



banana (GM): The journey, the roster, and the dilemma-

You're going East by way of Ersatz, following the major southern trade route into the Federation. This once bustling road was nearly shut down during the brief war scare, and traffic is just starting to pick up again.

Way too much of that traffic consists of the agents of the Icons; the powerful figures who've decided more or less simultaneously that this group of athletes/adventurers/vagrants is one to Watch, just in Case.

For the most part they're still skulking behind you on the waystone road and in the gorse between farmlands - dragon soldiers, orcish spies, about half as many geese as before, two persons of Person's kind and a juvenile cat.

There were imps, but that's taken care of. This frees up mental space for the immediate dilemma.



Kon: Keeping a vague eye on the gaggle of spies following them has been delegated to Kon for the time being.



banana (GM): The road is closed. Broken, really; there's a Thing on it. A gap filled with viscous madness.

You could go around, which might be quite a detour; you could go over, which will probably kill you; the rAnDOm forces of chaos have also seen fit to give you a third option of going underground. There's an entrance to the underworld here, ominously silent and until recently entered by a madness-drip.

Unless as a way to lose your tails, there's no actual particular reason to go underground, though. Right now you're just a bunch of dudes and dudettes and dogs, above-ground, with a decision to make, and a rock that isn't magic yet.



Placidus: Placidus is sitting in the wagon, having extracted himself from the madness pond. He keeps looking between it, the undermountain gate, and the sky as he speaks. "If we go Undermountain we'll lose our comet tail. But who knows what's down there."



banana (GM): About an hour behind you on the road is the group of animal herders you've been passing and passed by. They'll have to make choices about the Thing, too.



Placidus: How far is it across?



Travis Meacham: "This Thing, on the road, is really quite disturbing. Whatever we do, let's move briskly."



banana (GM): The jagged, swirling gap is only a couple of yards. You could lay something across it, or maybe even jump - it's just that passing above or through it has been shown to have Ill Effects.



Placidus: "What do you think, Person?"



Skeleton: "It still seems a bit wrong to just, you know, not manage dealing with it. And maybe it's somehow more comprehensible when seen from below...? But no, no, I'm over it."

Is ske, though. "Either way, seems like we should just draw an arc around it and keep on?"

Person: "I'd like to know whether I would be affected by the thing. I'd also like to remain alive, however."




Placidus: "Do you have a source of crystallized sanity, by any chance?"

"Open question."




Travis Meacham: technically, it's been shown to have An Ill Effect


 **Skeleton:** Skeleton pats sker pockets.

 **Travis Meacham:** for all we know, it'll be fine the next time we try to cross it


Person: He hesitates for a moment. "Is thought the same thing as sanity?"


 **Placidus:** "No."

Person: "Then, no."

 **Placidus:** "Probably easiest to go around, then, and the sooner the better. Except..." Placidus casts about. The pagoda's made of wood, right?


Person: Presumably the man in the blue hoodie *does* have a source of crystallized thought, which just happens to be inapplicable.

 **banana (GM):** Most of the outer pagoda is wooden. Its inner core is a column of stone with an archway leading inside- formerly filled with a barred metal gate.

 **Placidus:** "Person, can you tear a wide plank off that pagoda? If nothing else we ought to... I don't know. Make a sign."


 **banana (GM):** Could I get wisdom checks all round for noticing faraway events, please?

rolling d20+8

() + 8


= **19**

 **Placidus:** rolling d20+7 add 4 if occultism applies

() + 7


= **16**

 **Skeleton:** rolling 1d20+4 add four if we're noticing bones or ghosts

() + 4

= **20**

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


() + 6


= **18**


which is higher if we're noticing wizard things, or richness


Person: Person walks over to the structure in the dead wood and makes a very sudden motion, snapping one of the outer beams that decoratively hold up its rooftop. (There are plenty left, so it's in


no danger of collapse.) He places one hand high up and yanks with the other, pulling out a length of wood that's.. more long than it is WIDE really, but you know, basically what you wanted.


 **banana (GM):** Skeleton sees this: an unfortunate intersection in the gorse southwest. That's ugly land, most of it withered by whatever killed the wood here, with more rock than soil - but there's plenty of ugly ground cover, and half the imperial squad were creeping through it. They've run into someone else. Sunlight glints on weapons, sudden movement- the noise would nearly be audible from this distance.


 **Placidus:** "Thank you very much, Person." Placidus takes out his knife and begins carving MADNESS - DANGEROUS - DO NOT TOUCH - DETOUR and then scratching an arrow pointing off-road, indicating that people are better served going around than over.


 **Skeleton:** "Ooh- hey, psst." Ske nudges and points whoever's nearest - maybe Travis? Hopefully the awareness will propagate.


 **banana (GM):** Yeah, once it's pointed out you can all at least make out faraway rapid movements. Doesn't look like the fight's lasted long, because human-shaped silhouettes are collapsing and lying still.


 **Skeleton:** But who've they run into? Is their opponent even visible as a series of other silhouettes?


 **Placidus:** "Oh dear."


 **Travis Meacham:** the imperials probably didn't win.


 **banana (GM):** Hmm. It's hard to say, but you know where the persons are - so it was probably the orc? was there only one orc?


 **Placidus:** That's troubling, since they're the good guys.


 **banana (GM):** Everyone involved was about the same size and shape at least.


 **Skeleton:** Where's the kitty!!


 **Travis Meacham:** Hopefully ripped to pieces by brutal orc teens.


 **banana (GM):** Not even skeleton's finely tuned senses for beings with souls which could be ripped untimely away are capable of detecting a small cat in all this nothing rock and dry heather.
Well, you've done your duty warning-wise. Most people would probably not be stupid enough to step into the thing anyway, but they can't say you didn't help.


 **Skeleton:** Hmm. Well, unless there's now, like, a visible approaching-shark-reminiscent furrow swooping through the earth and grass towards us from the imperials' impromptu arena, Skeleton probably won't be any more urgent or anything.

 **banana (GM):** The scar on the road continues to emit a blinding glare, albeit only reflecting the sun's light - the reflection is concentrated somehow, as if directed at wherever your eyes happen to be.

 **Placidus:** Now, if somebody DOES have a source of crystallized sanity, maybe they can fix it.
Plus, obviously somebody stepped in it before. There were all those bones and grisly suicide images.

 **banana (GM):** Somebody else's problem.

 **Placidus:** That's the adventurer's way!

 **Skeleton:** Did they step IN, though, or just linger nearby long enough that they turned on each other in

frenzy?



Travis Meacham: Or even, possibly, decided independently of the madness to throw down right then and there.



Placidus: It's impossible to tell, since we can't see what's at the bottom of the madness hole.



banana (GM): Detour north, back towards the coast (and out of your way)? South, through the dead forest? Or down?



Placidus: There might be a bunch of dead people bones in there, like it was a tar pit.
"I think we should go south, it's less of a detour."



Skeleton: Does it look like our ship can fit between the trees, on average?



banana (GM): Incidentally - DOES skeleton have any backgrounds relevant to catspotting?



Skeleton: Unfortunately, no. Ske likes them but does not particularly know them.



banana (GM): What remains of the withered forest contains tighter stands (like the one containing the pagoda) and parts that are nearly clear - you'd have to sail the landship on a meandering route, but you can do it.

Kalinda in her basically-a-throne is pretty definite that, further, you SHOULD do it.

Kalira

Kulira??? I DON'T KNOW

edit: it's Kalira.



Placidus: It's Kalira.



Skeleton: Well, Kalira's got a big chair and speaks in a very definite tone of voice, which is good enough for Skeleton.



Travis Meacham: Travis didn't really WANT to go underground. If anything, he'd like to go further UP.



Placidus: She agrees with what Placidus already said, so it must be correct.



Travis Meacham: The overworld is very interesting to wizards.



banana (GM): Then it's settled. Xarvrax might have protested skipping the randomness-given passage, but he's not in a talkative mood..



Placidus: What a pity.



banana (GM): Walking and riding through the dead forest is pretty slow going, compared to a waystone road. There's not much wind here for your sails, and a lot of rocks and branches on the ground. It's been like this a while, seemingly- new growth of moss and ferns are covering the fallen trunks in some places, and birds flit about occasionally.

Like in any part of the Realm but Omen, life finds a way.



Travis Meacham: lol



Skeleton: Hey, life found a way in Omen, too. It's to be waited on hand and foot by death!



banana (GM): Later that day, you even come across civilisation. There are traps here and there in the deadwood, strung from trees and concealed among the rotting twigs.

In FACT, everyone tell me your PD.

rolling d20+2

(15)+2

= 17



Skeleton: Skeleton's PD is a spicy twelve.



banana (GM): Specifically, who's got the lowest PD that's <=17



Placidus: Lower than that.



Skeleton: I'm GUESSING Skeleton's PD is the worst because no one else would actually have the nerve or stupidity to dump their CON as well as their STR.



banana (GM): This includes Ghol if he's just reconnected by chance, but not otherwise.

For logistical reasons + out of deference to the fact that, come on, obviously he knows from traps in woods.



Travis Meacham: Please hold.

my PD is 16

also brb, i fucked up this tab somehow



Skeleton: 16?! well i guess when you can dump your wis AND cha,



Travis Meacham: Tough wizard.



banana (GM): It's regrettable, but as the sun is setting, it's confirmed for everyone once again that Skeleton does see by the normal operation of light (somehow).

Unexpected and changing shadows conceal a snare. Before you know it, a loop of rope has caught about your shinbone and tightened- hoisting you into the air to dangle from a fire-blackened birch!



Skeleton: "Aaaaagh!"



Travis Meacham: "Whoa!"

Person: "Kelly is upside down, now."



Skeleton: Skeleton's actual grey-green robe is probably flopping down with its hem around sker hood, now, but maybe the illusory one projected by the undergarments ske's got on is being more cooperative.

"Hey! This- ...HEY!"



Placidus: "Oh, for-"



banana (GM): There's a minor kerfuffle as the landship just keeps on going, but Ghol's gone after it- he, Kalira and Xarvrax should be able to bring the thing to a halt *eventually*.

Skeleton's snare is well made! Looks like elven rope, even. The height of this branch is also suspicious; it's appropriate to trap a humanoid rather than, say, a deer.



Placidus: How high up is ske?



Skeleton: "Someone get- ...agh!" Skeleton does a midair crunch - impressively athletic until you remember how light ske is - to see if it's possible to undo the rope, but doesn't actually make an attempt without being sure of a soft landing. Did that snag sker right off deck, or was Skeleton walking alongside the ship at the time?



Travis Meacham: Can we just cut sker down? (NOTE THAT SKELETON HAS INSUFFICIENTLY SPECIFIED SKER PRONOUNS)



banana (GM): If Skeleton dangles straight downward without further athletics, sker head would be about two feet up.

Climbing up the rope might be possible, yeah.. try a dex check?

Grabbing onto the knot to try and undo it, I mean.



Placidus: rolling d20+5 dex check, adding one for 'natural historian' - placidus climbs trees to cut samples sometimes

(6)+5

= 11

alas



Skeleton: Just two feet? That ain't bad at all. Let's see here-



Placidus: bit out of practice



Skeleton: can i apply my Skeleton background because my limbs are actually thin enough that i barely need to messwith the snare to slip free



banana (GM): Actually, yes.

Placidus finds that the dead tree is hard to shimmy up.. it's narrow but tall, with its principal limbs way off the ground!



Skeleton: rolling 1d20+8 dexterity plus skeleton plus level

(7)+8

= 15



Placidus: Argh!



banana (GM): There's no sign of whoever set the trap, which could be good or bad.

Well, hmm. That's enough to twist yourself into a sort of bent-in-half shape, holding the rope near your own feet - you couldn't actually climb from this position without snapping your own ribcage, but can at least fiddle with the rope. Pretty well tied, though.

Also, with your head up here you can see something.. at last! After being alert for the past day and a half, there's the little grey fuzz again - the young cat is at the far end of this branch, crouched and watching you curiously.

Skeleton: "Now, if I - that part goes into the - that's tighter than it - mrrfm. Anyone got a knife?"

"Ooh, hey. No sudden moves or loud noises, though, look-"



Travis Meacham: "I have a knife, yes."

Travis hands up his knife.



Skeleton: "Pass it along, hey?" Skeleton's curled up, hanging onto the knot on sker ankle with one gloved hand but sort of twisting back to reach out for Travis with sker other. Ske'll just cut skerself free, assuming the rope isn't indestructible or something.



banana (GM): Skeleton **said** no loud noises, and yet- honks come from a little way north, where several of the surviving geese have settled on more dead branches. This is becoming a whole thing.

With a little sawing at the elfcord, you're free- to tumble and crash onto the rocky ground. Literally take 2d6 falling damage.



Skeleton: "Oh, great." Well, they're just geese, though, not dogs or something. Skeleton saws carefully away...



banana (GM): The good news is: everyone now knows to beware of traps. And maybe trappers.



Skeleton: what! i thought skeleton's head was like two feet off the ground. that seems like a lot of d6s, especially considering skeleton could just hold onto the rope and let skerself down



Travis Meacham: Travis grabs his knife, then helps skeleton up. It's hte little touches that let everyone know he's completely self-centered.



banana (GM): oh, i thought 2d6 was the minimum but actually it's 1d6



Skeleton: what if skeleton just hangs onto the rope with sker other hand before cutting it, then stretches down loosely, then drops the last two feet



Placidus: What if Placidus puts some bedrolls under the landing spot



Skeleton: this also. i wasn't aware it was a dangerous fall



banana (GM): What if it's not worth spending further time on.

The trees have taken on an ominous cast, now- except for the one with the cat in it- any of their leafless boughs could conceal a trap.



Skeleton: i seem to be missing half my recoveries already, man!



banana (GM): Except, because they're leafless, it's not VERY concealed. So, forewarned, you're forearmed.



Placidus: Well, let's just... miss the trees for the forest. Placidus does that all the time.



banana (GM): The geese are openly following you now, not pretending to be migrating in the sky. They flap from tree to tree, alight, and wait.



Skeleton: "Okay, so - if we all stay on deck, we're pretty much not going to hit any other traps. Right?"
"I mean, surely."



banana (GM): That **should** be safe. Nobody expected a boat in the wood.



Travis Meacham: "It's not like I find these geese menacing, you understand."

"But they're very annoying. Shoo!"

He runs at a goose and waves his arms.



Placidus: "Geese aren't so bad."

"They aren't *swans*."



banana (GM): There are more than a dozen of them all up, and they're pretty big. Maybe Travis SHOULD be menaced.



Travis Meacham: If the geese attack me then I will be forced to defend myself.

This is my right as an Axisian.



banana (GM): On the other hand, they have to run-waddle along particularly big branches, or drop to the ground first, to actually get into the air...

The young cat doesn't have the luxury of wings, but it scrambles from tree to tree regardless. There's a bit of an interesting conflict coming up ahead, where the only route it can reasonably take is through a limb-canopy where a few geese are already roosting.

Most people probably do not have to worry that they are surrounded by animals under the control of their enemies(?).



Travis Meacham: What sad little pedestrian lives they must lead.



Skeleton: Skeleton's clambering back up on deck, but says: "Oh, no. You can't Mage Hand it down to safety or anything..?"

GOOSE, THREATENING: Honk.



banana (GM): The forest stretches ahead of this pathetic scene, now with a visible trail from the area with the traps. Someone's been walking that track regularly, clearing away the rocks and logs.

It goes more or less the way you're going...



Travis Meacham: Damn geese.



banana (GM): Oh shit, they're actually going for it. The kitten hops onto a lower branch and edges forward, geese turn and raise their wings, snap their beaks.



Skeleton: (incidentally, i've spent a recovery to use my average recovery value to go from 21/30 to 30/30 hp, having checked my current health)



banana (GM): noted!

or rather, not noted, because i see your token is appropriately updated already



VoxPVoxD: The geese are threatening the cat?



banana (GM): Yep.



Skeleton: "Those...!" Skeleton actually points menacingly at the goose nearest the cat.




VoxPVoxD: Placidus sniffles. "Geroff!"




Skeleton: ah, it looks like my token was actually in worse shape than my sheet. yeah i'll spend two of these to go to full





VoxPVoxD: None of this would've happened if they'd gone in the spooky abandoned caves.


 **banana (GM):** The goose *reacts* to this, letting out a flurry of noises. More of them fly in and a couple actually land on the edges of the boat.

Kitten: : fsss


 **Skeleton:** "Leave it alone! Also us."
"You can't follow us for days or weeks because of a pun."


 **VoxPVoxD:** "Tell the Fisher if she's got something to say she can damn well say it. And to leave us alone otherwise."


 **Travis Meacham:** wait waht pun


 **Skeleton:** back in the hot pocket, we refused to be put under a geas
so, instead,


Kitten: fssssrrYOWL. It leaps.


 **banana (GM):** The bird blocking it right now is about ten times its mass, so either you're about to see the true power of cats, or..


 **Skeleton:** Skeleton's going to blight the goose if the goose looks like it's going to fight back rather than be chagrined or just flap away.


 **banana (GM):** It's rearing up to fight, rather than fleeing. You have the option to Roll Initiative
The two birds that Skeleton and Placidus have been berating give them warning looks, moving their necks rapidly as they glare.

 **Skeleton:** Skeleton's standing up from sker seat on deck and curling gloved phalanges into claws, so it's clear where sker intentions lie, here. Travis or Placidus should shout at sker if they think this is too stupid to countenance!


 **VoxPVoxD:** "We're going to fight geese on behalf of a cat." Placidus says this as neutrally as he can.


 **banana (GM):** Well, surely they're magic geese or something.
Evil geese?

 **Skeleton:** rolling 1d20+4 here it is; it's my initiative roll

() +4


= **11**


 **Placidus:** rolling d20+8 initiative

() +8

= **11**

nice.

 **banana (GM):** rolling d20+7 person's init

() + 7


= **17**

rolling d20+3 geese init

() + 3

= **14**

rolling d20+5 cat init

() + 5

= **19**

Time for Travis to make the most momentous decision of his afternoon.

It seems that Person shares some of Skeleton's feelings about cats- he's already reacting, hauling himself toward the edge of the boat and seemingly preparing to jump toward the tree.



Travis Meacham: "I really don't think this is our business."



banana (GM): Alright, round 1:

The little cat - it can't even be a Cat Teen - jumps on the goose who's opposing it. For reference, this is mostly taking place a few feet above your boat, on the biggest nearby tree, but there are geese flying in from all directions now.

It's fast enough to dodge the initial massive wingbeat which would probably have broken its neck, and sinks its claws into the downy underbelly of the bird, hanging on for someone's life.

Person cocks his hooded to the left, with one knee bent and one hand on the gunwale- then jumps into the air, soaring up into the lower branches of the big dead tree. With an economy of motion, he takes the catted goose by the neck and forcibly removes its head.



Placidus: "Ah."



banana (GM): Seventeen enraged birds come in from all angles.



Skeleton: "Oh, that takes cahmmmm."



banana (GM): Many of them are going for Person, but he's up in the tree and somewhat shielded by branches- a dozen rush the boat. Travis is hanging back out of the way of the attack, right?

That leaves two people who aren't;




Skeleton: i assume xarvrax is asleep and kalira refuses on principle to be involved




banana (GM): good call

rolling d20+2 Goose Slam vs placidus ac; it's throwing itself into your body. this is an attack it can only do when flying in from far away, which does 6 damage

() + 2


= **20**

rolling d20+2 Goose Slam vs placidus ac; it's throwing itself into your body. this is an attack it can only do when flying in from far away, which does 6 damage

() + 2


= **11**

rolling d20+2 Goose Slam vs placidus ac; it's throwing itself into your body. this is an attack it can only do when flying in from far away, which does 6 damage

() + 2


= **13**

rolling d20+2 Goose Slam vs placidus ac; it's throwing itself into your body. this is an attack it can only do when flying in from far away, which does 6 damage


() + 2


= **22**

rolling d20+2 Goose Slam vs placidus ac; it's throwing itself into your body. this is an attack it can only do when flying in from far away, which does 6 damage

() + 2


= **17**


 **banana (GM):** rolling d20+2 Goose Slam vs placidus ac; it's throwing itself into your body. this is an attack it can only do when flying in from far away, which does 6 damage


() + 2

= **8**


that's one 12damage and some number of hits for 6
similarly, skeleton:

 **Placidus:** ac 15, so 2 hits and a crit

 **Skeleton:** there's got to be a way to put all that on one line


 **banana (GM):** yeah probably

rolling d20+2 goose slam skeleton

(1)+2


= 3

rolling d20+2 goose slam skeleton

(6)+2


= 8

rolling d20+2 goose slam skeleton

(20)+2


= 22

rolling d20+2 goose slam skeleton

(5)+2

= 7


rolling d20+2 goose slam skeleton

(4)+2

= 6



banana (GM): rolling d20+2 goose slam skeleton

(10)+2

= 12



Placidus: which means 24 damage



banana (GM): The sheer mass of birds is overwhelming; they crash into you and send you reeling about as their beaks pierce skin.



Skeleton: ac 14, looks like 12 damage to skeleton



Placidus: 8/35 hp



banana (GM): placidus is up, then skeleton




Skeleton: "Aaaaggggh are you kiddinngggg-"




banana (GM): travis can join the fight IF people can convince him to do so





Travis Meacham: I am, yes.


 **banana (GM):** At least they don't go "arararara".


 **Placidus:** focus go
are these minions


Person: Leaping around the tree with odd grace, twisting to prevent his garment from catching on twigs- Person is completely silent.


 **banana (GM):** Yep, or rather, mooks
There are five up in the tree, Far away from you, and twelve down around the boat.
(skeleton's up)


 **Skeleton:** am i like, threatened by six opportunity attacks here


 **banana (GM):** Actually, yes.
Their non-Slamming OA is less damaging, though.


 **Skeleton:** hmm, unfortunate. what are the odds that i can claim as my cackling soliloquy gm-mediated on the spot bonus that i don't provoke them by casting something


 **Placidus:** actually if the geese provoke oas


 **banana (GM):** i'll allow it as long as you deliver an actual goose-related soliloquy.


 **Placidus:** then I should have eaten six
when I entered focus

 **banana (GM):** oh shit, focus does that? ok:


 **Placidus:** focus provokes oas but actual attacks don't


 **banana (GM):** **6 20 15 15 5 20** vs ac, 4 damage
that's [[


 **Skeleton:** Skeleton draws skerself up. "Owowowowow you know what. You know what. In times past I might've been tempted to raid the boat's food stores and toss you bits of bread and things."


 **Placidus:** against placidus's 17 ac vs oas, that's exactly 8 damage
which is enough to 0 me


 **banana (GM):** daang


 **Placidus:** and I can't respond because this was in response to me acquiring focus
so. cheers


 **Travis Meacham:** Imfao banana can't stop rolling crits


 **banana (GM):** nah, those weren't crits


 **Skeleton:** "Those times... are over! You stupid birds are ALL, going to be VERY, SORRY! But I've got an EXCELLENT way for you to make it up to me!"


 **Travis Meacham:** ohh


 **banana (GM):** it's 20 total from d20+2

 **Travis Meacham:** those were modded rolls

 **banana (GM):** Geese watch Skeleton, honking quietly in confusion. What is ske talking about?!

 **Placidus:** Placidus is buried and beaten senseless by geese before he can say or do anything.

 **banana (GM):** They watch skeleton, but they MOB Placidus. Something he was about to do- or could have done- it enrages them. The opposite instinct to fleeing an earthquake.

 **Skeleton:** Skeleton raises both arms high, fingers curling. There's a pillar of silver blue flame that gushes up from the ground beneath the boat, straight through the substance of the boat, and up past Skeleton's body. The plume of necromantic power has a night-black core, and tumbling up all the sides of the boat, following the blaze, are scraps of ancient bone and withered flesh and greying pine needles.

- EFFECT: You summon a ghoul.


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

my ghoul just tears into one of the geese on me, hopefully more if these are mooks

rolling 1d20+8 vs ac for 8 damage

(12)+8

= 20

 **banana (GM):** They are, though 8 damage isn't enough to take two of them out


It trivially shreds a bird. The rest set up a great clamour, stamping and flapping, and whatever spell Skeleton's words had over them is broken. They resume the attack.


could i get an init roll from travis, unless he wants to make a point here


 **Travis Meacham:** rolling 1d20+5


(18)+5


= 23


 **banana (GM):** He's up next, then.

 **Skeleton:** hmm, unfortunately it looks like the slain rise as ghouls next night, not in combat. i should've checked the book rather than just my notes

 **Travis Meacham:** im going to use my actions on dragging placidus out fromj under the geese, here. this is Insane.


 **banana (GM):** You can only conclude that that commissioner woman back in pocket bay is a serious, serious dick.

 **Travis Meacham:** like sure, i could blast the fuck out of them with lightning bolt or Force Salvo but ... do i WANT to?


 **Skeleton:** It's a withered, ancient corpse that leaps snarling into the fray around Skeleton, the body of some long-dead trapper that's been twisted by age and magic into a monster. Humans or elves or whatever this was don't have claws, of course, but old dead roots and animal bones have obliged to make up the difference, coiling up from the ghoul's head and back and replacing the endpoints of its fingers.


 **banana (GM):** As its impromptu dead-forest claws tear through gooseflesh, the bird's remaining mass necrotizes instantly; its down turns from white to black and the eyes in its head go milky as it lets out a vast soundless honk, spirit denied from departing in death.


You have 1 goose ghoul.


 **Skeleton:** i should reiterate that according to the book "Infected bite:Any creature that is slain by a ghoul and not consumed will rise as a ghoul the next night." and my own character sheet notes were misleading, just in case you missed it, but in case you DIDN'T miss it hell yes


 **banana (GM):** The goose ghoul has no immediate effect on combat, but it's an undead goose.

 **Skeleton:** good!!


 **Travis Meacham:** well. SHOULD i unload on a goddamn flock of goddamn geese

 **banana (GM):** Blast or drag, or some measure of both..?

 **Travis Meacham:** im really not inclined to, but we would ... lose ... a fight

 **Skeleton:** i sure as hell am


 **Travis Meacham:** yeah but, i hate cats


 **Skeleton:** rolling 1d6+7 oh yeah i get these temp hp


(6)+7


= 13

niiiiice


 **banana (GM):** you SHOULD hate them, as skeleton's (and person's) obsession has now brought danger to your friend placidus.


 **Travis Meacham:** alright how many geese are on top of placidus


 **banana (GM):** Half a dozen.


 **Travis Meacham:** alright well im gonna Force Salvo them

now when it says "1 + your intelligencem odifier bolts", does that mean modified by level as well?

 **banana (GM):** i think it does

 **Placidus:** that'd be 9 bolts

 **Skeleton:** "your intelligence modifier" is just your int bonus, not your int bonus plus level, i think

 **banana (GM):** oh, what? that's confusing compared to 4e



Placidus: that'd be 6 bolt

s



banana (GM): ok yeah the 13a srd states it explicitly



Travis Meacham: well, i'm gonna unleash Force Hell on the ones on top of placidus



banana (GM): int modifier does NOT include level



Skeleton: i don't think level is ever part of another modifier, it's just added on to most d20 rolls independently
from heaven to hell.



Travis Meacham: how do you do multiple modified d20 rolls, whats the syntax



banana (GM): surround the roll by double square brackets



Placidus: double brackets



banana (GM): **6** **2**



Skeleton: **7** roll test
badass



banana (GM): oh shit, also: this is round 2

ESCALATION +1



Travis Meacham: ok so i surround them with double square brackets
and ... then what ...



banana (GM): press enter
like, [d20+3] but with extra brackets



Travis Meacham: **12**

ok so i have to do them all on the line, but it lets you do them on the line. okay. okay i get it

17 **23** **24** **10** [d20+8]]

16

okay so 12, 17, 23, 24, 10, 16

all vs PD



Travis Meacham: damn those rolls are ATROCIOUS



Skeleton: i think these geese have shit for defenses, though




banana (GM): you mostly hit. the 10 misses
they're quite tough, for geese





Travis Meacham: rolling 4d10 should i do separate damage too

(**1** + **6** + **8** + **4**)


= 19

 **banana (GM):** nah, damage is straight-up, i think

 **Travis Meacham:** oh wait would an 11 hit. i forgot to add the escalation die.


 **banana (GM):** yes


ok so. 19 damage to each of the 6 mooks, who have 5 hp each, and are mooks


 **Travis Meacham:** "This is insanely stupid. I hate you Kelly."


 **Skeleton:** well,

 **banana (GM):** your magic completely, viscerally shreds the flock

 **Skeleton:** "We're doing the right th- woah."

 **Travis Meacham:** With my move action I go over to Placidus and start checking on him.

 **Placidus:** Travis can verify that Placidus has been beaten senseless by geese.

 **banana (GM):** Placidus is there, beneath charred feathers and.. fragments of pulverised goosebone. Did you know that birds have hollow bones? It's now clearly evident. There are shards all over.

rolling d20 representative of cat

(5)

= 5

rolling d20 representative of person


(16)

= 16

The juvenile cat doesn't unleash any shattering torrents of force. It gets batted out of the air and off the tree branch, falling limply to the ground below. Person performs a series of athletic movements and clicking noises, punitively eliminating four of the five remaining geese on him.

There are five birds still around Skeleton and sker ghoul, feeling somewhat overmatched.


However, they are geese.

 **banana (GM):** A druid gave them commands and imbued them with vigor and confidence; enough that they'll fight rather than run. It didn't increase their intelligence much.

Pecking, vs skeleton's PD: 20 13 12 18 17, 4 damage and a chance of infection

i'm SO good at rolling dice


skeleton's turn, if ske's even still in existence


 **Skeleton:** my pd is 12, so that looks like all hits
fortunately, i reaped a ton of temp hp

banana (GM): is it.. possible for you to catch diseases

	<p>Skeleton: down to 23/30</p> <p>i have the "Sorta Dead" talent, which means i don't need to breathe, count as undead for the sake of any effect i like, etc. formally it does not mention disease, but i suggest that with the combination of that talent, and my one unique thing: no</p> <p>unless it's a disease that could affect an animate skeleton, i mean. maybe if you modeled like, some spreading mold or fungus as a disease</p> <p>anyway, skeleton's still embattled by five geese</p>
	<p>banana (GM): nah, it'd be a mild flu or salmonella or something</p> <p>Embattled, and also Engaged.</p>
	<p>Skeleton: rolling 1d20-5 disengage attempt as a move action</p> <div data-bbox="120 716 277 794">(10)-5</div> <div data-bbox="120 820 203 898">= 5</div> <p>well,</p>
	<p>banana (GM): (and yes, we'll say that the disease just can't affect you)</p>
	<p>Skeleton: alright, throw five opportunity attacks at my AC 16 (+2 vs oas, see)</p>
	<p>banana (GM): 15 13 15 11 19</p> <p>4 more damage</p>
	<p>Skeleton: 29 chant of endings against the geese's MD for 13 necrotic damage, starting with the goose with lowest hp</p> <p>wow, nice damage roll, there. not.</p>
	<p>banana (GM): 3 floating+13.. three more go down.</p>
	<p>Skeleton: 17 vs ac for the ghoul, 8 damage at the two remaining geese</p> <p>oh, make that 18, as the ghoul gets the escalation die thanks to a feat</p>
	<p>banana (GM): After that onslaught, there's a literal single goose remaining (and you have 2 ghouls now, a second one silently screaming its way back from oblivion and thudding to the floor of the boat.</p> <p>Supra-natural druidic infusion or not, that bird's fleeing if you let it.</p>
	<p>Travis Meacham: At this point we can hardly afford to let a goose get away.</p>
	<p>Skeleton: "Stop it! That goose ISN'T telling its story!"</p>
	<p>Travis Meacham: rolling 1d20+9 vs PD</p> <div data-bbox="120 2278 277 2356">(14)+9</div> <div data-bbox="120 2382 221 2460">= 23</div> <div data-bbox="120 2486 563 2564">rolling 3d6 cold damage</div>



= 10

 **Skeletron:** This is after a low-key banshee wail on Skeletron's part combined with a flurry of root and antler strikes from the patchwork ghoul have either shredded or withered more of the birds.

 **banana (GM):** Frozen into a solid block, the last bird drops out of the air and clatters.


Travis Meacham: "Yes, I can also deploy a spray of acid."

Person: "Oh, I wasn't studying how to fight you. It was meant as a compliment."


 **Skeleton:** "HAH! Stupid birds. That's what you hang on a second actually."


Travis Meacham: He checks on Placidus. Unconscious, yes, but is he bleeding? Will smelling salts do the trick here?

"Thank you. You are very fast and strong."


 **Skeleton:** The summoned ghoul won't last many minutes longer, but are the mortifying geese under Skeleton's control? Skeleton's COMPLETE control?

4 banana (GM): Only the One-Eyed King could possibly dispute it.

 **Skeleton:** Skeleton curls sker fingers idly. What can you really DO with a couple goose ghouls, though...? Well, ske'll think it over. "Ahem. What you GET, certainly, yes."


 **banana (GM):** Placidus is actually not bleeding out. He was badly hurt, but routine bad hurt (unfortunate though the concept is). You can revive him with standard measures.

Undead goose:




Travis Meacham: I do so, and tell him that it's alright, we'll just never help out Skeleton again.

Undead goose: (a soundless honk)

 **Placidus:** "Uuuuuuaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh."

 **Skeleton:** "How is he?"

4 banana (GM): Placidus, or the cat?

 Placidus: It takes Travis about ten seconds of smelling salts to rouse Placidus.

Skeleton: Skeleton's first servant is clambering down the side of the boat to be pulled by various forces, natural and unnatural, back into the earth.

Hell, both.



banana (GM): The young cat is nearly unconscious itself, and bleeding- the fall was far enough to challenge even a feline, and it wasn't in control, having been essentially batted to the ground. It makes a very little indistinguishable noise as the ghoul direly crumbles beside it.



Placidus: triple each of these **5 3 3**



banana (GM): 15, 9, 9



Placidus: 33



banana (GM): i wonder if.. **21**



Placidus: 33/35 hp, 3/8 recoveries



banana (GM): cool! nice dice engine



Placidus: that IS cool

15

Person: Person's climbing back onto the boat with considerably less facility than he leapt off it. Of course, it's quite full. He's watching Placidus struggle upward, still not speaking.



Placidus: With some care, Placidus rises to a sitting position, looking out at the bird corpses.

"Well."

"That's... a data point."



banana (GM): Only half of them actually HALF corpses. The rest are shreds.

*HAVE



Skeleton: Skeleton's going to try to gather up the cat in a little blanket or something. Surely Ghol or someone knows what to do, here.



Placidus: The intact corpses were just buffeted by force, right?



Travis Meacham: "You know Placidus is allergic, right?"



banana (GM): I think in a few cases Skeleton ripped their souls out.



Skeleton: "Of course I do," says Skeleton, standing down on the forest floor at the moment. "How close is it safe to come? Opposite end of the deck okay?"



banana (GM): I think that caring for hurt animals is DEFINITELY a wisdom check, but we can assume it's been handed off to Kon if you like
(who knows considerably better how to do so than Ghol does)



Placidus: That's fine then. You don't roast a goose's *soul*. Placidus is climbing down from the boat with an empty bag.



Skeleton: But yeah, Skeleton wants to pawn this off on Kon or someone.
Draw on their expertise, anyway. Ske isn't trying to spare effort.



banana (GM): Normally, the big warg would take a cat by the scruff of the neck- you've seen him do it

before. This time, he bends down, lowering his own head enough for Skeleton to place the animal on his back, and holding up a great paw in a reassuring gesture.



Placidus: Placidus has four fat geese in a sack, ready to be plucked and gutted for supper. "I hope everyone's hungry. I love goose."



banana (GM): The good news is the good meal's worth of birds, here.



Travis Meacham: "Me too, actually. I didn't expect to ever kill my own goose with blasts of force though."



Skeleton: "You're welcome to my share," says Skeleton, climbing back onto deck once the kitten's started being taken care of. "Quick question, though. I've got two geese ghouls, here."



Placidus: "I don't think those are edible."



Skeleton: "They're under my control, although I bet they won't last too long unless they can feed on the flesh of avian corpses or something. Who's got ideas for what to do with them?"



Placidus: "Are there any children about you could frighten with them?"



Skeleton: "Nnnnnot in immediate line of sight?"

Undead goose: The once-animal, hunkered down in the bow, stretches out its wings very slowly. Over the course of about forty seconds it goes into a spread-out position, as if soaring through the air, but the edges are twisted and broken. A little blood drips from one black-grey wing to the wood as it remains silent and still.



Placidus: "I'm out of ideas, then. It seems like the only thing you could do with a horrifying undead simulacrum of a farm animal."



Skeleton: Skeleton's going to just tear their animuses out and return them to normal corpses, then. Or, failing that, burn them both.



Placidus: *animae



Skeleton: you're right.



banana (GM): Here's something we never settled, since you halted beneath the battle tree: whether you were going to avoid the trappers' path.



Placidus: How much longer will it take?



Skeleton: Once the ghouls have been disposed of on a permanent basis, Skeleton settles back on deck, helping people collect and store gooseflesh or whatever. If we all just stay on the boat, what are the odds traps will even matter to us?



Travis Meacham: its not that traps will matter



banana (GM): Probably not longer at all. Just a matter of whether you'd rather get a glimpse of civilisation or avoid potential danger. This is a weirdly barren area of the world.





Travis Meacham: it's that following the trappers path would take us to the trappers





Skeleton: Trappers don't hang, like, nooses or tripwires ten or howevermany feet up, surely.

banana (GM): Yeah, it seemed a bit.. hostile, especially as there isn't a lot of game around here.


 **Skeleton:** Skeleton kind of wants to give the trappers a stiff talking-to, but not enough to actually go look for them.

 **Placidus:** Well, civilization is nice and all, buuuut, speaking as someone who recently lost all of their hit points, seeking further hostility seems ill-advised.


 **Skeleton:** Anyway, it's not like we're wanting for supplies at the moment.
"Hey, Person - is there anything you can tell us about that cat?"


 **Travis Meacham:** so let's take a slight deet


Person: "I'm sorry."


 **Skeleton:** "?"


 **banana (GM):** skeleton rearranges all sker bones into a questionmark shape

 **Placidus:** Meanwhile, Placidus has taken to plucking and gutting the geese, preparing them for roasting. One by one there's a row of fire-ready geese at the far end of the little boat from where the others are, while Placidus himself sits cross-legged with a knife in one hand and the next bird in the other. Resting on a bit of waxy paper are the geese's livers. The gnome stops periodically to lick his fingers.


 **Skeleton:** "I suppose not. Uh, speaking of... you okay, Placidus?"

 **Travis Meacham:** "Aren't you ... vegetarian?"


 **Skeleton:** "I kind of... I mean, I figured one of you'd stop me if that seemed like a TERRIBLE idea, but they were just geese."


 **Placidus:** "What?"


Person: "It wasn't the right time or way to fight, was it? They're just animals. And they're dangerous when threatened."


 **Placidus:** "Vegetarian?"


Person: "Especially to... really little people."


 **Placidus:** Placidus snorts.


 **Travis Meacham:** "If you'll cast your memory backward to when we were in San Meat, surely you'll recall."

 **Skeleton:** "Ye-e-e-s... I just figured we'd be faster and luckier, or suffer less for lack of those two things. I'm really sorry!"

 **Placidus:** "Sorry for what?"

 **banana (GM):** Night is falling, and fowl dinnertime comes. Ghol reports that amazingly enough, you've lost most of your tails- though maybe someone will catch up once you make camp.

 **Skeleton:** "Well, for getting you really violently battered by geese for the sake of a kitten."

 **Placidus:** "Oh, well. No harm no fowl."



Travis Meacham: "No, PERSON said he was sorry."
"You didn't, although I guess we're supposed to take it as implied."



Skeleton: "Oh, I figured he couldn't tell us anything about the cat, is what he meant."
To Placidus: "Oh, good. If there's anything I can do..!"



Travis Meacham: "However, getting back to the matter at hand, Placidus, you definitely were a vegetarian before you touched the road."

Person: "Yes, I am also.. he trails off as Placidus responds."
heh



Travis Meacham: "I can respect if you aren't any more, but ... maybe we could take stock of anything els that's changed?"



Skeleton: "I'm pretty sure Travis is right, incidentally."



Placidus: "I don't..."
"How would you propose to do that?"



Travis Meacham: "You could try to remember what you did and how you felt in the recent past as opposed to the more distant past, and see if there's anything that doesn't fit right?"
"For instance, how do you feel about numebrs and counting? Is that still your thing?"



Placidus: "Counting what?"



Travis Meacham: "Things. You count everything. You have a little notebook that you record your observations of Number in."



Skeleton: "Sequences... sums..?"



Placidus: Placidus chuckles. "Come now, Travis. You're making me sound like some sort of deranged obsessive."



Skeleton: "Uhhhh."
"Did he get hit on the head?"



Travis Meacham: "What were you trying to do when those geese beat the tar out of you?"



Skeleton: "Yeah, hey, have you still got weird powers?"



Placidus: "I was looking for the moon."

Person: Person's helping: "It's normal to remember thinking things differently, even if you wouldn't think them that way now."




Placidus: "It should've risen by now."
"Maybe I've got the dates wrong."




Skeleton: Skeleton looks up at the sky, as though ske'll see something new right then.





banana (GM): Darkness. Faint stars. The slow progression of the night towards calamity.
The smell of roasting birds makes you want to look back down, at the earth and the fire.


 **Placidus:** "Person, when is moonrise?"


Person: "Four years from now, at the very end."


 **Placidus:** "Ah. Well, can't be helped then. Soon it will be soon enough."


 **Skeleton:** Skeleton wrings sker hands and turns sker hood to give Travis an ominous implied look.


 **banana (GM):** What kind of noise does it even make when Skeleton does that.

 **Skeleton:** Probably like someone cracking their knuckles, if any sound at all.


 **Travis Meacham:** "Placidus, how did you defeat the wizard back in Horizon?"


 **Skeleton:** Ah, horizon... Skeleton HAS got sker new wand, incidentally. Ske wasn't seen to wave it around back there because the implement (yew and phoenix feather) is currently hanging suspended by a cat's cradle of cord in the center of the necromancer's ribcage. Much more convenient and just as effective!


 **Placidus:** Around a mouthful of goose, juice running down his chin - Placidus is a surprisingly good cook of meat, for someone who was a vegetarian yesterday. "He didn't fight back. He could have but he didn't. Tidal gravity, I suppose."


 **Travis Meacham:** So the moon is going to be Placidus'


 **Skeleton:** "Hmm."


 **Travis Meacham:** s new thing, Travis guesses.
Well. It certainly bears watching.


 **banana (GM):** How did he even learn about tidal forces, a nautical history book? The King declared the end of tides long ago, as a boon to shipping...


 **Travis Meacham:** SPEAKING OF, are there tides on 11thworld????? my verisimilitude!


 **Skeleton:** The moon in and of itself doesn't quite enthuse Skeleton, but throw in the sun, stars, and maybe seasons and you've got a pretty cool schtick going. As to how it compares to killer math, the necromancer hasn't yet decided.


 **Placidus:** of course there are tides. would the moon just NOT pull the sea?
come on

 **banana (GM):** To make a fire safely in the dead wood, you've had to find a relatively open area. This is kind of the opposite of a safe camping spot, so I will ask for those watches again.

 **Travis Meacham:** "But you still feel the lunar influence on that point near San Sard, right?"

 **Placidus:** "The compass points that way, yes."
"I haven't checked in the last day or two. Should I?"

 **Skeleton:** Skeleton will stand by on every watch, as before, but we've seen what good that does. Still, it's an extra roll of the die.

 **Travis Meacham:** "Only if you feel up for it. Those geese beat the flock out of you."

Skeleton: "But there was- oh, heh."



Travis Meacham: Travis will take first watch tonight. He's stoked, jazzed, and pumped about shredding a fuckload of geese. Also, he has to do some thinking about whether Placidus is more or less dangerously insane now than earlier.



Placidus: Placidus grins, his lips smeared with grease. "I got the last laugh in the end, didn't I?" There's that shrill, staccato giggle. At least that hasn't changed.

Once Placidus has finished eating and washed his hands, he'll take the gizmo out. By his reckoning, it should now be pointing roughly due east, based on where they are now.



Skeleton: "...WAIT a minute. When you said n- wow, how did I even."



banana (GM): The dwarven(?) compass is nearly as inscrutable as ever. The markings around the outermost circle measure the lunar calendar, sure enough, and the blocky stuck-on bit always tips it over in the direction of east by northeast - the rest is still a mystery.



Skeleton: Skeleton might as well take a few moments to grapple with sker mysterious egg box object. Ske hasn't got a new plan or anything, though.



banana (GM): Well, I said *nearly* as inscrutable. The markings on it actually have a faint resemblance to the writing on the underworld entrance pagoda, like a distant relative of that script. Nice to know.

Is Skeleton carrying around both the original box ske came out of and the similar one Capel gave them?



Skeleton: Yes, unless someone else wanted Capel's. Remind me what Capel's is inscribed with or w/e?



banana (GM): Stylised image of a fowl, actually.



Skeleton: Hmm.

What did Capel say about this box/why he was passing it along to us? It's escaping me, maybe I wasn't there for it.



Placidus: We have to deliver it to some dark priest or other, as I recall.



banana (GM): You've been commissioned to take it to Santa Cora - the Archmage apparently seeks some sort of parley or audience with the dark gods.

One of the reasons for your directionl.



Placidus: While still looking over the gizmo. "Person, come here."



Skeleton: Ah, right. Well, actually, it DOES seem like a smart idea to compare the two, if not to literally try to open the one we're delivering. (Were we expressly ordered not to or anything?)



banana (GM): Person sleepily moves over.



Placidus: "Since when do you sleep?"



banana (GM): You were, actually, although Capel the Bold put it more like "ha! good luck opening THAT, curious idiots"




Placidus: "Was it the murdering?"





banana (GM): Person always rests at night! He lies down, at least, and stops moving for a while.


Person: "I'm tired, Placidus.. but that's a trick question."


	Placidus: Placidus just assumed he was sitting very still as a point of etiquette.
	Person: "Killing geese isn't murder. There are a lot of books about this."
	Skeleton: "He's right, you know."
	Placidus: "There are a lot of books about why every sort of killing isn't murder, I'd wager. Anyway, can you read this script? Sort of a proto-Dwarven, it looks like."
	Skeleton: Anyway, if Capel put it like THAT... I assume that just tugging on the fowl box's lid is as useless as doing so to the egg box? Skeleton tries, I don't know, clunking them softly together, putting them side by side, and so on.
	banana (GM): It has about as much resemblance to actual dwarven Words as it does to any pictographic writing, but the forms and style of inscription are the same.. Person makes a facial expression which, naturally, you can't see. "Is it very old? Things looked more like that, once."
	Placidus: "I assume so. I don't have any means of dating it, but it was apparently recovered from under-Undermountain."
	banana (GM): Skeleton fiddles with the boxes in increasing boldness. Please pick one: Archmage 6, or Diabolist 5
	Skeleton: *sucks breath in through teeth*
	Person: "I thought so. I saw something like it back when I couldn't read."
	Skeleton: i'm going to go with the archmage 6 on the basis that i've caused enough trouble today already
	banana (GM): OK, further, make an int check for analysing magical effects
	Placidus: "Do you remember where you saw it?"
	Skeleton: 21 add four to this for the purpose of necromancy in specific
	banana (GM): Trying to get the boxes to interfere with each other is a great success. The exterior of each isn't *particularly* magical, but when you turn their faces to each other, they produce a repelling force- each physically forcing the other away, like poles of a lodestone.
	Skeleton: "Ooh. I wonder if you could generate infinite power like this-"
	banana (GM): This is no ferrothaumic effect, however; Skeleton can see with a flash of insight the low arcana behind it. These containers - the chicken and the egg, the message and the man - are in fated opposition to each other. They contain each other's antithesis, and only one can ever predominate. It is their very destiny that keeps them apart.
	Person: "It was on a mountain, in a forest, near the ocean."
	Skeleton: Now, Skeleton's OUT of SKER box... does the egg box react to Skeleton at all, absent the other container?
	Person: "That's not usefully specific. However, I was many people and moved fast."
	Travis Meacham: Yeah, but, which CAME FIRST!!!!!!


 **banana (GM):** you got the egg one first. that's not in question,


 **Skeleton:** "How did I even fit in there..."


 **Placidus:** "Naturally. Do you remember what was at the mountain?"

 **Travis Meacham:** "Very ... very carefully!"


 **banana (GM):** The gilt-inlaid wood doesn't react to Skeleton. The other way around, though.. it still feels familiar, present, like it's an actual part of you.


 **Skeleton:** The egg box, you mean? What about the chicken box? If the chicken box is the antithesis of the egg box, and Skeleton is somehow egg box originated...


 **banana (GM):** Actually, you've got no feeling about it at all.

 **Skeleton:** Hmm. It's a long shot, but Skeleton will see if he can somehow angle the boxes at each other such that the repelling force of one serves to lever up the lid of the other.


As well, and perhaps simultaneously, ske'll try to just... will the egg box open, using the same instinctive animus-flexing effort with which ske might uncurl a clenched fist or open sker mouth.

 **banana (GM):** Good ideas! The first one doesn't work at all.

 **Skeleton:** The second one feels promising, though. If it's like a part of Skeleton, well, maybe it works like one..!

 **banana (GM):** It *is* a part of you, isn't it.. or are you a part of the box? Reaching out, yes, it's like opening your own perpetually grinning jaw... it's like receiving a command, like hearing a call. It is the Time, and so you begin to open your lid.


 **Skeleton:** HAH!


 **banana (GM):** There's a little clicking noise, a catch somewhere slips- the box falls to the ground, as moving the rest of your body is slightly tricky right now.. light spills forth. It's red, like the firelight, with an inner white glow to it. There's something- anyone looking the right way for a moment can see through a tiny crack. It shouldn't be big enough to see anything at all, unless the interior of the box was far larger than its outside.

There's something coiled, turned in and in and in on itself. Something made of puffy red light, twisting and waiting, dormant. Prepared to-

It's not the Time.

The box closes its skeleton.

 **Skeleton:** Skeleton's making an "-uhhhhh...???" noise right up to the point where sker jaw slams shut.


 **banana (GM):** The light's gone, and Skeleton sits down, wrapping arms around sker needs, vacant-mouthed, nothing issuing forth. Time to wait another.. thousand years? However long it takes.


No, wait, hold on.

You can do whatever you want, not what some box says!


Roll d(your necromancy bonus)


 **Placidus:** like, a d4?

 **Skeleton:** like, the raw background, or the whole int + level + background?


 **banana (GM):** yep, like placidus says

 **Skeleton:** **1** 'cromancy
ah.

 **banana (GM):** An unfortunate revelation.

 **Placidus:** natch

 **Travis Meacham:** Maybe it was a roll-under.

 **banana (GM):** I mean, you'd been wondering, so it's nice to KNOW, isn't it? To know just why you still exist. The lichdom ritual, clearly, failed. The Diabolist, somehow, intervened- but how would that keep you al


keep you existing? Rather than just saving your soul?


Here's how: you're haunting the box.


Skeleton is its bound guardian, not the other way around.


 **Placidus:** lol


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


 **banana (GM):** And let me tell you, if anyone steals this from a tomb they will have EVERYTHING you can throw at them to deal with, which is quite a considerable hurling.


 **Skeleton:** "Hey, does anyone know what's made of red light and really big and biding its time for maybe thousands of years, because I'm stumped."


 **Placidus:** "A demon lord...?"

 **Travis Meacham:** "Hell itself?"


 **Skeleton:** "You know, both of those fit pretty well."

 **Placidus:** "You wouldn't think they would."
"It's quite a small box."


 **Skeleton:** "I don't really.. get... what's... well it looks like I'm its bound guardian, basically..?"
"So please don't try to take it or anything."

 **Placidus:** "That would explain why the Diabolist would care enough to save you from whatever was supposed to happen to you."

they must not

 **Skeleton:** Skeleton finds that ske's clutching the box to sker ribcage already. Ske carefully slips it inside sker robes, and, actually, right up next to the wand inside sker ribcage.

"I guess that's kind of... I mean, it's not far from the theory, right. To stick around, you just staple your soul to something solid and imperishable..."

 **banana (GM):** Right, or someone else could do the stapling, or... what if you were right the first time?
What if it was a volunteer effort?

Placidus: I imagine you'd agree to most things if it meant you weren't a mindless servitor-corpse for

 eternity.



Travis Meacham: "What's Bonanda's connection to this, then?"

"Was the box rightfully his?"



Skeleton: Skeleton's theory is that sker soul was GOING to just be bound to the bones themselves, producing your basic undead, but by using a mystic intermediary - a 'phylactery', as the theory goes...? ...but yeah. "...yeah. What was he doing with it?"

"I mean, it was basically his equivalent of the rock we've got, right? Just some pocket shock troops courtesy of the One-Eyed King."

"Was it always secretly important to the Diabolist, or did she make it so then and there, or...?"

Skeleton remembers her specifically drawing the egg onto the lid, doesn't ske?



banana (GM): Oh yes. It was plain before- just your basic 'holds unlimited secret magic' type of box, unclaimed.



Skeleton: "Well... I won't be trying to open it again any time soon. Not before I've learned more, anyway."

"Gosh, though."



Travis Meacham: "I would sincerely recommend not ever trying to open it again, ever."

"Ever."



Skeleton: "I'm certainly not letting anyone else try!"



Placidus: "Well, now you have something to ask the Diabolist if you see her again."



Skeleton: "Yeah. What on earth is this chicken box for, though, then."

"They repel each other somehow... but I don't seem to have any link to the other box whatever."

"Incidentally, if either of you feel particularly mystically connected to it, we could probably peek at what's inside through a simple effort on your part."



Placidus: "I doubt very much either of us is connected to that box the way you are to yours."

"Since, you know, we've never been *in* it."



Skeleton: "That'd check out."

recharge roll for summon horror **3** and for bones beneath **18**, both want 18+