

Wizards.Com Boards: Here There Be Dragons (Chapter 1: The Gathering)

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Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on February 25, 2003, 05:16 PM:

"Please, Storyteller, pull a tale from your pocket. Spin me a story from your coattails so bare.

My heart has turned cold, my dreams are too old, and I need to know magic's still there!"

--Storyteller, Heather Alexander

HERE THERE BE DRAGONS

Herein is recorded the bard's tales of ten souls, mortal and draconic alike, drawn together to stand testament to the dawn of a new age. Or the end of history. By their hands and by their wings, by the strength of their courage and the nature of their character, nations would rise, empires would fall, the path of fate would be revealed and a new balance would be struck between the light and the darkness.

--Kkat

OOC: Players, please post your character sheets, including background and personality synopsis, here immediately following part one of the prelude.

[February 25, 2003, 05:19 PM: Message edited by: Kkat]

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on February 25, 2003, 05:18 PM:

PRELUDE

"...the visible world seems formed in love, the invisible spheres were formed in fright." -- H. Melville 1819-1891

"I look forward to opening up... a dialogue." --G'Kar, Babylon 5

Part 1: The Wedding

Prince Alton smiled, clapping his hands. The wedding festival was superb. Lord Falden had really outdone himself. The only half-elf to have been granted Lordship over a fief, Falden had been the obvious choice to host the wedding between Prince Alton and a lady of the noble elven House of Silverprongs. But Falden had acquitted himself beyond admirably. Despite a few dissenters at the gates, peasants displeased with the idea of racially mixing royal blood, and a dubious visit by gypsies, the feasts, wedding and festival had gone spectacularly! And now, as an extra delight, a host of fae had appeared to honor the marriage.

Prince Alton spared a loving glance towards his elven bride. But his attention returned to the fae as, to gasps of surprise, they trotted out the most beautiful Basti he had ever imagined. Music began, enchanting and ephemeral, as fae played their flutes and harps, and even a satyr let into his pipes with a gay ferocity. And the Basti danced! The dance was beautiful, graceful, often shamless but always entrancing...

The piercing scream beside him pulled Alton out of what seemed like a waking dream. The

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fae music stopped abruptly. The Basti's dance glided to an premature end. People were rising. Staring towards him. Gasps and cries of alarm...

Slowly, as if forcing himself through mud, Alton turned to his bride. And she wasn't there. For a moment, he knew she had vanished, kidnapped through some dark magic. But then his eyes fell lower. Her body lay on the podium at his feet. Even as he rose from his golden chair, his eyes took in the dreadful, gaping, grotesque wound. As if part of her body had been eaten away. Her glazed, open eyes turned to him, and her mouth began to form words without sound. He stepped back as if struck. Faintly, as if over a great distance, he could hear the security magi casting about their spells.

"Help her." he said, though his voice failed him. Wounds like that... one could not hope to survive. How could this happen? What... who could have done this? One Lady, one of the just freshly appointed new nobility and an elf herself, rushed to the platform and kneeled over Alton's fallen princess.

"C-can you save her?" He forced the words out, dreading the answer.

"No."

He felt as if he had been plunged into No Man's Sea with a boulder tied to his feet.

"But I know who can."

His heart rose. But before he could speak, a thrown blade arced past the podium into the open grove beyond... and struck something Prince Alton couldn't see. A dagger materialized, falling to the ground as if dropped by an invisible hand, and a tangible blast of nearly paralyzing fear struck Alton, cutting off the words in his throat. From the sounds of those behind him, terrified panic had erupted.

People ran every which way. A few strong guardsmen charged into the grove along with a few honored guests who could brave the nearly palpable terror. They clattered to a stop, staring into the vacant skies.

He heard a last, choking breath from his love. And forced his face to turn towards her...

The world erupted in light. Pure, clean, radiant light. It bathed the Princess. And then he saw the source of the light. The healer that the elven lady had called to her. The Unicorn slowly bowed its horn towards the wounds. And they began to heal.

--Kkat

[February 25, 2003, 05:23 PM: Message edited by: Kkat]

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on February 25, 2003, 05:26 PM:

Kuratsukan

Male Juvenile Blue Dragon Inkyo 1

Age: 36

Alignment: LN

Size: Large (9'8" long, 8'10" wingspan)

Movements: 40', Fly 150' (poor), Burrow 20'

Str: 19 (+4) | BAB: +15 (+18 M / +14 R)

Dex: 10 (+0) | AC: 23 (23 FF)

Con: 17 (+3) | HP: 158

Int: 14 (+2) | Fort: +14

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Wis: 15 (+2) | Ref: +11
Cha: 14 (+2) | Will: +13

Attacks

Bite: +18 - 2d6+4 (20)
Claw: +13/+13 - 1d8+2 (20)
Wing: +13/+13 - 1d6+2 (20)
Tail: +13 - 1d8+6 (20)
Polymorphed Unarmed: +15/+10/+5 - 1d4 (20)

Skills

Appraise: 5 (2) +7
Concentration: 11 (3) +14
Diplomacy: 11 (2) +13
Knowledge (History): 11 (2) +13
Knowledge (Religion): 11 (2) +13
Listen: 15 (2) +17
Move Silently: 11 (0) +11
Search: 15 (2) +17
Sense Motive: 10 (2) +12
Spellcraft: 15 (2) +17
Spot: 15 (2) +17
Wilderness Lore: 10 (2) +12

Languages

Celestial, Common, and Draconic

Feats

Power Attack
Flyby Attack
Quicken Spell-Like Ability
Leadership
Void Use*
Improved Unarmed Strike*
Simple Weapons Proficiency*
Light Armor Proficiency*
Kitsuki's Method
Self / No Self
(* These feats granted directly by class)

Special Abilities

Keen Senses, Darkvision 400', Blindsight 120'
Immune to *sleep*, *paralysis*, and electricity.
Breath Weapon: Line of electricity (80') 8d8 (DC 20)
Spell-Like Abilities:
* Create/Destroy Water (3/day)
Sound Imitation (DC 19)

Spells

Caster Level: Scrl (may learn Air Shugenja spells)
Spells (Level) per Day: 5(0), 4(1)
Spells Known:
* Mage Armor (1)
* Magic Weapon (1)
* Detect Magic (0)
* Know Direction (0)
* Mage Hand (0)
* Prestidigitation (0)

Void Powers

Void Points: 2

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1 pt., +2 to a skill/attack/ST roll or AC
1+ pt., +4 to Spot/Search/Sense Motive roll per point

Treasure

Items:

- * Belt of Polymorphing
- * Bag of Holding (Type 3)
- * Ioun Stone (Clear)

Coins:

- * 80 pp
- * 300 gp

History

Kuratsukan was abandoned as a child in the steppes of the Emerald Empire, for reasons unknown to him. Through raw perserverence, he etched out a means of survival in the harsh, unforgiving lands so foreign to his kind. The steppes had fairly substantial veins of jade, which Kuratsukan learned to mine and trade with Emerald Empire merchants for emeralds (which he adores) and other goods. Eventually, he acquired a belt that allowed him to assume human form. Using this belt, he sought out a temple in the fringe of the Empire, where he learned the ways of the Inkyo. More recently, Kuratsukan has grown angered over the apparant theft of most of his horde. He is in search of the culprits who had stolen his precious collection of jade and emerald.

His powers of the Void mesh well with his natural abilities, and he is a competent trader. His knowledge of Draconic is good, though he uses it rarely due to the lack of fellow dragons in his home on the steppes. He would not come to meet other dragons until very recently, when on the search for his missing treasure.

Personality

As with most Blue Dragons, Kuratsukan is a naturally honorable soul. His greed is more tempered by his enlightened training, but he still has some lust for treasure and power. Knowing almost no others of his kind has made him feel highly proud of his powers, and often can have issue with the perceived inferiority of others. He dislikes having to polymorph into a human form, and is somewhat prejudiced against the smaller races. However, when others have proven themselves to him, he is a most trustworthy associate. He is rarely overly friendly or cordial, however.

[February 25, 2003, 05:29 PM: Message edited by: canamrock]

Posted by **Mr Kami** (Member # 105592) on February 25, 2003, 05:31 PM:

Name Durney

Gender Male Race Dwarf Class Cleric lvl 7 Deity Moradin

Alignment LN

Str 04

Dex 10

Con 17

Int 13

Wis 18

Cha 08

Com 10

Hit Points 57

AC 10 (+0 dex, +0 other)

Init +4

BAB +5

Grap -3

Speed 20 (base 20, load 0, armorcategory)

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Fort +8, Ref +2, Will +9

Medium, 4'1" tall, 174 wt, 60 yrs old
Black hair, Blue eyes, lightly tanned skin

Speaks Common, Dwarven, and Celestial

+13 Concentration (10)
+11 Spellcraft (10)
+7 Knowledge(religion) (4)
+2 Ride(4cc)
+4 Listen (0)
+4 Spot (0)

Feats

-Improved initiative
-Empower Spell
-Eschew Materials

Dwarven Traits (Ex): Dwarves benefit from a number of racial traits.

+1 racial bonus to attack rolls against orcs and goblinoids, through special combat training.

+2 racial bonus to saves against spells and spell-like abilities.

+2 racial bonus to saves against poisons.

+4 dodge bonus against giants, through special defensive training.

Darkvision up to 60 feet.

Stonecunning: Dwarves receive a +2 racial bonus to checks to notice unusual stonework. Something that isn't stone but is disguised as stone also counts as unusual stonework. A dwarf who merely comes within 10 feet of unusual stonework can make a check as though actively searching and can use the Search skill to find stonework traps as a rogue can. A dwarf can also intuit depth, sensing the approximate distance underground as naturally as a human can sense which way is up.

Skills: Dwarves receive a +2 racial bonus to Appraise checks and Craft or Profession checks that are related to stone or metal.

Classname Abilities

-Armor and Weapon Proficiency: Clerics are proficient with all simple weapons. Clerics are proficient with all types of armor (light, medium, and heavy) and with shields
-Spontaneous Casting: Good clerics (and neutral clerics of good deities) can channel stored spell energy into healing spells that they haven't prepared ahead of time. The cleric can "lose" a prepared spell in order to cast any cure spell of the same level or lower (a cure spell is any spell with "cure" in its name)

-Turning - 3/day modifier -1 damage 2d6+6

-Domain: Law

-Domain: Protection

Bonus spells 1 each for lvls 1,2,3, and 4

Spells Prepared (E) is empowered, (D) is domain

0th- Create water(2), Detect Magic(3), Light

1st- Endure Elements, Obscuring Mist(3), Magic Stone, Sanctuary(D)

2nd- Animal Messenger, Bull's Strength, Endurance, Sound Burst(2), Calm Emotions(D)

3rd- Meld into Stone, Magic Vestment, Create Food and Water, Protection from Elements(D)

4th- Bull's strength(E), Greater Magic Weapon, Order's Wrath(D)

Spells Per Day 6/5+1/4+1/3+1/2+1

Vibrant purple ioun stone 6/6

-Bull's Strength(E)

-Cure Moderate Wounds

Daily Buffs

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- Bulls strength(E)
- Magic Vestment
- Greater Magic Weapon
- Endurance

Equus (War Pony)
Str...15
Dex...13
Con...14
Int...02
Wis...11
Cha...04
Com...16
Hit Points...11
Initiative...+1
Speed...40 ft
Ac...13
Attacks...2 hooves +3 melee
Damage Hoof...1d3+2
Face/Reach...5ft by 5ft/5ft
Special Qualities...Scent
Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +0
Skills...Listen +5, Spot +5

When Durney was young he caught a wasting sickness, which crippled him for the rest of childhood, with the help of the temple of Moradin, He learned to artificially increase his strength through Moradin's magic. He grew up on the steppes of the Emerald Empire with his clan mining for jade, and emeralds. Because he was so weak he could not be a miner, so he was sent to the local temple to learn. Through the merchants, which traded with the clan, He learned that there was a Blue Dragon living not all that far from the clan. He tipped the merchant for information, and went to meet this dragon. He set up an exclusive trading deal with the dragon, Kuratsukan. He eventually wanted more than what his small clan had to offer, so when he heard that Kuratsukan was leaving he decided to go with him. Tradition stated that when someone leaves the clan they leave only with a hearty meal and the clothes on their back. In his last meal Durney slipped in some gems his Ioun stone into his drink. He left at morning to catch the dragon before he left.

Durney Normally dresses in a billowing robe and cloak that is the color of unpolished iron (black). He keeps the hood up most of the time so his balding head doesn't get sun burnt. He keeps his Beard tightly braided and his holy symbol, a small hammer, is secured within. When he does have his hood down his bright blue eyes are startling.

His Pony, Equus, is a hot-blooded horse typical of deserts. it is mostly white, with gray stockings.

Durney is a light hearted dwarf, who takes tradition very seriously, he is used to jokes about his strength, and wants badly to be stronger.

Outfitname (Scholar's outfit, 0wt)

Black Pearl- 600gp (pouch, -wt)
Obsidian- 14gp (pouch, -wt)
Jade- 70gp (pouch, -wt)
Other pouch contents (pouch, ??wt)

[February 25, 2003, 05:39 PM: Message edited by: Mr Kami]

Posted by **FranklinT** (Member # 78996) on February 25, 2003, 05:37 PM:

Gwuarahanawee "**Gentle Breeze**" (Rolls under Gentle)

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Male Silver Dragon Wizard Level 2
Lawful Good

Str 13(+1) (Base 7, +6 Racial)
Dex 12(+1) (Base 12)
Con 12(+1) (Base 8, +4 Racial)
Int 23(+6) (Base 17, +6 Racial)
Wis 18(+4) (Base 12, +6 Racial)
Cha 23(+6) (Base 17, +6 Racial)

Hit Dice: 13d12+2d4
Hit Points: 117hp
AC 23 (+1 dex, +12 Natural)
Init +1
BAB +14

Speed 40ft, Fly 150ft (Poor)
Fort +9, Ref +9, Will +14

+15 Melee, Bite, d8+1, 20/x2
+10 Melee, 2 Claws, 1d6, 20/x2
+10 Melee, 2 Wings, 1d4, 20/x2

Medium, 4'3" tall by 7'6" long, 5' Reach, 380 wt, 23 yrs old
Twinkling Sky Blue Eyes, Very Pale Blue Sparkly Scales

Speaks Draconic, Common, Elven, Dwarven, Halfling, Auran, Celestial, and Sylvan

Skills (156 + 16 Skill Points)

Skill.....Ranks...Modifier

Listen.....13.....+17
Spot.....13.....+17
Search.....13.....+19
*Spellcraft.....13.....+19
*Jump.....13.....+14
Climb.....7.....+8
Disguise.....9.....+15
Concentration...11.....+12
Diplomacy.....9.....+15
Know: Arcana...11.....+17
Know: History...11.....+17
Know: Astroful...9.....+15
Know: Religion...9.....+15
Know: Dragons...9.....+15
Know: Greymettle.5.....+11
Know: Mists.....5.....+11
Know: Astrology..6.....+12
Hide.cc.....4.....+5
Move Silently.cc.5.....+6
Scry.....7.....+13
Bluff.....7.....+13
*free ranks

Feats

-Leadership
-Wingover
-Power Attack
-Eschew Materials
-Scribe Scroll
-Spell Mastery

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Silver Dragon Traits

- Air Subtype
- Cloud Walking
- Polymorph Self 3/day
- Cast spells as a 1st level sorcerer
- Breath Weapon(Su): A 30' cone of either cold or paralyzing gas. Creatures caught in the cone of cold suffer 6d8 damage with a reflex save (DC 18) for half. Creatures caught in the cone of gas must make a fortitude save (DC 18) or be paralyzed for d6+3 rounds.
- Cold, Acid, Sleep, and Paralysis Immunity
- Blindsight(Ex): Can ascertain creatures by nonvisual means with a range of 90ft.
- Keen Senses(Ex): A dragon sees four times as well as a human in low-light conditions and twice as well in normal light. It also has darkvision with a range of 300ft.

Sorcerer Spells Known:

- 0 - Read Magic, Detect Magic, Daze, Ghost Sound, Quick Boost* BoEM2
- 1 - Comprehend Languages, Mage Armor

Wizard Spellbook:

- 0 - All Cantrips
- 1 - Alarm*, Endure Elements*, Protection from Evil*, Shield*, Obscuring Mist*, Identify, Feather Fall*, Animate Rope, Object Loresight (BoEM2), Grease

-Spells marked with an asterisk can be prepared without a spellbook with Spell Mastery.

Sorcerer Spells/Day = 5/5

Wizard Spells/Day = 4/4

Horde:

- Fine small gold bracelet (20)
- Silver amulet with blue quartz stones (140)
- Small silver mug with jade inlays (600)
- Silver anklet with white pearls (2000)
- Heward's Handy Haversack (2000)
- Ring of Sustenance (2500)

Scrolls:

- 1st: Magic Weapon, Detect Secret Doors, True Strike, Shield, Charm Person
- 2nd: Invisibility, Endurance, Protection from Arrows
- 3rd: Displacement

Mundane Equipment:

- Exotic Riding Saddle
- Spellbook
- Spell component pouch
- Journal
- 30 sheets of paper
- 3 vials of ink
- Silver holy symbol of Kariska Wonder Bringer

Money:

- 309 gp
- 50 pp

Rain Swoop - Tiny Hawk Familiar

- Str 6, Dex 17, Con 10, Int 7, Wis 14, Cha 6
- AC 19 (+2 size, +3 Dex, +4 natural)
- Saves: F+8, R+11, W+12
- HP 58, HD 15, Init +3, Attack +19 melee, Damage d4-2 (claw)
- Movement 10' or fly 60' (average)
- Skills: Listen +6, Spot +6 (+8 racial in daylight)
- or as Gentle Breeze's

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Feat: Weapon Finesse (claws)

Special: Alertness, Improved Evasion, Share Spells, Empathic Link, Touch Spells

Rain Swoop can typically be found perched on Gentle's back. Otherwise, she is nearby foraging or scouting. She is a majestic example of her species with beautiful white and black feathers and a regal bearing.

History:

This is a story of dragons. Dragons and love. Love and pain. Pain and tragedy, tragedy and hope. Cloud Lining and Skyflower were the greatest couple ever. They shared a wonderful lust for life and all of the other Silvers thought they'd share millennia. The two were inseparable.

Alas, such was not to be. On a routine excursion from Astroful, the pair was attacked by rogue whites from the mist. Torn from the air, Skyflower plummeted into the mists. In a feat of bold daring, Cloud dove into the dreaded mist, sacrificing himself to rescue his true love.

His efforts were not in vain, and the badly injured Skyflower returned to the Silver City, dejected and sorrowful. She soon learned that she was ready with a clutch of eggs. Flower drew a comfort and satisfaction, knowing that a part of her true love would live on. In short time, three eggs were laid.

The eggs were slightly discolored and small, but there was still hope for incubation. Skyflower's normally joyful and open demeanor became sullen and withdrawn. Only one egg came to term, a runty yet beautiful baby boy. In honor of her fallen lover, she named her youth, Gwuarahanawee Roranraaa, or Gentle Breeze Rising through the Mist.

After the hatching, Flower's personality continued to worsen, eventually driving her to flee Astroful. Leaving her very young child, she flew off from the city, never to return. Some whisper of corruption, but others silence the rumors as soon as they start. Nevertheless, tales reach the abandoned Breeze.

A large family of halflings took to the care of the hatchling, with occasional help from the local Silvers. Gentle Breeze was raised in a loving and joyful manner, with copious education and moral upbringing. He readily adopted their small and nimble form, growing along with the fun-loving halfling children.

He hungrily devoured all of the information he could get his claws on, methodically emptying the Astroful libraries. The young Silver took a morbid interest in the deterioration of the magical tapestry and spread of the Mists since the Cataclysm.

Each day, Gentle would go out of his way to gaze upon the temple of the lost Goddess, Kariska Wonder Bringer. He developed his natural affinity for the magical arts with deliberate and precise study, heedless of the dangers of burnout. A burning passion to set things right, as they were in the great histories of The Time Before, drives young Breeze.

He knows now that there is nothing more for him in Astroful. Gathering his meager horde Gentle Breeze Rising through the Mist sets forth from Astroful. He is accompanied by Halberon Bilson, a wise and trusted druid fascinated with all of dragon-kind, and his bonded hawk Rain Swoop. A million ideas racing through his dizzying intellect, this is a dragon on a mission. He knows not where the breeze will lead him, but a steady confidence shines through his pale metallic scales.

Gentle is small for his age, physically scrawny and thin. He is still quite impressive, with an wide wingspan and a line of horns running up his head's crest. His tough and shiny scales gleam a faint blue-grey with flecks of true silver giving an impression of the first touch of snow on an ice covered pond. His skinny tail is smooth and broad, suitable only for guidance in flight. He moves carefully, with the gentleness his name

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suggests. He is frequently surrounded by the tell tale twinge of multiple abjurations.

In halfling form, the dragon goes by the moniker Gen, pronounced with a hard 'G' like "go." He is still small, even for a halfling, but has an almost mystical cuteness about him. Freckles, dimples, and curly brown hair frame a tranquil and wise face. The majority of Breeze's time is and has been spent in this form.

Gentle Breeze is calm and noble, used to the patient and honorable halflings. His quite slow to anger and tries to act carefree, but his personality hardens quickly when his deep and powerful sense of honor is at stake. Breeze will not give his word lightly, but he will die before breaking it. He has a tendency to expound pedantically on any subject he considers himself to be an expert on. Which are many. On the other claw, he listens enrapturedly when others gift him with new and exciting knowledge.

Posted by **Master of the Squirrel's** (Member # 68430) on February 25, 2003, 05:40 PM:

(OOC: Wow! I haven't read an opening to a game that felt so much like a book ever before on these boards! Very impressive fro a n00b,)

Halberon Bilson
Male Halfling Druid 5/Shifter 2
Neutral Good

Str 08
Dex 15
Con 14
Int 15
Wis 16
Cha 14

Hit Points 52
AC 12 (+2 dex)
Init +2
BAB +4
Speed 20ft
Fort +9, Ref +6, Will +7

Small, 3'4" tall, 90lbs., 34 yrs old
Black hair, Brown eyes, Light Tan skin

Speaks Common, Halfling, Draconian, Druidic

+12 Knowledge: Nature (10)
+07 Knowledge: Mists (5.0)
+12 Ride (10)
+12 Animal Empathy (10)
+15 Listen (10)
+15 Spot (10)

Feats
-Alertness
-Endurance
-Wild Speak

Druid Abilities
-Nature Sense
-Animal Companion
-Woodland Stride
-Trackless Step
-Resist Nature's Alure

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Shifter Abilities

-Greater Wildshape (2/day)
-Forms Allowed: Animals of any size, small or medium sized humanoids, and monstrous humanoids.

5/3/2/1

Spells Prepared

0th- Light, Animal Trick, Fire Eyes, Scarecrow, Purify Drink and Water
1st- Wood Wose, Cure Light Wounds, Entangle, Summon Nature's Ally I
2nd- Creeping Cold, Regenerate Moderate Wounds, Persistence of Waves
3rd- Summon Nature's Ally III, Poison

History:

Halberon Bilson was born in Astroful and raised as a lover of dragons. Even while in the crib he watched in amazement at the huge creatures fly about. He came to have an attachment to animals in general, and grew up to work at a professional stables that groomed fine flying mounts, and also catered to dragons. As he studied further into nature, he found out about the Shifters, people adept at changing form. Halberon instantly was obsessed with becoming one so that he may one day become one of the dragons he so loves. One day, a silver dragon named Gentle Breeze came looking for a personal assistant to help him out with various tasks. Halberon's enthusiasm instantly got him the job, and he is devoted with all his being toward Gentle Breeze. Halberon has taken study with his draconic employer and has done some research into the Mists so that he may better understand this threat.

Halberon is best described as a bit overweight halfling of average size. He has taken up white hair early in life, a trait passed down through the men of his mother's family. He is usually too kind for his own good, and just a bit naive of the real world. Other than that, he is an adventurous soul, who greatly enjoys trying out new bodys and the abilities he can gain from them. He is constantly looking for new creatures to analyze, as he is practically a sage of any creature that has been through Astroful and everything he can summon with his limited druidic powers.

[March 01, 2003, 12:31 AM: Message edited by: Master of the Squirrel's]

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on February 25, 2003, 06:39 PM:

Risnia (tsrblke)

Male Juvenile Bronze Dragon

Neutral Good

Str 20 +5
Dex 14 +2
Con 16 +3
Int 22 +6
Wis 16 +3
Cha 24 +7
Com 21 (Elven Form 23) +5 (+6)
Hit Points 154
AC 25 (+2 dex, +14 Natural Armor -1 Size)
Init +6 (2dex+4misc)
BAB +15
Speed 40, Fly (poor (imp: Average) 150, Swim 60

Fort +12, Ref +11, Will +12

Base attack +14

Melee attack +19

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Weapons

+20 Melee, Bite (reach) 2d6+6, 20/x2
+15/+15 Melee, 2 claws, 1d8+3/1d8+3, 20/x2
+14/+14 Melee Wings, 1d6+2/1d6+2, 20/x2
+14 Melee, Tail Slap, 1d8+7, 20/x2

Large, 30 yrs old

Appearance

Dragon form:

Black Eyes, Bronze skin

Note: Risnia spends much of his time in Elven form. He is never in Dragon form in the Cities. He reverts to Dragon form for combat (which he rarely is in.) A person meeting him in Elf form will not be able to distinguish him from any other elf (he has adjusted well to Elven society) except that he is well spoken and highly intelligent.

Speaks Draconic, Common, and Elven,
Dwarven, Gnome, Aquan, Giant, Celestial

Skills: TotalBonus Skillname (Ranks)

+13 Alchemy (7)
+9 Appraise (3cc)
+18 Bluff (11)
+14 Concentration (11)
+18 Diplomacy (11)
+18 Intimidate (11)
+17 Know: Arcana (11)
+17 Know: History (11)
+17 Know: Local (11)
+17 Know: Dragons (11)
+17 Know: Religion (11)
+18 Listen (15)
+8 Move Silently (6cc)
+17 Scry (11)
+21 Search (15)
+21 Spell Craft (Int. Based) (15 Free)
+22 Spell Craft (Cha. Based) (15 Free)
+18 Spot (15)
+20 Swim (15 Free)

Feats

Leadership

Improved Initiative

Improved Flight (Improved to Average) (This feat is from MotW, If you don't like it I'll change)

Snatch

Bronze Dragon Traits

Immunities:

Sleep

Paralysis

Electricity

Breath Weapon:

Line of Lightning (80ft) DC: 20 8d6 Damage Reflex Half

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Cone of Repulsion (40ft) DC:20 (Will) Affected Creature Flees from Dragon for 1d6+4 Rounds

Blind Sight 120 ft.

Keen Senses:

4X low Light Vision

2X Daytime Vision

400ft Dark Vision

Spells Know and Casts Spells as 3rd Level Sor. (Stacks with Sor Levels)

Spells Per Day

0th- 6

1st- 7

Spells Known

0th- Mage Hand, Mending, Arcane Mark, Read Magic, Prestidigitation

1st- Obscuring Mist, Shield, Identity

Magic Items:

Necklace of Natural Weapons

Ring of Sustenance

Risnia Grew up in the Corsair Empire along with the majority of other Bronze Dragons. As of the last 10 years however he has spends most of his time among the Humanoids in the Kingdom of Greymettle, in particular the elves. He remains in his elven form while in Greymettle and none know of his true identity. He is quite fond of the Elves and, as some rumors have it, has taken a shining for a particular young Elf Maiden. If these rumors are true, he is cautious to pursue this, lest his true nature be found out. In his time in Greymettle, he has come to favor the elves over human, though he harbors dislike for neither. He is incredibly happy to see them at peace but if war were to break out again, he would most likely side with the elves or remain neutral. He travels back to his home in the Burning Land every so often (about twice a year). He leaves the city on foot and when he is in a secluded area he Polymorphs back to a dragon and flies over the Mountians of Mist.

His time in the Kingdom, away from the influence of the other dragons has changed him.

His horde is no longer his primary concern. He now wishes to hone his magic skills, especially in this dire time in which magic fades.

He has also taken a Keen interest in the Psions, though he hasn't studied them much at all. Although shunned by most, he has noticed that they can avoid the ill effects of the Cascades and believes the hold the key to stopping the fall of magic. He has found friends among some of them who he believes to be pure in purpose.

Edit (added Comliness Score, fixed typos)

[February 26, 2003, 04:01 PM: Message edited by: tsrblke]

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on February 25, 2003, 06:51 PM:

Crimson Dawn Young Gold Dragon Age 22

Stats Pre Modified.....After Modifiers

Wis: 10.....17

Cra: 713

Con: 12.....19

Dex: 16.....16

Int: 11.....17

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Str: 13.....28
Comeliness..11.....11

HP: 154
AC: 26
Saves:..Fort..13..Reflex..12..Will..12
Languages: Elven, Draconic, Dwarven, Gnomish

Special Abilities: Fire subtype, water breathing and polymorph self 3x a day, keen senses(blind sight 90ft radius, 300 ft dark vision, can see 4x better then a human in low light and can see 2x better in day light)
Breath Weapon: 6d10 fire DC 21 or weakening gas DC 21 if fail take 3 str damage, temporarily

Feats:
Improved Flight Maneuverability
Multi Attack
Flyby Attack
Hover

Spells Known (5 0th level Spells per day and 3 1st level spells per day)
0th level
Detect Magic
Read Magic
Mage Hand
Daze
1st
Shield
Cure Light Wounds

Skills.....	Ranks	Modified	Total
Spellcraft.....	14	4	18
Sense Motive.....	14	3	17
Listen.....	14	3	17
Spot.....	14	3	17
Search.....	14	3	17
Climb.....	14	9	23
Knowledge(GreyMettle).....	10	3	13
Knowledge(Glitterwarren Economy).....	10	3	13
Knowledge(Mists).....	10	3	13
Intimidation.....	14	2	16
Bluff.....	11	2	13
Appraise.....	7	3	10
Attacks:...BAB..13....Melee..22			
Bite...+22....2d6+9			
Claws..+20....1d8+4(each)			
Wings..+20....1d6+4(each)			
Tail...+20....1d8+13			

Treasure(On his person at all times)
Belt of many pockets
100gp
Ring of Protection +1
10 10gp pearls

Physical Description 6 ft tall 10ft 4 inches long
He's eyes are a shiny yellow that can at times seem to emit thier own light. His scales are still a fairly bright yellow but also has a fair number of scars already.
History

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Little is known about Crimson Dawn's personal history. Such as where he was born or who his parents are. He has no permeant lair. He wanders Grey Mettle and Glitterwarren Economy often in the guise of an elderly man or woman, or a child, presenting himself as a target for bandits. The strategy is not without risks, as evidenced by the scars he has acquired. He has been wandering the two nations for almost 2 years now and bandits are starting to get smarter. However as of yet it doesn't seem that the bandits have fully realized what they are dealing with their haven't been any survivors and few witnesses, innocent bystanders. Because he has no permeant lair he has very little loot and what he has he keeps on himself. There have also recently been a tale or two of a gold dragon attacking a bandit camp at dawn. Whether or not those tales have been connected to the destruction of several groups of bandits or not Crimson doesn't know.

Personality

Crimson lives by a code of honor that he would never willingly break. The exact nature of that code is vague but it definitely includes protecting others even if he must risk his own life, another part is honoring his word regardless of the cost.

Hummm I guess that's enough

Mike(added a little and fixed it up)

[February 26, 2003, 01:54 PM: Message edited by: drachedeais]

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on February 25, 2003, 07:03 PM:

Drhasskahalak "Ever Night" (Rolls under Evernight)

Female Dread Shadowdragon Juvenile

Chaotic Evil

Str 19(+4) (Base 11, +8 Racial)
Dex 16(+3) (Base 14, +2 Amulet)
Con 19(+4) (Base 11, +8 Racial)
Int 18(+4) (Base 10, +8 Racial)
Wis 18(+4) (Base 10, +8 Racial)
Cha 21(+5) (Base 11, +8 Racial, +2 Circlet)

Comeliness 19(+5)

Hit Dice: 13d12

Hit Points: 137hp

AC 30 (+3 dex, +16 Natural, -1 Size, +2 Bracers)

Init +3

BAB +12

Speed 80ft, Fly 150ft (Poor) (Base 80', light load 42/348)

Fort +12, Ref +11, Will +12

+16 Melee, Bite, 2d6+4, 20/x2
+14 Melee, 2 Claws, 1d8+2, 20/x2
+14 Melee, 2 Wings, 1d6+2, 20/x2
+14 Melee, Tail Slap, 1d8+6, 20/x2

Large, 6'1" tall by 10'4" long, 10' Reach, 1400 wt, 35 yrs old
Glowing Emerald Eyes, Dark Translucent Scales

Speaks: Draconic, Common, Elven, Dwarven, Halfling, Gnome, Orc, Gnoll, Undercommon, Celestial, Sylvan, and Giant

Skills (130 Skill Points)

+15 Bluff (10)

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+15 Concentration (11)
+15 Diplomacy (10)
+13 Escape Artist (10)
+13 Hide (10)
+12 Knowledge(Arcana) (8)
+12 Knowledge(History) (8)
+12 Knowledge(Religion) (8)
+08 Knowledge(Dragons) (4)
+17 Listen (13)
+17 Search (13)
+-- Speak Language (6cc)
+17 Spellcraft (13) (Free)
+17 Spot (13)

Feats

-Leadership
-Multi Attack: Dragon's secondary attacks with natural weapons suffer only a -2 penalty.
-Hover: When flying, a dragon can halt its forward motion and hover in place, fly straight down, or fly straight up regardless of its maneuverability.
-Flyby Attack: When flying, the dragon can take a move action(including a dive) and another partial action at any point during the move. The creature cannot take a second move action during a round when it makes a flyby attack.

Dread Shadowdragon Traits

-Negative Energy Subtype: Healed by inflict spells, cannot be raised, can be turned
-Hide in Plain Sight
-Spell Like Ability: Mirror Image 3/day
-Spell Resistance 16
-Cast spells as a 3rd level sorcerer, can also cast all cleric spells and from the Chaos, Evil, and Trickery domains
-Shadow Blend(Su): During any conditions other than full daylight, a Dread Shadowdragon can disappear into the shadows giving it nine-tenths concealment.
-Breath Weapon(Su): A 40' cone of billowing, smoky shadows with an energy drain effect. Creatures caught in the cone gain 2 negative levels. A successful Reflex save vs DC 20 reduces the number of negative levels by half.
-Energy Drain, sleep, and paralysis Immunity
-Blindsight(Ex): Can ascertain creatures by nonvisual means with a range of 120ft.
-Keen Senses(Ex): A dragon sees four times as well as a human in low-light conditions and twice as well in normal light. It also has darkvision with a range of 400ft.

Spells Per Day 6|7

Spells Known

0th- Inflict Minor Wounds, Ghost Sound, Read Magic, Detect Magic, and Prestidigitation
1st- Inflict Light Wounds, True Strike, and Expeditious Flight

Ever Night has been on her own since reaching the age of 26 and becoming a juvenile. Drove off by her mother, Ever Night was forced to fend for herself at an early age. She did manage to sneak away with one of her mothers most prized treasures before being banished though, a belt of polymorph. Like most Dread Shadowdragons, she feels that her race deserves to be the masters of the world and she harbours a distinct desire for revenge for her peoples defeat at the hands of the united dragons. With this in mind, she has set herself the goal of attaining what her ancestors could not.

To accomplish her goals, Ever Night knows that she must keep her secrets to herself about her plans while still gathering information. She knows that time and patience will show her the weaknesses of her enemies and so for now she spends her time looking to make an alliance with the coloured dragons of the surface. She also realizes that she will need other allies to obtain her desires of revenge and so she set out early in her banishment to look for someone that would suit her needs. She has spent the last nine

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years of her life, Relying heavily on her precious belt of polymorph, with various teachers learning the history and languages of nearly every race that dwells on the surface. Of all the races she has seen she finds humans most fitting to her ideals. They are power hungry, easily corrupted, numerous, resourceful, and not powerful enough on their own to fight back against the Dread Shadowdragons. With humans as allies in mind, she has founded a lair deep under the lands of Greymettle and even forged an alliance with an evil human cleric.

Brogarn Bencharc, an evil cleric of Gruumsh has accepted Ever Night's leadership and offered the dragon his life. In return for such devotion, Ever Night allows the human to ride a specially designed saddle that she wears allowing him to fight from her back and rewarded him with the use of her own magically enchanted longspear when she is in dragon form. Also in respect of his loyalty she has not yet considered killing him on a whim, even on the rare occurrence when he has angered her. Holding with her suspicions, she has still not revealed her own true plots and desires to Brogarn. Combining their spells and combat skills, the two make an effective team that has allowed Ever Night to work towards her plans. Ever Night finds herself looking for a group of Coloured Dragons to join forces with so that she can determine each of their weaknesses. She plans to use the banishment from her mother, resulting in a distancing from her own kind, and lust for treasure as a cover story for her true goals of observation.

Ever Night is as prejudiced as any dragon but less so than most Dread Shadowdragons. She holds herself to be above all races, including other dragonkind but she is smart enough to recognize strengths when she sees them. She is unique from her kind in that she is willing to follow others or orders if only to meet her own goals. She possess much restraint when the situation calls for it and thus can control her destructive nature, releasing it only when it will not endanger her plans. Despite all this she is still a Dread shadow dragon and is hot-tempered, vicious, and unpredictable. Her lust for treasure and revenge drive her and she is both ruthless and brutal in most of her dealings.

Ever Night has translucent scales and a large dark body.. From a distance she looks like nothing more than a foreboding mass of shadows but up close she is power incarnate. Her massive shoulder and chest muscle ripple with even the slightest of movements. She has malavolent green eyes that glow with an inner light. When staring at someone her eyes seem to bore into their soul delving for the deepest secrets hidden there. She has a nearly 25 foot wingspan that allows her to gain impressive flying speeds and maneuverability. Her long sinous tail has a translucent fringe on the the lower half that evolve into spikes as they climb up the tail and onto her back. She has two small, curled horns that flare back from her head and and point to the two seperate frills that run down each side of her thick neck. She has fewer bone spurs and bony plates than most dragons which conveys a feeling of sleek power running through her body.

Recently, Ever Night has taken her faithful pet Brogarn and journeyed to Garnthe Peak for a meeting Janabelle, an ancient blue dragon. Janabelle offered riches and power in return for her aid in tracking an assassin to the realm of Greymettle. At first Ever Night was not impressed as she found that she would need to work with three metallics and a blue of her age. All four dragons are easily as prideful as Ever Night, and their companions hold the same contempt for Ever Night as their masters do. The call of money and riches was too much for Ever Night to resist however and so she accepted the bargain, receiving a magical cloak as a down payment for services rendered. Ever Night now finds herself flying toward the realm of Greymettle in Janabelle's debt.

Current XP: 4550xp
Needed XP: ???xp

Belt Of Polymorph (worn, 1wt)
Ring of Lightning Resistance (Worn, --wt)
Ring of Fire Resistance (Worn, --wt)
Bracers of Armor +2 (Worn, 1wt)
Amulet of Dex +2 (Worn, --wt)

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Circlet of Charisma +2 (Worn, --wt)
+2 Longspear (Cohort, --wt)
Janabelle's Blue Cloak (Cohort, 5wt)
Large Exotic Military Saddle (Worn, 40wt) 120gp

Coins- 580gp, 9000cp (Lair, 11.5wt)
Golden Yellow Topaz - 700gp (Cohort, --wt)
x3 Onyx - 50gp (Cohort, -wt)
Gold Bracelet - 55gp (Cohort, --wt)
Fire Opal Pendant - 1200gp (Cohort, --wt)

[March 25, 2003, 06:24 PM: Message edited by: guido_ca]

Posted by **THrag2K** (Member # 122415) on February 25, 2003, 11:15 PM:

Brogarn Bencharc (for purposes of pronunciation, it's Ben-shar) (rolls under Brogarn)
Male Human Cleric of Gruumsh 7th lvl
Chaotic Evil

Str 12
Dex 14
Con 14
Int 10
Wis 15
Cha 8
Comeliness: 10

Hit Points 54
AC 16 (+2 dex, +4 armor)
Init +2
BAB +5
Speed 30 (base 30, 20 when all of stuff is worn)
Fort +7, Ref +4, Will +7

+9 Melee, +2 Longspear, 1d8+3, 20/x3 10' reach
+7 Melee, Returning Shortsppear +1, 1d8+2, 20/x3
+8 Ranged, Returning Shortsppear +1, 1d8+2, 20/x3, 20'r

Medium, 5'7" tall, 110 lbs, 22 yrs old
Black hair, brown eyes, tanned caucasian skin

Speaks Orc (only language taught to him)

+9 Ride (5cc)
+12 Concentration (10)
+4 Spot (2cc)
+6 Spellcraft(6)

Feats
-Mounted Combat
-Mounted Archery
-Combat Casting
-Skill Focus (ride)

Human Traits
+1 skill points per lvl
Extra feat at first lvl
Favoured Class: Any

Cleric Abilities

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Divine Spellcasting
Domains (War and Evil)
Weapon Proficiency (Longspear(from domain))
Weapon Focus (Longspear(from domain))
Weapon Proficiency (all simple)
Armor Proficiency (all)
Shield Proficiency
Spontaneous Casting (inflict spells)
Rebuke Undead

Spells Prepared
0th- 6
1st- 5+1
2nd-4+1
3rd- 2+1
4th- 1+1
Will tell spells prayed for at beginning of each "day"

Brogarn grew up amongst a nomadic tribe in the Savage lands, Brogarn was raised amongst an orc-human tribe (with many half-breeds, as he sees them, as well). As he was a member of this tribe, he was raised to be a worshiper of Gruumsh, One-Eye. Upon reaching age 12, he was given to the clergy of Gruumsh, to be taught the ways of the orc-god, to humble his human beliefs. Upon seeing that Gruumsh was just as vicious and brutal of a god that he wanted, Brogarn became a devout worshiper. He quickly reached higher in the ranks, even becoming a battle cleric.

One night, however, Brogarn was visited in his dreams by Gruumsh. He was told to seek one out called Ever Night. Upon receiving this, Brogarn went on his mission as soon as possible, not wanting to raise the ire of He-who-Never-Sleeps. He spent 3 long years of his life trying to find this Ever Night, and two years ago, he found her. Upon initially breaking the language barrier (as Brogarn only speaks Orcish), he quickly submitted himself to her. He never has told Ever Night why he is truly there, but he also doesn't know why, but suspects there must be some chaos and destruction that he was sent to help Ever Night reap.

Chain Shirt 25lbs
Peasants Outfit

Backpack (center back, 2lbs (total of 36.5 lbs)
Bedroll (below backpack, 5lbs)
+1 Shortsp spear of returning (5lbs)
+2 Longspear (from Ever Night) (9lbs)

Ring of Spider Climb(left 4th finger, -wt)
Necklace (art, sapphire pendant on gold chain) (worn, -wt) (1800 GP worth)

Silver plated longsword with gem hilt (art, worth 400 GP) (4lb)
2 Waterskin- water (backpack, 8lb)
5 Torches (backpack, 5lb)
Flint &Steel (backpack, -wt)
Trail Rations- 6 days (backpack, 6lbs)
Blanket, Winter(backpack, 3lbs)
Mirror, small steel (backpack, 1/2 lb)
Rope, Silk (50 ft.) (backpack, 5lb)
Peasant outfit (backpack, 2lb)
Potion, cure moderate (backpack, -wt)
3 Potions, cure light (backpack, -wt)
Whetstone (backpack, 1lb)

Coins- 14gp, 21sp, 13cp (pouch), 1lb)
Golden Pearl- 80gp (pouch), -wt)

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Total weight carried: 81.5 lbs (40lbs after backpack and bedroll are dropped)

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on February 26, 2003, 04:08 AM:

Ryu

Male Elven Telepath Psion 7th lvl
Alignment CN

Stats

Str 7 -2
Dex 16 +3
Con 11 +0
Int 13 +1
Wis 10 +0
Cha 16 +3
Com 20

Hit Points 22

AC 17 (+3 dex, +4 Inertial Armor)
Init +3
BAB +3
Grapple -2
Speed 30 (base 30, light load, no armor)
Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +5

+1 Melee, Longsword, 1d8-2, 19-20/x2
+1 Melee, Necromancer's dagger, 1d4-1, 19-20/x2
+6 Ranged, Light Crossbow, 1d10+3, 20/x2, 80 ft. range increment

Appearance

Medium Size, 5'1" tall, 120 lbs, 132 yrs old
Black hair, green eyes, pale skin

Speaks Common, Elven, and Sylvan

Skills

+11 Bluff
+8 Concentration
+7 Knowledge (psionics)
+11 Psicraft
+8 Spot (Cross-class)
+7 Listen (Cross-class)

Feats

-Resculpt Mind (Delay psionic combat modes for feats)
-Hidden Power Visual
-Hidden Power Audiable
-Inertial Armor (Add +4 to AC when not wearing armor)
-Psychoanalyst (+2 bonus to Diplomacy, Bluff, and Intimidate checks with humanoids)
-Psychic Inquisitor (Detect lies)

Special Qualities

-Standard Elf Traits

Psion Abilities

-Psionic combat modes: Thought Shield, Empty Mind, Mind Blast, Psychic Crush, Ego whip
-Psicrystal (Liar): Int 9, Sighted, Emphatic link, Telepathic link, Self-propulsion,
Speak with other creatures.

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Power Points: 36

Powers known

Lvl 0: Detect Psionics, Far hand, Lesser Natural Armor, Catfall, Telepathic projection
Lvl 1: Conceal thoughts, Create Sound, Spider Climb
Lvl 2: Brain Lock, Suggestion, Invisibility
Lvl 3: Fairy Tale, Fly

Items currently worn

Backpack
Bedroll
Clothes
Torc of Psionic Might

Items in backpack

Black Cloack (special equipment to not be recognized)
Waterskin- water
5 Torches
Flint &Steel
Trail Rations- 5 days
Holy sign of Ehlonna, in hidden pocket
Pouch with money

Coins- 4996 sp

Sapphire (Also psicrystal)- 800gp

Ryu was born in the woods in the Savage Lands, in a small elven village of Llantil. The village was a peaceful place, and mostly unknown to the outside world. Almost all people there worshipped Ehlonna, and though she was losing power, the people there continued to trust her as their village's patron deity, as opposed to other villages, who started to worship Obad-hai. Ryu's village was put under severe strain by those other villages, to stop worshipping Ehlonna. But the village of Llantil refused to do so.

Ryu was expected to later on become a druid, but instead found out that he possessed another gift. By force of will, he could release hidden power from his mind, and he was especially adept at influencing other people with this. He stopped training for druid, and decided to secretly develop his powers.

One day, when Ryu was out to 'hunt', but instead was training psionics, the stress between the villages came to a climax. Priests of Obad-Hai (NE alignment), of a certain organization called the Black Leaves, forced the village to change deities, or else the village would be wiped out. As an example, the temple of Ehlonna was set on fire.

When Ryu came back, he saw the last of the building fall into ashes. Ryu had always been a fanatic follower of Ehlonna, and was outraged by this. He decided to prepare a psionic surprise if the priests came back.

The next day, the priests came back to Llantil, but with reinforcements. The inhabitants were not planning on changing deities, and they prepared to defend themselves. There was a massive bloodshed, and when the time was right, Ryu struck most of the followers of Obad-Hai with a Mind Blast, unknowing that that manifestation would be the end of the place he called home.

Escaped followers of the Black Leaves used the excuse of a dangerous village with evil psionics, to mobilize more troops and followers of Obad-hai. The village was destroyed, and as far as Ryu knows, he is the only survivor.

To this day, Ryu has fought to protect followers of Ehlonna, and protect himself using Fairy Tale, to make people think he doesn't exist. He wanders across the land of the Three Kingdoms, seeking the Black Leaves and avenging Ehlonna by stopping those who don't believe there is room for 2 nature deities in the world.

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[OOC: Not the best story I have written, but it will have to do. I might rewrite it sometime.]

Personality

Deep down in his heart, Ryu is good. His heart has been blackened by the cruelty he witnessed in his hometown of Llantil. Seeking to avenge Ehlonna, and by some means return her to her former glory, he is very focused on his mission. He rarely gives out information about himself, only to close friends, which he all lost, or so he believed, in Llantil. He keeps an misleading aura of friendship around himself, but he is ruthless to those who oppose him.

[OOC: I feel the best way to make Ryu's personality is to just play IC, and his personality will develop from there.]

Appearance

Ryu has black, short hair, and deep green eyes. He usually wears black clothes, with silver and green decorations. He keeps his longsword at the left side of his belt, and his dagger on the right. His crossbow is usually carried on his back, hanging on a hook attached to his backpack. His psicrystal is usually in a side pocket of his backpack.

Psicrystal

Ryu's psicrystal is a Liar personality, which means the thing just can't stop lying, even to his owner, who knows all too well when the psicrystal is lying or speaking the truth. The psicrystal sometimes has useful advice, though.

[February 28, 2003, 09:07 AM: Message edited by: Kokiriaz]

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on February 27, 2003, 06:08 PM:

Apparantly, Kuratsukan has gained total control of the universe and there is no need to continue this game...

j/k Kkat, we need you!

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on February 27, 2003, 07:34 PM:

Part 2: Kuratsukan &Durney

Blackfire strode down the gleaming marble halls of the Hall of Champions like a beholder unleashed on a pack of peasants. A cook entered the hall, holding a silver tray, only to see his glowering approach and shrink behind a colonnade. Blackfire paid the human no attention. Dark-skinned and angular of features, Blackfire appeared human himself, save for the beady black eyes. But he felt no kinship for these creatures, nor did he have the time to waste on them. Not today. He had been summoned.

Behind the great doors of bronze and lapis ahead, his keen ears pick up the sounds of what would pass for discussion. A male voice, charming and persuasive, was audible saying "Well, if you insist on one of yours, I ll have to likewise insist on one of mine." Blackfire scowled, and wondered just what his Mistress had concocted to make his life a living hell now.

He pushed through the doors. They swung heavily but with balance. Beyond, the royally decorated conservatory gleamed with natural sunlight. Within, Blackfire immediately set eyes upon his Mistress, a beautiful woman of light and creamy skin, raven hair and a blue gown that sparkled with wealth. The gown alone would have cost thousands of gold, easily a lifetime of wages for any of the workers within the Hall, if it had been bought anywhere. Blackfire would be impressed if he had not known better. Her companion, a man

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of rugged youth and undeniable charisma, wearing finest corsair garbs under a shining breastplate of bronze, turned to smile at him. The smile actually did not look forced. Blackfire had a sinking feeling.

His Mistress spoke. And Blackfire, while still frowning thought, all in all, it could have been worse.

Many days later...

The crow swooped through the thermal coming off the steppes. The flight over the sea had been harrowing, not the least because it required considerable ship hopping to accomplish. Now, scrubby earth spread out below an endless sky of cloudy blue. Blackfire's wings were tired. With cross exasperation, he cawed to the heavens, "I am **not** a carrier pigeon!" The skies did not answer.

It took days to find the correct stretch of the nearly desert wilderness that made up this portion of the steppes. Hours more of circling were required before he spotted what he was looking for. At least, to an extent, he understood this choice. If his Mistress was intent on such a collection of... people... to such an apparently important affair, She was going to be sure one of her own Kind was in that group. She would not be able to put faith in it without one. Some of the other choices he found less inspiring.

Landing, his wings stretched out to arms, his feathers slid into dark skin, and slowly he uncurled to stand. Only his eyes retained their nature as they flicked about cautiously. Then, drawing in breath, he called out. "I come bearing a message for the one named Kuratsukan! You have been summoned to duty. Jannabelle of the Burning Lands requests an audience with you." The tone left no doubt that the term request was merely a politeness. "You have been deemed worthy of a great honor. A quest which will surely bring you recognition and respect amongst all your kind, great honor, and the favor of Janabelle herself." He sighed deeply. Then, knowing how he would receive such an announcement himself, he took a deep breath and sweetened the pot. "And, certainly, the chance to increase your riches." One down, her thought, even as he drew a scroll from his belt and searched the ground for a good stick. One down, too damn many to go.

Finding a suitably sharp, pointed object, he jammed it between two rocks and jabbed the scroll on it. The scroll bore directions to a mountain which peaked just a hundred feet out of the mists between the Burning Lands and Glitterwarren. Anyone unable to reach it safely had no business being there.

He crouched, spreading his arms, preparing to take flight before the One who heard his message came out to try to eat the messenger. He knew, intellectually, that he really had nothing to fear in that regard. But it would make an already burdensome task even more inconvenient. Almost as an afterthought, he called out, "Oh, and it is suggested that you bring a mortal you can trust with you!" The solemn, direct tone made it clear this was a suggestion along the lines of suggesting it is a good idea to occasionally flap your wings while flying.

The crow that was Blackfire took to the skies with the depressing thought: four more to go.

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on February 27, 2003, 08:11 PM:

Part 3: Risnia & Ryu

Well, if you insist on one of yours, I'll have to likewise insist on one of mine.

Blackfire cawed. Just brilliant. Part of him insisted this entire plan was doomed. His Mistress had finally gone senile. In Blackfire's opinion, few people understood that Dragons were solitary creatures not by selfishness but by virtue. In any species claiming intelligence, any group of more than one spontaneously manifests *politics*. "Not

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even the Reds are **that** evil."

As Blackfire glided along the river, he reflected. And it was not just Dragons either. Oh no, that would have been too easy. Now mortals are being involved. Blackfire shook his head.

His eyes flicked onto the village that, if his sense of direction was anywhere near correct, should be Goldglot. A serfs hamlet that had grown busily since Glitterwarren had broken off and claimed independence from Greymettle, turning the otherwise insignificant collection of huts into a bordertown, Goldglot had become a haphazard, bustling little town whose appearance was as eclectic as its inhabitants. Humans shared their lands with numerous gnomes and more than a handful of elves. The last indicated there must be an elven reservation (no, "Arboretum", Blackfire corrected himself sarcastically) somewhere in the forests which stretched north of it. He swooped in closer and immediately wished he had no sense of smell. Unwashed people, animals, and their wastes assaulted him. Real life was far from the picturesque images seen in paintings on castle walls.

He landed in the darkened crawlspace beneath the porch of the watermill. He immediately felt damp from the mist that bellowed in from the water wheel. He resumed a human form only long enough to drop his second scroll on the ground. Then, again a crow, he clutched it in his talons and fluttered out towards the town.

The cacophony of the streets enveloped him as he glided thought the ever-shifting obstacle course of people and horses. This is so much easier, he thinks to himself, when the person you're looking for looks like a Dragon.

The crow's search took him finally to a stretch of road lined heavily with trees towards the far end of Goldglot. And when he did, he found the boy leaning against a tree trying very hard to not look like he was paying so much attention to the elven lass tending the flowers of the hut nearby. Blackfire had the driving urge to swoop up and shout something obscene.

He didn't. Because thats when he noticed he had been spotted. So intent was he on his query, he had failed to notice the black-cloaked figure keeping eye from across the street. Something about the way that man stared unnerved Blackfire. And he was not one used to being unnerved.

He banked towards the figure.

"Message for Risnia!" he cawed, swooping low and releasing the scroll with aimed precision at the head of the elven man. Then beat his wings, taking altitude as fast as it was offered. Once the road and it's occupants glided out of sight behind the trees, he began to wonder at his reaction. Later, he assured himself, he would have to have a more in-depth examination of why some guy on the street would provoke that almost instinctual level of concern.

The scroll was different from the first he had delivered, both in author and in the wax seal of the Corsairs.

quote:

Text of the Corsair s Sealed Letter:

Risnia

I hope this letter reaches you and finds you well. Your People have need of you. A group is being assembled for a quest of great importance, both to Us and to all races. I have personally requested you be considered for this glory, as your travels to other lands have given you experience with the ways of many nations and people. Furthermore, you are familiar with the

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place of gathering, as you have used it in your travels. I speak of Garnthe Peak, to which I hope you will set forth immediately. This time, however, you must not travel alone. Find yourself a traveling companion amongst those about you. A friend whom you can trust, and who is stalwart and courageous, for in times to come he (or she if you are a rascal) will be your guide as well as your confidant. I will not say more here, lest the dubious courier be intercepted.

May the currents of good fortune flow with you.

Cowray, Prince of the Corsairs

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on February 27, 2003, 08:15 PM:

Part 4: Gentle Breeze and Halberon Bilson

Gentle Breeze was prepared to leave. Something greater, somewhere out there, was calling Him. The time had come to leave Astroful the only home Gentle Breeze had ever known. Time to leave the clutch and make His own way in the world. But saying goodbye was a more solemn process than He had at first accounted.

He had been prepared to go for days now. Halberon Bilson was being politely patient, although there was no doubt that his longtime friend and druid companion was chomping at the proverbial bit to see wilderness beyond that little island of partially cultivated nature surrounded on all sides by the miles-high walls of Mist. That the Mist hung there day after day, year after year, shifting but unmoving like a great white curtain drawn around the Astroful Protectorate, betrayed it as unnatural. Occasionally, if you were unlucky, you saw something dark move in there.

A Druid without nature was like a Dragon without air beneath His wings. And as beloved as the city of Astroful was and the mountain valleys spotted with halfling villages below, neither supplied as much of either as Halberon and Gentle Breeze had grown to desire.

Gentle Breeze had already made His goodbyes to family and friends. Now He was making one last visit to the places here which had become so important to Him. He took one last look about the darkened Inner Sanctum of the Temple of Kariska Wonderbringer, then strode out into the Vestibule. There, He stopped, committing the images on the walls to memory one last time.

Across from Him, carved in relief and painted colors that had dulled with age, was a truly ancient prophecy. Five Dragons and five mortal Champions stood against a storm of shadows and darkness. The carvings were too stylized for Gentle Breeze to determine the races of each Champion. The Dragons were likewise all identical in form and size, but their paint make the Race of each immediately discernable. Gold, Bronze, Red, Blue and Green. By the powers of prophecy and legend, such a gathering of Dragons and men, was a powerful symbol. But likewise, it was strange to consider such a group of companions, particularly such a group of Dragons banding together, in this modern time.

Astroful itself was a pre-Cataclysmic wonder. The City have emerged from the wreckage and rebirth of the world untouched, the same now as it had been in the age before. This prophecy was even older than that. As old as the Temple itself. And unlike some of the stranger images on the walls about Him, *this* was a prophecy that had been fulfilled.

In the times of the Cataclysm, over three thousand years ago, this prophecy became manifest. Gentle Breeze reached out to touch the relief. Through studies of His own, He

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even knows the name of one of the Dragons who fulfilled the prophecy. "Jannabelle." The Blue. She had been given many names. Those which came to Gentle Breeze more easily were "Destroyer of Artifacts" and "The Dragonmage". He knew not the reason behind the former, but it was the latter which He found more interesting. From what He had gleaned from very old texts, Janabelle had earned that title for being an accomplished wizard and was the one who maintained the only other known Temple to Kariska Wonderbringer, in the Hall of Champions. A place as fabled and legendary as Astroful itself.

Gentle Breeze's moment of peace shattered as the doors of the Temple flew open. Halberon Bilson strode quickly in, followed by two halfling paladins, members of the Astroful Guard, who marched with weapons raised and pointed towards a rather pout-out looking man of dark skin and black, slightly-tattered leathers.

"I protest this treatment!" the stranger insisted loudly, sending a black glower towards the Guards. "You know of my Mistress. You know She can be trusted."

"We also know of Her familiar," the halfling replied, unmoved. "We know you cannot be trusted."

The stranger rolled his eyes, strange eyes completely black as coals, and made a flamboyant gesture of dismissal. Then his eyes lighted on the Silver Dragon. He stopped, staring at Gentle Breeze as if sizing up an opponent. "Gentle Breeze something something Rising Mist, I presume?"

The other guard frowned as if biting a fruit overripe to the point of rotting. "Are you certain this is the one?"

The stranger nodded. Then began. "I bring a message for the One named Gentle Breeze. Jannabelle of the Burning Lands requests an audience..."

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on February 27, 2003, 08:31 PM:

Part 5: Ever Night and Brogarn Bencharc

Death had come to Garden's End.

Houses of stone and wood layered along the mountain switchbacks; dark windows stared out like the solemn, testifying gaze of graveyard statues. Empty. Silent. A sepulchral quiet lay over the narrow streets. The wind held its breath, as if afraid to disturb the serenity of the grave.

A dark paw, like manifest shadow, crunched softly on the autumn leaves. Even that sound seemed far too loud and crisp in the quiet. Ever Night stopped and listened. Then looked to Her companion. Brogarn had mounted one of the piles of rubble that had once been a guardtower. A gridwork of such towers had once protected the town. Now each was reduced to ruin.

Reports of orc raiders in the area had been greatly understated. Brogarn could see the scattered bodies of the town's assailants in the valley below. They had been over one hundred strong. The blacked roofs and burned walls of several buildings attested to the flaming arrows the orcs had used. And the raiders had not merely been orcs. He and his dark Dragon friend had spotted two ogres and many goblins amongst the bodies. Most in the valley, although enough had stormed into town to harass the humans here. A fair number of the human bodies in the town died bloodily.

But it was not the orcs who killed Garden's End.

Ever Night took in the corpses. They laid about the streets and in the houses where they fell. Pale and cold, and not a mark on their bodies. Horses lay dead in their stables. Babies were motionless in their cribs. The Shadow Dragon spotted a squirrel laying rigid

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at the base of a tree.

She had already been traveling here, following Her companion as he followed the orcs, when rumor had whispered that a great raven, vast enough of wingspan to at least rival an ancient Dragon, had descended upon the town and breathed death upon it. Ever Night knew of breathing death. The sort that leaves corpses much like these.

Mr. Bencharc was the first to spot the three creatures approaching by air. Two winged creatures, dark of visage, flanked a blackbird or perhaps a crow. Ever Night's keen vision could make out the scroll in the dark bird's claws. And also took note the curved swords in the flanking creature's belts.

Somebody was about to pay them a visit. Or deliver them a message...

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on February 27, 2003, 09:07 PM:

Part 6: Crimson Dawn

Four down. One to go.

Blackfire stretched out his wings, glorying in the feel of the wind beneath them, lifting him up. That last one had been the worst. He had to deliver these messages. But he was damned if he was going to go anywhere near one of **those** Dragons without backup.

A shudder ran through him. But that was behind him now. One last message, and this should be an easy one. No hunting. No worrying about guards or crazies or being bit. Just a stroll up to the bank. A hello, how do you do, may I see the Dragon please. After everything else after weeks of this trouble, Blackfire was glad he saved the easy job for last.

He banked towards Glitterwarren, turning into the sun. He cawed softly as the warmth of the autumn evening radiated over him. The sky was already turning a bloody crimson with streaks of lavender towards the east and south.

The sun was in his eyes, but he didn't mind. Until somethinn from nowhere bashed hard into his left wing! The stone hit squarely, the impact shuddering through him. Being the Familiar of one of the oldest Dragons in the Realm had it's advantages. The blow that would have crippled or killed any ordinary bird didn't even do enough to bruise. What it did do, however, was knock his wing upward with violent force. Being a bird meant being light, and no personal amount of heartiness was going to keep that stone from knocking him for a tumbling loop.

The world spun. He was spinning, wings beating furiously to regain some amount of control. He saw the rocks rushing for him. He tried to dodge it.

The ground did not cooperate.

The maneuver succeeded only in flipping him over, so that he hit the boulder flat on his back. At once, his wind left him, leaving him stunned.

I am over four thousand years old, he thought defiantly, I am **not** going to be killed by some halfling with a sling.

He gasps from breath as the gang of bandits approached him, sensing an evening meal. Just let me catch my breath, you bastards, and I'll show you what...

He never quite finished that thought. A mighty roar rang through the air. His breath finally caught, and he rolled onto his tallons, truning about. And a blazing rush of fire ripped through the air between himself and the bandits. Dinner, apparently, was going to be barbeque. And with a squawk, he took to the air, determined not to be on the

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menu.

Moments later, he circled high above the fight. Not, frankly, that it was much of a battle at all. The bandit's camp had found itself suddenly invaded by a Gold Dragon.

Blackfire chortled at the irony. Weeks he had spent hunting down Dragons to deliver his messages to. And here one happens upon him with no intention at all. "There needs to be a God of Irony."

But as beautiful the smell of charcoled human and halfling flesh might have been, Blackfire turned away, again taking his heading towards Glitterwarren. There was another Dragon there, one whom he had a message for. And, he decided fervently, he really wanted to have this over by the end of the day.

So filled was he of that eager hope, the crow failed to notice his burdon was a little lighter than in had been before.

The final scroll lay back in the grass beside the boulder, where it had bounced when he hit. A shadow, dragon-like fell across it...

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on February 27, 2003, 09:19 PM:

OOC: For the record, the messages all give the same meeting day and place. Beyond that and a map to the location, they only tell the same information which Blackfire announced vocally. (See Part 2) Addressee is not named (so Crimson Dawn would have no way of knowing the message was not intended for Him.)

The one to Risnia was written by a different person than the others, and is signed Cowray rather than Janabelle. It contains the same address but the other text is different.

--Kkat

[February 27, 2003, 09:25 PM: Message edited by: Kkat]

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on February 28, 2003, 03:30 AM:

[OOC: I am correct if I assume Blackfire gave the message to Ryu, so Ryu could give it to Risnia? The description of the elf matches Ryu's description. Or is Risnia polymorphed into an elf?]

[February 28, 2003, 03:41 AM: Message edited by: Kokiriaz]

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on February 28, 2003, 07:31 AM:

quote:

Originally posted by Kokiriaz:

[OOC: I am correct if I assume Blackfire gave the message to Ryu, so Ryu could give it to Risnia?

Yes.

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Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on February 28, 2003, 08:18 AM:

[OCC: Let The Game Begin!]

quote:

Atrus asked in Myst:
Who the Devil are you?!

Risnia was reluctant to leave. He had (much to the amazement of the other dragons) grown to like it in this borderline town. None the less, his dedication to his people (despite having lived away from them) was stronger than his will to stay. Ryu, had delivered the message to him and he had read it, knowing to well that it would call upon him to return.

What he didn't expect however was that it would require him to bring a mortal friend. He knew that would have to be Ryu. The psion was the only person who knew his true identity, and he knew he could handle himself in any situation. Despite his rebellious nature Risnia knew that he could trust Ryu to be the truest of friends, and if the mission would prove hard he knew of no one else he would want by his side. The trip would be long, and Risnia would have to carry Ryu most of the way. Even magical means of flight couldn't pass the way he must go.

He walked into his room and reached under his bed for a dusty box. Lifting off the cover he revealed a beautiful golden necklace containing a dragon tooth, and claw. He didn't hazard to guess what this would go for just as a status symbol (although it's magic was relatively weak.) Next to the Necklace was a ring, he put it on. He gathered up what little money he had. He knew that he could have remained in the Corsair Kingdom and been weathy but he enjoyed this much more. Besides he was comfortably well off (by elven terms of corse by no means Dragon terms).

He walked outside and motioned to Ryu. "Gather your stuff, we must leave soon. I'll will explain on the way. Please be as so kind as to pack light. It's a long flight even with my strength, and I don't want to overweighed with supplies. We will walk about 2 miles out of town to a secluded area I know of, from there I will fly us to where we need to be..." He hated to drag such a good friend into the matters of Dragons, but he knew Ryu would not only understand but he would also enjoy the adventure.

[OCC: Take the reins Kokiriaz]

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on February 28, 2003, 09:04 AM:

Ryu understood that the letter he gave Risnia must have been of some significance, as it seemed his friend was in quite a hurry. He knew he didn't have much to pack, and even though he was always prepared to leave quickly, the serious tone of the Bronze Dragon's voice made him pack even faster. When grabbing his longsword, he paused to wonder what the letter would have said. He reassured himself he would find out soon enough, and continued.

After stocking up a bit on food at the nearest merchant, and a fast prayer to Ehlonna to guide his journey, Ryu went outside to meet with Risnia. Curious, but also focused on the new mission that would make him leave the place he had called home for a while.

[February 28, 2003, 10:40 AM: Message edited by: Kokiriaz]

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Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on February 28, 2003, 09:19 AM:

Ah, where to begin...

quote:

Originally posted by Kkat:

Finding a suitably sharp, pointed object, he jammed it between two rocks and jabbed the scroll on it. The scroll bore directions to a mountain which peaked just a hundred feet out of the mists between the Burning Lands and Glitterwarren. Anyone unable to reach it safely had no business being there.

Hmm... what manner of disturbance is this? And to have left without proper address. Surely this could not be the Yakuza. They know to never disturb the 8th Dragon of Heaven. (sigh) Feh, it's written in gaijin... such a crude language.

(reads the scroll)

After reading the scroll, Kuratsukan alights to a nearby dwarven labor camp, where his associate Durney lives. Since the dwarven relocation to the steppes soon after his arrival, he and the nearby groups have done well in helping each other building their homes at the edge of the Great Empire. Through their combined efforts, they had formed two fair homes in the mountainsides, perfect (they believed) for protecting their mineral wealth. Recently, however, some criminal had stolen a large volume of the holdings of the Dwarven encampments and even Kuratsukan himself. After several weeks of investigation in the lands of the nearest clans, Kuratsukan realized that the culprit must have lied beyond the desert, far beyond his home, where foul-tongues gaijin insisted there were many others like him. Surely, only the home of the kami was sufficient to house the true dragons. A combination of curiosity and anger drove him to seek out Durney; he figured this odd request would give him time to investigate the loss of his precious jade and emerald.

(OOC: Mr Kami, lemme know if you want the next part changed.)

Landing at the camp, Kuratsukan called for Durney, a representative of his camp among the other groups who live on the steppes. "Durney, I bring news of a request made of me by some distant person. I know nothing of this, and I hope that the knowledge the older tiny ones here might know of this Jay-saw-belle person. It gives us some place to begin a search for the vandal that robbed our hordes. I think we should leave as soon as possible, as I am not sure how much time we have. The only gaijin calendar I had was stolen. Surely, the culprit shall pay for crimes against the Eighth Dragon. Do you agree?"

(OOC: There... that's just pompous enough. lol)

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on February 28, 2003, 12:28 PM:

As the last member of the bandits fell, Crimson Dawn took measure of the destruction he had brought to the camp. Over 30 had been burned almost to cinders while the remaining 10 bore multiple claw and teeth marks as well as crushed bones. Crimson couldn't help but smile, by Bahamut, he thought, should I be enjoying this? That the band deserved their fate was without question, he had been tracking the band for over 2 weeks now after hearing how they had mercilessly slaughtered several band of pilgrims, even the non fighters, mostly women and children. Crimson normally didn't actively pursue bandits; he normally just wandered the roads and would run into them in that manner.

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Collecting himself, Crimson quickly attended to the minor and almost insignificant wounds the bandits had inflicted upon him. When he had finished attending to his wounds he quickly searched the bodies and the surrounding area. As was almost always the case the bandits didn't have a lot of gold but it would be enough to sustain Crimson for a couple of weeks. He also found a scroll with a strange wax seal. Curious he picked it up and examined it more closely the seal didn't look like it had anything to do with magic but he checked the scroll and seal for magic regardless. When he detected no magic contained in either, he broke the seal and unrolled the scroll. Inside was a message and a map. Crimson carefully read the message.

You have been summoned to duty Janabelle of the Burning Lands requests an audience with you. You have been deemed worthy of a great honor. A quest which will surely bring you recognition and respect amongst all your kind, great honor, and the favor of Janabelle herself.

Crimson was so shocked that he almost dropped the scroll. In his mind's eye he recalled the bird that had dropped from the sky like a stone. Glancing around he noticed that the bird was gone. Crimson couldn't exactly remember who Janabelle was, he vaguely remembered her name from the history lessons his parents had conducted. However who ever she was he had been summoned and one did not lightly use such a word to a dragon which meant that he had to go, now. He would have preferred to walk like he normally did but he could cover so much more ground in his normal form. Quickly glancing over the map, he gathered his bearings and with a mighty heave launched himself into the air.

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on February 28, 2003, 03:27 PM:

Ever Night watched the Raven and his escorts flee her might and she was much pleased. Chortling to herself she quickly scanned the contents of the scroll before turning back to her 'play' with the defeated town.

After the day had set, a brief moment for a dragon, Ever Night turned her thoughts back towards the troublesome letter.

A summon's? A chance to gain respect and riches. What do I care of respect from other dragons! One day they will all bow down before me and my kind so it matters little.

Of course, mayhap this gives a chance to study other dragon's. Surely the people of the surface would not put their trust in a Shadow Dragon to come at their call! Perhaps this is the opportunity I have been looking for. Yes, perhaps..

[Orc]Brogarn! Gather your weapons. It seems that I am willing to reply to this letter in person. You may as well come along since you will likely get yourself killed if left behind. Besides, I might yet need you to give your life over in this. Get your saddle strapped on me now and we will be away this very night![/Orc]

Soon after, if there were anyone alive to see, Ever Night launches herself into the air with a human strapped to her back. Her eyes glowing brighter than usual with the excitement of her plans coming to fruition, she sets off at a steady pace to respond to a summons.

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on February 28, 2003, 06:56 PM:

(OOC: I wanted wait for Kokiriaz to reply before I role played the flight away from the town. I'll normally keep posts to 1/day)

Risnia was happy that Ryu was able to pack so fast. He wouldn't have put his friend in such danger except that he knew he was completely loyal and craved adventure so much. They had an interesting relationship for a mortal and dragon, it was more of a mutual

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friendship than the normal Dragon-follower relationship. Ryu would often listen to his requests and do his best to help with them, but it was not without the return of Risnia's help. Ryu would only have to ask for something and Risnia would do his best to help him achieve his goal. Of course that's what friends were for... Risnia was busy thinking about this friendship and it's unusual quarks, when he realized he was almost to where he wanted to be, a secluded cave about 2 miles out of town. He told Ryu to wait at the entrance and walked in. He was always cautious about changing appearance with in any distance of the town so he conjured up a thick mist before changing shape. He emerged from the mist in full Dragon form. He hadn't been out of town recently and this shape was oddly unfamiliar at first, but he quickly adjusted. He bent close to the ground and lowered his wing to form a ramp.

"C'mon up Ryu. I know you'd prefer to go by your own power, but it's a long hazardous flight and I know the safest route. As we fly I'll explain where we're heading."

(OOC: Kokiriaz dialogue is hard here so I'll tell a Quick story and you can post a bunch of IC questions you would have asked in a dialogue and I'll post IC answers)

"I have been summoned by leader of my kind to embark on an important mission. I know not the full details yet, but it is unusual for them to summon me, except in the most dire of times. I am to meet with Prince Cowray on the Garnthe Peak. I was told I would need the aid of a trusted friend, and that is why I asked you to come along, for I trust no one more than you. When we arrive we'll both know more."

[February 28, 2003, 08:05 PM: Message edited by: tsrblke]

Posted by **THrag2K** (Member # 122415) on February 28, 2003, 07:45 PM:

Brogarn replies: [ORC] Right then, master. let us be off, for the glory of He-who-never-sleeps.[/ORC]

Hmmmm, maybe this is what Gruumsh intended for me to do, let us see.....mmmmmahahahaha

Posted by **Master of the Squirrel's** (Member # 68430) on February 28, 2003, 08:24 PM:

Halberon says after Blackfire takes off, "You may go now good halflings." As they leave, he addresses Gentle Breeze, "Well isn't that most interesting, my old friend? You, of all dragons, have been called on by the great Queen in the Desert. And I believe the man mentioned something about a mortal companion..." He smiles big in expectancey.

Posted by **FranklinT** (Member # 78996) on March 01, 2003, 10:17 AM:

The young Silver has been preparing for this eventuality for the past few years. Almost all of the older and bigger dragons left Astroful around His age. When preparations for departure were almost complete, Gentle was in for a shock.

He was forewarned of the raven cloaked man's coming by the Silver Guard. A bit unnerved by the magnitude of the situation, he just returns the human's stare. He answers with a confident affirmative at the question of his name. Confused just as much as the nearby Guard, Breeze accepts the message and carefully commits it to his nearly infallible memory.

He responds to the summoner, "My companion and I will arrive with the utmost haste, *familiar*. I am greatly honored by this request. Return and tell your master of my coming."

As the area clears after the excitement, Halberon and Gentle are left standing alone. At

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the wizened druid's inquiry, Breeze responds with a thoughtful nod.

"Yes, very interesting my friend. I humbly admit there would be better choices, but I am not one to argue with hand of fate. And, of course you can come with! We've known one another since I was a hatchling. I would not have it any other way, Hal."

He returns the big smile to his friend (), then looks toward the city wistfully.

"This adventure leaves me wishing I had more time at the library, but alas, I must respond with great urgency. To speak with an ancient... I wonder what untold secrets of the Cateclysm Jannabelle holds? And to have witnessed the Voice and Hand of the great Kariska..."

The dragon sighs at that last name, touching the beautiful silver medallion hanging from his long scaled neck. He calls out a short screech, and is rewarded by the appearance of Rain Swoop, his magically bound hawk companion. The bird of prey lands and perches carefully upon a mass of sparkling scales.

"There is no more time to waste, Halberon. Let us be off. Care for a ride, or will you fly yourself?"

Posted by **Master of the Squirrel's** (Member # 68430) on March 01, 2003, 01:35 PM:

(OOC: Here is my list of creatures that I would like to be able to turn into. I can shift into up to 7 HD creatures IIRC. Now, I am not sure what I have and have not seen. I have only put three that seem to be things that can fly up to Astroful, so I really have very little idea. What humanoids might I have seen? What non-flyers would be around Astroful (as in, a range that an eagle could fly to and back from in a day)? I realize that they don't get many visitors, so it makes it hard to make assumptions.

code:

Creature:	HD:	Notable Abilities:
Eagle	1	Fly (80ft Average)
Winged Dog*	1	Fly (60ft Perfect)
Owl	1	Fly (40ft Avg.) Darkvision

*=The Winged Dog is in Savage Species. It is the example shown when adding the Winged Template to a creature, and I thought it would be fun. Remember, I can only turn into a dog with the template. For example, I can't become a winged elf because I've seen a winged dog. I have to see a winged elf to become one. Same with all other templates.

I will need at least a good direction to look to for what I can become before I can respond to Gentle.

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 01, 2003, 02:15 PM:

[OOC: Agreed, dialogue is hard. We'll need to post it in a more story-like form, to speed it up.

Because I think it will take some time before all dragons mobilize themselves, the following happens about half an hour after lift-off.]

The feeling of hasty travel once again struck Ryu, a feeling of mixed emotions. With the

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fast retreat from home and packing of only your most valuable possessions, the feeling of excitement arose, but Ryu couldn't help thinking about his retreat from Llantil, his hometown. Ryu didn't hide these memories from himself, or pretend they didn't exist, like he knew most people would have done. To him, those memories were what drove him to his limits. As the memory of his mother being cut open unwillingly surfaced to his mind, he could feel his pure psionic energy flowing inside him with anger. He came to his senses again with a shock, sensing that he had unwillingly emitted telepathic waves. He could only hope that Risnia nor his psicrystal had noticed, this was not the time nor place to discuss this. No, the new mission was more important now.

[OOC: Tsrblke, go ahead and post our arrival, or respond to Ryu, or do both. It's entirely up to you.]

[March 01, 2003, 04:08 PM: Message edited by: Kokiriaz]

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 01, 2003, 02:56 PM:

quote:

Originally posted by Master of the Squirrel's:
I will need at least a good direction to look to for what I can become before I can respond to Gentle.

OOC: All three of those are fine. Other creatures you seen (whether or not you are able to shift into them) include:

Haflings (of course)
Silver Dragons (of course)
Drow
Giant Owl
Giant Eagle
Griffon
Hippogriff
Asperi
Giant (Storm & Cloud varieties)
Slyph
Wolf
Winter Wolf
Will-o'-Wisp
Frost Salamander
Riding Lizard
Phase Spider
Mephit (Air, Ice & Earth varieties)
Elementals (Air & Earth, and other Elemental (Air) and Elemental (Earth) creatures)
plus a variety of farm animals

Hope this is what you are looking for.

--Kkat

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 01, 2003, 03:54 PM:

*Wait for me, Dragon.
We'll meet in the sky.
By fire and magic, I am sworn!*

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--Ride the Dragon, Manowar

"And so it begins." --Kosh, Babylon 5

CHAPTER 1: The Gathering

Garthe Peak jutted nearly a hundred feet out of the Mists, like a bare boulder rising out of an endless sea of dull, lusterless snow. The forlorn peak was topped with a slanted plateau nearly three hundred feet across at its widest point, with rocky irregularities trying to reach further into the sky. Knarled, tough scrubs grew in the cracks and furrows between dark stones.

Leagues away...

Shiyle pushed her head up through the canvas of the pouch, bracing herself for the blasting wind. The air was as cold as it seemed thin, and cut through her fur like sand. The pouch, thick against the cold and well large enough to hold the basti, bobbed under the rhythmic power of the Great Wyrms who carried it, and her, over the Mists.


Shiyle looked forward, but if Garthe Peak was anywhere this side of the horizon, her eyes were not keen enough to spot it. All that greeted her was flat, cold, unmoving white. Under a crisp blue sky with etchings of clouds, the white of the Mists extended uniformly in every direction as far as she could see. Sometimes, staring at the top of the Mist, Shiyle had the ominous illusion that a great scimitar had sliced off the bottom half of reality, leaving her looking into the void of some *otherspace*.

She turned her gaze downward, then back behind her, marveling at the wake Janabelle's passing over the surface of the Mist. They were soaring a monument's height above the Mists, yet the aura of the powerful Dragon was enough to blast a swath from the Mist below. Behind them, the trail stretched out nearly a third of a league before the Mists slewed in, covering the depression as if it had never been made, eating the path.

All Dragons (well, almost all, she had been warned once) were the antithesis of the Mist, and repulsed it by their very presence. For the younger ones, the effect was merely enough to shove it away a few inches from them. But the effects of a truly powerful Dragon were an awe to behold. How unfortunate, the basti thought as she pushed back into the safe warmth of her carrying bag (immediately glad that Janabelle had offered neither a ride on her back or in a chariot, both of which would have subjected her to the elements until she was numb to the point of wishing death), how unfortunate that the Mists could not be permanently banished from all places in the world that way.

She crouched in the womb of the pouch, well used to the swaying caused every time the great Dragon pushed with her wings. She wondered if they would arrive to the Peak first. Or if the others would already be waiting. If the latter, she idly feared what state they would be in, each fully realizing they were not the only summoned, and taking measure of their counterparts. Not for the first time, she also wondered why Janabelle had seen fit to drag her (quite literally, considering the travel arrangement) along on this.

--Kkat

OOC: Each group of you is responsible for writing your arrivals to Garthe Peak. With this in mind, obviously you will arrive in the order in which you post arriving. 

Posted by **Master of the Squirrel's** (Member # 68430) on March 01, 2003, 03:55 PM:

(OOC: Perfect! That was exactly what I was looking for.)

Halberon says back to Gentle, "I think I'll fly along with you as a flying dog. That was one interesting creature that was. Actually, how fast DO you fly Gentle? If you're faster

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than 200 yards a minute (60ft speed), it might be better for me to just stick as my normal ole self and ride on the back of you."

Edit: Grr... reading the Shifter Bible leads me to believe it is only 1 HD per SHIFTER level... That means I'll be stickin' with a flying dog right now, not my more glorious Giant Eagle and Giant Owl. I don't have my MotW with me right now, so if someone could check, that would be much appreciated.

[March 01, 2003, 04:21 PM: Message edited by: Master of the Squirrel's]

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 01, 2003, 05:18 PM:

quote:

Originally posted by Master of the Squirrel's:

Edit: Grr... reading the Shifter Bible leads me to believe it is only 1 HD per SHIFTER level... That means I'll be stickin' with a flying dog right now, not my more glorious Giant Eagle and Giant Owl. I don't have my MotW with me right now, so if someone could check, that would be much appreciated.

OOC: Best I can tell from a cursory look at MotW, it is based on your HD. But I don't know the Shifter Bible and may be missing something. In the very least, it should be Shifter + Druid levels.

--Kkat

Posted by **Master of the Squirrel's** (Member # 68430) on March 01, 2003, 05:23 PM:

Yay! That means Large Owls and Eagles! I think I'll stick with the post I already have, however.

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 01, 2003, 08:21 PM:

(Mr Kami can speak for Durney another day... I will be continuing the story on the assumption that he rides with me.)

[Several days later]

After the arduous flight from the edges of the Emerald Empire, a trip made by so few, Kuratsukan approaches the location proposed as being the Mountain for his host. However, all that could be seen was an immense plume of unbreaking mist and fog, like that of the shores in the morning, but with impunity to the rays of the sun. After flying around its exterior, Kuratsukan slowly swims into the mist. He notices that the mist pulls away from him, forming a bubble as he begins to glide into the gray, cold, wispy air. The mist slowly opened apart for him, and he soon came across a mountainside. Following the directions on the scroll, Kuratsukan found a spot on the peak which would seem appropriate for a being of his importance. At this high point of the mountain, he calls in Imperial, "Let all know that Kuratsukan, The Eighth Dragon, has arrived, and let those who dare bring him beyond the realm of mortals come to him!"

[The wait begins...]

[March 01, 2003, 08:22 PM: Message edited by: canamrock]

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Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 01, 2003, 08:45 PM:

The Mists left Kuratsukan and Durney chilled deeper than the bone. Starting into them had been like falling off the face of the world. As the Dragon flew through the unnatural fog, it burned away about Him, clearing an outline about Him. To Durney, Kuratsukan seemed almost to glow. His color remained bright, when all else was an impenetrable grey. The Mist was not only unnaturally cold, but chokingly thick. Not even the Dragon's keen vision could see far ahead of Him. Objects faded to shadows an arms reach ahead, and disappeared altogether mere feet further. Blindsight became necessary for navigation, and to avoid obstacles which would otherwise be upon them before they could see.

Some of the shadows had alien and deeply disturbing shapes.

//A Dragon.// The strange hiss echoed in Kuratsukan's ears. //A Dragon enters here. Should We eat It?// The sound fluctuated, seeming to shift in direction, to sharpen or dull. The Mists played tricks with sound, making direction and distance of noises impossible to tell.

For days of flight after that sound, both Dragon and companion felt the prickling sense of being watched. Followed. But other than the occasional sliding, slithering or scittering noise, no life seemed to move in the Mist other than them.

It was a blessing to finally reach the Garnthe.

--Kkat

OOC: Dragons can fly over the Mists to reach Garnthe Peak, although the distance between the resting points which raise above the Mists makes for a fatiguing journey. Obviously, going through the Mists rather than above is an option. But in the future, anyone posting actually entering the Mist (rather than flying above it) should not be too hasty in posting leaving.

OTOP, the rest of you all come from areas where the Mists are a known as feared phenominon. Kuratsukan and Durney would not have known better.

PS: I should be able to write up **Knowledge: Mists** for the "Pre-Game: Information" thread sometime this weekend.

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 01, 2003, 08:48 PM:

[OCC: Kokiriaz drop me an email and we'll work on forming a joint post once this picks up]

Risnia, sensed something troubling Ryu. He often noticed that it seemed as if his friend carried some heavy weight from the past, but he never asked. It was not that he didn't care, quite the contrary, he knew that you shouldn't force discussion about something that someone didn't want to talk about.

"It will surface eventually," he thought. "And when it does I'll be there for him, no matter where it takes him."

Risnia knew this route all too well. He used it on his journies home. Garnthe Peak was a good resting point, mostly due to it's location on his route.

[OCC: assume the nessicary time passed here between my taking off and my arrival]

As he flew he saw the peak in the distance, and knew that he would arrive soon. He

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wondered why Cowray had insisted on this spot as opposed to somewhere with the Kingdom, something closer to the center of it perhaps. He knew not what to expect when upon arriving, but he knew at all times to be cautious. As he closed in for a landing, he attempted to be as quiet as possible. He told Ryu that it would be best for him to remain on his back for the time being, until he learned more about their situation. He quietly moved around the peak. Turning a corner about half way around he looked up to see a Blue Dragon.

He was surprised to see another Dragon on this peak. He was expecting at most another bronze to deliver a message to him or explain why he had been called here, but a Blue, This was an intriguing surprise to say the least.

He knew the Blue to be generally upright people, true to their word, as his kind has had past dealings with them. As such, he not worried for his own safety (as of yet.) Curious to what brought him he he called out:

[Draconic] "What be your business on this peak, Blue?"[/Draconic] And awaited a reply...

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 01, 2003, 10:49 PM:

(The following is all OOC)

quote:

Originally posted by Kkat:

OOC: Dragons can fly over the Mists to reach Garnthe Peak, although the distance between the resting points which raise above the Mists makes for a fatiguing journey. Obviously, going through the Mists rather than above is an option. But in the future, anyone posting actually entering the Mist (rather than flying above it) should not be too hasty in posting leaving.

OTOP, the rest of you all come from areas where the Mists are a known as feared phenominon. Kuratsukan and Durney would not have known better.

PS: I should be able to write up Knowledge: Mists for the "Pre-Game: Information" thread sometime this weekend.

I apologize... the description was vague, so I went with what I could. I pretty much pictured one large mountain surrounded in the mist, rather than the mist sitting on the range... oops.

Well, at least Kuratsukan had an excuse.

Perhaps (or purrhaps) a description of the mountain is in order?

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 02, 2003, 02:02 AM:

quote:

Originally posted by canamrock:

I pretty much pictured one large mountain surrounded in the mist, rather than the mist sitting on the range... oops.

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This is correct.

Actually, think an entire mountain range shrouded in Mist, with a few isolated peaks which manage to rise above it. Garthe Peak is one of those mountain tops.

When flying there, you can choose to raise to the elevation of the peak before you reach the Mists, thus flying over them. Or you can travel through the Mists till you get to the specific mountain and then go up, which would be what you described doing.

--Kkat

PS: I managed to get a temporary email address so I could send tsrblke a map of part of this world. This is just one landmass, but most of the territory you will be dealing with (at least at this point) is on it.

[March 02, 2003, 02:43 AM: Message edited by: Kkat]

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 02, 2003, 04:32 AM:

Ryu understood that this was an unusual situation, and also sensed that Risnia was concerned. His advice to Ryu to stay on his back made clear he wanted to be able to fly away from there quickly.

Risnia's concerns were not unjust. There was a Blue Dragon on the peak. Ryu had learned a bit about dragons, and knew that Blues were not to be trusted. Although they were honest most of the time, they were also responsible for the suffering of many. Ryu, doubting that this Dragon would be an exception, stayed on his guard, ready to defend himself if necessary, although he knew that even his most potent psychic powers would do little against a Dragon.

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 02, 2003, 12:54 PM:

Here is a [Three Kingdoms Map](#)

.

Garthe is a mountain within the mountain range which separates Glitterwarren from the deserts of the Burning Lands. Garthe Peak is one of the few mountain tops which rise above the Mists.

--Kkat

[March 02, 2003, 01:38 PM: Message edited by: Kkat]

Posted by **Master of the Squirrel's** (Member # 68430) on March 02, 2003, 01:00 PM:

Is it just me who the map doesn't work for?

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 02, 2003, 01:08 PM:


quote:

Originally posted by Master of the Squirrel's:
Is it just me who the map doesn't work for?

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No. It doesn't work for anybody. We're working on the problem.

Edit: It is a problem with geocities, which does not allow direct photo links. Does anyone have a web page that **does** allow direct photo links? Or even better, hosting ability where we could post the image directly on the boards rather than posting a link?

Edit #2: Should work now! 

--Kkat

[March 02, 2003, 01:41 PM: Message edited by: Kkat]

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 02, 2003, 08:08 PM:

quote:

Originally posted by tsrblke:

He knew the Blue to be generally upright people, true to their word, as his kind has had past dealings with them. As such, he not worried for his own safety (as of yet.) Curious to what brought him he he called out:

[Draconic] "What be your business on this peak, Blue?"[/Draconic] And awaited a reply...

Kuratsukan turns his head down at the pair. He is shocked, because he had never seen anything that looked quite like himself. With a feeling of light shock, he calls down (in Common), "Are you the monstrosity that has called me to be here? What manner of creature are you? And why do I understand that strange tongue of yours? Surely these mists have led me to the Heaven themselves... but you are not any of the Seven Dragons, at least not from what I have seen drawn of them. Are you the Thunder Dragon? Perhaps you know my quest in life..."

(OOC Mode:)

Kkat, nice map. How far is the Empire from the main continent, and it's to the east, correct?

[March 02, 2003, 08:11 PM: Message edited by: canamrock]

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 02, 2003, 09:03 PM:

(OOC: Just so you know, I am still here. I am just waiting for the other dragons arrive before making my post. I am going for the usual evil but dramatic entrance. If you would prefer me to post now and quit stalling just let me know. Otherwise, I will wait for the other two dragons to post.)

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 02, 2003, 09:06 PM:


quote:

Originally posted by canamrock:


Kkat, nice map. How far is the Empire from the main continent, and it's to

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the east, correct?

Thanks! 

The Empire is part of the continent across the seas to the north. The Empire covers the eastern half of it's continent, placing it above the Burning Lands.

I've also posted the link to this map on the "Pre-Game: Information" thread with a few notes about where other landmasses are in comparison. 

--Kkat

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 02, 2003, 09:20 PM:

OOC: <> Crimson's thoughts,
random quote of the day: Do no meddle in the affairs of dragons for you are crunchy and taste good with ketchup.

IC

Exhausted from the prolonged flight, Crimson Dawn swung towards the peak that in the map was called Garthe Peak. However the length of the trip had given Crimson the time he needed to accurately remember who Jananbelle was.

< By Bahamut, one of the oldest and mightiest dragons has summoned me, but why? What is it she wants? I wonder.....>

His musings was cut short as he realized that there was already other dragons on the peak. A bronze dragon as well as a blue were already on the peak and seemed to be engaged in a conversation of some sorts.

<Has Janabelle summoned them here too? Why is such a gathering needed?>

Sighing slightly and realizing that he would learn nothing as long he remained in the air, Crimson folded his wings and dived. As the ground rushed up to meet him, Crimson silently calculated the distanced he'd need to safely slow himself down. At what the distance he figured would be correct, Crimson flared his wings out, and proceeded to slow himself down. However he had overestimated and hit they ground harder then normal, not enough to cause himself harm, but it definitely wasn't a smooth landing.

[Draconic] Hello kinsmen, have the both of you been summoned by Janabelle too?
[/Draconic]

mike

Posted by **FranklinT** (Member # 78996) on March 02, 2003, 10:10 PM:

To Halberon: "Then it would be best if I offered you a lift. If trouble occurs it is reassuring to know that you won't fall into the Mist."

With his friend onboard, Gentle Breeze takes to the sky and maintains a blistering 500 yards per minute. Keeping well above the Mist, the pair makes the long bleak journey, pausing only for short rests on the few peaks that dare to rise through the oppressive fog.

The dragon keeps an unwavering watch below, fearing the worst. For what seems like an

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eternity the miles of featureless barren Mist scrolls beneath his gaze. Endless, answerless questions burn in the Silver's mind. What could have happened to cause all of this? Does it have anything to do with the unweaving of magic? What part did the ancients play? What could Jannabelle possibly want from me? How did she even know that I exist?

Finally the great peak of Garnthe looms ahead of the druid and his mount. From a distance, Gentle surveys the situation. A gold, a bronze, and a blue. Wait, that can't be Jannabelle, much too small. This meeting can't possibly be a coincidence. When fate presents only one road...

Gentle slows his flight and shouts a greeting to the gathered dragons. He seems friendly and polite. He perches on the side of the peak, obviously a bit fatigued. However tired Breeze may be, it does not stop him from expounding long-windedly.

[draconic] "Greetings cousins! I offer peace in this land of death, far from our ancestral territories. I trust we are gathered here at the same request. It is a great honor to meet such diverse and powerful beings as yourselves. I am called **Gwuarahanawee**, or Gentle Breeze in the common tongue. May I request your names?" [/draconic]

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 02, 2003, 11:10 PM:

Prefering darkness, Ever Night flies with Brogarn on her back during the dark, cool nights. She doesn't seem to mind that Brogarn cannot see hardly at night and subjects the human to the whistling cold air that flows over her rapidly pumping wings.

After several nights of travel, Ever Night spots the mists marked on her map. Knowing a little about the Mist from her research she shudders and pumps her wings to gain altitude. Flying high over the mist, she proceeds in the direction until she spots Garnthe peak in the bright moonlight deliberately timing her approach to coincide with the darkness.

Ever Night banks her wings and begins to glide around the peak using her keen vision to scout the mountain top. She makes sure to keep her bulk from crossing over the moon and counts on her natural abilities to hide her from view.

There's the blue...Janabelle? A page right out of history that one is and likely the only true threat there. Look at those runts! A blue, a copper, a silver, and even a gold! Pffawww...what is this, some kind of trap? Well there is potential here to further my plans but there is no point being hasty. While I'm at it, perhaps a proper entrance to show my superiority is in order.

With those thoughts in mind Ever Night bends her neck and looks back at the human huddling in his battle armor on her back.

[Orc]Brogarn, this looks like it could be a trap. Ready your weapons and we will give them a show that they won't soon forget. We'll show the upstarts a piece of our might.[/Orc]

[Orc] Ready that **Darkness** spell of yours and cast it upon yourself once I start my dive. Count twelve of your heartbeats and then dispell your magic.[/Orc]

Circling around, Ever Night gains more altitude time the dispelling of darkness so that she is close to the mountain. Aiming for a spot a little away from the other dragons on the peak she quickly casts **Expeditious Retreat** on herself, just in case. She then tips into a dive with a bellowing shriek that echoes off the mountain tops at the same time that Brogarn should cast his spell. Diving down at the mountain she also casts **Ghost Sound** making the sounds of twelve humans shrieking and screaming in terror proceed the globe of darkness.

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Ever Night flares out her mighty wings slowing her descent timing it so that Brogarn's spell is dispelled just in time for her to drop out of the darkness. She pulls out of the dive hovering just above the ground before settling. The beating of her wings kicks up a flurry of dust and twigs whipping it towards the other dragons on the peak interfering with there vision and generally causing annoyance.

She drops to the ground after a moment of hovering and curls up into a defensive posture, her green eyes glowing with a fierce light. She bares her impossibly sharp fangs and hisses a snarl of contempt. She looks at the Ancient blue and speaks out in a powerful but sibilant voice.

[Draconic] I believe there wasss a promise of richesss. Gold and Sssilver ssscalesss hardly count![/Draconic]

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 03, 2003, 08:42 AM:

OOC: Once again <> Crimson's thoughts

After he had landed on the peak Crimson had noticed the elf on the bronze's back and the dwarf on the blue's. Having had minimal contact with other dragons, he really didn't know what to make of this. Then before the blue and the bronze had even been able to answer him, another dragon arrived!

<By the nine hells! Has he too been summoned? This almost unbelievable.>

As Crimson listened to the new dragon's greeting, his suspicions were proven correct. It seemed that this sliver dragon, Gentle Breeze, was here by the summons of Janabelle.

As Crimson paused to consider what circumstances would require 4 dragons and 3 mortals to work together, a screaming erupts first from one direction then twelve.

Tensing, expecting an attack from some mist monster, Crimson scanned the are and quickly spotted the area of supernatural darkness. Crimson was slightly shocked to see a dread shadow emerge from the supernatural darkness. As the dread shadow's wings kicked up a cloud of dust, Crimson raised a claw to shield his eyes.

As the dread shadow landed and hisses a snarl contemp, Crimson issued a low rumbling roar of anger and almost pounced on the damned thing.. Crimson's eyes which before had been neutral if not friendly instantly radiated anger and hate. He even started to pounce, when he finally overcame his anger and realized that this accursed thing had probably been summoned as well and it was at worst foolhardy to attack a dragon that he knew little of and had an ally on its back. Instead he continued his low rumbling roar and waited to see what the other dragons and this accursed thing would do.

[March 03, 2003, 08:46 AM: Message edited by: drachedeeis]

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 03, 2003, 10:05 AM:

(OOC: Just thought you might want to know drachedeeis, that the going method for IC thoughts is generally put into Italics. With everyone doing the same thing it makes for a much easier read. On a side note, I'm glad that you didn't start pounding me right off the bat.)

[March 03, 2003, 10:11 AM: Message edited by: guido_ca]

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 03, 2003, 11:26 AM:

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OOC: I'll try to remember the italics, I'm used to <> cause that was the what was used for a bunch of the pbems(play by email) I've done. Don't worry, the way's Kkat's talking I figure I got more then enough time to find a way to pound yeah that doesn't involve angering one of the oldest dragons on this world .

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 03, 2003, 11:29 AM:

stupid double post

[March 03, 2003, 12:22 PM: Message edited by: drachedeeis]

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 03, 2003, 12:30 PM:

[Whisper, Elven, Aimed at Ryu] I know not his reason for being here, Ryu. Be warned, Shadowdragons are a tempermental bunch, who work to corrupt all who cross their path. Keep your distance, for it is rumored that they destroy those who cannot be corrupted![/whisper Elven]

By what insanity has Cowray asked me here? Surely he didn't intend for me to work with a Shadow Dragon! I am a kind soul and will not deal lightly with those whose hands contain innocent blood! Surely he will have a good explanation when he arrives.

Risnia readied his sheild spell, for the instant the shadow dragon attempted to make an attack. Blues were one thing, they could at least be trusted, Shadow dragons had not a desireable trait in them. And he knew this. He would have to be on his guard during this summoning, hopefully the Dread would soon be taken by his greed again and leave. If not, he at least could take safety in the fact that there was a gold, silver, and blue here to most likely side against the Dread before siding against him.

(OCC: Note to the DM, if it ever comes up in battle, which I know this won't errupt into,yet, Risnia tends to cast shield followed by Obs. Mist to hide himself)

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 03, 2003, 12:33 PM:

Ryu was shocked by the appearance of all the Dragons, and stunned by the entrance of the Dread Shadow Dragon. However, he quickly regained his calm and sensed that these times might call for a lie or two. Preparing himself and Risnia, he manifests **Conceal Thoughts**, altered by the Hidden Power (Visual) metapsionics, once on himself, and once on Risnia. He whispers in Risnia's ear: "Go ahead, urge them to speak in Common, I can detect lies that way." He then gathers his courage and turns to the Dragons, and says in Common: "It seems we are all in this together. Who are you all?"

[OOC: Recap for Kkat and other players, who might not have a PsiHB: I just expended a total of 4 power points, which leaves me with 32. The Conceal Thoughts is completely undetectable to everybody except Risnia. Conceal Thoughts gives me and Risnia a +20 on Bluff checks. I also activate the Psychic Inquisitor feat.]

[March 04, 2003, 11:12 AM: Message edited by: Kokiriaz]

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 03, 2003, 05:13 PM:

quote:

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Originally posted by tsrblke:

(OCC: Note to the DM, if it ever comes up in battle, which I know this won't erupt into, yet, Risnia tends to cast shield followed by Obs. Mist to hide himself)

OOC: Remember everyone, when casting spells, be sure to make your **Burnout** checks!

--Kkat

Posted by **THrag2K** (Member # 122415) on March 03, 2003, 06:05 PM:

OOC: That does apply to divine spells as well, right?

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 03, 2003, 06:34 PM:

(OCC: Clarification, I was reading the spell, not casting it . Also I'm assuming that we can't take a 10 on burnout rolls right? ELH allows for this but it also is a different scenario)

Risnia heard Ryu urging him to talk with the group surrounding him, he wanted the conversation in common.

Risnia then had the feeling that his friend was manifesting some power over him. His extended knowledge of the psions powers, derived from traveling with him so often, allowed him to understand the purpose of this power. He could now lie his pants off, and hardly anyone would be able to tell!

Ahhhh Ryu. Always ready with the powers when I run out of options! Where would I be without him. Sometimes I wonder if his head is cooler than mine.

Risnia decided it was time to start the dialogue. With the aid of his friend he felt that he would be able to keep the talks calm, and at the same time gather information about the others presence here.

(Dipolmacy Check 13+18=31)

(Bluff Check 5+18+20=43, I forgot to add the 20 in the roller!)

"Fellow Dragons, Honored Mortals, For the benifit of all involved let us converse in the Common tongue so that all may have a chance to speak, listen, and be heard."

"I know not your reason for comming here, but I know we do not meet by coincidence alone. I have traveled this route many times and it is rare to see another soul on this peak, much less 5 dragons and their companions."

"Allow me to introduce myself. I am Risnia the Bronze. I was summoned here by a great prince of my Kingdom, and I have come to answer his call. I know not more than that. I am hoping that one of you could provide more information and perhaps understanding. Let us begin our dialogue and find answers and truth!")

(OCC: Kkat, I roll those checks but you can choose to ignore them for the sake of RPing if you so choose.)

Posted by **Master of the Squirrel's** (Member # 68430) on March 03, 2003, 06:56 PM:

Though Halberon fully understands the conversation ensuing, and facinated by the collection of dragons, he decides it would be best for him to keep his mouth shut around these creatures.

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Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 03, 2003, 09:11 PM:

quote:

Originally posted by THrag2K:

OOC: That does apply to divine spells as well, right?

Yes, as well as spell-like abilities. It does not apply to extra-ordinary or supernatural abilities nor psionics .

--Kkat

PS: Not feeling too well tonight, so I'll post the next NPC-bit(s) tomorrow, as well as Know: Mists. Until then, please continue roleplaying. You're doing wonderfully!

[March 03, 2003, 09:44 PM: Message edited by: Kkat]

Posted by **THrag2K** (Member # 122415) on March 03, 2003, 09:35 PM:

To Ever Night:

[ORC] What is the fool blathering about, I can't understand such a feeble language.

[/ORC]

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 03, 2003, 10:24 PM:

(Ghost Sound Burnout = 16)

(Expeditious Retreat Burnout = 17)

(OOC: Dang, I forgot that the roller doesn't work when you put a space in the name. I rolled the two above rolls under Ever Night. All future rolls will be under Evernight so that I can link to the die roller to make your life easier Kkat. Sorry!)

Ever Night hisses her displeasure at Janabelle's reluctance to speak.

Perhapss she would like to see if we will kill each other first. Well, now would be the best time to solidify my security then.

At Brogarn's comment Ever Night's eyes narrow in anger. Smothering the emotion she turns her head back and replies to him in kind.

[Orc][Whisper]Perhapsss if you cannot hear what they are saying, you were not **meant** to hear what is being said Brogarn. Guard that toungue of yoursss, we don't know yet if they can speak your only language and if you anger them by calling them foolsss I might just leave you to their mercy rather than try to escape with you.

They are speaking in that dismal tongue of you Humanssss, well most of your kind. Damn you Brogarn, you would have been more useful if you had not limited yourself so. Be quite for now, if you can't understand then neither should the other mortals.[/whisper][/Orc]

Ever Night turns her head back to the diplomatic Bronze. She eases out of her defensive posture but still keeps a wary eye and some distances from the other dragons. She flicks her tongue out tasting the air before responding in her sibilant voice in a language

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that sounds like boulders being rubbed against one another.

[Draconic]My human cannot speak the common tongue and so he will not understand what isss being said. Perhapsss if you all speak the Orc tongue we can negotiate thissss out. If you deem to disinclude my human then all the mortalssss should be left out and we will continue thissss convesation for the **Worthy** only.

My name is "Ever Night", as given to me be the humansss. I received a letter from that elder blue up there promising me richesss if I were to come. I find my treasure hoard could use some expansion and my wingsss a stretch. Thusss I am here gracing you with my magnificent presence. I expect the payment will be most adequate or there will be Hell to pay![/Draconic]

[March 03, 2003, 10:34 PM: Message edited by: guido_ca]

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 03, 2003, 10:39 PM:

quote:

Originally posted by guido_ca:

Ever Night hisses her displeasure at Janabelle's reluctance to speak.

OOO: Have to wonder how long before Ever Night realizes the Blue here is far too young to be the legendary Janabelle.

But then, considering polymorphing spells, size doesn't necessarily mean anything.

--Kkat

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 04, 2003, 06:13 AM:

At all cost, I must keep this in common

"Ever Night, I don't wish to exclude anyone, but if I have to choose I would rather exclude one than many. If your companion, did not take the time when he was young to learn the Common tongue, there is little we can do for him here. I would hazard to guess that few of us took the time to learn the tongue of the orcs has well. "

Why would anyone learn the langague of such a vile race!

"If you need it we will give you time to translate for him. But I must request that for the sake simplicity we speak so that the greatest number may understand!"

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 04, 2003, 07:54 AM:

(OOO: Oooo, I am dancing a fine line with the metagame here. With that in mind I will do my best to stay true to the character's personality I have built up and not use my knowledge of Ryu's psionics. PvP is such a pain in the neck. Isn't Janabelle on the mountain already? I thought she arrived first??)

Ever Night reflexively tightens and relaxes her foreclaws dragging them across the stone. Her muscles tense and she narrows her eyes and stares coldly at the young Bronze

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for a moment. Surprisingly she visibly relaxes and calms her volatile nature. She bares her teeth in a dragon's form of a sickly sweet smile and responds to the Bronze.

[Draconic]As I'm sure you have discovered in your travelsss, humansss are not all that brilliant. Perhapsss if they had the stunning intellect of one such asss myself, then Brogarn may have learned the common tongue. He isss not a brilliant human though and experiencesss difficulty with learning new language.

It should not matter whether the mortalssss can understand usss or not. They are only mortalssss after all. Honestly, from what I have been told and seen here I would be inclined to think that you metallicssss would prefer to be mortal. I will not translate for Brogarn since I believe that he has no need to hear what hisss betterssss are discussing. Also, I will not lower myself to such a menial task. On to other businessss.

Now that I have revealed a weaknessss of my human, I expect you to share something about your petssss. You can start by telling me what each one doesss and I will consider the table even again.[/Draconic]

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 04, 2003, 07:56 AM:

OOC: some of this is based on the assumption that Crimson rolled high enough to overhear Ryu and Risnia, as well as Borgan and Ever Night. I rolled a 12 + 17 =29. If that's not high enough ignore those parts and I will remove them asap.

Crimson slightly relaxed, he was still ready to attack that damned thing but for now it appeared that the dread shadow wasn't going to attack and that was enough. For now.

Out of the corner of the corner of his eye, Crimson noticed the bronze and elf having a hurried and whispered conversation. Keeping his eyes firmly on the dread, he attempted to overhear their discussion. He overheard the bronze warning the elf about the dread. Then the elf said something back so faintly that Crimson had to strain to hear the elf. He succeeded, well sort of, he managed to hear something about detecting lies. At this point the bronze encouraged the group to speak in the common tongue. And introduced himself as Risnia

Well this is certainly interesting. I wonder if that's Risnia's only reason.

At this point the dread shadow and its orc rider conversed. Crimson again attempted to listen but this time couldn't understand a word being said. Then the shadow spoke up, being as condescending and arrogant as possible, suggesting that since its companion couldn't understand common that this conversation should be for the worthy only. Crimson thought about saying something about how in that case why were they including the shadow. But Crimson held his tongue, at this point it would seem infantile. After this the shadow introduced herself as Ever Night.

As Risnia responded that it was better to include as many as possible even if it did exclude one and even offered that Ever Night translate for the orc, Crimson found himself agreeing.

What ever his motives may be for wanting this conversation to be held in common, he is right it is better to include as many as possible. As for that blue being Janabelle, perhaps but why would a dragon of Janabelle's power and age choose to appear so young? Surely this blue is but a little older at most then any gathered here.

Figuring that now was as good as any time, Crimson spoke up in a soft but powerful voice, [common]"Yes I am here because of a summons by Janabelle. You can call me Crimson Dawn." [/common]

[March 04, 2003, 08:13 AM: Message edited by: drachedeeis]

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Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 04, 2003, 09:13 AM:

[OOC: Drachedeeis, as a DC has not been set by anybody, I'm not sure what your listen check can do. It may be up to Kkat to decide your success or failure, and you might need to edit your post... Guido_ca, I looked at my post again and I believe I let out too many details, making metagaming very tempting. I'd advice against it, though, but seeing the stubborn nature of Ever Night, you are still well in role.]

Ryu visibly ignores the Dread Shadow Dragon, and when Ever Night is finished speaking, he decides to push his luck, and addresses Risnia in Common with a calm voice, but clearly hearable by all: "What is the reason this Shadow Dragon does not want to speak a mortal language, Risnia? Is she afraid of us, or is she just unable to?"

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 04, 2003, 10:24 AM:

At the Elf's words, Ever Night's head snaps in his direction and she glares at him. The hatred and anger almost pours out of the Dread Shadow as she chafes at the bit. Her tail lashes wildly at the ground sending out a heavy 'THUD' with each impact. Her jaw works itself in fury and a smoky, black fog begins to collect near her mouth.

From somewhere inside she pulls on her reserves to smother the anger building in her at the Elf's deliberate slight. She nashes her teeth together struggling to calm herself before she speaks out to the Bronze again. This time she speaks in flawless common to make sure that all around can understand her.

"You had best put a leash on that runty elf of yoursss Risnia! I won't suffer an insult such ass that again. If he continues in kind I will destroy him and all of hisss friendsss and family and any that try to protect him. You should teach your pet to show mannerssss to those that are far above him."

She makes a point not to look at Ryu through the entire statement but it is obvious that the speech is aimed at him and not Risnia. Still quite agitated she continues to thrash her tail, albeit less frequently, and to scratch rocks out of the ground and throw them to the side. Her eyes glow with a malavolent green fire brighter than before. She does manage to swallow the smoky shadows back into her throat through the process of speech though.

Impudent little runt! How dare he!! I should smash his frail Elven bonesss and devour his corpse. I should search out his entire family and kill them all. But now isss not the time though with so many metallicsss...even I could not take them all on. I have my own planssss to consider and bring to fruition which would likely never happen if I were to kill the puny fool.

It will have to wait until the situation changesss then. I promise you Elf that you will die by my claw! I will be arranging an 'accident' as soon as I can!

(OOC: Not sure if that counts as a lie Kokiriaz. Ever Night knows very well that she won't likely be able to carry out her threat but she must still feed her own ego. I leave the judgement to you but don't tell me what you decide. I will find it easier to avoid metagame if you don't tell me.)

[March 04, 2003, 10:30 AM: Message edited by: guido_ca]

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 04, 2003, 10:44 AM:

OCC: Bold=Loud Commanding Voice

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"Shadow Dragon, Dampen your rage! I think you should consider the odds in a fight before you threaten one!"

[loud laughter]

"Perhaps you haven't noticed it but you are not the most trusted person here. Nor for that matter are you the most trusted person in these parts. I'd be willing to stake my wings that the odds of any fight would be stacked against you. I trust my elven friend to be able to hold his own here. Your anger may actually show the truth in his words...."

[March 04, 2003, 03:49 PM: Message edited by: tsrblke]

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 04, 2003, 11:08 AM:

Ryu was surprised the Shadow Dragon had to struggle to keep herself calm after only such a minor agitation. He made a mental note not to forget this, such a short temper could easily be used against the Shadow Dragon. Ryu smiled a little, though he tried to keep it unnoticed. It would seem very inappropriate for this situation. He was glad Risnia was behind him all the way, it gave him confidence. He knew his psionics wouldn't protect him for long against any Dragon, but he assumed the Shadow Dragon would not attack in a situation like this. But as he thought that, he also knew he would have to be extra careful from now on: This Shadow Dragon might actually make her threats come true.

Sensing that a battle between these Dragons could not possibly be without casualties, especially his own and Risnia's, Ryu responds, a little more cautious than before: "I think Risnia has a point there, Shadow one. But there is a time and place for everything, and this time is not for killing. We should figure out why we were summoned here."

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 04, 2003, 12:44 PM:

Ever Night is torn between shutting her mouth making things easy and standing up for her wounded pride. Unfortunately, her volatile nature takes precedence over her brain.

"You place much faith in your pet and itssss abilitiessss Risnia. Perhapssss you would care to pit it against me in a duel. I won't even use my wingssss. Then we shall see how much you 'trust your elven friend to hold hisss own here'!"

Ever Night closely watches the reaction between Risnia and Ryu to get a sense of their bond and to see what they are willing to do.

[Draconic]I thought not. It seemssss that I was right in my assumption of thisss gathering. The four of you are working together against me aren't you. Allieyssss you are, and determined to beat me down for the colour of my scales. You coloured dragonssss won't let ancient prejuducessss die now will you. If you metallicssss were so honour bound assss you claim to be then the issue of your runtish Elf's wordssss would lie only between you, your pet and myself![/Draconic]

Ever Night takes a deep breath and shakes her body to relax a little. Brogarn sits the saddle on her back like an experienced professional having no difficulty what-so-ever in maintaining his seat. Rolling her eyes, the shadow dragon continues,

[Draconic]I tire of thisss useless banter. It getssss us nowhere and your threatssss are empty. Let us come to termssss on why you requested my presence. What do you have need of me?[/Draconic]

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[March 04, 2003, 12:47 PM: Message edited by: guido_ca]

Posted by **Mr Kami** (Member # 105592) on March 04, 2003, 01:09 PM:

<Celestial>Kuratsukan, this is quite amusing but I must wonder why you were summoned here. I wonder if whoever summoned us will appear </Celestial>

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 04, 2003, 02:09 PM:

Extraordinary, I have never witnessed anything like this Shadow Dragon's ability to completely shut off it's common sense and let it's emotions take over...

Ryu knew one clash of the Shadow Dragon's mighty claws would probably severely wound him, or maybe even kill. Not willing to take that risk, he decides not to dare the Dragon anymore: "You expect me to fight against you, Shadow Dragon? Though I appreciate the confidence that Risnia has in me, I do not think I would stand a chance. [Bluff: 46] It would be stupid to fight you, as would it be stupid to continue this conversation. It would be wise to find out who summoned us instead."

[March 04, 2003, 02:12 PM: Message edited by: Kokiriaz]

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 04, 2003, 02:15 PM:

quote:

Originally posted by guido_ca:

(OOC: ...Isn't Janabelle on the mountain already? I thought she arrived first??)

No. Canamrock's Blue appeared first. I did have a post of Janabelle traveling, but She hasn't gotten there yet.

--Kkat

Posted by **FranklinT** (Member # 78996) on March 04, 2003, 02:28 PM:

Gentle Breeze watches the tension thicken like Mist around a helpless victim. He almost gives the impression of a student taking notes. He silently observes the gathered dragons, waiting for Jannabelle, and learning all he can.

The shadow appalls him, with his blatant disregard for the sanctity of the Tapestry and perverted sense of honor. Risnia has strength, but also a deep seated rage and mistrust shines in his chaotic nature. Crimson is perceptive and wise, yet shrouded in mystery. Golds always are, from what he's told. Likewise the young blue intrigues Gentle. He decorates and bears himself in a way unfamiliar and strange to Breeze's sheltered upbringing.

Gentle Breeze chooses not to take part in the "honor" struggle between an elf and the dark dragon. The former can't understand draconic honor, but the latter has none. If battle ensues, the Silver knows which side he'd take. Gentle, of course, would rather not have it come to that, and speaks in the name of peace.

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<Common> This meeting has been ordained by Jannabelle, Mistress of the Sands, ancient Blue of the Cateclysm's prophecy, one-time lover of Cowray, high among the Parliment of Wyrms. If you recall, she was not very much older than us when she played her not-insignificant part in the old breaking. I sense a magnitude to our gathering that none of us can hope to understand as of yet. Collectively, we must do our best anyway. Now let's end these petty squabbles and exercise the patience with which the Great Mothers blessed our forms. </common>

OOC: If I got any history wrong, please correct me.
Also, a point of clarification on the psionics used. Psychic Inquisitor only works on humanoids, and Conceal Thoughts only grants the bluff bonus when attempting to hide your true intentions.

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 04, 2003, 03:46 PM:

[Edit: Franklin if your basing my Choas off my alignment I'm NG]

quote:

OCC quote of the day:

One was given purity of mind...The other purity of form.

--Starcraft

Risnia saw that the Shadow Dragon was easily angered.

If he gets like this on the journey, his will be a short one. Many a Dragon's arrogance has killed them. And the Dreads are no exeptions to this rule.

"Shadowdragon. I know not how you treat your companion, but I don't put mine into futile cockfights. Friends are not to be abused like that. It appears you are diffent than I." (OCC Note: Cockfights are a midwestern hoosier thing. People with an IQ of less than 5 pit Roosters armed with razor claws against each other. The fights are usually distantly unfair. And one Rooster always dies.)

"You are free to leave this peak at any time. Niether magic, force nor Word binds you here. We don't wish to keep you from your gold hunts. If you feel so inclined, don't stay on our account"

[Celestial: Aimed at Durney]Dwarf I share your curiosity for the location of our summoner.[/Celestial]

"It appears that I recieved a different letter than all of you. For I was summoned by Cowray, himself, and I should hope to see him and listen to his explanation for all of this."

[Whisper Elven at Ryu]Don't venture to far my friend. Show neither fear nor foolish courage. Find the middle way. If he should attack, stay behind me.[/elven]

OCC: Shield spell still readied. Trigger, attack attempt by ANY dragon. Especially the Shadowdragon.

[March 04, 2003, 03:47 PM: Message edited by: tsrblke]

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 04, 2003, 05:31 PM:

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OOC: Kokiriaz I realize no DC was given that's why I rolled announced what I rolled and then added that if the roll was not high enough ignore those posts of my post. I wanted to talk to kkat on irc but couldn't and had to go to class.

By the nine hells! You would think Ever Night and this elf are but hatchlings they way they're going at each other. Either that elf is insanely courageous or insanely stupid, because most are at least polite to dragons, however Ever Night should have better control over herself.

Crimson sighed softly.

If this keeps up a fight is all but inevitable, and however much I mistrust that wretched thing it is not completely in the wrong. Plus there is the fact that dread shadow are connected to these mists some how and who knows what effect that could have.

Speaking up again in his soft but powerful voice, [common] "Peace! Enough! You two are like hatchlings, that have just been born and are eager to flex your muscles."[/common]

Turning his head so that Ever Night is the center of his vision, [common]" Ever Night, it appears that you and your friend have a different sort of relation then the others here have. If that's what you both want so be it, however the others here want their friends to at least have the option of contributing to the discussion. I see no reason to deny them that.

As for my loyalties, I know none of you, so I find myself defaulting to what I know about each of your races in general. Perhaps one day you will earn my trust Ever Night, however then again you might not. Finally if the elf is so beneath you why are you so upset by his words?"[/common]

Moving slightly so that he could get as many as possible into his field of view, [common] "As for why we are here, that question waits for the arrival of Janabelle or perhaps this Cowray. But I would suggest that all wait and at least listen to who ever arrives. This is most unusual and I doubt that we are here because a 4,000 year old blue wants us to fetch her a meal."

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 04, 2003, 08:28 PM:

Seeing the mood of most the dragon's to be along similar terms, Ever Night takes a step down off her high horse and turns her thoughts inwards.

All of them seem to unite at the drop of a hat. The only one that has been silent so far hasss been the Blue and who isss to know what that beast is thinking. This bodesss ill for me that they would so readily turn against me when it is obvious that puny runt Elf was deliberately attacking me with his words!

So it seemsss that the old alliancesss may yet still hold, between the metallics that isss. That would make my own goals more difficult to achieve than I would have hoped for. I wonder if it would be possible to drive a wedge inbetween that loyalty to one another? Something to work on then.

Regardless, the Elf must pay for his insolence! Someday, somewhere, I will hit him where it hurtsss him most. The beauty of it will be the shock on hisss face when it happensss, just before I devour him.

Calming further with delicious thoughts of revenge and conquest in her mind, Ever Night even goes so far as to slip in to the common tongue for the sake of appeasing those around her.

"Fine, we shall do it your way then. We will await the dragons who requested our presence. When they tell me there offer Brogarn and myself will be off on our way."

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"Brogarn'ssss relationship may be different than you with your pet, but at least he knowssss hissss place and when not to hurl insultssss."(OOC: Insults that you can understand that is, unless anyone speaks Orc. This would be a lie as well if Ryu can detect the lies of Dragons.)

Turning to Brogarn, Ever Night turns back to whisper to him.

[Orc][whisper] Ware the metallicssss Brogarn. They seem to have an alliance against ussss from the get go. Be careful not to stray far from my protection while we are around them. Beware especially the Bronze and her pet Elf. The Elf hassss the audacity to insult me and the Bronze will protect him like it were his hatchling. It seemssss like we might be here for awhile awaiting Janabelle. If you would feel more comfortable you can get off my back and build on of your firesss.[/whisper][Orc]

Ever Night then settles down to the ground. She lays down and begins to busy herself with polishing her scales on her knuckles. She assumes an unworried position as possible to broadcast that she has no fear of the seemingly like minded dragons that already hate her. If one were to lay a claw to her flank they would feel the muscles tensed and coiled to spring that would bely her calmness.

[March 04, 2003, 08:30 PM: Message edited by: guido_ca]

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 04, 2003, 08:52 PM:

OOC: Ummm, guido Crimson has no cohort, he's the only dragon with out a cohort.

Posted by **THrag2K** (Member # 122415) on March 04, 2003, 09:44 PM:

(OOC: Just so everyone knows, although my character only speaks orc, it is rather clear he is human.)

Brogarn replies to Ever Night: [Orc] I understand your apprehension master, thus I will always keep a few extras handy, just for us [/ORC]

After this pronunciation, Brogarn smiles evilly, and glares at the elf and dwarf.
Is this really Gruumsh's will, for one such as me to work with these inferior races. There must be something up to bring me in league with a stinkin' elf and that half-pint dwarf.

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 04, 2003, 10:39 PM:

The night has begun to stretch towards morning. The first glow of the rising sun brightens the sky above, but turns the top of the mist dark with shadow.

Shiyle poked her head above the edge of the canvas bag. She could make out now the dark rock plateau which rose from the ocean of Mist. And she could see the winged shadows of Dragons upon it. Once again, she wondered why Janabelle had seen fit to bring her, and hoped that the use did not end in lunch. Staring out, she was sure that the Dragons could see Janabelle's approach now, a magnificent-sized draconic shape swooping towards Garnthe Peak, leaving a blasted wake in the Mists below Her.

Before she realized it, the Peak loomed beneath them. Shiyle could see the Dragons assembled, and the mortals with them. A Blue, a Bronze, a... Gold? There wasn't supposed to be a Gold! "Damn that bird!" the basti cursed under her breath!

Suddenly, she felt freefall. She was practiced falling from a height, but tumbling

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proved considerably more difficult when falling wrapped in a sack. She hit the plateau with a thud, rolling as best she could, and fought to extract herself from her carrying pouch. She tested herself, standing cautiously, and felt a sharp knife of pain through her ankle. Fortunately, it was only sprained, although the pain showed on her face.

If could have been a lot worse. The Great Blue's aim could have been off when She dropped her. A sprained ankle was blessing compared to a tumble through the Mists, no matter how much it hurt.

Janabelle's majesty washed over Garnthe Peak, overwhelming it with Her presense. The same aura which provokes strong men to flee was here attuned by personal magics to a paralyzing magnificance that would drive mortal men to worship. The basti lowered her eyes in acknowledged reverence, noting as she did how the Mist peeled back from the mountain top beneath them, creating a depression as if Janabelle was pressing an invisible bowl into snow.

The grand Blue hovered, beating Her wings as She calculated the best place to land on the now seemingly crowded mountain top. The wind buffeted at those atop it.

Shiyle drew the furs Janabelle had provided her before flight tightly about her body, her fur ruffling from the breeze. She looked over the others again as she found the least painful footing she could. A dwarf, elf, halfling... she paused, wondering a moment if the hafling might be in training for the Silver Guard, whom even she had heard about. But he did not seem to bear himself in stance or garb as a warrior. She wondered how many of them had laid eyes on a basti before.

They're children she thought, looking at the Dragons again. One of Janabelle's wings could wrap about the lot of them with room to spare. And if they seemed like children to her, how must they appear to one as old as She?

Janabelle's eyes narrowed, glowing yellow, as She gazed over those gathered as well. Shiyle was as close an expert at reading the expressions of Dragons as she knew. It was not just her imagination that Janabelle's eyes narrowed and her expression tightened a bit more when looking to the Gold, the Shadow and the elf.

Shiyle wondered why the elf would spur the Great Blue's concern? The Dread Shadowdragon, on the other paw, need not a reason other than being. Old grudges and hatreds were like the undead: easy to bury but difficult to kill. And from the stories the basti had heard, several Dread Shadows had died from Janabelle's claws and magic back at the beginning of the age. Still, it was by Janabelle's insistance that a Dread Shadowdragon was here.

That Janabelle would not be pleased with the presense of the Gold did not surprise Shiyle. He was not amongst those the Great Wyrms had intended to invite. Although the basti suspected that the thrice-damned crow was far more at fault than the Dragon, she worried how Janabelle would react to the uninvited guest. Particularly as it meant that one who had been requested would not likely be coming. The basti hoped Janabelle did not try to eat Him. That could prove impolitic. She had, on the other paw, no reservations should Janabelle finally decide to eat her wicked and subversive familiar.

Janabelle did not eat the Gold. Instead, she landed. In landing, she spoke an arcane word, and suddenly her mass compacted, her form shrinking into that of a human. As a human, Janabelle took a very pleasing shape, with long raven hair of blue highlights and creamy pale skin. With but a glance, Shiyle could tell She was cold. At a height where even a basti wore clothing furs willingly...

Shiyle moved quickly, withdrawing a heavy cloak, dyed richly blue, from within the sack which had carried her, and draped it about Janabelle's shoulders. The Great Blue stretched out Her human form's arms and allowed the basti to slide sleeves onto them. Then belted the thick cloth closed and turned Her gaze again to the assembled mortals and Dragons as Shiyle stepped reverently back.

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"Greetings, Brothers and Shadowsister. And greetings to those mortals honorable enough to earn a Dragon's trust."

--Kkat

OOC: All mortals here are high enough in HD to be merely *shaken* by the fear aura of the powerful Dragon who just arrived. You may make saving throws, if you wish, but only a natural 20 would succeed for any of those here. And, hopefully, there won't be any battles breaking out in the very near future where being shaken would have any effect beyond roleplaying.

Posted by **Mr Kami** (Member # 105592) on March 05, 2003, 05:33 AM:

Durney picks himself off the ground, and dust himself off and says "I am awed by your power, oh mighty wyrm. Why do you need of such weaklings as us."

<OOC> Kuratsukan, let me guess, mommy wants her cute little dwagin to do something
</OOC>

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 05, 2003, 09:00 AM:

(OOC: As discussed in the character creation thread, I have modified Speak Language to a cross class skill. Seven Languages deleted.)

Ever Night passes the rest of the night in silence except for the occasional whispered words with Brogarn. She occupies her time with studying the other dragons noting down what she can about them. Unfortunately in the short time before Janabelle arrives, she does not learn much.

As Janabelle's pale morning shadow begins to slide over the peak, Ever Night looks up in startlement. Taken by surprise, and upset with herself for it, Ever Night springs tensely to her feet. At the sight of the immense dragon she begins to feel a sense of awe slide over her. Completely dwarfed by the massive blue, Ever Night does a good job of not letting her doubts about the wisdom of this trip show. Noting the look delivered by the Blue in her direction, Ever Night bows her head a little in submission as the Blue lands despite how much it rankles her.

As Janabelle begins to polymorph into a human form, Ever Night's eyes narrow with intent. She quickly scans the dragons form looking for any magic items that the creature may possess and files the information away for later. The diminished size of Janabelle helps to disquiet the nervous feeling deep in Ever Night's belly and she begins to swell up with her usual arrogant pride.

(Search = 21)

Not one for patience, Ever Night quickly passes over the introductions and begins to speak. Her normal tones of arrogance and superiority are once again present in her dark, hissing voice as she makes her demands.

"You are the one that requested my presence yesss? I see no sign of the promised richnesss and gold and silver scalesss are no substitute for treasure. I have flown many many milesss to get here which hasss left me exhausted and hungry. Pray tell what you would wish of me so I can begone from thisss foul place and itsss mist."

[March 05, 2003, 09:07 AM: Message edited by: guido_ca]

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Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 05, 2003, 09:10 AM:

[OoC]What? She'd better not be! lol[/OoC]

Still perched above the rest of the group, Kuratsukan looked down at the newcomer and the other dragons, increasingly assured in his own mind that this Jaw-nay-bel is the Celestial Dragon, and the others are the Dragons of Fire (Gold), Thunder (Silver), Earth (Bronze), and the Void (Shadow).

Calling down to the recently polymorphed Janabelle, Kuratsukan proclaimed in Imperial, "Oh great Celestial Dragon, leader of all things under the Sun and Moon, I see now that I have been called here on some quest of great honor. However, I do not what this place is; I can only imagine this to be Tengoku, the home of the Great Kami, and I had to pass through the Realms of Dream and Death to arrive here. Please, great master of the heavens, I must be made aware of the task for which I was called here."

Kuratsukan could only begin to imagine that he and Durney were somehow expected to undertake a quest to become a new Dragon and Oracle for the Heavens themselves, though he knew nto what role they were to serve. Unlike Durney, he did not have any comprehension that this place could be just another land, and that he was not a unique being, as was the case of Dragons to the concern of the Empire.

As it was, Durney was probably only slightly more aware than he was, and was also probably too shaken by the presence of Janabelle to bring it up now. So, for the time being, Kuratsukan would be as a Don Quixote, blinded by his own fervent beliefs in the mythology of the Empire to realize the truth of his situation. Only time would tell how we would handle this culture shock.

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 05, 2003, 11:24 AM:

OOC: Nice intro Kkat!!!!

By Bahamut! My mother would look small compared to her. And she was by no means small!

When Janabelle landed, Crimson lowered his eyes out of respect, as his parents had taught him. At of the corner of his eye he noticed that Janabelle had polymorphed into a human form, most likely to lessen the effect she was having on the mortals and not take up so much space. It was at that point he noticed the Basti.

Intereesting, is she a familiar? A trusted friend?

Crimson had seen Basti before but had never met one. He had of course heard all the rumors about them but had wanted to establish the truth of those rumors first hand. Now it seemed that he finally would.

Ever Night spoke first and Crimson wasn't surprised that she spoke brashly and had the audacity not bother to even show minimal respect.

I wonder how long till Janabelle puts Ever Night in her place?

Then the blue, for the first time, spoke however Crimson couldn't understand a word it was saying.

Was the reason he never talked before because he couldn't understand us? How could that be?

Deciding that addressing Janabelle in draconic would be the proper course of action, Crimson spoke up, [draconic] " Greeting Janabelle, I am Crimson Dawn. I am most curious as to the reason that we have gathered here."

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As he spoke he slowly advanced, stopping when he was within 15ft, turning towards the Basti he addressed her in common, figuring that of any of the languages he knew that would be the one they most likely shared.

"Basti, if I may be so bold, could I please see that ankle?"

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 05, 2003, 12:43 PM:

Whoa! Hmmm this certainly changes things.

Aside from Cowray, I've never seen such a big dragon. But she's assuming human form, trying to gain our trust. If she is the Jannebell the others speak of then I can only assume she means no harm.

[/draconic]"Great Blue, I can only assume that you are teh Jannebell that summoned the others here, and that you had a hand to play in my summoning by Cowray. I don't mean to be rude, but I am curious to know why such a group has been called here. I'm also curious to know if Cowray will be attending this "meeting." Since I recieved his message, I've been rather eager to talk to him."[/draconic]

[Elven, at Ryu]Be sure to show respect my friend, we wouldn't want to offend anyone.[/elven]

Posted by **Master of the Squirrel's** (Member # 68430) on March 05, 2003, 05:54 PM:

Halberon litterally is shaking in his boots. He slides off Gentle and transforms into a form where he feels more secure, a drow. The drow politely steps back away from the Queen, and hides behind the nearest pillar. His mind is racing with both excitement and fear, as he had never before seen such a huge dragon before in his life. Well, maybe that one Ancient Silver he saw that once was, but that was a long time ago. Halberon simply watches in awe.

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 05, 2003, 07:39 PM:

Shilye's ears swiveled as she listened to the others. The Dread Shadowdragon was the quickest to recover, and Her voice held an arrogance which reminded the basti of Blackfire. *Those two should get together*, she thought sourly. And swiftly recanted a breath later. No, that would be **bad**.

At the Gold's offer, Shilye turned a hesitant look to Janabelle. The Great Blue gave only the slightest of nods. But Shilye understood that she was allowed, and bent down to scoop the canvas bag into her arms before cautiously offering her hurting foot towards the other Dragon.

The canvas bag, in the eyes of onlookers, likely held any further items, mundane or magical, which the Great Wyrms carried. Janabelle wore two rings on each hand. (One of which, the Bronze would surely note, was of a delicately interwoven pattern of bronze and blue-gold metals, nearly identical to a ring Cowray still wore.) Beyond those, it was obvious to all in the moments before the basti clothed Her that the Grand Blue carried nothing else.

Janabelle stared meaningfully into the eyes of Her audience. "What I am about to tell you, some of you will be eagerly gladdened to hear." The Grand Blue made a point not to seem to address any of the assembled Dragons or mortals specifically. "Others may not. Regardless, I speak Truth."

When the youthful Blue male had spoken earlier, Shiyle felt a slight shock at hearing the unfamiliar language. She wondered if Janabelle had discovered yet another surprise

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waiting for Her? Had She realized that the male Blue was foreign enough to possibly not speak a familiar language?

Such worries were banished when Janabelle spoke, however. For the words from the Blue-in-human-guise's lips sounded in Shilye's ears as the native tongue of the Basti. And from the expressions of those about her, the basti was fairly certain that each was hearing it in a familiar or native tongue. Shilye had not heard nor seen the Great Wyrms cast a spell since assuming human form. Was perhaps the robings magical? Or had She cast it before arriving?

Shiyle's ears perked as Janabelle opened her mouth to speak again. The basti tensed inwardly. She knew what was coming. And sensed Janabelle would not mince words to soften Her announcement. The Great Wyrms with only a pause for the others to prepare.

"All of Dragonkind is about to go to war." At that, Janabelle did pause. Then, with an expression clearly aimed at the Dread Shadowdragon, but with a stern voice meant for all, She added, "**Not** with each other."

Turning her gaze again to all, mortal and Dragon alike, She proclaimed, "The time has come for Dragons to rise up and take Our rightful place as rulers of this realm. In but a breath of time, We shall rise up as one and lay claim over the lands of mortals."

Shiyle's wince had nothing to do with the pain in her ankle. She thought of her fellow basti. And of the other races who currently occupied the Burning Lands. And of the sultans who believed they ruled it.

What sort of reactions was Janabelle expecting, the basti wondered. Alarm? Shock? Joyous rapture? Shilye's gaze fell to the mortals, more interested in how they reacted to such news.

"Regardless that this is the **right** thing to do, which some of You and Your Races may not fully agree," Janabelle continued at last, now clearly addressing the Dragons, "Circumstances which You, like most, are not aware of have made this the **necessary** thing to do." The Great Dragon's expression was unfathomable, even to one who knew Her well.

"On its necessity, even the oldest Golds and Blacks are in agreement..."

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 05, 2003, 08:29 PM:

A look of absolute confusion streaked across Kuratsukan's face. The Dragons already had control over the universe, under the guide of the Sun and Moon. Was this to be their upheaval? Had not the Sun and Moon been reassigned only centuries ago? What was the intent to having him come to Tengoku? Was he to be given the seat of the Sun or Moon?

Switching to the gaijin tongue, Kuratsukan inquired of the Celestial Dragon (Janabelle may have been the gaijin name for her), "Please, you must explain what this means. You speak as if there are more of us, as if I am not the only dragon besides you of the elements and universe. Are you saying we should overthrow the Sun and Moon, those who watch and command over all else? I must understand what role I am supposed to play in this... forgive my use of this gaijin tongue, but I am certainly confused by how you speak this way. What are we doing to overthrow the mortal realm? Why is there need for a change to the Dance of the elements?"

It seemed that the other dragons and their oracles were more enlightened of this situation than he, which was to be expected of the Grand Dragons. he and Durney were in the midst of strange occurrences in the heavens, to be sure. How was Tengoku to be brought over the mortal realm once again?

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Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 05, 2003, 08:40 PM:

As soon as the basti had extended her ankle, Crimson had begun to move forward. After he had closed the distance he extended his left claw so that it was almost touching the basti's ankle. As Janabelle began her announcement, Crimson started casting his spell.

(OOC: Burn out roll: got a 5, used cure light wounds got an 8)

Crimson could feel the positive energy flowing out of his claw, bathing the ankle in its healing light. Because Crimson was splitting his concentration the spell took longer then normal to complete. As the spell ended, Janabelle announced that all of dragon kind was going to war against all the mortal races.

Crimson was glad the spell had run its course, cause he was so shocked that for the briefest of seconds his mind was numb. Quickly recovering, he removed his claw and said [common] " That should take care of your injury."[/common]

Turning around he preceded back to the spot he had been occupying. As he walked he thought about Janabelle's announcement, and the implications. It didn't like these course of action, somewhat because unlike many dragons he didn't automatically assume that mortals where inferior to dragons. As Crimson wrestled with his emotions and where he stood.

The matter was simplified somewhat when Janabelle announced that even the oldest blacks and golds are in agreement. That sealed it for Crimson, he didn't like it, didn't agree with it but trusted his elders. If they thought this was necessary then he would do what he was asked of him.

Keeping his voice soft yet powerful and respectful he spoke up, [draconic] "What event has made such an action necessary?"

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 05, 2003, 09:43 PM:

Ever Night ponders the look aimed at her by Janabelle for but a moment.

What is she looking at me for? Does she mean that the shadows will or won't be joining? I've heard no mention of my kind. What are you about you crazy blue!

As Janabelle finishes her statement a shiver of pleasure runs down her spind. A malicious grin spreads across her draconic face as she contemplates the situation.

So all the dragon's are going to war? There is a chance for great danger here but also for great profit. The biggest gains are said to come with the highest dangers. If the surface dragon's exhaust their resources and the Shadow's hold back, then with a little aid we could stage a Coup and finish them off once and for all. Yes, I am liking where this plan is going!

Listening to the Gold and the Blue, Ever Night can't help but laugh out loud at their hesitation and revulsion. The deep throated laugh sounds more like a roar and it echoes off the Mist back towards the dragon's amplifying it even more. She turns her gaze away from the other young dragons and settles it intently on Janabelle.

[Draconic]I like the soundsss of your plan Blue. There is always room for Ever Night to move up in the ranksss. Nothing shall deny me the true power I deserve.[/Draconic]

As she talks, it is obvious that her thoughts are turned inwards remembering some happenstance in her past. Literally shaking it out of her head she continues.

[Draconic]I have only two questionsss for you. What do the other shadowsss have to say of your bold plan, and what do you have in mind for usss to do?[/Draconic]

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Ever Night eagerly awaits the answer to her questions. She know that the answers will do little to sway her mind as it is already made up. She unconsciously extends her wings and pulls them back in as she considers how her own motives can be twisted into the whole thing.

(OOC: What language is Gaijin based on, it isn't listed in the Setup Thread? Can Ever Night understand the young blue?)

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 06, 2003, 12:31 AM:

OoC:

For the record, here is the conversion from Kuratsukan terminology to game terminology:

Impereal = Celestial

Gaijin = Common

??? = Draconic (He knows it, but is not sure what it is yet)

I hope that clears stuff up.

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 06, 2003, 02:04 AM:

More OoC goodness:

Gaijin is a Japanese term for foreigners, and was commonly used as a derogatory term. Kuratsukan will likely end up using this term fairly often. Feel free to ask me about any other odd terms I use for Kuratsukan.

That's what happens when you're a dragon raised without knowing others of your kind exist. lol

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 06, 2003, 01:51 PM:

quote:

OCC Quote of the day:

"How does it feel to be a god, Atrus?"

"The power was given to you by The Maker himself, that doesn't make you a any more than any other man, much less a god!"

---Myst: The Book of Atrus

Risnia stopped, Jaw open as if ready to speak

"....."

What a second did I hear this right? I've been summoned here, by Cowray, to aid some Blue in her dream of World domination? Cowrays lover or not, I'm not the conquest type

"Great Blue, I mean no disrespect, but I find it hard to believe that Cowray summoned me here to aid in conquest. He of all should know that I am the humble type and power and riches don't appeal to me. I will not go against my moral code, even for the most powerful of Dragons! I am not the type to supress others to my will, nor will I aid a party in doing so. I am honored that you would choose someone like me to help aid you but I am afraid that I cannot participate in this quest. Unless you can provide some other reason for me to change my mind, I will respectfully take my leave soon, so that

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you may find someone to replace me.

[At Ryu]"Ryu, this could offer great promise for you. If you feel that you would like to go, and trust one of these noble dragons, I will give you your leave. Or you may continue on with me. No contract hold you to me, but I will not merely leave you here. Before I leave however I will stay to hear out this blue."

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 06, 2003, 03:04 PM:

Hardly believing her ears, Ever Night is quick to reply to the Bronze's words before Ryu can.

"Yes young Elf, if you wish to stay I offer you a place on my back. You look rather skinny and I'm sure that I can bare the extra weight. You can sit right behind Brogarn, he won't mind."

A particularly evil and malicious smile slides over Ever Night's face and she starts a rumbling in her chest that is akin to a cat's purring.

Oh ho ho, can life truly be thisss sweet to me? It would be like handing the little runt to me on a silver platter!

[March 06, 2003, 03:07 PM: Message edited by: guido_ca]

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 06, 2003, 03:28 PM:

"Shadow Dragon, you must take both me and my friend for common fools! I would only allow him to stay if perhaps he could find someone he could really trust. You will never be that person. The only thing we could trust from you is wanton distruction and incredible ignorance!"

[At Ryu]"He obviouly is incapable of contolling rage. I recommend that you return with me, but as always, I'll let you make your own decision." [lowers voice so as not to be overheard]"If I had to choose someone to trust it would most probabally be the Gold, for 'The enemy of my enemy is my friend!'"

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 06, 2003, 04:24 PM:

Ever Night chortles at the Bronze's distress over her offer. Surprisingly she doesn't even take offense at the Bronze's sharps words as she starts to laugh out loud.

Oh but that felt good! That shall do assss a measure of revenge for now. Hsss Hsss Hssss oh I look forward to rankling thisss onesss underwear!

Easing out of her laugh, Ever Night responds to Risnia.

"Asss you wish then oh mighty Bronze. I thought only to offer aid to your pet.(OOC: Thats a lie!) I can understand your mistrust of my race as it seemsss you surface dragonsss still hold your grudgesss from a millenia and more past. Perhapssss someday your viewsss of me shall change."

Ever Night keeps here gaze focused on Risnia for a moment to see if he will respond then turns back expectantly to Janabelle's now diminutive form.

(OOC: tsrblke, you continue to refer to Ever Night as a "He". Since Ever Night is in fact a female, is this a mistake or are you doing it IC on purpose?)

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Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 06, 2003, 04:38 PM:

(OCC Guido, that would be a big mistake on my part, I apologize for that mistake. For some reason I always type he in my keyboard. I guess it's because it's one letter shorter)

"Shadow, You ealier request to fight my friend, shows your true intentions. As much as I allow him to make his own descisions, I won't let him anywhere near your back, lest you try to dump him to the ground below. Your race is as shallow as a puddle, with less whit, only interested in treasure, destruction, and revenge."

(OCC:Guido this is not metagaming off your thoughts. My character would have been raised to distrust you, and infer things off your anger and threats.)

Posted by **FranklinT** (Member # 78996) on March 06, 2003, 05:24 PM:

Gentle bows his neck reverently, and shifts forms as a token of respect towards the ancient Blue. Assuming his favored halfling body, Gen listens curiously as Jannabelle explains the situation.

[Polymorph burnout check = 4]
[Fear saving throw = 6]

Gen is taken back by the ancient Blue's words and he carefully examines her statements for the loopholes and half-truths that her species are so well known for. He does not trust the Ancient, but concedes that he must work with her and the rest of dragonkind if the worst comes.

The other, smaller Blue confuses Breeze. The accent and ignorance must place him far off from the lands the Silver knows and loves. Perhaps deep in the Burning Lands, or even the Savage Lands. Could he be from the fabled Emerald Empire? Don't they know of true dragons there? Kuratsukan leaves Gentle Breeze with much to ponder.

Crimson's nobility warms Gentle's heart. Instead of worrying over the Ancient's message, he immediately took to care for the biped. The tales of Golden majesty seem not to be exaggerated.

The shadow dragon of course continues to make a fool of herself, letting the words she doesn't speak write novels. It fears and hates all of us, yet sickeningly acquiesces in hopes of greater personal power. There is more than historical dislike between the metallics and the invaders. Her whole manner and even her raspy voice rankle the inexperienced Silver.

Young Risnia, the Bronze, makes good points that Gen hopes Jannabelle will address. More information is what we need... The two share a similar philosophy regarding the bipeds and the enforcing of one's will. If Breeze were larger, he'd offer his back, but he is already weighed by his few possessions and his companion's lithe body. Without anything to offer, Gen chooses against comment to the unfolding situation. For that matter, if the Bronze leaves, Breeze finds the probablity of his own departure fairly likely.

When his turn to speak arrives, he addresses the ancient-Blue-in-human-form. He begins with the utmost humility, but is noticably offended by the course Jannabelle offers. Analytically, but warmly, he lectures on his view of such an extreme reaction.

<Common> "Mistress Jannabelle, I am humbled by your request for my personal assistance. I will assist in every way that I can within the bounds of my honor. I must know more of this coming conflict and the circumstances surrounding it. I have no doubts as to the Truth of your words, elder, your honor far surpasses any that I could even hope to see

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in the next few millenia.

You say the oldest Golds and Blacks agree, but choose not to comment on their youngers or the rest of our cousins. This gathering seems a most unusual method of unification. This leads me to the hypothesis that only a vocal minority of the Parliment agrees with the Necessity of this course.

What threat could the bipeds possibly pose to the whole of our kind? Certainly not all of them are in on it. I don't think I could ask Halberon, my companion, to turn against his people, nor do I believe that without incontrovertible evidence could I act against the beloved halflings of Astroful. We have lived together in harmony for thousands of years.

What exactly do you wish of us? The few of us are insignificantly weak compared to your magnificence. The only strength we have over you, that I can think of, is our anonymity. This need for stealth offers further evidence of the Parliment's division of opinion.

I cannot in good conscience support the Ascension without more relevant knowledge. It has long been known that Blues such as yourself have struggled for exactly what you speak of, with little support from the other colors. What has changed so drastically? I ask that you please forgive my inquisitions, this is all very shocking to me." </Common>

Breeze doesn't seem to realize the power of the one to whom he speaks, until the very end, when he withdraws embarrassedly. His advanced draconic mind has even more food to gnaw on, yet the huge gaps in his understanding leave Gen frustrated and wishing he had a nice expansive library to reference.

OOC: Sorry it took so long for me to post. There is quite a lot to consider and Gentle Breeze has a unique spin on his reactions.

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 06, 2003, 06:25 PM:

Shilye smiled, purring softly and made the sign of humble gratitude to the noble Gold. [draconic] "Thank you," [/draconic] she added, hoping to respect Him in speaking His tongue.

Janabelle approached Kuratsukan, smiling tenderly. Several of the Dragons here had asked questions of Her. Good questions, in Shilye's opinion. Some of which she had no notion of the answers to. But then They began squabbling with each other. And for the moment, the Great Wyrms seemed focused on the younger Blue.

Gently, Janabelle cupped His snout in her smooth human-form hands. Shiyle was struck by the almost motherly image of the Great Blue's actions. The basti wondered passingly if the younger Blue and She might actually be related, although if so certainly across multiple generations.

[celestial] "Open your mind to new wisdom, young Kuratsukan." [/celestial] Jannabelle spoke in the Language of Light, as Shiyle had been taught it was. She found it only slightly peculiar that the language of the heavens, spoken only by the most scholared and pious mortals in the Burning Lands, would be so comfortable a language to the Chromatic stranger. If the Grand Caliph spoke it, as naturally She would, then she would expect it at least of the other Blues *within* the Burning Lands.

[celestial] "You have wisdom and understanding in things which Your Siblings do not. They have much wisdom and insight into the gaijin ways of understanding. But You have a perspective They do not comprehend." [/celestial] Janabelle's smile thins a little, almost sadly. [celestial] "You will learn soon enough many of the secrets They know, and how They look at the heavens and earth. But I do not wish to..." [/celestial] Janabelle paused noticeably before continuing. [Celestial] "...color your insights too soon by gaijin understandings." [/celestial]

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Shilye wondered why Janabelle had paused. It was as if to find the proper word. But such words, if she understood the context, were plentiful. 'Taint' came almost instantly to mind. Was there a reason She chose a less immediate word?

[celestial] "But there are things you must understand now. So I will tell you a story you have never heard before," [/celestial] Janabelle continued. [celestial] "One you have never heard for it is a story too ancient to be known by the mortals of the Empire." [/celestial]

Janabelle seemed to gather her thoughts for a moment, or perhaps it was more a moment to allow the younger Dragon to gather His.

[celestial] "As We well know, at the beginning of mortal s history, the Kami stepped down from the celestial realms, and their offspring are the people of the Empire." [/celestial] Shilye wondered briefly (albeit without disrespect) who this 'we' were. This was certainly the first she had heard of such a tale. [celestial] "What You were not blessed until now to learn is that there were once many more than seven Celestial Dragons. But in the unfathomably ancient past, in the time long before the Kami made Their descent, ten of the Celestial Dragons stepped down to the mortal realm. You and I, and the other Dragons here are not amongst the Seven Celestial Dragons. We are the descendants of the other Celestial Dragons, just as the people of the Empire are the descendants of the Kami." [/celestial]

[celestial] "When the Kami stepped from the heavens, They were following in Our Ancestors' pawsteps." [/celestial]

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 06, 2003, 09:13 PM:

Kuratsukan was growing ever more confused; who was this who was telling him that, basically, that which he knew about his heritage was untrue? She was not the Celestial Dragon, nor was she the Dragon of Water. She spoke the gaijin tongue as well as any of the traders he had met, and she spoke Imperial with the same intonations as those of the high courts. Kuratsukan twinged slightly, the pain of this conundrum wracking his brain...

[All the following is spoken in Imperial]

"I am so confused. You must explain this all to me. In my search for truth and power, I had been told that there none others as me but those of the heavens. We never believed the *gaijin* and their tales of your kind, but this must be our folly, it would seem. You appear more like me in your larger form than do the others; are you perhaps my lord or lady? I am not sure what term this would be, as I am not familiar with the honor code of dragons - or at least those of my knowledge. Why must we go to war with those who are not dragons? Have they brought dishonor and disgrace to themselves? Are the *gaijin* totally devoid of this simple understanding? Are the dragons here more attuned to the Dance of the Elements and the knowledge of Shinsei or Bushido? Please, I must understand this request..."

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 06, 2003, 09:31 PM:

"And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars..." --Matthew 24:6a.

Janabelle turned to the wisdom of the Silver. She took a step aside from the younger Blue to look over the mortals and Dragons in Her presence. And laughed.

It was not a wicked laugh, although unexpected. And it rang from Garnthe Peak, only to be muted and stifled by the Mists, which brooked no echoes. It was the sort of laugh that comes when mirth rises from sorrow.

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"I am not in the business of sending children to fight wars!" Her laughter died. Her words, as before, sounded to Shilye as if the Dragon spoke in basti. "I consider every Dragon life to be too precious to squander so foolishly." Shilye noted that Janabelle did speak as to give mortal peoples the same value. From the perspective of a Dragon, the basti supposed, how could She? Mortals were clearly the inferiors of Dragons in all but their souls. And who but the Gods truly knew how Souls measured?

Still, the basti's ears flattened, and her large eyes turned to look at the other mortals in the assembly. Her gaze did not immediately return to her Grand Caliph when Janabelle spoke again.

"This is a change that has been in the planning longer than any of you have lived." The Great Blue looked at each about Her, waiting for them to realize the implications. Only to stop at the sight of the elf. Shiyle knew that Janabelle meant to speak only truth. But the basti had to wonder if the presense of such a long-lived mortal may have put lie to Her words.

"No. I... and Your Elders, and in fact all of Dragonkind... if not many, many more... have a different need for you." The Great Wyrn paused thoughtfully, then spoke again. "The gnomes have a word: gaynnock. It means 'troublefixxer'. Little people who fix little problems before they become much bigger problems."

Janabelle turns directly to the Silver. "Actually, you will find an impressive solidarity of Dragons on this course of action. While most Dragon Races, if not in fact most Dragons, have Their own reasons for supporting the cause, support is not limited to the Parliment."

Translation: the basti thought suddenly. You're so young you were out of the loop. She wondered if there was actually some sort of meeting the Dragons about her missed because They were too busy hatching. She knew that was certainly not the case. Information would have traveled from Dragon to Dragon. But the image of a multitude of Dragons gathered like this was quite amusing. Enough to make a feline smile break across her muzzle. They would have needed a much bigger rock.

"Dragonkind **is** working together to this goal. We have been, in fact, for many mortal generations. But as We approach the time of overt action, little problems have begun to surface. Minor threats to the master design have sprung up like tiny leaks in a massive dam. We, the Dragons, need a team of 'gaynnocks'."

Shiyle pondered the term 'mortal generations'. And decided that it got the Grand Caliph's point across eloquently, even if it meant nothing in specifics. Another insight rushed on the heels of her first. She had wondered why as ancient a Dragon as Janabelle would trust anything of great importance to Dragons who must have seems little more than hatchlings to Her. *Translation: everybody older than you is already in this up to Their wingtips.*

Surely not everyone. Not every older Dragon, literally. But...

To trust an improtant quest to children. Without even adult supervision. *But They **have** the supervision of adults!* Shilye suddenly realized. *Mortal adults.*

Posted by **Master of the Squirrel's** (Member # 68430) on March 06, 2003, 09:53 PM:

The currently drow Halberon both bravely and in utter fear steps forward and stutters to the great dragon in human form, "Muh ma'am, I wuh would juh just like to s- say that I wuh would be most ho- honored tuh to wuh work f- for thuh thuh dur dragons. I puh puh promise I I'll duh do my buh buh best tuh to be a graynork, or wuh whatever thuh that wuh was yuh you c- c- c- called us." (Translation: Ma'am, I would just like to say taht I would be honored to work for the dragons. I promise I'll do my best to be a graynork,

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or whatever that was you called us.) He bows deep in respect, and then backs up. He takes a deep breath like that was the hardest sentence he ever had to say, which it might just be.

Note: Though Halberon knows she is an evil dragon, he still has great respect for such a magnificent creature. Now I can't wait till I have the Dragon Greater Wild Shape.

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 06, 2003, 11:05 PM:

(OOC: Don't worry about it tsrblke. Gentle Breeze has hit very well on Ever Nights personality. She hates and fears, although she won't admit it to herself, all the dragons of the surface. She is acquiescing and pretending only to meet her own ends at attaining power. Since I know that there is no possible way that your dragons will ever trust a shadow, I am giving them something that they can at least expect. Once they understand what she is capable of and how she reacts they will be a little more willing to work with her because they will know what to expect. This, and their greater numbers should make them at least willing to put up with the presence of a dread shadow. Oh, and don't worry much about Ever Night's wish to kill Ryu. I plan to have everyone make that mental list at least once to fit in with her arrogant and superior nature.)

Ever Night shrugs her shoulders in a very human like gesture that she has seen Brogarn perform at Risnia's comment. She bends her hearing instead to catch what Janabelle is saying to the unidentified blue. She makes a great show of frustration at not being able to understand Janabelle to mislead the other dragons and mortals.

She starts a quick, parsed translation to Grabnor until he informs her that he can understand most of what is being said. She keeps the parts spoken in Celestial to herself however. Her tail begins to twitch impatiently again and she forces a yawn. When Janabelle pauses she butts in again.

[Draconic]You still have not answered **MY** questionsss Janabelle. I wish to know where the Shadowsss stand in this. I have not heard them speak of it before.[/Draconic]

A moment after she finishes, Ever Night bends her neck in deference to the older dragon almost as if it were an after thought but done purposely to try to prove to herself her own courage.

[March 08, 2003, 12:25 AM: Message edited by: guido_ca]

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 07, 2003, 12:19 AM:

Janabelle smiled to the younger Blue, but the smile lacked warmth and there was steel in Her eyes. [celestial] "Was the Toa of Shinsei written in one day? Does the quest for enlightenment begin at evening dinner and end before morning tea?"[/celestial]

Her expression softened. [celestial]"You have questions. That is a good start. You are wiser than you were yesterday when you did not question because you believed you knew the answer. But if truth is water, then you will find it is a sea, wide and deep and tumultuous with storms... not the contents of a teacup." [/celestial]

Shilye was utterly confused. It was as if the Grand Caliph was speaking in divine riddle as well as divine language. The basti wondered if the young Blue understood it better than she.

[celestial]"You are a Dragon. Patience is a virtue which flows strongly in Our kind. Today you have been given a lesson. Take time to fully digest what you have heard before rushing headlong into the next one."[/celestial]

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Now Janabelle turned to the Dread Shadowdragon, Her expression loosing its warmth entirely. A cold, calculating voice replaced the more genial one She had spoken with before, and the power of Her presense roared in Her words. "No, I have not addressed your concern, have I. Let me do so now."

"The Dread Shadowdragons have seen both wisdom and gain in the plans of other Dragons." Janabelle spoke deliberately. Again, the basti found the words in her own tongue. But they took a dire tone she associated with the barbarian tribes of the far east. "The Dread Shadowdragons stand united with us, if grudgingly, in this endeavor." (This one statement, Ryu is suddenly aware, is a lie! But the Great Wyrms' statements which follow it are not!) "The Shadowdragons have grudges against mortals-- some of which run as deep, or deeper, than Your hatred of us-- and are eager for this sanction to act on them. Several of the oldest Shadowdragons have acted as viziers to those Dragons not adequately familiar with the artistry of deceit."

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 07, 2003, 03:19 AM:

Ryu was quiet for a while, processing all the information, and recovering from the presence of the Great Blue Dragon. He turned to Risnia: "I will stay with you, but I feel there is a reason if one so wise and powerful as a Great Blue summons us here, and especially us. If a war is at hand, it will be unlikely we can stay out of it, no matter if we try.

[Whisper in Elven]I'm not sure I can detect lies on such a powerful creature, but I noticed at least one. The Dread Shadow Dragons do not stand united with them, as the Great Blue said. I don't think we should reveal this, yet. Knowledge is only power if it remains unrevealed. "[whisper in Elven]

Ryu then turns to Jannabelle: "I am not familiar with all the tongues you spoke, but I have not heard a single word mentioning mortals. What is my role in this?"

[OOC: My computer crashed, and I'm posting on another computer. I do not know when mine will be fixed.]

[March 07, 2003, 10:37 AM: Message edited by: Kokiriaz]

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 07, 2003, 09:40 AM:

Crimson had been pleasantly surprised that the basti knew the draconic language and at least some draconic customs. He smiled slightly before walking away. As he thought about it though Crimson realized that he really shouldn't have been surprised because this basti obviously had some connection to Janabelle and that gave her insights that most didn't have.

In the future I most remember this, especially if I end up working with the other dragons and the mortals they brought with them.

Crimson watched as Janabelle approached the other blue.

What language is that? What are the talking about? What is with this dragon? I don't remember ever hearing of something like this before.

Whatever it was they were talking about the conversation had obviously distressed the younger blue. Then suddenly Janabelle turned to look at the rest of the group gathered here and laughed, Crimson couldn't help but be slightly amused as this was totally unexpected. When Janabelle finished laughing she addressed everyone, or at least so it seemed as once again Crimson heard her talking in draconic but it seemed to be for all.

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Interesting that she doesn't make any claim to the worth of a mortal's life. Is she trying to be neutral? Or does she simply not consider them worth anything? I'd like to believe the former but suspect it is the latter. As for a plan that all dragon kind has been working towards for many generations, I wonder what it is. She didn't really answer my question nor Risnia's but I think that's all she's gonna share. By Bahamut I wish one of my elders were here to at least verify her story. I still don't like this, don't even agree with it, but for now I can go along with it. If for no other reason then to acquire more information.

I'm starting to think that Ever Night is crazy or stupid. Or even worse crazy and stupid. Why does she act like this? Is she trying to prove something to herself? Has Janabelle finally had enough of Ever Night's attitude?

Apparently Janabelle had in fact had enough. While Janabelle had answered Ever Night's question her eyes and voice had conveyed not only Janabelle's power but her displeasure. Crimson smiled slightly, glad that Ever Night had finally pushed a little too hard.

Now let's hope that Ever Night continues to push and actually angers Janabelle.

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 07, 2003, 09:49 AM:

Ever Night blushes, as much a dragon can anyways, when Janabelle turns her attention towards the shadow herself. She decides to hold her tongue for the moment in fear of angering the Blue. Ever Night knows that she has toed the line and does not wish to push her luck. Even in her human form, Janabelle apparently still has some affect on the shadow.

She does however note the difference in both tone and look that Janabelle gives her as compared to Karatsukan. She gives the young blue a momentarily icy glare that can barely be registered before focusing on cleaning some blood from her claws.

Why did she look at me like that and yet fawn over that crazy young blue? What hasss he done that I have not or could not if I so chose? He doesn't even hardly make any sense blathering on about gaijin and water! It should be obvious that I am the most powerful dragon here, except for Janabelle. Ever Night works hard to suppress the shudder that attempts to walk down her spine at the thought of the Ancient Blue being truly upset with her. Surely Janabelle can see that I am of the most use here. Just look at me!

Ever Night does in fact make an impressive sight, even to the other surface dragons. She is as large, if not larger than most males of her age. She is almost stunningly good looking, as a dragon judges, and no male dragon can miss perfect curves and sleek muscles making up her body. She is possessed of a powerful force of will that can astound most any being that she chooses not to kill. Unfortunately, the racial colour of her scales and her arrogant nature cause the surface dragons around her to look somewhat past that beauty.

Ever Night's thoughts continue along their jealous line until Janabelle, or one of the younger dragon's begin speaking again.

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 07, 2003, 03:35 PM:

How does she think she's going to go about this? A full frontal assault on all humaniod empires? Dragons may be strong, but a large army could slow, if not prevent this. Plus the wounded and casulty rate would be to high, on both sides. If this were a diplomatic treaty of sorts, (assuming it was fair for all) I might be more inclinded to agree and help. It sound however if she simply intends to conquer them, and that is something I cannot aid in

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Risnia suddenly shudders. The thought of all the innocent lives being lost cuts through him like a well placed sword.

Not only can I not aid in it, my conscience won't allow me to stand quiet while they ravage the towns. Someone should warn the mortals. I should warn the mortals. I am torn for loyalty to my race, or sympathy for the innocent. But I must let my conscience rule. I'll never live it down if I stand silent while so many die. Even if I must put my life on the line, it's something that has to be done. But first I should talk this over with Ryu.

[Draconic]"Great Blue, if I may be so bold, after you are done talking with all of us, I would like some time to talk with my friend about the passing events. Of course, I'd prefer to talk somewhere more private..."[/Draconic]

Posted by **THrag2K** (Member # 122415) on March 07, 2003, 05:16 PM:

(OOC: Psssst, Guido, remeber it's Brogarn, not Grabnor, a mistake I've almost made a few times.)

Brogarn tries to assimilate all the information coming his way from Ever Night, but most of it appears to be too much for his feeblemind. Apparently flabberghasted, he cannot come up with any response, or thought, as to how this would be. WHY would Groomsh send him to this, when it is obvious that he would want Orcs to rule the world. Is this some devious plot? From here on out, Brogarn tries to keep his eyes open to everything, looking for some spot to raise the standing of orc-kind.

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 07, 2003, 09:12 PM:

Janabelle nodded gratefully to Halberon. Then turned to the elf who accompanied the Bronze. "Well that you should ask. I have chosen most of the Dragons here, for reasons both clear and obscure. But when it comes to the missions ahead, They would alone suffer from two fatal weaknesses. They are young and inexperienced. And They are Dragons. And while in many cases, the problems I would ask you to deal with are caused or facilitated by Dragons, the venues in which you would be required to operate are those of mortals."

Translation: She wants you to be Their guides, advisors and supervisors, Shiyle thought with some surprise. Then she looked at the Dragons. Especially the Blue and the Dread Shadowdragon. She wondered if either had set foot in a town before? How well could They do alone on a quest which forced Them to walk amongst the humans, or the elves, or the goblins? The human who accompanied the Shadow was clearly the more diplomatic of the two.

"Many of the problems We are now facing are Dragons. While most are dedicated to the cause, I regret to say there are some Dragons who work at odds to Us." The Great Blue shook Her head sadly, Her voice heavy. "This is not unexpected, although it is painful. Some of Them simply are not aware, like yourselves, of the greater reasons behind this Dragon Rising. They see only the immediate and obvious, and They do not like what They see. So They strive against Us." Janabelle sighed, and gave pointed looks to each of the Metallics, showing a fair guess at what must be running through at least one of Their minds. "This is understandable. But it is also disruptive and dangerous. And some..." The Great Blue's eyes narrowed glaringly. "Some know full well what We are about. And have sided purposefully with the enemies of Dragonkind. And, I dare say, mortal kind as well."

Translation: Shiyle thought with a grimace, turning her gaze to the ground. Any older Dragons who are not in this up to Their wingtips have possibly been recruited by the bad guys. The basti had a leaden feeling as she began to see why a group of mortal adults

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and Draconic children would be considered the safest recruits.

It took a moment for Shiyle to realize her Grand Caliph had fallen silent. The basti looked up quickly.

Now it was the elf who had caught the Great Wyrms' attention. Janabelle crossed the stoney peak with quick, deliberate strides, stopping in front of Ryu. She stared at him, taking in his measure, and lifted an arm. Janabelle moved one outstretched finger towards Ryu's forehead. And Her human-form fingertip slide slowly forward, Shiyle could feel an indefinable shift in the air. It felt as if the entirety of the four thousand year old Blue's majesty and presence was focused in the fingertip that hovered only an inch from Ryu.

The moment of pregnant silence lengthens. The Grand Blue's expression is unfathomable.


At last, She steps away, Her arm returning to Her side. A wry smile slithers across Her human-form lips. "Interesting." The ageless Blue's comment seems mostly to Herself. But then She turns to Risnia. "It did not surprise me that Cowray insisted a Bronze be offered a place in this quest. But I begin to understand why He specifically wanted You. If only for the company You keep." She turned a smile to Ryu, the light in her eyes bespeaking inward calculations.

Posted by **Alhadis** (Member # 97959) on March 07, 2003, 09:26 PM:

(OoC: Oops! Sorry for interrupting guys, but I regret to say that I'm afraid I mightn't be joining in this adventure! I've looked through it, and it all looks great! But... it's just that the work-load at school is getting to be insanely hard! I'm really sorry Kkat- I should have told you earlier! (But I haven't been able to use the Internet for a while!)

Anyway... are you still willing to join the Rise of the Plague adventure? Please say yes!

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 08, 2003, 01:42 AM:

OOC: Well, if ever things change, you have a place here. If things go well, this game will last long enough for such a change to present itself. In the meantime, I wish you the best of luck at school. And I will look further into your game, now that we can email. No guarentees-- this game has proven a bit more time consuming than I expected. But I'll see if I can't manage that. 

--Kkat

Posted by **Alhadis** (Member # 97959) on March 08, 2003, 01:44 AM:

(OoC: Okie dokie, then! Thanks for that! (I gotcha e-mail, by the way!)

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 08, 2003, 03:23 AM:

As Janabelle's fingertip pointed at Ryu's forehead, he started to feel disoriented. It started out as a mild feeling of dizzyness, but grew stronger to the point where Ryu thought he was going to pass out. But Janabelle lowered Her finger, and Ryu got his senses back. Janabelle spoke only one word, 'Interesting', but it was enough to bring about a shock in Ryu.

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Interesting? She must have read my mind, damn it! All my efforts to keep my memories and secrets as mine shattered in mere seconds!

Almost instinctively, Ryu summoned the mental powers needed to alter another's mind, but he realized it was useless, he could not do anything to a Great Wyrm. Nevertheless, Ryu found it hard to restrain himself.

I need to calm down now, there is nothing more I can do. I can only hope my psionics shielded some of my memories. Damn it, I don't even know what she knows about me!

Unwillingly, Ryu's thoughts took him back to Llantil again. The only reason he escaped the massacre there was his psionics, and killing those who had to be killed. If the Great Blue decided to tell what happened, revealing his secrets... Then he would surely die at the hands of his enemies.

[March 08, 2003, 03:24 AM: Message edited by: Kokiriaz]

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 08, 2003, 06:15 PM:

Crimson couldn't help but agree with Janabelle as she outlined her reasons for including mortals. Crimson had avoided big cities for that very reason. There had been several small towns he had been forced to leave in a hurry after, well screwing up.

Does Janabelle actually expect Ever Night to go into a town and not attempt to kill everyone there? And then there's the blue, what is his deal? And will it effect an attempt to blend in?

As for her not so subtle warning to me, Gentle and Risnia, I can understand her point. But threats are not a convincing arguement. Why does she keep dancing around why exactly this is neccessairy? I have no doubt that some don't need a reason but what about the golds? Slivers? Bronzes? Coppers? And the other metallicas? Surely they must have some reason

Crimson watched as Janabelle did something to the elf, not really sure what she was doing. Crimson made a mental note to talk to the elf, and even perhaps Risnia the moment he could have a private conversation

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 08, 2003, 06:51 PM:

Staring intensely into space, Kuratsukan ponders his situation. If there is supposed to be more of my kind, and they are not all ascended, then these dragons are of no less pitiful stock than the humans and the tiny ones. This all must be a test for me, to see if I can overcome the weakness of these creatures. Janabelle must be the Celestial Dragon, given how well she understands the knowledge of the universe. I must continue to strive for complete mastery of myself, so that I might be able to pass this test and take me rightful position in the Heavens. This must be my purpose here.

Kuratsukan queries of Janabelle, in the strange tongue of which he has never heard, but now understands (Draconic), "I do not understand why the mortals must be overthrown. What right is it of the dragons, who are no more entitled to the turths of the universe than the others. I know the gaijin are without bushido, but I witness no better from any of these 'dragons'. I can only assume they represent the dire moral situation of the others. What direction of heaven commands me to be here other than for a search for the gaijin devil which has stolen my trasures of jade and emerald?"

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 09, 2003, 11:38 AM:

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Kuratsukan stares intently, awaiting a reply... he seems to *bump* his tail against the ground as he waits.

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 09, 2003, 03:39 PM:

quote:

Originally posted by canamrock:

Kuratsukan stares intently, awaiting a reply... he seems to bump his tail against the ground as he waits.

OOC: Since only three of the nine players have responded since my last IC post, I'm waiting for another response or few before replying.

--Kkat

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 09, 2003, 04:13 PM:

I know. I just wanted somebody to say something.

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 09, 2003, 05:33 PM:

(OCC: you know I'm going to fail a Calculus test because of this!)

Risnia looked over to see the Great Blue reach towards his friend.

What is she doing? She better not harm a hair on his head

After she pointed a finger at Ryu, he seemed to look worse for the wear. Risnia worried that ryu was going to be ill, but then the expression on his face showed otherwise.

Something has dug up those memories that Ryu's always holding back. Why would she do that?

Risnia began to worry. Seeing a great wyrm was frieghtening enough, having supressed memories recalled might be too much for him.

"Ryu, are you Okay? Don't let this put too much strain on your mind. It will all be over soon and we'll be going home."

[draconic]"Great Blue, you seem to take an interest in my friend, but you haven't answered my questions yet. I am still curious to know why we have been summoned here. Surely you don't intend to raise a dragon army. Such a feat would be nearly impossible, I'm sure just calling us here was a chore."[draconic]

Now all that's left to do is wait for here response

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 09, 2003, 05:49 PM:

OOC: I need spot checks from everyone.

Considering how long it would take for everyone to respond with theirs, I will end up

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posting what is seen before everyone can post those checks. How is a call for checks like this normally handled in games where not everyone posts every day?

--Kkat

[March 09, 2003, 05:52 PM: Message edited by: Kkat]

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 09, 2003, 06:03 PM:

Spot: Rolled a 15, add 17 for a 32 total.

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 09, 2003, 06:14 PM:

Spot Check: 8 (rolled) + 17 = 25 (29 if I can spend a Void point on this check)

Just put what those who are over certain critical roll points would be told. We'll figure it out.

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 09, 2003, 06:18 PM:

hmm it appears my luck has run out.....Guido I think I'm "Down on MY Luck"

1+18=19

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 09, 2003, 06:25 PM:

(OOC: Sorry about the late posts but RL decided to give the one over and then kick me when I'm down. When I get things solved I will give you much more of my attention.

As to how a DM deals with a spot check, it depends partially on the speed of the game but usuall going thing seems to be that you give 24hrs from when you made the original post for the PCs to react. After that you just post anyways. Exceptions are given on the weekend though since not everyone has access on the weekends.)

Ever Night listens only half interestedly as the metallics complain and bicker about dominating anyone. She waits eagerly to hear what the task is that Janabelle will assign and more importantly, what the reward is.

(Spot = 26)

Posted by **Mr Kami** (Member # 105592) on March 09, 2003, 06:51 PM:

spot = 21

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 09, 2003, 07:05 PM:

quote:

Originally posted by canamrock:

Spot Check: 8 (rolled) + 17 = 25 (29 if I can spend a Void point on this check)

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What determines whether you can spend a void point?

--Kkat

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 09, 2003, 10:35 PM:

I'm not 100% sure, it didn't seem to specify for certain whether using Void points for rolls took conscious thought... (shrug) You're the DM. lol

I'll look in a bit.

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 09, 2003, 11:18 PM:

As Pelor rose to the horizon of the Mist, deep bands of color flared across the skies and painted the normally dull sea of Mist below Garthe Peak.

The grand and powerful Great Wyrms Blue turned Her human form, raising Her eyes towards the western horizon. Her gaze seemed to lock on something there. And for several long moments, She was silent. It was as if on one but Her existed on Garthe Peak.

Only the noble Gold, Crimson Dawn, was able to spot what had so trapped Janabelle's attention. A dark spot hung against the sky above the horizon. Something far off, or very small. Possibly both. Something flying.

All, however, noticed a slightly hurried edge in the Great Blue's voice.

"I have not answered all your questions. And there is reason for that. I have no doubt that you will gain further knowledge and insights in the matters I speak of as you gain experience. But for now, it is better that you **not** know."

She turns, looking each of them over sharply. "What you do not know, none of you can unwittingly betray. And the enemies of all Dragonkind... and I would dare say all mortal kind... employ a great number who are akin to Your elven friend." This last bit was directed to the Bronze, although it was clearly meant for all to hear, if not understand. Janabelle emphasized her point with a nod towards Ryu. "What you do not know cannot be torn from your mind before you have the strength and discipline and power to stop it."

With a heavy sigh, and leaden words that sent a twinge of fear through Shiyle, her Grand Caliph stated, "I will tell you this. There is a time of great trouble coming. And it will come no matter whether We have risen to the challenge or hidden away in Our lairs and done nothing."

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 10, 2003, 12:15 AM:

After listening to the Great Blue's words, Ryu had a lot to think about. He still wasn't sure what the Great Blue had done, but it was certain She now knew of his psionics.

"I'm okay, Risnia. I can handle my own memories,[whisper] I am just not sure that I trust them in the hands of the Great Blue.[/whisper]"

Ryu pauses for a moment, thinking, and then continues.

"The Great Blue said there were many akin to me. You know what that means. The powers

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that can be unleashed with my talent can be devastating. Let us go where this Blue wants us to go, be it to 'meet' these akin to me or to determine if we want to fight in this war. We now do not know enough, as the Blue does not answer us directly. Let us go there, and find out for ourselves what is going on, then we can always turn back. Are you not curious what caught the attention of even the most powerful of Dragonkind?"

[March 10, 2003, 12:17 AM: Message edited by: Kokiriaz]

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 10, 2003, 02:02 AM:

Searching for insight, Kuratsukan loses himself in deep meditation.

"I understand now the meaning of this test. I was borne of the cosmos to become a new shogun, a representative of the Dragons in the mortal world. These lizards are of the same pitiful ilk as all outside of the Empire. The gaijin and the winged lizards are all fit to be taught the True Path. I finally see that it is my goal to bring the force of the Heavens upon the mortal world, bringing all souls under the rightful command of the Sun and Moon.

Every herd has its shepherd; each army has its general. So too must these worthless creatures be given their guidance. They shall be wretched, honorless ronin beasts no more. Soon, he shall be able to make them see that they would do well to fall under the banner of his destiny...

Kuratsukan, Eighth Dragon, Master of the Mortal World

This was to be his goal. He knew the Celestial Dragon had called these monsters together to be enlightened as his disciples. He prayed the Dragons would show mercy for his insult of having confused them for these things. He could only hope that he might make them worthy of being allowed to serve His kind. He was blessed to know their gaijin tongue so that he might so them the true way.

This was how it must be... the time of his ascension was at hand."

Kuratsukan breathes deeply, coming out from his meditative state. He looks out at the approaching, and at the others watching it. He would wait to hear the Celestial Dragon speak again, seeing what she might reveal of his path, before he might make any rash decisions. He does not know, after all, the bounds of treachery of which this beasts are capable.

(OoC: No offense... lol)

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 10, 2003, 07:58 AM:

(OOC: Ha, none taken. Just be sure not to take any from me when Ever Night gains enough power to overthrow YOU!)

Ever Night's eyes narrow dangerously as she catches the change in mood. Following the ancient blue's gaze she peers off into the distance but the rising of the bright sun interferes with her vision.

Watching the blue, Ever Night notes the hesitance of the aged dragon and she takes the hint as only an untrusting dragon could.

[Orc]Brogarn, get your stuff together and get in your saddle. I am leaving thisss place and if you don't hurry, you will be left behind! [/Orc] Says the inky dragon while looking around for her human.

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Focusing her gaze again on Janabelle, Ever Night gives the blue one last chance to finish her demands.

"Your time issss running short Eld One. Tell me what you would wish of me and what you offer in repayment. I sense deceit and betrayal here on thisss mountain and I want none of it."

With that said, and Brogarn in his saddle, the inky dragon pushes herself powerfully to her feet. She spreads out her impressive wings that stretch nearly 25 feet from tip to tip. She makes a few lazy strokes at the air to stretch her wings and then sets herself to spring into the air and take flight. The rising sunlight shines onto and through her translucent scales but is extinguished in the darkness beneath. Her glowing green eyes seem somewhat diminished in the bright sunlight as she waits for a final response.

What have you gotten me into Witch!?! What issss coming that would make a dragon of your age and repute pause? You shall pay with everlasting pain for any harm that you have caused to me. When I rise to rule all other dragonssss, you shall be the first to bow before me and the last to die! Curse you and these other cowardssss!

(OOC: Ha ha, isn't that ironic...she is the first to ready her escape)

[March 10, 2003, 08:05 AM: Message edited by: guido_ca]

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 10, 2003, 11:05 AM:

Crimson followed Janabelle's gaze, and after a moment of scanning the sky, he saw what he thought Janabelle saw.

What is that spot? How close is it? Is it the cause of her hurried nature? What in this world could do that to one as powerful as Janabelle?

Whatever it was, if it was the why Janabelle was hurrying, Crimson sure didn't want to meet it.

People just like the elf? Does she mean the drow? But surely they can't on thier own...

His thoughts were interrupted as he realized she was still talking. Crimson puased and listened

Torn from our mind? No magic I've ever heard of can accomplish that.....could it be psionics?

Psionics was another subject that Crimson knew less facts and more rumors about. The basic idea of power within one's self, at least that was what he thought the basic idea was, had a certain amount of appeal. He had even seen a supposed user of psionics but hadn't seen the him do anything remarkable or even odd and also had not even been able to question him to discover the truth for himself.

This elf and Risnia are certainly becoming more and more interesting, I really must speak with them in private. As for hiding within my lair, even if I reject Janabelle, I'll just continue what was I was doing in the first place However I still wand to do this at least for now, that way I can find out more.

Crimson kept silient, watching Ever Night threatening to leave and the others thinking about all this. Waiting to see what would happen.

OOC: Fixed some stupid mistakes

[March 10, 2003, 04:47 PM: Message edited by: drachedeeis]

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Posted by **THrag2K** (Member # 122415) on March 10, 2003, 03:48 PM:

Brogarn has his stuff collected already (not like he put it anywhere's) and jumps into the saddle (Ride Check: 20, done as a free action then).

As Evernight flies off into the air, Brogarn poses a question: [ORC] Now, what startled the Blue one so, Mistress? And where is our next destination from here? [/ORC]

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 10, 2003, 05:35 PM:

Hmmm, she certianly appears hurried. This is getting interesting. Perhaps I will go along, at least until I learn the true meaning of all of this. No oath, nor magic shall keep me in the group, and if things go south maybe I can work to keep everyone in line, especially the Shadowdragon. I'd rather be on a mission I know nothing about, then let him run around unchecked. Plus I get the felling that I'll be able to trust at least one dragon on this trip.

[Whisper Elven]"Ryu, how do you feel about going along, at least for a little while. I'm curious to seewhat this is all about. Perhaps we'll learn a little more about your powers along the way. However, if it appears our mission in for conquest more than helping others, we'll leave. I'm not going to submit others to my rule against there will. Nor will I help others do the same."[/whisper]

[Draconic]"Shadow Dragon, why so quick to leave? I'm surprised. Normally your kind would at least wait around to hear of the bounty invovled!"[/Draconic] *Chuckle*

Risnia turns towards the great blue in human form.

"Tell me what more you can, Great Blue. I am considering your offer. I sense the urgancy in your voice, so we'll make this quick."

I'd still like to talk to Cowray, soon if it's possible.

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 10, 2003, 10:54 PM:

(OOC: Ever Night hasn't left quite yet Thrag.)

Obviously our brilliant yound bronze here did not catch the look on Janabelle's face. I don't know what what would shock such an ancient dragon like that but I have no intention of being around to find out. If that idiot Bronze is too stupid to figure that out then let him and his runt stay to die.

Ever Night looks over in Risnia's directions and gives him one of her malicious grins.

"Don't think you have gotten rid of me so easily young Bronze. I have better thingsss to do with my time than sit around and wait a bunch of cocky, unforgiving surface dragonsss. I await Janabelle'ssss offer and then I am off to think on it for a few daysss."

(OOC: THATS a lie. Did we determine if Ryu's scionics can detect dragons lieing? Where am I on the lie list...I think that should be well over three now?)

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 11, 2003, 01:30 AM:

[OOC: I didn't do anything with Ever Night's lies yet, because I reread it and I can

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only detect humanoid's lies. I made a mistake in thinking Janabelle polymorphed into a human was a humanoid (according to the SRD, your type doesn't change), so I'll erase that out of Ryu's memory. Unless Janabelle used some other weird magic that did change her type to humanoid. After all, it is a 4000 year old Great Blue Wyrml...]

Posted by **THrag2K** (Member # 122415) on March 11, 2003, 01:54 AM:

(OOC: I'm merely stating what Brogarn is going to do,)

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 11, 2003, 03:01 PM:

(OOC: I'll post shortly. Anybody heard from Franklin T? He hasn't posted in a fair while.)

--Kkat

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 11, 2003, 06:22 PM:

Opportunities are usually disguised as hard work, so most people don't recognize them.
--Ann Landers

Janabelle looks up again. The dark spot is closer. Ever Night and Kuratsukan can see it now... a black bird flying towards Garnthe Peak from the west. Possible the same one which delivered each of Them the summons? Surely no normal bird could make the passage over the Mists by peak-hopping like the Dragons.

Crimson Dawn can see it better than the two other Dragons, and has been watching it longer. The 'bird', he realizes, for its form is like that of a raven or crow, is **huge**. And it is moving extremely fast! Furthermore, the noble Gold notices a distortion beneath it as it flies over the Mists. The distortion reminds Him of what rain falling from clouds looks like when seen from a great distance.

Janabelle turns back to the others and then strides over to Shiyle, putting out Her hand. The basti is confused and slightly startled, but does the first thing she thinks the Grand Caliph commands of her. Shiyle hands the human-guised Grand Blue Dragon the canvas sack. And breathes a sigh of relief when apparently that was the correct response.

"I must take my leave of you shortly," Janabelle announces, turning Her back to the basti to address the others. "The first task I would set before you is this:

"Weeks ago, shortly before I sent out My summons, an assassin struck down the bride of Prince Alton of Greymettle at their wedding reception. It is only by a miracle that she survived." Janabelle gazed over those assembled. "The assassin remained invisible, and escaped. Greymettle apparently has reason to believe this assassin is a Dragon."

The Great Blue Wyrml scowled. "If, indeed, it was a Dragon, then it was One whose actions were surely not sanctioned by Harkon, the Dragon who is in charge of Those who will conquer and divide Greymettle." She stopped and stared into each pair of eyes about Her. "The task I set before you is to discover who attempted this assassination and why..." She glanced again to the sky.

"If it is **not** a Dragon, see that this assassin is brought very publically to the appropriate mortal justice." Janabelle started to fish for something within the Canvas bag. Grasping what She desired, She tossed the bag aside. Shiyle scrambled to get it. Janabelle held something enclosed in Her fist, yet unrevealed.

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"If it **is** a Dragon, gather whatever information about Him or Her as you can. Including, hopefully, current location. And deliver that information to Harkon, so that Draconic justice will be arranged." With a final sigh, the Grand Blue Dragon added a caution. "If you find yourselves dealing with something beyond your capacity to handle, do not pit yourselves against it. Other, older Dragons are there for such duties. But if it is something you can handle yourselves..."

She left that last statement unfinished. And, instead, changed topic slightly, addressing Ever Night in particular. "As for reward... This would be the first of many tasks, should you accept them, and prove yourselves capable of them. Aside from the prestige that you will gain, and the recognition amongst powerful members of your peers, the opportunity to increase your hordes is... substantial."

Shiyle grinned wryly at that. *Translation: Even if you aren't (necessarily) being asked to deal with a Dragon this time... eventually, you will. And with such 'dealings' comes the adding of Their Hordes to your own. War spoils.*

[March 11, 2003, 06:25 PM: Message edited by: Kkat]

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 11, 2003, 07:51 PM:

The more Crimson could make out of the approaching shape the less he liked it.

What is that shimmering beneath it? Could it be hiding others? Or perhaps something far more threatening. Whatever it is; it is huge and moving unbelievably fast and headed this way.

Crimson continued to stare at the spot, trying to see more details and try to figure out the shimmering effect it seemed to be creating. However he continued to pay attention to Janabelle's words at the same time. Crimson is so engrossed in his stare that he even fails to notice Janabelle's stare.

Seems to be a rather simple assignment, at least to in terms of what she wants. However there is the question of how we should retrieve the info she wants. As for a reward, it's all well and good to have a monetary reward, but I'm more concerned with your motives. As long as her motives and mine are in agreement everything is good. And it sounds like their isn't much long term commitment.

"Very well, I accept your offer. However I have two questions, the first being do you have any suggestions on how we could go about obtaining the information, and the second is what is that." As he talks he points out the black bird like thing

Posted by **Master of the Squirrel's** (Member # 68430) on March 11, 2003, 09:16 PM:

The 'drow' has finally relaxed a bit to the point where he can speak normally. He speaks up to Janabelle, "I promise that I will help find and bring to justice the vile creature that would do something such as kill a prince. Cruelty against good people is the worst of acts. I swear that good Gentle Breeze and I will be dedicated to rooting out this evil." Many who have seen a drow before are likely to be in awe to see a creature reknown for evil radiate a glow of good and hope. He smiles at the odd stares and transforms back into his halfling form.

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 12, 2003, 07:46 AM:

"I will go wherever you go, Risnia. But I also want to go, to meet those the Great Blue spoke of. I have heard of those that can unleash power that I could not master. Maybe I can learn from my experiences, and master that power myself. [whisper] And then I might

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be able to show that Shadow Dragon that I am very capable of fighting her.[/whisper]
I'll follow you, Risnia."

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 12, 2003, 08:30 AM:

"You want me to be a SLEUTH!" Hisses Ever Night.

The thingsss I lower myself to do for power! Well I'm sure that I can make Grabnor do all the work while I reap the rewards...yesss thisss could in fact be better than I thought.

"Very well, in the interest of increasing my hoard I accept your offer. Grabnor doesss ass well, or he would if he could understand you. Where should we start looking for your 'criminal' so that I can drag him out by hisss thumbsss? If the assassin turnsss out to be a human there had best be proper compensation for my effortsss!"

Ever Night leaves the threat hanging in the air not altogether happy about how empty it sounds even to her own ears. She does a quick translation for Grabnor including informing him that the gold has accepted the offer. Due to her racist beliefs, Ever Night neglects to inform Grabnor of the halfling and the elf's acceptance. At this point she sees them as nothing but tools of their masters. Afterwords she waits impatiently for Janabelle to give over some information on where to start and what to look for. She continues to glance nervously at the shape in the sky that even she can now see. She gives her wings a flap in agitation every now again at her desire to be gone from this place. Every muscle in her body is tensed for flight, although, judging the speed of the approaching creature she isn't all that sure of how much good running would do her.

[March 12, 2003, 08:37 AM: Message edited by: guido_ca]

Posted by **FranklinT** (Member # 78996) on March 12, 2003, 01:54 PM:

OOC: Spot check = 22

Gentle is still unsure as to the wisdom of Jannabelle's suggestions, but tries not to show it. He is unfamiliar with the term "gaynock," but it has a good sound. Much better than assassin or detective. It seems the Ancient will leave us gathered dragons to our own devices and hope that we will do the correct thing.

The elf, Ryu, is a puzzling mystery to the young Silver. What sort of powers could Jannabelle be alluding to? In time, all things will be revealed... Gentle will have to watch that one closely. The dragon wishes he could hear some of the whispers Risnia and the elf share.

So the beginning of the Dragons Rising will occur in Greymettle. This worries Breeze. Greymettle has been allies with the Silvers and Astroful for longer than most creatures can remember. Gentle feels a pang of guilt and remorse for the princesses attack. Unsanctioned attack.

Gentle Breeze takes his time contemplating the new information revealed. He slowly nods and addresses his summoner.

"I will uphold Halberon's oath. We shall root out and bring to justice this would-be assassin. This task we shall complete, but I must wait to discover further tasks before agreeing to them. I will not stain my honor or purity with acts of Evil and Chaos. Within these restrictions, I shall work with the utmost of my abilities, unwavering, until our charge is complete."

Gen waits hopefully for further instructions, but is fairly confident that, with the new

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information, what the dragon keeps in his own head, and with evidence yet to be uncovered, it should be enough to track down the prey. He notices the other dragons preparing to leave and resumes his larger winged form.

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 12, 2003, 05:09 PM:

(OOO Quote of the day.....I'll get back to you all with this one, I gotta study my Myst books again !)


Risnia considers the circumstances.

Hmmmmmm, bringing to justice an assassine. I see nothing wrong with that. But if it steps over my boundries, which are quite defined, I'm not going any further.

"Come Ryu, we'll accompany this group as long as it stays honorable...."

(More OOO stuff: I'll add to this tommorow I'm short on time)

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 12, 2003, 09:22 PM:

(OOO: Welcome back, FranklinT and Master of Squirrels! We were a little worried. It's good to have you back with us! )

IC:

Shiyle watched in respect tinged with awe as the responses of the people, mortals and Dragons, touched off a smile on Janabelle's fair human-form face.

"Thank you", She said. And Shilye heard Her words in the basti tongue, as she is certain the others hear it in their own. Then, the Great Wyrn turned Her raven-haired head towards the west, Her sapphire eyes staring at what approaches. Finally, she answers the Gold's question in a cool, calculated voice:

"That is **Raven**."

The bird is closer. All who look can see it now that Crimson Dawn has pointed it out. The bird seems to grow larger by the moment, now the size of a Dragon At the sight, Brogarn and Ever Night are reminded of a rumor they heard no long ago...

Crimson Dawn sees more. The bird, this "Raven" (an appropriate name, for that is what it resembles save for size and a terrible countenance), has a wingspan that would make a wyrn envious. And it has noticed them. The giant raven alters its course, turning it's path slightly southward. Unless it changes course again, it will pass clos to Garthe Peak-- close enough to get a really good look-- but it will not fly directly over them now, nor land here.

The distortion is now alarmingly clearer, particularly to the noble Gold. It is the Mist, rising up from the surface in wispy tendrils that stretch out as if trying to touch the giant bird as it passes over. Leaving behind a slowly melting ridge of upraised fog like a spinneridge.

Shiyle is transfixed a moment by the giant bird. A feeling like a cold void within her, begins to form at the sight. Suddenly, she finds that her Grand Caliph is standing before her. She had not even realized Her approach. Blushing beneath her fur, Shiyle lowers her eyes, hoping her sightseeing had not kept Janabelle waiting.

The Grand Blue demands the basti hold out her paw. Shiyle does so immediately, submissively. And into that paw, Janabelle drops a ring of soldi, undecorated steel that

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bears a slight bluish tint. "Wear this."

[March 12, 2003, 09:28 PM: Message edited by: Kkat]

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 12, 2003, 10:07 PM:

The approaching dark blot now visible even to her sensitive eyes, Ever Night takes a long, close look. She spends several moments studying first the winged form as it changes directions toward Garthe Peak and at the disturbance behind it. As she watches the being approach something begins to tickle at the back of her mind. Ignoring the sensation at first, the memory continues to pull at her mind.

Hmmmm, something seemsss very...familiar about thisss. Something about thisss "Raven" creature. Why can't I remember it! I must be growing old already if my memory is failing me. Something remindsss me that it wasss about something I heard...no WE heard!

Try as she might, Ever Night can't quite bring the elusive memory to mind. A deep rumble begins to build in her chest at the annoyance of the situation deep enough to vibrate into Brogarn's legs. Having rode on her back for some time now he realizes that the rumble means nothing yet and that he only needs to worry if it gets worse and her back spikes flare up.

[Orc]Brogarn, thisss...'Raven'...creature that the eld blue isss talking about, can you remember anything about it? There seemsss to be something in my mind reminding me of a rumor of sortsss.[/Orc]

(OOC: I'm assuming you will give us a little insight here Kkat? Or do you mean the village that we were at before journeying to Garthe Peak?)

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 12, 2003, 11:28 PM:

quote:

Originally posted by Kkat:

Part 5: Ever Night and Brogarn Bencharc

Death had come to Garden's End.

[del]

But it was not the orcs who killed Garden's End.


[del]

She had already been traveling here, following Her companion as he followed the orcs, when rumor had whispered that a great raven, vast enough of wingspan to at least rival an ancient Dragon, had descended upon the town and breathed death upon it. Ever Night knew of breathing death. The sort that leaves corpses much like these...



Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 13, 2003, 12:22 AM:

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Edymnion has cooked us up some smilies! 





--Kkat

[March 13, 2003, 12:27 AM: Message edited by: Kkat]

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 13, 2003, 07:46 AM:

(OOC: Hey cool! What do you need to do to put those new smilies in?)

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 13, 2003, 03:04 PM:



OOC:  Are those the smilies? I think mine are cuter! 

IC: Kuratsukan watches the approaching figure. He moves down towards the other dragons, and says (in Draconic), "Whatever this thing is that is coming, I say we should be prepared to fight it. Kuratsukan fears no oni, and neither should you, lest you be fearful lizards without honor. As it stands, I also say that any who break the laws of heaven and earth deserve to be brought to their proper fate, and who better to bring this order to the universe than myself? Join with me, and prove yourselves in the eyes of the Dragons, O wretched scaly ones and your tiny servants."


Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 13, 2003, 05:38 PM:

quote:

Originally posted by canamrock:

OOC:  Are those the smilies? I think mine are cuter! 



--Kkat 

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 14, 2003, 09:05 AM:

OOC: Would knowledge mists check help?

As Crimson finally realizes what is causing the distortion, he draws his lip back and begins a low snarl. Fire begins to seep through his teeth, most of the fire disappears at once but it is constantly replaced by more. His whole body has tensed up, prepared for the inevitable fight.

"Missssst Aberrrrration." He hisses through his teeth, not stopping the snarl.

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He heard the blue finally speaking to the group, however Crimson was too concerned with the Raven to worry about the blue.

While Crimson appeared to be ready to fight and indeed he was, he was really hoping that such a fight wouldn't take place. He had fought mist aberrations before and the result had never been good, many of his scars were from those fights.

Continue onward, don't stop, you damned thing He silently prayed.



Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 14, 2003, 01:34 PM:

(OOC: What the.... first it gives me a fatal error then decided to post my post!!!! I liked my second one better anyway)

[March 14, 2003, 01:48 PM: Message edited by: tsrblke]

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 14, 2003, 01:46 PM:

(OOC: Grrr some stupid error cleared my freaken post!)

Holy Hieroneous....What in the nine hells is that.

"Ryu, ready yourself. We'll stand stong. But if things get ugly, we'll jump ship. I'm not keen on dying for a cause of which I know little. We've been in tough spots before, with others help, hopefully we'll weather this."

Let's just hope that the others care enough about their own lives to fight too...

(OOC: Sorry if I misspelled Hieroneous!)

Posted by **FranklinT** (Member # 78996) on March 14, 2003, 02:09 PM:

Gentle watches the Mist beneath the monster in disturbed fascination. Instead of flowing away like it does when presented with the natural spirit of Dragonkind, this 'creature,' whatever it is, actually attracts the Mist! The Silver dragon is filled with a hatred and disgust for the thing, but also pity and a sort of fear. Not fear for his own life, and especially not his meager horde, but for the future of the world and all of its inhabitants. This fear springs not only from such a being, but the likelihood of more such creatures with an unnatural affinity towards the corrupting Mists.

The other dragons tense for combat or flight, but Breeze just observes aloofly. From the size of that thing, only Jannabelle among us could even scratch it. The Silver is not amused by his new companions' thirst for blood, even clouded in patriotic words such as the Blue's. Gentle sincerely hopes that none of the others are foolish enough to attack the "Raven" unprovoked.

<halfling> "Halberon, prepare for flight. There is much to be done. We should not fight this thing, but if our hand is forced, let it be a strong one." <halfling>

OOC: Aww, no smiley for silvers? The closest we have is called white... I wonder if I could get a mix of these two Graemlins. Looks difficult.



and

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Posted by **THrag2K** (Member # 122415) on March 14, 2003, 07:20 PM:

[Orc] Mistress, do you remember what destroyed Garden's End? Mayhaps this is the "raven" that we heard about. A being of such power is wise not to anger, but even wiser to manipulate the situation to your better-ment.[/ORC]

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 15, 2003, 07:11 AM:

Ryu did not see the creature until Risnia's word, and was shocked by the sight of it. He understood the danger from his words, and quickly deducted that he could not escape this creature without Risnia in this state. He summons his innate powers, and conjures the ability to fly. He hovers a couple of inches off the ground, and gazes at the creature, ready to react to it's actions. Still staring at the creature, Ryu talks to Risnia: "Should we get seperated, we regroup 3 miles from here in the direction of our home."

[OOC: Ryu manifested a Fly power, altered with the Hidden power (visual) metapsionic feat. This means his power could not be seen by any without Psicraft. Everybody sees Ryu hover, however. Treat his actions as a full defense for purposes of combat.]

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 15, 2003, 12:36 PM:

"Ryu, we're not going to run yet. I feel safer in a group. Plus I would hate to provoke it into flying after either of us."

Leave us be Black creature.....

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 15, 2003, 01:43 PM:


quote:

Originally posted by FranklinT:

OOC: Aww, no smiley for silvers? The closest we have is called white... I wonder if I could get a mix of these two Graemlins. Looks difficult.



and

OOC: Did not He say "ask, and ye shall receive"? Tonight, I will have full smilie sets available for every dragon type (even Shadow)... including the Dragon Professors. 

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 15, 2003, 05:15 PM:

Shiyle stand before her Grand Caliph, almost unnociting of the frenzied anticipations that overtake several of the mortals and Dragons about her. Janabelle is standing before her, addressing her directly. She should have eyes and ears for nothing else.

"Take this ring and wear it." A gift from the Grand Caliph! Shiyle is unworthy! Her ears dipped, her tail curled downward, and she took the gift into her paw with a most

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submissive and reverent bow.

Janabelle, clearly, was too aware of the actions and words of those around Her. In a second, She turned on them. "Would you so blindly fight an enemy you know nothing about?" She turned to the younger Blue in particular, "Would you be so rash as to duel with a foe whose measure you had not taken?" Her stare was probably as cold and hard as Her words.

Under her breath, and in the celestial tongue, the Grand Blue cursed, "Woe is the day when one of the young Dark Ones show more sense than a Blue."

Then, turning to the Silver, Janabelle addresses Him in the halfling tongue. "You... have the wisdom of Kariska about You. I know I was wise in choosing you."

She looks to the others sternly, each ready for fight or flight, and shakes Her head before turning her gaze upon the bowing basti.

"I will be leaving you in but a moment," the Great Blue Wyrms continued. Shiyle took a moment to realize the words were directed at her, and not the others. She had known that the coming of this "Raven" would provoke Janabelle to depart, but she had fully expected to depart with Her, just as she had come. Shiyle looked up with sharp surprise. "You will be my eyes and ears amongst Our gaynnocks. The Gold here does not have a companion. Until He should choose one, you shall be His..."

The giant, sinister rave, now clearly of a size easily matching Janabelle's true form, passes by Garnthe Peak. One eye, black as void, turns towards the gathering of mortals and Dragons. And each in turn can feel something foul touch across their souls as Raven takes *their* measure and commits them each to Its memory. The aura of Raven as It passes is chilled, and leaves behind the scent of open graves.

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 15, 2003, 05:42 PM:

For EVER NIGHT only!



When Raven's gaze falls on Ever Night, a dark, warm shock runs through Her. In a moment, insight opens in Her mind like a wound. Despite the Raven's appearance, Its... nor His true nature is that of a Dragon. A Dread Shadowdragon. One as far beyond Herself as Janabelle is beyond the Kuratsukan!



Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 15, 2003, 05:53 PM:


quote:


Originally posted by canamrock:

quote:

Originally posted by FranklinT:
OOC: Aww, no smiley for silvers?

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OOC: Did not He say "ask, and ye shall receive"? Tonight, I will have full smilie sets available for every dragon type (even Shadow)... including the Dragon Professors. 

Will you have a web page with all of them so we can see them all at once? 


FranklinT: for a Silver you could always use the white, the black or this:



--Kkat

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 15, 2003, 07:55 PM:

OOC:

I'll try... 

There're easy to do now that I have a way of mass producing them.

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 15, 2003, 09:51 PM:

(OOC: The shadow dragon is in the form of a giant Raven then? None of the other dragons know it is in fact a shadow right?)

Despite her readiness to flee, Ever Night sticks around to hear Janabelle's final words. As she begins to reprimand certain dragons for their desire to fight she closes her eyes and a hissing, sibilant laugh emanates from deep in her throat.

As Raven approaches however, the laugh chokes off mid chortle. Her jaw falls open in a very humanlike gesture at what she sees.

SHADOW DRAGON!! What is thisss!?! Did Janabelle lie to me about the Shadow's involvement in her plans? Why look at him, he is even more magnificent than Janabelle was!

A deep rumbling growl begins to build in Ever Nights chest as she glances at Janabelle. Her tail gives a loud <THUMP> as she strikes the ground in anger with it.

"Whatssss thisss you lieing hag!! You are withholding information from me. You are not telling me the truth about my kindsss alleigance in your war are you!"

(OOC: This outburst would likely come as quite a shock to the other dragons since they don't realize that Raven is a Shadow. They might attribute it to the fear she was showing at his arrival however.)

Ever Night then glances up at the Dread Shadow flying past and bends down on her knees. She ducks her head and hisses for Brogarn to follow suit. She shows the elder dragon in the air infinite more respect and submissiveness than she ever showed Janabelle. Ever Night works hard to time the maneuver so that Raven sees her paying him homage.

Still the lure of treasure and power calls out to her senses and she does not immediately leap into the air to join the elder Dread Shadow. She holds her position waiting to here any last words that Janabelle has.

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(OOC: Just testing out this shadow dragon smiley...



[March 15, 2003, 09:57 PM: Message edited by: guido_ca]

Posted by **Master of the Squirrel's** (Member # 68430) on March 15, 2003, 10:55 PM:

Halberon is amazed by the gigantic black bird thing. He is both in awe and fear of it, for for it to be able to pass through the Mist would take great strength. Halberon waits for Gentle Breezes responce. After he talks and the compliment is given by Janabelle, Halberon says in Halfling to Gentle in a joking tone, "Ya' hear that? Your WISE. You were called WISE by a Great Wyrmling! And it's all because of your faithful servant that you grew up this way, right? My friend is all grown up now! *sniffle*" He then has a short giggling fit at his own little mockery.

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 15, 2003, 11:26 PM:

"They are not for you." --Kosh (to Morden) Babylon 5

Janabelle looks to the hafling as he bursts into giggles. And a smile plays across Her face. Shiyle is not surprised. She has heard great tales of the nobility and goodness of these shorter people. The Grand Caliph seems to hold them in fair regard, even for a mortal race rather than the Great Wyrmling's own Kind.

Raven begins to turn, one dark eye on the members of the mountaintop gathering. It's wings tilt, and It's course changes as if It means to circle Garnthe Peak. The Mist licks up at the closest wingtip and adheres there.

Janabelle strides to the edge of Garnthe Peak furthest from the passing Raven, Her eyes now upon It. Suddenly, She resumes her fully glorious form, towering above all on the peak, and wraps Her wings about them as if to protect. "You may not have them." She says coldly.

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 16, 2003, 10:59 AM:

*Hmmmmmm. Nine of us all wrapped in a Great Worm's wings. And yet somehow I don't feel completely safe. I want to know what we're getting into here. And how did this thing, happen upon us in this remote spot. And more importantly what kind of cursed creature, **attacks** the mists?!? Almost like an anti-dragon.... Whatever that beast was it certainly touched a never with our shadowdragon friend. I wonder if it relayed a message to him, and how.*

(OOC: Edit:perhaps if I actually closed my tags...)

[March 16, 2003, 11:03 AM: Message edited by: tsrblke]

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 16, 2003, 11:16 AM:

Crimson didn't like Janabelle's reprimand.

What choice did I have?! I know I can't out run it, I know not its intentions, so I prepare for the worst and hope for the best. Interesting, so the Basti is to come with us, I can easily bear her. It seems I well indeed get to learn more about the Bast.

Crimson heard Janabelle mutter something under her breath but couldn't understand it.

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As the Raven came closer Crimson realized with a sickening clarity, that any fight he might be able to bring to the Raven would be futile at best. It dwarfed him, not only that but its very presence seemed to carry corruption and death.

Crimson was confused and slightly shocked Ever Night's out burst and actions.

What in the Nine Hells does she mean? Has she finally lost all control over herself? After all most sane beings would not insult such a powerful dragon. Is that Raven thing a dragon? Or just something that has kinship to the dread shadows?

As the halfling and Gentle Breeze share a whispered conversation and the halfling then bursts into a fit of giggling, Crimson can't help but wonder if he's insane as well. Crimson has heard great things about halfings but knows from first hand experience that halfings aren't as pure as some might think. Crimson is totally confused when Janabelle resumes her true form and seems to be protecting them against this Raven. As futile as it might be Crimson hates the idea of being a spectator and if a fight erupts between these two Crimson would want to join. However indecision over how wise that would be holds Crimson back.

I suppose all I can do now is wait. But I must wonder what exactly I've gotten myself into.

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 17, 2003, 02:00 PM:

Ryu is still hovering a couple of inches above the ground to improve his mobility, but his vision of the Raven is now partially blocked by the wings of the Great Blue.

I'm not feeling like sticking around when these two entities start fighting eachother, though it does not seem I have much of a choice. What is going on here? What attracts such a powerful being to this meeting? Like the Wyrn said, my questions remain yet unawnsered...

Ryu suddenly felt powerless. He had no knowledge of what was going on, no strategic advantage, no escape route and there was nothing he could do to any of the entities. He decided to calm down, and just wait and see what was to happen.

What in the name of Ehlonna is going on here?

[March 17, 2003, 02:05 PM: Message edited by: Kokiriaz]

Posted by **Mr Kami** (Member # 105592) on March 17, 2003, 07:47 PM:

Durney waits patiently, wanting to know what will happen, and reminds himself to prepare some augaries tomorrow, to ask Moradin for advice.

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 17, 2003, 08:34 PM:

quote:

Originally posted by Kkat:

Under her breath, and in the celestial tongue, the Grand Blue cursed, "Woe is the day when one of the young Dark Ones show more sense than a Blue."

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What nonsense is this... if this thing is supposed to be a dragon, I am not impressed. This oni ought to be sent to its fate. I will assent to the Celestial Dragon, however, seeing how I have no jade with me to use on this beast. Its stench alone drives my honorable blood to boil, and I can not tolerate its continued existance. In time, I will be able to cleanse the Mortal Realm of such abberations, as such ought to be the will of the Sun, which reigns above all things.



Kuratsukan looks down at Durney and says, "What do feel we should do? I suspect your kind know more of this place and this oni than I do."

OOC: >>Click Here<< for the smilies page. Remember to change '.gif' to '.txt' for the smiley to load properly.

[March 17, 2003, 08:40 PM: Message edited by: canamrock]

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 18, 2003, 08:21 AM:

Ever Night is more unsure of what to do than ever before in her life once Janabelle puts her wings out protectively around the young ones. She cringes in fear at the implications that could come about from the volatile situation. She prays that the elder shadow loses interest in the matters on the peak and moves on without a fight as she is torn to where her allegiances are owed.

On one claw she has the promise of riches if she can work together with a bunch of young metallics and a blue. On the other claw, she has her loyalty to her race which is superior to all other dragons, in her mind. Unsure of what to do, Ever Night bends her head a little deeper and the green glow dampens in her eyes. She gets as closed to grovelling as she will ever get, which really isn't much more than a deep bow of respect. Remembering her human, she hisses out to Brogarn on her back. [Orc]If you aren't bowing down by now you fool you shall be sorry. I won't defend you against your own foolishness! We can't afford a mistake here, I want that treasure! [/Orc]

What doesss the elder want? Is he just going to fly around watching usss? Janabelle seemsss to know him from somewhere which could be good or bad. I wonder if the Mistsss would behave the same for me if I flew that close?

[March 18, 2003, 09:58 PM: Message edited by: guido_ca]

Posted by **FranklinT** (Member # 78996) on March 18, 2003, 03:14 PM:

Wisdom of Kariska, she said! The young Silver feels great honor and humility at Jannabelle's too kind words. All grown up indeed. The very thought makes Gentle giggle some too, in a musical draconic fashion. He muses abruptly that his adulthood could be very short indeed.

When the ancient Blue resumes her natural form, Breeze allows Jannabelle's huge wing to encircle him, while he in turn offers protection to his small friend. While amazed by the Raven's gargantuan form and direly worried over the ramifications of it's unusual Mist effect, Gentle attempts to keep his wits about him. He chooses to wait and watch how the two colossal flyer interact.

It seems likely that the two know one another. Or at least that Jannabelle knows of this creature. What could it want with us? Gentle imagines for a moment Jannabelle's protective wings as mother's arms cradling a newborn. That, and a wicked miser's fingers clutching at its coins.

OOC: Great smilies Canamrock!

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Posted by **THrag2K** (Member # 122415) on March 18, 2003, 03:29 PM:

(OOC: I thought ti was presumed BROGARN!!!! was bowing already)

Brogarn bowes to the figure as it passes, unsure as to why.

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 18, 2003, 05:24 PM:

Raven's dark eye peers at the Great Blue with a penetrating gaze. Then, casually, It turns away, looking eastward even as Its wings tilt the opposite of a moment ago, putting the giant, deathly bird back on Its course. It is traveling at monstrous speed, and already is beginning to appear smaller.

Raven takes one glance back over Its shoulder and chuckles with the sound of a shovel scraping against a tombstone. "You can't save them all." The words, spoken in the Common Tongue, seem to linger morbidly in the air.

The wings of the Great Blue Wyrms spread again. In celestial, She mutters a response that seems more to Herself than to the quickly vanishing Raven. "I can try."

Suddenly, the Grand Blue leaps from Garnthe Peak. It takes a moment for Her wings to catch the sky, and in that moment Her flight dips to the level of the Mist, sending it blasting out away from Her like sand impacted by halfling-thrown skiprock. Part of teh bleak mountainside is revealed to the sun. Twisted and malformed plants reach up through ash-colored snow.

Suddenly, form somewhere deeper in the Mists, massive tentacles, writhing, black and thick as trees, reach upward in an attempt to ensnarl the truly ancient Great Wyrms. Suction pods reveal mouthes of wicked, scimitar-like teeth. They reach and curl, in a vain attempt to grasp a prey that has already flown beyond their reach, then sink back into the Mists again.

Janabelle's form moves not as quickly as Raven at first, but at Her arcane cry, the Grand Wyrms begins to soar faster, tracking the flight of the monster bird until She too has disappeared into the rising sun.

Slowly, the Mist rolls in, filling the hole that Janabelle's passing had made. By noon, there would be no evidence of it.

The ten, mortals and Dragons, were left on Garnthe Peak. Alone.

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 18, 2003, 06:23 PM:

Crimson isn't sure what to make of recent events.

This has all happening all too rapidly. Why did Janabelle leave so suddenly? Well time to start making sense of all this.

Sighing softly, he turned towards the Basti, [draconic] "As you may or may not know I am Crimson Dawn. It is a pleasure to meet you."[/draconic]

Turning to Risnia's companion, the elf and he softly yet forcefully asked [elven] "What was it that passed between you and Janabelle? What did she mean by poeple like you?"[/elven]

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Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 18, 2003, 07:10 PM:

Well she sure left in a hurry. So now we're alone, left to investigate a awful crime of which we know little about. She left the Basti with us. I wonder what she knows. Well where to go now? I suppose we'll talk this out.

[Elven]"So Ryu, what's your take on this. I'm mystified, so I'll listen to what you have to say."[/Elven]

"Basti, Your mistress wouldn't have given you any clues would she?"

[Loud enough for all to here]"For those who missed introductions, I am Risnia, I was summoned here by Cowray of the bronze dragons. Let us begin the dialouge."

Posted by **Master of the Squirrel's** (Member # 68430) on March 18, 2003, 09:49 PM:

In draconic, the halfling says, "You don't know me and I mostly don't know any of you. I am Halberon, the diciple and friend of this beautiful silver here. I dream of one day soaring with creatures so grand as you all, as one of you. It honors me to be in the presense of so many dragons like these I see before me."

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 19, 2003, 01:39 AM:

(recap of the mission statement)

quote:

Originally posted by Kkat:

"I must take my leave of you shortly," Janabelle announces, turning Her back to the basti to address the others. "The first task I would set before you is this:

"Weeks ago, shortly before I sent out My summons, an assassin struck down the bride of Prince Alton of Greymettle at their wedding reception. It is only by a miracle that she survived." Janabelle gazed over those assembled. "The assassin remained invisible, and escaped. Greymettle apparently has reason to believe this assassin is a Dragon."

The Great Blue Wyrn scowled. "If, indeed, it was a Dragon, then it was One whose actions were surely not sanctioned by Harkon, the Dragon who is in charge of Those who will conquer and divide Greymettle." She stopped and stared into each pair of eyes about Her. "The task I set before you is to discover who attempted this assassination and why..." She glanced again to the sky.

"If it is not a Dragon, see that this assassin is brought very publically to the appropriate mortal justice." Janabelle started to fish for something within the Canvas bag. Grasping what She desired, She tossed the bag aside. Shiyle scrambled to get it. Janabelle held something enclosed in Her fist, yet unrevealed.

"If it is a Dragon, gather whatever information about Him or Her as you can. Including, hopefully, current location. And deliver that information to Harkon, so that Draconic justice will be arranged." With a final sigh,

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the Grand Blue Dragon added a caution. "If you find yourselves dealing with something beyond your capacity to handle, do not pit yourselves against it. Other, older Dragons are there for such duties. But if it is something you can handle yourselves..."

She left that last statement unfinished. And, instead, changed topic slightly, addressing Ever Night in particular. "As for reward... This would be the first of many tasks, should you accept them, and prove yourselves capable of them. Aside from the prestige that you will gain, and the recognition amongst powerful members of your peers, the opportunity to increase your hordes is... substantial."

Shiyle grinned wryly at that. Translation: Even if you aren't (necessarily) being asked to deal with a Dragon this time... eventually, you will. And with such 'dealings' comes the adding of Their Hordes to your own. War spoils.

quote:

Originally posted by Kkat:

The wings of the Great Blue Wyrms spread again. In celestial, She mutters a response that seems more to Herself than to the quickly vanishing Raven. "I can try."

-- SNIP --

Janabelle's form moves not as quickly as Raven at first, but at Her arcane cry, the Grand Wyrms begin to soar faster, tracking the flight of the monster bird until She too has disappeared into the rising sun.

Slowly, the Mist rolls in, filling the hole that Janabelle's passing had made. By noon, there would be no evidence of it.

The ten, mortals and Dragons, were left on Garnthe Peak. Alone.

Kuratsukan looks over the peak, seeing the whispings of the mist close in on the path of the Great Dragon. She has disappeared into the dark spirit world, chasing that deplorable oni away. He could only pray the Sun should guide the Celestial Dragon in her quest against it. Surely even the Moon had to despise its impertinence of form.

Turning from the cliff, he faces the group and proclaims in Common, "Listen to my words and know your place. The Celestial Dragon has gone, and she has declared us to go on a sacred hunt for those ronin who would betray the commandment of the Sun and Moon. An unsanctioned attempt of murder had been committed in a realm called Grey Metal. I am not sure of the honor possessed by you scaly ones, least of she who looks as the oni, and I believe that, seeing how I take in appearance of the Celestial Dragon, it has been decided I will be in charge of ensuring you and the other tiny gaijin are taught of the nature of true bushido. I command you to readiness, as we should leave for Grey Metal at the earliest opportunity. I dispise being entrapped inside this realm of dark spirits, and will entertain no further delay. Am I understood in this, or would any of you dare shirk your responsibility to the Heavens?"



OOC: Does anyone know enough Japanese to give me a translation of "grey metal"?

Posted by **Mr Kami** (Member # 105592) on March 19, 2003, 07:59 AM:


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in common "I am ready to leave master"
<ooc> babelfish says grey metal is prnÑ^ </ooc>

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 19, 2003, 08:04 AM:

(OOC: Well if you would have chosen a name different than in Assassins I woudn't be having trouble with the name! Honestly, Grabnor/Brogarn...its your own fault.  You know what I mean though. )

Ever Night relaxes her stance as the two elder dragons disappear into the mists. Her spine ridges settle down and her muscles loosen. She raises her head again and her green eyes begin to glow a little brighter in a pale jade colour. Cocking her ear as the young blue speaks she can't help but start laughing at his words. Inbetween the hissing laughter and deep breaths, she manages a simple, but curt translation to Brogarn so that he can hear of the Blue's gall.

"Ssssssss...sssss...sss. You use strange wordsss young Karatsukan!(OOC: Can't remember if he has given his name yet? ) Bushido, oni, and gaijin...these wordsss I am

unfamiliar with but I get the jist of what you are saying. You think I am without honour? Ssssss...sssss.ssss, you would be correct! There isss no place for honour in my life, it will just get you killed."

At this point, Ever Night lifts her head a little higher and swells out her breast a little. Her green eyes glow a little brighter yet and change to an emerald green colour that seems to bespeak pride in herself and humour.

"The colour of your scalessss would hardly define you assss a leader. I have no challenge to your self proclaimed leadership but I tell you here and now, Ever Night follows no orders but those she givesss herself! You can continue to bandy out your orderssss young blue but don't expect me to listen to them. Ssssssss...sssss.sss."

"Now, does anyone have a suggesstion on where to start? It seemsss Janabelle either neglected to tell usss or didn't know. What say you to thisss little Basti?"

Ever Night leans her head in towards the Basti as she speaks. She studiously eyes the furred creature and deliberately licks her tongue across her lips and gives another of her evil smiles as she awaits an answer. Her eyes continue to glow brightly with an emerald hue.

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 19, 2003, 11:53 AM:

Ryu snaps out of his thoughts about what happened here to awnser Risnia, and speaks in Common, for all to hear: "I do not know what to think of this either, Risnia... But let us remember what the Great Blue said and think what would be the logical course of action. She mentioned a war, I think a war would be pretty hard to miss. But she mentioned she had specific tasks for us. I do not know what is going on there now, and if she will be back, but she seemed to be pretty unspecific with information, and even when she had a chance to specificallly name a place or person, she did not. That leads me to conclude that we will find out soon enough. Right now, our main priority should be to get out of here. The Raven seems to have the upper hand in this environment, I do not want to encounter it here, or anywhere for that matter. I trust on the Great Blue's ability to find us, if she needs us again."

Ryu turns to the Basti, and speaks calmly and friendly: "Unless you have an idea what the Great Blue intended for us..." Ryu tries to look trusting and gives her time to awnser, letting his charms work for him.

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[March 20, 2003, 11:01 AM: Message edited by: Kokiriaz]

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 19, 2003, 09:08 PM:

Kuratsukan approaches the group, heading back towards Durney. He says in Common, "The thin tiny one is correct. We should trust that no oni, or devil, can stop Jaw-nay-bel, and Grey Metal is where she should have us go. Perhaps the Furry Oracle can provide us some more aid in this matter."

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 19, 2003, 11:19 PM:

Shiyle's ears flicked in modest amusement as the young Blue spoke out the others, announcing His expectations of leadership. Her amusement, however, was from entirely different sources than that of the Dread Shadowdragon. With a humbled bow, she whispered to the Blue: "Begging many pardons, great and honorable Dragon, but the name you seek is Gurei Yuuki not Gurei Kinzoku." She wondered what He must think of that name. And her amusement sunk as she hoped He would no be offended at her correction.

Ever Night addressed her. The basti's ears pasted flat in alarm and she took a step back, her tail curling about one leg with what anyone watching could only take as a fear of being eaten.


When she was again addressed, this time by a less frightening Dragon, she gave a bow, paws steepled together before her. Two ideas of where to start struck her, but as her eyes flicked towards the Gold, she dismissed the first.

"I believe it might be wisest to seek out Harkon, the Dragon who..." she started to say 'the Grand Caliph'. But did any of these, even the Blue, know Janabelle as that? The Dwarf, maybe. "...Mistress Janabelle has told you is the leader of the Dragons in GreyMettle." She lowered her eyes and thought a moment. "If the older Dragons are aware of the war and involved, then any older Dragon in GreyMettle should be able to direct you to Him."

She looked up again. "Do any of you know an older Dragon in GreyMettle? Or someone who would know where to find such a Dragon?"

--Kkat

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 20, 2003, 08:30 AM:

OOC: [URL= Knowledge(GreyMettle) check got a 18+13=31 total 

Why did the elf ignore my question? Did he not understand me? No that can't be right.

Crimson opened his mouth ready to press the issue and get an answer, but then stopped.

Pressuring him for an answer probably won't get me any where. I will wait, at least until most of the group couldn't possibly overhear us. However I think he actually is a psion, after all if the drow were involved why wouldn't he of answered? But that for now must wait.

Turning towards Kuratsukan, he addresses him, [common] "First let me make something exceedingly clear to you and all gathered here, I am not here to take orders and I sincerely doubt that anyone else is here to take orders. Therefore we are going to have to work together. Second, "[/common] Crimson's eyes narrow and his tone becomes much

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harsher, [common] " never question my honor. I gave my word that I would complete this task and so I shall. "[/common] Crimson's eyes return to there netrual and seemingly natural state as does his tone. [common] "Third it is Grey Mettle, not Grey Metal."[/common]

That done Crimson addresses everyone this time, [common] "As for leaving now, that probably is a good idea. My suggestion is to fly in the direction of Grey Mettle, I might be able to find the location of a dragon that might know where to find Harakon, on the other hand one just might find us because even if we keep ourselves some what seperated we are still going to be one hell of a sight to see."[/common]

OOC:stupid coding!!!!!!!!!!


[March 20, 2003, 08:35 AM: Message edited by: drachedeeis]

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 20, 2003, 10:57 AM:

[OOC: Sorry, drachedeeis... I was at school and read through it quickly, and I have missed your question... The IC excuse will be that Ryu was concentrating on processing the events on the Peak too much. He was thinking for himself, and heard your question, but did not notice you were adresssing him. He is, after all, a loner who first goes to think for himself and then requests help from others or converses. He did notice and process Risnia's voice, because Risnia is familiar to him. I will read more carefully from now on, to prevent these things from happening again... Again, sorry.]

[March 20, 2003, 10:59 AM: Message edited by: Kokiriaz]

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 20, 2003, 11:10 AM:

OOC: Hey no probelms at all. Your character doesn't have to answer Crimson's question. Just don't expect Crimson to give up.  I didn't expect Ryu to be totally honest any way, even if he did answer.

[March 20, 2003, 11:12 AM: Message edited by: drachedeeis]

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 21, 2003, 07:17 AM:

[OOC: Well let's just say he does have Conceal thoughts for a reason.]

Posted by **FranklinT** (Member # 78996) on March 21, 2003, 10:31 AM:

The Silver looks back and forth between the arguing dragons, hoping for a way to mediate their conflict. Though Breeze cannot comprehend the Blue and his decidely unusual world view, he is not willing to submit to the other's will. The Gold has a more sound plan, and Gentle nods when he speaks.


"So it is decided then. We head for Greymettle. As equals. The prince's would-be assassin shall not hide from justice much longer. In any case, we should leave this mountain top. This proximity to the Mist makes me uncomfortable, and danger lurks all around us. It would behoove us to take on mortal forms before we get very close, so as not to alarm the populace. A gathering such as ours will draw many eyes."

He turns briefly towards the Basti and ponders. While he has never been to the country of Greymettle, Gentle has read extensively of it, and heard his share of tales, but the only Greymettlan dragon he can think of is Cowray, and who knows where he might be in

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all of this pre-war confusion. It seems Harkon would be our best bet.


"I apologize, my lady. I cannot think of an older dragon that would be able to help our cause in Greymettle. We should seek Harkon, as you suggest."

OOC: I'm going to gone for a few days, spring break and all that, so don't worry. I'll be back. 

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 21, 2003, 07:50 PM:

quote:

Originally posted by drachedeeis:

OOC: [URL= Knowledge(GreyMettle) check got a 18+13=31 total 

While you don't know where any older Dragons are in Greymettle right now, your knowledge does give you another option. While listening to travelers, you once heard of Prince Alton's impending wedding. The wedding was to take place at the home of Lord Feldon. The date of the wedding was to be about two weeks ago, so if the attack happened at that time then the trail is getting quite cold. But it is an alternate place to start.

As a side note: you *do* know where you can find an older Dragon within Glitterwarren. But it is questionable whether that Dragon would know the whereabouts of the Dragon leading the uprising in Greymettle.

--Kkat

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 21, 2003, 09:47 PM:

Ever Night considers the Basti's response for quite some time. She bends her mind inwards thinking back to see if she remembers any dragons from her home near Greymettle.

(Knowledge{Dragons} = 8) Natural 1!

Unfortunately she cannot bring any to mind and so she shakes her head no in response to the Basti's question. Instead she turns her head back to the human cleric of Gruumsh on her back.

[Orc]Are you about ready to go hunting Dragonsss Brogarn? Since it seemsss we will be chasing an assassin and that the culprit isss very likely a dragon, we have much opportunity to increase my wealth. Pray to your God and ready your spellsss for we are off to hunt![/Orc]

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 21, 2003, 10:35 PM:

By this point, several on the mountaintop have noticed that the Grand Blue Dragon left behind an item of value... The fine and richly dyed blue robe that the Basti had draped Janabelle in when She assumed a human guise was tossed off when She returned to Her full, true glory. It lays in a rumpled heap at one end of the peak.

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Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 22, 2003, 02:57 AM:

While Ryu overthinks his next actions, he notices Janabelle's robe lying at the end of one peak. Curious, but also aware of the danger a magic or psionic item of a Great Blue can bring, he hovers to it.

If it's psionic, I think I can handle it... If it's not, I'll ask the Basti what it does, then decide if I will keep it. I think I can delude the Basti easily, but Risnia will probably notice if I do, not to mention I might evoke the wrath of a Great Blue. Nevertheless, knowing if this is psionic will give me an idea of the Great Blue's relations with psionics...

Ryu picks up the robe, and starts concentrating on a Detect Psionics.

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 22, 2003, 03:00 AM:

OOC: It is not psionic. Good thinking though! 

--Kkat

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 22, 2003, 03:14 AM:

Ryu hovers back to the Basti, with the robe in his hands. He offers it to her, and says:

"Here, your Mistress dropped this. I thought you might want to have it back."

On second thought, it might not be wise asking her the use of this robe... It might be more useful to make the Basti think she can trust me. And I certainly do not want to anger Janabelle, so I can't use it anyway. The trust of Janabelle is worth much more to me than this robe could possibly be worth. Especially because she knows my secret. Stealing this would get me nowhere.

[March 22, 2003, 03:18 AM: Message edited by: Kokiriaz]

Posted by **Mr Kami** (Member # 105592) on March 22, 2003, 01:01 PM:

Durney walks up to the elf and grabs the cloak, before he can give it to the basti

<common> I belive we should keep this in case we need to find Janabelle. </common>

Muttering under his breath he curses the elf in Celestial. Examining the cloak he walks to Kuratsukan and asks in celestial "should I see if this cloak is magical, master Kuratsukan?"

<ooc> HERE is a detect magic burnout roll if canamrock wants me to cast it </ooc>

[March 22, 2003, 01:05 PM: Message edited by: Mr Kami]

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 22, 2003, 01:48 PM:

Ever Night watches Ryu very carefully as he approaches the cloak and seems to inspect it. She cocks her head to the side and narrows her eyes trying to determine what is so special about the Elf to draw Janabelle's attention. Shaking her head at the frustration of not knowing she sets aside the problem for later when she sees Ryu go to give the cloak to the Basti. She nods at his seeming wisdom of not trying to claim the cloak for

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himself.

When the Dwarf, Durney strides up and takes the cloak and moves towards Kuratsukan, her anger rises. With the anger a growl builds in her chest and smoky shadows begin to billow at her mouth. Her eyes narrow dangerously and begin to glow even brighter with a fervant, neon green light. The eyes are burn with the inner fire almost bright enough to act as lamps as she takes a step forward toward the Dwarf.

"WHAT do you think you are doing Dwarf! The cloak isss not yoursss or your master'sss. I would suggest if you value your short life that you turn and take that back to the Basti or bring it to myself. If I can't have the cloak then no other dragon here shall have it either. Give it to the Basti for safe keeping...or face my wrath!"

Ever Night glances around at the other dragons gauging there reactions to the Dwarf's boldness. She makes an effort to judge whether they would aid her, harm her, or mind there own business if she was forced to strike out at the Dwarf.

(OOC: Don't worry Kkat, I'm not actually going to attack Durney or Kuratsukan...)

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 22, 2003, 03:08 PM:

(OOC: That's fine... Kura, on the other hand, might not be so restrained. lol)

Kuratsukan whispers back in Imperial, "Do what you feel appropriate. I suspect this cloak may be of some great import to our adventures in these lands."

Hearing the impetuoussness of Ever Night's complaints, he steps forward slightly, and declares in Draconic, "Demon lizard, my compatriot is inspecting this cloak for usefulness in our mission. I dare think you would not want the cloak in my posession as you would then be unable to take it from me, whereas you would gladly eat any of the others here and use the cloak as an excuse. I will respect the honor of the cloak and entrust it to the care of the Furry Oracle, but if you so much as breathe at her in a suspicious manner, you will suffer dire consequences."

Posted by **THrag2K** (Member # 122415) on March 22, 2003, 03:17 PM:

[ORC] Right mistress, Gruumsh will be pleased, especially if it's one of those we have to hunt[/ORC] Grabnor motions at the metallic dragons.

(OOC: hmmmmmm, what spells to take to hunt dragons, this requires some research.....)

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 22, 2003, 04:29 PM:

As Ryu offers the cloak to the Basti, it is torn from his grasp, by a dwarf who 'needs it to find Janabelle'.

Did he ever consider that Janabelle might be involved in more important matters then awnsering the call from a rude dwarf who stole a cloak from her?

"Dwarf, if this cloak is of any use to us, I'm sure this Basti will tell us. And I have no doubt that cloak has some kind of magical power, but it is not for us to posess, unless Janabelle intended otherwise. This lovely Basti has the most right to own it. Return it to her. Now."

Ryu stares at the Dwarf intently, with a look on his face saying "Or else...".

I can't believe I agree with the Shadow Dragon on this one. I guess she is not as stupid

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as that thick-headed dwarf.

[OOC: I am still detecting lies from any humanoid. If that bit of locating Janabelle was a lie, PM me.]

[March 22, 2003, 04:40 PM: Message edited by: Kokiriaz]

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 22, 2003, 04:48 PM:

"Unlike you Foul Blue, I admit that I would take the artifact if I could. Since I cannot without raising the objectionsss of the otherssss gathered then I shall certainly not let you have it. The Basti can be considered neutral and so I agree with you that the cloak should stay with her. Fortunately for you, there isss little to worry about me stealing the cloak from the Basti,(OOC: LIE!!!) but you I am not so certain. I will be watching you with your foreign wordsss and crazy dreamsss of dominance."

With things seeming a little more secure, Ever Night backs down and the light in her eyes dims and changes to a deep forest green reflecting her wariness. Ever Night waits to see if the Dwarf returns the cloak to the Basti at which point the murky shadows disappear from around her mouth.

She cranes her neck and looks down at the Basti. An emerald colour again shines forth from her eyes and she spreads her draconic lips in a smile that shows every tooth in her mouth.

"You'd best watch over that with your life Basti, you would not like the consequencesss if it were to end up in any other handsss than yoursss or mine own! Perhaps I would give you over to Brogarn for him to have hisss fun! Sssssss...ssssss...ssss." Ever Night positively revels in the fear that she causes in the furry little creature and her eyes continue to glow emerald and the sibilant laughter echoes out of her mouth.

[Orc]What do you think Brogarn, isss she pretty to you? Sssssss...ssssss...sss.[/Orc]

[March 22, 2003, 04:53 PM: Message edited by: guido_ca]

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 22, 2003, 04:51 PM:

[OOC: I examined the Psychic Inquisitor Feat more closely, and I can only detect lies from humanoids... If you are still of dragon type, you have nothing to fear of my ability.]

I withdraw my thoughts... The Shadow Dragon is at least as stupid as the dwarf. Befriending this lovely Basti would give you at least some respect of the Great Blue Janabelle, that is worth making some sacrifices for.

"Nobody is giving away anyone here, Shadow Dragon. I think this Basti can decide for herself. Let her do so."

[March 22, 2003, 05:13 PM: Message edited by: Kokiriaz]

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 22, 2003, 07:30 PM:

(OOC: Yes, it is magical.)

Shiyle smiles and reaches out as Ryu offers her the Grand Caliph's cloak. Her eyes widen in surprise as it is snatched from her.

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The basti's head turns as she tries to follow the entire conversation. She catches all but the words between the Dread Shadowdragon and Her human companion. What an odd and dire language that is!

She closes her eyes a moment, considering wisdom...

The Shadowdragon's words startle her, sending a spike of fear down her spine. Her ears dip back. She eyes the Dragon and Her human companion, taking a step back.

[March 22, 2003, 07:33 PM: Message edited by: Kkat]

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 22, 2003, 07:49 PM:

Ever Night's amusement with the Basti is broken by the commanding word's of Ryu. She snaps her head towards him and her eyes again flare with a brilliant neon green that expresses her anger. Ever Night glares daggers at the little runt as she contemplates the wisdom of springing on the Elf and having a snack.

The runt hasss no respect for dragonkind! I should tear him limb from limb! I cannot let him get away with making such bold statementsss to one such asss glorioussss asss I am!

But no, the Elf's pet dragon will be upset and probably get the otherssss to attack. I'm good...and so is Brogarn...but even the two of us together can't take so many. Don't worry runt...you'll get yoursss. Risnia can't protect you alwayssss! Maybe you and the dwarf together...yesss that would be fun!

Ever Night stares Ryu down making it clear that she is unimpressed with his bold words that lack a submissive tone. She watches him intently with her hate filled eyes letting him know his fate if he pushes too far.

(OOC: Evil characters can be so much fun. Terrorizing innocent Basti just for the fun of it, promising a quick death to confident elves.)

Posted by **Mr Kami** (Member # 105592) on March 22, 2003, 09:07 PM:

.oO (while the cloak is magical its magic is weak, so I have no problem giving over to basti)

Durney walks over to the basti and hands her the cloak.

When he gets back to Kuratsukan he says <celestial> we should leave soon, I do not want to spend the night up here.</celestial>

Posted by **THrag2K** (Member # 122415) on March 23, 2003, 02:21 AM:

[Orc] Yes, Mistress, I would like that, but we'd have to shave all that awful hair off first [/Orc] Brogarn grins evilly as he pictures the cat-woman with no hair, and even laughs aloud.

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 23, 2003, 03:39 AM:

quote:

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Originally posted by Mr Kami:

When he gets back to Kuratsukan he says <celestial> we should leave soon, I do not want to spend the night up here.</celestial>

Kuratsukan replies, also in Celestial, "Agreed. If my suspicions are correct, and the Demon Lizard is related to these dwellers of the mist, I would sooner be locked in a cellar with Fu Leng himself."

Facing towards Ever Night, he proclaim loudly in Draconic, "Quit your disghusting posturing and prodding. Your dishonorable nature is only reinforced with each utterance of your enshadowed maw. Consider the basti and elf under my protection as much as Durney. Attempt to touch either, and you will face my honorable vengeance. I loathe that I might actually have to work with you; please try to show at least so modicum of respectability about you, lest your foul tongue get us all into more trouble."

After this, he turns to the basti, bends his head, and speaks in Common, "Please forgive the hasty action of my associate. He only acted in the best interest of the group in seeing what use this cloak may be meant to serve in our quest. Surely your connection with the Jawneybelle can help to guide us in this endeavor. Accept my apology for Durney's actions and my own. We only wish to get underway as soon as possible."

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 23, 2003, 08:55 AM:

OOO: I miss one day and there's a avalanche of posting, not fair!!!!!!!

Crimson watches the power struggle for the cloak and rolls his eyes.

All this over a cloak? By Bahamut how am I supposed to work with those two?? Hopefully they just kill each other and make this easier for everyone else.

However when Ever Night decides to threaten the Basti, Crimson has had enough.

[Common] "Ever Night, if or your orc ever, ever attempt to hurt her." Crimson points at the Basti, "You'll both discover why it is a bad idea to anger a gold dragon. While I may not agree with most dragons on the value of mortals, Janabelle left her with me. Attack her and you attack me. And no one that has ever attacked me has survived."[/common].

That bold threat/statement delivered, Crimson addresses everyone else, [common] " I might have another way to get information on our mission, however let's get off this mountain and into Grey Mettle first and then once there we can continue this discussion as we walk."[/common]

And hopefully I can confirm my suspicions about that elf.

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 23, 2003, 11:19 AM:

(OOO: I go away for one day and all hell breaks loose over a cloak?!?)

"Now exactly isn't the time to be arguing over the powers of a cloak. Perhaps when things calm down some more and we are off this mountain in a town, I will use my magic to divine the powers of the cloak (OOO: via the use of Identify). But until then let the Basti keep it for it was her masters to begin with. Whether this cloak was left as for a purpose of by accident we don't know as of know."

[Draconic]"Shadowdragon, you must be a bigger fool than I took you for before! Threatening the servant of a Great Wyrms? You certainly have delusions of grandeur far

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beyond your actual abilities. You might consider ridding yourself of those as hubris can be more deadly than the most powerful dragons!"[/Draconic]

"Come let us take flight to Grey Mettle, from there we can begin our search. The sooner we find our assassin the quicker I can deliver him to justice and return to my normal life."

(OOC I'm going to make 2 checks here to find out if I know where this Elder Dragon lives:

Know:Dragons (21)

and

Know:Local (Grey Mettle) (27))

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 23, 2003, 01:44 PM:

Much trouble coming, Shiyle suspects. She is unsure whether action on her part would cause greater conflict or stave it off. But...

In the common tongue, which has a strange accent to those about save possibly for Durney, the basti speaks. "The Dragon, Ever Night, is clearly concerned neither for honor nor the greater good, nor the wisdom of the Dragon Elders. She is here for personal gain alone. Because of this, I propose to give Her the cloak as incentive."

She turns to Ever Night. "However, you could hardly use a cloak anyway. I truly don't imagine you choosing to assume human form to do so." She feigns pausing to think. "Perhaps if you had Your human wear it? That way You could get some use out of it. I'm sure You would still consider it part of Your Horde while it is on him... I suspect You consider him part of Your Horde as well."

Her eyes narrow warningly. For once, she is in a position to threaten the Dragon! "If you take it, be assured that Janabelle will consider it a token of due payment for Your assistance. If you fail to assist, however, She will surely consider it stolen, and hunt You down."

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 23, 2003, 01:55 PM:

(OOC: I assume Ever Night is the "Demon Lizard"? If she is, I haven't seen any grounds for Kuratsukan to connect her with the mists...he did not know that Raven was a shadow. Unless I'm missing something?)

Ever Night swivels her head back and forth as each dragon speaks out against her. Surprisingly she lets the insults and recriminations bounce off her without even responding.

So they are all still against me? Thissss complicatesss thingsss. I wonder if the Mistsss would affect me the same asss it did Raven or the same asss it did Janabelle? Best not to test that unlesss I have to.

But for now, how about a little fun!?! Letsss see if I can stir up a little trouble!

[Orc]Brogarn, hang on we are leaving and we might need to go fast. I'm going to put a thorn in the side of these smug surface dragonsss.[/Orc]

As Ever Night speaks with her mount, her eyes again begin to shift toward the emerald colour. Readyng her wings with a few flaps and preparing a spell should the need arise, she again turns to the Basti.

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Ever Night slowly reaches out a claw with a mischievous grin on her face. She begins to slowly stroke the Basti with a sabre-like claw all the while watching to see the anger in the eyes of the Blue Kuratsukan and the Golden Crimson.

"Brogarn sayssss he would like you indeed little Basti, but first you would have to shave off all your fur before he would take you!"

With that said, Ever Night withdraws her hand and launches herself into the air. She turns back towards the way she came from and flaps off staying above the Mists. Heading for Greymettle, she keeps an eye out to make sure the other dragons are following but not following to fast with veangance in their gaze. If they look to want some revenge, she will quickly cast **Expeditious Flight** and put some distance inbetween them but staying in sight.

(OOC: If you are going to torment someone, you have to make sure it is someone weaker than yourself. I'm going to get myself killed!!)

[March 23, 2003, 02:53 PM: Message edited by: guido_ca]

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 23, 2003, 02:02 PM:

(OOC: Awww, dang, wasn't fast enough with my post. Well consider the following thrown in **before** Ever Night's teasing of Shiyle.)

Ever Night narrows her eyes in thought trying to determine the catch in the plan. She isn't happy about having to OWE anything to Janabelle, but if it increases her horde, then why not.

"Bargain struck Basti, and you are indeed correct, Brogarn isss most definitely mine."

Taking the cloak, Ever Night hands it back to Brogarn trying to keep the idea of her just being had out of her mind. Seeing a chance for some fun with the other dragons she settles her mind on a plan.

[Orc]Put the cloak somewhere that it won't be lost Brogarn, you can wear for now if you like.[/Orc]

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 23, 2003, 02:06 PM:

quote:

Originally posted by guido_ca:

(OOC: I assume Ever Night is the "Demon Lizard"? If she is, I haven't seen any grounds for Kuratsukan to connect her with the mists...he did not know that Raven was a shadow. Unless I'm missing something?)

OOC: Guido I'm pretty sure that the "demon Lizard" is the big thing that flew by. I'm not trying to put words in Kuratsukan's mouth but that's how I took it. It was connected to the mist by the fact the mist was attracted to it.

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 23, 2003, 02:19 PM:

(Now for the IC post)

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[As loud as Dragonly Possible]"What a quick exit for such a boastful creature. Perhaps like a standard breeding dog, her bark is worse than her bite too!"[/loud]

"Well as much as I'd hate to appear like I'm following that vile creature..."

Risnia turns to the basti.

"Are you alright? All the wisdom of a great wurm and she chose a Shadowdragon to send with us. The blues, I will never understand"

Risnia stares off in the direction of Grey Mettle again.

"Well we should be off now, before dark sets in." [Elven]"Ryu, I would prefer if you would ride on my back until we clear the mists, perhaps longer. No sense in wasting power for something I can do."[/elven]

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 23, 2003, 02:23 PM:

Ryu looks at the Shadow Dragon's actions with increasing anger, and he wishes he could do something to humiliate the Shadow Dragon, give her a taste of her own medicine.

With such a temper and pride as the Shadow One has, humiliating her would mean certain death for me, but the shame the Shadow One would feel would make it all worthwhile. Besides, I know how to erase memories... I'll put it on top priority of my personal goal list.

After a small, hidden smirk on his face, Ryu looks up, and says, loud enough for people on the peak, but not loud enough to let the Shadow Dragon hear it easily (OOC: Let's say DC 20, okay?): "Damn Shadow Dragon... If you want us to respect your pride, than respect the pride of others!"

He looks down again, once again wishing he was more powerful. He then turns to Risnia.

"I will gladly go with you, Risnia. My powers still last, though, but you can fly faster than I can. I have no knowledge of where we should go, but I presume you have an idea?"

(OOC: Don't worry guido_ca, you probably have +328 to will saves, so unless Ryu get's way more powerful suddenly, he won't do a damn thing to Ever Night. And even if he does, Ryu will not actually kill or even hurt Ever Night, but will more likely let her polymorph permanently into a skunk or something like that. If the time comes, I'll get creative. Look out, it's my imagination on the loose!)

[March 23, 2003, 02:49 PM: Message edited by: Kokiriaz]

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 23, 2003, 02:24 PM:

quote:

Originally posted by guido_ca:

she will quickly cast Expeditious Retreat and put some distance inbetween them but staying in sight.

OOC Technically, although it is a stupid technicality, *Expeditious Retreat* only works for ground movement. With that in mind, a certain Dragon long ago created the spell *Expeditious Flight*, wich does the same thing, but for aerial movement. Feel free to


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switch the two spells in your known spell list if you wish. **And** considering you know of the spell, it would make sense for you to cotton on to the idea that is why Raven was flying so damned fast.

quote:

Originally posted by Kkat:

Janabelle's form moves not as quickly as Raven at first, but at Her arcane cry, the Grand Wyrms begins to soar faster, tracking the flight of the monster bird until She too has disappeared into the rising sun.

Janabelle too. )

--Kkat

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 23, 2003, 02:52 PM:

quote:

Originally posted by Kkat:

OOC Technically, although it is a stupid technicality, Expeditious Retreat only works for ground movement. With that in mind, a certain Dragon long ago created the spell Expeditious Flight, wich does the same thing, but for aerial movement. Feel free to switch the two spells in your known spell list if you wish.

(OOC: Gotcya, character sheet updated. Definitely want it for flight as opposed to land movement.)

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 23, 2003, 03:10 PM:

Shiyle shivvers, clearly shaken by the actions and words of the wicked Dragon. *Shave my fur?!?* Her thoughts tumble. *How **barbaric!***

At Risnia's words, she gulps and nods. "T-thank you." And walks towards the Gold, offering Him the burlap sack to carry her in.

"Would you be so kind, Noble Dragon, as to take me with you?"

[March 23, 2003, 03:11 PM: Message edited by: Kkat]

Posted by **THrag2K** (Member # 122415) on March 23, 2003, 03:14 PM:

Brogarn packs the cloak, quickly, away into his backpack. *Drat, now I must find a way of knowing what this cloak does!*

Brogarn then holds on strongly as Evernight takes off, and continues to grin evilly, .

(OOC: BTW, I'm still reading that some ppl think Brogarn is an Orc, which is falacious at best. He is a human, who speaks orc (but I do believe no-one else speaks it, so you

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may not even know that much,)

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 23, 2003, 03:25 PM:

quote:

Originally posted by tsrblke:

(OOC I'm going to make 2 checks here to find out if I know where this Elder Dragon lives:

Know:Dragons (21)

and

Know:Local (Grey Mettle) (27))

Your knowledge of Greymettle will not gain you knowledge of the Dragon's whereabouts, but it will give you the same knowledge as Crimson Dawn has regarding the location of Prince Alton's wedding.

Your knowledge of Dragons will tell you there is supposed to be a Green Dragon somewhat older than you whose territory borders on the north side of the Elven Arboretum which hides in the woods north of Goldglot. If what Janabelle says is true, then the Dragon should be old enough to be involved in the upcoming war and should know where or how to contact Harkon.

--Kkat

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 23, 2003, 03:37 PM:

(OOC: Before we take off)

"Hmph. Now that she's gone, I'll let you all in on what I know. The ignorant fly off in search of things that they do not know the location of. The intelligent, learn to ask questions of people who know more than them. (OOC: In short I'm going to stop and ask directions, now if I could learn to do this in RL!) I know of a green dragon about our age, who lives just outside of Grey Mettle, in the Woods of Goldglot. He tends to hide out in these woods, but finding him will be easier than finding one dragon in all of Grey Mettle. Perhaps we should start there. I'll lead the way. (More OOC: I'm assuming I know the way. I'll update this later if I don't but now I have to go to dinner.)

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 23, 2003, 03:45 PM:

Just a reminder for tsrblke:

quote:

Originally from **Part 3: Risnia &Ryu**

His eyes flicked onto the village that, if his sense of direction was anywhere near correct, should be Goldglot. A serfs hamlet that had grown busily since Glitterwarren had broken off and claimed independence from Greymettle, turning the otherwise insignificant collection of huts into a

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bordertown, Goldglot had become a haphazard, bustling little town whose appearance was as eclectic as its inhabitants. Humans shared their lands with numerous gnomes and more than a handful of elves. The last indicated there must be an elven reservation (no, "Arboretum", Blackfire corrected himself sarcastically) somewhere in the forests which stretched north of it. He swooped in closer and immediately wished he had no sense of smell. Unwashed people, animals, and their wastes assaulted him. Real life was far from the picturesque images seen in paintings on castle walls.

[del]

The crow's search took him finally to a stretch of road lined heavily with trees towards the far end of Goldglot. And when he did, he found the boy leaning against a tree trying very hard to not look like he was paying so much attention to the elven lass tending the flowers of the hut nearby. Blackfire had the driving urge to swoop up and shout something obscene.

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 23, 2003, 06:07 PM:

Kkat, here are the checks requested of me in the GD thread.

[Know:Dragons \(26\)](#)

[Know:Religion \(20\)](#)

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 23, 2003, 06:44 PM:

You know that Dread Shadowdragons are fundamentally different, not merely as Dragons but as life forms. That they are considered "alien" by many Dragons, particularly the older ones. But you do not know that you can Turn or Rebuke one of them.

--Kkat

Posted by **guido_ca** (Member # 97145) on March 23, 2003, 07:27 PM:

(OOC: phfewww!!)

Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 23, 2003, 08:56 PM:

I suppose I could mention I know where the wedding was supposed to have been held but I'd rather not go into a city with this group. Hell I'd rather not vist the city period.

Crimson nodded towards Risnia [common] "Very well let us see if we can find this dragon."[/common]

Crimson turned to the Basti, [common] "I could carry you in the sack or you could ride on my back, however riding on my back could be slightly dangerous as I have no way of keeping you on my back. It does not matter to me however you choose."[/common]

OOC: Assuming Risnia has taken to the air then Crimson will too take to the air once the Basti has made her choice.

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Posted by **drachedeeis** (Member # 115670) on March 23, 2003, 08:57 PM:

silly double post

[March 23, 2003, 08:58 PM: Message edited by: drachedeeis]

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 24, 2003, 01:38 PM:

"Well then if there are no objections, I suppose we should be off. I'll lead the way, we'll stop in the woods of Goldglot and look for the green dragon. As for our 'friend', (He puts a sarcastic emphasis on this) the shadowdragon, she took off without waiting, she'll find her way."

Risnia Chuckles lightly.

"We can only hope she has enough sense not to fly over the city. After all of this I doubt they'd react nicely to that."

After Ryu climbs up, Risnia takes flight.

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 24, 2003, 06:35 PM:

Shiyle gasped! To be offered to ride on the back of a Dragon! She was unworthy of such an honor!

Unworthy or not, she was not going to be so foolish as to pass this opportunity up. Not the least because it may never come again. With a little push of her toes, she floated into the air, turning about to land gently on the Golden Dragon's back. She reaches around His neck to hold, flattening herself against Him. "I hope I do not choke you, kind Dragon." Her words were in Draconic to honor Him.

She soon wished she had considered the sack. As they flew, the cold wind cut through her fur and tore at her coat as if intending to rip it off. It would be many hours journey, and Pelor's brightness was not matched with His warmth in this place.

Pelor's light basked the travelers, casting their shadows against the flat sea of fog below. The fog accepted shadows eagerly.


--Kkat

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 24, 2003, 08:20 PM:

OOC: I cannot play for a day or so. Mr_Kami, take over for me until I am able to play again.

The pain's keeping me from being able to concentrate on anything for very long.

Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 24, 2003, 09:33 PM:

OOC: 


<HUG>

I hope you feel better soon! I'm terribly sorry to hear about that!

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--Kkat

Posted by **canamrock** (Member # 110297) on March 25, 2003, 01:30 AM:

Thanks... 

I'll try to be back in game shape by Wednesday, if not tomorrow evening.

Posted by **Kokiriaz** (Member # 104070) on March 25, 2003, 12:46 PM:

As Ryu and Risnia fly off, Ryu rethinks the whole event on the mountain once more. He is puzzled, and speaks to Risnia hoping he will have awnsers:

"Can you make sense of what was going on there? Why did Janabelle summon all the Dragons of different colors there? She could have just started with all the Golds, then move on the the Brass, etcetera. But She did not... Why? Why on earth let Metallics and a Shadow Dragon meet? She undoubtably knew that was going to be trouble, and still she proceeded. What puzzled me even more is that a Great Blue would personally involve in this meeting of relatively minor powers, and what struck me as an even more surprise was the appearance of that Raven creature. Are we that important? But to top it all, the enemy we are facing employs a large number of creatures with mental talent! Psionics is a rare gift, the only way they could have gotten an army of it is by...

[short silence]

...Can they?"

Ryu sinks into thought again, staring at the empty sky, thinking...

[OOC: drachedeeis, you can determine if Crimson Dawn heard Ryu talk about mental talent and psionics. I leave the decision completely to you.]

[March 25, 2003, 12:48 PM: Message edited by: Kokiriaz]

Posted by **tsrblke** (Member # 117625) on March 25, 2003, 03:48 PM:

"Ryu, few understand the reasons behind what the elders do. Dragons can be confusing creatures. As for how to raise an army of psions, as you know, I know little about psions. I would assume that the methods they use to gain powers is similar to the way some use magic. By this I mean like magic runs through the blood of my kind, and others, allowing them to channel magic, the psionic powers run through the blood of people like you. However, like there are those who can study and put to use the powers of magic, without the it born in them, perhaps there are people who can study the psionic arts and put them to use."

(OOC: I'll admit this is clumsy, but so is explaing magic . Anyway, lacking know:psions was easy to RP considering I've never seen the PsiHB, and know nothing about the mechanics in RL.

Posted by **Mr Kami** (Member # 105592) on March 25, 2003, 04:21 PM:

Kuratsukan lets Durney ride on him, then picks up Equus and flies off after Risnia.

Durney says "I don't trust that shadow dragon, or the human he has, Master. Equus is


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getting quite nervous I hope we get there soon. And as soon as we land I will create some food for us. "

[March 25, 2003, 04:27 PM: Message edited by: Mr Kami]


Posted by **Kkat** (Member # 97922) on March 25, 2003, 04:36 PM:

OOO Notice:

Here There Be Dragons continues now on Chapter 2! 

Experience points have been awarded. Allow me to post a first post for the new chapter, then begin posting again!

It is highly suggested that each player save a copy of this thread for future reference.

Thank you!  I hope you are enjoying!

--Kkat

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