










	<b>banana (GM):</b> Everyone's gone off to hurt each other for fun, leaving Kon the warg alone with thousands of cheering fans.
	<b>Kon:</b> Kon is not entirely pleased with being abandoned in this fashion, per se. Not that he doesn't enjoy the attention, but...he was hoping this would be more of a group activity. Like the last one! That was fun, except for the bit with Maury and Sid. Hopefully Ghol will show up for the finals...
	<b>banana (GM):</b> There's a group involved.. but a group of enemies. Friendly competitors, maybe.  The square before the Alabaster Grill has been cleared of the morning's ropes, and laid with nine long groaning trestle tables.  The centrepiece of each one is, of course, the Sausage - a hundred feet of links and jacketed meats. Along each one, there are also condiments, salads, implements, drinks.. these things are strategic. A blessing and a trap.
	<b>Kon:</b> Hrm.
	<b>banana (GM):</b> If you add mustard than a few feet of sausage might go down faster.. but will it fill you up? These are the matters occupying eathletes from the nine competing teams.  Lack of opposable thumbs may simplify Kon's options.  The condiments and buffet give out some time before the end of the tables, as nobody's expected to actually eat their entire sausage allotment - but Salubriot's line goes on, and on, stretching into a nearby alleyway, where part of the crowd has gathered, hoping to be able to finish it off.
	<b>Kon:</b> Kon glances warily at Salubriot -- at all the competitors, really. He had been worried, in a self-aggrandizing way perhaps, about being the biggest and perhaps scariest thing there. Dare he say it, outside of the Princess Annamiranda, he might be the handsomest creature at the table.
	<b>banana (GM):</b> Priests in shiny robes are directing each competitor to their starting points, lined up under an awning from which elven girls wave and cheer.. there are a few minutes to chat, threaten, size each other up, and so on. It's hard to make out any particular thread of conversation with the crowd noise.. but Kon can go where he wants, because the priests seem kind of scared to stop him.
	<b>Kon:</b> Elven girls, hmm? Perhaps it's best Ghol's off fighting some silly dwarves after all.
	<b>banana (GM):</b> The Steak Whisperers Nono, at a corner of the square, is giving him a vicious look and complaining to an acolyte - something about how if monsters are allowed in the competition, they should have supplied silver cutlery.  The gathered eaters are nothing if not, by some standards, monstrous.
	<b>Kon:</b> Nono can go fuck a river.
	<b>banana (GM):</b> Nono himself is a masked flabby guy in an unflattering catsuit. "B.B.", who by now everyone is just calling Barry, has more wrinkles than a teenager's bedsheets - and to the left of Kon's trestle is something he doesn't even recognise.  The Gnome Team entrant is.. humanoid, mostly? It's covered in so much stuff that it's hard to tell. It has an upright body, with sort of moving limb-parts.  To the right is, of course, Salubriot. He looks angry. Not at you; at the meat.
	<b>Kon:</b> That would probably be more unsettling if Kon wasn't from the Land Untamed. He's seen things. Nothing like THAT, specifically.  But, things.
	<b>Barry Bitter (probably):</b> "Whoo. Looks like there's some real generic animal product in these things."

**Thing:** "Grngh."



**banana (GM):** It's kind of hard to see \*past\* Salubriot, but there are another four competitors there.. one of them is addressing the crowd, waving around his glowing-stick-figure arms.

**The Apparator:** "..they say there must be proof of the eating. I give you proof, then, and the consequences fall to the priests! Witness the visible digestion of an Adept of Power of the k-robe!"



**banana (GM):** None of the wizard's \*flesh\* is visible, which would violate the sacred taboos of his order, but the guts are all there.

The priest of, you think, Mottle, doesn't say anything. Or move. Or breathe.



**Kon:** Kon resists the temptation to growl. He's glad he's not next to the "man."

**Immense, the wastelander:** "You know what we do to wizards who use invisibility cloaks, in my tribe?"

**The Apparator:** "Ask to borrow them? That way you wouldn't have to lose so much weight."



**Kon:** Kon's lost count of how many times he's heard variants on that conversation starter in the Movement.



**banana (GM):** Salubriot: "Eh. Pup.. you're in this fight? You're eating?"



**Kon:** You know what we do to wizards who summon storms in my tribe? You know what we do to wizards who paint pictures in my tribe? You know what we do to wizards who read books -- Kon looks up at Salubriot, startled.

**Princess Ersatz:** "Unbecoming of you, mage. Leave taunts to the nomad and show your own strength."



**Kon:** She seems strong, and cool. Ghol should stop this Elf Queen nonsense and woo her instead; she'd make a fine moot-partner. Maybe she's a bit old for him? Hard to tell age with these humans.



**banana (GM):** Nono's looking B.B. up and down, speculatively. He seems to be thinking about whether to speak. Meanwhile, Bitter (probably) is unpacking a case he brought with him.



**Kon:** He'll nod shortly to Salubriot, meanwhile.



**banana (GM):** Annamiranda \*does\* look strong - she's wearing pretty serious steel armour. It can't be the best outfit for eating in, but the rest of the Snakebelly Stretchers had even heavier stuff.

**Salubriot:** "Rrrg. A dire wolf in this fight.. real enemy. I'll have to work twice as hard."

**Priest:** "You already are, sir."



**Kon:** Kon will nod again in what is hopefully interpreted as strong, silent will to competition/



**banana (GM):** She's a woman, by the sound of it. You can't see anything about her apart from that.



**Kon:** \*.

**Salubriot:** "Fuck off, maltheist."

**Immense:** "Heh."

**banana (GM):** Looks like everybody's in position

The crowd included! There are long rows of stands to match the tables.. this event is a crowd pleaser, short and exciting as it is.



**Kon:** Kon is hungry something fierce, but not starving; a rabbit and two man-sized sandwiches are well below his usual daily intake.



**banana (GM):** There's a priest going over the rules. Eat as much as you can within the time limit, of course.. no "reversal" or "ejection", which is a disqualification.. the sausage casing and stuffing of a given link must both be entirely consumed to count..



**Kon:** Reversal and ejection seem self-explanatory. It can't come back out either end.



**banana (GM):** People begin to turn and face to foodshed, shutting out the outside world. B.B. holds his guitar in both hands - one hand - no, he's levitating it with magic, to float just over his body. Immense squats and concentrates, while the Thing seems totally unconcerned.

**Father Soulbroth:** "Take your marks! The Goddess favours the fast!"



**Kon:** Kon just shakes his shoulders loose one last time and tenses to pounce...on some great meats!



**banana (GM):** Here's how it's going to go down.

Everyone's got a die - different dice, because this is an unfair competition. Every round, you're rolling to eat your way along that many spaces. There's more to it, but for the first round of the heat, we're going vanilla.

rolling d4 nono

( 2 )

= 2

The Steak Whisperer hunches and begins to shovel sausages into his mouth, swallowing reflexively and with some fluency.. looks like he's used to certain forms of smuggling.



**Kon:** Ugh.



**banana (GM):** rolling d6 bb

( 5 )

= 5

Barry Bitter - for it is probably he - begins to play, one-handed.

The music that comes from his guitar is \*intense\*; a pounding riff that's all about consumption, production, division - but it speaks mostly to him, and the magic turns him into a blur of grabbing and chewing with evident delight.

rolling d8 thing

( 7 )

= 7

The Thing from the Swamp doesn't need any of those tricks.

It's just really big, and it doesn't look like it's ever been satisfied by a meal in its life. Although it's hard to tell a facial expression through all that mud.



**banana (GM):** Kon, due to his preparations and nature, gets a d8...



**Kon:** rolling d8

( 7 )

= 7

Kon matches the Thing from the Swamp link for link, though not quite bite for bite -- distinct mechanics, similar outcomes. But the Ire Giant is moving..



**banana (GM):** rolling d12

( 10 )

= 10



**Kon:** I think Thing from the Swamp moved 8...?



**banana (GM):** Faster than even Kon can manage - Salubriot is off, tossing \*handfulls\* of sausage into his burning maw. They sizzle as they go down, re-cooked instantly.. the one man with an actual handicap is proving why they forced it upon him. Doesn't make him any less furious.



**Kon:** Wow.



**banana (GM):** rolling d6 apparator

( 1 )

= 1

rolling d6 priest

( 3 )

= 3

The mage and the cleric aren't off to that good a start.. they're eating, but you can \*see\* the Apparator's stomach is not working by any sort of magic. The meat just goes down at a normal human rate - he's even chewing a dozen times before he swallows. Very polite.

The Priest of Mottle is moving along, not amazingly fast, but... there's something odd about it. The way she just feeds the links into her hood, a continuous chain...

rolling d6 immense


( 5 )

= 5


rolling d4 annamiranda

( 1 )

= 1

 **banana (GM):** Immense is just an ordinary man. But he's got a lot of practice at eating a lot of meat. The Princess, manifestly, does not. She's putting on a brave scowl as she tries to resist the urge to season.

 **Kon:** Hrm. Perhaps it's best Ghol ISN'T here to see her, then.

 **banana (GM):** Next round: from now on, each time give me some sort of Thing you do that justifies eating better - be it impressive description, skill use, particularly things that apply to the situation somehow. Bonus dice size are on offer.

To speed things up, I'll be going through the others more or less in the background - unless something out of the ordinary happens with one of them. Which it might.

rolling d4 nono

( 1 )

= 1

rolling d6 b.b.

( 2 )

= 2

rolling d8 thing

( 2 )


= 2

Further info: this is a time limit game, not a race. Once anyone reaches the end of their sausage, the match is over, and positions then are used to determine places.

 **banana (GM):** rolling d12 salubriot

( 5 )

= 5

 **Kon:** A warg, generally, eats in a more civilized manner than a wolf -- no one "wargs" down food, and for good reason; the dietary particulars of the Land Untamed punish those who just dive in and eat a strange organ from some creature with no idea what it is or why it is green, or oozing, or what have you. That means perhaps less speed, yes -- but there's no sudden blockage, no risk of choking, and since there's no need to check the meat (he HOPES so, at least), that entire bit of the process is removed. He does not stutter -- he consumes, and he does so at pace, with an empty, hungry belly.

**Nono:** "Needs more goddamn pickle."

 **banana (GM):** rolling d6 apparator

( 6 )

= 6



**Kon:** Condiments, side dishes, what have you -- these are for the weak. The meat is acceptably processed, not raw but not too finely-cooked. Kon remains focused on the task at hand.



**banana (GM):** With a sudden flash of light, the wizard's bulging stomach.. \*empties\*. You can't see where he sent the food, but it obviously reinvigorates the man and he sets to.

I'll call that a Standard Bonus: Kon can roll d8+1 this time.



**Kon:** rolling d8+1

( 6 )+1

= 7



**banana (GM):** rolling d8 priest

( 7 )

= 7

As minutes pass, the priestess's behaviour becomes more and more off.. she's stalking forward, jerking one leg and then another, as the links continue to vanish into the hood. She does not move like a person, but like a marionette.

The crowd cheers nonetheless. Priests chant somewhere. The noise of smacking lips and burps continues.

rolling d6 immense

( 2 )

= 2

rolling d4 ersatz

( 2 )

= 2

**Princess:** "Do people really.. is this something you could put on a quail?"



**banana (GM):** Barry Bitter's playing is somehow unhampered by his eating. Unfortunately for him, it spurs \*everyone\* on. The meat's going down \*fast\* and people are starting to call out "Full finish! Full finish!"

rolling d4 nono

( 2 )

= 2

rolling d6 bb

( 2 )


= 2

rolling d8 thing

( 5 )

= 5

**Thing:** "See, everyone. Gnomes (honourary) can eat. Our stomachs GREAT." It returns to slurping.

 **Kon:** The finish line is in sight. Now, this is a matter of biological industry -- how wide, you might ask, does the warg's jaw open? It does not matter, Kon would reply (if he could). The main actor in getting that food into this mouth is not mouth size or jaw strength -- it is in the tongue. The transfer of meat from the ground to the mouth and then down into the stomach is a process that requires a far more fine facilitator than a good chomper provides. Good eating is a form of expression! It is much like...dancing, come to think of it: the tongue rolls, transfers, turns, repeats. It gives a flourish here at the end of a link, it puts punctuation there on a bite, it tickles the teeth. Yes, eating is much like dancing -- and wouldn't you know it, Kon is a fine dancer as well.

 **banana (GM):** rolling d12 salubriot


( 4 )

= 4

rolling d8 priestess

( 4 )

= 4

 **Kon:** Hmm-mmm-mmm, mmm-mmm-mmm, mmm-mmm-mmmmmmm; m m m

 **banana (GM):** rolling d6 immense

( 3 )

= 3

**Barbarian:** "Ahh." He doesn't seem to mind not winning, as long as he gets to eat.





**banana (GM):** rolling d4

( 2 )

= 2

d8+1 again. Kon's techniques aren't situationally perfected or anything, but he's got an Edge.



**Kon:** rolling d8+1

( 3 )+1

= 4



**banana (GM):** It's barely been nine minutes, and the end is in sight. Normally the competition doesn't end with *\*anyone\** eating the *\*whole\** sausage - the high priest is beside himself. Burgersear is weeping. "My children! My gloriously hungry children! You bring the love of meat to us all!"

rolling d4 nono

( 2 )

= 2

rolling d6 bb

( 3 )

= 3

The Thing is among those who have a chance to reach the end, here. Will it reach it before or after Kon..? The creature doesn't redouble its efforts, though. It is what it is.

rolling d8

( 3 )

= 3



**Kon:** Kon permits himself neither a sideways glance nor any real consideration of craft, this close to the end. He has quite enjoyed this.

rolling d8

( 8 )

= 8



**banana (GM):** Salubriot *\*does\** put on a burst of speed (and ketchup). "May be beaten. Won't be shamed."



rolling d20

( 8 )

= 8

put yourself 6 squares past the end, in case it's important

rolling d6 apparator

( 1 )

= 1

The wizard: "Gugh." He doesn't want to do the bowel trick again. It didn't feel very nice last time.

Mottle's creature \*howls\*.



**Kon:** ??



**banana (GM):** The hood falls back. Underneath it, there's something that was a human form.. now, it's just maw. Her entire neck and upper body have become a mouth, vertically slitted, covered in fanged teeth furiously gnashing. She runs on twisted muscle, more sprinting than eating.

rolling d12 priestess

( 6 )

= 6

And yet.

rolling d6 immense

( 2 )

= 2

rolling d4 annamiranda

( 4 )

= 4

**The Princess:** "OK, this is really good. I get your point, friend barbarian- it's the meal that matters, not the destination. Wow, pass me another beer.."



**Kon:** Kon hasn't lost his appetite, but...



**banana (GM):** But he's run out of Sausage. It's over!



**Kon:** Did that think just faceplant, shrieking, into a bowl of salad?

\*thing

 **banana (GM):** Yeah, she's kind of hunched over and huddling beneath the robe/cowl now. Body unpleasantly transforming, hopefully back to humanish form.

 **Kon:** Someone should put it down. Nature has no place for such things.

 **banana (GM):** High Father Burgersear grabs the megaphone. "A champion on four feet! Several feats of eating the like of which haven't been seen! You're all- you're all so wonderful!"

Salubriot: "No. NO!"

 **Kon:** Kon nods stoutly. A goodly man, this Burgersear, as far as men go. Which isn't far.

Kon turns. What's Salubriot...?

 **banana (GM):** He's just kind of yelling and stomping.

B.B. stops playing. The music drops from the air and all further appetite vanishes.

 **Kon:** Kon will tactfully avoid being in Salubriot's line of sight to the extent that this is possible without Salubriot noticing this very thing.

 **banana (GM):** With the bardsong gone, not even the ire giant wants to keep eating. The rest goes to the crowd - and you competitors go to the roped off podium to be selected to transfer from the heats to the final event.

It seems pretty clear who's in and who's out - apart from one issue. Accounting for Salubriot's doubling, he ends up almost exactly at the same link count as the musician. It's debatable, and both seem inclined to press the point.

The rest of the Aftershock have turned up to support B.B. There's L.A. the human sculpture, his singing sandwich partner from the morning's Sandwich, and a guy in an obviously fake stars/moons robe and REALLY cool sunglasses - K.M. Their point seems to be that Salubriot's stomping has disarranged the trestles such that it merely \*appears\* he was more than twice as far as B.B.

Princess Ersatz is graciously commiserating with the Apparator and with Nono - but the latter just smirks and turns away. Of course, his people had him last in the book, so they still win.

There's an acolyte who wants to give Kon a bunch of papers for continued event entry, and also to shake him by the hand, if what they've just done with Immense is any guide. This poses problems.

 **Kon:** Kon does not shake. He is aware of what that means, among the men-folk.

What it means when a "beast" does it, that is.

**Priestess of Mottle:** "Both our tallest colleague and the revolutionary ate well. Could the final not be expanded to six?"

**Apparator:** "No. Rules. Where's the.. I'll find it."

 **Kon:** Ghol -- well, Placidus -- can handle the papers when they return from skipping his event.

 **banana (GM):** The crowd cheers and calls out, among other things, Kon's name. Many of them are confused and just refer to "the hungry wolf" or even "dog guy", but they mean well. If the Goddess wants a warg to participate in her games, then participate it shall, and be an inspiration to them all.

 **Kon:** Well that's nice, at least. So far...civilization isn't as bad as he thought it'd be.

It's not as good as the Land Untamed, of course. But it's better than the Movement.

Properly checked, cultivated and...thinned...it might not be so bad.

He has ways of voicing these opinions to Ghol -- the boy has made a decent study of warg moot-language -- but so far he has declined to do so.

**Salubriot:** "You could exclude me. I could smash your heads into your necks."

**K:** .M. "Yo, I've met ill giants with better burns than this dude."



**Kon:** Salubriot...Kon would agree with the priestess of Mottle, as much as that pains him to do so, but if he had to choose one it would be Salubriot.

What is competition, if not against the most challenging competitors?

**K.M.:** "Yo, I've met ill giants with better burns than this dude."



**banana (GM):** There was, of course, a member of the Thunder named King Magician, who coincidentally happened to look and sound like this guy. Kon might not have been into human bands however.



**Kon:** Not many shows out west.



**banana (GM):** Senior priests and the few remaining city guard step in to de-escalate the situation. Looks like it'll remain unclear for a while just who exactly is in the 100' Sausage finals tomorrow.



**Kon:** Kon is...sated. And sleepy. Time for nap.



**banana (GM):** This is known for sure, however: if they hope to beat Kon, all of them are going to have to come up with something better than they had today. The thing, the priestess and the wastelander all give him nods or brief words as they head to their team houses to strategise.



**Kon:** Kon will return their nods, although the priestess's only slightly.

Then, after seeing to any fans -- very briefly -- he will make his way back to the inn, find a nice place by a fire, curl up, and doze off. Ghol and the others can figure out the event's outcome their own selves.