



banana (GM): good morning everybody/somebody!



Crion: Greetings



VoxPVoxD: hello

is that gigantic five roll still floating, and if so are we not doing relationship rolls today



banana (GM): funny that you should ask

before the conclusion(?) of our meatro i've decided to make an unwise decision
give me a new round of relationship rolls, to add to that enormous 6x4 The Five



Crion: rolling 1d6 ORC LORD, CONFLICTED

(4)

= 4

rolling 2d6 ELF QUEEN, CONFLICTED

(6 + 1)

= 7



Vraknaar: rolling 2d6 the five positive

(2 + 2)

= 4



banana (GM): elves continue to feature, in this their templecity



Vraknaar: rolling 1d6 the conqueror conflicted

(3)

= 3



VoxPVoxD: one moment



Vraknaar: rolling 1d6 wizard king negative

(3)


= 3





banana (GM): kings not so much





Vraknaar: i am undone


 **Crion:** elfdice continue to be very prominent...


 **VoxPVoxD:** I'm down to three potential channel targets. the conqueror, the elector, and ???


 **Crion:** the elector might be fitting


 **VoxPVoxD:** I'm thinking I'll go for the elector here

 **banana (GM):** those are actually Quite Topical


 **Crion:** given the immediately previous events


 **VoxPVoxD:** I reckon so
so, yeah. channelling the elector
:p -elector rorf

 **Crion:** the font in this app does NOT allow dogworld porblem
:l

 **banana (GM):** surely it's a website rather than an "app"
have we fallen that far

 **Crion:** I am unsure if it uses this same font elsewhere besides this application, thus
I mean. It probably does

 **VoxPVoxD:** apparently this appsite has just added threshold rerolls
what are those

 **VoxPVoxD:**

rolling d20r<6

(

1


 +

7


)

=

7

 **banana (GM):** whooaa
oh it's Brutal

 **VoxPVoxD:** yeah

 **banana (GM):**

rolling 2d6r<3 mordenkrad

(

1

 +

3

 +

1

 +

1

 +

1

 +

1

 +

2

 +

2

 +

2

 +

1

 +

1

 +

3

 +

4

 +

3

 +

1


 +


6

)

=

10

 **VoxPVoxD:** specifically it was added apparently for the sake of 5e's advantage system

 **Crion:** lol



VoxPVoxD: crikey



banana (GM): uh
apparently



VoxPVoxD: I think you wanted



banana (GM): apparently less than 3 means less than = 3



VoxPVoxD: yes



Crion: thank you for getting the zarick rolls out the way early



banana (GM): rolling 2d6r<2

(6 + 3)

= 9

yeah wow

1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1



VoxPVoxD: indeed



banana (GM): from now on, i guess, i'll only crit
i'm torn on whether to recap briefly as we wait for riidi..
since riidi, of course, would not read it, it being a log



VoxPVoxD: I love log, and lamp



Xandrah: rolling 3d6r<5

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

= 18

Oh, so that's what that does.



VoxPVoxD: yes



Xandrah: rolling 3d6 Dragons.

(4 + 2 + 4)

= 10



VoxPVoxD: wow. no additional dragon dice



Xandrah: well, there were some in the first thing.
But it got cluttered up by the other things.

banana (GM): don't worry, we've still got plenty

ok i'm going to briefrecap even if for my own benefit, since it's been a million years
the 100' sausage finals went Very; for poorly-explained reasons, the Thunder used bardspells to get
you guys to try and mind-own the dark priest who was competing
in light of later events they might have just wanted you out of the way
the priest DID get owned, and kon won the event, but:
those terrorists from earlier turned out to be terrorists



banana (GM): and did terrorism

kon's men and the thunder saved the day, rallied the citizens, fought the ghosts etc



Placidus: luckily, we were able to resourcefully save everyone and look incredibly cool



banana (GM): yes, it was very impressive

immediately after this the bards and like 200 of their closest friends were like ok priests:
the empire's gone away and all this shit is happening
time for The People to do some Dictating, maybe?
everyone was kind of too tired to really argue
though disagreement clearly remains



banana (GM): that was last night. but the Games must go on.

Travis Meacham and Kelly Stone were perhaps even more exhausted by the battle than the rest of you.
Or, they're wizards and therefore lazy.



Ghol, Going East: Placidus isn't lazy, though...



banana (GM): Finally, some evidence for his oft-repeated claim.

The rest of you, in increasingly strange times, wake up.

The Gut & Bowel is quiet this morning. The streets outside are quiet. Everything in the town of San
Meat is quiet, except for the cattle being lead to the slaughter.

Rather than a crowd of adoring fans downstairs you've got a hotel receptionist and barkeep couple
who won't meet your eyes. Did they know about the reporters, in the end? They'll be suspect whether
or not they knew, and so: quiet.



Ghol, Going East: Kon is still asleep when Ghol wakes up, which is odd -- he's usually an early riser --
but he had a long day yesterday. He's also making little wheezing noises; that dragon...stuff...hasn't
fallen off yet; Ghol hopes it isn't interfering with his breathing...

The warg rolls over onto his back in his sleep and it stops, so the elf-orc lets him be.



banana (GM): In lieu of assassins or autographs, the morning brings cheeses and elfwine, and
eventually one visitor: Capel the Bold.




Placidus: One wonders about the incidence of sleep apnea among dragonkind. Do Xarvrax and
Vraknaar snore? In any case, Placidus rises as normal. He's a bit stiff, but it's been a rough couple of
days. He'll be so glad to leave this damned city.





Xarvrax: Xarvrax doesn't snore, though if startled out of his sleep, he may punch someone in the face,
or explode with chaos magic.


Or both! Always fun!

Ghol, Going East: Ghol will be mainly oblivious to the barkeep couple's apprehension and take his


 breakfast as usual.


 **Xarvrax:** Coming down the stairs, Xarvrax notices Capel and scowls, "What're you doing here you useless wizard?"


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol was probably too involved with his food to insult Capel in any way, so Xarvrax can have those honors.


 **banana (GM):** The Thaumaturgustator is looming happily in the doorway - he can't really not loom, but it's harmless enough. He doesn't seem inclined to go inside and join whoever's in the common room, perhaps because the owners would immediately call the city guard on him.

Capel: "Morning, Xarvrax! It seems you're in it to win it."


 **banana (GM):** At the dining tables, the dragon cultists gossip. "The honoured wing receives a tributary mage, yes?"


 **Ghol, Going East:** Idiots.


 **Vraknaar:** "You're awfully chipper. But you didn't answer his question."


 **banana (GM):** Ghol is served a platter of leftovers, and an apology: "Deliveries haven't been round this morning. Everything's all quiet."


Capel: "I reject the presupposition."


 **Ghol, Going East:** Blah. As long as it's honest meat. Rotten food is starting to carry other connotations besides poor service...

 **Xarvrax:** "My fist is going to reject you out that door in a second, I've had enough stupidity yesterday, and don't need useless wizards adding any more."


 **Placidus:** Placidus, figuring the man-dragon and the wizard deserve each other's company, works quietly through a new projection and a bowl of yesterday's nuts. The curves keep touching the zero point... the gnome traces his line back after it's iterated a dozen times, mumbling to himself. He circles the origin point, shading in the axes unevenly to give the impression of a cross.
"Oh, drat."

 **banana (GM):** If anything, the bar meal is probably healthier than usual, with less bread and more vegetables.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Vegetables?!?
Well. It'll have to do.

 **Placidus:** Asking an orc to eat vegetables is tantamount to cannibalism. Which orcs PROBABLY don't practice.

Capel: "Fine! Fine. I'm here for the obvious reason."

 **Xarvrax:** "So... You want me to punch you in the face? Because that's the only obvious solution to my headache this morning."

Capel: "There are two finals today, maybe three. There are also three groups left with the point total to, realistically, take the Games.." he pauses for a moment. Turns ostentatiously to Vraknaar, rather than Xarvrax. For the first time since you've met this particular mage he looks just a little annoyed.



Crion: Without looking up from his plate, he says: "If you're going to hit him, hit him. But don't just stand there talking about hitting him."



Ghol, Going East: Without looking up from his plate, he says: "If you're going to hit him, hit him. But don't just stand there talking about hitting him."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax smirks, "Actually I've only counted one team that has the chance at winning."



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d6 archmage conflicted

(1)

= 1

rolling 2d6 conqueror positive

(5 + 2)

= 7



Xarvrax: "You know, those guys who've been winning every game... Who were they again?"



banana (GM): long live the emperor



Placidus: Five him.

Placidus looks up, having apparently perceived that the wizard was successfully maundering toward a point. "Yes, hello. What can we do for you, Capel?"

Capel: "Finally, someone with horse-trading sense."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax glances over to his brother, "Horse-trading? Is that something humans normally do?"

Capel: The wizard makes a dramatic proclamation. "You ARE the favourites. Salubriot has an outside chance, if he does very well from now on. The Wastelanders, on the other hand, are close behind."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol is still hungry...



Placidus: "I suppose you're going to offer to play spoiler to the Wastelanders in exchange for some consideration?"



Ghol, Going East: ...What if they only eat salads in Her court?

Oh, man.

Wait, no, they love the woods and the forest, right? So maybe they wouldn't eat plants...?

Capel: "Abyss, yes I am. MY sponsor's going to be disappointed. Or maybe not, as I've figured out what she did to Xiaxi.. point is, we don't need to work for we. We could work for you, in exchange for a little favour."




Ghol, Going East: Hrm. He's going to have to look into this.





Vraknaar: "So what is it you want, then?"





Placidus: Placidus frowns. "...who is your sponsor, again?"

 **Ghol, Going East:** Salads aren't SO bad. In theory.


 **banana (GM):** The Horizon team, of course, have form on cheating; you caught them once already. Nobody *else* has caught them, which is perhaps more important.


 **Ghol, Going East:** There's nothing saying you can't put meat in salads, after all.


 **Placidus:** It explains why the elves are cultural pariahs, too.
As Placidus was reminded often as a child: you don't win friends with salad.


 **Travis Meacham:** sorry when did we catch them cheating? during night steaks?


Capel: "We want a message, delivered into dangerous territory. An invitation to a meeting."

 **Placidus:** One of them popped a haste spell during an event.

 **banana (GM):** during the jawsculpting heats they were definitely hasting, yeah
in night steaks they MIGHT also have been cheating but it wasn't clear


 **Placidus:** "Where and to who?"


 **Vraknaar:** "This is something outside the scope of the Games, I assume."

 **Xarvrax:** "I don't care who it's for, or where they are, what is this meeting about? Wizard snobbery?"


Capel: To Vraknaar "Yeah, unrelated. My arcane order reports ultimately to the Archmage, capital A, and it's on the old man's behalf that I'm making this particular request."


To Placidus: "You're the most survivor-like entities in town, with enough wanderlust, I reckon. The sort of men who might end up in Santa Cora."


 **Ghol, Going East:** How much meat can you put into a salad before it stops being a salad?
He continues on like this for some time.

 **Xarvrax:** Somewhere between as much as there is vegetables, and bowl full of meat, probably?


Capel: And to Xarvrax: "It's actually about saving the world, but I don't expect that to fire any winged neurons in whatever they bred you for a brain."


 **Xarvrax:** "I'm not the idiot who thinks neurons have wings."

 **Vraknaar:** "Everyone thinks they're saving the world, wizard. But saving it for whom, that's the important bit."

 **Xarvrax:** "And in case you haven't noticed, we've probably done more world saving in this city than most people do in a lifetime."

Capel: "Us poor saps who have to live in it."

 **Placidus:** Placidus doesn't flinch at the name of the dark city. Terrifying or no, the dark gods are significantly less *mysterious* once one of their followers has attempted to flirt-murder you. "Forgive me, but you only answered half of my question."

 **Xarvrax:** Flirder you.

Capel: "OK, let me just lay it out. The Archmage seeks a meeting with the Gods of Santa Cora, to

discuss matters of mutual advantage viz-a-viz this goddamn endless war. Any arcanist in his service won't make it within a hundred leagues of that cursed place. You're weak enough and find us irritating enough to evade the scrying cordon, probably."

"Eh? Half of- oh? Mara Half-Giantish put up the fee for what it's worth. What a sorry lot of good we've done her."



Placidus: "Ah."



Xarvrax: "So you want us to take a message to a bunch of dark gods, some of which I've probably pissed off with follower murdering?"



Placidus: "Well, it's an interesting proposal, certainly. Would you give us a private moment to confer, please?"

Capel: "Right. They very specifically do NOT guard against adventurers who've tangled with the cults. Standard spider-fly scenario."

The wizard nods and withdraws into the street, sweeping his cape about. It still doesn't catch the eye quite like Xarvrax's Cloak of the Obvious.



Placidus: Once he's gone, Placidus says, "We should absolutely do it."



banana (GM): You'll want to confer quickly-ish; the Improv Sandwich finals are in a couple of hours, and then later the Jawsculpture championship. (And didn't Capel mention something about 'maybe three'..?)



Ghol, Going East: "Santa Cora's east, and on the road to Cape Thunder. I'm in."



Xarvrax: "So basically, he wants to send us into some sort of huge city full of people who want to kill us, to send a message to a bunch of gods, who want to kill us, on the behest of someone who probably wouldn't mind our deaths?"



Travis Meacham: This is when Travis comes downstairs, yawning. "oh, did I miss Capel? What should we do?"



Placidus: "Yes, Xarvrax. Regrettably this means you will probably have to kill a lot of people."



Vraknaar: "Gonna have to guard more than our bodies, going there. Dark gods love converts, willing or otherwise."



Placidus: "You think you're up to that?"



Xarvrax: "I mean, I'm all for pointless murder, but not when it's my life being murdered."



Ghol, Going East: Good to hear.



Placidus: "Think of it like this. There is no direction we could travel where people will not try to kill you. As I'm sure you've noticed, there's a war on."

"But moving into the Federation will actually take us away from the front."



Xarvrax: "But I suppose we're going to probably be heading that way anyway. I'm sure we'll end up in Drakkenhall eventually."




Ghol, Going East: They'll have to head east-southeast after that...She's set him to business in Coven.




banana (GM): Anyone who wants to analyse the validity of Placidus's arguments here, gimme an int roll to see if you can remember or work out a Fact about eastward travel viability.


 **Vraknaar:** "Takes us closer to the enemy, too. Fine by me."


 **banana (GM):** DC 15.

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

() + 6


= **8**

 **Placidus:** rolling d20+7 adding my friar background, since placidus was a priest of the god of travel

() + 7


= **25**

 **Xarvrax:** rolling d20 + 6


() + 6

= **13**

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


() + 1


= **8**


 **Travis Meacham:** hell, sounds fine to trav


 **Ghol, Going East:** lol

Ghol continues to pick at his salad while the rest discuss travel plans. It'll take care of itself.

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax just shrugs, chaos.

 **banana (GM):** Well, ah.. *Placidus* knows that he knows what he's talking about. The frontier is up north, in the Glitterwood, with the orcs beyond.. and maybe northwest now, if things have really gone bad. East is a settled border, where the Erskine Order plays will-we-won't-we with Roland over the old, noble-ridden south lands and minimal garrisons are maintained.

 **Placidus:** It's always good to know that you know what you're talking about. He'll explain: "The front's up in the Glitterwood, and even this new flanking attack from the Orc Lord would push roughly west-to-east anyway. The worst thing going on out that way politically is the squabbles between the Emperor and the old nobility in the southlands. If we want to avoid the war, we should try to outpace it heading east."

 **banana (GM):** Barkeeper to a cultist: "Yeah, we've still got ham sandwiches. If you pass van Fop Abattoir this morning, could you ask what happened to our deliveries, but?"



Placidus: "If we want to avoid *fighting*, we should've all been born in a different Age."



Travis Meacham: Travis figures out what they're talking about, after thinking carefully on his geography. "Yeah sounds good, we should still stop by Horizon to make sure that something's being done about the waystone."



Placidus: "Good idea."



Vraknaar: "Well I mean, we're helping the Archmage out here supposedly, right? Can't we send a message back with his messenger?"

"Kill two birds with one stone."



Placidus: "We could try, certainly."



Xarvrax: "May as well stop in and see the old man, honestly."



banana (GM): Dragon cultist: "We go where the lord and the lord's wayward brother will. You've totally got it if they will us down Sheredy Row."



Xarvrax: "He probably owes us a favor or two at this point."



banana (GM): Barkeeper: "Thanks, I think."



Placidus: "Let's get Capel back in here."



Ghol, Going East: Freaking cultists.



Travis Meacham: "Yeah, but if Capel is working on contract for Mara now who knows when he's headed back that way."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax turns to the cultists, "Just do it, we'll probably be here at least a day or two longer and I'd rather not eat garbage."



banana (GM): A quest!



Placidus: "There's no harm in stopping in Horizon on the way anyway, I think."



banana (GM): The cultist couple head out to ask about meats, and wave to the skulking Capel on their way. He's back in a flash.



Xarvrax: "Other than offending one of the most powerful arcanists in the world, but really what're the odds of that?"



Vraknaar: "It is on the way, I guess. If we must stop in a town full of wizards."

The Archmage's agent: "I detect... collegial agreement."



Ghol, Going East: This guy.

Ghol returns his plate and utensils to the bar.



Xarvrax: "Is that a new spell or something?"



Placidus: "Now, of course we can't ask or expect any kind of formal quid-pro-quo in re the Games, whose sanctity and legitimacy is paramount."



Travis Meacham: Travis has started eating breakfast. It's just eggs. He likes eggs.



Placidus: "But, in the interests of diplomacy, we see no reason why we can't help you."



Travis Meacham: He waves cordially to Capel. "Mfffgh-ngh."



Xarvrax: "We'll just collect payment from The Old Man on the way by."

Capel: "A second level surveying of Destiny," he informs Xarvrax. "The rote picks up integroup harmonies, dissent and so on- great for picking out weak links or traitors. Ah, Meacham."
"

"In the same diplomatic spirit.. I wish Kon's Men the best of luck in the remaining events, and sincerely believe in that fortune." He winks, then winks again really slowly.



Xarvrax: That's it.

Xarvrax takes a swing at Capel.

Capel: "*This* is the missive.." From his robes, the wizard produces a little wooden box with gold tracery inlaid into the top. It looks odd!AUG



Placidus: "Oh for-"



Vraknaar: um



Travis Meacham: wow. xarvrax needs some impulse control, capel was just being an insanely huge douchebag



Placidus: Placidus looks pleadingly at Vraknaar.




banana (GM): Make an attack roll vs Capel, Xarvrax



Vraknaar: Vraknaar moves at the same time.



banana (GM): rolling d20+12 vs your MD

()+12

= **17**



Ghol, Going East: Ghol reaches over the bar for a pair of knives. Just in case.



Vraknaar: roll initiative first imo. vraknaar trips xarvrax... if he's fast enough!



Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 1

()+1

= **8**



banana (GM): lmao


ok yeah let's see if vraknaar can interrupt



Ghol, Going East: Dragons.



Vraknaar: rolling 1d20+6

()+6

= **9**


of course.



banana (GM): each of you roll init. capel was Surprised and will go after both



Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 3

()+3

= **14**

rolling d20 + 3

()+3

= **20**



banana (GM): vOv



Xarvrax: Going to take that one.



Vraknaar: oh right.



Placidus: on the bright side, xarvrax missed



banana (GM): yep



Xarvrax: Xarvrax roars at Capel, the swing going wide, "I've had enough of your shit!"



Ferrinus: rolling 1d6 infernalist positive

()

= **4**

rolling 2d6 wizard king negative


( + )

= **10**


my It's Complicated talent turns that 6 into a 5





banana (GM): Before Vraknaar can act, Xarvrax is there - with a suckerclaw right to the man's neck! Wait, though. Capel is not standing quite.. he's launching a spell without even moving his hands. Of COURSE he has a contingency spell.


 **Vraknaar:** should i just roll an attack to represent restraining xarvrax


 **banana (GM):** that depends. is his md 17 or lower?


 **Xarvrax:** It's lower.

 **Vraknaar:** almost certainly


 **Xarvrax:** By two.

 **Placidus:** Frankly it would be irresponsible of someone as irritating as Capel the Bold not to walk around prepared for the possibility that someone would take a swing at him.

 **Kon:** Kon, meanwhile, has appeared at the top of the stairs. He does not look pleased.

 **banana (GM):** The blue dragon is surrounded in a cylinder of brown hardlight, a wall of force. It's totally smooth to his talons and, mercifully, blocks all sound. Hard save (15+) to escape the restraint - feel free to make a few of them to see how long it takes you.

 **Placidus:** Placidus clears his throat loudly. "In any case."

 **Xarvrax:** rolling d20

(14)

= 14

rolling d20

(5)


= 5


rolling d20


(15)


= 15


Capel: Capel's dropped the wooden box. It didn't open- in fact, there's no visible catch. "That. Santa Cora, the Temple of Heterogeneity. Don't try and open it. Good*bye*"

 **Xarvrax:** Not too long, apparently.

 **Vraknaar:** Vraknaar starts to react, but it's too late. "Well, you earned it."

 **banana (GM):** Xarvrax does break free pretty fast, but the wizard's scarpered by then.

 **Placidus:** Does the box look like Skeleton's box?

 **Ghol, Going East:** "Sucker punches just make you look like an asshole," Ghol says as he walks by Xarvrax to the stairs.

banana (GM): It looks exactly alike, apart from the inlaid design, which is completely different.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax grumbles, next time, it'll be a sneak-tentacle.



Travis Meacham: Look like?
Weird. Very weird.



Placidus: Ah, so it probably came from the same magical box wholesaler before being outfitted.



Skeleton: It's at around this time that a figure in what looks like two layered robes, one spookier than the other, becomes evident at the top of the stairs just behind the warg. Skeleton's peeking over and all the way down at the little container. "Say... what's that?"
"Also, what time is it?"



Vraknaar: "He's got plenty of practice with that," Vraknaar says to Ghol.



banana (GM): Skeleton's box has what looks like a golden egg on its lid, with an eye-inset hand on a raised layer breaking up the pattern. This new one, rather, has a picture of a bird with its wings spread and a flame instead of a head.



Placidus: As one does.
"That's a missive. We're not to open it before we carry it to the dark gods of Santa Cora."



banana (GM): Obviously.



Placidus: "It's half nine, also. We need to get going."



Xarvrax: Hmm, is it a symbol of something?
Something that would be recognizable?



banana (GM): Indeed. 90 minutes to one of the Improv Sandwich finals, if you recall correctly - it'll be in the west square.



Kon: Kon grumbles and heads outside. He's still full from yesterday.



Vraknaar: "Probably for the best. What if the archmage decided to firebomb their office, or something, and we're the courier?"



Skeleton: "From wh- half nine?" Skeleton pauses here for a moment, raising a gloved hand to sker hood. "What... day is it?"



banana (GM): (And competitors, of course, should arrive considerably earlier for setup)
Roll wis, Xarvrax



Xarvrax: Would dragon bonuses apply?



banana (GM): any kind of animal lore type background applies
nah



Ghol, Going East: Ghol will take a look at it, then.



banana (GM): dragons have no inborn ability to differentiate lifeforms i think





Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 1


(12)+1

= 13

Err, that's actually 11.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Animal Ken bonus work?


 **Xarvrax:** That should be -1.

 **banana (GM):** Ghol's got a better chance of working out the design on the Archmage's message box.
yep

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

(15)+6

= 21


 **Placidus:** I'll roll what's left of placidus's natural historian background


rolling d20+6


(5)+6


= 11


alas


 **banana (GM):** Oh, that's easy. It's stylised, but it's just an engraving (in gold, on hardwood) of a chicken.

 **Vraknaar:** dragons can tell lifeforms apart by scent or sight imo. keen senses!!


 **Ghol, Going East:** "Hah."


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax looks at the box, before shaking his head, it's a boring thing with no chaotic properties.


 **banana (GM):** Most chickens do not have a flame for a head, but the rest of the body is still recognisable.

 **Ghol, Going East:** "It's a chicken. With a flame for ahead? I dunno. Wizards."
*a head

 **Xarvrax:** "Phoenix?"

 **Skeleton:** "...because I thought I'd figured out a way to go to sleep, see, and I set up the timer very carefully..."

 **Ghol, Going East:** "If that's a phoenix, someone doesn't think much of phoenixes."

 **banana (GM):** Once Ghol's pointed it out, I'll assume that most of you can recognise chickens. (Maybe

'Kelly' doesn't remember them?)



Xarvrax: Xarvrax may not know much about normal animals, but magical ones are of interest.



Placidus: "Maybe it's idiomatic. A chicken with its head cut off. Either way it's not important."



Vraknaar: "Never liked the metaphor much. Most people don't get to rise from ashes."



Ghol, Going East: They DO kind of thumb their nose at the Red, don't they?

Well.

As much as creatures with neither thumbs nor noses can.



banana (GM): And questionable sentence. You've never met a phoenix that could discuss literature.



Placidus: Have any of us ever met a phoenix who couldn't?



banana (GM): That's up to you, or more properly, up to your ability to tell tall tales.



Kon: Kon sticks his head back inside to see what the hold-up is.



Travis Meacham: Ah, the phoenix. The phoenix.



Placidus: Onward, to victory!



Xarvrax: I mean, it's possible The Blue has some kind of magical menagerie of sorts?

Magic is kind of her thing.



Ghol, Going East: Wizards have an odd way of insisting everything is their business, somehow.



banana (GM): The streets of San Meat are... quiet. There are still tourists, but not lingering outside- they hasten from shop to shop. The only people strolling about are pairs of elves; it's not immediately apparent, but walking a couple of blocks indicates that they're part of a network of patrollers, all keeping an eye on each other from the corners and watching carefully the activities of passers-by.



Xarvrax: Hey!

The Blue is not a wizard.



Ghol, Going East: All white elves?



Skeleton: "...so what I think happened is that because Decay is the high arcanum covering essentially everything about me my attempt to use a sort of fuse made of braided animus to jolt myself back to consciousness was doomed to imprecision because it's really hard to tell what's finished unraveling in an environment of total..." It slowly dawns on Skeleton that no one looks mad about sker past absence in the first place, which is maybe cause for mild alarm in and of itself. Or maybe ske really WAS just out for six minutes total.



Xarvrax: That's insulting.



banana (GM): These.. civilian guards are dressed in ordinary street clothes, but they do carry various weapons and wear at least heavy clothing. And the streets of the city let you see far enough to tell that there are quite a few of them.

Almost all- you spot one human.



Ghol, Going East: As far as the Orc Lord is concerned, anything that uses magic and isn't part of the Movement is a "wizard," as a pejorative.



Travis Meacham: ugh i put way too much evaporated milk in this coffee #fwp



banana (GM): Well remembered, young scout. (Ingher approves +5)



Xarvrax: Well maybe I'll have to go punch him in the face too.



Ghol, Going East: Uh huh.
Anything special about the human?



banana (GM): He's dressed like one of the citizens rather than the tourists.
Nobody's impeding your progress to the west square and the Alabaster Grill, mind you. They just watch.



Placidus: While they walk, Placidus is calculating the volume of spheres in his head, and trying to remember the notes he'd taken on heat penetration... this is going to be a tricky one.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol's made sure to strap on his weapons...has anyone else laid claim to that knife we nicked from the dead Priest of Gash?
Priestess. Whatever it was.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax is poking his wizard buddy for ideas, literally and figuratively.



Ghol, Going East: If not, he'll have started going to work on the handle, whittling it down it something less...turgid.



Travis Meacham: "No, you're going to love this. I hope they came through with enough of the bread stuff."



Ghol, Going East: *into



banana (GM): I don't believe anybody claimed the carved knife.



Travis Meacham: "Imagine if you take a grilled cheese sandwich, turn it into a tube, ad fill it with steak, onions, rice, and beans."
"And ... more cheese."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol's eyes light up and he turns to face Travis so fast he almost cuts himself with the knife he's using to whittle.
"Okay. I'm imagining it."



banana (GM): It's always nice, as a sandwich artist, to have a chance to really get your ideas out there. Hopefully the crowds today will.. well hopefully there will BE crowds, and hopefully they'll be as appreciative as on the last occasion.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax nods, "Sounds like a heart attack."
"Though it needs bacon, which I can hopefully still flash fry."



Travis Meacham: "You know, you're right. It COULD have bacon. We could make two."
"One with bacon and eggs, one with bacon and steak."



Xarvrax: "Of course it needs some kinds of spices, I'll see what we have to work with when we get there."

banana (GM): It's a hot morning before the Alabaster Grill. The stage has been dismantled again - it



was severely damaged last night - and the open area of the square has been roped off into various compartments and corridors - setup for the Sandwich. Trestle tables and little stands full of cooking equipment abound. Acolytes and citizen-helpers are still moving the last of the foodpiles and gear into position when you arrive, and people are starting to fill the corners where seats are set up in the shade, and come out onto the near rooftops.



Xarvrax: "We should probably get about twice as much of whatever it is that I'm cooking, since it might get messed up."
Xarvrax readies his trusty spatula for the trials ahead.



banana (GM): But the question is, who's cooking?
The banner unfurled above the second tier of the temple reads IMPROV SANDWICH SINGLES & DOUBLES



Xarvrax: Probably me, so Travis can put this monstrosity together.



banana (GM): This is a topic of some discussion among onlookers. Is this a combined event? What? Huh?



Xarvrax: It was last time too?



banana (GM): It was! But your schedule, when you go to look, says that only the singles finals were today.



Ghol, Going East: Weird. Ghol and Kon retire to the little pavilion area set aside for their team, Ghol to whittle, Kon merely to watch.



VoxPVoxD: Maybe they're moving the Taste Against Time up for some reason.



Ghol, Going East: It occurs that those us not competing should probably put effort into figuring out what that is, and preparing for it.
Or, at the very least, see what else in the schedule has changed.



Skeleton: Skeleton, similarly, isn't going to be strolling right into the contest area. They're hanging back circumspectly.



banana (GM): The stages are looking a little emptier than usual. There are teams setting up all over, but many look dispirited.. your earlier successes mean that statistically, few of them have much chance at the grand prize. The dwarves of Wash-It-Down, in particular, always glance away if they catch any of your eyes.



VoxPVoxD: Placidus assumes that's Xarvrax's fault.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax nods, that's probably his fault.




banana (GM): And there's something else missing from the usual atmosphere.. not music, that's starting up. And it took a while, but the usual mummers and game-stalls are coming out to entertain the crowd.. ah! There's no dragon dropping out of the sky, no couriers with proclamations and portents, in the name of the Conqueror or anyone else.





Travis Meacham: it was placidus who didnt want to have a Fair And Balanced Competition with the dwarf
or no it was the gnome he rejected





VoxPVoxD: It was a gnome.


 **banana (GM):** Helen "the Inventor" Dementor!


 **VoxPVoxD:** Placidus probably would've helped the dwarves if they'd asked! He likes them.


 **banana (GM):** She's here today, with her whizzing and banging tube.. thing. Looks more confident than the rest of her team.

 **VoxPVoxD:** He doesn't trust Helen. Never trust someone that deep into the mushrooms.


 **banana (GM):** Gnome Team haven't done well *overall*, but Dementor's been their standout performer.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Vraknaar's the one with both the ear of (what's left) of the Watch and insights into the tournament, right? He and Ghol should go find someone in charge and see what's up...


 **banana (GM):** Only a couple of priests are visible bustling up on the alabaster daises.. and you see L'Angelo up there. Advising? There are still, like, a thousand people here to watch and cheer and eat sandwiches. But compared to the rest of the week, it's quiet.


 **VoxPVoxD:** Well, as long as she thinks she's got something to play for. Let's see.. the first thing Placidus does as he takes his place at one of the cook-stands near the crowd is he waves over one of the sous-chef helpers, and gestures at the expansive ingredients table - specifically, at the dazzling array of meats available. "Take these away. I need the space. Bring me the garbanzo beans."


 **Ghol, Going East:** GHOL COULD USE, SOME OF THOSE. for reasons


 **Vraknaar:** Why not? Let's go ask some questions.


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax finds himself an apron and chef's hat, both a nice lighter blue.

 **Travis Meacham:** Travis and Xarvrax look at what's before them. "Alright, I can use a lot of this. I don't think we need any sausages, though."


 **banana (GM):** Vraknaar and Ghol are heading up where, the temple steps to chat to Authorities?


 **Travis Meacham:** Hmm, what about the beans? Are there any cooked beans? If not, he'll hav to abandon that idea, it takes way too long to get dried beans edible.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Yep. Ghol will probably try to sneak some meat from whatever trays are about, provided it's not from like, other competitors' stock or anything he could be disqualified for.


 **banana (GM):** Placidus, Travis and Xarvrax are all being fussed over by the attendants. You're the favourites now.. and also you saved many of their lives personally. Whatever condiment you want is at hand.


Cooked beans: Yes

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax removes the sausages from the area, cleaning it up afterwards, before sparking up the grills with his scales.

 **banana (GM):** 'Garbanzo beans': Yes, once Placidus explains that he means chickpeas

 **Xarvrax:** "So what exactly do you need cooked for this thing?"

 **VoxPVoxD:** Wow, have these people seriously never heard that? Gnoplac isn't *that* far.

 **Travis Meacham:** He ticks things off on his fingers. "Steak, shredded beef, bacon, eggs, pork (do we want pork?), rice, onions, peppers, and maybe some kind of chili sauce. Actually I bet they have chili sauce we can just use."



banana (GM): You can see others setting up all around.. Megga and Vill for the dwarves in the doubles. They've got some sourdough loaves. Salubriot is wearing an enormous flaming apron and using it to toast slices of fish. Legitimate Phil's late.. The Apparator and Capel are just chatting instead of beginning prep.. hm.



Travis Meacham: "The trickiest bit is probably going to be the wrap. It'd be fine if we just cooked the circlets and wrapped the filling up, but if we could get a double circlet with cheese inside it ... I dunno. I'll experiment with it."




banana (GM): Something's off, maybe. Each of the contestants, please give me a roll to notice or intuit TeamStuff, with whatever appropriate stat and background..



Xarvrax: Xarvrax nods, rolling his shoulders, preparing for the show he's going to put on today.



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+9 int plus life of privilege, what's not in its proper place


() + 9

= **14**



VoxPVoxD: a roll to notice something's weird? time to use my "is incredibly weird" background,

rolling d20+10 int+unnatural philosophy

() + 10

= **11**


Nice.



banana (GM): Ghol and Vraknaar find Father Vealsgravy and two dark-eyed elf citizens, with no priest robes, supervising the delivery of ingredients from above. Absentmindedly: "Greetings, children of the veal and of the lamb."



Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 9 Int + dragon senses + meat head

() + 9

= **15**



banana (GM): What's Skeleton doing in all this? Ske seems to be neither making food nor making friends among the clergy.

Xarvrax's earlier research pays off. There's something *really* weird about one of the competitors' areas.

Firstly, it straddles the singles and doubles areas - and has the sets of tables for both.



Xarvrax: Would that be Salubriot then?



banana (GM): Secondly, they've got two team banners on one pole. The Snakebelly Stretchers and the "Barbarians", if you're reading this right, have joined forces.

Xarvrax: Or wait, he was only doubles.



Ghol, Going East: Sounds legit.



Travis Meacham: What the deuce.
You cant JOIN FORCES.



VoxPVoxD: Ah-ha.



Travis Meacham: How is that allowed!!!



Xarvrax: We knew that already though.



VoxPVoxD: Blood is thicker than gravy.



Xarvrax: We were there for that conversation.



Skeleton: At the moment, Skeleton is trying to pick up from context clues, the whispers of the crowd, and some surreptitious forensic necromancy just what it was that ske'd most significantly slept through. As well, ske's probably following Ghol around in case ske can be of direct use for something.



Ghol, Going East: That's right!



Travis Meacham: i thought the convresation was about someone defecting



banana (GM): I'm assuming you're yelling these things incoherently to each other across the ropes and trestle tables.



Travis Meacham: not a full team merger



VoxPVoxD: It appears they struck a compromise.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax shrugs, it just means it's one team to crush instead of two.



Ghol, Going East: This doesn't seem like an event where more manpower serves a direct benefit.



banana (GM): Maybe that's why it was allowed...



VoxPVoxD: Unless they get to pool points or something.
Someone should find out if they got to pool points.



Xarvrax: Speaking of crushing, it's time to start the show.



banana (GM): Prep time is nearly over, yeah. You can see good old High Father Burgersear, making the best of the new circumstances, heading to the main dais with a white-robed and a brown-robed priest in tow. One of them's got his megaphone.



Ghol, Going East: If they did, that would only mean they got to add one sixth place finish from the Stretchers to the "Barbarians" pool...but the Barbarians are firmly in second place.
They should probably have a conversation about how this is legal, yeah.



banana (GM): The knights from the Snakesrule have done terribly, they certainly have no chance of winning themselves.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax sighs, glaring at the priest, willing him to hurry up for once.



VoxPVoxD: Placidus has everything in place. He's oblivious to this team merger, having expected

something similar enough for this new wrinkle not to register. ""Chickpeas"" are laid out in perfect squares arcing away from his left hand like a blocky thought bubble - 1, then 4, then 9, then 16, all the way up to 144.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol is going to let Vraknaar do the talking here, unless he really doesn't want to. Vraknaar's the guy with the connections, after all.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax has all his ingredients neatly piled up in their separate piles ready to get cooking.



banana (GM): You can't actually see a single elf in the armour of the city guard, though. There are more of those.. patrollers, organised but ununiformed, all about the square.



Travis Meacham: "Oh, shoot. Heat. We don't want any of this stuff to get cold." Do we have a spare cooking surface for Travis to put on low and stash pots of finished ingredients?



banana (GM): You'll have to improvise one!



Vraknaar: Vraknaar isn't his brother, so he doesn't quite collar one. But he stops the first one who looks like they have a clue.



banana (GM): Maybe the back of a particularly sturdy fan?



VoxPVoxD: Are we waiting for some kind of formal announcement before we start cooking in earnest?



banana (GM): The first what?



Vraknaar: guard
err



Travis Meacham: i don't want to light a fan on fire



Vraknaar: well patroller then, as you put it
"Any idea what's going on here? Changes with the schedule, teams joining up... seems shifty to me."



banana (GM): I mean, they might be guards. They're guarding stuff.



VoxPVoxD: what if it's a fan of one of the other teams



Skeleton: "Ah, greetings," Skeleton says to the priest. "Can they do that?"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax looks around for something big and metallic.



Ghol, Going East: We were standing in front of Father Vealsgravy!!



Vraknaar: oh. shit. i missed some lines i guess
let's go with the same question then, phrased more respectfully then

Guard?: "Don't know anything about the teams, mate." The elf notices, then that Vraknaar is Vraknaar e.g. a humanoid red dragon . She looks a little alarmed. "Whoa. Are you with the army?"



Vraknaar: "Sort of. Not really, but I help them out when they need it."
let's say i talked to the guard on the way up, then

Father Vealsgravy: "Kelly, was it? You'll have to clarify who it is and what they may or may not be allowed to do. Or I could make guesses."



Skeleton: "Oh, sorry. The, the teams - it looks like someone just added them together?"

Father Vealsgravy: "Perhaps you refer to this 'council' of citizens, in which case, being but citizens of the city, they can choose to associate with whoever they like. Or to- a ha!"

"No, that's symbolic. The Erskines have resigned, you know.. one of them joined up with another team, but the rest are leaving town."



Ghol, Going East: Vealsgravy does not seem very pleased with the political happenings since yesterday morning.

Guard?: "Ah, the magnanimity of Drakkenhall. Sorry, but I don't know much about the competition- they do whatever the Goddess sanctions, supposedly."



Travis Meacham: and rightly so, the citizens are arrogating HIS authority



Skeleton: "What happens to whose points?"



banana (GM): He was more willing to go along with it, at the time, than the High Father was, but maybe that's not saying much.



Vraknaar: "Guess we'll have to ask Her servants then. Thanks anyway." Vraknaar presses on.



banana (GM): As Placidus lays out the last beangrid and Travis finally manages to grab an end table from a dwarf who wasn't using it...

High Father Burgersear: "WELCOME!"

"Welcome all.. ALL are welcome to the culmination of layered carne-panem artistry. The nostrils of Alabastien, today, water."



banana (GM): "The sapphire medals for both singles and doubles sandwichmaking are on offer this morning, and there are some minor matters.." he hesitates and lowers the megaphone, talking quietly to the others in the group on the dais.

Vealsgravy: Vealsgravy is not up with the High Father, but in the administrative part of the square, and doesn't seem inclined to stop his own work. Or to pay much attention to Kelly Stone. "Snakebelly Stretchers' points are defunct. No problems there. We let their heat qualification stand, Derivus was the one who earned it- should be down there somewhere today. May the piety of the snake-worshippers find some expression in the Goddess's gentler jaws, eh?"



Ghol, Going East: Well, that's that, then. "Do you know if there are any changes to the rest of the schedule?"

Vealsgravy: "..."



Xarvrax: Hey! I saved his damn life! Where's the gratitude?

High Father Burgersear: "As I was saying - there will be an ancillary invocation today from Mister Coppora. Blessed be all the creations that our competitors produce and consume in Alabastien's name and the names of the Gods. Thank you."



VoxPVoxD: Mr. Who?

Vealsgravy: "The race is in the morning rather than the evening. Makes the deadline lunchtime. Roughly." There's something the old elf is not saying.



Vraknaar: "Come on, out with it. What's with these changes?" Vraknaar's respect is fading fast.



banana (GM): Competitors expectantly or impatiently wait. Helen Dementor fiddles with her steam engine; Phil, the Steak Whisperer, is doing something with vials of liquid.



Travis Meacham: what race



banana (GM): the Taste against Time is a 'race' effectively since it's like a scavenger hunt

Mr. Coppora: The brown-robed dwarf priest steps forward. He's much shorter than the white elven Burgersear, but has a similar divine presence- calming, authoritative, with a mellow voice.



Travis Meacham: ohokay

Mr. Coppora: You've seen this man once before at the Opening Barbeque - but he didn't speak, then.



Xarvrax: One which you have to win Travis.
I've got money riding on you winning it.

Mr. Coppora: "The Eyes of the Elect are upon San Meat."



VoxPVoxD: Placidus smiles very gently.

Mr. Coppora: "Your hosts would perhaps focus on other senses; the more.. gustatorial. All the Gods of Light, however, are with us today. Blessed Alabastien Meat has Her sisters and brothers, and they all revel in this celebration of prosperity."

"Never forget, people of the Empire-" The dark-eyed elves with Vealsgravy look up sharply- "that the bounty of meat and of bread we enjoy here in Marrow is provided by the gods. The Dragon Emperor does not forget the gods- and he will not forget San Meat for all it does for the people."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax shakes his head, too much faith in the divine in these cities.



Crion: Politics.



Ghol, Going East: Politics.

Vealsgravy: "You need my help less than almost anyone, Vraknaar. I won't claim to you aren't worthy of it, goddess knows, but we have other priorities. Keep on as you are and personally I'd bet on your team to win."



Travis Meacham: Travis grins. Politics.

Mr. Coppora: "Let us pray. To the gods of the sky, who bring fair weather.. to the gods of the earth, who bring bountiful harvests.. to the gods of the sea, who shield and convey us.. in Our praise We elevate the Elect, and they bless Us."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax is tired of listening to all of this, he just wants to get on with his competition.

Mr. Coppora: "Please, prepare your delicious sandwiches." The priest steps away. Several people, some robed and some not, are all converging on that dais.



Travis Meacham: Travis begins.

Onions and peppers, sliced, cooked on a low heat until they caramelize. A big pot of rice - that should hold heat just fine.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax almost immediately slams his hands down on the countertop, flames spewing forth.



banana (GM): Father Vealsgravy is now alone apart from the three Kon'sMen who're interrogating him - and an acolyte, just arrived with requests for carroway seeds and 'whiter bread'.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol touches where his pauldron would be if he were wearing it today; it's customary not to wear the signs of that god unless using it. Ostentation is not a quality Pauldron favors.

Vealsgravy: "Huh. Try the deep storage under Bonnivel's.. I think we have bun reserves.."



Travis Meacham: While that's going, he takes a long and careful look at the circlets of bread he asked their friends to acquire and make for them.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax does his best at shaping it into a ring hovering in the air before turning to Travis, "How well do you want the steak cooked?"



Vraknaar: "Maybe I don't need help, Father, but you might. Wouldn't it be wrong for someone to meddle with Alabastien Meat's sacred Games? There's a lot of changes here."



Travis Meacham: "Medium well, I think. We want flavor more than tenderness."
"Don't dry it out, though, or people won't be able to eat it."



banana (GM): Murmurs and cheers run throughout the crowd as they watch the sandwich-makers. The Singer is crooning again, inspiring King Magician to works of.. not actual magic, but it looks like something interesting, interspersing mayonnaise and various cheeses.

Over in the weird part of the layout, where the ropes run together and mix the singles and doubles.. Sam Chatwick waits, grinning. A knight in shining armour turns up, and they embrace.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax nods, carefully lifting the meat into the air, before beginning to spin it into the ring of flames

Vealsgravy: "Everything we do is to preserve the templecity in its holy mission. Everything. The Games MUST go on."



Travis Meacham: Travis relies on Xarvrax for the meat. He's got good instincts for it. It's either the dragon or the ruffian in him.



Skeleton: Skeleton watches the proceedings without actually watching. It's a mercy that ske doesn't seem (yet) to be craving sensations that animated bones alone simply can't provide; the entire idea of eating just feels like an intellectual curiosity at the moment, and so the motion of hands, slices, and condiments across the various tables is of roughly the same value to the necromancer as a colorful, animated screensaver might be.



Vraknaar: "Obviously they're going on. But why the scheduling shifts? First Night Steaks, now this?"

Vealsgravy: The priest looks around. His advisers have departed- there's some argument going on with a bunch of them and L'Angelo of the Aftershock, as well as the other priests. "The Taste against Time has to run in the morning or it won't be done in time. That's all I can say."



Ghol, Going East: Well, I mean. Given the name, hard to argue that.



Xarvrax: As before, he lines out the bacon, before rubbing his hands together faster and faster, the sparks gathering together until there's a loud boom and a bolt of lightning streaks just over it."

Vealsgravy: "If you truly hold meat in your hearts - in your stomachs - it won't be a problem. Just carry on."



Travis Meacham: "Well, I guess I have to try it." He sandwiches some shredded cheese - not too

strongly flavored - in between two ovals of bread, and slaps it on the grill.



banana (GM): Oohs and aahs accompany the sheer *spectacle* that is Xarvrax and Travis.



Xarvrax: The shredded beef is the fun part for Xarvrax, "How shredded do you want the beef?"



banana (GM): Is Placidus doing anything as interesting?



Placidus: Placidus is counting out loud. His voice carries as he takes garlic and peas and combines them. "One is the number of eyes looking forward and back. Two is the number of hands plucking at the stars." The oil is bubbling. The bubbles spin in bizarre fractal patterns. The flame beneath the pot tints violet.



Travis Meacham: "Uh ..." Travis is finding it hard to describe how shredded. "Pretty darn shredded. Not turned to mush, but near."



banana (GM): Sir Derivus Chatwick has removed his helmet now; he and Sam could well be twins. They're working like maniacs, throwing together sandwich after disparate sandwich. The intensity doesn't make sense, unless you notice- each is creating his own separate, *different* sandwiches as well as the collaborative ones.

Salubriot's fish slices are being braided together with strips of ryebread, covered in pate and layered into a single vast confection from which parts can be safely pulled- it's oddly delicate for all that the Ire Giant's hands are massive.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax yanks a steak out of the ring of fire before coating his claws in a razor sharp magical field and tossing it up before swinging wildly at it. It falls neatly on the grill to finish in a pile of ribbons.



Travis Meacham: "Very nice."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax smirks, "That was just the test run, time to start the real fun!"



Travis Meacham: Alright, the potential wrapping for this revolutionary sandwich is done. Travis begins assembling a prototype.

Rice, beans (cold but that's fine, the rice heats them), onions, peppers, beef, more cheese ... sauce. Hot sauce.



banana (GM): *Hot* sauce...



Placidus: The bean mush is rolled into neat, identical spheres. Placidus's movements are almost mechanical. "Three is the number of stars in wary constellation. Four is the number of shadows that obscure the road to heaven. Five is the number of torches that light the way to the name."



banana (GM): Helen's machine goes SPANG and a hatch opens, revealing a perfect cube of bread. Meat presumably lurks within. She hucks it onto the platters, the start of a pile.



Travis Meacham: gnome futurist cuisine



Xarvrax: Xarvrax grabs the rest of the currently cooking steaks in individual force tentacles before tossing them up as one and turning the tentacles into blades, slicing and dicing each steak before it can touch the grill.



Travis Meacham: "Make sure to save some cubes as well as shreds!"



banana (GM): Ghol, Vraknaar and Skeleton watch from the lowest level of the Alabaster Grill. Being up on the dais gives them a really nice view over the square - better than the crowd down there get. You'd think some functionary would come to shoo them away, but they're mostly all embroiled in that

argument going on over by the megaphone... looks like someone's going to make another speech shortly.



Vraknaar: breaded meat cubes



Xarvrax: Xarvrax nods juggling more steaks into the fire, before starting to juggle the fire itself.



Ghol, Going East: Someone should wander over and listen in.
Discreetly.



Skeleton: You can listen discreetly, my lord. Warning: adventurers ONLY!



banana (GM): Sam Chatwick was disqualified from the Singles heats, but Sir Derivus was not; the latter's producing what look like long rounded rolls, filled with chunks of white meat and sauces. Not very complex, but it smells wonderful. The Chatwicks' doubles entry is more impressive: layers of meat, folded in again and again, producing a gradient of colour and taste. It's seared lightly on top and looks to have JUST enough tomato...

Roll dex if you want to go discreet it up!



Vraknaar: Sounds like a plan. Vraknaar starts moving closer, if he can do so reasonably unnoticed.



Xarvrax: Deciding it's time to start on some eggs, Xarvrax moves over to the actual grill with his spatula, magically cracking open each egg.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol himself is not exactly stealthy. Neither is Kon. Odd, right?



banana (GM): Capel and the Apparator are making.. sandwiches. They're basically slices of bread with meat, some salads and a sauce each. I mean, it looks ok.



Xarvrax: "What do you want me to do with these eggs? Just leave them as is?"



Skeleton: Skeleton can be pretty quiet... and when ske's not being quiet, the noises ske makes don't sound like those that you'd expect to come from a person. Ske sidles along the railing ske's leaning on, getting to the circumference of the conversation the priests are having.



Xarvrax: "Or cube 'em like the steak?"



Placidus: The spheres go rolling in a trough of seasoned flour. "Six is the number of virtues unhindered by consequence." Placidus is moving most of them with his own hands. "Seven is the number of sins she holds in her heart." He's got that faraway look he usually has when someone's brain is about to start leaking through their nose.



Skeleton: rolling 1d20+7 dexterity plus skeleton plus two

(8)+7

= 15




banana (GM): Over the ropes by Placidus, a few spectators are nodding along - entranced. Each number has their eyes glazing further over.



Vraknaar: Well, two's a crowd in this case. Besides, ske is less conspicuous, as long as sker robes stay on.

banana (GM): Skeleton approaches the crowd of functionaries and would-bes, very quietly - it helps

 that sker robes are similar to those of the priests.



Xarvrax: Waiting on the eggs, Xarvrax goes back to the steaks, lining them up in the air, before unleashing several force blades in a grid formation, leaving behind a pile of various cube -like meat of various sizes.



banana (GM): It looks like Burgersear and Cappora and the acolytes are being.. ushered away, very firmly, by a group of patrollers. One of them, a Meat Khetheran by the headwear, has the megaphone and is heading over to the main stage, along with Barry Bitter and L'Angelo..
Anything in particular Skeleton wants to check out or listen to?



Ghol, Going East: Would be interested to know where those guards are taking the (former?) leadership...



Skeleton: Well, what were they arguing about? Is anyone citing any authority by which they're acting? Who's being told what's going to happen?
If Vraknaar and Ghol remain nearby, Skeleton actually conspires to cause a localized, ghostly echo of the conversation being overheard to bloom right between the orc and dragon, audible only within a foot or so of their location. A normal save will allow either of them to realize that what they're hearing isn't quite real, although they could probably work that out regardless.



Xarvrax: Still not having an answer about the eggs, Xarvrax goes over to poke his wizard teammate.



banana (GM): The priests are being told by the citizens that the latter are going to be conducting the rest of this event - with just one priest left behind to sanctify it. They're upset that Mr. Coppora is even here at all - apparently Burgersear was *not* meant to bring him to the ceremony today. The citizens are claiming the authority of the "Workers' Council", and the one who's taken the megaphone is apparently the "Council Commissioner"...
Travis is clearly the brains of this burrito.



Ghol, Going East: Interesting...



Travis Meacham: ok im back, sorry



Skeleton: Citizens? Skeleton wasn't aware that citizens could actually do anything besides, uh, cit around.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax is the entertainer here, the one keeping the crowd interested, which is why he grabs some bread and a couple steaks and starts making sandwiches dance for the crowd.



Placidus: The bean paste orbs are left to rest on a bucket of ice covered by a platter, out of the sun. "Eight is the number of words of creation." Placidus is rolling out a number of flatbreads, the kind you're supposed to top with things and then eat. The flour on the cutting board beneath them rattles with some vibration whose source is not apparent. "Nine is the number of judgments."



Ghol, Going East: Maybe the Movement would recognize the morality of such a 'Workers' Council.' But then, it would first have to recognize the morality of permanent enclaves larger than three huts.



Travis Meacham: "Scrambled. Just plain old scrambled, this is a possible new take on breakfast."
"Bacon and scrambled eggs, but in an easy-to-eat and tasty bread wrap. With hot sauce."
Travis loves hot sauce.



banana (GM): Oh shit. Oh shit, Skeleton.
One of those guys has a knife.



Xarvrax: Nodding, Xarvrax takes his spatula and gets it up to speed probably somewhere just past its own mini tornado.



banana (GM): I mean - a number of them have things that could be used as weapons or, given the circumstances, cooking implements - but one of the 'citizens' has broken off from the others, who aren't even watching him anymore - he's moving up behind the sedately leaving priests.

rolling d20

(15)

= 15

..and nobody in either group has noticed. The elf is moving jerkily, with a wild look on his face; his eyes are like headlamps.



Skeleton: Is he, like... waving it at the priest? How many people in San Meat are given to wear a knife or sword or something about town, anyway? They're surely not illegal here in fantasy land. ...oh, wait, but acting like that probably is.

"HEY!"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol and Vraknaar are probably too far away...



banana (GM): Yeah, the knife itself isn't the problem, but he's kind of starting to jog over to the brown-robed Elect priest and raising it-



Ghol, Going East: ...how close is Kon?



banana (GM): Several people turn to look at Skeleton, of course.



Travis Meacham: Xarvrax is going to over-mix the eggs, and probably over cook them too - but that should work out, actually. As long as the water drains out of them, if they're a bit rubbery and dense that should be just fine.



Skeleton: Skeleton's pointing at the elf. "WATCH OUT"



banana (GM): All of this is taking place up on the second level of the Alabaster Grill- far back from the dais and the square. Most people down in the crowd or among the competitors can't see it.



Kon: Wait.



Travis Meacham: "Oh man, potatoes! Potatoes would be genius here! ... We don't have any potatoes prepared. Well, if anyone likes these I'll let them know."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol has a bow.



banana (GM): True enough.



Xarvrax: Hurling it over the grill, it sucks in all of the eggs mashing them together creating a nice yellowish egg shaped mass of egg.



Kon: Is there any way Kon can close and tackle him without having to use it, though?



Vraknaar: Vraknaar has a fiery maw.



Skeleton: If no one reacts immediately, Skeleton is going to have to try to snuff out this guy's life or

something, although ske'd really rather not.



banana (GM): Kon's not near the group of arguers and administrators; he would have been unmistakable.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax shreds the egg mass into nice little chunks.



Ghol, Going East: It is likely more prudent to let this guy kill a couple priests than it is to start using necromancy in a crowd.



banana (GM): Ghol has a chance if he reacts immediately, as does Skeleton. Several of the priests' group and citizens' group are also now noticing what's going on, though it's a tossup whether any of them will be able to intervene.



Travis Meacham: Yes. This is, putatively, how you make scrambled eggs.



banana (GM): Yeah, potato takes more than a few seconds forethought.



Skeleton: Maybe Skeleton can pretend it's just some sort of internal temperature lowering ice spell...?



Xarvrax: I dunno... I could probably potato.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol will react quickly. He's only got a few arrows on him, not a full quiver, but--



Travis Meacham: nah, let's skip the potatoes



banana (GM): Megga and Vill have created.. quite some sandwich. Bacon, lettuce, tomato, beetroot - slathered in sauce AND mayo. It looks like a pretty nice heart attack.



Skeleton: Fingers crossed re: an arrow through the leg, though.



Ghol, Going East: (Just a basic attack?)



banana (GM): Yeah, just roll one of those if you're shootin'.



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+6

(3)+6

= 9

rolling 2d8+5

(6 + 4)+5

= 15

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE

fucking hell



Xarvrax: Xarvrax looks over to Travis, "That's all you needed me to cook up right? Two types of beef, and the eggs?"



Travis Meacham: Travis isn't going to try to wrap up the bacon and eggs ones in extra cheese. Might be a little too rich for breakfast. Instead, he'll just slap them into the warmed up circlets. "Looks like you

could eat two or three of these ... hmm."

"Yeah, I've got the onions and rice just fine. And the bacon, of course, which I see is delicious."



Xarvrax: "Back to sandwich dancing for the crowd then!"



Travis Meacham: "What should we CALL these? They've got to have a catchy name."



Skeleton: is this random elf citizen's ac perhaps as low as 9...?



Xarvrax: Xarvrax thinks for a second... "Meat Tornado?"



Placidus: This is all happening far faster than it ought to - from a distance it seems as if the oil bubbles emerge and burst about twice as often as they would normally. The flames beneath the pot seem especially erratic. You could time it by the gnome's blinking, but Placidus hasn't blinked in quite a while. "Ten is the axis; ten is the number of rods that rule." The bean balls cook frighteningly quickly. "Eleven is yesterday; eleven is the number of omens."

"Twelve is tomorrow; twelve is the number of fates foretold."



Vraknaar: is the guy who's attacking far away i'm guessing?



Xarvrax: Xarvrax goes back to entertaining, putting on some kind of sandwich dance competition.



banana (GM): The stabby guy is Far, yeah. It looks like Ghol's only going to wing him; is Skeleton willing to take a risk to follow up on it?



Vraknaar: i can't breathe fire that far. you guys can do it...!
don't give up, skeleton



Skeleton: Skeleton is. Ske screams in apparent terror, and-



banana (GM): Samuel Chatwick: "Pass the chicken salt. In the-"

Sir Derivus Chatwick: "-no, it's too much. Thin out-"

Samuel Chatwick: "-the corned beef. Of course. Mustard before grilling?"

Sir Derivus Chatwick: "Sauerkraut cancels the flavour. Layer it-"


Samuel Chatwick: "-right, cut off the edges. Enhance the rye."



Travis Meacham: Travis is assembling frantically. It's not the best insulating material possible, but after he wraps the what-he-doesn't-call-tortillas around the filling, he wraps THEM in paper. Should help keep them warm.



Skeleton: rolling 1d20+7 vs md

() + 7

= **8**

wow.




Ghol, Going East: elf queen 6, go





banana (GM): nice. nice dice.





Xarvrax: You two suck today.


 **Skeleton:** ...and that's pretty much all that happens.


 **banana (GM):** i'm still going to demand that skeleton justify how sker attempted spell(?) doesn't attract the wrong kind of attention.


 **Skeleton:** That's where the unfortunate influence of the One-Eyed King comes in. There's still so much death-energy rattling around the city that there's no telling what might set it off - and some kind of terrifying murder attempt surely ranks!

 **banana (GM):** Ghol hears, draws, fires. He doesn't know anything about the politics of the situation, but the brown robed guy is being attacked, and he can help - with skill and with the grace of the forest, but he's slow- aiming is hard when you're itching to loose, the arrow takes flight...
No, really. It takes flight. Little wings sprout from the shaft as it leaves the string.


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax chuckles, though he's not sure why.


 **banana (GM):** Trailing green stars and the sound of the Elf Queen's laughter, the shot goes true.
Skeleton draws in energy to cast- and something clamps down. Ske does nothing, which means doing nothing that would draw attention. Which is nice, but.. ske's doing *nothing*. Skeleton can't move, can't breathe (wait, why is that a problem?). There's a huge moment, when everything seems very large and pressurised. Skeleton's death-energies, so recently stolen, bleed uselessly into nothingness.. and a bell rings.


 **Ghol, Going East:** He mutters a thanks in a language he doesn't actually know -- but he won't realize that bit until later. He's already running towards his target, ready to notch another arrow if need be.


 **banana (GM):** Silver, long and high. Nobody but Skeleton can hear it. The deathpower was stopped by and drawn to the bell. Ske's been found and Marked.


 **Skeleton:** "Wh-"


 **banana (GM):** The guy with the megaphone hasn't noticed *any* of this, and nor have most of his attendants. B.B. has, and he's turning to dash over as it goes down.
Specifically, the elf goes down. A body hits the alabaster. Dead instantly


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax ends the sandwich dance off, only to start the kung fu fight.


 **banana (GM):** Priests turn, gasp, yell and so on. B.B. calls: "Get inside! See what you've brought on yourselves- run!"


 **Vraknaar:** Vraknaar's watching, and heading after Ghol as quick as he can manage.

 **banana (GM):** Another citizen: "The betrayer of the gods.. Volterliviell was trying to strike down the false priest. We should have.." But most look shocked, disclaiming, and he trails off.

 **Skeleton:** Oh, boy. Ohhh boy. All right. Found and marked means Skeleton has... how many days, or possibly hours, before ske should absolutely flee the city? Does it wash off? Does it follow sker around?

 **banana (GM):** The sound of the bell is in the back of Skeleton's mind, now, calling. You're not quite sure whether it can follow you, but it can definitely call.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol doesn't need to check his neck. Another dead elf.

 **banana (GM):** There's.. not a compulsion, not at this range. But you'd kind of like to, all other things being equal, travel to the Ocean and catch a ship to Omen and go and submit yourself to the

judgement of the King.



Ghol, Going East: He won't be sad when this city is at his back.



Skeleton: "Shutupshutupshutup," Skeleton tells it, before looking around and not visibly blinking at a nearby citizen. "What? No, not you."



Placidus: The flatbreads haven't touched a heat source, but they're steaming when they split open cut clean down the middle as if bisected not by a steady hand but by geometry itself. "In the last days, she said, she would pour out her spirit on all her people. Your sons and daughters will prophesy." Each of the flatbreads reveals itself to be accomodatingly hollow. "Your elders will see visions."



banana (GM): (Previously, I assume, Skeleton did NOT want this at all.)



Placidus: The bean orbs, tantalizingly crisp, begin hopping out of the oil like burnt frogs, stacking themselves in perfect squares once more. "Your juniors will dream dreams."



Skeleton: The question is, beyond being compelled, is Skeleton now being TRACKED?



banana (GM): Skeleton doesn't **think** so.. but the question will bear research.

Priests, citizen-patrollers: [LOUD ARGUING]

Ghol and Vraknaar turn up about then. Barry just looks at them. "Why are you always here when this shit happens."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol waves him off without responding.



banana (GM): All throughout the square, the Sandwich artists are putting the finishing touches to their work. Which means the voting phase will begin.

These are the last moments to perfect your mealovations, and indeed the announcements are beginning..



Xarvrax: Xarvrax gets bored, locking into his brother's magical signature, before magically punting a sandwich at it.



Skeleton: Skeleton's pacing back and forth and muttering now.

Elf with a megaphone: "Sandwich makers! Followers of the Goddess - and ordinary people of San Meat. You're doing well today, I can tell by the rumbling stomachs of your crowd."



Ghol, Going East: How clean was the kill? Can Ghol recover the arrow?

The wings are probably gone, now.



Vraknaar: "What can I say? We're troublemakers. We just happen to follow it where it goes and save the day."



banana (GM): Straight through the heart, dead in seconds. The arrow is gone entirely.

Elf with a megaphone: "But not all of you know me."

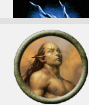


Ghol, Going East: The shot missed...the Elf Queen interceded, and killed one of her own people. For his sake.

*Her


At least it was quick.

Xarvrax: "And none of us care, either!"

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol has lost his appetite.


Elf with a megaphone: "I'm Irrixs van Fop, of the workers' council. With the city garrison occupied and the terror attacks, we're keeping order. You've seen the Council patrollers on the streets. "

 **Xarvrax:** More like, Van Flop.


 **Placidus:** Van Fop is a sufficiently pejorative name on its own.


 **Vraknaar:** Fair enough.

van Fop: "If you have any questions - or needs being unmet by what remains of our imperial governance- please ask any patroller. We've pulled together great resources from volunteers - citizens like you who care about keeping the city safe. Now, back to the hungry games. It seems we're near ready for the tasting!"


 **Skeleton:** The highly-contentious concept of "sufficiently pejorative".


Barry, up on the second level of the Grill: "Well, you saved some guy, at least. Not sure that counts as the whole day this time."


 **banana (GM):** The rest of the priests have fled inside - apart from one acolyte, who's been jostled by the citizens to go over and help with the rest of the event.


 **Vraknaar:** "Hey. His day is a lot better than it was looking a minute ago."


Barry: "Yeah, it was a nice shot."


 **banana (GM):** L'Angelo's come over from ushering/forcing the priests inside. "Coppora will just thank his gods, not you. Or his boss."


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax snarls under his breath, damned Roland, screwing up his future empire.


 **Vraknaar:** "Oh well. Chalk it up for good karma, then. Maybe the gods will know who saved him and slide us one down the road."

 **banana (GM):** The note of the bell in Skeleton's.. ears, mind, soul, whatever. It's a very specific pitch. The ringing fades if ignored but never quite leaves. In retrospect, this might be what Bonanda was bragging about as he ran away.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol: "Then tell him to pray loud to Pauldron tonight."

 **banana (GM):** L'Angelo looks oddly suspicious, but Bitter nods. "We've got to stabilise the situation. Do you need anything else- any more assassins spotted?" This is possibly not a joke.

 **Placidus:** The sandwiches - do these even really qualify? - assemble quickly. Semicircles filled to bursting with perfect spheres and vegetables and some kind of light yogurt sauce. They certainly *look* good. It's only after they're finished that Placidus looks up. What? Where did the priests go?

 **Skeleton:** Skeleton's doing back of the napkin math right now, except ske hasn't got a napkin and so is just sort of tracing a gloved finger rapidly on a banister. This is bad. This is really bad. This is REALLY - wait. Hang on. This works both ways. The One-Eyed King isn't the only one who can exploit this vulnerability and Skeleton's got the advantage of range and understanding. There might be a way around this.

banana (GM): Well, priests or no... the Games must go on.

People, San Meat people at least, are circulating, doing the admin, carrying away the dirty dishes and handing out the scoring forms.. *some* of them are Acolytes.

All around the competitors area, eathletes are nervously relaxing, preparing to share out their food and circulate about to eat the foods of others..!



Xarvrax: Xarvrax notices Placidus finally finishing so he hurls a square of bread at him.



banana (GM): Could Travis roll int+wizarding, please



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+11

(11)+11

= 22



banana (GM): Aha.



Xarvrax: Wizards.



Placidus: Placidus waves cheerily back at Xarvrax.



banana (GM): Capel and the Apparator.. their doubles sandwiches aren't that impressive, but, you know, they're better when you take into account that Capel the Bold is the only one actually there.

He's running the light-sticks illusion of Apparator, using quick movements and unseen servants to play both parts. Must take quite some coordination. So if you trace the thaumic discharge.. the REAL Apparator is invisible, over by the Chatwicks' area, where the reunited family are triumphantly hoisting their reubens and rolls.



Travis Meacham: Pretty slick.

Bad luck for the Chatwicks, though.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax notices, and hucks a square of bread at him too.



banana (GM): Are you 100% sure you want to do that?



Xarvrax: Hmm.

I guess not.

It might disqualify us.



banana (GM): Xarvrax demonstrates minimal self-restraint. Time for everyone to eat each others' sandwiches!



Xarvrax: Xarvrax goes over to try Capel's sandwich.



Travis Meacham: Should travis eat singles sandiwches too, or jsut the doubles?

Capel the Bold: "Judge! Judges, there's a mad dragon approaching me. I may be forced to take steps."



banana (GM): you can eat the singles ones, but can't score them



Xarvrax: Xarvrax snorts, "What was that, I couldn't hear you over the sound of illusory magic?"



Travis Meacham: Well he's going to eat the gnome cube, and then try Placidus's, and then start on the doubles.



banana (GM): The first ones by Placidus are Helen and Salubriot, chattering on the way - the tiny gnome seems to have said something that pissed the Ire Giant off. "-can't seriously fucking believe.." he rumbles, but is stopped by the smell.

Salubriot: "I will eat this."



Placidus: "Hello! I hope you like it."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax takes one of Capel's sandwiches and then moves on without giving him time to respond.



banana (GM): Dementor narrows her eyes, remembering the declined offer of a pact, but she'll take a falafel dish, and is grudgingly unable to even speak for twenty seconds.

Travis finds that the cubewiches are really nice, but undifferentiated - the stuff's all mushed together so you can't even tell what was in it. Whatever it was, it's a good flavour combo! But it's not.. convenient to eat, at all.

Derivus Chatwick is doing the rounds, offering one of his chicken rolls to each of you - and to eat all your sandwiches, having been in both singles and doubles himself.

The knight is still wearing most of his armour, full breastplate and all, but he's loosened the pelvic plates in anticipation of stomach usage.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax eyes the sandwich warily.



Travis Meacham: Travis, having tried one of Placidus's falafels, nods appreciatively. "Damn. REALLY good."

"Have you thought about parsley or sumac? Might be delish."

He strolls on, having helped as usual.



banana (GM): The Chatwick single looks kind of simple - a long bread roll with chunks of white meat and long flaps of skin.. chicken skin, probably? It's all in a white sauce with bits of oregano or something. It smells really, REALLY nice.

..but it's way too salty. Someone's poured the stuff in here without any regard for subtlety and, wow, there's pepper as well. It totally drowns out the flavour.



Placidus: "That's a good idea," says Placidus absently. He feels really good and he's not sure why. He very diplomatically does not pull a face as he eats Chatwick's sandwich.



Xarvrax: Magical "mishap" I'm sure.



banana (GM): Megga and Vill's 'FBLT' would probably taste really great if you were drunk. Which they are, so they're happy about it.



Travis Meacham: What's the F? Do I want to know?



banana (GM): 'Fatty'



Travis Meacham: I was really hoping it just meant "Fried."



Xarvrax: What are the general reactions so far to the Meat Tornado?



banana (GM): It *is* fried, but that's not the only source of fat.

They also seem to have just, put lard on it. For handling.

Xarvrax and Travis's concoction.. it needs a better name. The meat tornado will *do*, it works, but something like this just... qalls out for a perfeqt appellaqion.

Almost everyone loves it. The only complaint is that it's filling- and some of them are already full! This is a particular problem for the smaller races.

But in general? High marks indeed.

From what you've eaten so far, none of the doubles sandwiches were MORE impressive.. except possibly Salubriot!



Xarvrax: What crazy thing did Salubriot make this time?



Travis Meacham: Travis was looking forward to Salubriot's. He likes fish.



banana (GM): His thing... barely counts as a sandwich. There are, indeed, officials gathered and muttering disapprovingly.



Placidus: Indeed, Placidus is intimidated just looking at their thing. "This thing is the size of a small donkey."



banana (GM): It's a latticework of pastry, fish slices, bits of chili and sauces used as layering. You can pull parts of it off the whole to make it finger food - and you have to, there's just one huge lattice.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax chuckles, "It's actually more of a small cow.



banana (GM): Tastes nice! Spicy, bean-y, the fluffy but not crumbly pastry takes the role of rice.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax will give that a good score then.



banana (GM): Sam Chatwick's folded meat mustard rye things looked totally, absolutely awesome. Pity about all that pepper and cumin.



Travis Meacham: "This pastry is really delicious," he says to Salubriot. "Did you make it yourself or custom order it?"



Placidus: "It's good, though." Placidus is going to feel like garbage once all this meat starts working through his system.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax scores Capel's the lowest it can be.

Salubriot: "Grrah. Not a single chef in this flameforsaken city understands the word 'puff'. Had to grind the bones of morons together before they'd keep their ovens at a low enough temperature for shortcrust..! Fuck"



Travis Meacham: Travis gives everything a fair and unskewed score. He has a LITTLE sportsmanship, it seems.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax nods, "I know right? I literally had to juggle fire to get things done around here."



Travis Meacham: "We had to call in a favor to get them to make the bread thin yet sturdy enough for this."



Placidus: Placidus would never try to undermine his opponents just by giving them bad votes. Sportsmanship aside, it's so incredibly obvious. He gives notably high marks to Helen and leaves a note in the comments section - 'very challenging!'.



banana (GM): By comparison to the doubles entries, the singles one are just.. sad. The ruined roll, the trivial dagwood, Helen's overclever cube.. Legitimate Phil produced something like a croissant but he couldn't find the right cheeses to go with it. Placidus is way out in front of the pack, and runs out of servings before the crowd get any at all.



Travis Meacham: Helen's would be alright. You know, for travel rations, or something.



Placidus: It could stand to benefit from a more ergonomic design.

Megga, sapper captain: "They're not thaaat bad. You ask for butter and they bring you butter."



Travis Meacham: Orbs, maybe.

Megga, sapper captain: "Ask for more butter... more butter."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax isn't doing it out of spite, more out of "take that you cheating bastard."

Vill: "We got two barrels of butter. Before they realised. Ahahaa"



Kon: Kon doesn't get any of the falafel, but he IS hungry now and would find a, uh, a Meat Tornado(???) very satisfying.



Placidus: "I had to tell them what garbanzo beans were. Do you believe that?"



Travis Meacham: Then a meat tornado, or maybe a bovetto, Kon may have.



Xarvrax: Yes.
Bovetto.



banana (GM): The score sheets have circulated, and soon they're going to announce winners..! Without the interruption of religion, this time. The others are still hanging around the temple, right?



Vraknaar: it's a vacito



Ghol, Going East: Ghol is currently brooding on the dais.



Vraknaar: torito? idk



Xarvrax: Xarvrax actually scored the chatwicks well, since the spices don't really bother him much.



Placidus: becerro



banana (GM): Samuel and Sir Derivus are confused, then indignant when everyone keeps making the same complaints about their sandwiches. But once they figure it out- everything's back to smiles and laughter, clapping each other on the back and telling stories of the long lost years. Neither seems to care much who actually wins.

(On the sidelines, the REST of the "Barbarians" are furious...)



Travis Meacham: if they'd only screwed up ONE sandwich, then there'd be recriminations but if both are wildly overseasoned, clearly there's been foul play



banana (GM): Yeah, it's pretty obvious. Thankfully there's no way to tell WHO did it, or on whose behalf.

Eventually, most of the "Workers' Council" have cleared out away from the temple and the priests find it safe to come out again. Is Ghol still up there? Because "Mr. Coppora"'s going to be looking for him if

so.



Skeleton: Skeleton is, apparently in the middle of a reverie.



Ghol, Going East: He is.

Commissioner von Fop: Flanked by a couple of patrollers.. and with Father Vealsgravy close behind.. the citizen begins announcing the results. "A year to remember. Recipes to replicate, to spread through our city and show to the world, for which we thank these.."

Vealsgravy: The priest murmurs something.

Commissioner von Fop: Heh. "These *pious* competitors. Sportsmen. And sportsgnomes. Everyone's done well, actually, but there must be ranks for there to be awards, and ranks we have.."



Vraknaar: sportsdragons?



Xarvrax: Sportsdragons.



Ghol, Going East: This guy's an ass.



Xarvrax: Buncha racists.

Xarvrax stealthily throws a bread square at von fop.



banana (GM): Ghol, with the name-musing Vraknaar and reverious Skeleton, is accosted by a short brown priest.

gimme a dex roll dc 20, xarvrax



Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 7

(14)+7

= 21



Travis Meacham: nice shooting

Coppora: Mr. Coppora of the Church of the Elect is totally beardless - unusual for a dwarf. He's physically unimpressive, but the simple bead necklace around his neck (each inscribed with the sigil of a different deity) radiates so much power that you're not sure whether the knife would have even penetrated his flesh.



Vraknaar: bread projectiles

Coppora: "I've asked questions. You're Ghol, Going East."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol looks up from where he sits, the Knife of the Wounded God now unrecognizable in his hands save for the blade. When he sees who it is, he looks back down to his work. "I am."

Commissioner von Fop: "In first place, without further ado." Further ado ensures when the cubewich hits him in the side.

spluttering

Helen: "Boingo." Several gnomes have gathered about her, and one of them says "GOOD toss. The

dragon guy?"



Placidus: Placidus coughs to stifle his snicker.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax just stands around whistling innocently.

Coppora: "I'm unimportant. On a personal level, I appreciate what you did; it won't change the fate of San Meat but I'm pleased to avoid the trip, as it were, through San Sard."



Travis Meacham: What's in San Sard?
or is that a metaphor for "dying"



Ghol, Going East: A city in Snakesrule, according to our map.



Placidus: Shuman Sard - elf god of passing & transition - death to life, one place to another, through careers



Ghol, Going East: Perhaps also the latter.



Placidus: San Sard will be his temple city.

Commissioner von Fop: "These games. Are a celebration of the city, and won't be interrupted just by some jape. So the very best of the single sandwiches was made by Placidus Fixlmillner, a manager; I'm told that his balls are drizzled in.." he frowns at the papers he's holding. "Anyway, very well done. Second and third places go to the other gnome and to Sir Derivus."

Helen: "THE OTHER GNOME?"



Vraknaar: "Didn't seem too unimportant when you were giving that speech."



Xarvrax: Can Xarvrax sneak in another throw without rolling, or would I have to roll again?



banana (GM): Gary Appleton: "Who is this Placidus guy? Have we met?"
Srea, the half-orc half-gnome: "The one who hums. Works for the warg."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol's eyes flick over to the festivities for a moment before returning to his work. "Glad to help." He carves a bit more off. "I was aiming for his leg."

Coppora: "I know. That's why I wanted to give you some advice, in gratitude and otherwise."



Placidus: "If it's any consolation, Helen, yours was my favorite."

Dementor: "Thanks." She doesn't sound like it's any consolation.



Travis Meacham: What a lie! Clearly his own was his favorite.

Appleton: "Oh, you. Yeah, from the inn with Wash-It-Down.. when you were talking about all your weird teammates?"



Xarvrax: I could totally throw another cube at him.





banana (GM): ..Placidus does remember Gnome Team's faces from somewhere alcoholic.




Placidus: "That was me, yes."
"I don't recall exactly what I said, but I'm sure it seemed like a good idea at the time."


Commissioner von Fop: "Doubles. A unique event; teamwork's important to our present and our future. This was very closely scored and I'll give you the reverse rankings, for drama's sake."
"Last are the Aftershock, who were sadly called away during the event..."


 **banana (GM):** (hurrah for skeleton, there)


 **Placidus:** Kelly turns to look at the crowd. "After-shucks."


Commissioner von Fop: "Barbarians next. Excellent presentation, apparently, but it's not enough for the diamond prize."
"In third place are the very *practical* team Wash-It-Down. I had a couple of your creations brought to the Council. Seems good for late nights."
"Then a problem."
"With the Thuah, the Aftershock not available, voting was uneven. We have to award a *joint* ruby medal here to Team Salubriot and to the team Kon's Men."

 **banana (GM):** Presumably he means voting 'was even' as in even numbers. He's not the clearest speaker.

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax prepares another cube to launch.

 **Placidus:** "Huzzah!"


 **Travis Meacham:** Travis gives Salubriot an appraising look. Well, that could have gone worse.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Wait, what? The ruby medal is second place, isn't it?


Commissioner von Fop: "In a nice note for the spirit of cooperation - you each voted for each others' sandwiches. Congratulations, doubled doublesers!"

Salubriot: "That was very stupid. Of me."
"But the meat. The shaping of it, the twists, the packing.."


 **Xarvrax:** Cube armed, aimed, and ready to fire.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Someone should probably stop him before we get disqualified.


 **Travis Meacham:** Travis steps in front of Xarvrax. "Come on. Salubriot's was good, you know it."


 **Xarvrax:** "If someone else gets first, that's when I fire."

Coppora: Ghol's still silent, but the priest forges on. "You've got a name from the hill tribes. You're a young man caught up in the affairs of gods and great beings."

 **banana (GM):** von Fop is actually just, stepping away from the megaphone now. They've announced all the prizes, it seems.

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax supposes he can get away for now, but stores the cube for later foppery.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol will stop carving and stare up at Coppora, now.

 **banana (GM):** Sadly, this guy seems like the sort you might be seeing a lot more of if you remained in the town. An incentive to leave?

Placidus: Hey, at least he's not named after meat.



Travis Meacham: We're definitely leaving asap after the games.

Coppora: "..so I'm letting you know you have other options. The destinies of mortal men are not written in stone by Pauldron, Lutika or Vecna. You've been made a quaestor, but you *can* resign, or.. invert the power structure. Paths will be open."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol will meet his gaze here and say: "I know where my loyalties lie." And then he will return to his work.

Coppora: Mr. Coppora gives a little bow of thanks and goes back inside the temple of Alabastien Meat.




Skeleton: rolling 1d20+6 int roll for overhearing names (increase by 4 if necromancy somehow applies)

() + 6

= **13**



Placidus: rolling d20+6 nameknowing

() + 6

= **12**



Ghol, Going East: Nice dice, today.



banana (GM): Well, you both know who Pauldron is.



Ghol, Going East: rolling d20+1 why not

() + 1

= **11**

Nice.



banana (GM): we're counting down and up simultaneously

So: the cheers and the jeers. You've won, again! Salubriot has also won, and he's furious about it.



Xarvrax: Whatever, he can refer to his jaw sculptures for my feelings on the matter.



banana (GM): The crowd's a bit less and a bit more tentative than before the attacks - but the sandwiches were great and the elfwine flows and a lot of them bet on Kon's Men. They're shouting your names and are essentially Yours for the rest of the afternoon.





Travis Meacham: Hell yeah. Travis is gonna go out and party, he's just got the one event tomorrow ... morning ... hmm.

Maybe he WON'T go out and party.





banana (GM): It sucks SO BAD when they reschedule meetings for the early morning.


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax is checking the skies, looking for the sandwich he punted at his brother earlier, before shrugging, Chaos..

 **Skeleton:** Skeleton's going to meet up with Placidus and the others at the next available opportunity to talk in private. "Listen," ske says. "There's a small problem but I think I can fix it."


 **Travis Meacham:** lol


 **Placidus:** "Do you... hear something?"


 **Ghol, Going East:** Perhaps now would be a good time for--


 **Travis Meacham:** THIS IS EXTREMELY OMINOUS


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


 **Vraknaar:** "A small problem? With your... condition?"


 **Skeleton:** "Up there in the stands, I tried to save someone from getting stabbed at range and messed up. Ghol took care of it... but the energy I was summoning up got, ah, detected."


 **banana (GM):** It was as if someone was waiting.


 **Skeleton:** "Not by anyone here! We're fine!"

 **banana (GM):** But if the One-Eyed King himself is involved, does he really have the attention to await the acts of every single undead being out there? Is Skeleton that special - or could the King be that powerful, have that much reach?


 **Placidus:** "I see."


 **Skeleton:** "Just, by some sort of contingent protocol thing probably left here by the Wizard King in the wake of the attack I missed. I'm not sure if it's totally automated or if anyone actually knows."


 **Placidus:** "I think this is the part where you explain how you're going to fix it."


 **Skeleton:** "Anyway the upshot is that I'm feeling a mild compulsion to take the first boat to Omen and surrender myself. BUT."


"I think I can elaborate on 'Command Undead' in order to perform a necromantic ritual that compels me, the skeleton, to NOT obey that first compulsion."

 **Vraknaar:** "So basically, this is the thing I was worried about. He's got his claws in you."


 **Placidus:** "You can magically compel yourself to do things?"

 **banana (GM):** It's mild enough to be expressed as a sort of.. preference. Like you just feel, man, wouldn't it be nice to do that? Go join the armies of the dead as a totally subservient soulcomponent. Could be cool. Maybe someday. Bit of an ambition. You know, if you get the opportunity.

 **Skeleton:** "Well, I'm undead. And I can cast Command Undead, or a facsimile thereof."

 **Placidus:** "That sounds really handy."

"You never have to worry about procrastinating."

 **Skeleton:** "If Omen can order me around with magic, then I don't see why I couldn't."



Travis Meacham: i hope that as skeleton accrues more and more one eyed king 5s, (just 5s), he eventually succumbs to that compulsion and becomes a lieutenant in the one eyed king's army
BUT an epicly powerful and autonomous one
thereby everyone getting what they want, including us, woh get to kill ferrinus



banana (GM): hell yes



Placidus: agreed all around



Skeleton: "So, ah, I'm going to need to hunker down and work the magic somewhere, I think. I guess I don't need to right away, although it'd put me at ease to."



banana (GM): Ske's got ambition, at least. "If the King can do it, why can't I?"
These are the thoughts from which empires are born or die; the ones uttered as actual calls to action at the ends of the Ages of the world.