



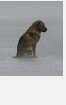
 **banana (GM):** hello xandrah


 **Xandrah:** Aaaah?

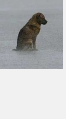
 **banana (GM):** also hello zarick, voxpvox

 **VoxPVoxD:** the taste against time!!


 **banana (GM):** its real


 **VoxPVoxD:** it's a pity it's a complete formality given our categorical domination of the hungry games, and also the dance floor


 **banana (GM):** Or Is It

 **VoxPVoxD:** yes. it is.
there's maths and everything


 **Xandrah:** Hey, if Travis wins, I get money!


 **banana (GM):** ah yes! that misconception
check out <https://app.roll20.net/forum/post/1120940/the-hungry-games-event-registration#post-1178128>
this isn't somethign yall can delegate to travis, it seems
"All Hands" are on deck


 **VoxPVoxD:** it's true, placidus wrote everyone's names down on the registry for taste against time


 **Xandrah:** Well, I mean, if we win, that means he still wins, and thus my literal gamble pays off.

 **VoxPVoxD:** well, everyone but skeleton's, since skeleton wasn't known to exist


 **banana (GM):** perhaps he didn't tell anyone he had, but still


 **VoxPVoxD:** it likely occurred to him to tell them
but, who knows


 **banana (GM):** i think there was some argument about whether it'd be good strategy to, like the night
steaks, use a minimal team or not


 **Crion:** ferrinus will no doubt be along in an hour's time, we can tell him he's joined then

 **banana (GM):** & at one point travis did suggest soloing it

 **VoxPVoxD:** anyway it's not like they've got anything better to do

 **banana (GM):** but that wasn't what got registered in the end

 **VoxPVoxD:** we can't leave the city until we get our prize

 **banana (GM):** yeah!
\$\$\$
\$cash\$



Vraknaar: i thought the only reason the night steaks was that way is because it got more difficult based on team size



banana (GM): yes



Vraknaar: and that taste against time is not the same



banana (GM): also yse



VoxPVoxD: the actual rules of the taste against time have been, at least narratively, ambiguous



banana (GM): again, yes



VoxPVoxD: it's some kind of sacramental scavenger hunt



banana (GM): all those things are correct



VoxPVoxD: sorry, I meant
the actual rules of the taste against time have been, at least narratively, hambiguous



Crion: there has been some suggestion, at least early on, that whomever wins it loses a member...permanently
we tried to look into this, but did not get very far



VoxPVoxD: we're all agreed then that we will super miss xarvrax
rip little buddy



banana (GM): shall we start once either of riidi or ferrinus arrives, which is to say once riidi arrives?



Xandrah: I mean, if you kill me off, then who will start quests for us by slapping people around?



Crion: indeed



VoxPVoxD: I'm in flavour. are we doing relationship rolls this session



banana (GM): we are!



Vraknaar: placidus, obviously



Xandrah: Or yelling at dragons.



Vraknaar: gnome mercy



banana (GM): current floating rolls are four (!) The Five 6es, and one Conqueror 6
but you can roll some more



Crion: rolling 1d6 ORC LORD, CONFLICTED

(5)
= 5



Vraknaar: rolling 2d6 the five positive

(5 + 2)

= 7



Crion: rolling 2d6 ELF QUEEN, CONFLICTED

(3 + 6)

= 9



Xandrah: rolling 3d6 The Five Positive

(3 + 5 + 4)

= 12



Crion: still got it.



Vraknaar: rolling 1d6 the conqueror conflicted

(2)

= 2

rolling 1d6 the one-eyed king negative

(1)

= 1



banana (GM): noted



VoxPVoxD: let's see

I'm down to the conqueror and ???



banana (GM): (on the turn order thing, which you maybe can't see from the map you're on)



VoxPVoxD: so I guess I'll be channeling Roland I Liberator, the Dragon Emperor himself



banana (GM): hell yes

hello, ferrinus, riidi - could you make relationship rolls please

time to accrue a clog of Plot Points



Riidi WW: rolling 2d6 conqueror positive

(4 + 1)

= 5

rolling 1d6 archmage conflict

(5)

= 5



VoxPVoxD: damn



banana (GM): 5, 5



VoxPVoxD: that's a lot of relationship successes



banana (GM): yeah! there's five icons lined up to Have A Say over the next arc or so most prominently, the Five and the Conqueror..



VoxPVoxD: good. the empire ftw



Ghol, Going East: Disagreed.



Riidi WW: this, vox



banana (GM): so, the Taste against Time is coming up. but where we left off, there was one dangling scene.. Travis and "Kelly" were helping a princess carry a body



Xarvrax: Ah yes, body carrying, the true sport of champions.



banana (GM): he was alive, so it's not THAT dodgy



Xarvrax: That feels like it makes it worse, actually.



banana (GM): maybe so.



VoxPVoxD: He's alive, and also apparently from the distant past.



Travis Meacham: it's definitely a quandary.



VoxPVoxD: nice



banana (GM): So: the evening before your final victory and apotheosis.

Most of Kon's Men have left to rest and prepare; Placidus and the dragon brothers back to the inn, Ghol apparently not with them but presumably he has his reasons.

The sun's last glow is fading, making it well and truly dinnertime - particularly in San Meat. But a wizard, a necromancer and an armoured knight of the Erskine Order are more interested in the possibilities for skulking.

Annamiranda is surprisingly good at slipping about the alleys without drawing attention, but there are three of you and a snoring fat man. Could I get a dex check from at least one of Travis and Skeleton to represent stealth?

If anyone else DOES have plans for the evening, feel free to say so now and carry them out!

But recall: the Taste against Time has been moved to the ungodly seventh glass of the morning, so you'll be getting up early.



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+4

(18)+4

= 22



Xarvrax: Xarvrax uses some of his time wandering around hoping to find someone to give him some last minute info about the Taste.



Travis Meacham: info like "how mad would travis be if i ditched his event to sleep in"



banana (GM): There's basically a huge street party going on of which Vraknaar is, if he wants, a focus, so there are plenty of people for Xarvrax to ask. Maybe a Cha check could give you some useful last minute info.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol is occupied until he slips back into the inn late at night, heads straight to bed, and takes a long and well-earned rest until morning.



banana (GM): ..so even if Skeleton doesn't, Travis knows how to get from one city block to another without revealing what he's carrying to patrollers. Maybe he's done this before.



Xarvrax: Would having a head full of meat help any here?



banana (GM): yep



Xarvrax: Excellent.

rolling d20 + 11

(14)+11

= 25



Travis Meacham: travis has DEFINITELY sneaked passed-out bodies back home

Princess Annamiranda Ersatz: "Gentlem- persons. This seeming cafe is an outpost of the Order. Follow me in the side door after one minute, then give the password to the dwarf at the coffee machine: 'Shed-skin feint'."



Vraknaar: Dragons obviously party hard, so it's a lot easier for his brother to find information when Vraknaar's doing party tricks, like replicating his meat-roasting tricks with his fiery breath (after getting bystanders to stand back, of course).



Travis Meacham: Travis looks toward Skeleton at the 'persons' crack. Nice disguise.



banana (GM): The great scavenger hunt that is the Taste Against Time involves a lot of the city. This has its points: they all know the drill and know to not give out info, even to the presumed champions. But with so many involved, there will be SOME loose lips.

The blue dragonwrought finds those lips like they were done up in bullseye chapstick.



Xarvrax: The phrasing of that...

Princess Annamiranda Ersatz: (Actually, she just can't tell Skeleton's gender with that weirdly shaped robe..)



VoxP**VoxD:** Placidus ducks out of the party to retire to a sensible evening of doing math and drinking alone. He's got to be up early, after all, and this Captain is yet another confounding thing to factor in to his calculations.

Sunken ships: "There's only three of the golden prizes, you know. So if you found two, there'd be no point wasting time."



Skeleton: Skeleton too powerful.

Sunken ships: "I work at the hunting lodges past the abattoir. We've been stringing up a lot of bait this week, all prep."



Skeleton: rolling 1d6 positive diabolist, btw, and

(2)

= 2

rolling 2d6 negative wizard king

(2 + 3)

= 5

Sunken ships: "With what happened to the Establishment, they'll have to re-do the clues there. It was *going* to be baked goods pointing the way out to their foreign origin."



banana (GM): That's all Xarvrax gets, but it could be a lot if interpreted.



Travis Meacham: After the minute, I follow her in.



banana (GM): Travis and Skeleton get an immediate odd look from the staff and patrons, since they are at this point visibly hauling a body, but the passphrase relaxes them and the dwarista waves you upstairs. The suite of rooms above the cafe is mostly empty; it was occupied until recently by the Snakebelly Stretchers, you're guessing, from the smell of armour-oil and the beds left jovially unmade. Princess Ersatz is waiting by one of the empty rooms. "In here, please. What a mystery.."



Xarvrax: So it sounds like it's some kind of gold things we're hunting, and clues for at least one of them is in the Abattoir.



Vraknaar: the hunting lodges past the abattoir



Travis Meacham: "Oomf. Yeah, this is really odd."



Skeleton: "I really can't imagine how he got in there."

Ersatz: "I'll have him brought to.. so your people don't really have a stake in this, right?"
"We owe you some thanks. Name a reward?"



Skeleton: Skeleton looks to Travis, uncertain.



Travis Meacham: hmmm

banana (GM): Princess Annamiranda has replaced her helm. She looks and sounds *exactly* like some



sort of royalty offering adventurers a prize for their quest.



Travis Meacham: "You must have some magic items." Although travis realizes he doesn't know if skeleton uses a wand or an orb or what.



Skeleton: "Ooh! Yeah. Erm... implements, preferably?"

Ersatz: "Oh, yes. Not *on* me, but my treasury stocks magic weaponry for obvious reasons."
"Are you likely to travel to Ersatz soon?"



Travis Meacham: i dont know, bec ause we aren't on the map!!!!



banana (GM): <http://11a.forthedor.de/map-empire.png>



Xarvrax: It's certainly not that far out of the way.



Skeleton: ionno about this external link...



Travis Meacham: agreed, ferrinus. pretty susp
"We should be heading that way, yes."



Skeleton: Skeleton thinks a bit, then nods assent.

Ersatz: "Then you're in luck. I literally own the town."



Placidus: It's so hard to make sense of... the Kingdom was an age ago, literally. And circumstance just washed the Captain up at their feet now, at this moment of ending and beginning, like some flotsam carried on the tide.

Ersatz: "I'm also returning home. Officially, already have. Take this- seek me or my officials out when you reach the lake, and you will have your magical rewards."
"Even if the sailor turns out to be some sort of demon in the meantime.."



Vraknaar: magic coupon



Skeleton: "Wow! Great."



Travis Meacham: Everyone who's anyone honors a note of hand. This is great news.

Ersatz: 'this' is a brass ring with a seal set into it, ringed by tiny gems.

Princes Ersatz: She's all business with the armour on. "Then I wish you luck tomorrow morning. Can't stay to see it."



banana (GM): *princess.



Skeleton: Skeleton nods. "Thank you, er, your..." Ske glances to Travis briefly, then back. "...highness?"

Princess Ersatz: A very slightly bowed head means you probably got it right.



Travis Meacham: Travis bows.

There: 's a couple of people coming up the stairs, now - the dwarf and another knight. They look considerably more hostile to your presence than does Annamiranda, but won't say anything if you're visibly on the way out.



Skeleton: Nice! Anyway, Skeleton mostly relies on following Travis's lead here re: aristocratic niceties. Ske turns to leave as soon as seems polite.



Travis Meacham: Yeah, we're gonna jet. As interesting as this guy is ... not really our problem.



banana (GM): So how late do you think it is when everyone's at last at the Gut and Bowel, preparing for one last night in the templecity?



Travis Meacham: well, when did ther event end?



banana (GM): sundown

But various people had their agendas, so I'm throwing the question to the floor.



Travis Meacham: i figure travis and skeleton are back two hours after that, ish



Skeleton: Hopefully not too late. Skeleton wants a few hours to perform some not-vital-yet-but-maybe-sometime counter necromancy.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol will be back sometime around midnight, likely the last to arrive.



Placidus: Whenever it is, Placidus is already in his pajamas and stocking-cap, drinking and scribbling. His notebook seems to be covered with doodles of dragons.



Vraknaar: Dragons party hard. Vraknaar will also probably be back relatively late. Not too late though, the event in the morning is important.



Placidus: No it isn't! It's not even slightly important.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax has passed out the second he got back.



Placidus: We have to win it, anyway, but it's not going to affect the outcome.



banana (GM): If it's important, it's for reasons other than cash dollars.



Placidus: Such reasons can exist, in theory.



banana (GM): The street parties end a little early, because citizen-patrollers start hanging about encouraging people to turn in, get a good night's sleep, important things going on in the morning, don't worry, everyone gets a day off with pay tomorrow..

(this last coming as a worrying surprise to the city's shopowners, and indeed to the eathlete teams until someone clarifies that it doesn't apply to businesses participating in the final event!)

The western boulevard where the Gut & Bowel squats hosts revellers into the night. The hoteliers, who've seen it all at this point, make sure to clear them out when all of Kon's Men have returned, so that you can get your rest and make them even famouser.

So at midnight it's just the five team members, a skeleton, two dragon-worshippers performing their pre-bedtime rite of scalecleaning, a security guard in crystal armour (due to the assassins, see) and a lot of alcohol.



Ghol, Going East: Creepy cultists.



Skeleton: Man, that's pretty good, armor made of crystals.



Placidus: It's ostentatious.



banana (GM): White elves, though.



Xarvrax: I mean, I wouldn't wear armor made out of crystal.

That's just asking to have some kind of light beam spell shot at you.



banana (GM): Yeah? Well, they wouldn't wear armour that isn't.



Vraknaar: if it's good enough for lunarians, it's good enough for you



Xarvrax: And then suddenly you're full of rainbows and murder.



Placidus: Doesn't that describe Xarvrax at all times?



banana (GM): Nothing else interferes with your beauty(?) sleep.



Skeleton: Anyway, this can be put off if need be, but if ske can find a basement (or judges that just an empty room or closet or something is sufficient), Skeleton is going to ritually cast Command Undead on skerself in order to either wipe away the silver bell's chime or at least instruct skerself not to heed it.



banana (GM): Sure! Give me an int check and a chilling intonation.



Skeleton: A robed figure sits in the center of a mandala made of stolen chicken bones, raggedy black curtains hanging down around it. The black wind howls through skeleton's skull and ribcage, sucking away the thin, high chime into gods know where...

rolling 1d20+10 int plus necromancy, and i really wish i had willpower points or something to

use here

(15)+10

= 25



banana (GM): There is the noise of a distant bell. A sixth note, silver and lead, chiming with dull regularity; its call continues, audible from the far centre of the world. But not to Skeleton.



Skeleton: "Hah. HAH! What now. Don't answer that."



banana (GM): Ske reaches into her own undead mind and closes a part away. The bell endures, somewhere, but not as far as you know. For now, ske is unaffected by the call.

Obviously this means that there will be no more problems forever.



Skeleton: Skeleton still hasn't worked out how to 'sleep' for either a predictable time or to a positive effect, so having performed the magic ske carefully cleans up after skerself and then simply leans back against the closet wall, arms crossed over sker torso, and waits.



banana (GM): So sleep we all.

Sixth glass, or thereabouts. The final event will start just one later, in the obvious place.

You've got a little time to ablute, banter and travel. The morning light - just barely arrived - brings a sense of anticipation.



Kon: Kon essentially pushes Ghol out of bed, down the stairs, and into seat for breakfast.



banana (GM): Everything that's happened here is nearly over...

Incidentally, I'm stealing your Conqueror dice.



Ghol, Going East: "I'm up!! I'm up."



Travis Meacham: ok



Xarvrax: Xarvrax wanders down the stairs, and slumps over a table.



banana (GM): The morning's fare: black pudding, bacon ala the Blue (as introduced to the city just this week), a huge and gravelly egg.

Barkeep: "Good morning, ser orc. Ser wolf. Ser dragon."



Placidus: Lovely. Placidus wanted some fresh air anyway.



Skeleton: "Good news!" Skeleton says, at breakfast. "I took care of the thing."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax isn't really hungry, he just is all chaosed out from the dream and subsequent undead battle.



Travis Meacham: "Nice work," says Travis through a mouthful of eggs.



banana (GM): That's the problem with accumulating a crew of eclectic friends with their own powers and agendas and intrigues. Chaos reigns even if you don't explicitly conjure it.



Travis Meacham: Egg, rather.



Ghol, Going East: "Warghfff," says Ghol through some egg. "He's a warg. Mornin'."



Skeleton: "It went very well. The whole thing being some kind of double-contingent ruse is VERY slim. Do we know what's actually going to be going on yet?"

The chance of the whole thing being*

Barkeep: "Right, and you're only half-orcish or, begging your pardon, in the present climate you'd have been run entirely out of town, but it sounded more classic if I said it that way."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax groans, "That's basically just a better wolf anyway."

Barkeep: "It's like.. an orc, a wolf and a dragon walk into a bar."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol just rolls his eyes and grunts into some bacon.



Xarvrax: "And the dragon threatens bodily harm on the next person to talk about or to him, right, I've told that one before."

"You could say it's my favorite.



banana (GM): There's the punchline.

Are everyone's affairs enough in order to head to the main temple?



Travis Meacham: Yep.




Ghol, Going East: Yeah.





Skeleton: Skeleton's are. Ske's ready to stop faking eating already.





Vraknaar: Vraknaar stumbles downstairs, just before it's time to go, and grabs some of that blue dragon-style bacon on the way. "This is pretty good. Did you show them how to do this?" He looks at Xarvrax.


 **Placidus:** Placidus looked sidelong at the oats they feed the horses at the stables down the way. He's pretty hungry, but not quite THAT hungry. Plus, knowing this town, the oats probably have meat in them anyway. So he's ready, albeit a bit grouchy.


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax punches his brother before mumbling, "No, and I don't really care."


 **banana (GM):** Being the first outside, Placidus can assess conditions on the street. There's the general sense of gravity, or suction - everyone in the town is draining in one direction. Inward.


 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax rolls off the table when he sees everyone else start to leave, and continues rolling straight out the door behind them."

 **banana (GM):** Even though Placidus himself is part of the reason for that, he's mostly overlooked by the wandering citizens and tourists - literal overlooking, yes, as is the gnome's fate, but even those that recognise the manager of Kon's Men aren't stopping for autographs today.


 **Placidus:** Everything spinning around and converging on a central point, where all is joined, despite its origins. This is the manner of stardust, and of sewage. It's probably poetic, if you're the kind of nonce that likes poetry, which Placidus absolutely isn't.

 **Travis Meacham:** Travis loves poetry.
Limericks, mainly.


 **Skeleton:** Skeleton doesn't remember liking poetry, but of course doesn't remember not liking it, either.

 **banana (GM):** Eventually, there are a pair of other competitors passing by: Jenny the Steak Whisperer, and an armoured human woman whose name Placidus doesn't know but recognises from some event. *They* wave.

The others are leaving the hotel now, so it's up to him whether to reciprocate.


 **Placidus:** Placidus'll wave back. He's grouchy, but not grouchy enough to be rude. It doesn't occur to him to wonder what they're talking about.


In any case, it seems the others are finished eating blood and stones, which is normal here in San Meat rather than something you say to children to frighten them. "Are you ready?"


 **banana (GM):** Jenny calls out in passing: "3 to 1 against today! Try to only win by a little!"


 **Placidus:** Placidus acknowledges that with his wave rather than words.


 **Travis Meacham:** "All set." You don't want blood in your egg, it's the sign it was harvested wrong.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol is already outside, having practically inhaled breakfast. He scowls in Jenny's general direction as she leaves -- though it's meant more for her teammates than her.

 **banana (GM):** The other woman isn't a Whisperer, you think.
Off to the Games, which oughtn't feel so much like 'off to war'.

 **Placidus:** It feels less like 'off to war' than actually, literally going off to war, which is worth something.

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax continues his sleep rolling behind Placidus, not really caring about people talking.

 **banana (GM):** There's a crowd gathered about the Alabaster Grill, and on the rooftops, and in the windows.. but today there are no stages for them to crowd around; the main doors of the temple are open at last.

Inside is a great feasting hall, sadly sans feast. Sans, indeed, meat.



Skeleton: Chilling.



Placidus: So what's going on in the Grill itself?



banana (GM): There's a large group of people out on the main tier, or really two groups pressed right up against each other but trying hard not to intermix: the priests of Alabastien Meat and the citizens' council plus a couple of the Aftershock. Only the latter are armed.



Ghol, Going East: Uh...huh.



Placidus: Well, that is certainly some extreme politics that are happening. Does it look like they're getting along, at least in a public-facing sort of way?



banana (GM): They're talking to each other without anybody casting spells or drawing swords.

High Father Burgersear even has his megaphone back - and he seems about to use it. If anyone has anything they want to do before things begin, this is really the last chance.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar's got his eyes on the Aftershock and company as well. Doesn't look great over there.



Skeleton: Skeleton hasn't got anything to take care of independently in here. Ske interlaces gloved fingers and watches the speaker.



Travis Meacham: Travis has laid down a tiny wager on 'the de-election of alabastien.' It's mostly for prestige.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax wakes up and looks around before shrugging and going back to sleep.



banana (GM): The Elector's Coppora man *is* still in town, as far as you know...

But for now, things go as you'd expect.

The High Father steps up to the dais, others draw respectfully back, an acolyte hands him notes, people gather about and cheer and pray.

Burgersear: "MY CHILDREN!"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax jolts awake and scowls at him.

Burgersear: "People of meat! Citizens of San Meat! Guests and friends! We have an UNPRECEDENTED day ahead."

"At this early hour, we give thanks and praise for the provender of the Goddess, following the omens She has provided to begin our ritual race."



Placidus: Isn't the finale of a historically recurrent and famous religious festival and competition the exact opposite of unprecedented? Whatever. Placidus is just going to listen.

Burgersear: "As you are all aware- the overall champions of the Hungry Games are already known! And they shall be crowned and lauded at midsun, the twelfth glass, when our competitors return from the TASTE AGAINST TIME!"

"..which raises in some doubting minds a question. Why, then, are we racing at all?"

confused cheers

Placidus: That is a very good question.

Burgersear: "Three very good reasons, my children."

"The first is that we are here to hold a competition, yes, a celebration of gustatorial might, yes, a widely-famed tourney.. but also a holy rite. The blessing of the Goddess has not yet lifted, and we shall complete Her request."

"The second reason- since the very first days of the Hungry Games, when this was less a rivalry and more of a pre-calculated ritual eaten by an enlightened few, no group of eaters has won **every** event at the Games. Not in the modern age. Not once."

"It seems some of our heroes have a chance. We will not deny it them."



banana (GM): The citizen-patrollers behind the dais look kind of bored, and some of them are urging the priests to hurry up. This seems to be futile.

Burgersear: "Thirdly!"

"Last but not least!"

"The final reason!"

slightly more sincere cheers

Burgersear: "Each of the Games' events carries with it the prize of stupendously valuable gemmed medallions! The other five teams still participating in our competition deserve a chance at the sapphire, no?"



Xarvrax: "No."



Placidus: None of that explains why it had to be held so many hours sooner.



Ghol, Going East: Thought he was asleep.



banana (GM): Xarvrax startles everyone by objecting in his dreams.



Ghol, Going East: Oh, the megaphone woke him.

Dammit, Burgersear.



Placidus: But, well this is their show, at least for now. Might as well play along, and thereby, win vast and glorious prizes.



Vraknaar: If there's anything in this world that will stop Xarvrax from being contrary, Vraknaar hasn't found it.

Burgersear: "On that sad note, then. We began these Games with eleven pious teams; six continue today."

"This is not an unusual attrition rate, but the perfidy of the Heartsblood Gorgers was unusual. My disciples have filed a complaint with the Army of Darkness."



Travis Meacham: Winning vast and glorious prizes is extremely win. Also, filing complaints.

Burgersear: "The sudden withdrawal of the Snakebelly Stretchers.. the cheating of the Thaumaturgustators, as has become tradition.. the withdrawal of the Steak Whisperers, due to injury and a loss of sponsorship.."



Ghol, Going East: Hah.

Burgersear: He doesn't mention the Aftershock, but as you can see, they're busy.



Ghol, Going East: Wait.



Placidus: A loss of sponsorship? Damn.



Ghol, Going East: To Placidus: "Loss of sponsorship?"

Burgersear: "Now, for the sake of our remaining competitors, I will begin the sermon."



Placidus: To Ghol: "I suppose the Prince pulled out once he realized they weren't going to win. There's that saying about rats and ships."



banana (GM): Someone close behind the High Father utters an 'oh, goddess' loudly enough that it's picked up by the mic.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol frowns. How is 'burn them both' applicable here?
Maybe it's different outside the Movement.



banana (GM): The sermon's *very* short, after all. Commissioner von Fop of the Citizens' Council cuts in to deliver one final message - the actual bureaucratic detail of the event. Nice of him?



Xarvrax: Oh, did they finally catch on that Capel was cheating at pretty much every event?



Placidus: At seeing Ghol's confusion, he elaborates. "The saying goes that rats always know to abandon a sinking ship."



Ghol, Going East: "Ohhhhhhhh."



banana (GM): To be fair, all the other wizards were also cheating.



Placidus: It might be definitionally impossible for a wizard to be fair, honest, or forthright.



Xarvrax: True.

Oh right!

Hmm... is throwing something at an official something that would get us kicked out?



Ghol, Going East: More importantly, it would prolong the ceremony with bluster. Don't do it.

van Fop: "So, the team which brings in the most Golden Entrails before 12 is the winner. Ties are historically likely, although we all remember Team Army's full-capture. Each of you is being given a randomly selected clue from the possible set - acolytes or whoever are finding you now. If some of you have hidden away where acolytes can't find you, come up to the Grill."

"An important note to all present. This applies more to our people than to the honoured athletes, so listen well:"



Ghol, Going East: Golden Entrails.



Placidus: Is that each team or each member of each team that gets a clue?

van Fop: "At the prize ceremony, we'll be finalising the new town management documents. This is the set of rules by which San Meat will henceforth run. Ordinary people will find their lives much improved; guildsmen and merchants less so. So you won't want to miss it either for the celebration or the information. That's all."



banana (GM): Each team, it seems - there's just one young priest making his way over to your group.



Vraknaar: That sounds ominous.



Placidus: Well, it sounds ominous if you're a cleric or a merchant.

no cheering at all, but a lot of murmurs



Ghol, Going East: Ghol isn't super-keen on how most places decide their government outside of the Movement, but 'constitutional congress at the awards ceremony' seems pretty suspect.



Xarvrax: "Booooo! You suck!"



Placidus: Placidus, who is neither of these things, and additionally is going to leave town as soon as is practical, is totally okay with the political upheavals happening here.



banana (GM): It's nice to be the people for whom they're irrelevant, yeah.



Placidus: Plus, it's the end of an Age. These kinds of things are going to occur and recur at smaller and smaller periods.

Acolyte Stockbroth: "G-good morning, eathletes."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol checks that both the Rune and the Knife are properly holstered/sheathed. Hopefully he won't have cause to use them, but...



Skeleton: Skeleton's standing a little ways behind the actual, official team, but turns anyway to give sker attention to the nearby acolyte.



Placidus: "Good morning! Have you ever seen one of these events before?"

Acolyte Stockbroth: "Ah, Miss Stone. Here's your starting clue." He's got a little parchment folder.



Placidus: "I can think of no one more fitting to lead our charge for some entrails."

Acolyte Stockbroth: To Placidus: "Oh, yes, sir, but I was just a kid and didn't know anything." He can't be twenty years old.



Placidus: "Was it fun?"



Skeleton: "Ah, er, thank you. I'll pass it on."



banana (GM): All around the square, teams are dispersing outward - with crowds following them. There's a group of like, several hundred people all kind of surrounding you and waiting for you to go somewhere, a mobile entertainment.



Ghol, Going East: Urgh.



Skeleton: Skeleton tilts the folder this way and that before huddling over with the others and opening it.





Travis Meacham: what travis appreciates, is that the wizard team is known to be habitual cheaters at the hungry games


Acolyte Stockbroth: "That was the time Corporal Manson found *all* the prizes. Looks like he's been promoted now. It was very impressive to see the town so efficiently combed."





Travis Meacham: but they keep letting them in because hell, everyone knows they're gonna get caught sooner or later


 **Xarvrax:** "Well, from what I heard there was bait being strung up around the hunting grounds, but also that they redid clues in the Abattoir, so there might be something of importance there."

 **Vraknaar:** Vraknaar looks at Ghol. "Don't fasten those weapons too tight."


 **banana (GM):** Looks like the other five groups have marched off toward various significant parts of town. So, what's in your folder..

 **Placidus:** They're going to get way ahead of us because they don't need their clues narrated to them...!


 **Skeleton:** Well, what is it?


 **banana (GM):** Don't worry, it takes them just as long to travel as you: half an hour to move along any black line.


And your starting clue reads: 'Bread's but a sop for juices, yet even a seller of sops may dish the juice.'


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol reads the note, then shrugs.


"Got nothing."


 **Vraknaar:** "I've... uh... got nothing. Anyone?"


 **Xarvrax:** "That goes about with what I heard about it."


 **Travis Meacham:** "The bakers."


 **Xarvrax:** "That the clue in the Abattoir was bread leading to it's 'foreign origin.'"


 **banana (GM):** There are bakers in town, of course, and being primarily Meat Khetherans they do live in the abattoir district.

 **Ghol, Going East:** We could split up, one supposes. Though no one else seems to be...

 **banana (GM):** You suspect nobody wants the risk of ambush and accident.


 **Vraknaar:** "Well, perhaps that's where we should go then?"


 **Xarvrax:** I honestly think we'd be fine splitting up.

 **Travis Meacham:** Well


we'd be fine splitting up, but


where would the other guys gho?


 **Xarvrax:** Unless there's rules against it.

 **banana (GM):** The Gorgers are out of it, so the remaining teams aren't so likely to try and, literally, kill you.. although you might not want to bet against the Barbarians.

*"Barbarians"

 **Skeleton:** "Yeah - I think bread's our best bet. I don't think splitting up's a bad idea... but what would the others do, just try to shadow another team?"

 **banana (GM):** It's an option!

 **Ghol, Going East:** If we want access to the Hunting Grounds, for instance, we'll need to send someone

to either the Shadow Quarter or Old Garrison eventually, costing time...

And one assumes we could just visit a place and search. We don't always need clues.



Placidus: "Where are the bakeries?"



Ghol, Going East: Note, also, that all of Ghol's Scout bonuses and such should apply in the Hunting Grounds.

For searching purposes.



Travis Meacham: i suppose we COULD have ghol kind of lurk around the hunting gfound and get the lay of the land



Ghol, Going East: If some of us are heading that way, though, Ghol would prefer heading through the Shadow Quarter. His stated reason is there's one fewer team there to compete with them.



Xarvrax: If we are splitting up, it should probably be Travis/Ghol, Me and Placidus, and Vraknaar and Skeleton.



banana (GM): You don't actually have definitive info on where all the city's bakeries are. You could ask around, though it'd cost time. You DO know that there are some near the abattoirs, and you can guess from xarvrax's info that there USED to be some in the shadow quarter.



Ghol, Going East: I think two groups is the most it's safe to split into.

Anything else might be pushing it...



Travis Meacham: alright let's go abattoir and shadow quarter



Placidus: seems legit



Skeleton: i like it



Placidus: I want to go to the shadow quarter, since it's not as gross and there's less and less-murderous teams there.



Vraknaar: sounds good. what are we splitting into



Ghol, Going East: We should split up along non-combat lines, I think



Travis Meacham: i want to go into the abattoir



Ghol, Going East: I.e., who is best at searching what



banana (GM): note that if you split up i'm not gonna let you share information unless you meet up first!



Travis Meacham: because me and the ire giant have a rapport



banana (GM): i'll grab the individual tokens though



Skeleton: what if we use magic to stay in contact



Travis Meacham: here's my other idea



Ghol, Going East: Ghol of course is part of the Shadow Quarter Krew



Placidus: lol our team is one whole token

it's like a rotary phone



banana (GM): i've dropped individual ones in the bottomleft of the map
do you have any magic that does that?



Vraknaar: if we're splitting up i hope that our travels don't lead to arara eyrie



Xarvrax: I mean, I could yell really loud, but well...



Placidus: so how about ghol/placidus/vraknaar to the shadow quarter, and travis/skeleton/xarvrax to the abbatoir



Ghol, Going East: I presume we could burn a bunch of Five 6s for temporary dragon telepathy, then split up the dragons



Xarvrax: It's also true that I have temporary dream powers.



Skeleton: hmm, what if, like... skeleton were to separate a fingerbone or something and hand it to either travis or placidus, and they were able to use sympathetic vibrations to send messages back and forth



Travis Meacham: why don't i just spare us that effort



Placidus: we'd have to, even assuming that worked, also incidentally invent morse code or something



Ghol, Going East: I am onboard with Placidus's group proposal.



Travis Meacham: and say, in the professor farnsworth voice, Good News Everyone



Skeleton: ??



banana (GM): Hi, Every Body



Ghol, Going East: Additionally, I could voluntarily give up Kon as a combat partner for the duration of events
To have him shuttle messages



Travis Meacham: one of my advances was turning my utility spell slot into a third level utility spell slot which contains the spell Message



Placidus: lol



Xarvrax: Handy.



banana (GM): now that is a plausible way to magically transmit messages.



Skeleton: well, cheers.



Placidus: is that an at-will



Skeleton: how limited is Message, is it just like send one message and we're done?



Ghol, Going East: Is it one-way, as well



Travis Meacham: daily, but i get two uses of it thanks to my feat

it IS one way, and it is one and done



Skeleton: hmm, it'd be nice if we could Ritual it into a walkie-talkie, but...



Placidus: better than nothing, certainly



Travis Meacham: so if my team finds the clue, we can tell the other team



Ghol, Going East: I say we go with the Kon plan, with Travis keeping Message for an Emergency



Placidus: but a walkie-talkie seems impractical



Travis Meacham: if, however, the other team finds it, we'll need to have them send a man to the abattoir
or a wolf



Placidus: he's a WARG



Ghol, Going East: Indeed.

Kon can't teleport so presumably there will still be time-lapse



Placidus: so yeah we'll take placidus ghol and vraknaar to the shadow quarter, and we'll have kon to send word to the others



banana (GM): sounds like you've amassed enough ad-hoc communication methods to force me to allow this inconvenient plan, so let's go ahead



Travis Meacham: he cant teleport? what the ehll kind of operation are you running here



Placidus: meanwhile travis xarvrax and skeelton will be in the abattoir, and they'll have magic to get ahold of us
this seems adequate



Xarvrax: Magic team go!



banana (GM): Alright. Half a glass past seven, and you arrive at, respectively, the Abattoir district - where the city's less traditional citizenry run the less palatable professions - and the Shadow Quarter, where the straight-up probably-criminal probably commit crimes, but also, more modern industry takes place (such as the printers).
What kind of searching or eating are you carrying out in each?



Placidus: Placidus is looking first for bakeries, second for any other teams in the area, and third for anything generally unusual.



Xarvrax: Well, we're here for some kind of bread related things.




Travis Meacham: We'll look for bakers that are still oepn, since as I recall it's only the shops involved in the games that are open.





banana (GM): As Team Xarvrax prowl around the abattoirs, they notice Immense the wastelander doing something with potted plants in a residential courtyard - moving them about.





Ghol, Going East: Well, one assumes we should poke around the bakeries, but that clue is probably for the Abattoir, so Ghol will be carrying out a more general search.


 **banana (GM):** (Team Vraknaar hasn't noticed any gnomes doing anything odd)


 **Vraknaar:** But Placidus is right here--

 **Skeleton:** Sops... dish... juice... yeah, whichever bakers or arguably-bakers are still just running their business as though it were a normal day have got to be in on things.


 **Travis Meacham:** Should we investigate the guy doing something with plants? This, I don't know.


 **banana (GM):** In general, the cost to do some random thing is gonna be half a glass, so if Ghol & co want to sweep the Shadow Quarter for 'T.A.T. related things that'll be one halfhouraction.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Well, if we're acting as a team, let's do this all orderly-like. Bakeries first.


 **banana (GM):** Smaller things like dealing with something you've noticed, roleplaying following a clue, etc, do **not** cost half a glass each.

Only generalised 'i try to get Something Somehow'

 **Xarvrax:** Then let's check out what that weirdo is doing with plants.

 **Travis Meacham:** Yeah!

 **Skeleton:** Maybe we should... spy on him from a rooftop or something? I'm not sure what we'll get by just sauntering up.


 **banana (GM):** Sure, but he's going to stop when you turn up. Immense hefts himself about and rumbles at you:

Oh? Roll a dice, then.

rolling d20+8 the wastelander's noticethingsability

() + 8


= **15**

 **Skeleton:** i think between the three of us i might have the best stealth-applicable ability


rolling 1d20+7 dex+skeleton to be thin and unobtrusive in a shadow somewhere


() + 7

= **12**

 **Xarvrax:** I mean, I could Separate my Existance.

 **Skeleton:** welp.

 **Vraknaar:** So what are we doing here, team A Boy And His Dog? Scoping out bakeries, eyeballing other crazy gnomes, or a general search?

 **Xarvrax:** Or you could bumble around like a bag of bones.
Because that's what you are.

Placidus: Well, we don't have anything immediate to notice or follow up on, right?



banana (GM): In the Shadow Quarter, it's not hard to tell what might be Games-related, since most businesses are shut.. there are several bars open, all of them with criers outside beckoning you in. They all seem to be going out of their way to attract eathletes, promising the most vicious and exotic drinks.



Placidus: So we're left taking a vague action.



Ghol, Going East: I think Placidus had a good list of priorities -- spend half a glass following up on the clue we have, then spread out.



banana (GM): Half a glass of this gets you an interesting thing: they've each pressed a complimentary bottle of liqueur on you, so you now have several oddly-named spirits each of a different colour.\nImmense, as before: (something you don't understand in the tongue of the Barbed Wastes).



Vraknaar: That is an interesting thing.



Ghol, Going East: 'Bread's but a sop for juices, yet even a seller of sops may dish the juice.'



Placidus: What are the spirits and colors?



Ghol, Going East: Maybe the juice isn't the juice of meat...?
Ugh. Word games aren't Ghol's thing.



Skeleton: Skeleton, unseen, shrugs at Immense. Have the potted plants already been arranged into anything striking or comprehensible?



Xarvrax: Xarvrax slams his clawed hand into his face, groaning, before moving on to search the area for clues.



banana (GM): There's a murky-white "Creme de Blamer", a rich purple-black drink named "Wizard's Dick" and a smoky grey thing, with bits of parsley in it, unlabelled.



Ghol, Going East: Fantastic. This is all great.



Vraknaar: I'm -definitely- not drinking any Wizard's Dick.



banana (GM): Immense: "Go away." He seems to have shoved the potplants all into a big pile.



Travis Meacham: Well, we can't understand Immense, so, "Sorry to intrude."



Skeleton: "Yeah, whoops."



Placidus: "Well, this is novel."



banana (GM): Travis mentioned wanting to look in the bakeries - with some specific quick goal in mind, or a general search (1 action)?




Travis Meacham: Let's, in that case, focus on finding open shops, specifically bakeries or restaurants, to Investigate.




Placidus: When you say 'smoky', do you mean the liquid is all a uniform foggy color or are there gas-looking tendrils of something suspended in a paler or less opaque liquid?




banana (GM): *Finding* bakeries is easy. Those are all open in this part of town, so you must be on the right track.




Travis Meacham: general search, i dont think this team has enough info to look into a particular shop




Ghol, Going East: So, we went looking for bakeries and ended up with...booze? We can examine this stuff later, but there's probably no entrails in it...




banana (GM): I've been a bit vague about how this works, haven't I? Basically i'm offering that you can either, like do some specific thing in the bakeries and see how it turns out, or, at the cost of An Action, just investigate them in general (and get something out of it unelss there isn't actually anything to get)




Skeleton: Yes, Skeleton isn't really ready to attack Immense and force him to divulge his clue, so ske'll participate in a general bakery survey. Focus: bakeries in which bread is specifically used to soak stuff up, or which are also related to literal juice, or which have really talkative bakers...?




banana (GM): The Shadow Quarter did **not** have a bunch of open bakeries. In fact, one large prominent one was totally destroyed in the fire.




Placidus: Yes, the bars are probably the salient clue in this part of town. "I think we should focus on these a bit."




Travis Meacham: i'd also like to see if there are any bakeries NAMED in such a way to indicate gossipy bakers or juice soaking




Xarvrax: Oh right.




banana (GM): Re: smoky: the latter




Xarvrax: What's Salubriot up to?
He's here somewhere.




Ghol, Going East: "Do we have to drink this shit to find the entrails?"




Placidus: How are the bottles sealed? If we open them will it be possible to close them again?




banana (GM): Xarvrax looks around for Salubriot.. wis check, please



Vraknaar: "I hope not. It's probably a clue of some sort, but I don't think drinking them is it."



banana (GM): Skeleton and Travis don't have any rapid success following the ideal of literal juice, so it looks like they're going to have to fall back on the more laborious interview process. That brings them to 8th glass (and some useful info)



Xarvrax:

rolling d20 + 3

(10)+3

= 13



banana (GM):

rolling d20+2 is salubriot even slightly sneaky, though

(12)+2

= 14

Yes! He is slightly sneaky.



Placidus: "We might not need to drink them, but knowing their contents might be important. Look at this unlabeled one for instance. There's something suspended in it."



Xarvrax: Damn it.



banana (GM): Xarvrax doesn't come across the ire giant's trail in that time.



Xarvrax: Wait crap.
Sorry, I forgot my level, and advance skill bonus.



banana (GM): The liqueur bottles have metal screw-caps. They could be closed up easily, if not exactly factory-sealed.



Travis Meacham: lol



Xarvrax: So add 3 to that >_>
I am terrible at remembering those.



banana (GM): lol. OK, Salubriot is by the outer wall, digging with an enormous flaming shovel.
Where he ditches the earth he's extracted, it smoulders and hardens slowly to stone.



Xarvrax: Why is his shovel on fire, and where can I get one?



Travis Meacham: HE IS REALYL COL



banana (GM): Eventually, you find a baker who's talkative on a relevant topic..



Ghol, Going East: Well...Ghol's no great expert on booze, but he does know potions and poultices and the like from his training and experience...
He's not drinking this stuff, though.



banana (GM): Most of them just talk about bread, but this one says something that reminds Xarvrax of something that was mentioned earlier: the most ABSORBENT loaves are made from Anvil bread, way up north, and have to be imported to San Meat.



Vraknaar: Vraknaar might know their military applications. But that's not really helpful here, probably.



banana (GM): You can only hope Creme de Blamer does not have a military application.



Placidus: Placidus wants to know if the bottles can be shut after opening, so that we can at least smell them.



Xarvrax: Did he say where it comes in from?



banana (GM): Yep
(as in, yep you can shut them)



Xarvrax: As in, where in the city it's imported to?



Placidus: "We might not have to drink it, but we should at least smell them. Here, everyone take one and smell it, and then we can pass them around. Try not to think about how odd this is."



Skeleton: Anvil bread from up north, eh? The road north is nearest the meat market...

Baker: "We get our stock from the Eludiel Trade Corporation. Despite the grand name, they're just

middlemen that trade with the caravans visiting the city."



Vraknaar: Vraknaar does have a really keen sense of smell, though, so maybe it's useful. Just please don't give me Wizard's Dick.



Ghol, Going East: We will all, eventually, have to sniff Wizard's Dick.
...There's got to be some other name, we can use.



Xarvrax: WD?



Placidus: WD-40.
It opens doors.



banana (GM): The smells of strange spirits.. let's see what they might remind you of. Someone could use a relationship roll for an automatic Useful Thing here, btw, otherwise i'll give you more cryptic results that might still be useful.



Placidus: we can't see which relationship dice we have...



Xarvrax: Time to break out the rolls.



banana (GM): oh, sorry, i guess they only work on the other map. you have:



Xarvrax: We have like, 27 dragon dice.



banana (GM): 6x4 The Five
5x2 The Five
5x1 Orc Lord
5x1 Archmage
6x1 Elf Queen



Travis Meacham: brb



Placidus: we have some conqueror ones too, right



Skeleton: banana stole those



Placidus: oh right



Vraknaar: the archmage knows all about the wizard's dick, presumably.



banana (GM): not anymore



Placidus: did ferrinus roll today



Skeleton: i did, but got nothing



banana (GM): ferrinus rolled, yeah



Placidus: thanks for nothing, ferrinus. you fuck



Vraknaar: i'm down with using the 5x2 on this, if need be



Placidus: well none of those dice are Mine so I'm not going to claim any. if other people wanna I won't object

 **Skeleton:** "I'm thinking we should head up to the Meat Market, then farther - see where trade comes in."

 **banana (GM):** a powerful advantage-and-complication of dragons, for spirit smelling? sounds good to me
or rather it sounds dumb and therefore sounds good

 **Placidus:** I would like to save the 4x6 five roll for the end of the games if at all possible

 **Xarvrax:** "Probably the best idea from what we've got."

 **banana (GM):** yeah, i remember you wanted to earmark it to try and own the Free Copper Companies

 **Placidus:** yes

 **Xarvrax:** Also, did finding Salubriot do anything useful?

 **Ghol, Going East:** orc 5
That'll do for Ghol

 **banana (GM):** It let you know that he was digging, if that's useful.

 **Xarvrax:** Probably not, no.

 **Placidus:** we probably don't need to burn TWO rolls on this clue

 **banana (GM):** No need to burn two rerolls on the spirits
efb

 **Ghol, Going East:** oh
I didn't see Vraknaar

 **Placidus:** he's easy to miss, being an enormous red man-dragon

 **Vraknaar:** "Son of a bitch. Well, hope you did what I told you and kept those weapons ready, Ghol."

 **banana (GM):** So, Team Xarvrax is heading to the out of town market, right?

 **Skeleton:** yeah


 **Vraknaar:** "This smells like dragon's blood. It probably isn't, because they would have had a hell of a time collecting it, but the only dragon's blood around here has come from us, and the smell tells me where: the arara nest."


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


 **banana (GM):** The Meat Market is a semi-permanent trade encampment, between the outer fields of San Meat - beyond the waystone road - and the city itself. This is where all the bulk trading takes place, the vast quantities of grain and flesh that the white elves supply to the rest of Marrow.


 **VoxPVoxD:** "I HATE the araras."


 **banana (GM):** There's just one guard tower and a lot of tents.


 **Ghol, Going East:** He'll write up a note to send to the other group investigating the Abattoirs, though, and hand it off to Kon. That's their neck of the city.


 **banana (GM):** Everyone at the meat market... a) what are you doing, and b) roll wisdom to notice something totally unexpected on the horizon.
It's quite far away, so this is dc 20.


 **VoxPVoxD:** With the araras in mind, do the other two bottles seem to signify anything related to them?


 **Xarvrax:** rolling d20 + 6
(10)+6
= 16

 **Skeleton:** Any sign of Eludiel Trade Corporation?


 **Xarvrax:** So close.


 **VoxPVoxD:** They might each independently point to a different one of the entrails...


 **Skeleton:** rolling 1d20+2 wisdom check
(8)+2
= 10


 **banana (GM):** The other two bottles turn out to be actual common drinks, rather than a special thing prepared for the games. Red herrings.


 **VoxPVoxD:** Ugh.


 **banana (GM):** Ok, Team Xarvrax fails to notice the unusual and important goings-on. They're not relevant for now. What are you guys doing at the market out here? There's less bustle than usual, due to even merchants being in town watching the Games - but you've just brought a bunch of them back out with you, and several are taking the opportunity to check on their stalls and goods!


 **Xarvrax:** We're short a wizard roll.


 **banana (GM):** well, maybe travis will get lucky, but in the interim..

 **Xarvrax:** But mainly doing that thing Skeleton said, looking for the people the baker mentioned.


 **banana (GM):** Sure, it's easy enough to find people with carts bearing the Eludiel branding - currently there's a teamster about to roll back into town with some cloths.


 **Vraknaar:** so do we head to the arara nest? call for backup? look somewhere else?

 **banana (GM):** Those are definitely things you can or should do.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Araras are too far away -- Ghol sent Kon to tell the other group so they can check it out.


Vraknaar: "Seems odd. It almost feels like they're leading us specifically. Picking out arara scent is


 plausible for other competitors, but this dragon's blood smell combined with it..."


 **Xarvrax:** Well, Xarvrax goes to accost the teamster.


 **Travis Meacham:** im now back


 **banana (GM):** wb


 **VoxPVoxD:** "Do you think someone is trying to derail us?"


 **Skeleton:** Skeleton, too, intending to ask about recent deliveries, strange instructions, etc.


 **VoxPVoxD:** *to lead us astray
because rails, and trains, don't exist


 **Vraknaar:** "It's possible. What else do we have to go on, though?"


 **Ghol, Going East:** "It's possible. Better to have the wizards swing by there while following up on actual leads than us going an hour and a half out of our way."


 **banana (GM):** Xarvrax comes up to the big elf. He's arguing with a human who has a cartload of stone, in various carveable blocks, under a Horizon flag - the two are too engrossed in their barter to notice you immediately.
Travis, Skeleton and Xarvrax, a.k.a. The Wizards


 **VoxPVoxD:** "We'd have to go through at least the Grill and the Garrison to get to the Eyrie, correct? We could find something pointing elsewhere if we went."


 **Ghol, Going East:** This checks out.

 **Xarvrax:** I resent that remark.

 **VoxPVoxD:** "Of course, who knows where they are by now..."

 **banana (GM):** Kon will sniff them out.

 **Ghol, Going East:** "Kon will find them."


 **Travis Meacham:**


rolling 1d20+3 this is my wis check


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
=

17

 **banana (GM):** good try

 **Xarvrax:** This is why I wanted to split us up differently.
Better stat spread.

 **Ghol, Going East:** We could spend some more time poking around the Shadow Quarter, or move on to the Hunting Grounds.

 **VoxPVoxD:** "I'm sure he will, but who's to say they aren't as far away from the araras as we are by now? The important question is this, I think: is there anything else for us here? If not we should move

on anyway."



banana (GM): If there IS anything else in the Quarter, it's probably something that only makes sense if following a chain of clues...



Ghol, Going East: Then we move on.



Travis Meacham: alright so we're investigating the eludei trade corp at the meat market, right?



banana (GM): yep



Travis Meacham: before we left the abattoir district i leave some kind of Trail Sign to let kon know where we are

Teamster: "Rocks aren't magic. I'm an elf, I know from magic."



Xarvrax: Oh god no.

Please no.

Mason: "These ones are like magic. Your 'silk', on the other hand, I would not use for an orc's pillow."



Xarvrax: Anything but this awful fate!

Teamster: "This is fine 'silk' from the abattoirs of the holy city itself! You insult the Goddess, mortal man."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax is growing impatient with this pointless bickering.

Mason: "Does the Goddess not pay up front, because that's pretty insulting."



banana (GM): Where is Team Vraknaar moving on *to*?



Travis Meacham: wait a minute

WE KNOW MASON

Teamster: "Given that nobody in the city actually needs quarried stone - you might notice our fine alabaster walls - you don't have a lot of leverage.."



banana (GM): Yes you do.



Travis Meacham: "Mason!"



Vraknaar: probably not the meat market, and the grill just takes us back



Xarvrax: Xarvrax puts a clawed fist inbetween the two, "Whichever one of you decides to shut up and help us first, doesn't get punched."




banana (GM): Janes Mason, bearded stone-seller guy, goggles-wearing, from some important(?) company in Horizon. "Shit of all the gods. It's the guy who isn't on the run from Axis."





Ghol, Going East: Hunting Grounds is probably the best idea. They can loop around up to the Araras from there.





VoxPVoxD: As they move on (to the Hunting Grounds?) Placidus counts. He counts stepping stones and pedestrians and guards and game-keepers. He counts teams and trolleys and passing cats.


 **Travis Meacham:** "How's it goin, man? We were just looking for possible foreigners or foreing interests who were given clues by the priests for the golden entrails hunt."


 **banana (GM):** All the gates out into the city's south enclosure are open, now, and there are people wandering about - despite the name, they're picking mushrooms and herbs.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol is going to get the lay of the land as soon as he arrives. He's been here before, but it's probably changed a bit from the opening night event.


 **banana (GM):** But Ghol's **very** familiar with the place's layout, and it's broad daylight this time, so he easily spots the unfamiliar group.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Aha.


 **banana (GM):** Five soldiers in Dragon Empire insignia, hanging around in a graveyard. They're sitting on headstones, chatting and passing around breakfast while exactly one of them - in subcommander's bars, but unkempt and with a long black beard - digs.


 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol is going to try to slip up close -- using the terrain to his advantage -- and listen in. Unless they're not bothering with being quiet.

Janes: "Yo, I'm interesting but not foreign. Entrails?"

 **Vraknaar:** Is this... Team Army?


Teamster: "Huh? Oh, hey.. did you have a more specific question than that? No particular reason for asking."


 **Travis Meacham:** "Yes, the prizes in the scavenger hunt."


 **banana (GM):** It's Team Army.


 **VoxPVoxD:** "I KNEW it!"


 **Travis Meacham:** "Well, the clue was about bread. Anvil bread? Do you have any anvil bread?"

 **banana (GM):** They're all back, apparently. Glory, Anthony, Comic, Petra and Mad Meckie were their names - several look injured, but they're all present.

 **Skeleton:** Skeleton eyes the teamster. "Mmmmmaybe. You, erm, let's try this. Move any anvil bread recently?"

 **banana (GM):** And in good spirits, considering.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Now Ghol would definitely like to make a Wis check with the Scout bonus to listen in.

 **Vraknaar:** So they're trying to make a big comeback here? Bastards.

Teamster: "Would that be.. bread made on or for or like anvils, or bread that's from Anvil?"

 **Travis Meacham:** "From."

Janes: "I wouldn't think most of those options make sense at all."

 **Travis Meacham:** Right? I think.

Teamster: "Oh, yeah." He sounds unenthusiastic."My boss is picking up a special shipment of Anvil loaf at ninth glass, just that side of the crossroads."


 **banana (GM):** roll, ghol

 **Xarvrax:** Hmm.

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


(18)+10


= 28

 **Skeleton:** "I see. Think they'll mind if we take a look?"

Teamster: "I'd bet he'll mind, but I'd also bet you find a way to do it anyhow."

Mason: "You people have a real weird economy here."


 **Xarvrax:** For reference Anvil is in fact "way up north."
So I think we're on the right track here.


 **banana (GM):** Ghol moves quietly, carefully..


rolling d20+8

(14)+8


= 22

 **Skeleton:** "It could probably be weirder." It's what, eighth glass now?

 **Placidus:** Whispering to Vraknaar: "I knew this was going to happen! The oscillation, the conspicuous lack of hanging terms... it could only mean one thing. There was a flaw in my premises. I thought the oscillation would introduce new terms, but it's merely re-incorporated subtracted ones."


 **banana (GM):** Team Army are mostly dragonriders, not scouts, and they aren't on guard. Not enough for someone with this much caution and woods-lore; not someone trained in the Movement.


 **Travis Meacham:** Vraknaar thinking to self: Somebody please help me.

 **Vraknaar:** Vraknaar whispers back, "Okay, but what do we do about it? I don't think we should jump them, but they're definitely jumping us, figuratively if not literally, if they find us."

 **banana (GM):** They carry on as if Ghol *wasn't* just under the mossy bank.

Captain Manson: "..the looks on their fucking faces. Half didn't know whether to run away or keep shitting themselves."

 **Placidus:** Placidus: "Let's see what Ghol finds out. They did sweep this event last time. If we could learn where they're going and beat them there..."

 **banana (GM):** Sergeant Bronzefriend: "It was kind of awful. That wasn't a *battle*."

Captain Manson: "No. But I'll take terror over berserker rage."

Sergeant Silverfriend: "Wish we could forget it someday, sir."



Ghol, Going East: Sounds like the 88,000 died poorly.

Hopefully Estella died with them. The Orc Lord won't forgive that.



banana (GM): Captain Manson: "Forget it when we split the sapphire price for pisswater. They'll know we shoulda won the whole thing if we hadn't been, you know-"

Sergeant Brassfriend: "Saving the world?"



Placidus: Dying in vain?



banana (GM): All the soldiers, except for the one who's digging, laugh and cheer.



Ghol, Going East: Dying in vain is fine. Dying like cowards...that's another thing entirely.



banana (GM): Lieutenant Meckie: "This ground is harder than the trenchwork at the Citadel. One of you assholes give me a hand, that's an order."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol has no special emotional reason to avenge the army sent south or whatnot. They were hunting him, too. But it would be nice if they could get something useful out of this besides asshole Imperial crowing...



banana (GM): Silverfriend: "Not done eating."



Xarvrax: Since we have time here, let's find out what Gnome team is up to.



banana (GM): Manson: "Eat faster." The captain hops off his tombstone and pulls out a necklace - some sort of charm. He mutters a command word, and earth begins to fly and spit upward, showering the unfortunate Meckie, who you gather from the others' comments lost some sort of bet...



Ghol, Going East: ...Is Ghol going to have to move to maintain cover?



banana (GM): Prescient on Xarvrax's part...

So it's just before ninth glass, and the five of you - you've picked up a warg, and the curious Horizoner Mason - are staking out this meeting site where a trade will take place. The sale of loaf.

Looking around for other eathletes, however, Xarvrax spots them: three tiny figures, staking out the same crossroads from the opposite knoll!



Xarvrax: Xarvrax glares at them.



banana (GM): You've got competition from the gnome team.



Xarvrax: Hopefully we don't have to murder them.



banana (GM): Ghol is actually so well hidden that he doesn't have to move. You COULD just hang out and watch what these guys do, follow them about, listen in, etc- if you're prepared to advance to 9th glass.



Skeleton: Only three of them? Well, we're not outnumbered or anything. "Should we just walk up and ask for it?"



banana (GM): A presumably similar discussion is taking place on the other side of the waystone road, in VERY quiet whispers.

Looks like Helen "the Inventor" Dementor, Gary Appleton and Pucke Domingo, most of whom haven't won anything whatsoever.



Xarvrax: "I could distract them somehow."



Travis Meacham: Travis is game to just walk up and talk with the gnomes.



Skeleton: "I meant the merchants themselves, actually."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol will keep shadowing the soldiers -- and if there's ever a chance that the captain leaves that magical trinket unattended, Ghol will take that chance to relieve him of it.



banana (GM): Placidus and Vraknaar, meanwhile, begin a hunt for actual (other) clues in the area?



Placidus: Yes.



banana (GM): Travis crosses the road, ignoring the little tingle of safety as he crosses the waystone line - walking across the stone itself is the blink of an eye compared to walking UP to it.



Vraknaar: It seems unlikely there's more than one, and they do seem very intent... but Vraknaar can still look.

Gary the gnome: "What do you want."

Helen: nnnghr



Skeleton: Skeleton, meanwhile, is going to make sure to be close enough to the exchange itself to just step up and join in the conversation at an opportune moment.



Travis Meacham: "My proposal is that we stand a better chance of beating the other teams if we don't interfere wit heach other here."

Gary: "That's true, but looked at from a certain point of view, you **are** the other teams."



banana (GM): Ghol shadows the soldiers as they remove a coffin from the earth...



Travis Meacham: quick! while i'm chatting with them, xarvrax should go do his xarvrax thing



banana (GM): It looks brand new, and thankfully, does not contain a corpse.



Ghol, Going East: Hrm.



banana (GM): Inside the birchwood box, is, instead, a ticket. Some sort of paper slip, which actually looks quite familiar.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax does the Xarvrax thing.



Travis Meacham: "That's true. But looked at it a third way, as the favorites you're best off sharing this clue with us instead of competing for it."



banana (GM): They discuss the war a little more - it becomes evident that the Conqueror won, somehow, that it was a total rout - and then their attention turns to the ticket. They're divided on whether to take it to the Shadow Quarter or to the Alabaster Grill, before Glory Manson points out that one is on the way to the other.




Ghol, Going East: Ghol will try to see if he can get a view of what's on that ticket.



banana (GM): Give me another sneaking roll.


rolling d20+8

() + 8

= **17**



Ghol, Going East: rolling d20+10

() + 10

= **23**



Travis Meacham: the xarvrax thing being "just try to strongarm the merchant for the clue," i believe as is customary



Xarvrax: I mean, that is my thing.



banana (GM): Well, damn. It takes a hastily scaled tree and an opportune moment, plus a distractingly thrown branch, but eventually Ghol's in a position to read the face of the thing.. that's why it looked familiar! It's one of the Steak Whisperers' betting slips.

Or rather, one of Legitimate Phil's slips, since the team is no longer a team per se.



Ghol, Going East: Mmmhmm. Now to see if he can delay them...

I'd like to use Orc Lord 5 to come up with something orc-related to stall these guys here for some period of time.

Helen: "It's not a clue, idiot."

"My scientific calculations have lead us straight to the offal. We can't just give that up to you."



Travis Meacham: "Oh, is there an actual entrail there? I can see why we wouldn't be able to split that, eys."

Gary: "Look- for all you know, 'idiot' might be a gnomish word meaning 'friend'. We don't want any hostilities here."

"Perhaps we could play some sort of intricate game for it...?"



Travis Meacham: "Define intricate."



Xarvrax: Good. Good. Continue being the distraction.



banana (GM): Vraknaar and Placidus, meanwhile, scour the hunting ground.

This has been the site of triumphs and death; the whole thing began here, going from a comic competition to an escalating reality. They find, for example, the spot where the ground is permanently marked, grasses seared white into the symbol of the High Arcanum of Growth where the enchanter Xiaxi became risen from the dead.

More pertinently, they find a child with a pig.



Placidus: ?!



banana (GM): The elf girl looks about seven years old, and her pet is a similarly young animal; but she's sitting around idly rather than playing, and jumps up from the grass when you approach, running

over. "The Games! You're a tasting team! From the winning guys, who the Goddess really loves."



Travis Meacham: Some pig.



Placidus: "Yes! I'm Placidus, and this is Vraknaar. What's your name?"

Gary Appleton: "How about... Sevens and Pleurisy?"



Travis Meacham: "How do you play that? Is it some kind of ... bluffing game?"



Placidus: Oh god, Sevens and Pleurisy. Never again.



banana (GM): Ghol lurks, contemplating. What could distract these men from their purpose...



Travis Meacham: "I'm not very good at bluffing."



Placidus: Give Placidus a solid round of Potters' Bar to Sevens and Pleurisy any day of the week.



banana (GM): He's been climbing from tree to tree, acrobatically staying ahead of the soldiers. Looks like their time in the air has dulled them to watchfulness on the ground, ha ha.

Although hang on, one of them is pointing in his direction almost like

Anthony Bronzefriend: "Shiiit, there's one of them here!"



Ghol, Going East: Ah well.

This will have to do.

Good thing he left the shirt behind.



banana (GM): an orc lord advantage with complications, yes
gimme a Str or Dex roll to lead them a merry chase




Ghol, Going East: One assumes Ghol can take the Scout bonus here, as well, given the setting.



banana (GM): yep



Ghol, Going East: rolling d20+14

() + 14

= **18**

christ.

Gary: "We're technically playing it... right now."



Xarvrax: Has the merchant even shown up yet?



banana (GM): Oh dear. Looks like to distract Team Army, Ghol is going to have to stay back a while
himself.

So you can keep them tied up here for, let's say, half a glass to a glass- the cost is that Ghol will also be busy, not getting killed.



Travis Meacham: "I'm afraid I don't take your meaning. Is it a ... word game?"



Ghol, Going East: I'm unclear as to the bonus of using the Orc Lord 5 here, as opposed to having just "been seen."



Skeleton: Is there much danger of the merchant handoff thing happening simultaneous to Travis's conversation, or are these negotiations taking place well before?



banana (GM): There is extreme danger of it; Xarvrax can see a caravan approaching, and an elf from the other direction.

Gary: "Very good.. but I riposte: isn't every game a word game?"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax points at skeleton and then at the caravan.



Travis Meacham: Travis takes a deep breath to stabilize himself. Gnomes.



Placidus: GNOMES RULE



Xarvrax: Xarvrax points again at Skeleton, and then the Caravan AGAIN.



Travis Meacham: Then, rather than continuing the attack on that angle, he makes a lateral move.



Skeleton: Skeleton nods and takes up position on the other side of the street from Xarvrax. At least one of them will be there when the meeters meet.



Xarvrax: As he starts slowly shifting towards the elf.



Travis Meacham: Specifically, he sidesteps and attempts to sweep Gary's leg to bring him into a wrsetling pin.

Girl with pig: "My name is Vyelana the High-Strung! I'm seven! ARE you a team of guys?"



Placidus: "What do you mean?"



Vraknaar: "What else would we be a team of?"

Girl with pig: "I mean, are you here for clues to find magic offal. That's what the teams of guys are doing."



Vraknaar: "Yeah, you seen any?"

Girl with pig: "I can give you a REALLY good clue as soon as you tell me "

" ... "

" ... "


"the secret magic word."



banana (GM): Alright, I'm going to ask Travis to make an int roll here. His out-of-box thinking is no good if he can't deduce the actual rules...!



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+6

()+6

= **13**

3 more if "life of privilege" applies



Xarvrax: Geez.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol scowls. This is stupid. He's going to abandon this chase and try to swing back to meet up with the others -- but he's going to try to see if he can trick them into thundering off into the brush a bit further first.



Placidus: To Vraknaar: "Do you know any secret magic words?"



Travis Meacham: travis knows the most secret magic word of all



Placidus: To the pig: "What about you?"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax is a magic word.
Whenever spoken, it brings pain to those involved.



Vraknaar: "Magic? You're asking the wrong dragon."

Pig: eeegrnk



Xarvrax: Go with that one.
That's the magic word.



Ghol, Going East: rolling d20+10

(6)+10

= 16

Girl: "You're gonna have to learn the word before I give you MY clue. You're se-quence brea-king."



Placidus: "Well, fiddlesticks."



banana (GM): She half-sings the last four syllables.
It's an alarming process - the soldiers are still in orc-killing mode, and really are not interested in stopping to check whether Ghol actually is their enemy. Leading them astray means dodging arrows and a hurled ball of fire, and without Kon's aid it takes a while, but eventually he's able to be Ghol, Going Flat in a small ravine while Team Army rushes past and into the middle of nowhere.



Ghol, Going East: Whew.
Assholes.

Gary: , pinned: "Ha!" By dint of size, Travis can get him in a headlock, but this seems to cause the other two gnomes to applaud Gary's successful gambit??



banana (GM): Xarvrax and Skeleton, meanwhile, attend a meeting.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol abandons stealth on his way back -- he needs to get to Placidus and Vraknaar as soon as possible, and they need to get moving back to the Shadow Quarter.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax continues shifting toward the elf, ignoring gnome shenanigans.



Travis Meacham: "Argh! I thought that would be an effective counter ..."
I'm getting rooked by these damn gnomes.



banana (GM): There's just one merchant descending from the caravan ahead, and only one elf coming up the road from the city. None look surprised to see you, but they sort of studiously ignore Kon's Men as they begin to discuss business in over-loud, slow voices.

"Hello. Is This The Loaf That You Are Selling Which We Had On Special Order?"

"Yes, This Is The Special Loaf From Anvil, Of Anvil Bread. Are You Going To Be Able To Pay The Full Price?" and so on

Travis has maybe several seconds if he wants to prevent the gnomes noticing this.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax makes a dive for the bread.



Skeleton: Skeleton sashays up. "Hello, yes! What would that price actually be?"



banana (GM): can i suggest doing only one of those, not both



Xarvrax: I can totally nab that bread.



Skeleton: maybe xarvrax dives from the other direction if skeleton gets pushback?



Xarvrax: Fair enough I guess.



Skeleton: too much pushback, anyway



Travis Meacham: hmm



Skeleton: and/or if the gnomes go for it



Xarvrax: You've got seconds, otherwise bread diving.



Skeleton: travis should just go "...and it precisely was." and look smug. machinated.



Vraknaar: So we're fleeing, before Team Army catches on?



Travis Meacham: that's genius

Travis suddenly grins. "And it was."

He folds his arms contently.



banana (GM): The bread seller clears her throat theatrically. "What's This, Another Bidder?"

Bread buyer: "No Way. I Offer One Hundred Gold Pieces."



Travis Meacham: Imfao



Xarvrax: Bread diving time?



Skeleton: "Are you kidding me--"

Gnomes: "Whoaaa."

Gary: "Hang on, hang on. This isn't Calvinball. I call First Seven."



Skeleton: this is the very sorry song / won't you all please sing along



Xarvrax: Bread diving time.

banana (GM): if you want to grab and run, that's an opposed dex check

the merchant they've recruited to play the part doesn't seem to be a very good actor, but will certainly try and stop someone stealing her wares:



Ghol, Going East: Ghol will make his way breathlessly back to the other two members of the Team and share his findings: a ticket from Phil...Respectable?



banana (GM): rolling d20+4 breadhold

(11)+4

= 15



Ghol, Going East: Whatever that guy's name was.



banana (GM): He finds, of course, Vyelana and her pig also.



Skeleton: xarvrax DEFINITELY gets to add his dragon-forged background, here



Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 8

(16)+8

= 24

Good.



Skeleton: because he's stealing treasure



Xarvrax: Good.



Placidus: "Legitimate Phil," says Placidus. "Should we head back to the burnt-out ruin, then?" To Vyelana: "Please, my dear, can you tell me if you've given your clue to anyone else this morning?"

Vyelana: "Nnnope."



Ghol, Going East: "Oh, uh, hi," Ghol says to the kid.

Pig: squeee



Vraknaar: "Nope you can't tell him, or nope you haven't given it?"

Vyelana: "I mean, nope I haven't given it to any body."



Placidus: "Does your pig have a name?"

Vyelana: "Why would a pig have a name?"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax gets shifty eyed before leaping wildly at the bread the merchant is holding.



Ghol, Going East: Not really an answer, that.



banana (GM): Janes Mason observes the clusterfuck. Travis is playing some sort of ill-defined intellectual wrestling game, and some robed skeleton is negotiating poorly- then Xarvrax strikes, scales and muscle ripping a loaf of bread away and legging it back towards the city. He pulls his goggles back

down and makes a comment which would have been amusing if anybody heard it.

Bread buyer: "Oh, come on."



Placidus: "Fair enough, I suppose. Should we get going, then?"



Travis Meacham: i believe it's time for my favorite only war catchphrase: "We're heroes."



Ghol, Going East: "The army guys should be running around a bit longer in the woods, but we should get a move on."



Skeleton: "Well, look, a hundred? Seriously?"



Placidus: Does Skeleton have any idea how much bread normally costs?



Skeleton: No.



banana (GM): Bread seller: "Fifty each. It woulda been enough to actually cover our time here.. the priests try to run this thing on pure piety."



Travis Meacham: definitely give 'em something



banana (GM): Bread buyer: "Piety doesn't pay the tithes! Quite the reverse, actually."



Placidus: Give them Skeleton. Surely some bakers and breadsellers could make use of a tireless undead automaton.



Xarvrax: Feel free to help them out, as I run laughing into the wind!



Ghol, Going East: Give 'em 10 a piece. We'll recoup it in the winnings and then some.



Travis Meacham: that's the kind of out of the box thinking we pay placidus for

Helen: "What's going on.. over..."



banana (GM): Here's what Xarvrax has: a loaf of bread. But it's really heavy bread, and oddly firm when he presses on it.



Travis Meacham: "Now, I'm still not quite clear of how Sevens and Pleurisy is played. But I believe that, in some sense, I won."



Xarvrax: Then I tear it open.
Carefully.



Skeleton: Skeleton pats sker robe theatrically. I'm not even sure if ske's carrying any money. "Maybe come find us after the games...?"

Gary: "Literally the least point-scory victory type possible."



Travis Meacham: Imao. checks in the mail, huh



banana (GM): Has Xarvrax ever seen an elven lung?



Ghol, Going East: Now there's a question.



Placidus: I assume he has now.



banana (GM): That's what this piece of Golden Offal is modeled on, yeah.



Xarvrax: I mean, I have been murdering a lot lately?

Good.

I'm awesome at bread leaping.



Travis Meacham: "Well, I think my friend Kelly is in a bit of a socially awkward spot."



Skeleton: Once Travis comes over: "Listen, have we got anything for these people? I feel guilty."



Travis Meacham: Travis has 40 gp on him that he can spare. "Sorry that it's not your full costs, but it's better than nothing, right?:"



Vraknaar: Grand Theft Loaf



Skeleton: why do cats sit in a loaf



banana (GM): Bread merchants: "You know what, you're pretty polite dudes. We're rooting for Konmen!"

(I assume Xarvrax just hasn't stopped running and laughing and tearing at bread)



Travis Meacham: I feel a little bad for the gnomes. But, looking at it a different way, not very bad at all.



banana (GM): Now, Team Vraknaar mentioned something about travelling to the Shadow Quarter..?



Ghol, Going East: Indeed.



Vraknaar: Before Ghol gets run over.

Girl with pig: "Where are you going, team guys?"



Skeleton: Once the merchants are satisfied, and assuming the gnomes aren't just straight-up drawing weapons, Skeleton moves to catch up with Xarvrax. "All right, all right. We've got the - say, how long has Kon been here?"



Xarvrax: Well, we're on our way to the Arara's once we're done here.



Travis Meacham: wait why would we head for thea rara's



Ghol, Going East: Kon



Travis Meacham: ohh
right he had the note



Ghol, Going East: we got a clue in the Shadow Quarter
yeah



Placidus: presumably because of the note kon's been holding onto for 20 minutes



Travis Meacham: also i'm going to try to send a Message to th eother team that we found a Gut



banana (GM): Yeah, he must be pretty impatient with these shenanigans by now!



Vraknaar: "Sorry, we wouldn't want to break your sequences, whatever that means!"



banana (GM): OK, roll em



Skeleton: Once Skeleton's filled in: "Oh. Yes, nice. Let's head over."



banana (GM): (iirc you need 2+ to succeed at your Message)



Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+11

()+11

= **19**

i needed 4+, but thankfully it worked



Kon: Kon will pad up now, with the note. He will seem mildly confused, having passed Xarvrax on the road just now.



Travis Meacham: "Hi, Kon." Travis takes the note. "The eyrie, huh? Okay, are you sticking with us?"



Kon: Kon shakes his head; he's heading back. What if another message needs sending?



Skeleton: "All right. Good luck to everyone."



Travis Meacham: "Alrighty. See ya."



Kon: *woof*



banana (GM): There are a bunch of dwarves hanging around the butchery district when Team Xarvrax arrives. They're everywhere, so easy to spot - in and out of various buildings and gardens. They seem to have the same gardening obsession as the Wastelander did.

In general, they also look quite happy to see Travis!

(Skeleton they don't know, and Xarvrax is terrifying)



Travis Meacham: "Why is everyone digging? Is this a clue we didn't get?"



Xarvrax: "We could find out.

"We could good cop bad cop them."



Skeleton: Gardening... Skeleton can't think of a good way to actually obtain a quote of these teams' clue, unfortunately.



banana (GM): Meanwhile, Team Vraknaar are back in the Shadow Quarter.. but what are they doing here this glass? (Or are they just on their way to somewhere else?)



Vraknaar: Ghol seemed insistent on coming back here. What's the plan?