

INSTANT GAME

November 10, 2004

Pre-European America, Horror, Fantasy,
Undead

<Cazmonster> Okay - two things I want to make sure we have working tonight.
<Flame> I could be...hmmm.....
<Flame> ack
<Cazmonster> 1. I will tell you what your modifier is for the die roll you are going to make.
<Flame> I don't know prez...despite the fact that I took AP us history.
<Cazmonster> 2. If this winds up being a combat-related game, I want to use at least some of the damage rules.
<Reika> Okay
<Kyle> [Note: we haven't really tested the damage rules- this is an area I anticipate we need to flesh out.]
<Kyle> ((ooc for out of character?))
<Cazmonster> Okay Reika - have you gotten a chance to read over the logs and get an inkling of how this works?
* Reika only skimmed through the rules, so forgive her if she asks alot of stupid questions. :)
<Flame> ((as usual))
<Cazmonster> ((testify))
<Reika> ((Logs? :))
<Flame> ((Lincoln, Reika, Lincoln))
<Cazmonster> ((Everything gets logged on this box, it is bad news.))
<Reika> ((All I've been told is that no one knows what the theme is going to be from week to week and that's more story driven))
<Cazmonster> I also want to stick with the half spent first and half spent after the game is solidified.
<Flame> ((That's all you need to know, really.))
<Cazmonster> Okay, here we go...
<Flame> ((spending scale?))
<Flame> ((Same as last week?))
<Kyle> ((summarize the point cost))
<Cazmonster> ((same as late time, let me get you the link.))
<Mike> <http://www.animalball.com/cgi-bin/yabb/YaBB.pl?board=abmisc;action=display;num=1099061927;start=40>
<Flame> <http://www.animalball.com/cgi-bin/yabb/YaBB.pl?board=abmisc;action=display;num=1099061927;start=40>
<Mike> I WIN!!
<Flame> dang.
<Cazmonster> rock on.

<Kyle> ((was anyone else weirded out by the picture of Teja kissing the ass pumpkin?))
* Cazmonster is still pounding down potatoes.
<Flame> ((I thought that was awesome, Kyle.))
<Mike> ((It's about halfway down that page marked Character Creation in bold))
<Cazmonster> ((naw, I just used edit mode to turn the pumpkin into jack skellington - kinda))
<Flame> By the way, the post is about midway...
<Flame> damn.
<Flame> Mike wins again.
* Kyle is now known as Ass_Pumpkin
<Cazmonster> okay... here we go with the rolling...
<Cazmonster> !d29
* Flame kisses Ass_Pumpkin
<Ass_Pumpkin> ((Meow!))
<Reika> Thanks Mike
* Reika is so totally lost. :)
<Flame> you will be fine once the game starts :)
<Cazmonster> !s 1d29
<Winternight> Cazmonster: 22 (22) - Total 22
* Ass_Pumpkin pats Reika on the hand, "We'll walk you through it-- it's cake."
<Ass_Pumpkin> ((I don't have the chart in front of me- what is it?))
<Flame> Reika, grab a piece of paper and a pencil
<Cazmonster> !s 1d26
<Winternight> Cazmonster: 9 (9) - Total 9
* Reika reflexively grabs Kyle's hand and twists it in such a way he ends up on his knees in pain.
<Cazmonster> !s 1d56
<Winternight> Cazmonster: 19 (19) - Total 19
<Ass_Pumpkin> ((don't blame me! It's the ass pumpkin!))
<Reika> Uh huh
<Cazmonster> !s 1d56
<Winternight> Cazmonster: 50 (50) - Total 50
<Flame> I wugga wugga what it will be...
<Reika> I hope there's a reason for all the rolling. :)
<Cazmonster> !s 1d18
<Winternight> Cazmonster: 3 (3) - Total 3
<Ass_Pumpkin> ((Mike- where the fuck are we on the chart-- the suspense is killing me!))
<Cazmonster> Setting up... mu ha ha aha!!!!
<Reika> Ah
<Mike> ((I haven't opened it yet))
<Flame> I pity you, Kyle :)
<Flame> Mike: don't :)
* Ass_Pumpkin will not be mocked!
* Flame adds a smock to Ass-Pumpkin
<Flame> smock smock smock
<Cazmonster> ((Okay, the dicebot has spoken... the game is pre-european invasion America fantasy))
<Reika> ((*blinks* Wow, that's a new one. :))

<Cazmonster> ((The setting elements are horror and undead!! You are all my bitches!!))
<Mike> ((Sweet!!!))
<Cazmonster> ((And the game starts out on a farm.))
<Reika> ((Oh hell, am I going to end up as a zombie again? ;))
<Flame> ((mmm...interesting.))
<Ass_Pumpkin> ((okay, so are we native americans?))
<Mike> ((Huddle time--are we in Inca/Aztec/Maya or are we tribal? Jungle?))
<Cazmonster> ((Yes, everyone is playing a member of the Aztec society - of some note.))
<Reika> ((Ooer))
<Ass_Pumpkin> ((what does "of some note" mean??))
<Flame> ((who be a priest? High priest? Sacrificial people?))
<Mike> ((Excellent--does fantasy imply /some/ magic... or fantastical things allowed?))
<Cazmonster> ((You are neither sacrifices, nor high clergy))
<Flame> ((damn!))
<Ass_Pumpkin> ((dammit))
<Cazmonster> ((You have the option of purchasing totemic powers and blood magic))
<Flame> ((I'll be a runner. messenger.))
<Reika> ((Hmm))
<Flame> ((one that runs city to city.))
<Cazmonster> ((Warriors, lesser clergy, minor nobility and the like would all be ideal characters))
<Flame> ((hmmm...))
<Mike> ((I'm thinking an elderly witch doctor type. Little more that a traveling priest. Going from farm to farm to minister to the spiritual needs of the people.))
<Cazmonster> ((You can also purchase quirks that would make your characters the lesser progeny of deific beings))
<Flame> ((I'm thinking of a warrior...but more like a runner.))
<Cazmonster> ((Mike, sounds perfect, healing magic and spirit friends would be ideal skills - of normal cost))
<Flame> ((one that runs city to city, to deliver messages to other city.))
<Mike> ((military errand boy sounds good for you, flame))
<Flame> ((yeah. something like that.))
<Cazmonster> You must buy Toughness, Willpower, and Intelligence, otherwise the attributes are up to you.
<Reika> ((*muses on a char idea*))

<Ass_Pumpkin> ((I want to be an apprentice astronomer. I'm training with a priest who does a lot of the astrological calcs. It takes a lot of math and legendary lore- because it involves zodiac and shit))
<Flame> How much does a club cost?
<Cazmonster> ((Flame - your runner/messenger is just fine, you can buy physical boosting powers, like might of jaguar or hide of alligator at normal cost.))
<Flame> cost being?
<Cazmonster> ((Kyle - sounds good, you can purchase celestial type powers at normal cost and solar-related powers at special cost.))
<Ass_Pumpkin> ((Reika- in case we're not being clear- you have to have stats for the three abilities, but you are allowed to buy any reasonable skills you can think up. We have 50 points to spend on this shit- and when we play, we can buy new skills on the fly with the remaining 50 points.
<Reika> ((Right, my char is a handmaiden of one of the princesses of the realm, who is a skilled weaver, is a minor noble and is the illegitimate daughter of the king. ;))
<Reika> ((Thank you muchly))
<Ass_Pumpkin> ((Caz- what level of power are you talkin? Can I get a light spell? Can I divine the stars?))
<Cazmonster> ((Illegitimate daughter is going to cost you 5 points by itself))
<Reika> ((Only the king and her mother know she's not really her supposed father's daughter))
<Reika> ((That's fine))
<Cazmonster> ((Flame - forget a club, you are armed with an obsidian-edged sword for free))
<Reika> ((All my char has going for her is her intelligence, strong will, weaving skill and feminine wiles. ;))
<Cazmonster> ((Kyle - a light spell would be at most one point and light up like a torch for as long as you concentrate.))
<Ass_Pumpkin> Here's a link for Aztec names:
<Flame> holy.
<Ass_Pumpkin>
<http://www.babynamesworld.com/names9/aztec-names-and-aztec.html>
<Flame> I'm a blur.
<Cazmonster> ((Reika - totally fine.))
<Cazmonster> You all work on your characters, I have some rolling left to do.
<Ass_Pumpkin> ((wait- bad link))
<Reika> ((I'm drawing a blank on what else to make, unless someone has any suggestions?))
<Reika> ((Kyle no problems here))
<Flame> choose skills. They're 1-1 for cost.

<Cazmonster> ((Reika - you can buy influence with nobles at the cost listed.))
<Flame> max skill is 10.
<Reika> ((Okay))
<Ass_Pumpkin> Here's a link to actual aztec names:
<Ass_Pumpkin>
<http://www.mythome.org/aztecnames.html>
<Ass_Pumpkin> ((Reika- the problem with the link was that when I looked at it, they weren't aztec names))
<Cazmonster> !s d32
<Winternight> Cazmonster: 9 (9) - Total 9
<Reika> ((You're right, I realized that after I said it was fine))
* Ass_Pumpkin is now known as Itzli
<Cazmonster> !s d35
<Winternight> Cazmonster: 18 (18) - Total 18
* Itzli is now known as Itzli-Kyle
* Flame is now known as Tlaloc
<Reika> ((They don't note if the name is male or female...))
<Tlaloc> We'll guess :)
<Itzli-Kyle> ((Reika- possible powers for you could be: Calm, Emotive Control possible skills: diplomacy, royal etiquette, tailoring, grooming))
<Itzli-Kyle> (Flame, can you put a dash with your name? I'll never remember who's who.))
* Imprisoned_Love has left #animalball
* Tlaloc is now known as Tlaloc-Flame
<Cazmonster> !s d32
<Winternight> Cazmonster: 4 (4) - Total 4
<Cazmonster> !s d35
<Winternight> Cazmonster: 29 (29) - Total 29
<Tlaloc-Flame> ((Caz, PMed you char info))
<Reika> ((Sorry I'm so slow guys))
<Cazmonster> ((Flame - yar, working))
<Tlaloc-Flame> ((Reika: it's ok.))
<Tlaloc-Flame> ((You're new to the game, so we understand. It took us a while first time around.))
<Itzli-Kyle> ((caz- what is special cost- the ability cost??))
<Reika> Atl-Reika
<Reika> ((gah))
* Reika is now known as Atl-Reika
<Cazmonster> ((Kyle - yeah, use the ability cost))
* Teja has quit IRC (Client exited)
<Cazmonster> ((at this point, it looks like Kyle is the one player we're waiting on.))
* Mike is now known as Croztal-Mike
<Atl-Reika> ((I'm working out my points))
<Tlaloc-Flame> ((Ass Pumpkin!))
<Croztal-Mike> ((I have minor magics, mostly non-combat skills, and 40 points leftover))
<Tlaloc-Flame> 42 points left over here.

<Atl-Reika> ((Please tell me there's a list of special abilities somewhere))
* Croztal-Mike is 60-something, going on 110.
<Croztal-Mike> ((We're just making stuff up, Reika))
<Tlaloc-Flame> Make stuff up as we go.
<Tlaloc-Flame> hell, we can invent a special ability on the fly if necessary :)
<Cazmonster> ((tell us what you want to do and I'll tell you how much it costs.
<Cazmonster> ((I want to hear back from Kyle before I get going, but we're almost set.))
<Itzli-Kyle> two more minutes
<Cazmonster> totally cool.
<Atl-Reika> ((He's also trying to help me))
<Cazmonster> ((I'm good.))
<Atl-Reika> ((Stupid question, the costs for the attributes, are they cumulative, or just what's listed for that level?))
<Croztal-Mike> ((Yay! I have a monkey.))
<Tlaloc-Flame> just listed for that level
<Tlaloc-Flame> if you want 10 points of an attribute...you pay 15 points.
<Itzli-Kyle> ((Okay, I'm good. I have 48 points left.))
<Atl-Reika> ((Gotcha))
<Cazmonster> Okay, in that case, its GAME TIME!
<Itzli-Kyle> ((Caz- the ceremonial knife is part of the priestly garb I'm an apprentice to-- even though I don't do sacrifices))
* Croztal-Mike is now known as Mike-AFK
* Tlaloc-Flame flexes...
<Cazmonster> ((Totally cool - know that it is a flint blade, not obsidian.))
<Itzli-Kyle> ((wicked))
* Cazmonster is now known as StoryMaster
<Tlaloc-Flame> ((and Mike runs on us :))
<Itzli-Kyle> ((My character has a gambling problem))
<StoryMaster> ((Fuckit, intro time))
<Tlaloc-Flame> ((yeah!))
<Atl-Reika> ((Okies))
<StoryMaster> It is a time of great turmoil and horror as the calendar rolls down toward nothingness. The sacrifices to the Maize and to the Sun have risen up from within the pyramids.
* Jeff has joined #animalball
<StoryMaster> They have ripped the beating hearts from the highest of priests and their flesh resists the power of the gods and the might of men.
<StoryMaster> The cities are charnel-houses and the streets run ankle-deep with fiery-tinged blood.

<StoryMaster> Itzli - you had read in the stars of this great horror upon the land, and you knew that there was to be a end to it, born out of kingly lines.
<Atl-Reika> ((I have 16 pts left))
<StoryMaster> Tlaloc - you have run headlong from the city, protecting the oracular child from the demonic creatures.
<Tlaloc-Flame> ((Damn you and thesarus))
<Itzli-Kyle> ((cooooool))
<Itzli-Kyle> ((the chosen one- Flame-- you've got the chosen one))
<Tlaloc-Flame> ((gotcha))
<Tlaloc-Flame> ((I have dictionary.com ready.))
<StoryMaster> Atl - your belly has grown large and your steps slow since your night of unworldly pleasure with what must have been Quezocoatl. Even now, you feel something tremendous growing within you.
* Tlaloc-Flame runs into the city as if he is a blur.
<Tlaloc-Flame> "Everyone! Everyone! Come out! They are attacking!"
<StoryMaster> Your only comfort has come from ((mike)) the village healer, who has realized the strange and desperate portents in you.
<Tlaloc-Flame> "The demons! The Demons!"
<StoryMaster> ((Flame, hang on, you had to run out of the city, escorting Itzli away from the destruction.))
<StoryMaster> And I really, really need Mike to get back here before we get too much further along.
<Tlaloc-Flame> ((whoops misread.))
<Tlaloc-Flame> ((from and to. Never can understand the difference :D))
<Itzli-Kyle> ((me too, flame. So I'm the oracular child? Or am I escorting Flame and the oracular child?))
<StoryMaster> ((We'll get started with Itzli and Tlaloc - you are on the outer margins of a mighty city.))
<Tlaloc-Flame> ((rewinds. Resume running in the correct direction.))
* Mike-AFK is now known as Croztal-Mike
<Tlaloc-Flame> ((I'm carrying Itzli, right?))
<StoryMaster> ((Itzli - you are the oracular child... and no, not carrying, he's a teenager.))
<StoryMaster> ((And Mike is a dirty dirty man for leaving. Hang on, let me get him up to speed.))
<Itzli-Kyle> ((Whew. that makes more sense.))
<Itzli-Kyle> ((Hi Jeff))
<Jeff> ((Hey all, just trying to not interrupt the flow, watching, just quiet))
<StoryMaster> ((Cazmonster leaps on Jeff and wuffles mightily))

<Jeff> ((Obviously the trying not to interrupt doesn't work with Caz around))
<Croztal-Mike> ((clarification--we're in a small village to start?))
<Atl-Reika> ((wb Mike, Heya jeff))
<StoryMaster> Now then, Itzli and Tlaloc, you are on the outskirts of one of the mighty cities, fleeing from the carnage within.
* Tlaloc-Flame vamooses along, careful not to let anything get to Itzli
<StoryMaster> Atl and Croztal, you are in one of the outlying villages, now mostly empty as even the lesser sacrificed have risen and done great harm.
<Tlaloc-Flame> Speed, boy. Speed!
<Itzli-Kyle> ((Are people just dying in the city in droves? How are they dying?))
<Tlaloc-Flame> ((Carnage = bad.))
<Itzli-Kyle> ((The dead walking the earth))
<StoryMaster> ((Most of them are being ripped limb from limb by people who had had their hearts cut out.))
<Croztal-Mike> ((and that's bad))
<StoryMaster> ((There's a good deal of panic and subsidiary destruction as they panic and riot against each other.))
<StoryMaster> ((The high clergy has suffered the most deaths, they sought to fight and found their powers useless against the demon-undead.))
<Tlaloc-Flame> ((oooo!))
<Itzli-Kyle> "We must move with the speed of the sun. Warn the people that we can, and find the light that will end this scourge"
* Croztal-Mike is now known as Croztal
<Tlaloc-Flame> ((insert dramatic music))
* Croztal tends his cooking fire, looking around the village center at the handful of new refugees who have arrived in the last few days.
<Itzli-Kyle> ((Flame- let's keep running))
<StoryMaster> Itzli and Tlaloc - you move with great speed, bouyed up by the strength of Jaguar. All about you, the jungles whip by like emerald phantoms.
* Itzli-Kyle is exhausted with the effort of keeping up with Tlaloc.
* Itzli-Kyle is now known as Itzli
<Tlaloc-Flame> "Keep going! We cannot stop!"
* Tlaloc-Flame is now known as Tlaloc
<Tlaloc> "If you must, I can summon the powers of the Jaguar to carry you!"
* Itzli keeps up the pace if it kills him.
<Itzli> ((What's the nearest town?))
<Atl-Reika> ((I thought the idea was to NOT kill him? ;))
* Tlaloc is not breaking a sweat yet.

<StoryMaster> Within the space of a few moments you find yourself in a cleared area, an outskirting village. You see a few blood-spattered refugees around the empty houses.

* Itzli grabs Tlaloc's arm and motions for him to stop.

* Tlaloc stops

* Tlaloc takes a quick look around

<Tlaloc> "We are safe for now. But soon, we must take haste."

* Croztal shuffles to meet these newcomers, staff held before him in warning.

* Itzli nearly collapses with exhaustion. Head between his legs, panting for every breath of air he can.

<Tlaloc> Help this chosen one. He is tired from the running.

* Itzli motions to Tlaloc as if he is going to disagree with him, but he cannot catch his breath to speak.

<Croztal> "Do not enter, strangers. Identify yourselves."

<Itzli> ((I don't think Oracular means chosen one now- I think it just means I can read the portents and stars))

<StoryMaster> ((Itzli - spot on.))

<Tlaloc> "Tlaloc, Runner of Aztecs"

* Atl-Reika invites you to join #Animalball-Plan

<Tlaloc> ((Tlaloc was misled. Go with that.))

<StoryMaster> The bloodied, bowed folks move away from the warrior, and take to hiding in the abandoned buildings.

* Croztal would like to purchase 8 points of The Sight (a sort of Aura Reading), to examine these newcomers.

* Atl-Reika is now known as Atl

* StoryMaster approves and cuts the cost to 6 points.

* Itzli is still gasping for air.

<StoryMaster> Croztal roll at +2.

<Croztal> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Croztal: 3 6 2 (3 6 2) - Total 11

<Croztal> 13

<StoryMaster> Croztal - your knowledge of spirits and magics reveal the powerful warrior to be infused with might and speed of Jaguar.

<StoryMaster> The boy has within him an ephemeral, celestial light, a power you understand only a little.

<Croztal> ((and thus not demon or undead, one would suppose))

<Tlaloc> ((braaaaaaaaaains...braaaaaaaaaains...))

<Croztal> "That is good. You have passed"

<StoryMaster> ((The demonic undead are twisted horrific things, there is nothing in their bearing or mean that is at all human.))

* Itzli gasps, "The.. horror... is the blight... here?"

* Tlaloc nods slightly, and helps the "so-called" chosen one toward the shelter

* Croztal turns back to his cooking with a wave, "Join us. You are hungry. You may talk as you eat."

<Tlaloc> ((what about Atl? don't want to forget her :))

<Atl> ((Working on it. :))

<StoryMaster> ((I'm on it - I'm the friggin' SM after all.))

<Croztal> ((I spent points on cooking, so it won't suck))

<StoryMaster> The sweet bean and maize stew is filling and restores your energies.

* Croztal sits down very slowly, petting the small gray monkey that has curled up at his side.

<Itzli> ((cool- you do have a monkey. Is it Marcel?))

* Tlaloc eats through the stew quietly.

<Atl> *A heavily pregnant, yet incredibly beautiful woman (who obviously has the blood of nobles in her) stands up as everyone enters the room. She strats to give a curtsy, but gasps in pain and sinks back down to her pallet. Once she's regained her breath, she speaks in a soft, rich voice. "Greetings strangers, I am Atl."

* Itzli looks irritatingly at the food. "We've no time to eat, shaman. The blight of the heavens are upon us. It does not tarry for our hungers."

<Atl> ((I taught him how to cook. ;))

<Croztal> ((the monkey's name is ChikChik))

<StoryMaster> As it seems there are no more unworldly things about to come Itzli - roll and add 2

<StoryMaster> Gurgh, ignore that.

<Itzli> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Itzli: 1 5 2 (1 5 2) - Total 8

<Itzli> ((FUCKITY-BOO!))

<Tlaloc> ((that's so cute, Kyle.))

<StoryMaster> Your computations pointed toward something being born, something new, that would dispel this calamity.

<Croztal> ((You get the plus 2--it's break even))

* Tlaloc takes time to look around, surveying the surroundings.

<Atl> "The wise man knows that to take care of his hunger will give him strength for the future."

* Croztal examines Itzli carefully, "Well then, young one. How bad is it? You come from the city?"

* Atl winces as the baby in her visibly kicks her stomach.

<Tlaloc> "bad."

<Tlaloc> "Death everywhere."

* Itzli notices the young woman and his demeanor changes, "I apologize. I am honored to meet you, Atl, even under such unfortunate circumstances."
<StoryMaster> Tlaloc, you see a smaller version of what had become of the city. Huge splashes of blood, crushed in doors, and scattered weapons.
* Atl smiles graciously and waves it off.
* Tlaloc is done eating, so takes some time to scout out around the village
<Itzli> "it is as it is here. The death of the living, their souls are flesh for the dead."
<Tlaloc> ((Around..being around the house.))
<Croztal> "And yet still we live. So there is hope?"
<Tlaloc> ((or around where people are eating.))
* Atl pales and turns her face away at the news.
<StoryMaster> Tlaloc's scouting reveals only terrified people and the marks of horrid violence.
<Itzli> "I have seen this in my studies of the stars," he glances nervously at Atl, "but it is said that when the world has drown in the blood of its own, a new world will dawn."
* Tlaloc makes some inquires to see if anyone know something.
<Tlaloc> Information Gahtering: 5
<Tlaloc> !s 3d6
<Winternight> Tlaloc: 1 3 5 (1 3 5) - Total 9
* Croztal sighs heavily. "I have seen much of this world already. It would be a wonder if this body had strength enough to see a new one."
<StoryMaster> Tlaloc - you discover the obvious, these people are terrified, the priest of the town had his head torn from his body by a sacrificial victim and the things murdered half of the population.
* Nexus has joined #animalball
* Tlaloc returns to Croztal's realm.
* Tlaloc sits down, remains quiet.
<StoryMaster> Itzli and Croztal, make rolls, both at +1.
<Tlaloc> "Death everywhere. It's more of the same."
<Itzli> ((Do we know how this started, SM? Is it centrally located in the city?))
<Itzli> !s 3d6
<Winternight> Itzli: 1 6 2 (1 6 2) - Total 9
<Croztal> ((Caz--time of day? I might have missed it.))
<StoryMaster> ((The horror seems to have started everywhere at the same time. Those who had been sacrificed were rejuvenated with a terrible power and hatred for the living. They resisted all but the strongest blows and mightiest magics. They sought only to slaughter, first the priests, then the warriors, then everyone else. Those in the central city have

remained, those in outlying areas have scattered into the wilds.))
<StoryMaster> ((It is just an hour before sunset, about 8pm.))
<Tlaloc> ((In other words, can you say fuckity-boo?))
<Tlaloc> ((fuckity-boo))
<Tlaloc> ((Very good.))
<StoryMaster> ((The dead would have come from the very center of town, the main pyramids))
<Tlaloc> ((ok))
<Croztal> "Itzli--young one--I see knowledge and power in you. Do you see a solution to our problems?"
* Itzli looks defeated and says, "The stars have seen that the scourge will only end with the birth of nobility."
<StoryMaster> ((Croztal, you still need to roll.))
* Jeff is now known as Jeff_LP_JayZ
* Atl gives Itzli a sharp look.
<Croztal> !s 3d6
<Winternight> Croztal: 1 5 4 (1 5 4) - Total 10
<Tlaloc> "I see dead people. They don't even know that they are dead. They're after us. That is all I see, and have a desire to battle with them. Battle for life."
<Atl> "Can you explain that a little more if possible?"
* Tlaloc proceeds to clean his blade, and prays to his god for strength.
* Croztal harrumphs, "Harrumph. Are we to simply wait for our fate then?"
<Tlaloc> "Battle for life."
* Atl rubs her belly, trying to sooth the restless child, her face is devoid of all color, the planes sharp with pain.
* Itzli glances worriedly at Atl. He says, "The noble-born of the new world needs to be brought in at the Temple. In the midst of the city."
* Tlaloc checks through his blade, making sure it is still at its fine shape.
* Nexus is now known as Nexus|LP|JZ
* Itzli rubs his fingers together absently and others notice flecks of light coming from them.
<StoryMaster> Tlaloc - your weapon is just as keen it can possibly be. The obsidian edges seem to whicker through light itself.
* Itzli says, "The stars don't tell me everything. But they do say that the birth of the new king will end the blight. We know this must be at the temple."
* Atl sighs as she comes to a conclusion, "Would it help that I'm the daughter of noble family and a former handmaiden to one of the princesses?"

<Atl> "And the fact that I'm only two months pregnant?"
* Tlaloc restlessly looks outside for anything.
* Itzli nods knowingly, "We can see it in you, princess. We know. The problem is that we need you back in the middle of the blight. In the center of the scourge."
<StoryMaster> ((The three guys jump at that, as she looks near fit to burst.))
<Croztal> ((nm--I was just going to ask that))
<Atl> ((My char looks 8 or 9 months pregnant))
<Tlaloc> "Battle for life...at the temple?"
<Croztal> "Then it seems our path is clear. Shall we set out at first light?"
<Itzli> "First light is too late. We set out now."
* Itzli spreads his hands and a giant ball of light appears in front of him.
<Atl> "I'm afraid I cannot travel very fast, and my endurance is not what it used to be..."
<StoryMaster> The sweating silence of the terrified jungle is pierced by horrific screams. Something is killing out there in the wilds.
* Tlaloc jumps to foot!
<Atl> ((feet, dude, feet))
<Croztal> ((how far is city/temple))
* Tlaloc rushes out to look, sword drawn!
<Tlaloc> ((foot...because he's already running.))
<Atl> ((heh, okay))
<StoryMaster> ((The City is about fifteen miles in, through some fairly open territory. THE temple is about two miles in from there.))
* Atl frowns, and fingers some fibres that look as if they're used for crude hand weaving.
<Atl> ((17 miles with a pregnant woman, this should be amusing. ;))
<Croztal> ((Don't forget the decrepit old man))
<Itzli> ((Yeah, I bet she makes us stop every half mile to pee))
<Atl> ((lol))
<StoryMaster> Tlaloc, you rush headlong into the jungle, carried unerringly by your warrior senses. You smell blood and filth, like a spilled bowel.
* Tlaloc looks around, trying to find the demons
* Tlaloc blurs with speed.
<StoryMaster> You see one of those horrific things over a dying man. It has ripped apart his abdomen and is yanking out his organs while he dies.
* Croztal watches Tlaloc leave. "That damned fool will get himself killed rushing about like that."
<StoryMaster> It sees you and smiles wickedly as it stuffs something slick and pulsing into the cavity in its chest.
* Croztal gets to his feet to follow Tlaloc.

<StoryMaster> Tlaloc, I need a courage roll from you.
* Tlaloc studies the horrific things quickly as possible
<Tlaloc> !s 3d6
<Winternight> Tlaloc: 1 5 6 (1 5 6) - Total 12
<Atl> "Or lead something unpleasant to the rest of us."
<StoryMaster> We'll call that a 12 total, the horror versus your good Willpower. You feel your courage firm up in the face of horror.
* Itzli turns towards the sound, but refuses to leave Atl alone.
<StoryMaster> Croztal, you move through the forest with some speed, but nothing like Tlaloc, it will be a moment before you see anything.
<Itzli> ((my fucking gambling skill isn't helping here, is it?))
<StoryMaster> ((not so much as you might think.))
<StoryMaster> Tlaloc, you have the advantage, what do you do?
* Croztal leans on his staff and pulls two small coals from the pouch on his hip. He strives to summon a hearth spirit, which he will ask to help protect the foolish Jaguar.
<Tlaloc> ((how many horror things there are?))
* Atl has a grim look on her face, and she keeps weaving and unweaving the cords in her hands, while she's clearly in pain from her unusual child, she seems determined to be ready to fight if need be.
<Croztal> ((whenever I can--I don't wait til I see him))
<StoryMaster> ((Just one.))
* Tlaloc takes a good measure, and dashes away for about 20-30 yards, seeing what it would do next.
<StoryMaster> ((Calling to the hearth is less than easy, now that you have left the village center. I suggest another spirit or take a -2 on your roll.))
<Croztal> ((then a jungle spirit--though they're not as keen on protecting))
<Croztal> !s 3d6
<Winternight> Croztal: 3 4 5 (3 4 5) - Total 12
* Tlaloc gives a great roar of warning!
<StoryMaster> The creature extinguishes what is left of the life in the man with a savage twist. He screams piteously as the air left in his lungs rushes out.
<Croztal> ((Oops...jumped the gun))
<StoryMaster> Your spirit of jungles appears as a venomous serpent, it nods once in respect. You may ask of it a service.
<StoryMaster> Atl, make your roll at -1.

<Croztal> "Thank you serpent. I ask a large favor of you. Please help to guard the warrior who has entered your realm before me."

<Atl> !help

<StoryMaster> Tlaloc - your scream was basically free, what do you want to do?

<Tlaloc> ((type !s 3d6 is all that you need to do))

* Itzli lays a field of darkness around himself and Atl.

* Tlaloc goes in to attack the living dead, attempting to lop its head off from behind. Using powers of Jaguar hunter.

<StoryMaster> The emerald green spirit nods to Croztal and flashes off to surround Tlaloc with its energies.

<StoryMaster> Roll twice, power and then sword. Power at +2.

<Tlaloc> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Tlaloc: 1 1 3 (1 1 3) - Total 5

<Tlaloc> ((burning points on luck here!))

<StoryMaster> ((Okay, spend 8 points to get to an 11.))

<Tlaloc> ((grab that.))

<Atl> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Atl: 4 5 3 (4 5 3) - Total 12

<Tlaloc> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Tlaloc: 4 6 3 (4 6 3) - Total 13

<Tlaloc> ((that's for sword))

<Tlaloc> ((down to 26))

<StoryMaster> Tlaloc, after spending the points, you are suffused with the power of jaguar, the obsidian blade crashes through the thing's skull.

<StoryMaster> Atl, you feel the powers surrounding you, you believe your weaving worked properly.

<StoryMaster> Tlaloc, roll damage at +5

<Tlaloc> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Tlaloc: 1 3 2 (1 3 2) - Total 6

<Tlaloc> ((that's 11, right?))

<StoryMaster> ((That is 11. And not quite enough...))

<Croztal> ((Ooooooh... THOSE damage rules. Now I remember))

<StoryMaster> Your blade catches in the destroyed face of the thing. It's left eye burns with hatred as it strikes out at you with a bloody fist.

<StoryMaster> !s 3d6

<Winternight> StoryMaster: 4 3 1 (4 3 1) - Total 8

* Atl quickly, but obviously skillfully, twists the cords into a design that seems to confuse the eye, for a moment she seems slightly blurry to Itzli, but then he blinks and she's back to normal.

* Tlaloc blurs!

<StoryMaster> ((Joo are boned, hang a tick.))

<StoryMaster> The emerald power of serpent strikes back at the thing and Tlaloc sees it convulse and fall to the forest floor. Croztal, your spirit friend has left.

* Tlaloc steps back quickly.

<StoryMaster> Croztal, you see the thing and the man it tortured to death. Tlaloc is unharmed.

* Tlaloc utters a new word that he had learned today. "Fuckity-boo."

<StoryMaster> ((Sorry to ditch Itzli and Atl, get to you when I can.))

<Croztal> "Tlaloc. You are yet well?"

* Tlaloc steps back further.

<Atl> ((no worries :))

<Tlaloc> "Strong evil."

<Tlaloc> "Defeated the spirit."

<Croztal> "It seems that young Itzli was right. The evil has come to us, and we must go immediately."

* Tlaloc looks at the dead thing

<StoryMaster> The twice-ruined corpse lays unmoving, you have no problems removing your obsidian-tipped blade.

* Itzli drops the darkness and beckons the men to return.

<Croztal> "Come Tlaloc. We must rejoin the others."

* Tlaloc looks at the dead man, and strikes the blade through him.

* Croztal finds Itzli and Atl.

* Tlaloc strikes blade through the zombie for a good measure.

* Tlaloc moves back to rejoin Croztal

* Croztal moves surprisingly quickly, packing up what meagre belongings still remain to him.

<StoryMaster> ((Okay, they're very very dead.))

<Tlaloc> ((better very very dead than just plain dead and pining for fjords.))

<Atl> "What happened?"

<StoryMaster> Croztal, you see a strange glimmer about Atl and an unusual darkness surrounding the boy.

<Itzli> Croztal, can you use the forces of nature to assist Atl in moving more swiftly?

<StoryMaster> An unmistakable scent of magic is in the air.

<Croztal> "The dead have come to us here. We must go."

* Itzli looks around the perimeter, "I feel their eyes upon us. We must leave now."

* Croztal considers. "The spirits of the wind may help lift us, but we would have to ask, and they have been restless of late."

* Atl 's lips thin, then she nods, her black eyes bright with fear, but determined to not let it rule her. She

very awkwardly leans down to get her pack and the walking stick that she had gotten to help her.

* Tlaloc looks at the group, "I don't know how much longer I can help you all. They are incredibly strong. They scared the spirits."

* Itzli says, "And I can ask Sol to hide us on our journey back."

<StoryMaster> ((Okay, I need magic rolls, and then we'll get you all moving.))

* Atl sighs, "All the more reason to get this over and done with then."

<Itzli> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Itzli: 4 1 6 (4 1 6) - Total 11

<Atl> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Atl: 3 5 3 (3 5 3) - Total 11

* Atl cries out a bit and staggers.

<Croztal> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Croztal: 5 3 3 (5 3 3) - Total 11

<Tlaloc> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Tlaloc: 1 2 4 (1 2 4) - Total 7

<Croztal> ((Tlaloc, were you not watching? We all rolled 11. 11! Keep up, man!))

<Itzli> ((Hey Atl, you better not be rolling to hold off labor!))

* Nexus|LP|JZ is now known as Nexus

* Jeff_LP_JayZ is now known as JEFF

* JEFF is now known as Jeff

<Atl> ((Itzli - No, no that was magic.))

<StoryMaster> The powers of your magics have granted you protection from sight and the lightness of a cool breeze in your steps.

<Itzli> ((I'm gelling like a felon))

<Croztal> ((LOL))

<Itzli> ((sorry))

<Atl> ((heh))

<StoryMaster> You move with great rapidity along the jungle road. All about you, you see ruined corpses and great swaths of blood. Up ahead, as the Sun itself dies against the jagged scythe of the western mountains, it throws encarmine light across the silent city.

* Atl silently weeps as she sees the carnage.

<StoryMaster> I need perception-type checks from everybody. Let me check your stats and I will tell you your mods.

<Tlaloc> ((oh crap. another bad roll coming up for me :()))

<Tlaloc> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Tlaloc: 5 2 5 (5 2 5) - Total 12

<StoryMaster> Atl +2, Tlaloc +2, Croztal +1, Itzli NM

<Tlaloc> ((14 then.))

<Croztal> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Croztal: 2 2 4 (2 2 4) - Total 8

<Atl> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Atl: 6 5 3 (6 5 3) - Total 14

<Itzli> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Itzli: 4 3 3 (4 3 3) - Total 10

<Atl> ((Total of 16))

<StoryMaster> Atl, through the tears, you manage to see that there are many forms still about the central pyramid.

* Atl quietly warns of the others of what she sees ahead of her.

<Croztal> "Who is familiar with the temple? What are our ways in?"

<Tlaloc> ((taking one point for a general knowledge of the area.))

* Jeff has quit IRC (Quit: □)

* Itzli "Through the priests' quarters on the side there is an entrance. Otherwise it's the front."

<Atl> "I know the way the king and his family takes..."

<StoryMaster> ((Spend two to get better than average knowledge as a warrior.))

<Tlaloc> ((two points then.))

<Tlaloc> "I know that there is a path that warriors take that is out of the streets."

<StoryMaster> Atl - from what he's mentioned, you know that this path is very safe from the majority of intersections.

<Croztal> "Show us, Tlaloc."

<Atl> "That would be our" *softly groans* "best choice. It is a secluded way."

* Tlaloc leads the group to a hidden path.

* Atl tries to not slow down the others too much.

<Croztal> As they walk, Croztal will give some of his healing energy to Atl, to ease her pain and slow the quickening of her child.

<StoryMaster> You all move up and along the risen path, seeing split corpses and smashed bodies hither and yon. As you approach the center of the city, you can see a veritable army of the dead. There are perhaps three hundred of the things about the base of the pyramid.

<StoryMaster> Croztal, roll.

<Croztal> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Croztal: 2 6 1 (2 6 1) - Total 9

<Croztal> ((Crap, I'm just wearing myself out))

<StoryMaster> The power seems to flow directly from you into the unborn child, you feel breathless, like your heart is in a vise.

<StoryMaster> I need a Toughness roll from Croztal.

<Atl> ((Oh no))

<StoryMaster> At -2

<Croztal> ((I don't have any Toughness!))

<Croztal> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Croztal: 1 6 1 (1 6 1) - Total 8
<Croztal> ((Someone catch me))
<Atl> ((d'oh!))
* Croztal clutches his chest and gasps in short breaths.
<Tlaloc> ((zero toughness. ouch.))
<StoryMaster> The aged healer crashes to the stones of the walkway and splits his scalp. His face is washed with a gout of blood.
<Atl> ((spending points for a healing skill!))
* Croztal bleeds copiously.
* Tlaloc turns and looks at Croztal.
<Tlaloc> "Keep the evil blood out!
* Atl hastily whips out her threads and weaves them before applying the sudden bandage to Croztal's wound.
<StoryMaster> Atl - magic roll at +2
<Atl> !s 3d6
<Winternight> Atl: 2 1 2 (2 1 2) - Total 5
* Itzli touches his hands to Croztal, light escaping his fingertips and enterint Croztal's temples ((Healing Rays of the Sun: 4))
<Atl> ((d'oh))
<Tlaloc> ((spend points! spend points!))
<Itzli> !s 3d6
<Winternight> Itzli: 2 5 3 (2 5 3) - Total 10
<Atl> ((already did.))
<Croztal> ((4 points lets you reroll))
<StoryMaster> The power slashes at your fingers, leaving deep bruises, but you see the wound seal up.
<Croztal> ((nm))
<StoryMaster> ((Not necessarily Croztal.))
<StoryMaster> Itzli, a bolt of untouched, pure sunlight bathes Croztal, and he has recuperated from his fall.
* Tlaloc looks around for anything approaching.
* Tlaloc whispers, "We made too much noise. Now we must make haste."
<StoryMaster> The army of the dead waits at the base of the pyramid. Your route will dip down to them before heading up.
* Croztal struggles to his feet, feeling like a foolish old man. He wipes his face hastily, leaving dark smears of blood on his wrinkled brow.
<Tlaloc> "I only can take you so far on the hidden path. Do you know where else you can go?"
* Itzli turns on Tlaloc, angry, "What, you will abandon us? You are a coward."
<Tlaloc> "No. you misunderstood me. I cannot see any other way around them."
<StoryMaster> I need a minute - hang on.
* StoryMaster is now known as SM_AFK
<Itzli> ((Planning room))

<Croztal> "I have regained some of my strength, thanks to you." Croztal smiles weakly at his companions. "I can cloak us with the Shroud of Queztcoatl. Perhaps combined with Itzli's darkness, it will be enough to let us battle through these demons."
* Atl slowly, carefully weaves again, nimble fingers turning out a tricky pattern that confuses the eyes that see it...
<Croztal> "We don't need to beat them all... only force ourselves a path."
<Atl> *quietly* "I have some small skill at weaving magic..."
* Jeff has joined #animalball
* Tlaloc hums with his sword...
* Tlaloc prays to Sol, charging it up.
* Tlaloc is prepared to spend 10 points.
<Tlaloc> ((but not yet!))
* SM_AFK is now known as StoryMaster
<Atl> !s 3d6
<Winternight> Atl: 2 1 6 (2 1 6) - Total 9
<Tlaloc> The sword shines brilliantly.
* Tlaloc raises the sword, let it hum with glory
<StoryMaster> Atl's magic weaves magic like the finest linen, you feel an almost palpable screen of influence around you.
<Itzli> ((By the power of Greystoke!))
<Atl> ((Greyskull))
<Itzli> ((DAMN))
<Tlaloc> ((rotfl))
<Atl> ((*grins*))
<StoryMaster> Tlaloc, the obsidian of your blade changes from the darkest black to the brightest light of the sun, like a passing eclipse.
<Itzli> ((Greystoke was tarzan))
<Atl> ((Yeah))
<Tlaloc> ((So the final boss of this game is Skeletor?))
<StoryMaster> ((You wish, Skeletor loses...))
<Tlaloc> ((Exactly the reason why I want Skeletor to be the final boss...:)))
<StoryMaster> Croztal, are you using your magic? Itzli?
<Itzli> I'm going to put the darkness on us again. And ready myself for a comet blast.
<Itzli> !s 3d6
<Winternight> Itzli: 2 1 6 (2 1 6) - Total 9
* Croztal will invoke the goodwill of Queztcoatl to protect the group.
<Croztal> !s 3d6
<Winternight> Croztal: 5 1 6 (5 1 6) - Total 12
<StoryMaster> The darkness surrounds you, blanketing you all, through it, you feel the

unquenchable fire of the feathered serpent about you.

* Atl suddenly falls to her knees, weeping in pain as she clutches her stomach.

<StoryMaster> With your defenses, the army have no idea you have approached to within a few feet of them. There are perhaps 10 of them between you and the main stairs.

<Itzli> ((We go now))

<Itzli> I let go with a giant blast towards the middle of the pack

<Croztal> ((Except that Atl's on her knees.))

* Tlaloc prepares to charge at the pack AFTER the blast hits

<Atl> ((She'd be curled up in a fetal position, but that's sort of out of the question))

<StoryMaster> Hang on, Tlaloc first, then you, then Croztal, then Atl, then the bad guys.

<Tlaloc> ((Itzli first, then Tlaloc.

<StoryMaster> ((Fine))

<Itzli> ((Tlaloc, pick her up-- whatever it takes))

<Itzli> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Itzli: 1 3 6 (1 3 6) - Total 10

<Tlaloc> ((I delay because I know that Itzli is doing something.))

<StoryMaster> Itzli, make your roll.

* Threadbare has joined #animalball

<Itzli> (I spent 8 points to buy it, and will spend four more or so to make sure it strikes true.

<Itzli> ((TB!))

<Tlaloc> ((sees a large zombie named Threadbare, and slices through with a nice SOL sword!))

<StoryMaster> A sizzling bolt of light in the shape of a comet roars from the boy's outstretched hands. It flares to full prominence before exploding in the rent chest of one of the things. The shockwave staggers the nearest two.

<Threadbare> ((Somboddy rolled Aztecs, then?))

<Atl> ((Yep))

<StoryMaster> ((Fuggin' Aye Aztec, undead horror fantasy Aztecs.))

<StoryMaster> !s 3d6

<Winternight> StoryMaster: 1 6 4 (1 6 4) - Total 11

<Threadbare> ((that's hott))

<StoryMaster> !s 3d6

<Winternight> StoryMaster: 2 4 2 (2 4 2) - Total 8

<Atl> ((With Caz as GM.))

<StoryMaster> The two nearest are not down, only off balance.

<StoryMaster> Tlaloc - go!

* Tlaloc roars with strength of Jaguar and Sol in the sword, and the blades goes flying everywhere in an desperate attempt to clear the path.

* Tlaloc spends 10 points for extra-speed in flurry.

<Tlaloc> ((spending it all, baby.))

<Tlaloc> ((zero points here now.))

<StoryMaster> That will get you a flurry of attacks against 4 opponents, just roll once please.

<StoryMaster> And that at +3

<Tlaloc> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Tlaloc: 3 3 3 (3 3 3) - Total 9

<Threadbare> ((wow, the points are going rapido and furioso))

<Tlaloc> ((that's 12))

<Atl> ((I still have quite a few, but I'm holding on to them so I don't go into labor at the wrong moment. ;))

<StoryMaster> The flaring, sun-hot blade rips through torso and gut, kippering limbs and staving in heads. Roll damage, this at +8.

<Tlaloc> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Tlaloc: 1 4 5 (1 4 5) - Total 10

<Tlaloc> ((schweeet.))

<Itzli> ((nyice))

<StoryMaster> The things fall like maize before the scythe. There is now a widened path through the creatures. The other five in your basic vicinity still have no clue.

<Threadbare> ((the spirits of his ancestors grant you peace, unholy scumbellies!))

* Croztal will help Atl to her feet, moving as quickly as possible to guide her past the beasts. He waves his staff to ward off any demon that gets too close, spending points if need be to keep them away from Atl.

<StoryMaster> ((and I could have spelled better))

<StoryMaster> Croztal, roll with a +3 (Shroud of Quetz)

* Tlaloc continues raging on with the powers of Jaguar and Sol

<Croztal> ((I'm spending 4 points to add another +2))

<Croztal> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Croztal: 1 5 3 (1 5 3) - Total 9

<StoryMaster> With a strength that must be holy, you keep the struggling woman on her feet and manage to send one of the things stumbling with a shattered knee. You and Atl are about a third of the way up the pyramid.

<StoryMaster> ((Tlaloc, wait your turn.))

<Tlaloc> ((just telling what I'm doing. :)))

<StoryMaster> ((Fine))

<StoryMaster> Atl - you're up.

<Threadbare> ((somebody gonna get sacrificed?))

<Tlaloc> ((one way or other way.))

<Itzli> ((all the zombies!!!))

<Jeff> ((Reika's preppers w/the chosen one. Has to be born at the temple. Zombie demons blocking the way.))

* Atl staggers along with Croztal's help, her walking stick left behind as she weaves once again, her face slick and hair matted as she sweats from the pain.

<StoryMaster> Atl, roll at +5

<Atl> ((okies))

<Atl> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Atl: 3 5 1 (3 5 1) - Total 9

<Atl> ((Total 14))

<StoryMaster> Her fingers weave a complex pattern in the air and with a horrific screech, she bursts into flame! A horrific viridian fire that seems to consume her living flesh.

<Atl> ((Oh shit))

<StoryMaster> The creatures within reach move to attack Itzli and Tlaloc.

<Itzli> ((D-oh))

<StoryMaster> !s 3d6

<Winternight> StoryMaster: 3 5 4 (3 5 4) - Total 12

<StoryMaster> !s 3d6

<Winternight> StoryMaster: 6 2 1 (6 2 1) - Total 9

<StoryMaster> !s 3d6

<Winternight> StoryMaster: 3 2 2 (3 2 2) - Total 7

<StoryMaster> !s 3d6

<Winternight> StoryMaster: 3 1 2 (3 1 2) - Total 6

<StoryMaster> !s 3d6

<Winternight> StoryMaster: 1 6 4 (1 6 4) - Total 11

<Threadbare> ((I'm guessing that's nay a good thing.))

<Tlaloc> ((Dogpile on Itzli!))

<StoryMaster> The things are rebuffed by the power of Quetzlcoatl and fall to the ground. The rest of the mass begins moving toward you all.

<StoryMaster> Itzli - go.

<Atl> ((My char felt like her innards were on fire, so was going to channel that out at their enemies, that doesn't seem to have worked...))

<Tlaloc> ((guess not.))

<StoryMaster> ((That fire had it's own purpose, it got out, but only so far out.))

<Atl> ((Or rather it did, but not in the manner I was hoping. :)))

<Itzli> ((Can I rush up and try to lift/help Atl?

<StoryMaster> ((sure, She's on fire, but you can do it.))

<Threadbare> ((is "being hardcore" one of your skills?))

<Tlaloc> ((Location of us in the pack of zombies?))

<Tlaloc> ((Are we almost through, or still in middle?))

* Itzli keeps a close distance to Atl, keeping the darkness enshrouding them, he leashes off another blast at the closest undead.

<Itzli> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Itzli: 5 6 6 (5 6 6) - Total 17

<StoryMaster> ((the sides are converging on you, but your area is basically clear now.))

<Itzli> ((Wow.))

<Tlaloc> ((Path to the temple clear?))

<Threadbare> ((whoa.))

<StoryMaster> An amazing blast of celestial power tears through one and then another before detonating like the trumps of doom. Three of the things are no more. Itzli, you have moved to about a third of the way up.

<StoryMaster> ((The path is clear, like I said before. You are the bottom person now, with about 90 of the things slowly closing on you.))

* Tlaloc looks at the blast, and moves toward the three people group, keeping waving the sword, making sure nothing is coming close.

<StoryMaster> Tlaloc - go!

<StoryMaster> Roll and add +5

<Tlaloc> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Tlaloc: 2 5 3 (2 5 3) - Total 10

<Tlaloc> ((15))

<StoryMaster> Your quick defense beheads another of the things as it strayed to near. The path up is totally clear, but the creatures are closing up behind you.

<StoryMaster> Croztal.

* Croztal raises his staff in both hands and pulls from his deepest reserves to bring up a storm, whipping winds and rains around Atl to douse the flames. (If I can flood the lower part of the pyramid, so much the better).

<Croztal> I am spending as many points as I am allowed to make this thing big.

<Croztal> Like +8

* Atl would be screaming in pain, except the fire is sucking up all her air.

<StoryMaster> Let's go with 8 points for a +8, that brings you to a total of +9 (Grand effect diminishes bonus).

<Croztal> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Croztal: 5 4 1 (5 4 1) - Total 10

<Tlaloc> ((19!))

<StoryMaster> ((Aww Yeah!!!))

<Itzli> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Itzli: 5 6 3 (5 6 3) - Total 14

<Croztal> ((FYI to other players: I only took Call Storm at a 1--I suck at it. But points will find a way.))

<Atl> ((Yep))

<StoryMaster> The sky rumbles and roars as a massive thunderhead forms above you. Lightning tears down, sweeping through the ranks of the demon undead and throwing them for miles. Howling wind rips the flames down to bare flickers just as the rain courses down to sweep it to nothing.

<Tlaloc> ((miles, eh?))

<Croztal> ((whew))

<Tlaloc> ((Sorry, but this gets a spot in sig.))

<StoryMaster> Atl - you find the strength somewhere to climb to the summit of the pyramid.

<Atl> ((Am I still on fire?))

<Atl> ((whoops, flickers, my bad))

* Croztal shouts to the others above the roar of the storm, "It is beyond my control. We must move quickly."

<Tlaloc> "go! Go! Get to the top!"

* Itzli picks Atl up, ensconcing himself in flames, trying to carry her to the summit.

* Atl slowly staggers her way up the stairs to the top of the pyramid, her formally lovely and smooth skin now raw flesh covered by ashes that are interspersed with the unnatural flames that refuse to die.

<Croztal> Leaning heavily on his staff, Croztal stays close to his young companions.

* Tlaloc rushes to the top, helping Croztal toward the summit, summoning the powers of Jaguar

* Itzli shouts to Croztal, "Keep them back! The next world is coming!"

<StoryMaster> Atl and Itzli manage to ascend to the summit, where a startling change befalls the stricken woman.

<StoryMaster> ((Sorry guys - having to bring it to a head, the kids are resisting sleep with all of their power))

<Atl> ((np))

* Itzli sets Atl down on her back and whispers in her ear, "You are going to end this world and bring the next."

* Atl looks up at Itzli and nods grimly.

<Threadbare> ((Meat Loaf is to singers as Caz is to gamers.))

<StoryMaster> She screams at the top of her lungs as great green and purple talons tear apart her abdomen. She expires instantly as the Great God Quetzcoatl rises from her body.

* Croztal Croztal turns to face the base of the pyramid. He had hoped for respite, but he continues to do his best to guide the storm, and flood out any rising demons.

<StoryMaster> Itzli's last sight is of the great serpent bearing down upon him with iridescent coils strong as nightmare.

* Itzli pulls his ceremonial knife out and plunges it into the god immediately as it comes out.

<Itzli> (DAMMIT!))

* Tlaloc grins evilly suddenly, and rushes into the Great God Quetzcoatl and stabs him.

<Atl> ((Yep, I knew I was going to die from this))

<StoryMaster> Itzli and Tlaloc, make rolls at -4 and -2

<Tlaloc> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Tlaloc: 5 1 6 (5 1 6) - Total 12

<Itzli> I'm spending 15 points on this motherfucker

<Itzli> !s 3d6

<Winternight> Itzli: 3 6 1 (3 6 1) - Total 10

<Threadbare> puntos maximos (of course, do you really want to be doing this?)

<Atl> ((I'm...confused.))

<StoryMaster> Itzli - no you are not. You cannot spend points against this foe.

<Threadbare> ((That's the cosmic shame.))

<Atl> ((Me dying is not surprising...but I'm confused as to why they're attacking the god...))

<Itzli> ((Awww!))

<StoryMaster> Tlaloc - your blade shatters into a million pieces against Quetz's scales. You feel incredible pain as toxin beyond anything on earth courses through your veins. You die horribly.

* Tlaloc is now known as Flame

<StoryMaster> Itzli, coils strong as nightmare crush you to a bloody paste.

* Croztal realizes what is happening behind him. He whirls on Itzli with staff in hand...

<Itzli> ((D;oh!))

<Croztal> Oop--nevermind.

<Threadbare> ((but rest assured, you saved the world!))

<StoryMaster> Croztal, you have a moment of clarity before the end. You knew that the end of everything was foretold. It seems that the feathered one moved things ahead.

<Croztal> Crap! I hate being dead.

<StoryMaster> You die as old men should, falling into a final slumber with all accounts tallied and all tasks fulfilled.

<Flame> To put it succinctly, We escaped only because we discovered the legend of a chosen one, and we must kill the chosen one at the moment of birth, or chosen one will come into the world either way.

* StoryMaster is now known as Cazmonster

* Croztal is now known as Mike

<Flame> Twisted ending :D

<Atl> Very interesting. :)

* Atl is now known as Reika

* Itzli is now known as Kyle

<Cazmonster> Yeah - I was playing hard toward the horror element.

<Mike> But I liked the very grand, epic feel of it.

<Kyle> I should have stabbed her in utero, but that would have been really twisted.

* Reika nodnods

<Flame> Kyle: I was going to do the exactly same thing.

<Flame> Kyle, I have no idea how you and me had the same idea at the same moment.

<Mike> Y'know, if you guys had told me, I could have helped.

<Kyle> I think it will read the best of any of the games we've done now.

<Threadbare> I was listening to "Bat Out of Hell" as the game rolled down.

<Cazmonster> Thread - kickass.

<Reika> That was alot of fun, I hope to join again if possible. :)

<Kyle> Flame- I decided at the very beginning I was killing Atl's baby. But wanted to wait till the best moment.

* Reika hopes she wasn't too bad.

<Mike> We're gonna do this a lot.

<Mike> Reika did very well.

<Cazmonster> I was kind of hoping that some of the details I had dropped would have lead to an earlier killing.

<Flame> At the beginning...I was thinking about ripping the baby out of the womb.

<Kyle> Reika, you were wicked. Far superior to when TB played last week.

<Cazmonster> Testify Reika you did really well.

<Threadbare> Instant Gaming is "teh winnar"

<Reika> Yeah, if someone said at the beginning that they were going to kill her baby, Atl would've done something unpleasant.

<Kyle> Oh shit did I say that outloud?

<Flame> Then decided, why not go for murder at the summit?

<Reika> Thanks guys :)

* Threadbare shakes fist at kyle

* Kyle reminds TB that he is the Bad Cop

<Reika> However, OOC I knew my char was going to die because that's just the way these things work.

:)

<Cazmonster> I like how the system deals with magic - it's just as intuitive as skills and attributes.

<Flame> Funny part is...

<Flame> Everyone dies in the end :)

<Reika> Caz - Which is very cool

* Threadbare likes Jerry Orbach way better than Kyle.

<Flame> Sad part is...

<Mike> Caz: agreed.

<Flame> Everyone dies in the end. :(

<Reika> More horror stories should end that way. :)

<Kyle> Yeah, once again, Mike, very nice that Stories System adapts on the fly. The die rolling was pretty seamless.

<Cazmonster> Yeah, when I rolled up disguised birth as the plot element you were all screwed.

<Kyle> Yeah, the world ended. Suck

<Mike> I'm impressed that we put together a coherent magic system on the fly.

<Reika> Then was reborn.

<Flame> Correct.

<Kyle> Lol- that's the genius of instant gaming, Caz.

<Cazmonster> Good - the damage got dumped at the end because of the power level you guys wanted.

<Flame> by how we pumped the points into attacks.

<Reika> Oops

<Mike> "disguised birth" -- we're fucking geniuses. Seriously.

<Cazmonster> Can I get a Testify?

<Flame> Tesify!

<Kyle> Tesify!

<Flame> damn

<Flame> lemme try

<Flame> Testify!

<Cazmonster> Testify!

<Kyle> Tesify!

<Cazmonster> Okay, I've got kids to feed - hit me with the full log when you all are done.

<Kyle> Night Caz.

<Cazmonster> Great Game everybody.

* Cazmonster has left #animalball

<Kyle> Mike- do you have a clean log?

<Flame> Jeffie and Nexie, what do you think?

<Mike> Yeah, I'm good on the log. I'll share.

<Kyle> Call me when we get off here.

<Threadbare> who's in for next week?

<Flame> not me.

<Flame> I got lucky this week.

<Mike> We'll talk it over on the boards.

<Mike> I'm out. Kyle I'll call in just a minute.

<Kyle> I keep saying I need to take a week off. But this shit is great.