

Zarick: woosh



banana (GM): surely you mean "whoosh"

That was when the steaks were raised.



Placidus: From the dead.



banana (GM): Evidently so.



Vraknaar: Gross.



Xarvrax: Steaks are already dead.



banana (GM): These bidecadal Hungry Games were meant to be a celebration of prosperity, restored peace, and the Goddess of Meat - but the mood of the nearly ten thousand tourists in San Meat is no longer one of celebration.

Much of it has to do with the courier messages of the last two days. Yesterday, news of a battle - and this morning, nothing but a wounded wyrm. What could it mean for the land, for the empire? For the horde?

Much *more* of the mood in the boulevard square has to do with the waves of ghosts pouring out of a kind of necromantic energy nexus thing at the back of the main stage.

That's the main deal which is getting a lot of people to run away immediately. There's a man back there with a tube thing and just, tidal energies pouring forth, spirit after ravening spirit bursting into existence, sweeping out toward the celebrants and their congregation.

Not everyone is fleeing, though. For example, the Aftershock are leading a small chunk of the crowd into the fight- striding up to try and rescue who they can. The bards are likely to be a lot more effective than the scores of random civilians they've attracted, but apparently it's the class consciousness that counts.

And then there's Kon's Men, who are waking up.



banana (GM): You can take a small heal-up! Good news is that last fight happened only in your dreams, or someone else's dreams, or something.



Placidus: Placidus yawns. "Bit windy out, isn't it?"



Vraknaar: rolling 2d8+2 recovery

Everyone: "Aaaaaaaaaaaahhh!!!!!!"



Placidus: is there a cap on the number of recoveries you can spend during a short rest



banana (GM): nope

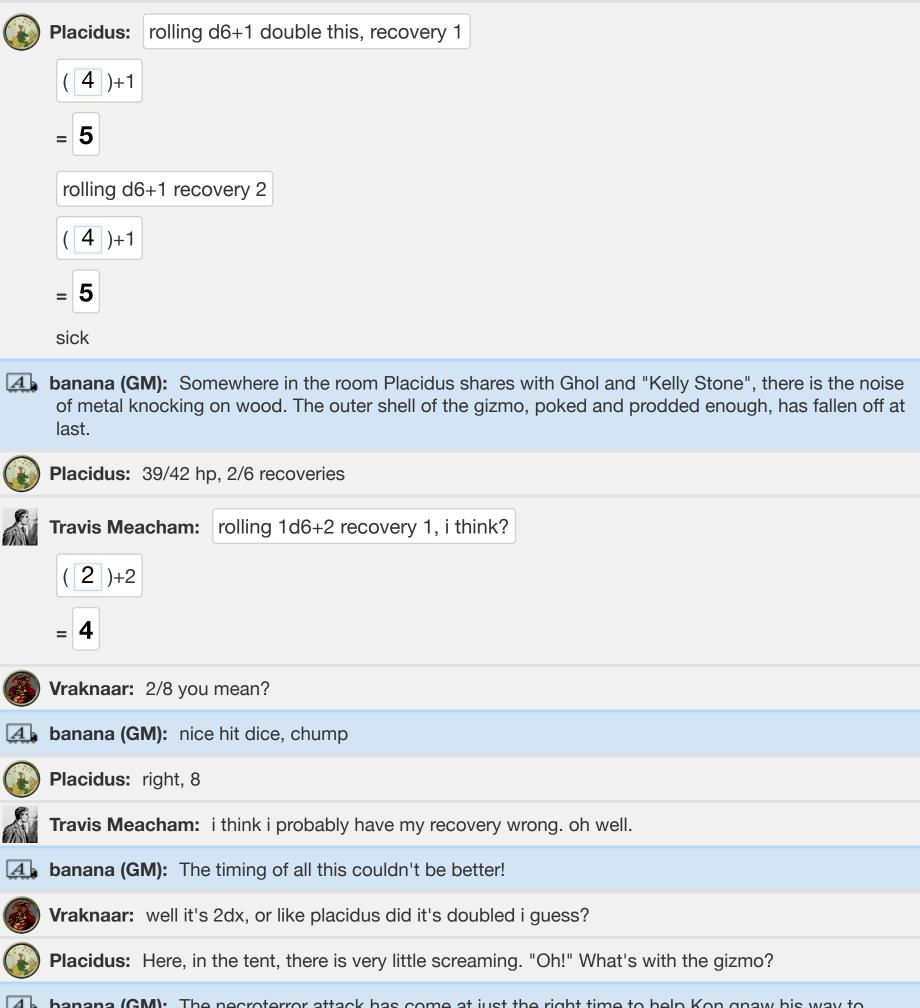


Xarvrax: I don't even know how hurt I am.



Placidus: k

Xarvrax: If at all.

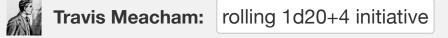


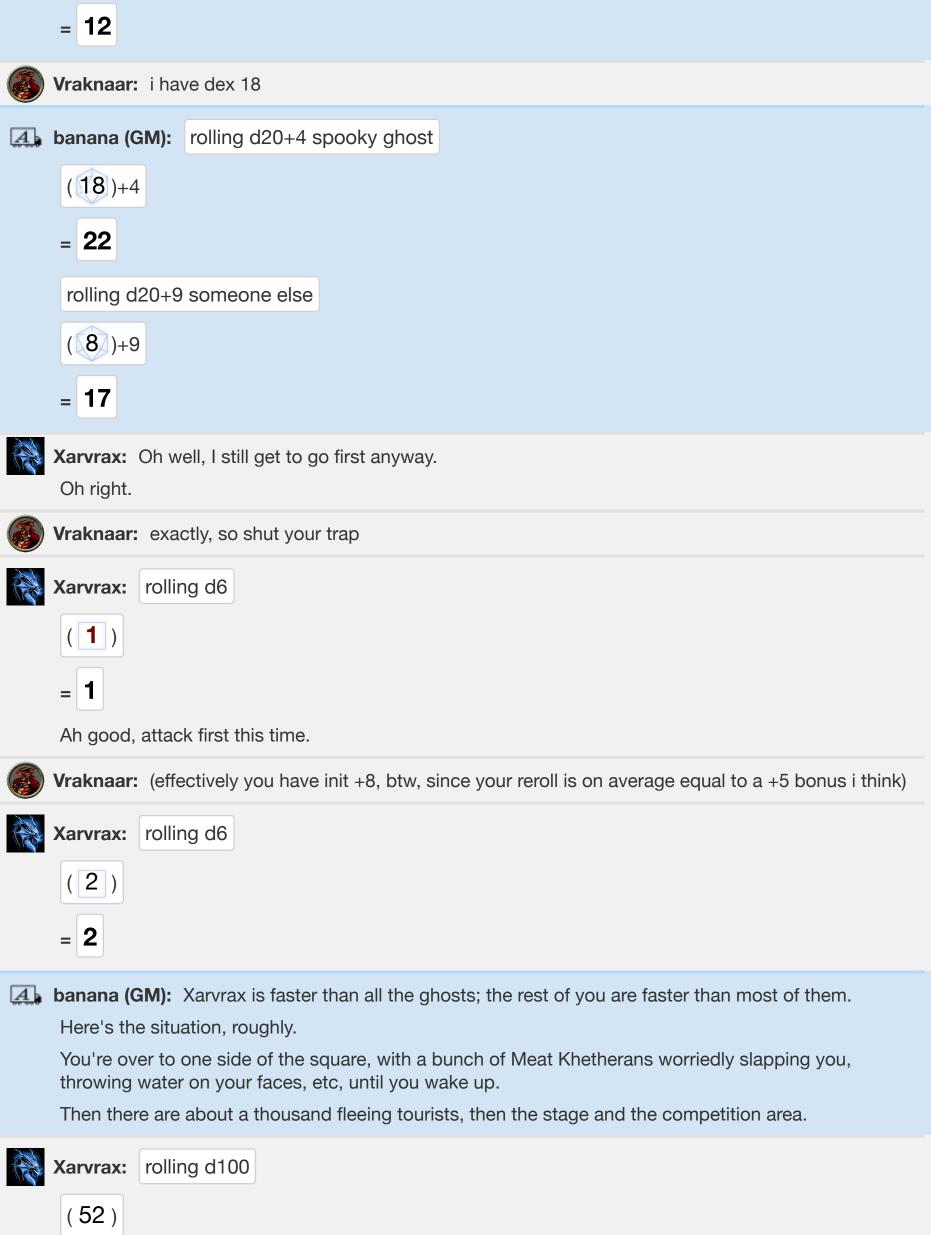
banana (GM): The necroterror attack has come at just the right time to help Kon gnaw his way to victory, coming to rest now at the foot of the stage - most of the other competitors aren't even going to finish.

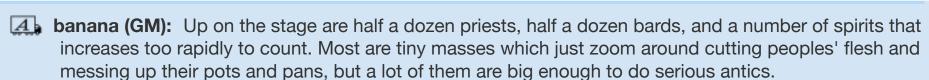
Placidus: yeah I rolled one die and doubled it

banana (GM): The fact of the matter is that if you want there still to be Games to win, you'd better roll initiative.

Placidus's gizmo is back 'home', isn't it, in the hotel?







The stage and the crowd area are different zones - so you're not Nearby anything up there yet. The stillstanding clerics have erected a ward of white sauce that shimmers in the air, chanting and calling upon the powers of digestion to aid them.



Travis Meacham: JUST zooming around cutting people's flesh.



banana (GM): It's *funnelling* the ghosts, but not really doing anything to destroy them, per se...

I just thought of a really good pun but I'm not going to waste it. Xarvrax is the first to react to this whole Deal!



Xarvrax: Well, Xarvrax reacts by getting the hell up, and running toward the stage.



Vraknaar: so we can take one move and then we'll be Nearby, right?



Travis Meacham: so are the necroterrorists ... visible?

i am unclear how i am going to productively respond to this.



banana (GM): yes, you can move up onto the stage with a move action

wel, at the back of the ghost cloud, shrouded in terrible energies that boil from some sort of canister at his feet, is a man

looks like a human or half-orc, well dressed (though the cloth is now being stripped away)

The trouble is, *reaching* the guy would mean going through all those boiling ghost energies...

You could try, though.

King Magician: Xarvrax steps up onto the stage, *past* the advancing bards apparently. "Yo, bad idea!"

Vealsgravy: "Uuuurgh." This close, you can tell that at least one of the priests is alive.



Xarvrax: "Shut up, I know what I'm doing."

Though to be fair, Xarvrax is feeling a little... BLARRRGH still.

rolling d6



And the two spooky ghosts closest and the closest scary one do too.



Label banana (GM): rolling d6 spooky

(3)

rolling d6 spooky

```
(3)
     = 3
Xarvrax:
               rolling d20 + 6
      (14)+6
     = 20
A banana (GM): rolling d6 scary
      (3)
     = 3
     threes all round.
    Placidus: riidi nods sagely
    Xarvrax: What's that mean?
A banana (GM): i don't know
     you told me to roll them!
     Travis Meacham: i think that he meant he hit 3 trhings with his breath attack
    banana (GM): well, fair enough
    Travis Meacham: that said, HUGE fan of 3 here.
    Xarvrax: That's the scary ghost.
     vs PD
    Vraknaar: he was saying the ghosts also felt blargh, not that they also rolled d6
banana (GM): The closest spirit-figures rear up, becoming humanoid, raising limblikethings to strike
     and rip!
     What are the implications of feeling blargh
    Xarvrax:
               rolling d20 + 6 spooky 1 PD
      (9)+6
        15
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Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 6 spooky right PD

banana (GM): hit

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(15)+6
A banana (GM): also hit
    Xarvrax:
               rolling 3d6 + 4 damage
      (3 + 6 + 6) + 4
        19
     All of them take that, and...
      rolling d4 spooky left
      rolling d4 spooky right
      (1)
        1
    Vraknaar: if they're mooks probably don't need to roll but otherwise
    Xarvrax:
               rolling d4 scary
      (2)
       2
banana (GM): the Scary ghosts are mooks, so you can chain damage to some extent here - they have
     10 hp each
    Xarvrax: Ah.
A banana (GM): so that's enough to kill one scary one and do 9 extra damage to the next
    Xarvrax: Well then I guess the scary one is dead and doesn't get the effect.
     So the left spooky is confused, and the right is dazed.
     And that's it for me, though until the end of my next turn, anything that misses me in melee gets stuck.
A banana (GM): markers added! these ghosts retain enough sentience to be severely upset.
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Xarvrax:

(3)

rolling d6

banana (GM): whoops, couldn't figure out why this one guy's bar wasn't showing up

Xarvrax: Bleh, never going to get to iconic at this rate.

A banana (GM): it was because there were two stacked on top of each other XD

Xarvrax bursts into the fray and immediately starts taking down ghosts. The wave in front of him are starting to look very thin indeed.

(the one at the back moves from the ghostornado to the stage, a zone change)

Vraknaar: good. good.

banana (GM): However, a mass of baleful spirits surrounds him immediately and begins to rend his flesh. They LOOK like they're made of shadow, but it feels like razorblades. Tough scales may mitigate it a little.

Placidus: Wow, all those spooky ghosts are ganging up on Xarvrax. Why didn't anyone tell him jumping in front of the bards was a bad idea?

Vraknaar: remember that one of them will attack an ally (also we can't see their healthbars, in case you wanted us to be able to)

banana (GM): you're right! i'll leave that guy to last

D: i did want you to..

Placidus: we can see them now

banana (GM): good

So:

rolling d20+5 vs pd - the spooky ones' attacks go straight through armour, and crit on 19-20! they deal 10 damage.

(11)+5

= 16

rolling d20+5 vs pd - the spooky ones' attacks go straight through armour, and crit on 19-20! they deal 10 damage.

(6)+5

= 11

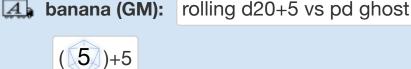
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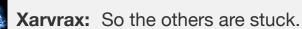
banana (GM): The one at the back of the group, unfortunately, turns on its fellowghost.



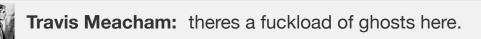
Xarvrax: 1st and last hit.



= 10



banana (GM): Thankfully, it goes right through it, since it's a ghost. yep. 30 damage to xarvrax and there are essentially spirit limpets



banana (GM): now, everyone else is up

Xarvrax: 20 damage.

Only two hit.

L'Angelo: "You fool! The SpectreWave will overwhelm you dragon or not!" He strums a wicked chord to reinforce this.

banana (GM): yes, sorry, 20

Placidus: Placidus runs as fast as he can against the current of the fleeing crowds, struggling to make it up to the stage where he can finally see, and count, all the ghosts.

Xarvrax: Xarvrax laughs wildly, slapping two of the ghosts, while two more slash him.

Placidus: move-focus-go

Burgersear: "We must.. defend.. the rite! The games are not complete! Pray with me now!"

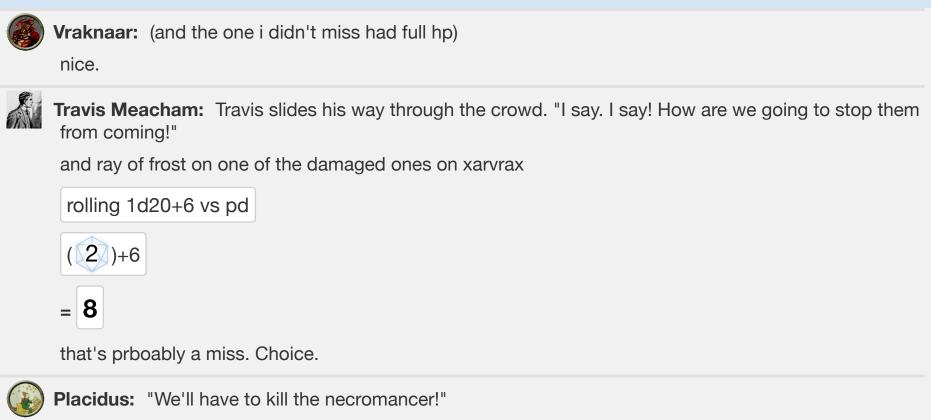
Vraknaar: move, quick to fire up Song of Heroes, and megablast roar (+1 to attack to nearby allies)

banana (GM): Sadly, Kon's victory has left him temporarily immobilised. (Spiked sausages?) With

	Ghol's aid, he should be able to take part in combat soon, but not quite ye.t
	Vraknaar: rolling 1d4 targets (4) = 4 good. good. rolling 1d20+7 vs nw spooky (12)+7 = 19 rolling 1d20+7 vs ne spooky (3)+7 = 10 rolling 1d20+7 vs e spooky (4)+7 = 11 can i target the scary ghosts from here
•	banana (GM): Incidentally, the wall of white sauce shimmers translucently in the air as it flows and drips, but it IS solid - you can't project things through it (and nor can the ghosts).
	Vraknaar: oh wait nm. they have to be in a group
•	banana (GM): I guess that wasn't even incidental
	Vraknaar: so another scary it is rolling 1d20+7 vs w scary (1)+7 = 8 ah yes
*	Xarvrax: Wow. Way to suck it up.
	Placidus: fumble!! that's on the mooks right



banana (GM): yeah that one is dead and the hit one... is on 1



Vraknaar: Vraknaar rushes up onto the stage and takes a signature deep breath... but stumbles a bit, losing his focus. The shattering roar tears through the ghosts... but also batters his brother. don't forget your +1!

banana (GM): Is there a necromancer, even..? Feel free to use minor actions on Analysis type stuff here.

Vraknaar: (not that it will help here) **A** banana (GM): Travis *does* miss, yes.

Vraknaar: please allow xarvrax to use his retroactively. since he had an extra even but nothing to use it on

Travis Meacham: im going to use a minor action to wizardly deduce wghat's happening

Xarvrax: I mean, I still get two next turn.

Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+11

(2)+11

13

ANOTHER 2.

Placidus: for pete's sake

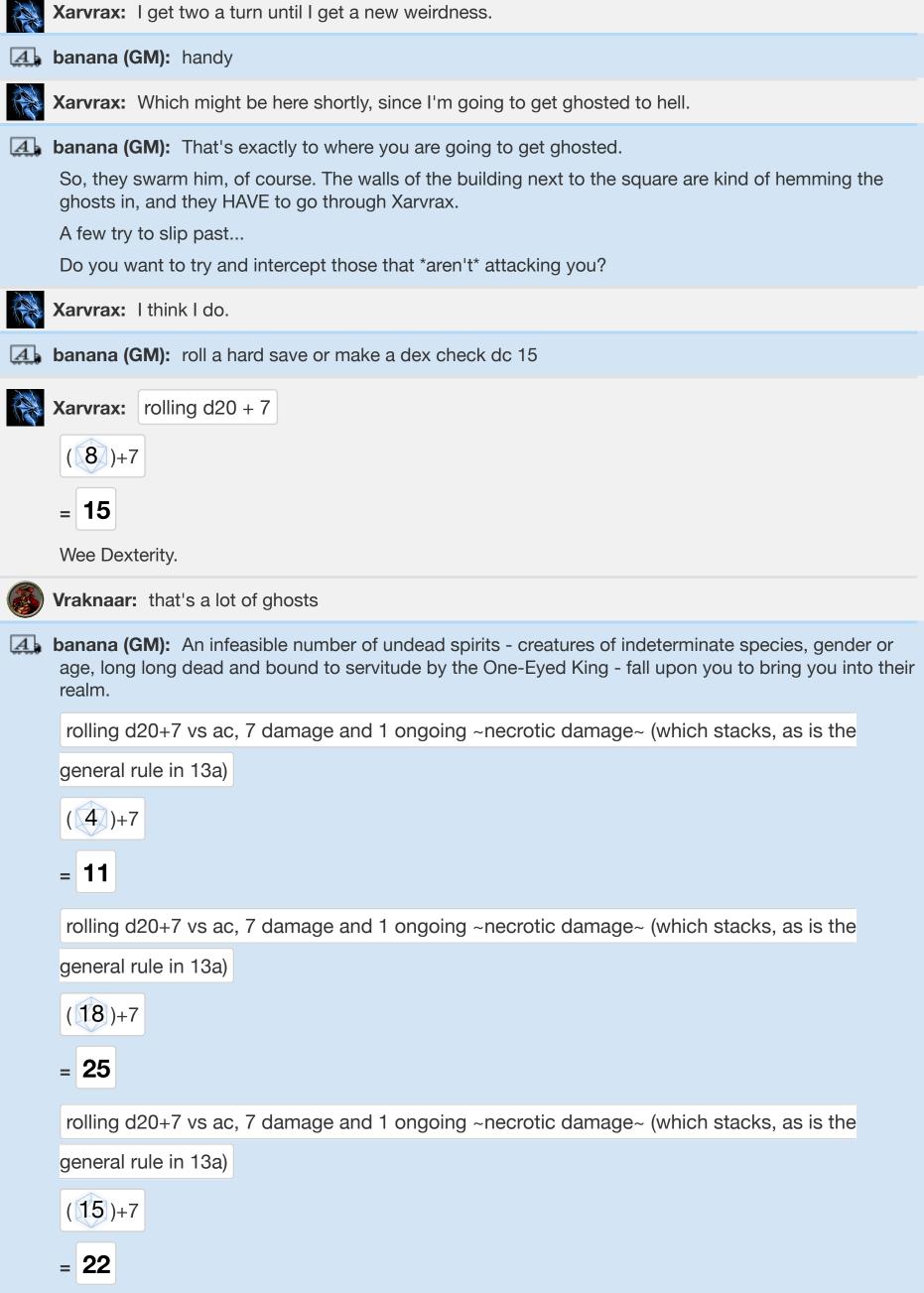
riidi stop zaricking!!

banana (GM): xarvrax got some info for free as the first there instead

banana (GM): Travis studies the arcana of the situation. It's fascinating!

Travis Meacham: my head is clearly not in the game here.

banana (GM): Not enlightening, but fascinating.



rolling d20+7 vs ac, 7 damage and 1 ongoing ~necrotic damage~ (which stacks, as is the general rule in 13a)

= 8

rolling d20+7 vs ac, 7 damage and 1 ongoing ~necrotic damage~ (which stacks, as is the general rule in 13a)

$$(18)+7$$

= 25

banana (GM): rolling d20+7 vs ac, 7 damage and 1 ongoing ~necrotic damage~ (which stacks, as is the general rule in 13a)

$$(19)+7$$

= 26

rolling d20+7 vs ac, 7 damage and 1 ongoing ~necrotic damage~ (which stacks, as is the general rule in 13a)

$$(18)+7$$

= 25

Xarvrax: One miss and a fumble.

Vraknaar: i'm pretty sure xarvrax just got put in the dumpster

Placidus: one of those missed, right trigger md/pd?

A banana (GM): md 15, pd 12

Placidus: so my wand's got some kind of anti-mook power, do I need to know how it affects attack or damage rolls

Xarvrax: Also, one of those fumbled, which might help me some.

banana (GM): ah! yes indeed, you've finally got a way to figure it out: any mooks in the group *not* killed by an attack with the Master's Tool +1, you may puppeteer around- forcing them to take a move action, including disengages and engages sadly, the mook's fumble does nothing special

Placidus: hell yeah
well, here goes. bitter lessons vs pd 12
rolling d20+8 to hit

(16)+8

banana (GM): palpable



Vraknaar: wait

so. the first mook attack missed. can't he just force them all to move away and not reach xarvrax

banana (GM): since the very first one missed him... that's inconvenient, except for you.



Xarvrax: Well.

banana (GM): 10 damage kills one of them

Xarvrax: I guess I'm not down to 8 HP then.

A banana (GM): argh

Placidus: it seems like instead you take no damage, and gain 10 thp instead?

Xarvrax: Also, finally found a use for the red bubble thingy.

Placidus: you want to know the worst part of this bitter lessons is retain focus 1-15 ...AND I ROLLED A 16

banana (GM): that's the only good part of it

Vraknaar: justoccultistthings

Xarvrax: Xarvrax continues laughing wildly as the ghosts prepare to slaughter him and just sort of...

don't.

banana (GM): They close in, funnelled by sauce and whitestone, and then:

Travis Meacham: What a coinbcidence.



Placidus: Whatever music the bards are putting on has to contend with the staccato grinding sound in everyone's sternums. The humming staggers and starts like a heart skipping beats. As the ghosts swarm Xarvrax, the scion of the Blue feels *himself* swelling and vibrating with energy that doesn't belong to any of the Great Wyrms. It bursts *from him*, sparks and streamers of violet light like a fireworks display. Largely-unnoticed on the corner of the stage, Placidus's wrist twitches involuntarily, and the ghosts are all jerked backwards like fish on a line.

The funny part is, despite just exploding with energy, Xarvrax feels *really good*.

Barry: "Fuckin' A. We won't look a gift force in the eye - aim past the idiot hero!"



Travis Meacham: lol

Barry: L'Angelo and King Magician begin to play - outlandish, brightly coloured instruments that reverbrate through the square. The Singer raises her voice, at first in a simple chorus, then breaking into incomprehensible, magical words. Some of the crowd even pause in their flights as the noise rises, turning to look and to listen.



Xarvrax: "I'm the one who's gathered them all together! Who's the idiot now!"



Placidus: "It's still you," Placidus mutters, but given all the noise only Travis can hear him.



Vraknaar: good.

Barry: The Thunder play, and their leader raises his crossbow, and crossbows appear also in the hands of their massed fans. Dozens of elves, stunned and uplifted, begin to fire all at once.

banana (GM): The quarrels fly in time to Placidus's beat.

Most of them can't aim, mind you.

rolling d6 this many ghosts are taken out





Xarvrax: Really? Seems like they have really good aim to me.



banana (GM): well, ok. that WAS pretty good

Elf fans: "NO TURNING BACK!"



banana (GM): At the far end of the stage, the ghostornado intensifies.

The man at its heart is hard to see, but he doesn't seem to be actually making spellcasting motions. He's just there, wrapped in power, arms raised and sort of conducting the whole thing - like an infernal counterpoint to the players to your west.

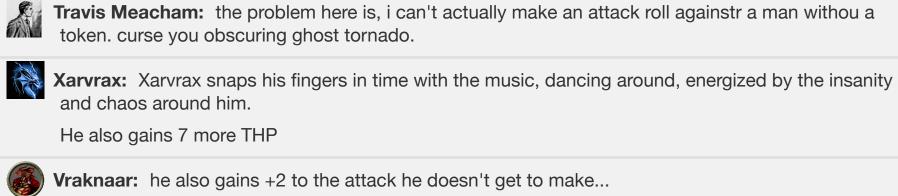
It's Xarvrax's turn again- and another wave of ghosts is appearing.



Xarvrax:

rolling d20





Xarvrax: rolling d6





rolling d12

Xarvrax: FINALLY

 $(\langle Z \rangle)$

Blah.

Vraknaar: good. thunderstruck

Xarvrax: Druids.

banana (GM): oh yeah AND

Xarvrax: rolling d6

(4)

4

ESCALATION (+1)

Placidus: if it's a druid iconic spell then that's actually really cool b/c the thunder are sponsored by probably the new druid

Xarvrax: Ah good, bonus to saves +2

Oh right.

I want to use my quick actions to determine things.

Vraknaar: also the druid at-will is pretty good against mooks

Xarvrax: rolling d20 +6

(3)+6		
= 9		
rolling d20 +6		
(9)+6		
= 15		
rolling d100		
(46)		
= 46		
Ah yes.		
Vraknaar: there goes your save bonus		
banana (GM): that's a pretty numeric number?		
Xarvrax: Goodbye +2 save bonus.		
banana (GM): but yes, quick actions!		
Xarvrax: But, +2 attack bonus.		
banana (GM): what are you looking at WOrking Out or Achieving, here the situation is very dynamic, in flux, complex, etc, so there are a lot of possibilities it's basically going to take multiple checks to Know and Do everything unless yall come up with a particularly efficient series of calculatrices		
Father Mintchop: "Xxcklx *dies*" He's dead.		
Xarvrax: I'm going to look at ghost summon man.		
banana (GM): ok, give me a wisdom check to sort of generally Observe him		
Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 5 $(19)+5$ $= 24$ Well.		

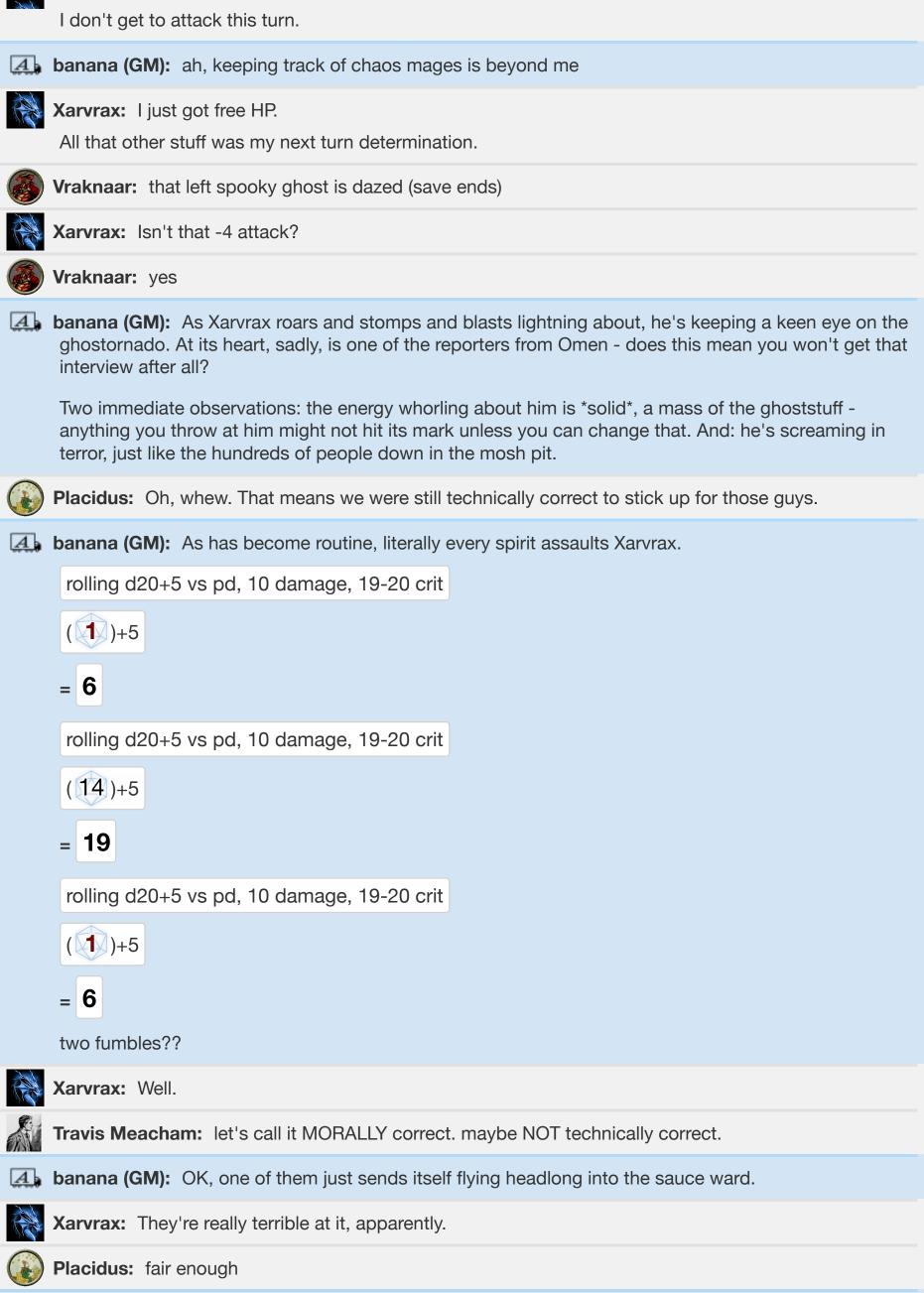
Xarvrax: I'm already done.

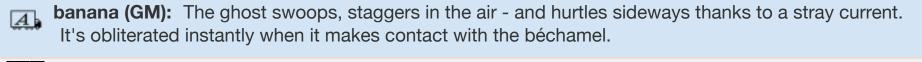
write stuff up

Placidus: once again xarvrax proves to be the wisest among us

banana (GM): that's a definite success - and what else, and go ahead and make your attack while i

A







Vraknaar: xomrax

banana (GM): There are still plenty of them left for now. (placidus turn, 10 damage i think)

Xarvrax: Yep.

My PD is #2 defense, but it's still only 14. 13/14/15

Vraknaar: time to use flame spear so i can continue to collaterally damage xarvrax

Burgersear: "My children, Her favoured seasoning will protect us! All of you behind the ward!"

banana (GM): you can! it works like 4e, with downgrading

Placidus: can I take a second quick action instead of a standard

Placidus: excellent then I'll move here, acquire focus, and attempt to use Occultism to acquire strange insights about this

banana (GM): Sounds reasonable, although not literally.

Placidus: rolling d20+10 unnatural philosopher +4

(15)+10

= 25

Vraknaar: rolling 1d20 need 11+ to retain song of heroes

= 1

Misc. elves, tourists, staff and so on: "Aaaah! ahh! Aaaaa! Aaagh! Aaahhhh!"

Vraknaar: no dice. travis, have a +2 to your next attack

rolling 1d20+7 vs AC against this ghost

(7)+7

= 14

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

(7 + 8) + 4

turn over. as useful as always

Vraknaar rushes up to his brother, shouting over his shoulder at Travis. "Don't you have some sort of wizard trick to get rid of these things?" A lunging claw swipe at a ghost doesn't really do much.



Travis Meacham: He doesn't, but maybe if he can see what's causing this he has a neat wizard trick to get rid of IT.



Xarvrax: Well shoot some of the ghosts that are going to continue to fail to shred me.



banana (GM): Well, take a look if you like.

(Whether Placidus wants to pass on his insights is up to him, if you could even understand them)



Vraknaar: crap. if it was escalation 2 he could color spray them, but...



Placidus: "The multipliers..."



Travis Meacham: let's try to observe the source of the ghostornado

rolling 1d20+11 with wizardly acumen

oh that should actually be a 19

forgot the escalation die



banana (GM): Well, you can tell this: that stuff all around him is bog standard death magic. It shades, at the edges, into literal spirits, as death magic does, but mostly it's just Power. It has to come from somewhere, therefore - it's being continuously called into being. This stuff can't exist on its own in the unabyssal world.



Travis Meacham: alright, well

i'm going to decay a move into a quick and observe the CROWD to see if anyone's channeling behind our backs

rolling 1d20+12

$$(18)+12$$



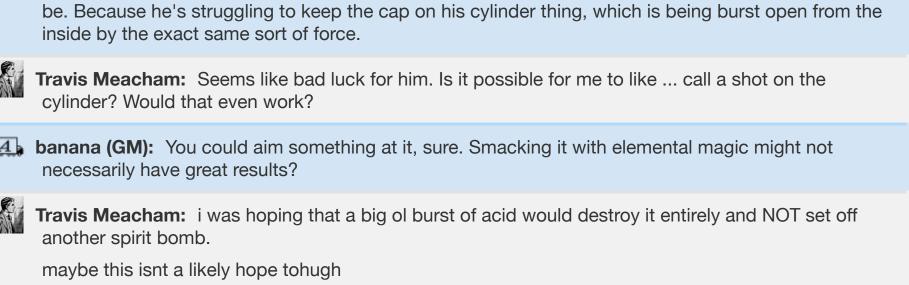
banana (GM): With a lightning quick sweep of the area, his own sharp eyes augmented by magical senses, Travis can definitively say that almost nobody in the crowd is part of this, except for one guy.



Travis Meacham: which guy and how is he a part of it!!



banana (GM): Shit, he's almost out of the square on the other side... of course, it's the second reporter. And the thing is, that guy ISN'T surrounded by a howling column of shades, but he's probably about to









Placidus: it's probably on the order of defusing a bomb which, I imagine, a giant burst of acid is a bad tool for



banana (GM): yeah i think without at least some other source of Prep or Thought on that you've got no confirmation that it'd do something good (vs bad)



Xarvrax: I would have an idea, if I didn't have a druid iconic, but.



Travis Meacham: At any rate, travis yells and points at the other reporter. "WATCH OUT! His tube's about to explode!"

Crowd: "Aaaahh!"

Reporter: : "Aaaahhh!"

King Magician: "Aw, no."



Xarvrax: "Aaaaaahhhhhh!"



Travis Meacham: i still have no idea how we're gonna make any progress against the ghosts so i guess im just gonna ray of frost a ghost off of xarvrax



Xarvrax: Make sure it's scary.



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+10 vs PD, escalation on scary ghost

$$(10)+10$$

20



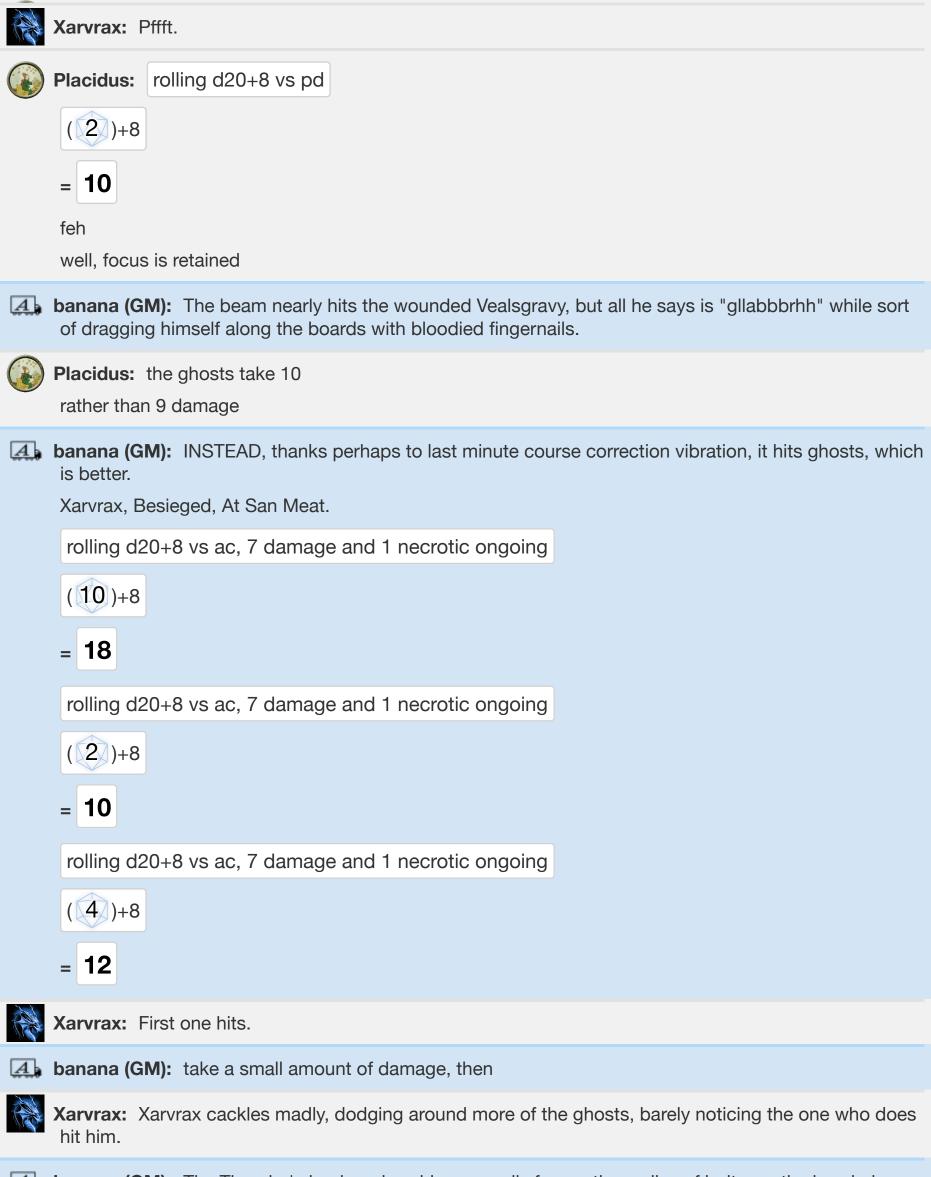
A banana (GM): smack



Travis Meacham: rolling 3d6 for this muchg damage

$$(1 + 3 + 5)$$

Placidus: trigger



banana (GM): The Thunder's leader raises his arm, calls for another volley of bolts, as the band plays on... but in his pacing across the stage, all wrinkles and taut energy, he's come near Travis. "Mate, should we go after the other guy? Can you wrap this lot up if so?"



Xarvrax: Can he stop it from exploding?

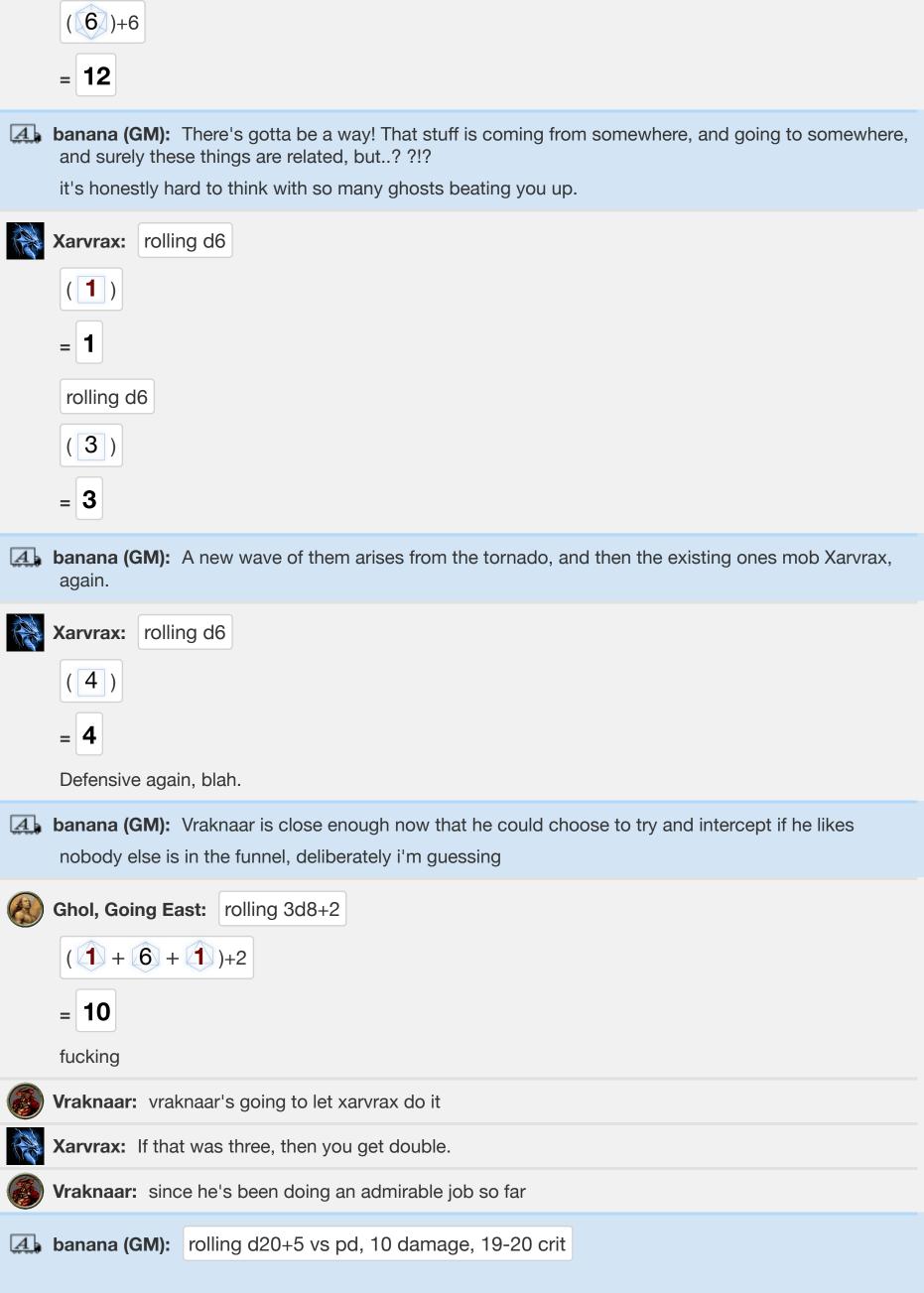


that would miss ac, hit others

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Xarvrax: PD
      rolling d20 + 10 spooky right
      (16)+10
     = 26
A banana (GM): yeop
    Xarvrax: Oh wait, nevermind
     That hits a random thing.
     Vraknaar: another random enemy takes the damage
A banana (GM): lol
    Vraknaar: with no attack roll
               rolling d4 + 4
    Xarvrax:
      (4)+4
     = 8
     So lets just do this, from top left going right, then down.
      rolling d10
      (5)
       5
     Scary above gravy.
     Also takes 8.
    banana (GM): how much damage to the original top-spooky?
    Vraknaar: Bolt And Thunder. the intentional damage is lightning and the other thunder
    banana (GM): i've assumed 8
    Xarvrax: Xarvrax with his quick, is going to try and figure out a way to get at the guy in the first
     tornado.
     Also yes.
banana (GM): Well, assuming Travis has been communicating his insights also.. int heeck
     *check
     Travis Meacham: travis has been sharing deets
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rolling d20 + 6

Xarvrax:



(2)+5**Xarvrax:** Also, they're literally going to kill me. rolling d20+5 vs pd, 10 damage, 19-20 crit **A** banana (GM): (12)+5= 17 rolling d20+5 vs pd, 10 damage, 19-20 crit (10)+5= 15 rolling d20+5 vs pd, 10 damage, 19-20 crit (20)+5= 25 Xarvrax: Yeah. Vraknaar: damn. maybe banana (GM): he certainly did an admirable job for a while, yes Xarvrax: No, I'm at 0. **Vraknaar:** if i had intercepted it would have been... the first one Xarvrax: Actually, -1. Placidus: it turns out: if all of the monsters literally only attack one character, eventually that character will die Xarvrax: When does this ongoing end? **banana (GM):** when you're reduced to 0 hp or save against it Xarvrax: After a save? Or just never? Placidus: well, it ends when you go down, presumably banana (GM): Placidus is up. Xarvrax is down...?

Travis Meacham: Placidus: it turns out: if all of the monsters literally only attack one character, eventually that character will die fucke dup but plausible.

Burgersear: The High Father knows you all now. He cries out as one of the brave defenders falls..!

Most of his attention is taken up by the risen Mintchop, though, who's beginning to assault the barrier.

Quite a few members of the crowd are sheltering behind it, so this would be Bad.

banana (GM): i'd suggest providing medical attention to xarvrax to get him up again, if he weren't buried in ghosts?

Placidus: okay, first, rebuke attack on the most damaged mook

Placidus: rolling d20+9 vs pd

banana (GM): one of them's on 1, so that one

= 13

A banana (GM): hits pd 12

Placidus: rolling d6+4

(2)+4

= 6

so 5 damage rolls over to another, which if it doesn't die is getting yanked off of xarvrax

Travis Meacham: i've got an idea. what if we opened the other tube and tried to hurl the two tubes together, causing a chain reaction thgat would definitely only have good results

banana (GM): a stern rebuke about which ghosts do not much care

Placidus: placidus is going to acquire focus, now, and then move beside vraknaar go

(the ghost that I moved can't hit me until my next turn)

Vraknaar: vs AC
rolling 1d20+8

(7)+8

= 15

of course. fucker

banana (GM): The spirits rage and wail, still caged away from the bulk of the hated living by two more of you and the walls of the city....... for now.... whose ac. that hits scary ghosts but not spooky ones

Placidus: "We've got to get them off him!" shouts Placidus as he just charges straight for Xarvrax, barely visible beneath all the screaming ghosts.



Placidus: trigger

a miss, then

rolling d20+9 vs md/pd on the spooky ghost

= 18

banana (GM): hits the lower md

Placidus: rolling

dus: rolling 4d8+4 psychic damage

$$(8 + 3 + 7 + 3)+4$$

= 25

Travis Meacham: hell yeah.

Placidus: and ongoing 5 psychic

banana (GM): You have blown the ghost's mind.

Placidus: if it's not dead or, idk, discorporated whatever

Vraknaar: my turn is over as usefully as ever. no healing...

banana (GM): it is the turn of: ghol zones: the stage, the crowd area, the ghostornado vortex

Ghol, Going East: Is Xarvrax "nearby?"

banana (GM): if you move onto the stage he then will be, otherwise no

Vraknaar: Vraknaar leaps into the swarm of ghosts, trying fruitlessly to pull them off his brother. "Bastards! Try that shit on me!"

Ghol, Going East: move, quick action: heal on xarvrax

Travis Meacham: move into the ghostornado vortex and try to shut it down, in my O. although maybe thats gonna be my move

Placidus: Vraknaar, clawing for his brother, holds a ghost in his hands but can't figure out how to tear it

apart. But as he holds it, it vibrates, rattling the scion of the Red from his teeth to his tail, and the ghost just... dissolves in his hands. There's an anguished look on its face as it disintegrates into discrete perfectly square flakes of ectoplasm that evaporate before they hit the ground.



A banana (GM): the scary ghosts ar emooks the spooky ones don't have a lot of hp, but are not mooks father mintchop, as he once was, is also no mook

banana (GM): that'd be a second move action, yeah



previously kon was blocking up that exit from the stage btw, now ghol and kon both are

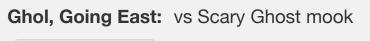
Ghol, Going East: Oh, am I strategically keeping ghosts from running into the crowd or whatever?

Ghol, Going East: lovely

banana (GM): presently, yes

banana (GM): The conjured wall of white sauce produced by the remaining priests does the rest of the work.

Speaking of priests: Vealsgravy is not long for this world; he's as collapsed as Xarvrax is (or was)



rolling 1d20+8

(2)+8

10

rolling 2d8+5

(7 + 3)+5

15

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE

fucking

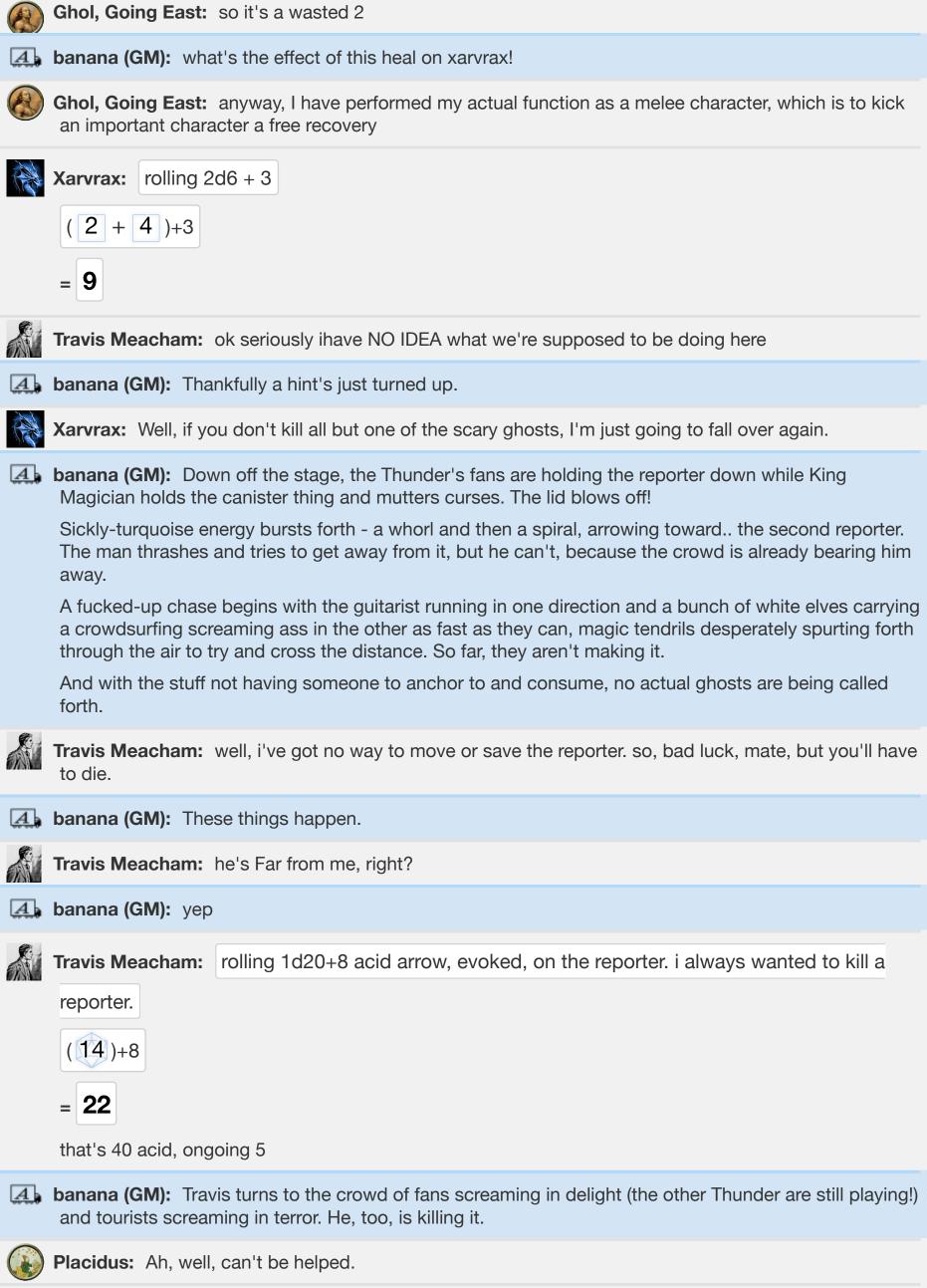
sure, why ever succeed at anything

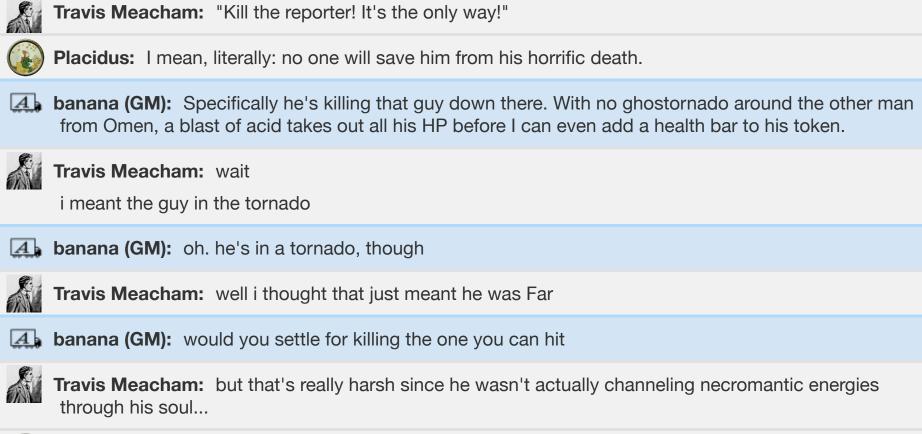
banana (GM): An arrow from the East- a ghostly limb detached.

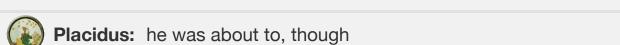
Vraknaar: what? that's a 2

Ghol, Going East: no it's a bow attack

Vraknaar: oh







banana (GM): they're both Far, so i got confused. status quo is that the one in the tornado is also *protected* by it right now, it's nearly solid

Vraknaar: not sure the other guy was either though, at least not intentionally

Placidus: he committed the precrime of being a necromancer's unwitting pawn

banana (GM): but i'll definitely let you take back killing the untornadoed man if you like

& potentially act against the other instead

Vraknaar: since he looked real scared

Travis Meacham: i would rather not kil Ithe untornadoed man. how do i get to the tornadoed man

banana (GM): ok: you know now that the stuff from the canister is anchored to him. it's also PROTECTING him. so the thing you have to do is basically get it away

Placidus: I bet we'll have to move the canister yeah

banana (GM): Without benefit of further insight, Travis can essentially see one way to do that: if someone goes in there and picks it up.

Travis Meacham: That'll be him, then. Time for a move into the tornado.

banana (GM): With Ghol, Kon, Placidus and Vraknaar keepign the two ends of the stage bottled up, Travis is free to go around them and slip into the vortex.

He takes 10 necrotic damage for the pleasure, and will every time that he starts his turn in or moves into the zone

Travis Meacham: Mmm. Okay, so i still have a standard and a quick.

Burgersear: "You seriously can't go in there, human. Just stay behind the ward!"



Travis Meacham: "I have to!"

can i turn my standard into a second move, and use it + the quick to grab the canister



banana (GM): yep



Xarvrax: Just a note, when you did your recoveries, you did 3d8 + 2, which seems wrong to me, unless you doubled it.



A banana (GM): i think he used an advance on +recovery



Xarvrax: Crion, that is.



Travis Meacham: I'm going to do that, then, grabbing it away from him.



Xarvrax: Oh.



banana (GM): make a dex check, travis



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+4

(19)+4

= 23



Ghol, Going East: oh I should have doubled it



banana (GM): Again, the wizard snatches a container or evil glowing liquid.



Ghol, Going East: that was prefight healing



Travis Meacham: hopefully it doesn't bring a bunch of stags trying to kill us this time.



banana (GM): The involuntary ghostornado of a man staggers as the whorls rip away from him - he's clearly visible, now, and mostly flensed. You better hope the guy has little consciousness remaining because his soul is being burned to power the summons, and ghosts are flying out of his extremities at an increasing rate.

They're still coming, but unless he gets back the canister from Travis, he's vulnerable...

On that note.

With the source(?) disconnected(?), there isn't as much of a gap for the increasing ghostpower to come through. From now on, the new waves are congealing into a single extra-powerful specter.

hence the init roll of 17 way back when...



Travis Meacham: splendid.



Placidus: thaaaaaat sounds bad



banana (GM): As the new one forms, the old attack Travis, and, of course, anyone else nearby.

Which is going to be Vraknaar in a few cases, Ghol in others..

Specters swoop through the air! Specters roll 20 sided dice!

rolling d20+5 vs pd, 19-20 crit, 10 damage on hit, vs travis

(15)+5

= 20

rolling d20+5 vs pd, 19-20 crit, 10 damage on hit, vs travis

(6)+5

= 11

rolling d20+5 vs pd, 19-20 crit, 10 damage on hit, vs travis

(12)+5

= 17

banana (GM): rolling d20+5 vs pd, 19-20 crit, 10 damage on hit, vs travis

(12)+5

= 17

rolling d20+5 vs pd, 19-20 crit, 10 damage on hit, vs ghol

(2)+5

= 7

rolling d20+5 vs pd, 19-20 crit, 10 damage on hit, vs ghol

(7)+5

= 12

rolling d20+5 vs pd, 19-20 crit, 10 damage on hit, vs ghol

(16)+5

= 21

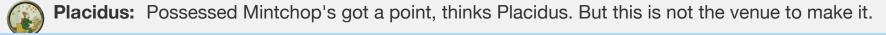
Ghol, Going East: miss miss hit

Possessed Mintchop: "Your Goddess Is Ridiculous And Beholden To A Charlatan"

Travis Meacham: so i take 30 there i'm going to die at the start of my turn

Ghol, Going East: Oh fuck off, Mintchop.





banana (GM): The ex-priest holds one hand high, channeling some other power from beyond the grave. Waves of invisible batter at the dripping shield, thinning it into a premature reduction. The bechamel is in danger of entirely evaporating.

Vraknaar: did vraknaar not incur ghost attacks there btw

banana (GM): oh shit

nice

rolling d20+5 vs pd, 19-20 crit, 10 damage on hit, vs vraknaar

(7)+5

= 12

rolling d20+5 vs pd, 19-20 crit, 10 damage on hit, vs vraknaar

(3)+5

= 8

rolling d20+5 vs pd, 19-20 crit, 10 damage on hit, vs vraknaar

(2)+5

= 7

oh.

Placidus: Argh, the sauce is breaking...! Do you have any idea how hard it is to save one of these?!

Barry: "Come on, put your legs in it."

The Singer: "Caught! In the middle of a ghost attack!"

banana (GM): They're having some success down there, separating the camera(?) from its target. Looks like at least one additional clusterfuck averted.

And finally Xarvrax is restored to consciousness by Ghol's dramatic entrance.

ESCALATION (+3)

Placidus: things are... escalating...!

Xarvrax: Xarvrax stands up, battered and bleeding, roaring before snapping his fingers.

Travis is far away now isn't he?

Vealsgravy: "..no.. a- alabastien.. gragh blugh *blood*"

banana (GM): yep

Xarvrax: Well then I'm picking me and god damned Vealsgravy.

	I'm one, he's two.
	rolling d2
	(2)
	= 2
A	banana (GM): whassat do to him
	Xarvrax: He gets a recovery.
A	banana (GM): did you chaos a priest dang
	Xarvrax: No more reanimated priests.
	Vealsgravy: "i go to my heaven of porks and thighs i die i, what. what's this creeping chaos. This energy."
	Xarvrax: Xarvrax points at the priest, his eyes glowing the same color as the elves for a moment, "You're not dying today."
	Travis Meacham: He might die today.
	Xarvrax: And then an extra arm bursts out of Xarvrax's side.
	Placidus: He's not dying *right this instant*.
	Xarvrax: Xarvrax looks down at it, flopping about uselessly. "Well, that's new." Good. Got a 5. Though it's acting funny.
A	banana (GM): Well, the mess of spooky ghosts WERE going to leave Xarvrax alone, since he was unconscious and bleeding out.
	Xarvrax: And got the Priestess for my Iconic.
A	banana (GM): As of right now it looks like they're about to mindlessly tear into him, again. Anyone object?
	Xarvrax: rolling d6 (5) = 5 rolling d12 (10)

10 rolling d6 (6) Aha! Vraknaar: i would, but i'm up to my cloaca in ghosts here **Xarvrax:** And next turn I can use my iconic daily, and maybe not lose it. Burgersear: "To think that one dragon would give his life for the Goddess *twice*...! I object! Acolyte whatevername, save him and also Vealsgravy." Acolyte: :-(banana (GM): The good thing about the ward fading is it doesn't take all of them to maintain it, and as religious fanatics, you basically have to do this sort of thing, so, rolling d20+7 spooky ghost vs ac, 7 physical damage and 1 necrotic, vs xarvrax (16)+7= 23 rolling d20+7 spooky ghost vs ac, 7 physical damage and 1 necrotic, vs xarvrax (8)+715 rolling d20+7 spooky ghost vs ac, 7 physical damage and 1 necrotic, vs xarvrax (10)+7|17 rolling d20+7 spooky ghost vs ac, 7 physical damage and 1 necrotic, vs acolyte (15)+7= 22 rolling d20+7 spooky ghost vs ac, 7 physical damage and 1 necrotic, vs acolyte (11)+7

18

banana (GM): The spectres make a noise that's unnervingly arara-like, a form of laughter. It's not quite the same tongue-rolling rock-crackling thing - more of an 'ajajajaja'.

placidus up

Xarvrax: Ah fun.

Vraknaar: wait

check on xarvrax

I get to fall right back over.

Placidus: is placidus engaged with these guys

banana (GM): he's actually not, they've all attacked dragonbros

nevermind

Placidus: cool. I'm gonna acquire focus and then spend my standard action trying to make a heal

Xarvrax: Xarvrax's extra arm is gone as fast as it appeared, as he's thrashing and swearing and bleeding.

banana (GM): Struggle free of the mass of ghosts, then sink back beneath...

To be fair, literally every PC and NPC warned him that this would happen.

Placidus: rolling d20+7 amateur physician +1

(12)+7

= 19

The Ghostornado: "aaaaaaaa AAAAA aaaaaa AAA" Even the moans it makes whirl.

Placidus: I think that gives him a success on a death save? I forget the exact heal check mechanics in combat, let me look real quick turn end, though

A banana (GM): gl..!

Vraknaar: hopefully i can successfully roll a die (or otherwise just die)

rolling 1d20+9 vs AC, scary ghost

(12)+9

= 21

good

Vealsgravy: "Ghh. You've.. got to staunch the scale joint there. That's what knocks them out so quick. It's not the actual blood, it's a muscular fluid."

Vraknaar: rolling 2d8+4 damage



Xarvrax: So I get a recovery?



Vraknaar: after placidus' healing hopefully so you'll have more? idk

rolling 3d4 you add this much extra to your recovery in any case



banana (GM): 110% of a ghost destroyed



Vraknaar: ah yes. those vraknaar dice also can it have been the ghost closer to xarvrax that i slashed

rolling 1d20-1 disengage to move next to xarvrax

King Magician: "Get back in the tube! GET BACK IN THE TUBE!"



A banana (GM): sure



Xarvrax: So how much do I get healed from Placidus? Just another recovery?



Placidus: okay so I looked it up, and what I've done is Stabilize xarvrax meaning that he can ignore failed death saves



banana (GM): well, that's better than dying



Xarvrax: So it's basically useless now.



Vraknaar: well he's up again now

i mean it doesn't matter, not like placidus needs standard actions anyway

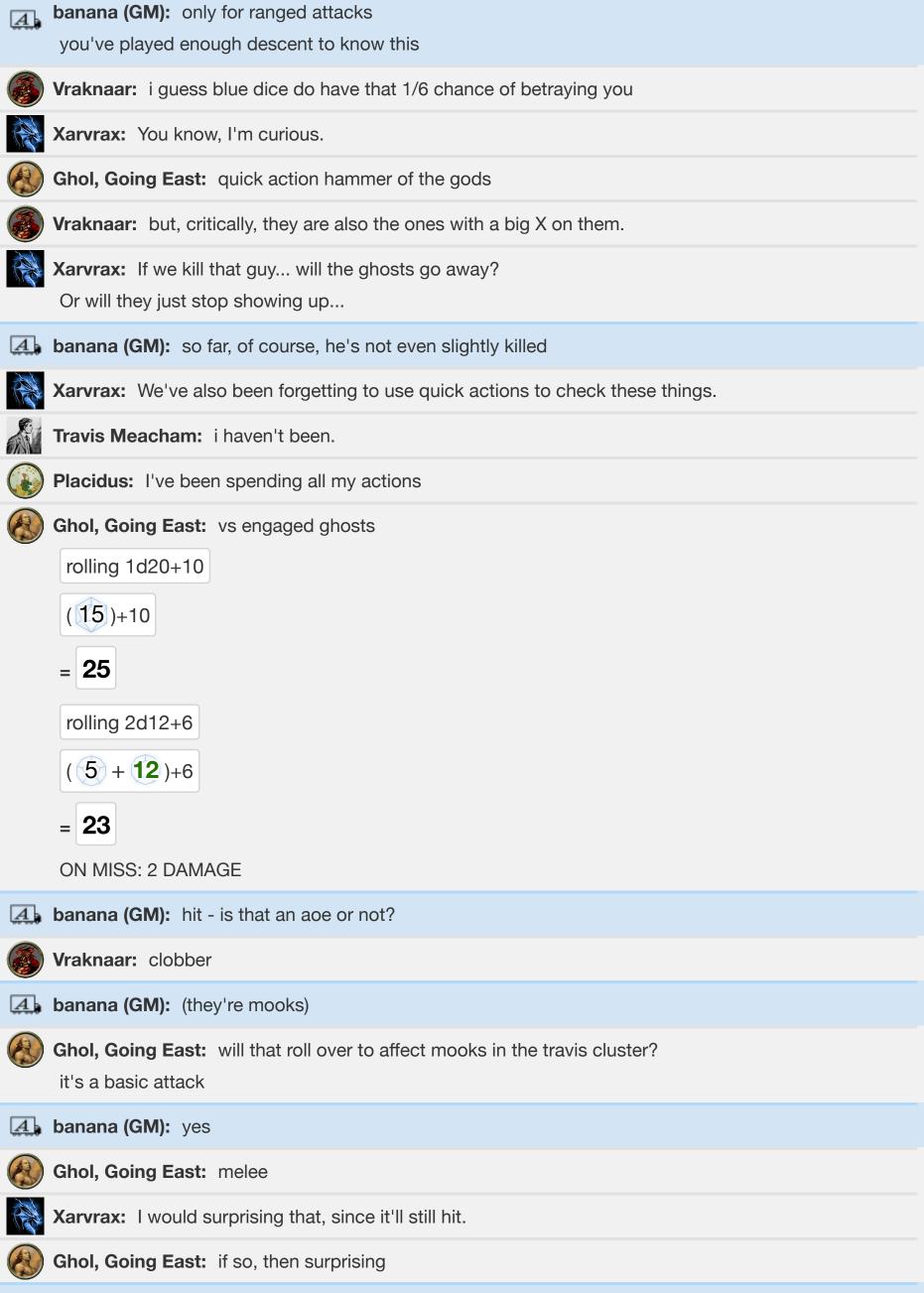


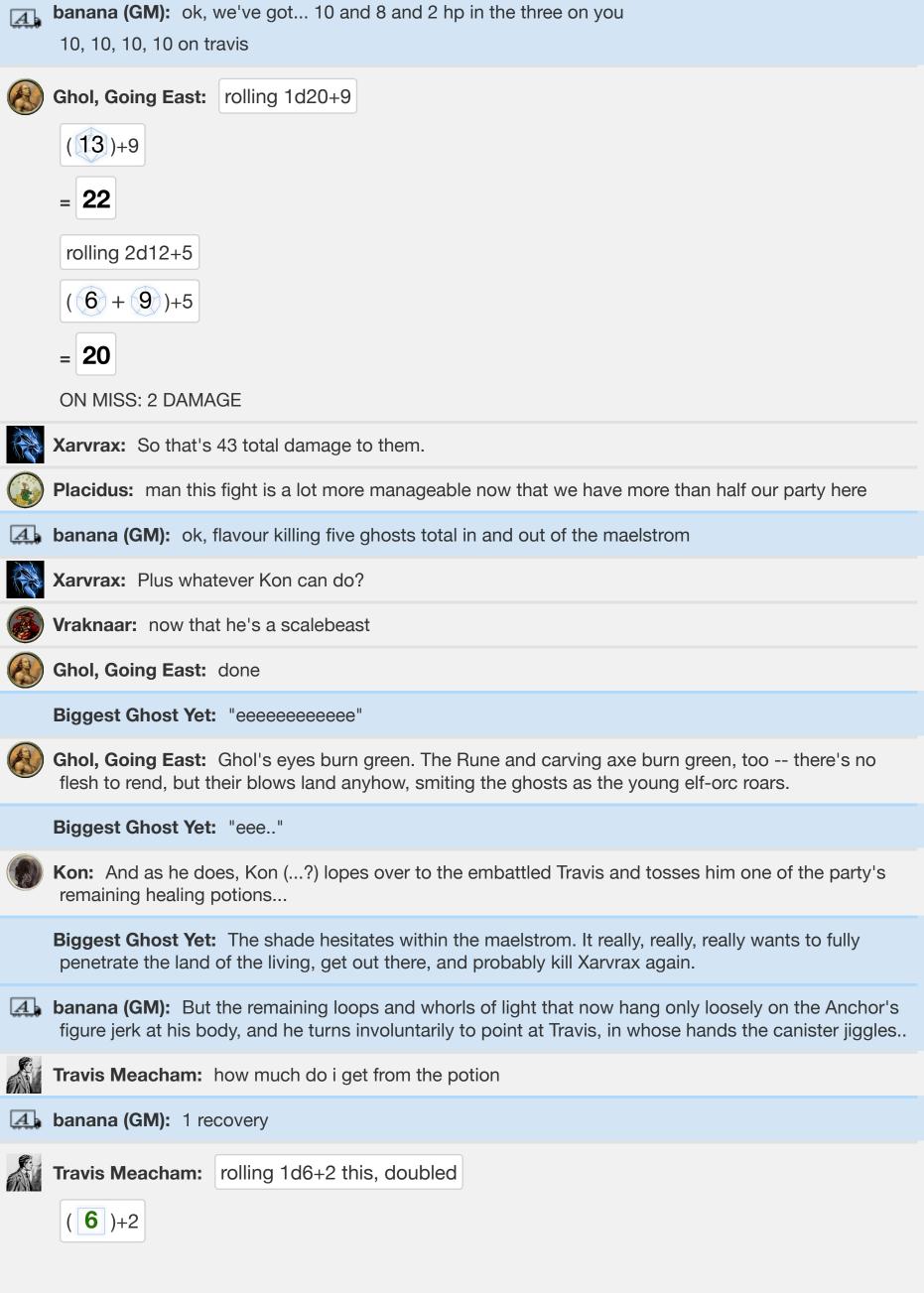
Xarvrax: rolling 2d6 + 7

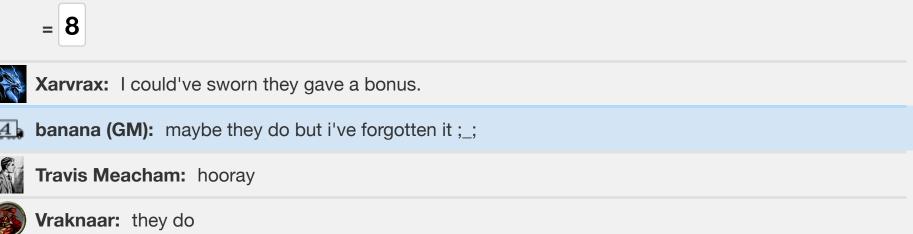
$$(6 + 5)+7$$

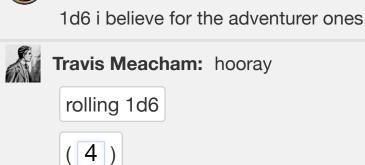


Vraknaar: blue dice are just categorically superior to red ones it seems









banana (GM): The eerie ghost spreads its arms wide, body coalescing into the detailed shape of a

a core of torn fleshstuff and pulsing light, which dazzles and confounds. rolling d20+6 vs travis md, 12 damage and dazed save ends, 0 damage and dazed save ends on miss

humanoid androgyne; then its ectoplasmic chest splits open, ghostly blue bones spilling forth, revealing

(2)+6

= 8

Ghol, Going East: ghoul? more like ghol

Travis Meacham: that's a miss. so what does dazed do

banana (GM): Travis is up. Behind the eerie figure, more gates to the underworld are forming around the Anchor, to pull through more of the ranged-attacking ghosts. -4 to hit

it sucks! you don't want to be dazed

Vraknaar: beats weakened, at least right now

Travis Meacham: so i take my 10 necrotic

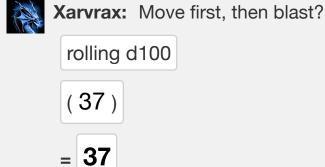
Burgersear: "The reduction.. cannot hold.."

Xarvrax: I would honestly evoke the arrow at that guy anyway.

And try to get out of the cloud.

Travis Meacham: and uh

Travis Meacham: and provoke 2 attacks? hel lno



Barry: "We'll be up there in a moment, hold your liquor!" All four bards are now engaged in a comical tug of war from both ends, stretching the ghostendrils in the hope that they'll snap. The second anchor has actually stopped screaming and is cooperating by running with his own legs.



Travis Meacham: i'm going to try to disengage

rolling 1d20

(8)

8

that's a fail



Xarvrax: Ah.

Ghosts: "AJAJAJA"



Xarvrax: It isn't though.



Travis Meacham: uh ... i'm going to literally move away and provoke 2 opportunity attacks, then.



Xarvrax: So.

Because I forgot my weirdness, I think disengages count as saves, right?



banana (GM): i have no idea which weirdness number is which, sorry



Travis Meacham: a normal save, yes



A banana (GM): rolling d20+8 vs ac 7 damage, 1 ongoing necrotic

= 12

rolling d20+8 vs ac 7 damage, 1 ongoing necrotic

$$(5)+8$$

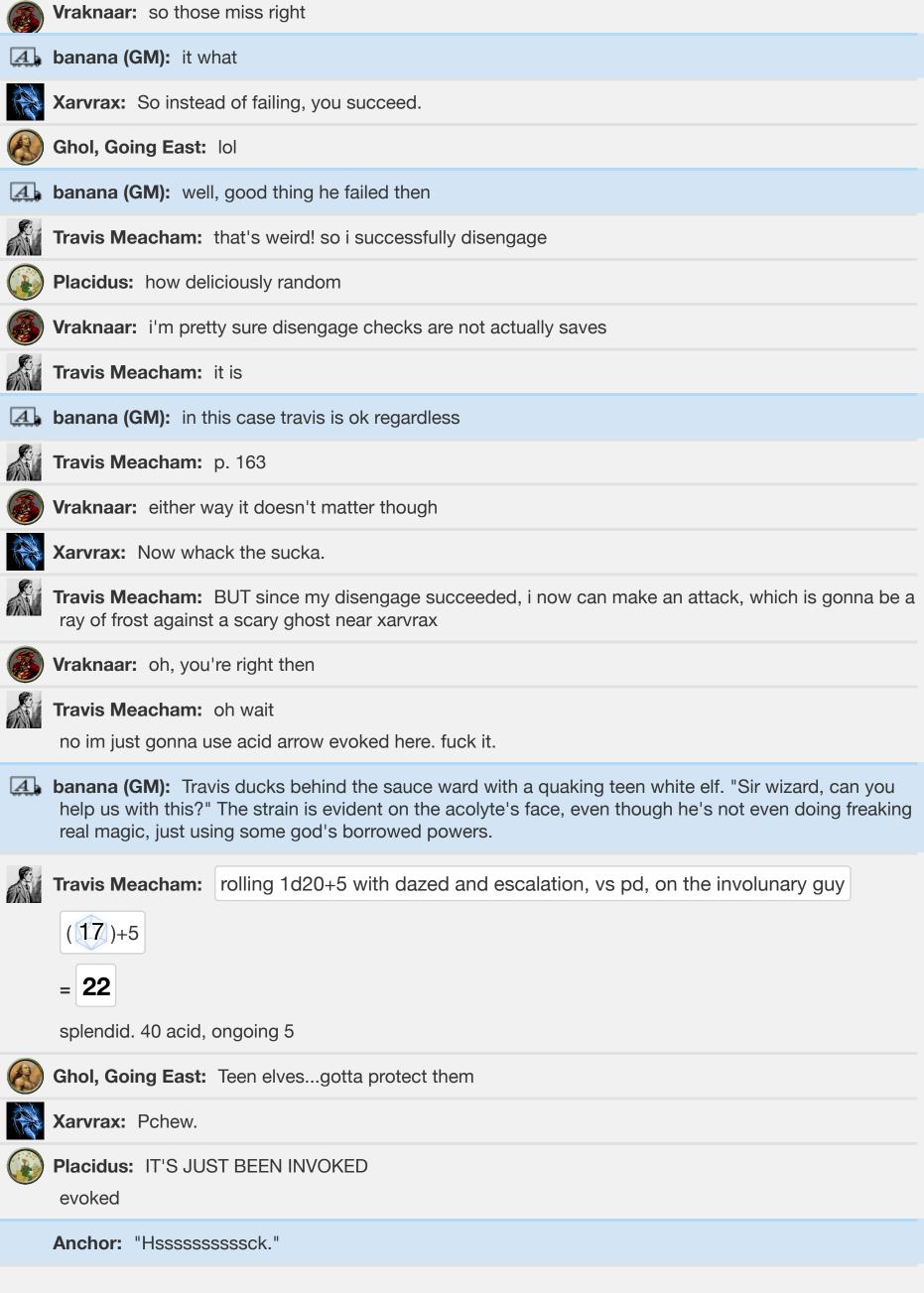
= 13

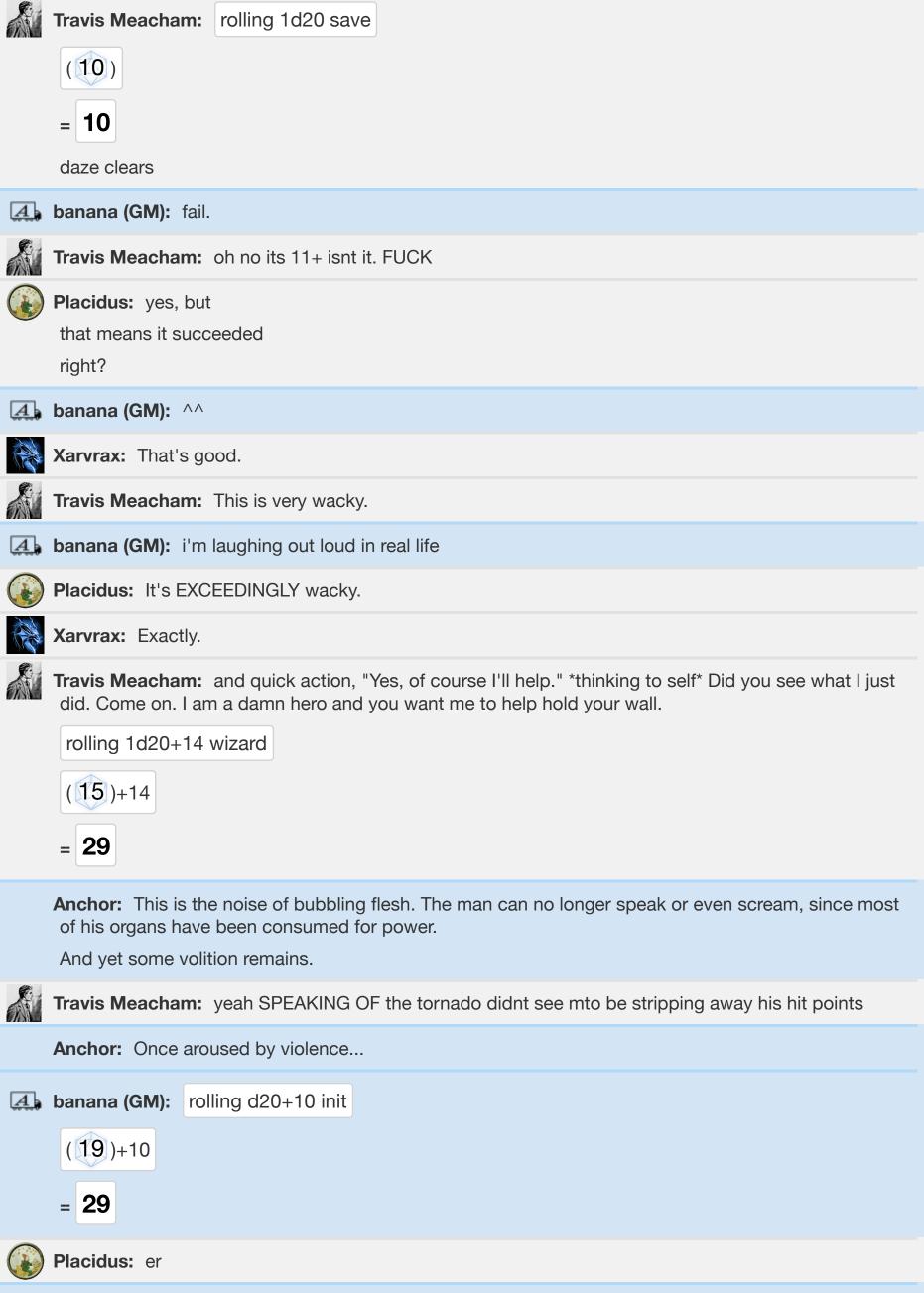


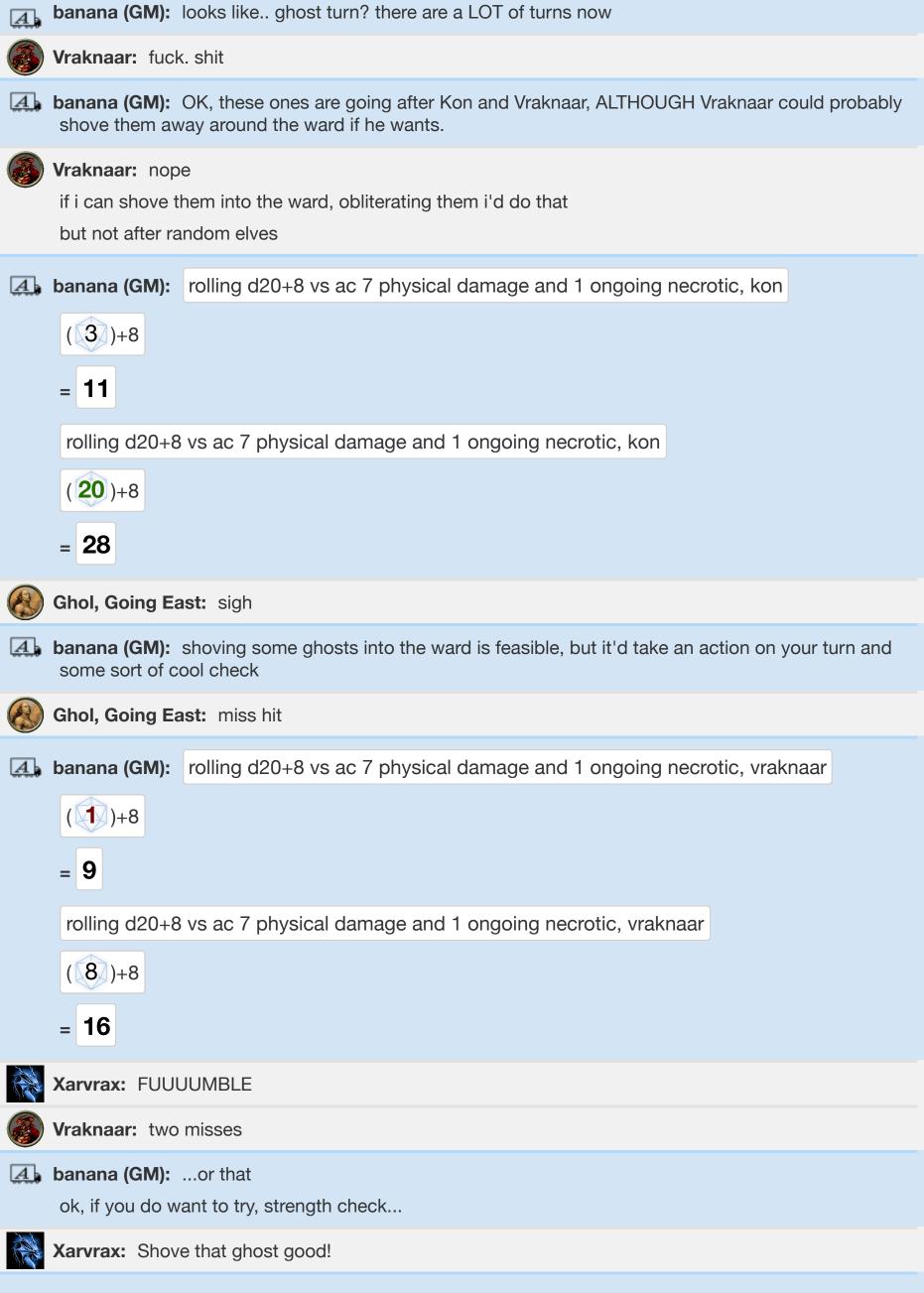
Xarvrax: It makes saves fail where they succeed, or succeed where they fail.



Placidus: lol





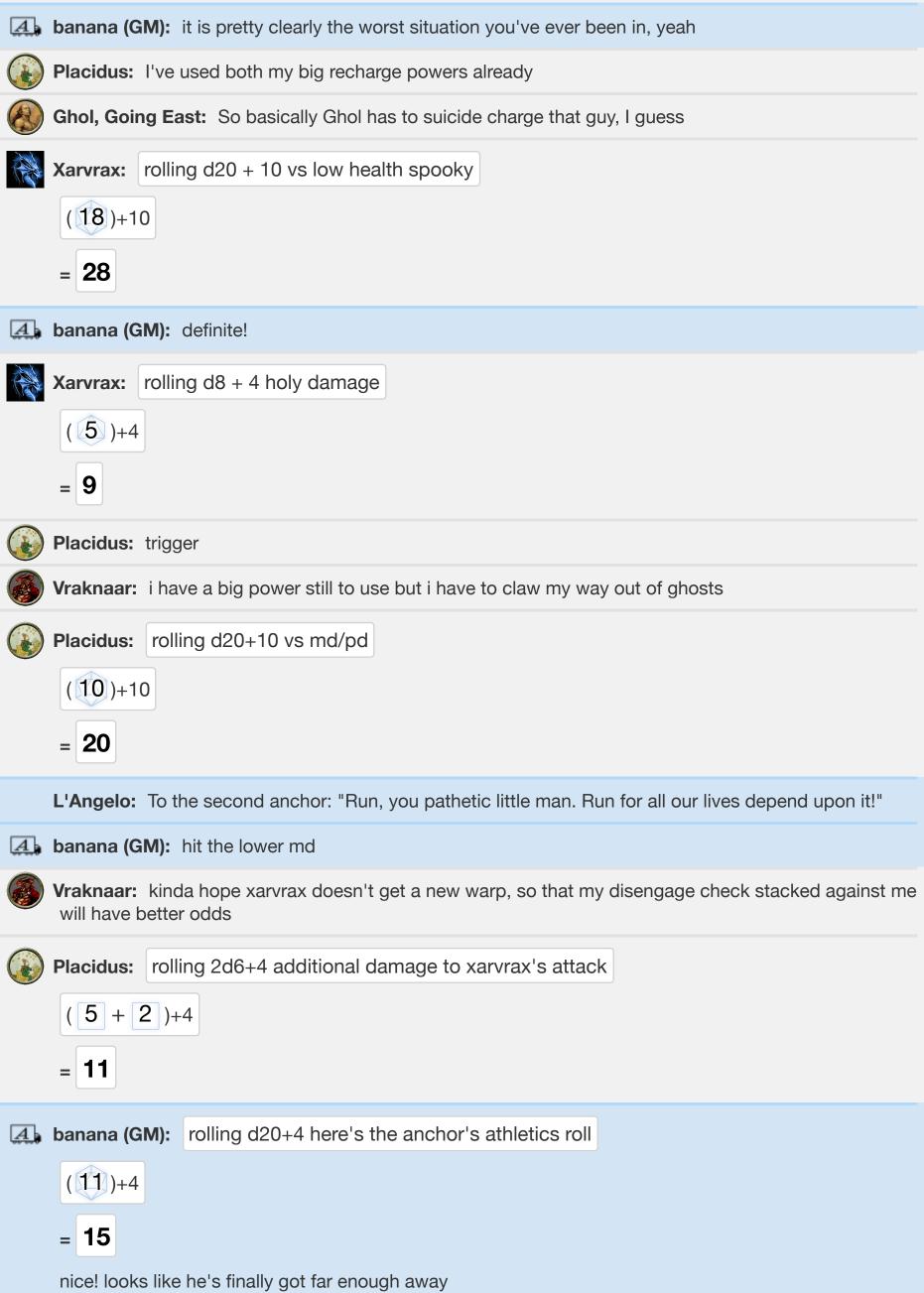


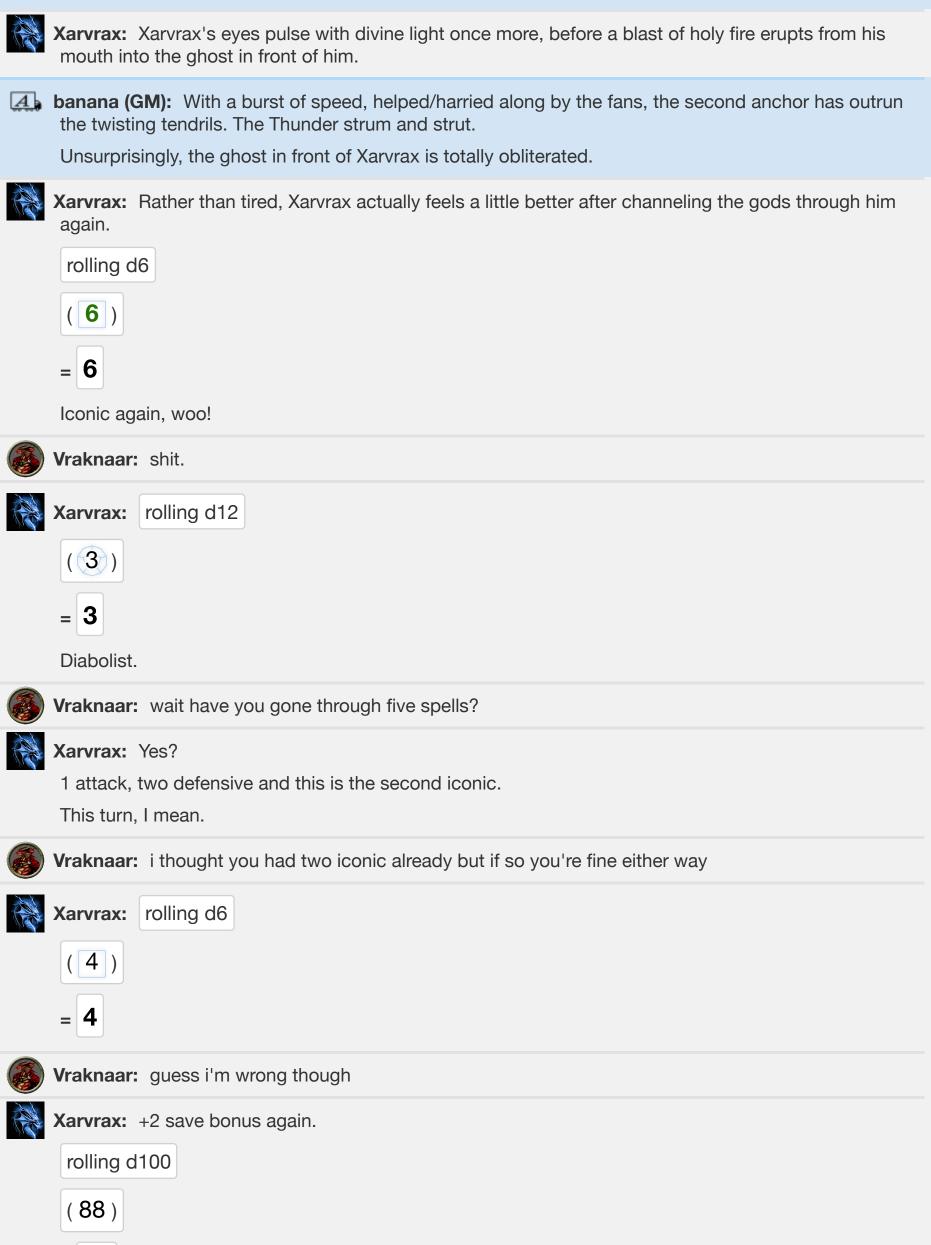
Mintchop: Still those leaden tones from the bishonen priest. "I Never Liked Your Sermons" He raises one hand for another blast at the barrier, but: Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+6 str is 8, but Dragon Forged obviously applies here (7)+613 **Vealsgravy:** "Come on, they weren't that bad." **Description** banana (GM): rolling d20+6 mintchop channels some pretty evil divine energies (2)+6= 8 rolling d20+6 vealsgravy channels some basically ok divine energies (19)+6= 25 **Xarvrax:** Basically ok is my favorite kind of energies. banana (GM): The living and dead priests' wills clash in an eruption of force and breadcrumbs. For now, the possessed Mintchop doesn't seem to be getting anywhere, though he's drawing the attention of the remaining spirits to the healed Vealsgravy. Burgersear: "Most pious. MOST pious." Anchor: "Chhhxxck." **Vraknaar:** 'they weren't that bad.' - the height of religious fervor **Anchor:** *conjures ghosts* **A** banana (GM): rolling 1d4 (2) Xarvrax: Oh wow.

ESCALATION (+4)

Vraknaar: i think that perhaps that guy needs to die. also anyone who is holding on to dailies needs to stop holding

Placidus: this is proving increasingly impractical





Pfft, useless.

Xarvrax flickers just a little bit more out of reality.

And now I'm done.



banana (GM): The power in and around him isn't going away. He's bouncing in and out of consciousness and crossing that line between life and death.. but who isn't, in this battle? Even Ghol, not ordinarily sensitive to such things, feels...

Frankly, he feels as if eighty eight thousand voices suddenly cried out in terror, and were suddenly silenced.



Ghol, Going East: Wh--



banana (GM): Just two of the original flavour ghosts remain.

Let's see whether they can destroy Xarvrax for a third time. It is now tradition.

rolling d20+5 vs pd, 19-20 crit, 10 damage

$$(19)+5$$

= 24

rolling d20+5 vs pd, 19-20 crit, 10 damage



10

that's a maybe



Xarvrax: No.



banana (GM): No?



Xarvrax: Literally 1 HP.



Placidus: lol



banana (GM): No!



Xarvrax: Crit. Miss.



Vraknaar: urgh. i want to blast that ghost thing but otoh i need to try and heal xarvrax...



banana (GM): The tide of the battle... it might arguably be in your favour.

From where Vraknaar's standing: there are fewer ghosts than before, if larger, and the second threat has been removed...



Placidus: okay so the first thing I do is re-acquire focus

the SECOND thing I do is spend my standard feeding xarvrax a potion



Manana (GM): One of the two dying priests who might have risen against you is instead on your side. Travis has the Canister, rendering the ghostornado's anchor vulnerable. MAYBE you could just leave Xarvrax to die,

But Placidus foils this brilliant plan.

Placidus: so take a recovery plus 1d8

the third thing I do is move here

Xarvrax: rolling 2d6 + 3

(1 + 4)+3

= 8

rolling d8

(2)

= 2

Placidus: the fourth thing I do is pass the turn

ghosts who were about to attack fr. vealsgravy: "hhhhajaja?"

Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+10 vs AC, mook ghost

(11)+10

= 21

rolling 2d8+4 damage

(8 + 2)+4

= 14

rolling 4d4 plus a recovery for xarvrax

(3 + 3 + 2 + 3)

= 11

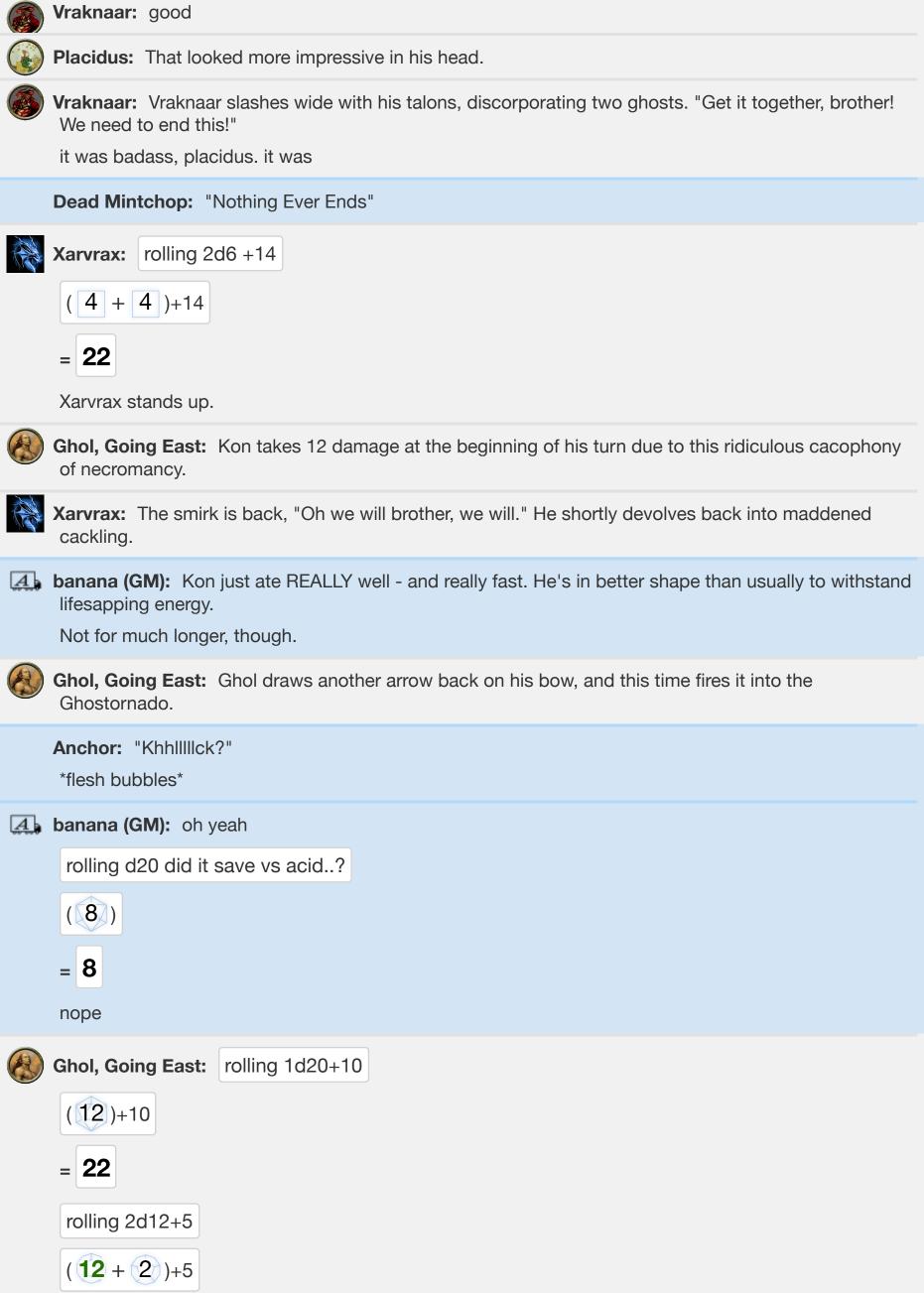
Burgersear: "This is glorious! The sacred rite, nearly destroyed, now salved by HEROES! This is proof of our faith!"

King Magician: "fucking madman"

Vraknaar: turn over.

does that kill both of them, hopefully

Placidus: Placidus literally clambers up onto Xarvrax's back, uncorking a vial with his teeth as he does so. "Down the hatch!" he shouts, upending the vial into Xarvrax's throat before doing a kickflip off the man-dragon's shoulders and landing flat on his ass near Father Vealsgravy.



19

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE

ugh

A banana (GM): a hit



Xarvrax: That's okay, I hopefully will kill him, if you and Travis don't manage to.



Kon: Kon disengages...or tries to...

rolling 1d20

(18)

18



Xarvrax: Woo! Yay!



Kon: Is that a wacky failure?



Vraknaar: i might have killed him if you weren't a dumb baby who keeps getting killed himself

Anchor: "Khhllh. Kllllm. Kill me."



Xarvrax: Nope, success.



Vraknaar: no. all is right with the world again

Anchor: "KILL ME!"

You know what. It might be a cliche, but he sounds like he means it.



Xarvrax: My Weirdness is over now.



Kon: He retreats behind Ghol, who positions himself to intercept any attempt to get at the weirdly changed warg.

done



Vraknaar: your weirdness is never over



Travis Meacham: Eyo.



banana (GM): With a sort of vweeering noise, the larger ghosts bob forward. Safely shrouded in the maelstrom, they twist this way and that, opening their chestanalogues with crackling noises to reveal the pulsing lights again...

But, who's the target of this?



Xarvrax: Yeah, well guess who's eating damage next turn.



A banana (GM): Travis WOULD be on the hit list if he wasn't behind that freaking barrier

rolling d20 just how smart are they

```
( 6 )
= 6
```

Not very, so they use a basic plan: Daze Everyone

rolling d20+5 vs md ghol



= 9

rolling d20+5 vs md placidus

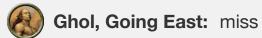
= 12

rolling d20+5 vs md father vealsgravy

(15)+5

= 20

banana (GM): anyone who was hit takes 12 damage, everyone is dazedsaveends regardless of hit



Placidus: miss on me, however trigger

[] DIVERSION OF PAIN (Recharge 6+ Level 3) Interrupt, Close Quarters, Expend Focus, Retain 1-15

- Trigger: A nearby enemy hits an ally with an attack that could've targeted me or a different ally.
- Redirect the attack to another legal target. Keep the same attack roll.

I'm taking vealsgravy's damage and daze

A banana (GM): :O ok

Xarvrax: I don't think it stacks, so.

banana (GM): The priest doesn't notice what Placidus did. He might not, technically, be able to comprehend it. But it saves his life, again.

Placidus: indeed

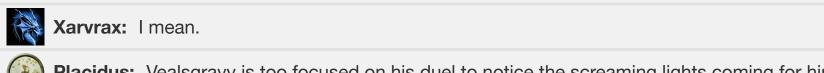
banana (GM): t. meacham

Xarvrax: Escalation is even, wreck up the place with wacky wizard wonders.

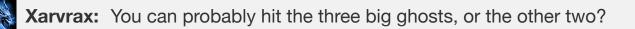
Travis Meacham: well

i COULD color spray, here

but i can't hit the ghostornado guy because my only Far spell is acid arrow and i'm fresh clean out of acid arrows



Placidus: Vealsgravy is too focused on his duel to notice the screaming lights coming for him... luckily they never do, arcing instead to hit Placidus, who was almost bowled over anyway.



Vraknaar: well if you can't hit him, hit those ghosts because we're still going to have to kill them probbaly

Barry Bitter: "Get it back together, ladies and assholes. Time to fight for your city one last time. Yours, not the Emperor's, not the King's."

Travis Meacham: i'll cast color spray on the scary ghosts above kon also above ghol. but mainly above kon.

rolling 1d4

so its on both of them

banana (GM): ok, we'll say those were close enough due to the interstitial

Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+10 vs pd

Xarvrax: Or any of the 4 groups of enemies?

rolling 1d20+10 vs pd

so close.

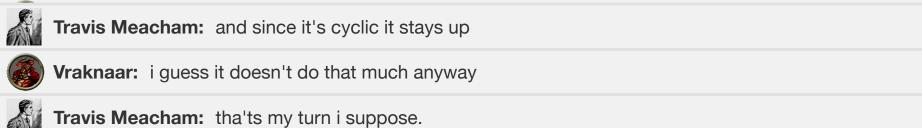
Vraknaar: limited powers on two mooks...

Travis Meacham: rolling 2d8 psychic damage

$$(3 + 7)$$

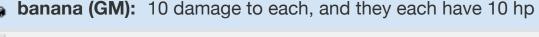
10 to each

Vraknaar: oh.





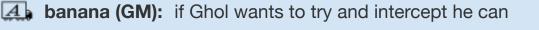
Travis Meacham: roasted.



banana (GM): The ghost category count is reduced at last.

The possessed priest casts a longing glance through the weakened ward at his former superior, looks at the resoluter Vealsgravy, at the maelstrom.. unlike the spectres and the anchor, a malign twisting of the elf's own intelligence guides this being.

Mintchop: It runs a hand glowing with borrowed divine energy down its own chest, sealing wounds-and makes a break for it.



Mintchop: "You Will Never Know Whom Among You Is Draugr"

Ghol, Going East: He should still be blocking the exit, it's why he fired his bow instead of moving to engage.

Oh, shut up.

Ghol, Going East: yes

banana (GM): Make a basic attack, then!

(or whatever kind of OA you can make)

He's just going to try and leg it

Travis Meacham: im pretty sure we will know

considering that he was killed and then had a horrifying evil light in his eyes and was immediately obviouisly soulless

has that happened to any of the rest of the group?

Placidus: plus his token is slightly darker

banana (GM): nope

Travis Meacham: well there you have it

Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+7

(8)+7

15

(3 + 9)+6

rolling 2d12+6

= 18

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE

come on

Xarvrax: Eveeeeen.



Travis Meacham: i was gonna say "++7????"

but you are dazed.



banana (GM): The priests aren't actually warriors, though they have some powerful divine patrons



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+6



rolling 2d12+5

$$(10 + 2) + 5$$

17

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE



Vraknaar: don't daze me, bro



Ghol, Going East: COME ON.



A banana (GM): consequently, both hit

he's staggered



Ghol, Going East: still

rolls 8s, like a clown



Xarvrax: Xarvrax yells at Barry, "Could you shoot these damned things already?



banana (GM): Hissing in pain, the undead creature leaps past and into the sausage trestles. Stale meat goes everywhere, and ketchup mixes with his flowing blood.

Barry Bitter: "You heard the man."



Xarvrax: We're not letting that thing escape.

No more escaped villains, only dead ones.



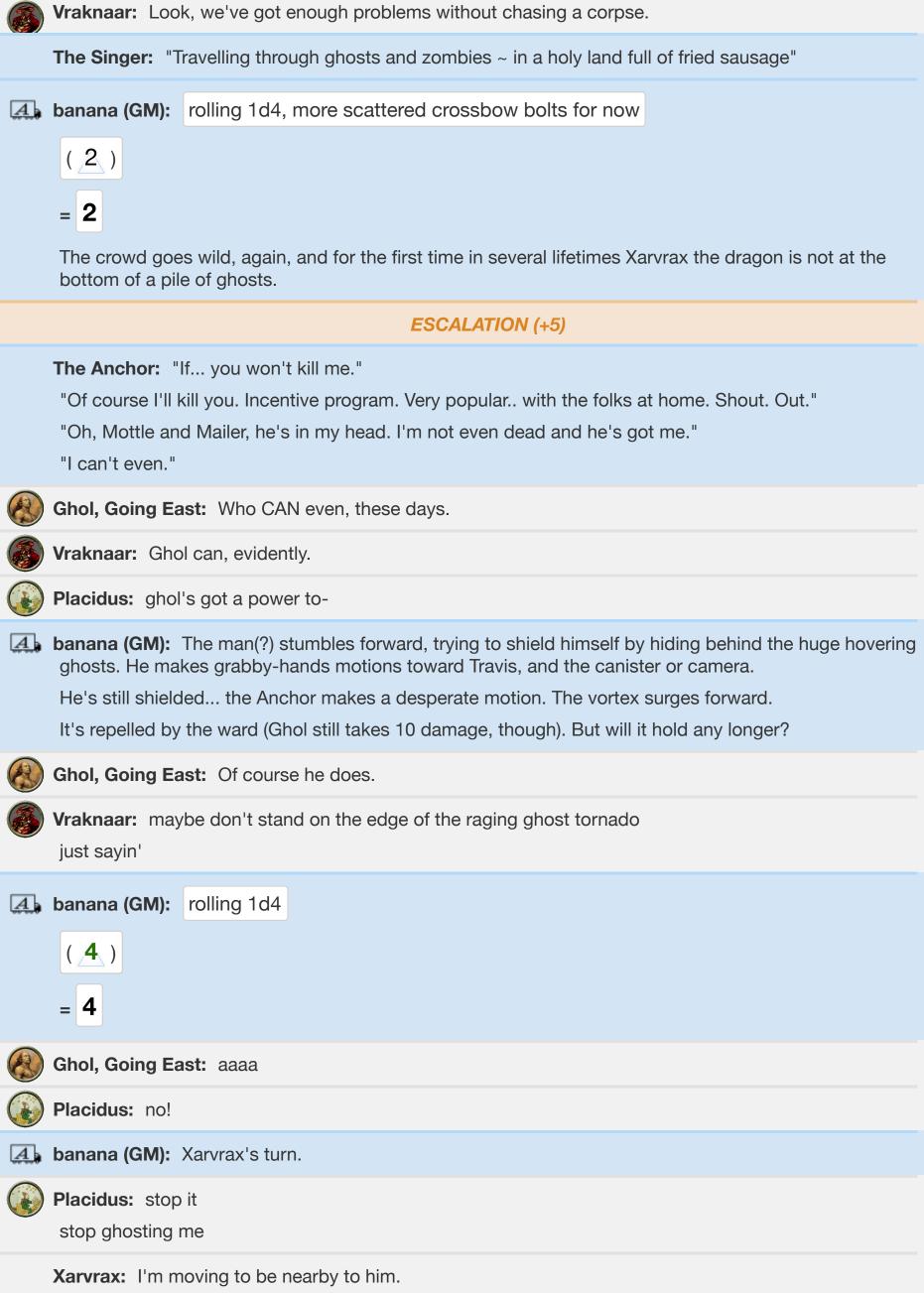
Description banana (GM): A few fans hang back to hold onto the Second Anchor, just in case.



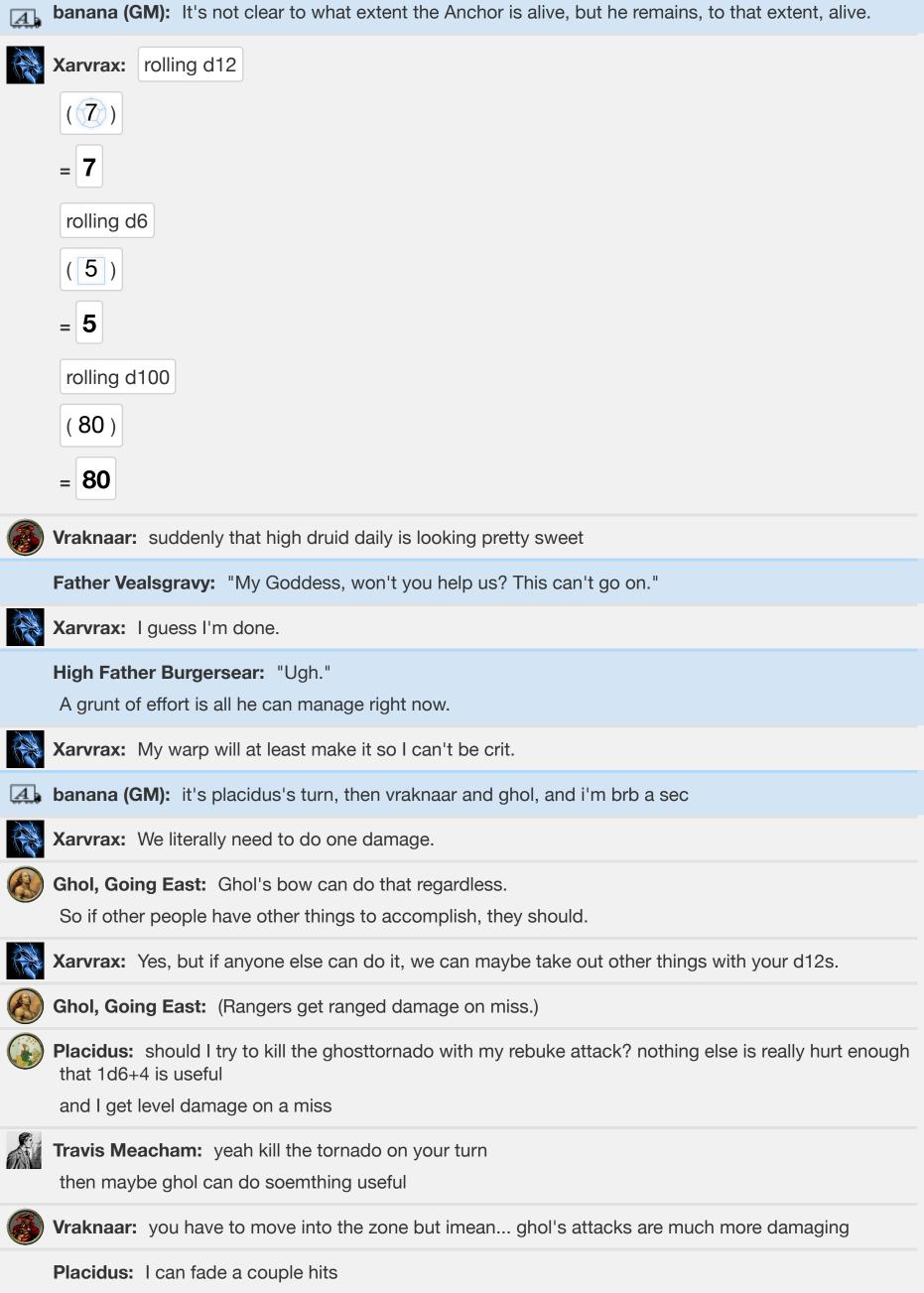
Xarvrax: Re-dead ones, I guess.

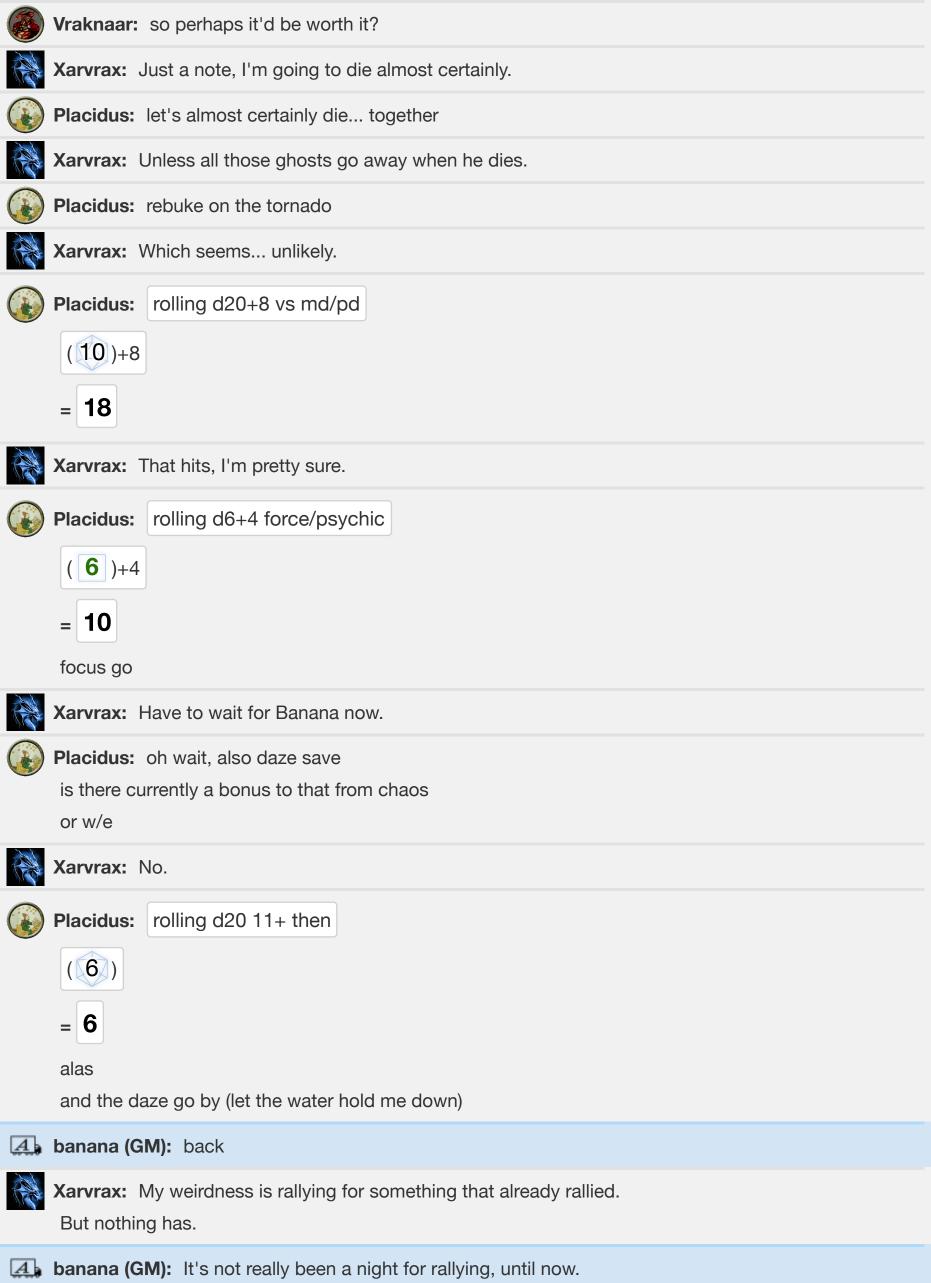


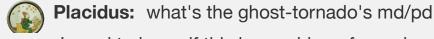
A banana (GM): The rest...



	And then I'm using my power.
<u>A</u> ,	banana (GM): The veil of life and death is thin, now. Too thin, which is perhaps why you haven't seen Skeleton all evening. The sun has set, and the stars are not yet out. In the moonless Realm, it's hard to say how many ghosts there may be now. It may be nearly academic.
	Xarvrax: rolling d6 (6) = 6
A_{\bullet}	banana (GM): if you want to be Nearby, you have to move into the maelstrom zone
	Xarvrax: Vraknaar takes that much.
<u>A.</u>	banana (GM): (and take 10 necrotic) i'm not recommending this, obviously just saying, that's what it would involve
	Xarvrax: Okay, but if I don't do it, this just goes on forever.
	Barry: "Come on, get the fuck in there. I'm pretty sure you can do it."
	Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 11 vs MD (13)+11 = 24
\overline{A}	banana (GM): hit
	Xarvrax: rolling 3d6 + 4 (3 + 4 + 1)+4 = 12 Die you stupid fucker. But of course that isn't going to kill it.
A_{\bullet}	banana (GM): Not quite. No.
	Xarvrax: rolling d6 (5) = 5







I need to know if this is psychic or force damage to Flavour

A banana (GM): pd is lower

Placidus: force then

banana (GM): The instant he's freed of ghosts, Xarvrax strides into the storm. Chaos spirals outward to combat necromancy. Even that is not enough, and the darkness closes in.

Xarvrax: Having ripped the fire from his brother, it turns a deeper more violent red, before being hurled into the tornado.

Vraknaar: so these two left to kill then, is it

Placidus: The gnome strides directly into the darkness, wand held tight in a knife-fighter's grip. The humming intensifies until Placidus levels his wand directly at the epicenter of the necromancy. In that moment, everything goes silent.

Vraknaar: fuck it. i'm going to vicious mockery one of them since it's a recharge

Placidus: "This is only a beginning."

"This is only its end."

Vraknaar: oh. nevermind then i guess

Acolyte: "Holy pesto."

Placidus: The tornado changes hue, ghostly white energy subsumed by a whirling vortex of violet light, reaching out, piercing the moonless sky, rising higher and higher, a warning, a promise, the consummation of terms.

Ghol, Going East: Ghol will immediately turn and fire on the fleeing Mintchop, unless given reason otherwise.

banana (GM): None is given!

Vraknaar: oh hey can i get in on that action too

banana (GM): sure

Vraknaar: if i move would mintchop still be Nearby

Xarvrax: Xarvrax nods at Placidus, almost understanding.

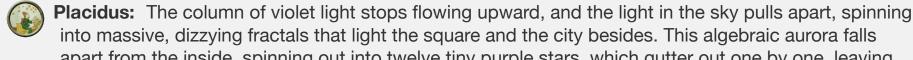
Travis Meacham: Travis is making sure this evil necromatnic canister he has isn't doing anything else horrifying at the moment.

banana (GM): The canister has shivered to pieces in Travis's hands.

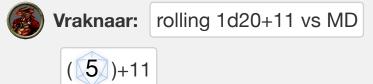
The news anchor falls over. Incredibly, breathing.

Ghol, Going East: Ghol draws back the barbed arrow on his bowstring, as Vraknaar acts...

Dead Father Mintchop: "Oh Come On"



into massive, dizzying fractals that light the square and the city besides. This algebraic aurora falls apart from the inside, spinning out into twelve tiny purple stars, which gutter out one by one, leaving only darkness.



16

there's a shocker

Lab banana (GM): lol but it does hit the priest, who as mentioned is not really a warrior

rolling 6d6+4 psychic damage if that hits, only 2 if it misses Vraknaar: (5 + 5 + 4 + 2 + 5 + 4)+4

= 29

Travis Meacham: i mean thing have Escalated really out of cotnrol here.

Placidus: get dead mintshop

banana (GM): yeah seriously

Ghol, Going East: ...and then relaxes as the dude just, fucking, explodes basically. Wow.

Xarvrax: I'm not sure why you bother wasting that.

bothered*

Lab banana (GM): The priest halts, mind held utterly in the grip of dragonsong(??). He turns to face Ghol's bow and spreads his arms wide, waiting, a perfect target.

Vraknaar: A dragon's fire is great. His ire, greater. Vraknaar literally stares down the fleeing corpse with such a fierce intensity that the force of his hatred flays it apart at the seams.

oh i thought i wrecked him

A banana (GM): you did yeah

Xarvrax: You did.

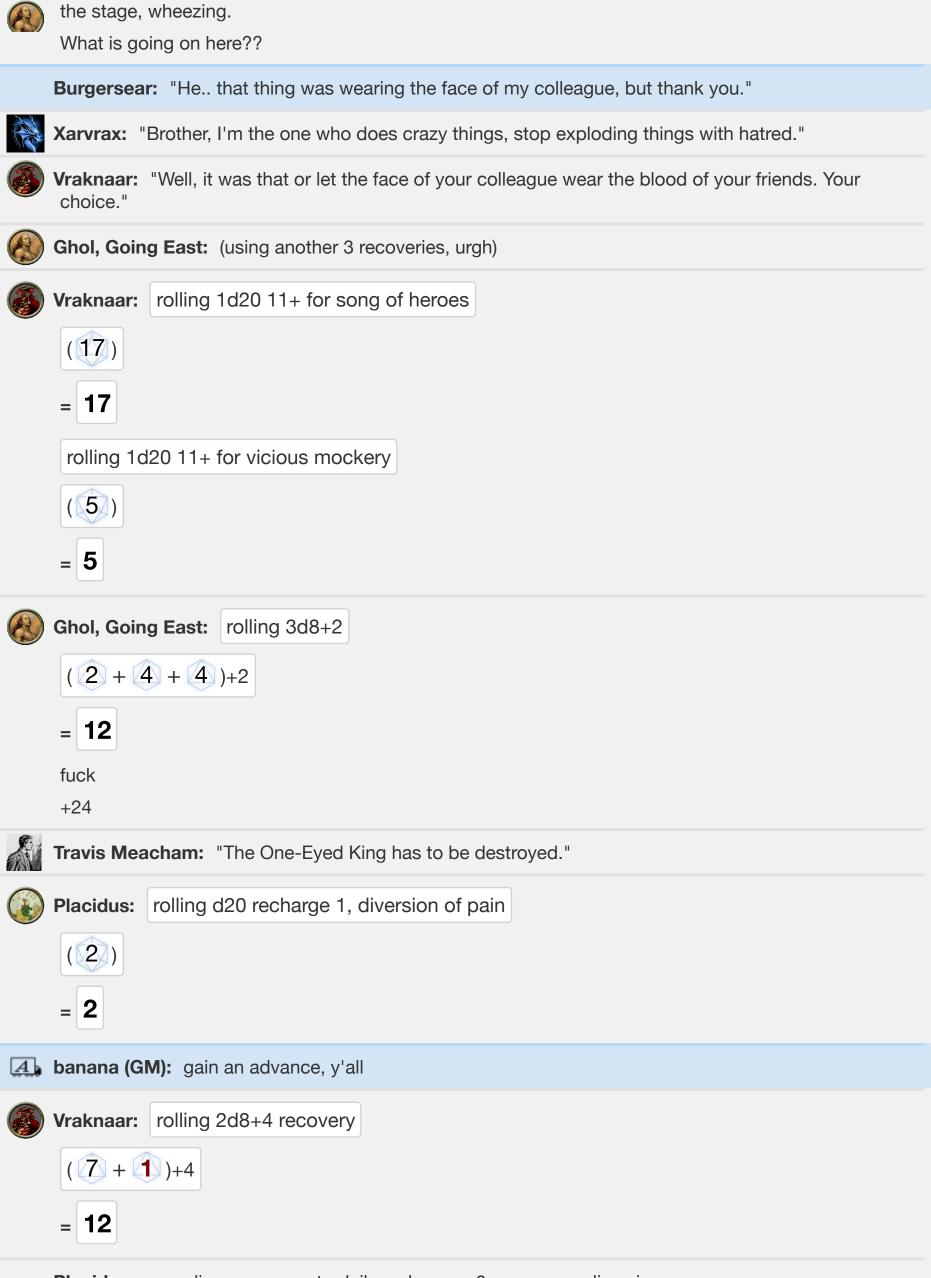
Like, half again as much HP as he had, I'm pretty sure.

A banana (GM): Let's say he flies apart as the arrow flies through the air.

Placidus: nothing is more draconic than dealing way too much damage to your enemies the red would be proud

Vraknaar: i hope i hated him so much that some was transmitted to his master

Ghol, Going East: Ghol is immediately at Kon's side. The warg has stubbornly sort of half-collapsed on



Placidus: spending my power to daily recharge a 6+ power on diversion

Barry: "Too fuckin' right." **Xarvrax:** rolling 4d6 + 6 (5 + 5 + 5 + 6)+6= 27 **Placidus:** rolling d20 16+ bitter lessons (15)15 fuck off!! **Vealsgravy:** "This should not have happened. Threats like this... the guard and the garrison. With them gone, we're unprotected." Placidus: rolling d20 16+ inevitable fall (5)5 Ugh. Vraknaar: i hope bitter lessons is the power you failed to retain focus on because you rolled a 16 banana (GM): GUESS IT WAS PRETTY EVITABLE AFTER ALL Xarvrax: That's advance number...? Placidus: on the bright side with an advance I can jack up the damage on one of my at-wills **Ghol, Going East:** 3? banana (GM): 3 Placidus: this is our third level 3 advance Vraknaar: i'm not sure i took the last one Placidus: recovery 1 rolling d6+1 double this (4)+15 Vraknaar: oh wait i did. vicious mockery

King Magician: "Hey, good stuff. Love to see magic in action." Placidus: who is king mob talking to banana (GM): travis **Placidus:** he fucking better be. Travis Meacham: Travis sits down heavily on the stage. "Urghhhh. That stuff was horrible."



Xarvrax: Hmm... no idea what to spend it on.

Barry: "We'll be org- helping you to organise the people of the city. San Meat can form a militia, no problem. We've got techniques and guidelines for protecting ourselves without an army. Proven practices."



Placidus: "It's going to happen again, you know," Placidus says to Xarvrax.

"And it's going to be worse next time."



Xarvrax: We're still at two levels above normal HP right?



Placidus: "The rate of change is changing too quickly."

Burgersear: "I know what 'practices' you mean, traitor/champion! We won't have it."



Xarvrax: "I mean, Chaos will do that to things."



banana (GM): xarvrax: yep



Xarvrax: Well then I have 72 now.



Placidus: "It's not chaos. It's simple mathematics."



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d6+2 double this

mmm let's have another one.

rolling 1d6+2



Placidus: noice

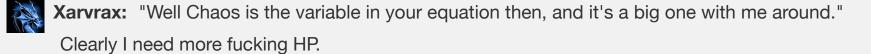


Travis Meacham: there we go

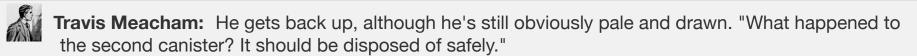


Ghol, Going East: as is Ghol

72/72

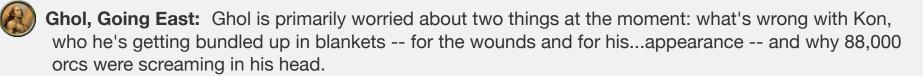


Since I died every other turn.



banana (GM): The square isn't entirely empty. It's lit by starlight now, and the thousands of tourists who packed it have largely fled, but a few hundred spectators remain - mostly white elves of San Meat. King Magician tosses Travis the other cylinder. It's one of the 'cameras', naturally.

Also, it's still empowered. Better be careful.



The Singer: "Mmm-mm, mm lalala la-mmm..."



banana (GM): Kon's skin feels real rough, albeit not to Kon. Kon feels like he'd have been fine if it weren't for the necrotising energy.

Placidus: Placidus just sits down cross-legged on the stage. He's so tired.

Travis Meacham: Travis hands it over. "Be careful with it. It might still go off."

Vraknaar: "I don't know if that's a good idea. You and unfamiliar magical devices..."

Travis Meacham: Actually, why is he even giving it to Xarvrax? He's too tired to refuse, I guess.

The Anchor: "Kghll. Didn't kill me."

banana (GM): They probably WILL in a sec, if anyone looks over and notices he's moving.

Xarvrax: Xarvrax hurls it into the air, leveling a building sized column of lightning at it.

banana (GM): rolling d20

Vraknaar: "Shall I?"

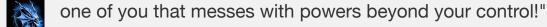
= 8

(8)

It blows into bits, and the bits fall inert onto the ruined sausages.

Barry: "..secular council for the administration. We've got a nominee in each quarter of the city to count ballots."

Xarvrax: Xarvrax turns back to the crowd, a scowl on his face, "And that's what will happen to the next



Burgersear: "You can't be serious. This is a templecity, not one of your guilds."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol's only half-paying attention, but it sounds like someone's seizing power over there.

Barry: "Didn't notice you wanting much to do with civil admin when it was a monarch. Thing is, we have a few hundred heroes here who saved your asses.."

K.M.: "Excuse me."



A banana (GM): The guitarist heads over to join the argument.

Vealsgravy: "The Games must go on."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax moves over to listen, still angry enough that reality is slightly warping around him.

Barry: "Sure. They at least must."

Vealsgravy: "That's what's really important, right?"



Travis Meacham: "The sacred rites."

Burgersear: "Damn it, we are going to be hanged as traitors when the garrison returns triumphant at the end of the week."



Xarvrax: "The garrison is probably dead, actually."



Travis Meacham: they're trying to turn the kingdom of the papal states into the vatican



Xarvrax: "That dragon that one of your idiot priests took away from me said the horde was as far as Fulcrum. I believe."



Lab banana (GM): (The anchor didn't respond to Vraknaar, he just fell unconscious again)



Vraknaar: "So, what, one little scuffle when the army marches to war and you're going to secede?" "And do what? Join the other side, that's behind the attacks? Strike out on your own, when the fact that we were here is all that saved you from becoming a literal ghost town?"



Ghol, Going East: The MOVEMENT.

You racist FUCK

Barry: "Hi, Vraknaar. Nobody's seceding from anything, but we're -" he gestures to several score elves who've climbed up onto the stage - "informing the Father here of the citizens' organisation which will be taking charge of security to root out the rest of these necroshitheads."



Travis Meacham: To Vraknaar, but loud enough that everyone can hear. "You know these guys are with the Fisher, right?"



Xarvrax: 88000 anything is a horde, whether orcs or mice.



Travis Meacham: "That's why they've got a rep as heroic outlaws."



Placidus: Placidus finally recovers enough to toddle over to this argument. "What's going on now?"



Travis Meacham: "And while I don't hold with citizen's democracy or popular militias as a general rule, in this case I find it hard to argue. I mean, they DID save us, while we were saving them."



Vraknaar: "Yeah, well, their outlaw status will end very quickly if the Empire's forces march back in to find out they've settled themselves into being In Charge."

An elf you don't know: "No striking out. No ceasing to pay Roland's taxes. We're just going to rearrange how things work locally is the deal."

Burgersear: "The first step, you mean. We've READ your manifesto."

Barry: Bitter grins. "Not all of you have. Would you like a copy?"



Placidus: "Can I... can I make a suggestion, High Father?"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol can't openly support this, but...



Xarvrax: "I couldn't care less about the Emperor, but if you all fuck up this city after the literally blood I've put into keeping it standing, there will be pain involved."



Ghol, Going East: ...the Movement, when they get here, would probably look far more favorably on a Fisher administration than the Conqueror's.



Xarvrax: literal*

Another elf citizen: "These are heroes, fathers. They won the favour of the Goddess already, and now they've saved all our lives."

Vealsgravy: "There are two different groups involved here. Heroes all, yes, but..."



Ghol, Going East: The Movement, when they get here, will be also be led by a mad chef, so who knows which way things will fall. At least she shares their love of meat.



A banana (GM): Burgersear is listening to Placidus. The priest might be a bit.. zealous, but he paid attention at the end, there.\



Placidus: "High Father, I'm going to say this very plainly. Please understand I mean no disrespect."

"Your Goddess left you to die."

"Your Emperor left you to die."

"At some point you have to think about what you mean to this city when there's no higher authority to hide behind."

Acolytes, and some crowd members: *shocked gasps*



Xarvrax: Xarvrax turns to Placidus, "Actually, I don't think their goddess left them to die."

Burgersear: "No indeed."



banana (GM): "She sent you."



Placidus: "Ahahahahahahaha"

"Heeeheeeheeheehee"



Xarvrax: "One of the chaotic powers swirling through me was of a divine variety back there."

Burgersear: "Who am I to argue," he lies, "with the past and future champions of our city?"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol shakes his head and returns to tending to his friend.



Vraknaar: "So did the Empire, didn't it? The Dragon Empire is not a fanciful name, Father."



Placidus: Placidus has that woodpecker laugh. Finally he calms down. "Gods keep you, High Father."



Xarvrax: "I am set on being Emperor one day, it does have a nice ring to it, don't you think? Dragon Emperor Xarvrax."

Burgersear: "Certainly there's a need for.. interim governance. The Empire will restore its guardianship shortly. This I believe, and I'd advise all of you to wear the same thought on your cuffs."



Ghol, Going East: "Placidus! Come over here a minute, will you?" Best get him away from politics before a riot starts.



Placidus: Placidus does.

Burgersear: "But if many of our eminent citizens"- the crowd doesn't look particularly eminent, but they're citizens - "are backed by actual divinely appointed champions, why not allow them to organise self-defence? Why not. This can't be against the will of the Goddess after all."



Ghol, Going East: "Look at this." Ghol has gently shaved off a bit of fur near one of Kon's paws to reveal what appear to be...scales?

Father Vealsgravy: "Well, it probably isn't."



Placidus: Placidus hisses. "This is probably a consequence of contingent vibrations."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol arches an eyebrow.



banana (GM): The scales which have formed in parts of Kon's flesh are not rigid, but integrated somehow into his hide. It isn't full coverage, but more like pieces of plating, armour over limbs and joints... there's no way it's natural.



Travis Meacham: Travis smiles. "Glad we'



Xarvrax: "If you all let this city fall, " Xarvrax begins, "well, you'd best hope you fall with it, because I've bled for this city now, and I don't take kindly to things I've bled for being destroyed."



Travis Meacham: ve got all this in order. Now, are the improv sandwiches still on the agenda for tomorrow?"

"You're gonna love what me and Xarvrax have in mind."



banana (GM): Barry attempts to clap Xarvrax on the shoulder. "We're of one mind. Tell me, have you hearda the Distribution System?"



Placidus: "The Five, you see. The term was agitated - I agitated it a bit, but my oscillation alone couldn't have produced this. But in pursuit of balancing out our waveform, we've incorporated a hanging term."



banana (GM): It IS very late. The surviving priests have gathered - just a few full fathers and a number of acolytes. Of course, some are left in other parts of the city.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax looks at the hand, kind of surprised it isn't being warped, "Not especially, no."

High Father(?) Burgersear: To Travis: "The Games must go on." He sounds very tired.



Ghol, Going East: "Not that I dislike dragons, but...how long do you think this'll last?"

An elf in the crowd, who you don't know, but he's got a lot of jewelry on: "The tourists will return, you can be sure of that. We've got messengers in place to assure people that the situation is dealt with, and it's not like the roads are any safer."



Placidus: "I'm not sure. It might go away on its own after a good long rest. Molting and the like. Do dragons shed scales? I'm not sure. It might require some active effort to slough off."

"But it's very very unlikely that it'll be anything more than an annoyance to reverse."



banana (GM): Looks like there's going to be a bit more desultory revolutionary chatter, but overall the mood here is STRONGLY that wow, that was horrible, and we all need to go to bed and rest and have nightmares about it.

L'Angelo is taking the second anchor away... somewhere. He's not protesting, and a number of the 'fans' (agents?) are with them.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax doesn't have nightmares, his other self just takes over while he's asleep.



Travis Meacham: Travis claps father Burgersear on the shoulder. "I'm sorry that all this happened. But with luck and the blessings of the gods, the one-eyed king will be defeated."



Dragons do shed. They grow back, normally, but Kon doesn't GROW scales, so... Maybe there's no problem?? in the long run?? But it looks really weird. Like he's marked.



Placidus: "As long as there's no behavioral changes then I'm confident Kon will be physically fine soon enough."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol runs his hands idly through Kon's fur. The warg has fallen asleep, following his meal and the fight. He seems to be healing naturally, more guickly than normal too.



Placidus: "So, just... keep an eye out in case he suddenly starts acting smug."



Ghol, Going East: Still worried: "Okay. Thanks."



Vraknaar: what should actually worry you is if he starts acting smaug

Burgersear: As the priests are departing, an acolyte approaches Vraknaar - clearly sent by the High Father. "A moment?"



Placidus: if he starts acting smaug then that means that he'll be useless in fights against dwarves



Travis Meacham: This.



Vraknaar: "Yes?"

Burgersear: Burgersear to Travis: "Gods and wizards willing, eh?"

Acolyte: "The high father says, he says: 'They're in for the shock of their lives. Don't worry, we'll keep you out of the backlash.'"



Travis Meacham: "We all have to do what we can. It's" he pauses to retch slightly "it's really too horrifying not to."

Ghol, Going East: Resting would be nice...but...

To Placidus: "I think the orcs might have all died."

Vraknaar: "The backlash of what? Who's in for a shock?"

Placidus: Placidus: "What?"

or rather

"What?"

Acolyte: To Vraknaar: "Um, I think the High Father means that it's the traitors who're in for a shock. The fishers. And that you, that is, the heroes who're also doing really well in the competition, that we'll make sure you aren't blamed for it. But I'm just guessing at his most holy mind, here."

Travis Meacham: oh my god vraknaar ... vraknaar is slow

Ghol, Going East: The young orc-elf sighs. "I think the orcs might have all died. Xarvrax, when he was...doing his magic, channeling and such, I caught a tendril of backlash, coming out from the west. Screaming and death, 88000 strong."

"...Maybe it was nothing."

banana (GM): white elfs.

"What makes you say that?"

Vraknaar: i thought she was relating something he was saying to her, not relating a message to me

banana (GM): *he

They only allow men to serve the Goddess here. Cults vOv

Travis Meacham: thats a VERY bishie acolyte.

Vraknaar: that looks like a female elf
vraknaar doesn't know things about these weird things!!

Placidus: "Do you have any way to find out?"

Vraknaar: "Oh. Alright. Tell him thanks, then."

banana (GM): Mind you, it's hard to even conceive of a force that could destroy a hundred thousand orcs.

Ghol, Going East: Ghol sighs. "I dunno. I could ask the Queen...?" And, implicitly, the Diabolist.

Vraknaar: "Was there anything else? Did he say what was going to shock them?"

Xarvrax: Xarvrax could try chaosing it out of your mind, but well, then you'd have to let him in your head.

Acolyte: "Well, no."

Travis Meacham: I can conceive of a couple.

Placidus: "This has been a very upsetting fortnight."

Acolyte: "Also, it's a huge honour to meet you, and my girlfriend's also, do you have any of the

pictures? The leaflets with pictures are getting really expensive now."



Vraknaar: "Uh..." Vraknaar doesn't really carry much. "Sorry. Maybe I can get one to you after one of the events."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol nods. Father Mintchop was already dead, but he came very close to three elves murdered in one day's span...



Lab banana (GM): The curiously well-organised citizens disperse with everyone else, but in groups, with little nods and handshakes and exchanges of information. Some of them are going off with priests bearing keys to, presumably, the city. San Meat's bureaucratic infrastructure might look a little different in the morning.

You don't know much about the Fisher - just this rumoured figure of radical ideas. They say that she teaches, well, this sort of thing - ordinary people working together in large groups to run things for their own benefit. It's probably not a big deal for now.

After all, these may be the last days of the eleventh age of the world. Or worse, as Placidus claims, it could be a beginning.