

Dorinda is enjoying a warm brownie with ice cream and hot fudge. She asks about finding temples to Gliton. Peppermint is like, "Yeah sure, probably. Most likely, actually. But they'd probably be located on the twelve pillars of the planet so you can look there."

What's that?

Well, as any Magman would know they're the twelve locations where the lava flow is such that things can be built upon them. Though most communities here are nomadic, as the lava flows. They might center around one of these pillars, but generally they're moving. Some subterranean — you can go up and down as well. But government doesn't have much interest in things religious *per se*.

Ego asks about how all this works.

"You know it's just what I do. I delight to serve those who enjoy it, and I like this work so I'm happy to do it. ... The 'how' is my secret."

Darnit asks about the armies.

It was exciting at first, and I got interested in welcoming the victor, but when the BlackBot army around it all stopped and it's too bad. They stopped fighting, and now no one is going to win.

Darnit says it would be known generally that there are freelancers vs. the corporatists who are trying to terraform with ice, trying to bring in a lake and transform a section of Magmus to a significantly lower temperature. Whidmore sees it as uninhabitable swamp land. He started out making swampland habitable for humanoids and bios. But now he's expanding into thriving natural magma terra.

Peppermint doesn't really care who wins, but just wants victors to treat.

Darnit sympathizes with the freelancers, as a mountain dwarf, seeing the synergy between the land and the inhabitants and the wrong of changing what the land *is*.

Whidmore sees himself as the rightful legal owner, able to do as he wants with the land he owns.

Dorinda pops her head around the corner and wants to know how things are going (Joel has arrived).

Ego asks how property rights work here. Hrothulf says it's pretty complex and esoteric. Ego is *definitely* interested now. The whole planet is essentially governed by monarchies. Details of property ownership vary slightly from one kingdom to another. Basically the Regent maintains ownership over the entire territory, but exerts very little day-to-day control. So you can essentially own your own property, though the King or Queen retains right. In a situation like this it seems like Whidmore has been able to curry favor with a monarch and hold this land. In a lot of ways ownership works as it does in irl America, with origination by monarch. The stable land is

pretty built up, so has pretty stable ownership claims. Monarchs support the rights of the nomads though and their ability to live.

Hrothulf asks Peppermint what all the various rooms are.

We're currently in the smoothie room. There are three more bed chambers in addition to the one we entered. One Peppermint established after knowing gnomes. Lots of steamwork and pipes and contraptions to help people sleep. Another has very simple mod designs. Black, white, some red accent colors. And another than some hobbit-folk really enjoy. Very mossy, lots of fireplaces.

There is a theater, where there is an opportunity to replay the stories of your victory through puppetry or monologue, or a space for stage fighting, with some pyrotechnics available as well. (Izar is *very* interested. Says he'll be right back.)

We had discovered the Spa, Baking/Chocolatier, Bed Chambers with questionable items. Wine/Mead, Gaucho Room, Sparring Arena, Pastaverse, Smoothie Room.

Dorinda asks about Phoenixes.

Peppermint says they know another Brownie like them who is a bird aficionado who could surely help. But Peppermint wants a favor. *Someone* needs to win a victory. Peppermint doesn't care which side, but just wants someone in here celebrating a victory. If we can get one of the sides in here doing that, Peppermint thinks they can manage to remember where to find the bird-aficionado Brownie.

Ego's ideas: A robot virus, Dorinda assassinating, Hrothulf reclaiming his throne.

Izar says we are *not* releasing the AI.

Hrothulf doesn't now have strong feelings one way or the other on reclaiming his throne. He's really committed to his mission as a member of the branch. He is *really* irritated (he's pretty *hot about it*) about Whidmore coming in here and trying to bring in liquid water or some other nonsense. This aggression will not stand.

Dorinda likes this plan. It fulfills one of her prime directives.

Birds we are killing with this one stone: Killing Whidmore, saving Hrothulf's homeland, finding Phoenixes, getting temple & current situation intel from the grateful Freelanders.

We start asking about an Armory here, but Peppermint says "Nothing here leaves!" Not so much as a rule, but just as a matter of fact. Hrothulf looks sadly at his pouch he'd saved some of the alcohol in.

Hrothulf says it sounds like we need to make contact with the Freelanders. As far as we know we've been undetected, having arrived by griffin under invisibility. Hrothulf suggests griffin jumping back to the ship and coming back to the planet further away, coming in behind the Freelanders so Whidmore and his bots don't see us coming from this structure and the Freelanders don't attack us.

Ego asks whether we want to start on the Freelander side rather than trying to get close to Whidmore as double agents.

Dorinda says definitely not. With our assistance the Freelanders have a better chance and that's a better chance. Whidmore has seen all of our faces anyway (except for maybe Ego's). Dorinda thinks it would just be her and she doesn't want to split the party. The last time that happened she was left in a prison to find her way out of, then had to spend time amongst Bagmulgwan. Although... we *do* have a convincing Daryo...

Izar asks about tunnels we might take. Peppermint says there are tunnels accessible through a hatch in the southwestern turret, though no knowledge of where they go. Peppermint has never taken them, but understands they are labyrinthine.

Hrothulf asks whether we might be able to walk to the Freelanders with white flags, by cover of Heorot to block sight of Whidmore's forces. Darnit thinks we'd get seen though.

Darnit's tactics suggest invisibility is good, underground is potentially really good, leaving and coming back from behind lines is time consuming but good.

We consider taking a rest and a digestion cycle (since nothing can leave, will our food stay with us)? Darnit still eats nothing from here.

Ego asks whether Darnit doesn't think this food is good, but he says he's just always cautious. His usual practice is to not accept food from a stranger and to be on guard toward hospitality. He's cautious from working with the military and security in unsavory situations, he has seen how things can go awry. So instead of discerning one way or the other he is just cautious toward those he hasn't known long enough to have built up trust.

Hrothulf asks Peppermint to wake us if anyone else arrives. Peppermint is very happy to have a job. A concierge uniform materializes on Peppermint. "Would you like a wake-up call!?"

Hrothulf: "Yes, could you wake us once we are fully rested?"

"Happy to oblige!"

We still need to figure out how to handle the heat here. We (other than Hrothulf and maybe Ego with her armor, for a while longer at least) could only last a couple hours before taking damage from the heat.

Hrothulf thinks the Freelanders would likely be able to hook us up. They aren't all Magmen.

Ego wants to stay in the Gnome chambers, and everyone is cool with that. Hrothulf will sleep near the door but off to the side. Darnit puts himself in the corner facing the portcullis, at an angled view. He refuses a bed.

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Peppermint is offended.

"The war is not over," says Darnit.

"Your time to celebrate victory is coming soon. And I will be waiting! What are you into? When you come back victorious, how can I set up a place for you?"

Darnit is very skeptical and just says, "I've seen plenty to know that when the time comes I'll be satisfied."

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Ego sleeps in a bed.