

Masque of the Red Death

Cast

DM - Matthew Woods (DM= Dragon Matt¹⁾)

PC's (Player Characters)

Angelica (Diletante) - Andrew Mahoney

Doreen (also known as TLD, Trevor's assistant) - Peter Cobcroft

Man on Train - Phil Goodwin²⁾

Torquil Feathersthorne (Xenobia's brother) - Dianna Lang

Trevor (also known as TATMOTU, Charlatan) - Peter Cobcroft

Xenobia Main-Waring (Mystic) - Dianna Lang

NPC's (Non-Player Characters)

Mr. John Jones, Head of a major insurance company (a Texan)

Miss Smith, his secretary

Father Abane, Vicar of University

Mrs. Cobbler, Mother of a missing child

Mr. Cobbler, Father of a missing child (the same child)

Darak, Innkeeper of the Middle Inn, an NPC with too much character

Man #1, a fairly non-descript patron of an Inn

Man at Bar, also known as Nansen, a bar patron

Player, also known as Ralph, a bar patron

Crowd, a crowd (as apposed to a passing Throng³⁾

Drunk #1, an unwise bar patron, too cheap to afford a name

Drunks #2 through #7, see above

Sheriff, another annoying American⁴⁾

Robed figure, these guys crop up alot, bad guys

Huntsman, local macho git

Malisha, an MF, major bad guy, or at least a named bad guy

Man in Robe, see Robed figure, (they are all really MF's)

Abbreviations and Symbols

MF - Mind Flayer

[] - an action or thought

<> - an emotion

{ } - player to player information

() - summarised actions because original Email lost

DM - Matthew Woods statement (usually Out of Character)

DL - Dianna Lang statement (usually Out of Character)

PC - Peter Cobcroft statement (usually Out of Character)

AM - Andrew Mahoney statement (usually Out of Character)

Rock, Scissors, Paper - simple conflict resolution system

The Beginning

DM : {What I am going to give you is the start up of the story line. Since Phil has no character yet, nothing of any real importance {characterwise that is, unless you want it to} will happen.}

The Insurance Company

DM : The three of you walk in to the offices of the company. As you have seen it many times before, it still seems dull to you all. As the small reception area takes up most of the space that you can see, the secretary, Miss Smith, as always, is behind a desk writing some kind of notes. There are a few chairs for clients to sit on to wait for their appointments. There is also a large pot plant sitting in the corner of the room, slightly wilting. On the walls are pictures of past important people of the company. Miss Smith looks up from her desk and smiles at you all. In a fragile kind of voice, she says Mr Jones is waiting for you, please follow me. With that she get up and opens the door to Mr Jones's office. Inside is another boring room [no I am not going to describe it] with a Mr John Jones inside, pacing the room. He looks up and points to some chairs in the room.

Mr. Jones : [South Western drawl ⁵⁾] Thank you Miss Smith. I will get to the point quickly. I have need of you skills to find some missing people. More to the point, almost a missing town. The company has insured many people in the town University, North Georgia. From the reports no one knows where they have gone. Any questions asks John Jones, looking at you in turn.

PC : A tall thin man lurking in the corner of the room, his hands caressing a red bound tome in a disturbing way comments dryly in his London accent ⁶⁾

Trevor : And what would der name o' dis place be? ⁷⁾{assuming its not Hobb's End ⁸⁾} {as only 3 characters are present, I assume if I use The Lovely Doreen, she'll be easily contactable if I need her after this meeting}

DM : John Jones stern face looks at Trevor with disgust.

Mr. Jones : I have already said what the name of the town is called, Trevor. Its name is called University. God knows why. There is no places of research there. I can give you all a map of the town is you wish, with prominent places to visit. The main area outside the town is farms grow alfalfa, wheat and other vegetables. {I will give you of list of places in the town you can visit later on}

Trevor : [swapping his monocle] Nah look 'ere guv, t'ain't my prob you Yanky geezurs 'ave a queer way o' namin' stuff. But I'll take your job, it bein' 'n 'citin' way ta keep me in Kippers'n chips.

John Jones : why, thank you too much, Trevor. I hope you will be able to accomplish this job without delay. By the way, It's you I find hard to understand, Trevor. [looking at the other two people] And will you accept this task for the company?

Xenobia : [looks up] Oh yes, I'm interested, but I'd like to know a few more details first. For example,

how long has it been since the people disappeared? What were the circumstances leading up to the disappearance, and might it be possible that, rather than disappearing, they have, in actual fact, somehow become invisible? And by the way, could you extend your offer of employment to my brother, Torquil Featherstone? He's a very capable person, and would be a real asset.

John Jones : Thank you for accepting Xenobia, I am eternally grateful <sarcasm>. As of the place, I can tell you its in Georgia, farm country, has approx. 1500 people in the town. It has about 3 inns, a few stores, a few different religious buildings, few farms just out side town and that's about it.

DM : {I can give you a map of the town if you want.}

DM : Mr. Jones searches through his desk, which has piles of paper all over. After a minute, you see him find what he was looking for, with a triumphant smile, he flourishes a map.

John Jones : Here you go Xenobia. {I can give you the map when we next meet **[9]**»[9]}The players in this game also roleplay regulary at a set location.«}. About 40 people have gone missing, and that includes some police as well. None have been found... dead or alive. This has been going on for about a year, as far as I know that is. The authorities have been notified, but are quiet unable to solve this mystery. Find this out, and the company will be very pleased. And no, Xenobia, that did not just go invisible, like one of Trevor's magical tricks. If there are no other questions? I will call this meeting to a close.

Trevor : Well tis obvious your profound speaking style has totally struck dumb {insert Phil's character's name here ⁹⁾ }. As for meself, I wants to be off a for another entertaining speech <sarcasm>.

Mr Jones : Very well. I have for you and your companions, railway tickets for you to get to Georgia. For there it will be coach to the town.

DM : Mr Jones sifts through his desk once again, eventually finding the railway tickets and then passes them to you.

Mr Jones : If there is nothing else, I hope you have a successful trip. I look forward in seeing you all soon. [Mr Jones opens the office door] Good day to you all. {ok guys, are you going to do any preparation before the train journey?}}

DL : Xenobia tries to find out any information she can about University, and the names of the people who have disappeared [asks Jones] and if any of those people have relatives here that she can talk to.

Trevor : [goes to visit Doreen] [knocks on door]

Doreen : [opens door]An whit d'yew be wantin'? Tis nae like you tae showup owin' money {she's from Glasgow}

Trevor : Nah lissen 'ere mush, Day were gonna pay us after day won at the 'orses. I was stiffed too from that gig, alright?

Doreen : [sighs]Tis a wee bit hopeful, but when am I like t'be paid?

Trevor : Well, funny 'ow life is i'nt it? I just come for a bit o'bizness that may well pay for your next lot o' make up Doreen. [fade out as Trevor explains plot to Doreen]{I love these special effects, saves me typing stuff}

The Town of University

DM : You get upon the morning train, to leave to University. What you know about the place you could hold in your hand. You settle into your 1 st class cabins and wait, passing the time by talking to one another {blah, blah. blah}. Your team has swelled to 5 people, Xenobia, her brother, Trevor, Doreen and a mysterious looking chap who wear hunting leathers and talks about Indian killings! Upon reaching your destination you get out and look about. A short walk and you will be in town. As you approach the centre of the town, you see a bulky, weathered sign. The name University has been burned into the wood. Beneath the name, a series of descending numbers has been haphazardly scratched into the moulding planks. The first number is 1,183; the last is 1,008. Ahead of you, on the town main street, you observe several dozen commoners walking behind pallbearers carrying a pallet. There is no casket, but the pallet is strewn with flowers. The procession weaves it's way between battered houses and dry, rotting barns. The adventure continues.... {I got to go to work, will get back to you very shortly}

DM : The sad wails of the mourners float through the town and all but drown out the music made by a group of young boys and girls who pluck stringed musical instruments as they follow the grief sickened adults. The cavalcade shuffles to a graveyard, where a priest presides over a gravesite. The people stand around a flat, grassy, untouched patch of ground. Since there is no casket, there is no need for a hole. A chipped, marble stone marks the gravesite. Once the ceremony is finished, the priest steps over to a small cluster of townsfolk and bows to them. Wiping a tear from his eye, he leaves the site, solemnly walking back into town. {your move guys and gals}

[Xenobia walks up to the priest and taps him on the shoulder.]

Xenobia : Excuse me, Vicar, I hope this isn't a bad time, but could I ask you a few questions? I'm Mrs Main-Waring, by the way, and I'd like to know what just happened. Why are you holding a funeral without a dead person?

Torquil : I don't suppose they have any decent scotch in this place, but I'm off to check.

Xenobia : Then you can book us into the hotel. My luggage is over there. [She gestures to the pile of bags][Torquil grumbles, but goes and picks up the bags and leaves.]

Trevor : [makes a silent assessment of visible valuables]

Doreen : Tis a wee bit on'a spooky side, taint it luv?

Trevor : Nah don't you worry 'bout nuffin Dor, I been 'n worse situations and come owt laughin'. [Wonders over to Xenobia]

Trevor : [addressing vicar] Yeah mush, whatsa funeral without a stiff? <showing as much sensitivity as Xenobia>

Doreen : [gestures violently to Trevor to rejoin her] How can ye be so cruel?

Trevor : Its a gift. Lissen 'ere I don't wish to 'angabout bein' all caring an stuff when dere's work t'be done an dosh t'be earned. [wonders back to priest].

Doreen : <in a huff decides to accompany Torquil to the hotel> I, I say fellow, wait for me!

Xenobia : [in an aside to Trevor] You shouldn't make Doreen carry your luggage, she doesn't look

very strong.

Xenobia : [to Vicar] Mr Trevor seems to think that my question was rude, but you see I have an inquiring mind, and I'm very direct. I hope I haven't offended you. <sweet, innocent smile>{Peter, the first time I sent this, it didn't reach you, so hopefully this message gets there. I keep losing my email disk}

DM : You look upon this priest and start a conversation with him. You see that he is a tall man with uneven, mousy brown hair, a beard and dressed in a simple grey robe. His sandals seem worn and his has yellow toe nails. He introduces himself as Father Abane.

Fr Abane : The ceremony you witnessed was for a boy of twelve, a lad loved by all. We had no body to bury, and now we have only memories. In University, if someone is missing for more than 60 days, his memory is buried to put the family at peace. [the priest trembles and rubs his hands together. Visibly pale, he looks at you and offers a weak smile]. The boy we just laid to rest was the 12th victim this month. I would have liked to hold out hope that the youngster would have return, but I Could not put off the ceremony any longer. You see, the people here are a superstitious lot. They believe that if the dead are not buried within two months, their spirits are forever cast into hell, where all the forsaken and forgotten stay for eternity.

Xenobia : Victim of what, Father? What has been happening here?

Fr Abane : If I knew who was responsible, they could have been stopped by now I am sure of it. If you could find those accountable, the town would be forever in your debt. All I know is that people have been going missing for a while now, at first just a few a year, but lately many have been missing. I fear we will never find them again.

Xenobia : [to Fr Abane] And the police can do nothing? No one has been found? Is there any odd behaviour before people disappear? Or is it just sudden, here and then not-here?

Fr Abane : [sigh] Even some of the police have gone missing, came into town saying how they were going to find the fiend[s] responsible but either they had not luck, or they mysteriously disappeared as well. As to your other question young lady, they just don't come back from what they were doing, like going out hunting, or children going out to play, or people going to work, and not making it there. It is a troubling puzzle, something should be done about it.

DM : {When you get your map [some have got it] you will see a buildings with numbers. }

DM : {Here is the KEY! 1. Baggs farm 2. The Cemetery 3. Wepps Inn 4. Adventures Rest [Inn] 5. Horse ranch 6. Cattle ranch 7. Temple to the wind God 8. Alfalfa Farm 9. Church 10. Parsed Lips [pub] 11. Yearning Goblet [pub] 12. Middle Inn 13. Wagons Rest [hotel] 14. Farm 15. Wheat farm 16. Vegetable farm 17. Constabulary 18. Hunters guild }

Xenobia : I would like to ask you if you know anyone who might have information about all the people who have disappeared, and would be interested in talking to someone about it. Perhaps a relative, or a friend of someone who has gone missing might be able to help me.

Trevor : Yehr, an as much as I don' like t'mix with the local constabulary, where can I find 'em so as to mix with 'em. [To the side] An don' you go spouting 'bout knowing your enemy, right Xenobia?

Fr Abane : Where you can mix with the local, well at one of the inns I suppose? Some of them can be pretty rough. You might have to watch yourself. [looks at Xenobia] Mr and Mrs Cobbler are still here [points to a couple by the grave] I don't think they will be able to help you much.

Xenobia : [introduces herself] Mr and Mrs Cobbler, my condolences on this sad occasion. I lost my dear husband, so I can empathise with your pain. One of the best ways of dealing with such a loss, I have found, is to talk about it. Perhaps there is something you can tell me that might help, something that may have happened before your son was so cruelly taken from you? <sympathetic smile>

DM : You see Trevor leave, walking off towards the nearest inn.

DM : Mr Cobbler gives Xenobia a hard cool chilling stare. You see that he is about to say something colourful when Mrs Cobbler speaks.

Mrs Cobbler : Thank you Miss, but there not much to say. [cry, cry]. One day my little son was there, playing out the back of our house, and then he was gone. [cry, cry , cry etc] I only had my back turn for about 5 minutes, but when I next looked out back he was not there. I could not find him anywhere! [wail, cry, cry wail]

Mr Cobbler : Haven't you done enough damage lady. Now #@!?! won't you. My wife is heart broken enough without someone like coming along.

Xenobia : [barely controlling her fury, speaks through gritted teeth] Because of your recent loss, I will control my temper, and not tell you that I think you are an ill mannered lout, and that I find your lack of personal hygiene offensive.

Xenobia : [takes several deep breaths, and turns to Mrs Cobbler] Madam, if you feel the need to talk to someone who is here to help <emphasise> then you can reach me at [looks momentarily non-plussed]

Torquil : The Middle Inn [Xenobia nods regally and walks away]

Torquil : You have such a winning way with people, sis.

Xenobia : Do be quiet, Torquil. Let's go to this hotel you've found.

DL : Torquil waits gallantly as Doreen catches up to him.

Torquil : Here, let me take those bags for you, they look very heavy. Xennie showed me the map, and I think the hotel isn't too far from here. I'll buy you a drink, if it isn't too early in the morning for you. I have consumption, and liquor is the only thing that eases the pain [hacking cough, brave smile]

Doreen : Why not indeed [wondering where Torquil got his map from]. Now do be a dear an help me with my luggage.

Torquil : Of course, as you can tell by my heroic proportions, I carry luggage rather well.

Doreen : So ah believe your affianced to that lovely young Xenobia **[11]**»[11]She's not noted as being quick on the uptake.«

? {ever the intrepid matchmaker and gossip}

Torquil : Affianced to Xenobia? Good God, madam, of course not! She's my sister. Can't you see the family resemblance?

PC : Doreen hands Torquil a couple of suitcases which contain various skimpy {for the period} costumes which nevertheless seem quite weighty {could be the wrought iron lace}. Doreen {or TLD The Lovely Doreen} flounces after Torquil towards the Inn.

Doreen : So, Mr. Featherstone, you are unattached as it where? [raised eyebrow]

The Middle Inn

DM : The Middle Inn seems a nice sort of place. Its a two story building which seems well kept. The prices seem reasonable as well. Insides you meet the owner, a Mr Darak, who seems rather odd to you both. He sees you enter his place, he looks at you with one eye open and says

Innkeeper : Greetings, I am Darak, owner of this establishment <leer>. Can I help you? [he lurches towards you]

Innkeeper : And you are... ? [He suddenly twists his head to one side and starts to froth at the mouth.]

Innkeeper : Have you heard from Aurelia lately? I sure miss her a lot. Haven't seen her in, oh, probably 128 summers. [Suddenly he stops frothing and continues leering at Doreen]. So is in one or two rooms and how many nights?

PC : Doreen gasps in surprise at Darak's wild exclamation {I was tempted to use the word ejaculation, but it would be taken the wrong way}. She suddenly does not twist her head to one side and start frothing at the mouth. Yes I have and she's just bought a cottage industry in East Greenwich, is not proclaimed loudly by her in a mystical voice. Suddenly she does not stop frothing and continues to do what she has been doing normally all along. Doreen glances sharply at hillock? sorry, Tor with one eyebrow raised questioningly {not suggestively}.

Doreen : I require two rooms for myself, and my employer, who is presently engaged in business elsewhere [surreptitiously looking out the east window, trying to see a black church with golden cupolas **[12]**»[12]See footnote 8.«]

PC : Doreen gestures below the counter for Torquil to talk with out of earshot of the proprietor {after Torquil finishes talking to him}.

Torquil : [to Darak] I will need a room for myself, and one for my sister, and there may be someone else as well, though I don't know whether he actually sleeps in a bed. Two nights should do it, for now. You don't look terribly busy. Here's the luggage [deposits the pile on the counter, and floor, and anywhere else there's room][moves away from the front desk, and says quietly,] : Yes, Dor?

Doreen : [softly to one side] Was it just me, or did ye see it too? I dinnae trust yon publican. The spouting an frothing I c'n deal with what with his Amazingness as me boss an all, but his ravings of living for hundreds o' years leave me to guess at his sanity.

Innkeeper : Arrr..... People with information of the missing people? If we knew that lass, then we know where to find them! The whole problem is that nobody know nothing! It darn well depressing, one minute your talking to old joe, says he's going for a pee [sotto voce] sorry miss [normal voice] and he doesn't come back from the. are... gentlemen's room. So far the sheriff has drawn a total blank, even worse, he has lost both is deputies.

DM : The innkeepers head twitches and he froths at the mouth.

Innkeeper : I wish it would cool down because the cows are upsetting Captain Bristol's Kara Tur navigation charts. [The Innkeeper walks away, walking to the kitchen]

Doreen : [quietly to Torquil] Ah don't know about you but this mon give me the willies. Lets just dump our stuff and get back to the other's.

Torquil : A good plan, Doreen. [Torquil takes a quick look around the rooms]

Torquil : Ready when you are.

Innkeeper : Right you are young lass, right you are. Thank you all, I will take your luggage upstairs. [takes some bags and starts to carry them upstairs, upon reaching the top of the stairs, he screams out] Watch out for the knife... [and then keeps and walking normally]

(Doreen goes to find Trevor and Xenobia, talks to Trevor, then goes to the police station. Xenobia misses Doreen, enters the Inn and starts asking questions)

Innkeeper : Ahr young lass, how are you, fine I hope <leer>. And what can I do for such a lovely young lady as yourself. Food? Drink? Ah... I know what you want, some answers. He He He..... Well I don't know the questions and I sure don't know the answers, he he he. {It seems to you Xenobia, that this innkeeper has lost the plot, so to speak}. Now what's the question, Miss, I haven't got all day you know!

Xenobia : [to herself] What an odd man, I wonder what he meant by that? I'm so far out of ideas its startling. Torquil? [goes back into the restaurant] where did Doreen go?

Torquil : The cop shop. You know, Xenobia, I think we're going about this the wrong way. You should be using your unearthly powers to descry what has gone wrong, and I should be at the local bar, getting off my face and starting as many fights as possible.

Xenobia : No!!!!!!!!!!

Torquil : [sighs] Okay, how's this for an idea? Let's get ourselves disappeared, and I think I know of a really brilliant way to do it....

DL : Maybe Torquil and Xenobia can be disappeared and come back, or maybe they can just spend a lot of time wondering around the town, wearing their 'victim here' hats. Anyway, its just a suggestion.

Xenobia : [after they've been wondering around for about ten minutes.] You know, Torquil, this must be the most stupid idea you've ever had. I don't want to be disappeared, I much prefer being alive, thankyou. You idiot! this is worse idea than the time when you tried to teach Fluffy to breathe underwater, or the time you told me that if we kidnapped the sheriff before he could arrest Daddy he wouldn't go to gaol, or the time...

Torquil : Xennie, your starting to get on my nerves. Look, a bar. Let's go in and get a drink. I'll buy you a scotch.

Xenobia : Ladies don't drink scotch.

Torquil : You? A lady? Ha!!

A touch of liquer

(meanwhile Trevor has wandered into his favourite building)

DM : Trevor, you walk to the closest inn, the Parsed Lips. [10] The outside looks like a rundown, one story building. As you enter the inn, a gloom descends upon you. It really dark in here. As your eyes adjust, you see that the inn is filled with about 10 people, who seem be all looking at you. Only half of them are looking at you with clear eyes. A huge man lumbers towards you, crunching his knuckles.

Man #1 : What can I do for you, stranger <booming voice>.

Trevor : Well me fine codger, I was just finkin' abou' haven' {too many apostrophes I know} a pint o' your best but now I dunno. What are you drinkin', I might try summat that? [orders 2 mugs of whatever that man had/has]

DM : This huge man looks you over, cracks his knuckles and then grunts.

Man #1 : Ok, sit down, I'll get what you want, my names Nansen. [He brings over 2 big mugs of ale] {you thinks its ale anyway}

Nansen : So what are you doing in town stranger. You're not the tax man are you? We string up people who come around here looking for money.

Trevor : Nah, I'm nowt like that, mind ye if money do come me way, I'm of amind to keep it, if you know what I mean [13]»[13]Lapse of accent«.

5Man at Bar : So, your not round from here, stranger. If you come for hunting game you have come to the wrong place, mate. There's not a single game animal to be found, didn't even see a rabbit. Don't know where they have gone, they used to be plenty of game for everyone.

Trevor : 'Tis unfortunate for you sir. Would ye care to try your luck instead at cards?

Man at Bar : Ah, yeah, sounds good to me. How a bit of poker eh, I'm not to bad if I do say so myself. [Smile]

DM : Ok, Trevor, you're playing cards. This guy plus a few others sit down with you and start playing. {are you going to cheat, I presume yes? Rock, paper, scissors time, see if your caught. I've picked mine. You got to trust me!}

PC : Of course he is. [he even has his own cards] Rock

DM : You lay out the cards for a game of poker. You manage to slip them a few low cards while giving yourself the better cards. They have not even notice you cheat! Before to long you have \$ 50 in winnings and four unhappy players.

PC : Trevor buys everyone a round of drinks.

Pub patrons : Hurrah!

Player : thanks mate! Your not to bad. My names Ralf. Your a good player.

PC : {A high DEX is great, it even helps when your drunk. } Trevor has a few more drinks, and becomes quite tipsy [low CON]. He starts to show off some magic tricks.

Crowd : Gosh, Oh, Ar... Were all impressed [really they are]. Say Stranger, your pretty good with this magic stuff, maybe you know what happened to all these missing people. Maybe they all disappear by magic? Yeh right, says another, pull another rabbit out of your hat. A few coins come your way. {not bad for a cameo appearance!}

(Meanwhile, Xenobia and Torquil are wandering town trying to be stolen ...)

DM : After a futile hour or so you both come to realise, that nothing has happened to you. Deciding to go to the nearest pub, you enter and see a group of men playing cards, one of which is Trevor. By the look of Trevor's smile, he seems to be winning. There seems to be a few unhappy people in this room. Trevor gets up and starts doing his magic trick routine. They seem impressed! {That's how I remember it, tell me if I am wrong}

DM : It seems all the patrons in this public house are rather drunk. They also seem to be watching Trevor performing his magic tricks. He also seems rather drunk to you. It feels rather unpleasant in here. The smell of beer and tobacco is strong in here.

Xenobia : [watching Trevor's magic act] Remarkable.

Torquil : Not really, I.... Oh. You were being sarcastic.

Xenobia : I think you should keep an eye on Trevor, while I talk to some of the patrons. Lets see if anyone knows anything interesting.

Torquil : [seeing Trevor] We're booked in to the Middle Inn. Its {directions} Pay no attention to Mr Darak, he's balmy. Are you ready to go, Xennie?

Xenobia : Just a minute Torquil, I'm talking. and don't call me Xennie.

(various impropriatorial comments pass between Xenobia and Trevor, sadly they are lost to antiquity [14]»[14]Or at least to old age. Honestly. Trust me. Would I lie to you?«)

Xenobia : I think its time we left, Torquil, go and get Trevor, he's looking a little worse for wear.

Torquil : No, wait, I just want to see the magic trick. If he's going to do the one I think he's going to do, this should prove interesting. [hesitates, frowns] Umm, Xenobia, I think you should wait outside.

Xenobia : Why on earth would I want to do that?

Torquil : Just a hunch, just to be on the safe side... Across the street would probably be safest [reaches into his pocket]

PC : Trevor bought everyone a round of drinks which was the first thing to put them in a good mood. Also due to his low CON, he is now slightly drunk.

Trevor : An' wash thish, thish ish reaaaly tricky, alaka - alaka - alakasumfin' or other [waves hands and causes drink to disappear with a flourish]

Trevor : An' for me nexsht trick I'll need a \$50 bill, can anny one len'me a \$50 bill?

Drunk #1 : Sssure can, fffriend. [Scruffy looking man stumbles up to you and hands you a \$50 note]. Whatcha going to dooo with it, a?

Trevor : Now watsch ash I make thish dishappear {you can guess what happens next}

Trevor : Anshee? Tardah! I've turned it 'nta thish bran new \$10 note, there you go.

Drunk #1 : Hey wheres me 50? You better givvve mee back meee 50 or there will be trouble!

Drunk #2 : Yeh!

Drunk #3-#6 : Yeh, Yeh, YEH.

Drunk #7 : Hick! [clunk! man falls off chair onto floor, where he stays]

Drunk #4 : Or What? [Drunks start to crowd around threateningly {except No. 7}]

DM : The drunks starts to pile onto Trevor, one of them saying I going to find that other \$40". Tables and chairs, drinks and patrons start to go flying in all directions. {ok pete pick rock, paper or scissors. I have picked mine} "

Trevor : Burp

PC : Sorry I'll be serious. Sandwiches, no wait what were the choices again? Igneous, no Paprika Klatuu verata Noodles Ah whatever, I choose.... eeny meeny miney moe..... Paper

DM : Rock. All these drunk fellas hurl themselves onto you and a huge brawl begins. Tables and chairs are use as clubs to smash there opponent. Trevor, you scramble out just as they all come together and they start to fight one another. They don't seem to have notice you at all.

Torquil : [to Trevor] Okay, lets get out of here while they're not looking.

Xenobia : [regarding Trevor with an expression of mild distaste] Is there anything more pitiful than a man who can't hold his liquor?

Torquil : He's doing alright, made 40 dollars, he did!

Xenobia : [eyes brighten with interest] Really? Clever Trevor! I think we should head back to our hotel. Say, Trevor, do you know where Doreen is? She went looking for you.

Trevor : Urr, me 'ead 'urts. Where'd me 'otel go? Gotta lie down... [he tries to make it back to the hotel]

(Trevor makes a feeble excuse as to why he is not sure where Doreen is and leaves)

DM : You walk or stumble your way back to the hotel if you wish.... or you could go somewhere else! After much time Trevor makes it to his room where he passes out for a while... {ok guys where to next, or have you lost the map I gave you} Its seems a pretty nice kind of place, this Middle Inn. The place looks, the prices seems pretty good, and its darn quiet to boot. The inn keeper seems quite charming, although he seems to leer at you every now and then but other than that he seems normal to you.

The Cop Shop

(back to where Doreen chatted with Trevor)

PC : Doreen excuses herself and makes her way to the Constabulary, following up on Trevor's suggestion. BTW what time is it?

DM : [time is 3 : 00 pm ish] Doreen makes here way to the sheriffs office. Its a one story building on the main street, with a big sign on top, saying sheriff. As you approach the building you can see into

the building [through the windows and partial glass door] you see a middle aged man sitting at a desk, staring at the desk top. As you open the door, he sees you and jumps to his feet.

Sheriff : Afternoon M'am, can I help you! <SW accent>

Doreen : Yes indeed mah good man, I'm looking for a friend of mine who arrived recently to this picturesque town with its charming name. But I am afraid he's disappeared, can you help me? I'm ever so chuffed and would be very grateful

Sheriff : My dear, I am sorry to tell you that many people have gone without trace, within the last few months. There's not much to say, really. The victims go about there regular daily lives, then bam! they don't turn up. If its killer, he is very good, there has been no trace of blood or bodies. I must say though that most of the 'disappearances seem to take place at night or evening. I don't think this has much to do with the disappearances but there are not much game out there any more either. Now, who is this friend of yours.

Doreen : One Trevor, a thin rratty man in a top hat. Last I heard of him, he was going to check out this place for some reason or other - don't ask me, typical male really, he's probably gone off for a drink or cards or something.

Sheriff : Hmmm..... First place I would look for is one of our many taverns, we have in this town. If he is not there, try where he is staying. If you have not found him by the end of today, come find me again, and we will do a proper search.

Doreen : That would be just like him, off to a soddin' bar when there's important work t'be doing. I appreciate the offer officer, but I'm afraid that you might arrest me for what I'll do to him when I find him. [she wanders off in the direction of the nearest pub.]

Sheriff : Hmmm... Try one of the taverns around town and then try where he is staying. If he is not there come back to me, I'll help you look for him.

(Doreen checks out the wrong Inns)

PC : Doreen, fed up with trying to find Trevor goes to join Xenobia and Torquil

DM : Doreen is able to find Xenobia and Torquil at the Middle Inn. They don't seem that hard to find.

DL : After spending a peaceful night in the Inn, Xenobia wakes up and goes down to breakfast.

Xenobia : I think its time for tea. Are you joining us, Doreen? [goes into the tea room, assuming there is one, otherwise, we go somewhere with tea]

Xenobia : Well, everyone, where do you suggest we go now? I think we should go for a walk in the woods.

Xenobia : Does anyone have any suggestions as to what to do next? Trevor muttered something about going to talk to the police, which I think is a very good idea, and hopefully he'll come back with all sorts of useful information about the disappearances. [ha ha ha ha **[15]**»[15]]I'm not sure if Dianna meant this to be a player or character action.«]

Torquil : [adding a large splash of something from a metal flask to his tea] I reckon we should check out the woods. Strange things happen in woods. There god places to bury people, if you don't want them to be found for a long time. Are there any woods around here?

Xenobia : [watching Torquil drink] Ughh, that's disgusting. And I think your solution is rather too simplistic, but I'm willing to go along with your suggestion. Really, we need to talk to someone who has recently lost a close relative, but who isn't such a complete emotional wreck. I think I'll go and ask the inn keeper if he knows of anyone who'd be willing. [goes out]

Torquil : [To Doreen] Did Trevor give you any idea when he'd be back?

PC : Trevor wanders in. {coincidentally}

Trevor : Urrgh.

Doreen : [in a loud voice] Gotta headache have ye deary?

Trevor : [sotto voce [small voice]] Sharrup, g'way...

Doreen : [forte voce] We're going forr a walk dear.

Trevor : yehr, yerh, whatever..

Doreen :[grabs TATMOTU's arm and leads his protesting, but skinny and therefore lightweight form out of the house]

A Walk in the Black Forest

DM : Your group walks out into the only forest next to the town. The morning is cool but pleasant for a walk in the woods. The thing you notice most is the lack of sounds in the forest, no animal noises at all. The only noises that you hear are coming from yourselves. {how long are you wondering in the forest and how far do you travel into the forest} He he he!{only kidding **[16]**»[16]No he wasn't.«}

Torquil : We're out in the woods, and though its pleasant, we can't hear any usual wood noises, like animals or birds. Its just us, alone. Its very odd. Why did we come out here, sis?

Xenobia : To look for clues, of course!

Torquil : I see... And have we found any yet?

Xenobia : No. And get that sarcastic look off your face. There should be birds tweeting, and rustles in the undergrowth, but there's nothing. I don't even have a feeling of impending doom, which would be a little bit helpful. Lets go to the hunter's guild, maybe they'll know something, and its nearby {I hope}

Doreen : [to Xenobia & Torquil] Oh, I do wish you two would stop bickering

Trevor : Yeah, twas luvrly an quiet before.

Doreen : [loudly to Trevor]Yes it was wasn't it!

Trevor : [taken aback]Cor, struth. You don' 'alf 'ave a 'owl do ya? [brief silence while everyone listens for the sound of the dropped h's]

Doreen : I'll go with you, Xenobia my dear, while Trevor here [looks sideways and sneers] who so enjoys silence, can search through these woods.

Trevor : [thinks- Well that's dunnit, got 'er off me back anyhow]

Doreen : [thinks- That's what he thinks]

Trevor : [thinks- Stay out 'o me thinks]

Doreen : [thinks- No.]

Trevor : [thinks censored]

Doreen : [blushes and leaves]

DM : Doreen , Xenobia and Torquil get bored and wander off to town, volunteering Trevor to investigate the woods by himself. Being a bit under the weather, he agrees.

DM : After an hour or two Trevor, your getting rather cheesed of {well so far you have not even seen the slightest thing that could be interesting}. About to give up and go to the pub, you hear a soft music coming nearby, you think just over that spur in the forest. Where the hell did that come from, you ask. A woman voice starts to sing gently with the music, matching the song nicely. {Whatcha gonna do?}

Trevor : [Thinks- Cor, do me poor abused ear'oles deceive or be that a bint singin' in da woods?]

Trevor : [Thinks- I might just go over an 'ave a looksee]

PC : Trevor carefully, so as not to make any large noises that may cause a further throb of his headache, makes his way towards the sound, hoping it doesn't get too loud or high pitched.

DM : The two ladies, and Torquil walk back to town {without getting lost, congrats}. Without wasting too much time you find the local hunters guild. The outside of this building is lighted and cheery looking. Inside are men and women of many different ages sit within its gloomy wall, fidgeting or resting their heads on open palms. Not really that many people in here, maybe 10 to 12 or so. They all look very depressed.

(Meanwhile, back in the forest)

DM : The stone clearing is empty besides the pattern on the ground. You feel powerful magic radiating from the stones. You also see some dried blood on the stones. Other than that, there is nothing in the clearing.

Trevor : Well, that were a waste o' time. Think I'll have me a bit of a kip while I don't have that damn pestering woman aroun'. Its bad enough 'avin this 'ere godawful 'eadache without them natterin' on. [Trevor finds a tree near the clearing and has a snooze]

DM : Trevor, you wake up when you suddenly feel cold. You realise that it is evening, and it is getting dark. Trevor sneaks up over the spur and looks into the small valley below. About 200 metres away is a figure, wearing a brown robe, singing. Around this robed figure is a pattern made out of stone. It seems circular. At the feet of this figure is a large sack. The sack is writhing, as if something inside is trying to get out. A few noises seem to come from the sack.

Trevor : [Thinks- Cor, strewth, It looks like I been sneakin' up onna kidnappin' [well, either that or a dark evil magic pact of some sort]]

Trevor : [Thinks- Maybe I'll just set a spell **[17]**»[17]When I first wrote this, I did not realise it was a

pun. (true)« an watch what's 'appenin]

Trevor : [casts Detect Magic and hides]

DM : The whole circle glows with strong magic aura. The robe figure also glows magically. The figure does not notice other magicks taking place. The figure gestures and the sack continues to writhe, but more frantic. A scream comes from the sack and the struggling stops. The figure picks up the sack [what ever was in the sack has now shrunk to a small size and weight]. The robed figure looks inside the sack and says : my pretty, you will do well for my lady. The figure starts to make his way in the direction of town.

DM : As you follow the figure {I presume you do} the figure heads into town and then towards the Temple of the Wind God. The clocked figure enter the temple, unaware that you were follow him.

Trevor : [Thinks- I'll scare 'im off][fires a shot into the air before charging down with gun ready].

DM : {When are you shooting, while he is still in the forest or in town?}

PC : {Bugger, I forgot he left. did he take the sack?}

DM : {yes}

PC : {Bugger, I follow {sorry}} Trevor follows discreetly at a distance [holding his aching head].

DM : As I said before, you see him go into town and enter the temple. He has not noticed you following him.

(Trevor at this point gives up and goes for a drink)

DM : You make your way back to the pub. And start another drinking session. But you have not seen your friends for quite sometime. You wonder what has happened to them...

Trevor : Cor, wonder wat's happen'd t'me friends..

DM : It's getting pretty late and you have seen no sign of them. **[18]**»[18]A subtle DM hint.«

PC : Trevor goes to check out the last place they said they were going to..

DM : Going to the huntsmen's lodge, you find some very depressed people. They seem to be sitting around, getting slowly drunk. They all seem to be complaining about no animals in the forest to catch. When you ask them about your companions, one not so drunk man, says he heard them going to the Temple to talk to the priest. Don't know why, but they might know where they are.

Trevor : An' would this 'ere temple be open at this time o' night?

Huntsman : The front doors are open, but I don't know about the priest? They are rather strange if you ask me. I would be careful, if I were you.

The Temple

{meanwhile, while Trevor went off into the woods to sleep, Xenobia, Torquil and Doreen were talking to the men of the Hunting Lodge}

DM : You go up to one of the men there and ask why everybody is so unhappy. A man who introduces himself as Harris starts to speak.

Harris : In the past 12 months, we have not found a single track anywhere within two days travel of this town. Its as if the wildlife just left. Even the rabbit and chipmunk population has disappeared. If you ask us what's behind it, we say it is an evil someone - or many someones. Eventhough there is a shortage of wild game, the temple seems to find a few animals now and then.

Xenobia : thank you, sir. You do mean the temple of the wind god? Yes? [To the others]: Let's go to this temple, then. It sounds interesting, though not altogether Christian. [Xenobia, Torquil and Doreen go to the Temple]

DM : Traveling to the Temple you find it on a hill. The temple is huge with lots of spires and ornate carvings on the stone walls. The main double doors lead directly to a large cavernous room easily 120 feet x 150 feet. It has polished wooden floor which is dotted with woven rugs showing clouds, rainbows and birds. The walls are covered with tapestries depicting the sky; half are blue, other are black and have lighting bolts and stars scattered through them. In the centre of the room is a table laden with fruit and pitchers of water. {sorry, felt like describing something}. There are four people, who are all in blue robes, which covers their faces. One of them steps forward, a female,{you can tell by the shape of her} and in a soft voice she speaks:

Malisha : Can I help you strangers, I am Malisha, Head priest of this temple of the wind.

(Xenobia introduces everyone, and says why they have come visiting)

Malisha : It very sad that all these people have gone missing. But I don't know where they they have gone. We pray for there safe return. Please have some fruit and water. You all look hot and tired , so please have some refreshments. We have done our own search but have found nothing. Its all very sad.

(Torquil asks about game, something mentioned at the Hunting Lodge)

Malisha : My dear sir, there is game out there if you look hard enough. Although you are right about much of the wildlife has disappeared and it becomes increasingly harder to find wild game for dinner. We all have a liking for wild rabbit.

Man in robe : Perhaps these strangers are saying we are involved in the missing animals in the forest. Just like all the other town folk.

Malisha : No, no, I'm sure these people did not mean it this way. Please, come into my office. [she geastures towards the back of the temple].

DM : You follow Malisha and her group into the back part of the temple. This leads into a corridor and she takes the first door on the left. In this room are six chairs and a small low table in the middle. On the table are fruit and a bowl of water. Glasses hang from the bowl. Malisha invites you all to sit.

Malisha : Please have a drink and food. The wind god is what we worship. All its elements, the wind, rain, lighting storms. The ability to makes things better after a storm. Alas, our group is small and we're not really that welcome by the town. Now, what else can I do for you?

(Xenobia, makes polite conversation, she, Torquil and Doreen have some refreshments, and ask if Malisha and her people have seen anything unusual)

Malisha : It very sad that all these people have gone missing. But I don't know where they they have gone. We pray for there safe return. Please have some fruit and water. You all look hot and tired , so please have some refreshments. We have done our own search but have found nothing. Its all very sad.

(Asked whether any of their own people have gone missing)

Malisha : None of our community have gone missing you know[*she smiles*] we are protected by our god you know. The towns folk distrust us because we are not normal worshipping christians. The woods? No, I have not seen anything at all dangerous about it. Its quite nice, you know, as woods go. Are you alright, you look very tired.

DM : [*you are feeling very tired, your eyes are so heavy.....*]

Xenobia : [*yawns*] Do excuse me. [*trying to concentrate*] People are so close-minded, don't you think? Not trusting, simply because one follows a different path... [*voice trails off*]

Torquil : [*looking at the other two, but unwilling to admit that he feels tired*] I think its time that we were leaving you. Xenobia? Doreen?

DM : Xenobia, Torquil and Doreens eyes just can't seem to be kept open. Before you know you have fallen asleep in the chairs. Darkness descends upon you..... The last thing you hear is take them down stairs for sac.... " and the you are asleep. "

(some time passes)

DM : Xenobia, Doreen and Torquil wake up with the biggest headache you ever had. Its dark and quiet, with the only sounds that you hear are that which comes from your companions. If you feel around you find you are in a small square room, with one door [*which is locked*] and the soft mats that you were lying on.

(Torquil starts trying to pick the lock, while Xenobia searches the room)

DM : After some time, you manage to open the door, with a satisfying snitch. Xenobia, on the other hand, has had no luck what so ever. Nothing under the mats except floor and the wall feel very solid and don't move at all. Looking at the door, you see a long dark corridor, with a dull light coming from the end. The sounds of chanting? can be heard softly down the corridor.

(Torquil is sent to investigate the sounds)

A Tiff

DM : You sneak down the corridor. Up ahead the light is getting brighter. The end of the corridor is a arch way. Through the arch way is a dimly lit room, with 4 cloaked figures standing around and stone circle [*which is on the floor*]. They seem to be mumbling some kind of gibberish. Inside the circle pattern, is a rabbit, which is tied up and is struggling. Suddenly, the circle flashes with light, very intense, and a warm heat floods past you. You are blinded, for a moment. While the light flashed, you hear a squeal, then silence.

Torquil : [*sneaks back to the others*] there's four robed people doing something unspeakable to rabbits. I think we should get out of here.

Xenobia : Absolutely. Doreen, Torquil, I have a plan that might work. Doreen, I want you to go back into the cell, and close the door. Then, starting screaming : Oh you fiends, what have you done? They're dead, I tell you, dead! You've poisoned them, they won't wake up! I can't get a pulse! etc, etc Then, when someone comes down to investigate, Torquil will overpower him, and steal his robe. We'll go on fromthere.

DM : Doreen lets fly some screams and some panicky words {I presume you do peter, I have not heard anything from doreen for a few weeks}. You hear some talking and then some movement down the corridor. Three robed figures come down the corridor and go to the door. One of them steps forward, and unlocks the door, opens it and looks inside.....

Torquil : Oh. bloody hell. Charge! [Torquil charges the first robed figure, attempting to knock him over... what way does the door open? If possible,Torquil charge the figure against the door, and slam it shut at the same time]

DM : You see Torquil barge into the cloaked figure and roll around in the door opening. In the scuffle, the figures hood comes of and a horrid sight is before you. A being with a egg like head, strange elongated eyes and [horror] tentacles coming out where his mouth should be. The beings tentacles brushes over Torquil, and he cries out it pain. Torquil storms into one of the robed figure, slamming him down onto the ground. The other two are still in the corridor and cannot get in because of the scuffle going on. As Torquil wrestles the figure, his cowl comes of and you look into his face. His head is elongated, smooth [no hair] long almond shaped green eyes without pupils and tentacles coming out where his mouth should be. The tentacles touch your face, sending flaces of pain through you. Your mind feel scrambled. Pick rock, scissors or paper. [heh hehheh] **[19]**»[19]He was probably joking. See footnote 16.«

PC : Doreen rushes to Torquil's aid, trying to find the monster's goolies, so she can kick them in [she's a fiery Scot].

DM : Rock {well, it finally worked} The tentacles brush over your face, the feeling of fear sneaks into your heart. You feel as though your mind is being split open and something dark and evil creeping in. Its as though this being has open your mind and an unknown force has seen this, and decided the time was right. Torquil feels blinding pain and then a warmth settles apon you.

DM : Torquil - you are standing in an open field, the wind rushing past you. The sun is high in the sky, sending down a great warmth. For as far as the eye can see, all is a green rolling field. In the distance, a figure slowly approaches. He sees you and raises a hand in greating. You are sure you know him, that you are good friends, but your also sure you have never met.

DL : {I win, and this is what I get? Cool!}

Torquil : Hello?

DM : You say hello to this man. Cripes! No wonder you thought he looked familiar, he looks just like you. He smiles.

Torquil 2 : Hi. I'm Torquil and how do you do. My friends call me 'quil,I hope you can call me that, 'cause we going to know one another for sometime. What do you think of the day, lovely isn't. Hope youdon't mind this waiting, but we got to wait 'round for our brother. He will be hear in a moment..... There he is [florishes hand over in a direction] Another familiar figure is coming towards you. {you feel confused, well a little bit}

(meanwhile, back in reality)

Xenobia : Horrible monster! [Xenobia rushes to Torquil's defense, she will use her cause light wounds spell]

DM : You rush in and touch this horrible beast. He seems unaware that you approach. You cast the spell, and he screams out in pain, rolling of Torquil and slowly getting to his feet. A voice from the corridor speaks.

Malisha : Fool! You can't do anything right. [She flips back her hood, and you see that she also has an unhuman head.]

Malisha : Must I do everything myself. [You see her move her fingers and speak in an unknown language.]

DM : [to Doreen] The being writhes in pain after being struck by Xenobia spell. You rush in and grab what looks like his ears and drive home your hard knobby knee between his legs. The beings howls in pain, and crumples to the floor. Past the doorway, Malisha finishes speaking and points a finger at you. You feel like an invisible hand is crawling through your brain, searching for something. {rock scissors, paper time pete}

PC : Paper

DM : Scissors [don't always pick rock, you guys] The beam of light strikes you and feel all numb. You suddenly realise that you can't see.

Xenobia : Odious, insufferable, woman [Xenobia launches herself at Malisha, trying to knock her to the ground, and

break her concentration].

DM : Xenobia, you charge into Malisha and drive her into the floor. Unfortunately, your think you were to late for Doreen. You roll around on the floor, trying to beat her into the ground. She seems rather strong for a female though.

DM : Doreen, you feel really strange. As though you have had too much to drink. Your balance is really bad and you stumble and fall to the floor. Your sight has now returned but is kind of blurry, everything you see is in double. You see one of the things, lying on the ground twitching while enother is wrestling with Xenobia. Torquil seems to be just standing around, not doing anything.

(Torquil comes to, sees Xenobia struggling)

Torquil : A cry for help? [Torquil heads out to help Xenobia, as Doreen seems to be managing on her own quite nicely]

(Xenobia casts cause light on Malisha)

DM : Xenobia, you cast your spell and you see Malisha recoil in intense pain, from the damage you have caused. Torquil, you move in to help, trying to ignore the voices in your head.

DM : Xen and Torquil continue to thrash the living daylights out of Malisha. All the time Torquil you hear different voices say... 'quil : not now , make your escape stranger : hit her, hit her 'quil : shut up fool stranger : don't call me a fool, you snot nosed idiot.

Doreen : Och, I feel as bad as yon beastie looks. She tries to struggle to her feet, or at least kick the

thing on the ground. Rock. {just in case}

DM : You lay into the creature, even though it is in pain already. You feel a great satisfaction as you place your boot into its body. {it ain't getting up for a while, thats for sure}. Xenobia seems to be busy with her own fight at the moment. No, Malisha is not going to get up. If you follow the corridor, it leads into the large room, with one other exit. The floor has a spiral circle on it.

Torquil : Let's just get out of here, as quick as we can.

Xenobia : Wait... this spiral floor looks interesting-

Torquil : No! We don't have time, and if you think by stepping over the pattern willy-nilly we're going to awake some dread demon of the outer most reaches, then you've been reading the wrong sort of books!

Xenobia : But-

Torquil : No! We're leaving right now. [Torquil strides towards the exit]

DM : Torquil boldly strides across the room, towards the exit. Upon reaching the middle of the room, the whole room flashes brightly and Torquil is no longer there. In its place, is a white fluffy rabbit!

Xenobia : Torquil!! [Xenobia screams. She looks very upset, and starts wringing her hands] Oh no, how could this happen? How do I change him back. Torquil... [Xenobia clicks her fingers, and starts motioning for the rabbit to come towards her.] Here Torquil... Oh you poor thing! What am I going to tell mother? Though I did tell you that crossing the room was a bad idea. Maybe we could try following the spiral [Does an arc of the spiral finish anywhere near the opposite door?]

DM : Yes, the spiral arcs across the doorway.

Xenobia : Torquil, get over here right now!

Torquil : [rabbit noises]

Xenobia : [sigh] I may have a spell that will help us. [Xenobia casts detect magic] Now, if we walk through this room without touching the bits that glow, we should be fine. Follow me, Doreen. Let's see if we can pick up Torquil on the way out, and find one of those creatures and force it to change Torquil back. I know! We'll grab him, and then we'll go and intimidate Malisha, and force her to turn him back into a man. Though he does make a very cute rabbit.

Doreen : [holding head] I say, what ever did they use to knock me out? I swear your brother turned into a

rabbit <sotto voice> Though I preferred him as a human.Trevor would love to know how they did it....

Doreen : {or The Lovely Doreen [TLD]} I trust your perceptions me dear Xenobia, lead the way.

DM : With difficulty, you manage to grab the rabbit with touch any of the magical lines [phew] and get out of the room. When you go back to where Malisha was left, you see her still lying on the ground.

Xenobia : There she, is dreadful woman! Let's tie her up, and when she awakes, threaten her until she turns Torquil back into a human. Though, he

is a very cute rabbit. I had a pet rabbit when I was a child, and I called it Bucephalus.

Torquil : Squeak!

Xenobia : Really? Are you sure, I was sure we called the big black stallion Snookums, but as you like.

Torquil : Squeak.

Xenobia : [Xenobia finds something to secure Malisha, torn strips of her robe, etc, and ties some very complicated

knots. At least, they look very complicated to Xenobia]

DM : You manage to tie up the beaten up Malisha with some torn off clothing. After a little persuasion, Malisha wakes up.

Malisha : You little toads. You will all be punished, thats for sure. Sniff, sniff.. I smell rabbit! Very tasty. Let me guess, one of you idiots walked across the room, how unfortunate. Well your stuck down here then. Ha ha ha

MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE TEMPLE....

DM : [to Trevor] You go up to the Temple. The large doors are open, but the main room is dark and empty. There seems no one about the large room. Of to the other end of this room is a small corridor leading of into the darkness. The chanting has stopped below the stairs, and all is quiet in the temple. A minute later, you hear a scream from below, coming from a male voice.

Trevor : What's 'appenin' What's that noise?

DM : The muttering stops, and a voice from down the stairs says whos there?" "

PC : Trevor cautiously proceeds along with his hand close to his gun. [fast enough to be moving, but not fastenough to catch anyone/thing].

DM : Trevor - you sneak down the stairs. You see you are in a small 10 x 10 {shut up peter, I know what you are thinking [20]}[20]I was actually thinking it's kind of strange that not only does everyone use the same architect, my character is far to busy to measure the size of the room.«} room with two other exits, a corridor leading out in two different ways. You can hear what seems to be a scuffle coming down one corridor, and down the other you can hear a woman screaming.

Trevor : Cor, wonder if'n that be Doreen. She do 'ave some lungs on 'er. Better shufti along in case she finds out later as 'ow I was nearby without 'elpin'. Else she prob'ly nut me..[Runs towards female screams]

DM : You can see that the corridor leads to the other end of the building. On one side are two doors and the other has one door. At the end of the corridor is a metal stair case, leading down. You can barely hear talking down the stairs [you can't understand it, your probably too far away].

(Trevor investigates)

DM : Yes there is a door past the chamber. As to what they are doing, they seem to be eating some

kind of fresh meat.

PC : Trevor jogs forward warily {ie making sure he knows where his wallet and Red book **[21]**»[21]In a previous (live) adventure, Trevor picked up a magic tome. Unfortunately it was cursed and gradually causes him to become more and more possessive of it.« are at all times} towards the noises.

DM : You sneak towards the scream. As you get close you notice, its more of a whinging type, complaining about being locked up, not have room service, etc. You then here a male voice, telling her to shut up and stop her whinging. As you come are a bend in the corridor, you are able to see a robed man talking to someone behind a closed door.

PC : Trevor creeps along a lot faster, hoping that there may be some reward type money for rescuing kidnapees [hoping its a kidnap] [also hoping he can get away with it]. BTW Matt, do I have shield or is that a different universe **[22]**»[22]At the time I was also using this character in another of DM's adventures.«?

DM : {Yes you do have shield}. You cast the spell and sneak up the corridor. The man is completely unaware that you are there and is still look through the door, talking to the prisoner.

PC : Feeling woozy after casting the spell, Trevor stumbles against the wall, knocking it with his gun [clang]. He rests

briefly against it before continuing. {BTW what is Andrew's email address? also what's happening to Doreen?}

(meanwhile, Andrew joins the game)

DM : [to Angelica] You hear footsteps approach your room. You hear a man voice speak from behind the door.

Man in Robe : Be quiet you insufferable woman. Anymore noise out of you and you will live to regret it. You better prepare yourself, your time is short.[laughter] Blast! whats all that noise coming from the other part of the temple.

Angelica : Oh blast, I'm afraid I'm in a real mess this time. They're probably going to perform some strange pagan ritual with me, involving a stone altar, a large knife, two carrots and a small burrowing rodent of questionable hygiene. Still, it could be worse I suppose, I could have married that prat Commander Wesley. At least I'll be being sacrificed as a vir... Hang on, that's probably it isn't it? If I say I'm not a virgin they'll just have to let me go! renewed shouting : HEY, YOU PATHETIC PAGAN WEASELS! I'M NOT A VIRGIN, SO YOU CAN'T SACRIFICE ME! DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME? I SAID THAT I'M NOT A VIRGIN, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND SOME OTHER BRITISH GIRL TO PERFORM IN YOUR SICK, TWISTED LITTLE RITUAL WHICH LIKELY INVOLVES A HAIRY MULE, LEATHER STRAPS AND SEVERAL IMPOTENT SO CALLED PRIESTS!

Man in Robe : You silly girl. We don't care whether or not you are a virgin. You will be served to our god [chuckle] but not in the form that you are in at the moment. I think you would look good as a... no I think I will keep that a surprise for you. [ha ha ha]

DM : [to Trevor] Your hear the man speak up ahead, it seems he taking to some young woman through a closed door. {refer to mail to andrew, cc to you}

Angelica : Well what are you going to turn me into? A walrus perhaps? How about a fat, blubbery otter? Or a large moose? Ooops, silly me. You can't actually turn me into yourself I suppose! Oh well,

you'll just have to let me go then. I mean, you don't actually believe that your so-called god has any interest in me do you? There's hardly enough meat on my bones to feed a pygmy, let alone a 20 ft tall slaving beast with bad bladder control. Oh, you hadn't noticed the smell? Well I suppose that your used to it- being this close to a supreme being probably does something to the senses- and the brain as well come to think of it- and what it does to your ability to father children... well it's best not to think about it really...

Man in Robe: Thats it! I have enough of this. [you hear the rattle of keys and the door swings open. The man is in a robe and a hood covers his face. He flips back his hood and a terrify face he has. Nothing human thats for sure. A bulbuous head and tentacles where his mouth should be. With a look that could kill, he speaks] Now feel the wrath of my god, prepare to be sacrificed to the supreme one. [The thing raises it hand and points a hand at you]

Angelica : [Major case of bad acne, kick him in the goolies.]

DM : You drive home you shoe into his nether regions. Caught slightly of guard, you give him a glancing blow and moves back out of the doorway into the corridor. He suddenly hears a metal noise and looks down the corridor, but not seeing anything.

DM : [to Trevor] You see the robed man open the door and walk inside the room. Moments later you hear a gasp and the robed man scrambles back out into the corridor. This guys head is really weird [etc, etc, you have heard it all before], you don't think it has notice you. You are close enough to jump, if you want to. The sound of an angry woman come out of the room ahead.

DM : you were in a rush, right **[23]**»[23]I have since corrected most spelling mistakes, so this statement makes less sense than it did.«?

Trevor : [Thinks- Now, I could jump 'im [he thinks with an accent too], bein' nice an' quiet like, but prob'ly gettin' me 'ead bashed in, or [drum roll] I could shoots 'im a bit]

Trevor : [Thinks- hmmm...]

Trevor : [Thinks- Much more of this 'ere thinkin' an 'e'll get away]

Trevor : [Thinks- How many bullets?]

Trevor : [Thinks- Maybe I'll jus' threaten 'im a bit]

PC : Trevor goes to grab the man from behind, put one hand over his mouth and stick his pistol up his hooter. [high dex] Scissors [just in case]

DM : {be nice to me} You sneak up on him, and surprise him completely. As you shove the gun in his face, he squeals, and goes as rigid as a board. Please stranger, don't hurt me. I'll do what you wan't, you want the girl, you have the girl, I won't get in your way, I mean you no harm etc, etc, blah blah, grovel.

Trevor : Right, young fella me lad, what you got goin' down 'ere den? What was dat screamin' I heard?

Angelica : [Rush out of the cell and grab his head and pull it down into my uprushing knee.] Sacrifice me will you? Take that!

DM : Taken by surprise, you manage to surprise the man. He stumbles back and returns with a punch

to the head. You feel dazed.

Angelica : [lure him toward the door, then grab the door frame above my head and swing back, then plowing my feet into his chest as I swing forward through the doorway.]

DM : Upon talking to this man, he looks up at you. His tentacles writhe as he looks at with complete hatred. Unfortunately, for him, he is completely unaware as angelica swings from the doorframe and lands on his head. The tentacle being, just lies there.

Angelica : humph! This'll teach you to abduct a lady! [punch the betentacled one several times in the head], I've beaten calamarii before! Take that!

DM : [Is Doreen still with the unconscious MFr's? Or on the floor with X&T? Angelica lands on the MF Trevor was holding at gun point? Angelica jumped on the man you had at gun point. Unfortunately, she did not see you. [give me a break guys, I've been busy all week].]

DM : [to Angelica] While you went down into a pile of arms and leg, you failed to notice that a thin man was behind this tentacle one. You have now all gone done into a large heap.

Angelica : [slamming the calamari's head into the ground, looks up..]. Who are you? [she demands of Trevor].

PC : Trevor tries to inconspicuously lower his gun and look non-threatening to Angelica

Trevor : <nervously> Who, me? Oh umm nobody really..

Trevor : <suspiciously> Why, what 'ave you 'eard?

Trevor : <innocently> I was, kinda jus' walkin' by like, an I 'ears a scream like, so's I thought maybe I should 'ava looksee as 'ow me bein' a respekable cit'zen and such and then I sees these fellas with snotty faces wanderin' aroun' wi'out so much as a by-your-leave, so's I thought I kinda ask one what was goin' on like.

Trevor : [to body] Isn't that right, mush? [Trevor looks innocently at Angelica.]

Trevor : Anyway, seein' as you seem to 'ave rescues yourself wi'out me 'elp. I don't suppose there's a chance o' a reward? Nup? Ah well, me full name be [in a stage voice] The 'Mazing Trevor, Master of the Unseen [TATMOTU], but me friends call me - Oy you, come back 'ere an' gimme back me money. You can call me Trevor.

Trevor : [Thinks- Wonder 'ow long I can talk wi'out drawin' attention?]

Trevor : [Thinks- Well that should do it]

Trevor : 'Ow about us gettin' out o' 'ere mush? [kicks body for good measure]

Angelica : Ye-es. O-kay, Trevor was it? [mushes the calamari's head one more time, then stands up]. Why don't you just tell me where exactly I am, and then let's get out of wherever here is shall we? [brushes herself down while looking out of the corner of her eye at Trevor.]

PC : [Angelica's a lot like you isn't she? Mannerisms...] Trevor acts innocent[i. e. hands behind back, whistling inconspicuously etc.]

Trevor : Well, get this mush, this place is called University, weird name huh? An' were inna kinda

temple type place. I thought I'd wander in an' ask if they'd seen a coupla friends of mine like. [Shifty expression] Listen, 'ave you seen any weird women aroun' 'ere? A sort of scottish puncing git 'ose great at bein' annoying anna really wacko bint who fancies 'erself a lady?

{Xenobia : I HEARD THAT TREVOR, JUST YOU WATCH IT TREVOR, I KNOW JUST ENOUGH OF YOUR NASTY LITTLE SECRETS TO MAKE YOUR LIFE MISERABLE, AND WHAT I DON'T KNOW, I CAN MAKE UP, AND I CAN BE VERY CONVINCING WHEN I WANT! [Okay, so she doesn't say any of that, since she isn't telepathic... yet.]}

Angelica : No, I haven't seen anybody like that, moves slowly to the upwind side of Trevor, University... Yes, it is a very strange name indeed. At least I was right about this being a Temple of sorts. Daddy would be so thrilled if he was here to examine it. Ah well... I suppose we had best be off then. You lead the way small grotty ma.. ah dungeon I was in for such a long time, I'd ever so appreciate it if you would lead the way out of here, Trevor. I seem to be quite exhausted from my ordeal. Would you have any water on you? Ta, thanks ever so.. glug, glug. Here, hands empty flask back.

DM : You feel slightly dizzy. You wonder what Trevor had in that drink.

PC : Trevor swaps his monocle to his other eye.

Trevor : [Thinks- Cor, What a blimmen strange woman, she jus' gone an quaffed me eyeglass cleanin' fluid]

DM: The corridor that you followed trevor ends after this door. It seems that your companions are somewhere else in the temple, probably down the corridor that you came.

Angelica : [leaning against a wall, says to Trevor],Why have you turned green? BURP!!" [Bubbles float through the air from Angelica's mouth.] "

Angelica : What did you say you had in that flask? It was water wasn't it?" "

Angelica : Cleaning fluid?! You gave me cleaning fluid to drink?! WHY I OUGHTA... [now, now, just get a grip - let's get out of this mess first]. Achem, BUUUURUP!"[More bubbles float through the air.] "

Angelica : Yes thankyou kind sir, I will have the purple Elephant. Oooh my head."[Upon reching the stairs...] "

Angelica : I couldn't possibly climb these stairs in my condition. BUURP! You'll have to carry me." thinks for a millisecond, "Then again, I could do with the exercise. Get your grubby hands off me!" "

(meanwhile in another part of the temple)

Xenobia : I wouldn't gloat too loudly, vile creature, if you don't help us, I shall see that you suffer the same fate!

Torquil : Squeak!

Xenobia : And I know a very tasty recipe for rabbit flambe... [no, not you Torquil] first, you will return my brother to his human form, then, you will tell me exactly what is going on here, and what you have done to all the towns folk, and if you co-operate, I might let you live, otherwise, I'll have an angry mob of townsfolk with pitchforks and torches up here faster than you can spit slime.

Malisha : Your all fools. Do you think we will let you go. We have no fear of you peasants. Hah. Your brother looks quite good to me as he is. As to threatening me with changing me, that magic won't work against mine. Hah. I'll rot in hell first.

DM : Xen & Doreen, you feel a heavy pressure in your head, like someone is invading your mind! [rock, scizzors, paper time]

Doreen : [Thinks {or tries to} - I'm not standing for this][kicks her where it hurts]

DM : A blinding flash goes through you, doreen you feel great pain. Deciding on best coarse of action, you cream her one with your boots. The pain slowly goes away. [Doreen - you feel different? Nah...must be your mind playing tricks on you]

PC: {Is there some way to kill off this character easily? If we get Ben [Saf] to join, I just want to do Trevor [cause he's kewl].}

DM : Malisha snarls in pain as you all strike home with your boots. Her tentacles writhe and you see Doreen clutch her head in pain. Doreen falls to the ground and you can see blood poaring from ger nose, mouth and ears. Doreens body twitches on the ground and then she screams. She suddenly stops and all is quiet. Her head suddenly explodes in all directions, with blood and bone hitting xenobia. A cackling comes from Malisha. Malisha then collapses on the floor, obviously drained.

PC : Doreen dies.

DM : No Shit!

Xenobia : OH MY GOD!!! DOREEN... OH MY GOD!!! [Xenobia screams for a while, then tries to come to her senses.]

Xenobia : What am I going to do... [looks down at Malisha] Disgusting, vile creature... I doubt your magic will work while you aren't conscious...[Xenobia takes the time to cover up Doreen's remains, absentmindedly brushing the blood and gore off her clothes, barely noticing that none of it comes off] I'll be back in a few moment's Doreen, I'm sure there's something that we can do... [sounds pretty uncertain, even Xenobia can't quite conceive of how to fix someone up after their head has exploded] [Xenobia then drags Malisha's body into the spiral room, and pushes it onto a magic region, being careful not to touch it herself] {Reading over that again... if Malisha didn't lose consciousness, Xenobia makes sure that she does with a swift boot to the head. Two, even}

DM : You drag the helpless Malisha into the spiral room. As the body is placed over the stones the room is once again lit up. When the room becomes dark again, you see a unconcious rabbit lying on the floor.

(meanwhile in another part of the temple)

DM: Well, you are able to make it up the stairs Angelica, just. You don't feel so good just at the moment, but you think that will pass. Trevor you hear a woman scream down the corridor, the other one leading from the bottom of the stair, that is quickly cut off by a gurgling, sloppy sound?

Trevor : Cor strewth, blimey.[rushes towards sound].

DM : You rush down the corridor that leads to a room. In this room is a spiral formation on the floor. You see xenobia dragging a body onto the spiral floor. You notice that Xenobia is covered in blood, dripping in fact. Xenobia seems to have a look a glee on her face. Once the body was domped on the

floor a bright light flashes across the room and then dull back to normal. Where the body once was, is now a unconscious rabbit. Xenobia's smile widens.

AM : I've got another gurgling, sloppy sound for you - HUURUURGH!

Angelica : [Regaining her composure and not wanting to be left behind by the onrushing Trevor, Angelica runs forward. She stops, rethinks her current condition and then staggers forward rapidly.]

Trevor : [to Xenobia, staring at the rabbit] 'Ere 'ow'd you do that? Where'd all dem bitsa blood come from? What are you doin' 'ere?

Xenobia : Trevor!!! I am excessively glad to see you. Don't come into this room yet, its very dangerous. [Xenobia's expression changes to one of grief] Trevor, I don't know quite how to tell you this... something awful has happened to Doreen. This is a nasty, nasty place, full of dreadful creatures, and Doreen is... She's dead.

(Xenobia goes to leave the room)

DM : You make your way across the floor, following the spiral. After going around the room almost twice, you make it out the other door, carrying torquill.

Trevor : [to Xenobia] <demandingly> She died? 'Ow?

Xenobia : This dreadful, vile creature, currently an unconscious rabbit, was a priestess called Malisha. She locked us up, and was going to sacrifice us all, but we tried to escape, and then Torquill got turned into a rabbit, and Malisha made Doreen's head explode!!! It was awful, Trevor! It was the most horrible, nasty, dreadful, disgusting, revolting, nauseating, evil thing that I have ever seen anyone do, and I'm glad that I turned Malisha into a rabbit. In fact, at this moment, if we could persuade someone to eat Malisha, I would be very happy.

DM : Now thats not a very nice thing to say Xenobia, I thought Malisha was very nice

DL : Nice? Nice? Ha!

Trevor : [quite miffed] Well I don't know about eatin', but I do know about this - [Trevor shoots the rabbit]

Angelica : [Continues to stagger forward after Trevor, then hearing from ahead that someone has died, pauses, and looks for somewhere to hide.]

DM: Now that you are all together, you ponder what to do next.

Trevor : Now we bein' 'ere in the all togeva so to speak, what'll we do now? I think we 'ave done our bit and found the foul fiends feloniously forming fearsome follies and 'ave foiled they're fickle foibles fatefully. Now, if'n you excuse me, I'll see to Doreen. [goes to find Doreen, and perhaps make a horror check]

AM: You've been waiting to use that one, haven't you?

PC: Shh

Xenobia : [Notices Angelica sculking in the shadows, and frowns slightly] I know you don't I? Its Angelica, isn't it? We met in Boston, where several unfortunate things happened, and then we went to Egypt, where I'm not altogether sure what we did. I'm very pleased to see you again dear, but

however did you end up in University? [Assume that Trevor/Angelica quickly explain the kidnapping etc] How very unfortunate. Of course, we shall endeavour to see that you are returned home safely. This is my brother, Torquil [hold up the rabbit]

Torquil : Squeak

Xenobia : He says hello.[Trevor shoots rabbit{Malisha}, and starts to enter the spiral room] Be careful, Trevor!! I told you that room was dangerous. Here, let me show you where to step, Angelica... I think perhaps you should stay here, while I go with Trevor to get Doreen.

DM: The rabbit splatters all over the place, and you feel a tiny bit better. When you find Doreen, you are overcome with sadness, the whole of Doreen's head is missing and the walls of the corridors are splattered with drying blood.

Trevor : [Trevor spies Doreen's remains] Cor!! Matey!!

Trevor : [takes off top hat to barf into, looks at hat, evaluates hat, barfs on floor instead] Blech.

Trevor : [Thinks- An I din't even pay 'er back wages, sniff, if circumstances 'ad been different, 'er bein ' rich an beautiful, I coulda gone for 'er...][covers body with jacket]

Xenobia : [erroneously [perhaps] assuming that Trevor is suffering deeply] It was very quick, and I don't think she suffered much pain. One of her last thoughts was of you, Trevor, I'm sure she cared for you deeply, and is even now fondly watching over you from The Other Side.

Trevor : [to Xenobia]Thanks[looks about his person in vain for a clean hankerchief to sniffle on, eventually giving up and running his albeit long and ratlike nose along his sleeve].

Trevor : [to Xenobia]But I don' b'lieve in all that life after death crap. You steal as much time as you can from God, and then your caught.

Xenobia : Trevor, we can have metaphysical discussions later, and here, borrow my hankie [she hands you a clean hankie, clean except for the for the few splatters of blood] Let's leave, and send up the frothing mob of angry villagers with pitchforks and torches to finish this place off.

Angelica : Oh no, I'm not waiting here by myself! Horrible things happen to people who wait by themselves. My Uncle waited by himself once. That was all it took, just once." "

Trevor : [overhearing Angelica] Yeah well at least it's better'n 'aving a clever idea. They makes your feet fall off. 'Appened to me own uncle Codswallop.

Trevor : I vowed never t' 'ave a clever idea in me life incase me foot falls off.

Angelica : [to Trevor] Oh my, how dreadful. Were you close?" "

Trevor : [to Angelica]Nah, we just met occasionally. Every now an then I'd bump inta 'er a coupla hundred times...[do you mean Doreen or uncle Codswallop?]

AM : I meant Codswallop, but Doreen 'll do

DM : Well guys what are you going to to now, after you have seen Doreens grisly remains.

(general consensus to leave)

DM: Besides the difficulty of getting out of the spiral room, you easily get out of the temple. There was no sign of any other priestas you left, you wonder if there were many more of them or you saw them all. Outside, it is quiet dark, obviously late at night.

Xenobia : I want to go back to the hotel. [Xenobia starts down the hill, stumbling in the darkness]

THE MIDDLE INN

DM: Xenobia - with the rabbit, you make it to the hotel, without any problems. The innkeeper is waiting for you and lets you in.

Innkeeper : Fine day for a walk missy. Care for some dinner?

Xenobia : [going slightly green]: ohh, no thank you. But I would like hot water sent up to my room, for I am going to bathe. And, it isn't exactly day, its night time. See? Its rather dark outside.

Innkeeper : Right you are miss, right you are. I'll go get the water for you, arrr. A bit later, he brings to your room, some hot water for the tub. Anything else? Not waiting for a reply, he leaves.

Angelica : [Travels into the village with the rest of the party] Innkeeper, I expect your finest room. Send me up a hot meal, hot water for a bath, any oils and soaps you may have, your best bottle of wine, and send out for a fresh pair of pants and shirt and I'll also need a seamstress to adjust them." waits two seconds, "Well don't just stand there agape man, get to it!" "

Angelica : goes up to room and waits expectantly for service, meanwhile finding a brush, and removing most of the knots and filth from her gorgeously long blonde hair.

PC : Is gorgeously, as an adjective, objective?

AM : Gorgeously, as in 'the hair is long, blonde and gorgeous'

DM : Upon arriving back at the hotel and a short rest for some, you track down the sheriff and tell him of the evil deeds of the temple [probably leaving out some of the more stranger parts. The sheriff and his deputies head out to the temple to check things out. After a thorough search they find no one in the temple, and most of the equipment in the temple is also gone. This befuddles you all as you did not give them much time to leave, and no one saw them leave.

DL : Trevor suggest to the townspeople that they raze the temple to the ground.

Angelica : NO!!! "It should be studied, to find out if it has any significant archeological history- think of the knowledge!" "

Xenobia : That's enough out of you Miss! The place harbours a Dark and Dreadful Evil and should be destroyed for the Common Good.

Angelica : Dark and dreadful evil? What, some guys with a bad case of acne? Priests with squids on their heads? Just because they turned what's name into a rabbit you want to go and destroy what could be a very valuable find! Barbarian. Savage." "

Angelica : I still think Daddy would be interested in this temple." I'll telegraph him in the morning and tell him about the temple, also get him to wire me some money, and forward a trunk with my

usual belongings. “

PC : Is Angelica staying in the same hotel? If so Trevor, being a connoseur [sp?] of all things rich and corrupt would tend to hand around Angelica. Trevor mails a letter to Doreen's landlady and next of kin. Someone inherits her goldfish.

AM : Angelica is staying in whatever is the most high class Hotel- if there is only one Hotel, then yes, Angelica is staying in the same Hotel as Trevor. However, Angelica is not normally the kind of woman who would associate herself with small, grubby, weasel faced men- especially if they have a predispostion to attach themselves to money in the same way a tick attaches itself to a dog.

PC : Well, it was worth a try [for him anyway]. Trevor was at the Middle Inn [I have no idea if that was expensive.]

DM : Well, the towns citizens group together, and decide what must be done. In a angry group, they set fire to the temple and the surrounding land and cheer when the temple is burnt. All they care about is revenge, a means to strike the evil priests. Some don't even care if they were guilty...

Home Again, Home Again, Jiggidy Jig

DM : Upon solving the mystery of the missing people at University, you decide [I decide, I going to finish this today] to take the train back to Boston. Any way, you need to get paid by Mr Jones. You make it back to Boston, uneventfully, and once again step into the company's foyer. Miss Smith, is sitting behind her desk writing, sees you and looks up.

Miss Smith : Welcome back! I hope you had a nice trip. I will go see if Mr Jones will see. [With that she gets up and goes to his office]

Xenobia : [waiting outside for Miss Smith] Have we sorted out what we are going to tell Mr Jones, so that he gives us our money? From past experience, telling him the truth [that we were beset by evil, tentacle-faced creatures who blew poor Doreen's head off, and turned my brother into a rabbit] is not the best solution. Trevor, I think we should tell him that we discovered that evil cultists were responsible for all the disappearances, and that they have been stopped. I don't think its advisable to say anymore, do you? Mention of terrifying fiends from another dimention who turn people into small furry animals and eat them wouldn't go down to well. Settled? Good.

Angelica : Well, I guess I may as well tag along with you fellows. I think it may be a spot of fun. What exactly do you do anyway? Are you some sort of troubleshooters? Private Investigator types? I say, that does sound like an awful lot of fun. I'll just wire my daddy and tell him that I've gone on a tour of the Americas.

Xenobia : [to Angelica] We do all sorts of

things, though it usaully involves saving the world [or small bits of it, anyway] from Terrifying Evils that prey upon the poor unfortunates connected to Mr Jones' insurance company. Not that they are unfortunate because they have insurance, you understand, but terrible things happen to them, regularly.

Angelica : Saving the world... Hmm... Yes I think I could really get into that - especially if we get to blow the heads off evil scum sucking cultists! <

grin>

Trevor : [to Xenobia] Well I am not 'ticularly disinclined to lie as it were. If'n it were worth me while like.

DM : Your group steps once again into Mr Jones office. Upon seeing you all, he leaps from his chair and smiles.

Mr. Jones : Good to see you all again. I hope everything went well. So you found out what really was going on? Please tell me....

Trevor : Well yer see it were like this...[Trevor explains all he knows except them being Mind Flayers, and people being turned into rabbits]

Mr Jones : Yes.... It seems that you all have done a good job. Unfortunately, no bodies were found, but they families of the deceased will still have to be compensated. If you nothing further to say then, I will bid you good day. Your pay has already been placed into your accounts at the bank.

Xenobia : thank you, Mr Jones. As always, its been... interesting.

DM : Mr Jones shows you out of the office, and bids you good day. As a final statement, he says he will contact you, when he has need of your services.

Scene fade out....

The End.

1)

At least half Matt's adventures recently have had dragons in starring roles, mainly as master villains.

2)

Phil was meant to be in this game, but never answered his Email's.

3)

A creature about 4 feet tall, green and furry. Most noted for passing, as in "look at the passing Throng"

4)

The same as Mr. John Jones that is.

5)

Matt does not bother typing pronunciation.

6)

Peter tends to over exaggerate pronunciation with his typing. English (and Scottish) accents are mainly speculation than experience.

7)

This character is inspired by CMOT Dibbler, See Terry Pratchett, writer

8)

See the video - In the Mouth of Madness, starring Sam Neil

9)

See footnote 2.

From:

<https://curufea.com/> - **Curufea's Homepage**

Permanent link:

<https://curufea.com/doku.php?id=roleplaying:transcriptmasque>

Last update: **2016/05/17 20:24**



