, 5 damage

() + 5

= **10**

rolling d20 + 5 vs ghol ac, 5 damage

() + 5

= **12**

rolling d20 + 5 vs ghol ac, 5 damage

() + 5

= **21**



Ghol, Going East: miss/hit



Xarvrax: "Actually, I've got a pretty good idea on what to do here."




Vraknaar: did the blood thing make its save, i regrettably ask



banana (GM): They are all clustered in front of the more intact Skeleton, behind whom the two city guards are.. cowering, basically.

They could probably be persuaded to join the fight, but they haven't.

rolling d20 target 16

()

= **9**

The blood golem is still Vulnerable.



Ghol, Going East: They should have stayed outside!

Ghol will signal for them to run!



Skeleton: "Aah. Aah! Get away!"



Ghol, Going East: And by signal, he means yell and shout and etcetera!



Xarvrax: "Get me the lettuce and tomatoes to go with it."



Skeleton: is skeleton Engaged by these two clouds, or just in front of them



Ghol, Going East: THEIR Skeleton can't go up against the OTHER skeleton (things) with them hanging around...!



Travis Meacham: "Oh, we should cook the onions with a little of the beef grease."



banana (GM): The shardclouds haven't engaged skeleton.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar barely notices his injuries. His claws extended and mouth open, he doesn't even know the guards are there.



banana (GM): rolling d20 guards terror bravery

()

= **5**



Travis Meacham: Travis slices up the tomatoes precisely, gets some good looking leaves of lettuce, and picks out a mildly flavored cheese that will melt well.



banana (GM): Ghol's signal is enough. The two crystal-armoured guards hesitate for a moment.. but surely Vraknaar's people can handle this. They turn and flash away into the sunlight, then start running.



Ghol, Going East: Phew.



Travis Meacham: "Bread... bread, bread, bread. I need a big, soft roll, pretty flat."



Skeleton: Skeleton glances back. Do the guards look in a running mood? Oh, good. Turning back, Skeleton holds both arms out, flexing their fingers at the clouds of bone.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax takes a head of lettuce and tosses it into the air, blasting a burst of chilled air at it, and slicing through it with his claws as it falls.



Skeleton: "scuse me, just going to borrow- you don't mind, do you? See, there's extra bits here, and here..."

rolling 1d3+1 crumbling skeleton mooks appear!

(**3**)+1

= **4**

oh hell yes.

i'm just going to send my mooks to engage the clouds, one apiece



banana (GM): There are some Vigor Rolls here that should do for Travis' purpose, if he cuts them in half. Little bun things, nice and round, sourdough.



Skeleton: rolling 1d20+6 vs. ac for 3 damage on each cloud

(**5**)+6

= **11**

rolling 1d20+6 vs. ac for 3 damage on each cloud

(**17**)+6

= **23**

rolling 1d20+6 vs. ac for 3 damage on each cloud

(**7**)+6

= **13**

rolling 1d20+6 vs. ac for 3 damage on each cloud

(**2**)+6

= **8**



banana (GM): (An invention of Vigor City in Ostgard, the vigor roll is now common throughout the realm)



Travis Meacham: He tosses one over to Xarvrax. "Patties about this big. A little bigger, they'll cook down."



banana (GM): Alright, skeleton's skeleton minions attack the skeletons.



Placidus: While the oysters are cooking themselves, Placidus is mixing a bunch of condiments together - egg and vinegar emulsified, a bit of mustard, some more vinegar and spicy pepper in suspension, a bit of juice from some pickles he's cut up with his botany knife. Mix these thoroughly and let them sit. They're going to need exactly fourteen minutes to mingle which is good because that will give the oysters time to come to temperature and a chance to toast some very long rolls.



Skeleton: True to the skeleton's word, there's extra material swirling around in the air, here. Portions of each cloud simply detach, wreathing themselves in a soft, flickering silver rather than a cloudy, bloody red, and are joined by more pieces of used-up bone that pick themselves up off the floor and pull themselves out of the walls.



Ghol, Going East: Man, it's so weird seeing that happen and it NOT being fatally bad news.



Travis Meacham: "Do you think we should cook the rolls? Toast them a little?"



banana (GM): Two of the shardclouds are hit - both now staggered!



Skeleton: Half-finished skeletons, floating more so than standing, now swordfight, wrestle, or simply stare hard at the clouds of bone chips that birthed them.



Xarvrax: Deciding to clean his hands, Xarvrax sicks then into one of the nearby fires, before dragging some of it out to cook the patty tossed to him. "Like this?"



banana (GM): Searing the burger for a second definitely improves its appe- hey, wait.



Skeleton: anyway, that's it for me, i used soliloquy there to get recharge on that daily



banana (GM): Wow. The priests' names are divinely provided, presumably? The Goddess knows what she's on about.



Travis Meacham: "It's the bacon that's gonna be the key to this whole sandwich. Only season the meat lightly. Yeah, like that."



Xarvrax: "It's up to you on that one, about the toasting."
"Though, if the bacon is key, we should do as little as possible to take away from it."



Vraknaar: oh, shoot, sorry. didn't realize it was skeleton crushing time

rolling 1d20+7 vs AC, blood pool

() + 7

= **13**

probably a miss, 2 damage



banana (GM): Elsewhere at the Sandwich... Sam Chatwick, the "Barbarians" improv savant, is seemingly making slap-dash creations. He looks quite different to the other "barbarians", blonde haired and blue eyed, but he has their same tribal tattoos (if newer). The sandwich artist is just rapid-fire producing bread-and-meat combinations, passing them around to eager crowd members for feedback - seems to be an iterative process.



Travis Meacham: "Alright yeah, no toasting. Hm, hm. Order. Order."



banana (GM): The blood golem takes 2. Anything else?



Placidus: Wash hands thoroughly, again - if nothing else these dwarves are getting a clinic on how to maintain a very clean and orderly kitchen - and carefully cut a number of long baguette-type rolls lengthwise, oiling them a bit and letting them toast gently in the oven. Now where'd that lettuce go...



Travis Meacham: "So the mustard BENEATH the patty, then the cheese, then the tomato, bacon, lettuce. Yeah."

Blood Golem: sbllloorqqrch



Ghol, Going East: Yuck.



Wraknaar: Nope, that's it.




Ghol, Going East: Ghol's bounced back a little bit, but after the red dragon misses wide, he's back into the fray--



Wraknaar: Wraknaar slashes at the blood pool, but doesn't make much contact.





Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+8

() + 8

= **11**

rolling 2d6+6

( + ) + 6

= **16**

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE



Xarvrax: Xarvrax moves on to the rest of the patties, deciding it's time to get the show on the road. Clearing his throat, "Come witness the amazing Sorcerer and Wizard create a feast fit for the blue herself!"



Ghol, Going East: surprising, make that a 2
a 2 entitles me to reroll the attack




banana (GM): Another 2! It's lost mass (still staggered), but moving around..





Ghol, Going East: as so

rolling 1d20+8

() + 8

= **21**

rolling 2d6+6

( + ) + 6


= **16**


ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE





banana (GM): wait, no.


Now it isn't moving around. It's exploding.

 **Travis Meacham:** That's a sort of motion.


 **Ghol, Going East:** ghol still gets one more attack -- he will use it on the nearest shardcloud
oh, no
odd attack
turn over

 **Placidus:** Aha! Here we go. Placidus tosses a couple lemons up toward the ceiling, and they start rolling in circles around on that big cone that ordinarily exists to funnel smoke up out of here. In any case the gnome carefully tests the lettuce's tensile strength, making some notes with a short pencil on the back of a napkin. Right, okay. Time for assembly.

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax finds a nearby spatula, flipping the burgers high into the air, before firing short bursts of fire at them to cook them before they land.


 **banana (GM):** So I mean, it's moving in more directions than before. Everyone engaged with the floating blood is splattered in heated, ashen stuff!

rolling d20+6 vs ghol pd


()+6


= **26**

rolling d20+6 vs vraknaar pd


()+6


= **18**


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol buries the Rune of Peace in the blood golem's head -- and then is thrown backwards when the thing goes boom. Goes splorch?
Gah!!


 **banana (GM):** 6 fire damage to vraknaar, TWELVE fire damage to ghol, and both are vulnerable until the end of their next turns (not counting this current turn for Ghol).


Crowd member near Travis and Xarvrax: "Juggle! Juggle the meat!"


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol hits the wall hard and tries to scrape the fiery, disgusting goop off himself.

 **Travis Meacham:** Travis will juggle. He's actually got a pretty good trick for that. Each sandwich goes through two loops as the components come together into the right order.

 **banana (GM):** The shard cloud things... are they free to move to (and through) Skeleton? Do his minions impede that?

 **Travis Meacham:** He's also spent a little time using a very low-powered ray of frost to ensure the lettuce and tomatoes are cool, but not icy.

 **Skeleton:** The clouds are Engaged with the minions, if that helps any.

 **banana (GM):** The good news is that using magic powers to make food is completely legit, here.



Xarvrax: Grabbing a second spatula, Xarvrax obliges, now channeling his lightning through the spatulas to cook the airborne meat, before tossing it into Travis's juggling hands.



Placidus: Friction is the killer of a philosophically sound sandwich. Wet ingredients must not be allowed to rest contiguously under any circumstances. The toasted, chewy crusty bread gets a precisely measured layer of the sauce, and then the crunchy lettuce nestles inside it. From there, fried oysters are generously applied, no longer needing to respect the geometry of the frying oil they happen to fit together perfectly, providing an unbroken continuity of proportion from bite to bite, which is another crucial component to sandwich physics.



Skeleton: If the clouds were floating apart, each is engaged with one mook, although if skeleton was able to they'd arranged it so it's one big confusing tangle no one can easily escape.



Travis Meacham: Travis actually tries a little variation. In some of them the cheese goes over the tomato, some of them it goes under the patty. Some of them don't have tomato - not everyone likes it. He uses a little tomato paste on the top bun instead for those.



banana (GM): Or any kind of powers, really - the other gnome in the singles competition, far side from Placidus, is rapid-assembling sandwiches with some sort of many-armed machine that clanks and spits out ketchup.



Travis Meacham: that weas a cool fact about ketchup



banana (GM): Alright, the shard cloud things are kind of stupid and each is going to try and disassemble the skeleton on it.



Travis Meacham: it got really popular because people didnt trust tomatoes to be safe to eat when unprocessed



Skeleton: The skeletons are resistant 16+ to weapons, which perhaps applies to the pointy bone bits sawing at them...?



banana (GM): They do this by whirring *through* and away from them, all then clustering together as a dangerous mass.

rolling d20 vs a mook, 5 damage and pop free

(8)

= 8

rolling d20 vs a mook, 5 damage and pop free

(11)

= 11

rolling d20 vs a mook, 5 damage and pop free

(14)

= 14

rolling d20 vs a mook, 5 damage and pop free

(10)

= 10

No weapons involved here.



Skeleton: CRUMBLING SKELETON MOOK: HP 6, AC 16, PD 14, MD 10; Vuln. Holy; Sword: +6 vs. AC for 3 damage; Resist weapons 16+



banana (GM): Man, these skeletons are good at taking on skeletons.

Skeleton's turn.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax continues his speech, "Not just a feast fit for The Blue anymore, a feast fit for The Five themselves, coming from a dragon and a mighty wizard!"



Skeleton: They're too tough! Or, alternatively, too ghostly. Many of them are just standing on loose glowing sketches of where their legs would be if there were enough bone to spare, etc.



banana (GM): People are definitely Impressed by the seafood and grill sandwiches your two subteams are cooking up.. smell coming along nicely, too. Hourglasses everywhere go BING and priests begin running about, urging contestants to start getting together for tasting...



Placidus: The lemon's roll gets lazier and lazier up above. Once the sandwiches' bases are assembled, Placidus allows for some periodicity among the condiments. These ones here get pickled peppers, these ones here get pickled cucumbers, these ones here get a dash of that spicy vinegary solution, these ones here get a bit of rocket... many of the sandwiches get more than one of these things; their topping patterns overlapping like the scales of a dragon.

He's forgetting something, though...

Placidus is startled by the BING and pounds on the counter, which causes a knife resting on a half-sliced cucumber to go spinning into the air. Above, the lemon's finally settled down enough to fall through the funnel... and it's neatly bisected on the way down by the spinning knife, which ends up in the ceiling somewhere.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax sets down one of the spatulas, hanging on to the other for now, Turning to Travis after he hears the priests, "We good here?"



Placidus: The two lemon halves look up at Placidus from the countertop. "Oh, right!"



Travis Meacham: Travis cuts one of his sandwiches in half and shares it with Xarvrax, real quick. "Omf nomf nomf. I think so. Yeah, this is great."



Placidus: Little bit of lemon juice is what these need.

"I'm going to need some help carrying these out."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax grabs it and takes a bite, "Hey, this really is fit for The Five, though, it would have to be bigger."

Acolyte Lemongrab: "Sir, I was born to help carry these out."



Placidus: Placidus nods firmly. "Acceptable."



banana (GM): Everyone's got hovering priests, but Placidus has drawn the attention of one initiate in particular.



Skeleton: oh, it's skeleton's turn, isn't it. here's the plan: order the mooks to keep fighting with a quick action, and use confuse undead on the golem in the meantime



Ghol, Going East: Golem has just exploded into death goop.



Xarvrax: The golem blew up, it's dead.



Skeleton: oh, really? i thought the golem blowing up was just an attack



Ghol, Going East: skeleton! pay attention, but hole



banana (GM): nope, it blew into bits
because of being Destroyed



Skeleton: rolling 1d20+8 vs. md of the shardcloud with the lowest MD for some negative energy damage, then

(10)+8

= 18



banana (GM): hits



Skeleton: rolling 1d10+4 this much

(2)+4

= 6

and, ordering mook attacks:

rolling 1d20+7 for 3 damage on shardclouds

(16)+7

= 23

rolling 1d20+7 for 3 damage on shardclouds

(3)+7

= 10

rolling 1d20+7 for 3 damage on shardclouds

(18)+7

= 25

rolling 1d20+7 for 3 damage on shardclouds

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

$$= 14$$



banana (GM): The Sandwich grounds are full of delicious looking food now- the crowd slavers, as do even some of the competitors. Only priests are immune. Now the entries are going to be put on display, and competitors begin wandering around to start tasting the fruits of each others' imagination, with scoring sheets being urged into their hands...



Skeleton: Skeleton leans forward, now, seizing and fraying the dark energies that hold the clouds together even as the friendly bonewrought minions go on the offensive themselves. It's a slaughter!



banana (GM): alright, 6 damage kills one of the shardclouds and then 3 of it spills over onto another, killing that also



Placidus: Alright, let's see what we've got here...



banana (GM): leaving your mook attackers to do another 6 total damage with their hits.. killing the other two



Skeleton: badass



banana (GM): via Precisely Enough damage in precisely the right places



Xarvrax: Hurrah for mr skeltal.



Vraknaar: thanks mr skeltal



banana (GM): "Kelly"'s command of undeath is frankly *better* than the power imbued in this trap. It comes naturally.



Skeleton: "...hey, I think we got them. Guys?"



Ghol, Going East: The fall of the final cloud of ghastly bone bits presumably frees Ghol to concentrate on what's really important, namely, stumbling outside and finding a trough or basin of water to comically tumble into.



banana (GM): By the time the frenzy is over, sker minions have coalesced into entire bone forms, stealing the entire substance of the clouds - they're now formed of shards and chunks, kind of like humanoid arara.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar shakes blood off his claws and exhales, but then turns to Skeleton's minions.



banana (GM): Being the heats, Placidus Travis and Xarvrax are all faced with a dizzying array of sandwiches and of peopel to impress. *Almost* every single team has competitors here.
The only missing ones, in fact:



Xarvrax: Even fire face?



Placidus: There's no sign of that huge, terrifying giant right?



banana (GM): - Salubriot was only able to enter the doubles, not the singles



Placidus: Whew!



banana (GM): No, he's here, and heavily armoured today. Keeps *away* from Travis however.



Skeleton: Skeleton skerself is eyeing them at the moment. They're a little shorter than ske is and, of course, unclothed, so the hooded and robed figure is sort of leaning at them, twisting around to look behind them, tapping experimentally on their skulls, etc. The minions don't seem to mind, though it's possible they do notice.



Placidus: I mean, awkward for Travster, but whew!



banana (GM): - The Aftershock don't have a singles entrant either



Travis Meacham: Travis is keeping away from Salubriot, who hurled him bodily through a tree with what looked like no effort whatsoever, too.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar seems to notice, and mind. His claws extended, he advances.



banana (GM): - The Steak Whisperers have no doubles eaters - only Phil is here, putting together submarine sandwiches with lots of lettuce and beef while the others cheer him on sullenly from the bookies' corner.



Skeleton: "These are pretty good, hey? You know, I wasn't sure I'd be able to put four together again. I think the- hey, hey!"

"They don't last more than a few minutes, anyway. Leave off and let's make sure to spring whatever else is in here before they fall apart."



banana (GM): The trap was guarding something - a cabinet, the one piece of intact furniture in the place..



Placidus: "Hello, Phil!" Placidus is cordial to all the other contestants



Ghol, Going East: Cabinets...



Placidus: Can we see the other area? Can Placidus see what Xarvrax and Travis came up with?



banana (GM): Yep, that's the guy.



Xarvrax: Wait, Phil of the legitimate variety?



Travis Meacham: also who were the aftershock again



Ghol, Going East: Ghol, were he in the room instead of outside trying desperately to get clean, would be very suspicious of any cabinets in the vicinity of necromancy in this city.



Xarvrax: That guy!



banana (GM): The Aftershock are a team you haven't encountered much until today. The singing sandwich makers are theirs...



Skeleton: Skeleton waves an arm vaguely, and one of the minions goes clacking forward to open the cabinet up. See, handy.



Travis Meacham: ah you meant they didnt have a singles entrant, not that zero of them were playing. got you.



Placidus: The Aftershock are the guys who are totally not the secret band that went into hiding after supporting the Fisher politically, right?



banana (GM): They're sponsored by the "Pocket Bay Netters' Guild", and all four of their members are kind of weird looking.. humans with glamorous appearances, none young.

right, them

or rather, totally not them

Specifically, they're totally not: former victors of the Hungry Games, ten years ago

Placidus has an interesting group of people, therefore, filing by to eat and comment on his poboys. (As will Travis and Xarvrax, but like five minutes later)



Vraknaar: Vraknaar manages to pull back, moving through the small building looking to see if there are any more traps.



Xarvrax: So is everyone all together now?



banana (GM): The heats are one big chaotic thing with the two grounds right next to each other - you can wander over if you like now that the timer is done.

(But, you do have to try out and score the other entrants' meals!)

Not every entry nor entrant is interesting. Some are notable...



Xarvrax: Good. Good!

Xarvrax wanders around, trying the different things, scoring them as he feels is okay.

Which are notable then, for scoring purposes?



banana (GM): Such as this: a really really tall gnome stumbles over to the Kon's doubles entrants and makes sort of, clutching motions. He's from the gnome team pair, obviously, but I don't think either of you know him. He looks.. unwell, and hungry.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax blinks. That can't be right.



banana (GM): And such as this: Placidus is faced with Sam Chatwick's sandwich table, though the man himself is distracted.. he's talking awkwardly to an Erskine knight who is his spitting image, except heavily armoured. The funny thing is that all of Sam's sandwiches are unlike. They're mostly quite simple, neatly cut bread with a few appetising ingredients in varied combinations...

One of them is almost the exact shape of the central cog of Placidus's whatever it is. The complex thing.



Placidus: Er.

What's it made of?



banana (GM): Bread. I mean, there's stuff inside.

Actually you can't see any meat at all.

If Vraknaar doesn't smash the skeleton minion before it opens the cabinet, then, it reveals a little cache.. there's a wand, and some bottled magic potions, and a travel case full of folded papers. Jackpot?



Placidus: Is there exactly one sandwich for each singles participant?




banana (GM): Placidus thinks: yes.





Skeleton: "Hmm!"





Xarvrax: Waaaaaaaands.


 **Skeleton:** If nothing explodes, Skeleton goes through the haul. What's the wand look like it does, and what do the papers say, and are the potions labeled?


 **banana (GM):** And to Placidus's table to eat oysters and lemon: the Apparator, that odd stick figure of light, who's drawn a mouth for the occasion. His own creation is an abstract thing which LOOKS very impressive but tastes like someone put ham and cheese together and called it a day.


 **Vraknaar:** Vraknaar's most interested in the papers.


 **Placidus:** Placidus is going to eat one of the sandwiches that doesn't look like it was made for him.


 **banana (GM):** Please roll dex to do this without being noticed.

 **Travis Meacham:** wow, thats incredibly rucde, placidus


 **Xarvrax:** After scoring the rest of the doubles, Xarvrax heads over to see what Phil's concocted.

 **banana (GM):** The extremely tall and muscular gnome treats his burger like it was a clearwater spring in the hottest part of the Moonwreck. "Gods, Mech.. Macham, dragon guy. Amazing. Number one out of one."


 **Placidus:** rolling d20+2 placidus doesn't have a dexterity modifier

() + 2


= **17**


 **banana (GM):** If unmolested he'll stagger off, but you're honestly not sure he'll make it without collapsing.


rolling d20+3 sam chatwick came late in life to spotting duties on the plains


() + 3


= **5**


 **Travis Meacham:** "Are ... are you alright?" Travis gently takes his arm. "Do you need a seat or something?"


 **banana (GM):** Placidus's little operation goes off well, and he ends up with a morsel which tastes.. kind of light, sausage-y. It's not that impressive.

 **Xarvrax:** Man, you could slap that guy and he might not notice.

 **Travis Meacham:** He's also looking skeptically at the sandwich the priests expect him to eat.
What does he see ... ?

 **Placidus:** Pity. He'll not score this very highly.

 **banana (GM):** Xarvrax comes across Salubriot's entry. It's.. more charred than cooked, kind of like hot bread coals with chunks of nearly raw meat. Funnily enough, it DOES bring out the flavour, and to a dragon the whole thing is very edible indeed. Other contestants might disagree.

 **Xarvrax:** Well, that'll get my top score then.



banana (GM): Placidus gets a good review from Helen Dementor, who's a fan of oysters, and a bad one with apologies from "Suds" the dwarf, who isn't.



Placidus: Really, it serves Chatwick right for trying to get so cute with his entries. Let this be a lesson for him: uniqueness is weakness.

Wow, Placidus thinks as he works on the gnome team's entry, that's pretty clever. It'd make a great slogan.



banana (GM): Travis and the Heartsblood Gorgers: the priest of Mailer and the priest of Blamer, working in tandem, have produced things like cupcakes; doughy sandwichettes in little wrappers. They smell salty and of warm meat; not too unappetising.



Skeleton: choose your character's One Weak Thing



Placidus: *everyone picks 'has to hang out with a skeleton'*




banana (GM): The tall gnome who Travis and Xarvrax helped to a seat eventually staggers up, hands his mostly-empty sheet to a judge, and leaves the square. A more normal-sized one who's presiding over their table calls "Srea..?" but he doesn't seem to notice.

So, the necromancer's cache: the wand is for casting magic spells with, and you'd bet they'd be more powerful, too. It's also.. aspected. Not sure how. Definitely some additional effect.




Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20 ghol, meanwhile, uses a recovery

()

= **11**

er

rolling 1d8 ghol, meanwhile, uses a recovery

()

= **7**



Vraknaar: should be 2d8



banana (GM): The potions are (select 300 gp worth of potions from the Adventurer and/or Champion lists)! Score.



Vraknaar: rolling 2d8+2 recovery for vraknaar

() + 2

= **10**



Ghol, Going East: it's actually 1d8 x level
which is the method i choose to use, since, 7



Placidus: I'm always gonna roll as few dice as possible, tbh



Ghol, Going East: heal 16



Xarvrax: Pfft, all you people and your terrible con mods.



banana (GM): The papers are where the real jackpot lies. There's 20 pages here of tight scrawl and diagrams.. most of which makes no sense. Actual nonsense, or a cipher - the letters don't form words or have meaning. Two of the diagrams are obvious: maps. And one of them is a route out of this very city, with a hidden eastern way out through the woods clearly marked.



Travis Meacham: Well, Travis is going to pretend to eat the food from heartsblood gorgers.



banana (GM): (The other's a sea chart, which is not obvious in import to you but has a lot of annotations)

Travis is not alone in this.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax ate it, it's really hard to poison a dragon anyway.



Skeleton: "Hmm. So, the question here is, why was this left here at all?"



banana (GM): The dark priests are totally enjoying others' sandwiches, though, bits and bites disappearing into their cowls.. one of them turns to Travis just as he's smuggling away an uneaten cupwich. "How's the cumin, man?"



Skeleton: Skeleton swishes the wand experimentally. "I mean, this seems to work... like, it's better than not having it."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol will wander back in once he's sufficiently washed off. Have the guards COMPLETELY split? Is there any sign they're sending reinforcements?



banana (GM): I'm going to have Xarvrax roll an endurance check...

er

i mean Constitution

Vraknaar and Ghol's best guess as to why this was left here at all: Bonanda, if this cache was his, left the city Very Quickly and without time to prepare. Perhaps he didn't want to stop running.

And yeah, no guards.



Travis Meacham: "I'm not sure I tasted it, how much did you use?"



Vraknaar: "Maybe. Who knows what secrets it hides, in a place like this?"



Skeleton: "And here's, look, a path out... maybe this is the way he ran?" Skeleton draws a gloved hand across the recognizable map.

Dark Priest: "Just a pinch to bring out the punch. Take two or three if you like - the high concept here is repeats, the tray that comes past you and you take one every time."



Ghol, Going East: "Hrm," says Ghol once he's back inside, "perhaps we should check out this exit. Might have left other traps."




Vraknaar: The dragonwrought growls. "I'd be more careful about throwing skeletons about. The guards could have seen, and if you're exposed, I won't protect you."



Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 9 Dargonforged.

(15)+9

= 24

-  **Vraknaar:** "That other stuff you do, they could write it off as devotion to the dark gods or something, but... not that."
-  **banana (GM):** This is not Xarvrax's sort of food, but it's well made. He doesn't feel any ill effects vOv
-  **Skeleton:** "I've been working on this, actually. I could've made them look accidental."
-  **Travis Meacham:** "Enjoyment through subconscious consumption? Clever."
-  **banana (GM):** There's only one other interesting thing that happens to Placidus in the scoring. Helen "the Inventor" Dementor comes back. dragging her packed up sandwich machine, and begins talking quietly. "Placidus, right?"
-  **Xarvrax:** Dark gods or not, it's better than some of the other slop.
-  **Skeleton:** "Anyway, if we want to catch the green-capped elf - we do, right - I imagine this path here's the one to follow. Of course, it might well lead to some kind of stronghold or safehouse..."
-  **banana (GM):** Helen's sandwich was a weirdly shaped thing, breads at odd angles embedded within the meat, creating unusual and interesting varied tastes. Not amazing, but interesting.
-  **Placidus:** Placidus is a big fan of interesting things. "Hello."
-  **Travis Meacham:** Honestly, Travis doesn't hate Salubriot's sandwich. It's annoying to eat and burned his mouth, but it was an interesting taste experience.
-  **banana (GM):** The escape map leads to: the coast, eventually. It describes a route through the Yetanotherwood and thereby east.
-  **Travis Meacham:** He went by to pick it up when the giant was out judging.
-  **Placidus:** Does the map pass Santa Cora?
-  **Ghol, Going East:** Bonanda, Going East, as well.
-  **banana (GM):** Just about everyone seems to have liked Travis and Xarvrax's own contribution. Their only evident negative review was from two apprentice wizards of the Thaumaturgustators, who claimed it had "too much mayonnaise".
-  **Vraknaar:** Back to Omen. Vraknaar snarls while looking at the map. "We let the rat escape the trap. We should follow him."
-  **Xarvrax:** Wait, we didn't even put any on there...
Those sore losers!
-  **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol nods. "We can at least check his exit from the city...and either clean it out and keep it open should we need it, or close it up if it's tainted."
-  **Skeleton:** "Fine by me. Back to the others, I guess? I hope I can figure this wand out..."
-  **banana (GM):** The map heads toward Santa Cora, but makes the coast well before it - north of

Horizon, actually.



Skeleton: "That's true, we should at least see if anything else is waiting on the path he took through San Meat."



Travis Meacham: Travis shakes his head at the Thaumaturgustators. Clods.

Sure, the cheese was midl enough that if you were an imbecile you could mitsake it for mayonnaise. But, well.

Helen Dementor: "Yeah, yo. Very good work with the pepper sauce and so on. You know, I think we're both through to the main event."



Placidus: "You're very kind. I appreciated how challenging your sandwich was."



Vraknaar: "Good idea. Let's go." Vraknaar steps out of the building, looking for any trace of the guards.

Helen Dementor: "Oh thank you! There's an algorithm involved, training- anyway, just a thought: the numbers are as important as the meats, here. I don't even like meat that much. So when we do the main deal tomorrow.. want to keep up the mutual appreciation?"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol will follow after, keeping an eye open for...whatever.



Skeleton: It's probably too much to hope for Bonanda to have abandoned any other treasure troves, but on the other hand he might've left a few more spite-zombies in his wake, so.



Travis Meacham: brb



banana (GM): Scoring sheets have all been collected, now. As the other three Men arrive back at the city square, the priests are gathering to begin announcements and, ultimately, setup for the evening event.

Bonanda's trail doesn't actually lead from the cache, but rather from the Establishment where he was staying - following it to the city's edge, there's no obvious marks, but he definitely used the route out of the city (missing bricks in a wall, a branch that pulls down..).

Most of the food has been eaten. Only a few unlucky contestants still have any sandwich stocks left.. the crowd will happily finish them up, but those are not going to be victors.



Vraknaar: "At least it seems like we've cleaned him out of the city, then."



Ghol, Going East: They should probably poke around for anymore necromancy just in case, but it looks like the trail goes cold here...



banana (GM): Let's assume, though, that you guys each saved a couple for your returning friends.



Ghol, Going East: ...well, considering this is necromancy, it probably went cold weeks or months ago. Just, you know, didn't stop moving around.



banana (GM): Yeah, that's the good news: necroterror is gone from San Meat. You know where it went, even.



Placidus: Placidus definitely saved a couple sandwiches for Ghol and Vraknaar. He considers Helen's offer. Does she seem trustworthy?



Kon: Kon will have one sandwich from each, if the teams save them. That should be a sufficiently small Tiding Over for dinner tonight: the Sausage Heat.



banana (GM): Helen has too-bright eyes - the familiar sign of a gnome who augments their natural creative prowess with the mushrooms that are so common west of Anvil. Some of the best actors in the troupe were that way; perfectly trustworthy if nothing interfered with their supply.



Skeleton: rolling 1d20 recharge 18 btw

(19)

= 19

hah!



banana (GM): that's even higher than 19...



Vraknaar: no it isn't! stop messing with my head!



banana (GM): X(whoops

Father Vealsgravy: "A display of invention that settles the stomach and the mind. The piety on display this lunchtime has invigorated us all, except not literally - time to lie down for a while!" General chuckles.

The priest's got the magic megaphone as usual. "There are winners - everyone involved - and then there are the truly blessed. The best half or so of each competition will be advancing to the major event. Please hand me the list of summed names and totals.."



Placidus: One time as a youth while Placidus was learning to cook - he always loved cooking, how couldn't you? making lists, careful measuring of ingredients and time, following directions... - he mistook a stash of those mushrooms for the kind it was okay to make stew out of. He realized his mistake too late, and disposed of the evidence by eating it. It was pretty good, honestly, though it didn't make him any better at acting, and his brain is perfectly normal. Anyway, an ally with a habit is an exploitable weakness - it's just not safe. "I would if I could, Helen, but I'm responsible to a bunch of dragons each with their own special inferiority complex. There's no telling what they'll see as reasonable competition and what they'll see as an intolerable intrusion of unsportsmanship. I'm not nonflammable enough to risk it."



Ghol, Going East: To Vraknaar and Skeleton: "So, now that we know there's no more necromancy going on in the city -- present company, uh, excluded, except to the extent that we're still keeping an eye on you -- we should probably start thinking about...the dark priests."



Xarvrax: I wouldn't burn you... for that.



Skeleton: Skeleton, who's rejoined the group and has secreted the wand away in sker robes: "Have they done much beyond be our competition?"



Vraknaar: "One of them got killed, and that's not the sort of thing devotees of their pantheon will take lying down."



Skeleton: "Was it our fault, though."



Crion: "Their idea of competition has been a lot more lethal than everyone else's. They somehow had Night Steaks moved to the first night of the Games -- and were given a say in how it was set up. I don't like that."

Father Vealsgravy: "First, the three Singles artists whose praiseworthy efforts were runners-up.. Sam Chatwick, 'Suds' of Forge, Derivus Chatwick - better luck in the future!"



Ghol, Going East: "Well, I did kill and eat a monkey being ridden by a servant of Guest."



Placidus: Get wrecked, Chatwick.



Ghol, Going East: "Or a manifestation of Guest?"
"It had six fingers."



Xarvrax: So mean.



banana (GM): Helen raises her eyebrows, which are considerable. "That's how you want to play it? Then you'll need a better shellfish." She turns away.



Skeleton: "Was it going after you specifically?"



banana (GM): Everyone can totally rejoin each other at this point if you like.



Vraknaar: "I mean, the moving it up thing is only logical, isn't it? Their skillset is basically violence. Why wouldn't they try that? Seems to have backfired, though."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol frowns. "These are servants of the DARK GODS we're talking about. We don't have to wait for them to make the first move. We're supposed to be attacking them on SIGHT." Ghol is a bit biased here, to be fair: the Movement and the Demigod's Army of Darkness are, essentially, their own theater of warfare in the north.



Placidus: "Good luck!" Placidus calls cheerfully to the retreating gnome. Strangely Placidus finds it easier to be a good sport to people the less he actually cares about them.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax wanders over to his brother, hurling one of the burgers at him, "Hey, try this!"



Travis Meacham: "I think the heartsbloods had the same idea I did."



Vraknaar: A burger? I guess so. Vraknaar takes a bite.



Ghol, Going East: To Vraknaar: "But HOW did they get it moved up? This is the first time they've been allowed to compete here! How are they dictating event order?!"



Travis Meacham: He takes the uneaten meaty cupcake thing out of his robe. "It's possible there's an addictive drug in this. I would imagine low dosages."

Father Vealsgravy: "In happier news, those who advance... Helen Dementor, Philip Business, Placidus Fixlmillner and The Apparator! You or your teams' substitute singles entrant will be competing for the main Improv Sandwich singles prize!"



Skeleton: "Oh, I mean, that's probably true. It's just, no one else really cares to at the moment... it'd be sort of awkward if just we did all of a sudden."



Placidus: Placidus is there, too, with sandwiches for Ghol and Vraknaar. Kon already ate his. "Heard rave reviews for you two from the other side of the square," he says to Travis.
After the sandwiches are handed off, Placidus claps in delight. "Huzzah!"



Ghol, Going East: "See, that's what I mean! How am I standing here, in the Empire, and hearing 'well, it'd be weird to investigate the priests of the dark gods, nobody ELSE is doing it'?"



Travis Meacham: "On the other hand, Xarvrax ate one and doesn't seem to be experiencing any odd cravings."
"On the GRIPPING hand, he's a dragon, and huge."

	Placidus: "We should definitely investigate the priests of the dark gods."
	Xarvrax: "That is a pretty bad argument for them, I'm fairly hard to poison, and magically inclined."
	Vraknaar: "Because they're not doing anything other than competing in a competition no less viciously than the other entrants, Ghol. Whereas servants of Old One-Eye have been trying to blow up the town or gods know what else."
	Placidus: "Most of us don't have anything better to do, and frankly, the best-case scenario is that we uncover something horrible, they try to kill us to protect it, we destroy them and then *on top* of eliminating competitors we're lauded as heroes."
Father Vealsgravy: "On the doubles side of town! Not advancing beyond the heats.. apprentice 2 and apprentice 5 of the Thaumatergs, Srea and Gary the Gnomes.. the Heartsblood Gorgers. Not making the cut, I'm afraid."	
	Ghol, Going East: "THANK you!" Ghol will take Placidus's sandwich first. "Whoa, what are these...meats? They're good!"
	Placidus: "Those are oysters, they're shellfish."
	Ghol, Going East: Shellfish...? Ghol frowns, picturing a fish with a tortoise shell...
	Xarvrax: Close enough.
Father Vealsgravy: "Of course that means four teams WILL be competing further - Megga and Vill, from Wash-It Down - the innovative buttered chip sandwich. Salubriot advances easily. Sir and Dame Zekiel Impkin of the Erskine Order are through - and by rare unanimous acclamation, Travis Meacham and Xarvrax the Blue of Kon's Men!"	
	Ghol, Going East: Nice!
	banana (GM): The dwarves are all cheering. Also, they're heading your way.
	Placidus: Placidus will, after Ghol finishes eating, describe in more detail the biology of molluscs.
	Ghol, Going East: Ghol will wash down Placidus's sandwich and proceed to -- WOW WHAT IS THIS CRISPY STUFF THIS IS GREAT
	Skeleton: "The dark priests couldn't, I don't know... get us locked up for invading their privacy or something, could they?"
	banana (GM): yep
	Travis Meacham: wash it down are the dwarves, right?
	Xarvrax: Xarvrax high fives one of the dwarves.
	Placidus: Placidus waves at the dwarves. He quite likes them, and not just because they gave him a gift and also got him drunk.
	Travis Meacham: Travis, grinning, walks out to them. "Oh man. I LOVED your entry. You think of chips on the side, but then - dang. Brilliant."



Ghol, Going East: Left to his own devices, Ghol will spend the next fifteen minutes raving about how great this 'bacon' stuff is, trying to learn everything about it, wheedling Xarvrax to cook him more, etcetera.



Travis Meacham: bacon IS very good
this is true



Placidus: Eh.



Kon: Kon liked it too, and it's rare that he prefers a cooked meat.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax will threaten to throw an entire pig at him.



Placidus: Placidus has never understood why people get so crazy about bacon.



Xarvrax: Like, still alive and everything.



Ghol, Going East: AS LONG AS HE ZAPS IT FIRST



banana (GM): The dwarf ex-sappers are delighted to be appreciated. Meggs: "Good on you, wiz! We and you had the best of the lot."
Vill, an older dwarf woman with impressive facial hair, to Xarvrax: "How much temperature control you got? Biological barometer?"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax rubs a hand on the back of his head, "More of intensity control, and knowing about how long it takes to fry something."



Placidus: Barometers measure pressure, rather than temperature, Placidus thinks. He doesn't say that, though, because people've always told him that correcting people is rude.



banana (GM): Vill: "Ace. You get numbers behind it, you could really be onto something."
Megga: "You guys are free this afternoon, right? Except-" She waves a mug at Kon. It's got something dark in it.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax points at Placidus, "Numbers is his things, I'm just the guy who burns things."



Placidus: "The only degrees Xarvrax understands are the different degrees of murder."



Ghol, Going East: Inevitable, understandable, justifiable...



banana (GM): There's something unusual about the dwarven women compared to when you've met them in the past.. (except Skeleton, who hasn't). Ah: they're all armed.



Travis Meacham: "I'm free this afternoon, yep. What do you all have in mind?"



Kon: Kon snuffles. He does have Plans, it's true.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax smiles, "I do enjoy murder, sure."



banana (GM): Chexk, the one with a holy symbol and huge braids, speaks. "Last night, our friend Emm was.. she's badly hurt. It shouldn't have happened. We're soldiers."



Ghol, Going East: Oh, right. Yikes.\



Placidus: "What happened?"



banana (GM): Megga: "But we're out of practice. Interested in sparring?"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol grins. Hell yeah...!



Xarvrax: "I'm always up for a good old fashioned brawl."



Skeleton: Skeleton looks at the others. Ske's pretty sure ske's not cut out for it.



banana (GM): One of the ones who you think is called Kapp, visibly tipsy: "Dark bolt. Regulation issue evil manifestation to the gut."

Megga: "She won't be eating for some time."



Travis Meacham: "Ouch. So all perfectly legal, if nasty?"



Vraknaar: "Long as we're careful. We've got competitions to be healthy for."



Travis Meacham: "You probably can't tell from my striking physique," Travis grins, "but I'm not really in great shape for physical combat."



Ghol, Going East: Dark gods...we have to make them pay.



banana (GM): Vill: "You think we care if it was legal?"



Skeleton: "That's awful."



banana (GM): Megga: "We're going to take them down. But we need to get back into practice."



Travis Meacham: "No, that's not what I meant. Just that it's hard to bear up when somebody gets you and the law says they can."



Xarvrax: "I mean, I could always murder them, if it comes to that, but sure, we can practice with you."



Placidus: "I'm not really a sparrer... I don't know how much use I'd be."



banana (GM): "Like, practice against people who can also produce fireballs. No physique required.." Megga looks Travis up and down for a moment, considering. "..Yeah, not a factor."



Placidus: Harsh, but fair.



banana (GM): Vill: "You fight together, right?"



Placidus: "Honestly we get along fine."

"Oh! Yes."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol is already looking around for something suitable for the task. He doesn't want to actually hit anyone or anything he's not comfortable killing with the Rune of Peace...he's pretty sure that's the kind of peace it's designed for.




Skeleton: "We might be able to simulate a few dark bolts, sort of thing. If we, erm, calibrate the, you know, the thingy. All cosmetics."





Travis Meacham: "Definitely."





Ghol, Going East: Haha, yeah! He can just "pretend" to summon skeletons. He. It. Whatever.


 **Skeleton:** We'll slap some obviously fake papier-mache bones onto actual animate bones.


 **banana (GM):** Either Kapp or Big Kapp: "Great! Who are you? You're the one Fixlmillner didn't talk about no matter how wasted."

 **Skeleton:** That's to Skeleton?


 **banana (GM):** yep

 **Vraknaar:** "Our skecret-- ahem. Secret weapon."


 **Xarvrax:** Kelly Stone, best party member.


 **Skeleton:** "Huh? Oh. I'm... Kelly."


 **Ghol, Going East:** "An...illusionist!"


 **Skeleton:** "Vraknaar saved me in that huge fire a day ago. Awful stuff."


 **banana (GM):** Vill: "Oh, that's perfect. The Fartsblood guys have just that kind of tricky magic!"


 **Skeleton:** "I mean, not that he saved me, but the surrounding circumstances. Anyway, hi."


 **Placidus:** That's not their name.


 **banana (GM):** The crowd's dispersed for sideshows and post-prandial naps, but there are other groups of eathletes still lingering in the area. In particular, you can see almost the entire teams of the Snakebelly Stretchers and "Barbarians" - arguing furiously.


 **Ghol, Going East:** I dunno. Kinda sounds like their name.


 **Xarvrax:** I concur.


 **Placidus:** What are they arguing about?


 **banana (GM):** It's a bit hard to tell, since half the participants are armoured knights.. but Samuel ("Sam") Chatwick is at the heart of it.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Anyway, Ghol has found some leather straps used to bind together packages, likely ingredient deliveries from earlier in the day, and along with some canvas has bound up the head of the Rune of Peace. He's done similar to a big mallet-type thing he purloined from one of the contestant kitchens -- he wasn't about to hold onto that machete after it got stuck in the blood golem.

 **Placidus:** That's the guy whose elaborate sandwich plans fell apart, right? Placidus will try to listen in discreetly.

 **banana (GM):** Bonanda has a lot to answer for in the way of OCD.
Wisdom check from Placidus, if he checks out of the dwarf convo briefly he can hear-peer over..

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax too has kept his spatula from the contest, as it is now his lucky spatula.

 **Placidus:** rolling d20+6 using Raised in a Traveling Theatre +1 - the most crucial part of eavesdropping is understanding the acoustics of the vemue

(19)+6

= 25

as you do



Xarvrax: The Vemue.



Placidus: the vemue is the venue from shenmue



banana (GM): Megga, the W-I-D captain, is pretty determined to get this thing happening. "There's an arena the whites use for show matches and training, in one of their barracks. Since everyone's gone off to fight, we took it over - great base of ops. Want to go try it out, then?"



Travis Meacham: OH YEAH, also
were there tortillas or tortilla-like things on offer today/
because if not, travis is gonna have to go meet a baker



Placidus: placidus had an eye out for pita, similarly



banana (GM): The closest thing to flatbread was an unleaved thing people used as a base for sort of very wide flat pizzalike sandwiches - nobody's rolling it up.



Placidus: Hmm...



Travis Meacham: He's gonna try to get some big sheets of that made and placed in his prep area, then



banana (GM): Gimme.. an cha check with +2 from being already respected sandwichmakers here. Special Ingredients are not at all out of the question but it takes some fast talking

Acolyte Pumpkindough: "Sorry, you want it rolled thin? Or battered like noodles? Or."



Vraknaar: Sure, these dwarves are probably trying to size them up, but that road runs both ways. Vraknaar nods. "Let's do it."



Xarvrax: Let me help my new sandwich bro.



banana (GM): Xarvrax is of course eligible for the same bonus.



Placidus: bro-nus



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+3

(2)+3

= 5













sucks in air through teeth



Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 9 sandwichery.

(3)+9

= 12

	Placidus: Look at you two charmers.
	Vraknaar: well done, idiots
	Xarvrax: I did slightly better!
	banana (GM): Imao
	Vraknaar: suffer as i have suffered
	banana (GM): One of the youngest dwarves speaks for the first time - she wears a long leather dress thing, more like a robe than any of the others. "You're on, dragonwrought. I've got a RAD idea for deflecting flame." (Placidus thinks that's "Achen"?)
	Xarvrax: Wait, I could also maybe get +3 to that?
	Ghol, Going East: Through Arry and Addy, Ghol probably still has connections in the local grocers' that he can help out with...
	banana (GM): what's your temp bonus
	Xarvrax: From my temp bonus? The "Head full of Meat +3"
	Ghol, Going East: (Using the Elf Queen 6 here if we're not able to roll our way out of this satisfactorily)
	Placidus: Placidus is listening to the prats and the barbarians, though, so he's only half-paying-attention to Achen.
	Travis Meacham: "Yes, rolled thin, but I need a big sheet of it. Like, bigger than normal. This big?" Travis makes an arm gesture.
	banana (GM): Ah, that's right, Xarvrax went and scouted all the local cooks - presumably including bakers..! Ok, that juuust makes the 15 then.
	Xarvrax: Yaaaaay!
	Ghol, Going East: nice
	Pumpkindough: "Um. I don't really know what that is, but as you say, Shlesia over at Make It Grain probably does.. I'll pass it on with the orders."
	Xarvrax: "Wonderful, if we need anything else, we'll be sure to bring our business here, and recommend it to others."
	Pumpkindough: "We're a holy cult, Mr. Dragon. We don't need b" An older priest teleports over and CLAPS his hands over the acolyte's mouth. "The Goddess appreciates your piety and skill, Xarvrax."
	banana (GM): The arguing Chatwicks.. There's two of them, see. Sir Derivus Chatwick, and Samuel Chatwick II - son of Sir Samuel Chatwick. They're cousins, but look more like twins.
	Placidus: Humans basically all look alike, frankly.



banana (GM): The topic of the fight is this: Sam and Derivus have Made Up, which has made all of their friends mad.



Ghol, Going East: ...Weird.



Placidus: What?



banana (GM): As far as Placidus can gather, the two were estranged - Sam having run off to become a barbarian rather than a knight-crusader of Skerrl. And now they're planning something with the Games- they're going to enter something in a few days, together.



Xarvrax: Humans.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol is testing the weight on his "new" weapons, meanwhile, making sure they still swing properly with the padding. Yeah. These'll still hurt, but they won't kill. Long as he avoids headshots.



Travis Meacham: knight-crusader of skwerl



banana (GM): The question of course is whether this counts for the Erskines or for the Barbed Waste team- due to some technicality it apparently has to be the former, which Sam is fine with. Far-archer, Dog Hater, and Immense are not.



Placidus: Oh, right, one of them was a barbarian. It was hard to tell because despite the furs and hides they both have identical perfect hair.



banana (GM): That's the gist of it that Placidus catches before dwarves start shaking everyones' hands and marching off to do battle..



Ghol, Going East: Haha. Dog Hater. What a clown.



Placidus: Ah, well, good for them, where them is the estranged family members rather than the smelly people with mean names.
Anyway, to battle, I guess.



banana (GM): Some of the erskines seem pretty mad about it too - due to whatever the technical rules situation is..

But you've got all these dwarf women in odd strapped armour with eclectic weaponry and like, tools and gizmos strapped all over them - that's combat engineers for you, none in uniform uniform, and they don't care about humans either.

Anyone want to get any quick things done before sparring?



Ghol, Going East: Where's the fight taking place? Did we just find an empty lot somewhere?



Skeleton: Skeleton wants to put the wand through its paces, insofar as that's possible - hurl the Chant of Endings at a potted plant or something and see if and how the implement changes anything.



banana (GM): They've taken over a barracks, actually - the one the local garrison moved out of. It has an arena in it, apparently...



Travis Meacham: Travis is good. He's got his idea, he's got the pieces ready to be put together. This should be amazing.



banana (GM): Whether the Dwarf King's team is *allowed* to just, take over a barracks, you don't know, but they have.

Well, Skeleton can measure a straightforward +1 to both hit and damage, but there's got to be something else to it.



Skeleton: Hm. Hmm... we've really got to get Travis a scroll of Identify or something, haven't we.



banana (GM): For what it's worth, it doesn't seem to provide any particularly easy flow for sker necromantic energies. If anything, there's friction.

(Not enough to take away a point of to-hit, but it's there)



Skeleton: Curious. Well, Skeleton doesn't keep the thing a secret, and indeed passes it around to see if it does anything for Travis, Xarvrax, or even Placidus.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol is excited -- he's heard a lot about how dwarves fight and is interested to see it firsthand; and of course, he has none of the cultural...baggage that an elf might have on seeing a group of dwarven warriors, especially considering against whom they've likely seen a lot of their "combat" experience.



Skeleton: "It was in Bonanda's cache, but doesn't seem to have much to do with death magic..."



banana (GM): They're the only people Ghol's heard use the term "whites", for example.



Placidus: Placidus has never tried to use something to facilitate oscillation... does it work?



banana (GM): Actually, yes! This wand's frequency is a good multiplier - phase shifts him up a wave-length.



Placidus: Huh, how about that.



Ghol, Going East: I mean. They probably didn't slaughter villages full of Elf non-combatants who refused to leave Kingswood...probably.



banana (GM): The commandeered barracks of the jettisoned garrison now resembles an alehouse. Wash-It-Down have got kegs everywhere, many of them empty, and their supplies (lots) are just piled around the courtyard that was once a parade ground. It occurs to you that it can't be great for these dwarves to drink all day every day, but, they're a lot less angry than most dwarves you've met.



Ghol, Going East: That was probably, just through how the numbers and dates work out, someone else.



banana (GM): There are also takeaway plates and cutlery in heaps everywhere - they've been sampling what the town has to offer. Training, of course, for the Games.

The arena is something else.

No amount of dwarven boisterousness can suppress its essential.. white elf nature. There's a ring of crystal spikes, shading smoothly from white to blue, in irregular yet harmonious patterns; the area within is frosty-cool, and the ground is dusted with blue snow or powdered ice.

It looks like the sort of place where two elven swordsmen stand, facing each other, for five straight minutes before they suddenly both teleport twenty-five feet and then one of them falls over.



Travis Meacham: That is cool.



Xarvrax: That's a lot of Dwarves.



banana (GM): Wash-It-Down array themselves there, still smiling - drunkenly in at least two cases - but preparing for battle. The dwarves fall easily into formation, stepping up to guard and cover and threaten.. they do move creakily, like it's been a while, but in their earlier lives they must have seen a lot

of action.



Skeleton: oh hell yes, crystals



Ghol, Going East: Yeah!!



banana (GM): Here's the bad news: Kon can't join you; he has a heat in which to compete.



Xarvrax: That's fine, we got this.



banana (GM): The good news: nobody's going to die here today. If you manage to lose, it'd be your pride wounded.

Chexk: "Think of them as orcs, my daughters."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol takes a few last test swings and then settles into his stance...

"Uh"

Megga: "Not half-orcs, Ghol."



Skeleton: "Hey,"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax points at Ghol, "That's not nice."



Placidus: Placidus taps the wand against some of the crystals, holding it up and listening to it as if it were a tuning fork. He's oblivious to the racism.



Ghol, Going East: Hey, at least she didn't say "think of them as elves."

Suds: "Pfheh. Okay, I got a few things I've been saving for.. how long it been? Year or two?"

Megga: "Point them the right way or keep saving them."

Vill: "You lot are pretty strong. Maybe as tough as the dork priests themselves - so we have to win."



Ghol, Going East: Haha, dork priests.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax chuckles.



Vraknaar: "Then win... if you can." Vraknaar's mouth opens, flames licking across his tongue.



banana (GM): this is a lot of initiative rolls that we now have to make.



Skeleton: rolling 1d20+3 skeleton's initiative

(14)+3

= 17




Placidus: So is that a grate in the middle of the chamber?




Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+2 here's ghol's

(19)+2

= **21**


 **banana (GM):** Yep! You're in the open air, by the way.


 **Placidus:** Like, for drainage or something?

 **Xarvrax:** rolling d20 + 4

() + 4

= **24**

 **Vraknaar:** rolling 1d20+6 vraknaar

() + 6


= **13**


 **Xarvrax:** Booya.

 **Travis Meacham:** rolling 1d20+4


() + 4


= **20**

 **Placidus:** rolling d20+2 init, innit

() + 2

= **3**


 **banana (GM):** I don't know, is it?


 **Xarvrax:** Init has gone up by one with level, by the way.
in case you didn't know.


 **banana (GM):** rolling d20+8 megga

() + 8

= **21**

 **Xarvrax:** It's Dex mod + level.

 **banana (GM):** rolling d20+8 chekk

() + 8


= **12**



Placidus: Placidus is really distracted by this new wand. He didn't even properly ask for it, but he certainly hasn't given it back.



banana (GM): rolling d20+7 kapp

() + 7

= **14**

rolling d20+7 big kapp

() + 7

= **12**



Xarvrax: +8, jeez.




banana (GM): rolling d20+4 suds

() + 4


= **21**

rolling d20+2 vill

() + 2

= **11**

rolling d20+1 achen

() + 1

= **13**

Megga: "For practice. FOR FORGE! FOR THE KING!"



Placidus: "Four, five, six, seven, eight..."

Chexk: "For Mell and the lost Throne!"

Vill: "For the hell of it!"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax wastes no time on battle cries, crackling with primal energies and readying his hands for magical energies.

rolling d6

(3)

= 3



Vraknaar: I like her.



Xarvrax: No benefit, and I'm done.



banana (GM): what we'll do here is, do a round and then evaluate Time - i suspect we will have to pause
due to late
gholsup



Ghol, Going East: Ghol has no formal battle cry -- at least not one he's going to shout out in front of a bunch of dwarves he'd rather befriend. Instead he snarls and grins and jumps at whoever's closest. Megga.

rolling 1d20+7

(4)+7

= 11

rolling 2d6+6

(6 + 4)+6

= 16

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE

even

rolling 1d20+6

(12)+6

= 18



Ghol, Going East: rolling 2d6+5

(1 + 6)+5

= 12

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE

er



banana (GM): The dwarf captain has bodyguards, it turns out.



Ghol, Going East: ok yes

that split weird



banana (GM): Big Kapp tries to step forward and intervene...

rolling d20

()

= **1**

She fails! Little Kapp?

rolling d20

()

= **12**

Kapp, the youngest dwarf, has heavier armour like her namesake - but Ghol's second attack still hits.
so 14 damage overall




Ghol, Going East: Ghol's first blow with the covered rune is knocked aside, but the second catches the smaller Kapp across the upper arm and bounces up to cuff her in the chin. Ghol leaps back a step, circling, weapon still locked up...

done



banana (GM): Megga nods at her guard and draws a narrow blade with one hand, a small crossbow in the other. She circles past Ghol to take a shot at Xarvrax.. "Take the burger guys first. You saw them fry."

rolling d20+7 vs xarvrax ac, 7 damage; if even hit, vulnerable

()+7

= **11**

She fails to follow her own advice, but Suds has a followup.



Xarvrax: Miss.



Vraknaar: Crossbow's not a very kind sparring weapon, Vraknaar thinks. Maybe his claws should be out.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol's not too fond of that, either. Hopefully they blunted or de-tipped the bolts...?



Xarvrax: Xarvrax doesn't care, as the bolt is reduced to ashen slag.



banana (GM): Suds puts her back to the crystals and starts pulling vials from her belts, cracking them into each other to produce mixtures that fizz.. she flings one at Travis! And also at

rolling 1d3

()

= **2**

2 other members of the group, so Vraknaar and Placidus.



Placidus: "What the-"



Xarvrax: Even if it had hit, he can take a crossbow bolt.




banana (GM): Crack! Nonlethal sparring acid goes everywhere, eating repairable holes in your armour and flesh.



Travis Meacham: lol



banana (GM): rolling d20+4 vs vraknaar pd, 6 acid damage and -2 to defenses easy save ends

() + 4


= **11**

rolling d20+4 vs placidus pd, 6 acid damage and -2 to defenses easy save ends

() + 4

= **24**

rolling d20+4 vs travis pd, 6 acid damage and -2 to defenses easy save ends

() + 4

= **15**



Vraknaar: miss



banana (GM): placidus, in fact, takes *12* damage



Placidus: wtf



Xarvrax: GNOMERCY.



Vraknaar: you've been sitting on that one



Travis Meacham: that hits me



banana (GM): whops i pressed ubtttons



Xarvrax: jeez.




banana (GM): then the listed effects apply to you.


but, it's your turn


"you" is riidi in this scenario





Travis Meacham: this plkacidus token/portrait is trippin balls

 **banana (GM):** it is, but take 6 damage and your turn


 **Placidus:** right??


 **Travis Meacham:** just gonna shoot a ray of frost at Kapp
also is the red our max hp or current hp

 **banana (GM):** red?
i thought everyone was using green for hp

 **Xarvrax:** Only dagron man has a red bar on mine.

 **Placidus:** green is current hp, blue is recoveries

 **Travis Meacham:** id been tracking that on my shete but not my token, like a rube
aNYWAY

 **Ghol, Going East:** red is Power Points if your class has them, I presume

 **Travis Meacham:** ray of frost on kapp

rolling 1d20+6

()+6


= **24**


for /roll 3d6 damage


rolling 3d6 cold damage


( +  + )


= **5**


 **Vraknaar:** (my red bar is my uses of pull it together)


 **banana (GM):** it WOULD be nice if you could embed rolls like that
definite hit


 **Travis Meacham:** mmmmmmmMMMmmmm okay thats turn.


 **Placidus:** that's a poor roll


 **banana (GM):** The younger Kapp sways as an icebeam shaves her sideburns.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol twists as the ice ray shoots over his lowered shoulder. Wizards...!

 **Xarvrax:** Only wizards fire dangerous magic near team members.


 **Skeleton:** These dwarves aren't messing around as they mess around. Fortunately, Skeleton came prepared - they reach into their pack, and pull out a great, voluminous white bedsheet. Skeleton snaps it theatrically a few times as cold mist swirls and the ground rumbles, and then tosses it forward onto the ground of the arena.


 **Xarvrax:** I wouldn't know anything about that.

 **Skeleton:** rolling 1d3+1 summon undead recharged so let's get some mooks

(2)+1


= 3

 **banana (GM):** Is that the same bedsheet Skeleton was wearing earlier?

 **Skeleton:** That one was mostly ruined - this one's fresh, but not for long!


Ground churns and arguably-not-bones clack as, from beneath the sheet, three figures rise up from under the ground! Cackling ghoulishly, they charge.

Megga: "Very realistic."

 **Skeleton:** can they get there or are there any intercepts or w/e

Suds: "Shit! Skeletons!"

 **banana (GM):** They can!

 **Skeleton:** rolling 1d20+6 vs ac on suds

(7)+6

= 13

rolling 1d20+6 vs ac on suds


(9)+6


= 15

rolling 1d20+6 vs ac on suds


(12)+6


= 18

 **banana (GM):** None of the dwarves want to guard Suds; that would mean standing near her.

 **Skeleton:** 3 damage for each hit

aand done

 **banana (GM):** sadly, this is a total of 1 hit


 **Skeleton:** fuck!

at least their resistance to weapons has some chance of being relevant here



banana (GM): Kapp stares down Ghol, or rather, up. She doesn't look much older than he is, but something in her eyes.. he suspects she's seen even more death.

rolling d20+6 vs ac axe blow! 6 damage! uses the escalation die!

()+6

= **26**

Nice!



Ghol, Going East: hit.



Travis Meacham: yowza

Achen: "Right. Prepare for counter-incineration, dragons and humans and gnomes and- and whatnot."



Skeleton: oof



Xarvrax: All of the criticals.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol grins as the axe almost takes his arm off, just barely deflected by the mallet...cutting the straps, and shearing the padding off of it.




banana (GM): The dwarven sapperwitch points at Xarvrax - as ordered - and then at the ground beneath his feet. She calls upon the Low Arcanum of Matter, conjuring breaching explosives.



Skeleton: "Oh, no-"



banana (GM): rolling d20+6 vs MD; 10 fire damage and weakened; miss = 10 damage but no weaken

()+6

= **13**

The explosion is so large that it's impossible to *avoid*, but you might be able to get away in time to save your hearing..

weakened save ends, then



Xarvrax: Just barely a hit.



banana (GM): yep!



Vraknaar: i'm going to assume all those dwarves on the south side could be considered grouped



banana (GM): kapp, big kapp, megga and vill can be considered to be in a group the other three have been staying purposefully separate



Xarvrax: Xarvrax is blown into a wall, his ears ringing.



Vraknaar: so, first activating song of heroes +1 to attacks for all allies



banana (GM): The nonlethal force of it leaves Xarvrax meaningfully bruised. Fortunately, the effort seems to have taken something out of Achen - she can't just do that all the time.



Vraknaar: then, sound burst.

rolling 1d4 nearby enemies

(3)

= 3

that'll do.



banana (GM) everyone remember you got +1 to attacks!!



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+7 vs PD, Vill

(20)+7

= 27



Travis Meacham: Nonelthal force.



Xarvrax: Well.



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+7 megga

(3)+7

= 10



banana (GM): crit; miss; hit



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+7 big kapp

(13)+7

= 20



banana (GM): Big Kapp brings her axe up in alarm, managing to shield Megga from the sonic wave - but not herself.

Vill chuckles in appreciation and pain.



Vraknaar: rolling 5d6+4 damage, vill takes double, megga takes half. megga is dazed save

ends, big kapp is dazed until eot.

(6 + 2 + 1 + 6 + 2)+4

= 21



banana (GM): wow



Vraknaar: thunder damage if it matters



Skeleton: ._.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar roars a battlecry that inspires his allies, then advances a step and takes a deep breath. A few dwarves shield their faces expecting fire when it's their ears and bodies that take the brunt of the shattering roar that nearly destroys the crystal behind them.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol know what's coming, and skips out of the way -- bringing Little Kapp with him, on purpose. They're not done yet.



Vraknaar: done



banana (GM): Here's what Ghol didn't know was coming - although he still made the right choice: Kapp and Big Kapp are drunker than the rest. When staggered and reduced to an *odd* number of hp, they throw up, as Kapp does now, a brief technicolour retch. Normally this would not be worth mentioning in combat, but these are dwarven sappers, and they've been eating and drinking some very odd things.

Anyone who was engaged with Big Kapp would have had something happen to them there.

*as Big Kapp does now



Placidus: Placidus feels hyped up, but he's also going to get tinnitus if Vraknaar keeps doing that.

Big Kapp: Straightening up as the crystal stops ringing, wiping her mouth: "I'm- I'm okay. Nice one. You're cool."



Placidus: Either way it distracts from the totally harmless acid burns.

Vill: "I'm.. out. Yow. Haha."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax didn't really notice, a little deafened by the previous explosion.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol doesn't even notice the vomit. He's got tunnel vision only for Kapp right now.

Big: Kapp "Gurgh. Okay, you aren't doing that.. again." She stagger-charges Vraknaar, axe swung powerfully..!



banana (GM): rolling d20+6 vs ac axe blow! 6 damage! uses the escalation die!

(17)+6

= 23

Chexk Mountainwife: "Vill, you're getting old."

"You couldn't spare a moment to listen to the blessing of Mell?"

To Kon's Men: "This is who we'll be against the dark priests. This is what will shield us."



banana (GM): rolling 1d4 Chexk prays...

(3)

= 3

Three of her allies are healed for 8 each: Kapp, Big Kapp, and Megga. It was a notable effort, though.



Skeleton: Skeleton freezes up a bit here, but relaxes as they see that the blessing wasn't aimed at them.

Megga: Groggily: "That's the stuff. Better than brandy."



Placidus: focus go



banana (GM): Escalation die: 1!

OK, what's everyone's has to leave status. Personally i'm kind of 1 am



Vraknaar: if you want to sleep it's cool



Xarvrax: I'm still good.



Skeleton: i have to go in... maybe 20 minutes?



Vraknaar: i've been there



Travis Meacham: i have things i msut do



banana (GM): right, we'll pause the match here then



Placidus: Placidus holds his wand on a direct vertical. "Seven and six. 24 to 3. Eleven. Eleven. Eleven."



banana (GM): The dwarven sappers are pretty good at what they do! Also, so are you. No outcome's been decided yet, but two of the friendlier teams will continue their side match as Placidus recites the number of the end of the world.

congrats on the sandwich making, everyone gets an advance [to be spent after fight]

actually, screw it



Kon: Do you want to quickly do Kon's sausage heat or just handle that offscreen and/or next session?



banana (GM): you can spend the advance right now if you like



Kon: learning, in combat



Xarvrax: Uh-huh...



Skeleton: hell yeah



Xarvrax: Well then.



banana (GM): the Sausage heat sounds like a vignette and/or next session thing to me



Vraknaar: fuck

if only i didn't already have a song going



Travis Meacham: I must consider what level 3 spell would most suit me.



banana (GM): i'm shocked, skeleton



Skeleton: my advance will be a third level spell slot as well



Vraknaar: because it would be really comical after "you're not going to do that again" to use song of thunder

just to explicitly do that again



Xarvrax: Well, Lightning Fork is not level 3.



Vraknaar: no, it's not.



banana (GM): instead of doing that again, though, you might want to think about doing something about their priestess...



Xarvrax: now*



Vraknaar: here's what i could do about their priestess: shout 5d6 thunderblasts into her face every turn



Skeleton: summon horror and circle of death would both be good here.. bones beneath wouldn't, but it's a sweet spell in general



Xarvrax: And I also get Resist Energy.