

History: The ancients were a technologically advanced people that brought their ruin by sacrificing their own deaths (they could not die but became ghosts). The landmass is in a sea of space - a bubble of constituent order in a sea of chaos. The players are the archons who dreamt it into existence but the ancients hi-jacked their dreaming hood and harnessed it for power.

The game take place on a single continent on a fantasy world. The continent is surrounded by storm ravaged seas. Technology has progressed to that of Earth's iron age. Magic exists. Practitioners of magic require a natural aptitude and many years of study to be successful in the fey arts. Spells are powered by sacrifices, the more valuable the thing sacrificed by the caster the more powerful the effects of the spell.

Sentient species other than humans exist. If you would like to play a non human sentient species, provide the following:

Name:

Brief description:

Good difference from humans:

Bad difference from humans:

General vibe/culture:

All players play a single, important, human or sentient creature. To play, provide the following:

Name:

Class:

2x Strengths

Why Are They Important:

Appearance:

Where are they:

Turns:

Prelude: 1 day - 1 action

2 x 10 year - 2 actions

2 x 1 year - 2 actions

2 x 1 month - 1 action

2 x 1 week - 1 action

2 x 1 day - 1 action

Currently the World has:

Humans

A city state with a tavern, barracks and a tower.

The city state is ruled a sorcer king who uses the undead to keep control

A warmage who is in command of the city states army

Dragons - few in number

Large caves

A dark swampy forest inhabited by diminutive beast people

Mages of the earth, who focus their powers in the domain of agriculture.

Ancient, undying, elves who dwell in forests

Forests.

Ghosts.

Buried ruins of ancient peoples.



Players:

Eddie:

Race Name: Mibokopros

Brief description: Diminutive beast-like humanoids

Good difference from humans: Reproduce quickly and carry disease that they are immune to

Bad difference from humans: Small and weak

General vibe/culture: A species of semi magical vermin, summoned long ago by a demon king

Name: Zorlton

Class: Watcher and Keeper of the Mibokopros

2 x strengths:

- Knowledge of and proficiency in demonic rituals
- Blessing of the forgotten demon king

Why are they important? He is the leader of the Mibokopros

Appearance: A large-headed human/beast mutant. Fur/skin spotted with sores. Missing fingers, and an eye. Uses a human bone as a walking stick. **MISSING ONE OF HIS ARMS!**

Where are they: Deep in the swamp of the Demon King

Private information:

- Zorlton is very ancient and will never die of old age. He knows much of the history of this world. He knows that the demon kings long ago left the world

Prelude:

- Resources: Your people, your strengths, a swampy forest, diseases.
- Location: The swamp of the demon king.
- Dangers: None?

This turn = One day long! Tell me ONE thing your character does

Turn 1 :

- Resources: Your people WHO ARE MULTIPLYING AT A VERY GREAT RATE! your strengths, a swampy forest, diseases.
- Location: The swamp of the demon king.
- Dangers: None

This turn = TEN YEARS long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 2:

Though your larval hives were uncovered in the southern farmlands of the city state, they have not been uncovered else where! They exist in the northern farmlands, the north coast, the city, the sea of sand, the elven forest, the wastes of the sand mages.

- Resources: Your people, who number about 100'000 and WHO ARE MULTIPLYING AT A VERY GREAT RATE! your strengths, a swampy forest, diseases. A massive demon! Hidden larval hives all across the land.
- Location: The swamp of the demon king.
- Dangers: None

This turn = TEN YEARS long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 3:

Your hives have been cleansed from the city! But your new magic-devouring plague cleansed much of the land of magic users! Hives exist in the northern farmlands, the north coast, the sea of sand, the elven forest, the wastes of the sand mages.

- Resources: Your people, who number about 200'000 and WHO ARE MULTIPLYING AT A VERY GREAT RATE! your strengths, a swampy forest, diseases. A massive demon! Hidden larval hives all across the land.
- Location: The swamp of the demon king.
- Dangers: None

This turn = ONE YEAR long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 4:

Your rituals were a success! Your demon prince has halved into a worm and a fish! Most foul! Your mibo hives have liquidized! They operate the same as mibo hives of the past but...are nigh undetectable other than as a brown sludge that has seeped into the ground!

- Resources: Your people, who number about 210'000 and WHO ARE MULTIPLYING AT A VERY GREAT RATE! your strengths, a swampy forest, diseases. Two huge demons, one a worm in the ground, the other a fish in the sea! Hidden larval hives liquidized all across the land.
- Location: The swamp of the demon king.
- Dangers: None

This turn = ONE YEAR long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 5:

The swamp has been reduced to black sludge and rock! But all mibos, 210 000, not in sludge hive form have been killed and evaporated into ghosts. They can return to sludge hive form, but it will take one week for them to reform into full mibos.

You removed your foul face and threw it into the sludge pit!

You can now fly and also have the form of Kerry O'King!

- Resources: 210 000 ghost mibos, your strengths, diseases. Two huge demons, one a worm in the ground, the other a fish in the sea! Hidden larval hives liquidized all across the land.
- Location: The sky
- Dangers: None

This turn = ONE MONTH long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Turn 6:

You have cursed Kerry O'king...he now appears as a skeleton!

You can fly and also have the form of Kerry O'King!

You have lost control of your great worm demon this month...The great worm is no longer a bringer of corruption...instead it seems to emanate true death...a great beast worm of anti undead energy!

- Resources: 210 000 ghost mibos, your strengths, diseases. Two huge demons, one a worm in the ground, the other a fish in the sea! Hidden larval hives liquidized all across the land.
- Location: The sky
- Dangers: None

This turn = ONE MONTH long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Turn 7:

You have cursed Kerry O'king...he now appears as a skeleton!

You can fly and also have the form of Kerry O'King!

You have sacrificed your sea demon to publicly explode your corrupted worm demon! The betraying worm demon seemed to be filled with the power of true death...but it is no more!

You have no demons left!

- Resources: 210 000 ghost mibos, your strengths, diseases. THidden larval hives liquidized all across the land.
- Location: The sky
- Dangers: None

This turn = ONE WEEK long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Ghost mibos spread out across the land. The begin infected the ghosts of the mountain of the ancients.

My ghost Mibos are to strategically fan out into the best locations to cause chaos to my opponents. Originally they are in random locations throughout the lands ideal for multiplying and hiding. Now that they are ghosts. They can easily move into position with little issues.

I'm talking inside Kerry's compound. Inside the elven royalty areas, inside the dragon caves. Pretty much just move them from the hiding spots and into sensitive areas within 1 weeks travel. Can I have some go into the middle mountain too?

Turn 8:

You have cursed Kerry O'king...he now appears as a skeleton!

You can fly and also have the form of Kerry O'King!

Your foul ghost mibos have spread out across the land! The have began infecting the ghosts of the mountain of the ancients!

- Resources: 210 000 ghost mibos, your strengths, diseases. Hidden larval hives liquidized all across the land.
- Location: The sky

- Dangers: None

This turn = ONE WEEK long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Well I guess I have all my mibos now in the most sensitive areas hidden ready to come back to the physical realm and start festering up the place again (by the end of this week turn according to the original timeline order) so they can't do anything this turn whilst they are doing that.

So for this turn, I'm thinking we have Cerri oKing try to trick the real Kerry's troops that the skeleton is an imposter and needs to be killed. Argue that if we kill the necromancer imposter I'll double the booze allowance. If things don't go my way, fly away to safety. Woot.

Keep 10,000 as ghosty boys. TO SPREAD DECAY TO THE GHOSTS!!!

Turn 9:

You KILLED Kerry O'king, convincing his own people to slaughter him while you watched!

You now control Kerry O'Kings compound! You have control of his people (some 4500 adventurers and about 1000 farmers). 10 Dragons, the remaining dragons of the world, have sworn fealty to this people and Kerry.

You can fly and also have the form of Kerry O'King!

Mibos now roil in hive sludge form, no longer ghosts, they are around kerry's compound, the elven forest and the settlements of the sand mages - they await your command...

10'000 ghosts mibos are infecting the ghosts of the mountain of the ancients with decay.

THE MIBOS NEED A COMMAND!

- Resources: 200'000 sludge hive mibos. 10 000 ghost mibos, your strengths, diseases. Hidden larval hives liquidized all across the land.
- Location: Kerry O'Kings compound.
- Dangers: None

This turn = ONE DAY long! Tell me ONE thing your character does

MIBOs are commanded to infect everything they can. Get on boots, be trodden on carpets and just spread into this disgusting unhygienic world. Let their disease take hold for long term (post game nut clarity) winning. No other orders allowed. Everything else on auto pilot as per gm. All mibos have currently standard bacteria/fungal disease also the one that targets higher mana hosts. This world hasn't seen it for a while since ghost form. They must now remember the old days.

Turn 10:

As the mibos rose up and swarmed towards the foul healthy people of the realm...you lounged in comfort in the private quarters of Kerry O'King...

Then...as mibos swarmed over dragons and humans, who seemed unwilling to raise their hands in ager towards the mibo, a shadow appeared.

You had a few moments to look up, and see a tower plummeting towards the earth and then...a beautiful explosion become the entire world!

And you were dead!

GETS A GHOST ROBOT!!

I think I want the robot to go to the wastes. Look for a hospitality cart, and herd the mibos towards it.

All nice and things. The time for destruction is no more. Just a lovely tea party between robots. A cart. And some mibos.

MIBOS WILL RETURN IN SLUDGE FORM!

Note: Sludge hive mibos take one week to reform. There are 100'000 mibos in sludge hive form.

The mibos are considered ghosts for only this turn plus 2 months and 2 weeks. Aka back to normal by the first day turn orders. **MIBOS WILL RETURN IN SLUDGE FORM!**

Ghost disease: Doesn't kill the ghost but rots their form/mind so they are just a useless gas ooze. The ghost becomes mentally vegetative.

- Any new strengths they have
- What kind of resources do they have access to
- Their current location
- (If needed) Any looming dangers.

Brett:

Race Name: Dragons

Brief description: Giant, winged, sentient lizards

Good difference from humans: Very large, long-lived, covered in protective scales

Bad difference from humans: Utter lack of empathy for all other sentient beings, prone to monomania, rumination, jealousy and other unhelpful mental states

General vibe/culture: Solitary, territorial and obsessed with acquiring/keeping a treasure horde

Name: Lord Pyrois

Class: Fire breathing dragon

2 x strengths:

- Awesomely strong
- Awesomely intelligent

Why are they important? Offspring of the ancient dragon king “Jasper, Keeper of Gold”

Appearance: 60 meter long winged lizard, shimmering with heat

Where are they: A very large and splendid cave in the cavelands of the dragons

Prelude:

- Resources: A massive horde of treasure.
- Location: Your cave.
- Dangers: None.

This turn = One day long! Tell me ONE thing your character does

Turn 1 :

You found an item of much magic power in your horde! What is it?!

- Resources: A massive horde of treasure and a magic item of great power!
- Location: Your cave
- Dangers: None

This turn = TEN YEARS long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 2 :

You have forced twenty younger dragons to serve you. You have stolen several treasures of great values from the realm!

- Resources: The orb of anti ghosts! 8 glass spheres of other vision. An enormous crystal. The pinecone of Thragglenor - glory of the elves. A massive horde of treasure. Two younger dragons who submitted to you.
- Location: Your cave
- Dangers: People might want their stuff back.

This turn = TEN YEARS long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 3:

You used the orb of anti ghosts to explore the mountain/ruins of the ancients. You uncovered a great treasure! A sceptre that grants domination over someone struck by its gem-encrusted head!

Such great treasure!

But...when you returned from your assault on the mound of Gota...all your magical treasures were gone! The Orb, The sceptre and the pinecone! A THEIF HAS STOLEN FROM YOUR LAIR!

You were gravely wounded at the mound of goats, your physical capabilities are limited...your dragon gang has been reduced to 15 in number!

- Resources: 8 glass spheres of other vision. An enormous crystal A massive horde of treasure. 15 younger dragons who submitted to you.
- Location: Your cave
- Dangers: People might want their stuff back. You have a grievous internal wound!

This turn = ONE YEAR long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 4:

AROUND 50 DRAGONS REMAIN ALIVE!

You are healed! But your gang of dragons has abandoned you! Many of your kind are fighting, killing one another! Rumours of some ghost dragon coming and spreading conflict creating lies!

Your cave is laced with traps! Traps of a physical nature.

- Resources: 8 glass spheres of other vision. An enormous crystal A massive horde of treasure. Traps in your cave
- Location: Your cave
- Dangers: Infighting within the dragonlands.

This turn = ONE YEAR long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 5.

The dragon wars rage on in your cave home lands...another 20 dragons have been killed, leaving only 30 of your kind!

You destroyed all of the farmlands of the city state! Those pesky humans shall surely starve to death now!

- Resources: 8 glass spheres of other vision. An enormous crystal A massive horde of treasure. Traps in your cave
- Location: Your cave
- Dangers: Infighting within the dragonlands.

This turn = ONE MONTH long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Turn 6.

You have re-united the dragons! The dragon war as stopped...they look to you as their leader but...dragons are fickle and greedy...they will demand carnage and loot under your rule!

- Resources: 8 glass spheres of other vision. An enormous crystal A massive horde of treasure. Traps in your cave. 30 dragons united under your command!
- Location: Your cave
- Dangers: Nil.

This turn = ONE MONTH long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Turn 7.

You have seized the Dread Sorcerer Narghai and delivered him to Kerry O'King within his compound. You and your dragons now wait outside the compound of Kerry O'king, in the burnt farmlands.

- Resources: 8 glass spheres of other vision. An enormous crystal A massive horde of treasure. Traps in your cave. 30 dragons united under your command!
- Location: Outside Kerry O'kings compound in the burnt farmlands.
- Dangers: Nil.

This turn = ONE WEEK long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Lord pyrios and his fleet of dragons fly to the elven forest and attack the palace in search of treasure. They will incite Kerry O'King Mercenaries to join them in their destruction and any unhappy humans that are present.

RECIEVES SOME PALTRY AMOUNT OF GOLD FROM KERRY!

THERE IS NO TREASURE IN THE PALACE!



send the other dragons in for a q quick smash and grab



ok, so basically assault the elves, but you keep safe?



yes. but quickly so minimize casualties

RECIEVED!

LOCKED

the main aim is treasure not elves but definitely do heaps of damage ie smash and grab



thanks man



Blob Today at 8:27 AM

What would you do if Pyrios backed off but the remaining 30 dragons just kept coming hard/wrecking the joint



ttlovepie Today at 8:28 AM

Kill lord pyros

Mutually assured destruction

Then have the hero clean up follow afterwords



Blob Today at 8:29 AM

OK...epic.

Right so this is what is happening...Dragons are charging towards the forest...Elf king says they can come in if you dont burn anything. Then changes the deal and states dragons cant come in at all. Dragons are committed to plunder so fly into the forest. The pyramid begins flying towards Lord Pyrios. Pyrios flees, dragons go buck wild in the forest...the pyramid will pursue and kill lord pyrios. (edited)

Turn 8:

Lord Pyrios is dead! Only ten dragons remain alive in existence...What do they do?!

DRAGONS SUBMIT TO KERRY FOR THE LAST TWO DAYS!

ok well they dragons are going to be used as Kris's mounts that he can ride into battle apparently

Enter

Brett

Either kill that weird tower or pick up a couple of my adventures and ride into battle against the sand mages with them on your backs

Enter

Brett
thats my order
Enter
Brett
its entertaining for me to let Kris make decisions

Turn 9:

10 dragons swore fealty to Kerry O'king!

Turn 10:

All surviving dragons were magically nuked and killed.

-
- Any new strengths they have
 - What kind of resources do they have access to
 - Their current location
 - (If needed) Any looming dangers.

@Trent

Race Name: Ghosts

Brief description: Cursed to remain until all the wrongs are atoned for

Good difference from humans: Incorporeal and immortal

Bad difference from humans: Cannot interact with the physical world

General vibe/culture: Overcome with lamentation

Name: Ghost King Kaiederic

Class: Ghost King

2 x strengths:

- Knowledge of ancient magics
- Immortality due to ghostliness

Why are they important? Must atone for the wrongs of all men

Appearance: A wraith in kingly rags and crown

Where are they: In the ruins buried beneath the mountain of the ancients

Prelude:

- Resources: An army/small kingdom of ghosts.
- Location: Beneath the mountain of the ancients.
- Dangers: Depression?

Turn 1 :

- Resources: An army/small kingdom of ghosts, a warded mountain.
- Location: Beneath the mountain of the ancients.
- Dangers: Depression?

This turn = TEN YEARS long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 2:

Your army of ghosts has spread across the land! Is there anything in particular you wish to know?

You remember forgotten histories...you and your people sacrificed your own deaths (as in the ability to die) to become immortal but...you ended up ghosts. You also imbued several items with great power by sacrificing your own ability to die...you found one of those treasures...what is it?

- Resources: An army/small kingdom of ghosts which are spying across the land, a warded mountain.
- Location: Beneath the mountain of the ancients.
- Dangers: Depression? A sorcerer/necromancer, stole all your skeletons.

This turn = TEN YEARS long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Your army of ghosts has spread across the land! Is there anything in particular you wish to know? - Any threats to my kingdom primarily, secondarily any secret schemes.

Turn 3:

Your army of ghosts remains spread across the land! Is there anything, in particular, you wish to know?

The foul dragon lord pyrios beset your ruins with AN ORB OF GREAT POWER! It dissolved your ghostly magic as it passed and you yourself had to flee to avoid becoming even more ephemeral!

He stole the scepter of dominion! And the foul pirate lord JJ stole the amulet of youth!

The ritual was a success and you have more ghosts! 20'000 mundane humans, Some 5000 magical humans, 5 dragons, 100 elves. Ish.

- Resources: An army/small kingdom of ghosts which are spying across the land, a greatly warded mountain. The gem of future sight.
- Location: Beneath the mountain of the ancients.
- Dangers: Depression? A sorcerer/necromancer, stole all your skeletons.

This turn = ONE YEAR long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 4:

Your army of ghosts remains spread across the land! Is there anything, in particular, you wish to know?

You caused a war in the dragonlands! You killed a large number of old and sick people! You can no longer not ever be a ghost, ever!

The ritual was a success and you have more ghosts! 50'000 mundane humans, 20 dragons, 100 elves. Ish.

- Resources: An army/small kingdom of ghosts which are spying across the land, a greatly warded mountain. The gem of future sight.
- Location: Beneath the mountain of the ancients.
- Dangers: Depression?

This turn = ONE YEAR long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 5:

It seems the giant floating pyramid of crystal was immune to flames and great heat and magma! Nonetheless, your mountain home is now a volcano!

Though you would assume all of the mutants left in the city should have died in the night of the inferno, only half of them appeared to you in ghost form (140 000 ghost mutants). 20 dragon ghosts, 50 land sailor pirate ghosts and 10 sand mages ghosts join your ghostly realm.

Again, your ghosts spies can tell you things if you ask questions?

- Resources: An army/small kingdom of ghosts which are spying across the land, a greatly warded mountain. The gem of future sight.
- Location: Beneath the mountain of the ancients.
- Dangers: Depression?

This turn = ONE MONTH long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Turn 6:

Your spirits have harnessed the mystical force of magnets, circuitry and crystals to develop 50 large stone humanoid sentinels! They are made of stone, metal and crystal and are twice the size of a man and many times as powerful! They have hands and feet for you to grab and crash! Ah what sweet relief! It takes 50 ghost spirits to operate 1 sentinel!

75'000 mutant ghosts join your ghost army!

Again, your ghosts spies can tell you things if you ask questions?

- Resources: An army/small kingdom of ghosts which are spying across the land, a greatly warded mountain. The gem of future sight.
- Location: Beneath the mountain of the ancients.
- Dangers: Depression?

This turn = ONE MONTH long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Turn 7:

You received the circlet of the insoluble mind! An artifact that wards against madness!

You bravely entered the dream burning city! Over the month your form has...changed...Your crown burns with rainbow fire and your tattered rag vestments now terminate in tentacles and your arms are...many...

You sense the power of possibility here...anything can be brought forth. The streets burn with pink flames and twinkle with crystal and rainbows and you hear sounds that could not be!

A great and ominous power dwells beneath the streets...something too dwells in the sky with much control over the dreamings. Something too marches the streets, gathering power to many legged and eyed self...

You research this place and know it would be easy enough to stop the dreaming...simply erase the glyphs that have been engraved in the earth around the city!

100 elves and 50 human ghosts join your ghost army!

Again, your ghosts spies can tell you things if you ask questions?

- Resources: An army/small kingdom of ghosts which are spying across the land, a greatly warded mountain. The gem of future sight. 50 large stone humanoid sentinels! They are made of stone, metal and crystal and are twice the size of a man and many times as powerful! They have hands and feet for you to grab and crush! Ah what sweet relief! It takes 50 ghost spirits to operate 1 sentinel! The circlet of the insoluble mind!
- Location: Within the dream burning city.
- Dangers: Depression?

This turn = ONE WEEK long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Turn 8:

You have dreamed forth the Tesseract of the Unbounded mind!! An artifact that connects your consciousness to many!

You can now see/speak/think/etc through all of your ghosts!

Your form remains...changed...Your crown burns with rainbow fire and your tattered rag vestments now terminate in tentacles and your arms are...many...YOU HAVE ACQUIRED MORE TENTACLES THIS WEEK! AND A LARGER CROWN FLAME!

A GREAT DULLNESS FILLS SOME OF YOUR MINDS...Ghosts are...DECAYING...dissolving into formless mindless ghost gas...The decay has only affected a few hundred ghosts, all in the

mountain of the ancients, but you sense it may be spreading. It feels like a small but spreading numbness on your many brain...

See the turn update for deaths/new ghosts that joined your ghost army!

Again, your ghosts spies can tell you things if you ask questions?

- Resources: The circlet of the insoluble mind. The Tesseract of the unbounded mind. An army/small kingdom of ghosts which are spying across the land, a greatly warded mountain. The gem of future sight. 50 large stone humanoid sentinels! They are made of stone, metal and crystal and are twice the size of a man and many times as powerful! They have hands and feet for you to grab and crush! Ah what sweet relief! It takes 50 ghost spirits to operate 1 sentinel!
- Location: Within the dream burning city.
- Dangers: Ghost decay.

This turn = ONE WEEK long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

That all sounds incredible and I wish not interfere with any of it. Except the melted ghosts.

Action! Withdraw all my ghosts and myself from the city and everywhere to the mountain (to avoid whatever destruction ruins the city!)! When I get there, cast a spell that allows me to use my connection to essentially transfer my full Kaidericness into any ghost I'm connected to, so I can like casts spells from all my ghosts and stuff! (edited)

Blob — Today at 12:11 PM

I see... Received!

Trent B — Today at 12:12 PM

that doable?>

Blob — Today at 12:12 PM

Yeah, tell me what you sacrifice

[12:12 PM]

They won't be exactly the same as you thought but you can cast spells through em

1

Trent B — Today at 12:13 PM

Not that i'll have much time to use it, but still

[12:13 PM]

I will sacrifice... um... some ghosts? As few as are needed?

5% ghosts died from disease

15% sacrificed to spell

More die to disease spreading!

Turn 9:

You fled the city...it no longer burns and is now filled with a forest that YOU CANNOT ENTER!

The decay...it spreads!

All outside of the mountain..are decayed to useless mist!

Many ghosts (20%) decayed with the spreading decaying mist! 10'000 ghost mibos swarm through the mountain infecting with glee ..and then the infection spreads from ghost to ghost...much decay resulting in a numbness in your mind!

You sacrificed 15% of your ghosts to conduct a ritual of spell and action linkage! You can now cast spells through other ghosts or compel a ghost that is not you to take an action.

The ghosts that remain have retreated to the top of the mountain!

Stillrelevant:

You have dreamed forth the Tesseract of the Unbounded mind!! An artifact that connects your consciousness to many!

You can now see/speak/think/etc through all of your ghosts!

Your form remains...changed...Your crown burns with rainbow fire and your tattered rag vestments now terminate in tentacles and your arms are...many...YOU HAVE ACQUIRED MORE TENTACLES THIS WEEK! AND A LARGER CROWN FLAME!

A GREAT DULLNESS FILLS SOME OF YOUR MINDS...Ghosts are...DECAYING...dissolving into formless mindless ghost gas...The decay has only affected a few hundred ghosts, all in the mountain of the ancients, but you sense it may be spreading. It feels like a small but spreading numbness on your many brain...

See the turn update for deaths/new ghosts that joined your ghost army!

- Resources: The circlet of the insoluble mind. The Tesseract of the unbounded mind. An army/small kingdom of ghosts which are spying across the land, a greatly warded mountain. The gem of future sight. 50 large stone humanoid sentinels! They are made of stone, metal and crystal and are twice the size of a man and many times as powerful! They have hands and feet for you to grab and crush! Ah what sweet relief! It takes 50 ghost spirits to operate 1 sentinel!
- Location: The top of the mountain of the ancients.
- Dangers: Ghost decay.

This turn = ONE DAY long! Tell me ONE thing your character does

Sacrifice the sword of true death to conduct a ritual to destroy all ghosts not gathered on the top of the mountain of the ancients (all non you ghosts).

SWORD OF TRUE DEATH GONE!

Turn 10:

The ritual was a success! You sacrificed the sword of true death and gathered all remaining uninfected with decay ghosts!

A great black misty explosion blasted away all mibo ghosts/decayed ghost mists. The affliction can no longer afflict you!

A further 10% of your ghosts were lost to decays/were part decayed thus got blasted.

The ghosts that remain remain at top of the mountain!

Stillrelevant:

You have dreamed forth the Tesseract of the Unbounded mind!! An artifact that connects your consciousness to many!

You can now see/speak/think/etc through all of your ghosts!

Your form remains...changed...Your crown burns with rainbow fire and your tattered rag vestments now terminate in tentacles and your arms are...many...YOU HAVE ACQUIRED MORE TENTACLES THIS WEEK! AND A LARGER CROWN FLAME!

See the turn update for deaths/new ghosts that joined your ghost army!

Key ghosts that joined you:

Zorlton, Watcher and Keeper of the Mibokopros and The Archmage Abel

- Resources: The circlet of the insoluble mind. The Tesseract of the unbounded mind. An army/small kingdom of ghosts. a greatly warded mountain. The gem of future sight. 50 large stone humanoid sentinels! They are made of stone, metal and crystal and are twice the size of a man and many times as powerful! They have hands and feet for you to grab and crush! Ah what sweet relief! It takes 50 ghost spirits to operate 1 sentinel!
- Location: The top of the mountain of the ancients.
- Dangers: Nil

This turn = ONE DAY long! Tell me ONE thing your character does

Uses ghost sentience and memories of zoltrion the watcher + army of ghosts to compel the surviving mibos to return to the swamp and sacrifice themselves into a forest of plague mushrooms.

Jump into some lava and destroy themselves? Or just like dig to the centre of the earth? Just get em out of the way I suppose. GO back to their swamp and sacrifice them to turn their infector powers to turn the dead swamp back into a mushroom plague forest.?

SPIES NEAR MIBOS DEAD!

Can know the consciousness of recently killed people

Sacrificed their own deaths/ability to die for power!

King can never ever not be a ghost! (See turn 3)

-
- Any new strengths they have
 - What kind of resources do they have access to
 - Their current location
 - (If needed) Any looming dangers.

@Ttlovepie

Race Name: Elves

Brief description: Tall, slender, ethereal humanoids. Pointy ears

Good difference from humans: Unaging and immortal

Bad difference from humans: Cannot reproduce and are ever dwindling in number

General vibe/culture: Sad, secretive, isolated and untrusting, but with a great passion for art, preservation and existing in a state of perpetual harmony with all things

Name: Oberon

Class: Elven King

2 x strengths:

- Wisdom of ages past
- Friend of beast and tree

Why are they important? The once and only king of the elves

Appearance: A slight, very fair and wistful man of 30 in the garb of a fey king

Where are they: In the pine towering forest of the elves

Prelude:

- Resources: Your entire elven kingdom
- Location: The elven forest.
- Dangers: Disease, magical not mundane, lingers in the swamp to the West.

This turn = One day long! Tell me ONE thing your character does

Turn 1 :

- Resources: Your entire elven kingdom and the pinecone of Thragglenor
- Location: The elven forest.
- Dangers: Disease, magical not mundane, lingers in the swamp to the West. A number of elves went missing yesterday.

This turn = TEN YEARS long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 2 :

You have beasts spying for you across the entire land, is there anything you would like to know?

The prophecy has taken root in the humans...the theft of the pinecone has been included into the prophecy as if it was always meant to happen...

- Resources: Your entire elven kingdom. A massive spy network of beasts.
- Location: The elven forest.
- Dangers: Disease, magical not mundane, lingers in the swamp to the West. An enormous demon stumbles through the swamp of the demon king!

This turn = TEN YEARS long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 3 :

You have beasts spying for you across the entire land, is there anything you would like to know?

Talk of the prophecy has been driven from the city proper but still exists in the farmlands of the city state.

The plague affecting the humans has not affected your people.

Animals are affected though...and you have uncovered some of the migo hives that are so affecting the humans in the north. These migo hives are mostly in the east, in dark caves, in heavy underbrush and the like...

- Resources: Your entire elven kingdom. A massive spy network of beasts.
- Location: The elven forest.
- Dangers: Disease, magical not mundane, lingers in the swamp to the West. An enormous demon stumbles through the swamp of the demon king!

This turn = ONE YEAR long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 4:

You have beasts spying for you across the entire land, is there anything you would like to know?

Kerry O'King has brought his mobile drinkeries to your land. Some elves have turned to drinking and the dirty life of the mercenary.

The chosen one has been picked. A brave, strong, smart, male teenager in the farmlands of the city states. Your elven spies watch over him.

You helped find a cure to the magic user killing plague!

- Resources: Your entire elven kingdom. A massive spy network of beasts.
- Location: The elven forest.
- Dangers: Disease, magical not mundane, lingers in the swamp to the West. Alcoholism is spreading amongst your people.

This turn = ONE YEAR long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 5:

You have beasts spying for you across the entire land, is there anything you would like to know?

The chosen one has appeared, and walks the land as the hero of the northern farmer folk. He has slain the giant of bone, and wields the sword of true death.

Abel has claimed the great floating pyramid of crystal. Your elves report that it thrums still with the anti corruption energy of the pinecone of Thragglenor. It also seems to thum with the energy that seems an anathema to the ghostly spirits of the realm and their magic. It also is evidently very flame and heat resistant...

The chosen one is on board the crystal pyramid, docked as it is at the top of the tower of the sorcerer. The sand sailor pirate JJ is encased in crystal on board the pyramid.

Some of your elves helped the archmage Abel in an investigation of the corruption of some of the trees of the land that appeared in the last year. It seems that a demon of corruption is roiling beneath the earth, corrupting it from below...

- Resources: Your entire elven kingdom. A massive spy network of beasts.
- Location: The elven forest.
- Dangers: Nil?

This turn = ONE MONTH long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Turn 6:

You have beasts spying for you across the entire land, is there anything you would like to know?

The chosen one has lead the humans to your forests! There is plenty of food for them and the 19'000 city folk who joined them on their pilgrimage...But...rumours and unrest is spreading through the new arrivals...

The chosen one was given new artifacts of power by Abel: armour of flame resistance and reflection, and a great bow of dragon slaying!

The ritual was a success!

A great worm of corruption was brought to the surface in the sea of sand and then this tower lengthed beast of foulness was converted into a bringer of true death under Abels control! The now white plump worm burns with black flame and seeks to devour undead!

You had a...moment...of...insanity? And...for some reason let JJ go...you seem to lose control of your senses for several hours...As if some great powerful artifact from the ancient past had...briefly warped your mind...you have reserved now but...JJ is gone!

- Resources: Your entire elven kingdom. A massive spy network of beasts. The mind of the chosen one, the hero! Who wields: The sword of true death, armour of flame resistance and reflection, and a great bow of dragon slaying!
- Location: The elven forest.
- Dangers: Unrest in the ungrateful humans.

This turn = ONE MONTH long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

PREPARE A RITUAL THAT IF NEEDED WILL SUMMON A DOME OF MAGICAL PROTECTION THAT WILL EXIST IN PERPETUITY TO PROTECT THE FOREST!

Sacrifices are gathered but only sacrificed if needed.

Sacrifices:

25% of the elves will allow the dome to remain in place for several catastrophic magic attacks (pretty much forever unless like, hundreds of magic nukes continually fall on it)

(12.5, 5% from 12.5% of the elves and 12.5% from 25% of the trees?)

Turn 7:

The ritual is ready! There was no need to trigger it this month, but it stays ready...

There was unrest in the forests, that was shortly put down.

The hero swears he had nothing to do with it.

You have in your custody the 50 mercenary elves who claim they were told you would give them great riches for bringing them human women and children. They seemed greatly intoxicated at the tie of their arrest.

You have 200 humans under arrest too...they don't seem like civilians...

- Resources: Your entire elven kingdom. A massive spy network of beasts. The mind of the chosen one, the hero! Who wields: The sword of true death, armour of flame resistance and reflection, and a great bow of dragon slaying! A ritual of protection ready for casting.
- Location: The elven forest.
- Dangers: Unrest in the ungrateful humans.

This turn = ONE WEEK long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does.

The pyramid, laden with battle mages, comes to the forest and picks up the Hero. Animal spies see if any of the key actors in the event of the world meet. If see the hero travels in the pyramid and assassinates them.

Turn 8:

A quarter of the trees of the forest have withered and died, sacrifices for the ritual. Another half of the forest burns - spreading from your palace compound outwards. 25% of the forest remains healthy.

The dome is in place. It protected against surges of flame from the approaching dragons and also from the tidal wave that swept over it. The dome was unable to protect against dragon burnings within the it.

The hero, the pyramid and 4000 battle mages are now in your command. They are stationed above the forest. The battle mages report they now longer have dreams of pacifism and are ready to fight!

The remaining ten dragons alive in the world have fled back to the cavelands...

You have beasts spying for you across the entire land, is there anything you would like to know?

You have received a gift! Delivered by sleds of quick melting glass! 50 huge spheres of glass...you know these to be the deadly implosion bombs of Goata the sand mage. They are deadly against dragons or any other living creature...

- Resources: Your entire elven kingdom. A massive spy network of beasts. The mind of the chosen one, the hero! Who wields: The sword of true death, armour of flame resistance and reflection, and a great bow of dragon slaying! 50 huge spheres of glass...you know these to be the deadly implosion bombs of Goata the sand mage
- Location: The elven forest.
- Dangers: Unrest in the ungrateful humans, half the forest is burning.

This turn = ONE WEEK long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does.

Hero unites those in the forest to put out the flames, helped by the battle mages - **Unites all those that live in the forest into a big cohesive unit. The forest stops burning!**

Turn 9:

The fires have stopped! A quarter of the forest is unburnt. One half has been burnt but will recover. Another quarter will be withered and dead and blackened forever.

Your palace is destroyed, as are much of the structures of the elves.

In saving the forest the hero has united the people that live in the forest. They are one cohesive group now and seek peaceful existence with the elves.

4000 battle mages remain in your command. They were most useful in putting out the fire - unsummoning much of the flames.

SOMETHING floats above the forest. A tower of living stone and tentacles. It emanates madness and corruption. Your dome of magical protection is keeping the corruption out of the forest...

You have beasts spying for you across the entire land, is there anything you would like to know?

- Resources: Your entire elven kingdom. A massive spy network of beasts. The mind of the chosen one, the hero! Who wields: The sword of true death, armour of flame resistance and reflection, and a great bow of dragon slaying! 50 huge spheres of glass...you know these to be the deadly implosion bombs of Goata the sand mage. The dome of magical protection
- Location: The elven forest.
- Dangers: The living tower of stone and tentacles that floats above you.

This turn = ONE DAY long! Tell me ONE thing your character does.

Uses collective spell casting of elves + battle mages to wrap the protection from spell dome around the floating living tower to neuter it / make it send its corruption/madness in on itself

+ Teleports sword of true death to the king of the ghosts

Turn 10:

The demon rod has been neutered! But the dome of protection no longer covers the forest!

Many thousands of mibo disease spawn besiege the forest! Their disease affects not the healths but does kill humans very quickly!

4000 battle mages remain in your command. They were most useful in putting out the fire - unsummoning much of the flames.

You have beasts spying for you across the entire land, is there anything you would like to know?

- Resources: Your entire elven kingdom. A massive spy network of beasts. The mind of the chosen one, the hero! Who wields: The sword of true death, armour of flame resistance and reflection, and a great bow of dragon slaying! 50 huge spheres of glass...you know these to be the deadly implosion bombs of Goata the sand mage. The dome of magical protection
- Location: The elven forest.
- Dangers: Mibos and their plagues.

This turn = ONE DAY long! Tell me ONE thing your character does.

Alright, gonna use Wisdom of the ages, my blood priests and the mages. To isolate the sick humans, and try to save as many as I can. Any that can't be saved I want sacrificed to save those who may be able to be saved by the blood priests. No humans will be allowed to go near the mibos or other sick humans. Gonna probably enforce a quarantine with the heroes help to be on the safe side

There are...49'900 elves in existence!

Minus 6'2000 from sacrifice , minus 700 from dragon and human attacks = 43 000

Number of people under the hero?

(OUTDATED NUMBERS - SEE TURN TEN UPDATE)

The elves hold no magical treasures in their palace!

- Any new strengths they have
- What kind of resources do they have access to
- Their current location
- (If needed) Any looming dangers.

@SageDaMage

Race Name: Aboleth

Brief description: Giant psionic squids

Good difference from humans: Aquatic and able to enslave other sentient beings with their minds

Bad difference from humans: Unable to breath outside of the water

General vibe/culture: Mind devouring interlopers from other realms

Name: Rauk of the Deep

Class: Elder Aboleth

2 x strengths:

- Enormous psionic power
- Infinite patience

Why are they important? They are a potentially catastrophe invader to this realm

Appearance: A strange shimmering giant squid

Where are they: Deep in the ocean, off the coast of the Fisher Village Coast

Prelude:

- Resources: Several fishing villages are under your sway.
- Location: The sea.
- Dangers: None.

This turn = One day long! Tell me ONE thing your character does

Turn 1 :

- Resources: Several fishing villages are under your sway. Thousands of citizens of the city state are pilgrimaging towards you after the dream you sent them.
- Location: The sea
- Dangers: None

This turn = TEN YEARS long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 2:

All your cultists were murdered! You have plotted underground waterways across the entire realm though! You can swim beneath the entire land mass, and surface at lakes and rivers, etc, any where.

- Resources: Your glorious self.
- Location: The sea/a flooded cavern beneath the earth.
- Dangers: None

This turn = TEN YEARS long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 3:

You have taken control of all of the city state's undead army!

You have turned the waterways of the land into magical conduits...this process seems to cause...disease to flow through the water ways too...

- Resources: Your glorious self. An army of 20'000 skeletons.
- Location: The sea/a flooded cavern beneath the earth.
- Dangers: None

This turn = ONE YEAR long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 4:

You have transfigured the army of skeletons into an enormous suit of bone that you can walk the land within!

You have prepared a circle of summoning/teleportation/dimensional weakening around the city!

- Resources: Your glorious self. A huge skeleton suit.
- Location: The sea/a flooded cavern beneath the earth.
- Dangers: None

This turn = ONE YEAR long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 5:

Your bone vehicle has been destroyed by some upstart human hero! It matters not as the ritual is complete and the city has melded with the dream realm. You now swim in the pink burning dream haze that the city has become able to summon forth any form or thing that your mind desires.

You swim freely in the pink burning haze that fills the city.

But know that the power that burns across the city can be harnessed by others that are not yourself...

- Resources: Your glorious self.
- Location: The dream burning pink city.
- Dangers: None

This turn = ONE MONTH long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Turn 6:

Your dream is spreading across the land!

An...attack? From the humans? The dome of madness, that glittering structure nearby your city exploded during the month and filled your dream burning city with...cystals...

Some towers fell, as did some buildings but now..the crystals are just floating all over the place.

Also...some one fell from the tower of the sorcerer into your dream. That great structure in the middle of the city that is untouched by your greatness. One individual climbed from that tower and entered your realm....

- Resources: Your glorious self.
- Location: The dream burning pink city.
- Dangers: None

This turn = ONE MONTH long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Turn 7:

Your dream is spreading across the land!

Something else has entered your city...

It searches and researches and watches. It is green and wears a crown.

You sent powerful dreams to the battle mages...they refused their master when he commanded them to march during the month!

Something too marches the streets, gathering power to many legged and eyed self...

- Resources: Your glorious self.
- Location: The dream burning pink city.
- Dangers: None

This turn = ONE WEEK long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Order: Dreams into being an organized and calm (unburning) quarter of the cit. A pocket of normal reality. The residents are 140 000 dead mutants who souls were captured here. They are brought back to life as their original selves are inhabit the civil law quarter of the city.

Turn 8:

Your dream is spreading across the land!

The thing above you...the living tower of stone. You recognise it as some great and powerful lord summoned from an outer realm, similar but different from your home dream realm....

The quarter of law is summoned! You have a perfect functioning city of 140 000 perfect humans living in perfect civil law harmony!

- Resources: Your glorious self.
- Location: The dream burning pink city.
- Dangers: The THING in the sky above you.

This turn = ONE WEEK long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

For the week I want to manifest a floating forcefield ceiling at the top of the dream flames, preventing anything other than what I will to go through. I do not will either tower through.

I want to contort the city to where I make a pyramid-sized hole in the ground for the pyramid to fit into and then cover up. While contorting reality, I will block the sky as I previously stated.

Turn 9:

Your dream is extinguished...

The pyramid brought with it a ritual, powered by many sacrificed artifacts of great power, a great dousing of your dream flame...

You feel your powers greatly stifled. Connection to the possibilities shut off. You are drowning in air...you are drying...your skin burns in the sun.

Your people, the humans you brought back from death and mutation to live in order gather around you. Many weep.

- Resources: Your dying self.
- Location: The quarter of law, within the forest of the ruined city.
- Dangers: You are choking on air, and drying out!

This turn = ONE DAYlong! Tell me ONE thing your character does

I want to sacrifice everything I can (not lives or anything, just myself) to send a wave of peace throughout the realm, a rippling calmness that will mentally prevent people from feeling ANY anger—making combat near impossible as any instinct telling you to fight is stifled. I will basically attempt to explode with this energy, and hope that it would last at least this one turn, but the extent of which my sacrifice influences the game is ultimately up to you.

Turn 10:

You breathed your last breath, and died, on this strange and foreign shore.

You sacrificed yourself to send a wave of love across the realm, some received it, others had protections against it.

The resurrected people of the quarter of law live on...you will be recalled fondly in their memories for ever more.

You are dead.

-
- Any new strengths they have
 - What kind of resources do they have access to
 - Their current location

- (If needed) Any looming dangers.

@Yuri

Name: Narghai

Class: Sorcerer

2 x strengths:

- Strategy and tactics in battle, politics and rulership
- Magical rituals and workings, particularly in necromancy

Why are they important? They control the city state through fear and their army of undead servants

Appearance: Tall and thin with burning sunken eyes in dark-coloured exotic dress

Where are they: The tower of the Sorcerer, in the city-state.

Prelude:

- Resources: Your undead army, enormous material wealth, your kingdom the city state.
- Location: Your tower.
- Dangers: Rumours of cults in the north, sand sailor raids taking food, disease spreading in the south of your farmlands.

This turn = One day long! Tell me ONE thing your character does

Turn 1 :

Your sand mages were kidnapped!

- Resources: Your undead army, enormous material wealth, your kingdom the city state.
- Location: Your tower.
- Dangers: Rumours of cults in the north, sand sailor raids taking food, disease spreading in the south of your farmlands. Confirmed plague spreading in the south. Many people seem to adore the publican Kerry O'King. Thousands of people got up this morning and are walking north towards the coast...

This turn = TEN YEARS long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 2 :

You were kidnapped! By the foul brigand JJ! You are onboard one of his fleet of sand sailing boats, bound, and held in the brig...you can feel your army of undead drawing towards you though - they will march forever for you....they are only a few days march away...

- Resources: Your undead army, otherwise you are kind of stuck...tied up as you are!
- Location: The brig of a sand sailing boat.
- Dangers: Disease has begun spreading in the city. Drunkenness is rife in the city. Dragons have begun raiding the land. A massive demon is rumoured to have appeared in the south. You are currently tied up on a ship against your will!

This turn = TEN YEARS long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 3 :

Your army never came...outside forces, seized control of it!

You have sacrificed two great things! Ten years of your life, and control of your city!

You may cast two very powerful spells fuelled by this sacrifice (alongside your two actions for the year!)

- Resources: You are kind of stuck...tied up as you are!
- Location: The brig of a sand sailing boat.
- Dangers: You are currently tied up on a ship against your will!

This turn = ONE YEAR long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 4:

You have escaped! A horde of huge desert rats ate through the hull of JJ's sand sailor and freed you! They have carried you off to a cave hidden somewhere in the sea of sand!

You have summoned and sent Zildrazax to the city! He has begun corrupting the minds and bodies of the people there. They are ripe for more foul mutations now!

- Resources: An army of giant desert rats.
- Location: A sandy, but hidden cave,
- Dangers: You are a bit hungry, but the rats let you eat them...

This turn = ONE YEAR long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 5:

You have slain all life in the desert (which mainly consists of small animals and shrubs).

You have used this sacrifice to raise an army of bestial skeletons and zombies! 5000 large skeletal and zombie rats, 5000 skeletal and zombie birds, 1000 young dragon skeletons, 20 adult dragon zombies!

The mutants of the city have all been burnt alive but...you feel Zildrazax closer than ever before...he is normally distant and in the stars but now...he feels palpable and present...just beneath the city...

And a large number of mutants still exist, in Goata's dome of madness...

- Resources: A zombie and skeletal army of beasts and dragons!
- Location: A sandy, but hidden cave,
- Dangers: You are a bit hungry, but the rats let you eat them...

This turn = ONE MONTH long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Turn 6:

You marched your army of bestial skeletons and zombies across the wastes to the dome of madness...only to watch it explode!

Al those within were surely slain as all that remained was a glittering crater...your person and your army is untouched though!

- Resources: A zombie and skeletal army of beasts and dragons!
- Location: The wastes of the sand mages.
- Dangers: You have made yourself and your horde known again!

This turn = ONE MONTH long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Turn 7:

YOU THRUM WITH POWER! YOU SACRIFICED THE MONTH TO MEDITATION AND ARE READY TO CAST A POWERFUL SPELL!

But again you have been clutched from the earth! A dragon seized you and brought you to the compound of Kerry O'King...you are in a dark wooden locked room now. Alone.

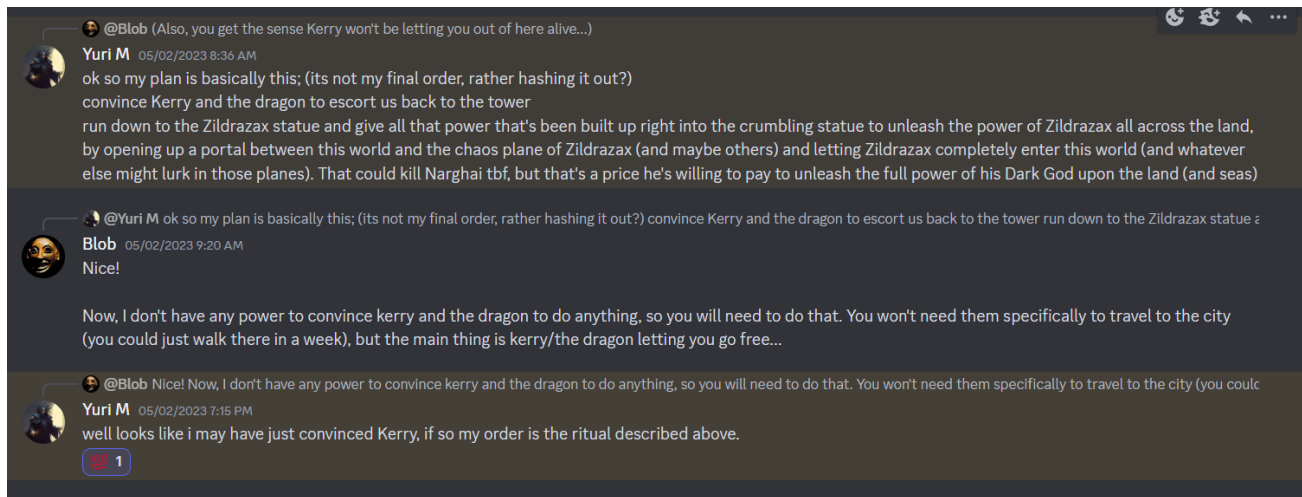
Your horde is some distance away but i still under your command!

- Resources: A zombie and skeletal army of beasts and dragons!
- Location: Locked up in Kerry O'Kings Compound.

- Dangers: You have made yourself and your horde known again!

This turn = ONE WEEK long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

**You let Kerry kill you, your spirit flies to the dream city to release Zildrazax onto this realm.
You tell Kerry that all treasure is in your tower.**



Narghai spends the month atop the mountain of the ancients in prayer/meditation/devotion to Zildrazax (essentially sacrificing this month for next month's action to be a big spell)

Turn 8:

You are dead...

You lived a good life. Summoned many undead, siezed control of a city, and did a good job running it truth be told. Yeah, you used skeletons as police, but it was a decent and safe place to live.

Recent events have ruined all that though.

After several hours of horrific and painful torture at the hands of Kerry O'King (in his skeleton form) and his goons, you died. You told them all the locations of your treasures in your tower.

Once dead, you were not too surprised to find yourself floating free in spiritual form. You took the opportunity fly across the burnt fields to the dream burning city, to the sewers, to your altar and private and secret ceremonial chambers.

You sensed summoning has become too easy..something about the dream burning city means that even the most mundane of humans could summon whatever their heart desired...but you...you well versed in summoning? You summoned a GOD!

And so...HE HAS COME!

1)The Last Week - Zildrazax slowly infects the lands and it denizens, it seems particularly spiteful towards the elves. the traitor Abel the Sand Mage is haunted by the ghost of Nargahi

2)Last Two Days - Zildrazax attacks the Crystal Pyramid!

For REASONS Zildrazax's flying speed has been defined so yeah it will take a bit to get there...

But he can spread corruption as he goes

HOME PROTECTS FROM DIRECT CORRUPTION BUT NOT MIND CORRUPTION!

Zildrazax

Obscenity of Impossible Space

Major Traits of Appearance: Floating, Talons, Countless Limbs

Location of some form of physical manifestation: A crumbling stone statue deep beneath Narghai's tower.

Effect on Area: Humans and animals begin to become deformed, taking on the traits of the creature and slowly losing their minds.

Turn 9:

Zildrazax, you have traveled above the forest of the elves...a great dome of power protects those below from your glorious corruption...do you change your course of action?! Or linger here, corrupting all those who dare leave their reprehensible dome?

Can Zildrazak use their chaos god power to burrow through the dome?

Yes!

Turn 10:

The elves of the forest sacrificed their protective dome to wrap it around you. It has neutered you and held you in place like some horrible monolith of radioactive corruptive power...waiting to be unleashed when the barrier fails or some fool pulls it apart!

The end, for you.

robo narghai marching there and kneeling down in eternal worship untill the second coming

THE TALE OF NARGHAI:

A young sand mage, obsessed with the ruins of the mountains...

By studying ghosts he learns how to trap unlife within flesh and bone, he brings necromancy to the land.

He grows in power, through the manipulation of spirits and bones and dead bodies.

He becomes ruler of the city for decades, ruling with an army of skeletons.

He searches the outer possibilities through much mediation and ritual, and comes to worship beings of power in the deep . He forms a connection with one such being, Zildrazax...

Recently:

In the middle of the night he was kidnapped from his very own tower! His mouth fused shut with glass! Kidnapped by the pirate lord JJ an an entourage of sand mages!

He refused to work with JJ and spent many years trapped in the brig of a sand sailor! Eventually he summoned an army of giant rat skeletons/zombies and escaped to a cave in the sea of sand!

He spent time in the cave alone, willing forth a power from the deep possibilities...Zildrazax came forth from the deep void, allowed much closer with the portal of dream fire filling the city. Zildrazax now began to corrupt the city from beneath its streets, causing screaming, and talons, and long limbs of too many number.

He spent time in the cave alone, summoning a great horde of undead beasts.

He marched to the dome of madness, attempting to join with the mutants there - but it was destroyed.

He spent a month meditating in the foothills of the mountain he loved so much as a boy but...was attacked by his old friend Abel the archmage! He witnessed the destruction of the worm of true death! In rage he ordered his horde to kill his old friend BUT...Lord Pyrios snatched him up!

He was held in a dark room in Kerry O'Kings compound. Tortured. And then killed. He told Kerry the location of all of his treasures in the tower.

When he died he floated beneath the city briefly, and communed with his altar there. He summoned Zildrazax fully into this world ...and then turned into a ghost

- Any new strengths they have
- What kind of resources do they have access to
- Their current location
- (If needed) Any looming dangers.

@Xenio

Name: The Archmage Abel

Class: Warmage

2 x strengths:

- Battle tactics/leadership and martial prowess
- Arcane lore and the casting of battle spells

Why are they important? Commander of the city state's battle mage army

Appearance: Antiquated formal clothing, dark skin, military haircut, unkempt beard

Where are they: The city state's barracks

Prelude:

- Resources: Large material wealth, command of your army.
- Location: Your barracks

- Dangers: Rumours of cults in the north, sand sailor raids taking food, disease spreading in the south of your farmlands.

This turn = One day long! Tell me ONE thing your character does

Turn 1 :

The rumours of disease in the south are real and confirmed!

- Resources: Large material wealth, command of your army.
- Location: Your barracks
- Dangers: Rumours of cults in the north, sand sailor raids taking food, disease spreading in the south of your farmlands. Confirmed plague spreading in the south. Many people seem to adore the publican Kerry O'King. Thousands of people got up this morning and are walking north towards the coast...

This turn = TEN YEARS long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 2 :

You have cleansed the south of piracy and disease but...disease has begun to sprout in the city proper! Also, your lord, the leader of the city, Narghai, is missing! His undead is fleeing the city south...

- Resources: Large material wealth, command of your army.
- Location: Your barracks
- Dangers: Disease sprouting in the city. Widespread drunkenness in the city. The undead army that generally keeps law and order in the city appears to be fleeing south.

This turn = TEN YEARS long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 3 :

This disease...it seems to be most deadly for magical users. Your strongest battle mages succumbed the fastest to this blight!

Though briefly had control of the city its all gone...wrong. You have imbued with tower with as much magical cleansing as possible. So far no infection has made its way in...outside though...its chaos.

- Resources: Large material wealth, command of your army of 4000 battle mages.
- Location: Quarantined in the tower of the sorcerer
- Dangers: A being of great power has seized control of the undead army. A disease targeting those with magical powers is rampaging across the land. You are quarantined in the tower,

unable to leave for fear of being killed swiftly by disease. Kerry O'King rules over the city now plagued by chaos.

This turn = ONE YEAR long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does!

Turn 4 :

FREEDOM! You and the elves have found a cure for the disease. Simply flood a sacrificial animal with magic, and transfer the disease to them!

The city was safe and stable for a few weeks...but appears to be flooded with madness and mutation now...

- Resources: Large material wealth, command of your army of 4000 battle mages. A delegation of elves. A cure for the magic user killing disease.
- Location: In the tower of the sorcerer
- Dangers: Mutation, madness and reports of an enormous skeleton at the outskirts of the city..

This turn = ONE YEAR long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does!

Turn 5 :

You have claimed the great floating pyramid of crystal! it thrums still with the anti corruption energy of the pinecone of Thragglenor. It also seems to thum with the energy that seems an anathema to the ghostly spirits of the realm and their magic. It also is evidently very flame and heat resistant...

The chosen one is on board the crystal pyramid, docked as it is at the top of the tower of the sorcerer. The sand sailor pirate JJ is encased in crystal on board the pyramid.

Assisted by the elves, your investigation of the corruption of some of the trees of the land that appeared in the last year reveals that a demon of corruption is roiling beneath the earth, corrupting it from below...

Unfortunately, save for your tower, the city is lost. It burns with never ending pink flames that seem ripe with magical energy. A great force swims through the flames. You sense an even greater force beneath the city, emanating corruptive power.

Though the pink flames are horrific, you can sense they are ripe with magical power, the power of possibilities and dreams...

- Resources: Large material wealth, command of your army of 4000 battle mages. A delegation of elves. A cure for the magic user killing disease.
- Location: In the tower of the sorcerer
- Dangers: Your city burns with pink dream flames. All productive farmlands outside the city have been destroyed

Turn 6 :

The ritual was a success!

A great worm of corruption was brought to the surface in the sea of sand and then this tower lengthed beast of foulness was converted into a bringer of true death under YOUR control! The now white plump worm burns with black flame and seeks to devour undead!

- Resources: Large material wealth, command of your army of 4000 battle mages. A delegation of elves. A cure for the magic user killing disease. An enormous undead destroying worm demon thing!
- Location: In the tower of the sorcerer/in the floating crystal.
- Dangers: Your city burns with pink dream flames. All productive farmlands outside the city have been destroyed.

This turn = ONE MONTH long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Turn 7 :

A most foul month!

Something has invaded the minds of your battle mages! They REFUSED to march to battle! They claim the city sends them messages in the night and that now is the time for peace! What is this nonsense?!

The great worm of true death was...destroyed ...by...Kerry O'King?

You were able to flee the undead horde only because the great dragon Lord Pyrio suddenly appeared to seize Narghai and take him to the compound of Kerry O'King!

The 100 men you picked up from Kerry O'king compound were useless, incompetent drunks. They achieved nothing, other than moaning about the lack of alcohol. They have been restrained in a

section of the pyramid but have done absolutely no work and have only been a useless drain on your dwindling food supplies!

- Resources: Large material wealth, command of your army of 4000 battle mages. A delegation of elves. A cure for the magic user killing disease. An enormous undead destroying worm demon thing!
- Location: In the tower of the sorcerer/in the floating crystal.
- Dangers: Your city burns with pink dream flames. All productive farmlands outside the city have been destroyed. Your battle mages are refusing any of your orders that involve conflict!

This turn = ONE Week long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Release the pyramid and the battle mages to the elves, AFTER the battle mages imbue you with power to protect the tower + sacrifice ALL artifacts within the tower to make it into a giant magical bomb trap!

Order: Have the battlemages lay fortification spells and channel their magical energy into me, also collect all the remaining artifacts and magical paraphernalia on the tower that can be used as magical fuel.

With all that energy, I'll prepare a trap for when Narghai and the Dragons come to the tower, the intent is to create a massive explosion of raw arcane energy to obliterate them.

I hope to come out alive, but if it comes to it, I don't care if my sacrifice is the price to pay.

Turn 8 :

No one entered the tower!

The pyramid and the battle mages have been put into the command of the king of the elves!

You have been utterly strengthened defensively by your battle mages.

All artifacts in the tower have been sacrificed.

The Tower is now the equivalent of a magical nuclear bomb. It can be launched a short distance.

In your current empowered state, you will be able to survive the blast (but then the protection will fade).

- Resources: Large material wealth, command of your army of 4000 battle mages (TEMPORARILY IN THE COMMAND OF THE KING OF THE ELVES) .A cure for the magic user killing disease. An enormous undead destroying worm demon thing!
- Location: In the tower of the sorcerer/in the floating crystal.
- Dangers: Your city burns with pink dream flames. All productive farmlands outside the city have been destroyed.

This turn = ONE Week long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

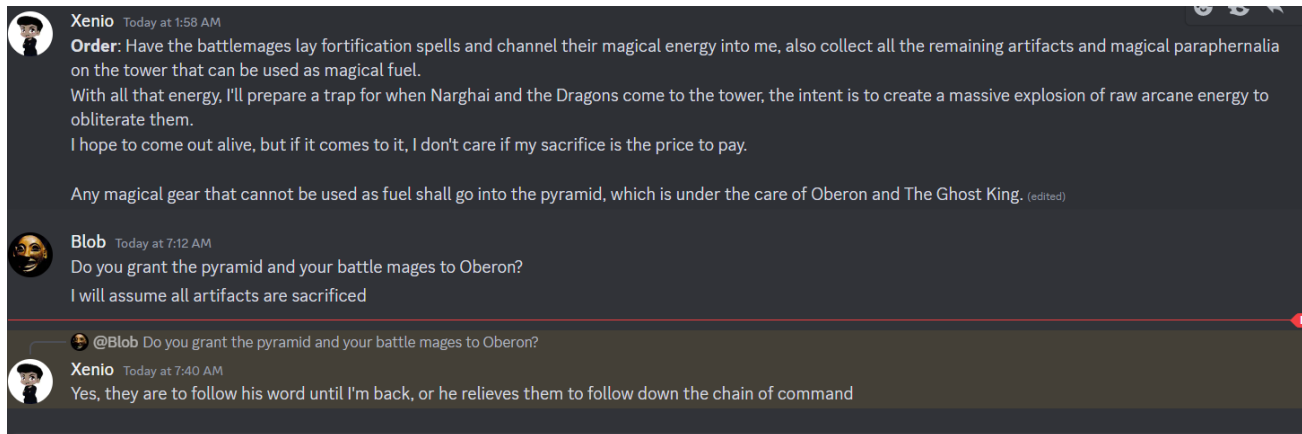
Order: Move to the pyramid and conduct the city cleansing ritual Oberon has prepared

Abel will pilot the pyramid, with you pre-preparing the ritual with one Elf on board....

The ritual will: Cleanse all corruption from the city. Cleanse all ghosts and undead from the city. Stop all burning. Grow many trees.

PLEASE CONFIRM!

(This is not your order just confirming the ritual)



Abel will pilot the pyramid, with you pre-preparing the ritual with one Elf on board....

The ritual will: Cleanse all corruption from the city. Cleanse all ghosts and undead from the city. Stop all burning. Grow many trees.

Oh and you said it'd clear up insanity and help the de-mutant the mutants

Turn 9 :

YOU WERE CRUSHED INTO NOTHINGNESS! TURNED INTO AN ANTI CUBE OF MASS!

That spider wielded magic you have never before encountered. Never heard of, never even CONCEIVED OF! Magic not of this realm...

You were flung from the pyramid..taken totally unaware...you were thrown into the debris of the city and remained an anti cube for some time...

When you awoke...you feel the protective magic your battle mages cast on you faded...your form was itself again though...

But the city was ruined...no longer burning with flame...no ruined and aged and filled with a forest.

Narghai's tower still stands though...and you have walked there...to be alone and in peace.

The Tower is now the equivalent of a magical nuclear bomb. It can be launched a short distance.

- Resources: Large material wealth, command of your army of 4000 battle mages (TEMPORARILY IN THE COMMAND OF THE KING OF THE ELVES) .A cure for the magic user killing disease. The tower of narghai is a magical nuclear missile. You are somewhat enriched with protective magic.
- Location: In the tower of the sorcerer
- Dangers: None?

This turn = ONE Week long! Tell me ONE thing your character does

ORDER: Blow up the dragons, all of them if possible, but I'll go for the most I can catch. I'll try to do it in a way that takes fewer non-dragon lives, but I'll accept the collateral cost of getting it done.

Except Kerry 2, I hope he dies in the explosion.

Since I have little expectations of surviving, I'll tell the battlemages that if they don't manage to recover me in a day, they're free to continue down the hierarchy and name the next commander, but are to keep assisting Oberon for the next couple of months.

Turn 10:

Before the wave of love flooded the realm, you conducted the ritual and launched the tower.

It annihilated you, and all living beings in and around kerry's compound.

You were filled with loving joy from the love wave of the dying aboleth the entire day, it was the happiest you have ever been!

You are responsible for the extinction of the dragons...well done!

The end, for you.

BATTLE MAGES:

Now is a good time to define what a battle mage is
[10:34 AM]

I was imagining fire, ice, electricity and metal magic

[10:34 AM]

Jack of many trades but not experts in any of those

Xenio — Today at 10:35 AM

Pretty much that! And also trading some magical expertise for physical prowess. Basically both spell and blade in battle

Blob — Today at 10:42 AM

Nice

[10:42 AM]

Was thinking like, they throw spears filled with electricity/wield swords of flame

[10:42 AM]

But they also work out a lot

[10:42 AM]

Nice

- Any new strengths they have
- What kind of resources do they have access to
- Their current location
- (If needed) Any looming dangers.

@Altchester

Name: JJ

Class: Pirate

2 x strengths:

- Trickery
- Sand sailing

Why are they important? Their raiding is causing a strain on the resources of the city state

Appearance: Currently unknown, most likely the sea of sand of the wastes of the sand mages

Where are they: A young and dashing criminal. Bedecked in stolen jewellery and draped in stolen finery.

Prelude:

- Resources: Your small fleet of sand sailors, an impressive horde of stolen loot, your good looks and charm.
- Location: Up to you.
- Dangers: You are a wanted criminal.

This turn = One day long! Tell me ONE thing your character does

Turn 1 :

You kidnapped the sorcerer king's ten sand mages! But it isn't really kidnapping as they just really like you actually.

- Resources: Your small fleet of sand sailors, an impressive horde of stolen loot, your good looks and charm. Ten sand mages loyal to you!
- Location: Up to you.
- Dangers: You are a wanted criminal.

Turn 2 :

You kidnapped the sorcerer king Narghai! He is bound on board one of your sand sailing vessels! Unfortunately his army of 20'000 skeletons appear to be marching towards you!

- Resources: Your small fleet of sand sailors (somewhat reduced after the last decade due to attacks from the arch mage Abel), an impressive horde of stolen loot, your good looks and charm. Ten sand mages loyal to you!
- Location: The sea of sand.
- Dangers: You are a wanted criminal, 20'000 skeletons are marching towards you.

This turn = TEN YEARS long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 3 :

That damn Narghai refuses to work with you! His army never came though, so you still have him locked up!

A boon of a decade! The dragons led you straight into the ruins of the ancients where you swiped: An amulet that gives the bearer eternal youth and immortality, so long as they wear it! You haven't aged a day!

Also, you scouted out the dragons' caves, and when they flew east you struck! You scored:

A sceptre that grants domination over someone struck by its gem-encrusted head.

The pinecone of Thragglenor - glory of the elves! This little beauty will suck all the corruption out of an area and turn it into a forest!

The Orb of Anti Ghost! An orb that causes ghosts and their magic to dissolve in its presence!

A most profitable decade!

- Resources: Your small fleet of sand sailors, an impressive horde of stolen loot, your good looks and charm. Ten sand mages loyal to you!
- Location: The sea of sand.
- Dangers: You are a wanted criminal, there seems to be a plague killing quite a few people in the city-state...

This turn = ONE YEAR long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 4 :

Drat! That damn Narghai has escaped! You awoke to find a hole gnawed through your sand sailor, and the sorcerer escaping on the top of a horde of giant desert rats!

No matter! The sand mages have formed your floating pyramid of crystal! It takes a single sand mage quite a lot of effort to move it through the air though, but with a team of ten, tightly managed, you can easily move through the skies of the land!

The orb of anti ghost has been sacrificed into the pyramid, making it unable to be penetrated by ghosts and ghost magic. The pinecone of Thragglenor too has been sacrificed to the pyramid, ensuring demons and corruption can also not enter your pyramid! A most impressive chariot!

- Resources: Your small fleet of sand sailors, an impressive horde of stolen loot, your good looks and charm. Ten sand mages loyal to you! The floating Pyramid of JJ, protected against ghosts, ghost magic, demons and corruption! The sceptre of mind control and the amulet of immortality!
- Location: The sea of sand.
- Dangers: You are a wanted criminal.

This turn = ONE YEAR long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 5 :

Betrayal! You have been overcome! An ambush has lead to your pyramid crew being slaughtered, and you being captured and encased in crystal!

You are being held, encased in crystal, on board your pyramid of crystal! Elves and battlemages patrol the crystal pyramid now!

You stashed your horde of treasure in a non-molten part of the ruins under the now volcano of the ancients!

You have either stowed the scepter of mind control and amulet of immortality in their too, or you wear them on your person - it is up to you! Let me know which!

- Resources: Your small fleet of sand sailors, an impressive horde of stolen loot, your good looks and charm. The sceptre of mind control and the amulet of immortality!
- Location: The pyramid of crystal.
- Dangers: You are captured and are encased in crystal!

This turn = ONE MONTH long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Turn 6 :

Freedom! Again!

You have left behind your crystal jail and entered...a dream world.

The city burns with endless dream flame that give you the impression that anything is possible. All twinkles with crystals of rainbow.

You float, walk, crawl, through the streets slowly and are witness to..changes within your body...you now have...Six arms...that are...too long and...your mouth has...grown..and has filled with too many teeth but now...you can creep more easily along the strange surfaces of the warped dreaming city...perhaps there is another leg you have now too? A leg with a hand? Its hard to tell, things are...flexible here.

Something of immense power floats in the sky above you and something more distant but maybe even more powerful thrums beneath the streets, in the sewers that connect to the outer reaches of the universe...

You could stay here...and summon all that you desired...but it would change you further...or could flee...

- Resources: Your small fleet of sand sailors, an impressive horde of stolen loot. The scepter of mind control and the amulet of immortality!

- Location: The sea of sand.
- Dangers: Your form has been severely warped and shall be warping more so the longer you spend here!

This turn = ONE MONTH long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Turn 7 :

Haroldus! Your form swells! You have become massive...and have many eyes..and your form gleams with metal and crystals!

Something else has entered the city...

It searches and researches and watches. It is green and wears a crown.

You have 2000 followers now...WHAT ARE THEY?! They can be anything that you desire...

- Resources: Your small fleet of sand sailors, an impressive horde of stolen loot. The scepter of mind control and the amulet of immortality!
- Location: The sea of sand.
- Dangers: Your form has been severely warped and shall be warping more so the longer you spend here!

This turn = ONE Week long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Invent a new school of magic: Graviturgy. The twisted manipulation of gravity and mass.

This turn Haroldus instructs his crew to become more twisted and gain followers to the crusade against man; he then goes into meditation, dreaming of a dream that dreams a twisted magyck so heinous and reality altering graviturgy.

Turn 8 :

Haroldus! You have invented...Graviturgy! Magical command of mass and gravity. As the schools progenitor you are very skilled in it...

- Resources: 2000 dream summoned Followers! Your small fleet of sand sailors, an impressive horde of stolen loot. The scepter of mind control and the amulet of immortality!
- Location: The sea of sand.
- Dangers: Your form has been severely warped and shall be warping more so the longer you spend here!

This turn = ONE Week long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

NOW CALLED HAROLDUS and is a Giant Gem/Crystal/Gold encrusted pink melting spider!

2000 followers =

The followers are terrible amalgamations of their own nightmares, some represent arachnophobia, hydrophobia, claustrophobia. Some are serial killers or murderers, policemen or judges. Haroldus encourages this raising to rank those who perform dark and terrible magycks of new creation.

Turn 9:

You entered the pyramid...but in the slaughtering of those who were aboard (sand mages and a single elf) you did not realise that a great ritual was taking place...a ritual of cleansing...You and your summoned army of nightmares became fodder for that ritual, unwitting sacrifices.

As you murdered with glee, the pyramid sunk beneath the ground, then was coated with stone. Devoured by the streets.

By this time, as you attempted to steer the great pyramid, your creation, away from the city you found yourself held in place...And then the pain began.

Your form was slowly ripped apart, devoured by the spell it had become an unwitting sacrifice too...all of your essence, and the essence of your powerful rituals were consumed and powered the great ritual of cleansing the doused the dream flames of the city...

You are dead...

BUT...several hundred of your summoned nightmares fled the city...and still exist in the realm..Would you like to tell me what they do for the next two days?

Turn 10:

Your nightmares were unable to enter where the city once stood! They attempted to summon Haroldus regardless and were unable to find him in the possibilities!

Do they do anything of note on this final day?

They will charge south and try to create a village somewhere, collect resources for another day

- Any new strengths they have
- What kind of resources do they have access to
- Their current location
- (If needed) Any looming dangers.

James:

Name: Goata Hardly (Human)

Class: Sand Mage

2 x strengths:

- Animal handling, empathy and communication
- Very Charismatic

Why are they important? Works with many farmers across the farmlands of the city state to ensure healthy harvests

Appearance: Wasteland robes and attire

Where are they: On the border of the city state's farmlands and the wastes of the sand mages

Prelude:

- Resources: A decent supply of food and gold.

- Location: The southern farmlands of the city state.
- Dangers: Disease is spreading and rumours of madness to the north.

This turn = One day long! Tell me ONE thing your character does

Turn 1 :

Your ritual was a success! It kept at bay the dreams that plagued many in the north!

- Resources: A decent supply of food and gold. A mind of steel! Many around you also have a mind of steel!
- Location: The southern farmlands of the city state.
- Dangers: Disease is spreading and rumours of madness to the north. JJ The sand sailor pirate kidnapped ten of your order!

This turn = TEN YEARS long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 2 :

You created the mountain of glass! And a great focusing crystal of diamond that can use the sun's rays to create a burning laser! Unfortunately the dragon, Lord Pyrois stole the diamond! The mountain of glass is useless! Also, the dragon stole your 8 stones of "other sight"! Foul lizard beast!

- Resources: A decent supply of gold. A mind of steel! Many around you also have a mind of steel!
- Location: The southern farmlands of the city state.
- Dangers: None?

This turn = TEN YEARS long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 3 :

Fool dragon fell for your trap! You are a hero in the wastes!

Your great mountain of glass has pressurised, its burning core ready to pop!

- Resources: A decent supply of gold. A mind of steel! Many around you also have a mind of steel! A healthy supply of shard implosion bombs.
- Location: The southern farmlands of the city state.
- Dangers: A plague that kills magic users instantly haunts the land!

This turn = ONE YEAR long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 4 :

Your great dome has been created! The trebuchets are in place, and hidden by mirage magic! You have sent 25 implosive orbs to Kerry O'King!

- Resources: A decent supply of gold. A mind of steel! Many around you also have a mind of steel! A healthy supply of shard implosion bombs. A mound. A dome!
- Location: The southern farmlands of the city state.
- Dangers: None?

This turn = ONE YEAR long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 5 :

Your dome has filled with a great mass of foul mutants!

You created a ship of glass and are sailing the seas. They are MANY dead fish and the seas stink...

- Resources: A decent supply of gold. A mind of steel! Many around you also have a mind of steel! A healthy supply of shard implosion bombs. A mound. A dome. A glass ship!
- Location: The dark hungry sea.
- Dangers: None?

This turn = ONE MONTH long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Turn 6 :

Your dome has exploded! Killing all those within (75'000 mutants) and sending chunks of crystal to destroy the city...except...the city doesn't seem to follow the normal rules of reality any more and the impact was...small?

You created a ship of glass and are sailing the seas. They are MANY dead fish and the seas stink...

- Resources: A decent supply of gold. A mind of steel! Many around you also have a mind of steel! A healthy supply of shard implosion bombs. A glass ship!
- Location: The dark hungry sea.

- Dangers: None?

This turn = ONE MONTH long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Turn 7 :

Your trusty ship of crystal...HAS BEEN DESTROYED...BY YOU!

But, you have plumbed from the depths of the hungry sea...The Wand of Water...it can summon many torrents of liquid!

You are brought back ashore by a wave of sand...you are back on dry land...you see the dark elven forest ahead of you!

- Resources: A decent supply of gold. A mind of steel! Many around you also have a mind of steel! A supply of **50** shard implosion bombs. The Wand of Water.
- Location: The shore of the hungry sea to the south of the elven forest
- Dangers: None?

This turn = ONE WEEK long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

export shiney explosives to elves ... say half

1

[9:21 PM]

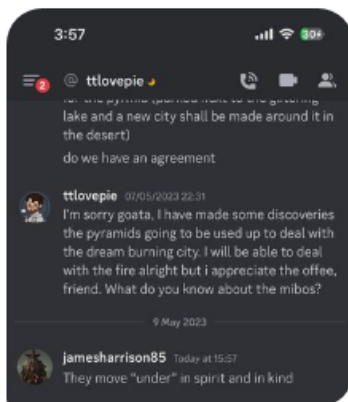
use wand of water to flood through the forest and surf me across the sky distributing great volumes of water into the fiery cavum that is the mountain in the centre of the map (extinguishing flames and letting the minerals flow to the farm land)- land in the shard crater filling it with water

Turn 8 :

You rode a giant wave to the crater and gave fifty implosion bombs to the elves!

- Resources: A decent supply of gold. A mind of steel! Many around you also have a mind of steel! A supply of **50** shard implosion bombs. The Wand of Water.
- Location: Your glittering lake.
- Dangers: None?

This turn = ONE WEEK long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does



My turn is, I put this sign up and build an underwater dwelling - nothing fancy just a bit of sand magic -sacrificing my right leg, and using the water wand to keep the water at bay- I sacrifice my right leg for a lake teeming with fish and coral - my right ear lobe to summon trees to skirt the lake and a wharf with fishing pole and bench

Turn 9 :

You have made a glorious lake side retreat. It is filled with fish of the sea and surrounded by glittering trees of glass and crystal!

You removed your leg to power this ritual...but summoned a synthetic leg of crystal! So you may still walk.

Your people are threatened...a foul diseased sludge is swarming and flooding around the spread out of settlements of the sand mages!

- Resources: A decent supply of gold. A mind of steel! Many around you also have a mind of steel! A supply of **50** shard implosion bombs. The Wand of Water.
- Location: Your glittering lake.
- Dangers: None?

This turn = ONE WEEK long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

You can sit on a log, then summon a pool of water. Then sit on the log in the pool, then float there...but...it will TAKE A DAY!

TRAVELS TO THE ELVEN FOREST!

Threatened by mibo sludge!

Turn 10 :

You have arrived at the forest of the elves!

The forests protective dome is gone!

All within are besieged by mibo swarms!

Your people are threatened...foul diseased mibos are swarming the settlements of the sand mages!

- Resources: A decent supply of gold. A mind of steel! Many around you also have a mind of steel! A supply of **50** shard implosion bombs. The Wand of Water.

- Location: The elven forest.
- Dangers: None?

This turn = ONE WEEK long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Make the sea surge in and wash away the filth from this forrest land - I will self sacrifice in efforts to wash all that moves into the sea

-
- Any new strengths they have
 - What kind of resources do they have access to
 - Their current location
 - (If needed) Any looming dangers.

Kristian:

Name: Kerry O'King

Class: Publican

2 x strengths:

- Trade in gossip and rumour
- Business acumen

Why are they important? Has blackmail fodder for many important individuals in the city state

Appearance: A red headed bowl cut bumpkin

Where are they: His tavern in the city state, "O'Kings"

Prelude:

- Resources: A decent amount of material wealth, a horde of rumours, the love and respect of many adventuring types.
- Location: Your tavern.
- Dangers: Disease is spreading in the south, madness and cult worship to the north.

This turn = One day long! Tell me ONE thing your character does

Turn 1 :

- Resources: A decent amount of material wealth, a horde of rumours, the love and respect of many adventuring types. You also have the adoration of much of the general public of the city state!
- Location: Your tavern.
- Dangers: Disease is spreading in the south, madness and cult worship to the north

This turn = TEN YEARS long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 2 :

Your wildest business dreams have come true! You own all drinkeries in the city and business is good! Wide spread drunkenry is rife in the city! You keep hearing about this damn prophecy of the pinecone and the elven god emperor...whats all that then?

- Resources: An enormous amount of wealth, a horde of rumours, the love and respect of many adventuring types. You also have the adoration of much of the general public of the city state!
- Location: Your first tavern.
- Dangers: Disease is spreading in the city...

This turn = TEN YEARS long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 3 :

The guild was a great success! The city is yours! The sorcerer narghai never returned and Able is terrified of this magic user killing plague. The elves are gone, the sand mages are gone, its just you!

The city burns most nights, all part of the hunt though - can't be too careful and drunken revelry is widespread. Once all the migo hives were burnt out across the city the disease pretty much stopped spreading...you've done it! You've won!

- Resources: An enormous amount of wealth, a horde of rumours, the love and respect of many adventuring types. The love and respect of the common people for defeating the plague. Command of 5000 mercenaries.
- Location: Your first tavern.
- Dangers: Nothing really, surely?

This turn = ONE YEAR long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 4 :

A cure has been found, and your empire has spread! Defences to the north have been prepared, but the skeletons have disappeared! Madness and mutation seem to be erupting across the city!

You received 25 shard implosion bombs from Goata Hardly!

On the day of mortality about 500 of your mercenaries just died! Their spirits turned to green mists and floated to the mountain of the ancients!

- Resources: An enormous amount of wealth, a horde of rumours, the love and respect of many adventuring types. The love and respect of the common people for defeating the plague. Command of 4500 mercenaries, 25 shard imposition bombs from Goata Hardly! 50 elven mercenaries.
- Location: Your first tavern.
- Dangers: Nothing really, surely? 500 of your men just dropped dead suddenly during the year though...

This turn = ONE YEAR long! Tell me TWO BIG things your character does

Turn 5 :

Your army, and 20 000 city state citizens have joined you in your compound.

Unfortunately all of the farmlands you purchased have been burnt to waste by Lord Pyrios!

It seems you have killed all of the mutants within the city but...the city burns with pink dream fire...

- Resources: A horde of rumours, the love and respect of many adventuring types. The love and respect of the common people for defeating the plague. Command of 5000 mercenaries, 25 shard imposition bombs from Goata Hardly! 50 elven mercenaries. 20 000 people live in your compound
- Location: Your compound.
- Dangers: Starvation looms.

This turn = ONE MONTH long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Turn 6 :

You, 1000 citizens of the city state, and 4500 remain in your compound...there is enough potatoes and scavenged grain for you to survive a little longer yet.

You have not left your private chambers for many weeks now as...you awoke one day to find that you are a skeleton.

First you saw your bony hand, and then, looking in the mirror, your entire body is that of a skeleton.

You are a SKELETON.

You have not let any one witness your new form as yet.

- Resources: A horde of rumours, the love and respect of many adventuring types. The love and respect of the common people for defeating the plague. Command of 5000 mercenaries, 25 shard imposition bombs from Goata Hardly! 50 elven mercenaries.
- Location:Your compound.
- Dangers: Starvation looms stil. You are an animated skeleton.

This turn = ONE MONTH long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Turn 7 :

You have been delivered the dread sorcerer narghai...he THRUMS with energy...

31 dragons are prowling around the outside of your compound...

Reports indicate that unrest is spreading well in the elven lands...Though 200 of your mercenaries and the 50 elven mercenaries were all captured by the elven royal guard.

- Resources: A horde of rumours, the love and respect of many adventuring types. The love and respect of the common people for defeating the plague. Command of 4500 mercenaries, 25 shard imposition bombs from Goata Hardly! 50 elven mercenaries (currently captured).
- Location:Your compound.
- Dangers: Starvation looms Still . You are an animated skeleton.

This turn = ONE WEEK long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Torture Narghai until he reveals the locaton of his treasure horde. Then kill him.

Sends some gold to dragons. HAS NO GOLD LEFT!

39'000 humans in the elven forests!

Turn 8 :

You tortured and killed narghai!

You noticed a yellow mist leave his corpse at time of death!

He revealed the locations of all of his treasures within his tower!

- Resources: A horde of rumours, the love and respect of many adventuring types. The love and respect of the common people for defeating the plague. Command of 4500 mercenaries, 25 shard imposition bombs from Goata Hardly!
- Location:Your compound.
- Dangers: Starvation looms Still . You are an animated skeleton.

This turn = ONE WEEK long! Tell me ONE BIG thing your character does

Tldr: no longer human, kerry reveals himself and hands control to the people through establishing soviet style Goverment that seeks to destroy magic in all forms. **MIBO KERRY APPEARS AND SAYS THIS IS IS ALL GOOD BY SKELO KERRY NEEDS KILLING!**

Kerry establishes the People's republic, a soviet style government to manage the farmlands for perpetuity on behalf of the people. adventurers guild to become its military force, with the goal to acquire more land by destroyong the magical and monstrous threats to free people to join the peoples republic. He uses his business acumen to write thr constitution

ORDER GREATLY HELPED BY SPREADING DREAM FIRE!

Turn 9:

You made a great speech, and united your people, and made a dream of a new way of life for them...but then, just as you were to step out of your dark tent...YOU, flew from the sky..and YOU told your people that you were an assassin sent by narghai!

They ripped you limb from limb...you are dead...

BUT:



Trent B Today at 10:34 AM

I will grant GHOST KERRY one of my robots to use for the remainder of the game.



Blob Today at 10:34 AM

True..thats v interesting...



Trent B Today at 10:34 AM

And the required crew to operate it.

If not, ill use my robot strength to build a new albiet primitive kerry pubtruck. Even in death one must serve

Turn 10:

As a humanoid of stone, you made a cart of stone on the mountain.You watched as your compound and it farmlands, and your people, and your dream of a better future, were all destroyed in an enormous orb of destructive magical energy.

What do you do today?

I become the mibos #1 (and only) hospitality venue, serving food and drink to mibos from my food cart

GOES TO THE WASTES TO DO THIS!

- Any new strengths they have
- What kind of resources do they have access to
- Their current location
- (If needed) Any looming dangers.

Templates:

Race Name: X

Brief description: X

Good difference from humans: X

Bad difference from humans: X

General vibe/culture: X

Name: X

Class: X

2 x strengths:

- X
- X

Why are they important? X

Appearance: X

Where are they: X

- Resources:
- Location:
- Dangers:

- Any new strengths they have
- What kind of resources do they have access to
- Their current location

- (If needed) Any looming dangers.

Turns:

Prelude:

500 PF (Post Fall of the Ancients):

The swamp of the demon king has grown in foulness. All that venture there either not coming back, or returning with disease that quickly kills them.

The elves in their forests to the east forbid travel there. They isolate themselves even further from the concerns of the realm.

Strange and bountiful harvests abound in the wastes, the work of the sand mages.

These harvests often pillaged by the scourge of the land, the sand sailor pirates of the western sand sea.

Dragons brood in their caves, content to fixate on their hordes. Forgotten relics of an elder age

In the great and grand city state, Narghai rules! His army of undead servants maintain order, supported by the warmage army of Abel.

But simple Kerry O'King the publican knows of things the great do not, rumours of a madness to the north, the fisher people turned to the worship of some great beast beneath the sea...Only rumours though.

All this watched by the sad ghosts of mountain, trapped here to witness their ancient sins bring horror to the land.

You have one day at the start of what could be momentous events...what do you do!?

Prelude:

The First Day of 500 PF:

Screams and wails and foul gibbering wafted all day from the swamps of the demon king! Several elves who strayed too close were never seen again! A great orgy of harvest shuddered through the ranks of the Mibos of the swamp!

Silence from the cavelands of the dragons, a boon for the other races of the land. But later rumours would tell that this was the day Lord Pyrois uncovered a great forgotten treasure within his horde...

Oberon, king of the elves, also found a treasure today. The pinecone of Thragglenor - a seed that could drain the corruption from the land and turn it to a magical forest.

In the realm of the city state, the sorcerer Narghai sent a great compliment to sand mages of the wastes - a delegation of necromancers and battle mages to request a cohort of sand mages join his court. The sand mages agreed to sending 10 of their number to the city of Narghai but this cohort was waylaid en route later in the day by sand sailors!

10 sand mages, promised to the royal court, were kidnapped by the infamous sand sailor pirate JJ!

The sand mage Goata Hardly, not involved with the politics of his order, and fearful of the rumours of madness in the north, spent the day conducting a great and bloody ritual! Many cowbeasts were slaughtered by the mage, sacrificed to steel the mind of the people in the wastes, and the southern farmlands of the city states!

The Archmage Abel also left the city and travelled south, to investigate the rumours of disease spreading there. It was confirmed that people had been dying of disease, any who travelled to the swamp or came into contact with those who returned from there. A horrible pus and boil causing pox had killed a number of farmers in the southern farmlands...

Generous Kerry O'King won the favour of many in the city and farmlands by hosting a great harvest festival! Food and drink flowed freely from his tavern all day and a merry and raucous time was had by all in attendance.

In the evening a grave portent, reports of ghostly flames spreading across the mountain of the ancients! Blue white flames flickered across the cliffs, valleys and caves of the ash coloured mountain!

Did this ghost flame portent bring the dreams that afflicted most of the city state's citizens during their slumber? Dreams plagued all in the northern farmlands and many in the north of the city! Dreams of that which they desired most! And the dream told them they could find that which they desired most free for the taking in the north, in the beaches of the north of the continent, amongst the fisher folk there!

Those in the south, perhaps protected by the blessing of the sand mage Goata, had no such dreams, and thus did not join the pilgrimage of many thousands of the city state's citizens travelling north to the ocean!

Turn 1:

500 - 510 PF:

After the dream of at the start of 500 PF, 50'000 people of the city state's 500'000 people marched north in a mass and spontaneous pilgrimage. Once arrived at the fishing village of the coast, the pilgrimage coalesced into a religious commune - with members focused on the worship of...something, beneath the waves. Members of the northern religious movement would travel south in recruitment drives, offering the promise of the heart's desires of those who would be willing to come to the fisher coast. And, many did, the commune of the northern coast increasing by hundreds each month.

Though the strength of the dream that brought the initial 50'000 was not repeated throughout the decade, reports of similar dreams were reported all across this land - the experienter of such a dream often joining the cult on the northern coast. Even a number of elves were amongst the ranks of the faithful...

The sorcerer Narghai, discontent with so many citizens fleeing his city state steeled his army with a great summoning of the undead. Travelling south to the foot hills of the mountain of the ancients, and drenching the ground with the blood of a herd of cowbeasts, dredged up the animated bones of giant ancient skeletons! The ghosts of the mountain sadly watched their bones march away. 10'000 giant skeletons joined the sorcerer's army!

A great host of battle mages and undead were then commanded north, to crush the... rebellion (?) of the coastal cultists. When the army of Narghai demanded they give up their esoteric beliefs, none would, and thus the coast was drenched in blood - the faithful murdered and thrown into the sea, or left to rot on the beaches and in the abandoned fishing towns.

The army of undead and battle mages returned to the city state, leaving the northern coasts choked with the corpses of about 60'000 (peaceful, if religiously obsessed) civilians.

While Narghai sent his forces north, The Archmage Abel went south, to attempt the cleanse the city state of the disease of the plague and piracy. A strict quarantine was enforced, and any who became infected were swiftly burnt alive. Sand sailors were attacked without question and mercy too, greatly slowing travel between the southern farmlands and the swamp of the demon king. After the loss of several sand boats, the sailors and piracy in the south stopped, the danger from the occupying force of battle mages too sheer.

With travel from and to the south ceased, instances of the plague still erupted, until eventually Abel and his forces uncovered hidden nest hives of gestating and fetul Mibokopros. Foul bestial larva, ripe with puss and disease...A great effort of eradication took place and by the end of the decade both piracy and plague had been removed from the southern farmlands of the city state... unfortunately instances of disease had begun to occur in the city itself...

Another disease was spreading through the city, wanton alcoholism brought by the ever expanding publican empire of Kerry O'king. With the rulers of the city state focused on other issues, the opportunistic business man took ownership of every inn, tavern, pub and watering hole he could and flooded the market with cheap booze. He was a very rich man by the end of the decade. A lack of dreams accompanied the city states descent into drunkenness...

It is not known whether it was drunken delirium, or otherwise, but reports of ghost sightings increased hundred fold during the decade within the city state. Sobbing ghosts were most commonly reported, with many able to provide ectoplasmic pools of shed tears as evidence of their claims to apparition sighting.

An unusual amount of birds and beasts have also been reported in the city this decade...though these could also be delirium visions.

His piracy career growing too dangerous, JJ the sand sailor, took briefly to adventuring, trekking to the mountain of the ancients with the intent of looting its ancient ruins. Unfortunately for him, whenever he sought to enter the depths of the mountain great ghostly flames would threaten to immolate him, and he was turned back from its secrets and its treasures...

The enigmatic sand mage Goata Hardly sacrificed much birdbeast stocks to lumpen together a great mountain of sand in the wastes. A great boulder at its peak was transfigured into a diamond, which then super heated the sand into an enormous mountain of sparkling glass! A wonder of the world created!

His work completed, the mage then sprinkled 8 sparkling stones of magical other sight around the perimeter of the mountain of the ancients, in make shifts shrines of his own design and focus.

Attracted to such glorious shinyness, the dragon Lord Pyrois flew forth from the cavelands and stole all 8 of the stones of other sight, as well as the enormous crystal at the peak of the mountain of glass! He was accompanied by a fleet of smaller dragons. Such an alliance of dragonfolk not being seen in the human's of the realm's lifetime!

His saurian kleptomania knowing no bounds, Lord Pyrois assaulted the forest palaces of the elves with his band of dragon raiders and stole the pinecone of Thragglenor! About a hundred elves were killed in his assault, and the king Oberon was thrown into a state of absolute mourning at the loss of the treasureous pinecone!

Adding to their sorrow and horror this decade, the scouts of the elves witnessed a terrible ceremony conducted by the Mibos of the demon king swamp, the summoning of a demon prince! The untold thousands of mibos throughout the swamp banded to gather to hunt all the humans and animals throughout the swamp, and more than few stray elves, and heaped them onto a hill of flesh. Then, Zorlton the watcher, ancient Mibo, led the ritual to transfigure the flesh into a lumbering demon!

The earth now shakes with the demons foot steps as it stalks through the swamps spreading destruction and disease as it goes...

Through the drunken taverns of the city state talk has turned to a prophecy, of a human who will deliver the pinecone of Thragglenor from the dragons back to the elves, and in doing so will transfigure themselves into an immortal god-emperor whom will rule over the realm in an endless golden age...

Food has become somewhat scarce in the city state, with much of its grain devoted to alcohol manufacture, and much of its meat devoted to magical sacrifice...Fish too has disappeared from the market with the slaughter of all northern fisherpeoples.

Finally, the decade ended with a mystery - on its final day, Abel the archmage climbed the tower of sorcerer to visit his lord, Narghai but found him...gone! Searching the entire city found that the sorcerer lord of the city state had vanished! As to his undead army of 10'000 skeletons and 20'000 giant skeletons - they were mindlessly marching south...into the south towards the sea of sand...

Turn 2:

510 - 520 PF:

With the lord of the city state absent, The Archmage Abel stormed the tower of the sorcerer in the heart of the city. Laboratories and libraries were examined by Abel and his army of battle

magicians, and then after weeks of rituals, Abel took control of the army of undead that were once Narghai's.

20'000 skeletons, giant and otherwise, who were slowly sinking into the sea of sand marched back to the city under the control of Abel. The Archmage, and new lord of the city, with the backing of both the undead army and his army of battle magicians, instituted harsh taxation on the sale of liquor throughout the city. The gold from this tax greatly enriched Abel's government, and he in turn promised to use it to fund his war on the plague.

As to the ex lord Narghai, he remains missing. His undead no longer searching for him...

Kerry O'king, his profit margins threatened, turned to a new business - a mercenary, security and miscellaneous adventuring guild. While most warriors of a magical persuasion would seek employment in Abel's battle mage army, the mundane warriors of the land chose to join O'King's Guild. With his considerable wealth and real estate holdings, O'Kings Guild swiftly became a powerful organisation.

In the southern elven forests, the king Oberon declared a strict doctrine of elven isolation. No elf was to leave the forest. Several disobeyed this edict and found themselves sacrificed to the protection of the forest by Oberon's blood priests.

This protection perhaps kept the shambling demon prince from entering the pristine forests of the elves. Instead, the monster of flesh and disease made its way across the ashy foothills of the ancient, then thundered northeast into the wastes of the sand magicians.

The demon prince brought with it destruction and death and disease to any it came into contact with in the sparsely populated wastes. This was not many, as with the help of the sand magicians, anyone in the wastes moved away from the prince.

But eventually, after several years shambling the wastes, the monstrosity reached the south eastern farmlands of the city state...

From 510 to 515 reports of dead rotting fish on the banks of the realm's rivers and lakes. Any who ate or came in contact with these dead fish became infected with the plague and died shortly afterwards. Of note was any practitioner of magic who came in contact with an infected fish died after several hours, rather than days...

While isolated instances of the plague were recorded throughout the city and its farmlands from 510 to 515, with the arrival of the demon prince to the farmlands in 515 - the sickness erupted.

Most severely affected were the battle mages of Abel's army. Battle mages sent to investigate instances of the plague in the city died several hours after being in the same room as some one infected with the plague. Hundreds of battle mages died in a few short weeks before Abel quarantined himself, and his army within the tower of the sorcerer. He remains here still, half in control of the city he had seized from Narghai - alongside 4000 un-infected battle mages.

Kerry O'King found his mundane army of 5000 fighters and operatives much more resistant to the plague than the magically infused battle mages. He seized on the terror of the populace and promised to cleanse the city of threats, disease, demon or otherwise.

Great hunts took place, and hidden mibo hives were found hidden all across the city. The discovery of such foul infestments drove further hysteria - disease and demonity were every where, under the beds! In the churches! Under the floors! In the sewers! And thus the hunts ramped up in intensity! Many sections of the city were destroyed and burnt in looking for mibo hives, and all foreigners were blamed for their being there. It is unsure when the first elf or sand mage in the city was killed, but by the end of the decade hundreds of both groups had been murdered - both groups driven from the city.

With the city cleansed - something needed to be done about the elephant in the room: the massive disease-spreading demon in the farmlands. Kerry O'king demanded his army drive back the beast, and brave, and alcohol-maddened warriors that they were charged at it during 518!

Sensing danger, the demon prince retreated, away back south to the wastes and finally into its foul swamp home.

Kerry O'king grew in adoration, with Narghai disappeared, and Abel locked away in his tower the city began to see O'king as their true leader. A leader who may have cleansed the city of outsiders and some mibo hives, but continued to beset it with drunken madness and revelry. Fires, accidental or for mibo cleansing, were common in the city throughout the decade.

Only the army of undead were able to somehow enforce the rule of Able. But in 519, the skeleton army slowly began, one by one, marching North. Abel found his command of the skeletons waning, A more powerful force wrenching the undead to the north...four months into the year the skeletons were gone - Kerry O'King's mercenary army happy to let them go...

The 20'000 strong skeleton army now stands aimlessly in the northern fishing villages, staring out across the dark hungry sea...

With Abel and his army quarantined in the tower of the sorcerer, Kerry O'King and his mercenary army became the sole source of power in the city. "The Hunts" were legitimised, weekly forays around the city and its farmlands burning, looting and killing in the name of cleansing the land of disease and foreigners...

Early in the decade, Lord Pyrios, holding a shimmering orb in one claw, landed at the peak of the mountain of the ancients. The ghostly flames spluttered out on his arrival, and the green-blue glow of ghostly magic faded away from him as he approached. Him and his greed of bandit dragons raided the ancient ruins within the mountain, gaining a glorious treasure!

Little did they know, that JJ, pirate lord, snuck behind them in their ghost melting wake. He too pillaged a great relic from the ruins.

As the dragon and his orb left the mountain, the flames quickly flooded back into place!

Not content with ancient treasures, Lord Pyrios and his greed flew to the waste, to the mound of goata, where the sand mage Goata Hardly had been spending many years constructing glorious glittering spheres. The dragon could not look away from such a glittering, desirable treasure, and flew to grasp them for his horde.

As the grey dragon dove from the sky and clasped the first glittering bauble, a cry went out from Goata, and there was a mass launching, from magically camouflaged trebuchets, of the the very glittering baubles the dragons desired!

These spheres hit the dragons, then collapsed into their armoured scales in thousands of magically hardened razor shards! Magical imploding glass bombs! Several dragons fell to the sands of the wastes and were bombarded with the magical ordinance! Destroying their inner organs with an untold number of shards!

Lord Pyros himself was grievously wounded and fled back to his cave - leaving behind several killed dragons! An enraged roar filled the land when the grey dragon returned to his gloomy home...

The hero Goata Hardly grew in renown in the wastes, and in the farmlands, none in this age had dared assault dragon kind... perhaps finally their foul pillaging would come to an end!

All decade long, the Mound of Goata hardly lit up the night! Some burning core was seething in the centre of the heroic sand mage's inscrutable mound...

Though driven from the city itself, the prophecy of the one who would claim the acorn pinecone of Thragglenor for the elves and become an immortal god-emperor whom will rule over the realm in an endless golden age continued in the farmlands and the wastes...those invested in the prophecy began to treat it with religious reverence...

Some portents and prodigies from the decade; many reported seeing visions when looking at the horizon over a body of inland water (lakes and rivers) - strange and hypnotic rainbow visions. Many reported a green haze leaving the body of their loved ones as they passed, the haze always travelling towards the mountain of the ancients.

The sand mages no longer associated with the farmlands of the city state, the risk of near instant death too great. The sand mages have migrated south in the wastes. All magic practitioners within the city proper (save those in the tower), or farmlands, have been killed by the plague. Many thousand, mundane and unmagical persons, have also perished...

Food is no longer scarce, due to a decrease in population and lack of outrageously wasteful animal sacrifices...

Outside of the elven forest, there are no fish left in any lake or river, they have all died.

Turn 3:

521 PF:

War in the Cavelands of the Dragons! After the appearance of a ghostly dragon apparition, going cave to cave, whispering sweet jealousies into the most prideful of dragons, conflict erupted amongst the lizards of Lord Pyrios greed! Blood vendettas spread out from Lord Pyrios cave until all of dragon kind was at one another's throats! A great territorial bloodletting took place, with dozens of the great beasts slain!

The great Lord Pyrios was not seen leaving his cave the entire year...perhaps slain in the blood-soaked skirmishes?!

Kerry O'King's Mercenary army secured the city, re-establishing order after the chaotic decade of the plague. Defences were constructed, facing north, trenches, and bottlenecks, to keep the undead army of skeletons from returning. These preparations proved unnecessary this year, as the skeletons simply marched beneath the waves. Disappearing beneath the dark waters of the hungry sea.

After several weeks of meetings, between representatives of the kingdom of the elves, the battle mages of Abel and the mercenary army of Kerry O'King, a delegation of elves were allowed back into the city. These elves were marched to the tower of the sorcerer, and allowed entry by the arch mage.

Here the arch mage, his battle mages, and the elves, worked together to find a cure that was killing so swiftly the magic users of the land. As work took place in the tower, Kerry O'King's tavern empire crept out across the realm, leaving the borders of the city.

A fleet of small, wheeled, drinkeries creaked out from the city and filled the farmlands, then spread south across the wastes, and finally entered into the southern forests of the elves. Kerry O'Kings network of drinking spots and rumour mills and mercenary guild houses had spread far, far south, into the hallowed canopies of the elven forests.

Elves who had never left the forest were introduced to beer and spirits and many took a liking to it, becoming enamoured with drunken human bar culture, and the rough and ready lives of adventure mercenaries. Some even went so far as to sign up as mercenaries within Kerry O'Kings army.

Several months into the year, a treatment for the plague was found! While not a conventional cure, or medicine, the treatment could allow magic users to live after contracting the sickness. The procedure involved taking a live sacrificial creature, flooding it with magical energy, then moving the sickness from the patient to the creature with a transference incantation. The magic user would find themselves well again, and the sacrificial animal would die a few hours later.

While the procedure left the practitioner somewhat magically drained for a day afterwards, death could easily be avoided by simply "tricking" the disease to move into another creature who had artificially been overloaded with living mana.

Magic users, including all of Abel's army, now take to always having a living sacrificial animal on their person. A small mouse or snail on a neck chain for example, or a bird on the shoulder attached by a slight chain to the wrist. Magic users could now walk freely through the city again!

Perhaps the plague was heaving its last desperate attempt at removing life from the realm, but midway way through the year a great mortality was recorded. All humans of an extremely dubious moral composition (those prone to crime and vile acts) suddenly all died en masse. A day of mass death of all those of very weak character! The jail cells of the city state were filled with the dead! A large number of Kerry O'Kings mercenary army dropped dead! In a single breath they ceased breathing, and a great green mist left their forms, coalescing through the streets and farmlands of the city and winding up through the foothills of the mountain of the ancients, entered that great ruin-filled peak!

Though the plague subsided after this exhaustion, and a "cure" readily available, after a few months of health and stability, new madness and hysteria and disorder began to corrupt the city later in the year!

Nightly sightings of a giant of bone, stalking the outskirts of the city! A massive man, made of writhing, clanking, grinding masses of human bone began appearing every night. A dark rainbow warped the night sky where the things skull should be. This strange and enormous portent simply walked the outskirts of the city, in the farmlands, beyond its walls, and made strange and arcane markings not of this land in the ground. Those who investigated the engravings on the earth in the morning light found them filled with fast disappearing prismatic ichor.

Not long after the appearance of the phantom giant of bone, the wailing in the street began...Men and women would take to the streets at midnight and shriek and scream till just before sunrise. A few weeks after this, the stray cat and vermin of the city became oddly elongated, and aggressive...their limbs too long, their claws gouging and hooked and they sprouted additional tails and fangs that sprouted from their jaws. A few weeks after this, reports of cowbeasts and other livestock ballooning over a few days, their stomachs distending before the poor beasts toppled over and eventually their gas filled forms began floating into the air and then exploding into a mass of diseased flesh and organs on the ground below. And then, in the final month of the year, people began to change - sprouting a tiny baby arm, or leg on their otherwise normal torso, or whole new sets of teeth forming behind their existing teeth, or nails that hardened and would grow into talons that couldn't be cut...though these mutants would try to hide their new appendages when midnight came they would find themselves unable to stop screaming endlessly from their windows out into the city...

Though it was hard to tell the number of citizens who had received mutations in the daylight hours, in the evening, the deafening volume of the wailing made it sound that night everyone had been infected with the shrieking madness!

To the south of the city, the dragon slaying Goata Hardly summoned a great dome of glass that enveloped his already standing Mound of Goata. A large entrance to the dome was opened, facing towards the city state of the absent sorcerer!

Other rumours pervading the realm throughout the already strange and portent filled year: A great pyramid of glass was seen by many flying through the air! Mibo hives disentergrating of their own accord, seeping into the ground, bubbling down into a sludge of brown liquid mud! Endless mounds of dead fish on the shore of the land's beaches! Trees and shrubs and grasses dying in great swirling patterns all across the land, including the sacred forest elves! The chosen one has been found in the farmlands!

Turn 4:

521 PF:

The year started with a message, engraved mystically across all of the glass surfaces of the city.

"Come to the Dome of Goata for Safety and Succor and Rest. All are welcome, sick, well or otherwise!"

And so a great migration began, 75'000 souls of the city's population of 375'000 decided to make the short pilgrimage to the great Dome of Goata (south of the city, in dead plains of the wastes of the sand mages).

As they did so, the nightly screaming and wailings continued in the city, and even more concerningly a pink mist began to waft up eerily from beneath the streets. The mist was thin at first, but grew in volume with each passing night.

On arrival at the Dome, the refugees from the city found it dead, empty and abandoned. Goata Hardly, the heroic sand mage was nowhere to be seen. As those who had travelled here seeking shelter began to create camps, and settle into their new glass covered home, the shrieks and wailing the nightly erupted in the dome wafted out hauntingly across the wastes.

As the pink mist slowly filled the streets of the city, Kerry O'King did a grand tour of the farmlands of the city state. Using his acquired fortune, alongside underhanded extortion tactics using his army of mercenaries, he purchased all of the city state's surrounding farmland in several months. At this time all those willing to leave the city to seek shelter in the Dome of Goata had done so.

Life in the dome was foul and chaotic, those there only able to survive due to the help of kindly sand mages and importing in grain from the farmlands (at ever-increasing prices due to Kerry O'King's ownership). There was no work, nor purpose, and open and wanton mutations had begun to manifest: Long limbed, great mawed, spider-like humans who stalked through the dusty camps wailing and screaming. Rats, birds and cats scuttling on through the filth with enormous taloned spindle limbs too many in number. When Kerry O'King had finished his tour of the farmlands, purchasing all of them, open conflict and cannibalism were taking part in the dome of Goata. Spindly, screaming, too many limbed mutant humans fighting and eating one another in the searing horrible magnified heat beneath the dome. The mutation spread quickly in the dome and halfway through the year all those within were mindless and misshapen, screaming and wailing in endless pain, terror and confusion. The dome became avoided by all of sound mind.

In the city, the streets thick with pink mist, that filled the mind of those that were brave enough to leave their homes with sounds and sights that were not there, Kerry O'King proclaimed a second great migration! He had built a secure village in the East of the farmlands. Great walls and trenches would protect all those who moved there. So, under the protection of his army, he moved there, but only a small reminder of those left in the city were of sound mind enough to come with him! 20'000 people - so far untouched by the spreading corruption, madness and mutation, in the city traveled to Kerry's Compound. Some of those mutated by corruption attempted to leave the city, but were cut down by Kerry's mercenaries under strict orders to slay all those who were tainted.

The screams that nightly filled the city were deafening, and just like in the dome of Goata to the south, great spindly spider humans stalked to the streets, plucking up corrupted vermin and bloodily devouring them with oversized fang maws. The mist slowly filled the streets, pink, shimmering and loud with the clanging of ceremonial bells, or the running of rivers and waters, or the calls of alien beasts, or the roar of engines that don't exist and the sights that could not be documented, explained, or comprehended by those that witnessed them (even if they were of sane mind!)

The 20'000 farmer folk, now removed from their lands by Kerry O'King were fearful of both Goata's Dome of Madness and the Pink City. The endless wails and visions and sounds that streamed from both were horrific omens. And nightly the homeless farmer folks would witness the appearance of a giant of bone who would stalk around the city, etching increasingly fervent symbols into the earth. The farmer folk would have despaired if it wasn't for the Hero that appeared among them!

This hero, a man just come into adulthood, was able to gather the farmer folk together across the farmlands, and lead them to safe places of refuge and find them stores of food. He took them north, to the empty villages and found them shelter. He knew farms that were left empty by Kerry O'king and his army and could still be worked. He was a great leader, saved the farmer folk, and helped them resettle successfully in the north.

The leader of the farmer folk's heroship was cemented when he gathered his people together one morning and proclaimed he had recovered a great artifact. The Sword of True Death! A powerful grey blade, burning with black flame! He held it high above him to prove its existence (as it was assumed lost forever within the tower of the sorcerer) and told the farmer folk that on this night he would travel south to slay the skeletal giant that haunted their old fields! Though it is not known how the hero recovered the blade, rumours tell of elves often visiting him late in the night, some who were reported to have traveled from the tower of the sorcerer...

The hero traveled into the empty farmlands, haunted only by the giant of bone, in the middle months of the year. The hero found the giant horror, working at its eldritch etchings. Without a hint of hesitation or fear, the hero charged at the colossus, as black flames leapt from his sword and began burning the legs of the giant as he hacked at it! The giant attempted to fight back but found the black flames were disintegrating his bone mass form! The hero hacked and the giant fell! The ground thundered, and the giant of bone was engulfed in black flames! Before the thing could disintegrate to dust, a huge glob of scintillating rainbow light disentangled itself from the head of the giant! It lumbered, like a shambling tentacle mass of dreams towards the pink mist enveloped city.

As the hero watched the rainbow tentacle mass flee to the city, he saw that it began to float the closer it got to its walls before it seemed to fly up and over the towers of the city, growing in size and joining its prismatic rainbow light with the pink mist engulfing the city! An unnerving portent indeed.

The leader of the northern farmer folk, returned to his people, a hero!

And then...the city was ablaze!

On a night when Kerry O'king's mercenary army moved from the east to the eastern wall of the city, explosions erupted through the city. Followed by fast spreading flames! The blaze spread quickly, the near mindless 280'000 mutants left in the city seemed incapable of mounting any defense against the flames! Those mutants that had the sense to flee found that all exits were blocked save the east, and there they found Kerry O'Kings army waiting! But even as those

mutants who were able to find away out of the flames ran out fo the inferno they found themselves infected with some overwhelming lethargy...sleep came to them as they charged towards Kerry's army! The mutants who escaped the flames fell asleep and were murdered in cold blood by the mercenaries...

And so it seemed that all those left in the city were to burn alive. The only building saved from the inferno was the tower of the sorcerer, where Abel and his battle mages remained. The arcane power in the structure was too powerful a ward for the flame.

Unusually...the flames did not stop after the night the city burnt...they fused with the pink mist and since that night the city burns with ghastly pink flames. Flames that ooze and melt and flicker and fly and shimmer and contort and warp the mind when looked upon with visions of things that should not be...

The sand mages of the wastes noted that on the night the city burned, Goata's Dome of Madness was utterly quiet...

As if the fire was catching, the next day the mountain of the ancients began to smoke...

By the end of the month the mountain had transformed into a bubbling volcano, smoke and streams of magma spewing from its peak.

When the pyramid of glass deemed to descend into the magma filled peak of the mountain the land was witness to a great and terrible spectacle.

The volcano of the ancients erupted! A primordial explosion of fierce and angry red yellow magma that exploded into the sky and seared the sides of the ancient ash covered mount! The sky was darkened, filled with ash and soot and dark smoke!

For several days the volcano raged, dimming in intensity...the ghost flames slowly returning to haunt the mountain alongside the streams of magma pooling at its base.

But then the pyramid reappeared! Sparkling resplendent in the dark smoke filled sky! It had survived the magma it had been pulled deep down into!

The pyramid went east to the wastes of the sand mages...where the Abels army of battle mages and a cohort of elves were waiting...

Captain J.J, Lord of the Pyramid, landed his crystal pyramid fortress in the wastes. He stepped from his craft out onto the grey sands, followed by ten sand mages, and 50 sand sailors. It is not known what reasons brought him to the wastes, but he was not prepared for the ambush that awaited him! The hero of farmer folk, The Archmage Abel and his 4000 battlemages and 1000 elves all appeared suddenly from beneath an illusion! The pirate lord was quickly overwhelmed, though his sand mages and sailor retinue fought savagely against the overwhelming odds to their deaths! JJ himself was encased in a preserving crystal of holding by local sand mages, then loaded on board his commandeered crystal pyramid fortress.

Abel, The hero, the elves, the battle mages, and ten local sand mages entered the great pyramid of glass and flew it to the city where it landed on top of the tower of the sorcerer!

Those still in the tower had a near perfect vantage point to witness the wanton destruction and vandalism of Lord Pyrios! The great dragon appeared finally from its cave late in the year. It seems that though the interdragon war raged in the cavelands, he was cured of his wounds from the attack by the Hero Goata!

The foul great dragon took no treasure this year...but instead burnt all over the farmlands over several weeks! With the fields near empty after being purchased by Kerry O'King, the fields were defenceless, and the land burnt. The crops and the livestock all across the abundant farm lands turned to black dust...

His destruction wrought, the vengeful and spiteful Lord Pyrios returned to his lonely cave - the remaining humans of the land facing starvation...

Some time after the burning of the farm lands, the screaming within Goata's dome of madness quietened...the mindless wailing was replaced with a singular, chant, uttered from bestial and inhuman voices, "Corruption is salvation!"...

The sand mages who dare stay close to the dome report that the chaos within has died down, that the mutants are working together and amassing and preparing to break forth from the dome...All other sand mages have traveled as far away from the dome as they can - cursing the name of Goata the once hero.

With all the other events of the year, it nearly went without notice, the Swamps of the Demon King had, at some point, rotted to dead black oozy dust. The trees and ruined had all crumbled to nothingness. No life remained. All that was there was rocks and pools and rivers of lifeless black sludge...A portent...but of what?!

Turn 5:

522 PF, Month 1.

The war in the dragonlands is over!

The spiteful and bickering dragons reunited under the Lord Pyrios! Impressed by his scorching of the human's farmlands and several rousing speeches that indicted the ancients for sending slanderous false dragon ghosts, the remaining 30 dragons vowed to put aside their conflict if Lord Pyrios would lead them to great plunder!

A great migration took place! The hero, resplendent in new armour and carrying a great bow on his back led the 20'000 farm folk from the empty and abandoned northern fisher villages, south to the great pine forests of the elves! The hero's people were joined by 19'000 city folk from the compound of Kerry O'King.

Fear of starvation and offers of safety, security and food from the ancient elves brought the people south, on a trudging journey by foot that took the entire month. By month's end 39'000 humans wandered, wide eyed, into the dark and primeval forests of the elves!

The humans were settled in camps spread across the forest, the elves loath to allow one section of the forest be brought to ruin due to sudden overpopulation.

Discontent has begun spreading through the human settlers though. The elves only provide minimal amount of foods, again, loath to take too much from the forest. Rumors have begun to spread through the humans, paranoid rumors, that the elves always intended to bring the humans here to weaken, and ultimately kill and eat them. Why else would they spread them out like this? And even stranger and more paranoid rumors, that the elves intended to breed the humans in the forest for the sole purpose of eating there fresh offspring, in fact, some said this had already begun happening in this or that distant camp in the forest...

Kerry O'King remained behind in his compound, his army scrounging root vegetables from the burnt and blackened farmland he had spent his fortune on. Kerry himself has not left his private chambers for many a week now...

Narghai! The Long Lost Sorcerer of the City State appeared! He too conducted a migration, him and a horde of thousands of beastial zombies and skeletons marched from the sea of sand, across the ruined farmlands, over the wastes...towards the Dome of Madness! But, several days march away from the dome a great calamity occurred!

The dome was suddenly filled with a burning white light, as whatever core within the glass mound housed within the dome superheated. Then a deafening boom as the mound exploded! In the first few moments torrents of blood soaked crystal chunks and shards flew out of the grand entry to the dome. These hurtled towards the city, smashing into the walls and towers of the dream burning city!

Then the dome itself exploded, sending a plume of crystal and smoke and mutated flesh into the sky! Narghai and his undead horde were coated in ash and dust, and buffeted with after shock! Then all that was left of the dome of Goata, and all those mutants housed within, was a sparkling crater!

While several walls and towers and buildings of the dream burning city were destroyed the pink dreams of the flames soon began to twinkle with the millions of shards that had filled it! Giant chunks of rainbow filled crystals too began to float in place of the destroyed towers...such a portent...but of what?!

Several days after the explosions, tendrils of dream fire, sparkling with floating crystal and visions and sounds that should not be, began creeping beyond the walls of the city! Like slow flowing rivers of madness, the pink flames crept across the burnt and dead farmlands, seeking what, no man could know!

The Pyramid of Crystal, docked at the top of Narghai's Tower (the only still remaining sane structure in the city), left only once this month. The pyramid flew out to the sea of sand and there, with king Oberon, one thousand elves, arch mage Abel and his entire 4000 battle mages, conducted some great and furious ritual! Only rumours hint at its purpose but...the marks of corruption that had sworled across the land since a year ago ceased ever since.

On their return to the tower, King Oberon was seized by a ...strange mood. Quite suddenly he demanded that the pirate lord JJ be released from his crystalline encasement. The battle mages did so, assuming the king intended to kill the pirate then and there but instead he demanded that the pirate lord be given rope and provisions. Mere moments after these had been brought

the ever fugitive pirate lord and fled the crystal pyramid, rappelling down the side of the tower of the sorcerer, down into the pink madness below!

JJ's climbing down the tower was swift, so sure and confident, that all those who watched his descent remarked, "It is as if he has done this before!"

When King Oberon's strange mood passed, it is remarked that the King of the elves seemed quite upset with those that had let the pirate lord just simply flee the pyramid and the tower...

Turn 6:

522 PF, Month 2.

A great disorder in the Elven Forest!

Elves who have associated themselves with mercenary cultural movement, perhaps mad with human alcohol, began violently seizing human women and children from the settlement camps around the forest. The kidnapped humans were then presented to King Oberon who, utterly bemused, ordered the humans returned. This happened so numerously that all 50 of the so called "Mercenary Elves" were arrested by the royal guard and held for questioning in the future.

Unfortunately, the kidnappings (although temporary and all those taken returned) spread great unrest through the human camps - already feeling unsettled from their pilgrimage and measly meals. A rumor spread through the camps, that solidified into a fact and a movement, that the Hero had given the order to attack the elves and regain freedom from their oppression!

A week of conflict exploded through the elven forests, with humans attacking elves and setting fire to grand old trees with hastily concocted flammable cocktails using supplies from Kerry O'kings mobile drinkeries. About 100 elves were murdered in cold blood by the rebellious humans. The royal guard quickly put down the uprising, arresting 200 of the key instigators and aggressors. 50 humans were killed during this process too. All fires were swiftly put out.

The hero traveled the forest after the uprising, setting straight the record that he had not given any order to attack the elves, and that it was foolish to do so. Though most of the humans have now settled and calmed, many still bristle under stricter, armed rule, they now live under - a contingent of royal elven guard now at each human camp...

Early in the month, The pyramid of crystal detached from the tower of the sorcerer, and traveled east to the compound of Kerry O'King. Here 100 humans boarded the pyramid, then returned to the tower.

Narghai and his horde of bestial undead marched to the east to the foothills of the Volcano of the Ancients. They stayed away from the ghost fire ridden entrances to the ruins under the mountain, and otherwise were peaceful and silent...

The pink flames of the dreaming city still burn! But as the days progressed they began to burn with a golden green hue too! Portentous!

On the last day of the month, the great crystal pyramid left again the tower of the sorcerer!

It traveled south, to grey plains of the wasteland, just before the foothills where Narghai and his horde rested.

Only Abel, the Archmage, stepped out of the pyramid, dressed in full war regalia. He was not joined by his battle mages - not another soul left the pyramid.

As the Archmage strode towards the undead horde above him the earth rumbled and an enormous demonic worm of white flesh, burning with black flame surged from beneath the sands!

The great creature swam through the earth, following the Archmage as he began to charge the undead horde!

But suddenly, as Narghai issued commands with arcane hand symbols and the fey utterings of esoteric words to this horde, and as those undead began their thunderous charge down the mountain towards Abel and his worm, Kerry O'King appeared!

Kerry O'king, The mercenary lord, stood directly in front of the massive white worm surging alongside Abel. And then, with a flick of his hand, the tower-sized worm was being wrenched from the earth. The red haired mercenary king of the tavern empire was using some fey power

to pull the enormous worm and hold it up in the sky. Eventually, the massive thing was floating in the air above him, Abel, Narghai and the Undead horde all awed at the display.

The great pale worm, burning with black flame, roared and wailed and wrenched itself in the air, unable to stray from its position in the air!

With another gesture from Kerry a searing pink light pierced the earth from the heavens, striking directly through the enormous worm! The black flames around it disappeared and the beast exploded! White flesh splattered across the wastes in mounds that quickly dissipating into pink white steam!

A waterfall of black blood torrented on the ground, pooling to a lake then again dissipating into a mist! A great stench that quickly faded, a roar of pain, horrible visions of hurtling flesh chunks and blood rivers! And then the great worm was no more!

Kerry O'King had disappeared, but now the undead horde was charging towards Abel who found himself all alone on the battlefield! The archmage was not fool enough to remain, and fled back to the crystal pyramid!

As he fled, the horde quickly gaining on him,...the ground darkened...covered by shadow...LORD PYRIOS HAD APPEARED! Lord Pyrios and 30 dragons blackened the sky!

But there was no flames, nor smoke, the dragons only had one goal, one target...The Dread Sorcerer Narghai!

And so, the Sorcerer Narghai was grabbed in the great claws of Lord Pyrios and taken up into the air!

Avoiding the battle, the fleet of winged saurians flew east, over the ruined farmlands, to the compound of Kerry O'King.

Distracted by the sudden loss of their leader, the horde of undead beasts allowed Abel the Archmage to board the crystal pyramid - which then flew back to the tower at the center of the dreaming city! Those on board witnessed the fleet of dragons land nearby the compound of Kerry O'King, Lord Pyrios himself flying into the compound...The Dread Sorcerer Nargha in his giant claws...

Turn 7:

522 PF, Month 3, Week 1.

At the compound of Kerry O'King, six filthy sacks of gold coins were dumped at the feet of Lord Pyrios. Then, the fleet of 31 dragons left the compound, stopped briefly at the cavelands, then flew directly to the forest of the elves with fury and greed in their saurian eyes!

Grim Lord Oberon seemed prepared! In a moment the Crystal Pyramid left from the tower of Nargai, and flew directly towards the dragon fleet! Within the forest 6'200 elves were gathered in a dark grove, and as swift as assassins an army of elven blood priests slit their throats! Elven blood soaked the forest floor. Sad elven wardens, thousands in number, stabbed blades into the blood sodden ground, then cut into the trees of the forest. These trees blacked, withered and died in minutes. As the dragons flew towards the forest, a quarter of its trees were sacrificed, alongside over 6000 elves!

A dome of barely visible metallic sheen covered the forest.

As the dragons flew towards the forest, the pyramid flew alongside them. A small opening appeared on the pyramid, and there the hero stood, glinting in reflective armour and holding a huge bow.

A moment later and a flash of white light shot from the hero's bow, and a dragon was plummeting, dead, towards the sand sea below! A great gash in his side sending torrents of dark blood into the air!

It was at this point that the huge lord pyrios flew away from his fleet, shooting up directly into the clouds above while his suarian brethren continued towards the elven forest! The pyramid chased him!

The dragons reached the forest and released great gouts of flame at it...but the flames were absorbed by the metallic sheening dome! Not deterred the dragons flew on, through the dome, down, down into the dark forest of the elves!

High above, the hero let loose flashes of pure white from his bow at the dreaded leader of the dragons! Lord Pyrios dodged the deadly projectiles, while down below dragons landed on the blood soaked forest floor and stormed the palace of the elves!

As if waiting a sign such as this, the discontent humans in their camps rose up and attacked the royal elven guard standing watch over them!

In the clouds, Lord Pyrios had a changed of tact and charged directly at the pyramid, hoping to claw the hero from its safe crystal chambers!

In the forest, the palace burnt, elves burned, royal guards were slain, humans were killed in retaliation!

The hero let loose another streak of pure white light, aimed directly at the head of charging Lord Pyrios. The shot entered the dragons snout and ran through the entirety of the beast's body.

The dragons prowled the holy and sacred place of the elves and found no treasure...they became enraged.

Dead Lord Pyrios let forth a great belching vomit of sizzling blood. It covered the pyramid and the hero, but the acrid blood simply sloshed free of the hero, and plummeted towards the ground alongside the dead dragon.

The forest began to burn...the dragons, furious at the lack of treasure let forth their wrath.

The carcass of lord pyrios hurtled towards the earth, where it impacted with the dead sands of the wastes. A blood and carrion filled crater was created, burnt and horrid from the foul internal workings of the dragon.

The pyramid, and the hero, returned to the forest, and opened fire on the dragons. Nineteen of the beasts were hunted by the hero before they fled. The foul winged lizards fleeing back to their wretched caves as the elven forest burnt.

700 elves were dead from human and dragon attacks. 1000 rebellious humans were killed at the hands of the royal guards attempting to stop the uprising...

As the forest burnt, another cataclysm made its way towards the forest...this time from the sea to the south.

A wall of water surged towards the forest, a tsunami as tall as the trees, that pushed forward from the ocean then broke and crashed across the metallic sheened dome! The water crashed over the dome, as the fire raged beneath it! The massive wave swirled over the top of the dome, over the forest and broke on the mountain of the ancients!

Salt water flooded back down into the dead swamps of the demon king and the wastes of the sand mages. Miraculously the wall of water surged up the mountain of the ancients, filling the volcano and briefly extinguishing it, then rivers of mineral filled hot water seeped back down the mountain and pooled in the twinkling crater of Goata!

Beneath the dry dome, the forest still burnt!

Within the dream burning city a small quarter of normalcy appeared...the quarter of law. Suddenly, an entire section of the city was no longer burning. Perfectly cuboid towers and structures, somehow filling more space than ever existed in the city before now appeared. Within the dark stone, shadowy streets of the quarter of law were 140'000 perfectly formed humans. Half were men, half were women, ideal specimens of their kind. In grey, perfectly cut

clothes, these perfect humans proclaimed themselves adherents to the tenets of civil law and order....

On the last day of the week, the entire world was beset by a great rumbling...

And then screams filled with sky, coming from the heavens, and below, and from across the ocean.

And within the city a great screeching grind of tearing stone erupted and then from beneath the streets, nearby the tower of the sorcerer, grew a new tower...

A tower of living stone, made of countless grasping arms, spinning and dancing and grabbing with long fingered taloned claw hands!

The tower grew, and grew, dwarfing narghai's tower, then it left the earth and now...impossibly, this obscene tower of living grasping stone, floats in the air above the dream burning city, filling the land with madness inducing screams!

Turn 8:

522 PF, Month 3, Week 2.

The pyramid hurtled towards the city, onboard were Abel the Archmage, ten sand mages and a single elf. Below the city burnt with multi coloured dream flame.

As the pyramid breached into the dream flame of the city, the earth below warped, a perfect pyramid sized receptacle opened in the stone of the city's foundation. The pyramid plummeted towards the hole.

As the pyramid crashed into the tops of towers above the city, a THING crawled out of the gloom of the alleyways.

A building sized spider, its flesh burning and melting, and pink, and chitinous and covered in gold and diamonds and eyes! It scuttled massively with ornately jeweled claws, one which it held up towards the pyramid and suddenly the craft was held in place!

Another moment and the pyramid was being wrenched towards the dream spider, its huge central eye intent on the craft, filled with longing and familiarity.

The entryway to the pyramid opened and there stood Abel, prepared to defend the craft!

But the massive spider pointed its claw and Abel was contorted and crushed and thrown aside, ditched down into the rubble of the city below!

The spider leaped aboard the pyramid, and its horrific brethren followed him, an army of horribles, deformed and twisted and nightmarish! They swarmed into the crystal hovering just feet away from the hole in the ground seemingly created for it. Over a thousand horribles swarmed into pyramid before it resealed. But not all entered, some of the heathen army of the spider still stalked and scuttled through the burning streets!

The pyramid sealed...and then..with a lurch slammed into the hole beneath it...another moment and the ground had devoured it! The dream streets of the city had consumed the pyramid...

With the pyramid sealed away, a field of a glass like material sealed in a dome the dream burning city. When it was complete it shimmered with diamond filled rainbows but...not for long...seemingly as soon it was complete the dome shattered!

A rainfall of glass filled the dream burning city. These doused the rainbow flames. As the flame receded, towers that should not have been standing fell. Giant floating chunks of crystal came hurtling into the ground. White dust filled the air, the air darkened as the flames vanished. The city, burning with rainbow flame for so long, now looked dark and dying. Thunder filled the land as towers and buildings collapsed.

Much of the city collapsed. Heaved and fell to the ground with the disappearance of the dream flames. Narghai's tower remained, as did the quarter of law. The dead, destroyed city was seemingly empty, save for the fleeing horribles of the spider. Only the men and women of the quarter of law remained.

In the center of the quarter of law, a section of the city that seemed much smaller and mundane now the flames had disappeared (plain boring cubes of grey stone - not so great in number), heaved a great aquatic beast. Choking in the dry air, an enormous rainbow coated squid, its glistening skin almost impossible to look upon, gasped and choked in great dying gurglings for air. The people of the quarter of law gathered around it, and looked upon it sadly as it writhed slowly, shuddering and near death...

In the sky above, the living tower, writhing with its tentacles of stone, began to fly south...

The week would give a final prodigy to the city...by week's the wrecked and ruined streets of the once dream burning city were enveloped in thick forest. A long time from now it will be known that the forest had mystifying allure to all those that entered. Many finding it impossible to leave...and those mortals that did not leave lived for an unnaturally long time. Also, From this week onwards in history, no ghost could find the power to step foot into the forest...

To the east, in his compound, Kerry O'King gathered his people (some 4500 adventurers and about 1000 farmers). He spoke from a small dark tent, pitched on a wood stage in a amphitheater within his compound. His people could not see him, but heard his voice well as he

proclaimed a new age was upon them! He bequeathed his farmlands to his people. They would work it together and as they worked cleanse the land of beasts and monsters! All humans would be free to join and enjoy the fruits of their collective labour!

When the cheers of the crowd subsided, Kerry O'King told his people that he would appear before them, and asked them ...would they accept him? And they cheered yes!

And then...floating from the clouds above...was KERRY O'KING! The crowd of his people filled the farmlands with their cheers of adoration as he floated to the stage!

As the crowds roared with love for their leader, a foul sight emerged from the dark tent...A grimy, animated skeleton, its visage sad and dour, staggered next to Kerry on the stage. Silence filled the compound! What was this horror?!

Kerry O'King took a brief step back, but then was filled with confidence, "That old necromancer Narghai has sent some assassin to kill me, right before we would make the realm a utopia! KILL THIS ABOMINATION! SAVE ME MY PEOPLE!". In a moment the crowd was surging on the stage! They stabbed and pulled and grabbed and punched and kicked and tore at the foul skeleton! It was ripped apart, covering the crowd in...blood? As it was ripped apart chunky bits of flesh splashed all over the people of Kerry O'king. The skeleton assassin was reduced to a mush of red filth, and a new era of governance had begun in the realm, the collective farmlands of Kerry O'King!

(Later, the red mush and pulp was examined. Red hairs were found throughout).

As if ordained by the heavens above, The Collective farmlands of O'King were granted a most auspicious boon. The ten surviving dragons flew to the compound, and here, bowed their heads to Kerry O'King, promising to serve him and protect his kingdom of collective work and prosperity!

Somehow, within a single week, the burnt farmlands were made productive by the workers of Kerry O'King...again blessed and ordained by some heavenly order, crops were planted and harvested in a single week! Portentous most largely!

The living tower, floated over the mountain of the ancients, further south. It passes over the glittering lake of Goata...the lake glitters even more now...it is ringed by trees of glass and crystal....within the water swim fish of the sea in great number...

Beneath the dome of magical sheen, the elven forest burnt...until, the Hero, the chosen one of ancient myth, gathered to him all of the humans of the forest, and helped by 4000 battle mages (who were able to suck flame from out of existence), and the elves whose homes were burning, the fires were stopped! The forest was saved! Though much of it burnt, it would grow back...and the humans who had settled here from the north finally felt at home. Through the collective action of saving what would now be their home, the hero was able to make the settled humans

feel as one, and they now trusted the elves...ALL humans of the forest now saw the Hero as their true leader!

This new people had not long to celebrate though...The living tower had arrived...and loomed menacingly above the forest...

Above the elven forest, a great being of living stone, a massive tower of endless tentacles hovered above the forest and sent down madness....

Any who dared to step foot outside of the protective dome above the forest were sent into fit of mad SCREAMING and gnashing of teeth and wailing...Any who left the dome and the forest risked swift madness and ...worse...

A FINALNOTE: A disgusting brown sludge has infected the land! Largely around where the sentient beings of the realm live!

In the forest of the elves, around the burnt palaces of the elves, and the camps of the humans, DISGUSTING BROWN SLUDGE!

In the camps of the sand mages of the wastes, FOUL SLUDGE!

Circling Kerry O'king's compound, HORRIBLE SOIL PORRIDGE!

What foulness!

Turn 9:

522 PF, Month 3, Week 3. Day 1.

As the sun rose, small humanoid shapes began to form in the squirming mud that had infected the land. In the forest of the elves, the wastes of the sand mages, and the burnt farmlands of Kerry O'king, tiny people of filth and grime crawled into being, pulling themselves up and out of the foul miasmas that had appeared in the last week. 200'000 Mibos formed from the mud! An army of foul diseases spreaders born from the muck of the land!

In the center of the forest where the city of the sorcerer once was, narghai's tower detached from the earth with a great and thunderous crack! The great tower of the dreaded necromancer lifted up into the air above the forest, dropping dirt, rocks and masonry on the forest below!

Nearby, in the quarter of law, a great dying rainbow squid gave its last shuddering and heaving breaths....then stopped. With a silent pop the aquatic beast disappeared, and then those nearby were blinded by a shimmering, spreading, explosion of multicolored light.

This sphere of rainbow coloured light spread out from the quarter of law, like a great wave, and in a few moments covered the entire land! (Nearly) all sentient beings were dazzled by its brilliance and filled with love and calm! A glorious moment of unified oneness filled the land! And from that point on, no being could do anything in anger! No violence would taint this one perfect day! (Except in the forest of the elves, where the dome of protection only allowed a glorious view of the spreading light - but unfortunately stopped its infectious overwhelming induced feeling of joy and love).

In the burnt farmlands, the tens of thousands of filth mibos swarmed towards the farmers in the fields! They swarmed towards the dragons who protected those fields, who looked upon them fondly and prepared to receive their tentacled hugs of affection and kisses of muck. An army of love filled mibos surged to the compound, which opened its wooden gates to receive the glorious little creatures and return to them the love that they brought to the land! Mibos swarmed over humans, who could not feel any anger for the disease and pestilence spreaders.

As human skin began to rot and explode with boils and buboes, as fits of vomiting and defecation filled the mibo swarmed inhabitants of Kerry's compound, a shadow overcame them. Those whose eyes had not rotted to puss looked up and saw...a tower...a tower flying in the sky?

The tower, narghai's tower, was hurtling back down to the earth, towards the center of the compound. It burnt with flames of impossible colours. Crystals festered across it, glittering and enchanting. Ethereal and prismatic smoke billowed behind it...and then...it hit the ground and silence filled the land for a few brief moments.

Then a deafening roar as the tower transformed into a ball of blinding, burning energy. A multicolored orb of flame spread out from the site of the impact, ripping into nothingness all within or nearby the compound. Dragons, humans, mibos, structure, everything was ripped apart in an unholy explosion.

A few moments later, only a crater remained behind where the compound once was.

High on the mountain of the ancients, a great humanoid made of stone and ore, surging with red ghost flames, watched sadly. The man of ore and red flame slowly made a cart of the wrecked masonry of the ruins around him.

South, beyond the lake of Goata. The sand mages were unconvinced by the explosion of love early in the day. Goata had steeled their mind long ago against such frivolities. They were prepared for the horde of mibos, summoning a great dome of crystal to keep them at bay, at least for a day...Their hands were unable to raise in open anger though!

Deeper south, in the wastes, rode Goata...atop a log atop a great sphere of water that ran like the swiftest river ever forward...he rode the water south...towards what goal, no man could ever know!

In the forest of the elves, the mibos swarmed towards the camps and burnt ruins! The elves of the royal guard formed a defensive line, urging the humans to stay back (knowing that they elves were immune to the plagues of the past).

The dome above the forests protected the elves from such weak and horrible things such as loving the entire universe for a single day, and they hacked at the mibos as they swarmed forward to embrace them with loving pestilence!

The sheer number of the mibos meant the line was overcome at many points in the forests and screaming humans were swarmed with the foul things, that wriggled over their bodies spreading buboes and weeping sores and warts and pus and the coughing of blood and vomit.

ABOVE, the great living tower of stone, writhing with endless tentacle, began its slow descent DOWN into the forest! Right down into the center of the burnt elven palace grounds!

Below, elven blood priests, wardens and human battle mages chanted, and invoked strange gestures at the protective dome...

And then...as the great demon rod descended beneath the canopy, the dome of protection bowing beneath it, the dome snapped...and wrapped itself around the tower like some shimmering coat of gossamer!

The demon rod, still now with its magical bindings, thundered into the earth, causing the forest to shake...and there it came to rest...cocooned and inert...

All around the royal guard fought the mibos, slaughtering them in the tens of thousands in a single day...but still they swarmed...fleeing humans died in the thousand...chaos and disease spread like wildfire in the elven forest!

The day ended with great expulsion of black mist from the mountain of the ancients...it billowed up into the dark heavens above, joining the screams of agony from the elven forest...

Casualties/survivors/potential combatants in the Mibo War:

All humans at Kerry's Compound + surrounds = 4500 souls = dead from explosion

10 x dragons Kerry's Compound + surrounds = dead from explosion
70 000 mibos at Kerry's Compound + surrounds = dead from explosion
9000 humans in the forest = dead from disease

20 000 mibos in the elven forest = dead from elven attack

50 000 mibos remain alive in the forest
30 000 humans remain alive in the forest (aprox 10k infected with some sort of sickness)
43 000 elves remain alive in the forest
4000 human battle mage remain alive in the forest

70 000 mibos remain alive in the wastes
10 000 sand mages/sand kin in the wastes

Turn 10:

522 PF, Month 3, Week 3. Day 2.

From the mountain of the ancients slunk a great horde of bony and rotting beasts, dragons and giant rats and other desert creatures, they shambled west...always to the west...

In the western burnt farmlands - that now shimmered with winds of pink day dreams, there marched a small army of nightmares. Men with the form of spiders, or shadows or slithers of forms that shouldn't be, killers and murderers all. They marched south to the shores of the sea of sand...and there they settled...a bubonic blight on the realm.

A river of green ectoplasm flowed from the caverns of the mountain of the ancients! The ghosts were leaving their subterranean home! South and east they flew, to where the hordes of Mibos swarmed towards human victims in the waste and in the elven forests!

The air was filled with ghostly whispers...the mibos slowed...they stopped, they swayed as the whispers swirled through the air....then the mibos all in unison charged west! Away from their human prey!

In the grey sands of the wastes, the mibos surged past two tall sentinels of stone - each twice the height of a man. The sentinels stood at a crude cart of stone. One swirled with red ghost flame, the other brown. As the mibos swarmed past them they held wide their stoney arms and ushered the mibos towards the cart...but the swarm ignored them...

Once the swarm had passed the sentinels sat down in the grey sand, dejected. They sat for a long time, next to each other, like two old friends, silently enjoying eachothers company without a care in the world...

The mibos left the forest of the elves too. And they all joined together in one mass in the dead swamp of the demon king. The whispers and the ghosts followed them, herding them. The whispers rose to a crescendo and then...the mibos melted back into mud. Their liquid muck seeped into the cracks of the black rocks of the dead swamp...

With the mibos gone, the elves and the battle mages focused on healing those sick and dying of mibo plague. Quarantines were put in place, and now that the royal elven guard no longer had to hold the disease horde at bay they could devote themselves to helping the sick and preventing further infection.

The hero, the chosen one of legend, gathered his people, and told them a great calamity had been avoided...that the dawn of a new age was at hand...he thanked King Oberon, the elf who had saved humanity and the humans cheered for the king of the elves! Oberon too was a hero to the humans that day!

In the afternoon, a solitary figure, crusted in salt and glittering with a leg and ear crystal, arrived at the shore of the ocean, just south of the elven forest. Goata, killer of dragons, and maker of lakes, lifted a blue wand high in the air and began intoning most solemnly:

"May the grand surge of coolest deepest waters be free to spill forth and greet the light...Too eager is the need to share its wondrous underworld so peacefully set in in the blue cosmos that is the deep!"

And then he was silent as the shore line receded away from him, leaving behind just a great stretch of drying sand. The old sand mage smiled as he saw the mountain of water approach.

And so a second great wave broke on the realm, this time directly into the forest of the elves with no dome to protect it!

The wall of salt water ripped into the forest, breaking trees and drowning animals. Elf and human, sick and well, alive and dead, a great mass of people were drowned and pulled down into the great wave!

The monster wave receded, taking with it those it had drowned, and many it had not. Much of the burnt ruins of the great palaces and temples of the elves were gone with it. A devastation was left behind. The demon rod, entombed in its blanket of holding, remained serene...

As the few survivors, sad king oberon among them, searched the wreckage for loved ones, two great figures appeared from the northern. More sentinels of stone.

King Oberon ceased his search for The Hero and watched them.

One, burning with purple ghost flame, strode to the demon rod and kneeled before it. Its great legs of stone sunk into the flooded earth. The sentinel assumed a stance of utter reverence and submission to the demon tower...and there it stayed.

The other sentinel, burning with flames of different colours, strode to the King of the Elves...it opened its arms wide in a sign of assistance...and from there proceeded to help the king with the slow, sad process of counting the lost, the dead and the drowned and clearing the ruin from yet another cataclysm...

As the sun set, the ghosts returned to their burning mountain.

Goata the Sand Mage, Kerry O'King, Narghai the Dread Sorcerer, Abel the Archmage, The Unamed Hero, Zorlton the Keeper of the Mibos, JJ the pirate lord, or any living dragon, were ever seen in the realm again...

Thanks for playing! The End.

Survivors of the Mibo War/The Great Washening:

15 000 humans remain alive in the forest (aprox 10k infected with some sort of sickness)

33 000 elves remain alive in the forest

3000 human battle mage remain alive in the forest

8 000 sand mages/sand kin in the wastes

Post game notes:

Residual dream burning/pink mist floats in the atmosphere/air...this is the wind of magic, can be used to summon anything.

The fruits of the forest of the city give long life and are very charming .

No ghosts can be in the city ruins forest! Anti ghost power. Anti corruption power also.

Undead dragons and beasts go to the dragon lands (Narghai's horde)

Ten ghost bots! probably just wander around being sad and useless but look cool

Other ghost bots

MIBOS TURN INTO DEATH MUSHROOMS!

robo narghai marching there and kneeling down in enternal worship untill the second coming