

INTERLUDE 3



banana (GM): The old man and the old dwarf drink beer. The dwarf's long past caring about audiences, but he'll drink with anyone.

At least almost anyone. There are people of all races in the Beard & 'Beard', most famous watering cave in Forge - except there isn't a single elf.

Dwarf: "Are you still going on about war and peace?"

Man: "It's all *your* people think about. Causing and numbing the pain."

Dwarf: "...For a moment, I thought you were insulting me." He laughs, beerily.

Man: "It's hard to avoid insult when one of the thirteen people who matter has decided to drown himself in a whole. They're dying above us as much as they ever did down here."

Dwarf: He stands suddenly, massive for his kind, looming over the table. "You've come to the wrong fucking mountain, wizard. We've never been on the same side."

Man: "My only SIDE is people and things that exist. Endangered species all of them. Tell me, what do you think are the duties of a King? Either one."

Dwarf: "This conversation is over. Have him-" The old dwarf becomes aware of who's watching: hopeful singles and cabaret performers and fellow drunks. His authority is absolute, but right now it covers one (1) bouncer. "Have HIS TAB CANCELLED!."

Man: "Ahahahaha!"

Dwarf: "Hehahahaha. Hahahah."

Man: "Fuckin' A."

Dwarf: "Fuckin' V, you mean." He sits. "Come on. Clean out your *own* tower."

Man: "A point I was trying to make, before you had me executed. Yes, he's just as bad as the empire or- worse. He's set something up. He played us, set it all up."

Dwarf: "When you say all."

Man: The old man gestures wildly around him, at the splendour and the squalour. Half a million people crammed into what would have been a suburb of nowhere. "Your revenge is not complete. What I'm more concerned about-"

Dwarf: "Careful."

Man: "Everything else could look like the King's Court a year from now. *Everything*."

Dwarf: To the server: "Fetch me a secretary and a general."

To the man: "I'm listening."