



banana (GM): Good morning and welcome to the Victims of Wizardry Anonymous Support Group.



Xandrah: Currently reading up.

And am super sad I wasn't there to make fun of wizards.



banana (GM): Oh man, they got taken almost seriously. It was very sad.



Kalira: where do we read up



Xandrah: Go to the very top

Or <https://app.roll20.net/campaigns/chatarchive/455267>



Kalira: i did and it's just showing me a blank



Xandrah: Hopefully it works for you.



Xarvrax: So do I get to do things before we resume?



Kalira: it's only showing me the stuff we said



Xarvrax: Odd.



banana (GM): what you want is this: http://11a.forthedor.de/logs/2015-01-16_chapter22.pdf



Xarvrax: Well, my log worked and I got up to:

Placidus vanishes into a mysterious mathematical realm, Travis and Skeleton take a death-defying/revealing ride, and Ghol infiltrates the Shattered Palace to confront one of the women of his dreams. All these things must signify the end of an Age."

Which I'm assuming was the end.



banana (GM): it was

we'll have to discover that xarvrax and kalira have been doing something else..

maybe something useful, even



Xarvrax: Aww, I wanted to go talk to Roland.



banana (GM): alarmingly for everyone else, this is still a possibility

you've got a conqueror 6 and 5 floating if you need to call in favours from the empire

how do i make everyone else wake up..



Xarvrax: Well, I was just going to see about strong arming my way in on the grounds of: I'm a dragon, move.

There's one more, now we just need literally everyone else.



VoxPVoxD: oh whoops I completely forgot to join this channel



Xarvrax: Don't worry, I'm just plotting on talking to Roland.



banana (GM): hello vox



Xarvrax: I'm sure that won't end poorly at all.



VoxPVoxD: go ahead, I'll just hide in this pocket math dimension



banana (GM): placidus has finally learned how to not have to deal with other peoples' problems



Xarvrax: He's just a guy, surely he won't be able to blow up the whole city to kill me if I piss him off?



banana (GM): well



Crion: NEVER talk to wizards



VoxPVoxD: he's actually the god-emperor of mankind from warhammer 40k



banana (GM): he blew up the whole city LAST time.



Xarvrax: No no.



banana (GM): that's why they call it the shattered palace



VoxPVoxD: they should call it the shuttered palace instead



banana (GM): it isn't shuttered. teh doors don't even close properly anymore



Xarvrax: I was going to talk to the Emperor.
Not wizards.



Kalira: then you're in the wrong town aren't you



VoxPVoxD: I'M talking to wizards



Xarvrax: Continue reading.



VoxPVoxD: is zarick logreading



banana (GM): it seems so
i'll kick things off shortly



VoxPVoxD: *the diabolist kicks ghol off of a parapet, and he falls to his death*



Ferrinus: skeleton might be stuck just using a sensory illusion and hoping this umpteenth level wizard rolls 9 or less on a d20
which has like a 10% chance of occurring, i'm told



VoxPVoxD: if a skilled player does it, yes
but if he was truly skilled, he would be a pc rather than an npc



Ferrinus: ugh i think i left my coat at work



banana (GM): it's funny how "i'm not comfortable being seized by your giant claws" would ORDINARILY be a valid argument, but not in this setting



VoxPVoxD: neerrrrrrrrrrrrrdmaaaaaaaaaaaaaan -everyone, to that guy, when he was in middle school



Ferrinus: anyway i'll brb



Xarvrax: Horizon?

Horizon.



banana (GM): Once known as the City of Walls, the political counterpart to Santa Cora in the South Federation, it's now the greatest city of the Dragon Empire. The City of Towers is famously home to the Archmage himself, and the greatest centre of non-necromantic arcane learning in the Realm. More than a million mostly-human beings live beneath the Shattered Palace, spread east to west along the cliff-harbours of Pocket Bay.

Kon's Men - and associates - have stopped in on their rambling journey East, with objectives various and variously legitimate.

To sum up their situations:



Placidus: Nothing is more legitimate than earnest scholarship!



banana (GM): Placidus, as Placidus points out, has been introduced to a mathemagician. The second-circle mystocrypt Jan Pfeiffer is quite eager to discuss numbers and has a spell-realm prepared for this very purpose. What secrets will they cleverly conceal from each other...?



Xarvrax: All of them.

They're a gnome and a wizard, they are the masters of secret flaunting but not sharing.



Placidus: Placidus is totally forthright and honest, I will have none of this flummery.



banana (GM): Elsewhere in the Invisible College, Travis and a skeleton have accomplished your actual major goal in Horizon - informing the tower hierarchy of the Archmage's failing spells. Maybe mind. They've also talked their way into a reward, and are about to be granted it by a huge blue bird wizard, if they don't mind being seized and hurtling through the air, again.



Riidi WW: banana (GM): it's funny how "i'm not comfortable being seized by your giant claws" would ORDINARILY be a valid argument, but not in this setting
its racist frankly. skeleton is being racist here.



banana (GM): Out on the streets, three members of the group were exploring the city for other purposes - Xarvrax, Person and their new friend(?) Kalira had better things to do than dob in wizard crimes. What, in fact, are those things?



Xarvrax: Xarvrax like Ghol, was waiting for the parade.

Seeing who was in it did give him pause though, Roland is here? That's too good a chance to pass up.



banana (GM): The parade indeed. Festivals seem to follow you wherever you go- and this one brings the Conqueror himself, at the head of multiple South Marrow legions returning safely home. They're haunted by orc ghosts, and also by an actual half-orc, of whom more in a moment...



Xarvrax: Xarvrax is going to do his damnedest to get an audience with Roland.

Throwing whatever names he ends up having to throw.



Kalira: Kalira took the less interesting job of finding lodgings, but the rest of them look like they've been sleeping in the dirt for most of their travels and she'd rather they didn't choose accomodations. Sure, a soldier sleeps wherever they need to... but not in a city like this.



banana (GM): That moment: stretching out as Ghol negotiates with a literal demon. It's just a little one, some sort of inky imp, but a monster all the same - they exude chaos, an abyssal aura. Perhaps having spent time with Xarvrax will have inured him to it.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Sleeping in dirt is an old and powerful tradition.

 **Xarvrax:** Pfft, you can't be inured to chaos.

 **Placidus:** Definitely the person with an ideological opposition to "buildings with roofs" should not pick lodgings.

 **Xarvrax:** That's like, the one rule of chaos magic, it never stops working, because it always changes.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol's made sure to keep himself at least ten feet from the thing at all times while doing his brooding teen shadow-stalker routine.

 **banana (GM):** Alright, so it's on the way to hunting down lodgings that Group XKP spots the parade. Is Xarvrax going to try and get the others' help for this proposed audience? Getting a chat with the Emperor of half the world can't be easy.

 **Skeleton:** Skeleton's been trying to convince the bird that ske needs a floating disc or something to sit on instead, for nebulously psychological reasons. Any traction?

 **banana (GM):** Person, incidentally, is quite pleased with the search. He keeps pointing out the features of various lodging options - 'beds you could sleep in, food you could eat. these things are important to life'.

 **Xarvrax:** Xarvrax is fairly confident he can manage.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Hell, he's not wrong.

 **Xarvrax:** Though his brother would probably make things easier.
What with being more soldiery and all.

 **banana (GM):** This is by contrast with Janes Mason who has at this point vanished entirely. Given the opportunity to get the hell away from you people, he seems to have reconsidered his original friendly interest. In particular, Kalira and Xarvrax are the ones who worry him most- so he hasn't stuck around. Presumably you could find him at the Mason family business if you wanted.

Mystocrypt Pfeiffer: "You're a visiting.. scholar, was it? I see the remnants of a tonsure. Down this infinite stairwell, there's a lounge and kitchen.."

 **Placidus:** Placidus clears his throat in a way he hopes is not suspicious or conspicuous. "Yes. A scholar of natural philosophy."

 **banana (GM):** Another factor for Kalira: how long are you even staying in Horizon? Just tonight, or...?


 **Kalira:** Who knows? We're dragging along at least two wizards and they're probably going to want to dig around here, even after business is concluded. Kalira is trying to find a place that will take pay by the day and not fuss about it.

Pfeiffer: "This is where most of my colleagues would point out that we reject the natural, impose our will in lieu of philosophy, et cetera et cetera. Yet I am convinced that the real actual world has much to teach us." The wizard's still a barely-physical mass of impressions and auras, but that doesn't prevent them from stopping in at the mentioned kitchen, to order you both some snacks.

 **banana (GM):** Skeleton can make a charisma check, why not? The incantronach isn't *totally* unconcerned with the comfort of humanoids.

 **Skeleton:** rolling 1d20+6 neither of skeleton's backgrounds apply, but maybe ske's just naturally

sympathetic...?

() + 6

= **14**

Imp: "You move VERY quietly along these walltops. Keep it up! The mistress won't be happy if you draw attention. Abyss, she might not be in any state to talk after that."



banana (GM): The phoenix wizard Pyrefrost makes this concession: "I'm not burning my own mana on a sidedisc. Give me one of your daily slots if you insist."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol just stares back at the chaosling. He's not here to chat with it.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax blinks, elsewhere, feeling a disturbance.



Ghol, Going East: He's here to chat with its mistress.



banana (GM): The imp doesn't even have a mouth, though it DOES have a comically large head with caricatured ears and nose.



Skeleton: "Oh, that's completely fair." Skeleton pauses for a moment as she rifles through her options. Can she... pass along something as fraught as Lv1 Summon Undead without suspicion? In some senses, power is power, but not in others...



Placidus: Hooray, snacks! "I've always been a bit suspicious of the whole notion of the 'super-natural', to be perfectly frank with you. Magic permeates the world. It's a tool of civilization and wilderness alike. It's observable, testable, measurable - it's as much part of nature as gout or snowflakes."



Travis Meacham: man it just never freaking ends

"waa i can't fly cast me a disc"

"waa i can't give you a spell slot it's full of necromantic power"



Skeleton: PLEASE BE SENSITIVE TO MY NEEDS



Placidus: some people are just takers



banana (GM): It doesn't take too long to sign up for accommodation at something that's just better than a flophouse - half a silver per person per night. (Person: "Are there still eleven of us? We'd have to stay two nights or do violence to a coin.")

With that sorted, there's time to plan. To Meet The Conqueror, maybe.



Xarvrax: Good.



banana (GM): So here's the state of the parade:



Kalira: "Or do violence to one of the people. We'll figure something out." She pats Person on the back.



banana (GM): The bulk of the soldiers have actually broken off and headed for the palace, to resume their garrison and debrief; tromping through the streets at a more leisurely pace are about four battalions with a bunch of VIPs at the centre of the lead group. They're moving slowly, stopping to greet city dignitaries, be offered local merchandise, and so on- the typical visit to one of the city's squares includes a marching song being played and a brief speech by some minor ex-noble.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax is following as close to where Roland is as possible without you know, charging out into the middle of the parade itself.

Pfeiffer: "Historically, that's an interesting point. In the earlier ages before the Kingdom this idea of naturalness was promulgated by basically self-interested people.. those with political power but not arcane power, druids and priests who offered an alternative.. it was only when magic became synonymous with rule that we sort of took up the idea as a mark of elitism, I think."



banana (GM): Nobody stops Xarvrax from participating in the crowds, but he's never going to get close this way- the whole thing seems to be scripted and scheduled out. March down a street, talk to the waiting locals, reform and march again...

Pyrefrost: The icemaster phoenix sidles around the study to the window and climbs out onto its ledge, waiting.



Xarvrax: Hmm...

Xarvrax knows what to do now.



Skeleton: No, like, actually, in Skeleton's own estimation, can a necromantic spell slot be 'scrubbed' to the extent that it won't cause comment when donated?

Pfeiffer: "(You've got the thermos? OK, I'll open the Door.)"



Xarvrax: The next time that the parade stops, he'll maneuver to the side that it's facing, and get to the front of the crowd, before pointing and waving at Roland.



banana (GM): Ske can transmute it to raw power, probably. There's no more risk, at least, than there is of your actual nimbus giving you away.



Skeleton: Well, here we go, then. "All righty, just oooone moment-" Skeleton makes a big of a production out of the whole affair, curling sker fingers gruesomely and swaying back and forth as silvery light comes hissing down out of sker hood and up from the hems of sker robes to collect in their hands in a great, gauzy orb.



banana (GM): OK, so Xarvrax is going to try and just attract attention, relying on being what he is? That's a cha check as well.



Placidus: Placidus has got the heck out of this thermos. "Just so. It's a political tactic, which is all well and good, but as a point of doctrine..."



Skeleton: "Here you are, should be good." And ske's ready to go, hopefully.



Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 11 Waving at the god damned Emperor.

(9)+11

= 20



Travis Meacham: Travis has been ready for AGeS.



Skeleton: Sorry!!!




Placidus: You're not.




Kalira: Kalira has probably moved on from finding lodgings to looking over the parade, at this point.

Just in time to see their blue dragon cohort waving at an Emperor.


Pfeiffer: "And have your studies touched on the so-called intersection of spells and phenomena?" The wizard gestures nebulously (looking, as they do, like an actual nebula) at the kitchen wall. White-painted bricks slot themselves out neatly, falling away into a blaze of light, tearing a regular hole in the wall as well as space and probably time. A mangy velvet carpet flops out of the aperture into brilliant whiteness.


 **Skeleton:** Listen, I'm sincerely interested in reaping the potential social benefits of following the word sorry with at least three exclamation points.

 **Travis Meacham:** this.


 **banana (GM):** Pyrefrost 'takes' the orb, power streaming up his wings as he conjures a rather bland shimmer in the air - a large disc with a visible harness. Skeleton has to crouch, but it doesn't impede the journey.


Roland I's party are dismounting yet again to meet yet another undignitary when Xarvrax makes a polite but very prominent spectacle. There are dragons in the skies of horizon, but far above- and none with two legs- and none blue.

 **Placidus:** Placidus will carefully negotiate his way through the portal with snacks in hand. "That's- ah, one moment, there- that's not a perspective I'd considered it from, but I suppose, if I follow the logic through, it would be fair to say that my work, while totally phenomenal in means and origin, presents with a certain..." He'd gesture vaguely here if his hands weren't full. "...spell-like ability."

 **banana (GM):** The crowd assumes that the dragon and the dragon empire are related, and cheers. Of course, coloured wyrms have a bit of a reputation.. several of the imperial soldiers raise their small shields into a defensive formation, just in case. The emperor himself does notice, and your efforts are rewarded with... a raised hand and a nod.

 **Xarvrax:** Good.


 **banana (GM):** Now he's turning away to speak to someone, clearly prompted by what just transpired.. a discussion takes place..! ..and then the whole parade returns to its routine. Except:


 **Kalira:** Kalira, watching from afar, hopes the dragonman is smart enough to leave it there.

 **Xarvrax:** Pfft.


 **Placidus:** Uncharacteristic optimism for a servant of the dark gods.

 **Kalira:** Serving the dark gods is all about optimism.

 **banana (GM):** The brief speeches in each square, from now on, include an extra passage: "..with thanks to our great allies the Five. The friendship of men and dragons was cemented forever this year, with their cavalry and irregulars buying time to save the people of the west. No other force in the Realm could have concentrated such force to a point for such good purpose."

 **Xarvrax:** Aha! He knows who I am.
Suck it everyone else.

Imp: The demon leads Ghol to a little courtyard in one of the more intact wings. Two towers back onto it at right angles, each with lights burning in a single window. The creature gestures to the nearer one: "Can you jump?"

 **Kalira:** It almost sounds like Xarvrax's presence intimidated him a little. Like a little reminder that the

dragons might be pissed if he forgets about them. Not bad.



Travis Meacham: xarvrax shows up and now EVERYONE is thikning about dragons
this is the wOrst.



Ghol, Going East: Of course Ghol can jump.

Pfeiffer: Placidus has arrived in a garden, walled and ceilinged by some sort of liminal material. It's most of a sphere, the bottom part being filled with (respectively) dirt, plants and paving; there are a few benches and a fountain, and no way out.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax will continue following along, to make sure that the parade does in fact end at the castle like he suspects it will.



Ghol, Going East: Agreed, for once, with the wizard.

Pfeiffer: "Could you give me an example? That's counter to some of the basic principles.. the Flame arises from the Spark, and so on."



Xarvrax: Also, he IS the Dragon Emperor.



banana (GM): Travis and Skeleton, carried through the spires of the Invisible College: it's a weird and boring ride. Your carrier jukes up, down, left and right, flapping furiously at times and then catching a gust of air in some totally perpendicular direction. All this is taking place, seemingly, in the empty air above the western part of the city.



Kalira: Kalira starts to work her way over to Xarvrax. She might hope he doesn't do anything stupid, but she's the type to try and make sure.



banana (GM): They can meet up well before the parade reaches the Palace - it goes on into the evening.



Skeleton: At least Skeleton can kind of sit cross-legged and look like ske's meditating sker way across the skies. Maybe the spell slot was worth it.



banana (GM): lol

With a leap that even Ingher would've approved, Ghol makes it to the indicated sill.



Ghol, Going East: hup

Imp: "Mistress, my mistress- hey, friends!"



banana (GM): They come *boiling* out of the window- that's the only appropriate word for it; half a dozen figures, mostly shaped vaguely like little people or animals, but dark mist and liquid, splitting and recombining.




Placidus: "Well, yes, It's a simple demonstration. The difficulty is that the parameters of any particular oscillation vary wildly based on circumstances. There are so many variables... aside from a few elementary formulae, just *remembering* the calculations is exhausting, never mind actually performing them on the fly. I'm getting better at it, though. If you gave me roughly twenty minutes I can work something up, or, to make things a bit easier, ah, throw that scone at me."




banana (GM): In tinny voices they're calling: "Oh no! Oh no, someone has found us! Oh, no!"





Ghol, Going East: Ghol will hang from the window sill and let them pass...?

 **banana (GM):** About half of them go bubbling past and fall; several fly, somehow, circling you. From inside, a cheerful voice: "How fast have I got to run? Are you the Palace or the Tower?"


Very small flying demon: This one has a fork in each of three hands, and begins to jab at Ghol's legs vindictively.

 **Ghol, Going East:** Ghol will flip up onto the sill, then, landing in a balancing crouch, elbows on knees, surveying possible further landing spots inside the room--


 **Placidus:** "Wait, no! Wrong idea, throw the scone at..." Placidus points. "That bush."


 **banana (GM):** After sufficient dodging about, the group's only **actual** wizards are deposited in a suddenly-visible reception or clerical area. A number of apprentices at desks gawp at the birdman who's just flown in a wide window, as well as his cargo. This building appears to be some sort of large study or administrative area- maybe both? It's divided by ropes and half is in a different decor.

It has one other very nice feature: a wide open front door with clearly visible **stairs** leading out into the city streets.

 **Skeleton:** "Phew!" says Skeleton, standing carefully after the landing. "Thanks again for the flight."

Pfeiffer: In this place, the high-level wizard is more solid - they have, at least, hands and arms with which to food fight. Pfeiffer hefts the thing dubiously and is JUST about to wing Placidus when he changes his mind. "Commencing observation."


 **banana (GM):** rolling d20+4 improvised weapon

( 8)+4


= **12**


it's going TOWARD the bush, at least


Pyrefrost: "Yes, yes. So give that receipt to the desk entities. I've got to go." At this point, he's far more interested in dealing with the news you brought than with you yourself.


 **Travis Meacham:** "Bye."


 **Skeleton:** "Right."


 **(From Placidus):** oh I suppose I should ask - does placidus's thing actually work in this pocket dimension?

 **(To Placidus):** yes

 **banana (GM):** Most wizards are not gregarious, and the initial surprise wears off, leaving basically nobody paying attention to Travis and Skeleton. Which is the way one of them likes it.

 **Skeleton:** Once the somethingphoenix is on his way and Skeleton's finished straightening sker robes, Skeleton turns to Travis. "...you've got it, right?"

 **banana (GM):** Eventually, the parade meets the Palace. Along the way, Kalira and Xarvrax have seen about half the city; been offered free samples of icecream, linen clothing and regeneration potions; and encountered a minor crisis.

 **Placidus:** It isn't, actually. Placidus leans forward, peering at the parabola the scone would shortly describe. His fingers drum on the tabletop, even though he himself is only visible from the chin up. The

liquid in the thermos and their cups ripples a beat out of time, and far stronger than the gnome's fingertips could do on their own. There's a vase, here, half-full of water, and it emits a pleasing C# -- violet light flickering within it, reflected from without, its source nonapparent -- and the scone staggers in midair, spinning back towards Placidus.



Travis Meacham: Travis definitely has the receipt.



banana (GM): Near the end of the parade route, Person's occasional questioning of passers-by is met by a merchant with a hard touch. It's another map-seller, and this one claims to know the way to Ironhenge, on the principle that you can find the way ANYWHERE with her maps, if you look through enough of them and pay the price.



Placidus: So intense is his concentration that when it hits him in the face, it takes him about five seconds to flinch. "Ah! Drat. Anyway, there you are." He takes a napkin to clear crumbs from his brow and the tabletop.



Kalira: Kalira loves ice cream, linen, and potions. This is good.

Pfeiffer: "An experiment was performed to discern the arcane nature or otherwise of a pseudothaumic phenomenon. The.. world? The world was modified. Wobbled."



Placidus: "Oscillated."

Pfeiffer: "The world was oscillated, responding like a glass to a tuning fork but with seemingly infeasible specificity of outcome. No magic was observed."



banana (GM): Ghol vaults into the room. It's a bedroom, lavishly appointed, in the process of being ransacked.



Placidus: Ha-HA! Take that, everybody who keeps calling Placidus a wizard. He nods, almost bonking his nose on the tabletop. "Yes! Yes, precisely."



banana (GM): The (other) girl of his dreams has two drawers out of a chest and upturned on the bed, spilling knick-knacks and papers everywhere; she's pulled a number of books off the one shelf too, and was going through one of them when he entered. At the sudden arrival, she's shrunk back- ready for action, if not exactly worried.

"Okay. If you were one of the palace guards, you'd have come in the door."



Ghol, Going East: "If I were one of the palace guards, I'd be wearing a shirt."



banana (GM): "There are some spares in the commander's garderobe, so be my vest... guest."



Ghol, Going East: He doesn't even look over at the furniture. "Not my size."



banana (GM): "I mean, be my guest, though I'm not really empowered to offer." The Diabolist is a young woman, a few years older than Ghol; she looks just like a blonde-haired white-skinned human apart from the curled red-pink horns that grow from her scalp.



Kalira: Guest doesn't like vests. You take that back.



banana (GM): She's not wearing the same formal dress as she was in the parade earlier - instead, she has on thin leathers and soft-soled boots. Thieves' gear, though the chattering demons ruin the effect a little.

Several of them: "We found this guy, Mistress! He just came in the window! You better watch out, there's some guy here!"



Placidus: How helpful.

Person: "This map is not useful. Where is the next map?"



Ghol, Going East: "I figured it was time we met face to face...betrayer." Now he looks around. "I also figured you'd have your own room."

Saleswoman: "Okay, I've got Newport and the Isles. Think I heard something like your ironhenge as a name out that way.. yeah, gotta be."



banana (GM): By the time Travis and Skeleton get into and out of the vaults with a carefully-wrapped little package they've had so much wizard bureaucracy that it might, almost, sort of, be starting to seem like an imposition.



Travis Meacham: Imagine that.



Skeleton: But what'd we getttt.



Kalira: Kalira's been distracted by goods and services, but not enough to stop paying attention to Person and his lack of living up to his name. Hopefully not finding Ironhenge on a map doesn't piss him off too bad.



banana (GM): Handed from one clerk to another, treated to ANOTHER series of escalating titles, signoffs on whether it's really ok to take this thing - whether it even formally exists.. it's very late in the day once you're back at the great invisible doors with their reward: the Mortal Walkers.



Xarvrax: Shoes.

Spooky shoes.



Skeleton: What do they dooo.



banana (GM): These human-leather boots provide a +1 to disengage checks, but their real power is to suspend harmful effects to the soul: when wearing the mortal walkers, you can set aside the damage/effect of walking on or through something unfortunate such as hot coals, poisonous much, or a wall of lightning. They can only 'store' one delayed effect at a time; you can reuse them once you've allowed it to take effect, either by spending a minor action or automatically when an encounter ends.

Also, they're allegedly haunted, such that it's the soul of someone else intersposing and holding onto the suffering, to return to you with a vengeance later. But you get that sort of legend.

Person seems pretty patient with the huckster, willing to follow up on their obvious lies. The only real problem about this is how much time it's taking.



Skeleton: "Hmm, well," says Skeleton, once ske and Travis can talk privately. "Not exactly an elder staff or something, but pretty neat."



banana (GM): The receipt probably said something like, give them what we most want to be rid of.



Travis Meacham: "Well, I don't like the haunted aspect of it."



banana (GM): The Diabolist: "I have my own room! If this betrayal is going to be *noisy* we'd better get back there, before someone hears voices from the commander's."

She hops over a corner of the bed and steps to the window you came in, facing out toward the other one. "And you are?"



Xarvrax: Xarvrax understands Person's desire, but has no time for lies, and continues with the parade.



Skeleton: "I'm sure I can take care of it if they start causing problems."



banana (GM): As expected, it ends with everyone marching into the palace and one last round of wizardly fireworks.



Ghol, Going East: "Ghol, Going East." He gestures. "After you."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax will follow it inside unless otherwise barred.

Pfeiffer: "So, that's pretty good. I could detect if you were a wild caster or some kind of psi.. I assume you're not a god, Placidus?"



Placidus: "No, I can't be, I'd have the Elector sitting on my shoulders with a horsewhip."
"You're telling me you've never studied this before?"



Ghol, Going East: Hey, some gods are into that sort of thing.
One assumes.



banana (GM): The Diabolist hops up onto the sill - she's not tall enough to need to duck. Then she *walks* from one window to another, lurching through the air with a flight of shadowy red-eyed things materialising under each foot as she places it in the air. (They complain and laud their strength in a chorus of voices)



Ghol, Going East: How far over is it?



Kalira: Kalira is caught between a Person and a buffoon, both potentially doing something dangerous.



Skeleton: "So now what, anyway? Find the others? Shopping trip?"



Travis Meacham: "Shopping, I think. We can probably track down where they're staying."



banana (GM): About four metres. She's holding out a hand, apparently extending an invitation to do the same. "Okay, it should be safe in here- but if you're looking for a betrayer, maybe you want the commander after all? Or the guy at the top of the palace, Cenbara?"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol narrows his eyes and takes her hand.



banana (GM): Hell yes, shopping spree. Even at dinner time, Horizon has a lot of stuff open - it hasn't quite the energy of Axis, but the settled patterns of commerce are very lucrative. What are you looking for?

Map woman: "I can't believe Ironhenge isn't a dwarven town, with a name like that. I'm out of Forge maps, but maybe in the old kingdom beneath the mountain..? I've actually got a special there, guaranteed-accurate tunnel maps, all the secret deep ways."

Pfeiffer: "You exerted centripetal force there, discriminative - a precise parabola. I know how to do that with a spell, though getting the coefficients as precise would be TRICKY.. it's doable."



Travis Meacham: 1) magic wand. 2) really good walking shoes for travis, who was NOT prepared for fleeing the capital. 3) craft beer

Pfeiffer: "The novel piece here is the, um, oscillation effect. It's clear that's the proximate descriptor of the parabola, but, quo decsriverere discriverus?"



Kalira: "Come now, don't waste our time. If you don't even know what Ironhenge is, how can you be sure you have a map to it?"

	Skeleton: Skeleton wants implements and protective talismans, although it'll be awkward if whatever we get here proves redundant with whatever awaits us at Erskine citadel. Maybe there's some shopper's divination that one can use to guard against that...?
	Map woman: "..heard it SOMEWHERE, ser. I'm sure of it. Recently. It just doesn't seem to be on.."
	Person: "Did someone else ask you the way? What did you tell them? Where did they go?"
	banana (GM): Skeleton, Travis: you have come to THE RIGHT PLACE for talismans and magic wands.
	Placidus: Placidus blinks. "I don't understand the question."
	banana (GM): Most of them are not really adventuring-class, but you can buy any kind of +1 implement here for approximately 10,000 silver pieces each. They come in all kinds and customisations- eagle-feather, peacebonded, ex-regal, academy standard wands...
	Kalira: Kalira puts her hand on Person's arm. "Let me. Don't worry. Where did you hear it from?"
	Travis Meacham: the thing about buying a +1 implement for 10 thousand, which travis is DEFINITELY going to do, is that then i'd have to record it on my still-non-existent character sheet
	banana (GM): The Diabolist gives Ghol's arm a little tug, and as he steps out into the air, dark Things leap up from the ground, shoving him upward, propelling him over the gap. "We met 'Paramystocrypt Cenbara' when we arrived. He's the guy who killed the Prince. A patriot by all accounts, and now in charge of the whole Palace, but his fellow wizards won't take him back. Sad, right?"
	Ghol, Going East: "The world weeps."
	banana (GM): Her room is a little tidier, due to having been lived in for only a few hours and without someone burglarising it. It's not very big, though, and you hear footsteps going past outside.. "Sh!"
	Demon with a pig's tail: "Mistress?"
	banana (GM): "Make yourselves scarce and happy." They scamper into corners and shadows, down the walls, into an air vent- one pulling closed the slats on the window you just came in, so that it can't be seen from the ransacked room.
	Ghol, Going East: Ghol watches the little wretches with continued, but muted, suspicion -- and remains silent.
	banana (GM): i have a suggestion about how to remedy this riidi what if... you made one
	Person: "Okay."
	Travis Meacham: *makes baby sloth noise* effort
	Map seller: It's past sunset now, and the crowds are drying up with the palace closed. She's resigned herself to not making a sale. ...UNLESS. "Yeah, that's right. A couple of dwarves, that's why I thought it sounded dwarf- well, they were short at least. They wanted to know where Ironhenge was. I THINK I can remember where they went..." "In particular, I think I could be paid to remember where they went."
	Ghol, Going East: Once this guard passes, though, they will have words -- and not about some wizard.

Well, maybe about some wizard. But THEN--

Pfeiffer: "Well, simply.. how do you produce the signal? The vibration? As far as Life can tell me, all you did was think very carefully and specifically."



Kalira: Kalira crosses her arms. "How much? And you'd better be damned sure, or my return trip will be short and bloody."



Xarvrax: Hot angry words?



Travis Meacham: i like "i think i could be paid to remember"
it's very forthright.

Map Seller: "Sure enough that I could take you there myself. Fif..ty? teen. Fifteen."



banana (GM): The footsteps pass, heading toward the other room to discover a problem.
The Diabolist: "Silence appreciated."



Kalira: "Can you tell me where it is? Vaguely, so as not to give away your... merchandise. I don't want any untoward surprises. Near, far, that sort of thing."



banana (GM): The Diabolist: "I mean, up until now. Feel free to talk."



Placidus: "Er... that is what I did. I don't- I haven't ever posited some mechanism of action more elaborate than observing the formula and then observing its change."



Ghol, Going East: "We've met before. In dreaming. You've now betrayed both of my masters, to hear them tell it." He glances over at the shuttered window. "But maybe that's just your thing."



Travis Meacham: the Certainty Principle
if you wil



banana (GM): "I don't think I've met anybody while dreaming, Mr. Going East. It's hard enough just to concentrate on being unconscious without having to be social."



Ghol, Going East: "What happened in the swamps west of Axis?"



banana (GM): She cocks her head, one horn nearly brushing the wall. "I didn't sleep well there, either."
...
"Damn, you're not just a half-orc, are you? You're from the Movement Against Civilisation."



Ghol, Going East: "I'm many things."
"But yes, that is one of them."



banana (GM): The map seller grudgingly reveals that she's talking about an inn in Grandfather Square. But WHICH inn? That will be a small sum of cash, please.
(You can see the square from here, a block away)



Xarvrax: Xarvrax continues his journey to meet Roland somehow.



Kalira: This is fifteen silver, changing hands. At least it's not thirty.



banana (GM): The Diabolist pulls a face and sits down. There's just the bed to sit on, but it's well made-up - these must be the good guest quarters. "Are you here to kill me- can I have a chance to talk

my way out of it, please?"



Ghol, Going East: Ghol shakes his head. "The Elf Queen, I think, would be very displeased if I were to do that. If I could even do that."



banana (GM): Ultimately, for Xarvrax, it comes to this: They won't let him follow the soldiers into the palace, and he's too obvious to simply sneak - but when confronted with his nature and presumably bluster, some sort of seneschal will admit that there's going to be a brief session of audiences tomorrow before Roland I Liberator leaves town. Technically, you could get on that list, and yes, he'll take your card or message to get you to go away.

So what's the persuasive reason that Xarvrax the Blue can commit to paper to get some of the human emperor's time?

Pfeiffer: "Well, that's why I like mathematics. It puts a deeper layer of principle on what we do... rather than the spark and the flame, the sign and the symbol, you have pure logic. Thought alone tells us that there can be no change without action. So I'm positing that your observations aren't really neutral things?"



Xarvrax: "Let him know that the blue wishes to warn him of several new threats that are moving now."



banana (GM): Okay, that's probably pretty convincing. It's not TRUE (is it??) but it'll get attention.



Placidus: "That would stand to reason, yes."



Xarvrax: What I said is technically correct, the best kind of correct.



banana (GM): Kalira and Person at "The Gilded Beard": This place must be a real dive to stay in. It doesn't seem to OFFER accomodation, just drinks- but what looked like another common room is really a common sleeping room, the sort of place you stayed in Hot Pocket but without the virtue of sun sand OR surf.



Placidus: Wow, Xarvrax has only been in Horizon half a day and he's already thinking like a wizard.



banana (GM): Person is on high alert. "Do you think we'll find people in there?"



Kalira: "Not your kind of people." Kalira's hands look twitchy. "But people. Be careful, alright?"



banana (GM): The Diabolist: "Dunno. I hate fighting, but I want to live..." she shrugs, and there's an impression in the air behind Ghol of some LARGE creature shrugging along.

"So you care what the Elf Queen wants?"

Person: : "If they aren't, I don't need to be."

"Hey."

"If I keep helping you out with these strange things you're doing, could you help me too?"



banana (GM): Early drinkers, youths just out of work, and a few sailors are roistabouting here at the Gilded Beard. There's no table service.



Kalira: "I thought that's what I was trying to do. You want to find the people who talked about Ironhenge, right?"

Person: "Yes, please."

"Thanks, boss."

Travis Meacham: Person needs to stop laying bare the fabric of social interaction.

It's very uncomfortable.

Someone in a shop: "I can't sell you THAT wand. It can only be taken from the corpse of its former owner by the mage who killed them."



Kalira: "Let's go." Kalira finds it bracing, actually. Good that someone just gets right to it. She looks around for some dwarves.



Travis Meacham: *rubbing his temple* "Why do you even have it in the store, then?"

Shopkeeper wizard: "I'm hoping the owner comes back, so I can kill them."



banana (GM): Wis check, Kalira



Travis Meacham: "Does the spell mean he has to be USING the wand when you kill him, or are you figuring to just hurl it onto his body?"



Ghol, Going East: "Dearly," says Ghol.

Shopkeeper: "That's a good question, ser. I should apply to the Tower for a research permit."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax being done with his business spends his time looking for any Chaos Mages who may happen to be here, it is a magic city after all.



Kalira: rolling 1d20+4

(14)+4

= 18



Travis Meacham: "Anyway, what I'm really looking for is something reliable and versatile. I expect to be traveling a lot."



banana (GM): The Diabolist: "She's a nice girl. I learned a lot from her, actually, about your people."



Ghol, Going East: "Did you."



banana (GM): "This feels really tense for some reason."

Kalira finds the corner with a pair of short figures easily enough. They're sitting by a fireplace, silhouetted and still.. but something keeps her from approaching them for another moment.



Ghol, Going East: "Probably has something to do with 88,000 of my kin being dead, the survivors cursing your betrayal, and my mistress appearing to me in dream to lament her own trusting nature, and hope she hadn't lost a friend."

"Has something to do with that, I'd guess."



banana (GM): After studying them from a distance, she has it: if these are dwarves, then one of them is unnaturally, skeletally thin, and the other has weird protrusions. Like maybe a whole loaf of Concord bread under their concealing robe and hoodie.

The Diabolist nods as Ghol talks. "Yeah. Yeah, right."



Ghol, Going East: *Her, *She, etc



Kalira: Yeah, so, hand-twitchiness seems appropriate, but she draws closer. "Hey."



banana (GM): The Diabolist: "I can see why you're not exactly relaxed. Okay."

The Diabolist: "Rather than get into a terrible fight about morals and atrocities and war I'll just say.. there's ten or a hundred times that many people who aren't orcs in Marrow. Who're alive. That's all I can tell you."



Ghol, Going East: "That is certainly a statement of fact."



Travis Meacham: , or, "I'd do it again in a millisecond you orc filth."



banana (GM): The Diabolist: "You don't have to care about it, but I do." She squares her shoulders.



Ghol, Going East: "That, on the other hand, I'm less certain about."



banana (GM): Still hunched defensively, listening.



Kalira: The two figures turn to Kalira.

what

i



banana (GM): test

okay

The two figures turn to Kalira,



Kalira: An out of body experience. Weird.



banana (GM): Neither has a visible face. Person takes a few steps back into the anonymising crowd. One of them says: "Hello. How are you?"



Kalira: "Good." Debatable. "I heard something. Something interesting, and it's led me here."

Small hooded figure: "I see."



banana (GM): The other one doesn't say anything.



Ghol, Going East: "I'm guessing you're here in the Imperial retinue less due to an onslaught of true belief in..." Waves his hand. "...that man, and more due to whatever it was you were looking for in that room. Which is fine. My own politics are fractured enough at the moment without trying to fathom or further judge yours. As I've informed my Lord, I currently serve my Lady. I am here on Her business. I'm sure others will be by on his."



Kalira: "I heard you're looking for Ironhenge." Her left hand isn't visible to the pair, but the tension could bend steel, probably. Hopefully Person's got her back.



Ghol, Going East: "I suspect that will end poorly for them, but that's between you and your would-be killers."



banana (GM): Both figures perk up immediately. One of them "Yes!"

"Can you tell or guide us to the location of Ironhenge?"



Kalira: "Getting anywhere with that?" She shakes her head. "Not really. I was hoping you knew something about it. I heard it was an... interesting place."



banana (GM): The Diabolist looks very closely at Ghol's ears. Comprehension dawns in her face- that or, she's a very good actor.



Travis Meacham: so is person gonna throw down on these guys now



banana (GM): Actually, Person seems to have made himself hella scarce. Kalira can pick him out if she looks around but he's Hiding.



Ghol, Going East: Ghol is a bit confused by this, only because practically everyone ELSE he's met in the last three weeks has been able to figure out what he is just by looking at him.
But then, he remembers, he's been hanging out mainly with elves.



Kalira: She's definitely not looking around, because these might be more Persons, and she doesn't know what Testing themselves against each other looks like, but it probably isn't good.



banana (GM): The Diabolist: "Wow. No I was looking for stuff to help- wow, it's you. If you were here to kill me that would be REALLY ironic."



Ghol, Going East: "I would've done the whole 'green glowing eyes' bit, but that's still kind of hard to control." He's only half-joking.



banana (GM): The Diabolist: "It wasn't *my* dream, but yeah. A star is all you were, but I spared you because you were helping Lutika."

The Diabolist: "I could say 'saved' instead of 'spared', but we're being honest and tense here."



Ghol, Going East: "Appreciated."



Xarvrax: Failing to find other chaos people, Xarvrax will hunt down his followers and see what they're up to.

Small person: "No, we don't know the way. We don't know how to get there or where it is... but we'll find out."

Looking at Kalira speculatively. "Are you a capable person? If you learn about Ironhenge, come back here and we'll buy the information."



Ghol, Going East: "So Her name is Lutika." Huh.



banana (GM): whoops, sorry, i missed the thing about chaos mages
"I'm sure she wouldn't mind you knowing."



Kalira: "Certainly capable. I'll think it over. Any idea where I could start looking where you haven't had success?"



banana (GM): Xarvrax has some trouble tracking down the cultists, oddly. They *aren't* at the hotel you've so thankfully arranged. As the moon rises, though, you can follow the trail of.. yourself that they leave behind. Weirdly strong.. they must have taken a discarded scale or something.



Xarvrax: Blinking, Xarvrax follows the trail, wondering what personal boundaries he's going to need to set.



Ghol, Going East: "That brings me to the main point -- I did not slip in here just to introduce myself and demand explanations. I seek an egg."

Small person: "No. It's very hard to work out. We really need to find more people to help."



Travis Meacham: You will give me an egg!



banana (GM): The Diabolist blinks. More footsteps go past in the corridor, so she waits a moment,

then: "That's how it came through?"

"You heard 'egg'? Well, okay."



Ghol, Going East: "Twice, in fact."

"Two separate times; two separate dreams."



Kalira: "Have you got anything, then? If you want me to be your finder or your fetcher, I'd need something to go on, right?"



banana (GM): "Right. If Lutika hasn't told you more about that, she wouldn't want me to go into- whatever you think of what's happened, it's her secret not mine. Umm. I guess I should say.. if you find it, just take it with you?"

Following the trail, Xarvrax circles around the back of the Shattered Palace, avoiding the main gates this time, to the cliffside.

The back wall of Horizon keeps its citizens from the cliffs and the sea; the river-mouth makes a deep cut in that, but its draft makes for rather a shitty harbor, so there's not much reason for people to build around here.

Particularly these days; the rocky heights have become roosts for the dragons of the garrison...



Xarvrax: Ah.

That explains it.



Ghol, Going East: "If I find it, take it with me. Good advice."

"Had already occurred to me, certainly. But good advice."



banana (GM): "Dude, what do you want from me. I do demon-summoning, not cryptic quests."

"The fact is, nobody else wants to deal with these things. They're so cute and USEFUL, and my blood gives me an advantage, but try persuading people you can control the creatures of the abyss safely. They're liable to declare you public enemy #1 until you, for example, participate in a grand scheme to shift the tides of a war and everything gets really fucked up to think about."



Travis Meacham: Makes you think.



banana (GM): "You've every right to be upset but I won't defend myself and I don't know anything about *elven* business. Not that side of it."



Placidus: Makes you pointedly avoid thinking.



banana (GM): She sounds pretty defensive for someone who won't.



Travis Meacham: This.



Xarvrax: I do that at all times.



Ghol, Going East: "For reasons you can't discuss, but are very important. But you've nothing to do with cryptic quests."

"I don't think I'm going to expend the mental and emotional energy to get mad at you about all this, actually. That doesn't seem like the winning move. Or even a helpful one."



banana (GM): The Diabolist: "No, Ghol, it's reasons we *shouldn't* discuss because there's no way it can not be a fight. What do you want me to say? I helped send a lot of people to their deaths. I know that wasn't a damn.. good thing to do. I couldn't find another way and still can't. These are IMPORTANT reasons because we live in a fucking horrible time, okay? Nothing's cryptic, just.. bad."

Pfeiffer: "How do you do that, then? How do you observe the.. formula? Can it be explained? Should it?"



Ghol, Going East: "There won't be a fight. She needs me alive. That supersedes my feelings about your feelings about your choices."

He pauses. "There might be a chase."

"But not a fight."



Placidus: "It's just a matter of concentration," says Placidus. "At first, back with the Megistites, I'd get into it by reading the diagrams I was making. I was breeding pea plants, trying to breed them, at least. Patterns of traits. Just, for hours and hours... your mind wanders and it's," he finishes helplessly. "Somewhere else."



banana (GM): "How generous of you. Should I, also. leave you alive only because my friend needs you? Are we going to drown in rationales for avoiding a fight instead of just not having one?" More footsteps outside, but she's not interested in quiet this time. "I'm for the Empire, Mr. Going East, because I'm not an elf or an orc or a skeleton. I don't have a bone to pick with.. two of those groups."



Ghol, Going East: Ghol shakes his head and smiles.



Travis Meacham: listen. the only option to the Kingdom is the Empire. the orc horde is not politically realistic.

let's be sensible pragmatists about this and oppose immortal elvish necromantic domination



Ghol, Going East: MOVEMENT.



banana (GM): The Diabolist: "Whatever, hit me up when you've got some perspective." She looks at the door, and at where the window was - oddly the solid slats seem to have a different shape now, one that quivers around the edges. "I won't tell them who you are if you don't."

From outside "..broke into this room next. See if the witch is alright, and.."



Ghol, Going East: "We're in here, boys," Ghol calls out.



banana (GM): Could I get a str or dex check from Xarvrax to climb rocks?



Ghol, Going East: To the Diabolist: "I was told the price of this audience up front. I was just curious to see how you'd make me pay it."



Xarvrax: rolling d20 + 4

(17)+4

= 21

Haha!



Ghol, Going East: "What am I supposed to have been stealing, by the way?"



banana (GM): The Diabolist: "I hope it brought *one* of us peace of mind."



Ghol, Going East: "Guilt-tripping's not a good look for you."



banana (GM): Guard kicking the door down: "Thief! You've stolen the Commander's seal!"

	Ghol, Going East: "Ah!"
	banana (GM): Diabolist: "He might have stolen more than that in a moment. What kept you, sir?"
	Ghol, Going East: Ghol drops his weapons to the floor and kicks them over to the guard, while rolling his eyes.
	banana (GM): Several more guards: "Aha!" "Miscreant!" "Stop! In the name of the law!", etc
	Xarvrax: Stop! You've violated the law!
	banana (GM): ^^
	Xarvrax: And suddenly Ghol is blasted out the window by invisible force
	banana (GM): A lack of.. standard wings isn't going to stop Xarvrax from climbing to this roost. A couple of silver dragons are basking in the moonlight, playing with something between their foreclaws. One rolls its neck over to peer at the climbing dragonwrought.
	Ghol, Going East: Things Ghol thinks he's learned: the Diabolist is either an impassioned soul doing what she thinks is the right thing and having to make hard choices, which is worthy of Ghol's respect -- or she's a solipsistic, sociopathic liar whose words hold no value and one might as well just banter and enjoy the view.
	Xarvrax: The answer is yes.
	Ghol, Going East: Either way, it's time to spend a night in jail.
	Travis Meacham: You got the wrong man, coppers
	Xarvrax: Take a lesson from Xarvrax, always jump out the window.
	Pfeiffer: "Now, I don't want to be rude."
	Placidus: "Go ahead." It can't be worse than being called a wizard.
	Pfeiffer: "Sure, sure." Maybe the wizard has even worse than that up their sleeve..? "What you're describing sounds like mysticism, not scholarship. You were working on naturalism and, separately, came to a realisation of your true hidden power. Perhaps." "How else do we cross this gap? It's tempting, very tempting to believe a link between the rigour of study and the precision of this.. experience. But where is that missing link?"
	Placidus: "I was hoping you had some insight."
	Pfeiffer: "No pressure! Tell me, then... is there any single unique thing about you, Placidus? Any trait or response you've noticed in nobody but yourself, for all that you observe them?"
	banana (GM): Kalira can't get anything else out of the small people, apart from their intense desire to find *more* people - which is something Person does not seem to share...
	Placidus: "I can't think of anything... hmm. Oh, ah. Have you ever met anyone who's allergic to cats. I never have."
	Mystocrypt Pfeiffer: "Ha! That IS odd. I'm sure it can't be related, but I've never heard of it.. I mean, it can't possibly be.. not unless you've drawn the ire of..."



Travis Meacham: TEVILDO, PRINCE OF CATS



Placidus: "I'm sorry?"



Ghol, Going East: MACAVITY, PRINCE OF SHADOWS



Placidus: this is serious!!!



banana (GM): For the first time, Jan Pfeiffer is less than open! This is getting into serious Mystic Secrets. Gimme some sort of skill check if you want to pry open his lips.



Xarvrax: Probably strength, fairly difficult to wrench jaws open.



Placidus: I'm gonna roll unnatural philosophy here. if it isn't relevant subtract 4 from this roll

rolling d20+12

(15)+12

= 27



banana (GM): holy carp



(To VoxPVoxD): flavour that

Silver dragon: "Cousin."



Xarvrax: Xarvrax nods.

Silver dragon: "Are these yours..?"



banana (GM): The other wyrm is playing with a couple of bundled-together elves. They've been tied up with what looks like bonds of seaweed, gagged and knocked or beaten unconscious.



Xarvrax: Shrugging he responds, "Sort of? I don't own them, but they've been following me, I trust there's a good reason they're like that?"



Travis Meacham: Maybe because they're insanely stupid and annoying?>?????????

goes hunting dragons *is both weak and annoying*



Xarvrax: So are wizards, but I haven't been beating them.

Silver dragon: "You know the Gold has bid all of our flights be kind to the little humans, and fight for their Conqueror. But these ones..."



Xarvrax: "I'd recommend listening to the Gold, even I wouldn't back talk him, and I back talk everyone."

Silver dragon: The wyrm smirks. "They were performing human mating practisses in our lair."

Other silver dragon: "Elfin, I think."

Silver dragon: "Even worssse."

Xarvrax: Xarvrax nods, "That sounds like something they would do, and a fairly acceptable reason,



yes."

Sighing, Xarvrax holds out his arms, "I'll get them out of your scales now."

Silver dragon: Both wyrms uncoil enough that one can roll the captive bundle over to you. "If they are difficult to carry in your modified armsss, simply drop them down the cliff."



Placidus: There's something about the pattern of flickering lights in Pfreiffer's insubstance. Placidus watches it shudder and turn. The gnome's eyes slide slowly out of focus. Was 'wobble' his word? A bit of that. His tongue clicks, clicks, clicks, in time with some pacing invisible. "It's simply a question of collision. Waves intersect at cross trajectories across a flattening plane. There is... consequence to this." It's difficult to put into words, Placidus speaks only intermittently for the next few minutes, describing foreign topographies and long silences both.



Xarvrax: Xarvrax scoffs, "I may be smaller but I'm not some puny human, I'll be fine, "And with that he hefts them over his shoulder and starts heading back to the inn.

Occasionally manifesting power, hurling the now useless violent powers into the sky, using the healing ones on the cultists.

Pfeiffer: At the end of the speech the senior wizard is trembling. Their magical half-reality has almost vanished, leaving an unkempt human of middle age with a stars-and-rabbits embroidered robe.

Jan: "I.."

Looking at the pieces of the scone on the ground. Concentrating, observing... nothing happens. But it nearly did and, Pfeiffer *knows* it nearly did, and knows trying again won't help.

"Elandrat's lack of mercy."

"I'll tell you what I can, though really it's above my grade. We'd have to go and see the Apprentice.. but that isn't feasible, or a good idea."

"All I was going to say - all I know is this: the Other is somehow associated with cats. Power over them it is said."



Placidus: "The Apprentice."

"You mean... Mara Half-Giant."

"*The* Apprentice."

Pfeiffer: "Half-Giantish."



Xarvrax: I'm assuming that's the super tall person that was with Roland.



banana (GM): There aren't any ranks above Mystocrypt, apparently.



Placidus: "Well. You needn't worry. I'll just oscillate the Archmage myself until she makes the time. That was how I found the waystone."

"In the meantime, Mystocrypt."

"Where is the smartest cat in the world?"

Pfeiffer: "That doesn't stop me from worrying, actually."



Placidus: The little gnome looks deadly serious. His unlined, boyish face is grave.

Pfeiffer: "From what little of that entity filters down to the second circle... beyond Koru. An island country, guarded by mysterious forces, obviously."



Placidus: "The question mark?"

Pfeiffer: "If you want something more factual and closer- the smartest and most plugged-in kind of cat I know are the white tigers of the Snakesrule mountains. Between the forest and the wastes."



Placidus: "Thank you."



banana (GM): Night in Horizon is a time of rest and reflection, of coming together, of learning that Xarvrax has made an appointment to see the *Emperor* in the morning. Of Ghol's non-appearance, unfortunately also centred on the Shattered Palace. Threads which have not yet come together.



Placidus: "I was serious, by the way. You needn't worry. This is the end of the age. Terms are reducing down whether we want them to or not. And when it's done... it won't really matter what side of the equation you're on. A reckoning will not be postponed indefinitely."



Travis Meacham: hang on a moment
that's Literally the EXact reason it matters what side of the equation you're on.



Placidus: is it, though
have you ever asked a number, if it matters



VoxP**VoxD:** vvv nerds vvv



Crion: as below, so above