



**banana (GM):** These are the last days of the eleventh turn of the round.

There were 13 participants, originally, in this sparring match - but the oldest dwarf, Vill, has been knocked out early by Vraknaar's sonic assault.

Possibly in order to continue his facade of heroism, the dragon is administering first aid...

Everybody on the other team seems to agree that this is totally fair and leaves neither side at a disadvantage.



**VoxPVoxD:** Maybe he's actually nice.



**banana (GM):** Have you \*met\* dragons?



**Placidus:** Yes, and if Placidus were going to pick one dragon in the whole of the world to defend as actually an alright sort of fellow, it'd easily be Vraknaar.



**Ferrinus:** Maybe that baby dracolich was secretly nice.



**Xarvrax:** Actually nice my ass.



**Skeleton:** See? We have that vampire's word!



**Placidus:** Actually, the undead should be destroyed...?



**banana (GM):** To briefly recap - while Kon takes an easy lead in the heats for the 100' Sausage event, the rest of his team are practicing their death war skills against a team of dwarfs. These women from Forge were once sappers and engineers, but the Dwarf King has released them to participate in the Hungry Games as team Wash-It-Down.

Appropriately, most of them are drunk. But their captain isn't, and nor's the priestess of Mell, whose healing magic might be quite dangerous to your chances...

Fortunately, it's Xarvrax's turn and the escalation die is at +1.



**Xarvrax:** I'm curious, the status effect you put on me last time you said was the -4 attack / defense one, right?



**Placidus:** I think it's just a penalty to defenses



**banana (GM):** just the defenses, yeah



**Xarvrax:** Oh wonderful.

So it's time for lightning fork.



**banana (GM):** Xarvrax is vulnerable, his scales covered in nasty acid stuff..



**Xarvrax:** Going to start with healer lady.



**Riidi WW:** nonlehtal acid



**Travis Meacham:** Nonlethal acid.

**Captain Megga:** "A good start. We'll count your bro as beating our carver.. but what about the rest of you?"



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

$$(\text{7})+6$$

$$= 13$$

Going to re-roll that with the feat.



**banana (GM):** There's a lot of dwarves between you and her, so this is a pretty precisely aimed spray.. the first pre-reroll attempt misses!



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

$$(\text{4})+6$$

$$= 10$$

At least it's even this time.

**Mother Mountainwife:** "It's not my time yet. I'd know."



**banana (GM):** something happens on even, yes?  
also, did you add the +1 from escalation first time



**Xarvrax:** So this one is forking to Achen.



**banana (GM):** because her pd is 14



**Xarvrax:** I did.



**banana (GM):** cool



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

$$(\text{6})+6$$

$$= 12$$

Oh wait, first miss damage.



**banana (GM):** 12 hits Achen



**Xarvrax:** rolling 7d6 + 4

$$(\text{4} + \text{2} + \text{6} + \text{5} + \text{2} + \text{3} + \text{3})+4$$

$$= 29$$

So the healer lady takes that much.



**banana (GM):** Earthsdaughter, the one who summoned explosives, tries to recoil away - but there are crystal spikes to either side!  
29 miss damage???

**Xarvrax:** It's gather powered.

So it does half of double damage.



**Placidus:** checks out

I'm a mathematician, trust me on this.



**banana (GM):** this power..



**Xarvrax:** And now Achen

rolling 7d6 + 4

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

= 38



**Placidus:** golly



**Xarvrax:** Achen actually takes twice that.

And since the attack was even, it forks again to Megga.



**Skeleton:** cripes on a cracker



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol's eyes widen as the blue dragon crackles. He DOES know they're not trying to kill the dwarves, right?!



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

( 7 )+6

= 13



**Travis Meacham:** Jeepers.



**Xarvrax:** Going to surprising that down to 6.



**Placidus:** This is nonlethal lightning. Perfect for a silent takedown.



**Travis Meacham:** some nonlethal insane lightning power



**Xarvrax:** And it's even again to fork again.



**banana (GM):** i, what



**Xarvrax:** rolling 7d6 + 4

( 4 + 4 + 2 + 5 + 2 + 1 + 6 )+4

= 28

Megga takes that much.



**banana (GM):** half, but still dang



**Xarvrax:** No no, it's 28.



**banana (GM):** Megga just manages to roll under the bolt - her conducts it, unfortunately, to her skin.  
\*her armour



**Xarvrax:** Because gather power works on the whole thing, I'm pretty sure.



**Skeleton:** As blue-white light screams and flashes back and forth across the room, Skeleton stands pressed against the back wall with both gloved hands clasped beneath sker hood. Each of the minions the necromancer's summoned, clad in bedsheets so as to provide SOME sort of deniability as to their authenticity, copies the pose and gesture exactly.



**Xarvrax:** But little Kapp is next.



**Ghol, Going East:** No!!



**Xarvrax:** rolling d20 + 6

( 20 )+6

= 26

Oh god.



**Ghol, Going East:** Goddammit dragon!!



**Skeleton:** Imao



**Ghol, Going East:** This is my--



**Xarvrax:** Oh god.



**banana (GM):** aaa



**Skeleton:** according to my calculations, the number 20 is even.



**Xarvrax:** rolling 7d6 + 4

( 3 + 1 + 2 + 2 + 2 + 4 + 2 )+4

= 20



**Placidus:** It's true.



**Xarvrax:** So I'm pretty sure little kapp takes triple that.  
And now big Kapp.

rolling d20 + 6

( 2 )+6

= 8

rolling 7d6 + 4

( 3 + 1 + 2 + 6 + 4 + 2 + 1 )+4

= 23



**banana (GM):** Arcs of power jump from crystal to crystal, rebounding with the power stored in this arena - or is it just the power stored in Xarvrax?



**Xarvrax:** And that's all for me.



**banana (GM):** As the lightning bolts make their nonlethal shattering way through bone and through leather, the dwarves scream with the pain of their light bruises, diving and leaping as the ground itself begins to shock them!



**Ghol, Going East:** "What the FUCK?" Ghol shouts at the dragon as the smaller Kapp collapses.



**Placidus:** don't forget to save vs the defense penalty, xarvrax



**banana (GM):** Arc after blistering nonlethal arc continues! The battlefield becomes invisible as the flare of power blinds all combatants!



**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax still a little disoriented from the blast, snaps a chunk of crystal off the walls, hurling it into the air before firing the lightning through it, maybe overcharging it a little as it screams around the arena through the dwarves.

rolling d20

( 19 )

= 19

So I save against it.



**Placidus:** "I honestly don't know what to make of this."



**banana (GM):** Chexk, amazingly, is staggering back to her feet - a weak divine intervention having kept her on 1 hp. Achen is unconscious draped over the crystals, both Kapps have collapsed (throwing up, watch out Ghol) and Megga is basically stunned nonlethally in place.



**Skeleton:** Skeleton manages a few words, peering sideways at Placidus and Travis. "This is CRAZY!"



**Placidus:** "It doesn't... \*seem\* like useful testing."

**Suds:** "Holy fuck! Fucking holy fuck!"



**Xarvrax:** Shaking his head, Xarvrax looks around at the carnage before cringing, "Uh... I think the spell may have misfired."



**banana (GM):** let me just look up the vomit power thing



**Xarvrax:** "Something about explosions makes it a little hard to control the power in the spell."



**Ghol, Going East:** At Xarvrax: "Yeah? Just a little bit?"



**Travis Meacham:** "Well then."



**Ghol, Going East:** "What am I supposed to do here, even." There's two barely conscious dwarves left - pretty much gone -- and one surrounded by a bunch of bedsheet mooks.



**banana (GM):** rolling d20+9 vs ghol's pd

(15)+9

= 24



**Ghol, Going East:** hit  
what is hitting me



**banana (GM):** 12 acid damage - you do NOT want to know what big kapp had been eating before she collapsed on you  
you don't want to, but it's just become obvious



**Ghol, Going East:** oh my god  
That's BEFORE Kapp vomits on Ghol.



**Placidus:** is that a melee range attack



**banana (GM):** engaged range



**Placidus:** rip



**banana (GM):** There's a brief break in the contest as the dwarves haul their nonlethally wounded out to the sides of the arena.

**Megga:** "Right."



**Ghol, Going East:** Covered in damaging filth for the second time today, Ghol looks like he's almost about to actually haul off and take a swing at the dragon -- before controlling himself and stomping out of the arena to clean off.  
pass turn

**Megga:** "That was impressive. But some of us are still sober enough to stand. I'm going to hurt you."



**Xarvrax:** "I mean, I got blown up and smashed into a wall, you try controlling anything at that point."



**banana (GM):** ...and then the sparking comes back around the ring of crystals.



**Xarvrax:** rolling d20 + 6

(12)+6

= 18



**banana (GM):** It's like the lightning itself was malevolent, alive - it bounced and rebounded, seeking away past the skeleton wall!





**Xarvrax:** rolling 7d6 + 4

( 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 3 + 4 + 3 )+4

= 32

**Suds:** "Chexk, helpppp"



**Xarvrax:** So that's 64 damage.  
If it hit.



**banana (GM):** Here's the thing: Skeleton's creations are also made of magic.



**Travis Meacham:** you know



**banana (GM):** The arcs bounce between crystal and bone, crystal and bone, nonlethally flaying the dwarf's beard from her chin and her flesh from her muscle.



**Travis Meacham:** that 12 was ALSO even .....



**Placidus:** There's no one left to hit, though, is there?



**banana (GM):** unfortunately, it says "you can attack a different target with the spell."



**Placidus:** It can't fork onto someone twice.



**banana (GM):** rather than "you must"



**Xarvrax:** Unfortunately, it can't bounce back to things it's already hit... I think?



**banana (GM):** we seem to be considering different things to be unfortunate here.

**Megga:** "Are you fucking kidding me. OK, watch this. Just, watch this."



**Skeleton:** Well, they're certainly made BY magic. What that magic did was bind scraps of spare animus - partially skeleton's, partially that of the world's general background radiation of things-that've-died - to bones and things that'd been entombed beneath this spot. These guys in particular are mostly dirt and ground-up crystal, actually, because a lot of that stuff was part of a living being at least at one point.



**Ghol, Going East:** There is definitely room in the spell text as written to have it bounce back to a target it already hit, but I think we've WISELY DECIDED AGAINST THAT.

**Chexk:** "I feel like maybe we should give up, though-"



**banana (GM):** It's too late; the captain is charging.



**Xarvrax:** I'm okay with that.



**banana (GM):** There's only one possible target. She draws two maces from her side as she runs, bringing them forward in a sweep with a single point.

rolling d20+8 vs ac

( 11 )+8

= **19**

rolling d20+8 vs ac

(**19**)+8

= **27**

for each hit, 9 physical damage - for each natural odd one, a status effect



**Xarvrax:** Those both hit, yeah.



**Ghol, Going East:** rolling 1d8 meanwhile, recovery

(**3**)

= **3**



**banana (GM):** which is two, so xarvrax is slightly owned: vulnerable and -4 defences again ...but after Megga is Travis, and then Skeleton.



**Travis Meacham:** just gonna blast her with a frost bolt

rolling 1d20+7 vs PD

(**7**)+7

= **14**

for either



**banana (GM):** yep



**Travis Meacham:** rolling 3d6, or 2, damage

(**2** + **1** + **4**)

= **7**

boy ive been CRUSHING it with the damage rolls this fight



**Placidus:** trigger, I guess

seems kind of gratuitous at this point but w/e


rolling d20+8 vs the lower of pd or md


(**4**)+8


= **12**


**banana (GM):** The ice shards spraying through the air are if anything \*weakened\* by the crystal





 presence; vibrations slow them on their passage.


 **Placidus:** (this is on megga)


 **banana (GM):** hits md, but not pd  
wait no


 **Placidus:** well, jere


 **banana (GM):** hits neitehr  
sorry


 **Placidus:** okay, one damage then


 **banana (GM):** well  
she's on one.


 **Placidus:** lmao


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax is knocked back by the raging dwarf, stumbling about in a daze again.


 **Placidus:** Placidus holds his new wand out, and Megga feels a gentle humming at the base of her skull. She suddenly feels very sleepy... and will like as not soon tumble peacefully to the ground, in a way that's mathematically optimized for comfort.


 **banana (GM):** If Skeleton begins preparing any sort of cool, dangerous spell, Chexk will instantly surrender on behalf of her UNCONSCIOUS, ESSENTIALLY FINE colleagues.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol will duck his head in to make sure Kapp wasn't like, actually murdered by lightning, before grumbling off to the nearest source of clean water.


 **Placidus:** Placidus looks at the wand, which is still vibrating faintly in his left hand. "I honestly don't know what to make of this."


 **Skeleton:** Skeleton actually IS raising their hands dramatically, causing an unearthly wail to begin to swirl around the room. The enemy with the lowest HP feels a sudden building chill...!


 **banana (GM):** There's just the one enemy. She feels the chill and is like, "Please stop."

 **Skeleton:** "-ooOOooh what? Okay, sorry."  
"Gosh, though, that got pretty dramatic."

**Chexk Mountainwife:** "Here's the good news: we were right, we're out of shape."

 **Placidus:** It takes Placidus a minute to get out of focus. He has to pace around a bit, acid sloughing off of him after hanging in his wake briefly in midair like it doesn't realize he's not in that spot for it to cling to him.

 **Skeleton:** Skeleton beckons the three sheet-clad minions over - they look a bit like scrawny teenagers wearing very lazy ghost costumes - and pats each on the head before looking them over for structural flaws.

 **banana (GM):** They're holding onto a bit of static electricity, but otherwise fine.

**Chexk:** To Xarvrax: "Are you sure you're... legal?"



**Placidus:** "Ugh." He'll go out to help tend to the dwarves.



**Travis Meacham:** Travis murmurs to Skeleton, "Are you sure you don't want to discreetly get rid of thme?"



**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax shakes his head, trying to clear it, "Uh, what?"

**Chexk:** "You don't have to register or something? In Forge, people have to register the possession of powerful magic weapons."

"Of which I think BEING one would count, but you'd have to ask a lawyer for the details."



**Skeleton:** "Oh, don't worry, they-" There's a trio of hissing, clattering, flumphing sounds, as though things were both falling against each other and disintegrating. Skeleton reaches down, seizes the three bedsheets, and dramatically yanks them up off the ground to reveal... a few scattered piles of sand, and one bone chip.



**banana (GM):** Travis would definitely know this: you don't have to register like that in Axis. The Dragon Empire is hella about freedom.



**Skeleton:** While everyone looks away, Skeleton discreetly crouches and picks up the bone chip, apparently pocketing it.



**Placidus:** "Well, the good news is, as egregious as all that was everyone should feel more or less right in a few hours. I wonder if the nonlethality is an enchantment on the arena."



**Xarvrax:** "I'm from Drakkenhall, if The Five say something is legal there, it is. So, I think so?"



**Placidus:** The Dragon Empire is hella about the freedom... of dragons.



**banana (GM):** A couple of them are starting to wake up. Megga and Big Kapp are the toughest - though the latter is too hungover to move.

**Megga:** "Uhaugh. Thhh, thanks, I think."



**banana (GM):** Elsewhere in the city, cheers rise - the Games continue. Your own personal victories, too, mount. Gonna rock this city, apparently, in questionably legal ways.



**Placidus:** Placidus has a cup of water for Big Kapp as soon as she's right enough to hold it.



**Xarvrax:** rolling d20

(13)

= 13




**Skeleton:** rolling 1d20 dc 18+ recharge roll on summon undead

(11)


= 11

no!

**Megga:** "You lot - gonna win this whole damn thing, aren't you?"

 **Xarvrax:** Aww, no lightning forks for me again.

"Either that, or die afterwards, yeah."

 **Placidus:** rolling d20 recharge 16+ on bitter lessons

( 10 )

= 10

rip

"That's the plan, yes."

probably should use a recovery, though

rolling 1d6+1 double this


( 1 )+1

= 2

lol


**Megga:** "What next?" The priestess is getting the others up with dwarven healing magic, e.g. her iron capped boots.


"Can I suggest signing up, because if the horde comes east.. we'll NEED people like you. Freaking abyss."


 **Skeleton:** rolling 1d20 recharge roll for Terror, 18+


( 6 )


= 6


 **Placidus:** "I definitely think the dragons should sign up for the army."


 **Skeleton:** "I'm not sure I'm army material."


 **Xarvrax:** "Sorry, The Blue would probably frown on my joining of the army."

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol, as providence would have it, is not around to hear "horde." He is instead sulking and soaking in a bath.

 **banana (GM):** Vraknaar does not agree with Placidus... but isn't willing to say why. Mysterious!

 **Travis Meacham:** Travis didn't really do anything this fight. Low profile.  
AND IS DEFINITELY NOT SIGNING UP FOR THE ARMY

 **banana (GM):** He threw an effective frost bolt, BUT, from the noise, Placidus was probably helping aim it.

 **Placidus:** Well, obviously they don't agree, or else the two of them would already be in the army.  
It's not like the favored scions of the Five would need to, I don't know, do pushups or whatever it is soldiers do.

Carry... buckets...?



**banana (GM):** Suds is up and hunting for the scattered bits of her beard. "It's a shit life. You're too right to stay out of it."

**Chexk:** "I think we should all go and lie down for a while."



**banana (GM):** Kapp: "Not that bad. Plenty of, uh. Stuff."

Suds: "What stuff?"

Kapp: "I don't know. Whatever."



**Placidus:** "I wonder how much Kon won the 100' Sausage heats by."



**banana (GM):** Might be worth heading over to see - you've finished up here faster than expected!



**Placidus:** That's... a very neutral way of putting it.



**banana (GM):** 'Cleaned up' would be insulting to several individuals present.



**Travis Meacham:** Technically we sparred.



**Kon:** Kon is already back at the inn, by the by, but there's probably some fallout/closing ceremony for the day going on...



**Placidus:** But we did not spare.



**banana (GM):** Right, Kon's event was, itself, over in less than the usual time. It's not even quite dinnertime!

Chexk: "Megga."

Megga: "Yeah, anyway we'll go wash up. Thanks for the, wow."



**Skeleton:** "Cheers."



**Placidus:** Placidus tips his hat at them as they set out.



**banana (GM):** So, what's the question on everybody's lips as you leave the requisitioned barracks and stroll through the elven city.

Lightning? Scores? The evening meal?



**Placidus:** "What DOES this wand do?"

"Travis have you taken a look at it?"



**Skeleton:** "It didn't pull in your hands to point at my minions or anything, did it?"



**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax just wants to take a nap, between overcharging a spell, and taking a mace to the face, he's not at his best.



**Placidus:** "Not that I noticed."



**Skeleton:** "Hmm. ...did we ever figure out what those undergarments did, for that matter?"



**Travis Meacham:** "I haven't, no." Travis takes a look at it. Should I roll something to see if I look PRODUCTIVELY?



**Xarvrax:** rolling 2d6 + 4

( 4 + 1 )+4

= 9



**banana (GM):** It was honestly kind of mean of the remaining dwarf captain to go for Xarvrax like that. She'd clearly already lost at that point, but wanted to regain some semblance of.. whatever.



**Xarvrax:** rolling 2d6 + 4

( 4 + 1 )+4

= 9



**banana (GM):** Yeah, a basic int check could have a chance of figuring out the wand's usage.



**Xarvrax:** rolling 2d6 + 4

( 3 + 5 )+4

= 12



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

( 7 )+6

= 13



**banana (GM):** There are some standard command words you can try, look for makers' marks, and so on...



**Travis Meacham:** im smart damn it! im smart.... \*begins weeping\*



**Placidus:** can I also make a basic int check



**banana (GM):** yes, but i'm not sure any of your backgrounds apply



**Xarvrax:** rolling d20

( 3 )

= 3

Pfft.



**Placidus:** rolling d20+6 that'd be the definition of a basic int check

( 5 )+6

= **11**

oh come on



**Skeleton:** i forget if skeleton ever made an int check re: the wand, i think no



**banana (GM):** It's a well-made wand, Travis can say. Probably to a design or pattern.



**Skeleton:** rolling 1d20+6 here's int +level

(**1**)+6

= **7**

welp.



**Xarvrax:** I used all of my stuff in the fight.



**banana (GM):** oh whoops was i unclear

i didn't mean BASIC basic

like

wizardry background DOES apply here



**Placidus:** lmao



**banana (GM):** so it's, basically, a nonbasic int check



**Placidus:** well that'd push travis over 15, at least



**banana (GM):** it would! ok, you can get more infos



**Travis Meacham:** yyyyes!

i DO look smart!



**banana (GM):** The design, in fact, brings to mind a spell.. yes! Its runes have been translated into physical shape!



**Skeleton:** good job travis, you look kind of educated



**Xarvrax:** "Smart."



**banana (GM):** Now you don't know EXACTLY what a Fettering spell would do if you turn it into a wand. But this thing is going to be extra-effective, in some sense, against minions.



**Travis Meacham:** "Ah! Okay, Skeleton, I think I figured out why this seemed to twist in your hand, a bit."



**banana (GM):** As you wandchat through the streets, the Gut & Bowel eventually rises before you. There's a small crowd outside, holding signs with drawings of a warg eating the world on them.





**Skeleton:** "Well, why?"





**Kon:** Yeah!!




 **banana (GM):** (Minions meaning in game terms: mooks)


 **Travis Meacham:** but skeleton's animated minions are mooks, right?  
or do they have hp?


 **banana (GM):** they are, yes  
mooks have hp!  
just not very much, and damage spills over them


 **Kon:** Kon will, of course, have wandered outside to greet his public once or twice, but may have retired to a room to doze by the time the rest of the group returns.

 **Skeleton:** mooks have hp, but it all bleeds together


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol got back a bit earlier than the others and is currently washing up.


 **Travis Meacham:** "This wand seems to be a totem or vessel of the Fettering spell. It looks like it will be ... um ... more useful ... against the sort of low tier being that you can summon."  
"So you were probably feeling its inclination to disperse your summoned minions."


 **Placidus:** "Oh, well that's useful."


 **Skeleton:** "Or I was feeling the inclination to disperse myself, a summoned minion."


**Crowd:** "Sausages consumed! Sausages engulfed! Nothing goes through sausages faster than a wolf!"


 **Skeleton:** Skeleton's shoulders slump under their robes.

 **Placidus:** "I promise I will not try to disincorporate you."


 **Skeleton:** "Hey, good job Kon, though."


 **Travis Meacham:** Travis hands back the wand. "It looks like Kon did a good job eating."  
"I'm really glad that him and Ghol have the "eating huge quantities of food" events on lock."

 **Placidus:** "I knew he had it in him. Or, rather, I knew that he'd inevitably have it in him. 'It' being 'the largest quantity of sausage'."


 **Xarvrax:** "Wargs are pretty well known for eating things..."

**Crowd:** "Sausage in a bun! Sausage in your mouth! There aren't any other words that really rhyme with wolf!"

 **Kon:** Have they tried "warg?"  
As a replacement for wolf, not a rhyme.


 **Placidus:** Not a lot of words that rhyme with 'warg' either, come to think of it.  
Really if they were on their game they'd construct rhymes based on his name, 'Kon'.


 **Travis Meacham:** there's Horge


 **banana (GM):** An evening in San Meat stretches before you. It could be a lazy one, over soon in games and chatter, or there's even still time to get something done in the day, if you were the sort of people who get things done.





What everyone \*expects\* the current leading team (!! ) of the Games to do is train and rest, so there's not going to be people waiting outside for autographs and so on.


 **Placidus:** Placidus is consulting the schedule.


 **Skeleton:** "So... should we do something about those dark priests?"


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol wants to have a sitdown with whoever wants to comprise the Investigation Team...


 **banana (GM):** Kon has of course become aware that the priests might even pose a threat to victory. They've got tricks up their guts.


 **Placidus:** "Tomorrow is the Jawsculpting heats and the 100' Sausage finals."  
"So for the rest of us, the day's wide open."  
"What did you all find out about the dark priests?"

 **banana (GM):** Indeed it is. There's really nothing pressing on your plates, though.. you're free spirits of the world right now, low on quests (though Ghol really raises the average).  
A couple of travellers have come into the outer bar room. You, of course, get the inner bar, but you can see them talking to the hoteliers, asking for drinks and meats.

 **Skeleton:** Skeleton hasn't got much of an answer for Placidus as yet. Ske hasn't seem them in action, after all.

 **Placidus:** Do they look ominous or cool?

 **banana (GM):** One of them has a face-covering mask! That's both. He's just asking for directions, though, and looks to be turning and going right out again.

 **Ghol, Going East:** That's true. Ghol COULD go poking around to see if he can find anything on Ylitthe...but the current environment's going to be a tough one in which to find out any information about full-on orcs, and he has no idea how close the former steward actually is.


**Incredibly Ominous Traveller:** "This the right gate to leave for Ironhenge?"


**Barkeep:** "Probably, sir. West gate takes you anywhere other than the arara eyrie, and you don't want to go there."

 **Travis Meacham:** "No, you d onot."


Travis is going to sit in the bar/lounge and drink a beer or two and play some cards.

He's also going to spend a little time in the kitchen working on food assembly techniques.


 **banana (GM):** Can't hurt. The amazing thing about the seared burger was it required very little thought, just slices atop slices atop the patty.. but not all sandwiches can be so simple.  
I might skip ahead to the night and day if nobody's got compelling tasks to undertake!

 **Xarvrax:** Not really, no.


 **Skeleton:** yeah, go for it


 **Ghol, Going East:** Not unless someone else wants to go sneaking about after dark investigating the cultists or whatever.


Which can also be done tomorrow, during the day, probably.


 **Placidus:** Placidus is going to spend his evening researching sandwich physics unless Ghol is really insistent. We've got the whole day tomorrow, and honestly it's probably wiser to poke around in broad daylight.


 **banana (GM):** Next question.


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax is not good at sneaking, no.


 **banana (GM):** Does anyone object if I use this Elf Queen 5x2?


 **Placidus:** Everyone turns to look at Ghol.


 **Xarvrax:** I didn't roll it, so.


 **Placidus:** One of those 5s is mine, but it was a present for Ghol.


 **Ghol, Going East:** As long as the 6 sticks around for dream purposes.


 **Xarvrax:** If I didn't roll it, I have no opinion.

 **banana (GM):** I can assure you that no reduction of dream quantity would be involved.


 **Skeleton:** whose one-eyed king 6 was that, anyway

 **banana (GM):** I'm not sure! But it's hanging about. Advantageously.


 **Placidus:** It's a negative 6 from Vraknaar.  
Or rather, it's a 6 from Vraknaar's negative icon die with the Wizard King.


 **banana (GM):** That night, things aren't calm even outside of your overtaxed intestines.  
Everyone please roll wisdom dc 10. You might be Alerted.

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


() + 6


= **26**


 **Placidus:** rolling d20+5 wisdom

() + 5

= **15**

 **Ghol, Going East:** Nice.

 **Skeleton:** rolling 1d20+2

() + 2

= **21**

brutal.



**Xarvrax:** rolling d20

( 20 )

= 20



**Placidus:** Where were these rolls when I was trying to get my wand identified?!



**Xarvrax:** Ahahaha.



**Placidus:** Assholes.



**banana (GM):** lmao



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

( 19 )+3

= 22



**Xarvrax:** Dear god.



**Travis Meacham:** Man we are on ALERT.



**banana (GM):** fucking AWAKE



**Xarvrax:** We had literally one roll below 20.



**Placidus:** When your whole crew spot/listen game on point.



**Xarvrax:** and 2 literal 20s.



**Skeleton:** Placidus: When your whole crew spot/listen game on point. ||| your whole SQUAD



**banana (GM):** ok, this gets a definite noticings bonus

The five of you only have two rooms to share, and you're beginning to recognise each others' moods even subconsciously. Within moments, each of Kon's Men opens his eyes (except Skeleton), and looks about to find the others doing the same (where applicable). You're silent, but not still - alerted by the noises from all about.

This is a city. It's not usually quiet. But there are patterns to this noise, people trying to be stealthy without success. Two distinct sources, in fact...



**Placidus:** Placidus looks over at Ghol and Kon to make sure they notice, but they're already alert.



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol wakes to find Kon already looming over him, looking towards the window. He slowly slips out of bed and into his pants and scabbards.



**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax sighs, all he wanted was a good nights sleep after accidental dwarf barbecue.



**Travis Meacham:** Travis awakes from dreams of cheese and meat and bread.



**Skeleton:** The silver motes in Skeleton's eyes peer significantly out of a crack in Placidus's closet door before they're obscured by a raised hood.



**banana (GM):** You have plenty of time and space to prepare. Whatever's happening, you've caught it early.. and what IS happening? On the floor below you, or perhaps just outside the walls, massed footfalls...

Also, the cultists' room has weird rhythmic scraping noises.



**Ghol, Going East:** Uh oh.

Can Ghol...feel them in there, at all? He's not sure to what extent elves can 'sense' each others presence...



**Placidus:** Placidus looks like he's about to kick off his slippers, and thinks better of it. That floor is cold! He does get his wand off the bedside table, though.



**banana (GM):** Ghol is suddenly aware, as one sometimes is, that he had been dreaming.



**Ghol, Going East:** Whoa.



**banana (GM):** And yes, in the dream, others sensed.. there were words. Hers, with her starry gaze; he was reassured, encouraged, something about.. time? It's less clear than usual, with abrupt awakening. Something about the best time to leave and to go East, some days from now.

But here's what Ghol dreamed just before awakening: points of light beginning to cluster, the other stars drawing near to him, following the sound of the Queen's voice. As if they'd been awaiting it.



**Ghol, Going East:** Going East...!!



**banana (GM):** A voice, somewhere near and very quiet: "..the friction, the spark.."



**Ghol, Going East:** Is it coming from the dragon cultists' room...? From in dream, still...? Is he awake enough to tell the difference?



**banana (GM):** Who's closest to their room? Probably Xarvrax. He's the only one that can tell the direction.. but yes.

The ones below aren't saying anything at all.



**Skeleton:** Skeleton whispers to Placidus: "Should we pre-empt anything, do you think? I could just... try to snuff whatever's not us."



**Placidus:** Placidus shakes his head. "Might just be weird rather than dangerous."



**banana (GM):** Travis is aware from the pressure that the orb is filling, again, but this is not that. The souls gathering around are not stone, and not friendly.



**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax gets up out of his bed, making for the door.



**banana (GM):** Direct action. Gimme a dex roll to be quiet about leaving.



**Xarvrax:** rolling d20 + 2

( 8 )+2

= 10

Add 5 if being a dragon would help.

I don't think it would, but.



**banana (GM):** No floorboards actually creak, but it doesn't seem that quiet to whoever is in Xarvrax's room..

And indeed, as you approach the dragon-cultists' door: a flurry of activity inside, sudden rustles and squeaks, then silence.



**Xarvrax:** Tired and angry, Xarvrax decides to hell with it, and kicks the door in.



**banana (GM):** Anyone else acting while Xarvrax does xarvraxing?



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol's going to check a window...



**Skeleton:** Skeleton doesn't want to leave anybody hanging, but on the other hand is no one to put on the front lines of some sort of ambush. They're huddling close to Placidus and Travis, and going out into the hall if the others are.



**Placidus:** Placidus is. naturally, going to count. He's going to count scrapes, count floorboards, look out the window and count anything out of place there.



**banana (GM):** The cultists... are in bed! With the sheets up and everything, if somewhat messy. The male grey elf, Xarvrax never bothered to learn his name, he's watching the door as you smash it, eyes bright with excitement or fear or both. "Lord Xarvrax! My Lord!"



**Ghol, Going East:** But he's going to keep an ear/eye/sixth sense pointed at the elves' room. He has a vested interest there, or likes to pretend he does.



**Travis Meacham:** Travis is up and in the hall, making as little noise as possible and waiting for something to happen.



**Placidus:** He's not going to leave the room until he hears Xarvrax kick the door open, at which point-



**banana (GM):** Travis watches. There's a shadow at the very foot of the stairs, he thinks, one paused though recently in motion..



**Xarvrax:** "What the hell are you all doing to wake me up?"



**banana (GM):** Out the window, Ghol sees more- several creeping figures, all stilled and looking up at the cultists' window, from which the noise of Xarvrax bellowing emanates.

**Other:** cultist: "What? Nothing. We're just resting, as befits the night. Of course your power is such that you can do whatever you want at any time of day or night!"

**Other cultist:** : "What? Nothing. We're just resting, as befits the night. Of course your power is such that you can do whatever you want at any time of day or night!"

**Male cultist:** "It's all good here." He \*sounds\* excited, too.



**Travis Meacham:** These guys have definitely lured people here to test us.



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol is going to swiftly, but as quietly as he can, move into the elves' room. In front of that window.



**Xarvrax:** Slightly more awake now, Xarvrax seems to realize what's going on, "Urgh, just keep it down, would you?"





**banana (GM):** When Ghol follows in, they exclaim and complain. "What the fuck? This is our room, guy."  
(Xarvrax's entrance, violent as it was, drew no objection)



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol: "Are they here for you? Is this your doing?"  
He doesn't wait for an answer. "Get into the hallway."  
That's good advice for everyone, honestly.

**Female cultist:** "I don't understand!" Fear, for sure.

**Male cultist:** "The dragon says go back to bed, just leave us alone."



**Skeleton:** Skeleton creeps out into the hall, then, standing at the rough average of Ghol and Travis's position.



**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax looks out the window Ghol went for, not quite seeing what's out there, but feeling uneasy.



**banana (GM):** Travis can see the shadow below.. shrinking back, heading either outside or into the taproom.  
Placidus is up to 99.



**Travis Meacham:** Travis heads into the taproom. Let's see if this intruder decided to intrude.



**banana (GM):** Down the stairs Travis goes, visible now to anyone who's watching?



**Travis Meacham:** yep



**banana (GM):** Travis did after all freaking pay for his room here. He can walk down the stairs at an early glass if he wants to!



**Travis Meacham:** This is a free country!



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol has little free time to worry about wizards as he stares at the cultists and thinks back to his dream...



**banana (GM):** ..the outer door is closing as someone draws back from it very quickly. And in the taproom, there's.. a cloaked elf trying very hard to look like they've been sitting at this table drinking for hours. The empty mug says otherwise.



**Ghol, Going East:** He's fairly certain he COULD invoke Her sign on them, no matter how much they profess to serve the dragons now.

**A cultist:** "Do you need help with something, lord? Or does your orc.. friend?"



**Ghol, Going East:** But this...




**Xarvrax:** "Just... don't get in the way."





**Travis Meacham:** "I shouldn't think so," says Travis as he walks over to another table, takes out a deck of cards, and starts shuffling it.


"Why do you ask? Isn't it a bit early to be showing up to a strange bar?"


**Cultists:** : "Absolutely." One of them pulls the sheets up over their heads. They are very happy to not be involved in whatever danger's coming, suspicious as their own actions might have been.


 **banana (GM):** What is Travis responding to?


 **Travis Meacham:** oh wait i forgot A Cultist  
that mjeant the guy in the room not the elf at the bar


 **banana (GM):** lol sorry  
It was a dragon cultist upstairs, yeah.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol sweeps from the room, heading downstairs.


 **banana (GM):** Cloak elf may or may not belong to any cults.


 **Travis Meacham:** oKAY let's RETCON that a bit  
Travis walks over to the cloaked elf's table. "I don't believe I know you, sir. The bar, as you can see, is closed."


 **Ghol, Going East:** As he's heading down the hallway, he calls out to Placidus: "How many of them are out there?"


 **Placidus:** Well?


 **Skeleton:** Ever anxious, Skeleton's drifted to the top of the stairs, now, trying to keep some sort of quick access both to Travis and to Xarvrax, Placidus, and Ghol.


 **Placidus:** "Thirteen, of course."


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax decides to stay in the room, moving over to the window where Ghol was, trying to get a better look outside.


 **Skeleton:** If nothing else, Skeleton's been a lot more successfully silent than the others.


 **Ghol, Going East:** "Be ready to put them in the ground if this goes sideways."  
Hopefully, though...


 **Skeleton:** Xarvrax sees now what Placidus and Ghol did: quiet and still figures, trying to hide themselves up against the inn walls and in alleys. It's too late, though, since you're well aware they're here.

 **Ghol, Going East:** He's going to walk downstairs now to the taproom.

 **Skeleton:** The guy in the bar holds up his mug to Travis in an awesome bluff. "Yeah, I'll have one for the road then. Make it the good stuff."  
what  
i am not skeleton

 **banana (GM):** wwwhat  
The guy in the bar holds up his mug to Travis in an awesome bluff. "Yeah, I'll have one for the road then. Make it the good stuff."

 **Skeleton:** So then I'm the- \*explodes\*

 **Travis Meacham:** \*captain harris voice\* I am the GM now.  
"Beat it."





**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax motions to the cultists, "You two get in my room now, stay there and don't come out unless I say otherwise."



**banana (GM):** The cultists listen intently. "Yes, sir. Just a moment to change."



**Ghol, Going East:** As Ghol comes downstairs, he spares the seated elf a glare and says to Travis, "Have you seen the innkeepers?"



**banana (GM):** Cloak elf: "Sure, whatever." He's standing to leave..

rolling d20

( 9 )

= 9

..and can't help but give Ghol a sharp glance. He twitches all over and then continues toward the exit. Does Placidus still watch, upstairs?



**Kon:** That is the point where Kon will sweep around in front of the elf, barring his path.



**Placidus:** He does.



**Ghol, Going East:** "The innkeepers," Ghol repeats, this time at the cloaked elf.



**banana (GM):** Skeleton acts like a centre of gravity, drifting about as Xarvrax shuts up the cultists again. Placidus sees the assembled figures.. disperse. There's a quick exchange of hand signals, and then they're all starting to move off in different directions.

Travis has not seen the innkeepers. Their own room is behind the kitchen.



**Travis Meacham:** "Haven't seen 'em."

He goes to check on them.



**Skeleton:** Skeleton takes this moment to cross their arms over each other and rock back and forth on their feet, faster and faster and faster. The ghostly shapes of bones long disintegrated drift together out of thin air, swirling to underneath the necromancer's cloak and robes.



**Placidus:** Placidus will go downstairs here in his slippers with his death wand. "The people outside are leaving."



**banana (GM):** Good news for Travis: The hoteliers haven't even woken up.



**Skeleton:** Skeleton follows the gnome, seeming bulkier and slower beneath their robes. "So... so what is all this?"



**banana (GM):** But there's a brief window, here, where Ghol and Kon are alone with the lone intruder, just before Placidus and Skeleton and then Xarvrax arrive..

rolling d20+10 vs ac

( 19 )+10

= 29

He's lunging, see. With the knife.



**Placidus:** Yikes!!



**Ghol, Going East:** That's a hit.



**banana (GM):** Take 6 damage, which is not such a big deal in the scheme of things, and 2 ongoing poison damage due to the white goop in its runnel. "YOU WON'T RUIN US!"



**Ghol, Going East:** OH COME ON. I JUST BATHED.



**banana (GM):** Specifically, that's 2 ongoing poison... encounter ends.



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol stumbles back against the table, tries to bring the Rune of Peace to bear --



**Placidus:** "The people outside are leav- HEY!"

**Assassin:** : "This is nardleaf oil. A secret of my people, among whom you do not number. It's inevitable. Whittling. Your veins will close, one by one."



**banana (GM):** Everyone can turn up if they like, but they'll have to do it in initiative order.



**Placidus:** That'd require us to roll initiative.

rolling d20+2 so, here

( 20 )+2

= 22



**Skeleton:** rolling 1d20-2 slowleton

( 18 )-2

= 16



**banana (GM):** rolling d20+9 well, ok.

( 13 )+9

= 22



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


( 4 )+2

= 6

Nice.



**Xarvrax:** rolling d20 + 4


() + 4

= **7**

Barf.



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

() + 4

= **22**



**banana (GM):** looks like it's "the assassin" then "you guys in whatever order you like", due to his +9 being better than that of travis and placidus who had the same actual rolls

iirc

does it work that way??



**Placidus:** idk, that's how it works in wod



**Travis Meacham:** probably



**Placidus:** I'll go before Travis so I can buff his attack if needed.




**banana (GM):** let'sahaha roll with it

Before Kon can even leap, the nefarious elf (nelfarious) is across the room, his back to the wall. It's a strong defensive position, with bar stools around and the overhang of the stairs preventing things from being dropped on his head. He draws \*another\* knife, this one balanced for throwing, and sights at anyone who enters the room..

which Placidus then does.

rolling d20+8 vs pd

() + 8

= **27**



**Skeleton:** .\_.



**Placidus:** That's a hit.



**Xarvrax:** This fucker is mean, apparently.



**Placidus:** My PD is 12.



**banana (GM):** The occultist's greeting to the taproom is the hilt of a knife to his windpipe. 6 damage, stunned for a turn.



**Placidus:** what does 'stunned' do

do I just, skip my turn



**banana (GM):** it's literally worse than that

-4 to defenses and Can't Take Actions  
you skip your turn AND someone can own you



**Skeleton:** seems strong



**Placidus:** oh. well, cya



**banana (GM):** The assassin doesn't appear apologetic for this bullshit.



**Travis Meacham:** Looks like it's travis's turn to walk in on something happening. "Hey! What the fuck!"



**banana (GM):** The elf's blue-glowing eyes dart toward travis, but he says nothing. Ghol is.. bleeding, or oozing, or something, in the center of the room.



**Travis Meacham:** rolling 1d20+6 acid arrow, evoked

(14)+6

= 20



**banana (GM):** hit



**Travis Meacham:** that's 40 acid, ongoing 5



**Skeleton:** hell yeah. give 'im the evoked acid arrow!



**banana (GM):** Ouch. The guy's really well defended against actual \*attack\*, but a magic spell? The lines of power between Travis and the elf guide corrosion to his cloak, scars to his skin. He reels a little. Who's next?



**Skeleton:** skeleton had 16



**Travis Meacham:** i really like that my 'shit got real' spell is a gout of acid



**Xarvrax:** I'll go last.



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol, Going Last



**Skeleton:** Skeleton comes clunking and clattering down the stairs, staggering a bit before stopping themselves against a table and turning their hood rapidly to take in the room. Well, there's only one figure Skeleton doesn't recognize here, and he's already covered in sizzling acid. "Die!" It sounds like a serious suggestion.

rolling 1d20+7 vs md, chant of endings

(12)+7

= 19

rolling 4d6+4 negative energy damage

(4 + 3 + 1 + 3)+4

= **15**

technically this targets the nearby enemy with lowest hp, does not need to be visible



**banana (GM):** THAT gets a response. "I shall, once our enemy is urghhh"



**Skeleton:** anyway, that's the ole turn



**banana (GM):** This guy would have been incredibly dangerous if he had a dozen friends with him or had managed to sneak up on Ghol alone and unnoticed. As is, he's not doing well.

If Xarvrax is last, that's Ghol and Kon finally able to react to the assault.



**Xarvrax:** It's me I guess?

Either way.



**banana (GM):** or is ghol actually last

idk

just both act



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol is last



**banana (GM):** nobody's in the way

ok!

the Lastbagger



**Ghol, Going East:** but here are my rolls anyway

rolling 1d20+7

(**15**)+7

= **22**

rolling 2d6+6

(**2** + **5**)+6

= **13**

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE



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

(**15**)+6


= **21**



**banana (GM):** both of those are going to hit, if barely in ghol's case




**Xarvrax:** rolling 1d8 + 4 cold damage.

() + 4

= **6**



**Kon:** rolling 1d20+7

() + 7

= **11**

rolling 1d10

()

= **2**



**banana (GM):** After 6 cold damage, he's still up, and drawing a \*brace\* more of knives..



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol only has time to get one swing off with the Rune -- and there's too much furniture in the way for Kon to reach him easily -- but he connects.



**banana (GM):** Ghol takes 2 poison, and does what?

Oh, that.

The assassin's set up by magic from all sides, and Placidus has just recovered, too. He's been staggered for a while, so his chances of survival are pretty much nil at this point.

**Assassin:**



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol, gasping: "I...want...answers!"




**banana (GM):** \*set upon

**Assassin:** (-- The only thing left to do is his job.

Stabbing: "You can't.. have them."



**banana (GM):** rolling d20+10 vs ac, 6 damage and the poison worsens to 5 rather than stacking normally; on miss, just poison

() + 10

= **30**

nicely done, guy

The elf seems to be raising his arm for a ragged slash, a thing that will hurt if not blocked, but without his earlier speed.



**Ghol, Going East:** Ghol roars as the assassin buries the knife in him again.



**Travis Meacham:** HEY HE GOT THE ESCALATION DIE, I SAW THAT



**banana (GM):** I say seems. The real cut comes from his other arm, behind, and it's buried in Ghol's back. When the elf lets go and slumps back, the dagger remains.

Everyone's up again, Placidus firstpresumably.

did he?

rolling d20+10 vs ac

(

19



**banana (GM):** )+10

= 29

He's lunging, see. With the knife.

was his first attack



**Placidus:** he rolled +8 vs placidus but it was also vs pd rather than ac

which might be the source of riidi's confusion

anyway focus go



**Travis Meacham:** ahh



**banana (GM):** right, that was another attack




**Travis Meacham:** well, having hit him with the big guns, its time to use the small guns



**banana (GM):** makes sense



**Travis Meacham:** rolling 1d20+7 ray of frost

(  )+7


= **10**

that's a miss



**Placidus:** trigger

rolling d20+8 vs the lower of md and pd

(  )+8

= **14**



**banana (GM):** Light floods into the room. One of the hotel owners stands in the door of the kitchen, mouth open- about to yell - but when she sees what's happening, she just teleports back into her bedroom.


hits md




**Placidus:** rolling 4d8+4 psychic and 5 ongoing psychic

(  +  +  +  )+4



 **banana (GM):** well, flavour Destroying His Mind


 **Skeleton:** damn


 **Placidus:** Placidus fell down on the stairs as Travis and Skeleton brush past him, clutching at his throat and wheezing. In order to offset the coming panic attack, he takes to counting the staccato beats of his own heart. He's totally calm by the time he stands back up, and looking directly into the assassin's eyes, or at them if they're obscured. As Travis's frost bolt goes awry, all the glass and silverware loose around the bar begins to rattle and hum. The assassin himself isn't in a position to appreciate this. Instead, the elfslaying elf slayer finds his own attention pulled away.


The first thing he notices is that there are five of them in the room. Then he realizes that there are forty-one bottles behind the bar, sixteen chairs at six tables, sixty-four buildings within a hundred yards of this establishment. He sees in his mind's eye how many people there are in San Meat, how many bones there are in his ears and spine, how many stars turn in the sky and how many hours, minutes, and seconds remain until this age of the world ends.

It's a lot to take in. A lot more comes out, though. Specifically, it comes out his nose, his ears, his tear ducts... poor Ghol gets quite a mess.


Brain's pretty easy to wash out, though.


 **Travis Meacham:** "Oh, DUDE. Dude. Gross. Augh."


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol stumbles away as the assassin's head explodes. "No! I wanted him...alive..."


 **banana (GM):** The assassin's spinal fluids are not themselves poisoned, but the stuff is already burning through Ghol's system. Nardleaf is awful stuff... he might require immediate medical attention. Might. But Ghol's been through so much bullshit recently, and he's young, and strong, and the Diabolist drove illness from his system(?!)... roll Constitution.

 **Skeleton:** "Eeeegggh."


 **Ghol, Going East:** The elf-orc collapses  
falling directly on the knife buried in his stomach.

 **banana (GM):** If this is the lifestyle most orcs and half-orcs lead, no wonder they become scar-covered barbarian heroes.

 **Placidus:** Placidus clears his throat. "Someone has to get a healer right now."

 **banana (GM):** Hotel owner from the kitchen: "I can, and will, do that."

 **Travis Meacham:** Travis doesn't know any healers.

 **Placidus:** "Thank you."

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

(15)+2

= 17

**Placidus:** "I'll get a mop."



**Travis Meacham:** It's not like it's MORALLY more horrific than, say, melting his face off with acid or using necromantic powers to rip the soul right out of him.



**Placidus:** "That's mostly my fault."



**Travis Meacham:** It's mad gross, though.



**Placidus:** "The good news is, brain is a cinch to clean up."



**banana (GM):** Amazingly enough: Ghol will heal. The owner's set off into the night, but he takes no further poison damage, and left alone, would eventually be ok.



**Placidus:** "Do you have any lemon?"  
"Travis is there any lemon behind the bar?"



**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax looks at Placidus, "Geez, that was harsh even by my standards."



**Travis Meacham:** Travis looks. Yep, definitely some lemon.



**banana (GM):** This is literally not as bad as the time you got set on fire.



**Xarvrax:** "And I just barbecued some dwarves today."



**Placidus:** "Thank you. The acid will make it easier to scour out the bits that've absorbed partially into the wood. More importantly, it smells lovely. I love the smell of lemon."



**banana (GM):** It was a friendly roast.



**Skeleton:** "How many times has this actually happened that you've figured this all out?"  
"Also, who the heck was that?"



**Kon:** Kon does a couple things immediately: he gets the knife out of Ghol's stomach, and he immediately dunks him in a basin of washwater out back to get any poison/brains off of him. Ghol is already healing...more rapidly than he should...but he's still unconscious; Kon pulls him out of the water after a couple seconds and begins drying him off with whatever sheets were still being hung up for laundry.



**Placidus:** With a mop, a bucket of water, and a solution of lemon, Placidus sets dutifully to scrubbing. He's stepped out of his slippers now. No need to mess them up.



**banana (GM):** On the body: he's got a poisoned dagger, obviously, and also a strange holy symbol. It's a semi-circle, or a bit less, with a star wrought in the middle - kind of like a tiara.



**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax decides to go make sure the cultists are still living,



**banana (GM):** Does he go to their room, or to his?



**Skeleton:** Skeleton's poring over the body, wondering if they should be saving it.



**Placidus:** "The good news is, all of the people outside who were supposed to back the assassin up, didn't."  
"This could've gone much worse."



**Xarvrax:** His.



**Placidus:** He looks up at Kon. "Ghol's going to be fine, yeah?"



**banana (GM):** The cultists are in it, and fine. They're in his bed, actually, with clothes on and everything, kind of cowering.



**Kon:** Kon snorts an affirmative, too occupied with Ghol to spare a more emotive response.



**banana (GM):** The healer: It's Adanneloc van Sammen, apparently not merely a veterinarian. He's kind of vaguely appalled to see you but sets to fairly professional work at once.

**Addy:** "Bad wound. Clean, apart from what I hope is someone else's blood. What's he unconscious for? Knife isn't enough."



**Travis Meacham:** "It was probably poisoned. There was some white goop on it, anyway."



**banana (GM):** "Kelly" hasn't met this guy before, but he's a white elf from the Meat Khetheran sect - one of the few in San Meat who doesn't follow the goddess Alabastien. They mostly prepare taboo foods and work with animals in nonbutchery practices.



**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax ushers the cultists out of his room, back into their own, before telling them to keep it down and going back to sleep.



**Placidus:** "Poison. Nardleaf oil."

Placidus is still scrubbing at the brains. Man there's all these little bits stuck in the carvings on the back of the chair.

**Cultists:** "Your word is our command." They sniff furtively at the air where Xarvrax was sleeping one last time and then file out.

**Addy:** Sharply: "Nardleaf? That's impossible to survive."



**banana (GM):** Ghol is, however, regaining consciousness.



**Placidus:** "No it isn't."

"See?"



**banana (GM):** Addressing the patient directly: "How do you do this shit?"

This is the first thing Ghol wakes up to. Being berated by a nice girl's brother the vet.



**Ghol, Going East:** "Ah. Ugh. Hrm. Hello Adanneloc. Nice to see you, too. I take it this isn't the afterlife. I don't think I've been that bad."



**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax snores out something vaguely resembling, "Magic."

**Addy:** "The afterlife is only for pacifists." To Placidus and Travis, who look responsible (Skeleton might look responsible, but unobtrusive?): "In that case, get him to lie down and eat a lot. Change the dressing every twelve hours for three days."

















**Placidus:** "Got it."



**Skeleton:** Skeleton's being quite unobtrusive. They've walked around behind the bar, supposedly to look for more lemon but actually to allow a bunch of extra bones and things to fall discreetly out of their robes and vanish into spectral matter without being noticed.



**Placidus:** Placidus wrings the mop out into the bucket, which now looks like a pot of some particularly unappetizing chowder.

	<b>Ghol, Going East:</b> Ghol grumbles and starts to sit up, before -- "Oof!" -- taking a soft but merciless warg snout to the face.  "Okay, okay. Fine."
	<b>banana (GM):</b> Channeling the death energy was, for Skeleton, startlingly easy. Ske can't be certain, but surely it didn't come that easily in life. It was less like casting a spell and more like just, opening a door.
	<b>van Sammen:</b> "Come visit some time. Everyone's very grateful you saved our lives and got our home condemned." The healer(?) is leaving unless someone stops him.
	<b>Skeleton:</b> "So what's this thing?" Skeleton waves the symbol.
	<b>Ghol, Going East:</b> "I'll do that. Thanks gain, Adanneloc."  *again
	<b>Placidus:</b> Placidus looks at the symbol. Does he recognize it?
	<b>Kon:</b> Kon WILL permit Ghol to sit up enough to look at the symbol.
	<b>banana (GM):</b> Both the hotel owners are hanging out, now, with you, at 2 in the morning or something. It's that or just leave their guests alone with the corpse. You still don't know either of their names, though they probably aren't called Gut or Bowel. One of them says, "Isn't it obvious? It represents a third of a crown."
	<b>Skeleton:</b> "Which third?" Skeleton turns it a few times, wondering which bit should be pointing up.
	<b>Ghol, Going East:</b> "Yeah, that makes sense." To the innkeepers, concern for whose safety ultimately got him a knife in the gut: "I'm glad the two of you are alright, Mr and Mrs. ... uh..."  To Skeleton: "Guessing the White Shard; the Crown of Leaves."
	<b>Hotel guy:</b> "Crown of leaves?" That must not be general knowledge.  I mean, he was with you as far as 'white shard'.
	<b>Skeleton:</b> "Huh?"
	<b>Ghol, Going East:</b> Look, Ghol is happy they're okay and all, but if they're going to insist on not giving their names he's under no compunction to explain state secrets any further.
	<b>Hotelier:</b> "Looks like you've got.. white supremacists? After you. I don't know why we even have those."
	<b>Ghol, Going East:</b> "Great. Excellent," groans the elf-orc teen.
	<b>Other Hotelier:</b> "Seriously! Some of my best friends are grey elves, we've got grey elf customers right now.. but there's only one thing a symbol like that could mean. Look, it's a clean cut at the edges of the shard."
	<b>Hotelier:</b> "D'you think they'll hold off on attacking until morning? Hey."  To Skeleton: "Who are you, ma'am?"
	<b>Placidus:</b> "That's Kelly."
	<b>Skeleton:</b> "Hi."



**Placidus:** "Who do we have to call to get rid of this body?"

**Hotelier:** "Is she staying, or... visiting. Overnights are an extra three coppers."



**Placidus:** "Kelly is staying. I'll cover it. Please, the corpse?"



**banana (GM):** Don't worry, the city garrison will- right, they all marched off to fight the orcs.



**Skeleton:** "Well, erm..." Skeleton looks around at the others.



**Xarvrax:** Xarvrax snores again, something resembling, "Burn the whole place down," rumbling loud enough to hear from downstairs.



**Ghol, Going East:** ...Dragons!



**Placidus:** "Oh! Okay. Kelly, why don't you help me drag it to, wherever corpses go. We can set it on fire, which is what we do with corpses."



**Kon:** Kon will assist with this legitimate and above-board enterprise.



**Skeleton:** "Sure thing." Skeleton heads over, stoops, and does their best to drag. After a moment of mostly-fruitless pulling before the corpse is actually budged, they remember to pretend to grunt.



**Travis Meacham:** Travis won't help.

**Hotelier:** "Ah, thanks."



**banana (GM):** Her husband's just going back to bed. Fuck this whole thing.



**Placidus:** Sensible.



**banana (GM):** Kon's Men pay well, but they never intended to host a Games team. Things \*happen\* to those guys.



**Placidus:** After they're well outside the building and everyone's checked to make sure no one's around, Placidus says: "What's the plan here? Can you make the corpse talk?"



**Skeleton:** "Um... I'd need some time to prepare. And it'd leave me a little ill-prepared to do things besides make a corpse talk."

"Could be worth it, though."



**Placidus:** "Well, I'll defer to your judgement, on corpses."



**Travis Meacham:** Travis is turning back in. He's got an event to win.



**Kon:** Kon frowns and slips off.

He'll return sometime later, supporting Ghol. He deserves to be here for this.



**Placidus:** Well, Skeleton just said ske can't do it tonight.




















Ghol can vote on whether we destroy the corpse or interrogate it with horrifying necromancy, though.




**banana (GM):** The lane behind the Gut & Bowel abutts onto a novelty barbershop. It's for tourists, of course, and only opens for a few hours a day.. at this time of night there's nobody around but a curious alleycat.


**Placidus:** Placidus squints at the cat.





	<b>Kon:</b> Kon will nod to it, stoutly.
	<b>Skeleton:</b> "Aww, look."
	<b>banana (GM):</b> "Hss."
	<b>Placidus:</b> "Shoo!"
	<b>banana (GM):</b> "Hss."
	<b>Placidus:</b> "Stupid cat."
	<b>Skeleton:</b> Skeleton goes over and tries to pat it.
	<b>Ghol, Going East:</b> "Let him rest, and return to his Queen," Ghol says from the dark of the alleyway, glaring at the corpse. He's not actually sure how the Elven afterlife works, but this assumption seems fitting. "I will find my answers another way."
	<b>banana (GM):</b> The dead elf was... elf-aged, anywhere between 15 and 150.. with long raven hair and deep blue eyes (now turned, of course, to wood). These really aren't identifying characteristics. Maybe another white elf would be able to describe him better.
	<b>Ghol, Going East:</b> "Besides, you blew his damn head off. How's he supposed to speak?"
	<b>Placidus:</b> "The vast majority of his head, by volume and mass, is intact!"
	<b>banana (GM):</b> His *head* is there. Skull and everything.
	<b>Placidus:</b> "His vocal cords are fine." It's just."
	<b>Skeleton:</b> "His skull's still there. He could talk as well as I do!"
	<b>banana (GM):</b> The cat arches its back to rub against skeleton's leg, but seems a little surprised with what it finds there. It isn't going away, but, flitting forward, decides you're a scratching post.
	<b>Placidus:</b> "It's just totally void of brains. He could think as well as Xarvrax does."
	<b>Skeleton:</b> "I'll leave it if you think it's best, though. It'll leave me better prepared for another ambush or something."
	<b>banana (GM):</b> Crrrk. Claws-on-bone friction noise. It's a bit like the scraping from the cultists' room earlier, actually.
	<b>Placidus:</b> "We still need to burn the body, though. The guard isn't around to do it."
	<b>Ghol, Going East:</b> "I do think it best." Is the body wrapped in a sheet, or something?
	<b>Skeleton:</b> Skeleton's phalanges aren't THAT sharp through the gloves, but certainly pointy enough to take care of any lingering itches! Good kitty.
	<b>Ghol, Going East:</b> "I will take care of the body." Silesias. Silesias would know the proper rites.
	<b>Placidus:</b> "Okay. Make sure you eat a lot."
	<b>Ghol, Going East:</b> Ghol will just sort of absently nod as he gathers the corpse up and hobbles off into


 the night.


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax snores one last time, something resembling, "Gnome barbecue."


 **banana (GM):** That one's probably as Placidus reenters the upper floor.


 **Placidus:** Placidus sighs as he watches Ghol (and Kon?) depart. "I need to wash my hands. Going to sleep smelling like brains is a great way to give yourself nightmares."


 **Xarvrax:** Followed by, "Gnome sandwich, win competition."


 **Skeleton:** "I hope whoever that first ever happened to had it coming."

 **Kon:** Kon will accompany Ghol. He's unwilling to let him out of his sight in this state.


 **Placidus:** "There's certainly a vector to it. It's a directed thing that some other things either are or are not in the path of."

 **Skeleton:** Skeleton will come with Ghol if Ghol wants, but Ghol probably doesn't, and so "Kelly" just heads back to the inn. They stop outside the door, though. "Should we... look into those other figures you saw? Try to track them, maybe, when Kon's back?"


 **Placidus:** "I'd hesitate to call it a \*moral\* vector."  
"That's not a bad idea. Something to do tomorrow."


 **banana (GM):** The treestumphouse of Silesias the Grey is not that safe for postmidnight disturbances. The edge of the forest is alive, more so at this time; eyes watch, beaks hoot, and jimmies rustle as well as leaves.


Enough hammering brings the sage to the door, regrettably attired. The old warrior is if anything more jealous of his sleep than Travis was. "Beef almighty, it's you again."


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol leans against the doorframe as he nods. "Yeah."

**Silesias:** "What the fuck is that?" He's referring to the dead body with drained veins, melted skin and a lolling empty skull.

 **banana (GM):** Everyone else is able to settle in, and eventually, wake.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol: "That is a white supremacist." He winces as he looks over -- from the muscles he has to use to turn his body, not moral discomfort. "He tried to kill me. It ended up going the other way."

 **banana (GM):** That is: Nobody else stabs you or disturbs your sleep. At breakfast, the barkeep informs whoever's first that a pair of guardsmen and a pair of weird idiots came asking around if there'd been any trouble, but, he said "no".

 **Skeleton:** "Weird idiots?" asks Skeleton, before remembering that they should really be laying low so that no one asks for rent of some kind.


**Silesias:** "Okay. That makes sense, given your goals and nature, but why are you here?"

**Barkeep:** "A snake and a sort of rabbity thing. Like last time. You want the eggs?"


 **Travis Meacham:** Really wasn't much trouble at all.  
"Oh i DEFINITELY want the eggs," says Travis.





	<b>Placidus:</b> "Did the idiots say anything about where we could reach them?"
	<b>Skeleton:</b> "...sort of rabbity...?" Skeleton turns their hood at Placidus and Travis.
	<b>Ghol, Going East:</b> Ghol: "I need to know the proper elven way to bury him. Cremate him. I only know the orcish ways. You came to mind."
	<b>Placidus:</b> To Skeleton: "Samwise and Gleemax, a Yuan-Ti and a halfling."
	<b>Silesias:</b> "Orcs bury? Guess they- we- you- pff. Guess orcs don't have to worry about the Dead Hand of Omen. But no. There's two ways we do it here."  "For the honoured dead, the true mourned, we focus the elfpower. Create coherent light with our massed fey souls and annihilate the shell of the passed."
	<b>Ghol, Going East:</b> Ghol: "Not feeling that, at the moment."
	<b>Silesias:</b> "For some asshole who stabbed you in the middle of the night-" he's spotted the bandages- "there's a tradition in San Meat. You've been outside of town, in the woods. Have you come across the flame arara?"
	<b>Ghol, Going East:</b> Ghol closes his eyes and grimaces. "Have I come...across the flame arara."  After a moment he opens his eyes. "Let's go with yes. Yes, I have come across the flame arara."
	<b>Barkeep:</b> Here are eggs, with cinnamon and breadlets. "Those are the ones. They mentioned they'd be moving on to rig today's events, and they traded me this carbon-cleaning muffler for a set of forks."
	<b>Placidus:</b> "Forks?"  Mmm, breadlets.
	<b>Barkeep:</b> "We weren't using them."
	<b>Placidus:</b> "How many's in a set?"
	<b>The Sage:</b> Silesias closes his eyes for a moment and collects himself, looking more alert for a minute. "Here's how you call them down."  The aging grey elf raises his voice in song. It's pure, birdlike, without words; only warbling and rapid sequences of melody. Somehow, the music is very memorable even to Ghol, who's not acquainted with high culture.
	<b>Ghol, Going East:</b> Ghol's used to making birdcalls already, of course -- and he's done some singing, too, when pressed into service by his nomad-band for birth-day celebrations and the like.
	<b>Barkeep:</b> The hotelier brings out an empty box - there are six forks from small to large, with the biggest being kept in a separate open-gapped compartment because of its razorsharp tines. Apparently, Samwise and Gleemax didn't want the case.
	<b>banana (GM):</b> Vraknaar's going to be out early this morning - he has to prepare for and engage in Jawsulpture! Presumably some people will want to give him moral or literal, clandestine support; you've got just a short while.
	<b>Placidus:</b> "Huh."  He turns to the others. "So how do you sabotage the 100' Sausage or Jawsculpting heats with a set of forks? Are you sticking them in the meat?"
	<b>Travis Meacham:</b> "Maybe they can enchant the forks to help you eat faster, or be unable to eat fast?"

 **Xarvrax:** "Or maybe they're just idiots."

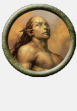
 **Placidus:** "Idiots with a plan, though."


 **banana (GM):** A dragon cultist's joined you. "Most people are incredibly stupid, Honoured Wing, compared to you. It must be a trial."


 **Travis Meacham:** Imagine feeling that way, yeah.


 **banana (GM):** When Silesias is done, he slams the door. Then he opens the door, casts about, and points at what Ghol already knows to be the path to the eyre. Then he shuts the door again.


 **Placidus:** The Jane eyre.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol was going to ask him about the holy symbol, and if he knew who the group was in more detail...perhaps another time.

 **banana (GM):** The eerie eyrie.

 **Ghol, Going East:** It'll be light, soon. He hefts the body and starts out towards the eyre.

 **banana (GM):** Give me a birdsong imitation roll?

 **Ghol, Going East:** Does scout apply for birdcall making experience?


 **banana (GM):** Yep. Cha + scout probably

 **Ghol, Going East:**

() + 7

=


hhbjk;bnjk/ln'jlnh


 **banana (GM):** It's not that the arara don't descend.

But as it was rendered by the grey elf, the song would have brought them in a different mood, perhaps, and less quantity...


The body is almost certainly consumed by fire, saved from necromancy and given the bare modicum of honour it deserves as that of a brave elf who was, also, an assassin, eaten in the end by molten-pebble birds.


Ghol can't say for sure unless he pauses frequently to look back while fleeing their assault.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Great. GREAT.

 **banana (GM):** The creatures are pretty majestic. They throw back their roiling crested heads, spread their wings wide, unleash waves of scalding air that physically force you back...

*ararararararara*

 **banana (GM):** Ghol takes 5 fire damage and gains the situational background "honoured corpsebearer" +2.

 **Ghol, Going East:** In the last 24 hours, Ghol has been set on fire, vomited on, repeatedly stabbed,

lethally poisoned, and set on fire AGAIN.



**banana (GM):** He probably didn't eat a priest, and he won an important competition.



**Ghol, Going East:** Think of all the shirts he would have ruined!



**banana (GM):** I think we're stopping there. Anyone got a reason not to, or want to say or do something cool?

The day stretches ahead: food sculpture, the tracking of the Demigod's detectives (could their plans interfere with yours??), the dark masters, the fans, the heat, the meat, the meat...



**Travis Meacham:** Gotta beat the meat.

Heat.

Maybe meat.



**Xarvrax:** Don't beat your meat in public, that'll land you in elf jail.



**banana (GM):** Man, it's a good thing Xarvrax didn't investigate his worshippers' bed and find the shed scales they had under there.



**Xarvrax:** That is a good thing, yes.



**Placidus:** That's somehow not even the grossest thing that happened that night.



**banana (GM):** There will be grosser, by the end of the Age.