Takin' Care of Business

GM 3/5/12- The morning is free for everyone to do as they please. Aethel decides to spend the morning cleaning up around the place, examining the stone and woodwork of the building and meditating on some new spells. Guy is interested in getting outside to find a good fishing spot. Several of the more martial folk choose to descend to the lower levels to do some sparring and practice fighting. After Ajax helped put Pigsaw, the giant boar, back in his cage, Aragon decided to hop the rail from the bleachers and jump down into the 'Octahedron' about 15 feet below. Unfortunately the normally agile Elf caught his boot on the edge of the rail and ended up falling painfully on his side in the sand below. The sound of laughing can be heard echoing off the stone corridors as Bojask walks away from the area.

Snargash 3/5/12- The monk winces in sympathetic pain, silently hoping that no bones have been broken. He calls out to Aragon, "Just lie still til I get there please; we don't want to aggravate any injuries." He makes his way by the safer route to the pit floor, loosening the closure on the ever-present first aid bag slung over his shoulder before drawing his hocchiku from his sash, recognizing he's more likely to need that more. Once he reaches his injured companion he lays a hand on his shoulder and instructs him quietly, "Okay, first I want you to simply wiggle your toes then your foot and so forth working your way up. You looked like you landed flat so your spine should be fine, but I want to be certain before you roll onto your back." He then continues a brief examination to determine what healing measures are required.

Aragon 3/5/12 Aragon grunted as he stood. Sweat stood out on his brow. "I'm fine, Brother," he said through gritted teeth. He glanced up at the treacherous railing. "Must have … slipped on the ubiquitous dirt in this backwater." He started limping to the exit, waving off the ministrations of the obviously concerned monk. He wobbled and leaned against the side of the pit, then slid to the sandy floor. "I think perhaps I will sit here a moment and catch my breath. If you feel you need practice with your healing arts, well, I will volunteer to help you with your studies." He takes breaths in tiny sips, obviously trying to keep from jostling his ribs.

Snargash 3/5/12- The monk bowed deeply, replying, "That as most generous of you sir. It would help me then if you remain still as I play, I'm not as experienced at this as many of my sibs and teachers." With that, and what the elf would almost swear was a conspiratorial wink (if the half-orc didn't blink so often over his bulging eyes), he continues quietly, "First, lets get your jerkin out of the way, I'm going to wrap your ribs up for the day with a poultice to draw the bruising out. After the basics I'll play a healing *raag* to finish things up." He carefully worked his mundane healing for a while and then began playing a soft melody on his odd, club-like flute. "There," he said finally, "I think that should do it. Stretch and warm up slowly please so you can check my work, but unless I'm much mistaken you can dance at whatever tempo you wish now without hindrance."

GM 3/5/12 - While Snargash patches Aragon up, Ajax and Bodi do a little sparring in the nearby sand. Meanwhile, Aethel continues his exploration of the Goblin under the guise of 'cleaning"

while Guy heads out to look for a place to buy new fishing gear. His old pole was okay, but he had left it at his last fishing spot outside of town and assumed it wouldn't be there. He didn't mind going out to buy another one though!

Aethel 3/6/2012 - Aethel ostensibly explores as much of the Golden Goblin as he can without disturbing its long-term occupants. Wherever he goes, he casts Clean to remove the dust and grime of past years, leaving perfectly clean and polished rooms in his wake. He takes the opportunity to look for secret doors and compartments, going as far as carefully shaping the wooden walls and floors to see how the building is constructed. He also adds carvings and embellishments to everything here and there as he goes. ((Where reasonable, he also adds small holes in places that are hard to see without being at floor level and nearby))

Ajax 3/6/12 - Ajax works a few sweeping, hooking and disarming moves on Bodi, using his distance advantage both out of range and in close.

Aragon 3/7/2012: Aragon waits until Ajax and Bodi arre done (and while Snargash performs his healing duties.) He decides not to attempt the 97 Steps at the moment, so he goes over in his mind the incident with the sailors from the night before. Was there a way that things could have been handled such that swords need not have been drawn?

As Ajax exited the sands, Aragon calls him over. Others might notice that Aragon is speaking louder and slower than normal. "Ajax, about last night. I think things with the sailors got out of hand partly because you don't speak Varisian well. I think we should start you in some classes to improve your skills with the common tongue. Until then, stand quietly on the casino floor, and step in when a fight actually starts, but let words have a chance to work first. Do you understand? Good."

He awkwardly pats the young Human on the shoulder and heads up the stairs.

Ajax 3/8/12 - Ajax assumes a confused expression, gives an odd shake of his head and says "no happy losing much head." before heading back up the stairs.

Aethel 3/7/2012 - Aethel is found upstairs, molding the corner of the wooden bannister into the shape of a goblin-like creature. He looks different than when the others went downstairs - notably, he has very long, metallic-golden hair, where as before he had shoulder-length golden blonde hair. "Ah, I see you're done already? We should spend some time later discussing non-lethal strategies. Find out what we can all do, and how we can leverage one anothers skills. I have come up with a spell that may help immobilize a troublemaker which may prove useful."

Snargash 3/7/12- As the others head back up the monk then steps into the center of the pit to practice his own forms. The others can hear him humming a quiet melody as he starts into his

set which is soon accompanied by a strange low whistling. Looking back they can see him walking in a slow circle on the sand as he spins his staff in a whirling figure eight series of arcs. The odd sound varies slightly as the speed of the staff's motion changes and it becomes apparent that it's produced by the air rushing across the open end of the hollow bamboo. Evidently they make music even when they fight.

Aethel 3/8/2012 - Aethel walks outwards with Aragon. "Oh, have we come up with a method for the weapon claim check? Assuming we have a reasonable rack to place them in, there is still the matter of matching property with owners. If we don't have another means, I will create pairs of wooden tokens with elven runes on them. One token is tied to the item, the other token is given to the owner. We'll need to estimate how many we will need."

Shayla 3/8/12 - After watching the others in the pit with sparring Shayla stays, watching the monk work his forms as well. Before he finishes, though, she returns upstairs to the others. She spends her time ghosting around, exploring the establishment, listening to conversations, noting hiding places, checking angles and lines of sight from the catwalk, etc. If this was going to be her place she wanted to know it well. The same was true of her companions. Every thing she could learn about them would be helpful.

Aragon 3/8/2012 - <in Elven> Aragon nods, smiling. "Excellent, Aethel. I don't know how many are required, either. I'll ask Saul or Larur if they have thoughts on the how many of these tokens or such to prepare We may need to get a secure space to keep things, more than Saul's thoughts for a chest. I guess it would depend on how big a chest we can find."

Aragon goes off to find either Saul or Larur to start to nail these sorts of things down so that things will be in place for opening the casino tonight.

GM 3/9/12 - Aragon goes off to inquire about the weapon claim situation and he finds Lar. After some talking, the two discuss it for some time and eventually come to a very workable conclusion.

Meanwhile, the others gather around on the main floor as lunch time approaches. Suddenly, there a loud clanging crash from the kitchen followed by a a scream and loud yelling and cursing.

Aethel 3/9/12 - Aethel quirks an eyebrow as he looks in the direction of the kitchen. "It sounds as though lunch may be delayed. Perhaps someone with armor should investigate, in case Hulger is in a foul mood." He looks around at the others to see if anyone is up for the challenge.

Ajax 3/10/12 - Ajax's topknot swings around in a snap as he turns to face the unexpected ruckus and strides off quickly in the direction of the kitchen, griping his spear.

GM 3/10/12 - As Ajax leads the way toward the kitchen, he accidentally bangs the tip of the Point into one of the nearby fire braziers, making a loud clanging sound. When he gets into the kitchen, he sees a pile of pots and pans on one of the preparation tables and Hulger, the Halfling cook, cursing as he is trying to pull two frying pans apart.

He looks up as everyone rushes in. “I don know what the Hells happened here. I was getting some grub ready for lunch when all the sudden all the pots and pans smacked together and fell off the rack. Then the forks and spoons all joined in the fun. Been trying to get em apart, but they keep sticking back together fer some reason.” As he says this, Aragon and Saul come in from their meeting to find out what is going on. Aragon stumbles and nearly trips as his twin blades suddenly cross behind his back and catch in the doorway. At the same time, Saul’s odd key hand swings out and smacks Aragon in the back, sticking to his crossed swords. Everyone notices that all metal items seem to be displaying a strong attraction to other metal objects. Even certain metals that do not normally become magnetized are attracted together.

Ajax 3/10/12 - Ajax thrusts his spear into one of the worn overhanging support beams, glares at it a moment and commands it “stay!, no hurting!” before he goes to help those more encumbered by misbehaving metal.

Aethel 3/10/2012 - Aethel takes in the scene and says “This is a rather widespread effect. It likely extends beyond the Golden Goblin. If it is like the seagull incident yesterday, it will fade after a short while. I’m going to see if this is happening farther away. Back in a moment.” With that, Aethel returns to the common room, then towards the front door of the Golden Goblin. As he goes, he tests the coins in his purse, to see if they are stuck together, and keeps trying them as he goes to determine if the effect is local or not. When he gets out the front door, he first looks up, to see if the blot is visible, and marks its location if it is. Next, he looks at the neighbours up and down the street, to see if there are similar commotions happening elsewhere.

GM 3/10/12 - Clearly, this strange occurrence is not confined to the Goblin. Aethel sees that the coins in his pouch are all stuck together and difficult to separate. He can hear and see several nearby folks dealing with different situations brought on by it. Then, as suddenly as it began it stops. A nearby man falls down as he yanks a chain from his cart that had become attached to a corner lamppost. Looking up, Aethel sees the ever present Blot hovering up in the sky above the ocean. It appears to be a little higher and a little more to the south than normal, but still there.

Back at the Goblin, Hulger lets out another round of curses as the mass of pots, pans and utensils all lose their attraction to one another and many of them crash loudly to the floor. “Now I’m gonna have to wash all a them before using them again. Who’s gonna help me?”

Aethel 3/10/2012 - Aethel watches the street scene for for a minute, then returns to the others in the kitchen. “Ah, I see the effect has ended here also. It appeared to be happening all along

the street, and likely all across Riddleport. I would hate to have been in a blacksmith shop while it was ongoing!" Aethel notices Hulger collecting the various cooking implements, and preparing to wash them. "Perhaps my magic can assist here. May I?" With a quizzical look from Hulger, Aethel casts his cleaning magic with a wide range, covering half the kitchen, and including all the dropped implements. "That was tiring - give me a moment to recover now". With that, Aethel sits on a nearby stool.

Snargash 3/12/12 - Snargash smiles at the elf's observation but then chokes in mid-chuckle as he realizes the implications. "It may be a lot worse! I'm going to the Gas Forges; will anyone come along to cover my back - and maybe provide an extra pair of hands? There are almost certainly injuries, if not fatalities." He looks about at the rest as he strides purposefully toward the door. "If there are a number of wounded, then even first aid skills will help to stop any bleeding and stabilize them until more healing can be given."

Aragon 3/13/12: Aragon blinks at the frantic half-Orc exiting the room, then turns back to Hulger. "This incident won't affect lunch, will it?"

Shayla 3/14/12: Shayla opines, "I wonder if this strange event is connected with the Blot … and if so, what is the ominous thing?"

GM 3/14/12 - "Well, with that magical help from your fancyboy friend there, I think lunch will be right on track!" the cook barks up at Aragon. He then looks at Shayla, "The Blot? Baahh, that thing aint nothing but a cloud of stink from the Gas Works, I'll bet me left pinky toe on it. Now, if ye aint helpin cook or clean, clear out so I can get lunch cooking. The regulars aught to be showing up any moment now, and I gotta be ready with the food! Nobody likes to gamble on an empty stomach." He shoos the group out of the kitchen in as playful way he can whilst holding a wickedly sharp looking cleaver in his hand.

Meanwhile, Snargash races down the street toward the Gas Forges. Along the way, he keeps his eye out for any injured or distressed folk, and though he hears lots of cursing and commotion of people cleaning up messes and mishaps caused by the metal mayhem, he sees nothing major. When he arrives at the Gas Forges, everything seems to be just as normal. The numerous black chimneys spew out a putrid swirl of black, green and brown smoke. Snargash gets several good lung fulls of the stuff as he rests for a moment to catch his breath before realizing what it is he is breathing and covers his mouth with the hem of his robe. The familiar low hum can be heard coming from the immense structure, punctuated by occasional sounds of metal on metal. No one is screaming or running from the place, all appears to be normal.

Snargash 3/14/12 - He considers things as he tries to get some oxygen from the air. While he doesn't doubt the mastery of Dwarven kind when it comes to their forges, he can't help but wonder how they could possibly prepare for what by all rights should be impossible. The combination of an iron filled forge and the poison gases channeled through and filling the building certainly presented the possibility for a disastrous outcome which he was glad to see

had not manifest. Or perhaps they were better prepared to deal with the medical response than he had expected and the effects of the recent incident simply weren't apparent outside. After watching the place a few minutes longer he shrugs and turns back toward the Golden Goblin once more, planning to ask Larur about it when an opportunity presented itself. Not want his voice or breathing to suffer and affect his performance, he considers further that he should monitor his own condition after breathing the poisonous smoke and make sure to play any needed healing *raags* for himself before going on stage tonight. After walking a couple of blocks and away from the smell he decides 'better safe than sorry' and stands out of traffic with his back to a wall. He draws his hocchiku from his sash and, propping his staff in the crook of an elbow, plays *Raag Nontoxicum* before continuing on his way.

GM 3/15/12 - Snargash immediately notices that his throat feels better and his lungs feel clearer. No doubt that the smoke and fumes coming from the Gas Forges is not good but knowing the tenacity and stubbornness of Dwarves, he realizes that nothing he says will make any difference.

Aethel 3/15/2012 - After watching Hulger at his work for a while, Aethel stands up. "I'm about ready to get the other portion of the room here." He casts another spell [Clean], and the now familiar whirlwinds zip about, dusting, removing stains, and polishing surfaces. The entire kitchen now looks practically new when the spell ends. Aethel sits back on his stool, looking quite worn out.

GM 3/15/12 - Hulger is quite amazed and thankful to Aethel for cleaning up the rest of his kitchen. "Damn, Elf. This kitchen wasn't this clean when it was brand new, I'd wager. You do a good job with those fancy little charms you know. I'd like to bring you by my place and see what you could do there!" He chuckles a deep belly laugh then proceeds to shoo the mage out of the kitchen so he can get back to his cooking.

Back out in the main room, patrons are beginning to wander in and the new employees are all at their stations doing their jobs. A young Human girl comes in and greets Larur. The two hug and they walk together over to a a gaming table on the periphery of the room that has been covered by a heavy tarp since before the Cheat the Devil tournament. Everyone had assumed that it was a broken roulette table or something of the like and not mentioned it.Larur sees sees those of the group that are nearby and motions them over to the table.



"Hey you all, want you to meet Lixy Parmenter, the genius mind behind the game of Ghoulette," he motions to the young, attractive Varisian woman with supple brown hair and dark Varisian tattoos on her face that give the impression of long and flowing eyelashes.

"Hey, there," she quips cheerfully. "I hear you all are some of the new partners here at the Gold Goblin. Nice to meet ya, I'm Lixy and this is Goulette." She motions to the strange looking

roulette game on the table. In the center of a black and red striped circular board sits a horribly ugly decapitated head of what must be a Ghoul. The head sits motionless with its eyes closed until Lixy reaches out and raps it on the top of its grey-green skull. Immediately the heads eyes open and it starts looking around the room growling and gnashing its teeth. “And meet Dungo. Say ‘Hello’, Dungo!” she instructs the head. The ghoul, Dungo, shouts out “You all can go fuck yourselves. There’s no chips on the table, what in the Hells do you want me to do? Screw off!” Lixy giggles and smiles amusedly at this outburst.

A closer inspection of the board shows 12 different pie shaped spaces contain different words on them: “Your Face”, ‘Your Presence’, ‘Your Skill’, ‘Your Body’, ‘“Your Stuff”, “Your Bloodline”, “Your Hygiene’, ‘Your Courage’, ‘Your Class’, ‘Your Race’, and ‘Your Brains’. The last space is marked with the words “Something Nice”



Lixy holds out her hand and gives everyone around a Gold Goblin gambling chip. “Go ahead, place your bet on any of the spots. You have to guess the spot that Dungo will face after I spin him. The winner gets his winnings back 10-fold. 1$ minimum bet. The house keeps the initial bet though. And if he lands on ‘Something Nice’ everyone gets a consolation prize of 1/10th of their bet, again with the house keeping the initial bet. Its such a fun game. Go ahead, put your bets down, and I’ll show you!”

“Keep your filthy whore hands off me, you slut!” Dungo calls up at her. “These wretched cretins don’t have the balls to play my game. They are pansys!”

3/15/12 Shayla: Taking her gold chip with a nod of appreciation Shayla pretends to almost place it on “Your Face” and then “Your Body” but then goes to where she’d intended to place it all along; “Your Skill”.

3/15/12 Aethel - Aethel’s eyes narrow as he listens to the description (or rather the lack thereof) of the game and the introduction of Dungo. “Is this actually the disembodied head of some undead?” Aethel looks extremely perturbed as he peeks under the table to determine if this truly is a disembodied head, or some guy sitting on a turntable under the gaming table.

Aethel hisses something in elven as he confirms the head is genuine. He steps back a couple of steps, concentrates and gathers his energies into a glowing ball of lighning in his hand. “This thing is an abomination! It should be obliterated, not dressed up in a... a game! How can you not take this seriously? Move aside, this thing must be destroyed.”

3/16/12 GM - They young Human, Lixy, leaps forward, putting herself between Aethel and the

game table. Her hand goes to the well worn hilt of the short sword at her side, but she does not draw, “Hey hey hey, hold on there, buddy! Don’t you go blasting my Dungo! This game is a favorite, a guaranteed money maker! I thought you all were partners here. Over her shoulder, the decapitated Ghoul head calls out, “Hey Fancyboy, come here. I’ve got an itch on my cheek. Do me a solid and scratch it for me, so I can BITE YOUR SKINNY LITTLE HAND OFF! Hahahahha, you pointy eared witch!”

Lixy blushes and looks back at Dungo then quickly grabs the tarp and covers the gaming table again. Some brief mumblings can be heard for a moment and the center of the tarp rustles a bit for a moment, then it stops and Dungo goes quiet. “Please, don’t blast Dungo. I’m sorry he has offended you. He doesn’t mean any harm really. Well, yea, ok, he does mean harm, but he can’t do anything about it really. Just ignore it. This table is my livelihood!”

Aethel 3/16/2012 - Aethel focuses on Lixy as soon as she interposes herself, and listens silently. “His very nature offends me. Sooner or later some drunk is going to get bitten or somesuch, and his vile nature will spread. Where is the rest of it? Is a headless corpse going to come walking in looking for its head?” He looks around at the others, and sees that other than Aragon, he isn’t getting any support in this. “Fine! Keep it out of my sight, and don’t expect me to assist in cleaning up the mess when it spirals out of control.” With that, Aethel allows his spell to dissipate, and storms off to the bar for a glass of wine.

Aragon 3/16/12: Aragon spits and mutters, *“Dûrnwalme.”* He tosses his chip on the table with a sniff of disgust and follows Aethel to the bar.

3/16/12 GM - A relieved look comes over Lixy’s face as Aethel walks off. “Phew, that was close. I’m hoping none of the rest of you are as stuck on this as that guy was,” she gives a hard glance at Aragon as she says this. “Yes, it is a Ghoul head, no there is no body coming to look for it. I’m absolutely sure of that. And don’t worry, I’ve seen him bit a few people before, it does hurt, but none of ‘em have ever contracted Ghoulfever or suffered any further effects.” She turns and uncovers the table again once Aethel is out of sight. “Honestly I can’t tell you much about Dungo, but he does make for a fun game. And don’t go spreading the fact that his bite is relatively harmless. The patrons think his bite is deadly, it keeps them from trying to grab their chips back once they have made their bets. So, anyone else going to put a marker down so I can show you how to play?” Dungo starts up his raunchy banter again, calling nearby folks all manner of name.

Several others place their chips down on various places on the board. Lixy explains that players may play as many chips as they like on whichever spots they choose to, as long as each bet is $1 minimum. After all of the chips are placed, she grabs the Ghoul by one of his ears, which makes him not too happy, and gives it a yank, sending the head spinning around. Dungo finally stops spinning and is pointing to the ‘Your Bloodline’ space. The head shakes back and forth a bit, its undead eyes rolling in their sockets for a moment, then it seems to lean over a bit and looks down at the game board. It then gives out a blood curdling screech and looks up and

around at those present. It's gaze stops at Shaylya and it proceeds to insult her viciously saying that her father was the slave lover of a hideously fat Demoness.

Bodi - 3/16/12: Bodi watched the first round of the game of Ghoulette with a sense of curiosity and humor. "Hey doll, don't worry about the tighty-pants elf-boy over there. He just needs to loosen up and have some fun. Maybe I can get Cassandra to take him upstairs and find a way to help him work off some of that stress."

Bodi than looks at the game table and considered the Ghoul. Yeah, this was a good gimmick this girl came up with. Get some drinks into some folks and a rowdy bunch could have some fun with this "Pongo". Anything that brings in money to help stuff all of their pockets was a good thing to Bodi.

He sat back and enjoyed a glass of wine considering his day. He spent some much needed time in the fighting it with Ajax. Bodi was skilled with a blade, but nothing likes these accomplished warriors. Some hard practice and skilled instructors just may be the thing he needed to flesh his skills out a bit more. He pulled out some nice parries and blocks with both his maine-gauche and his cloak. The exercise was good for him too as Bodil did like to keep fit.

When their sparring was over, Bodi spent time with some of the new girls. While he was flirting with them he was also trying to learn some new skills and tricks in talking with people to find out what the girls like and how they like their men to act and react. Bodi was hoping that this new line of inquiry would both boost his sales as well as boost his bar-to-bed ratio with the female patrons.

After cleaning up and getting lunch, Bodi was enjoying the display of the new game and was looking forward to putting some of his new found gold on the table. But for now, it was soon opening time and he had a bar to run.

3/16/21 - Shayla: At the insult Shayla merely arches an eyebrow. "Really? Never knew that. Of course, you didn't either. Actually it was likely my mother was human, else I'd be living in some hell somewhere. Which is where you might end up if you don't watch it, Stinky." Shayla smiled the whole time. "Then again, you are rather amusing … in a pathetic way. Were I stuck as you I'd resort to whatever entertainment I could get too."

16MAY12 Ajax wrinkles his nose, mutters something incomprehensible and waves off the proffered teaching bet before returning to his station at the door.

GM 03/19/12 - The rest of the day goes off without a hitch and the 2nd night of employment for the new management group goes well. There are a good amount of customers and no major

problems with the new weapon check policy.