The Mouseguard Game Flowervale is based on

^clickable^ combat rules are in there

Reddit Nick	Real Name	Character Name
Tyler_Hunt	Kevin	Rowe Fogwood, Spider Prince of Shadows
ChiefMcClane	Jake	Grassius the Grasshopper Skirmisher
Nifubias	Paolo	Buzz the Fly Scout
soggie	Ruben	Bulba the Beetle Knight
shoggothz	shogs	Cenn Thorax the Cricket Tinkerer
Eniurias	Enye	Aren Silkwing the Bee Sellsword
cj_the_magic_man	CJ	Rose the Cricket Wanderer

The adventurers find themselves jolted and jostled about in their seats. They are in the back of a wooden wagon, passing through a narrow dirt road, which is lined with giant blades of grass and daisies that arch overhead. The sliver of sky that you can see through the greenery is a calm, even grey-blue. The air is moist and rich, and all is quiet except for the wagon's wheels as they bump along the rutted path.
A deep voice calls to them from the front: "Almost there now! Soon we'll be in Cornertown!"

(http://www.reddit.com/r/EasyRoleplay/comments/1z9orv/flowervale_chapter_i_a_new_beginning/cfsf6pt)

For example, my character Grassius is going to climb atop the wagon and look around before bugging the person nearest him (no pun intended)

(Make sure to PM all the players over Reddit!)

I am soggie, Bulba the Beetle Knight and will be using red from this point onwards.
I rub my legs together nervously as Grassius moves to the top of the wagon. I then turn my head and exhale, muttering “Here we go” at the same time. One of my legs involuntarily scratches a scar on my left thorax.

Enye, still on mobile. Aren picks at her wings to clean them, and decides to con some poor beetle out of his money. "Bulba, was it? How about we organize a trade..."

Bulba replies, “Yes my friend, how can I help?”

Rowe the Spider sits in the shadows. He is cro(I dont know how the fuck to spell crocheting?) Got it! Rowe is crocheting with his webs.

Bulba turns to Rowe, intrigued, “What is it that you are weaving, Rowe?”

Aren, not fond of being ignored, turns the beetle's head towards her, smiling beguilingly. "Anyways, I'm afraid I'm short on money. You see, I didn't realise the trip would be so long, and only brought enough for a couple days. I do hate to impose on you, friend, but if you could lend me some of your own I would be indebted to your kindness, and I could offer you this as recompense." Silkwing takes out a woven grass necklace, offering it to Bulba.

shogs - Cenn is watching the whole exchange and fiddling with an object in his hand. It’s some sort of cube, made of warped glass. The light is refracted through it strangely; it is some kind of prism. He holds it up to the group.
“Have any of you seen anything like this before?”

(Nifubias) Buzz, being the scout, just stays attentive with one of his eyes while his other eye looks at Cenn's cube, which shimmers in the light.

Buzz, being a fly, has certain "cravings". He politely asks, "Does anyone have or seen some ****?" (Well, which one will it be? This or your previous statement?) (this is a follow up since he's got nothing else to do and he's a bit hungry)

Rose fiddles around with her cube, trying to see if there is anything she can do with it.

(nif) Buzz continues watching with his one eye, while the other takes a rest.

Rose notices Buzz watching.

“Hey, what’s your name?”

Buzz replies, "Oh, hello. I'm Buzz. What do they call you?"

Bulba looks back at Aren, shakes his head and replies in an apologetic tone, “I’m sorry my dear friend, I’m afraid I have very little use of a grass necklace. I prefer one made of dung, if only to remind me of my home.”

Rose giggles. “I didn’t really have a name, then a guy found me a year or so back in a pile of rose bushes. Since then, I’ve been callin myself Rose.”

Bulba turns to Rose and smiles warmly, “And I was found an orphan within the bulb of a Shallot. ‘twas a good thing my parents did not see fit to name me shelly instead.”

(nif) That's actually geniunely sweet. *smiles*

I summarized and added some order and theatrics. If you have any suggestions, shoot them my way!

I’m going to clean up some of this chat later. From about the actual game start to until now. If you’re online, you can see others in the little boxes next to the “Comments” box in the upper right hand. This document has a chat system, let’s use it. If no one is here, or you have something that needs to be seen for later, leave a comment. Highlight a word, right click, and add a comment. The player table (btw whoever made that, you rock) is now color coded! Mobile users, try and be on a computer when you can, if not, put your name and font color in parenthesis. Someone else can change your font color.

I’m going to try and make posts every 8 hours or so (my sleep/work schedule is weird, I know), so if you want to be in on the action, just add to it!

This is going to be awesome, but we’ll have to work together! Here is our next prompt:

"We're here, fellas!" says the booming voice of the driver as the wagon slows down. "Feast your eyes upon Cornertown!"

Grassius is the first to see, his eyes widening in wonder. The others soon join him.

In front of them, some ways off, looms a massive structure, reaching up into the sky and stretching as far as the eye can see. It is the edge of a giant cube, made of great planks of wood. A pile of hovels and tents lies up against the Corner, and in the evening light you can see torches and lanterns being lit.

"Everybody off!" says the driver. "Luckily, your benefactor has paid for the journey, so you can put your gold away."

As the adventurers hop off the wagon and come to the front, they see the great rhinoceros beetle salute them with a leg, before turning back down the road, pulling with him the old wooden wagon.

Grassius hopped down and stretched out his legs. “Well, where to now?” he said to no one in particular before looking around at his traveling companions. “Oooh let’s go find a tavern, or an inn, or something fun.” He hopped about excitedly, circling the group in a burst of energy before coming to the closest he had ever been to a stop.

(Enye) Aren, deciding the beetle isn't worth her efforts, motions to a nearby tavern. (Didn’t say there was a tavern nearby. Remember, people, only play off information that has already been introduced. You can say, “Aren tries to convince the group that they should go to the nearest tavern.”) **"A tavern seems like a good place to hit the wheat for a night."**
(Also, either Aren or Rose should handle negotiations, both have the best CHAR, and while Rose does bartering, Aren is better at manipulating people. Whichever you need in that scenario.)

(Soggie) Bulba follows silently, enjoying the sight and sounds of the new town in serenity. You get a feeling that as long as there’s a roof above his head, he doesn’t mind crashing anywhere.

(Nif) Buzz keeps to the back, one eye on the sights, the other keeping vigilant.

(Soggie) Bulba turns to the group and speaks, “Anybody here familiar with this town?”

“Nope!” Grassius said as he hopped next to Bulba.

No one in the party has been to Cornertown before.
The group soon reaches the outskirts of the town. They are quickly packed amidst the hustle and bustle of insects moving about the streets. They see a cicada juggling daggers on a street corner, and a formation of guards marching in lockstep. At this time of day, most bugs are heading home to go to bed.
Up ahead, Aren notices a tavern. The sign reads: "The Frog's Murky Cavern." What an odd name.

(Enye) Aren enters the tavern, looking around at the interior.

<shogs> Cenn enters the tavern after Aren, and immediately heads for the bar. His throat is dry after the long ride, and there’s nothing better to wet it with than alcohol.

(Back.Anyone here?)

(nif) - Buzz enters the tavern and looks around.

(Soggie) Bulba finds a seat nearby Cenn, and asks the innkeeper what’s on the menu. After

ordering the cheapest drink he can find, he turns towards Cenn, and says, “Cenn, I’ve been wondering, any chance you would know anything about the benefactor that paid for our travel? I would very much like to thank the bug myself for his generous soul.” While he’s speaking, he’s carefully looking around the tavern, casually checking out all the patrons. **(Do I see anything or anybody out of place in this tavern, or any that exudes malicious intent?)**

Grassius excitedly enters the tavern and looks around. (**If there is an upstairs that’s where he wants to go)**

(**THINGY:** I will be rolling the dice for you. So if you roll the dice yourself, I will not count it and I will do my own reroll. Just so you guys know.)

Rowe sneaks behind the building. Looks to see if the coast is clear, then attempts to climb the wall to the roof. (He just wants to keep watch in the shadows, can never be too cautious.)

Cenn looks over at Bulba, and shrugs. “Sorry, friend. I know as little as you do.” He calls for the bartender and orders a lager.

“Strange, isn’t it,” Bulba continues, sipping on his own drink. “it seems as if we are brought here for a reason; as if we will be asked to perform certain tasks in payment of our host’s generosity. Yet we have not even an inkling of what we are expected to do; not even a contact that we are supposed to meet.”

(nif) "Do you want to try and talk with some of the patrons here, find something about this town?"

Near the back of the room, Grassius hopped around the tavern nervously, probably annoying some of the tavern residents.

~~**As the others chat and look around, Aren heads for a bedroom, hoping to get some sleep after the long trip.**~~ (Comment’s already been posted. Sorry.)

(Rolling for Bulba's Detecting check...

...

2D Knowledge = 8.)

Bulba spots a cloaked figure sitting in the tavern corner. Buzz, meanwhile, awaits a response to his question. Rose and Aren watch the conversation with interest.

(Rolling for Rowe's Climbing check...

...

4D Agility + 1D Climbing = 23.)

Rowe easily climbs up to the rooftop of the tavern. The sky is turning dark, with pink streaks on the western horizon. He can see most of Cornertown from his vantage point.

Grassius' hopping attracts some unwanted attention from a group of shady-looking flies. One of them rises from his seat as Grassius jumps past, moving his hand towards a rapier hilt. The fly is interrupted as the proprietor of the tavern, a stocky lady silverfish, scuttles past, dragging Grassius by an antenna to a quieter corner by the stairs. "Oy," she says, "are you looking for a room?" Leaning in close, she hisses: "Stop harassing my customers!"

(I'll try and finish character sheets soon, guys! '^ _ ^)

[I'm going to clean up the chat so there's less to scroll through, if you have any objections, let me know before 9amCST. From now on, post in the present tense everyone!]

Grassius looks horrified. "Uh... yes. I would like a room for me and my traveling companions. There's 7 of us total.. So sorry, I've been on a wagon all day and my legs are so wound up. I'll **take it outside**, I don't want any trouble."

Grassius looks over the shoulder of the proprietor, directly at the fly, as he puts emphasis on the "take it outside." He glares at the fly.

~~Cenn takes a glance over at the corner, to where the shady figure is standing. He begins to saunter over, holding his drink and only *slightly* inebriated.~~

~~"So, what's.. uh... what's goin' on, man? What's the deal-io?" Cenn plays the drunken, friendly lout who'll forget anything said to him by the time he wakes up next morning with a skull-splitting headache.~~

~~Cenn rolls to begin a conversation with the figure.~~

(Vetoed. Firstly, Bulba was the only one who noticed the cloaked figure. Secondly, and I know I forgot to mention this, but the bartender hasn't brought your drinks yet. Thirdly, story purposes.)

Buzz, still hungry, asks the bartender for the cheapest drink he has.

~~(Soggie) Bulba looks over at Cenn approaching the shady figure, shifts his posture a little so he can keep the cricket within sight, then leans towards Buzz and says: "You're right. We probably should find out more about this place." Taking his eyes off Cenn for a moment, he turns towards the innkeeper and asks, "So, Ms. Innkeeper, any interesting news going around town nowadays?"~~ (Vetoed because Cenn's comment was vetoed.)

Rowe scans the town. He tries to take in all the detail he can. He's getting hungry. He might have to set a web up soon. Maybe there is a tasty fly nearby. >:)

(nif - I'm slightly offended.)

(Soggie) Bulba keeps an eye on the cloaked figure, staying vigilant as always. **(Do this the moment the bartender comes within range)**

“Hello there my good sir, we’re new to town. Any interesting gossip recently?” **(Attempts to keep a casual, it’s-fine-if-you-don’t-want-to-talk kind of attitude, just to be cautious, and if the barkeep is chatty, Bulba attempts to steer the conversation to the patrons of the inn, and then to the cloaked figure in the corner. Intent is to find out who is that person.)**

(nif) Buzz walks up to the bartender and says "Greetings sir, what do you have for sale today?" (Keeps it casual, but has that innate annoyingness of a fly)

(can i get a roll on communication or something like that?) (you don’t need a roll, you’re just asking him a question.) (ok fine. what happens now?) (I’ll make a post and the bartender(GM) will reply)(ok thanks)

(Rolling for Grassius' **Intimidating** check...

...

2D Charisma = 4.)

The fly, recognizing the meaning of Grassius' glare, is not intimidated in the slightest by his challenge. Nodding to his companions, the fly strides towards the entrance of the tavern, shooting a glance at Grassius on the way out.

"Well, don't go causing a ruckus," says the proprietor to Grassius. "I don't want to go calling the city guard, now." She scuttles away, adjusting her apron while calling out to a guest.

The bartender, a tall, slender red ant, inclines his head to Buzz. "We have here the finest **Honey Ale** in Cornertown, if I do say so myself. You also may be interested in our **Silvermoon Absinthe**, always a favorite among our more refined guests. And of course, there's our home specialty, **Red Cherry Wine**."

While watching the shady figure, Bulba notices a small emblem on the bug's cloakpin, which appears to be a silver sword with a ruby rose growing out of the hilt. Bulba can't tell if the bug notices that he is being watched, as his eyes are concealed under the hood of the cloak.

When Bulba asks him his question, the bartender nods thoughtfully. "Ah, yes... there are a few things that I have heard. There is a band of highwaymen who have been causing quite a bit of trouble on the roads. They're lead by a cockroach, a monster of a bug, named Grissom the Grim. If you're traveling south, you'd best

watch your backs, or hire a sellsword, if you have the coin."

"And there is something else too, what was it... Oh, yes! There's a great lord of the East who's visiting at the Earl's estate. He's caused quite a commotion. Came over a hundred leagues with his court just to visit here, of all places! He brought a whole train of performers with him, too. They should be having a show down at the main square as we speak. Quite the experience, my friends tell me, but of course, I must be working here..." The bartender sighs.

"Anyways, if it's work you're looking for, talk to the proprietor. She always knows about something or other that a band of wayfarers like you would be interested in."

Buzz notices a fly striding towards the entrance of the tavern.

(Note: Rowe does not possess the Power **Web-Weaving**, and thus cannot make web constructs. He may acquire this Power later when he has enough experience.)

As the last traces of dusky light sink below the western horizon, Rowe watches as a crowd of bugs gathers in the main square. On a raised platform, a group of insects are performing acrobatic feats, juggling torches, and playing tunes on various instruments.

(Rolling for Rowe's **Detecting** check...

...

4D Knowledge + 1D Detecting = 15.)

Rowe suddenly hears quiet footsteps from the building across the street. Turning, he sees an ant wearing the uniform of the City Guard walking along the rooftop, staring off into the distance. If he sees Rowe, he will assume the worst!

Grassius nods his head at the proprietor before turning to walk out the door. He weighs his options in his head, deciding that if the fly was going to be brave enough to face him alone, he would mirror his bravery. Grassius checks that his rapier is still in it sheath. He walks out the door.

(soggie) “Thank you! Your revelations are deeply appreciated. If you wouldn’t mind, I shall take my leave now,” Bulba places some coin on the counter top, tips his head and turns to scan the room, stopping for a moment at the cloaked figure. He pauses before pulling himself to full height, and marches towards the figure, still maintaining a friendly smile.

~~“Hello dear sir, I apologize if I have disrupted your thoughts, but if you may, would you mind help a fellow traveller out? I am new to town and you look like somebody who knows their way around this place.” (I attempt to rouse the figure into conversation, maintaining a friendly facade)~~

(nif) "Well, I'll have some of your ale then! How much'll that be?"

Rowe hates the city guard no matter what city it is. His hate blinds him from being rational and he pulls out his bow. Aims carefully. Lets it fly! Fuck Fire Ants.

~~(Enye) Aren, tired of waiting in her room, sees Rowe attacking the city guards and runs out of the tavern, intending to stop a fight.~~ Vetoed. Never said you were in a room, and you did not see Rowe climb to the roof. (Though you may be wondering where he is by now.)

(Note for everyone: **you do not see something if I do not say that you see it happening.** If I say, "The party sees a spider doing the tarantella," then you've all seen it. If I say, "Bulba spots a spider doing the tarantella," then **Bulba is the only one who knows about it until he points it out to the other players**. If you're not sure, just ask me. Thanks.)

(On a more positive note, here are your character sheets!
https://docs.google.com/document/d/1BqCnaFLsrCGZr2SD5cJM7m_TCvjY7Yqb9XsjUT138T
Still not quite done, but close!)
(I commented for progression's sake)

The night is cold and dark. Torches begin to blaze along the streets of the city as the nightlife starts to take over, and golden windows appear like little glowing honeycombs. Grassius spots the fly leaning against the wall of the tavern. As Grassius approaches him, the fly gestures towards the alley between the Frog's Murky Cavern and the adjacent building. He strides off in that direction.

(Bulba: **-3 gold**.)

As Bulba walks towards the cloaked figure, the bug suddenly rises. In one smooth motion, he extends a leg, tripping over the bartender walking past with a platter full of ale and sending him crashing into a large, scarred beetle. The beetle, abruptly covered in alcoholic spillage, roars in protest, and draws a battle-axe from beneath his cloak.

"BAR FIGHT!" somebody screams.

Bulba is knocked over as a cricket lunges past. By the time he regains his composure, the cloaked bug is nowhere to be seen.

"For you, sir? **Two gold** a piece." The bartender smiles to Buzz, before their conversation is interrupted by a mighty roar.

A mug of ale is tossed from somewhere within the rabble, hitting Buzz and staining his cloak.

(***DAMAGE ROLL!***

...

Target number to hit = **15**.

...

3D Might + 2D + 1 weapon + 10 sneak attack - 4 soak = 23.)

Rowe's aim is true, and the guard is suddenly rigid as an arrow sprouts from his throat. Statuesque, the corpse plummets towards the alley below, landing with a thud on the dirt.

(If you haven't noticed yet, everyone's received some specific supplies that may be useful for the group. Check it out on your character sheet.)

“Hey you, come back here. I’ll have no trickery. I aim to best you fair and square. You better not try anything funny,” Grassius calls after the fly, following him into the alley. Grassius draws his rapier.

Rowe quickly descends from the roof and runs, amongst the shadows, toward his fallen victim. He scouts the area for a perfect place to hide the body.

Buzz gives him the gold and grabs the mug, then attempts to find the person who threw the mug.