






 **banana (GM):** *arranges everyone's minions*


 **Crion:** minions. Kon's got some


 **banana (GM):** yeah really he should be at the centre of the whole thing


 **Crion:** here's what's still annoying: it's been literal months, possibly years, and the Welcome to Roll20! intro blurb STILL uses "discrete" where it should use "discreet"

 **VoxPVoxD:** fucked up but true
though it's a common mistake, for all intensive purposes

 **banana (GM):** augh

 **Crion:** I just get the feeling that the people running Roll20 could care less


 **VoxPVoxD:** it does seem like the kind of thing they ought to reign in

 **Crion:** but really it should of been fixed by now

 **VoxPVoxD:** agreed with all've the above


Commissioner von Fop: "This is the final main event of the eleventh Games of the Age!"


 **Placidus:** Huh?


 **banana (GM):** And so it is, from the audience's point of view; the Taste against Time will take place all over the city, for an extended period, and you can't spectate most of it>

 **Placidus:** Oh, okay.


Commissioner von Fop: "The holy Father Vealsgravy will now give the blessing and invocation for this celebration of carnal art."


 **banana (GM):** The priest steps up to begin a long and boring religious speech.. with several citizen-patrollers and L'Angelo there to make sure he stays on point. You can't help but notice the High Father hasn't been allowed out this time.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Hrmph.

 **banana (GM):** Everyone *else* is here, though. The morning's safe and exciting event has revived interest in the games - and there's nothing else to do in the city at night, since this will be the biggest party around.

All of Kon's Men - and Kon the warg himself, awakened, still-scaled - get nice VIP seats to watch the show, and a number of other team members have taken advantage of those privileges also.

 **Placidus:** Placidus has trouble feeling bad for the priests, because meat is repulsive and Election is a racket. In fact it's almost satisfying watching their power get arbitrarily pulled away from them, temporal or miraculous. Heh. Chew on THAT.

 **banana (GM):** Vraknaar and the competitors from four other teams are preparing. At this rate, it'll be another ten minutes before they can actually start gnawing on any raw materials for their creativity.. so how's everybody feeling?

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol is still...annoyed? Concerned with how the assassination attempt went off. As if he didn't have enough to brood about already.

He's worried about Kon, too. The warg is quiet today. Has been ever since the sausage finals.



banana (GM): The sun is setting over the alabastered city. Crowds are milling about and eating and buying souvenir pennants. The dragon cultists have turned up to randomly praise Xarvrax some more - they drag him away to lavish it - and back at the hotel, you're accumulating bizarre probablymagical unopenable container after container...

Travis was the first, and his beacon is getting full again. He can estimate it'll probably 'go off' tomorrow morning.



Riidi WW: Great.



Placidus: Apart from his small kernel of vengeful glee at these reprobates con carne, Placidus feels pretty good! They've more or less swept the Games, people like them, nobody's tried to stab him to death or enervate him with necrotic energies in a whole day. What's not to like, honestly?



Skeleton: Skeleton is on edge. Ske hasn't had time to actually put into motion the plan ske sketched out yesterday, having spent the intervening time on a combination of checked and re-checked calculations and generalized worrying. As the double-robed undead sits in the stands, ske rocks in place a bit and periodically glances eastward annoyed.



Placidus: Best of all, the seat that seems to be reserved for Xarvrax is empty! Placidus doesn't know where he went, but he's glad the scion of the Blue isn't sitting next to him.



banana (GM): It probably doesn't help that Salubriot keeps glancing over at Travis and Skeleton. The ire giant has a good memory, and he knows who it was that attacked him on the first night..



Travis Meacham: I remember it a little differently.



banana (GM): Travis he's made a kind of sandwiched peace with, but Kelly Stone he hadn't re-met until now.

As well as Salubriot King Magician is preparing to jaw, as is a 'barbarian', and the nearly half-dozen wizard apprentices. Capel and Apparator are over there too, up to something as usual; the arcanists can't look unsuspicious if their lives depend on it, which they don't, because they're powerful wizards.



Placidus: Wizards are the worst.



Ghol, Going East: That is what the Movement teaches us, yes.



banana (GM): (And necromancers are the worst of those...)

Vealsgravy: "...under the frying Sun, baking Her laid-out cutlets to the perfection of Heaven.."



Placidus: Placidus will move to Xarvrax's chair, even though it's much larger and the gnome looks preposterous in it, so he can whisper to Ghol. "What do you think he's going to make?"



banana (GM): A couple of dwarves are here to cheer for Salubriot, for some reason. There are more of them a few yards away, those less willing to get close to the enormous burning man, but equally enthusiastic.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol doesn't look up from his whittling; he's just about done with it. "Dunno."

K.M.: King Magician is doing a warmup. "You can eat if you want to - you can leave your veg behind"
"Cause if you won't eat a portion of this meat then YOU'RE NO FRIEND OF MINE"



Placidus: Placidus sees Ghol's whittling. "Oh, good idea, that."



banana (GM): Erryone roll either wisdom or int + backgrounds applicable to noticing Shenanigans, please.



Ghol, Going East: "Yeah." He raises it up; the grip has been reduced in size by half and actually optimized for combat. "Less of an overt dick replacement, now."



banana (GM): Finally someone says it. Somewhere, the great god Gash titters.



Ghol, Going East: rolling d20+4

(15)+4

= 19



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+11 Let's see what those Wizards are up to.

(16)+11

= 27



Placidus: "Probably for the best."



Ghol, Going East: Eventually we'll be back in the woods and some of Ghol's training and knowledge will actually apply again. But not today.



Placidus: rolling d20+10 rolling Unnatural Philosopher to noticing anything amiss as relates to the sum or the series

(19)+10

= 29



Skeleton: rolling 1d20+6 regular int check, but add 4 if there's anything related to A) necromancy or B) bones to notice

(4)+6

= 10


Vealsgravy: "..your condiments are being provided by the acolytes and citizens now. We wish inspiration to you all.. to allow concentration and inhibit distraction, the roped areas will be sealed away from the crowd by a rite, so this is your last chance, competitors, to take care of smallroom business."



banana (GM): Travis and Placidus see it first. The wizards are preparing a.. trap? Guided by the master enchanters, the conclave of apprentices has insinuated tendrils of sympathetic magic from foodcart to waiter to cart, throughout the area, stretching into all the competitors' regions save Vraknaar's. It's visible to Travis as a shimmering web of crystal strands, ready to snap and release Something; Placidus sees merely a deliberately introduced imbalance. An equation that does not converge.


When I say "first" - they're also the only ones who see it at all. At least among Kon's Men.

rolling d20+6

() + 6


= **7**

rolling d20+8

() + 8

= **20**

rolling d20+5

() + 5

= **21**



Placidus: Huh, well. As long as it's everyone *but* us.



banana (GM): The only ones in the square, in fact...



Travis Meacham: "Is it responsible for it to be everyone but us? What if they correctly suspect us of collaboration and match-fixing?"



banana (GM): Acolytes range throughout the area between the roped stages. Father Vealsgravy raises his holy symbol (the stylised symbol of the Goddess: a ham) to begin the sauce barrier rite.

Salubriot: "I've got gods damn artists' block. I can't SLEEP on the narrow elf BEDS in this city. Gggggr"

Vraknaar hasn't bothered to taunt anyone, it seems.



Travis Meacham: In fact, Travis is gonna go walk over and talk to the wizards/



Skeleton: Skeleton lingers in his wake.



Travis Meacham: "Hey there. So, really interesting work I see you all doing here, not sure what's gonna pop out but here's the thing."

"It looks like everyone except Vraknaar is going to get it. Won't that look suspicious?"



Placidus: Placidus doesn't follow. These things have a way of working themselves out.

Capel: "What, excuse me. Isn't the event about to start.. my friend, random stranger.. who I don't know?"



Ghol, Going East: Wizards.


Vealsgravy: "...And so let it baste!"





banana (GM): The white sauce walls go up around the roped enclosures, locking the artists away with their art. Or their lunch. But it's not like it's too late to do anything, here: the web of pending spells still hasn't been activated.




Skeleton: "Can you just shut it off?" This to Travis.


 **banana (GM):** The Apparator just floats there, being mostly glowy light and internal organs. He(?) looks kind of exhausted, this conveyed entirely through posture - must have been a hard spell.

 **Placidus:** Does the sauce barricade us from seeing the jawsculptors or just the common rabble?


 **Travis Meacham:** "But I don't want to shut it off, it looks like they did something cool."

 **banana (GM):** You can still see them- it's shimmery but not fully opaque.


Capel: Capel the Bold rolls his eyes. "Look, don't worry. Nobody's going to suspect our idiot apprentices of sabotaging *themselves*."


 **Skeleton:** "But... what."


The closest apprentice: Quoth he also: "What?"

 **Ghol, Going East:** Tight ship Capel is running here.


Capel: "Why can you even hear me through that thing?"


 **Skeleton:** "What did they do, I mean. What is it?"


 **Placidus:** To Ghol: "Do you think it'll be another dragon?"
"Maybe two!"


 **Travis Meacham:** "Yeah but what if they suspect us of sabotaging everyone else?"

Capel: "No, no no. It's just going to collapse the dumb meat wall spell inward and wake their creations."


 **banana (GM):** Most of the apprentices are working away, gnawing some pork into shapes; only the closest one, apparently, thought to set up a remote-sensory spell to participate in this conversation. "Master, that could kill us!"

 **Ghol, Going East:** "I've had enough of dragons for now, personally." He mutters this so hopefully the mature one inside the sauce dome won't hear.


 **Travis Meacham:** "Oh."
"Well, actually that sounds like a great idea."
"Assuming nobody is sculpting like, a life-size dragon."


 **Placidus:** "It is nice not having them around to bicker or pick fights with anyone."
He leans back in his enormous chair. "Everything is fine."

The Apparator: "Thanks, mortal."

 **Skeleton:** "What's actually the point, though?"

Capel: "Yeah, it was Apparator's idea. Looking around we've got, what.. mostly abstract shit, sexy things, it's going to be a goblin-level event at most.."

 **Ghol, Going East:** "Not that like. NOT knowing where Xarvrax is, or what he's doing, is very comforting."

 **banana (GM):** Xarvrax has vanished entirely from the square at this point- he seemed to be

accumulating people as he went.



Placidus: "Maybe he found a ball of yarn somewhere. Dragons are essentially cats, right?"



Ghol, Going East: "I dunno. Are you allergic to dragons?"

Capel: To Skeleton: "What do you mean, what's the point? The point is to pay you for taking a dangerous message into enemy territory."

Apprentice: "I haven't even learned to conjure nymphs yet.."



Placidus: "Not that I know of, though it's not like they've ever shed on me."



Skeleton: "Oh, what, really? I think I was indisposed when we set that up."



Placidus: "You know I've never met anyone else who's allergic to cats? It's the strangest thing. They're all over the damn place."



Ghol, Going East: Good. Stop harassing the nymphs, wizards.

"Huh," Ghol says, finishing up a carving of stylized pair of crossed axes right beside the tang.



banana (GM): There are a few packs of half-feral cats that travel with the Movement. As far as Ghol knows, the Orc Lord's never declared them an enemy of nature or anything, so..



Ghol, Going East: Ghol's been away for awhile. There's been ample time for that problem to correct itself.

Capel: "Ye-ees." He peers closely at Skeleton. "Indisposed."

The Apparator: "We should get away from the enclosures before the wakeweb impels."



Skeleton: Skeleton waves a gloved hand in Capel's face. "What? Quit it."

Capel: The wizard huffs beardily backward.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol glances up across the pavilion, then does a double-take. "Why are we letting the Ske--schhhholer, the SCHOLAR, talk to the wizards?!"



Travis Meacham: Travis is gonna walk back over to Placidus.



Placidus: "How are we going to stop him?"



Ghol, Going East: "Does this not seem like a PROFOUNDLY BAD IDEA?"



Travis Meacham: Nothing here could possibly go wrong.



banana (GM): A pair of young elf boys have come up to Kon - one of them recognises him from earlier in the week. They've got a ball and a burning desire to interest the doggy in the ball.



Kon: Kon is dozing.

Apprentice: Urgently: "Did none of you heard that? They-" The wizard makes a mental adjustment and abruptly, his voice cuts off.



Ghol, Going East: To Placidus: "When that thing gives itself away -- and it will, because it has no sense -- we're pretending we never met it, yeah?"



Placidus: Placidus wavers his hand back and forth. "Truth be told... I wouldn't really mind the excuse to leave early."

"I'm getting sick of this city. Literally. I've felt like my stomach was full of ball bearings for a week now. I swear there's meat in the water somehow."

To Travis: "Hello, Travis. Did you find out what the wizards are doing?"



Travis Meacham: "The meat sweats, eh?"

"It's irresponsible but it should be cool."



banana (GM): The Thaumaturgustators leave - and as they pass out of the square, Capel clicks his fingers to light a magic fuse. Travis can see it, burning towards the art enclosures, invigorating the unknowing crowds.



Placidus: "That's probably the best we can hope for."



Skeleton: "It sounds like they're going to make everything come to life on our behalf...?"



Placidus: "That's not necromancy, is it?"


"A pile of meat is probably distinct from a corpse, magically speaking."

"I assume."



banana (GM): Various creations of meat are taking place now in all the roped enclosures - each of the jawsculptors using their mouth in a variety of inventive and disgusting ways. It's too early yet to see whether Vraknaar will be coming out ahead.

rolling d20+4 apprentices

()+4

= **6**

nice



Skeleton: Skeleton thinks. "It certainly doesn't HAVE to be... also the fact that a pile of meat that's shaped like a person wasn't, actually, a person is pretty important re: its post-animation motor skills."



Placidus: "Is it, though? That's surprising."

"I mean, a skeleton, for instance, doesn't need coherent muscle groups to move around."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol scowls. "Bonanda or whatever his name was certainly animated monstrous meat."



Skeleton: "Well, it's about making something forget that it's supposed to be dead, and ignore various physical details that might lead it to conclude so."



Travis Meacham: "Maybe whatever animates the dead - by the way, Kel, what DOES animate you - needs a certain habit of motion."

"Hmm."

"Alright, possibly something has gone wrong with the wizards."

Crowd: "Gooo KM! Bring back the thunder!"



Skeleton: "If someone - sorry, this is going to be gross - if someone, like, carved a little hand out of the

meat of something's thigh, that hand wouldn't actually be articulated properly, or know how to make a fist, or whatever, whether it was somehow still alive or dead and reanimated."

Crowd: "Kon's Men and the Copper Companies! Eating every damn thing!"

"Salubriot, he's got a lot! Of.. uh"



Ghol, Going East: Good slogan, as far as those go.



Skeleton: To Travis: "Uh, my animus, I guess."



Placidus: "I'll be honest, this necromancy business all seems dreadfully arbitrary. It's as if somebody decided that everything that was spooky or disgusting ought to be the same kind of magic."



Ghol, Going East: "Yeah. Really convenient."



banana (GM): All the sauce walls go solid white for a moment, and a burst of silence ripples through the square.



Placidus: A burst of- how does that work?



Skeleton: "Well, it's not! Just making a lump of meat get up and walk around as a golem ISN'T necromancy. Unless you, like... reanimated it, but then exerted precise control over each and every fiber... which I'm not sure you could, really."



banana (GM): As it passes over you, you can't hear Ghol talking, and then the last syllable returns..



Skeleton: "Stitching a bunch of what was that?"



Placidus: "Odd."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol's hand reflexively creeps down towards the Rune of Peace leaning against the side of his chair.



Travis Meacham: "I'm sure that wasn't supposed to happen."



banana (GM): There are shouts. From the Alabaster Grill, priests (still flanked by citizen-patrollers) burst forth, yelling about sabotages and dire portents and so on.

The sauce wards return to normal- but the extra energy they contain flashes outward, and as they reveal once again the distorted images of the meatart taking place within, a copy of each image steps forth from the wall, out into the real world...!

Well, I say "each". Vraknaar's enclosure is fine... and the apprentices' creations, little schnitzels shaped like moons and stars, fly *into* their enclosure and start buzzing about.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol now has both Rune and Knife in hand.



banana (GM): So you've got a net of ~3 forcecopied artgolems here.

The good news is that there's a bunch of skilled fighters and so on just hanging about. Bad news, you're gonna need them; roll initiative unless someone has a really good idea really fast.



Travis Meacham: If anyone asks, Vraknaar's didn't get copied because Travis worked a quick counterspell. He's a wizard. That's actually a thing he can do.



Placidus: We all need to be reminded from time to time that Travis can do things.



Travis Meacham: We do.



Kon: Kon snuffles and finally stands, gently herding the elf boys behind him, between him and the presumptive meatfight.

*putting himself between them and the presumptive meatfight.



banana (GM): Space ripples as half-finished things step forth...! A great ship of salmon bedecked in meatballs sails into the sky up by Far-ARcher; a thing like a trenchcoat and sunglasses, clothing realised in strips of bacon, bursts forth from King Magician's area; Salubriot's abstract mass of pork rods and beef curtains takes flopping flight.



Skeleton: Skeleton draws back and huddles closer to the others, staring back and forth between the images. Is that necro-trap ske triggered the other day still actually active? Can it be depended on to siphon any overt ephemeral byproducts of black magic right up?



banana (GM): The REALLY good news is that this isn't necessary.
They're, like, force golem image copies. They don't even smell.



Ghol, Going East: "Abstract mass of pork rods and beef curtains." Ghol feels slightly uncomfortable, here.



Placidus: Placidus sighed as he drew his kata- wand. As he drew his wand.



Skeleton: rolling 1d20+3 initiativ

(4)+3

= 7



Ghol, Going East: rolling d20+2

(18)+2

= 20



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+4

(16)+4

= 20



Placidus: rolling d20+6 initiative

(2)+6

= 8

rip



Ghol, Going East: tear





banana (GM): ok, setting up turns now

rolling d20+7 k.m.'s meat ensemble


(15)+7


= 22


 **Skeleton:** there'll be room for everyone ON THE SHIP


 **banana (GM):** Three amplified, rampaging magical copies of culinary art have been released from the barriers' built up energies! The high father and acolytes appear at the top of the stairs to yell incoherently.

Burgersear: : "RESTORE THE SAUCE WARDS! Leash these things taken too soon from the ovens whence they were spawned!"


 **Placidus:** Why is that thing not called Full Meat-al Jacket.

 **banana (GM):** He doesn't do much to actually help. But half of Wash-It-Down are over to your left, calling in more dwarves, pointing and gagging at the meat curtains; an ad-hoc collaboration of assholes and failures has set upon the meatship.

 **Travis Meacham:** im loviong that its an authentic jpg of hte meatship


 **banana (GM):** That leaves you guys facing against King Magician's half finished creation. It looks like his jawsculpture is going to be a full outfit - coat, flared pants, buttons made of stuffing, the works. But right now it's just a hanging flapping magic-powered baconthing with a pair of useless sunglasses hanging above it..?
It's really big, but it's not clear what it will do. Then, it does it.

 **Skeleton:** "Augh!"

 **banana (GM):** The meatcoat drifts toward Skeleton - and raises a rasher-wrapped arm. A torrent of meatscarves fly forward, growing into entire pieces of meatwear - a clothes-colony that tries to inhabit and surround Skeleton from the limbs outward.

 **Skeleton:** "AUGH!"

 **Ghol, Going East:** Is it trying to...wear it?

 **banana (GM):** rolling d20+6 vs reflex, this is its atwill - 12 damage and ongoing puppeteering on hit, 14 damage on miss

(6)+6

= 12


er


i mean vs pd


also, i mean 12 damage on miss

also, i mean that it's ghol's turn


 **Skeleton:** pd... 11.


 **banana (GM):** alright, take 12 and on your turn there will be some bad stuff you won't like

 **Skeleton:** 24/36 hp and ongoing puppeteered
"Hey, get this off. Hey. Hey!!"


 **Ghol, Going East:** What's puppeteered mean and can I do anything about it, through violence?

Megga: "This creation is vaguely insulting, ladies. We might be out of the tourney, but we're not out of our minds yet."
"Let's put it back in the chunderbucket of history!"


 **banana (GM):** it means this: on skeleton's turn, the meatcoat controls skeleton's movement, and will try and move sker over into the main coatbody
it could conceivably be prevented by restraining skem, or cutting the clothes colony off


 **Placidus:** we should stop that, probably


Annamiranda Ersatz: "It came to us on a wave of umami. We need more.. weapons, more hands to hold them."


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol would like to attempt the latter, yes. Kon will move first to engage, however, and attempt the same.


Nono: "Yer highness." The Steak Whisperer purses his lips and blows a piercing whistle; more dark-clad rogues begin to coalesce out of shadows that weren't even there before.


 **banana (GM):** OK, if you want to attack the clothes colony, the catch is that you deal damage to Skeleton also; any damage dealt, however, will tear it apart.
as it's much more fragile than the main coat

 **Travis Meacham:** sounds great. ill just keep ray of frosting my teammate.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Kon will attack first, then, since his damage potential is lower. This would be a bad roll for Ghol to crit


 **banana (GM):** good luck.
The funny thing is you can see from here that Vraknaar and King Magician aren't even *aware* of the fight going on outside. The sauce ward works.

 **Kon:** rolling 1d20+7


()+7


= **12**


rolling 1d10


()

= **6**


 **Skeleton:** i forget, can you deliberately cast a lower level version of a prepared spell

 **banana (GM):** i don't think the rules ever addressed it! but it sounds reasonable


 **Kon:** Kon tries to bat at the meatcoat instead of biting it; his jaw could crush Skeleton's bones...


 **banana (GM):** The mage-meat is unsatisfying in Kon's mouth; it has the taste, but not the texture, dissolving into nothing.


MEATCOAT: flap flap dangle *pepper falls out of pocket*


 **Skeleton:** so i take 6 damage and am free?


 **Kon:** Or, that.


 **banana (GM):** yep
that was vs ac, right?


 **Kon:** Yes


 **Skeleton:** i'm Staggered
(and have AC 12)

 **banana (GM):** the puppeteering clothes colonies have 12/10/9 ac/md/pd

 **Ghol, Going East:** That leaves Ghol open to assault the main meat vestment.


 **banana (GM):** It lurks menacingly, out of fashion, its belt still uncrafted.

 **Ghol, Going East:** rolling 1d20+7

()+7


= **13**


rolling 2d6+6


( + )+6


= **17**

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE


 **banana (GM):** The thing is eventually going to resemble, once Magician's done, what he thinks a badass should look like. It's a creditable impersonation.

 **Ghol, Going East:** awesome rolls

 **banana (GM):** Unfortunately, it's fauxcon substance is quite tough, and that misses

 **Ghol, Going East:** even, though
so

rolling 1d20+7

()+7

= 22

rolling 2d6+6

(1 + 1)+6

= 8

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE; damage caused by the Knife takes twice as long to heal.



banana (GM): yep

hit



Ghol, Going East: oh my god.



Travis Meacham: you were nearly able to Execute Order 6 6 6



Placidus: rip



banana (GM): 8 damage, yes?



Ghol, Going East: yes, done

10 total damage

8 resistant or w/e



Travis Meacham: oh yeah in the future we should let me take care of puppets b/c i have shocking grasp

The Singer: alalala la la; chi chi-curee!



Travis Meacham: ill ray of frost the coat

rolling 1d20+6 vs pd

(3)+6

= 9



Placidus: ah yes

Kapp: "THIS THE DEEPEST YOU CAN PENETRATE? HA!"



banana (GM): veeooveeooveeoo miss



Travis Meacham: Look. Please do not harass the wizard who can't hit.



Placidus: we have only ourselves to blame



banana (GM): She's talking to the meatcurtains- they're tilting and sending out spear-y things.



Ghol, Going East: rolls so low they call us the 3-6 mafia

banana (GM): Placidus is probably up



Placidus: Placidus is concentrating very hard, in part to focus himself and in part to avoid looking at or thinking about the thing the dwarves are fighting.

focus go



banana (GM): skeleton



Skeleton: am i Engaged right now?

Vill: "What did I misssss*sweet*."



Ghol, Going East: Maybe with Kon?



banana (GM): the meatcoat didn't engage skeleton, it's only engaged with ghol



Ghol, Going East: I think allies can voluntarily end that, though.



Skeleton: alright, nice. so... can i claim, as my misc benefit from Cackling Soliloquy, "the summoned creature is disguised and doesn't look undead"



banana (GM): sure!



Skeleton: sick, then i'm spending all three actions casting SUMMON HORROR

GHOUL: HP 20, AC 18/PD 16/MD 12; Vuln Holy; Claws +8 v AC, 8dmg (+4 on vuln); EVEN HIT: vuln to attacks by undead til UEOGNT; slain rise as ghouls

High Father Burgersear: "Witness, servants of Alabastien Meat! Witness how Her blessed heroes save us from this frankly somewhat unexplained turn of events!"



Skeleton: the resultant ghoul attacks the trenchcoat:

Crowd: "YEAH!"



Skeleton: rolling 1d20+8 vs ac for 8 dmg

(14)+8

= 22

natural even hit, it is vulnerable to attacks by undead until the end of ghoul's next turn! describin'



banana (GM): whoa. do you need a token or something



Placidus: trigger



Ghol, Going East: Ghol hacks away at the fucking, MEATCOAT with the Rune and his new Knife. Are all Hungry Games this violent??



Placidus: rolling d20+7 vs the lower of pd or md

(17)+7

= 24



banana (GM): MD is lower
(Ghol: kind of, yeah)



Placidus: rolling 3d6+4 the ghoule deals this much extra damage

(4 + 4 + 5)+4
= 17



banana (GM): well, ok
The ripping claws of something which *definitely* doesn't appear undead are perfectly on point, timed to tears in the fabric, finding the unfinished weaves! The jacket of meat is rent!



Placidus: also the meatcoat can't attack me next turn



Skeleton: Skeleton staggers back, steadies skerself, and looks around desperately. Okay, okay, okay. Ske CAN work with this, if ske takes time ske arguably doesn't have to get it right. Throwing both hands wide and releasing a sound from sker jaws that sounds like howling wind, the skeleton does two things at once: reach deep down into the earth for one of the corpses, that hungers there, and reach deep down into sker own ribcage for a great curtain of glowing animus.

ESCALATION (+1)

Jenny: "Don't bet on this ship to make it to port, gentlemen!"



Skeleton: As a gangly, skulking, clawed figure rips its way up out of the ground, it's immediately surrounded and infused by a great mass of glowing silver-blue something. The cloak of free-floating life-force coalesces into something that looks like a long, rangy predatory; what tears fiercely into the meatcoat appears to be a force-construct itself, one roughly evocative of a starving tiger or long-limbed lizard.



banana (GM): The meatcoat flaps furiously. First, it unleashes another puppeteering clothes colony - on Ghol, since he's up there with it.

rolling d20+6 vs pd, 12 etc

(7)+6
= 13



Ghol, Going East: pd 15, miss



banana (GM): just damage, then, from the abrading bones of the clothes, but you dash them apart
Then it leans back and hovers nearly flat above the ground, humming.



Placidus: The rangy, quadrupedal force-monster ripples around the edges, thrumming with some kind of vibratory power that lets its claws dig deeper, tear farther, and rend more.



Skeleton: oh hell yeah.




Ghol, Going East: Ghol is distracted by this new...thing, that Skeleton has brought in, and thank Her it's not a traditional zombie, that the coat tendril almost gets him. It DOES get him -- tears into him a bit -- but it doesn't hold him.



banana (GM): The coat suddenly goes from rigid to flapping madly, emitting waves of sonic vibration - anything more than a weaponslength away from it is blasted with cutting air!


Travis, Placidus, Skeleton, Kon, vs AC - Travis has cover, though

rolling d20+8 kon

() + 8


= **20**

rolling d20+8 skeleton

() + 8

= **21**

rolling d20+8 placidus

() + 8

= **12**

no, not placidus



banana (GM): it can't
so that's travis, and is 10, not 12



Travis Meacham: a 10 misses



Kon: hit



banana (GM): Anyone who's hit by that takes 8 thunder damage (T.S. nods approvingly) and is prevented from en- or disen-gaging on their next turns!
gholsup



Skeleton: hmmm. got 10 hp here.

Achen: Earthsdaughter "By the King's mighty girth, I don't know how long we can stand this thing. I mean stand against this thing."



Skeleton: Skeleton is literally rattled.



Kon: Kon is staggered by the outburst, and unable to capitalize on it.




Ghol, Going East: Ghol, however, is in to close for that to affect him...



banana (GM): it's a pretty catch-22 power!



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+8

() + 8

= **22**

rolling 2d6+6

(**3** + **6**)+6

= **15**

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE

even

Immense: *eats ship*



banana (GM): hit



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+8

(**13**)+8

= **21**

rolling 2d6+6

(**3** + **2**)+6

= **11**

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE; damage caused by the Knife takes twice as long to heal.



banana (GM): hit



Ghol, Going East: He gets to tailoring.

'Suds': "Watch out, Vill! It's engulfing!"



Ghol, Going East: done

Vill: "What happens when it engulfs?"

'Suds': "I don't wanna know!"

Megga: "I think we all know. Urgh."



banana (GM): travis



Skeleton: vraknaar's our only guy with an actual heal, isn't he



Placidus: I have a temp hp spell, but it's expended



Ghol, Going East: He is, though we have 2 champion tier HP potions remaining
I think

Placidus: all I have is at-wills

Princess Ersatz: "Aah!"



Skeleton: is a potion a quick action to use, because i sure could use one



banana (GM): i think it is!



Ghol, Going East: it is



Placidus: yep



Ghol, Going East: We will need to get more potions, at some point very soon



Skeleton: sick. totally calling one



banana (GM): & if riidi wasn't aware, it's his turn




Travis Meacham: ah

i was NOT aware

i will be frosting htis coast again

rolling 1d20+7 vs PD

() + 7

= **12**

Come ON guys. Let's. Do. This.



banana (GM): i mean, if it wants to pass itself off as cool..

12 DOESN'T hit its pd, though

maybe its defenses are unfairly high but that's what you get, apparently



Skeleton: travis uses all his uproll tricks and tips... but...



banana (GM): placidus focuses, and goes

on to skeleton, unless travis had other things to do



Skeleton: alright, skeleton uses a quick action to drink a potion, and a quick action to command the ghoul, and a standard action to attack

potion's worth what?

rolling 1d20+8 chant of endings vs. MD of lowest hp nearby enemy


() + 8

= **22**

rolling 4d6+4 negative energy damage

( +  +  + ) + 4


= 20


 **banana (GM):** recovery + 1d8 hp


 **Skeleton:** rolling 2d6+1d8-1 hp from potion


(6 + 1)+(7)-1

= 13

 **Travis Meacham:** hell that ain't shabby at all.

 **Skeleton:** and that costs a recovery, right

 **banana (GM):** that does it- a blast of dark force (?!), rattling the bony super-structure of the thing and tearing great holes. it's starting to look quite ethereal.
yes

 **Skeleton:** rolling 1d20+9 ghouls claws vs ac, the monster is vuln to both this and my past spell, though it didn't matter


(10)+9


= 19


12 damage (it deals a bonus 4 vs. vulnerable targets)
anyway, i'll update my hp and write that up


Nono: "Oh my god. This is worse- fuck." The thief staggers away, retching.


Achen: "Don't give up, lasses. We have the real thing to hand and this illusion won't last."


 **Skeleton:** Skeleton's getting into the rhythm of this. They reach inside their coat and indeed inside the space that their guts should be, seizing a potion they've been carrying around and crushing it in their phalanges. It doesn't matter that the skeleton can't drink it - it matters that someone else could've and now can't, and the outflow of wasted vitality is easily captured and converted into replacement animus.

 **banana (GM):** That seems.. rude, metaphysically.

 **Placidus:** So does necromancy, generally.

 **banana (GM):** The coat throws a clothes colony at.. Placidus and Travis have done the most damage, here, so Placidus.

 **Ghol, Going East:** He's a necromancer. What did you expect.

 **banana (GM):** rolling d20+6 vs pd

(13)+6

= **19**



Placidus: hit, trigger



Travis Meacham: travis has done, by far, the least damage



Placidus: rolling d20+8 vs md

(**18**)+8

= **26**



banana (GM): 12 damage and you're puppeteered- but!
well, ok



Placidus: rolling 3d6+4 psychic damage

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

= **10**



banana (GM): you're right, it's placidus and skeleton who've done the most



Skeleton: The skeleton shrieks, then, spreading arms wide and curling fingers upward. Buried beneath its robes, the silver furnace in sker ribcage pulses wide enough to reveal its night-black core, and the hanging force-trenchcoat anti-glows in sympathy. It's hard to catch unless you're watching for it - the eldritch light at the very center of the force-construct, beneath the sparkling false-bacon, briefly gutters and inverts into a ball of weeping darkness.



banana (GM): well, flavour destroying the mind of an animated golem-construct which was a metaphysical impersonation of a half-finished work of pretentious art made inexplicably of meat



Skeleton: This is all well and good for the "tiger", which snarls unintelligibly, leaps forward, and does a real number on the monster's coat-tails.

Immense: "No longer hungry."

The Singer: da de d-... uhg. da de, bawitdaba, Illaaa

Jenny: "Little help, Placidus?"



banana (GM): But Placidus is busy; it's Ghol, now, on whom the disintegrating coat is falling (harmlessly).



Placidus: The clothes colony surrounds Placidus, but at the same time the main garment finds itself shredding to bits from some unseen force. "Just a moment-" Placidus's voice is muffled but not quite drowned out. Why are the coats screaming?




banana (GM): rolling d20+10


(**16**)+10

= 26


 **Ghol, Going East:** Is that an attack on Ghol?


 **banana (GM):** nah, init roll


 **Ghol, Going East:** Great. More...gross crap.
Just, cool.

 **banana (GM):** The meatship has lost some masts, but largely righted itself - and its remaining opponents are not looking too hot themselves. Something about the creation is just... inevitable.


 **Ghol, Going East:** AT LEAST, HE WON'T HAVE, TO WASH, HIS SHIRT.

 **banana (GM):** Nothing has set you on fire either.

 **Placidus:** The jawsculptures aren't the only beefcake in the square tonight.

 **Ghol, Going East:** With the coat vanquished, Ghol and Kon go to help the dwarves against...that...thing.

 **banana (GM):** ok!


 **Ghol, Going East:** Escalation die is 2, yes?

 **banana (GM):** yes


ESCALATION (+2) (i forgot)


 **Ghol, Going East:** Both Ghol and Kon move to engage.


 **banana (GM):** rolling d20+10 the final init


() + 10

= 18


 **Placidus:** so is placidus still puppeteered
given that the thing that puppeteered him is dead

 **banana (GM):** yes, meaning that on his turn the clothes colony will move him about
he can roll a normal save to end it, hopefully

 **Placidus:** wtf
where is it gonna move me...

 **banana (GM):** about.

 **Ghol, Going East:** rolling 1d20+10

() + 10

= **22**

rolling 2d6+6

(**3** + **2**)+6

= **11**

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE

even

Megga: "Thanks, but is Xarvrax around?"



Ghol, Going East: rolling 1d20+10

(**14**)+10

= **24**

rolling 2d6+6

(**6** + **3**)+6

= **15**

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE; damage caused by the Knife takes twice as long to heal.



Kon: rolling 1d20+9

(**16**)+9

= **25**

rolling 1d10

(**1**)

= **1**

pffbt



banana (GM): Two hits. The beef furnishing creature is a bit tougher-consistency than the coat, but you manage to wedge and carve it about.

oh, kon also hits



Kon: Kon learned his lesson. No biting, just paws. Not very effective, but less...weird stuff.



banana (GM): it's staggered, in fact



Kon: In mouth.



banana (GM): travis is up

The hard pork structure falls to the ground for a sec, clanking.. then rotates to face Ghol..



Travis Meacham: alright ill fire a ray of frost at the curtains

rolling 1d20+8

(13)+8

= 21

ha HA!

High Father Burgersear: To acolytes: "You know, I can't find anything wrong with the saucewards at all, but whatever. This is a spectacle."



Travis Meacham: rolling 3d6 i'm DOIN it.

(2 + 6 + 6)

= 14



Placidus: noice



banana (GM): yep



Travis Meacham: I guess the coat thing was just too badass. Travis couldn't bring himself to damage it. This thing, though



banana (GM): The freezing elemental beam takes the construct on the nubbin and it quavers..!

Also, Placidus should move a bit if he wants to be able to hit it - he's been sheltering inbetween art enclosures

er

Travis should move, i mean

Vraknaar's warded area is between him and the BEEFCURTAINS, otherwise



Travis Meacham: yes. yes. right.

all checks out



banana (GM): The newly surrounded fake meat creature flaps about - a lot more solidly than the coat-producing wafts of thankfully unscented air. This one is a bit less subtle. It reciprocates Ghol's attentions and dives, trying to swallow him up.

rolling d20+10 vs ac

(15)+10

= 25



Ghol, Going East: hit


yikes

"OH COME ON--"



banana (GM): Ghol is engulfed in the thing and takes 8 damage straight up; he's also going to take 8 damage ongoing, save ends; moving away also ends the damage, as it's coming from being crushed. It does SOMETHING to the dwarves on the other side..

rolling d20+6

() + 6

= **15**



Ghol, Going East: Does it prevent him from attacking?



banana (GM): Whatever it is, they stagger back, repulsed.

nope



Placidus: so where does this thing move me



banana (GM): Placidus' turn. He's going to go fling himself into the BEEFCURTAINS.

Unless someone can intercept, Placidus will throw himself inbetween and be subject to that exact same ongoing crushing.



Ghol, Going East: Kon can try...



Placidus: "Aieeee--"

does that cost me anything besides my move action



banana (GM): your dignity



Placidus: can I take a standard to struggle against it




banana (GM): if kon wants to jump in the way he can make the save

hmm, sure why not



Kon: rolling d20

()

= **7**



banana (GM): i'll let you sort of



Kon: ugh



banana (GM): intercept yourself

or attempt to



Skeleton: my ghoul can attempt to intercept, as well

hell, so can skeleton



Placidus: rolling d20 let me try

(17)

= 17

hah!



banana (GM): fair enough. the clothes colony loses..... for now



Placidus: Placidus moves instead towards the meatship, concentrating as he goes. The screaming of the clothes-colony is starting to keep harmony with him.

focus go

eot save

rolling d20

(16)

= 16



Skeleton: skeleton cackles to fake that the Unholy Blast spell isn't particularly unholy



banana (GM): The Singer looks vaguely appalled as a gnome jogs up wearing a magical construct in the form of sweaters, scarves and long pants all rendered in bacon.



Skeleton: rolling 1d20+9 vs PD of meatship

(2)+9

= 11



Placidus: what's cack-a-lacking



Skeleton: i'm literally hoping that's a miss



banana (GM): it IS a miss



Skeleton: because, miss: half damage, AND attack another target



banana (GM): lol



Placidus: lol





Skeleton: rolling 1d20+9 vs. PD of curtains


(17)+9


= 26


that'll do.


 **Kon:** FINALLY, we've figured out how to game the system

 **banana (GM):** Un^H^HHoly Two Blasts


 **Skeleton:** as well, the ghoul charges the ship and claws it


 **banana (GM):** oh yeah, you should have ghoul control now

 **Skeleton:** rolling 1d20+8 vs ac, if only it had the escalation die.... deals 8 damage, vuln to undead on a natural even hit


() + 8


= **9**


 **Ghol, Going East:** lol

 **Skeleton:** well at least it's engaged. turn's done


ESCALATION (+3 i think)

 **Travis Meacham:** yeah, ts +3





 **banana (GM):** so what does the unholy blast.. do

 **Placidus:** The clothes-colony doesn't fall off of Placidus, even as it stops struggling against him. It stays in place, its rippling like a meatcape as Placidus stares the ship down.

 **banana (GM):** like, damage





 **Skeleton:** oh oops

rolling 4d6+4 negative energy halved to the ship

( +  +  + ) + 4


= **18**


rolling 4d6+4 negative energy full to the curtain


( +  +  + ) + 4

= **22**

level 1 unholy blast does as much as level 3 chant, see

 **banana (GM):** Right, the death energies of the void which isn't unholy at all are eating away at both the remaining constructs.

 **Travis Meacham:** Anyone but me think maybe skeleton is evil.

 **banana (GM):** For the first time, the ship of meat engages you.. there's a tiny meat captain at the helm, an obese figure made of turkey; it's the most finished part.



Ghol, Going East: Just a bit, yeah.



Placidus: What even IS evil.



banana (GM): It sails unseen waves, tacking and seasoning in the currents. The thing's sails unfurl to reveal hypnotic patterns..


Everything close to it, which I'm going to say is Placidus Singer Ghoul and Jenny, is attacked as it's been doing to people who weren't you:



Skeleton: Skeleton's still got sker hands out, but now ske slowly draws them together above sker hooded skull, summoning great streams of silver-blue mist that coalesce into a seething ball of life-force. It's spun so thickly and tuned to vibrate so distractingly that it's barely identifiable AS life-force, not to mention completely hiding the orb of utter blackness at its center; when Skeleton lunges forward to heave a great beam of the stuff at the meatship (which collides with a crash and then ricochets to arc back over Skeleton's head and arc into the simulacrum of Salubriot's creation) all any onlookers get is the feeling that they've just been witness to a POWERFUL illusion. You know, one of those that actual damage you if they beat your MD? Those are nasty.




banana (GM): rolling d20+6 vs md placidus

() + 6


= **10**

rolling d20+6 vs md singer

() + 6


= **18**

rolling d20+6 vs md ghou

() + 6

= **24**

rolling d20+6 vs md jenny

() + 6

= **12**



Skeleton: ghou has MD 12 and vulnerability to holy damage



Placidus: that misses me

T.S.: The Singer, already injured and weakened, turns to the floating vessel.



banana (GM): The nearby crowd take a break from cheering for K.M. to cheer her on, assuming the bard is preparing some new attack. But she sets a foot in the air, stepping upward, and then another, treading the gangway, shrinking to the scale of the vessel as she goes.



Travis Meacham: that is epic.
kill the commander 1v1



Placidus: there was a stan rogers song about this probably



banana (GM): Your ghoul takes: half its hp damage



Skeleton: ouch
it's at 10/20, then




banana (GM): A number of elves watch in horror as The Singer boards the meatship. A little scale-model figure, elegant in a dress of chiffon rib, is now manning the rigging.
ghol up



Ghol, Going East: The thing's got his leg, and that's not feeling very good, but his arms are both free.

rolling 1d20+11

() + 11

= **25**


rolling 2d6+6

( + ) + 6

= **14**

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE
even

rolling 1d20+11

() + 11

= **29**



Ghol, Going East: rolling 2d6+6

( + ) + 6

= **15**

ON MISS: 2 DAMAGE; damage caused by the Knife takes twice as long to heal.




Placidus: does jenny take turns, she's not on the init count. then again none of the npcs are

Kapp: "Oh, sure. A knife, obvious euphemism in and of itself, against Salubriot's idea of innuendo. Of course that works."



Kon: rolling 1d20+10


() + 10

= **16**

rolling 1d10

()


= **8**

 **banana (GM):** It DOES work, though; Ghol's taken it down


 **Kon:** rolling d20 save if necessary


()


= **1**


 **banana (GM):** the npcs are Abstracted

 **Kon:** lmao


 **Ghol, Going East:** It's dead, so hopefully that wasn't, in fact, necessary.


 **Placidus:** I need someone to hit with an attack for me to be able to do anything...


 **Ghol, Going East:** "dead"

 **banana (GM):** it wasn't, correct


 **Ghol, Going East:** Did Ghol kill it, or did Kon

 **banana (GM):** that could be a problem, vox, in kon's men
Ghol dealt the killing blow


 **Ghol, Going East:** Hrm. Kon could try to scamper over at hit the ship with that 8 damage...?
He hasn't used his move.

 **banana (GM):** it's the other side of the area, but not strictly another zone.. tell you what, give me a con
check
see if he's fast enough


 **Ghol, Going East:** *kon check


 **banana (GM):** yes.


 **Ghol, Going East:** rolling d20+4


() + 4

= **17**


 **banana (GM):** ok, kon can dash all the way over
& it's travis's turn as well

 **Ghol, Going East:** and does his attack hit w/16 against AC

 **Travis Meacham:** pchoo, blast it with another at will
im going easy on these thigns because capel said goblin-level event, and they look low powered


 **Ghol, Going East:** if so placidus could trigger, if he desired...

 **Travis Meacham:** rolling 1d10+9


() + 9

= **10**


Mmmmm.


 **Ghol, Going East:** yeah
that's your excuse.


 **banana (GM):** Kon hits the meatship unlike travis

 **Placidus:** trigger!!


 **Travis Meacham:** This is a damn sham.

 **banana (GM):** well.. yes, explicitly



 **Placidus:** rolling d20+10 vs md/pd

() + 10


= **23**


 **banana (GM):** but sorry about your numbers
that hits the lower, pd

 **Placidus:** rolling 3d6+4 kon deals this much more damage

( +  + ) + 4

= **14**

 **banana (GM):** 22 total, then; the MEATSHIP lists

 **Ghol, Going East:** While Kon the watchwarg batters the meatship with his paws -- hits, not coats for frying -- Ghol extracts himself out from under the...beef curtains.

"I do not know where the dragon is. I do not care where the dragon is. I want a bath."



banana (GM): Placidus is more specifically active now. Jenny's backing off to take a shot with her shortbow, concentrating on resisting its siren sausage song.

Megga: "Ha! Come back to our place, orc guy. We've turned a part of the requisitioned barracks into baths."



Placidus: "This is all very unseemly!" shouts Placidus as Kon's paws leave trails of violet light and find themselves smashing the weakest points of the meathull.

focus go



Skeleton: i wish i could have my ghoul go before me, but i can't. skeleton uses the chant of endings


Kapp: "Ummmmm, he's.."

Megga: "Yes?"

Kapp: : "Yeah, why not."






Skeleton: rolling 1d20+10 vs MD on nearby enemy with lowest health, for

() + 10

= **17**

rolling 4d6+4 negative energy damage

( +  +  + ) + 4


= **23**



banana (GM): well, there's one eenmy. that hits its md



Skeleton: rolling 1d20+11 ghoul is availed of escalation die w/ quick action, vs. ac for 8 damage

() + 11

= **16**



banana (GM): and causes, appropriately, an ending



Skeleton: if only that was a natural even hit..



Ghol, Going East: Ghol might do just that. Maybe he'll get an actual one-on-one bout with Little Kapp this time that Xarvrax won't ruin.



Travis Meacham: A one on one bout indeed.



Skeleton: Skeleton rocks, murmuring and humming, and something similar happens to the meat ship that happened to the trenchcoat; instead of being lit from within, the force construct is suddenly shadowed from within, the light and warmth within it being leached away to... somewhere. It can no longer hold itself coherent after that kind of vitality-deficit, and begins to unravel.



banana (GM): Skeleton's sapping energies encounter a couple of unexpected.. obstacles. Like pieces of grit in an oyster. Ske recognises them, of course, conceptually..



Skeleton: As soon as it does, Skeleton seems to snap out of sker trance and immediately motions frantically at the 'tiger' of 'force'. There's a rapid crumbling, shuffling, rumbling sound as the summoned ghoul burrows back down into the earth, its cloak of glowing animus dissolving shortly thereafter into nothing.



Placidus: It's only now that Placidus notices he's still covered in meatclothes. "AAahh!!" He starts frantically tearing tenderloin off himself.
Clinging to his waist, distressingly, is quite a lot of skirt steak.



Ghol, Going East: Hah.



banana (GM): The stuff vanishes into nothing when it hits the ground, fortunately.



Placidus: "I HATE meat."
"I hate meat, I hate this stupid city. I hate these stupid games."



Travis Meacham: "You seem to be ... managing it well."
"Ah ha ha."
But seriously, he helps Placidus clean himself.



Placidus: "You-!"

Suds: To Ghol also: "Yeah, let's get the heck outta here. Your scaled idiot friends will be fine."



Kon: Kon wanders back over to check on the elf boys -- they seem fine, though he has to nudge one away from touching the not-meat -- then returns to the platform to settle back in.



Skeleton: Skeleton looks confused for a moment (insofar as ske can under two shadowy hoods), then says "Gyah!" and kind of stumbles backward, motioning away from skemselfes with sker hands.



Kon: ...Until he notices Ghol wandering off with the dwarves. He gets up and pads off after them.

Jenny, Steak Whisperer: : "Prince on a pony. I was a moment away from climbing on that thing."



Kon: He trusts dwarves more than elves; which is to say, he has had no direct evidence of their perfidy so far.
But he doesn't trust them much more.



Placidus: Where is the singer?



Skeleton: rolling 1d20+10 int plus necromancy

(11)+10

= 21

Immense: Moaning: "uuuuu"



banana (GM): Princess Ersatz is getting up, but slowly.



Placidus: Placidus will go over to look at the downed people.



banana (GM): There aren't enough bodies. And then there are too many.



Skeleton: "...ack! Wait, wait, no, don't- wait-" Skeleton's stumbling forward again, now, clutching at, apparently, thin air. They seize onto something, let go of it, run around in a circle, grab it again... then they appear to engage in a game of cat's cradle with nobody, then immediately dive to the ground and sift through a few fallen pebbles and things... they seem quite confused.

"...ack! Wait, wait, no, don't- wait-" Skeleton's stumbling forward again, now, clutching at, apparently, thin air. They seize onto something, let go of it, run around in a circle, grab it again... then they appear to engage in a game of cat's cradle with nobody, then immediately dive to the ground and sift through a few fallen pebbles and things... they seem quite confused.

Burgersear: "Praise Alabastien (and the Gods of the Elect). This display of heroism, in somewhat suspicious circumstances, has really lent spice to our Jawsculpting finals. Just a short time now before the artworks are complete..."



Skeleton: People are sort of... appearing?

Burgersear: How he got his megaphone back you don't know, but there you have it.



Travis Meacham: You can't keep a good man down.



Skeleton: Skeleton's now alternately beckoning at empty space and clutching sker hands under sker chin in total anxiety, and it appears to be working.



banana (GM): One of the people appearing out of thin air is The Singer, flat on her back but apparently unharmed. The other.. you've never seen before.

He's dressed like a sea-captain, with a big hat that hides his ears; could be grey-elf, or human. He's fat, but the clothes are tailored to fit him well, and grey-white mutton-chop hair lends his slumbering face a certain authority.

Nono: To Jenny: "Time to box it."

Princess Ersatz: "And who is this?"



Travis Meacham: "Uh."



Placidus: Where are they appearing?



Travis Meacham: "Did the meatship captain come to life?"



banana (GM): Where the ship was - just to the side of Far-Archer's enclosure, fortunately out of view of the crowd.

(Due partly to the crowd having run away again. They're coming back, though.)



Placidus: "I doubt that he CAME to life... he might simply have been alive all along."
Is he wearing the insignia of any particular navy?



banana (GM): roll int, history, that type of thing



Skeleton: rolling 1d20+6 int check

(3)+6

= 9



Placidus: I want to claim both my theatre background (period costumes!) and my secondary 'student of military history in axis' background



Skeleton: "Um, so. Both those people were trapped in the ship, or on the ship, or something. I... found them."



banana (GM): Unless Ghol or Kon stops them, Wash-It-Down are taking Ghol 'home', e.g. to the barracks they 'requisitioned', e.g. squatted.



Skeleton: "Kind of weird that they apparently had physical bodies folded into ephemeral souls..." This bit's whispered.



banana (GM): yep, those apply



Placidus: rolling d20+8 here we go

(17)+8

= 25



banana (GM): :O

Well, what do you know. Or rather: this is what you know>



Ghol, Going East: Ghol will go unless it seems Suspicious or if they say Kon can't join them.



banana (GM): There aren't a lot of navies in the Realm. The Dead Fleet suffices to protect Federal commerce and prevent the Empire from taking the seas.. Newport and Concord charter a 'merchant navy', but there's no uniform as military as this. Lamphaven, far away to the east, has a militarised ocean fleet. But this is something different.

The man from the meatship is wearing a naval captain's coat and bars from the Royal Navy. The midland sea-fleet of the wizard king's Kingdom, before devolution and the Federation. Nobody's flown those colours in several hundred years.



Placidus: "Oh my."



banana (GM): re: ghol and suspicions: let me put it this way



Placidus: did ghol not pick up on why the dwarf ladies invited him back to their bathhouse



banana (GM): The dwarves are happy to take both of them home, at which point the older dwarves want to take Kon away and play with or at least placate him while the younger ones take Ghol for a bath.



Ghol, Going East: Oh no, he gets that. He means like, ambushed by dark servants of evil suspicions.




Placidus: Well, carry on then.





Ghol, Going East: Onwards!





Placidus: Placidus leans over the strange fat man. "...Captain?"


 **banana (GM):** The ex-sappers are all women, ranging from quite young to middle aged, and you helped save them, and they're bored and drink a lot..

 **Ghol, Going East:** Let Ghol have his fun. Tastefully off-screen.


 **banana (GM):** The meatship captain is deeply unconscious. A couple of citizen-patrollers have noticed, belatedly, the battle, and are hastening out of a side part of the crowd toward this gathering by the eastern enclosures...


 **Placidus:** "How in the world-"


 **banana (GM):** The Steak Whisperers slip away, with waved thanks; Immense the wastelander rolls over to sleep by his teammate's still-ongoing arting. It's just you guys and Princess Ersatz - apparently one of the Erskines IS still in town.


 **Placidus:** He looks up at Princess Ersatz. "This man is Royal Navy. As in, from the Kingdom."


 **Travis Meacham:** "Uh ... wasn't that from a really long time ago?"


 **Placidus:** "It was from a very long time ago indeed."

 **banana (GM):** Princess Annamiranda has very little idea who you are. You kind of got the impression that the Snakebelly Stretchers were here for a bit of laff or out of some ulterior motive, and haven't really been following the Games... "That's impossible," she informs Placidus in a pleasant tone.


 **Placidus:** "It is absolutely impossible. Which is what makes the fact that it's true so strange."

 **Skeleton:** Skeleton, similarly, leans over the strange fat man. Ske pokes him in the shoulder experimentally.


 **Placidus:** The meatship was theirs, wasn't it? The Stretchers'?

 **banana (GM):** There's an autonomic flinching reaction, but he doesn't wake..
Not exactly: Far-Archer is one of The 'Barbarians'. They stole a Stretcher team member, but didn't fully amalgamate.

Princess Annamiranda: "Ancient or not, the Fishermen are about to take this man away. I'd rather have him investigated. Will you help me bring the body over to Niellio's - the cafe one street down?"

 **Placidus:** "Just a moment, Princess." To Travis: "D'you think that the- the people who caused this could've produced this effect somehow?"
"Is that within their capacity? I don't know how magic works."

Princess Annamiranda: "My family's own lake fleet split from the Navy generations past. I'll be-" Are they literally ignoring her? Skerrl, it was a bad idea to come out her without her knights.

 **Travis Meacham:**

rolling 1d20+11 does travis think that's possible. hell honestly he DOES, but is this an EDUCATED opinion

(19)+11

= 30

Placidus: hell yeah



banana (GM): daang
that's a straight up champion tier roll



Vraknaar: i think 30 might actually beat epic



Placidus: it's certainly epic



banana (GM): OK: Capel the Bold is a pretty good wizard, and The Apparator is a pretty weird wizard. But it is Travis' honest opinion that neither of them has the power to a) reach hundreds of years into the past or b) create a living soul from scratch today. That's High Arcanum business, and not even the sort of thing you do on a whim even if you reach archmastery.

That said, if you were a powerful arcanist LIVING 300 years ago, and you wanted to freeze a seacaptain in time or something, or on a ship of meat, that sounds a lot easier?

High Father Burgersear: "And with the excitement complete.. DROP THE SAUCEWARDS! Let Art be revealed to the world!"



Skeleton: But even if you froze them on A ship of meat, how would they appear inside a simulacrum of THAT ship of meat, which was just built today?



banana (GM): right, that's weirder than just A Spell



Vraknaar: When You Remember The Meatship, You Call On Its Power



Placidus: Let Placidus just state, again, in his internal monologue, that this sort of thing is all WAY weirder and more nonsensical than the stuff he does.

Placidus just works with the Sum, and separately, the Series.



Travis Meacham: Speaking carefully. "I don't think that whatever ... beings ... caused this, could either create a soul from whole cloth or summon one from the past."



banana (GM): So: a pair of patrollers has reached your group, gathered suspiciously around an unconscious uniformed man. They're a bit hesitant, as you are all famous competitors, but they've got swords and hard faces and they're probably going to say or do something.



Travis Meacham: "However, it's possible that somehow they ... it ... RECOVERED one, that had been stored."

Princess Ersatz: "Citizens. Step aside for a moment and let me discuss this situation with you."



Xarvrax: Heck, this is weird even for Xarvrax.



banana (GM): OK, maybe they're not..



Travis Meacham: Sounds good. Travis will step aside.



banana (GM): (she was talking to the patrollers)



Travis Meacham: oh she was talking to -- yes



banana (GM): For once, Xarvrax arrives AFTER all the chaos and the fire.



Placidus: "Well, this is hugely bizarre."
"What should we do with him, d'you think?"



banana (GM): Looks like the event is just finishing- and the rest of his team is kind of wounded, and chatting with other wounded people, and they have a fat man? And Ghol's missing.



Skeleton: Skeleton steps around the body, clasps sker hands at sker waist, and watches the princess expectantly.

Patroller: mumble mumble we have to mumble report mumble custody

Princess: elegant mutter authority mutter regard mutter mutter situation



Xarvrax: Xarvrax is very confused. Normally he's the one burning things down.

Patroller: rights mumble mumble the people mumble dangerous

Princess: mutter clink enormous sum of money mutter mutter



Placidus: Placidus turns around to look at the guards. "EXCUSE ME."
"We are TRYING to have a CONVERSATION here."



banana (GM): They look at you.
"Yessir. Good luck with the Games." And they're off.
The thing is, right now not even the crowd is watching your little drama.
They're watching the Reveal!



Placidus: The what? What's even left to- oh.
That's right. Vraknaar is still there.
aaah the stages are sliding around



banana (GM): i hate these drawing tools.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar's obviously been hard at work, and it's clear to see why. It looks like he's used the same technique he used last time, detailed figures made of meat and cooked with his fiery breath. This time, it's not a dragon -- or not -just- a dragon, at any rate.



banana (GM): Vraknaar spent the last forty-five minutes cocooned within a white sauce ward, shielded from the distractions of the crowd, and knows nothing of the fight. He knows what he's made with his jaws, and what the other competitors have made, and that's it..
And what is he revealing that's more than merely draconic? I'll enumerate the competition in the meantime.
The five wizard apprentices have made... nothing, and for some reason they're all cut up and bruised. Bleeding and limping, the acolytes just kind of walk off the instant the wards go down, forfeiting? you assume??



Travis Meacham: That's the life of an apprentice.



Vraknaar: A red dragon forms the back, reared up, wings curled inward protectively. Beneath with joined hands gather a man, an elfwoman, a dwarf, a gnome, and one of the Dragonwrought. The detail is fine, obviously not quite life-like, but enough to make the message evident.



Travis Meacham: Or so Travis has heard.



banana (GM): So Vraknaar's gone for quality of actual sculpture, rather than complexity of materials?
Vraknaar: Mostly. He's used a variety of meats and cheeses, but nothing quite so specific as The Meat



Dragon.



Placidus: Aside, to Travis and Skeleton: "I'm really very glad that one didn't come to love. Well-counterspelled."



Ghol, Going East: Were he here, Ghol would appreciate the lack of an orc. Realism.



Placidus: *come to life



banana (GM): This is true for Salubriot's creation, too, but it's kind of... Well. It's abstract. He claims. A cross-section of pork rods and beef curtains, obscenely intersecting layers of meatus. It's structurally astounding, holding together only by fire-toasting - rougher than Vraknaar's, as he had to cook it with his own body, which is horrible.

Most people can't look at Salubriot's jawsculpture for very long, and the ire giant smirks whenever they have to glance away.



Travis Meacham: "Thank you. It's important to be quick on your toes with a counterspell."

Art is challenging and recontextualizing.I give salubriot a 9 out of 10.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax appreciates the ability to make people cringe on sight alone.



banana (GM): The acolyte-judges are just kind of looking at him appalled. There was such potential. Why do this? Salubriot gives them a massive finger.

Vraknaar's piece is less *challenging*, perhaps, but in contrast it's a huge relief, and the detail is already being praised by priests for its thematic relevance..



Placidus: "I can respect the sentiment."



banana (GM): Beyond, to the right, King Magician:



Xarvrax: Are we sure that I can't trade places with Salubriot? And just be him now?



Vraknaar: fire giant chaos mage/barbarian



banana (GM): The bard has built an outfit of meats, a trenchcoat and a 'fur' scarf (fluff composed of chewed and regurgitated fats! it LOOKS good, but you wouldn't want to taste it); there are sunglasses inventively composed of chops, hanging above the whole thing. There are boots. It looks basically like what he is wearing, but meat.

King Magician loves it. Actually, a number of the priests thing it's at minimum Cool, but that's probably not enough to win..

*think



Placidus: Placidus is pretty confident that Vraknaar has a substantial edge among the judges if for no other reason than his sculpture didn't just try to kill someone.



Travis Meacham: Neither did the wizards' sculptures.

Too bad they'

re QUITTERS. and CHUMPS.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax is unimpressed by the meat outfit, humans are already squishy and made of meat, why make an out fit of the same?



banana (GM): They're pacing, taking their time..

Princess Ersatz: "The meatcaptain. I have a room to put him, but may I request one of you gentlemen help carry?"



Travis Meacham: "Absolutely."



banana (GM): Vraknaar is probably noticing about now what the heck is going on with the rest of the team.



Vraknaar: They do look a little roughed up, but that's not really unusual.



banana (GM): Far-Archer, the final contestant.. he made the meatship. It's an eerie thing, almost identical to its mage-conjured copy which attacked you earlier.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax strolls into the square, looking around before shrugging, chaos.



banana (GM): It's just a ship, but so detailed - gross detail too, ropes of meat and lard forming riggings, steak decks and cocktail pick oars.

The princess takes the Navy captain by the legs, unless Travis prefers those to the arms, and without further ado intends to hustle him out of the square.



Travis Meacham: Travis can handle the arms and head. He's had experience carrying the intoxicatedly drunk.



banana (GM): Anyone who's remaining behind, though - there's just one detail different about Far-Archer's sculpture.



Skeleton: Skeleton's definitely lingering long enough to eye the ship and try to figure out why it had a soul imprisoned in it, or something.



banana (GM): At the wheel, where the navigator or captain would be, is no figurine - only a pair of tiny, tooth-detailed smoking boots.



Skeleton: Boots made of what?



banana (GM): Olives.

Burgersear: "Incredible. Amazing entries- the heats totally outdone. I don't think a single group here displayed less than *maximum piety*."



Skeleton: Was the captain's soul trapped and stored in an olive, which was somehow preserved for hundreds of years until...? No, it's probably simplest to ask the man himself. Skeleton hurries after the others.



Placidus: Well, some of the sculptures are impressive, some of them are nauseating, and some of them are cool. But those tiny captain boots? They're olive the above.



Travis Meacham: No.



banana (GM): Nobody wants to stick around with dragon friends and, at the very least, inform them of what the heck?




Placidus: Placidus will, he guesses.


"Very nice, Vraknaar! A noble sentiment."




banana (GM): In the literal sense of nobility as it is commonly understood.

 **Placidus:** "I especially like the bit where yours didn't come to life and try to kill us. Which literally all of the others did."


Burgersear: "Of course, we have to give the Thaumaturgustators of Horizon last place for, if my oracles are correct, sabotaging the competition and then running away."

 **Vraknaar:** "Oh. Well. That's... not that surprising, honestly. There's been some weird crap every day."

 **Placidus:** "Wizards," he says to the man-dragons by way of explanation.

Burgersear: "They'll be barred from the rest of the games but there are always more wizards, you know? Moving on."

"An impressive entry, next from the Aftershock! Or should I say, the-"

 **banana (GM):** One of the citizen-patrollers on the dais does something.


Burgersear: "I'm informed that I shouldn't. The replication of a real-world vanity, with the original to compare to - few would be so bold. We'd place your coat higher in any other Games."

"Third place, edging out even the meatcoat. This.. ship of meat bears us impressive tidings indeed. It's almost perfect, although everyone says there's a certain something lacking.. but technical perfection. For the 'Barbarians' to receive the diamond medal here seems most unfair on the Goddess's part."

"We're brought to an unusual situation, now. The oracles are clear: Salubriot's entry is the favourite of the Goddess herself. And yet."

"We are men. We are weak. We serve and honour Alabastien Meat above all, but the sentiment of the Dragon guarding the Empire, the skill and love with which it was roasted. More - most - of my disciples have voted, rather, for Vraknaar the Red to win."


Salubriot: "Fucking figures."


 **Travis Meacham:** Whole thing is rigged.

 **Placidus:** Placidus claps Vraknaar on the thigh.


 **banana (GM):** What's left of the crowd after the fleeing and the returning and whatnot - they're cheering. The more numerically inclined know what this means. There are details to follow, but- you've just won the Hungry Games.

 **Placidus:** So can we just... sleep in tomorrow? How does this work?


 **banana (GM):** A street away, the (ex?) princess of a faraway city is ordering a wizard and a necromancer to help her dispose of a body in some sort of secret base that she has above a cafe, inexplicably.

 **Ghol, Going East:** One hopes.

 **banana (GM):** Farther north, where the garrison once was, Ghol has taken a brief break from Going East.

 **Travis Meacham:** Travis isn't sleeping in. He's competing in the damn event.

 **banana (GM):** Here in the square night has fallen, and the other teams have mostly gracefully slunk away, and this time Vraknaar, Xarvrax and Placidus will be the *entire* focus of the street party.

 **Placidus:** That's a good thing, too - like most nights in this stinking city, Placidus could REALLY use a drink.