



banana (GM): Are you as hungry as you once were?

The Games continue. The afternoon's wearing on to evening, in fact, and that will mean a final event. But there have been casualties other than the city's digestion.



Ghol, Going East: Probably not.



Kon: Probably.



VoxPVoxD: I could eat.



Placidus: Not me.



Kon: Kon has followed his eating strategy from the previous day -- a rabbit for breakfast, and then extremely light snacking to keep his stomach moving throughout the day -- in preparation for the evening's event. The exercise in and around that attic didn't hurt either.



Placidus: Yes it did.

It hurt *a lot*.



banana (GM): The pace of events is accelerating. In San Meat, the major point-scoring opportunities are all stacked ahead - and these are already Games to remember. The eyes of two empires and of Icons are on this place, and fame is within the reach of your presumably-sculpting jaws.

Outside, too, the world changes. War has come back to Marrow. The crowds now making their way to the west square are reserved, omenous, discussing orcs as much as meats.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar's got to top his meat dragon somehow. But what's better than a dragon?



banana (GM): ...two dragons..?



Xarvrax: That, yes.



banana (GM): Let's find out. I don't even remember how a 6x3 the Five got up there (should it be 6x2?? or is it really 3) but, as above, events accelerating, etc, so roll EVEN MORE relationship dice.



Vraknaar: it is really 3



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

(6 + 5)

= 11

rolling 1d6 ORC LORD, CONFLICTED

(2)

= 2



Vraknaar: rolling 2d6 the five positive

(3 + 1)

= 4



Xarvrax: rolling 3d6 Dargons

(5 + 2 + 6)

= 13



Vraknaar: rolling 1d6 the conqueror conflicted

(1)

= 1



Xarvrax: Make that 6x4



Vraknaar: rolling 1d6 the one-eyed king negative

(5)

= 5



Placidus: Placidus is going to channel the Five.



Vraknaar: dragon dragon rock the dragon



Riidi WW: rolling 2d6 conqueror plus

(6 + 2)

= 8

rolling 1d6 archmage conf

(3)

= 3



banana (GM): This afternoon, everybody can feel it. It doesn't take painstaking research of the series and period of the world to tell a confluence of events is at hand.



Ghol, Going East: We're missing an Elf Queen 5, I think.

nvm



banana (GM): Way, way too many eyes are watching - green eyes, scaled lids, the warring Empire, and One far away. No pressure!



Placidus: Placidus especially feels it. His gut still burns as he painstakingly launders and mends his only set of clothes. It puts him in a very bad mood, which naturally inclines his thoughts to dragons.



banana (GM): None of that can be far away. Right here and RIGHT now, you're just... doing laundry. The lower rooms of the Gut & Bowel have pretty good facilities - most places in San Meat have facilities for washing out blood.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol is not particularly...happy about the day's events so far, but they have just safely absconded with a magic knife and...chair?
So there's that/
So there's that.



banana (GM): When Xarvrax and Travis return from witnessing Vraknaar's near-triumph, they find Ghol sad and Placidus cut. Again, ominous.



Xarvrax: "Can you two go a day without getting stabbed or coated in filth?"



Riidi WW: "Even better question: did you try?"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol will have retreated to bed for the time being, while Kon will be staying as close to Placidus as is polite, given his state.



Vraknaar: "About as often as you manage to not cut someone, I guess."



Xarvrax: "Fair enough."



Placidus: The way Placidus leans over the washing-tub makes it hard to see the pale line of the stab wound in his stomach, magically-mended. However, his little back arched over the tub lays bare the cris-crossed pale scars on his back. "It seemed like a good idea at the time!" he calls from the washing-basin.



banana (GM): Wow, did it ever. Gash is not a subtle god.



Xarvrax: After making sure neither of them is going to die, Xarvrax decides to take a look at the loot they brought back.



Kon: Kon still doesn't quite understand what all the fuss was about.



banana (GM): Hell yes, those are magic items alright. The knife's enchanted both in blade and.. bony.. handle. And that chair.. could Travis and Xarvrax gimme int rolls?



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+6

(9)+6

= 15



banana (GM): If anything, the chair's more powerfully enchanted than the knife.
About... (here Travis may choose to lick a finger and hold it up, tatters of enchantment streaming past with a multihued glow) twice as powerful.



Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 4

(4)+4



banana (GM): In these, the last days of civilisation, magic items are prevalent, mysterious and dangerous. Xarvrax attracts them, of course, like he does worshippers, but that doesn't mean he knows what they do.



Travis Meacham: NONE OF US know what they do. this is some real shit. imo.

"Strong magic on that chair. Real strong. Not sure what it does, though."



banana (GM): Well. 15 is maybe enough to give you some basic hints. Expect a pm shortly



Kon: Perhaps it has been long enough that Placidus can take another look...?



Ghol, Going East: Or Ghol, if someone can coax him downstairs.



banana (GM): There's always the experimental method.



Xarvrax: "Time to find out then."



banana (GM): You've got a couple of hours to play with your new fluid-soaked toys, even. Then it will be the 100' Sausage, For Real. Everyone's going to attend, I hope?



Xarvrax: Xarvrax sits in the chair.



banana (GM): He feels.. powerful. Like literally, strong and cool.



Xarvrax: "Hmm. Some kind of magical battery maybe? It's definitely seeping power into me."
"Kind of inconvenient in this shape, who would use this?"



Vraknaar: "Wizards." Vraknaar says with crossed arms.



banana (GM): It's not an UNcomfortable chair, but it's just thin wood with fading velvet. A bit of a pain to carry around, and not really luxurious.



Xarvrax: Hmm, could I try forcing power back into it to see what happens?



Kon: With all the commotion over the chair, Kon will wander outside and get in some stretching. Of the actual useful variety, not the lazing about sort.



banana (GM): Directing magical chaos at The Chair doesn't really seem to do anything. The wood gets warm, is about all...



Travis Meacham: "It makes sense that it would feel good and cool to sit in that. It's life-aligned, at any rate."



Xarvrax: "So it's some kind of recovery chair?"



Vraknaar: "Maybe Placidus should try it?"



banana (GM): The western gate boulevard of San Meat is pretty packed with miscellaneous Vendors today. They're selling souvenirs to the tourists, and delicacies, and charms of protection - lots of people worried about the north. They worry about Kon, too, when a great warg comes out the door, but many recognise him and calm the others. "His owner can't be far away. Did you see how well he ate yesterday?"



Kon: Oh? Who said the owner bit? Kon will snap at him a little bit. Almost playfully. But not really.

An elf: "Aah! Good boy? Good pup." Sounds a bit desperate to believe his own words.



Travis Meacham: now, i'm just saying, maybe if we have a magic chair we should ALSO have a castle or ... perhaps ... wizard's tower, to put it in?



Kon: Kon will bat him around a little bit until he gets tired of it. He's only an elf, after all. A regular elf.



Xarvrax: No, we have to have a fortress. Fortresses are more chaotic.



Kon: Hopefully Ghol will come to the 100' Sausage finals...



Travis Meacham: everyone's coming
everyone's Koning



banana (GM): It's a big deal! You totally can't skip it. This is in many ways the premier and purest event of the Games.



Xarvrax: Oh right, what about the knife, have we figured out anything about it?



Placidus: did travis neglect to add his wizard +5 to his int roll



Travis Meacham: i did neglect to add my wizard +5



banana (GM): :O



Xarvrax: So that would be 20.
Geez, Wizards.



Placidus: 20 is higher than 15



Vraknaar: travis forgets he's a wizard



Travis Meacham: well i wasnt sure if being a wizard would help with identifying items, he says with a completely straight face.



banana (GM): Ok, with the kind of study that comes from rigorous, nonspecific training you can tell an EXTRA KEY FACT about each magic item.



Xarvrax: That's the whole point of being a wizard!



banana (GM): The Knife of the Wound God +1 is, in fact, usable as a +1 weapon, and the cuts it makes are in some way hard to heal. (Not good news for Placidus, there).



Placidus: Look, it's very early, for Travis, who presumably stumbled out of bed around noon.



banana (GM): The Dominant Seat +2 is a powerful but pretty basic item. It gives a flat item bonus to... something. When you're sitting on it.



Placidus: I see.



Xarvrax: Well, time to lug it with us to the 100' Sausage.



banana (GM): Experimentation could probably get you the rest of the way on both items, if you used them a bit



Kon: To make one thing clear: under no circumstances will the Dominant Seat +2 be mounted on Kon as a saddle or throne.



Travis Meacham: Dominant Seat is a great name. GREAT name.



Kon: JUST IN CASE.



Travis Meacham: placidus should sit on the seat while tryiong to recover his wound



Vraknaar: Who's going to use that knife? It's a little weird and also maybe a little evil.



Placidus: Xarvrax.



Xarvrax: I don't stab people.



Placidus: Just hold it!



Vraknaar: It's true that Xarvrax is both of those things.



Kon: Weird and maybe a little evil, you say?



Xarvrax: I mean, I could hold it, but I'm not actually stabbing anyone with it.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol would not be opposed to a +1 weapon for his offhand.
But only if no one else wants it.



banana (GM): In some ways that's more appealing than holding it. Xarvrax might not know human anatomy all that well but he's pretty sure this is modelled after a human part.



Placidus: Is that really what he wants to be wielding if he receives a divine visitation from the Elf Queen?



Ghol, Going East: Hrm.



Xarvrax: Well, have fun with that.



banana (GM): Maybe if you did some whittling it could be neutered?

as it were



Travis Meacham: We get it.



Ghol, Going East: Could always pawn the thing.



banana (GM): Sadly, there's sure to be a market.



Placidus: Placidus's clothes are still slightly wet when he comes back from the washing-bins, looking very pale and smelling of soap. "So what's the verdict on the chair and the knife."



Travis Meacham: travis isn't in the slightest afraid of using an evil knife, but the thing is, he casts spells.



Xarvrax: If you sell that thing, someone is going to stab you with it again eventually.



Placidus: Placidus himself has an unenchanted metal ring, which he's wearing on his finger.

Travis Meacham: "The knife is enchanted to make your wounds harder to heal. Don't suppose you got



slashed open by another unrelated knife? Bad luck. The chair is, uhh ... it helps out with something."
"Maybe it's the flip side of the knife. Try taking a load off in it while you check your stitches."



banana (GM): A lot of people would kill to have the problem of 'too many unidentified magic items'.



Placidus: "Is that... wise?"



Vraknaar: "Having a knife that inflicts enduring wounds and a chair that heals them faster makes me think some bad shit was going on there."



banana (GM): Kon's Men maybe have their eyes on greater things, however.



Placidus: Well, Placidus will sit in the chair anyway. It's not like he's going to get MORE stabbed.



Travis Meacham: "Doesn't it just, Vraknaar."



banana (GM): He feels a bit tougher sitting there, sure. No instant wound closure is to be seen, but there's a sort of physical confidence nonetheless.



Placidus: "Oh, I quite like this." This fact seems to disturb Placidus so he gets up quickly.



Vraknaar: "Why'd you get up, then?"



Placidus: "Well, I quite liked the woman who stabbed me in the gut, too."



Ghol, Going East: Yeah...



Vraknaar: "What? I feel like that needs some explaining."



banana (GM): Outside, Kon idly picks voices from the crowd. "Emperor CAN'T have lost".. "San Sard had better music".. "I'm really looking forward to the next Sandwich, the teams make better food than the bakers".. "If Ironhenge isn't on the glittering coast, then where?".. "Bring enough for the afterparty"..



Kon: And after the afterparty, the Elector lobby.
For the most part, Kon ignores them.



Placidus: "She was a priestess of Gash," Placidus says, as if it were sufficient explanation.



Kon: The Emperor clearly can have lost -- Kon's seen it happen enough before, in various degrees.



Vraknaar: "Sounds unpleasant. Well, as long as she didn't get you too bad."



Travis Meacham: whgere did the emperor lose



Placidus: "I got her back," is all Placidus says.



Travis Meacham: or, not lose



banana (GM): Oh yeah, Travis missed the morning's excitement.
Anyone want to explain how the courier's visit went today?



Placidus: Placidus didn't hear, as he was talking to Samwise and Gleemax.
In his defense, he wouldn't have cared anyway.



banana (GM): That puts him in a really small minority of people, though./



Xarvrax: "Apparently, the Orcs are as far as Fulcrum now."



Placidus: One in five isn't that small.



Travis Meacham: "Coming from the ... west? North?" Travis isn't real clear on geopolitics. Hopefully them finding those orc scouts helped, in some small way.



Ghol, Going East: It's around now that Ghol will mope downstairs again.
"North and west," he'll offer.



banana (GM): There weren't any details forthcoming, because instead of a message from Hisimperialhighnessthedragonemperorrolandlliberator, a dragon just flew in, injured, sans rider, and collapsed.



Vraknaar: Maybe that's why Ghol's Going East.



Ghol, Going East: Could be involved.



Travis Meacham: "Geez. I hope Axis is okay."



banana (GM): Lotta people hoping that. The mood in the streets is weird as you head out that evening, a mix of excitement for the games and excitement for the war and somber, fearful calculation...



Placidus: "If the orcs attack San Meat tomorrow, and we all have to flee the city,"
"....will we still have to pay the dragons?"



Vraknaar: "If they get through Axis that fast we're in a lot more trouble than dragon debt."



Xarvrax: "If they get this far, those dragons are dead."
"Or they damn well better be, to have fucked up that badly."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol just eats in silence.



Placidus: "Well, silver lining, that."



banana (GM): The sun begins to set. The priests have prepared well in advance, this time, and when you enter the square before the Alabaster Grill, all is shipshape and sausage-ready.



Travis Meacham: "I mean, I'm PREPARED to flee eastward from a ravaging orc army. Lord knows. I'd just rather not have to."



Vraknaar: Perhaps more aid could be gained from Drakkenhall? Surely a flight of reds could sort this out real quick.



banana (GM): Five long trestle tables have been set out for the finalists, groaning with side salads and condiments, and the sizzling links of sausage themselves are just being levered into place by a specialised system of pulleys and hooks. Spectators are gathering by the street entrances and on the rooftop saloons to watch five champion eathletes make their way along the chains and the time limits.
Kon knows the drill, after the heats, but this is new to the rest of you! Then again, all most of you need to do is watch. Spectators from a few other teams are here too, and they're like old frenemies by now.



Kon: Kon paces, taut-pulled energy.



Vraknaar: Frenemies who might try and cheat like they did in his event. Vraknaar's watching the spectators more than the event.



Travis Meacham: the low tier sausage eater avoids condiments for fear they will fill him up. the mid tier sausage eater knows that it's also a question of psychology. you can't just eat nothing but sausage.



banana (GM): Salubriot is in a corner, giving the finger to anyone who approaches; all four of the Aftershock's bards are putting on a little performance for the crowd; Capel and the Apparator watch sadly (the Apparator having been pipped out in the heat by B.B.) and wave at you.



Travis Meacham: the high tier sausage eater ... well, travis isn't one of them.



banana (GM): Several of the dwarf women, too, have recovered enough to watch, and to eat the endless supply of spare sausages that come off the priesthood's barbecues.



Placidus: Placidus greets the people they're on reasonably good terms with, like the Thunder and the dwarves. Any sign of the Prince of Shadows's team?



banana (GM): Can Ghol be snapped out of his funk by several of the van Sammen clan present..? Many are still kind of somber due to the loss of their abbatoir, but Arielbeth is heading over immediately towards her road-travelling companions.



Kon: Some have said there's no subtlety to sausage. You know what? They're full.



banana (GM): There aren't any Steak Whisperers present at all. (Dull Nono was knocked out yesterday, too..) Placidus gets an immediate response from Barry Bitter and friends, though.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol's getting a bit more into it by the time he reaches the Grill.



banana (GM): B.B.: "Hey, man. Are your people as concerned about this as my people?"



Placidus: "Concerned about what, exactly?"



Ghol, Going East: Having to deal with more than a few hateful slurs and heckles due to his orcish appearance was part of that.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax pokes Placidus, with pinpoint accuracy in the same place he always does, before whispering, "What's he talking about? Are you making more deals with literal devils?"

B.B.: "Demigod's people aren't stopping at smuggling bad religion into the city. Their sausage eater is some sort of monster, for real, and we can't get the authorities to see it's a problem."



banana (GM): One of Barry's companions is "K.M.", a flamboyantly caped Sudgarder in tassels and various flaps of bright cloth. He nods, also flamboyantly. "This is going to be rigged worse than a Dead Fleet ketch with all the sailors' hands fallen off."



Travis Meacham: Travis chimes in. "That guy is seriously tough."



Placidus: "He's a musician," Placidus whispers back to Xarvrax. To Barry: "Oh, that is dreadful. I assume the priesthood's major concern at this point is keeping a lid on the Games diplomatically. With the war getting closer and the garrison dispatched it's in their interest to create the impression of calm."

"Since if things turn the other way..."

B.B.: "...they don't have the force to do anything about it. But there's more ways to protect a population than top-down. Do they realise how many people in this city care enough to fight for it?"



Xarvrax: "Not enough to fight 'trained' orcs and win."



Vraknaar: "Yeah, well, the average person's idea of 'fighting for their city' doesn't tend to match the reality."



banana (GM): Kon is ushered by an acolyte to his place, as before. This time he's going to be between Immense, the wastelander who lives up to his name, and B.B. (who hasn't taken his place). Further to the right are the priest of Mottle and the gnomes' swamp-originating Thing, who both look oddly cheery.



Placidus: Placidus waves a hand dismissively. "The Elector's fault, that. You'd be hard-pressed to find a wartime religious order who sees inspiration as anything but currency."

"They can't mobilize the sentiment."

Arry: Arielbeth's arrived. "Hey, it's not like their religion is the only one in town. What's this about? You guys have been doing well!"



Kon: Kon paws around a bit, getting his mind in the right place.



banana (GM): L.A. to B.B.: "Ouch. She's not talking about *us*, is she."



Ghol, Going East: "Hey, Arry." Kinda glum. Ghol's mainly keeping an eye on Kon.



Travis Meacham: Travis is going to have a drink. Is there alcohol here? There better be.

K.M.: K.M. responds to the dragon brothers. "Sure, sure. It's all a long way away, though. If this competition's supposed to mean something, shouldn't it be fair?"



Vraknaar: If anyone lets out a hateful orc slur within earshot of Vraknaar in Ghol's direction, they're likely to end up clawed or burned.



banana (GM): Beer and elfwine flow freely at the evening events. Meatists do not believe in that kind of self-denial.



Xarvrax: "And by fair you mean?"



Travis Meacham: This isn't some kind of froofy DELICATE event where wine and chjeese would be appropriate. This is a beer moment.



Vraknaar: "Depends on your definition of 'fair'. Not many people looking for that here. They just want it to be fair for them."



Travis Meacham: are the spectators allowed to go near the contestants before the match begins?

K: .M. "Technically, using pure evil to eat sausage faster is ok. It's just, come on."

K.M.: "Technically, using pure evil to eat sausage faster is ok. It's just, come on."

"King Magician, by the way." He expects Vraknaar and Xarvrax to have heard of him.



Vraknaar: Have we?



banana (GM): Before your time, actually.

I mean, you might have, but when the Thunder were *really* big, there were no dragonwrought at all.



Vraknaar: "Vraknaar."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax tilts his head at him, "I'm Xarvrax, scion of the Blue, font of chaos, all that fun stuff."



Travis Meacham: Travis walks over to Kon with a tall stein of ale (he had to pay a deposit on this, it's ridiculous). "Alright. You're gonna do great, mate. Give 'em hell."

He's also going to try to give Salubriot the evil eye, maybe throw him off his game a bit.



Kon: Kon barks once, enthusiastically.

Arielbeth: "He means it. These guys crush orcs and zombies alike."



Placidus: Something occurs to Placidus. He asks Barry, "When you said 'our people', what did you mean exactly?"



Travis Meacham: Travis isn't quite comfortable enough with Kon to give him a ruffle behind the ears. Maybe someday later. Maybe someyear later.

B.B.: "I figured it out from subtle contextual clues. You're working for the dragons, right?"



Kon: Good plan, on Travis's part.



Placidus: Placidus sighs.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax barely catches his arm before it swings at him.



Placidus: "It sure seems like that, most days, doesn't it?"

L.A.: "Subtle like huge banners saying you're working for dragons hung up all over town."

"BB, you should get to your starting place. There's like.. four minutes."



Placidus: "That's Xarvrax's fault, bless his heart."



Travis Meacham: Travis has wandered back over. "I believe that, technically, at this point, we ARE working for dragons."

B.B.: "Give me a sec, angel."



Xarvrax: "I blame Vraknaar."



Vraknaar: "It's hard not to be working for dragons when you are one, though."



Placidus: "You could be really reckless and stupid."

"Hypothetically."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax glares at Placidus, "Hey! I'm not stupid!"



Placidus: "Then why don't you know what 'hypothetically' means?"



banana (GM): K.M. has no idea who Arielbeth is, but something about her words has him making hrming noises and stroking his goatee. "If Kon's Men are.. holy shit. Holy SHIT, that name."

L.A.: "What?"

B.B.: "Nice."



Kon: It's pretty high level.



Placidus: Whoever came up with it is probably the greatest genius of the Age.

K.M.: "You've got my letters on your souls. This is not a coincidence. This is destiny."



Placidus: "Destiny's just what you call it when you have to show your work after you've already figured out the answer."

Arry: Arielbeth to Ghol: "Sure, but not the destiny he thinks."



Vraknaar: "You just... laid claim to two letters? If someone calls himself Kind Musician you're bound to them by destiny?"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol frowns back at her.

Not the destiny he...?

King Magician: "V. V, my man, I *am* a kind musician. This is an example that proves the rule."



Travis Meacham: "Well, heck. Stranger things have happened."



Xarvrax: "Well I'm the Khaos Mage, so what about that?"

King Magician: "Play them in. We can all help each other out."



Travis Meacham: Kriminal Mage.

Barry: "Are you serious?"

Father Vealsgravy: Megaphone: "THE ONE HUNDRED FOOT SAUSAGE! THE MOST DELICIOUS OF TREATS TAKEN TO ITS LOGICAL CONCLUSION! Tonight we will witness gustatorial prowess UNTRAMMELLED by mere satiety!"



banana (GM): The woman at B.B.'s side never speaks, only sings. Except now, she also shrugs.



Vraknaar: Priests. Can't they ever speak plainly?



Xarvrax: No.

It's the law.

Barry: "This won't even work unless.. do you folk have dream-infiltration powers provided by the Great Green Wurm?"

"Because I'm seeing red and blue, here."



Vraknaar: Probably not. Maybe? Who knows. Vraknaar doesn't think he does but who knows what goes on in Xarvrax's head.



Placidus: "Is that..." Placidus glances at the dragons here. "...a thing?"



banana (GM): Well, the Green having power over dreams is, at least.




Xarvrax: "I mean... I'm a follower of The Five collectively, but I've never had specific dream training, no."





Placidus: Green things, and dreams about them, are stupid as hell.

"You have no control at all over your powers anymore, right?"

"Stranger things will happen."


 **Xarvrax:** "I have more control than you'd think."


 **Placidus:** "That's just because I have a very low opinion of you."

 **Xarvrax:** "But sometimes it doesn't come out the way it's supposed to, or at all in some cases."
"But really, that's just magic."

Barry: "This is not encouraging."


King Magician: "Just try it and let's see if it works."

 **Placidus:** "Maybe we can oscillate our way into what you're describing?"
"There's an enormous amount of vibration right now."

 **Xarvrax:** "What am I trying here?"


Vealsgravy: "In just moments... the unbroken chain of stuffed jacket.."


Barry: "Darn it, I've got no time."


 **banana (GM):** The leader of the bards turns to go. The other three just sort of look at each other, then K.M.: "He's got no time to stop us. Soooo. We know a song that can get someone into the head of the assholes summoning dark maws and shit, here."


L'Angelo: "Right, but if you aren't dream navigators, how are you even going to do anything there?"

 **Travis Meacham:** "With skill, grace, and dignity?"

 **Vraknaar:** "Why not instead charge through their dreams like a rampaging bull? That's what Xarvrax is going to do."


 **Xarvrax:** "Force of personality and willpower?"

 **Placidus:** "We've had consistent success being thrust into situations for which we lacked any training, foreknowledge, or referent."
"For instance: none of us are actually competitive eaters."


 **banana (GM):** L'Angelo is a human, somewhere between 30 and 40, who looks deliberately sculpted to be the peak of physical aesthetic perfection. Right now, he's focusing all of that model power into an expression of sheer skepticism - the twitch of a coiffed eyebrow, a lip's droop. "It isn't any skin off our noses. If you want to stop the dark rite, we'll send you - but you might just fail and die."

King Magician: "The interior of another man's mind is terrifying, to be sure, but also fucking rad."

The Singer: "Hmm-mm mm, hmm hm.." (She's warming up.)

 **Travis Meacham:** I hope that, when sent into their rite, we aren't just lietrally murdered physically by unscrupulous Gamers.

Arielbeth: "This sort of thing is why we only hold the Games every five years."

 **Placidus:** "We ought to try, at least."
"We've devoted our efforts to much sillier things."

Placidus doesn't gesture around at this ritual eating contest, but, from his tone, it's clear that he wants

to.



Vraknaar: "Right. I'm ready, then."

King Magician: "Of course you have. Of course you are." This guy loves wordplay and numerology, though inferring destiny from the coincidence of names might be a little too far.. but he's picked up a guitar, so it's on now.

L: 'Angelo "Whatever." His own instrument is a set of worn drums, produced magically from a little pouch at his belt then growing immediately to full size.



banana (GM): The bards begin a really hasty, impromptu ritual. It's designed to seize your spirits and fling them into another mind - specifically, that of the dark priest lining up besides Kon, preparing to consume. If anyone wants to resist, this is the time.

They take up poses - crowd gathers and points. Arielbeth swears under her breath and brings over several relatives to keep the corner of the square physically safe.

The Singer: "You can eat if you want to ~ you can leave your friends behind ~ cause if they won't eat a portion of this meat then they're no friends of mine"



Vraknaar: i don't see salubriot. unless he's Immense in name as well as deed



banana (GM): The heats were very competitive- even Salubriot lost out! By a tiny margin.



Vraknaar: Oh. Take that, giants.



banana (GM): He would have won the whole thing if not for his handicap, but came in, in fact, a few centimetres of eating behind B.B...

The song, raggedy in its first few bars, then catches and takes hold of your ears and minds.



Travis Meacham: the bamboo bao trays

lol

bambao?



banana (GM): Music swells, blotting out the entire square! There's no way this isn't going to be *noticed*, whatever effect it has...

yes. bambao

In your last moments of consciousness, all five of you find your attention directed to the competition just beginning - to the flag falling, the bulk of Immense grabbing for sausage after sausage, Kon beginning to pace and lap.. and to the robed figure. Another dark priest. These guys are doing a good job of being purely adversarial.

Then the darkness of the hood swells to encompass your entire worlds and you're in, or inside out.



Ghol, Going East: Whoa.



banana (GM): Dreamscape: five soul-forms, barely cohering, tumble through a void of infinite impressions. The mind all around, in more directions than you could have sworn existed, is a jagged and unwelcoming place. It's kind of impossible to communicate or navigate.


...or is it? Does anyone, in fact, have a way to lucidly dream?





Xarvrax: Not that I know of?




Ghol, Going East: Ghol's kind of used to controlling his own dreams by now...but only certain ones.


 **Xarvrax:** I'm a Chaos Mage, I do a lot of things.


 **banana (GM):** Ghol does have quite some experience in this area.

 **Placidus:** Can Placidus get any use out of entering occultist focus?

 **banana (GM):** In fact, I'm going to grab that elf queen 5. Ghol can stabilise his image of himself and 'land' in a plane of meaningful interaction, no problem. The complication is this: it applies only TO Ghol. (if you want to instead use the 6x2 let me know and come up with a cool way to lead the others in) Maybe! This is a straight skill check for him, pure int but dc 20. Maybe Placidus is smart enough to simply reason his way through.

 **Placidus:** Seems unlikely.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Just the 5 is fine.


 **Placidus:** rolling d20+6 pure int


(12)+6


= 18


so close...!

 **Travis Meacham:** Travis is purely of the "it seemed like a good idea at the time" variety.

 **banana (GM):** He's pretty smart. But he's going to need help.

 **Xarvrax:** Can I try wacky chaos powers?

 **Vraknaar:** Vraknaar just focuses as hard as he can. Surely being a dragon has to help with this, if the Green has some sort of sovereignty over dreams.

 **banana (GM):** What Placidus sees, hears, feels - it's like the sensory equivalent of roaring (not that he's not used to the roaring of dragons by now). He's been set adrift in someone else's consciousness and is just.. carried along, batted back and forth. He can make some sense of it but not act.

Xarvrax *can* try wacky chaos powers. They might help quite a lot, or do the opposite.


Please roll 1d6-2.


 **Xarvrax:** rolling d6 - 2


(1)-2

= -1

Well.

 **Vraknaar:** yase

 **Placidus:** That went well.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Nice.

banana (GM): Xarvrax summons and releases energy, conjures and releases... blasts of power



dissipate into the void, then something catches. It doesn't give him a foothold. It makes some subconscious part of the mind around you alert, angry. The whirling impressions increase in intensity, cancelling out one other person's efforts to stabilise their self image.

Meanwhile, in the real world. Kon is focused on his task. Maybe he has attention enough to spare to see his allies gather in a corner of the square, where some sort of impromptu concert is taking place.. but regardless, he has to Eat.

It's time for a round of the 100' sausage. What's Ghol's/Kon's most applicable *background* to this task?



Kon: And Eat he shall.



banana (GM): Last time in the heats we had (unequally sized!) die rolls each round. That's happening this time too, but with modifiers.

With Xarvrax's meddling.. even Ghol is shaken temporarily back from being a star-outlined self. He'll find his foothold again, but it'll take a moment.

During that moment, the mind's defences attack.



Kon: The best-suited background to eating a large amount of food in a small amount of time is probably Ghol's Emissary of the Orc Horde...at +1.



banana (GM): Then please roll d8+1, and move that many squares down the Sausage.
Everyone else, please also roll: init



Placidus: any penalty for being incoherent thoughtforms?



Kon: rolling d8+1

(5)+1

= 6



Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 3

(20)+3

= 23



banana (GM): the penalty is that you're being attacked by these whatsits, basically



Placidus: well, let's do this then



banana (GM): xarvrax redeems himself sort of



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+4

(4)+4

= 8



Xarvrax: Well, guess I don't need my racial.




Placidus: rolling d20+6

() + 6

= **22**



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+6 init

() + 6

= **14**




Travis Meacham: being an incoherent thoughtform ftmfw.



Placidus: major greeage



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+2

() + 2


= **4**



Placidus: ghol...




banana (GM): rolling d20+6 hunger

() + 6


= **22**

rolling d20+5 avarice

() + 5


= **14**

rolling d20+8 rage

() + 8

= **10**

rolling d20+6 piety

() + 6

= **17**

So here's the deal:

You're floating vaguely in an incoherent void. You currently see each other as, basically, however the other would see themselves, which tends to be a stylised form. Exception: Ghol is an outline made of green points of light.



Ghol, Going East: Cool, cool.



banana (GM): You can 'swim' about the place, but without as much facility as the native thoughts - it'd be hard to intercept any of them. There are a number of thought-forms descending upon you from the jagged sky/void/cave around, representing the Priest of Mottle's sensations and intentions.

First up is: Xarvrax

also, Placidus

also, I'm going to roll some dice for the other contestants in the 100' Sausage



Xarvrax: rolling d6

(3)

= 3



banana (GM): rolling d8+2 Barry Bitter is hastened and enhungered by his own song, with +2 from Won The Hungry Games Ten Years Ago

(8)+2

= 10

nice, bb



Xarvrax: I guess it's chaos blessing time.

rolling d20

(19)

= 19

Is Placidus really that low?

And Travis too?



banana (GM): placidus is on 22, that seems highish



Xarvrax: The bars are not full, so I don't know.



Placidus: xarvrax is talking about hp not init



banana (GM): rolling d6+1 Immense has normal human prowess +1 from Interrupted Training (you burned down the place he was staying ;_;)

(2)+1

= 3



Xarvrax: Whichever of you is more hurt, can heal using a recovery.



Travis Meacham: oh im at full hp



Xarvrax: rolling d6

(3)

= 3

rolling d6

(4)

= 4

Ugh.



Travis Meacham: Haitch Pee



Xarvrax: Both defenses out of the way, and I'm done.



Placidus: There are two Placiduses hanging in the void. One of them is a young gnome wearing a long violet academic gown which ripples in wind, immaculate and unseen. The other is a silhouette, black-purple and two-dimensional in mindspace, its only features being eyes that appear to be tears in the silhouette's fabric, from which bright violet light ripples forth.



banana (GM): The darting malice-thoughts are actually given pause by this.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax growls in rage, trying to blast the stupid projections, but nothing coming out.



Placidus: The substantial Placidus looks around dreamily. The silhouette seems to be meeting everyone's eyes at once.

focus go



Vraknaar: was placidus actually hurt?



Placidus: yes, he was almost murdered by a priestess of gash



Vraknaar: i assumed he healed between battles



banana (GM): rolling d8+1 the Thing from the Swamp gets a +1 from Mascot Enthusiasm

(3)+1

= 4





Placidus: he didn't


he did laundry between battles


 **Vraknaar:** too bad his healing is delayed...


 **Placidus:** indeed.

 **Xarvrax:** Well you still get to use your recovery from my power?


 **Vraknaar:** magical healing takes a turn to affect him


 **Xarvrax:** Is that an Occultist thing?


 **banana (GM):** In the real world: the chewing beins. Left behind is the self-pacing and careful consumption of the heats; left behind are the least effective competitors. This time, it's a race to take hot meat tubes into your mouths really really fast, and Alabastien Meat is winning.
yep!

 **Placidus:** That is an occultist thing, yes.

 **Vraknaar:** it's The Occultist thing

 **Xarvrax:** That seems stupid.


 **Placidus:** it's win as hell, frankly

 **banana (GM):** Where Travis and Xarvrax are, there's greenish energy gathering, in wing-forms- but sadly it is *not* the wings of the Green come to bear them up and teach them dreamwalking. It's the dominant thought-form of the priestess's mind: Hunger

And by Travis I mean Vraknaar.


They're pretty mindless for thoughts. The green ones will, basically, attack and consume whoever's nearest.

rolling d20+5 vs mental ac, 5 damage + Sated (-1 to hit thoughts of hunger for one turn, cumulative) vs vraknaar

() + 5


= **19**

rolling d20+5 vs mental ac, 5 damage + Sated (-1 to hit thoughts of hunger for one turn, cumulative) vs vraknaar

() + 5

= **21**


rolling d20+5 vs mental ac, 5 damage + Sated (-1 to hit thoughts of hunger for one turn, cumulative) vs vraknaar

() + 5

= **8**




banana (GM): rolling d20+5 vs mental ac, 5 damage + Sated (-1 to hit thoughts of hunger for one turn, cumulative) vs xarvrax

() + 5

= 6

rolling d20+5 vs mental ac, 5 damage + Sated (-1 to hit thoughts of hunger for one turn, cumulative) vs xarvrax

() + 5

= 6

what.



Placidus: good show.



Ghol, Going East: Chaos, indeed.



Xarvrax: Those two get fun complications.



Travis Meacham: lol



Vraknaar: does mental ac mean ac in dream realm, or MD



banana (GM): ac
but, like, it's really just your perception of your own ac.
coincidentally, same number.



Travis Meacham: xarvrax is so bad at controlling dreams he's fucking up the priest's OWN dream



Placidus: owing to incredible self-esteem, my mental stats are actually enormous



banana (GM): what are those complications!
while you tell me, here's the final participant in the eating competition outside.



Vraknaar: he means from rolling a 1
fumbled
isn't that a thing
afaik there's no chaos mage specific thing



Xarvrax: Nope.
It's just what happens when you roll a 1 on an attack roll.
Player or enemy.



banana (GM): oh! yes, right. ok i will think of something
The Priest of Mottle throws back her hood at the very instant that the starting yell is heard, this time. Again, beneath is the Maw - a long gnashing mess of fangs and digestive acids into which sausages are belt-fed. She's faster this time, unhampered by the hood and the need to user her hands, and

there's an extra element to the strategy.

rolling d12 flat

(11)

= 11



Placidus: kon...!!



banana (GM): While the priest races forward, her divine consumption is not just disgusting, but supernaturally so - putting everyone else off their food!

The other contestants are stone cold sausage killers to a warg, but they're slowed, still.

Someone should do something about this. Maybe in a dream.

When the Thoughts of Hunger try to consume Xarvrax, they simply rebound. Either due to his personality or the chaos without, they can't compete with his own draconic hunger, and they know it. Each is sent flying off into the brainmess - to recoalesce with their fellows. They'll leave Xarvrax totally alone.

There's another thought in the priest's head.

She is a devotee of Mottle, truly and really, and at the heart.. of her.. mind.. let's call it the center. At the center of her mind is that faith.



banana (GM): Who's the least pious among you? By which I mean, who has the lowest MD?



Ghol, Going East: MD 11 on ghol



Placidus: sweet 16 here



Travis Meacham: 15



Ghol, Going East: It's probably between Ghol and Vraknaar?



Vraknaar: md 13



banana (GM): Vraknaar, incidentally, was glommed onto by a couple of hunger-thoughts - so he discovers that being hurt, 'here', feels just as bad as otherwise. Thanks, psychosoma.

A white-spectrum thoughtform 'approaches' Ghol, all glowy and calm. It is not to be trusted.

rolling d20+6 vs md

(9)+6

= 15

Darting forward, the psychoimmune system's defender tries to force apart your sense of self...! 9 damage, and if it gets a natural even it will temporarily control Ghol's own actions.



Ghol, Going East: hit




banana (GM): vraknaar is up



Ghol, Going East: Ghol barely notices even as his star-form ripples -- he's charging up...

 **Vraknaar:** Hell with it. She ought to notice this.


rolling 1d4+1


()+1


= **2**

ugh

oh well.

 **banana (GM):** 1+1 = a window

 **Vraknaar:** rolling 1d20+4 vs left thought

()+4


= **19**


rolling 1d20+4 vs right thought


()+4

= **24**

vs PD


 **Xarvrax:** Well, that one is probably gone.


 **Placidus:** are the thoughts mooks


 **Vraknaar:** rolling 5d6+4 thunder damage, no miss damage


( +  +  +  + )+4


= **28**


 **banana (GM):** they are mooks, yes


 **Vraknaar:** i hope so. because if so i'm pretty sure i just erased them

 **banana (GM):** you wouldn't have erased them, as they were in two groups

 **Vraknaar:** 56 damage, plus another 28 if the other one hit

 **Ghol, Going East:** The stars are wheeling and kaleidoscoping around Ghol's star-form, whipping around faster and faster, glowing white-hot-green...

 **banana (GM):** ...but that critical sent them all over from xarvrax to vraknaar making it one group

 **Placidus:** are there any left

after 84 damage

seems not.

goooo team!



Xarvrax: That makes things simpler.



banana (GM): who knew that thunder was stronger than hunger?



Placidus: Barry Bitter.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar takes a deep breath and roars so loud that he wouldn't be surprised to hear it in the real world. All thoughts of hunger are banished by sound and fury.

sorry that was my turn



banana (GM): Fortunately, this works extra-well when you're in someone's mind. The priestess is reduced from a d12 to a d7.. for now.



Placidus: THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A D7



Travis Meacham: Or, is there?



banana (GM): It says there is, on the leftmost part of the map




Vraknaar: in this dream realm, all dice are possible




banana (GM): The purplish thought forms that are all forms of avarice - wealth, dominance, greed despite a lack of hunger - float 'away' from you. They have no need to expose themselves to attack. Instead, they just... are. One is seen by Travis, and another by Placidus. To note it is to think it in turn. The thought is contagious, poisonous. What if you Had? Had anything, everything?

rolling d20+6 vs travis md, 8 poison damage + immobilised for a turn

() + 6

= **14**

rolling d20+6 vs placidus md, 8 poison damage + immobilised for a turn

() + 6

= **20**



Placidus: are these nearby



banana (GM): yes




Placidus: trigger
moment of karma. md/pd?



banana (GM): 15/12



Travis Meacham: Good question, thoughtform. Luckily Travis has already run through these possibilities.




 **Placidus:** time for some force damage, then

rolling d20+7 assuming this hits

() + 7


= **24**


rolling 3d6+4 it did hit


( +  + ) + 4


= **14**


I take the 8 poison, though


 **Xarvrax:** Well, not yet you don't.

 **Placidus:** why not


 **banana (GM):** he totally takes it, imo


 **Xarvrax:** It's poison, unless it isn't actually poisoning you? I'm confused.


 **banana (GM):** it's not ongoing damage, just flat


 **Placidus:** it's poison-type damage

 **Xarvrax:** Ah.

 **Placidus:** like from a kofing's Toxic attack

 **banana (GM):** Placidus's imagination or conceptualisation of the waveform shreds this thought as it would matter - but it's a resilient thing, still extant afterward.

 **Travis Meacham:** TOXIC CAN POISON.


 **banana (GM):** At the core of the priest's thoughts, besides piety, there is rage. Mottle is a jealous and unsatisfiable God, and Mottle's disciple strives to express that self-consumption- the inability to NOT be hungry.

Standard action:

rolling 1d4

()

= **3**

 **Placidus:** The thoughtform shreds back. As Placidus's substantial self is riddled with suppurating wounds, blighted with pox, the silhouette glides swiftly and silently in Avarice's direction. The wake it cuts across the mind is... neat. From the void emerges coherence, logic, stability. The logic splinters, though, as the mind is unable to sustain it, and it blows apart like a lit fuse or earthquake, throwing up blinding violet light as it crashes into Avarice. Waste not, want not.



Crion: Ghol's star-form is just a coruscating whorl of light now...




Ghol, Going East: Ghol's star-form is just a coruscating whorl of light now...



banana (GM): Hunger is renewed. The thought of Rage is not done, however.

Move action: the dreamscape shivers. The jagged nothing-pieces that whirl about your 'position' snap into a new shape, carrying you towards and away from your enemies. The Thought of Rage can attack to try and move people into and out of engagements...

rolling d20+6 vs pd, vraknaar is the only target

() + 6

= **11**

It was trying to send the new thoughts of hunger after you, but, it fails and is owned.



Placidus: good.



Travis Meacham: should i attack the rage or the avarice or the piety



Placidus: rage generates extra monsters



Vraknaar: did new hunger thoughts get created presumably



Placidus: they did




banana (GM): correct



Travis Meacham: alright let's just Acid Burst the thoguhtform of rage

Evoked

rolling 1d20+6 vs PD

() + 6

= **18**



banana (GM): hit



Travis Meacham: assuming that hits, 40 acid, ongoing 5
done



Vraknaar: btw there's at least one more thunderburst coming



banana (GM): the mental acid mentally staggers the thought...!



Ghol, Going East: A loud, chiming voice that isn't Ghol's resounds: "Spirits of time, hide us from the judging hand of God! Stop!"



Xarvrax: I'll hopefully be giving Placidus temp HP this turn.



Travis Meacham: nice. nice.



Vraknaar: well and your actual healing from the previous turn will kick in



Xarvrax: Or another delayed recovery.



Ghol, Going East: And then Ghol's star-form explodes across the vastness.

Everything outside slows to a halt in the twinkling light. They will have two more turns before the outside world resumes eating, thanks to Her.

Ghol's star-form recoalesces -- and attacks Piety.




banana (GM): You're here on your own terms, for this precious space of time. There's a brief elven face vaguely watermarking the 'sky'. The righteous deed, the haste to act- is this what it feels like to be Ghol, Going East?



Ghol, Going East: quick action, heal placidus (free recovery)



vs piety ac

rolling 1d20+7

() + 7

= 8

rolling 2d6+6

( + ) + 6

= 10

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE



Placidus: er



banana (GM): The Thought of Piety is unmoved.



Ghol, Going East: done. fuck.



Xarvrax: Alrighty, chaos time.



Travis Meacham: sick rolls imo.



banana (GM): Ghol's own faith - and elfpower! - give him some measure of control, here, but this is the mind of a priest. The devotee is so sure in her piety, so utterly convinced of Mottle's worship that it's hard to do anything useful about it.



Xarvrax: rolling d20

()

= 12

Alright, Aura of Power, next thing to engage me takes 2d6.

rolling d6

(3)

= 3

rolling d6

(3)

= 3

Jeez.

rolling d6

(4)

= 4



Xarvrax: Argh.



Placidus: rolling d6+1 double this

(1)+1

= 2

nice



Xarvrax: rolling d6

(2)

= 2

Ah, finally.

Alright, attack, and now for the warp + wierdness.

rolling d6

(3)

= 3



banana (GM): Three

Three

three



Placidus: It's only now that Xarvrax's previous beneficence takes hold of Placidus. Some of the poison wounds close.



Xarvrax: Can pop free from a staggered enemy as a quick action.

until my next turn.

end of my next turn.

rolling d100

(32)

= **32**



banana (GM): (Unfortunately, whatever Placidus did to himself affects his metaphysical self-concept, too)



Placidus: we're at escalation +1 now right



banana (GM): omg! yes i forgot

ESCALATION



Travis Meacham: le'scalation.



Xarvrax: And the next spell I cast has effects 2 levels higher.
If it is possible.



Vraknaar: which is unfortunately useless... :x



banana (GM): Do you get an actual attack spell?



Vraknaar: none of the attack spells have effects that scale with level



Xarvrax: Which is useless.



banana (GM): ah



Xarvrax: I have three, actually.
But that's my turn.



banana (GM): Xarvrax twists, contorts, channels- a great deal of Power is within and about him. It's unclear what, if anything, this will do.



Placidus: move behind xarvrax (relative to avarice), focus go
oh right also avarice can't attack me next turn anyway



banana (GM): Mottle's command is upon you.



Placidus: b/c of brain-melting secrets



banana (GM): rolling d20+5 vs md

(12)+5

= **17**

natural even..!



Ghol, Going East: great, cool



Placidus: is that a melee-range attack



banana (GM): yes



Placidus: rip



banana (GM): Ghol takes 8 damage, and for a brief instant there's another presence in the mind. An overpowering, commanding thing, smooth like the alabaster temple outside but concealing a roiling mass of hatred within.

Move to and attack one of the people closest to you, so let's say Travis or Vraknaar.


then, Vraknaar's turn

it's just an immediate forced attack btw, not anything ongoing





Ghol, Going East: vraknaar

rolling 1d20+7

() + 7

= **12**

rolling 2d6+6

( + ) + 6

= **17**

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE

ha



Vraknaar: miss



banana (GM): You can all see it happening. That's the *shape* of Ghol, now massive, but the thought within it is neither his nor even that of the priest. It's Another; then it departs.


Too soon to do any real harm.



Travis Meacham: Creepy stuff, OP.



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20 11+ to maintain

()

= **9**


okay, so, song's over, but i get one final blast



Placidus: final... blaaaaaaaaaast



Vraknaar: rolling 1d4+1

()+1

= **2**

one again



Xarvrax: Isn't it a quick action too?




Vraknaar: hm. clear mooks or blast real enemies
no, this one is a standard



Xarvrax: You could blast one of each?



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+7 vs rage PD

()+7


= **10**



Xarvrax: I would aim at rage, regardless.



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+7 vs piety PD

()+7

= **18**








banana (GM): The Thoughts of Hunger aren't that dangerous on their own, though they do help the priest in her actual goal irl.

hits piety, misses rage



Vraknaar: rolling 5d6+4 thunder damage, half on a miss

( +  +  +  + )+4

= **25**

so 25 to piety, 12 to rage



Placidus: trigger

better yet, here. piety md/pd?



banana (GM): both are now stagg- *is interrupted*

19/14



Placidus: nice

rolling d20+8 vs pd

$$(10)+8$$

$$= 18$$

 **banana (GM):** nice.



Placidus: rolling 2d6+4 extra damage of whatever kind vraknaar is dealing to piety

$$(1 + 4)+4$$

$$= 9$$



Vraknaar: Vraknaar roars once more, not quite with the force of the previous roar, but enough to shake the dream-realm, regardless. Afterwards, he appears out of breath.

Do I even breathe here? I guess so.



Placidus: This roar echoes.



banana (GM): If you think of yourself as breathing vOv it would be hard to STOP a dragon from it.

The white-hued thoughtform that contains both an unshakeable certainty and a dark presence is, nevertheless, shaken.



Placidus: The silhouette is there on Piety's far side. Vraknaar's roar seems to bounce off it, and catch Piety again. A horizontal slit opens beneath those burning violet eyes. The silhouette smiles at the dragon before vanishing again.



banana (GM): any of vraknaar's turn left?



Vraknaar: oh, no, sorry



banana (GM): Avarice!

Its appeal is timeless.



Vraknaar: sorry i'm used to the end turn button in maptool. just assume my turn is done when i stop rolling dice because i usually do it quick



banana (GM): ok!

Travis has proven resilient against these particular dreams. One turns to Ghol.

rolling d20+6 vs ghol md, 8 poison damage + immobilised for a turn

$$(12)+6$$

$$= 18$$



Ghol, Going East: hit.




banana (GM): The other... continues to focus on Placidus. Now, he's got Xarvrax 'between' him and the thoughtform - enough stability has been provided by Ghol's invocation for that. But, Xarvrax will need to pass a save if he wants to intercept the dream of avarice.


rolling d20+6 vs (placidus or xarvrax) md, 8 poison damage + immobilised for a turn

(12)+6

= 18

 **Placidus:** THAT ONE CAN'T ATTACK ME


 **banana (GM):** can't it


 **Xarvrax:** rolling d20


(17)


= 17

Also.


 **Placidus:** brain melting secrets


 **banana (GM):** do they do that!
wow, i guess it just hits xarvrax then


 **Xarvrax:** It does, unfortunately.


 **Vraknaar:** we're inside a brain, so they should be extra effective

 **banana (GM):** fair enough.

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax doesn't normally give into his draconic greed, but eh, what the hell.

 **banana (GM):** whoops, forgot to put the Thoughts of Hunger back into initiative order, so here they go now

 **Xarvrax:** I thought they go after who's closest?

 **banana (GM):** they do - but teh y can't go for xarvrax anymore
so i think it works out like this

 **Travis Meacham:** Hm.

 **banana (GM):** Get Eaten

rolling d20+5 vs travis ac, 5 damage and -1 to hit them for a turn

(17)+5


= 22

rolling d20+5 vs travis ac, 5 damage and -1 to hit them for a turn

(16)+5

= **21**

rolling d20+5 vs vraknaar ac, 5 damage and -1 to hit them for a turn

()+5

= **10**



Placidus: yikes



Vraknaar: oh hey it's only -1 to hit them, not everything
didn't notice that the first time



Travis Meacham: you know, those rolls are really high.



banana (GM): agreed

rolling d4 Rage

()

= **1**

hmm, i don't think there's any engagement changes that'd benefit it..



Xarvrax: Try to kill Piety or Rage.



banana (GM): Travis is up, then!



Travis Meacham: arlgiht what are the AOO rules again




Vraknaar: same as 4e, except instead of shifting you have to disengage
you roll a normal save (at -1, for another enemy adjacent), if you succeed you can take a move action
without an OA



Travis Meacham: alright i'll start with a quick action

rolling 1d20+5 shocking grasp vs PD

() +5

= **25**



Vraknaar: lol
a move action to blow them away



banana (GM): a Quick AND Powerful action




Travis Meacham: so that kills one of them
well

rolling 2d4


$$(\triangle 1 + \triangle 2)$$

$$= 3$$


and it pops free


 **banana (GM):** more than one maybe, they're mooks
how much damage?


 **Travis Meacham:** 3 damage.


 **Vraknaar:** oh right i forgot shocking grasp is weak

 **banana (GM):** oic

 **Vraknaar:** 6 damage
it's a crit

 **Placidus:** quel dommage

 **banana (GM):** 6 damage kills one


 **Travis Meacham:** Hooray.
okay, move action to try to disengage

 **Vraknaar:** oh wait shit


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


$$(\triangle 19)+1$$


$$= 20$$


 **Vraknaar:** sorry. it is 3 damage


 **banana (GM):** n.p.

 **Vraknaar:** because you rolled 2d4

 **banana (GM):** well, i mean... at least it's not happy

 **Vraknaar:** but still. your disengage check was fine

 **banana (GM):** that hunger is shocked

 **Travis Meacham:** now i'll ray of frost the piety

rolling 1d20+7 vs PD

$$(\triangle 17)+7$$

$$= 24$$

for

rolling 3d6 cold damage

(6 + 2 + 1)

= 9



banana (GM): hit

Thoughts of ice collide with thoughts of God.



Xarvrax: Ghol should be able to kill it at least.

Hopefully.



Travis Meacham: anmd turn



Ghol, Going East: ghol is immobilized



Xarvrax: He's also engaged.



Vraknaar: doesn't he have his boomerang

i mean bow



Ghol, Going East: no, he's not engaged



Xarvrax: That thing was a melee attack, I'm pretty sure.



Ghol, Going East: but he does have his bow



Vraknaar: it was but it forced him to move + attack vraknaar



Ghol, Going East: he disengaged me and forced me to attack vraknaar



Placidus: at the top of ghol's turn I get to take another recovery. I've got 4 poison damage left to heal and then I'm into halfspeed knifedamage

rolling d6+1 double this

(2)+1

= 3



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+7

(19)+7

= 26

rolling 2d8+5

(8 + 2)+5

= 15

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE



Placidus: so I heal 5 hp



Ghol, Going East: done



banana (GM): Thoughts of ice meet, from the opposite direction, thoughts of archery.



Ghol, Going East: do i save vs immobilize



banana (GM): no, it just wears off



Ghol, Going East: ok



banana (GM): These pasttimes and demonstrations of skill prove enough to shake the priest's faith temporarily.



Xarvrax: Alrighty then.



Placidus: ESCALATION!!!



banana (GM): correctscalation!



Xarvrax: Xarvrax is angry, and tired of this, and just feeling BLARRRRRGH!



banana (GM): and another free turn. before the Alabaster Grill, nobody has eaten more or less



Xarvrax: rolling d6

(6)

= 6



banana (GM): 6 blarrrrghs, specifically



Vraknaar: welp

literally every enemy

oh. no. minus one mook



Xarvrax: So everything except the hurt hunger.



Vraknaar: get ready for a shitload of dice


while he rolls i'll explain: everything hit gets a random negative status




Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 6 vs PD Rage

(9)+6

= 15

 **Vraknaar:** out of dazed, weakened, hampered, confused

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


(12)+6


= 18


rolling d20 + 6 vs PD Left Avarice


(12)+6


= 18

 **Vraknaar:** misses do 2 damage

 **Xarvrax:** Shit, those are all 2 higher.

 **banana (GM):** numbers everywhere

 **Xarvrax:** Forgot escalation.

 **banana (GM):** 15 misses rage, but both hit avarice
oh
17 hits rage

 **Xarvrax:** rolling d20 + 8 vs PD Hunger 1

(19)+8

= 27

rolling d20 + 8 vs PD Hunger 2

(15)+8


= 23

rolling d20 + 8 vs PD Hunger 3

(1)+8

= 9

So everything except the furthest hunger gets hit

 **banana (GM):** what happens to them?

 **Xarvrax:** rolling 3d6 + 4

$$(\boxed{6} + \boxed{4} + \boxed{1}) + 4$$


$$= \boxed{15}$$


Everything takes that much.

Except the one mook that got missed, it takes 2.

Anything alive gets a condition.


Is that last mook not dead?


 **banana (GM):** it's actually still up somehow

 **Xarvrax:** 32 wasn't enough for 3 1/2?

 **banana (GM):** it's in a different group to the others, sadly

 **Placidus:** rip

 **banana (GM):** but it is on... . one hit point

 **Xarvrax:** rolling d4 rage

$$(\boxed{4})$$

$$= \boxed{4}$$

rolling d4 right avarice


$$(\boxed{4})$$


$$= \boxed{4}$$

rolling d4 left avarice

$$(\boxed{2})$$

$$= \boxed{2}$$

 **banana (GM):** how much poison damage is the Thought of Rage taking again?
that was travis's acid arrow, right

 **Xarvrax:** So Rage and righty are confused until my next turn.
Lefty is weakened.
save ends.

 **Travis Meacham:** 5

 **Xarvrax:** rolling d6

$$(\boxed{1})$$

= **1**

Attack again.

rolling d6

(**5**)


= **5**


Now anything that disengages takes 1 damage.


rolling d100


(**97**)


= **97**


 **banana (GM):** what are the implications of... 97


 **Xarvrax:** And something related to my one unique thing goes very right for me.
You get to decide.


 **banana (GM):** hmmmmmm ok!
that'll be something at the end of/after the fight


 **Xarvrax:** I feel it's pretty obvious that the green should show up.
But that also works.


 **Placidus:** move focus go


 **banana (GM):** v.n.


 **Xarvrax:** Oh, also I engage Rage.


 **banana (GM):** The red-hued thoughtform hisses and spits. Anything within its purview (aura) is going to receive its immediate and direct attention.


 **Vraknaar:** oh. hm.
maybe i shouldn't do that then

 **Ghol, Going East:** everything on this board needs to be dead by end of turn if possible
the race starts up again next round

 **Vraknaar:** i can catch up to the right avarice right

 **Placidus:** I think we can achieve that


 **Ghol, Going East:** preferably rage doesn't get another turn
so it can't summon more hungers

 **banana (GM):** Ghol decrees the death of all thoughts





Vraknaar: fair enough

rolling 1d20+8 vs AC

() + 8

= **16**

rolling 2d8+4 damage, otherwise 2 on a miss

( + ) + 4

= **18**



banana (GM): hits ac



Vraknaar: also, i use Move It!, thanks to it being an even hit



banana (GM): Dragon-concepts surround the thoughtform of Rage..!



Xarvrax: Rage actually isn't doing shit regardless, it's confuzzled.



Vraknaar: anyone want a free move action



Placidus: ghol might



Xarvrax: Is rage dead?



Placidus: or xarvrax given his engage punishment



Ghol, Going East: move to an avarice and engage might be good



Vraknaar: well, go for it

(turn over)



Travis Meacham: (tiny tina voice) Nah. Im good.



banana (GM): dead by five



Vraknaar: Vraknaar leaps forward and slashes at the source of the anger (and thus hunger), ending it. Vraknaar's no stranger to fury, but he can put a lid on it when he has to.

He waves Ghol onward. "You held 'em down, right? So end it!"



banana (GM): There's... there isn't a wail of anger.

For the first time, you become aware that everything here WAS infused with madness, dissatiety. Now it isn't. This is nicer.



Vraknaar: so the confused one attacks an ally, the other one attacks at -4





banana (GM): when the one engaged with ghol attacks its ally, does he get an OA on it?




Xarvrax: right is confused.


banana (GM): this is a ranged attack


 **Vraknaar:** i'm not sure. seems a bit excessive?


 **Ghol, Going East:** do ranged attacks while engaged provoke OA?


 **Placidus:** they do


 **Vraknaar:** yes

 **Placidus:** so it should, probably


 **Xarvrax:** Not for meeeee.
Oh shit.

 **banana (GM):** welp, it has no choice

 **Xarvrax:** I totally do have powers that should have helped me here!

 **banana (GM):** The Thought of Avarice is, appropriately, blinded by greed.

 **Xarvrax:** Damn it.


 **banana (GM):** It must destroy and *possess* the intrusion.
...or what it perceives to be the intrusion, which is, the Thought of Hunger.

rolling d20+6


() + 6

= **24**

It's so consumed with consumption that it doesn't even notice Ghol reforming.

 **Ghol, Going East:** OA

rolling 1d20+9

() + 9

= **11**

rolling 2d6+6

( + ) + 6

= **12**

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE

reroll

natural 2

 **banana (GM):** lol



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+9

(12)+9

= 21

rolling 2d6+6

(2 + 4)+6

= 12

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE



banana (GM): The Dual Wield Number hits



Vraknaar: does double attacking happen even on OAs



banana (GM): it happens Always



Xarvrax: So yeah, swing again.



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+8

(6)+8

= 14

rolling 2d6+5

(6 + 4)+5

= 15

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE



Placidus: swing away, merrill



Ghol, Going East: garbage dice



banana (GM): this one misses, so 14 damage total? or is that another swingagain



Ghol, Going East: no, thats it



banana (GM): right

The other avaricious thoughtform refocuses its efforts on, at last, Placidus.

His secrets, having melted a strategic part of the brain, distracted it for a round. They will not continue to do so.

rolling d20+6

$$(\text{17})+6$$

$$= \mathbf{23}$$

8 poison, immobilised



Placidus: trigger



Xarvrax: Wait, that one is immobilized.
Since it got hit by its buddy.



Placidus: does that affect its ability to attack me? I assume not



banana (GM): nah, its buddy hit the other one
however, what i DID forget
was teh weaken
it only has 19 to hit you, not 23



Placidus: my MD is 16

so

anyway, trigger

rolling d20+9 I think pd is lower here, right

$$(\text{5})+9$$

$$= \mathbf{14}$$



banana (GM): yes, its pd was lower (and is lower than 14)



Placidus: retain focus!



banana (GM): (because it's 13)



Placidus: rolling 3d6+4 this much force damage

$$(\text{4} + \text{1} + \text{1})+4$$

$$= \mathbf{10}$$

nice.



Vraknaar: i've got the 411 for you here,



Xarvrax: He ded.



Travis Meacham: nice.



Vraknaar: not quite it seems



banana (GM): Another duel of energies ripples through the dreamscape!

The poison of greed versus the force of will. Nobody wins.



Placidus: And I had to pitch my last blue card, too. ugh



Travis Meacham: i'll frost bolt the southern avarice

rolling 1d20+8 vs PD

() + 8

= **21**



banana (GM): yep



Travis Meacham: rolling 3d6 cold damage

( +  + )

= **12**


turn



banana (GM): The mind into which you have been cast by, frankly, shitty and inexplicable bardic magic, is deeply affected.





Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+9

() + 9

= **14**

rolling 2d6+6

( + ) + 6

= **13**

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE

motherfucker

why. why



Xarvrax: We're fine?



Vraknaar: that thought is undazed now



Ghol, Going East: surprising



banana (GM): One of the priestess's Avaricious thoughts is gone. This is a setback to her ability to emanate supernatural consumptive retardant!





Ghol, Going East: make that a 4
second attack

rolling 1d20+8

() + 8

= **14**

rolling 2d6+5

( + ) + 5

= **13**

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE



banana (GM): The -2 movement she gives to other Sausage competitors is reduced to -1.
...or is it?



Ghol, Going East: ...



Xarvrax: I'm pretty sure we got two rounds worth of stopping? And it's only been one?



Ghol, Going East: no



banana (GM): no, it's been two
Here's why i Or Is It you though:



Placidus: this is the end of the second now, right



Xarvrax: Ah.



Vraknaar: xarvrax and placidus can you delay until after me



banana (GM): Travis is effectively exerting a bit of mind control here. He's suppressing the priest's powers from within her own head. So he can choose:



Vraknaar: if i slap this thing before the battle's over and get 11+ i can give a nice efficient heal



banana (GM): Does it cancel out the -1 movement for all the other competitors.. or just for kon?



Placidus: sure, I can minor action attack it on my turn anyway



Travis Meacham: Just for Kon.
No fucking laws.



Placidus: This.



Vraknaar: idk. these guys helped us get here



banana (GM): Ghol duels the final thoughtform. You've mostly conquered this place. Mostly, though.
So Roll To Eat



Placidus: one of them did
the others are assholes



Vraknaar: true



Xarvrax: No, the one in the competition was against doing this.



banana (GM): rolling d7 priest of mottle

(6)

= 6



Vraknaar: this is probably why



Kon: Same dicepool or is it changing?



Placidus: come on!! -gob bluth



banana (GM): she's slowed, but still charging forward, sausage after sausage disappearing into that hideous maw..!



Travis Meacham: Come on Gob Bluth is right.



banana (GM): rolling d8+1 thing from the swamp

(5)+1

= 6

, but then it's set back 2



Kon: rolling 1d8+1

(1)+1

= 2



Vraknaar: ghol... power up!!



Kon: b;lgvlk sdfajkgpls\



banana (GM): rolling d8+2-2 bb

(6)+2-2

= 6



Kon: just throw an icon die at it and call it a day, fuck these rolls



banana (GM): rolling d6+1-2 immense

(6)+1-2

= 5



Vraknaar: spend the dragon dice. a full grown dragon swoops down and eats all remaining sausage



banana (GM): we've certainly overthrown the laws of statistics, here

q:

do you actually want to spend the dragon dice.

either way, it's xarvrax's turn..



Vraknaar: this seems pretty undramatic to do so but on the other hand, we're losing



Xarvrax: Not the 6x4 I hope? That seems overkill for this kind of thing.



Placidus: we're both delaying to after vraknaar



Vraknaar: delay for me? hopefully i can put paid to this and also heal



banana (GM): potential overkill indeed

bearing in mind that you do not need to win every single individual event...



Placidus: so that when he fails we can laugh at him



banana (GM): vraknaar's up



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+9 vs AC, hopefully i get 11+ here

(15)+9

= 24

seet



Placidus: we need to win every single individual event to cement our legend!!



Kon: pumping 3 elf queen dice into the event and losing anyway

would not be great



Vraknaar: rolling 2d8+4 damage

(3 + 7)+4

= 14

we can spend the dragon 5x2



Placidus: besides, a dragon die is worth like half a regular die anyway

inflation being what it is



Travis Meacham: This, placidus. This.



banana (GM): The final defensive thoughtform pops like a soap bubble.

(is vraknaar just as cheaty as travis, here?)



Vraknaar: placidus needs healing efficiency like a motherfucker



Xarvrax: Yes, yes he is.



Vraknaar: rolling 3d4 this much bonus healing on a recovery

(2 + 2 + 1)

= 5



Placidus: nice



banana (GM): You're left alone, then, in a calmed mind.



Placidus: since the fight's over I'll roll now



Vraknaar: we need to win... but vraknaar believes in fair play!!



Placidus: rolling d6+1 double this and add 5 and then halve the remainder after you subtract eight

(2)+1

= 3



Vraknaar: wait so i have to choose kon or all the others



Travis Meacham: kon, or everybody including kon



Vraknaar: or kon and everyone (including kon)



Placidus: 6+5=11, 11-8=3

how does odd-numbered healing work, do I round up or down



Vraknaar: then... the latter!!



banana (GM): Jagged whorls settle into a plain. Each of your idealised selves, and Placidus's one that isn't, and Ghol's summoning outline, find footholds. You're 'standing' on a landscape of thoughts and intent, now visible. You can see the memories and the will of the priest.

Kon's entirely freed of the priest's malign food-offputting now; the other competitors are half-freed.

Before the next round of eating... is there anything the five brain invaders are doing with their brief moment of domination?



Xarvrax: Making the priest run away screaming.



Vraknaar: gotta spend some dice here imo



Xarvrax: And tackling B.B.



Vraknaar: even if the priest of mottle is out of the game, kon is still likely to get wrecked



banana (GM): if you've got a plausible way to puppeteer her (and relationships are certainly an option) then taht might be a go



Vraknaar: we could make her interfere with b.b. vraknaar wouldn't do it but i'm sure xarvrax would



Travis Meacham: yeah i dont want to Epicly Dominate her but if she could panic and start puking that would be chill by me



Vraknaar: though
they would hate us now
there's no way our hands could be clean of it



Travis Meacham: also who has been winning other events, which of our competitors is our biggest treat



Xarvrax: I am Charisma man.
I can talk us out of it.



Placidus: we just need to make mottle's priest throw up
snap disqualification
and then we'll use relationships to actually win



banana (GM): here's who's been doing well in what events, travis:
https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/1s2mJb_W2BsQzuPA9o2jbl04H0idFmVrevuwYkbRRAuc/edit#gid=0



Placidus: our biggest treat is obviously team snausage



Travis Meacham: *sighs heavily* Thank you, Vox.



banana (GM): Time seems to stretch out, an infinite moment by the Queen's Grace. Kon's Men konfer.... while Kon, himself, eats steadily, on pace with the pack.



Travis Meacham: yeah let's just have mottle's priest puke



Xarvrax: I'm totally willing to chaos dunk this into the other guy.



Placidus: no I'd rather spend dice on the actual victory
imo



Xarvrax: I guess?
Or what about my one unique thing going very right for me?



Vraknaar: it's better because then these guys who have helped us won't be really obviously pissed off



Placidus: yeah, exactly



Xarvrax: That's still a thing that needs to happen.



banana (GM): it's going to
doesn't affect the outcome of the sausage either way, but a good thing will happen wrt xarvrax

Xarvrax: Then use the dice, I suppose.

and also vomiting.



Placidus: xarvrax supposes a lot of things. back in drakkenhall they call him 'the suppository'



Xarvrax: I'm going to stick a foot up your ass, so fair enough.



banana (GM): hmm
when i say "doesn't affect the outcome"



Kon: what is our icon dice situation atm



banana (GM): in a sense it sort of does! which is good for you
in fact i'm just going to Go Ahead With this bit



Kon: oh



banana (GM): It's a bit like sitting around the campfire on the road to San Meat. Just the five of you and stars above (although they can't be the real stars. too perfect, too much malice). You've got all the time in the world, seemingly, to affect affairs. It's... not obvious how to actually do something to someone's mind, once you're in it.

Then, after a brief intervention, it is.

Xarvrax finds himself looking up. It's a bit like the head-snapping effect of the Thoughts of Avarice- but this is something only he can see. Not a native part of the mind, but another... invader? If that is the right term. The long neck and broad head of the Green seems to emerge seamlessly from the dreamscape, dominating it.

The voice in his head is delighted and fond.

The Great Green Wyrms: "Child, child! At last. You come to visit your sibprogenitor."



Xarvrax: "It's a pleasure to meet you as well, Great One."

The Great Green Wyrms: "And wwould wwe know it from howw often you call?"



Vraknaar: One would think this would be obvious to Vraknaar as well... but the thought of Xarvrax showing respect, even to one of the Great Wyrms, was such a psychic shock it retroactively erased her from his memory.



Xarvrax: "You know I don't know how to contact you! My training was with the Blue and Red mainly! Though now I'm wishing I had more time to learn how to control my detachment better, something it seems you know about."



banana (GM): The vast dragon vaguely watermarking the sky chuckles, a sound which shakes Xarvrax's bones within his flesh. "Not to wworry. This is a time as occupied for Me as it must be for you."

The Great Green Wyrms: "Wwar and wwaste demand My attention. I cannot stay."



Xarvrax: "I understand, the help you've given me with this is more than enough."


The Great Green Wyrms: "Wwell." She's pleased by the respect shown, both for her person and her time. "Drink plenty of wwater, eat plenty of humans. And make yourself at home."





banana (GM): Abruptly, the mistress of dreams withdraws, shaking Xarvrax from his daze-within-a-dream - and into new awareness(awwareness). Make himself at home indeed.


Xarvrax gains the situational background "Key of Dreams +3", having been (temporarily?) granted a share of their dominion.


, which is why it now IS obvious how to wreak havoc on someone's mind from within. Unfortunate for them.


 **Xarvrax:** Whelp,
Time to make her to backflips into everyone.


 **banana (GM):** Was everyone agreed on the idea of inducing vomiting?
If so, each please describe how you Lend Your Power To Xarvrax in the context of tearing up the mindscape.


 **Ghol, Going East:** The stars that Ghol sent twinkling across the mindscape suddenly go supernova. No longer are they stopped -- they are now going out of control.


 **Travis Meacham:** Travis has been hurling magical effects around the mindscape to destroy the choate thoughtforms. He's not sure that he's actually doing magic, but whatever it is, he keeps it up. Gouts of flame, fire, acid, whatever it takes for as long as it takes.


 **Vraknaar:** Vraknaar didn't hear Her voice or see Her, but was still unconsciously aware what was going on. He nudges Xarvrax. "Well, She believes in you. Not bad at our age, eh?"


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax is inspired by San Meat, and the hungry games in general, and instead of tentacles or lances of force, he projects two huge meat hooks made of solid blue magic and reaches them as far upward as they can go before slamming them down, a horrible tearing noise echoing throughout the mind.


 **banana (GM):** 'believes in' might be a bit strong. The Green wasn't really treating Xarvrax like a *person* there so much as a cute whelp... but it works.

 **Vraknaar:** look when you're inspiring people you don't state facts


 **banana (GM):** I just narrate them as I see them.

 **Xarvrax:** Also, I have a suggestion on how we win this.
If we have to use dice or not.


 **Ghol, Going East:** I'm waiting until our icon dice come back before brainstorming, I forget what we have.

 **banana (GM):** they're back already i thought!
check your init tracker thing

 **Xarvrax:** They aren't.

 **banana (GM):** o_o
hmm
i thjink it must be because we're on the other map

 **Ghol, Going East:** yep mine's blank

 **banana (GM):** well, you have
the five 6x4

the five 5x2p

c 6

c 5

oek 5



Xarvrax: So we use the 5x2 then?



Ghol, Going East: hrm



banana (GM): The crowd is going wild with, largely, terror. The ravening mouth-on-legs within the dark priest's robe is gnawing to the end faster than anyone in the history of the Sausage, yes, but there's a general feeling that this is more of a "monster attack" than an "athletic achievement".

rolling d7 but...

(4)

= 4



Ghol, Going East: OEK 5 is negative, right?
what



Vraknaar: yes



Ghol, Going East: why is it still rolling



banana (GM): She staggers forward.. and then the mass of sausage erupts.



Ghol, Going East: i see



banana (GM): Specifically, outward. Mostly not even digested.



Vraknaar: here's my question with no real relevance whatsoever. can you barf after you finish your sausage or are you still disqualified then



banana (GM): It's still extremely unpleasant to see, which thankfully, you can't.
after: yes! np

The five humanoid are vaguely aware of what's happening through the priest's own senses, but those are.. severely discombobulated right now. Mottle's conjured Maw is, in the words of the megaphone-grabbing priests, "REVERSING!"

Vealsgravy: "REVERSAL! We have disqualification - don't worry everyone, cleanup will be just after the end of the event. This is now a test of endurance, to see whom among our glorious competitors can overcome, uh, it's not a pleasant sight..



Vraknaar: "Maybe we should go. Before Mottle decides to eat her or something equally unpleasant."



banana (GM): The priest is staggering and falling, into hideous ejecta :(



Xarvrax: "We need to hurry either way."



banana (GM): It's disgusting.. supernaturally so, as before. Most of the effect is suppressed, or all of it for Kon.



Placidus: Gross.



banana (GM): Give me a roll or a reason not to.



Vraknaar: we can't lose to mick jagger. we have to do something
i think xarvrax had an idea



banana (GM): It's a day that'll go down in history for all the wrong reasons.

As the dark priest falls heavily across trestle tables, robe mercifully pulling shut, everything begins to happen at once.

There's the screaming and stampede of the crowd, obviously. With the mood people were already in this is basically a given. The bizarre and zealous pleasure of the priests of Alabastien Meat doesn't help!

Father Vealsgravy is yelling things like how wonderful it is that someone would go so far in service of eating meat as to turn themselves into a monster and then throw up, the devotion it shows..

You perceive a lot of this through the priest's fading consciousness. Hopefully she's about to go out entirely.. and also-hopefully that gets you OUT of here. All five other members of the team are still, like, in someone else's brain.

It's at this point that the second necroterrorist attack occurs.



Kon: Kon is about a third of the way through the links, worried about falling behind, when that hits.



banana (GM): The priests' few guards have left them, wading into the crowd and over to help the contestants, and the clerics themselves are distracted by holy fervour. The only people left up there on the lowest level of the Grill are a couple of cameramen.

Reporter: "And now for fed-en-en we bring you the highlight of this astounding competition - its denouement - its subversion."



Travis Meacham: THEY WERE TERRORISTS ALL ALONG!! I KNEW IT!!!



banana (GM): A pair of sharp cracks accompany the wailing of ghosts. Banshees and spirits and noncorporeal generic entities flood from concealed devices onto the stage. A couple of acolytes are hit by the wave of mutilation before the rest of the officials can even turn around.

Below all this: the crowd, surging and turning to flee. The competition, most continuing to devour, not about to give up now. (Also, as Kon can attest, it's REALLY good sausage).

Beside the westernmost trestle table are L'Angelo, and King Magician, and the Singer. One of them says, "Damn."



Kon: Grrrmphowrrph.

B.B.: Barry Bitter had his mouth full too, but with infinite reluctance he sets a link down. There's reverence, almost, to the motion.



Travis Meacham: "Capel is gonna feel embarrassed about this," muses Travis to himself inside the mindscape (?)



banana (GM): Good news about that mindscape.

The Thunder, hurrying over when Shit Went Down, left your unconscious bodies alone with the van Sammens.

...at which point everyone begins to wake up. Seems like they were deliberately keeping you out.

So Travis can muse inside of his own head, and see with his own eyes as B.B. abandons the Sausage and the bards begin to rally the crowd to turn and fight. At least they stick to their principles.



Travis Meacham: Those finks. They were trying to sabotage us!



banana (GM): Well, sort of. They were at least trying to keep you from sabotaging them, maybe?



Vraknaar: Guess Vraknaar shouldn't have played fair after all.



Kon: And Kon sticks to the links.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax already knew from the Green's boon what was going on, and is pissed, but has other priorities.

King Magician: "Come on, meatists! Your champions are eating for your God! It's time for you to save your own leaders!" Throughout the crowd, harder-eyed elves - agents?? - begin to shake shoulders, call out in sympathy, try and turn things around.



banana (GM): This whole thing isn't over yet, but give me an Eatroll.



Placidus: "Eeeuuuugh...."



banana (GM): rolling d6+1 immense

(6)+1

= 7

rolling d8 thing

(3)

= 3



Kon: rolling 1d8+1

(8)+1

= 9



Xarvrax: I thought they were still getting -1?



Vraknaar: booya



banana (GM): The 'barbarian' does not fucking care, for what it's worth. He just wants to keep eating. That was while the Priest of Mottle was still being horrible, rather than unconscious.



Xarvrax: Ah.



Travis Meacham: i see Kon has made it to a Mustard Segment



banana (GM): At this point: the rest of Kon's Men are, roughly, conscious. Allideren or some fucking name like that van Sammen, the elder guy, is handing you little washcloths and sponges to wipe your faces(?). Trying to get the attention of Vraknaar in particular are the entire remaining City Guard. Which is to say, six guys in crystal armour.

"Sir! Sir, did they get you- oh, sir."



Ghol, Going East: Oh man, that was nuts -- what was that voice, and those exploding stars -- -- and what the hell happened while they were out.



Placidus: "Oh dear."



Vraknaar: Vraknaar nimbly leaps to his feet. "I'm fine. What's the situation?"



banana (GM): Everything, apparently. There are a bunch of priests on stage frantically casting spells, trying to hold back a wall of.. ghosts? Raggedy aura things, outlines of humanoid forms, fleeting and butting up against each other and *melting* the alabaster as they pass over it.



Travis Meacham: Travis rolls over onto his hands and knees. "Whoo. Okay. Okay."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol looks over at the competition and -- Kon is still eating?!



banana (GM): Even Immense and the Swamp Thing are starting to falter. Just a bit. But Kon's not *done*. This hunger.. it doesn't come only from within, from his preparation or his attention.



Ghol, Going East: Well. Sure. That's his job.



Placidus: Such koncentration...



Ghol, Going East: But this...



banana (GM): This is something.. the warg itches. His fur, in places, feels matted, hardening. And he could really do with a lot of meat.



Placidus: Oh god.



banana (GM): add another +2 to become d8+3, and roll em



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d8+3

(5)+3

= 8



banana (GM): rolling d6+1 immense

(1)+1

= 2

rolling d8 thing

(5)

= 5



Placidus: Placidus squints. "Does Kon look... alright?"

	Ghol, Going East: Ghol opens his mouth to answer, then shuts it.
	Placidus: He doesn't presently seem perturbed by the screaming ghosts.
	banana (GM): He looks focused, and like, well, a big wolf eating VERY fast, and like there's an irregular pattern overlaid on his body, like a grid of shapes.
	Guards: "Please help us right now."
	Travis Meacham: Travis slowly gets up. "Right. YEs, we will help. Okay."
	Vraknaar: Vraknaar nods. "Let's go." And starts heading in the direction of melt ghosts, maw already opening and closing, smoke drifting from his nostrils.
	Placidus: "What? Oh, of course."
	Arielbeth: "We'll stay back and bless you. Khethera will protect."
	Xarvrax: Xarvrax looks at the bards growling, before following his brother.
	Ghol, Going East: Ghol nods what he hopes is solemnly at Arry and rushes off after the others, as Kon continues to devour his way past the finish line.
	Father Vealsgravy: "Fiends! Avaunt! Despite! You treacherous.. accursed! Blaspheming illusions of flesh! Abstainers! Vegetarians!"
	Placidus: Wow. He's lucky this is not the time for an argument.
	Xarvrax: The worst insult.
	Ghol, Going East: The father must really be mad, to use the v-word.
	banana (GM): The good news is that when you charge the stage you've got the Thunder and like two hundred citizens of San Meat with you. The bad news is there's a lot of Death up there, and also, L.A. is screaming something like WE KNOW WHAT YOU DID (though he is willing to put it aside, it seems, for the duration of the battle). The other good news is Kon just won the 100' Sausage.
	Placidus: You take your good news where you can get it, these days.
	Travis Meacham: What did we do. You can't prove nuttin'.
	Xarvrax: Xarvrax is screaming back, "SO DO WE!"
	Vraknaar: yes. we do know what we did
	banana (GM): It's good that everyone is on the same page!
	Vraknaar: pronouns motherfucker!!!
	banana (GM): But these are the last words of the Page.