Hoolequin Wiki Entry: 12.x.006

Reference Name:

The Order of the Quin: Answering the Call.

To Unyielding Consciousness, without which this would not be possible.
-Crysania Anchorwind

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This, *The Last Entry of the 1st Generation Hoolequin*, is, of all the Wiki, to be saved first and foremost. This last entry contains the essence of the last six years that I, Dandd Polyhedron, have sat by their fires, drank their ale and shared their adventures. This, above all else, is to be remembered for the future of the Guild, should there be one. Most of these stories have been adapated from Crysania's notes and guild hearsay.

-The Book of the Order of the Quin-

The Hoolequin Genesis: 1

1The Order of the Quin was founded in ogw.000 by Crysania Anchorwind. 2She is undoubtedly the most significant reason we are all here, and have prospered. 3The Order of the Quin is our story, but she was one who not only put forth the call, but also demonstrated how to answer it properly. 4So for much of this, much to her dismay, is Crysania's story: A written chronicle that follows her from her monk-for-hire days, through guild leader, and her ascension. 5Through Crysania's story, will many other stories unfold.

The Hoolequin Genesis: 2

1When the Call of the Hoolequin had been answered by many, the rank structure began. 2The Order of the Quin, overseeing the other orders, shall be governed by the Emperor or Empress of the Quin. 3The Emperor or Empress shall be the Leader of the Guild. 4The Orders that fall beneath the Quin shall be divided into 7. 5Three Orders shall be for Combat Members. 6Three Orders shall be for Services and Support. 7One Order shall fall in the Middle and serve all.

The Hoolequin Genesis: 3

1The 7th Layer of Quin: the deepest, most well protected Order is the Beta Order. 2The Beta Order oversees the preservation and education of proper tradition and accumulated wisdom. 3The Beta Order is responsible for the Wiki and is a self-governing entity reserved for none save a few. 4The Beta Order, being first in seniority, is overseen by the King or Queen of the Quin.

5The 6th Layer of Quin: The least desirable Order is the Order of the Nameless. 6The Order of the Nameless is reserved for Heroes and Henchman who are no longer useful in combat and have been removed from their former Order. 7A Member of the Nameless may be reinstated in their former Order under strict guidance from the Officer of the Order. 7The Order of the Nameless is responsible for the tasks others have deemed impossible or not worthwhile. 8The Order of the Nameless may be commanded by any Officer of an Order, but is most commonly directed by the Emperor or Empress. 9The Order of the Nameless does not have its own Officer, but instead a Knight of the Nameless will be appointed as necessary to command in the field.

10The 5th Layer of Quin: the Order of the Stuff is home to the bulk of non-combat personnel. 11The Order of the Stuff is responsible for the logistics and maintenance of Hoolequin Occupied Territories. 12The Order of the Stuff, being fifth in seniority will be commanded by a Count or Countess.

13The 4th Layer of Quin, often referred to as the 'ground floor,' is the Order of the Party. 14The Order of the Party is the largest of all Orders and can be found assisting virtually all other Orders, save Beta. 15The Order of the Party, despite its size, is sixth in seniority and is commanded by a Baron or Baroness. 16The low seniority is by design, as the hope is the members will either 'ascend' or 'descend' to other layers as the Order of the Party teaches only the basics of Combat and Mechanics.

17The 5th Layer of Quin is the first combat promotion one can receive, the Order of the Friend. 18The Order of the Friend is responsible for the instruction of synergies and team-based tactics. 19The Order of the Friend, being fourth in seniority, will be commanded by a Marquis or Marquise. 20The Friend Marquis may demote a member back to The Order of the Party for further training.

21The 6th Layer of Quin is the second combat promotion one can receive, the Order of the Arrow. 22The Order of the Arrow is responsible for refining the tactical training already received, as well as enhancing loyalty and devotion to the Quin. 23The Order of the

Arrow, being third in seniority, will be commanded by a Duke or Duchess. 24The Duke of the Arrow may demote a member down for further training.

25The 7th Layer of Quin is the highest, most sought after: The Order of Spirits and Ceremonies [OSC]. 26The OSC adds strategic, big-picture, capabilities to the tactical skills already learned in lower Orders. 27The OSC teaches people to think of 'Why' not just 'How.' 28The OSC is responsible for builds, strategy, tactical leadership, moderating disputes amongst Orders, and all Assemble! calls. 29The OSC, being second in seniority, will be commanded by a Viceroy or Vicerine, who may demote a member down for further training. 30The Viceroy of Spirits and Ceremonies, while junior to the Beta King, is the combat commander unless expressly stated otherwise.

-The Order of the Quin-

Order of the Quin	Empress Anchorwind
7th Layer: Order of Spirits and Cermonies	The Vicereine of Spirits Crysania
6th Layer: Order of the Arrow	Balreth, the Duke of Arrow
5th Layer: Order of the Friend	The Friend Marquise, Nyx
4th Layer: Order of the Party	The Party Baroness, Lalandra
3rd Layer: Order of the Stuff	Grace, the Countess of Stuff
2nd Layer: Order of the Nameless	Schrodinger, The Nameless Knight
1st Layer: The Beta Order	Dandd, the Beta King

-Significant Events Timeline-

I have done my best to record accurate dates. However, given the active nature of the Guild, there may be some error. I have recorded all times in the common calendar of the One Guild War **[OGW]**. *I have also seen exotic calendars in my travels and have given a comparison for reference.*

CE: April 28, 2005 | OGW: 0.0.000

0.0.000	Prophecies Released
10.x.000	Crysania dies in the Underworld
12.x.000	Call of the Hoolequin is formed
12.x.000	The Corvus Clan Join
0.0.001	Factions is Released
1.x.001	Clan Silverlock Joins
6.29.001	Nightfall is Released
4.2x.002	GWEN is Released
5.x.002	The Berner Clan Join
12.4.004	War in Kryta begins
3.x.005	Clan Neveah Joins
7.20.005	Hearts of the North begins
3.9.006	Winds of Change begins

Name: Crysania Anchorwind

Preferred Professions: Mo/*, Mo/Rt, Mo/Me.

Signatures: The Spirit Spike, The Forcechoke

Affiliation: Clan Anchorwind

Orders: Spirits and Ceremonies, Beta

Joined Clan: Founder, 12.x.000

Guild Status: Leader, Active

Primary Talents: Healing, Protecting, Tactical Maneuvering, Strategic Planning, Spirits, Ceremonies, not dying, being followed.

Primary Weaknesses: Merchant activities, inability to say no to any requests for help, @#$% poor drop rate, attracting large spawns, forgetting there is a 'normal' mode.

Most Known For: Surviving, Intuition, Kindness.

Brief History: Crysania is simultaneously the Guild Scout and Battle Commander. If it moves, she's killed it. If it can be seen, she's seen it. The leader of the Elite "M Team," Crysania's exploits across several years and continents earned her a place as a God, and she actively spends much of her time volunteering to help her guild mates achieve their goals too.

Historical Note: Crysania Anchorwind spent the bulk of her time with the guild as a spirit; her body lied slain in the Underworld. While it was important to her to recover her body, per her agreement with Dwayna, her need to be needed manifested itself in an ugly fashion in 0GW.005. As Quinhalla Factions spiraled largely out of Crysania's control, and as most of the officers no longer needed her assistance as much, there was a void to fill. The voices Crysania created to help her loneliness became spirits of their own accord, their life energies tied to Crysania herself. I, to my knowledge, was the only one aware that Spike, Rain, Razy, and Cerulean were only real because Crysania believed they were. I waited until we were safely escaping the Guild's largest peril to date, Nightfall, to inform Crysania of the news. I pretended to also be one of the facet spirits and vanished, as I thought the Guild would splinter in Crysania's absence. To my surprise,

Dwayna granted corporeal form to the Anchorwind Clan [and Spike], but only one at a time. I attribute this to not only Crysania's service as a monk, but how much the rest of the Guild did not want to see them go, Crysania and Spike in particular. It does not surprise me that Crysania was willing to have her existence erased to grant everyone else life. It also doesn't surprise me that Dwayna allowed Crysania to be one of us. Hopefully, all of Crysania's descendents are spared the same issue that she tries to work through. Crysania teaches us all that no one should live alone.

Name: **Lalandra Corvousia**

Preferred Professions: N/Yes.

Signatures: Spiteful Spirit, Destructive Was Glaive a.k.a. 'Grenade,' Dying a.k.a. 'Lawno.'

Affiliation: The Corvus Clan.

Orders: Party

Joined Clan: 12.x.000.

Guild Status: Officer, Active.

Primary Talents: Necrolepsy, Versatility, Resilience, being Crysania's Henchman.

Primary Weaknesses: People that deal damage, deciding which armor to wear.

Most Known For: The widest variety of builds, and drawing enemy attentions.

Brief History: Lalandra joined the Call of the Hoolequin a relatively short period of time after Crysania, but first denied the Call several times before finally answering it. Lalandra was a frequent companion of Crysania and one that struggled to master necromancy. Lalandra's baser desires for melee-range combat enabled her to train a protégé, Salah Ad Quin. It wasn't until after Salah's bloodlust was satiated that Lalandra came back became the Corvus Matriarch once and for all. Lalandra teaches us to be who we are, even if that changes frequently.

Name: **Balreth Silverlock**

Preferred Professions: E/*, E/N.

Signatures: The Snippy Snap, Necrosis, Necrolepsy, Red Dot Chasing.

Affiliation: Clan Silverlock.

Orders: Arrow, Beta

Joined Clan: 1.x.001.

Guild Status: Officer, Active.

Primary Talents: Ignoring the Chat Log, Instant Kills, Burninating the Country Side, Following the Monk, Finding Rare Items.

Primary Weaknesses: Merchants, Non-Squishy Monks, Dots on the Compass, Deserts.

Most Known For: Dog Whispering, Puns, and Paperbacks. Balreth also is a safe person to gather information from, especially if no one else knows and/or if you think no one should know.

Brief History: Balreth Joined the Call of the Hoolequin at Crysania's request. Initial skepticism quickly dissipated upon learning that having his own section of Quinhalla was going to be of little cost. It was not long after Balreth became an active officer. Balreth is the patriarch of the most active, and largest, Clan in the guild, but is one of few to participate in combat missions alongside other officers. Balreth was also instrumental in the destruction of Quinhalla due to his affiliation with Clan Neveah which helped polarize Spike and Rain. Additionally, the Order of the Arrow was the first faction of henchmen. It should be noted, however, that Balreth did not consciously seek any of that, nor the consequences from it. He, seemingly, was as much a victim of fate as everyone else. Clan Silverlock teaches us to be multi-faceted, which is all the more obvious in the face of Crysania's dedicated path.

Name: **Nyx Berner**

Preferred Professions: N/R | R/N [Disputed].

Signatures: Her Menagerie, Necrosis, Necrolepsy.

Affiliation: The Berner Clan.

Orders: Friend

Joined Clan: 5.x.002.

Guild Status: Officer, Active.

Primary Talents: Cute Attack, with Pet Bonus: works on Guild members fairly well, but not on foes [see necrolepsy]. Being able to tell what's right from what's not right.

Primary Weaknesses: Raptor Bones, Golems, and having a Necro/Ranger identity crisis.

Most Known For: Georgia, Lawno, making people laugh.

Brief History: Callista joined the Call of the Hoolequin after Balreth. Callista had decided one day that she needed a makeover, got rid of the tongues and the longer name and tends to travel by herself, only asking for help on things that make Balreth groan painfully. Nyx is not the most talented of officers in terms of combat prowess, but makes up for that with a determination that is fitting for a necromancer...ranger...thing. The debate as to her true profession will be left to historians. Nyx: looks like a necro, dies like a necro, uses necrosis like a necro, but has a functioning menagerie like a ranger, living minions [pets] like a ranger, travels quietly and alone like a ranger, is not seen for large periods of time like a ranger, and has a expertise with archery like a ranger. Nyx teaches us to stand back up when we get knocked down. Yeah, really.

Name: **Grace Neveah**

Preferred Professions: D/*.

Signatures: Merchanting, Being Prettier than Salah, Melandruizing.

Affiliation: Clan Neveah.

Orders: Stuff, Beta.

Joined Clan: 3.x.005.

Guild Status: Officer, Active.

Primary Talents: Getting good deals on anything, trading small things for larger things, and Meatloaf.

Primary Weaknesses: Ugly things, diurnal schedules, and people that ask her to make an offer.

Most Known For: Being Pink, and Selective.

Brief History: Grace joined the Call of the Hoolequin a considerable time after the other officers. Grace resisted the Silverlock call to join, but like Lalandra, eventually answered. While Grace, housed at the Fortress of the Arrow, was initially given a large amount of resources, Grace has largely caught up in many ways to the rest of the guild and has formed a successful partnership with Balreth. Grace did not follow in the ways of the Order of the Arrow and splintered away from Clan Silverlock and now heads a large Clan of her own, in the Order of the Stuff. Like Clan Silverlock, Clan Neveah has few combat members that sortie with other officers. It was the introduction of Clan Neveah to the Quin that heralded the end of Quinhalla, but is in no way consciously responsible. Grace teaches us one can be both cute and successful, something that is sorely needed around Quinland. Have you seen some of these henchmen?

-The Minor Arquina-

Clan Anchorwind:

Name	Profession	Status
The Stabbith Day, [Raz-One], "Razy"	Assassin	Formerly the 'Facet Spirit' of Crysania's darker side, now fully independent and corporeal. Active in Combat. Many successes in the Tomb of Primeval Kings and during the Winds of Change. Clan Anchorwind's most active non-officer.
Token Tank Death	Warrior	Logistics Support.
Guinness Longkilt	Dervish	Logistics Support.
Vixoria Angelbreeze	Ranger	Logistics Support.
Force Irresistible	Necromancer	Would-Be Anchorwind, Stuck in the Past. Suspected brother of Object Immovable [Silverlock].
Cerulean Anchorwind	?	Unknown, Rumored to be a former 'Facet Spirit' of Crysania's need to know and be prepared to help upon request. Assumed to be gathering intelligence covertly. Cannot verify existence.

The Corvus Clan:

Name: Salah Ad Quin

Preferred Professions: D/*.

Signatures: Talking @#$% to the people he's killing, B#tching.

Affiliation: The Corvus Clan.

Orders: None known.

Joined Clan: x.x.006.

Guild Status: Member, Retired.

Primary Talents: Taunting, Thinking he does things better than Lalandra, admiring himself.

Primary Weaknesses: Trying to out-muscle everything, trying to be patient with things Lalandra has already done.

Most Known For: Perfectionism, swinging a scythe.

Brief History: Salah Ad Quin, or Salaquin, is to date the purest form of Corvus. His mentor, Lalandra, possessed a burning desire to be a Melee fighter despite being a necromancer which eventually led her to retire and guide Salah in his path to catch up and surpass her. Prior to Lalandra, Clan Corvus produced a mighty warrior in Volusja and the first known clan member, Lalah Corvus, was said to have been destroyed between a Red Comet and a White Devil. Salah received routine strategic and tactical guidance from Crysania, but did not travel with her as much as Lalandra did. Salah's passions can get him into trouble, as he has a penchant for mouthing off and over-aggroing - at the same time nonetheless. Salah teaches us to be proud of our accomplishments.

Name	Profession	Status
Angelfear Corvousia	Paragon	Anchorwind Logistics Support.
La Chad Du Jour	Paragon	Weapons and assorted items holder.
Divine Yoshi	Monk	Took up a modeling career in her prolonged off time.
Volusja Corvus	Warrior	Inscription hoarder.

Chloe Corvousia	Ritualist	Mini pet herder.
Raserei Degcray	Assassin	Retired ToPK runner, collector of green weapons.
Scarlett Corvousia	Ranger	Assistant mini pet herder.
Rachelle Corvousia	Mesmer	Weapon components extraordinaire.
Femme Du Jour	Elementalist	Stuck in the Past.
Michael Corvus	Monk	Combat Support.
Gabriel Corvousia	Monk	Combat Support.
Raphael Corvus	Necromancer	Combat Support.
Lucifel Corvus	Necromancer	Combat Support.
Malachi Corvus	Necromancer	Combat Support.
Azrael Corvus	Mesmer	Got high and wondered off.
Tamraiel Corvousia	Paragon	Combat Support.
Uriel Corvus	Dervish	Combat Support.

Clan Silverlock:

Name	Profession	Status
Galard Wightsbane	Warrior	Active, Tyria Branch Office.
Morgan Icebolt	Necromancer	Active, Tyria Branch Office.
Ivy the Foul	Necromancer	Active, Tyria Branch Office.
Object Immovable	Necromancer	Active, Tyria Branch Office.
Martin Bloodcrest	Necromancer	Active, Tyria Branch Office.
Seamus Flameheart	Elementalist	Active, Tyria Branch Office.
Meagan Goldheart	Monk	Active, Tyria Branch Office.
Arianne Silverlock	Monk	Active, Tyria Branch Office.
Anita Zombiequeen	Necromancer	Active, Cantha Branch Office.
Achi the Grey Ghost	Assassin	Active, Cantha Branch Office.
Ferret Blackhaft	Ranger	Active, Cantha Branch Office.
Takki the Red	Assassin	Active, Cantha Branch Office.
Tagros Helmsplitter	Dervish	Active, Elona Branch Office.
Elric Marchwarden	Paragon	Active, Elona Branch Office.
Katherine Shadowfoe	Monk	Active, Elona Branch Office.
Erik Telgarsson	Ranger	Active, Elona Branch Office.
Jasmine Silverlock	Elementalist	Active, Elona Branch Office.
Amren Hearthguard	Paragon	Active, Elona Branch Office.
Alaric Galardson	Dervish	Active, Elona Branch Office.
Kassandra Blindeyes	Ritualist	Logistics Support, Cantha Branch Office.
Taki Noguchi	Monk	Logistics Support, Cantha Branch Office.
Auric the Mindstorm	Mesmer	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office.
Mortal Number One	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Two	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Three	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Four	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Five	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Six	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Seven	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Eight	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Nine	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.

Mortal Number Ten	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Eleven	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Twelve	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Thirteen	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Fourteen	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Fifteen	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Sixteen	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Seventeen	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Eighteen	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Nineteen	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Twenty	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Twentyone	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Twentytwo	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal NumberTwentythree	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Deceased.
Mortal Number Twentyfour	?	Logistics Support, Tyria Branch Office, Terrified.
Tryal Isle Prince	?	Dead.
Valreth Silverlock	Elementalist	Corvus Clan Fire Support, Dead.
Dalreth Silverlock	Elementalist	Berner Clan "Gold Drop Getter."
Malreth Silverlock	Elementalist	Killed In Action, Episode 40.

The Berner Clan:

Name:	Profession:	Status:
Tiffany Berner	Ranger	Active, Canthan Office
Gabrielle Berner	Monk	Active, Elonian Office
Denerys Targaryan	Necromancer	Logistics Support, Stuck in the Past
Makala Berner	Mesmer	Logistics Support
Nite Theif	Necromancer	Logistics Support, Tyrian Office, Dead
Nite Theif Two	Necromancer	Logistics Support, Tyrian Office, Dead
Nite Theif Three	Necromancer	Logistics Support, Tyrian Office, Dead
Nite Theif Four	Necromancer	Logistics Support, Tyrian Office, Dead
Nite Theif Five	Necromancer	Logistics Support, Tyrian Office, Dead
Nite Theif Six	Necromancer	Logistics Support, Tyrian Office, Dead
Nite Theif Seven	Necromancer	Logistics Support, Tyrian Office, Terrified
Electra Berner	Paragon	Logistics Support, Elonian Office
Lachina Berner	Warrior	Logistics Support, Tyrian Office

Clan Neveah:

Name	Profession	Status
Angel Neveah	Mesmer	Active, Ascalonian, lvl 16
Alliyah Marley	Elementalist	Active, Ascalonian, Level 20
Guy Emanuel	Necromancer	Active, Stuck in the Past, lvl 19
Nyla Melanie	Warrior	Logistics Support, Stuck in the Past, lvl 14
Girl Charrbaggins	Elementalist	Logistics Support, Stuck in the Past, lvl 4
Jace Neveah	Paragon	Logistics Support, Elonian, lvl 19
Taketh I Silverlock	Assassin	Active, Canthan, Lvl 13

Other, By Appearance:

Name	Profession	Status
Ned	?	Ascalonian Inprocessing Officer. First Appearance: Episode 1.
THX1133	Stormtrooper ("Ranger")	Unknown, last seen trying to get back to his post. First Appearance: Episode 1.
Dandd Polyhedron	Loremaster	Writing this entry. First Appearance: Episode 5.
Bip	Necromancer [Blood]	On a cold night, when the wind is howling, you can still hear his screams: Blood is Mother@#$%ing Power! Ok, you can hear it pretty much all the time. First Appearance: Episode *6*.
Oxxy	?	Unknown, last seen terrified, contradictory and about to enter Crysania's office. First Appearance: Episode 10.
Saint Tryal	?	Guardian of the Pamphlet of Life and only known being in "Heaven." First Appearance: Episode 11.
Chuck	Paragon	Paragon Instructor, Retired. First Appearance: Episode 14.
Trixie	Mesmer	Mesmer Instructor, Retired. First Appearance: Episode 14.
Legion	Necromancer	Necromancer Instructor, Retired. First Appearance: Episode 14.
Gallagher	Warrior	Warrior Instructor, Retired. First Appearance: Episode 14.
Tanto	Assassin	Assassin Instructor, Retired. First Appearance: Episode 14.
Gregg	Dervish	Dervish Instructor, Retired. First Appearance: Episode 14.
Gideon Rothstein	Warrior	Joined x.x.004, Inactive.
Spikelangelo "Spike" Baltrihper	Ranger	Formerly the 'Facet Spirit' of Crysania's attempt to not be so mission-oriented all the time, now fully independent and corporeal. Member of the band MurderDeathQuin [MDQ]. Spike's unorthodox antics won him the affections of the officers and henchmen. Spike's affection towards 'Brickhouse' alone softened the hearts of all in Quinland, even

		after it helped destroy Quinhalla. It is odd to see a creature that is equally loved and pitied. First Appearance: Episode 27.
Veritas Rain Anchorwind	Monk	Formerly the 'Facet Spirit' of Crysania's youth, now fully independent and corporeal. Last seen pursuing his two dreams: Lalandra and defeating Crysania. After the destruction of Quinhalla, Rain has chosen a quieter life. First Appearance: Episode 31.
Hoolequindustries	"Keepers"	Creating Yesterday by Remembering Tomorrow. First Appearance: Episode 35.
Leonardo	Crysania's Siege Turtle	First Appearance: Episode 38.
Michelangelo	Rain's Siege Turtle	First Appearance: Episode 38.
Raphael	Stabbith's Siege Turtle	First Appearance: Episode 38.
Donatello	Cerulean's Siege Turtle	First Appearance: Episode 38.
Magnifico "Mag" Terrifico	Elementalist	Race: Pixie, Head of Hoolequindustries. First Appearance: Episode 40.
Barbossa	?	Margrid's First Mate, Dead. First Appearance: Episode 41.
Splinter	Turtle	Enjoying the warmer waters near the Metanni Keys. First Appearance: Episode 41.
Jeni	Elementalist	Like, Whatever. First Appearance: Episode 46.
Simon Says Quin	Mesmer	Anchorwind Combat, M Team, Active. Member of the band MurderDeathQuin [MDQ] Simon was first discovered by Rain, and then introduced to Crysania and Spike. Simon has been a regular part of the group since, flaming head and all. He requires subtitles, but so does half the things that come out of Rain and Crysania's mouth when they fight. Spike is a bit odd linguistically; it must be an Anchorwind thing. Simon likes to roar too, lots of roar. It is best not to get Simon excited. Simon is a guaranteed abdominal workout in a room with Spike. First Appearance: Episode 49.

Sir Patrick Riot	Warrior	Still trying to obtain Queen Droch's artifact. First Appearance: Episode 49.
Queen Droch	Ug/Ly	Still lonely, and presumably immune to vomit stench. First Appearance: Episode 49.
Aurora	?	Refined her jealousy skills with Simon, voluntarily exiled herself. Her tears enchanted Simon's whip "The Auroralasher." First Appearance: Episode 54.
Nomulus	Ch/Ef	Hoolequin Master Chef and part owner of the Hoolequin Laundromat and Café. First Appearance: Episode 61.
Schrodinger	?	Enchanted armor and caretaker of the Order of the Nameless. First Appearance: Episode 66.

-The History-

Part I: The Quinseeker Prophecies

Year 004

[1] Ned and a Stormtrooper 22 Jan 10

[Bonus] Crysania Skill Update 27 Jan 10

[2] Henchmen Conversations 20 Mar 10

[3] Breaking News 27 Mar 10

[4] Crysania's Travels 27 Mar 10

[5] Chronicles of the Guild Loremaster [Grail] 13 Apr 10

[6] More Henchmen 19 Apr 10

[Bonus] Quin or Quit Resolution Chart 22 Apr 10

[7] Laws of Combat 23 Apr 10

Year 005

[8] Gospel According to St. Bastard 9 May 10

[9] Thursday the 13th 13 May 10

[10] Meet Oxxy the Henchman 19 May 10

[11] It's Good to be Home 26 May 10

[12] Support the Troops! 26 May 10

[13] Ignorance can be Offensive 28 May 10

[14] Quinhalla Map 2 Jun 10

[15] Can't Deny the Hunger 15 Jun 10

[16] Featherfall Festival 8 Jul 10

[17] New Race Unveiled 14 Jul 10

[18] Short Selling 28 Jul 10

[19] Quinseeker Prophecies 15 Aug 10

[20] Quinocalypse 25 Aug 10

[21] and You're a Henchman 2 Sep 10

[22] Unyielding Consciousness 6 Sep 10

[23] Singing Officers 9 Sep 10

Part II: Quinhalla Factions

[24] Mahalo 10 Sep 10

[25] Order of The Party 15 Sep 10
[26] Dandd and Secnded 25 Sep 10
[27] New Character [Spike] 28 Sep 10
[28] Silkball 30 Sep 10
[29] Heartseeker 15 Oct 10
[30] Spike the Queen 30 Oct 10
[31] The Cold November Rain 2 Nov 10
[32] Janie and the QWF 5 Nov 10
[33] The Crys' Nest 8 Nov 10
[34] Romance of the Three Factions 15 Nov 10

Part III: The Battle of Nightfall

[35] MASH 30 Nov 10
[36] Saving Private Rain 5 Dec 10
[37] The Cothic 21 Dec 10
[38] Teenage Mutant Siege Turtles 4 Jan 11
[39] The Transformers 6 Jan 11
[40] Ogre Battle: March of the Quin Queen 2 Feb 11
[41] Turtelga 3 Feb 11
[42] Master of Spirits and Ceremonies 4 Feb 11

Part IV: Eye of the Quin

[43] The Advent Hoolequin 7 Feb 11
[44] Quinharjar 19 Mar 11
[45] Going Commando 4 Apr 11
[46] Like, Jeni 7 Apr 11
[47] Habeas Corvus 13 Apr 11
[48] The Necrolexicon 16 Apr 11
[49] Simon Says Quin 24 Apr 11

Year 006

[50] Mahogany 9 Jun 11
[51] Balreth's Birthday 11 Jun 11
[52] Crysania: 1 | World: 0 22 Jun 11

[53] Murderdeathquin *6* Jul 11

Part V: The Winds of Quin

[Bonus] Diablo Gundam Part 1 *16* Jul 11

[54] All's Fair in Love and Roar 22 Jul 11

[55] The Dragon and the Phoenyx 7 Aug 11

[56] Hoolefest *006* 30 Aug 11

[57] The Hoolequin Nobility 10 Sept 11

[58] HHNN Sports 17 Sept 11

[59] Castlequinia 20 Oct 11

[60] Halloween Silkball 29 Oct 11

[61] KFP 7 Nov 11

[62] Temple or Tower? 20 Nov 11

[63] The Silkball League Week 1 28 Nov 11

[64] Silkball Withdrawls 30 Nov 11

[65] The Friend Plot 9 Dec 11

[66] Order *66* *16* Dec 11

Part VI: Hoolequin Beyond

[67] Progeny 22 Dec 2011

[68] Quantum Quin 18 Jan 2012

[69] The Quin-Lib 18 Jan 2012

[70] The Pre-Searing Years 21 Jan 2012

[71] The House of the Quin: OVERKILL! 1 February 2012

[72] Future Quin: The Heist 15 February 2012

[73] WOOF 21 February 2012

[74] The Central Portal 14 March 2012

[75] Spike and Spam 28 March 2012

[Bonus] The Original Ending [Early 2011]

From 0.0.000 through 24.9.004 I did not chronicle the Call of the Hoolequin. In fact, I was not initially going to be the Guild Loremaster, but something kept me here. I blame...

-Ned and a Stormtrooper-

Ned: Oh yay. Another 'adventurer.'

Ned Sighs

Ned: Name?

Stormtrooper: THX 1133

Ned is writing: THX 1135

THX: 3 sir

Ned: 3

Ned: Christ. No originality anymore. Are you even trying?

THX: ...but that's my name

Ned: Yeah. Whatever. Look, this is probably your 6th character or something, let's just end this quickly.

THX: 6th...character...?

Ned: Profession?

THX: Stormtrooper.

Ned: Aren't you a little short for a stormtrooper?

THX: What?

Ned: I heard 'ranger.'

THX: no, stormtrooper.

Ned: I'm not playing these build-slang-terms game. Ranger.

Ned: Vader's gonna force-choke me.

Ned: Fine. What kind of weapon do you prefer?

THX: my blaster-

Ned: -bow. Bow will work just fine. Good for rangers.

THX: Can I have my uniform back now? I really am going to get forcechoked.

Ned groans painfully.

Ned: You're already wearing your armor. Please, just play this gam-

THX: This isn't my uniform. You know, stormtrooper-

Ned: ranger.

THX: Whatever. My all white uniform? Please? Empire? Vader? Anything?
Ned: Rangers-
THX: Stormtrooper!
Ned: whatever. Ranger's don't have all white uniforms. There is no empire in ascalon. This is getting really-
THX: The empire is everywhere! I N.E.E.D. my uniform. How can you not know Lord Vader? Forcechoke? Galactic Domination? Big dude with assorted switches on his chest?
Ned: Domination? Sounds like a Mesmer Boss.
THX: Mesmer? NO! Sith you dumbass! Works for the emperor?
Ned: Shiro killed the emperor, dumbass.
THX screams painfully!
Ned: Christ, calm down. Shiro isn't even in pre-searing.
THX: Pre-searing? Nevermind. Look asshole, where is my @#$%ing uniform and weapon?
Ned: @#$% off! This is a ROLE PLAYING GAME. If you want new all-white armor, GO OUT AND GET IT.
THX: Fine! I will!
Ned: Finally.
THX Storms out the Portal
THX: What the hell is this purplish thing?
THX Reads: "Stormtrooper School of Marksmanship: Hex: Permanently Activated, Cannot be removed. Effect: You Miss with all attacks."
THX Hangs his head in Resignation and sets off to find his uniform and get back to his post.

Episode 1

22 Jan 2010

Notes: First published story! The idea of there being a force choke in GW was popular enough to inspire Crysania to write a skill description for it [Crysania's Skill Update.] The approach of reference humor also went well, and started the ball rolling for many more.

References: Pre-Searing, Star Wars, Monty Python

[Bonus] Crysania's Skill Update

Force Choke
10|1/2|30
Elite Hex Spell
Domination Magic
Hex. For 1...10...10 seconds target foe's skill bar is disabled, foe cannot move or block attacks while hexed with Force Choke. Target foe experiences -1...-10 Health Degeneration and -1...-4 Energy Degeneration. If target foe dies while under the effect of Force Choke, caster receives +10...100 Health and +1...20 Energy. Ends early if caster moves, attacks, uses a skill, or takes damage while health is under 50%

"A Second Time!"
5|1|10
Shout
Command
Shout. If Target Foe is knocked down, target foe will be hexed with A Second Time [10 seconds]. Removal Effect: Target will be Knocked Down. Hex ends early if target receives damage.

Crippling Fear
15|3|15
Elite Hex Spell
Illusion Magic
Hex. For 1...12...15 seconds target foe's attacks against any ally with greater health fails. Target foe's attacks against any ally with lesser health deal 5%..20%.25% less damage. Target foe suffers from Crippled for 1...12...15 seconds.

mmmkay
5|1|15
Enchantment Spell
Monk

Protection Prayers Enchantment. 1...4..5 seconds. The next skill used against target ally fails and that skill is disabled for an additional 10 seconds.

Ether God
Inspiration Magic
5/2/20
Elite Hex Spell (20 Seconds)
Target Foe suffers 0...-4 Health and Energy Degeneration and you experience 0...+4 Health and Energy Regeneration. End Effect: You suffer 20 Health Loss for each second this hex was active for. This spell is disabled for 20 seconds.

Dwayna's Fury
Divine Favor
5/1/10
Elite Spell
Target Foe and all foes in the area are knocked down [4 seconds], take 10...50 holy damage and begin burning for 0...4 seconds. No effect on foes with less health than you. This skill is disabled an extra 3...2 seconds for each additional foe hit.

Magic Elitist
Energy Storage
5/1/20
Elite Enchantment Spell
For 1...60 second[s], all of your elemental attributes are set to 20 and you gain +0...30 maximum energy. Lose 20%..10% maximum health each time you cast a spell. This enchantment ends if you use a non-Elementalist skill.

Divine Will
Divine Favor
25/ 1|2 / 120
Elite Enchantment Spell (30 Seconds)

All party members resurrect with 100% health and 100% energy, gain +20 armor and activate skills 20% faster. The next time an affected ally dies within 30 seconds, so do you. End Effect: Teleport back to your original location, and die with no death penalty.

Femalevolence
10|2|20
Elite Hex Spell
For 10 Seconds All Party Members deal +25% damage, gain +25% more adrenaline, and cast spells +25% faster against target foe. If target foe was above 50% health when this hex was applied, target foe loses willpower to fight back [suffers -10 energy degeneration while hexed with Femalevolence] Hex reapplies itself if target foe deals damage to caster. Hex fails if caster is male. Requires 12 ranks in [primary attribute.] Note* - Caster shouts "Hell Hath No Fury" upon successful cast.

Feigned Ignorance
10|1|30
Elite Enchantment Spell
For 10 Seconds, All actions not containing the word 'heal' fail on caster. All Hexes and Conditions are removed. If a Hex was removed in this way, caster experiences +10 Health Regeneration while enchanted with Feigned Ignorance. Enchantment fails if caster is female. Requires 12 ranks in [primary attribute.] Note* -Caster shouts "I Don't Know!" upon successful cast.

Drunken Massacre
10 |3/4| 20
Melee Attack
Tactics
Melee Attack. If this attack hits, you strike for +10...34...40 damage and your target suffers from the following Conditions: Deep Wound, Weakness, Bleeding, and Crippled (20 Seconds) target also suffers from one of the following conditions: Dazed, Burning, or Blind (5 Seconds). After making a Drunken Massacre, you are knocked down [4 seconds] and all of your attack and non-warrior skills are disabled for 20...10...6 seconds.

Impending Doom
5 | 1 | 60
Elite Enchantment Spell
Death Magic
Elite Enchantment Spell. Sacrifice 60 health per second for 0...10...10 seconds. If health reaches zero while under the effects of this enchantment, then 1 foe in the area loses all enchantments and takes 0...60...70 damage for each second this enchantment was active. Reduces healing to 0% while enchanted. Death while enchanted incurs 0% death penalty.

Daydream Believer
5 | ¼ | 15
Elite Spell
Illusion Magic
Elite Spell. Gain 0...8...10 Energy. Disables Target Foe's skills for 0...1...2 seconds. No effect if target foe is using a skill.

Spirit of Dwayna
10 | 1 | 30
Elite Binding Ritual
Smiting Prayers
Elite Binding Ritual. Create a level 1...10...12 Spirit of Dwayna at your location for 30...126...150 seconds. Spirit of Dwayna's attacks hexes target foe with Hex of Dwayna. Disables all non-Monk skills for 10 Seconds. *Hex of Dwayna. Hex. 2 seconds. Initial Effect: Heals for 20 Health. Ending Effect: Deals 40 Holy Damage and Causes Burning 2 seconds.

Bonus!
27 Jan 2010
Notes: I wanted to create things that are one step away from usable. I think the element of plausibility makes them more enjoyable

-Henchmen Conversations-

Henchman 1: Did you see that last Guild Battle? I so totally killed that fleeing Kurzick with my Longbow. Who needs [Ebon Vanguard] Sniper when I'm around?

[The group scoffs]

Henchman 2: Whatever. Did you all see me rope a siege turtle and then shoot a [kurzick] Juggernaut in the face?!

[Group nods in approval]

Henchman 3: Oh yeah? Our Guild Leader crossed the Southern, Northern, AND Far Shiverpeaks wearing nothing but a loincloth and face paint!

[Group silences]

Henchman 4: Dude, lame.

Henchman 5: Yeah man, don't try to swap war stories with Crysania...

[Awkward pause]

Henchman 4: I hope you get forcechoked.

--

Henchman 1: Hey, have you seen the old guy lately?

Henchman 2: Not in about 5-

Henchman 4: 3, sir!

Henchman 2: -3 Weeks.

Henchman 3: Who haven't you seen?

Henchman 1: Tim the Enchanter

Henchman 2: too funny, highfive

Henchman 4: all right, quiet down before we get 'not at your post' lines.

Henchman 2: highfive again!

Henchman 3: Aren't you a little short to be a henchman?

[bad puns and highfives abound]

--

Henchman 1: Have you seen Callista?

Henchman 2: Nyx.

Henchman 1: Really?

Henchman 2: Yeah, she's Nyx now.

Henchman 1: Then why do we only see her during the day?

Henchman 2: Dude, I'm so not going there

Henchman 1: Force choke, I understand

--

Henchman 1: So...Lalandra quit or something?

Henchman 2: Nah, I heard she got injured. Tendonitis or something.

Henchman 3: I've never even heard of that, must be a damned good hex spell.

Henchman 1: So, kind of like her arms atrophied?

Henchman 2: I think so.

Henchman 3: That's kind of funny

Henchmen 1&2: What?!

Henchman 3: Funny. You know. She atrophied, she's a NECRO.

[Brief pause]

Henchmen 1&2: Yeah that is kinda funny actually...

Henchmen 3: we better keep to ourselves on this one.

[The group nods and returns to their duties]

Episode 2

20 Mar 2010

Notes: The common wisdom is still not to swap war stories with Crysania.

References: Guild History, Monty Python, Star Wars

Breaking news

In a rare display of public concern, the "Ambivalent Brotherhood of Necromancers" has volunteered to run a new suicide prevention hotline: 1-800-MINIONS will go live immediately.

The group "Geomancers to the Core" has announced a new party drink: the Tec Tonic, rumored as a good way of getting stoned, and will unearth it during their upcoming rock concert, headlined by 'Sedimental Value.'

Elementalists everywhere are going on the defensive about the recent arms deals, lowering the amount of nukers in the world. A muted response from Masters of Magic across the world indicate that Elementalists are storing their energy for later efforts.

Canthan Tea Ceremonies are becoming quite popular with young ritualists, no one is quite sure why. Additionally, Shing Jea Monastery has seen a sharp decrease in head injuries since padding all corners and entrances in and around the premises. A recent expulsion of a ritualist-trainee has led to the ban of the phase "blind leading the blind" due to instructor protests.

The Sunspear Great Hall has had an unfortunate accident where a young Paragon attempted to fly. It was going well until he had to breathe and could shout no longer.

Local Istani Farmers are relieved by a large number of young dervishes facing disciplinary actions, the dervishes were to reap the crops as punishment and training.

A Krytan Mesmer managed to advance his speed of casting so much he mesmerized himself.

A traveler from abroad was interviewed by the Lion's Arch Times and had this to say "I'm appalled by all the neo-nazi skinheads wandering around, all tattooed and half naked. They had the audacity to call themselves monks! The nerve..." The traveler then rated her vacation as a 0/5 and left via boat this morning.

Accidental humor was overheard in the charr homelands earlier this week as Zenmai told Anton not to be such an Ass...

It turns out that Gwen's real hatred of the Charr stems from a bad Star Wars campaign, where her Wookie had most of his fur burnt off. The irony of the fact that her captor was named Burntfur doesn't escape her. She's still looking for her sourcebook to exact revenge.

Jora showed up to a birthday party in a Wonder Woman outfit. Wow. Just. Wow. At that party, Eve revealed a strong dislike for apples. Tahlkora was seen quietly healing Olias

after he literally bit his tongue off. Bizarrely enough, M.O.X. and Vekk won the three-legged race, beating out Olaf and Ogden by a wand's length.

Call of the Hoolequin Guild Henchman have spotted IVC's secret weapon, reported here [http://www.hoolequin.com/crysania/quinzies/quinziesintro.html]. When asked for further comment, they declined, frantically murmuring things like "forcechoke" "spirit spike" and "Balreth puns." It has all since been discarded as gibberish and nonsense.

And remember, loyal readers, World Peace through Inner Peace and Inner Peace through helping others...but if you can't help others, then just do them no harm...but if you must do harm, then at least resurrect them!

Episode 3

27 March 2010

Notes: The Reference Humor aspect of the stories was already solidified by this point. Breaking the fourth wall and looking for ways to blend our world with Tyria became a hobby of mine. This story also served as the introduction for the Quinzies.

--Crysania's Travels--

Crysania has been riding high due to successes in multiple-areas, one of which is the now infamous 'Spirit Spike.' Crysania, after many missions, felt ready to call herself "Spiritmaster," That is until she saw a man named Aragorn. Compared to those spirits, Crysania felt a wee-bit inadequate.

Crysania was kicked out of a temple. She was listening to the instructor pass on the wisdom of 'do or do not, there is no try.' Crysania was curious, what if a 'do' becomes a 'do not' due to failure, you then did 'try.' She was no longer welcome.

Crysania often intensely debates with herself which Heroes [and henchman] to bring. There are, after all, 10 classes and a few different paths from each. In one outpost, Crysania ran across some lady loudly bitching that she is always '7 of 9.' After hearing about it enough, Crysania yelled at her to shut the fuck up, because She [Crysania] only has a party size of 8.

Crysania is always interested in new weapons, for either visual or practical qualities. Crysania ran across a tanned human with a dusty hat loud mouth. This man mentioned going to 'the temple of dhuum' and asked Crysania if she wanted to go. He only had a whip and a smile so she told him that she didn't need Ecto that much.

Crysania overheard goblins talking about returning to their homeworld, planet Kobold. Apparently the ship raised from Sanctum Cay is the legendary Battlestar Tyrica.

Crysania caught wind of a rumor that in the next expansion pack, Guild Wars: Andromeda that we have to ascend...again. She's on high guard about that, once was enough. Andromeda is also rumored to be really far away, thank Dwayna for Map Travel.

Crysania met with a great forgemaster, who created this weapon he called a 'chaos saber,' a long cylindrical beam of light that would be amazing as a weapon. He decided that no one would want it, so he made chaos axes and gloves instead.

Some enterprising young fellow challenged Crysania to boldly go where no man has gone before. She thought that was odd, as both a legendary cartographer and legendary skill hunter already.

Finally, Crysania is glad to have returned from this fucked up place between two rivers. This huge dude with goldeneyes spoke about some wheel of life or time or some such thought. Crysania always carries rebirth, so wasn't too concerned.

She's just glad to be back, where she may be the master of spirits and ceremonies, now if she can only figure out the ins and outs to this ring that she picked up. It makes her go invisible!

Episode 4
27 Mar 2010
References: Lord of the Rings | Star Wars | Star Trek | Indiana Jones | Battlestar Galactica | Andromeda | Robert Jordan

Chronicles of the Guild Loremaster [Grail]

The candles were lit.

The parchment was stacked.

The Guild Hall was eerily quiet.

"At least now I can try to catch up on some work," muttered the Guild Loremaster.

Work indeed. Quietly, the Guild Loremaster feared carpal tunnel injuries attempting to properly record all the exploits that have already come to pass, let alone those that aren't yet.

"Whoever said that the quill is mightier than the sword never saw Jora and Murakai's Blade," continued the Loremaster.

The Guild Loremaster began talking to himself aloud; this is not new behavior, there just is not anyone around to notice.

"The Search for the-" He began.

"No no no..." He argued.

"The Hoolequin Henchman in the Epic-" He roared.

"No no no..." He argued again.

"The Hoolequin Island of Misfit Buildren!" He Yelled!

The echoes of his own voice scared him, and he took a sip of his prized Aged Dwarven Ale.

"[expletive deleted] I need to turn the graphics effects off after some of this," he agreed with himself.

He paused in mild confusion, then shook his head and carried on...aloud.

"The Hoolequin Island of Misfit Buildren are dedicated henchman with discarded builds, those no longer worthy to serve as the heart and soul [but not the brains] of the might that is Hoolequin. Rather than death, the Misfit Buildren are given seemingly impossible tasks in an effort to prove their usefulness and move up to the starting team." He wrote as he spoke.

Another sip of ale, followed by a big gulp.

"If dwarves drank stout, would that be irony or fitting?" The Loremaster momentarily distracted himself.

"I need to stop with all these tangents, it's no wonder no one will cosine [co-sign] stating-" he punned and interrupted himself.

The Guild Loremaster then realized he was making a joke to the darkness. He thought of making a magic missile joke, but got back to his parchment.

"The Buildren who are so cursed that they are simply forgotten by Crysania and Crew are assigned the death-quest of Obtaining The Holy Grail."

"Death-quest may be a bit brutal, no?" He asked himself rhetorically.

"It is unknown how many of these unseen servants of Hoolequin have perished in the search. It is tragic these Children of the Build spend their last days scouring places already mapped, turning stones with still-warm fingerprints. There is no glory in this quest, or is there?"

The Loremaster sipped from his empty cup, muttered about 'cup's not big enough' and returned to his quill.

"Members of the 7th Circle of the Island of the Misfit Buildren, The Nameless, they are the story today."

"...remind me to edit that later" He declared firmly.

"The Nameless were determined to fulfill their quest. The Nameless were determine to prove their critics wrong. They were going to earn their name."

"sounds like a template for success to me" He proclaimed, thinking how strangely fitting that was.

"The Nameless found many interesting items in their search: The Ring of Power, The Dragonlance, The Varia Suit, The 1-Up Mushroom, but no grail."

"I wonder if Crysania ever secretly tried on the Varia Suit..." Another distraction.

"They had come close though. They had found The Chalice of Pseudopiousness. No grail."

"What a name, glad I don't have to make this stuff up." Sighed the Loremaster.

"The Buildren Nameless were desperate, what else must they do? They learned the intricate art of handwavium. They advanced through alchemy enough to create mithril. They even played the damn ocarina, but no grail."

"...if all else fails, play...well...ya" He reminisced.

"They were vexed, and often hexed. They motivated [shouts] each other, and protected [prayers] each other, but no grail."

Another sip of his ale - skipping the cup and reaching for the source.

"They even tried buying a cheap knockoff in Kamadan from an American District. Too bad it said "Made in Kaineng" on the bottom."

"and boy was Crysania angry." He shuddered with the memory.

"They learned to spike, they learned pressure. They learned that death was only temporary. No grail."

"One day, they decided to look where the Scepter of Orr was found. Why not, right?"

"yeah, because THAT makes sense" mused the Loremaster.

"Lo and Behold-"

"what the name of grenth does that mean anyway?" Asked the Loremaster, engrossed in this work.

"Lo and Behold, there it was. The Holy Grail. One of the Buildren was so excited, he force-choked one of the other nameless."

"...because someone around here always seems to be getting force-choked." He said, matter-of-factly.

"The excitement ended soon after. One of the Buildren picked up the grail and began to weep. The Holy Grail was a green item. Requires 9 Divine Favor. Half Recharge Time of Healing Prayers chance 10% and Energy +5. The skin was lame, and the color didn't match anyone's attire."

He refilled his cup.

"The Buildren took the arduous journey of map-travelling ALL the way back to the guild hall to turn in the 'precious' artifact."

"Precious alright, said in the same manner that a one-armed asuran warrior is 'special'" he said with mild amusement.

"As expected, Crysania's spirits were dampened."

"and I've learned not to mess with HER spirits" he declared triumphantly.

"While even Dwayna needs to smite a bitch from time to time, Crysania acknowledged the work that the Inner Circles of the Island of Misfit Buildren, the Nameless, had done. She released them to fulfill a more meaningful task, like keeping Balreth's gloves and axe nice and bloody."

"gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die" sang the Loremaster.

"Crysania had the Holy Grail, but had no use of it. So she gave it to the Guild Loremaster, and she commanded that he find something to do with it. He did."

"...and I indeed did." He said before he smiled to himself.

The Hoolequin Loremaster then took another sip from his cup.

"Beer never tasted so good." He reflected, satisfied at the multiple meanings of that phrase.

Episode 5

13 Apr 2010

Notes: Enter Dandd Polyhedron! [Although he hasnt been named yet.] Jora and Murakai's Blade made Balreth drool for quite some time, and Crysania spent quite a bit of time trying to wrest the sword from Murakai's hand.

References: Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer [TV], D&D [8 Bit] The Dead Ale Wives, Holy Grail Mythos, Dantes Inferno, Lord of the Rings, Dragonlance, Metroid, Super Mario Bros., The Legend of Zelda, Blood Upon the Risers [Cadence].

More Henchmen

This one is Locker Room Humor:

Henchman 1: Dude, did you hear the joke that you don't tell gay henchmen?

Henchman 2: no.

Henchman 1: Exactly.

[henchman 1 walks away calmly]

--

Henchmen walk into a new 'hot' joint, The Star Guild Café

[peers at menu]

Boba Feta Cheese - 5 Gold

Cup o' Java The Hutt - 1 Gold

Ham Solo Sandwich - 3 Gold

Buffalo X-Wings, 12 each - 10 Gold

Pie-Fighter, 1 Slice - 4 Gold

Cream Yoda Float - 2 Gold

Steak Jar Jar - 7 Gold

Obi-Wan-Ton Soup - 3 Gold

Darth Malt Beverage - 2 Gold

Palpatine Milk, 12 oz., - 2 Gold

--

Try our specialty, the Force-Choke:

Equal parts rum, tequila, vodka, gin, carbonite sauce and giving in to your hatred.

Served chilled, Only 7 Gold!

--

Why Ascalonian Henchmen get early retirement packages:

Henchmen 3-6: [cheers]

Henchman 2: We were awesome!

Henchman 1: Damn right!

Henchman 7: I'm so going to get wasted tonight

Henchman 2: That's what your mom said last night

Henchman 1: Dude, not cool, his mom died in the Searing.

Henchman 1-6: [long sigh]

Henchman 2: so...uhhh...yeah...vanquishing some cartographer skill guardian, right guys?!
Henchman 1-6: YEAH! [poof...disappears]

--

Necromancy and Tourette's do not mesh well.

Crysania was blooding new recruits, when one seemed a bit peculiar...even for henchmen.

Crysania: Recruit 1, are you ok?

Recruit 1: BLOOD IS POWER! [33% health loss]

Crysania: ok. Glad you know an elite already, but save-

Recruit 1: BLOOD IS @#$% POWER [66% health loss]

Crysania: Truly, I appreciate it, but I hadn't cast anything. Maybe if-

Recruit 1: BLOOD IS MOTHER-@#$%ING POWER! [99% health loss]

Crysania: I bet you can't do that again, pussy.

Recruit 1 filled his lungs with air, in an uncontrollable fit of rage: BLOOD IS POWER!!!! [death]

Crysania: Another necro who casts himself dead. As if Olias wasn't enough...

Recruit 3 resurrects recruit 1

Recruit 1: Blood is Power! [death #2]

Crysania: Ok, WTF.

Recruit 2: He can't help it, he casts blood is power [the recruit rez'ed and died again] whenever he gets nervous.

[shouts and death #4]

Crysania Sighs. Maybe being force-choked a lot will break his habit. Or maybe it won't, the guild will have a target dummy anyway.

Episode 6

19 Apr 2010

Notes: The Star Guild Cafe became the Hoolequin Cafe and Laundromat. First appearance of Bip.

References: Star Wars

Laws of Combat as Observed by the Guild Loremaster

1) Friendly Fire - Is!

2) Spiteful Spirit is Necro's way of telling you to slow down

3) If the build is stupid but it works, it won't work next map

4) Try to look healed, the enemy may be low on energy and not want to waste a spell on you.

5) If at first you don't succeed, call Crysania

6) If you are forward of the monk's aggro circle, healing spells will fall short.

7) Never share a vanquishing group with anyone braver than yourself.

8) If your attack is going really well, the roving patrol is about to join you.

9) No battle goes perfect after the first called target

10) The easy way requires builds you didn't bring.

11) Shadow Step into enemy territory means out of friendly territory.

12) If you're low on health and energy, but not enemies - welcome to combat.

13) Never draw fire, -7 degen sucks.

14) Incoming fire has the right of way. So does incoming lightning, and earth...

15) If they are in casting range, so are you.

16) Olias will die as soon as you run out of energy.

17) Any build you bring can get you killed. Not every build you bring can keep you alive.

18) Raise the party's defense enough and no one is left to attack.

19) Sniper is only reliable when you don't need it.

20) Large numbers of "Cry of Frustration" demonstrate truth in advertising.

21) Wiki will only omit the one detail that causes mission failure.

22) Number of Completed Titles denotes successive levels of insanity.

23) The number of enemy cover hexes is always one more than number of hex removal skills you bring.

24) Universal builds aren't

25) When In doubt, cast everything.

26) The most annoying thing in the world is a blood necro with 60% death penalty.

27) The harder the area, the more you'll farm it for points.

28) The complexity of a build is inversely proportional to the time you'll have in battle to use it.

29) Knowledge of what skills to bring is obtained shortly after it's required.

30) No matter where the boss spawns, it's not near your portal.

31) For every enchantment, there is an equal and opposite hex.

32) The best builds never make sense when looking at the template list.

33) Those who hesitate get spiked. Those who don't hesitate get interrupted.

34) Never lead a guild. The officers don't know what they want to run, but they know what they don't want to run.

35) Your best skill will always be recharging when the perfect opportunity arises.

36) The brave die the most. They also get more gold drops.

37) Any title that says "legendary" is a badge of sadomasochism.

38) The quiet patch of the map has an underground ambush waiting

39) The Area of Effect of Nuker Skills is one step further than you can run before dying.

40) If you're set for a spike-ambush, the patrol won't walk that far.

41) The higher the party Death Penalty, the closer to the objective.

42) Success occurs when you're just experimenting with builds. Failure occurs when you bring the one you know will work.

43) Always hang near a buddy with less health, it gives the enemy someone else to spike.

44) Nuker spells only come in two sizes, too expensive and too cheap.

45) If you survive the ambush, check your death penalty.

46) High Armor Rating = More Armor Ignoring Skills

47) You have two mortal enemies in combat: the opposing side and monks with no energy

48) Gold drops are ok. Completing the mission without Death Penalty is better.

49) If you can think clearly, know exactly what's happening, and have total control of a situation in combat then you're either: dead, or a guild leader.

50) Spirits are the kings of battle. Minions are the queens of battle, very ugly queens...

51) People who don't make force choke jokes at somewhat regular intervals get force choked.

52) Balreth's Sniper will reliably work on two occasions: 1) immediately after you cast half your bar on the foe and 2) when the foe only had 50 HP left anyway.

53) Be nice to Dunkoro, he seems to randomly ignore party members in battle.

54) Don't be afraid of dying, high death counts = better drops, just look at Nyx and Balreth.

55) If your network fails, it will either be: in front of the boss, or trying to switch maps.

Episode 7
23 Apr 2010
Notes: Many of these still apply after all these years.
References: Guild Wars Experience, and Murphy.

Henchman 1: Dear mother of the five-

Henchman 2: three...wait...

Henchman 3: five gods, dumbass

Henchman 2 looks meek

Henchman 1: Can you hear Crysania yelling?

Impassioned yelling can be heard in the distance

Henchman 2: I would hate to be standing there looking down at her right now

Giggles from the Henchmen

Henchman 1: Damn she's being downright brutal

Henchman 3: Yeah, I think she's writing more chapters in the Gospel according to St. Bastard

Henchman 2: Can't be worse than the Force-Choke Revelations.

The henchmen nod to themselves in approval

Henchmen 1-3: Glad it ain't us!

[poof]

Episode 8

9 May 2010

Notes: [Poof] would be replaced with [Bamf] after the rise of the Beta Order.

References: Monty Python. Crysania is the shortest character anyone has ever seen, and the juxtaposition of her physical size to her stature within the guild and the battlefield is often humorous.

Thursday the 13th

Thursday the 13th Custom Adventure: Crysania was out adventuring with Henchmen, trying to get some materials for the guild hall after meteor shower practice went horribly wrong. The fight was intense, and it seemed like more and more enemies kept popping out of the ground:

-Ending 1- The henchmen yelled a war cry not yet heard anywhere on Kryta and started actually doing their jobs. Quin won the day and Crysania, wiping blood off of her tattoos asked "Alright, who divided by zero?"

-Ending 2- The Henchmen fell back in terror. Standing before them now was a foreboding man with a hockey mask and a machete. Crysania yelled out "It's Thursday!" The man paused, his shoulders slumped, and he turned and walked away quietly. Quin won the day!

-Ending 3- The henchmen were being pushed back and the spirits overwhelmed. Crysania surveyed the land and called a retreat. The party was trying to regroup when another ambush hit them. Quin lost. Just as Crysania was dying, she thought he heard a crackly voice come from the sky "Terrorists Win."

-Ending 4- The Enemy boss was a defensive ranger. He kept blocking the spirits' attacks. Crysania, in her frustration, was going to unleash her super-secret force-choke abilities but got interrupted. She waited a bit, got interrupted again. No one is sure what happened next, but the ranger's corpse was lying on the ground with Crysania's hands around his neck screaming "Don't you EVER [@#$%ing] do that again." The fight was long over, and the boss long dead, before Crysania came back to her senses. She nervously let go and stood up to face the Henchmen. The nervous laugh. "Well, you know, heat of battle? Hard mode? [$%^&ing] rangers, I mean..." She regained herself. "Well, Quin. That concludes today's lesson. The next one...will be...announced at a later date" [poof].

Episode 9

13 May 2010

Notes: In the era of henchmen, frustrations were high. When henchmen succeeded, there was shock and awe. This episode hinted towards the evolution into a limit-breaking SuperSania form.

References: Friday the 13th [Movie], Counter-Strike [Game].

Meet Oxxy the Henchman

"Good Grief" Thought the Skillful Henchman, Oxxy, uttering rational prayers to the Great Dwarf. All because a happily married resident alien was found missing in the affordable housing section of the Guild Hall. Only a minor catastrophe, no? "I wish I were legally drunk, I hate small crowds." This Henchman had an exact estimate about this meeting about the living dead, but it was a near miss from the get-go. "Act Naturally" he told himself as he wondered if Crysania gave Death Benefits. He almost exactly had a genuine imitation of what was going to happen. A Definite Maybe. "It's all the same difference in the end...everything except...nevermind." He didn't want to be alone together with her. He was clearly misunderstood, but knew she might not be so terribly pleased. "Pretty ugly" he warned himself. He scarfed down a twelve-ounce pound cake on the way and dreamt of his freezer burned diet ice-cream at home. Maybe he would have a working vacation? Doubtful, he'll be a part of the loners club soon enough. "Now, Then" he began to himself, "Maybe this will be more passive aggressive stuff, neo-classical guild leader..." he allowed such sweet sorrow to fill his mind. "I have my plastic glasses and my tight slacks on" his spirit rose. "on the other hand, She'll send me back to Advanced Basic and into a Great Depression" he pouted. "I really like being a part of military intelligence, Silent Scream Company." He shrugged. Either way I'll get to listen to my soft rock, taped Live. The mundane horror hit him..."unless she sends me on some peace force, some holy war of religious tolerance." He shook his head as he remembered they found the Grail already. "I'll come out of this new and improved" he pretended. "After all, Death is Temporary." He collected himself before he knocked with casual urgency. His cold sweat spreading post-haste. "I hope she has a thing for blondes" he said, shortly before having Déjà vu in this tiny expanse. "Her vaulted flat is one step short of amazing though..." his controlled delirium was showing now. His simmering mania would show through eventually, but how long will his exhausted vigor last? "Active Retirement!" he declared, hoping beyond hope. He is an anxious patient who is agreeing to disagree with apathetic interest. He was almost ready, building a sort of arrogant humility approximately equal to his common sense ideas of the balanced insanity and controlled chaos that is Crysania. He wanted to play it dangerously safe but he was drawing a blank. He would just hit her with a detailed summary in a dynamic monotone presentation, something extremely neutral. He had this numbing sensation. There she was, standing there waiting. His rehearsed improvisation has only lead to negative momentum. His traditionally

radical quiet riot reduced to thunderous silence, he was beside himself and upside down. He would give a sincere lie and offer a sad smile, one specifically vague. Here came the force choke. Wait. Nothing. He opened his eyes. Crysania must have got tired of waiting and went back inside. "Never again" he muttered aloud. "ENTER!" Crysania yelled Oxxy entered, mustering a little false hope.

Episode 10
19 May 2010
Notes: this was fun to write.

It's Good to be Home

A henchman party went out on patrol near the guild hall. In their last battle one of the henchmen had died. Content that the area was secured, the party map-travelled back to the guild hall, leaving the 8th dead out in the explorable area. Henchman #8 had actually died, with no rez shrine and abandoned by his peers. Henchman #8 had found himself in Heaven, and standing in the presence of a very puzzled Saint Tryal. Henchman #8 had looked to his left...looked to his right...and looked past St. Tryal: Nothing. St. Tryal shrugged, for Henchman #8 was the only one in heaven, the first to actually die. Quietly, St. Tryal opened the pamphlet of life and recited the prayer of the Quin: May you be as versatile as Lalandra, as dedicated as Nyx, as talented as Crysania, and as Lucky as Balreth. St. Tryal is one of 3 known Quin Saints [along with St. Martini and St. Bastard]

Back at the Guild Hall, 7 terrified henchmen were heard reciting their own prayer: I tread lightly in the valley of the shadow of death. Yes, Nyx, Lalandra, and Anita live up there but we all have rebirth. The 7 Henchmen decided to share the news that death -could be - permanent. They had journeyed to the center of the compound, Crysania's Tall Tower of High Sorcery, and couldn't retain their seriousness for long for they had stumbled upon a henchman-mind@#$%-session. It was easy to tell who the junior henchmen were and who the senior henchmen were.

A lonely, but loyal, henchman had somehow climbed onto the roof of Crysania's Tower, and leapt off in the direction of the henchmen below. A Mesmer henchman was waiting with Flesh of My flesh. The diver kept a fantastic swan-dive form all way into impact. A mere heartbeat or two later and the henchman got up and walked away. The junior henchman had @#$% themselves and the senior henchmen were holding up scorecards. Certainly not a group that would want to hear about the permanence of death the first 7 agreed.

They had then gone to the archery range, where Balreth was giving Sniper Instructions. The rangers present were dismissed, end of the lesson, and were in an awful hurry. The 7 had caught up to them and asked what was the rush? They replied that Balreth was sour about "Kindle" so they were going to leave him a huge pile of twigs in hopes it would help. The 7 decided it wasn't the right time to tell the rangers and moved on. They went to the PLDC [Paragon Leadership Development Course] Hall, in hopes to motivate them to help spread the word.

When they arrived they saw a couple paragons so wasted they only sprouted little cherub wings when they shouted. Chuck, the spear master, would throw them out if he saw such so the 7 moved on quickly.

The seven then moved to the Henchmen Quarters and stepped over a rookie assassin, passed out in the hall. They heard HWA practicing their song "CanTha Police." Afterwards, they had informed the 7 that he fell for the old "Hundred Blades with Each Hand" prank and died from exhaustion and they were waiting for anyone with a signet or spell or something... The 7 sighed and moved on again. Further down the hall, Axe Masters had just come back from Cleaveland and were making plans to bumrush Nyx with lollipops [rock candy] in an effort to give her a sugar rush, unless she was wearing the wrong suit of armor. The 7 looked at each other, and understood that the Cleaveland gang were future resurrection candidates so raining on their parade wasn't a good idea either.

The only thing left to do was join a GvG battle and see if it would happen again. The Battle occurred at the front gates of the Guild Hall, and Quin was victorious! The Quin Officer in Charge confronted the defeated rival henchman Officer and threw a dagger at his feet and said "you know what to do." The rival was defiant, believing he would just be resurrected anyway. The Quin In Charge retorted "It's either the dagger, or the force choke." The Rival laughed, "Your beloved Leader isn't here!" - It was at this point the 7 wanted to mention the permanent death observation when the horns sounded and the drums thundered. Everyone looked at the rival, dead with a dagger in his chest.

"Oh well, no force choke today" said the Quin In Charge, who was promptly lifted off of the ground.

"That's what you think" piped in a peaceful Crysania, as she walked by.

The choked officer saluted painfully as The Guild Leader passed.

The original 7 suddenly had a change of viewpoint. As if in unison, they all yelled "Death is Permanent!" and high-fived each other gleefully.

Henchman #3 decided to accelerate the progress. "Mighty spirited today, Guild Leader!"

Henchman #2 jumped in "Your return is quite ceremonious, Guild Leader."

Henchman #5 concluded "No hands, didn't even break your stride. You truly are the Master, Guild Leader."

Crysania stopped, turned, and chuckled. "Master? Spirited? Ceremonious? You all are trying too hard."

Crysania put her backpack down, and began hovering off the ground just enough to terrify all in attendance. The clouds spiraled, then parted. A ray of light of uncommon size and power descended from Dwayna and all the henchmen woke up in the outpost, the last thing they heard was "It's good to be home."

Episode 11

26 May 2010

Notes: First appearance of the Featherfall Festival, not yet named. The Quin hasnt actually done a GvG battle. Crysania had not yet truly mastered the Ray of Judgment or the Forcechoke techniques yet. Shes getting there. For modern times, add as rich as Grace to the prayer. The henchmen have sworn to three saints: St. Bastard, St. Martini, and St. Tryal. I do wonder how big the pamphlet of life would be if people believed that death is permanent. Probably a whole book!

References: NWA: @#$% Tha Police, Nyx's Tongue Armor, Tryal [Clan Silverlock]

Support the Troops!

High atop the Tall Tower of High Sorcery, Crysania finished her meditations with an Avatar of Dwayna. Before Dwayna left, she told a story to Crysania that had made her call off all Guild Battles for a while. Dwayna told a story of all the Gods together arguing over whose troops were the best: Balthazar's warriors, Lyssa's Mesmers, Dwayna's Monks and on down the list. After a little while Dhuum, Lord of the Underworld, piped in "If it makes you all feel better, I Support Everyone's Troops." The reaper's grin ended that conversation.

Episode 12
26 May 2010
Notes: Crysania was visibly unnerved when she was telling this story. Of course, it would be a considerable time before the other officers discovered she was already dead, and Dhuum was one of Crysania's many worries.

Ignorance can be Offensive

The GvG Battle going on outside Quinhalla looked very poor. So Crysania descended from her Tall Tower of High Sorcery to go find out why. Balreth, who was administering a "Come To Grenth" meeting, with three loudmouthed henchmen, put the scolding on pause to see what turned HQuin6 so sour. One of the Henchman said "She's so short, it should be called the Tiny Tower of..." It was at that moment the very energy in the air had changed. Crysania was obviously ready to force choke whoever said that. After a brief pause, Balreth exclaimed "It. Was. The. Middle. One." In an all too familiar tone. The middle one got it alright, but not very hard. Crysania was too busy trying not to giggle. Of course that made Balreth chuckle. The only people not chuckling were the two henchmen, with "I don't get it" written all over their foreheads. Crysania choked them both, simultaneously, their struggling bodies dangling helplessly from the air, following her to the gate like some helpless ornament. Everyone in camp other than her had become interested to some level in just how powerful her force choke will be. "Knowing Quin Henchman?" The Loremaster thought. "Probably a lot more powerful than it is now."

Episode 13
28 May 2010

Notes: The HQuin6 thing never fit. It just gets tired writing Crysania all the time. Interestingly, Crysania never forcechoked anyone other than Henchmen except Trixie, I think. By now, it was almost effortless for her and most of the Guild saw it as a game to see who was going to get it next. It was almost a badge of honor amongst the Henchmen, as if getting forcechoked was a privilege.
References: US Army Lingo, Monty Python.

Can't Deny the Hunger

Setting: Henchmen Quarters Time: Off Duty - Henchman 1 is eating a bowl of noodles and watching some Canthan Adult Entertainment.

Henchman 2: Awww...WTF man?

Henchman 1: What?

Henchman 2: Is that censored?

Henchman 1: Yeah, and?

Henchman 2: What are you, Ramen Catholic?

Henchman 1: What are you, hungry?

Henchman 2: Yeah, actually...

...and henchman 2 ate lunch with henchman 1

Episode 15
15 Jun 2010

Featherfall Festival

Vixoria couldn't keep a secret. We are having a Featherfall Festival! The Stabbith Day declared that we all need a break anyway; Crysania found her suggestion fitting and gave the 'Assemble!' Call. The festivities were grand to behold. Henchmen not on duty fled in panic. Dandd was leaning against the tower taking it all in, occassionally scribbling a note or two. Pyre was attending to the fire and Gwen was playing her flute. Ogden and Vekk were debating the size, length, height, material of the table and whether or not Ether Crystals were necessary. Dunkoro was figuring out the formation of the seating arrangements. Melonni wouldn't let Koss run off and play with Token and Galard. Kahmu was enjoying 'Brokeback Nightfall' starring Norgu and The Chad. Tahlkora didn't appreciate it but was told by Margrid to stop being such a princess. "Princess?" asked Tryal in high hopes. Olias' corpse was lying around somewhere, but Legion found it first... Zhed was bitching about 'stupid two-legs' but was helping Jin and Sousuke set up the table anyway. Lalandra, Nyx, Livia, Master of Whispers, Anita, Force, and Object were training for their next match in the All-Necro Guildball League. Morgahn, Hayda and Chuck were trying their best to motivate them. Religion and Science were engaged in yet another cat fight, while Gregg taunted them vivaciously. Jora and M.O.X. were embattled in tests of strength. Tanto, Anton, Achi, and Zenmai were cutting up food for the feast, while Goren and Gallagher were tenderizing the meat. Guinness was drinking, and had asked both Razah and Xandra for more spirits. Yoshi thought her Drake Kabobs were Divine. Pack mules were running two and fro as Balreth and Trixie were in the middle of it all barking orders. This was to go off without a hitch! Auric, Tiffany, and Gideon were quick to their seats and Nite had already stolen a bite or two. Black Moa Chicks combed the area looking for crumbs. "Blood Is Mother@#$%ing Power" is heard echoing in the distance. Smiling from atop the Tall Tower was Crysania herself, communing with the Avatar of Murphy - who promised not to interfere this time. Crysania was not avoiding everyone, on the contrary, Crysania was personally presiding over the ceremony to welcome a new member. As the merriment continued so far down, all that was missing now was for Angel Neveah to Join the Quin, or Quit...and be Force-Choked.

Episode 16
8 July 2010

Notes: This constituted the bulk of the guild at the time. Although Clan Neveah was starting to make appearances, it would still be a while before the clan would join the guild in present tense and real time. The All-Necro Guildball League never really took off. Razah was a Ritualist at this time, and had not learned how to change professions yet.
References: Stabbith Day Break (The Sabbath), Brokeback Mountain.

New Race Unveiled

Henchman 1: Dood! Did you hear?

Henchman 2:...hear what?

Henchman 1: A new race has been unveiled!

Henchman 4:Really?!

Henchman 3: ...Centaur!

Henchman 1 shakes his head

Henchman 2: ...Minotaur!

Henchman 1 shakes his head

Henchman 4: ...elf?

Henchman 1: Ding! Elf!

Henchman 2 begins drooling

Henchman 2: dood sweet! I'm SO gonna be an Elf Ranger with a SUNDERING Longbow and-

Henchman 1: NOT that kind of Elf!

The group blinks in confusion

Henchman 1: The kind of elf that slaves in a factory all day making Nicholas' gifts, the little helpers.

Henchman 4: Dood, that's even worse than being a henchman.

They all sigh sadly, deflated.

Episode 17

14 Jul 2010

Notes: The script format was solidified by this point.

References: Nicholas the Traveler.

Short Selling

Several Henchmen Initiates got caught for an H.I. Party at the Henchman Quarters when one gets an idea...

Henchman 1: Dood! I just got this great idea!

[awkward silence]

Henchman 1: No, Really! We can level to 20 really fast!

Henchman 3: Ok, I'll bite, what's this idea?

Henchman 1: Ok, so we borrow xp from someone who doesn't need anymore

Henchman 2: How do we borrow-

Henchman 1: shut up

Henchman 1: When they go out and get more, we give their original XP back and keep the difference.

Henchman 2: How do we give-

Henchman 1: shut up

Henchman 1: We get XP for next to nothing!

Henchman 3: Short sell XP?

Henchman 2: Yeah...because the "Market Regulator" won't forcechoke us for that.

Henchman 1: @#$% you both. I'll go ask Balreth, he'll give me XP.

Henchman 2: Yep. He'll give you an experience alright.

Henchman 3: Yeah, "Snippy Snap"

Henchman 2: Highfive!

[Henchman 1 storms off defiantly]

Episode 18

28 Jul 2010

Notes: Crysania has received a lot of strange names over the years.

References: USArmy Lingo, Wall Street.

Quinseeker Prophecies

Heed the words of the Monk of Ink
Standing awaist with Bowless Marksman
The Guild is Very Important
Their Hall is littered with henchmen
At the right sits the Death of Many Colors
Their Tale spread without saying a word
Learned from the Tome of Necroleptic Spell
They add she who can tame a herd
They persist, they conquer, they giggle at dance
And they press on with staves blazing
You will recognize their unwillingness to quit
And operating with so little is nothing short of amazing.
So go young Hero, ye who aspire to win
You want not me, for you seek the Quin!
If Quinhalla's Gate turns you away,
And there is no Featherfall for you
Leave your mark here, Hero
For there will be a Quinhalla II.
Go and earn your keep
Show that you can fight and think
Maybe you'll then get Forcechoked too
By our Diminutive Monk of Ink
Quin forces of Red and Green
Will reduce you to a crawl
In the end stand with pride
For you have answered the Call

Episode 19
15 Aug 2010
Notes: Loaded with Guild History!

Quinocalypse

[Enemy Briefing Room]

Enemy Henchman: Ok everyone, If I may have your attention on the screen here.

E. Henchman: We were decimated by Quinklok. We sent scouts out and this is what we've gathered.

E. Henchman: The Call of the Hoolequin is as follows:

Balreth Silverlock, Taller than a Tree

Angel Neveah, Not a bumble bee

Lalandra Corvousia, Corvousia, Corvousia,

Nyx Berner the Necro, Doodily do

Ding dong Doodily, Doodily do

Crysania Anchorwind

E. Henchman: I'm afraid gentlemen that's all we know...

Episode 20

25 Aug 2010

References: Metalocalypse [TV]

And You're a Henchman

A young Assassin henchman was getting tired of being Bull Striked all the time by Warrior Henchmen in the Henchman Quarters. He wanted to find a way to defend himself. Killing them was too easy and didn't teach the lesson. Death IS temporary after all. No, He wanted to embarrass these guys, like Shiro got embarrassed by Crysania - Trying to chase her around the Temple of the Six Gods. Our young Henchman was sitting in the library reading. He was getting frustrated. The information just wasn't there. The STORIES were. Another boss drops from sniper. "I get it..." He sighed aloud. How to make those stories come true for him?

"Maybe I'll ask The Stabbith Day" He thought, as she walked by.

"No" He argued, she's walking with a purpose towards Crysania's Tower.

"How about Nyx?" Nope, she's out with other henchmen, he remembered.

"Angel is busy in training" He stated.

"Balreth is elusive lately" He sighed.

"Lalandra would just say 'Go Ask Crysania'" His tone dropped.

" I guess I'll go ask-" he started, interrupted by the sights and sounds of The Stabbith Day falling to her death in the middle of the circular staircase.

"Flawless Victory, Fatality" muttered another henchman nearby. Much muted giggling followed.

The Stabbith Day walked by, just the same as she walked in.

"Nope. I'll just ask Tanto or someone." He resigned.

The Next Day, our henchman was in the library again, pondering the same thing.

Again, The Stabbith Day walked up to see Crysania and fell to her death.

The Third Day, same thing. Rumors began to spread about the possibilities of what was going on.

Fourth, Fifth, Sixth Days. Same thing. The Stabbith Day didn't even seem bothered.

Finally, on the 7th day The Stabbith Day was confronted outside the Henchman Quarters about her failures. She was getting beat up pretty good, verbally speaking. One Henchman stepped forward and challenged her to a Status < Duel.

"What's a Status Duel?" Asked our young henchman.

"Idiot! It determines who is a Hero and who is a Henchman! Don't you read anything?" Yelled an irritated henchman in the crowd.

"No, I don't like to be bored with mechanics." Retorted our henchman.
"but a Status Duel..." He pondered aloud, his spirits rising with the idea of being a Hero someday.
The Stabbith Day Accepted, and entered into a foreign stance. She didn't look combative at all, didn't even have balled fists. Our henchman was confused.
The Challenger began. Miss. Miss. Block. Miss. Block. Miss. Death.
Angry shouts came from all directions and one by one, the crowd attacked The Stabbith Day. They all died, one by one, in almost a rhythmic fashion.
The Stabbith Day turned to our henchman, terrified to the core. "You, too?" She asked.
He stood there, frozen - Deep Freeze level Frozen.
"You killed them all..." He finally muttered
"Nah" she shrugged. "I just put the boots to them, medium style."
She paused, then said thoughtfully "Hey, you're an assassin. Remember Sharpness Without Effort."
Those words burned into his soul. He was going to be a Hero, nay, a LEGEND!
When he remembered his legs, he hurried to the clinic for resurrection support. By the time he got back, he found everyone was alive again and Gwen was resting against the Henchman Quarters building, panting.
Our henchman was so excited, he Shadow Stepped to his notebook: much to the surprise of his roommate, who was engaged in very private affairs with a female henchman. His roommate bashed his head off of the framing of the top bunk and was rolling around the floor grasping the back of his skull screaming "You Cracked my Skull!"
Our henchman, unfazed, said "I can't do that, that's a warrior skill." He then shadow stepped back out, determined to unlock this riddle.
Gwen's Fast Casting + Flesh of my Flesh would wear her out after a bit.
The first person he came across was Chuck. So he asked him about it. "WHAT?" He replied, at volume.
Our henchman thought about asking if Chuck could stop shouting, but upon further review: he already knew the answer.
Our henchman searched Quinhalla for an available learned person to help. None, other than Crysania, who he decided to avoid.

"I know!" He exclaimed, and got to the Chapel as soon as possible. There! Surrounded by healing monks was a necromancer and a razor blade.

"Wait..." He deflated. The Stabbith Day was unarmed. "What that @#$%" Our henchman yelled!

"YEAH!" Bellowed an answer. "BLOOD IS-" Our Henchman left. We know that one already.

Our Henchman met up with several of the defeated hero-candidates, who wanted to know what she said.

"Sharpness without Effort" he stated.

An awkward pause followed.

"Why don't we check Wiki?" Said one, cautiously. "Sure" said our henchman, so they all went to the Library.

No one could find anything, so our henchman asked Dandd about 'Sharpness without Effort'

"Consult the book of Armaments" Dandd said, triumphantly.

They flipped through copies of the Book of Armaments, and sure enough, they found it.

"Sharpness Without Effort: Enchantment Spell. 11/411 ." - Our henchman likes this already. He continued: "For 10...30 Seconds You gain +1 to every attribute and gain +5% chance to block for each rank in this enchantment.

Gain 0 Adrenaline while under the effects of this enchantment. Ends early if you exert effort." Our henchman read it three or four times.

Finally he asked: "Ranks in what?"

The Stabbith Day, smiling under her mask, piped in "The enchantment itself." Our hero was baffled. "For every XP you earn while under the effects of the enchantment, it will rank up."

"only one xp?" Our henchman exclaimed hopefully.

"No." Answered a calm Crysania. "1,000,000 XP for rank 2."

"As if the Luxon title wasn't enough" Answered another henchman, before his lifeless force-choked body was forcefully expelled from the library.

"Simply Amazing" stated The Stabbith Day.

"Practice" Answered Crysania, "Are you ready for yours?"

They nodded and headed upstairs.

Our Henchman was too excited to see how long it would last, he was in the fields attempting to enchant himself. He wasn't sure if it was 'active' or not, but he kept believing. Days pass, our Henchman attempting to mimic what he had seen, building confidence in himself. Finally, our henchman is ready to try out his enchantment skills. He finds Lalandra, and challenges her to a friendly match. He enchants himself and she casts Spiteful Spirit on him and waits. Our henchman doesn't attack, he's afraid of the hex and he remembers "Ends early if you exert effort." So he was going to wait like The Stabbith Day did. Several minutes pass, neither one made a move other than the occasional hex cast. Our henchman bowed, thanked Lalandra, and left.

He head to the Archery Range and found Balreth! He asked Balreth for a match and he agreed as well. Our Henchman woke up in the Clinic, vaguely remembering the Red Arrow. Undeterred, he went back and asked for a contest without sniper. Balreth agreed. Our henchman enchanted himself, and Balreth came up and swung his axe. Miss. Our henchman's confidence soared. Then came inferno and flame burst. Our henchman woke up in the Clinic, one step short of crying.

His progress wasn't enough.

He continued his training. The Stabbith Day came across his training, and asked for a match. He was happy to agree. They enchanted and began. Our henchman got pummeled. While lying on the ground in agonizing pain, he managed to ask about the "exert no effort part."

The Stabbith Day giggled. "That was effortless for me!"

Broken, Our henchman staggered back to the Henchman Quarters. His roommate, decent this time, inquired about all the devotion. A group of henchman were all curious. Our henchman stood proud and proclaimed "I am learning Sharpness Without Effort"

A roaring laughter shattered the quiet.

"Go ahead, 'enchant' yourself now!" Challenged another henchman.

Sensing the impending attack, our henchman entered into his now-familiar stance and 'enchanted' himself.

"So where's the white cloud around you? Where's the yellow triangle?" They asked.

...Where were they? He panicked.

Our henchman shadow stepped out of there and ran to check Wiki.

He grabbed the Book of Armaments, and furiously flipped to the page. Same description. "What am I missing?" His anger simmering.

The Stabbith Day reached down and flipped the page. The last line stated: "Not usable by Henchmen."

"...and you're a henchman" giggled The Stabbith Day, as she walked off to practice with Crysania.

Episode 21

2 Sep 2010

Notes: Even so long ago, Crysania was looking at implementing more structure within the guild. Differentiating Henchmen and Hero statues were among the structure changes to come. Checking Wiki became a regular activity for the guild, and writing guild notes on it was Crysania's non-combat hobby. Stabbith was Crysania's less-kind facet spirit once upon a time and this shows it.

References: Metalocalypse [TV], Crouching Tiger Hidden Dragon [Movie], Guild History

Dandd Notes: Shiro DID get embarrassed by Crysania, even though she tries to down-play it. Typical Crysania. You too could be a Hero - A LEGEND!

Unyielding Consciousness

[at the library]

Henchman 1: dood! Crysania's STILL up in her tower!

Henchman 2: What is she doing up there?

Henchman 3: EVERYTHING! I have had night guard all week, Crysania does everything!

Henchman 2: So why doesn't she just go to sleep?

Henchman 1: That's the problem, she's hexed.

Henchman 2: Hexed?

Henchman 1: Yep. An Elite Hex too. Called "Unyielding Consciousness"

Henchman 2: Can we help?

Henchman 3: Probably, but are YOU going to go near her?

Henchmen: Nope!

Poof!

Episode 22

6 Sep 2010

Notes: This is before Wiki replaced library and Bamf replaced poof. Crysania still has unyielding consciousness issues.

Singing Officers

Crysania comes down from her tower singing "...but I would walk 500 miles and I would walk 500 more..."

Henchman 1: ...@#$%ing cartographers...

[pause]

Henchman 2: Why is she still sporting her Agent title?

Crysania: MORE MORE MORE!

Henchman 1: [ggrrroooaannnn]

Behind Crysania was The Chad, equally jubilant

The Chad: SHOUT SHOUT SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!

Henchman 1: [painful groan] paragons...

Behind The Chad was Nyx, bobbing and weaving herself

Nyx: One thing I miss is cold ethyl and her skeleton kiss...!

Henchman 1: [restrained scream] necromancers...

Behind Nyx was Balreth, Possibly loudest of them all!

Balreth: YOU'VE BEEN...THUNDERSTRUCK!

Henchman 1: Elementalists! [painful morbid scream]

Henchman 1 bashed his head off of the table

Henchman 1: Can I just get forcechoked now...please?

Crysania thought for a moment...

Crysania: I've got something to say, I choked a henchman today and it doesn't matter much to me as long as he's dead...

Henchman 1 got his wish.

Episode 23

9 Sep 2010

Notes: Musical humor would become very popular.

References: The Proclaimers '500 Miles' | Billy Idol 'Rebel Yell' | Motley Crue 'Shout at the Devil' | Alice Cooper 'Cold Ethyl' | AC/DC 'Thunderstruck' | The Misfits 'Last Caress'

Mahalo

Some Henchmen were gathering at the bulletin board before Morning Formation.

Henchman 3: Anything new?

Henchman 1: Let's see... Double SS/LB Weekend-

Henchman 2 and 3: Oh Yeah! /highfive

Henchman 1: ...Dervishes Suck...-

Henchman 99: If only they would let ME use Eternal Aura...

Henchman 1:...Rangers are too Defensive...-

Henchman 45:...and WE HELD THE LINE!

Henchman 2 and 3: that's all you did too! /laugh

Henchman 1:...Warriors have layers...-

Henchman 9 breaks into tears and runs away exclaiming "Finally! Someone understands!"

Henchman 1: There's another note too, WTF is this?

[painful awkward pause]

Henchman 1: [very poorly] Aller Anfang ist schwer, I'm getting the hang of a lot of this. Choosing my primary though? Das steht auf einem anderen Blatt. Mahalo Angel.

Henchman 77's Head explodes.

Henchman 2: Dood... Seriously... How many languages are in that note?

Henchman 1: I think just two dood. German and Ours.

Henchman 3: What the [Discordant Guitar Notes] Is Mahalo? Doesn't sound like anything we would say.

After much Tittering, an idea struck!

Henchman 2: Dood! Don't you get it? maHALO? Angel? This is some religious joke.

Henchman 3: So how many churches now?

Henchman 1: Dwayna. 1. Grenth. 2. Sniper 3. The Non-Denominational Brotherhood of Henchman. 4. The Athiests. 5.

Henchman 2: How can you be an Athiest when Dwayna - HERSELF - comes HERE...

Henchman 1: Shut up. So now we have the Mahalo Church too. *6.*

Henchman 3: Jesus Christ...

Henchman 1: Nope, I don't think we have a "Jesus" Church here...

Henchman 3: It's just an expression!

Henchman 2: Where did you pick that up?

Henchman 3: Crysania's Screen Capture - Look! [displays picture]

Henchman 1: Who would want to follow a ranger?

Henchman 3: IT'S JUST AN EXPRESSION!

Henchman 2: Might make a good martyr...

Henchman 1: Nope, that's a Monk Skill.

Henchman 3: AAAAAAHHHHHH!

Henchman 1: Anyway, let's just ask around after Formation and find out what we can.

-The Next Morning-

Henchman 1: Dood. Look at this!

Henchman 2: What?

Henchman 1: To Henchman 496, and 572, I saw the range was cleaned up. Mahalo, Balreth.

[awkward pause]

Henchman 2: So Balreth's converted?

Henchman 3: No more Synagogue of Sniper?

[energetic pause]

All Henchman in Attendance: WOO-HOO! IT'S OVER! /dance

Henchman 1: Dood! We still have to figure out what this Halo is that Angel is talking about.

Henchman 3: Balreth loves playing Halo...

Henchman 2: What the [Guitar Notes]?

Henchman 3: I just blurted that out. I don't even know what that means.

Henchman 1: Ok, we make a covenant here and now. We FIGHT the Halo!

Henchmen: YEAH!

Henchman 2: Yeah Dood, six gods are enough...

Henchman 3: ...and the non-denominational brotherhood...

Henchman 2: true, true.

Henchman 1: [Guitar Notes] Here comes Chuck. Form up!

-the next morning-

The henchmen show up extra-early to see what new pro-halo propaganda has been posted.

[painful groan]

Henchman 1: No...

Henchman 2: That's it, Where Dhummed.

Henchman 4: Dhumm Song Time?

Henchman 4 gets mercilessly slaughtered by other Henchmen in attendance.

Henchman 1: They got Crysania too. "Hey Henchmen! All your efforts with the Profession Reports hasn't got unnoticed. We'll order Canthan or something, Kaineng Duck or Shing and Sour Pork? We'll have a formation and get some votes when Dandd and I Finish. Mahalo, Crysania"

Henchman 2: SHING AND SOUR PORK! I hope we can get some General Tsogo's Chicken!

Henchman 3 Slaps Henchman 2: This is serious!

Henchman 3, rubbing his cheek: yeah...sorry.

Henchman 1: Okay Doods, Listen up! WE, as in us henchmen, WE need to find this "Halo" Take it on a long and arduous quest against seemingly impossible odds, where not all of you will make it. We will take this "Halo" up to the top of the Mountain in Hell's Precipice, AND WE SEND IT TO DHUUM!

Henchman 3: Isn't that a bit Mordor?

Henchman 2: What?

Henchman 3: MORBID! You know, the part where not all of them make it...

Henchman 2: True.

It was just then that Angel had Entered Quinhalla via Map Travel.

Henchman 15; There She is! For the Covenant!

Henchman 15 attempted to attack Angel, but was instead paralyzed through various pressure point techniques.

Henchman 1: For [Guitar Notes] Sake! ANOTHER person walking around here with impossibly debilitating abilities...

Balreth, Lalandra, Nyx, and Crysania Map Travel into Quinhalla as well, Reminiscing about Ascalon and the Northern Shiverpeaks.

Right in front of them, a paralyzed Henchman...

Balreth spotted Angel and hurried off to her.

Nyx wandered back to the Menagerie to return her pet after some good exercise.

Henchman 1: Crysania...with all due respect...may we..umm...have...youknow...the...halo? soweummcanmakeanepicquesttothrowitdownavolcanoandsaveeveryone?

Henchman 2: Yeah Dood. We would rather have forcechoke and sniper than this halo stuff.

Lalandra felt invisible.

Lalandra: Does no body fear me?

The Henchmen fought, resisted, and twisted their faces but in the end could not help but laughing.

Henchman 88: oooooo...not Necrosis! I'm soooooo sccaaarrreeeddd...

Crysania Held out her hand, shaped like a cup.

Henchman 88, smiling at Lalandra the whole way, kneeled down and choked himself.

Crysania: What Halo?

Henchmen: Exactly.

Lalandra had enough, and stormed off to Death Valley.

The Henchmen pointed vigorously towards the bulletin board.

It clicked.

Crysania laughed, a good booming laugh that echoed all over the front part of Quinhalla.

Henchmen: For the Covenant!

Henchman 1: WAIT! ...Just [guitar notes] wait.

Henchman 1: So you DO have the halo?

Crysania: It's not an object, it's a word.

Henchman 1: A word? What language?

Crysania: Hawaiian

Henchman 1: I don't know, How are you?

Crysania: I'm fine...

Henchman 1: Seriously, what is mahalo?

Crysania: Thank you.

Henchman 1: You're welcome.

Crysania grins, and returns to her tower without another word.

Henchman 1: They got Crysania! Anyone how anything about this "Howaiiam?"

Henchman 2: I do. You're Fine.

/maptravel: Henchman 104: Dood! There are no "Howaiiam" Districts. I tried saying Mahalo in the German and International districts. Most people just looked at me funny. One guy said "You're Welcome."

Henchman 1: No! It's spreading to the International Districts too!

/maptravel: Henchman 206: DOOD! HAWAIIAN means something that comes from Hawaii!

Henchman 1: uhhh...Where's Hawaii?

Henchman 206: uhhh...oh [guitar note]

Henchman 1: Listen up men! Grab your [guitar note]. We have to scour every corner of every map, and find this Hawaii. When we're there, we vanquish EVERYTHING, grab the HALO, take it to Hell's Precipice and-

Henchmen: For the Covenant!

Henchmen: QUIN OR QUIT!

The henchmen zealously disperse.

Dandd: You're ok with this?

Crysania: Why not? They found the Grail, didn't they?

Dandd looks at the grail, filled with Aged Dwarven Ale, and takes a sip.

Dandd, grinning: I guess so.

Dandd takes another Sip.

Dandd: Sometimes, Crysania, you can be a real @$$.

Crysania, grinning from ear to ear: Mahalo.

Laughter ensues.

Episode 24

10 Sep 2010

References: Guild History, Halo, Lord of the Rings, Abrahamic Monotheism, Metalocalypse, Mass Effect, Shrek, Invader Zim, Full Metal Jacket.

Order of the Party

The officers were gathered in Crysania's Tower to discuss the factioning of the Henchmen. The conversation was lighthearted and Crysania was just glad to have everyone in one spot for a bit. The conversation hushed when Dandd and Balreth started comparing notes of olde. Dandd: I haven't seen anything like this since a +1 and a Methodical Paranoia were considered admirable traits. Balreth caressed the Diamonds, Rubies, and Sapphires in his belt pouch, failing to suppress a grin.

Crysania: I blame Balreth!

She was only half-joking.

Crysania: who can resist his tall, Lean, physique?

Everyone checks out Balreth, who flexes instinctively.

Crysania: Balreth is the only one I've ever met who actually got YOUNGER with time.

Dandd mutters under his breath: @$$hole.

Crysania: Balreth comes in, smelling of parchment and polyhedrons. He is friends with merchants the world over and is just a downright agreeable guy.

The officers nod and murmur in approval.

Crysania: ...but then. POW! Snippy Snap. It's amazing coming from a guy like Balreth.

Dandd: ...and it's how he says sssnnniipppyy snnnnaaaaaaap too, it's not an authoritative statement. It's a "I'm the man" type statement, a self-assurance at medium volume.

Dandd: He comes in smiling, an everyone loves having him around. Then he goes out, spike kills a few here and there, acts as if it's an everyday thing, and everyone loves having him around EVEN MORE!

Dandd: Balreth is likely more popular than Crysania.

Crysania: I agree, Spiritspike isn't as exciting to watch as the sniper technique.

[A brief pause]

Dandd: And Balreth doesn't Forcechoke People...

[a lot of nodding and murmuring]

Lalandra: So What? So Crysania is Tough but Fair? She's balanced! You will get healed after the forcehoke. Balreth just leaves his victim in Lawn Ornament state. BUT WHAT ABOUT ME? I am the only one of the Senior Four that doesn't have a faction of henchmen wanting to follow me..

Balreth: I didn't go out recruiting...

Enter into the room two of the Order of the Arrow members: equipped with Red Norn Axes and Dragon Gauntlets.

Crysania: Speaking of recruits! -she says beaming from ear to ear.

Nyx: I got left with the dumb ones...

Lalandra: Better than none at all!

Dandd: Wait! I think I got it!

The group is listening intently.

Dandd: They've done the Quinseeker Prophecies. Now they have moved on to Quinhalla Factions.

Dandd: It should prove be most interesting, if I do say so myself.

Lalandra: I want a faction.

Crysania: Well then Nyx, Balreth, please take good care of our henchmen. We'll meet again soon. I hope everyone liked the food. Shing and Sour Pork is a real hit with the men.

Lalandra: I WANT A FACTION!

-

So Balreth, and his Order of the Arrow, are out in riven earth, high atop the waterfall looking down.

Balreth: I wonder how far down It is?

Arrowman 1: YOU HEARD HIM - GET TO WORK!

All the arrow men throw down their gear and start fishing for rope, counterweight, and any other equipment that could be used. The Men were amazingly fast, doubly so for Henchmen. They tied up a henchmen and discovered the rope wasn't long enough. The Arrowmen were saddened.

Balreth wanted to run an experiment.

Balreth: Someone needs to tell me how long this waterfall is, NOW!.

Arrowmen Sergeant: YOU heard 'EM! GET THE [@#$%] UP! LETS GO!

One of the henchmen leapt off of the waterfall.

Arrorman 3: 1 Sir

Arrorman 3: 2 Sir

Arrorman 3: 5 Sir

Arrorman 3 caved in his skull on the rocks below.

Arrowman 1: Sir Silverlock, approximately 5.4 seconds to impact.

Arrowman 2 Leaps off of the waterfall as well, to verify.

Arrowman 2: 1 Sir, 2 Sir, 5 Sir! [CRACK!]

Arrowman 1: Verified Sir, roughly 5.4 seconds to impact.

Balreth orders a resurrection and retires to Quinhalla

In his fortress, Balreth grinned. He could get used to something like this

-

Meanwhile, near Death Valley,

Henchman 1: Lalandra! We have a faction idea!

Lalandra: REALLY?!

Henchman 1: Yes! The Pre-Order!

Lalandra: The...Pre? Order?

Henchman 1: YES! We take several Gifts of the Huntsman and arrange them in a pyramid formation for an icon.

Lalandra Groans.

Henchman 2: Here's our slogan: "Screw your XP. Screw your Plotline. It's easy here!"

Lalandra weeps uncontrollably.

[awkward pause]

Henchman 1: What's wrong with The Pre-Order?

Lalandra Bursts

Lalandra: IF YOU'RE ALREADY HERE, IT'S TOO LATE! IT'S PAST TENSE! IT'S NO MORE! FOR QUINHALLA RESIDENTS, THIS IS AN EX-ORDER!

Henchman 1: oh yeah...

[the henchmen run away quick, fast, and in a hurry]

Lalandra sniffles

Lalandra: I bet even Dandd gets an Order before me!

Just then a group of henchmen were walking past Death Valley, towards the now-colorful Henchmen Quarters.

Henchman 77: I failed the test...

Henchman 204: Me too...

Henchman 289: I heard that only Crysania, Balreth, Angel, and Gideon passed the test.

Lalandra was nervous.

Lalandra: You there! What test?

Henchman 77: The Beta Order test.

Lalandra looked puzzled

Henchman 204: It's a test given by Dandd to grant admission in the Honorary Beta Order.

Lalandra: What's the Beta Order?

Henchman 289: "What was shapes what is" A reference to Adventures before Quinhalla was Built.

Lalandra sighs, and turns to go back to her cave.

Lalandra: Even Dandd got an Order before me...

Lalandra closes the door to her cave and ponders what to do to merit a faction of henchmen.

Lalandra brainstorms for awhile. An idea!

Lalandra: Order of the Sidekick!

Lalandra: Angel could be a member too. I often support someone in Crysania's Clan, and Angel supports someone in Balreth's clan.

A pause.

Lalandra: No... It wouldn't be long before I'm referred to as "Robin" or "Bullwinkle" or something.

Lalandra: Hmmm... ... ... Order of the Party Member!

A pause.

Lalandra: No, everyone's a party member. Order of the Party? !! I like that one. Order of the Party!

An energetic pause.

Lalandra: Go Anywhere, Do Anything, Be Anyone, Support the Party Leader! Something like this, this will work!

Lalandra runs out of Death Valley to start her Faction too, let's just see if anyone will join.

Episode 25

15 Sep 2010

Notes: Potentially the debut of I Blame Balreth! While the Pre-Order doesnt technically exist, it sure is popular.

References: Conkers Bad Fur Day, Metalocalypse, Monty Python, Batman and Robin, Rocky and Bullwinkle, Guild History.

Dandd and Secnded

"...Everything in Moderation is Erroneous." Pronounced Secnded.

"Rarely is there ever anyone who fights for 'killing in moderation' or 'plague in moderation.'" Secnded continued.

There was a pause, an energy in the air building up to frantic pace.

"What they are after, instead, is Harmony. Harmony is a contented state with the environment around you - encompassing good and evil." Secnded rambled to himself.

"But evil doesn't truly exist, for it's just a comparative statement in relation to good." Secnded knew he was on to something.

"...and good is just a judgment, a reflection of our held values." Secnded was practically yelling!

"Values are not universal, thus the judgment applies only to the judge." Secnded was pacing.

"So then Harmony is attained not in the pursuit of destroying evil, but instead through compassion for all, no preconditions or exclusions."

It was then that the perception of time itself changed for Secnded.

He needed less sleep, less food, but was instead powered by an energy source not easily understood by those around him.

He was able to sense energies both positive and negative from seemingly impossible distances.

He felt an urge to visit Crysania.

He walked up the staircase with a new confidence.

When he reached the top, Crysania simply said "Now you know what being a Monk is truly all about."

From then on he devoted his life to the well-being of all residents and guests of Quinhalla.

He was Secnded, Child of Dandd, and Bore the Burden of Light."

Dandd awaited in anticipation for reviews.

Chuck shouted "BOO! NO ACTION!"

Gallagher didn't get it.

Tanto just left without so much as a word.

Trixie sighed "Great, as if one Telepathic Monk around here wasn't creepy enough."

Even Bip didn't feel like doing anything.

Dandd was sad.

Dandd took the paper to Crysania, who beamed with energy. "I like it! I doubt anyone else will though."

Dandd shook his head and laughed to himself, used to that eerie predictive analysis.

Dandd spoke: "So what's wrong with it?"

Crysania: "It involves too many thoughts that most don't want to think. You'll have to simplify it and make it funnier if you want a wider audience."

Dandd: "funnier?"

Crysania: "Yeah. Try some Reference Humor"

Just then a Henchman came running up the stairs

Henchman 1: Crysania! We found the Nazgul Sword in Kamadan for 35 Ecto.

Crysania: I sense a 'but'

Henchman 1: Yes. We didn't buy it, it's a Cruel Sword - Not Zealous, I'm afraid.

Crysania: That's too bad. Good Job. Go to the Green Dragon, and the Inn of the Last Home and let everyone know to stop the hunt.

Henchman 1: Right away! /poof

Crysania: I'm sorry about that. Reference Humor, you know - adapt obvious references into the universe you're writing in.

Dandd: I'm not good at that, but I'll try.

Crysania: Henchman Please, You've been around since Betamax, and probably Maxed the Beta!

Dandd: I'm not sure exactly what you just said, but I'll go try anyway. /bamf

-

Dandd sips from his grail.

Dandd muttered: "Reference humor..."

"Sayest not ekki-ekki-ekki-pitang-zoom-boing when 'Ni!' will suffice." Secnded Began. "..and when you are told 'I don't wanna talk to you no more, you empty headed animal food trough wiper!' Respondeth kindly and always look on the bright side of life." Secnded continued. "What we cant's not the least is does the bad job but always the good, wink wink nudge nudge know what I mean?" Secnded stated. "If there is violence inherent in the system, remember that 'tis but a scratch. There may not always be a punch-line scheduled nor will all errors get you sacked." Secnded spoke calmly. "In the end, expect inquisitions,

appreciate shrubberies, welcome the completely different and know that from time to time it will be your head nailed to the coffee table. Go Team VHoolequin" Secnded concluded."
Dandd looked at this with ambivalence: "I prefer MY version." -
Dandd gathered all the other instructors again, and shared the 'referenced' version.
There were hysterics.
The crowd were glad for Chuck choosing to wear shorts underneath the Paragon Armor.
Gallagher couldn't stop crying and repeatedly proclaimed "I can't breathe!"
Tanto and Legion were acting out bits of the referenced scenes.
Trixie's laughter echoed well out of Dandd's chambers.
Bip cast himself to death in glee.
-
The Instructors left completely jubilant and could be heard expanding the references as far as earshot carried.
-
Crysania came down, sensing Dandd's Defeat
Crysania: Reference Humor?
Dandd: I don't even know what I wrote! I just threw some lines, removing context, together and added some punctuation.
Crysania: I heard the laughter up top.
Dandd: I'm not funny. I don't have a sense of humor.
Just then a Corsair-looking dude smoking his pipe walked in.
Corsair Henchman: Aye, but comedy ain't never been about a sense of humor.
Crysania: I'm just going to leave you two alone now.
Crysania walks away giggling. She'll have to Thank Margrid Later.

Episode 26
25 Sep 2010
Notes: First appearance of /bamf! This would replace /poof quickly. Crysania and Dandd are well on their way to making the Beta and Spirits and Ceremonies Orders with episodes like these.
References: Philosophy, 4th Wall, Monty Python, Metalocalypse, Lord of the Rings, Dragonlance, The Venture Brothers.

New Character [Spike]

Dandd was enjoying a nice day in Quinhalla. He was walking in The Plains when he heard a familiar voice.

Voice: WHOOOO!!!! +1 MOTHER@#$%ERS!

Dandd froze.

A body impacted the ground at Dandd's feet.

The Monk-On-Duty quickly brought him back.

The figure stood up, kind of.

Dandd: Spike Baltrihper. Long time no see.

Spike: No @#$%. You shohld ge' out mor.

Dandd: Just dropped by?

Spike giggled: Thhaths punny.

Spike distracted himself.

Spike: aye cae teh viszhit!

Dandd: Good. I haven't seen my old-

Spike: ADHVAHNCED!

Dandd: Ranger friend in a long time. Suddenly all the color returned to Spike.

Spike: Damn that Grog is good @#$%!

Dandd: Wore off did it?

Spike: yeah...

Spike looks down.

A henchman was walking by minding their own business, when spike walked up to them and yelled SEX AND DRUGS AND ROCK and ROLL! As loud as he could, knocking the henchmen over in surprise.

Henchman 1: What are you, some kind of Geomancer?

Spike looked like he was going to cry.

Spike: A bunch'a kids ya got here! Let me guess - "It's like a computer game, but on paper"

Spike could hear Voices from various parts of Quinhalla yell: "STOP THAT!"

Dandd: So where have you been?

Spike: NO I'M NOT!

Dandd: No you're...wait...That's not even a response to what I was saying!

Spike: Oh. I know I can do better, just let me get high!

Spike begins to consume Red Rock Candies at an incredible rate.

Spike begins muttering incoherently

Crysania came down from her tower, offering to keep Dandd company.

Crysania: Is he alright?

Spike: I AM SPIKHOLIO. I NEED ROCK CANDY FOR MY FACEHOLE!

Dandd: We were in an "Advanced" campaign, a long time ago.

Spike savagely pounces on a rock and tries to drink from it

Dandd: He was a loner; a lot of rangers were back then.

Spike gets on all fours and threatens to 'track' his mug of grog to the ends of the land

Dandd: He was near a place called "Kendermore"

Spike sits and begins complaining about the burr in his foot

Dandd: he lost half his mind there.

Crysania: Half?

Spike attempts to scale Crysania's tower, singing to himself "...friendly neighborhood rangerman..."

Spike, a couple body lengths up, slows down.

Spike: Is there a reason I'm up here?

Dandd: Hydrodynamics!

Spike screams in terror and falls from the tower.

Crysania: Hydrodynamics?

Spike begins to set off fireworks as fast as his hands will let them, chanting "Planet called Dirt. People Called People. Planet called Dirt..."

Dandd: Yes. Spike here lost the other half of his mind at Mt. Nevermind.

Spike managed to steal and consume all the Ale that was intended for Dandd's Grail.

Dandd noticed, after the empty containers hit the ground.

Crysania: Wow...

Dandd: His time near Kendermore has made him an excellent thief.

Spike: YOU'RE A TOWEL!

Spike begins punching various stones of the Tower in search of 'Funkytown'

Crysania: Quite a handful.

Dandd: Has been for a while. He refuses to settle down. He just wanders from one area to the next, looking for more substances to ingest.

Crysania takes a closer peek: Legendary Cartographer? Connoisseur of Confectionaries?! Incorrigible Ale-Hound?! AND Life of the Party?!

Spike Flexes: "Don't you worry about me, I'm tripping BALLS!"

Dandd: Hence the name.

Crysania points at Spike: Is he sticking around?

Dandd: WHOA! YOU'RE A LOADED GUN!

Crysania blinks confusedly.

Spike looks around, realizes he's trapped between them two and the tower: "WHOA! THERE'S NO WHERE TO RUN!"

Dandd groans.

Spike: NO ONE CAN SAVE ME THE DAMAGE IS DONE!

Spike returns to normal.

Spike: So do you guys eat around here? I'm famished.

Crysania is stunned

Spike: Come on Guild Leader! You too!

Dandd grins

Spike: We can tell you the story when we beat up a bunch of sci-fi dorks. What was our war cry again?

Dandd didn't miss a beat: "Screw your Lightsabers, we have Light Maces!"

Spike and Dandd turn to each other, beaming with joy: "GO TEAM VHOOLEQUIN!"

Crysania stood there amazed. There were actual rays of light emanating from them.

Crysania: Yeah, let's go. After that I'm drinking.

Spike: I never drink.

Spike tried to steal from Crysania, who has nothing to steal...

Crysania: I've forcechoked for less.

Spike: SORRY! Habit. I was only going to borrow it anyway, I was going to give it back...

Dandd laughed, it was good to have another old ("Advanced") guy around.

Spike: Ok..maybe a little, here and there...

Episode 27

28 Sep 2010

Notes: Spike Baltrihper would rapidly become one of the Hoolequin regulars.

References: D&D, Sex Drugs Rock & Roll, Guild History, South Park, Beavis and Butthead, Dragonlance, Spiderman, Bon Jovi [You Give Love a Bad Name], Star Wars, The Venture Brothers

Silkball

It was a peaceful day in Quinhalla. Henchmen and Quinzies scurried about, the officers were pursuing their own ambitions, and the heroes were out dispensing justice. Unfortunately, it wasn't long before this almost-melodic howling came from The Plains. Then came the singing, worse than the howling.

Spike: IT'S THE FINAL COUNTDOWN!!!

A Wolf: Aroo woo woo woo!

Crysania was walking out to investigate, along with Dandd - both pinching the bridges of their noses and groaning.

Spike: STOP! ...IN THE NAME OF LOVE!

Crysania and Dandd Froze.

At their feet lay a multitude of bolts of silk, laid out in an organized fashion.

Dandd: What are you up to this time?

Spike: Taro Leaves! I was smokin' in the boys room.

The wolf purrs favorably

A couple henchmen walked by, and saw the wolf

Henchman 2: Dood! Look at that!

Henchman 1: Something like a Shistavanen!

Spike and the Wolf shared some Absinthe

Nyx had returned from a hunt, and was unable to control her Tiger. The cat made a bee-line for the wolf. The two began playing.

The wolf ran off, with the tiger and Nyx in pursuit.

The henchmen wandered off too.

Dandd: So what are you doing with all this silk?

There was spike, sitting on a pile of empty mugs, furiously sewing.

Crysania: He's sewing...a pile?

Dandd and Crysania stood there together, morbidly curious.

The wolf came back, and rhythmically growled in Spike's ear.

Dandd: What did he say?

Spike: That he got the Eye of the Tiger.

Crysania winces.

Dandd: He was Hungry like the Wolf?

A very loud, happy bark came for a response.

Nyx came back and said she got a great shot of them in action.

Crysania and Dandd hadn't a clue what she meant, but smiled and nodded anyway.

Spike: ITS DONE! 99 RED BALLOONS!

Crysania: ...but there's only one, and it's only red in parts.

Spike holds a hand over one eye: Right! Fenrir, cancel the expedition to build a bridge between both Bloodstones at Hells Precipices.

Fenrir barks happily.

Jora: Now THAT is a respectable wolf!

Fenrir beams momentarily.

Crysania: So what is that mass of silk for?

Spike: To liven things up a bit around here!

Dandd: I'm going to regret this, but I have to ask: How would you have gotten up both peaks of Hells Precipices at the same time?

Spike: By Walking like an Egyptian

Fenrir: Aroo wOO woo!

Dandd groans

Spike: Gather some people, we're going to play a game!

Jora: I bet 'people' doesn't include Norn.

Spike: Easy, Brickhouse, you can play too!

Jora glares at Spike

Everyone disperses to find some people to play.

[some time later]

Spike: You just Keep me hangin' on...

Fenrir growls along

Dandd: We're back.

Spike: Alright...hmmm...

Spike Ponders the group.

Spike chooses La Chad and Chuck for captains.

Chuck: WHAT ARE THE RULES?!?!

Spike: YEAH! SHOUT! SHOUT! LET IT ALL OUT!

Chuck: OK!!!

Spike: WHAT?!

Chuck: OK!!!

Spike: WHAT?!

Chuck: YEAH!!!

Jora: Yes, Yes - Lil' Chuck and the Eastagon Boys, that's nice. What are the rules?

Spike: It's like Fire and brimstone coming down from the skies! Rivers and seas boiling! Forty years of darkness! Earthquakes, volcanoes. The dead rising from the grave! Human sacrifice, dogs and cats living together... Mass Hysteria!

Dandd: SPIKE!

Spike: Sorry...

Spike Smokes more Taro Leaves, displaying amazing lung capacity.

Spike: We'll set markers. Simply Carry the ball across the line. The opposing team will try to physically prevent you from doing this. If you are knocked over, the opposing team gains the ball. Each team may throw the ball forward once per possession, but laterally or backwards as many times as they wish. Scoring gives the other team the ball at the half way marker. Whoever has the most points when we all get tired wins.

Jora grins: I like you more and more, human.

Spike: You were made for loving me, baby

Spike hands the silkball to Chuck: It's dangerous to go alone, take this

Fenrir: Aroo woo woo woo!

Jora walks over and joins Chuck.

Spike walks over to La Chad

Dandd proclaims himself too old.

Fenrir to La Chad

Trixie to Chuck

Koss to Chuck

Lalandra to La Chad

Crysania to La Chad

Henchman 1 to Chuck

And so it went.

The Red vs Blue Silkball Game would commence, with Dandd keeping score, and throwing verbal taunts from time to time.

So The two sides got together, to discuss strategies and come up with insults, while Spike was setting markers and such. When he was done, Spike declared: Welcome to the Jungle!

Chuck's Red team was given possession first.

Spike opened the taunting: Here I am! Rock me like a hurricane!

Koss grabbed the ball, threw it back to Chuck. Chuck threw it deep into Blue Territory, where Jora easily caught it above Lalandra.

Jora: You're tall, but you're not Norn

Lalandra was fired up, as was everyone else, and spectators grew to witness the spectacle.

Lalandra threw the ball back to La Chad, to threw it laterally to Spike. Spike was running along the edges of the pitch, and only had Jora to pass.

Jora attacked, and Spike activated Lightning Reflexes, blocked Jora's attack and Scored.

Spike quickly went to down some more questionable liquids.

Jora: Oh ho human, so THAT's how we're going to play, eh?

Spike: Crazy, but that's how it goes!

Koss again Threw it to Chuck, who got Buried by La Chad "The Super."

The game was mostly even, back and forth, for some time.

Chuck passed to Jora, a Vengeful Lalandra and Fenrir in hot persuit.

Fenrir leapt, punched Jora square in the face, and as Jora was falling over, Lalandra stole the ball from her hands and ran it back to score.

Jora was FURIOUS.

Spike: That's another brick in the wall, Brickhouse, That was the skill "Ragnarok" "Touch Skill. Causes Knock Down. No effect on Non-Norn Targets"

Lalandra giggled to a fuming Jora.

After a brief discussion, it was agreed this was the last possession. Chuck's team could tie, or lose.

Koss to Chuck, Chuck to Jora, Jora threw it forward to Henchman 1, who was unmarked and running down the sideline.

Spike stared in horror as Crysania's frozen hand melted to reveal a glowing white-blue. Crysania calmed herself, held out her glowing hand and simply said "no."

The Forcechoked henchman, mere steps way from scoring, dropped the ball and then was allowed to collapse to the ground.

Spike muttered "you are the one"

Crysania, her hand frozen again, asked: "What?"

Spike: Nothing, nothing.

Trixie: Ok, NEXT time, we need some skill restrictions

Dandd: Yeah, most things in here don't react well to forcechoke

Crysania giggled.

Jora: Enjoy this victory, we will play this game again.

Spike: I'm looking forward to it, Brickhouse.

Episode 28

30 Sep 10

Notes: The Silkball idea was solidified and played in a Silkball League later. The nickname Brickhouse was an instant classic, and is still used today. This is but one of many musical-laden stories.

References: Europe [The Final Countdown], The Supremes [Stop In The Name of Love], Mötley Crüe [Smokin' in the Boys Room], Survivor [Eye Of The Tiger], Duran Duran [Hungry Like The Wolf], Nena [99 Luft Balons], The Bangles [Walk Like An Egyptian], The Commodores [Brick House], The Supremes [You Keep Me Hangin On]. Tears For Fears [ShOUT], Lil Jon, Kiss [I Was Made For Loving You], Guns n Roses [Welcome to the Jungle], The Scorpions [Rock You Like a Hurricane], Ozzy Osbourne [Crazy Train], The Matrix, Hunt for Red October, Guild History, Monty Python, Ghostbusters, Norse Mythology.

Heartseeker

Everyone was enjoying a beautiful day in Quinhalla. The sounds of birds chirping, bones crunching and Angel's Musical filled the air. Nyx had organized a game of Lawno, and there was much fun to be had.

Dandd was deep in his chambers, behind Wiki, becoming frustrated at the periodic noise spikes.

Finally, he set his grail down and went out to investigate. He was never going to figure this out with all this racket.

Dandd came out to the field to see an amazing amount of people all gathered at once.

CRUNCH!

Nyx looked carefully: A-2!

LAWNO! Yelled Crysania, jubilant!

The crowd in attendance groaned, and drew different cards.

Dandd: What in the name of GRENTH is going on out here?

Spike attempted to speak, but fell backwards and began giggling incessantly.

Nyx grinned.

Nyx: This is Lawno.

Dandd raised an eyebrow.

Nyx: Yep, this is a 5x5 grid we have drawn out here. The henchmen are blindfolded and perform a featherfall onto the grid. Wherever their head rests, is the number that gets called. First to form a row, or column, wins.

Lalandra: But THIS 'Legendary Collector of Lawn Ornaments' here keeps winning!'

Crysania grins sheepishly.

Nyx continues: We're also running betting ring. We have Trixie, Gwen, and Norgu here attempting to see who can raise a minion first.

Balreth counts his gold loudly.

Lalandra: Yeah...between HER predictive analysis, and HIS luck... /sigh

Dandd: ...This I have to see.

Spike slips a note to Jora: "I lovvezz uuu"

The first blindfolded henchman jumps. A beautiful triple back-somersault to full extension. Crack!!!

Nyx yells: A-2!

Jora stands up and yells: WHAT IS LOVE?

Spike, falls backwards and yells: BABY DON'T HURT ME!

Jora grumbles angrily.

Dandd: So has anyone heard of the 'Owner of the Heart?'

Spike: Iz it ronery?

Balreth quietly sings: I'm so ronery...so ronery...

Dandd: Owner of a lonely heart?

Nothing.

Crack!!!

Nyx yells: D-1

Dandd: perhaps the translation's off.

Dandd pulls out a copy and looks again.

Dandd: How about 'Seeker of the Heart?'

Nothing.

CRACK!!!

Nyx yells: C-5!

Crysania: Most of us are all Flameseekers, but I don't know about Heartseekers...

CRACK!!!

Nyx yells: MISS!

Lalandra groans: So close! /pout

Lalandra: If ANYONE is a heart seeker, ask that stud over there.

Spike: YEAH! Oh wait. Not me...

Jora: Of course not you.

Spike: You're just mad because you lost, brickhouse.

Jora growls angrily again.

So all eyes shifted to Balreth.

Dandd: Does this look familiar at all?

[Dandd shows the picture of Heartseeker, with TF Rune]

Balreth nods energetically and he and Dandd walk back towards Wiki.

CRACK!!!

Nyx yells: C-5!

Crysania yells: LAWNO!

Much groaning ensues.

Lalandra: Well, with Balreth gone, maybe we can win the Mesmer Races...

Episode 29

15 Oct 2010

Notes:

References:

Spike the Queen

Spike was farming Ingots. He didn't say why.

Dandd: Why are you doing this?

Spike: I'm not saying why.

Dandd, in retrospect, knew he should have seen that coming.

Dandd: Ok. How are you?

Spike: I'm the one they call Dr. Feelgood!

Jora: You don't make me feelgood.

Spike: Well kickstart my heart.

Crysania: Are you going to occupy the Range for long?

Lalandra: Yeah, so much noise. I do live RIGHT THERE.

Lalandra points.

Spike: Girls girls girls!

Dandd clears his throat.

Spike: Well you can assemble all the biggest motley crue you like, I'm still not telling you.

Jora and Lalandra cross their arms menacingly, simultaneously.

Spike: Look. Don't go away mad, just go away.

Crysania shrugs and just walks away.

Dandd follows.

Spike shrugs and map travels out.

[some time later]

Spike has a pile of ingots in the middle of the now unused range.

Spike gathers Sousuke, Zhed, Vekk, Gallagher and Koss.

Spike: Alright crue, I need you to go all Symphony of Destruction on these.

Much confusion ensues.

Spike explains.

For quite some time, the Nukers would immolate the ingots, and the warriors would pound them with hammers. Immolate, Hammer. Immolate, hammer. Spike's ever crazed looks guided the product.

At last, it was done.

-

[next morning]

The guild was running about their business, when on the edge of Crysania's tower, bellowed a strange figure.

Figure: HEAR ME, WAR PIGS!

Figure: STOP TURNING YOUR WAR MACHINE, SORCERERS OF DEATH'S CONSTRUCTION.

A crowd was beginning to gather.

Figure: I need someone to show me the things in life that I can't find!

Crysania sighed painfully.

Dandd was on the same page as Crysania, and they left in separate directions.

Figure: I can't see the things that make true happiness, I must be blind!

Nyx, Balreth, and Angel were preparing snacks for this inevitable good show.

Figure: Make a joke and I will sigh and you will laugh and I will cry!

Crysania found Jora, and was bringing her back to the Fields.

Figure: Happiness I cannot feel and love to me is so unreal

Dandd seemed relieved with The Monk of Ink returned, Norn at her side.

Figure: And so as you hear these words telling you now of my state!

Jora grinned.

Figure: I tell you to enjoy life I wish I could but it's too late!

Jora shouted: Who is this magnificent figure?

The figure emerged from the shadows of Crysania's Tower.

Figure: I AM IRON MAN!!!

It all made sense now.

A crazed ranger, three pyromancers and two hammer warriors were forging, albeit poorly.

The Guild Played Along.

Lalandra: Is he paranoid?

Angel: Has he lost his mind?

Balreth looked at his 'helm': Can he see or is he blind?

Nyx looked at how much that suit of iron must weigh: Can he walk at all?

Crysania: Or if he moves will he fall?

Dandd yells: HYDRODYNAMICS!

"Iron Man" Shrieked and fell forwards, and landed in a way that made even the officers flinch.

The guild, almost in unison, shouted with glee: LAWNO!!!

Angel: Is he alive or dead?

Balreth: Has he thoughts within his head?

Jora: We'll just pass him there

Lalandra yells: WHY SHOULD WE EVEN CARE?

The guild suppresses giggles and walks away.

...

Spike was just staring at the world... nobody wants him.

Spike mutters to himself: I'm just another one that bit the dust.

Spike went back to the range, and arranged his Iron Man outfit and laid on top of it, using a guild cape for a blanket.

Spike laid there, miserable.

Meteor Practitioners were blindfolding themselves and making bets to see if anyone could hit him.

Crysania finally came out and put a stop to it.

Crysania: Why are you laying on Iron Man?

Spike was muttering: Nothing really mattress...Nothing really mattress to me...

Crysania sat next to Spike.

Crysania: So what's the matter with the Life of the Party?

Spike: This crazy little thing called love...

Crysania: oh?

Spike suddenly gained some energy: YES!

Spike: All these fat bottomed girls, and killer queens. It's a kind of magic!

Crysania smiled.

Crysania: Sounds like you're under pressure.

Spike: YES!

Crysania: So why don't you try a Bohemian Rhapsody?

Spike sprung to his feet: Don't stop me now!

Crysania: You are the Champion!

Spike grinned.

Spike: You're my best friend.

Crysania: What about Dandd.

Spike: Him too.

Spike thinks a minute.

Spike: I'm just going to go be a Good Old Fashioned Lover Boy.

The other girls come to help.

Nyx: Are you ready?

Spike: Ready Freddy!

Jora: Be careful, We Will Rock You.

Angel and Lalandra smile.

Spike, rejuvenated, shouts: Tonight I'm Gonna Rock You Tonight, Brickhouse.

Even Jora couldn't help giggling.

In a flash Spike downed a couple Vials of Absinthe, tied the Guild Cape back on, and ran away Triumphantly.

Angel: There he goes, running as fast as he can.

Lalandra: Iron Man Lives Again!

Everyone had a good laugh, and helped move the Iron Man Suit into Wiki, such a unique set of armor deserved its own little Monument in Quinhalla.

Episode (30)

30 Oct 10

Notes: We would later find out that Spikes Iron Man Suit would move to Balreth's Basement.

References: Motley Crue [Dr. Feelgood, Kickstart My heart, Girls Girls Girls, Don't Go Away Mad], Megadeth [Symphony of Destruction], Black Sabbath [War Pigs, Paranoid, Iron Man], Queen [Bohemian Rhapsody, Crazy Little Thing Called Love, Fat Bottomed Girls, Killer Queen, It's a Kind of Magic, Under Pressure, We are the Champions, You're My Best Friend, Good Old Fashioned Lover Boy, We Will Rock You], Spinal Tap [Tonight Im Gonna Rock You Tonight]

The Cold November Rain

The Iron Man plan had failed. Spike was thinking, not very hard, about his next move. In his travels, Spike heard about a way to change people, control people, achieve new levels of drunkenness. Spike was determined to get this to rank 12. Spike was determined to become an Alchemist!

Since it is Spike, after all, no one really paid any attention to him and a bunch of henchmen digging underneath Death Valley. Spike did remark to himself that it is harder to find good henchmen these days, with this whole Factions thing and all.

Spike gathered ingredients from far and wide to put in his Alchemy Lab. He even 'reclaimed' Mad King Thorn's cauldron before his servants put it back in...wherever they put it in between Halloween Festivals. He also gathered several cookbooks from wives and libraries the world over.

When it was over, Spike's Lab was situated beneath Crysania's Tower, dug diagonally down from Death Valley. In fact the warmth of the Cauldron rose to heat the ground directly under Dandd's bedroom, which made Dandd sleep harder - and thus snore louder, much to Balreth's irritation in the neighboring Suite.

Spike, for good measure, employed some of Oola's Security Leftovers along the path between the Exit and his Lab.

Spike wanted to start off easy, work his way into an Inexhaustible Inebriating Imbibry.

Spike marveled at his cavernous new home, and was promptly tackled by flailing henchmen.

Spike: What in the name of Eddie Van Halen was that for?

Henchman 1: We have a problem, sir...

Spike rubs the back of his head: Owww... You Really Got Me with that one.

Henchman 1: We dug the passage way too steep sir.

Spike: I got here just fine.

Spike flexes.

Henchman 1: It's turning to mud. We're just slipping down the path. Our pickaxes are just leaving skid marks along the path, but not really slowing us down enough.

Spike's eyes widen.

Spike: THAT IS WHAT IT'S CALLED!

Henchman 1: What?

Spike: Skid Row! You will travel from Death Valley, along Skid Row, to My Lab.

Henchman 1: That's nice, sir, do you want to just grind down the tools every time anyone comes down here?

Spike: No... You can't be king of the world if you're slave to the grind.

Henchman 1: What is your suggestion?

Spike: Hmm.. Try: going down to Panama, look for an Eruption, then Jump up there and Dance the Night Away.

Henchman 1 groans: You're completely wasted, aren't you?

Spike: I'm Hot for Teacher.

Henchman 1 sighs: I'll go ask Crysania.

Spike turns to his first selected recipe.

Spike: Let us see here: Essence of a Black Hole Sun, A Tempered Glass Vial, a Vial of Ink, and the Blood of a Level 1 Creature: Type O Negative.

Spike sighs: Goddamn specific.

It was at that point that avatars of five gods appeared in Spike's Lab, demanding to know which god to damn that.

Spike was frantically opening Trick or Treat bags for more things to drink.

Spike: Oh God, I'm Dead Again...

WHICH GOD?! The voices boomed throughout the laboratory.

Spike closed his eyes and pointed randomly.

Grenth: Very Well. I Damn That.

...and they were gone. Just like that.

Spike was in the fetal position, in disbelief, muttering: "Oh my God, they killed Spikey"

Dandd: You Bastard!

Crysania: I didn't even make my move yet!

Dandd: Sorry...I...

Crysania: Checkmate.

Dandd: @#$%ING NEWTYPES!

Crysania grins.

Spike had gathered some money and a bag of holding and set off.

The vials were easy: the Traders in Wiki could take care of those.

Spike: The Essence of a Black Hole Sun...

Spike walked over to look at the World Maps. Along the way he tripped over an imaginary tankard of Gnomeflinger Punch and face-planted a picnic-table bench. The force broke the bench and catapulted the book laying on the opposite side into the air and across to the Cafeteria section, where it smacked a necromancer henchman in the back of his head, causing the henchman to stab himself in the back of the throat with his steak knife and died at the table. The other henchmen, unaffected, muttered something about Necrolepsy and finished their meals.

When Spike regained consciousness, he thought about how much that sucked. Then he ate a 'couple' rock candies and was alright.

Spike: Sucked! That's it!

Spike map travelled to the vortex.

After a bit of pondering, and trying to subtly be able to see up the skirts of a couple dancing dervishes, he entered the vortex.

On the other side, Spike looked around, and...nothing.

Spike was running low on 'consumables,' which is a mortal sin to Clan Baltrihper.

Just randomly, Spike took out his glass vial and pointed the open end at the Vortex.

Spike then got a quest log update.

Spike rifled around his bag of holding and hit the button: "That was easy."

Spike thought about level 1 creatures, and decided to wander around Istan for a bit.

Spike left the Astalarium, and was walking out to find his mark.

Spike: Hmm, I wonder which one is the Level-

Spike: BUTTERFLY!

Spike got distracted.

Spike ran, jumped, pounced, pranced, and did his best to catch the butterfly but ended up falling off of a cliff.

Spike landed on a Level 1 creature, killing it on impact.

Spike shrugged and scooped up some of the blood starting to drain into the ground.

Sure enough, quest update.

Spike, excited, map travelled back to Quinhalla.

Spike grabbed a piece of wood and surfed down the Mud of Skid Row.

Spike: COWABUNGA DOOD!

Spike leapt off the wood, tumbled along the ground for a bit, and sprung back to his feet with ease.

Spike: What were those henchmen bitching about anyway?

Spike: Really?

Spike: Well what did you say?

Spike: what did SHE say?

Spike: what did YOU say?

Spike: nuh-uh!

Spike: wow...

Spike: What? Ok. Later!

Crysania, who had just soared down on the Aion wings has learned by now not to question who he talks to.

Spike didn't even notice, he's engrossed in his work.

Spike threw in his ingredients into the cauldron, and then realized he didn't have anything to retrieve the new product.

Crysania handed him a pair of large tongs.

Spike: Thank yo- AAAAHH!!!

Spike propelled himself clear over the cauldron and fell over the far side.

Spike: Don't DO that!

Spike mutters about 'light on her feet' as she just grins.

Spike takes the tongs and pulls out a potion.

Crysania stares intensely.

Spike: It's kind of hard to see...

Crysania: Yeah, that's dark to a whole new level.

Spike: So what am I going to call this.

Only a momentary pause -

Crysania: Black No. 1 ?

Spike grins, from ear to ear.

Spike: Who should I use this on?

Crysania: I'm getting tangled in that mess, Everybody Dies in that one.

Spike: Oh, come on - You're my Cinnamon Girl!

Crysania: I'm not even your Druidess...

Spike: Ooh, burn.

Then the inspiration struck.

Spike: I'm going to use this on-

Crysania: Angel. She's with-

Spike: STOP THAT!

So they leave the guild hall, and come back in, as no exit has been built yet.

Spike doesn't take but two steps then this loud Crack and a painful sensation find him.

Trixie: WHAT IS THAT?!

Spike, with a whip around his arm, was holding the Vial of Black No. 1 in his hand.

Trixie: I MUST have that!

Spike sighs: It's NEVER enough...

So Trixie takes the Vial of Black No. 1 back to Hexico, her office, and lovingly dies her 'evening' dress.

While Spike didn't get to play a joke on anyone, word of what he did spread - and fast.

People from all over were bargaining with Quin Officers to trade large quantities of consumables for Vials of Black No. 1.

Spike was literally rolling in absinthe...

However, something troubling was brewing. Crysania could feel it, but couldn't pinpoint it.

Crysania was walking around Quinhalla, absorbing as much as she could wherever she went.

Gwen and Jora both noticed and agreed to pay attention to the strangely attentive guild leader.

Then it happened. In the Fields there was a henchman corpse lying there, with a burned palm in his chest.

It wasn't a forcechoke wound, a sniper wound, a pet wound - this was a technique of someone different.

Crysania played it cool, but it happened again outside of the Henchman Quarters, and just outside the Main Gate.

As the corpses stacked up, a pattern began to establish itself. All were killed with a palm technique, and all had on armor dyed with Black No. 1.

Crysania had an idea, and waited for everyone to retire to their quarters and tried to sneak out.

Crysania made it up, over the wall, and to the forest beyond the wall.

Crysania was travelling slowly, keeping her guard up.

Gwen and Jora were up in the Hall of Heroes and saw what had happened, and decided to follow.

Gwen and Jora, not feeling what Crysania felt, were catching up quickly and gave their position away.

A voice, definitively Male, came from the forest: I see you. Guns and Roses won't stop me.

Jora flexed instinctively, and Gwen clutched her Rose Focus tighter.

There was a movement, it was too fast for them.

A calm statement: Live and Let Die!

The girls realized the male was behind them, too late. They laid there, burning palm marks on their backs, unable to help or heal. Someone would come for them eventually.

Crysania heard the screams, and pressed on quicker. She had to make it to Paradise City and quickly.

She had made it: the ruins of The Jungle Pub, The Dead Horse Inn and The Sweet Child Shoppe still easily recognizable.

Crysania had navigated the city from muscle memory, and came to the door.

Crysania stared at it for a moment; one of the symbols had to stir a memory.

Crysania remembered! She tapped the clouds exactly three times: Knock, Knock, Knocking on Heaven's Door. The Door Opened.

Crysania was certain now.

The second door was opened for her, and in this chamber stood the lone male figure.

Figure: It was a beautiful October Rust this year, no?

Crysania: Now it's a Cold November...Rain.

Rain removed his hood.

Crysania: so it IS you! Veritas Rain Anchorwind.

Rain: I see you're cursed with the Grenth Ink too.

Crysania: Nope, Just regular black.

Rain: I would say the same thing too if I was in your position.

Crysania puts blue paint on half her face.

Rain: You used to be so pure, but it's hard to hold a candle in the cold November

Crysania lunged: RAIN!!!

Crysania's attack missed.

So did Rain's.

Back and forth they missed.

Rain: Your blood is like ice, one look could kill...

Crysania: I'm **NOT** poison!

Rain: It's running through your veins!

More misses, neither showing signs of fatique.

Spike, who's need to urinate made him stumble on Jora and Gwen, caught up with the girls at his side.

All three stared in disbelief.

Miss after miss, their fighting styles remarkably similar.

Gwen was going to cast hexes on Rain, which alerted both combatants to the presence of the other three.

Rain flew by Crysania to dispatch the interference.

Gwen: EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN!

Rain's palm started glowing: DDDAAARRRKKKNNEEESSS!!!

Crysania managed to appear between Gwen and Rain, her palm glowing as well: SSSSSHHHIIINNNNIINNGGGG!!

Rain and Crysania: FFFFIIINNNGGGEEERRRR!

The force of the two master Smiting Monks colliding like that knocked over the three observers and caused significant structural damage to the room they were in.

Both were running low on energy, neither wanting to give up.

Gwen had recovered and was about to try again when Crysania knocked her over with a Signet of Judgment.

Rain immediately stopped.

Rain: ...So you aren't cursed...

Crysania: ...Nope...

Spike: I think someone hit me with an Unskinny AND a Blitzkrieg Bop right to the head.

Rain chuckled.

Rain: So what are you doing here?

Spike: don't need nothing but a good time!

Rain leans towards Crysania: Is he always like that?

Crysania: Yep. He's the one making the Dye too.

Rain sighs.

Jora: So who is he?

Crysania grins: He's our new Smiting Prayers Instructor

Rain: What?

Crysania took the opportunity: Signet of Judgment!

Rain got knocked over.

Crysania was Palm Striking and Stonesoul Striking Rain right in the chest.

Rain, having been momentarily beaten, sighs: Fine. You know, you're still the dreamer.

Spike: I ran away high!

Jora: You'll never be left all alone

Spike: brickhouse...

Jora whispers: this never happened

Rain: I'm on the way... I'm on my way

All: HOME SWEET HOME!

Crysania: Well Krewe, Let's take a Ride on the Wild Side with this Live Wire.

And so the Call of the Hoolequin received a new instructor: Veritas Rain Anchorwind, Smiting Monk.

Episode 31

2 Nov 10

Notes: Mad King Thorns servants did end up taking their Cauldron back. Balreth would quietly install non-volatile floor heaters in his Fortress later on. No one has yet found an Inexhaustible Inebriating Imbibry, but we have found a few Incorrigible Ale-Hounds. Little known fact, Mesmers have an affinity for Whips. Trixie had the Hexican, and later own Simon would obtain the Auroralasher. Guns and Roses was the name given to the tag-team of Gwen and Jora. Rain proved to be too immature, and then brooding, to be a Hoolequin Regular. He pops up now and then.

References: Van Halen [You've Really Got Me, Panama, Eruption, Jump, Dance the Night Away, Hot for Teacher], Skid Row [Slave to the Grind], Soundgarden [Black Hole Sun], Type O Negative [Black No. 1, Dead Again,

Everybody Dies, Cinnamon Girl, Be My Druidess, Never Enough, October Rust], Guns and Roses [Live and Let Die, Paradise City, Welcome to the Jungle, Dead Horse, Sweet Child of Mine, Heaven's Door, November Rain], Alice Cooper [Poison], Poison [Every Rose has Its Thorn, Unskinny Bop, Nothin' But a Good Time], The Ramones [Blitzkrieg Bop], Motley Crue [Home Sweet Home, Wild Side, Live Wire], South Park, Guild History, Dragonlance, Staples Easy Button, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, Mobile Fighter G Gundam.

Janie and the QWF

There was a lot of tension around Quinhalla. This led to some practical jokes, some fights, and a mixed mood overall.

Nyx, a part of it, walked past Vekk in the cafeteria. She, very clearly, made a comment about wishing someone was smart enough to solve a Golem problem.

Vekk perked up: Golem problem?

Nyx: Yeah, but I need someone talented. Sorry.

Vekk launched from the picnic bench, although there wasn't much of a difference.

Vekk: Now Listen here bookah!

Nyx cut him off.

Nyx: Are you an Aerosmith?

Vekk became skeptical.

Vekk: You mean Aeromancer?

Nyx: See? I told you I needed someone TALENTED.

Vekk: What the @#$% is an Aerosmith.

Nyx: An Aerosmith is a prestige Aeromancer. They not only Invoke Lightning, but Create and Control it on large scales.

Vekk liked what he heard.

Nyx talked quieter...

Nyx: Aerosmiths are Amazing. They are Angels who have What It Takes. They're Livin' On The Edge and feel a Sweet Emotion. They can be Cryin' or Crazy, Jaded or a little Pink, but they Don't Wanna Miss a Thing.

Vekk: I can do that!

Nyx: Are you sure? Aerosmiths aren't the Same Old Song and Dance.

Vekk: Bah! Just you wait, I'll have this Golem up and running in no time at all.

Nyx: Well Walk this Way.

Vekk grabbed a couple more bites off his tray real quick and scurried off.

Vekk followed Nyx out to her menagerie, and in the middle of it was a deactivated golem, heavily modified.

Nyx: This is Janie.

Vekk: Dood looks like a Lady...

Vekk: WOW! Janie's got a gun!

Vekk admires the golem-sized firearm.

Vekk: This is impressive Bookah, where did you get it?

Nyx: I made it.

Vekk stared at Nyx in disbelief.

Nyx: I foraged scrap parts and materials and such. I'm actually pretty handy with machinery and welding and stuff.

Vekk stared in amazement that a Human was capable of such.

Vekk moved to the defunct power core.

Vekk: This Ether Crystal Elevator needs some love.

Nyx threw a Raptor Bone for this big shaggy dog.

Vekk: A ha! There is a Hole on My Soul.

Nyx looked puzzled.

Vekk: Sorry, Asuran Slang. The Crystal Amplification Device is punctured, it can't hold the power let alone amplify it.

Nyx: Can you fix it?

Vekk walks forward only to be nearly trampled by a dog with a raptor bone.

Vekk: We need a replacement.

A brief pause.

Vekk: and after I do this, I'm stealing 'Janie.'

Georgia Growled.

Nyx: Dream On!

The three departed for Oola's Lab in hopes to find a replacement.

-

Meanwhile, in the Gym, an elevated square has been constructed and roped off. Spike, in another one of his fun-boosting ideas, decided to have a Quin Wrestling Federation [QWF] event. The rules were simple: two to a team,

only one in the ring at once, and the team loses when a member has been removed from the ring.

The crowd in the gym was immense.

Spike was in the middle to form the brackets. Parchment #1 was pulled.

Spike: Token and Galard - TEAM PALADIN!!!

The crowd cheers

#2 pulled, Spike: Volusja and Lalandra - THE CORVUS CONNECTION!!!

/cheer

#3, Spike: Achi and The Stabbith Day - Grey Sabbath!!!

/cheer

#4, Spike: Crysania and Rain - Blue November!!!

Henchman 1: BECAUSE MOST THINGS IN HERE DO NOT REACT WELL TO FORCECHOKE!

/cheer louder

#5, Spike: Jora and Gwen - Guns and Roses!!!

/cheer

#6, Chuck and La Chad - Men in Tunics!!!

/cheer

#7, Angel and Balreth - Dearheartseekers!!!

/cheer

#8, Spike: ...and Finally, #8, Spike and Dandd - The Advanced Team!!!

/cheer

Spike: Matches will start in two hours, so please leave the gym but don't go far!

Most of everyone headed towards the nearby Range.

Crysania, grinning: Remind me to tag you in once in a while, eh?

Rain: @#$% off, what makes you think YOU'LL be the lead?

Crysania: ...because I want to win.

Rain stopped.

Rain: You think I'm inferior to YOU?

Crysania sighed.

Rain: You didn't actually beat me in Paradise City, you know.

Crysania waited for the rest of it.

Rain: You had to have the help of Gwen to distract me.

Crysania knew this wasn't worth it, and started to walk away.

Rain: Sure, turn your back on me. It's a wonder how you're guild leader at all.

At that moment, most people backed away carefully.

Crysania turned to face Rain.

Crysania: You want to find out why?

Rain threw his hooded garment down.

Rain: I would LOVE to.

Crysania took off her pretty pink Norn PJs and set them down near Lalandra, Dandd, and Balreth.

Lalandra: Don't get too burned out.

Balreth: Yeah, we've got monks to toss soon.

Crysania smiled.

So their duel, Part II, started. Just like before, a lot of misses and speed.

Trixie leaned over to Lalandra: I hope nothing happens to Rain, he's SO hot.

Lalandra looked at Balreth, who shrugged.

As a bit of fatigue sets in, hits start landing.

Rain hits Crysania in the abdomen, then in the back - sending her to the ground.

Rain, panting: Maybe I'LL take over and turn this into a REAL guild.

Crysania, calmer than before, stands back up and just shakes her head.

Jora, Gwen, and Spike quietly sit down.

Rain: You're starting to piss me off. Admit defeat!

Rain's hand begins glowing.

Rain: This hand of mine is burning RED!

Crysania's Ice melts.

Crysania: Its loud roar tells me to grasp VICTORY!

Rain: DARKNESS!

Crysania: SHINING!

Rain and Crysania: FINGER!

Again, the Impact knocks over everyone in attendance.

Dandd quickly realizes why the other three sat down beforehand.

Rain: WHY ARE YOU SO CALM?!

Rain's attack failed and he retreated some space.

Crysania: Are you done yet? I'm sure the matches will start soon.

Rain became enraged

Rain: You will not Beat ME!

Both of Rain's hands start glowing.

Balreth leans over to Lalandra: I would've used 'You Move Like a Dwarf' right now, stop whatever he's casting.

Lalandra giggles.

Rain: DWAYNA'S ULTIMATE TECHNIQUE!!!

Crysania remains motionless.

Rain turns towards Crysania's Tower, and everyone standing in front of it.

Rain: SEKI HA TEN KYO KEN!!!

Angel leans in, seemingly not concerned at imminent death: What is that?

Dandd, equally not concerned: They both have a large Canthan Background.

Lalandra and Balreth nod enthusiastically.

Crysania charges as quick as she can, to catch the ball of dark energy.

Crysania catches it, and it pushes her back several body lengths.

Most everyone, now, is too stunned to move, they can only stare as this little monk is trying to handle his large ball of energy.

The struggle lasts moment longer.

Crysania, screaming: NOT IN THE GUILD HALL!!!

Crysania redirects the energy blast upwards and away from the Guild Hall.

Crysania summons all of her spirits.

Rain stands there, fear written all over his face.

The first spiritspike hits him, and brings him back to the present.

Rain dodges the next volley, and the one after that.

Rain sees the fatigued Crysania but can't get close to her.

The spirits go away, and Rain charges in. Rain gets closer to Crysania, when she stops pretending to be vulnerable and launches another strike.

Trixie yells 'NO!!' and manages to take Rain off of his feet with her Whip as Crysania soars harmlessly over his falling body.

Then everything changed.

Clouds gathered overhead, the Pupils in Crysania's eyes could no longer be seen. Her hands glowed more than usual and a visible aura erupted around her.

Lalandra leaned over to Balreth: Told you she could go Super Saiyan.

Balreth reaches in his pouch and hands Lalandra 5 Platinum.

Rain sat there, horrified, staring at a Clan mate he now hardly recognized.

Trixie ran infront of him.

Trixie: That's Enou-

Trixie was grasping at her neck, helplessly. Her body was lifted off of the ground, which gave Spike an awesome view of 'other' things that were died with Black No. 1. Spike wondered why you would bother using such an expensive dye on a garment so thin and small.

Crysania: KA...

Lalandra went pale.

Crysania: ME...

Dandd knew this from somewhere...

Crysania: HA...

Balreth recognized it himself.

Crysania: ME...

Everyone hit the deck, instinctively

Crysania: RAY OF MOTHER@#$%ING JUDGMENT.

The clouds parted, and the beam of light bathed a suspended Trixie. The screams of burning pain did not last long. As the light faded, so did the cloud cover and Crysania's appearance returned to normal.

Trixie's corpse was released to fall and quickly collected and brought to the Clinic.

Rain, practically frozen with fear: Ok...uhhh...you...you can lead!

Crysania, smiling again: Thanks! I'll be sure to tag you in too.

Dandd leaned to Balreth: I guess for Smiting Monks, it pays to be Holier Than Thou.

Spike thanked Crysania for the 'entertaining show.'

Rain: I don't get it! How did my Technique lose? I ALWAYS win!

Crysania looked at Dandd, Balreth, then back at Rain: I guess you didn't read Page 31.

Highfives around.

Everyone heads back towards the gym, getting ready for some QWF action.

Rain: What was that?

Dandd: That was the Forcechoke. A little worse than normal, I must admit.

Rain: Wow...

Angel turns around and paralyzes him through rapid cavity strikes and soothing song.

Lalandra proceeds to drop grenades, use hammers, hexes, shouts, and such all in rapid succession.

The barely-alive Rain stared at the girls: How did you? ...what? The...you can't be that many professions all at once!

Dandd: Lalandra? She can switch too rapidly to keep up with, so don't try.

Rain: NO! I won't be taken that easily.

Then came the large red arrow.

Everyone together: SNIPPY SNAP!

Rain: DAMN IT! I've died more times today than... wait. What just happened?

Dandd: THAT was sniper.

Rain, knocked down a peg or two: You guys are MONSTERS!

Crysania: That's why We're officers, and you aren't.

Rain nods, with a newfound sense of enlightenment.

The group took no more than a few steps when Trixie came around from the other side of the Tower.

Trixie: Look, I just want to say-

At that moment, an ear-piercing explosion went off in the direction of the Menagerie. The group didn't have time to react. The corpse of Trixie was instantaneously flung, at high speed, across Quinhalla. Nyx came running out, Georgia following quickly.

Nyx: Sorry! We were fixing Janie, and her gun went off.

Vekk came out too.

Vekk: I am Riding the Lightning, but I can't charge the Battery Through the Never. I wish I could just Hit the Light, but the Metallica Couplings are going to haunt me All Nightmare Long, it's Sad But True. That gun though, That's Some Kind of Monster For Whom The Bell Tolls. I got Whiplash just being near it. Even if I do get it, it may just One who tries to Seek and Destroy Wherever It May Roam. It won't be the Golem That Failed under my watch. I am the Aerosmith!

Rain stared in horror, but the officers just laughed.

Vekk: What's the matter Bookah? You look like The Unforgiven.

Rain: You're all so calm about this...

Crysania: Just another day in Quinhalla, Let's GO!

-

So the QWF Matches Began.

In the first match up, Team Paladin was beaten by The Corvus Connection after Galard proved he was just too rusty to keep up with Lalandra.

The second match up showed that not even Achi and the Stabbith Day could keep up with Crysania and Rain. It was hard to follow with all the speed, bodies flying everywhere.

The third match ended very quickly when Jora almost killed La Chad for comments about her being more of a man than he is.

The fourth match ended as Angel convinced Spike that he shouldn't hurt someone so cute. It worked, and Spike just left.

In the fifth match, Lalandra capitalized on Rain's lack of focus and proved that versatility has a place in combat again.

In the sixth match, Angel's charm did not work against an equally cute Gwen and was eventually beaten.

In the finals, a Lalandra still vividly remembering the embarrassment of Silkball worked hard to ensure another defeat would not be suffered. While Volusja and Jora were evenly matched, Lalandra beat Gwen in a wildly celebrated final.

The Corvus Connection of Volusja and Lalandra won the first QWF Tournament. Nyx had a guardian Golem for her Menagerie, equipped with custom firearms. Vekk proudly proclaimed himself 'The Aerosmith.'

Rain, during the final match, leaned over to Crysania: What can you tell me about Lalandra? She's HOT!

Trixie, recently revived, hears Rain and runs away very sad and jealous. During her run, she gets hit in the side of the head, then tackled, by a Raptor Bone and a Large Dog.

Spike leans in: She's got nothing on Brickhouse.

Rain: You want to make something of it?

Spike: Maybe I do!

Crysania: Boys, save it for the next tournament. Maybe we'll have a 'Mortal Kombat' tournament next time.

As Rain and Spike glare at each other, Dandd, and Balreth just burst out laughing.

Crysania mutters: ...there are no rivals like friends...

-Aftermath-

Henchman 1: Dandd, how did you know they had a Canthan background?

Dandd: I've known Crysania and Rain since they were very little.

Henchman 1: Really?

Dandd: I knew Balreth back when he was making pizza too.

Henchman 1: What's Pizza?

Dandd: Nevermind.

[Dandd Walks Away]

Episode 32

5 Nov 10

Notes: Like Lalandra, many Asura are spiteful. Nyx is good with her hands, most Necros/Rangers are. Enter the Raptor Bone! This isnt the last well see of Dearheart. Crysania is usually easy going, but takes the guild pretty seriously. Thankfully, Monk Tossing never caught on. While the presence of the Neveah Clan marks the beginning of the Factions, Trixie, Rain and Spike complicated matters. SuperSania is the most powerful being known to the Quin, and it's never pretty.

References: Aerosmith [Angels, What It Takes, Livin On The Edge, Sweet Emotion, Cryin, Crazy, Jaded, Pink, Dont Wanna Miss a Thing, Same Old Song and Dance, Walk this Way, Janie's Got a Gun, Dude Looks Like a Lady, Hole In my Soul, Dream On], Metallica [Holier Than Thou, Ride the Lightning, Battery, Through the Never, Hit the Lights, All Nightmare Long, Sad But True, Some Kind of Monster, For Whom The Bell Tolls, Whiplash, One, Seek and Destroy, Wherever It May Roam, God That Failed, The Unforgiven,] Guild History, Mobile Fighter G Gundam, Dragon Ball Z, D&D, Mortal Kombat.

The Crys Nest

Jora was in Crysania's tower with Balreth, Nyx, and Lalandra. Crysania was leading a planning session into the Far Shiverpeaks.

[Spike's voice is heard in the distance]

Crysania: So we should probably start in Sifhalla and head-

Spike: Jora-et, Jora-et, Where for art thou Jora-et?

Balreth giggles, Jora Groans.

Jora: Excuse me.

Jora leans out the Crys' Nest [Featherfall Spot]: WHAT?!

Spike: Love Me Tender, Love Me True!

Jora looks back at the officers: Excuse me for a second.

Jora heads down the stairs.

All the officers gather at the Crys' Nest in curiosity.

Jora walks out towards Spike, axe in hand.

Spike: uhh.. Brickhouse...? What's with the Axe?

Jora: I'm going to ELVISERATE you!

Spike panics and starts running, Jora gives chase.

Lalandra: we CAN'T miss this. GO GO GO!

Lalandra starts pushing everyone out the Crys' Nest.

Crysania Dives off voluntarily.

Balreth resists: ARE YOU CRAZY?!

Nyx pushes too.

Out The Crys' Nest they go.

All the officers are now plummeting towards the fields, when Crysania opens her Aion Wings and glides towards Jora. Shortly after, Nyx and Lalandra do the same.

Balreth, falling, murmurs to himself: ...not good.

Crunch.

Henchman 1: Lawno!

Eventually, the girls gave up the search having found nothing.

On the way back, they found Balreth still in the Fields talking to Fenrir. Fenrir was 'talking' back as well.

Lalandra: Yo! Dog Whisperer, we're going to try this again.

Balreth grumbles a bit, but they all head back to the Tower to plan the assault.

Episode 33

8 Nov 10

Notes: Nyx may be the Friend Marquise, but Balreth's good with the Canines too. The Crow's Nest is an elevated platform on a ship from which to observe.

References: William Shakespeare [Romeo and Juliet], Elvis [Love Me Tender].

Romance of the Three Factions

It was quiet in Quinhalla. Around it, however, was bustling with activity.

Crysania, standing in her tower: You know? It used to be a Full House here.

Dandd nods, sadly.

Crysania: Now everyone seems to be Perfect Strangers. Gimme a Break!

Dandd nods again.

Crysania: Where are our Family Ties?

Dandd: Indeed, Family Matters.

Crysania: Yes! I knew there would be some Growing Pains, but this Mystery Science Theater is Out of This World!

Dandd: A Quantum Leap?

Crysania: Yes! The Bare Essence to all this is no Small Wonder.

Dandd: Oh?

Crysania: Spike, Rain, and Angel changed the dynamic of this place.

Dandd awaited the rest.

Crysania: It was a Different World before them. Don't get me wrong, I like them, but this is no Unsolved Mystery. I mean, we have a War of the Worlds out there! This Wind of War is Too Close for Comfort. The rivalry between Spike, Rain, and Balreth as to who has the best girl is really gotten out of hand.

Dandd sighed: I sense a Mission Impossible coming.

Crysania: Yep. A Tour of Duty is required! This Romance of the Three Factions must stop!

Dandd: Three's a Crowd?

Crysania: Code Red?

Dandd: Now I'm Thirsty...

A brief chuckle.

Dandd: Ok, so how do we break the stalemate? Execute Order *66*?

Dandd could feel the air twitch about him.

Dandd: How about not...

Dandd: So we have Spike and Jora, who are an immensely popular team.

Crysania: Yeah, the numbers would get ugly, but it would be an Amazing Story.

Dandd: Then we have Rain and Lalandra.

Crysania: Nothing like going where everybody knows my name.

Dandd: Cheers. I mean... and third we have Balreth and Angel. The only faction with Two Officers.

Crysania: Angel's not ready for this scale yet, not exactly Head of the Class.

Dandd: True, but they have the best facility. The Order of the Arrow has 'turtled' up pretty well and breaking in would be Double Trouble.

Crysania: Good thing I'm Crazy like a Fox.

Dandd sighed. He knew it to be true.

Dandd: So, you are heading out soon?

Crysania shook her head.

Crysania: I want to put an end to this, but at the same time I'm only vaguely involved. You and I are in a Twilight Zone here, in the middle of these three.

Dandd: I would rather not record Tales from the Crypt. I like my library.

Crysania paused, sighed, then whispered: Code ALF

Dandd: Really?

Crysania nodded.

Dandd understood. He grabbed some henchman and went off.

In the Heat of the Night, Crysania would have to Moonlight as some sort of MacGyver and invent a solution on the spot.

Crysania found Nyx and filled her in on the news. She nodded and headed off too.

"Together We Stand" thought Crysania.

"These Wizards and Warriors aren't going to be easy, but sometimes they are the Beauty, and sometimes they are the Beast. It's a Living..." thought Crysania.

Dandd found Crysania: You are going to be the Greatest Hoolequin Hero.

Crysania slapped him on the arm: Stop with this dramatic crap. I'll be fine. ALF.

Dandd: I know, I know.

Dandd shuffles off, quickly.

Crysania started to head off, but it was too late.

Roars on the disputed border of Spike and The Arrow's borders erupted, and the sounds of battle quickly followed.

Crysania moved-out quickly.

Spike's superior numbers were pushing back men into the Fortress of the Arrow.

Rain saw that Spike's side was winning, and sent many of his men to attack Spike's camp.

Angel came out of her fortress and started singing. The Siren call affected many of Spike's men and they wandered towards her, helpless to the slaughter.

Jora saw Rain's forces approach and was enraged at the opportunistic nature of the move. She was so enraged, that she reminded everyone that the Curse of the Bear HAD in fact been lifted. Her transformed strength led the defenses and pushed Rain's men back.

Spike's men began to fire longbow shots at Angel, and one of them grazed her arm - Causing Balreth to join the fight. Balreth was firing back with Sniper but was finding he simply could not cast the spell fast enough to deal with them. Balreth was last seen grabbing his Norn axe and heading into the fray.

Rain, upon receiving reports that Balreth showed himself, departed to take down his elder rival.

Spike heard that Rain AND Balreth were out, so he grabbed his Bow and Fenrir and headed off.

The battle was amazing. The Walls of Quinhalla were being torn down by three rival factions - none gaining a large advantage other the others.

The Women ensured not a soul got anywhere near the capital of their territory. Their respective ferocities were to be admired.

The three 'generals' had found each other. No words were shared, and were all too busy killing each other's henchmen. Finally, they agreed to move the fight to the Range - No henchmen.

There was no warm-up period. There were arrows, fists, and fire thrown everywhere. The Battle raged on, and they gradually moved towards the Menagerie.

Nyx tried to stop them, but they would not listen. Nyx quickened her pace, resuming her previous task.

They moved towards Death Valley, eventually at the Skid Row entrance.

Balreth was going to knock Rain down Skid Row and handle Spike one-on-one.

Balreth activated blazing speed and shoulder blocked Rain, down the hole. Spike, though, had seen such a tactic coming and very quickly knocked Balreth in afterwards.

Then Spike went pale, for Balreth tumbled down the brief Skid Row and when his enchantment expired he set Rain on fire. The problem, though, is that Balreth also ignited

the fumes in Spike's Alchemy Lab. The resulting explosion leveled the Library, and also knocked over Crysania's Tower - onto The Fortress of the Arrow.

The fighting had stopped. Nyx and Dandd were reviving people. When all the officers had gathered where Crysania's Tower used to be, they found no trace of her. They found all of her stuff, what little there was, but no body. As the sun set, they looked around. They had destroyed Quinhalla, burnt it to the ground. The era of Quinhalla Factions was over, Night had Fallen on the Ruins of what was. The Night Court had deemed them Partners in Crime.

Lalandra: Dood! That's our Bread and Butter we just @#$%ed with.

Spike: Uhh...so now that we're all drawn together, let's go on a never ending quest to save our guild leader!

Balreth: Never Ending?

Rain: Save?

Spike: ...ok fine, let's go on a probably short quest to find our guild leader...

Dandd: No need.

He had everyone's attention.

Dandd: When I last saw her, she said Code ALF

Nyx: Me too.

Lalandra: ALF?

Dandd: Yep. "All Located Forward"

Angel: Forward?

Dandd: Yep. She had me move the library to Paradise City.

Nyx: The Menagerie too.

There was a feeling of loss. In their own ways, everyone became aware that she saw this coming, and prepared for this destruction.

Dandd: so, for this quest... Who's the Boss?

Everyone immediately pointed Fingers at everyone else.

Balreth to Lalandra: you're the senior officer here.

Lalandra back to Balreth: no YOU'RE the SENIOR officer here.

Rain grins and puts his hands in the air: I'm not even an officer.

Angel takes a step back: I've never even been there before.

Dandd sighs and thinks to himself "You did it, Crysania. You united all of them. United them in not wanting to be party lead..."

Spike, strangely sober: What if she's not there?

The argument stops.

Lalandra: THAT'S not funny.

The thought of Crysania not waiting for them in Paradise City helps them organize and move out.

"Prophecies had built Quinhalla, Factions had destroyed it. What does Nightfall have in store?" Dandd thought to himself, shuddering with pessimism.

Spike, suddenly, yelled: YOUR MOM!

"Huh?" in surround sound.

Spike: A good way to end any 80's related conversation...

There was much groaning as they began to leave the ruins behind.

Episode 34

15 Nov 10

Notes: Order 66 would come back again. Bye, Crysania!

References: TV Shows [Full House, Perfect Strangers. Gimme a Break, Family Ties, Family Matters, Growing Pains, Mystery Science Theater, Out of This World, Quantum Leap, Bare Essence, Small Wonder, Different World, Unsolved Mysteries, Winds of War, Too Close for Comfort, Tour of Duty, Threes a Crowd, Code Red, Amazing Story, Cheers, Head of the Class, Double Trouble, Crazy like a Fox, Tales from the Crypt, Alf, In the Heat of the Night, Moonlight, MacGyver, Together We Stand, Wizards and Warriors, Beauty and the Beast, It's a Living, Greatest American Hero, Night Court, Partners in Crime, Metalocalypse, Drawn Together, Whos the Boss], H.G. Wells [War of the Worlds], Luo Guanzhong [Romance of the Three Kingdoms], Mountain Dew, Star Wars, Guild History.

Dandd rubs his face in frustration.

Rain is on his ass, trying to backpedal away from the highly agitated guild.

Lalandra, screaming: WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE IT IS?!

Rain backs into a tree and is quickly surrounded by menacing glares.

Lalandra: WELL?!

Rain: well...I...uh...

Lalandra, venom practically dripping from her mouth: OUT WITH IT!

Rain: I never left Paradise City.

Balreth: Ever?

Rain: No! I was charged with protecting the Temple of the Black Pearl.

Quickly, a guild full of skeptical faces glare at Rain.

Rain: Seriously! The Temple of the Black Pearl is underneath the Stairway to Heaven, where Crysania and I fought.

Gwen perks up: Wait, you left when you caught wind of the Black No. 1 .

Rain: That is true, but I just followed the aura of Grenth to Quinhalla, then I Followed Crysania back to Paradise City. She moved so slowly through the city, it gave me just enough time to get back to the temple entrance.

She caught me at the door.

Angel storms off in frustration.

Nyx is the only one having fun, playing keep away with Georgia's raptor bone.

Jora sighed: all this happened at night too.

After a brief pause, eyes shifted to Spike.

Jora: "Dear," YOU found Paradise City.

Spike panics.

Jora takes a step towards Spike.

Spike: Well...you know...Rock Candies...and Rain is clumsy, and noisy, and then...more Rock Candies...umm...a blank spot...then following Crysania's battle cries. She doesn't fight silently you know.

Jora attempts to smack Spike on the side of the head, when he instinctively blocks and punches her in the solar plexus.

As Jora gasps for air, Spike shrieks and runs off.

Dandd places a hand on Jora's now-accessible shoulder: You got to be careful with that level of advanced crazy. Try not to kill him when he comes back.

Jora nods, turns, and kicks Rain.

Rain yelps and wonders aloud why HE got kicked.

At that time, a lone henchman finds Dandd.

Henchman 1: My Lord, MASH is complete.

Balreth winces.

Lalandra: MASH?

Dandd: Yep, the Mission Active Search Hub. We need shelter.

Balreth giggles.

Angel: Wait a minute, you and Nyx said you moved everything under Code ALF.

Dandd nods: We got everything out of Quinhalla, but once the Henchmen were clear with the Wiki, I came back to Quinhalla to help clean up. I left them in charge to build MASH.

Lalandra: You left HENCHMEN in charge of WIKI AND building?

Dandd nods again: These henchmen are the Keepers, they have a Massive Effect on the day-to-day and post-event maintenance of Quinhalla. Crysania calls them Hoolequindustries, or HQI for short.

Lalandra and Balreth, in stereo: The KEEPERS had a MASSive EFFECT?

Dandd, innocently: Yeah...

Nyx throws Georgia's bone: and I didn't get to bring the full menagerie forward. I got to release everyone, and all but Georgia fled after the explosion hit. I WOULD HAVE done more, had SOMEONE not brought the fight TO ME.

Janie isn't even fully repaired.

Balreth kicks at the grass nervously: At least you get to find and Charm everyone again...

Nyx glares at Balreth.

Balreth looks to Angel for backup, who is also glaring at him.

Angel: I don't know why you're looking at me, YOU caused Crysania's Tower to fall on me.

Balreth kicks at the grass nervously again.

Rain, attempting humor: I blame Lalandra. If she wasn't so cute...

Lalandra grabbed her Hammer and swung with all she had.

Rain, easily, jumped out of the way.

The force of the swing caused Lalandra to pivot on her feet and hit Jora square in the chest, knocking the wind out of her again.

Dandd quickly stepped in: Shall we retire to MASH for now? It's been a stressful day for everyone.

The lines between friend and foe are a bit blurry, but everyone follows Dandd.

They walk over a few hills to a decent plateau where a large camp has been set up.

Balreth scans the terrain: Not Bad. Maybe we'll build a Quinhalla II here.

Dandd: Sure, Guild Leader.

Balreth shakes his head and walks quickly towards MASH.

As they approach camp, an arrow is released from a guard tower. It goes right through Dandd and impacts the ground.

Rain: Dandd!!!

Dandd turns around and grins: I'm a walking equipment list, boy, that arrow never had a chance.

Rain didn't understand, but was glad Dandd was ok.

Balreth was pleased with the shoot-first mentality.

A HQI Henchmen met them at the gate.

Henchman 1: Sir, let me show you around.

As the tour was given, everyone from Quinhalla had a basic space to try to press on - training new henchmen and preparing Search Parties the best they could. They even found Bip - sitting silently in front of the clinic.

Seeing the gaze, Henchman 1 piped in: He hasn't said a word since we recovered his body from the Quinhalla Chapel Ruins.

Henchman 1: ...and this is the Swamp.

Angel: Swamp?

Henchman 1: Yes. Sleeping Quarters for Balreth, Dandd, Spike, and Rain.

Lalandra: What about us?

Henchman 1: I dare not pick that out for you...

The men nod with the wisdom of the statement.

Just then there was a male voice coming from the Swamp.

Dandd walked over and peaked through the cracks in the cloth, and laughed.

They pulled back a tent flap to see Spike tweaking a series of tubes and other oddities into one contraption.

Jora stepped in to confront Spike when instead he thrust a vial of clear liquid at her.

Jora: Just-

Spike: DRINK

Jora: Now-

Spike: DRINK!

Jora, just to shut him up, drank the contents of the vial. Moments later she was trying to hide the burning sensation and the tears. She 'excused' herself while everyone else bit their lips.

Spike: Some scouts gave me some sketches of things they've seen in the area. You might want to take a look.

[reference video]

Dandd: Ok everyone, let's get some rest for now. The Henchman are on constant guard. We'll figure out more of this stuff tomorrow.

As everyone disperses: Lalandra, Nyx and Georgia agree to share the vacant tent near the Swamp and Angel chooses the quiet Tent near the corner Guard Tower.

As everyone walks away, they can hear Rain gasp loudly: IT BURNS!!! /gasp /choke /wheeze

Jora approaches the outside of the tent, where Spike rests and whispers: I'm glad you came back.

Spike grins: Oh, Brickhouse - Nothing Compares 2 U.

It was at that moment that Dandd realized that the times had truly changed...

Episode 35

30 Nov 2010

Notes: Balreth as the next guild leader? Anyone? First introduction of 90's music into the history.

References: Guns and Roses, Pirates of the Caribbean, Led Zeppelin, Type O Negative, MASH, ALF, Mass Effect, D&D, Sinead OConnor (Nothing Compares 2 U).

Saving Private Rain

The guild's spirits were not their best. The plateau on which MASH was built was the line of nightfall, which had crept in shortly after the collapse of Crysania's Tall Tower of High Sorcery. The ground of the MASH camp and everything below was perpetually dark. Visibility was poor from up above and almost none below the nightfall line. It was hard to see some stuff under the bunk. Angel accepted an invitation to Georgia's Tent. It became known as such, because she was the loudest deciding factor as to who got admitted. Even Spike couldn't sneak up at will, 100% of the time. On her way, she stopped off at the Swamp to cancel her planned "Ranik Run" with Balreth. The Ranik Run was a jog from the MASH camp to the top of the nearby Mountain Peak and back down. They almost never miss a day. Angel, approaching the Swamp: Knock knock, anyone home?

Spike, mustering a horrible foreign accent: Jus' us QuinFellas, know what I'm sayin'?

The swamp winced, groaned, and laughed.

Angel: Well just tell 'Dances with Snoops' no Green Mile jog today, Ranik can wait until tomorrow. Rain looks at Balreth: You sure get a lot of nicknames...

Spike jumps in: Who, Hawkeye?

Dandd spit out his drink, laughing.

Balreth groans, and Angel laughed - revealing she was still there listening.

Spike: Hey, you're not much better Hot Lips.

Angel explodes: HOT LIPS?!

Spike leans over to Rain, but speaks loudly intentionally: You feel that heat right there?

Rain, smiling, nods.

Spike: Well that was just Pre-Searing.

The Swamp burst into laughter again.

Angel sharply leaves for Georgia's Tent.

The Swamp takes a drink break. Balreth looks at Rain: Well what about you, do you have any nicknames?

Rain nods: Veritas is my nickname.

The Swamp got quiet, intent on hearing the story.

Rain: Well my given name is Vajra.

Spike and Balreth look puzzled, while Dandd's wheels turned.

Dandd: ...Firmness of Spirit and Spiritual Power...yes?

Rain's jaw hit the floor: For knowing obscure references, you guys certainly are The Usual Suspects.

Spike hands Dandd a celebratory drink: Awwww...he's still in the Age of Innocence.

Dandd coughs at the still, and Rain pouts.

Balreth gets back on subject: So how do we go from...whatever language that is to something resembling what I'm familiar with?

Rain: Crysania.

The mention of her name brings MASH to a quiet.

Rain: Every once in a while, when I did something good, she would tell me that I'm "As Right As Rain."

Everyone nodded, in understanding. Dandd chugged the contents of his grail.

Dandd was making a map, which was hard given the lack of visibility.

Dandd refilled his grail, and drank more.

Spike: Wow old man, you're sure putting them away tonight!

Balreth had noticed that too: Yeah, you alright?

Dandd shook his head: This is Mountain Dew.

Balreth spit out the drink that Spike handed him in surprise.

Spike: Mountain Dew?

Balreth wiped himself off and tried the drink again.

Dandd: Yep. Game Fuel for old people.

Balreth spit his drink again, and this time put it down for safety's sake.

Spike almost fell into the still, laughing.

Dandd: What? This is water from the nearby mountain stream. I try to collect it in the mornings.

Balreth did the math, and nodded. Henchman 1 approaches the Swamp: Rain, we are assembled.

Rain springs up from his cot and starts heading out.

Spike: Good Will Hunting

Rain: what?

Spike: Good Luck Hunting?

Rain: Oh, ok. Thanks.

Rain heads out.

Balreth: ...wait, isn't "Guns and Roses" out on patrol today?

Spike nods.

Dandd chimes in: He's training a unit he calls 'The Hellequins.'

Balreth: Another faction?

Dandd: no no. He really is trying to find Princess Mononoke.

Spike: Who?

Dandd: ...The Big Lebowski.

Spike: Who?

Balreth: CRYSANIA!

Spike sighs: Your Honor, The People vs Spike Flint...

Dandd: Meh, just Secrets and Lies. Hand me another drink. Balreth looks at Dandd's 'map:' Dood, it's just a bunch of lines and dots.

Dandd nods: For those of you not Dazed and Confused - he glares at Spike - this is a measurement angles and distance from the MASH camps to checkpoints.

Balreth: What's at the checkpoints?

Dandd: Those flags that they told Spike About.

Spike: RUN FORREST RUN!

Balreth and Dandd sigh.

Dandd: Spike told us they were 'found.'

Balreth nods.

Dandd: That's not true. Hoolequindustries started planting some when Nightfall came. Rain and the Hellequins have been pressing farther and farther to plant more. So we can track some geography. Balreth started to panic.

Balreth: That guy is just an ambitious private. He's a Dead Man Walking.

Spike, fighting to remain conscious: So why don't Braveheart and Dearheart go run down in Jurassic Park and... [Spike fades out again]

Balreth spins to Dandd: Do you know where they are going?

Dandd and Balreth look over the Map.

Dandd analyzes: They have been spiraling from MASH, so probably out here.

Balreth nods.

Spike: So take a Few Good Men and go Saving Private Rain. At that point, Jora came back from patrol and came to check in.

Jora: Spike.

Spike launched from his cot and face planted the floor: Well beat me into a Pulp Fiction...can't you use the tent flap like a normal Norn? Oh wait...Norn don't need tent flaps - you are Norn.

Balreth and Dandd tried to suppress the laughter.

Jora sighed: I'm back, but it's like the Nightmare Before Wintersday out there.

Balreth sighed.

Dandd: ...and of course our Matrix-Master is missing too...

Balreth sighed again.

Spike looked at the tent, where he knew Jora still was: Grab Thelma, Louise and her Reservoir Dog . I'll tell all the Clerks on duty to raise the Alert and then let's make sure that Rain isn't the Last of the Mohiquins.

Balreth and Dandd stood there, stunned.

Spike: What? It's the Scent of a woman.

Dandd: "A" woman?

Spike: ok, ok... THAT woman.

So the Officers moved out, to make sure Rain is ok - and maybe find Crysania too.

Episode 36

5 Dec 2010

Notes: I hope you like movie references, Ranik Runs, and Mountain Dew

References: Saving Private Ryan, MASH, Goodfellas, Dances With Wolves, The Green Mile, The Usual Suspects, Age of Innocence, Good Will Hunting, Princess Mononoke, The Big Lebowski, The People vs Larry Flint, Secrets and Lies, Dazed and Confused, Forrest Gump, Dead Man Walking, Braveheart, Jurassic Park, a Few Good Men, Pulp Fiction, The Nightmare Before Christmas, The Matrix, Thelma and Louise, Reservoir Dogs, Clerks, The Last of the Mohicans, Scent of a Woman.

[at the MASH Camp main exit]

Henchman 4: Oh, don't look now - here comes those Cothic henchmen.

Henchman 5: Yeah. @#$%ing Coths.

Henchman 6: They're so Cothic it hurts.

Henchman 7: Scene Coths, ugh.

Henchman 1 stops the group: What's your problem?

Henchman 4: As if you don't already know, stupid Coth.

Henchman 2: We're not idiots you know. COTH? As in Call Of The Hoolequin?

Henchman 3: Yeah, just because you don't have a staff to blaze doesn't mean you hate on the rest of us.

Henchmen 4-7 scoff uncomfortably, their shields and armor clanking off of one another.

Henchman 1: Whatever. Let's go!

Henchman 2: For the Covenant!

Henchman 3: Quin or Quit!

The 'Cothic' Group leaves for patrol.

Henchman 4: @#$%ING COTHS!

Henchman 5: Did you count?

Henchman 6: Yeah...

Henchman 8: Group of 8, 7 staffs.

Henchman 9: They never pick me...

Henchman 7: Shut up, you're E/Mo.

Henchman 4: Yeah, no one likes you.

Henchman 9 slumps: It's true

Henchman 4: Wait... you have a STAFF!!!

Henchman 5: HE'S A COTH!

Henchman 6: Get 'em!

Henchman 9 flees, with the melee henchman in pursuit, yelling about '@$%^ing Coths.'

Episode 37
21 Dec 2010

Notes: A#$%ing Coths!
References: Guild History.

Teenage Mutant Siege Turtles

It was very early in the morning, in the MASH Camp, when Balreth awoke and realized Spike was missing. Balreth woke Rain to help look for him.

Rain groans: Spike's missing?

Balreth agrees quietly.

Dandd wakes up from the noise.

Balreth: Spike's missing

Dandd: Really? It's quiet.

Rain: Yeah, a little too quiet.

Balreth and Rain leave The Swamp and see Spike running back and forth to one of 9 rings he carved in the dirt. Sometimes he would cheer, other times he would fall over and grunt.

Balreth: Look! It's Spike!

Rain: Yeah, a little too Spike.

Balreth smacked Rain upside his head.

Jora was returning from her Guard Shift with Nyx and Georgia, when she came up to Balreth and Rain. Seeing Jora, Spike ran over to try to Hug Jora.

Jora: Spike, I'm tired and dirty. You're slimy-

Spike interrupts: It wasn't SLIME! It was OOZE!

Jora continues, un-phased: and I'm going to bed. Bother me later.

Spike grunts angrily

Rain: A little, you know, Prismatic Mist would clear that out.

Spike storms back to his rings, yelling 'Ninja! Vanish!'

Balreth and Rain shrug and go back in the Swamp. Balreth, Lalandra, Angel, Rain and a couple Cothic Henchmen were going to make a deep patrol and try to add more Hoolequindustries' Flags, maybe even find That Monk.

As the men were reviewing the Dandd's 'map' and planning their route, Spike came in the Swamp wearing only a towel.

Dandd: You're missing tattoos.

Spike: Yeah, yeah. I was told I was too dirty, so I ate some rock candies and tried to climb the waterfall near the Ranik Run.

Everyone in the Swamp believed it, by now. They might have even entertained the thought of him succeeding.

Spike handed a fresh batch of 'Swampwater' a cloudy, almost clear, distilled product of whatever Spike gets his hands on. Despite the ingredients list that would make even the stoutest of Shiverpeak Dweller gag, it's actually pretty good.

Rain was about to drink some when Spike cut him off: Guys! Guys! A moment to reflect!

All four men took a good sniff of their drink and exclaimed "aaaaahhhhhhh" in unison.

The men downed their Swampwater, shivered uncontrollably, and returned their glasses to the still.

As Spike was mashing up something that used to be a plant for the next batch, Angel and Lalandra came in to get this patrol started.

Lalandra: While I'm here...

Lalandra reaches for the still's container, only to find it empty.

Balreth: You drink Swampwater?

Lalandra: Doesn't everybody?

Balreth: Angel doesn't.

Angel: I can speak for myself, you know.

Balreth: And I never said you couldn't, I was just-

Dandd looks at Spike, underneath everyone else: Fight?

Spike: Fight.

Dandd: Georgia?

Spike: Georgia.

Spike and Dandd leave to go play with Georgia.

As they approach Georgia's Tent, Jora was just leaving.

Jora: Lookin' better Spikey.

Spike blushes and turns to Dandd: SHE called me Spikey!

Jora giggles to herself as she walks away.

Nyx, who hadn't quite dozed off yet from her Guard Shift, let Georgia go play with Dandd and Spike.

Back at the Swamp, Lalandra and Rain were just listening to the Pummeling Balreth was receiving.

Angel: so THAT's the plan from our GREAT leader? Just sit on our butts?

Balreth: No, dear. I was trying to look at the map when you came in.

Angel hands him the map: Well 'nuker dude's' got 30 seconds.

Rain leans over to Lalandra: Well, this is like meditating.

Spike flies into the tent, knocks Angel aside to grab a toy he made for Georgia.

Angel spins around: What did you do, take CLASSES in INsensitivity?

Spike: Yes, I would like to play some Cricket, thank you.

Angel: You're a 9 year old, trapped in a Ranger's body!

Spike leaves with his handmade ball and bat set.

[fading] Dandd: Nobody understands cricket.

Henchman 1 pops his head in: We're assembled!

Rain, quickly: Bad timing

Balreth, quietly: You're telling me

Angel: The clock's ticking 'dude.'

Balreth: Ok! This is probably our safest route, after that we'll be in new territory. Lala, Rain, please keep your eyes open.

Angel clears her throat.

Balreth: You are invited to do so too, if you want.

Lalandra jumps in: Get out of here!

Rain follows: I'll cover you!

Angel scoffs and mutters about 'let's just get this over with.'

Along their patrol route, there was little but dark and trees. Naturally, that would open up some time for storytelling.

Rain: Have you seen how quickly Stabbith takes down Spellcasters? Poof to Death in like 5 seconds!

Lalandra: Yeah, her initial target does drop pretty quick.

Rain: When I see that, I want to just stand back and say "It Slices, It Dices, It makes-"

At that point, Balreth silences the group. While it's hard to make out specifics, movement is definitely visible.

Rain leans to Lalandra: I love this spy stuff.

Lalandra: Normally, we would be able to see them clearly from here...but noooooo.

The patrol group nods.

Lalandra: Normally, we have compasses, quest markers, and a Guild Leader but noooo..aaahh!!!

The loose ground underneath Lalandra gives way and she slides down the side of the hill, alerting the nearby movement.

Angel: should we follow her?

Rain: Is Schwarzenegger hard to spell?

Balreth grins as the patrol group heads down to rescue Lalandra.

Half-way down the hill, Rain yells: KURZICKS!

Balreth roars and begins prepping Rodgort's Invocation.

Balreth: Death comes to us all, but for some it comes - WITHOUT A REZ SHRINE!

The Kurzick scout party was quickly dealt with, and Lalandra had recovered on her own during the fight.

Now the patrol was on high alert. Maybe, just maybe, after all this time they had finally found Her.

As they inched ever closer, they could hear the tide. Then they saw the ship. Then they saw the other Kurzicks.

Rain rubbed his hands in Glee: Oh Boy, Leftovers.

Lalandra: You take the Ugly one.

Balreth: No, I'll take the Ugly one.

Angel: Which one's the Ugly one?

Rain had already begun the attack, yelling "Darkness!" in his now-familiar technique.

Balreth jumped right behind him, yelling "Snippy Snap!" in his very-familiar technique.

Angel turns to Lalandra: You know, Sometimes I hate that guy.

Then the Women rushed in too, having been left behind by the henchman.

The first Kurzick turned just in time to get a glowing hand to the face. The monk who was about to heal him received an arrow through the chest. The last Kurzick tried to get avenge his comrade, and swung wildly at Rain.

Kurzick: Ow, Quit it. [/swing] Ow, Quit It. [/swing] Ow, Quit it.

Angel leans over: What's going on?

Lalandra leans back, grinning: Spiteful Spirit.

Rain: Gosh, I sure hope there's more of them.

A voice booms from the top of the ship: Wish Granted!

Eight more Kurzick slide down ropes and quickly form up, a miniature phalanx two rows deep.

Angel runs forward to drop fire magic, but it's easily absorbed by the shields then healed by an Area Healing Spell - from the Ship's Captain himself. Angel is then stabbed by a counterattack and falls.

Lalandra runs forward to help, muttering: as if she wasn't in a bad enough mood as it were.

Rain: BALRETH!!! Let's do this, just like we've worked on.

Balreth and Rain form up abreast, directly in front of the Phalanx, which braces for impact.

Balreth tries to calm himself and waits for the cue.

Rain: Se-Ki-Ha

Balreth: En-Er-Gy

Rain: Ten-Kyo-

Balreth: BLAST!!!

The two techniques combined knocked over the phalanx like bowling pins, it went through them and blew a hole straight through the ship, ending the battle.

Balreth: Didn't anyone tell you we're Armor Ignoring?

Rain had to leap to match Balreth's High-Five.

Lalandra got Angel Bandaged up and sitting upright. The Henchman monk working on the rest.

After Balreth had set the remainder the Kurzick ship ablaze, the patrol sat down, exhausted.

Angel: Having Fun, Cortez?

Balreth managed half of a grunt.

Angel, highly irritated: Still nothing...

Lalandra: Nope, no clue.

Rain: We have to be missing something...

Balreth: Look, let's just calm down for a minute, and concentrate. Think hard on what we might have missed.

The Officers, and Rain, concentrated on what they've seen along their patrol routes, and on Crysania in general.

- Margrid: Crysania, can you hand me that big Hammer near you?

A silent pause goes by.

Margrid: Crysania?

Crysania: Yeah, yeah - here.

Margrid: What's up?

Crysania: I think everyone else is really starting to do well without me.

Margrid: That's a good thing, right?

Crysania: Well it is nice to be needed, but I might not be around forever, you know

Crysania grins.

Margrid: pffftt. Like we'd let YOU go anywhere.

Crysania: We'll see. I'm being summoned, hold on.

Crysania sits down and investigates what all this noise is about.

Margrid, muttering to herself: @#$%ing Newtypes...

- A few moments go by, but an Avatar of Crysania comes out of the flames.

Crysania: So I see you guys are getting along now, that's good!

Lalandra: CRYSANIA! We're so glad you're back!

Crysania: Back? I never left.

Lalandra: then where ARE you?

Crysania: I'm at the Temple of the Black Pearl, where else?

Lalandra: where is that?

Crysania: Paradise City.

Lalandra: Where is Paradise City?

Crysania: Grab Rain, and tell him to have Mikey's Help.

[a loud crashing noise startles everyone on Crysania's end]

Crysania: oh @#$% gotta go! [The Avatar disappears]

Lalandra turns to Rain: Mikey?

Rain releases his mini-pet, a siege turtle.

Balreth: This is Mikey?

Rain nods happily: Yep. Michelangelo, he's one of four brothers.

Balreth: Brothers?

Michelangelo: Totally, dood!

Angel: It talks?

Lalandra: But It's a turtle...

Michelangelo: of the Teenage Mutant Siege variety!

Rain: Mikey, do you remember how to get to Paradise City?

Michelangelo: Most definitely, dood.

Rain: Where do we go from here?

Michelangelo: Take me to the Quinhalla Lake, I can show you from there!

Balreth pulled out a copy of Dandd's map. It wasn't long before Balreth figured out that the Mash camp is South of the Guild Hall Ruins. So were all their explorations up to this point.

Angel, making some guttural noise, towered over Rain who could only mutter "not good" before the beating began. In between the yelps of pain, Angel could be heard yelling about authentic Pink Dyes and new armor.

Nearby, you could hear a shout in unison: God I love being a Henchman!

The beating ended, and left Rain flat on his back: My head hurts, my armor hurts, even my lifebar hurts.

Off to the side, there are several people dancing and chanting: Go Henchman Go Henchman Go!

Angel remembered that the Mash Camp wasn't an outpost, and they had to walk back. The look she gave Rain added another 15% to his Death Penalty.

The Assemble! Call was given, and it was time to walk back to Camp. At Least this time they knew two things: Crysania was alive and well and Paradise City was within reach.

- Everyone came back from the southern coast and decided to rest, regroup, and sell before they head north.

Balreth and Rain enter the Swamp to much cheer.

Spike: Mikey!

Michelangelo: Spikelangelo!

Spike grinned: Get down with your turtle self!

Spike and Mikey danced for a moment in the middle of the Swamp.

Dandd, sipping some Mountain Dew: Spikelangelo?

Spike turns to Mikey: How did you know my full name?

Balreth didn't spit his drink out this time, having had practice.

Michelangelo: Raphael told me.

Spike grumbles: I'm going to kill Raz-One next time I see her.

Rain leaps up: You know Razy?

Spike nods vigorously: She and I have survived some pretty stupid decisions before.

Rain: Sounds like Raz alright.

Balreth: Who's Raz-One?

Angel, Lalandra, Nyx, Jora and Gwen all come in for Swampwater and Storytime.

Rain begins his story, to a packed Swamp.

Rain clears his throat: Clan Anchorwind is comprised of many members and subfamilies - most of who do not wear the name. I'm sure many of your clans are similar.

There were a few nods in the room.

Rain continues: Clan Anchorwind has four Generals, each given a Siege Turtle and assigned a different task.

Some more Swampwater is passed around.

Rain: As the kid of the four, I was given Michelangelo and the task to preserve Paradise City from corruption and invasion. I never left until the grenth-cursed-ink showed up.

Spike waved triumphantly.

Rain: Raz-One is full of attitude and is quick to action. She was given Raphael and the task to soften up those who would do harm to the Clan Anchorwind.

Angel: She?

Rain nods: She likes weird names and tags and such. She's a bit out there. If you call her Razy and she doesn't stab you - she likes you.

Lalandra: Well would we know her?

Rain: Certainly! You would know her more by 'The Stabbith Day'

There was a room full of 'aaaahhhh' as the connections were made.

Rain: Then there is Cerulean. Cerulean is the thinker, tinkerer, and tactician. Cerulean is The Elusive Man and I doubt any of you have met him/her. Cerulean was given Donatello and the task to strengthen the Clan through knowledge of the landscape, knowledge of the enemy, etc. I believe Cerulean only talks to Crysania.

Balreth pipes in: Him/her?

Rain: I haven't met Cerulean that I know of. Nobody has. Cerulean could be an Asuran Golemancer for all we'd know. Cerulean might be a 3rd generation Cerulean and I wouldn't

know either. There might be 20 of him/her, all operating as a single name, and I wouldn't know.

Many nods in the room.

Rain: Finally, there is Crysania. Her charisma and patience made her a foundation from which people could build upon. She's a natural leader and for that she was given Leonardo and a task to go and find more clans to build alliances with.

Dandd muttered: And thus The Call of the Hoolequin.

Rain: Exactly.

As the room digests the story, Rain breaks the silence: Maybe you guys can share clan history with me.

Balreth, Nyx, Angel and Lalandra all glance at each other in a mild panic.

Lalandra finds words first: We'll get back to you.

The other officers nod quickly.

Rain sighs.

Dandd: For the Kurzicks to sail from west of the Amatz Basin, all the way here during Nightfall is impressive. They were probably more lost than we are.

Balreth: How far from here to the Ruins-

Angel, quickly: YOUR ruins

Balreth moves on: of Quinhalla?

Dandd: Probably two or three hours if you don't get lost. We only have a few flags out there, so do try to be careful.

Rain: You're not coming?

Spike: Well let's See. Rain, Lalandra, Angel, Balreth, Nyx and Georgia

Georgia barks happily

Spike: and Two Monks make 7.

Gwen stands up: Count me in!

Spike: there you go. There's all 8.

Jora rises, kind of, too: Besides, someone needs to watch the camp.

Spike leaps up: Right behind you, Brickhouse.

Jora whispers to Dandd: I thought he was done with that...

Dandd whispers back, smiling: never

Dandd turns back to Rain: Besides, someone needs to pack up what we unpacked from before.

The Officers' group heads north, towards the Quinhalla Ruins.

The closer they got, the more somber they all became. Even the henchmen were quiet.

Finally the ruins came into view and everyone stopped.

Rain: It's a Kodak Moment.

Lalandra's fist balled tightly: WHAT?!

Rain: Kidding, kidding, bad timing...

Rain scurries ahead quickly.

Lalandra growls angrily at Rain, but unclenches her fist.

So rain lets out Michelangelo at the Lake, and they follow along as he seemingly glides along the surface, North-West.

Michelangelo arrives at a fork in the stream, near a diff. The coast was in view from that high up.

Mikey gathers the party, and yells: Check it Out!

Michelangelo fires a little ball of energy at a tree, and half of it rotates around the other half, revealing a ladder downwards.

A startled party stared in amazement for a moment.

Rain thanked his turtle and was the first down the ladder.

One by one, the party made it down the ladder, and were again stunned by what used to be a thriving city - all underground.

Lalandra, to Rain, muttered: No wonder you never left.

Gwen shouted "HI!" at the top of her lungs, terrifying the rest of the party - all of which were in front of her. "Hi" echoed back a couple times.

Rain, excited, called everyone to follow him and took off towards the City proper.

Rain quickly navigated through his former home, opened up Heaven's Door and then the Door to the Temple of the Black Pearl.

The officers, and Rain come down the ladder into the Temple, where Crysania and most of the Heroes have been waiting.

Rain spots Stabbith: Razy!

There was a shadow step followed by a small hammer to the chest.

Stabbith: You know I hate being called Razy.

Rain, having been taken off of his feet: Yeah...I suddenly remember...

Crysania: Rain, Razy, Get over here.

Razy bamfs back to Crysania.

Rain struggles to his feet: sure, SHE gets to call her Razy.

Lalandra represses a chuckle.

Rain, Razy, and Crysania sit in cardinal directions, with an avatar of Donatello filling the fourth position.

There are many jubilant noises from the Turtles, and it's clear they've not had any sort of reunion in a long time.

Then Balreth startled himself, which in turn startled everyone else.

Everyone was so engrossed with watching the Anchorwind Generals [and the Turtles!] swap notes and discuss the next step, that they failed to notice the massive ship directly in front of them.

Dandd: My word...

Margrid comes out to greet them: Black Pearl. Ain't she beautiful?

Balreth: Indeed!

Margrid: well she has a LONG way to go before we get off of this rock. We could use your help you know, we've been waiting.

Balreth: Yeah, about that...

Jora grins: this beats guard duty!

Gwen agrees and they board the ship to start helping.

As everyone else moves to follow, they hear from the Turtles: ...Cowabunga says it all! COWABUNGA!

There were shrugs, and chuckles, and the guild was reunited. Crysania had confirmed that the plan is to leave the Battle Isle and go and find a place suitable for Quinland, outside the reach of Nightfall.

However, when everyone saw just how much work there was to do, Lalandra spoke first, in a half-groan: I've said it before, and I'll say it again-

Everyone in unison, equally exhausted: Man, I Love Being a Hoolequin.

- [Aftermath] -

There was much banging of hammers, cutting of wood, and short tempers.

Rain finally had enough.

Rain: This is moa@#$%!

Balreth, irritated: What now?

Rain slams his hammer down: We're here sweating our @$$ off in this floating coffin and CERTAIN people seem to be exempt.

Balreth, looks around: Who?

Rain snaps a bit: Angel, Jora and Nyx!

Everyone nearby glances around, noticing that Rain is right.

In an effort to quell any unrest quickly, Crysania pipes in: Jora and Nyx are out hunting.

Rain rolls his eyes.

Crysania continues: and Angel is-

Then the aroma entered the Black Pearl.

Lalandra and Balreth exchanged wide-eyed looks. They practically had to wipe the drool off their mouths just to utter a single word: "Meatloaf!"

With but the one sniff of what was to come, the morale of the Quin soared, and work resumed.

Episode 38

4 Jan 2011

References: Guild History, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles [Movies], Mobile Fighter G Gundam, Pirates of the Caribbean, Guns n Roses.

The Transformers

Gwen and Balreth were working on the Black Pearl.

Gwen: I hope I can be like you guys some day.

Balreth just raises an eyebrow.

Gwen: All I wanted to do was just kill Charr all day. It's all I talked about, it's all I wanted.

Balreth nods: Oh Yeah.

Gwen: ...but you guys stuck with me through all of that.

Balreth: Yeah, well-

Gwen: especially Crysania, she went back with me to get my flute, and rose focus. She can be very thoughtful.

Balreth nods again.

As if on cue, Crysania poked her head down from the upper deck: Has anyone been back to check in on Dandd?

Balreth and Gwen exchange looks: No.

Crysania sighs and disappears.

Stabbith was working on the same deck, put her tools down and bamf'ed out quickly.

Gwen: How does she do that?

Balreth resumes his work: Ebon Escape.

Gwen, now understanding, resumes her work too. - Crysania practically flew past the makeshift kitchen, headed for the exit.

Razy was trying to catch up to the best of her ability.

Rain thought to himself that Crysania never runs. She jogs, she walks, she occasionally looks cute, but something's wrong.

Rain put down his brush, and left it next to the assorted bottles of unwanted dye and ran after Crysania and Razy. — Trixie: It's so nice having another woman around here.

Angel: I think there are more women here than men.

Trixie: Hardly.

Angel: What about Nyx?

Trixie: She's not really around much, and quiet even when she is.

Angel: Ok, what about Lalandra?

Trixie: A man with tits.

Angel laughs: Jora too?

Trixie: Even worse.

Angel: What about Crysania?

Trixie: Genderless. Speaking of her, did you see a blur of blue go by?

Angel: No, I've been keeping an eye on this Game that Nyx brought in.

Trixie: It's starting to look good!

Angel: I know, right? - Gwen: Can you transform?

Balreth: What?

Gwen, flatly: Transform.

Balreth: I don't think so.

Gwen: You probably can.

Balreth: What makes you think that?

Gwen: Well we've seen Crysania Prime transform.

Balreth almost hit his off hand with the hammer in laughter.

Gwen: You were there, right?

Balreth nods: Yeah, I lost money that day.

Gwen: Oh. ...so anyway, you're an officer. Surely there's a "Crosshairs" in there?

Balreth can't possibly work through all the laughter.

Gwen: I bet Lalandra would be "Sideswipe"

Balreth just puts his hammer down, unable to see straight: Nah, try again.

Gwen: How about Sixshot for Nyx?

Balreth: But she's a necro

Gwen: Yeah, Keep telling yourself that

Balreth chuckles

Gwen: What do you think Angel would be?

Balreth: Bombshell.

Gwen tries to look cute: That one's already taken.

Balreth: but you're not an officer...

Gwen sighs: way to pop my bubble, Grimlock.

The mood instantly died.

Balreth stops: No.

Gwen backs off: What?

Balreth shakes his head: Grimlock left us years ago.

Gwen looks down: Oh. How about Inferno?

Balreth resumes his work: Angel? Yeah, Inferno works...

Gwen, also resuming her work: Lalandra can be "Bumblebee..."

- Lalandra, a little out of breath: Budger!!!

A dwarf stops.

Lalandra: Budger!!!

The dwarf turns to see Lalandra come running at him, waving her arms frantically.

Lalandra: Budger Blackpowder, we need your help!

Budger looks at her funny: Hail, human!

Lalandra: We need your help.

Budger: Who's we?

Lalandra: The Call of the-

Budger: You look familiar.

Lalandra: We took out the Heart of the Shiverpeaks together, Crysania, you and-

Budger: Crysania!!! So you're her henchmen, eh?

Lalandra grumbles: I'm gonna kill her...

Budger: Why didn't you say so in the first place, let's go blow stuff up.

Lalandra follows, grumbling loudly. - Clan Anchorwind were moving towards the MASH Camp at full speed.

As they got closer, they could hear what Crysania feared - battle.

Jora had left camp to help Nyx hunt. That left Spike, Dandd, and Henchmen. Not Good.

They were coming around the side of the camp walls, when they saw an immense group of Kurzicks.

Crysania, thought more than spoke: Razy, do your thing.

Stabbith grinned from underneath her mask, and pulled out Alari's Double-Blades, although no one is sure from here. She shadow-stepped past the front-row and plunged her daggers in the Chest of an enemy monk, drawing the attention of virtually everyone else nearby.

That gave Spike some time to prep more arrows and drink a couple mugs of something.

Dandd, behind Spike panting, yelled: TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH!

Crysania began calling her spirit friends to help, and Rain charged into battle, glowing hands and all. -

Angel came down with refreshments to a very grateful Gwen and Balreth.

Balreth: OH THANK YOU!

Gwen agreed with equal enthusiasm.

Angel: It's so quiet now.

Balreth, who's been in the bottom of the Black Pearl for some time now, had no idea.

Gwen: Is it, Inferno?

Angel: Inferno?

Balreth jumps in: Nevermind. What do you mean it's quiet?

Angel takes a deep breath: Well Lala's getting that dwarf to blow out some rocks, Nyx is hunting with Georgia, Trixie's with me making dinner, Margrid's elsewhere in the city working with some wood that Jora brings down from the surface. Most of the other instructors are out looking for good settlement spots, and all of Crysania's krewe ran out of here like someone was in danger.

Gwen looked at Balreth: Who could be in danger?

Balreth went pale: DANDD!

Balreth threw down his hammer, and practically dragged Angel off the boat.

Gwen just stood there, alone, nervously clutching her hammer. -

The spirits were attacking, arrows were flying, and the sounds of battle were intense. Rain had fought his way to where Stabbith was being kept busy.

Rain: We sure could use Cerulean right now.

Stabbith: Why? What does Cerulean do?

Rain: I don't know, but ANYONE would be nice.

Stabbith: Agreed!

Spike, yelling from the back: Could we hurry this up? I'm running out of arrows!

Stabbith: So use Daggers!

Spike shrugged, and murmured to himself: Ok...

Spike picked up a set from a nearby corpse, and ran into battle. -

Balreth: I sure hope they're ok

Angel: I'm sure they're fine...

Then they could smell something burning... -

Budger: So why didn't we just map travel?

Lalandra: Because we don't have a guild hall anymore, we're trying to go build another one in a better place.

Budger: Oh. I've never been a big fan of boats.

Lalandra: Yeah... -

Spike: We're making gains, but Starscream, Soundwave, and Shockwave over there, need to be killed quick.

Rain: What's up with the names?

Spike: Now's not the time, I'll try to keep Scrapper, Brawn, and Ironhide busy.

Crysania runs past them: I've got Megatron and Devastator.

Stabbith: That leaves me with Hook and Bonecrusher.

Rain just stands there, baffled.

A sword comes right at Rain, and Spike steps in front to block it.

Spike: Don't just stand there Dumb@$$, MOVE!

Rain collects himself: Yeah, yeah... -

Trixie: All we can do now is make sure they have a good meal when they come home.

Gwen: a MEAL?!

Gwen growls viciously.

Gwen: We don't have a REZ SHRINE anymore!

Trixie: Oh...

Gwen: Yeah, "Oh" -

Balreth and Angel follow the stench, and the sounds of battle, to find the walls of the MASH Camp ablaze from Lava Arrows.

Angel: call me Inferno, eh? I'll show you Inferno!!!

Angel runs into the Camp, Balreth quickly Following.

Angel runs past Dandd, and detonates.

Dandd: WOW!!! I'm glad I still have eyebrows.

Balreth: You're welcome. Where's everyone else?

Dandd points to the other gate.

Balreth sighs: We'll play clean-up. -

"Megatron" as it was, was a potent monk boss. Megatron and his krewe were all Unyielding Aura monks, and as such were well suited for battles of Attrition. With him,

was "Devastator" a ranger boss accompanied by hydromancers. While they were being pushed back, the Quin were in no way winning in any permanent way.

Razy and Crysania nodded at each other, a practiced plan about to be executed.

Stabbith jumped in to the middle of the group and put her arms over her eyes. The Kurzicks blinked confusedly for but a moment until the Ray of Judgment came down around Razy. The light faded, the monks were furiously casting and Devastator was just plain furious.

Rain and Angel had nearly made it there when they were both hit with Deep Freeze. Rain and Angel strained against the hex to join the fight, when Devastator began releasing Splinter Barrages. Rain died nearly instantly, but Angel barely survived thanks to several Monk Henchman. Unfortunately for the Kurzicks, no one but Angel knew she was still alive.

"THAT'S IT!!!" A thunderous roar came from behind Crysania.

Crysania turned to see Balreth had his own version of super-saiyan: Feet of Air, Chest of Earth, Eyes of Water and Hands of Fire. Even the eyes in his Dragon Gauntlets were glowing.

Crysania just calmly stepped aside.

Balreth roared, but Crysania still thought it needed work. -

Rain found himself teleported to where Quinhalla used to be, but way up in the sky. It would be a neat vantage point, if it wasn't for nightfall. He didn't know how high he was, and barely had time to brace before impact. He survived the fall, but lie unconscious. Michelangelo came out to see what the metallic thing was that Rain fell on. It was a box of some sort, it was labeled "SPQH." Mikey had never seen it before, but knew what it was.

Mikey yelled: LEOOOOOOOO!!! I FOUNDDDDDD ITTTTTT!!! -

Crysania had received quite the loud message from Mikey, and Balreth in his transformed state could hear Crysania mentally yelling "Dood, if you got something big, do it!"

Crysania jumped infront of Balreth and threw up a spirit sacrifice wall.

The spirits quickly were defeated, but Balreth was ready.

Balreth: Crosshairs, huh? Try this!

Balreth threw his red arrow, and it impacted one of the Kurzick monks. Upon impact, it exploded, igniting everyone in the area.

Crysania thought to herself: Trogdor's Sniper, huh? I like it.

The Kurzicks, with their death penalty rising, retreated but not killed.

"Not Good, Mav" said a collapsing nuker.

Crysania, Spike, and Raz-One stood over the bodies of two unconscious nukers and wondered where Rain went to. -

Rain regained consciousness only to have Mikey put flipper over his mouth.

The blast that destroyed Crysania's tower also changed the landscape near the lake by destroying much of the rock that kept that side of Quinhalla dry, making the lake larger. Rain now lie in a muddy ditch, where the Guild Rez Shrine used to be.

"Megatron" : Damn those Quin. There's more to them than meets the eye.

"Devastator" : I say we regroup near the fleet. We take them out first, then search for the Orrian Relics.

"Megatron" : They must have a camp to the north, I can't see ALL of them being gone for a patrol.

"Devastator" : It matters not, they will perish.

Rain could hear the Kurzicks leave, south. He waits a few minutes, then investigates the crate. -

Spike's scream shattered the silence that followed after the retreat.

Everyone ran as quickly as they could, only to find Spike crying near his bed.

Stabbith scoffed and walked away.

Crysania sighed and followed.

Dandd laughed while Balreth shook his head.

Spike: My Still...

Dandd turned to Balreth: Do you mind helping me move the Wiki Archives to the temple?

Balreth shakes his head and grabs a box. Angel volunteers to help too. -

Crysania, Razy, and a couple henchman find Rain in the ruins. Rain, had just managed to undig the box, but not open it.

Crysania helps Rain out of the ditch, while Leo and Mikey lean way forward only to use their cannons to propel them into a backflip. Razy and the Henchmen grab the crate.

Crysania: Alright, lets head back. I hear Angel was cooking again.

Stabbith drew her blades: You heard her, henchmen, RUN!

The panicked henchmen begin running for all their worth, with Razy right behind them threatening to stab whoever slows down.

Rain: I bet Raph loves her.

Crysania grins: I hope so.

They set off, following Razy and the crate. -

Lalandra: Would you look at this?!

Budger Blackpowder was already examining the rock wall that stopped the Black Pearl from sailing out of the temple.

Lalandra: Lazy Rain didn't even finish painting the width line of the water.

Budger: That's ok, I can kind of see how wide this is. This will be fun!

Lalandra: Just wait until I get my hands on-

"HEY SIDESWIPE" came a voice from the other side of the Temple.

Lalandra, curious, turned.

"COME QUICKLY!!!" yelled the same voice.

Lalandra hurried over, to see what the noise was about.

The Quin, exhausted, were coming down the ladder. Balreth, Angel, and the Crate came down the second ladder while Crysania, Rain, and Razy took turns leaping from the cliff into a pile of hay. Budger came up to see what's all the commotion.

Lalandra: What the hell is that?

Crysania, picking hay off: Not quite sure, but Mikey sure got excited about it.

Lalandra moves to open the crate, but can't find a place to grip.

Budger: Well I'll be an Asuran's Uncle

Dandd leans over to Balreth: Probably is

Budger offers a quick glare to Dandd.

Budger: This is an old Dwarven Treasure Box. Whoever got this paid a pretty platinum for it.

Lalandra: Well @#$%n A boss.

Balreth, quickly: Q

Budger: Exactly!

There were then many confused looks in the room.

Budger reaches around in his tool sack and produces a square punch of sorts.

Budger: In dwarven, this is called a @#$%

Rain couldn't help but snort.

Budger: and to open the box, you've got to @#$% the Q, on the "Tickler"

Rain excused himself.

Lalandra: The Tickler?

Budger Nodded: here, inside the "O"

Budger hits the tickler with the @#$% and easily slides the top off.

Budger: Now If you'll excuse me, I have business in the other room.

Everyone looked in the box simultaneously, and looked at five strange objects.

Nyx, who had come back from a hunt, joined the group.

Razy grabbed the largest object in the box, a large sword, and wasn't impressed. She handed it to Crysania.

Crysania: Not My thing.

Crysania passed it to Lalandra, who passed to Angel, who passed it to Nyx, who passed it to Balreth. When Balreth grasped it, the entire sword seemed to clean itself. In a matter of moments it looked good as new.

Balreth swung this beast around, which prompted everyone to leap backwards.

Crysania remarked that it was as big as her.

Balreth turned the sword sideways in his hand, and the bottom changed. Metal used to lie flat along the blade, but it folded down into two different pieces. Instinctively, Balreth gripped it like a rifle and it was only then that people could see a faint sniper arrow lying along top of the flat of the blade. Balreth turned to somewhere neutral and 'fired.'

Balreth: I can throw sniper further with this.

Crysania: Is it Green? Gold?

Balreth laughed: Green. It's called "The Buster Sword." Very magic friendly attributes too.

The group cheered. Razy picked up what looks to be a quiver. She handed it to Nyx.

As soon as Nyx touched it, green fog started pouring out of it.

Nyx laughed.

Lalandra: Well?

Nyx, still laughing: Necrosis Arrows!

Razy drew a dagger, and made a henchman bleed.

Nyx drew an arrow and fired. Sure enough, it did the bonus Necrosis damage too.

Nyx: NICE!!!

The henchman didn't think so... Razy picked up the third weapon, what looks like a Western Broadsword. She handed it to Lalandra.

It didn't do anything, so she handed it to Angel. The sword, like Balreth's, cleaned itself almost instantly. She examined it, swung it back and forth a bit, but nothing special.

Angel: Well, at least it's light...

Angel snapped her wrist quickly, to test balance, when the sword tip hit the dirt.

The group was looking at her whip-sword in astonishment.

The injured henchman saw that and tried to run, but Angel snapped the whip blade around his ankle and pulled, removing his balance as well as some flesh. The poor henchman was rolling around screaming.

Balreth: I think you tore his tendon, dear.

Angel, smiling, shrugged. She snapped her wrist again and the whip became a sword again.

Crysania: What's that one called?

Angel: The Valentine

Crysania nodded in understanding. Razy then picked up the fourth object, but it was too rusty to tell what they were. She handed them to Crysania. Nothing. She handed them to Lalandra, where the Brass Knuckles revealed themselves. Lalandra grasped them but was confused. As she punched a bit and moved about she began to understand.

Lalandra: If I stand in a left-stance, I get a different skill bar than if I stand in a right-stance.

Crysania laughed.

Balreth: Rapid fire secondary switching. On the fly no less!

There was an extraordinarily loud series of "BOOMs" coming from the Temple. Margrid ran off to investigate.

Razy picked up the fifth and final object, a little orb.

Razy handed it to Crysania, the only one now without A Transformer.

When the Orb rested in Crysania's hand, it began to glow the same color as her Chaos Gloves. Crysania then seemed to absorb the Orb into her gloves.

Crysania: I don't feel any different.

Crysania closed her hand, as if pretending a weapon would be there, and a spear formed in her hand, still looking like her Chaos Gloves. It startled everyone, including Crysania.

Crysania waved it around, and she didn't get immediate effects either. So she had thrust the ground, and a spirit was spawned at the place of impact.

At this point, the Henchman dummy was giving Crysania the most pathetic look he could, but it didn't matter - he was hit in the abdomen anyway. The Quin watched in amazement as a spirit was spawned where the point of impact was again, inside the body of the henchman.

Balreth cringed: That spirit will be hard to kill...

The group watched as the henchman took spirit attack after spirit attack from within, seemingly unable to stop it.

Crysania: Hey Balreth!

Balreth: Eh?

Crysania: I have a Spearit Spike, get it?

Everyone groans.

Margrid comes rushing out: Someone stop me from KILLING that Dwarf!

So everyone relocates to the now lighter Temple, where a large hole has now been blasted from the wall. Subsequent blasts turned most of the debris to rubble and can be knocked aside or swept away.

Crysania: So what's the problem?

Margrid points to what used to be the front of the ship.

Budger: oops?

Some are angry, some want to cry. While the way is now clear, the Black Pearl is still not in a condition to set sail.

Rain: Well, since we're all down anyway, now is a good time to mention the Kurzicks have a fleet on the south coast and are looking for us. Just this once I'm happy for nightfall, it will slow them down finding us.

Crysania summons her Spear and smiles.

Gwen leans over to Balreth: Told you, you could Transform.

Balreth grabs his Buster Sword and Roars!

Crysania: Yep, Needs Work!

The Quin enjoy a brief moment of laughter before more work will begin, but for now-

Angel and Trixie: Who's Hungry?!

Razy yells: First come first served! /bamf

Dandd: She's not old enough to 'bamf'

Another round of laughter, this time on the way to get a much earned meal.

Spike: ...but my still...]

Episode 39
6 Jan 2011
References: Guild History, Transformers [Gen. 1]

Ogre Battle: March of the Quin Queen

Crysania: I'm off to see Magnifico

All: Alright

Lalandra: Wait. Who's Magnifico?

Rain: The head of Hoolequindustries.

Lalandra: A henchman?

Rain: His name is Magnifico Terrifico.

Lalandra: That name sounds familiar...

Dandd: He became a henchman by choice, but he's actually Crysania's First Long time DM.

Rain: What's a DM?

Balreth and Dandd wince hard, and yell in sync: DON'T DO THAT!!!

Rain was removed from his feet, but managed to innocently state: Oh! I Get It Now!

Lalandra grumbles at Rain.

La Chad shouts from the top of the ship: Since Our Fearless Leader has departed, it is up to moi to move things along!

Everyone, every single person, is either staring straight ahead or down at the floor.

In fact, you could hear Spike chanting: must not look up, must not look up.

Dandd finally says something: PUT SOME PANTS ON OR COME DOWN!

La Chad: Oh phooey.

Everyone continues to look away.

La Chad clicks his tongue: Fine, have it your way - girlfiends.

Stabbith leans to Lalandra: If he calls me 'Girlfriend' one more time...

Lalandra giggles.

Dandd: I've been meaning to ask you, why 'stabbith' and not 'stabbath?'

Stabbith: It's closer to stabbing.

Dandd nods and takes a step back.

La Chad walks out onto the gangplank: Ok girlfriends-

Stabbith snaps: ....that does it!

La Chad takes a couple steps closer to the group.

Stabbith: Catch!

Stabbith tosses one of her daggers, underhanded, at La Chad.

When La Chad became distracted by catching the dagger that was tossed at him, Stabbith shadow-stepped behind him and ran her other dagger through his kidney.

Yoshi quickly healed La Chad as Stabbith caught her other dagger.

La Chad was lying on the floor, staring up at Stabbith: that was SOOOOO HOT!

Stabbith groans angrily and walks away.

Tiffany Berner stepped forward, and commanded the Berner Clan to clean up the Temple of the Black Pearl in preparation for the ceremony. Nyx, and Gabrielle returned a salute and started their clean-up effort.

Dalreth panicked. He's very used to listening to Tiffany, but he's a Silverlock now...

Tiffany put a knowledgeable hand on Dalreth's shoulder: Go with your new clan, but do not forget your old one.

Dalreth happily saluted, and ran off to join the other massive pony-tailed elementalists.

Tiffany: WAIT!

Dalreth spins around.

Tiffany: Could I ask for one more favor?

Dalreth nods.

Tiffany: would you mind taking all the pups outside so we can start cleaning?

Dalreth grins widely, and happily sets off for a moment of playtime with Georgia and krewe. -

A Runner Henchman slides down the ladder into Paradise City, his legs barely supporting him. He stumbles down the hill towards the Temple. He MUST warn the officers. He runs past where Margrid's pile o' wood used to be. Where did it all go? He didn't have time to wonder, he must get to the temple.

He stumbles past the make-shift kitchen.

Runner Henchman: War..nner...

The henchman spots Nyx and collapses at her feet. She tries to keep Georgia's kisses at bay and bends down to listen.

Runner Henchman: Warsh...nner...

The Henchman fades out from fatique but Nyx looks up at the other officers, confused, and asks: Warship Gunner?

Balreth knew what meant and dashed towards the Temple's new exit.

Rain didn't know what the @#$% was going on, but followed Balreth out of instinct.

Balreth got to the exit quickly, and saw a Kurzick ship, LOADED with troops, heading towards the temple.

Balreth grabbed his Buster Sword and began drawing in the dirt.

Rain caught up and stepped on his drawing.

Balreth grumbled angrily and began drawing in an adjacent spot.

Rain: What's going-

Balreth: SHUT UP!

Rain stepped back, wounded: @#$%, I'm just trying to help...

Balreth finished drawing, and grinned at rain.

Rain could only smile back, uncertainty written all over his face.

Balreth snapped the rifle grips down, brought the pommel to his shoulder and fired two sniper shots at the ship in rapid succession.

Rain: TWO?!

Balreth gestured to the ground and grinned: Glyph of Renewal.

Rain smiled back.

The first sniper shot hit the hull of the ship to minimal effect, but the second one toppled the main mast.

Balreth cheered: Warship Gunner! Rain saw the ship was dead in the water and ran past Balreth, along the coast towards the boat.

Balreth could only yell "HELP!" before he found himself chasing the young monk.

Angel, Lalandra, Nyx, and an angry La Chad gave Balreth pursuit.

The sky near the ship began to darken, and the Quin officers [and La Chad] couldn't hope to keep up with Rain.

Balreth was the first to notice the Kurzick Life Boats being deployed, but everyone else was up to speed before he found the breath to say anything.

Lalandra and Balreth noticed Rain, glowing hands and all, was off the ground casting. Balreth tackled Angel and Lalandra tried to grab La Chad, but missed. The four officers covered their eyes in time to hear Rain scream in a maddening frenzy "RAY OF MOTHER@#$%ING JUDGMENT!!!"

The pillar of light pierced the center of the ship and set it ablaze. As the remaining Kurzicks were abandoning their armor so they could abandon ship, the first of the life boats were almost at landing range.

The officers were back on their feet again, sprinting towards Rain - barely on his feet after that - to intercept the imminent Kurzicks.

Angel, in between breaths, yells to Lalandra: Sometimes, I hate THAT guy too.

Lalandra tried to laugh, but could only manage a smile and nod.

Nyx got a quick idea and veered towards a hill overlooking the landing point.

La Chad got to Rain first, and hurled his spear at the back of his head: I'M RUNNING THIS CEREMONY!

Rain doubled over in exhaustion, hands on his knees, as the spear sailed harmlessly over his head.

Balreth got to Rain second, just in time for Rain to sit down and utter: I was saving that for Crysania.

A friend of the Kurzick who took a spear to the chest made it up the landing and was aiming for Balreth when he got a Brass Knuckle to the side of the head.

Lalandra yells: how about THAT 'sideswipe.' Eh?

Balreth laughed. The momentary confidence allowed him to grab his Buster Sword without any thought of loss or pain.

The next Kurzick caught the flat of the Buster Sword to the side, and the balance loss was enough for Angel to entangle him with her whip. With a quick jerk the Kurzick was brought to Angel, who promptly demonstrated a good use for 'Inferno!'

The third Kurzick was impaled by La Chad's shoulder armor in a horrific tackle. La Chad was able to reclaim his spear and ready himself.

One by one, the Kurzicks were defeated as Rain regained his stamina.

In the quiet in between waves, Rain quietly stated: Let's fight in the shade.

The officers looked up to see many of Nyx's Necrosis Arrows in a high arc, headed towards the next life boat.

Many of the Kurzicks leaped off of the boat, but could not swim under the weight of their own gear.

Up the coast a bit, Georgia began barking loudly and took off running.

Angel spun around to see a Ranger trying to shoot back at Nyx. Her whip broke the prepared arrow, and removed the bow from his hand, but no damage to the Ranger himself. Balreth got off an un-aimed sniper, but the ranger was able to use Antidote Signet quickly and was otherwise not bothered.

Lalandra was already running up the coast. The Ranger saw her coming and entered into the Lightning Reflexes stance. With one hand Lalandra cast Defile Defenses and with the other hand forced him to block her Power Attack. The ranger recoiled in horror when his block caused significant health loss. He slowly pulled out daggers of his own and smiled. His cockiness gave Lalandra plenty of time to cast Spiteful Spirit. The ranger was in a panic. He can't block, He can't attack, what now? Lalandra didn't give him time enough to think, and between punches and punishment hexes - the Ranger was easily outclassed.

The sky cleared, the ship was in pieces and the Kurzick assault group were no more. Rain had regained his stamina and everyone regrouped to head back to the temple. All except La Chad.

La Chad was seen marching towards the Kurzick Main Camp.

Balreth breaks the silence: March of the Quin Queen right there.

Angel: It's so dark out, does he know where the camp is?

Nyx, who's been out hunting and is fairly familiar with the terrain looks around and giggles.

Lalandra: Eh?

Nyx points in a different direction: Camp is that way.

Rain smacks his own forehead and groans.

Angel holds her sword tip to Rain's chin: Yeah, like YOU haven't done anything stupid lately.

Rain rubs the back of his head and grins: I sunk the ship didn't I?

Balreth clears his throat.

Rain: Ok, Ok, WE sunk that ship.

Balreth twirls his Buster Sword over head, then 'sheaths' it.

Everyone looks around, swearing they could hear a short Fanfare.

Nyx regains herself first: So, should we go after him?

Lalandra: I say temple first. It'll take him a while to get there anyway.

The group nods and heads back to the temple to plan the final assault.

-

The victorious officers were full of glee when they returned to the temple.

Stabbith was waiting: The runner says the time for attack is now. At least half the camp has left. All that's left is their command units and escort.

Quiet smiles spread across the Quin.

Each officer went to gloat in front of their clan members, but Rain chose to be all alone. Instead of clan members, Rain found a quiet corner to talk to Michelangelo.

Spike leans over to Dandd: He plans to go to the Kurzick Camp alone.

Dandd leans back: You can lip read from that far?

Spike just grins at Dandd.

Dandd sighs: At least take some self-heal.

Spike looks in his belt pouches, surveys all his wonderful sugars and noisemakers, and proclaims "Check!" loudly.

Spike waves to Dandd and the focus shifts back to Rain...who isn't there. Dandd looks around for Stabbith, and doesn't see her either.

Spike utters come 'advanced' obscenity and dashes to his alcohol stash.

Dandd wonders why Spike even bothered to pay attention to Rain, when Spike takes off towards the land exit.

Thinking that he'll probably need help, Dandd requests Officers and their clan-mates to go help. The Anchorwind clan is M.I.A., the Quin Queen is on a rampage and the enemy camp too large for a solo effort - even for The Anchorwind.

Margrid loudly demands the remaining heroes and henchmen stay with her. She will **NOT** have this ship damaged...again.

So each clan member fell in to their respective formations and the Guild moved out, with full intent to drive the Kurzick from the Island once and for all. Margrid and a bare-bones krewe stayed behind to prepare the Ship for sail. If all went well, Margrid would sail to the Kurzick camp and pick up everyone.

-

Spike is catching up to La Chad when he spots a sentry henchman.

Spike: Atten-hut!

The henchman instinctively snaps to attention.

Spike: Do You Has?

Henchman 1: What?

Spike, in his face: The Gumption? The Life Bar? The Five Gold?

Henchman 1: Five gold?

Spike: A Ha! Thought so! It was written all over your face and I could hear that from a mile away!

Henchman 1: But...

Spike: Do you has what it takes to defend The Quin Queen?

Henchman 1: God Save The Queen!

Spike, nervously looks up: Any, either, or all of you...

Spike regains himself: The De La Chadtoon is recruiting squad members.

Henchman 1: The De...?

Spike continues, un-phased: This Platoon will be the most elite fighting force this side of-

Spike licks his finger and sticks it in the air...wiggles it around for a bit...then slumps in defeat: no wind.

Henchman 1: this side of no wind?

Spike: YES! Will you solemnly swear to dedicate your life or the next two hours, whichever happens first, in defense of the Quin Queen as a part of The De La Chadtoon regardless of the direction or the intensity of the usually gentle and pleasant breezes?

Henchman 1: ...sure, I guess.

Spike: Good! Fall in and surrender your five gold.

Henchman 1: I have to pay for—urrgh!

Henchman 1 was pinned against a tree by spike, with a dagger to the henchman's throat.

Spike: Damn it man! The chain of command MUST be obeyed! You see this right here? [spike points to some black mark on his collar]

Henchman 1, gasping for air: Kind of...

Spike slams him against the tree: Kind of? This is a bird, son. I am your full bird Baltrihper.

Henchman 1, panting: Kernel [Colonel] Spike?

Spike: Kernel? That's Call-Oh-Nell to YOU, Henchman. You better Recognize.

Spike strikes an awful pose.

Henchman 1: @#$% that's awful.

Spike: Quin or Quit, Son. La Chad gets irritated when people don't strike stupid poses around him.

Henchman 1 groans.

Spike: If you hear a voice in the back of your mind that just says "I am your gay side," you should just listen to it for the next couple hours.

Henchman 1 nods and follows spike, generally towards the direction of the next sentry henchman - they hope.

Henchman 2 is found repairing Hoolequindustries marker flags when "Callohnell" Spike's voice booms from behind him.

Colonel Spike: Henchman, Do you has The Chips and Salsa?

Henchman 2 shakes his head.

Colonel Spike: Do You has the Lost Shaker of Salt?

Henchman 2 shakes his head.

Colonel Spike pauses: Are you worth your weight in salt?

Henchman 1, behind Spike, nods vigorously.

Henchman 2 sees Henchman 1 and also nods.

Colonel Spike: Good! Welcome to The De La Chadtoon. Fall in with the other men and let's MOVE OUT.

Henchman 2 whispers: What's going on here.

Henchman 1 whispers back: Something about La Chad. "Kernel' ... I mean 'Callohnell' Spike seems pretty serious. Just play along.

Colonel Spike intercepts Henchman 3: Can you last eight seconds on a bucking Georgia?

Henchman 3 shakes his head.

Colonel Spike: Can you perform a ranged colonoscopy?

Henchman 3 shakes his head.

Colonel Spike: Can you get in there and win us the Gold?

Henchman 3: I think so...?

Colonel Spike: GOOD! Fall in Soldier. Move out!

Not much longer and Henchman 4 was spotted.

Colonel Spike: Can you write a smash reggae Jam?

Henchman 4: Ja Man!

Colonel Spike: Can...wait...you can? Well, I guess you're in. Move out!

All throughout the Island, Colonel Spike could be heard screaming at henchmen: "Can you spell Colonel?" "Do you miss the eighties references?" "Do you ever LARP as a henchman?" "Can you nail a 1080 off of a Half-pipe?" "Can you save 15% off of your car Insurance?" "Do you has a red jacket?" "Where in the world is Carmen Sandiego?" "Have you discovered what Pizza is yet?" "Who's Crysania's Tattoo Artist?" "Translation fix can my you?" "Did YOU take my Jersey Number?" "Which T-Shirt? Team Angel or Team Balreth?"

It wasn't that long before Colonel Spike had a genuine Platoon of bewildered Henchmen marching towards the Kurzick Camp.

-

Dandd and the Officers catch up with Rain and Stabbith.

Balreth: Is she talking to herself?

Rain: Nah. You don't see Magnifico?

Angel: Is Magnifico...a fairy?

Stabbith: Nah, La Chad is the fairy.

Rain: Magnifico is a Pixie.

Dandd: Wasn't Crysania a pixie too?

Rain: Yeah, a LONG time ago.

Nyx: How long?

Dandd: There were no pictures back then.

Nyx: Oh...

Dandd: I'll fill you in later. I think we're about to get our marching orders.

Crysania comes back to the group, grinning.

Crysania: Alright Krewe, here's how this will go down. Angel, find the biggest escape route and cut it off. Nyx, Chase down all stragglers. Magnifico and Balreth will lead a Mass Meteor Shower Attack while we're going to go play Fin Funnel.

Stabbith and Rain high-five: ALLRIGHT!

Balreth: When?

Crysania: Just wait for the signal.

Balreth: What sig-

Nyx points: Oh my!!!

A triangular formation slowly approached the Kurzick camp, snapping in rhythm.

Dandd: Who's that in the red jacket...oh @#$%..

Everyone laughs hard.

Rain: Dood, that is so La Chad!

Everyone laughs harder.

Balreth: La Chad...Spike...Lalandra...they are all actually doing the Thriller...

Dandd: And the Kurzicks are very distracted.

Crysania: Krewe, it's party time!

Angel grabs the few henchmen there and runs off to the largest exit route.

Clan Berner [with pets] Forms up on a good hill and waits.

Balreth, Malreth, Dalreth, and Valreth all line up with Magnifico and start drawing Glyphs.

The Anchorwind Trio start running down the hill - head into the thick of the Kurzick group.

As they get closer they can hear La Chad Singing: "And though you fight to stay alive | Your body starts to shiver | For no mere mortal can resist | The evil of the thriller"

The mesmerized Kurzick formation began to get pummeled by a series of meteor showers.

The Anchorwind Clan, dodging falling rocks and engaging in hit-and-run tactics, only increased the panic in the Camp. Several Kurzicks started running inland. They ran into what they thought was safe forested ground to regroup in, instead all the brushes started shaking violently and this ominous singing came from somewhere amongst the leaves.

Kurzick 1: NOO!!

Kurzick 2: Sirenia D'Inferno!! RUN!!!!

The Kurzick group started running this-way-and-that in complete chaos. Those who ran into the brush were captured and dealt with by Angel and her henchman. Those who tried to run up the beach were tackled and dealt with by Georgia and Friends.

The Center group finally gave up trying to get at Crysania and her krewe, fearing the endless rain of rocks. They instead tried to confront The De La Chadtoon. Yoshi was able to squeeze in a Prayer before the formations broke for battle.

Volusja was knocking smaller beings off their feet. La Chad was impaling people AND insulting their hair. Spike was showing off some continued Melee prowess and Lalandra started dropping grenades in the thick of it. The henchman had circled the gaggle to ensure no one tried to flee the terror of Spike and the Corvus Connection.

The Nuker Line was exhausted, but the Anchorwind Krewe were saving most of their skill bar for when the rocks stopped. Most of the Kurzicks left at this point were heavily armored and laughed at the two monks and one assassin standing in front of them. Rain relaxed, and Stabbith but her daggers away. The Kurzick only laughed harder, until they saw a wall of spirits emerge in front of their eyes. The remaining Kurzick ignored the three rushing at them, all fire was concentrated on the spirits. It wasn't long before they succumbed to Holy Damage and Spiritspike.

Megatron and Devastator were up on the largest ship near camp. Their taunts had just begun when Angel had lit their ship on fire. Megatron jumped off and in mid-air was caught by Angel's whip and hurled to the ground even faster. His entire top half was buried in the sand, and hit bottom half kicked into the air helplessly. Having lost an Unyielding Aura monk, the time for attack was upon the Quin and Crysania rallied everyone she could, as fast as she could. The Berner clan fired arrows onto those who hadn't jumped yet. The Silverlock Clan sped up the process of the ship's consumption. Yoshi, Crysania and Rain were busy healing those from the previous fight while Lalandra almost bled herself to death trying to get everyone caught up.

Devastator and his krewe had rapidly slid down ropes and ladders and made it on to the beach. Crysania offered an end to hostilities and instead Devastator shot an arrow through La Chad's Red Jacket. The Flaming Fury that followed made even the officers wince a bit as La Chad held up his shield and charged them. Several arrows embedded themselves into his shield but La Chad was not to be slowed. La Chad made it in their ranks, and planted one right on Devastator. Everyone, Quin and Kurzick, was momentarily stunned by the move. Devastator, however, was devastated. In his disarray Volusja, Stabbith, Spike, and Angel closed the distance effortlessly and the Quin annihilated the remnants of the Kurzick Camp. The Berner Clan Pets were unable to find anyone or anything else of interest and Crysania declared victory.

The Nukers rendered all evidence of Kurzick presence to ash, Magnifico was heard telling Crysania he hadn't had that much fun in a long time, Spike was complaining loudly that his

daggers were STILL smaller than Razy's. La Chad was combing through the ash looking for a sewing kit, and Angel was telling most of the other women about "Sirenia D'Inferno" and how terrified those Kurzick were and Rain was keep an eye on the horizon for Margrid and the Pearl.

A considerable amount of time elapsed, and Volusja was threatening to beat Margrid senseless if she didn't show up soon. Nyx and Tiffany exchanged glances and shrugged. La Chad, holding up his shield muttered about "must be a corvus thing" and Yoshi reminded him that he was "in our clan too, you know."

Rain: FINALLY!!!

Everyone turned to see the Pearl sailing up the coast. It wouldn't be long before everyone would be on board and leaving the Battle Isles behind them.

Lalandra: ...Where ARE we going, anyway?

Crysania: Mag and the HQI got us some shelter on the Isle of the Nameless - Near the Great Temple of Balthazar. We'll be safe there, but we're not staying long.

Nyx: Why are we going at all?

Crysania grins: Most of us aren't going beyond that point. It will be a safe place to find transit to wherever your respective clan strongholds are, or will be.

Lalandra: YOU BETTER NOT BE LEAVING ME BEHIND!!!

There was an eruption of waving hands and crowding around Crysania. Many voices all at once.

Rain, sitting with Razy outside of the gaggle joked how they can't even see her anymore despite the fact she glows.

Crysania: Calm down. Enjoy our victory. We will sort this out under the protection of the Zaishen Order.

Crysania leaves the noisy group of debating Generals. Even Georgia starts barking defiantly.

The Anchorwind start heading towards the Pearl when Magnifico looks at everyone, then asks Crysania: You already know who you're bringing, don't you?

Crysania grins: I know who I'm inviting anyway...

The Anchorwind grin and board the first of the smaller craft to head to the Pearl.

Everyone else realizes they've been left behind and scurries along to catch up.

-

[Aftermath, aboard the ship]

Henchman 1: There are dark rumors stirring.

Henchman 2: Oh?

Henchman 1: Yeah...something about 'Guardians' and the fall of the Cothic.

Henchman 3: Is that so?

Henchman 2: Wait... Guardian is a title

Henchman 4: Not these Guardians. I hear they're monks with armor.

Henchman 1: No... that sounds TOO good.

Henchman 3: Yeah, what about us?

Henchman 2: I don't wanna be obsolete.

Henchman 1: wait... Armor? So Guardians aren't Cothic! /growl

Henchman 4: Guess Again. These Guardians get Staffs AND Armor!

Henchman 1-3 yell: NOOOOOOO!!!!

Crysania, walking around the Ship hears the yell and investigates.

Crysania: What's going on here?

Henchman 1: Just wanting more Kurzicks to fight...

Crysania senses the lie, but plays along anyway: Keep a weather eye out, they'll be more fights where we are going.

Henchman 1-4: Certainly! /poof

Crysania grins and resumes her walk.

Episode 40

2 Feb 2011

References: Guild History, Clan Specific Histories.

Turtelga

A Funeral was held on the Isle of the Nameless. Malreth Silverlock perished in the battle against the Kurzick. Crysania wanted to help carry the casket but could barely reach it at all with all the other Silverlock on the corners. In the somber mood after the service everyone retreated to their Clan Tents to await further orders.

The Officers followed Crysania into the Anchorwind Tent, where Crysania wasted no time.

Crysania: Dismiss your Clans.

Lalandra: Excuse me?

Crysania: Dandd, Spike, Rain, Stabbith, Myself, Margrid, Lalandra, Balreth, Angel, Nyx, and a Crew. That's it.

Balreth: Just like old times, eh?

Crysania: Limited supplies and space on the boat. We take only what we need, and only who we need.

There was much murmuring and nodding.

Crysania: On the bright side, once we get established, you all can go back and escort your clans the first time and map travel from there on out.

Nyx: We can Map Travel?

A moment of giggling broke the serious tone.

Angel: What about your clan?

Crysania gestures to two snoring hammocks: They're right there.

Angel: Oh...alright then.

There was an awkward pause before Lalandra spoke up: La Chad really liked his red jacket.

Spike chimed in: I promised that henchman he would get it back too...

Balreth: I hear you got promoted to Colonel.

Spike chuckles nervously: Yeah, but the army isn't for me.

Nyx: Oh?

Spike chuckles again: Yeah...that whole drug testing thing...

There was a round of laughter that woke up Rain and Razy, who decided to roll over and go back to sleep.

Balreth: So...lets go break the news.

The Quin Officers gave their orders, guidance, and well-wishes to those they were parting ways with and Crysania ordered Margrid and the Henchmen to prepare the ship to leave. La Chad's weeping could be heard half-way across the camp. Saddest of all however, was Nyx. Nyx had decided that Georgia probably wouldn't enjoy the long Sea Voyage and left her in Berner Clan care, temporarily.

The Black Pearl was loaded, Henchmen stationed and Crysania left a generous donation to the Order of the Zaishen. Most of the Quin who didn't go on the voyage all crowded on the cliff closest to the ship and watched it disappear into the horizon.

-

Angel: Has anyone seen Dandd?

Nyx: He's holed himself up in the Captains Quarters.

Lalandra: It's got to be crowded in there, he should come out.

Angel: Crowded?!

Balreth: Yes, dear. Spike, Dandd, Rain, Stabbith, Crysania, The Rum, The Wiki Archives, the-

Angel: Alright, I get it.

Balreth: What I want to know though, is where we are going.

The officers stopped a moment and glanced at each other puzzlingly.

Lalandra: My compass shows friendlies and no quest marker.

Nyx: Mine too

Angel: Yep

Balreth: So her compass must point to something ours doesn't.

There was a quiet pause.

Balreth: @#$%ing Newtypes?

Angel, Nyx, and Lalandra nodded: @#$%ing Newtypes...

-

Dandd finally emerged from the Captain's Quarters, grinning wildly.

Dandd: Gather 'round. I know we've been on this ship for a while. I imagine we might be here for a while yet. So I decided to try to break the monotony a bit.

The Quin gathered around Dandd, minus Crysania and Margrid.

Dandd: Ok, so I've made some Character sheets for you all.

Rain: What's a Character sheet?

Dandd sighs painfully: oh Dwayna @#$% me, listen-

An Avatar of Dwayna descends from above and waves to Crysania before she gives Dandd a look-over once or twice.

Spike shrieked in terror and could be heard yelling 'NOT AGAIN!' as he dove down the stairs to the lower deck.

The Avatar of Dwayna, full of smiles and giggles: Nah, you're not my type. Thanks though. /poof

Dandd looks at his party, then the entire party looks at Crysania, who should only grin and shrug.

Dandd: This is your doing!

Crysania: Nope, not this time!

Spike peaks his head out carefully, realizes it's ok and rejoins the party.

Dandd continues: Now THESE are dice.

Dandd throws two D*6* in the middle of everyone.

Rain picks one up, eyes it a bit: It had six patterns.

Dandd: Yep, we call it a D*6*, and this bucket of them is for you

Dandd produces, literally, a bucket full of various D*6*s for Rain who can only stare in horror in return.

Dandd grins: Just kidding.

Dandd puts his bucket o' dice back, which has Spike looking behind Dandd in honest curiosity.

Dandd leans over to Spike: Belt Pouch, mate.

Spike tries for a minute to figure out the physics of it all, but instead drinks some grog and gets back into the game.

Rain: There are six of us, why seven character sheets?

Dandd: Freddy might want to play.

Nyx tries to shoo a parrot off of her shoulder, who comes right back anyway.

Freddy squawks: Send me a Text!

Lalandra: We think that means "yes."

Nyx sighs: Yep, like thirty times a day.

Crysania looks down from the helm at Nyx and Lalandra, and smiles.

Rain looks at his character sheet and yells: LEVEL 1 ?!

The rest of the party has a good chuckle.

Rain: It's been forever since I've been level one...

Balreth: Keep talking, Kid.

Spike: You too, ferretface.

Angel's giggle was cut short by Dandd clearing his throat loudly.

Spike: Ok old man, you win.

Freddy squawks: that's not right! That's not right!

Nyx tries to shoo Freddy again, to no avail.

-The roles have been explained, as has been the setting and everyone gets started-

- [In Game]

Rain: Wait, BALRETH is the villain?

Balreth draws his Buster sword and holds it to Rain's throat.

Balreth: Aye! For too long I've been unable to find that which I seek!

Lalandra looks down, and the look of realization crosses her face.

Lalandra: YOU opened The Crate Labeled Danger!

Freddy squawks: Parley?

Balreth: Aye, I opened the crate. It be 882 pieces of gold drops that cursed me, and it'll be no less than 882 pieces of gold drops that set me free.

Spike is rolling on the floor, weakly asking a rock: But why Is the rum gone?

Balreth takes the gold drop from Rain and moves next to the only window of the tower, where a sturdy rappelling rope just magically was lying there.

[out of game]

Balreth: Thank you Dandd

Dandd: My Pleasure

[in game]

Angel: Wait! You're not going to leave me behind, are you?

Balreth sighs and lowers his sword for Angel to join him, when Lalandra came in with Angel.

In the enclosed space, Lalandra's smaller weapons prevailed and managed to grab the last gold drop and begin making her way down the staircase [instead of out the window].

Rain: Who's Lala working for?

Nyx: Probably the East Tyria Trading Company.

Balreth dashes by in pursuit: Bloody Pirates.

Part of the way down the staircase, everyone starts to get rained on.

[out of game]

Angel: Rain, in a—oh.

Dandd: get everything below! Keep them dry!

Spike gathered up everything and headed below.

Nyx turns to the Helm: Where are we?

Crysania: I don't know.

Lalandra: WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'YOU DON'T KNOW?!'

Crysania: For certain you must be lost to find a place that can't be found, else everyone would know where it is.

Nyx: Ok...do you at least know where we are going?

Crysania: Certainly.

An awkward pause as everyone just looks at each other uncomfortably.

Nyx: ...so, where are we going?

Crysania: Turtelga.

Freddy leapt off of Nyx's shoulder squawking: Abandon Ship! Abandon Ship!

Spike screamed and stormed the helm, almost knocking a couple henchmen overboard.

Spike: We can't?!

Crysania: Oh?

Spike: NO! May we please turn around and go in a way that is not the way we are going?

Crysania: I'm disinclined to acquiesce to your request.

Spike tries to smile a bit.

Crysania: Means no.

Spike looks at his shoes for a moment before he tries again.

Spike: But we haven't yet negotiated the peace treaty with the empty bottles of the world!

Crysania: Spike...

Spike: We must Detain The Dirigibles!

Crysania: Spike!

Spike is now yelling: Sink and/or Save the Bismarck!

Crysania is now yelling as well: SPIKE! WE are going. Go cool off.

Spike walks down to the main deck muttering: That was more than less than unhelpful.

Lalandra tries her luck: Why is this place so important?

Crysania just grins: Next step in the quest log.

Lalandra turns to Nyx: Quest log?

Nyx shrugs.

Lalandra was opening her mouth to speak when she was cut off-

Stabbith bamfed down from the Crow's Nest: Crys, we got-

Crysania: Maelstrom?

Stabbith nodded.

Crysania started barking orders furiously: Silverlocks front, Berners Middle, Corvousias in support, Anchorwinds front. Margrid, to the helm. Henchmen mind the sails and rope. Dandd and Spike, Below. NOW!!!

An entire ship was running this way and that way and not entirely sure why, for a moment.

The maelstrom came into view, but it really wasn't that large.

Balreth turned to Crysania: Why don't we just go around?

Spike ran back up top as fast he could, yelling: THIS ISN'T THE BLACK PEARL!!!

Crysania addresses Balreth first: It would to us no good, prepare your best spells - you'll see.

Crysania wanted to address spike when a wurm surfaced from the middle of the maelstrom.

Angel, Nyx, and Lalandra all yell together: WURMS EVEN OUT HERE?!

Crysania: EVERYWHERE!

Spike sees the wurm and dashes back down below.

The Quin and the Maelstrom wurm hurl attacks back and forth. Between Margrid and the Coths the ship escaped with only minor damage, but the wave caused by the Wurm impacting the water carried the ship towards a Maelstrom of immense size.

Henchmen were scurrying about executing repairs and inspections, while Spike got Crysania to come below.

Spike: This ISN'T the pearl.

Crysania: How do you know?

Spike points to a piece of wood.

Crysania has 'un-amused' written all over her.

Spike: Seriously. I carved "Spike + Brickhouse" right here. It was a damned good carving too.

Dandd emerges from the shadows: I saw it. He's telling the truth.

Crysania leans towards the stair case: RAZY!

/bamf

Stabbith: Yes?

Crysania: When we get to port, you will take Spike around to infiltrate ships and look for his carving. Do NOT get caught.

Stabbith nods: with pleasure.

Crysania: We may have a traitor on board.

Spike: Bloody Pirates!

Lalandra yells from up top: OH CAP'N ANCHORWIND! WE COULD USE YOU UP HERE...

Crysania heads up top and to the helm.

Margrid, panicking: The current's too strong, we can't escape.

Crysania spins the wheel, aiming the ship directly at the Maelstrom.

Margrid: are you CRAZY?!

Crysania yells, gleefully: It be too late to alter course now [guild] mateys. Best be sayin' yer prayers now.

The ship tips over the edge and down into the spiral, gaining an increasing amount of speed.

Round and round the ship goes down the spiral, getting closer to a bottom that looks strangely like a city.

The Quin, mostly a bit ill, make it to the city in the maelstrom and the current guides them to an empty dock. Looking around though , most docks are empty.

Crysania, happily, announces: Welcome to Turtelga.

-

Crysania, Raz-One, Spike and Margrid were the first ones off the ship.

Crysania turns to the other three and remarks: doesn't that ship, docked right next to ours, look strikingly similar to ours, but in better condition?

Margrid, quickly tries to deescalate: Don't all ships look alike?

Spike leans forward: You're acting funny.

At that time, a small party from the other boat joins the group.

A man with a big hat spoke first: Margrid! DAMN you ARE good.

Margrid, quietly: not now.

A lady with a big dress spoke second: ...! Spike Baltrihper! How dare you show your face again!

The lady slaps Spike with a considerable strength.

Spike, looking at Stabbith: I'm not sure I deserved that.

Crysania: Damn, Spike, you get around.

Spike pretends to grin.

Man with hat: You brought a bunch of people, but we won't need all of them. When do the executions start?

Margrid: NOT NOW...

Crysania: Belay that! I think they should start now.

Man with hat: insolent crew member!

The man lifted his hand, and was promptly stabbed in the kidney.

Spike took the opportunity to slap the lady back, much to the surprise of everyone else.

The slapped lady healed the man in the hat, who regained his dignity.

Man in hat: You will learn-

Stabbith: for @#$% sake, shut up you glorified henchmen.

The man swelled within his jacket: You will not address Barbossa, First Mate of the Bl-

Margrid: That's enough, that's enough.

Crysania smiled at Margrid: You brought my boat here, in one piece too. I should thank you.

Barbossa: Cap'n? Her boat? Why do you tolerate this?

Margrid: Have I ever introduced you to Crysania Anchorwind?

Barbossa: That name sounds familiar...

Margrid started running towards the real Black Pearl: Of the Hoolequin?

The entire Black Pearl armed themselves instantly at the name.

Crysania: So you've heard of the Quin?

Barbossa grabs Stabbith and the Lady grabs Spike and they start slowing walking back to the ship: in time, you'll wish you'd have died as quick as these two will.

Crysania walks back on the fake pearl when she gets bombarded with questions.

Crysania: I'm not sure why they all hate us like that, it might be Margrid's fault. Yes, Margrid is likely a traitor. Yes, I let Spike and Stabbith get captured, they can verify whether or not the ship is the real Pearl. No, we're not storming the boat - we need it in one piece. Yes, a 24 full-war guard is in effect now and will be until I say otherwise - see the CSM for your shift-

Balreth Flexes

-Rain will join the guard shift-

Rain: awwww....

-and I have other matters to attend to. Nyx, Angel, and Lalandra will go into the city and find out anything interesting they can. Dandd...whatever you want to do.

Dandd sips from a mug of ale and smiles.

Henchman 1: What about Margrid?

Crysania: She'll avoid us as much as possible. If she doesn't - extract information then give her a thorough beating.

The Quin Cheer!

Crysania: Bottom line. Ships Intact. ...Move out.

Crysania retreats to her cabin, talking to Leonardo.

Balreth begins breaking the crew into formations for the guard rotation.

Nyx, Angel, and Lalandra head out into Turtelga to see what they can find.

Freddy returns to Nyx's Shoulders, squawking: Send me a Text!

Spike and Raz-One are thrown into the brig, with Razy promising the kill the @$$hole that touched her daggers.

Dandd continues drinking and making notes to himself.

-

The Ladies of the Quin arrived at an interesting looking tavern called "The Grey Badger."

They walked in and saw a collection of broken 'relics' recovered from long journeys and a equally colorful collection of old sun-baked sailors playing games of chance and drinking the time away.

There was a live band singing: It's gonna take a lot to drag me away from you, there's nothing that a hundred henchmen or more could ever do, I bless the rains down in Tyria...

Lalandra groans, knowing she'll have that stuck in her head for a while.

The Ladies found a corner table to stay out of trouble, when trouble came to them.

Barkeep: HA HA! Fresh Meat.

Lalandra flexes and Angel puts a calming hand on her arm.

Angel: Yes, and we are also 'freshly' looking for a way to escape.

The Barkeep Laughs.

Nyx: I guess he doesn't know. We should go elsewhere.

The Barkeep laughs again: Such tricks won't work on me, girl. Everyone knows that Splinter is the only way out of the Maelstrom.

Lalandra: What is Splinter?

The Barkeep Laughs even harder: You Girls are hopeless. Welcome to Turtelga!

As many of the sailors begin to notice three unaccompanied girls in the corner all by their lonesome, Freddy squawks: Corsair! Corsair!

The girls peek up to see Margrid and a hooded fellow walk into the Tavern to a table in the opposite corner.

Nyx: Maybe we can try to listen in somehow?

Angel: We have to deal with these sailors first...

Lalandra: Hmm...

- Barbossa and a krewe from the Black Pearl are standing on the pier and studying the Fake Pearl. Balreth decides to have some fun with him.

Barbossa: Hello!

... ...

Barbossa: HELLO!!!

Balreth: Hello, who is it?

Barbossa: I'm First Mate Barbossa. Ye know who I be already.

Balreth waves merrily.

Barbossa: How about you and your men stand down and join us on the Black Pearl?

Balreth: Well, I can ask Crysania but I don't think she'll be very keen. She's already got one you see.

Barbossa: WHAT? Are you SURE she's already got one?

Balreth: Oh YES it's Very Nice!

Barbossa: Can we some up and see it?

Balreth: Of course not! You are not Quin Types!

Barbossa: If you won't show us, we'll take it by force!

Balreth: You don't frighten us, silly Pig-Dogs. Go ahead and Boil your Bottoms, Sons of a silly person.

Barbossa: Now listen here-

Balreth: I don't want to talk to you no more you empty-headed menagerie poop-scooper. You're mother was a Henchman and your Father smelt of Elderberries.

Barbossa: ...is there someone else we can talk to?

Balreth: No! Now go away or I shall taunt you a second time.

Barbossa and his krewe angrily leave for the Pearl.

Balreth spins around quickly, and yells loudly: Henchmen, ATTENTION!

The henchmen drop what they are doing and snap-to.

Balreth: Grab everything that's worth taking. Prepare to abandon ship. NOW!

Balreth opens the doors to the Captain's Quarters only to find the back windows open, a rope thrown out and a note that just says "Carry on " on it.

Henchmen grab the Wiki Archives, Weapons, some Rum, and other necessities. Dandd grabs his Game stuff and his trusty staff.

Balreth commands everyone to stay out of sight and be ready to abandon ship, with the stuff, at command.

Barbossa returns with weapons and a lot of men.

Balreth: HELLO! Mr. "First Mate" who has the brains of a duck you know. Barbossa: HOW DARE YOU profane this place with your presence.

Balreth sees Spike creep up on to the top deck and wave.

Barbossa's anger of being ignored boiled over the top: CHARGE!!!

Balreth also yelled: CHARGE!!!

Some of Barbossa's men got knocked off the gangplank, and the others prepared for a fight that didn't happen. Balreth and Krewe instead of fighting, ran through Barbossa's formation and up onto the Real Black Pearl, the rear-guard easily dealt with by Stabbith and Spike.

Barbossa paled. He had lost control of the Pearl without so much as 1 health being lost. Worse, the Pearl was freshly supplied and the Quin had brought their own supplies with them - so the Pearl was thoroughly supplied. For now Barbossa and his krewe retreated to the Fake Pearl only to find it indeed stripped almost bare. Barbossa considered charging the Pearl when Stabbith stood on the gangplank, with no less than three monk henchmen behind her safely on the ship. Even one as rash as Barbossa knew the losses would he heavy.

Balreth and Dandd watched as wreckage from ships made its way down the maelstrom to be collected by 'residents' here.

Dandd: I wonder how long they've been down here?

Balreth: Long enough for Crysania and Spike to be aware of the place.

Dandd grins: Cartographers...

Balreth chuckles a bit before organizing the Guard Shifts on the Real Pearl.

-

Lalandra, panting: HOW many of these guys ARE there?

Angel, equally fatigued: at least one more!

Nyx is trying not to step on any of the knocked-out sailors, most half-conscious from alcohol anyway.

Part of the way through the fight, the hooded fellow gets up and moves to leave.

Lalandra yells: Stop Him!

Angel deploys her whip, but misses.

Lalandra muscles her way through a couple sailors to give chase.

Angel and Nyx clean up the rest of the sailors and find Margrid still calmly sitting there, sipping her drink.

Angel opens her mouth to speak but Margrid cuts her off: I'm on your side. Let us say Crysania made me an offer I couldn't refuse.

Nyx: Crysania?

Margrid: Yeah, in the hood.

Angel sighs: Tattoos and glowing hands WOULD stick out, just a bit.

Nyx shakes her head: Guess we should find Lalandra.

Margrid: You know, for the record, I REALLY didn't like dropped for Gwen like I was.

-

Lalandra is trying to give chase, but the smaller Hooded figure is just too quick. Lalandra turns a corner and finds nothing. Angered, she turns to head back to The Grey Badger but realizes she is lost. Lalandra begins wandering around aimlessly, peeking her head into every unlocked building. She found merchants, make-shift armorers, weaponsmiths, private residences and a pizzeria.

Lalandra walked into The Cheese Shredder Pizzeria, and was amazed to find it still in business. She wasn't hungry but turned to find Crysania, in her blue-silver Shining Blade Uniform. It startled her: Whaa? YOU!

Lalandra growled at Crysania, who only smiled in return.

Crysania ordered a dozen pizzas and threw down a pouch full of platinum.

The Cheese Shredder Pizzeria was more than happy to oblige and an hour later or so Crysania, Lalandra, and a couple employees were carrying a couple pizza boxes each back to the Pearl. When they arrived at the pier, Crysania wasn't surprised at all to see the Quin in the real Black Pearl. She knew that between Balreth, Rain, Spike, and Stabbith they'd figure something out. She would have to hear the story though.

The Henchmen were all excited at the thought of fresh food, and were crushed to find out it wasn't for them.

Nyx and Angel came up behind Crysania to re-join the krewe.

Angel: It's for us right?

Crysania: Nope.

Freddy: That's not right! That's not right!

Nyx agrees.

Crysania: Raph! Mikey!

Leonardo peeks his head out too: FOR US?!

Crysania happily nods.

-

So a bewildered Balreth and Krewe, as well as an equally bewildered Barbossa and Krewe watched as the turtles feasted on pizza. The Anchorwind caretakers each had a single piece each, but each turtle essentially ate four pizzas each. Then the gas started.

Crysania: Paint the Ship.

Razy and Rain nodded, and the three grabbed their turtle and aimed it at the ship. The glittering belches eventually painted the bulk of the port side of the ship. When the turtles fell into a contented nap the three came back aboard. Crysania was walking to the helm when she stopped at Balreth and grinned.

Crysania: Take who you want and deal with Barbossa. We don't need the ship either.

Balreth roared, grabbed Angel and a couple henchmen and went to play Cortez, again.

The Pearl, reeking of turtle gas and pizza left port and rode the current to the other side of Turtelga.

-

Lalandra: Why are we here?

Crysania: To visit an old friend.

Dandd: I'm right here!

The Pearl sailed around the city to an area with no docks, where the current was weaker. After a few minutes of sitting there, the seas inside the Maelstrom became turbulent. The entire city of Turtelga shook violently. The sound of panicky screams almost matched the roar of the Maelstrom. Out from the waters came a giant head of a turtle.

The Turtles all yell in unison: SPLINTER!!!

Splinter groans: Splinter? Feels like a whole city...

Crysania: It IS a city now, old friend.

Splinter blinks a few times: I know that voice...

Crysania: You've been asleep for quite some time. In a Maelstrom nonetheless!

Splinter: Must have been some nightmares. Wait...You're glowing now...

Crysania: Yes I am.

Splinter becomes suddenly alert: you're GLOWING!!!

Crysania: It's that time old friend.

As splinter regains consciousness the maelstrom slowly fades away and Turtelga rises to rejoin the seas proper.

Splinter: Why do I smell Pizza?

Crysania: We had to wake you SOMEHOW!

Lalandra and Nyx looked at each other, and just started laughing.

Splinter: You've come for the Highwind Infusion?

Crysania: We Have!

Splinter: You've brought the Pearl?

Crysania: We Have!

Splinter: And my children?

Leonardo yells as loudly as his little frame could handle: Safe and Sound!

Splinter inhales deeply.

Crysania yells: Close your eyes and plug your nose!

Splinter releases a mighty belch coats the ship and almost knocks a henchman overboard.

Raph and Mikey: Thanks dood!

Splinter chuckles: I think I'm going to Swim near the Metanni Keys, It's warmer down there.

Crysania: Enjoy! I AM serious about the city on your back though.

Splinter: I don't mind. I'll have Company.

Crysania: We'll come visit again!

Splinter agrees begins his journey to the keys.

Crysania swings the Pearl around and finds Balreth, Angel, Margrid and the henchmen on a little boat waiting.

The Krewe is united, the small boat is secured and the Infused Black Pearl heads out once more.

Lalandra, curious and afraid: What's this 'Highwind Infusion?'

Crysania: The ship is not only lighter, and more responsive, but has a life bar.

Balreth: A Life Bar?

Crysania: Sure. Cast Trogdor somewhere.

Balreth hits one of the side railing with a trogdor spell, burning the railing completely.

Crysania: Watch!

Crysania casts healing spells on the ship and the railing repairs itself.

Freddy and Nyx simultaneously: NICE!!!

Dandd emerges with dice and a smile: I still have everyone's character sheet!

Rain, grinning: What's a character sheet?

Balreth thwaps Rain upside his head.

Stations are manned, games are started, and there are plenty of supplies.

Spike bursts from the Captain's Quarters, arguing with himself about who are "really bad eggs"

Crysania: Drink Up Me 'earties Yo-Ho!

Episode 41
3 Feb 2011
References: Guild History, Pirates of the Caribbean, Monty Python, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles.

Master of Spirits and Ceremonies

The Infused Black Pearl had enjoyed many long periods of quiet and smooth sailing. Crysania did her best to keep a mostly-casual mood around the ship and Margrid hadn't yet pulled any more stunts. Crysania was busy tying up some loose ends around the Captain's Quarters when she overheard a henchman mumble something about the horizon looking weird. She quickly walked past the officers who were playing some games of chance with dice and coin. She was at the very front of the ship and had a good look around before getting Margrid's attention at the helm.

Nyx took a break from the games to come up to see Margrid, who was intently fixed on Crysania.

Nyx asked quietly: Where are we?

Margrid's white-knuckle grip on the helm argued with the controlled tone of her voice: Open seas, but we're going to enter the Shipsheer Reef soon.

Nyx, innocently: Is that bad?

Crysania held out a glowing hand, and Margrid spun the helm rapidly, causing everyone to lose their balance.

Angel wanted to yell at Margrid when the ship started abruptly turning the other way, causing everyone to lose their balance again.

Nyx: I guess that's bad...

Margrid: Shipsheer Reef is supposed to be the last obstacle before some legendary something-or-other.

The ship turns again.

Nyx, desperately holding on to the railing, wonders aloud: Then why hasn't anyone got it yet?

Margrid is furiously working the helm, following Crysania's lead the best she can.

Spike joins Nyx, grinning and unfazed by the ship's movements: Wanna know why it's called 'Shipsheer Reef?'

Margrid yells: NOT NOW!!!

Nyx: ...well I want to know.

Spike: Let's just say nothing good happens if you hit any of these large, moving, icebergs floating around.

Nyx looks around in between abrupt turns: I don't see any icebergs...

Margrid, in full panic: these ones are different!

Spike: These float just -under- the surface. Rumor has it that they move to sheer your ship in two if you try to pass.

Nyx: oh my!

Spike notices his tankard is empty and leaves to go get another one, and stops to reflect upon the fact that for once, he's the only one walking straight.

Nyx: Then how are we still floating?

Margrid yells: Crysania! Legend says the path through the Reef can only be found by those who already know where they are going.

Nyx: So Crysania is already been through here?

Margrid, highly irritated: We're still sailing, aren't we?!

Nyx: ...I guess...

Margrid had made one of her sharpest turns yet, causing the wooden dice to be thrown to the sea. Spike panicked and leapt after them. Spike rejoiced when he grabbed them, mid-air, but realized he leapt past the side railing and was headed for the reef. Angel managed to get her whip around his boot, but Spike's weight was too much for her as she was dragged to the side railing, impacting painfully.

For a brief moment, almost everyone giggled as Spike's bottom half was dangling from the whip, but his top-half was being dragged under water, surfacing between waves long enough to breathe.

Balreth grabbed a hold of angel, Rain grabbed a hold of Balreth, and a couple Henchman behind Rain. Dandd just got out of the way. On the next sharp turn, Angel yelled to pull and the Chain of Quin pulled Spike up high enough for him to grab a hold of a rope Ladder that Nyx had secured to the ship. Spike's half-drowned self had climbed to the top of the ladder when he shouted in glee "WHAT A RUSH!"

Margrid had turned again and Spike fell backwards! Fortunately for him, his feet got tangled in the rope ladder and he pivoted at his ankles and bounced the back of his head off the exterior of the ship, at speed. The inverted Spike took time to groan to himself a bit before he climbed back aboard. He quietly handed the dice to Dandd, pat Angel on the shoulder, and walked below. It wasn't long before people could hear a painful scream into an empty tankard.

The reef had been navigated through, and the guild could release their death-grips on the ship. The wind had died and the current had stopped. The ship had come to a gradual halt. There was a visible line where the sea ended, and it was right in front of the ship. Beyond that line was just light, no form or shape or depth.

Raz-One had drawn both her daggers and advanced towards a now nervous Balreth. She quietly lay them both where he sat and without a word she turned and walked towards the front of the boat.

Balreth, and krewe, were equally puzzled at the daggers, but gasped in astonishment as Razy made her way to the very front tip of the bowsprit and leapt off the front.

Most of the Quin officers were rendered speechless as they watched her disintegrate into the light.

Nyx could only utter an "Oh My" as the only break in the silence.

Crysania and Rain were both walking towards the front of the ship, albeit strangely casual.

The officers turned to Dandd, who in turn shifted his attention to Crysania who knew to turn back and give a nod to Dandd, as if to say "it's ok."

Dandd: Woof. Uhh...where to begin.

Lalandra just burst: HOW ABOUT WHAT THE @#$% JUST HAPPENED!

Angel: She's still alive, yes?

Dandd: About that 'alive' part.

Lalandra: SHE'S DEAD?!

Dandd: not exactly...

Spike puts a reassuring hand on his old Friend's shoulder, before walking to join Crysania and Rain.

Dandd: Well The Stabbith Day, as you know her, isn't exactly real.

There were a succession of jaws impacting the deck.

Dandd points towards Rain: Observe.

Rain makes his way to the tip and leaps off as well, disintegrating in the process.

Nyx: That's not right!

All eyes shift towards Dandd sharply.

Dandd: He's not exactly real either.

Lalandra's panic almost sent ripples in the calm sea around the boat: NOT YOU TOO!

This time it was Crysania standing at the tip. She turned to the Officers and bowed her head, that iconic pose.

Lalandra was virtually in tears as they all watched Crysania fall backwards, and disintegrate.

Everyone was at a loss.

Balreth managed to speak first: How can this be?

Dandd smiled: Remember the "Master of Spirits and Ceremonies"

Angel was still puzzled, but everyone else nodded quickly.

Dandd: Well, you were right. You just didn't understand the scale.

Lalandra's anger clouded her thoughts: WHAT?! HOW DOES SUMMONING SPIRITS MATTER NOW?!

Dandd showed his trademark patience: No, child. Crysania WAS a spirit.

Time came to a complete halt for the Officers on the ship. Emotions were varied and intense, everyone trying to process in their own way.

Balreth analyzed first: So that means Stabbith and Rain are as well.

Dandd: Exactly.

Nyx asks quietly: Who else?

Spike yells from the bowsprit: Tell Brickhouse I'll miss her!

Lalandra couldn't even watch.

Balreth: Wow...

Dandd: Crysania died a long time ago.

Lalandra 's fury grew: MOA@#$%. I was THERE. She lived!

Dandd shook his head.

Nyx tried to calm down Lalandra and Angel was trying to get caught up by Balreth.

Dandd explained: Lalandra, who did you travel through Tyria with?

Lalandra: Crys-wait... wait... Vixoria...the ranger. Crysania didn't lead me until I really needed her in the Ring of Fire.

Dandd smiled: and by then, she was already dead.

Balreth: As one old man to another, I want to believe you, but I've SEEN her in action...over and over again. She's the ONLY one to LIVE as the rest of us are Lawn Ornaments.

Nyx offered a weak: Lawno...

Dandd shook his head again: Unyielding Consciousness isn't a hex that prevents sleep, it's a self-resurrect. What you saw was her auto-revive so quickly it was as If she never died.

The tears were flowing from Lalandra, who could barely contain herself.

Nyx spoke for Lalandra: How did she die?

Dandd smiled again: now THAT's a good question. Crysania Anchorwind died in the service of Dwayna a very long time ago. She was one of the original members of the 55 Order.

Lalandra gasps in realization, Balreth mutters out loud that he's pretty sure he's heard of that. Nyx and Angel are less affected. Dandd continues: The 55 Order bore an artifact of Grenth that simultaneously weakened and strengthened them. They took this artifact into The Underworld and fought for Dwayna. Crysania performed remarkably, alone, down there.

The officers nodded, finally something they can agree with.

Dandd: Unfortunately for many of the 55 Monks, Dhumm's power grew and 55 Monks could no longer resist the might of The Underworld.

Lalandra's eyes widened: I know where she died!

The officers turned their gaze to Lalandra.

Lalandra: At the Door! She died at the Door!

Balreth: ...the bowed head.

Dandd: and the real Crysania Anchorwind is still trapped down there. It's only by the grace of Dwayna that we're here.

Balreth snapped to Dandd: "We're"

Dandd got up and began walking to the front of the ship.

Balreth: you too?

Dandd nodded.

Angel finally spoke: So if it's just Crysania down there...why are the rest of you here?

Dandd grinned: Another good question. We're all Crysania.

Lalandra: WHAT?!

Dandd snaps his fingers: Persona! The Spirit of the real Crysania is quite formidable.

The Henchmen on the ship cheer, their first sound in sometime.

Dandd: Rain is who she was, energetic but naïve. Razy is her darkside, cold and calculating. Cerulean is her need to know all she can to lead the way...and Spike is her trying not to be so serious all the time.

Balreth pauses: What about you?

Dandd makes his way forward: I'm who she wants to become - wise and appreciated.

Balreth retorts: You've played a hell of a role in all this.

Dandd: Me? Role play? I sorta wrote the book on all that.

Balreth nods to himself.

Lalandra: WAIT! Who's Crysania then?

Dandd turns around: Oh yeah. Her. Well - She's the one who bears the burden.

Dandd makes his way to the bowsprit, and the whole boat starts creaking.

Lalandra: OF WHAT?

The entire boat leans forward and starts moving towards the light.

Dandd: Her friends.

While most were in quiet contemplation, Angel shouted one more question: Wait. You said master of Spirits AND Ceremonies. You're the spirits...Where's the Ceremony?

Dandd smiled, and as he began to disintegrate he said: Page 31.

The boat began disintegrating with him. Henchmen were unsuccessfully trying to flee and disappearing.

When the panicky officers arrived past the line, nothing happened. For a brief moment they floated, at the End of the World. Nightfall behind them, and Light in front.

They knew they were falling only because they could see the dark getting smaller and smaller.

They all felt like they were falling forever, but all around them was just light. Angel and Balreth reached out to one another, as did Nyx and Lalandra.

The light became more intense, and the Officers faded from each others' view.

The last thing that anyone heard was Lalandra echo Dandd: Page 31.

Episode 42

4 Feb 2011

Notes: This was originally going to set up the original ending. However, changes to GW2 info and GW1 game-play extended the adventures.

References: The Pirates of the Caribbean, Shin Megami Tensei: Persona, Dungeons and Dragons, Guild History.

Crysania: HA! 20! 'Don't mess with me and my longarm!

Dandd sighed: This guy was SUPPOSED to kill off your party.

Rain chuckled: Hey Spike, do that colonel voice again...

Colonel Spike: Quin or Quit, Son!

Dandd: As long as you don't start talking about your gay side, we'll be ok

Crysania, mimicking Spike: Must not look up, must not look up!

The four were enjoying roaring laughter.

Lalandra opened her eyes to find she was lying on the pearl...the white pearl. Lalandra saw Crysania and krewe throw dice and laugh but didn't process what was going on. She was too comfortable.

Lalandra faded out again.

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Lalandra opened her eyes again.

Dandd, mimicking Colonel Spike: seriously, "do you has a D20 that will roll a 1?"

Spike, mimicking Dandd: Page 31!

Lalandra, hearing page 31, bolted awake!

Lalandra shouted: Page 31! That's the last thing you said.

Nyx, Balreth, and Angel all were awoken by Lalandra's sudden burst of noise.

Lalandra stamps her feet and demands an answer.

Crysania just looked up at Lalandra and grinned.

Lalandra growls.

Rain: Sometimes , you're really cute when you're aggravated.

Lalandra points her finger menacingly at Rain: Don't you start with me.

While Rain and Lalandra were going back and forth a bit, Nyx sat up. The act of her sitting up was in and of itself an invitation for Georgia to come back and virtually tackle Nyx back down again.

Balreth gets a happy dog tail in the face and stands up quickly, only to realize he stood up too quickly and almost falls back over.

Crysania, jokingly: You guys act like you haven't slept well in a long time.

Angel grumbles: Let's see: the guild hall was destroyed, we set up camp on the wrong side of the island, kept getting lost due to nightfall, then we repelled a kurzick invasion, had a corsair steal our ship and replace it with a look alike, got swallowed up by a maelstrom, dodged some killer icebergs, and watched as most of the guild vanished before our eyes... we might not have slept all that well for some of that.

Balreth looks around: Speaking of our ship...this isn't it.

Crysania: I know! This one's better.

Balreth: Better?

Crysania: Yep. Screw the Black Pearl. This is White Base!

A brief pause while there were many chuckles.

Dandd: We're here! Follow me please.

Everyone walks out the door to find themselves in the middle of the Isle of the Dead.

Lalandra: The Guild Hall?!

Nyx: Does this mean we can Map Travel?!

Crysania: Of Course.

There were many high-fives and cheers.

Crysania: If you come to the water near the storage chest here, White Base will take you to any of the following: The Isle of the Dead, The Fortress of the Arrow, The Temple of Indecision, The Charm of the Night Menagerie, The End of the World, Kaineng Center, Lion's Arch, Kamadan, or the Great Temple of Balthazar. Simply imagine it and step into the water. Poof!

Lalandra: Wait. You died. You all did. Was that all a dream?

Crysania: I hope not, because then I would be trapped in the Underworld now AND in your dream.

Balreth turns to Dandd: So page 31?

Dandd: Yeah. Angel asked about ceremonies, so I said Page 31 in the Mists.

Angel: ...we didn't get the "in the mists" part.

Dandd: Oh...

Crysania: What? You really think I would let you guys come along on some huge quest just to bring you to a place you couldn't possibly pass? That I would just kill you like that? That's just silly.

Lalandra screams in a fit of impossible anger.

Lalandra: GRRRRR I wanna choke you right now...

Everyone in the room, other than Lalandra burst out laughing.

Lalandra: GRR!! That's not funny!

Balreth: So what's the plan now?

Crysania: Well, I say go back and grab your Clans, just like I told you before. Bring them all here.

Nyx: To the Guild Hall?

Crysania: no no, to your respective areas via white base. We're in the Mists now, things don't always work normally here

Dandd: cough cough Page 31 cough cough

Balreth: Sounds like a plan.

Angel: Then what?

Lalandra: Then we rescue Crysania!

Balreth: Sounds like two plans!

Crysania: Time doesn't move very fast down here, so take all the time you need. The Common Area, here, and all the Clan areas are all a part of the same general geography - in a way. This is all Quinland.

Lalandra: In a way?

Crysania: Travel to all of the Clan areas sometime, although we're next to each other it will feel like we're worlds apart.

Balreth: Are we?

Crysania: Nope. It's just the Mists. We'll be fine down here.

There were many cheers, and one by one everyone headed out through the White Base Portal.

Rain: They sure seemed happy to see you.

Crysania: We'll see how long that lasts. People like Mallyx are in the Mists. They might not be too happy then.

Dandd: That will come in time, for now just let them be happy.

Spike: A toast to Quinland?

Crysania: yeah...like YOU need an excuse!

The Guild Hall once again erupted in laughter.

-

Henchman 1: Did you hear?

Henchman 2: What?

Henchman 1: Crysania can snipe and heal at the same time.

Henchman 2: rrriigghhhtt...and a team of four monks and four blood necros can take down Duncan.

Henchman 1: Yes, actually - wait. So you already heard?

Henchman 2: Quin or Quit, Son!

Henchman 1: Dood, I SO wish I could have been there for that.

Henchman 2: Yeah, no henchman at all in that mission...

Henchman 3: @#$%ing Coths...

Crysania, from halfway across the Guild Hall: I HEARD THAT!

Henchman 1 giggles.

Crysania: Actually, head to the Fortress of the Arrow. Balreth is appointing a 'king' to act in his stead if he and Angel are both absent. A paragon, to yell at people I presume.

Henchman 1: Balreth and the Paragon King. Has a nice ring to it.

Crysania nods.

Henchman 1: What's his/her name?

Crysania: I haven't a clue, we'll find out soon.

Nyx pops in, with hair and feathers everywhere.

Crysania: Stressed out companions?

Nyx nods: I want to make the ceremony, but I look awful.

Crysania: I'm sure you'll be ok. I'll pick up Lalandra and see you there.

Nyx nods again.

On the way to the Temple of Indecision, Dandd asks Crysania: You haven't told them at, as personas of you, we can't leave Quinland in our own 'bodies' have you?

Crysania sighs: No, and I don't think they'll be used to me trying to interrogate inanimate objects for fireworks anytime soon.

Spike: Yeah, I'm funnier anyway.

Rain: I wonder if we could have our own Avatars, like Crysania does?

Crysania: Have to ask Dwayna the next time we see her.

Dandd: It was a blessing we lasted as long as we did. ...We're here.

Crysania: damn this White Base is fast.

...and so the Hoolequin are now able to rest easier, having made a home, Quinland, in the Mists where they will be much harder to find by any ill-wishers. They now can Map Travel and all Clans have their own home and plenty of space. The first significant act in Quinland takes place in the Fortress of the Arrow, Balreth is wasting no time getting his affairs in order.

Virtually the entire Call of the Hoolequin was there, easily the largest gathering since the busiest days of Quinhalla. The crowd was buzzing with noise and energy, and Balreth was unable to quiet the crowd down. Crysania stood up and everyone silenced, and listened.

Balreth: ...?

Crysania: Guess they think I'm in charge.

Balreth: Master of Spirits AND CEREMONIES.

Crysania, grinning: It has been a stressful period for all of us.

The crowd nods in unison.

Crysania: ...but we will settle and use this as a base from which launch from, and win!

The crowd cheers.

Crysania: Guild Mates! This is our HOME! This is QUINLAND!

Crysania kicks a henchman off of the platform, much to the applause of the crowd.

Crysania: Shop, Rest, Trade, Play, Plan, Party - HERE!

The crowd cheers again.

Crysania: From here we can do it all, HERE - our very own Eye of the Quin.

The crowd Erupts into lots of cheers, and Crysania joins the Crowd as Balreth moves to start the Ceremony...

Episode 43

7 Feb 2011

Notes: The reaction of Crysania's passing [Episode 42] was encouraging enough to say just kidding.

References: Dungeons and Dragons, Mobile Suit Gundam, Guild History.

Quinharjar

Crysania and the heroes came back to Quinland, riding a wave of successful vanquishing adventures.

A recent Henchman-graduate saw Crysania and ran to her in excitement.

Young Henchman: Crysania, Crysania, Crysania!!!

Crysania: Calm down.

Young Henchman: Sorry... I'm READY!

Crysania blinks confusedly.

Young Henchman: I'm Ready!

Crysania: I gathered that...

Young Henchman: So...when are we leaving?

Crysania: For what?

Young Henchman: Adventure! XP! Gold Drops! I'm ready to be a COTH.

Crysania smiled: You aren't a real COTH until you've sacked Rome.

Balreth snorted loudly, which messed up his item trading count with Angel.

The Young Henchman was deflated: Oh...

The Young Henchman walks way muttering about researching where Rome is.

The Anchorwind Avatars emerge from Crysania.

Colonel Spike: Lis'en 'ere, son!

The Young Henchman turns around: Yes?

Colonel Spike: Find a couple spare belt pouches and collect some Yak Exhaust Samples for Professor Yakkington.

Balreth suppressed a chuckle.

Dandd: While you're at it, find some Tyrian Grid Squares for future cartographers.

Balreth bit his lower lip hard.

Stabbith: ...and don't come back without some Chaos Batteries for Crysania's gloves.

Balreth shed a few tears but kept his composure.

The Young Henchman panicked: oh... there's a lot to being a COTH... I better get going...

The Young Henchman disappeared to White Base.

The instant he left, everyone in attendance burst out in laughter.

Angel stood there looking at everyone doubled over in laughter: Well I don't think that was very nice...

Her words were easily drowned out by everyone else's hysterics.

Dandd rested his forehead in his hands: ...chaos batteries...

Crysania, now recovered: alright team, rest up at the Tower because the Zaishen Order will have another vanquish for us tomorrow.

Dandd sighed painfully.

Crysania's shoulders slumped: What now?

Dandd: Rest? I DON'T HAVE A BODY!!!

Spike leans to Stabbith: Jealousy.

Dandd points fiercely: YOU stay out of this.

Stabbith grinned under her mask at Spike.

Crysania: You know the rules, only one of us is allowed out at a time for now. Do you want to go out there by yourself?

Dandd: Not really.

Crysania grins at Dandd: Then shut the @#$% up!

Colonel Spike: Yeah, Quin or Quit, Son!

Dandd: That does it!

Spike takes off towards White Base, followed by Dandd and the rest of the Anchorwind Team.

Spike, without warning, yells: BANANA PEEL!

Spike slips and falls which causes Dandd to trip over Spike and crash into the Xunlai Chest, and knocks the items out of Balreth's hands - messing his count up again.

Stabbith helps recover Dandd and the Items and Crysania heads on to the tower.

Balreth collects his items in his hands and proclaims: One More Time!

Balreth counts out items for Angel in the now quiet common area.

Balreth: ...198...199...200...

Angel grumbles.

Balreth sighs.

Balreth: How did we just lose 50?

Angel: Did they fall behind the chest when the other old guy crashed?

Balreth: 'other' old guy?

Angel smiles.

Balreth: No, dearheart, I think we may have a thief.

Angel: In the guild?

Balreth shrugs: What else would it be?

Angel shrugs: Let's ask Crysania.

Balreth nods and they set off for Crysania's Tower at the End of the World.

Balreth arrived and promptly bounced the bottom of his jaw off of the floor.

From one edge of Crysania's floating island to the other, there were spirits fighting each other.

From the fray Stabbith gets ejected towards Balreth and Angel. She lands on her feet and slides back a body's length before charging back into the war screaming: @#$% you and the Flaming Dragon Sword you rode in on!

Angel follows Stabbith's path and leans to Balreth: Doesn't that look like Rurik to you?

Balreth squints: Yes, actually it Does.

Angel points frantically: Look, over there! That's Blaze Bloodbane!!!

Balreth: Monk, right?

Angel: Yeah, I don't like him.

They look around a bit more before Angel stamps her feet.

Balreth: eh?

Angel: I don't know 2/3rd of these people.

Balreth: So get out more?

Angel clears her throat loudly.

Balreth: Right...

Balreth clutches his staff and takes a few steps towards the Tower.

Angel: Where are you going?

Balreth: To get the other 50...

Angel: Oh... I'm going to wait here, by this ship thing.

Balreth: White Base.

Angel: Yeah, whatever.

Balreth grins before turning to head into battle.

When Balreth enters the melee, a voice booms from the tower.

Balreth abruptly stops too.

Crysania: QUINHARJAR!!!

The battle stops and everyone turns towards the tower.

Angel and Balreth are stunned.

A couple moments later Balreth is almost at the tower, with Angel running to catch up.

Balreth: We have an issue, oh master of spirits!

Spike: and ceremonies!

Dandd smacks Spike.

Crysania rubs her hands together in glee: Dhuum got sealed again?

Balreth: er...no...

The Anchorwind and their Quinharjar: awwww....

The echo of everyone simultaneously hurt Angel's ears.

Balreth: By the way, who are these people?

Crysania: The Quinharjar.

All of the spirit warriors shout: QUIN OR QUIT!

Angel covers her ears and complains loudly.

Balreth: ...as in fallen bosses who decided to help you fight the underworld?

Crysania: Precisely.

Balreth: @#$%ing newtypes...

Crysania: What?

Balreth: Nothing. We're missing 50 of these, we think you have a thief amongst you.

Crysania turns to Razy.

Stabbith: What? I was just practicing!

Spike Leaps forward: I'll be the Guardian!!!

Crysania groans.

Stabbith bamfs to Balreth to give his 50 items back, which startles Angel visibly.

A few of the Quinharjar giggle.

Angel whips around: Silence! I've already killed some of you...

Jaw Smokeskin and Ghast Ashpyre yell back: Who hasn't?

Red Eye the Unholy laughs too.

Balreth: Thanks. If I'm around, I'll help you storm the Underworld.

Angel: Ooh! Me Too!

Bonfaaz Burntfur yells out: Bah! Who wants Elementalists? ...oh wait...

Many in attendance start laughing.

Balreth: We're off now. Have fun in your training.

Dandd approaches Balreth: Here, She dropped one.

Balreth nods, waves, and leaves with Angel.

After they left, Dandd holds up Balreth's Belt Pouch to everyone.

Crysania groans.

Dandd: What? Old man's gotta have some fun. Besides, She'll get blamed for it.

Dandd takes off towards the Tower Interior, with Razy in pursuit.

Spike jumps in and helps the fallen train.

Crysania watches over her growing army, waiting to reclaim her body.

-

Balreth: ...248...249...250... There!

Angel and Balreth exchange items.

Balreth: I'll just drop this in my... my...

Balreth groans sadly.

Angel can't help but giggle.

Angel: While you're there, bring back some chaos batteries.

Balreth chuckles painfully: I'll be back... Thieves and Newtypes...

Episode 44

19 Mar 2011

References: Roman History, Military Pranks, Guild Wars 2 Previews, Guild History.

Going Commando

Vekk came crashing into the Guild Hall Common Area via White Base. He immediately ran up to Angel, who was looking a bit burnt. Vekk, panting: Bookah! Where is SHE?

Angel: What did you just call me?

Vekk: Not Now, Bookah. This important.

Angel: You said it again.

Vekk: You haven't seen her?

Angel: Who?

Vekk groans.

Angel: There are multiple "her" around here, you know.

Vekk: People are dying in there, and you're having self-pride issues.

Balreth comes to join Angel from White Base.

Vekk: Bookah! Have you seen her?

Balreth, clutching his pouches: Yeah, her Tower.

Vekk: Thanks!

Vekk runs off in a hurry.

Angel sighs: There's more than one person that fits the description of "her" around here you know.

Balreth: Well, dear, if he wanted you he wouldn't have asked me about a "her"

-

Vekk arrives at an island only to discover the Tower is on a different island with no visible bridge. There is only a sign that says "Welcome to the Zeal Islands" with "the handful of people who will see this sign" scribbled underneath.

Vekk mutters "spike" to himself.

"SEKI-HA-TEN-KYO-KEN!"

Vekk remembers that voice and runs off in the appropriate direction.

Vekk spots Rain and Crysania dueling on an adjacent island.

Vekk: Damnit! How does anyone get around, here? Vekk suddenly found his tail-end in a bit of pain and flying through the Mists. He looked behind him to see Spike's arms in the air yelling "It's GOOD!" He looked forward in time to realize he was about to impact.

Vekk hit the ground roughly which abruptly ended the duel. Rain bowed to Crysania then turned to address Vekk: So what brings our friendly-neighborhood-Aerosmith all the way out here?

Spike and Stabbith landed near Vekk. Vekk: You can JUMP that?

Crysania caught up: Only if you believe, our friend. Vekk: Fine. Later. We need your help, immediately.

Crysania: ...So, what's up?

Vekk: Come, I'll brief you along the way.

Spike: How many Asura does it take to screw in a light-bulb?

Vekk, angrily: Shut It Bookah.

Crysania, Vekk, and Stabbith all return to the Dock Island to summon White Base.

Rain: Well I want to know.

Spike: We don't know. They're still arguing about who gets credit.

Spike and Rain laugh before moving to catch up.

-

The group enters the common area, with Crysania dashing to the Storage Chest.

Angel: That still doesn't make it right.

Balreth: If someone comes asking for 'the old guy' they're probably referring to me or Dandd. Since Dandd doesn't go out on sorties anymore, they're probably referring to me.

Angel: Come on! You TOTALLY fit 'the old guy.'

Balreth: Your argument was about multiple people fitting a description. Multiple people fit 'the old guy.'

Angel: That's not the same. "Her" Is much less specific.

Crysania grabbed what she needed to and everyone got back on White Base.

-

The group arrived to find Nyx's Menagerie has changed drastically.

Crysania: No cages I presume.

Vekk: No. Nyx prefers the more natural approach.

Crysania : So what prevents escape?

Vekk: We had installed a barrier all around Nyx's territory, including a dome to prevent any physical beings to come in or out. We're standing just outside it now.

Crysania: A Biodome of sorts? Vekk: We called it Skynet. I'll spare you the details of how the structure makes that name a natural fit, but we had a issue with Skynet.

Crysania: This is where I come in?

Vekk: Yes. Skynet caused a power surge in Janie while I was working on her recognition systems.

Crysania sighs.

Vekk: Instead of identifying Nyx as the master, it identifies Nyx as a target to be terminated.

Crysania chuckles sadly. Vekk: We need your help locating Nyx, and disabling the Golem. Intact would be nice, but we'll take what we can get.

Crysania: Anything else I should know?

Vekk: Yes. Nyx has gone Commando.

Spike: Me too! It kind of chafes in this heat though.

Everyone groans painfully except Rain, who gives Spike a High-Five.

Crysania: What exactly does that entail?

Vekk: Nyx stockpiled small explosive devices. She was last seen with a good shield, a backpack full of grenades, a baton and a knife between her teeth crawling through the jungle.

Stabbith: She almost sounds menacing.

Vekk: If it wasn't for the dog wagging her tail next to Nyx, yes.

The group chuckles again.

Vekk: See this glyph on the ground? There is one on the other side too. Step on it and the entrance to Skynet will go down for five seconds. Please don't stand between the glyphs after that.

Crysania nods and turns to her group: You all stay here. If I'm not back in 3 hours, come find me with reinforcements.

Everyone nods.

Crysania steps on the glyph and into the jungle she went.

-

After wandering around for a bit, and encountering numerous varieties of critter, She heard two explosions, one a heartbeat after the first. Crysania ran towards the sound. There were the sounds of trees falling in the same direction. Crysania thought she could hear Vekk angrily screaming too. She tried running faster.

Crysania was too far away, she knew it was too late. Dodging and weaving through the jungle slowed her down.

Crysania found a fallen tree, and next to it was Janie!

Janie: Mission Accomplished. Awaiting Orders.

Crysania quietly approached from behind Janie.

Janie: Mission Accomplished. Awaiting Orders.

Crysania was too late. She found Nyx's body, then Georgia's body some distance away.

Janie: Mission Accomplished. Awaiting Orders.

Janie: Presence Detected. Crysania Detected. Password Needed.

Crysania panicked. "Password?" the thought to herself...

A momentary pause.

Crysania offered: Forcechoke.

Janie: Password Accepted. Mission Accomplished. Awaiting Orders.

Crysania: Deactivate?

Janie: Command Accepted. Deactivating.

The lights on Janie went away and Janie settled into a base position. No movement, no sound.

Crysania cheered to herself, before reviving Nyx.

Nyx was completely disoriented. She collected herself enough to see Janie so close. Nyx panicked and reached for a grenade, of which there aren't any. Then she remembered, and calmed down a bit.

Crysania: You ok?

Nyx revived Georgia: I am now.

Crysania: What happened?

Nyx: Not sure, other than Janie tried to kill me and I grabbed grenades and a shield and tried to hide.

Crysania: Janie find you?

Nyx: Eventually. This place isn't THAT big, but that wasn't the problem.

Crysania: Oh?

Nyx pat Georgia: No. The problem was I have a dog that likes to Fetch.

Crysania laughed: Grenades?

Nyx nodded: Georgia brought back the live Grenade.

Crysania: Which set off the backpack full of grenades.

Nyx and Crysania look around at the newly formed jungle clearing.

Nyx: How did you take out Janie?

Crysania grinned: Nothing a little 'forcechoke' couldn't help.

Nyx: Oh.

Crysania: Come on, let us let everyone else know you're ok.

Nyx nods and leads the way towards the door.

Crysania: So...No more Commando/Ranger for you, eh?

Nyx laughs: Now That's Not Right!

Crysania smiles to herself, Another day in Quinland.

Episode 45

4 Apr 2011

References: Mobile Fighter G Gundam, American Football, Aerosmith, The Matrix, Terminator, Guild Wars 2 April Fools, Guild History.

Like, Jeni

Stabbith was late coming back to the Mists and it was Crysania's turn to leave next and she was getting impatient. So She, Spike and Rain decided to check in on Dandd squirreled away at the new wiki - finally unpacked and organized.

Crysania knocks on the outer door to Wiki: Anyone home?

Dandd, almost bouncing the back of his head off of a shelf: Yes! In the back, near the new Vanquisher section.

Crysania wanders around for a while, amazed at how Wiki seems to get larger every time it gets moved.

Crysania: Hey old man, got a minute?

Dandd: Sure, what do you need?

A voice from behind the group startled everyone: Like, Message and stuff!

Everyone turned to see what appears to be a female Norn Elementalist, and very scantily clad even by Elementalist, or Norn, standards.

Dandd tries to suppress a grin as the Norn hands him a scroll.

Dandd: Thanks Jeni [yenny]

Jeni: Like, No problem. Is there, like, anything else?

Dandd: Not right now, maybe later. You're free.

Jeni: Like, Killer!

Jeni turns to find that Rain has been mesmerized by her fashion and movement choices.

Jeni grunts in digust: Kids...

Jeni waves and leaves, and the moment she's out of earshot Spike whips around to Dandd: YOU DIRTY OLD MAN!!!

Crysania: So how did you get a norn-

Dandd clears his throat: One moment, I got a text!

Crysania: I see two options, one is about patience and is in blue and the other is about thwapping you upside the head and it is in red.

Dandd puts the scroll down: ...and I imagine your secondary isn't Paragon is it?

Crysania grins: We're looking for our dear Raz-One.

Dandd picks up the scroll again: Actually, this is a message from our dear Razy. Says something about being caught up in competitive Shiverboarding near Thunderhead Keep and

that she's doing really well. My lovely assistant scribbled "like omg that's totally awesome" on the bottom.

Dandd pauses: What's omg?

Spike, without hesitation strikes the bottom of his dagger to Rain's sternum, knocking the wind out of him and leaving him groaning on the floor of Wiki.

Spike: **THAT** is omg. It was 'sshhiihh' followed by 'plluhhh' then 'thud' then 'oooommmgggggg' and finally 'GASP' from the rest of you.

Crysania: Nah. It's more like 'oowww' or 'ooohhh,' not really a 'omg' sound.

Rain is still groaning painfully.

Spike: I guess you're right. So I have no idea what omg is.

Crysania shrugs in agreement.

Spike: I'll ask Jeni later.

Crysania: So how DID you get a mostly naked, submissive-

Spike: Fully figured!

Crysania continues, pretending to be uninterrupted: Norn Assistant.

Dandd reaches for his Grail.

Crysania: Glad to see that made the trip.

Dandd nods and sips.

Dandd: I received a message from Olaf saying that they had a Norn that was of no use in a hunt. She wasn't good with sword or bow and distracted too easily to be a good spell caster. Then she started annoying everyone about being bored or some such nonsense, a real Sacnoth Valley Girl type and Olaf asked my advice.

Rain managed to climb to his feet.

Dandd: So when it was my turn to go topside, I paid Olaf a visit and before I knew it, the Norn were pawning her off on me.

Crysania: You make it sound like you're taking her in as a favor to the Norn.

Dandd tried to hide his grin with the grail.

Spike, grinning: You dirty dirty old man.

Rain: Maybe I'll have to...study more, Wiki and all that.

Colonel Spike: Listen son, Jeni's got a pair of Meteors that would knock you the Quin out.

Dandd nods happily.

Rain: @#$% you, I could so handle that.

Rain begins to make a hasty exit when he runs into, then bounces off, Jeni.

Jeni looks down at Rain: You are so, like, not Norn.

Rain, instead of snapping to his feet, just lies there and utters a defeated groan, the likes of which makes Spike, Dandd, and Crysania burst out in laughter.

Crysania yelled out: Keep Studying!

Rain climbed to his feet: Yeah, yeah...

Jeni: So, like here's another message.

Dandd: Thanks. I have a question. What is omg?

Jeni: Like, Oh My Grenth.

Crysania just shook her head.

Dandd: Grenth?

Jeni: Totally! Like, Grenth is the God of cold right? Well, Like there's a lot of cold where the Norn be and stuff.

Spike: Don't you ever get cold?

Jeni: Like all the time! But Gwen made me these super-awesome charr-pelt gloves and then everything's ok.

Dandd: ...gloves?

Jeni: Totally! OMG you should so feel them! Super-warm.

Dandd grins to himself: Bring them with you next time.

Jeni nods and leaves.

Crysania looks at Spike, then Dandd: Just another day in Quinland, eh?

Spike and Dandd echo back, grinning: Just another day in Quinland.

Episode 46

7 Apr 2011

Notes: Shiverboarding wouldnt catch on as much as Silkball.

References: Mass Effect, Onomatopoeia, Guild History.

Jeni: Like, I'm inboxing you.

Crysania: Please don't, I'm not THAT small.

Jeni stares at Crysania blankly.

Crysania: Sometimes you need subtitles.

Jeni: Like, I LOVE foreign films, especially Shing-Jea Young Love Movies.

Jeni sighs wistfully.

Crysania: Movies?

Jeni: Nevermind. So like the old guy asked me to tell you that he wants to see you urgently.

Crysania: Thanks.

Jeni: Like, no problem.

Crysania leaves her Tall Tower of High Sorcery, walks past Wiki, past the Quinharjar, on to White Base, and to the Fortress of the Arrow.

Henchman 1: Hail Crysania!

Several henchman can be heard echoing.

Not long after the echo-chain Balreth emerged from the front of the tower with Angel.

Balreth: So what takes you away from the systematic annihilation of all that you see?

Crysania: What about your Pre-Searing days?

Angel giggles.

Balreth: I'll come in again. What brings you here?

Crysania: You.

Balreth: Oh?

Crysania: You summoned me.

Balreth: No, I didn't.

Crysania: Oh. Wrong old guy.

Balreth growls.

Angel laughs.

Crysania: ...Later!

Balreth turns to Angel: Somehow this is your fault.

Angel keeps laughing, and sings a happy song as they re-enter the fortress.

Crysania goes back the way she came to see Dandd.

Dandd: Took you long enough.

Crysania mentions the wrong old guy story, Dandd laughs.

Dandd: You should visit the Temple of Indecision soon.

Crysania: Oh?

Dandd: Yeah, they're having trouble making a decision.

Crysania: Truth in advertising.

Dandd: Indeed. Salah, Lalandra, and Volusja all seem to be fighting for spot one and two in the Corvus Clan.

Crysania: And you want me to play favorites?

Dandd: Well...perhaps our fearless Guild Leader should settle this dispute.

Crysania: Nah. This is an internal matter for their clan.

Dandd glares at Crysania.

Crysania, weakly: Mahalo?

Dandd shakes his head.

Crysania sighs: Fine.

Crysania found Jeni and asked her to summon the guild for a meeting in the common area.

The bulk of the guild assembled for a rare meeting, there was buzz amongst the quin. This hasn't happened since they entered the mists!

Crysania quieted everyone down, standing up near the dye trader so all could see her.

Crysania: Hoolequin! The time is nearing for us to recover my body!

There were many cheers from all clans.

Dandd smiled, 'everyone is uplifted when she is confident.' He thought to himself.

Crysania: The Quinharjar are making good progress, but in truth they are just a distraction.

There were a few gasps here and there.

Crysania: I'm putting together a team to infiltrate and recover relatively unnoticed. I will be leading this team.

Stabbith throws her fist in the air: Alright!

Crysania: ...you're not on the team.

Stabbith takes a step back, betrayed.

Crysania: The Team will be as follows: Me

Much nodding in approval.

Crysania: Tahlkora.

More nodding.

Crysania: Dunkoro

Even more nodding.

Crysania: Ogden

Some in the crowd kept nodding, others were surprised.

Crysania: Balreth

Balreth Roars.

Crysania: Gwen

Stabbith shoots gwen a dirty look.

Crysania: Salah Ad Quin

Salah twirls victoriously.

Lalandra steps forward with pride...

Crysania: and Grace.

There were visibly stunned faces in the crowd. Grace moved over to stand with Salah, the Black and Pink combination was kind of cute.

Lalandra storms off to White Base, growling furiously.

Crysania: The available guild officers will assist Grace in training and equipment immediately. I will be chief instructor, I expect Heroes to be available upon call.

Many shouts of agreement echoed from the back of the crowd.

Grace twirls with Salah, both victorious.

Crysania: That is all, thank you for coming. Quin or Quit!

The bulk of the crowd return: Quin or Quit!

Dandd approaches Crysania: Not the way I would have settled that dispute.

Crysania: It's not for me to decide.

Dandd nods sarcastically: Keep telling yourself that.

Crysania: It's not my clan.

Dandd: True, but look at Lalandra's reaction to not being picked.

Crysania: Grace and Salah will form the most badass front row the Quin has ever had.

Dandd: I'm not arguing, I'm just saying Lalandra feels knocked down a peg.

Crysania: Not my clan.

Dandd grins: Now we're just talking in circles.

Crysania grins back.

-

Lalandra quickly tries to find Spike, and try to get an honest opinion.

Lalandra growls at Spike: I was rejected? The F#$%? What does grace have that I don't?

Spike: A pink skirt.

Lalandra growls again: Fine, what do I have that she doesn't?

Spike: Necrolepsy.

Lalandra growls yet again and storms off to find Stabbith.

Lalandra growls at Stabbith: What do I have to do to make the team?

Stabbith: Be a mesmer.

Lalandra perks up, switches secondaries and cheers!

Stabbith: Good, Shared Burden with a high Fast Casting will come in handy. Lalandra: Oh...that kind of Mesmer...F$&@ you.

Lalandra storms off to find Dandd.

Lalandra: Ok Dandd, why?

Dandd: Listen to the following questions. If you can answer yes to any of them we will talk.

Lalandra: Ok.

Dandd: Can you provide command, control, and damage like Crysania?

Lalandra: No.

Dandd: Protect and interrupt like Tahlkora?

Lalandra growls: No, can we skip the monks?

Dandd: Sure. Can you spread Searing Flames like Balreth?

Lalandra: Well... Corpselighter...not really Searing Flames though...

Dandd shakes his head: Can you slow and interrupt like Gwen ?

Lalandra: No.

Dandd: Can you tank and strip conditions like Salah?

Lalandra pouts: No.

Dandd: Or grace?

Lalandra pouts again: No, but why two?

Dandd: Crysania has decided that a two-Quin front, two-Quin mid, and a four-Quin back is the best formation for the team. Do you doubt her judgment?

Lalandra: No... I don't want to be discarded though.

Dandd: Then don't be. If Crysania is right, then Grace will be Salah's new partner. Why don't you go help Grace, to ease frustrations on Salah s part and to ensure Crysania doesn't have to do all the training herself.

Lalandra: What about Balreth?

Dandd: The red dot chaser?

Lalandra slumps: Atleast he's still COTH! The F@#$? Only Four Staffs to Blaze?

Dandd, pretending to be innocent: Oh?

Lalandra: Shove it. You know Crysania and Gwen use Caster Spears.

Dandd: A spear is a staff with a pointy end.

Lalandra grumbles.

Dandd: Besides, you are an accomplished necro anyway.

Lalandra sighs: Yeah, I get it. I'll go.

Jeni walks in wearing her Charr-Pelt Gloves.

Dandd: Cold?

Jeni: Like, not anymore! I LOVE these Gloves. Gwen better come back safe.

Lalandra sighs sadly to herself, then leaves.

In the meantime the common area has a crowd around Volusja, with Salah in the front row.

Volusja: ...and here is my next impersonation: Lalandra! "Oh look, someone with a life bar. /death"

Spike jumps in: I am Olias! "Look someone died! /death"

The crowd roars in laughter.

Lalandra shouts from behind the group: This cabal armor isn't just for show!

Volusja and Salah leap to attention and dive into the white base portal!

Lalandra: I'm a Legendary Cartographer, I know where you sleep!

Crysania: Oh no, a Spiteful Spirit approaches!

Lalandra: You stay out of this!

Crysania grins: Or what?

Lalandra pauses awkwardly: Or I will pout at you?

The crowd roars in laughter again.

Crysania: Come on, Corvus Matriarch, are you going to let those two get away?

Lalandra snaps back to the moment: F$%@ No!

Crysania: So go!

Lalandra nods and dashes for white base, half the crowd following.

Crysania just shakes her head, and mutters to herself: Just another day in Quinland.

Episode 47

13 Apr 2011

Notes: Breaking the 4th wall never gets boring. Salah encountered fierce resistance along the Eastern Frontier and Lalandra resumed lead of Clan Corvus, and never looked back again.

References: Guild History.

Henchman 2: Holy Mother of Dwayna, have you seen how much money Crysania's rolling around in?

Henchman 3: Didn't she just buy an Armbrace?

Henchman 4: Yeah, and she still has more than all of us.

Henchman 2: Where does she get it from?

Henchman 4: Organized Crime?

Henchman 3: Whatever. She claims it is from Vanquishing.

Henchman 2: That's probably only a small part of it.

The henchman ponder aloud.

Henchman 1 joins the group: I have your answer.

Henchman 4: Yeah, whatever.

Henchman 1: Seriously, dood.

Henchman 2: So spit it out.

Henchman 1: Do you remember when Balreth destroyed Quinhalla?

Balreth, sorting through his storage chest, growls: I had help, you know!

Henchman 2-4 nod.

Henchman 1: Well apparently Crysania turned the whole thing into a book and has been selling it. She's making a killing!

Henchman 2 is excited: I want to find a copy, maybe I'll be in there!

Henchman 1: Maybe, but you'd never know.

Henchman 4: Why not?

Henchman 1: Because she changed all our names to some canthan-based crap.

Henchman 3: Canthan-based crap?

Henchman 1: Yeah, like 'Liu Bei' and 'Sun Jian' and other @#$% that's even harder to pronounce.

Everyone sighs sadly.

Henchman 3: So what is it called?

Henchman 1: She called it the Romance of the Three Factions.

The henchman got quiet for a moment.

Henchman 2: We could write a book!

Henchmen, in unison: Huh?

Henchman 2: We could write a book, and make money from the sales.

Henchman 4, sarcastically: OOOOh... "The Boring Tales of Henchmen in the Mists"

Henchman 3, sarcastically: OOOH! I want one!

Henchman 2, irritated: @#$% you!

Henchman 1: What about escaping from Nightfall?

Henchman 2: Yeah!

Henchman 3: Were any of us there for most of that?

Henchman 4: I tried to sign with the Hellequin, but Rain rejected me.

Henchman 1: ...anyone seen Rain lately?

Another pause.

Henchmen: No, actually I haven't.

Henchman 1: Odd. Anyway, Book.

Henchman 2: So no escaping Nightfall. Barely ANYTHING has happened since we got here.

Henchman 4: Yeah. Balreth seems to be stuck in the past.

Henchman 1: Crysania's preparing for the Underworld assault.

Henchman 2: Nyx got hurt and hasn't been around much.

Henchman 3: ...and Salah has been quietly leaving a trail of bodies behind him.

Henchman 1: Can't forget Grace, who seems to be preparing to be trained for Officer status.

Henchman 2: Why can't I be a part of THAT party!

Henchmen: Me too, dood!

Henchman 1, sighs: So what to write about?

Henchman 3: We could write humorous short stories about the guild.

Henchman 4: Nah, no one would read that.

Henchman 1: I got it!

Henchman 2: ...right...

Henchman 1: The Necrolexicon!

Henchman 3: The necro...whaticon?

Henchman 1: The necrolexicon.

Henchman 4: I think there is already a book of the dead.

Henchman 1: Not a book of the dead, a book of dying words.

Henchman 2: Dying words?

Henchman 1: Yeah, like what would...I don't know...Balreth say if he knew death was coming.

All the henchman smile at each other, and in the best matter-of-fact Balreth-Tone they could muster: Not good.

So they produce parchment and ink and begin taking notes.

Henchman 1: Ok, got Balreth.

Henchman 4: What about Crysania?

Silence.

The henchmen stare blankly at each other.

Henchman 2: How about Nyx?

Henchman 3: 'That's not right!'

Henchman 1: Got it. That was an easy one. Any thoughts on Crysania?

Another pause.

Henchman 4: How about Grace?

Henchman 1: I'm not playing anymore?

The henchmen shake their heads.

Henchman 2: I got it! "This is Ridiculous"

The henchmen cheer!

Henchman 1: Got it!

Henchman 2: I'm almost afraid to ask, but Lalandra?

Henchman 1: Easy.

Henchman 3: oh?

Henchman 1 clears his throat: no, no @#$% this, @#$% that, you know what? @#$^ you, this is @#$%*^&!

The other henchman clap.

Henchman 4: I hope you wrote that all down.

Henchman 1 furiously scribbles. Yep. R-Rated parchment now.

Henchman 2: Crysania?

Henchman 3: How about Jeni?

Henchman 1: 'Like, Ow!'

Roaring laughter from that corner of the Guild Hall.

Henchman 2: Crysania?

Henchman 4: How about Spike?

The henchmen paused.

Henchman 2, acting all dramatic: 'no...hydrodynamics'

The henchmen were in tears from the hysterics.

Henchman 2: Crysania?!

Henchman 3: Stabbith!

Another pause.

Henchman 4, pretending to be angry: '..bamF YOU!'

Henchman 1 can't help but laugh: A little corny, but I'll write down anyway.

Henchman 2: Crysania!

Henchman 4: What about Olias?

Henchman 1: 'Again?'

Another round of gut bursting laughter.

Henchman 2: Crysania!!!

Henchman 3: Jora?

Henchman 2: @#$% you, guys, Crysania!

Henchman 4 pretends to be in disbelief: 'Norn need no hit points, we..are..norn...'

Henchman 1 can't even see straight to take notes.

Henchman 2: Norgu?

Henchman 3 snaps to his feet: 'the hero dies...a tragic death...the crowd...goes...wild'

The Henchmen cheer loudly!

Henchman 2 grumbles: oh now you listen to me...

Henchman 1: How about M.O.X.?

Henchman 3: 'Error, Code 404, Health Not Found.'

Henchman 2: Now for Crysania...

Henchman 3: How about Mhenlo?

Henchman 1: 'Your party has been defeated, return to the outpost...'

The henchmen wince painfully.

Henchman 2: CRYSANIA!!!

There was an awkward pause.

Henchman 1's eyes glaze over: 'Little children who are playing in a Krytan field will be drenched in the blood of their parents as Humanity is pushed back to Divinity's Reach. Ascalon will fall to the Charr and one defiant Ghost town will be all the remains of the wreckage. The Asura will be flushed from their caves, the Norn forced to abandon their homes. Dragons will rise from the Depths and the undead will roam the Crystal Desert. Lion's Arch will become a pirate haven, Dwarves will turn to stone and a new Nightmare Court will terrorize the Maguuma Jungle-'

Henchman 2 shakes Henchman 1: STOP! For the love of any of the Gods, STOP!

Henchmen 3 and 4 are wiping tears from their faces.

Henchman 1: Sorry...I didn't write that down, is that ok?

Henchman 2: Yeah...

Henchman 3: No problem...

Henchman 4: ...you know...Achi...how about "Oh. Ow. I ache...'

Henchman 2: yeah... ha... ha...

Henchman 1: Why don't we just come back to this later?

Henchman 2: I got it!

Henchman 1: What?

Henchman 2: Crysania's famous last words!

Henchman 3: ...ok

Henchman 2: "Dwayna will protect me"

The Henchmen wince painfully, but none as much as Henchman 2, who was levitated painfully off the ground.

Henchman 1: Well, at least we have OUR famous last words.

Henchman 4: Oh?

Henchman 1 smiles: "Hi Crysania!"

The guild hall once again erupted in laughter.

The henchmen went looking for a monk to resurrect their friend and vowed to continue working on their Necrolexicon, with the hopes of a fortune in sales to follow.

Episode 48
16 Apr 2011
Notes: Someone get Henchman #1 a psych-eval and some comp-time!

References: Guild Wars 2 Preview News, Guild History.

Simon Says Quin

Rain had left the mists to wander. He, however, had not left in turn. Instead, he decided not to reside in Quinland with a physical form. Rain had chosen to see the world outside of the Ruins of Quinhalla and away from Nightfall, as a spirit invisible to anyone not attuned with spirits. The bulk of the people Rain 'met' were attuned to a different kind of spirit altogether, and Rain did not feel like being bottled.

While in Quarrel Falls Rain had heard of rumors of a new camp, to the north at water's edge. Every map Rain had seen indicated that Bloodstone Fen was the northern limit. Perhaps a new road has been built? Rain would investigate, perhaps he could find something that would benefit the guild in their upcoming battles.

His trip to Bloodstone Fen was largely uneventful but the Men there told stories by the fire of an artifact held by indigenous peoples to the north. The stories involved this object known as the Lens of Dwayna, an object said to Amplify Holy Damage as if everyone were undead.

Rain's intangible saw fell through the floor: 'amplify holy damage?! I could beat Crysania for sure...'

Rain, as if it mattered, sat in the circle and listen to the Men's tales about where this object was and how to get there.

Their stories varied widely in all details except two: it was north and a camp has been established at water's edge.

That was good enough for Rain, he would walk north and see what happened.

The Days dragged on, and Rain saw nothing but jungle. Rain didn't even see anything charmable.

'Nyx would be disappointed but I'll just not say anything' he spoke to himself.

Rain kept walking, unsure if he was even going the right direction.

Rain started making up names for the various plants and colors he saw.

Rain even tried singing to himself: I am the very model of a scientist salarian, I've studied species turian, asari, and batarian. I'm quite good at genetics (as a subset of biology) because I am an expert (which I know is a tautology). My xenoscience studies range from urban to agrarian, I am the very model of a scientist salarian.

Then he saw it! He saw a building that was making noise!

Rain rushed over to it only to find that it is little more than a bar...on a beach.

"Water's Edge" he grumbled loudly.

Rain put his hand through the door trying to open it, out of habit.

Inside, Rain found quite a few people, all human males attempting to disappear into the bottoms of their glass.

Rain: Wow. Look at all these wastes of talent. All around the room, including -

Rain found himself given corporeal form.

-this asshole right here.

A well built man, with a clearly used hammer on his bank, slung around off his stool to tower over Rain.

Man: Excuse me?

An equally large man in the back clapped joyfully, knocking over his immense longbow.

Man: -I- am Sir Patrick Riot, Knight Commander of the Order of the Krytan Empire [KKE].

Bar Patron 1: Great, now the patriot is angered. We'll have to make more stools.

Rain: KKE? You're 5-6 letters away from a hate group.

The large man in the back continues clapping and cheering.

Sir Patrick Riot "the patriot" unslings his hammer and begins approaching Rain, who reverted back to spirit form.

Rain: Wonderful time for someone to come back into Quinland. I bet it was Razy, and I bet she did it on purpose.

Patrick: Show yourself!

Man in the back: He's right there!

Patrick looks quickly, sees nothing.

Man in the back: He's right there!

Patrick: Hush, Simon.

Simon: There!!!

Patrick ignores Simon and barges out the front door, flattening a smaller patron in the process.

Patrick roars: You will live to regret this, and you will not have the Lens!

Rain, sitting next to Simon, perks up at the news that the Lens is not just a jungle tale.

Patrick comes back in, slings his hammer, and grumbles loudly.

Simon: Simon says There!

The whole bar stops and looks to see Simon pointing at the empty stool next to him.

Patrick: Simon? Are you feeling ok?

Simon: Simon Says Yes.

Rain leans over to Simon and whispers: Simon Says Quin.

Simon echoes: Simon says Quin?

A patron in the corner leaps up, sword drawn: The Quin?! Here?! I'll Kill 'em! ...and by 'them' I mean very low level henchman...I should go.

The patron drops some gold on the table and leaves in a hurry.

Patrick turns back to Simon, to see Rain become corporeal again.

Rain paled: Parley?

Patrick shook his head: Not way out here.

Rain paled further: Not good?

Patrick nodded his head: I don't like being made a fool of.

Simon stared at Rain in amazement.

Patrick: I believe you've met my friend Simon 'Diceroll' Boonbane.

Rain asked: Diceroll?

Patrick sighed: Yes. Broad Head Arrow accident. He's a little quirky now. You, my little friend, are about to become just plain little.

Rain faded back into spirit form.

Rain: Dafuq? They need to pick one and leave for a while. This isn't the best time.

Simon: Who's they?

Rain stared at Simon: You can hear me?

Simon nods happily.

Patrick: Who are you talking to?

Simon points to the empty stool, that spirit Rain is sitting on.

Patrick unslings his hammer and swings at Rain as fast as he can.

Rain lets out a yell and falls backwards through the wall.

Simon claps and laughs innocently.

Patrick: What's so funny?

Simon: He went through the wall!

Patrick sighs and returns to his barstool.

Simon: Wall!

He gets ignored.

Simon stands up and grabs his bow: SIMON SAYS WALL!

Patrick puts his drink down: Fine. He disappeared and went through the wall. Happy?

Simon nods and sits back down.

Rain takes his stool back.

Simon, unphased, asks: How you able stool sit on, but wall fall through?

Rain realizes that Simon is right and falls through the stool to sit on the floor.

Simon claps gleefully.

Rain: I guess I forget I'm a spirit?

Simon: You spirit?

Annoyed Patron 2: Yes! That's Elonian Vodka.

Patron 3: I don't think he's talking to his glass this time.

Rain: Sometimes. My name is Rain.

Simon: Rain!

Patron 4: No, not Rain, Vodka.

Patrick: Hush, Simon. You're getting excited.

Rain: What's wrong with excitement?

Simon: Words up mixed, less sense make usual than.

Rain: I know a guy who does that sometimes too.

Simon: Who? Who? Who? Who? Who? Who? Who?

Patron 3: Your mom.

Simon, in amazing speed grabs his bow, an arrow and let's fly: SIMON SAYS DIE!

Rain was able to see the arrow pierce the Patron between the eyes with enough force to knock him backwards, not getting any blood on the table that others were eating on.

Rain: ...that was amazing...

Patrick: Another One, Simon?

Rain: His name is Spike Baltrihper.

Simon: Spike here meet now?

Patrick: Here it comes...

Rain: No, I'll show you sometime later.

Simon cheers: Frankly, my dear, life was like a box of chocolates.

Patron 7 spits his drink all over Patron 8.

Rain: What?

Simon appears visibly flustered: Of all the gin joins in all the towns in all the world, I could dance with you till the cows come home.

Rain starts laughing, along with half the bar.

Simon grumbles and tries again: Would you be shocked if I put on something more I'll be back?

Most of the bar, other than Patrick, is rolling around laughing.

Simon can't help but laugh at himself too.

Rain: You just get all jumbled? That's funny.

Simon pouts at himself.

Rain: I mean it! It's funny. Don't be sad.

Simon: All these moments will be lost in time like tears in Rain. Hasta la Vista, Baby.

Rain: aaaww... you said Rain!

Simon perks up: This conversation can serve no purpose anymore, Goodbye Mr. Bond.

Rain: Oh... I guess I'll talk to you later.

Simon shakes his head: May the force be with you're gonna need a bigger boat.

Patrick: Ok Simon, I think you've talked to the empty stool enough.

Rain: Are you just going to take that?

Simon nods: doesn't like getting @#$%ed by anyone except Mrs. Wallace.

Even Patrick couldn't help but laugh at that one.

Rain: So are you here for the Lens of Dwayna?

Simon nods excitedly: If you build it, we rob banks.

Rain: Where is it?

Simon points west: Round up the usual Houston, we have a problem.

Rain: Thanks Simon, I'm going to go check it out.

Simon waves: You can't handle the stuff that dreams are made of.

Rain grumbles at Simon and disappears through the wall.

Rain heads west and Simon calms down.

Patrick sits where Rain sat and checked in with his old friend.

Simon: Name Rain, Lens Get.

Patrick: Are you sure?

Simon: Simon says west!

Patrick: Bottoms Up Gentlemen, we have someone trying to claim our prize!

Sir Patrick Riot and his krewe head west in pursuit of Rain, to ensure he fails where they failed.

A few hours West and Rain laid eyes upon a beautiful temple, un-touched from war and unknown to most of the world.

Rain approached the door when the guard stopped him: Halt! Her Majesty does not grant audiences to spirits.

Rain grumbles: @#$%ing Ritualists...

The guard smiles.

Rain sat outside the door as The Patriot and his krewe arrived.

The Guard Halted them: Her Majesty only grants audience to clean formations. You have 8. You need 9, 16, or 25.

Patrick: What? Since When?

Guard: Her Majesty does not tolerate dissent.

Patrick bows: Of course. I apologize.

Patron 2: We should have brought Simon.

Moments later Rain gained his body back.

Rain leapt to his feet: Quickly! I will be the 9th.

Patrick glared at him, but agreed.

The Temple doors opened, and the formation entered with purpose.

Rain: So how does one get the Lens?

Patron 2: Ask for it.

Rain: Really?

Patron 4: Yep. Stare into her majesty's eyes and ask for it.

Rain smiled to himself, thinking 'this will be easy'

The patrons smiled to themselves, knowing what lies ahead.

The 3×3 formation got on both hands and both knees, staring at the floor.

Rain thought the position was a little odd, even for showing respect to royalty.

A voice boomed into the room: Now Entering, Her Majesty Queen Droch.

Rain thought to himself: 'Droch? Must be a tribal name.'

The Queen sat upon her throne, and in the most soothing voice Rain has ever heard, granted permission for the formation to gaze upon her.

Rain obeyed, but upon seeing the Queen, he could not help but vomit where he knelt.

Most of the room could be heard vomiting to the sound 'DDDDRROOOCCCHHH'

The formation, bowed backs and open mouths, was painful to see, hear, and ...smell.

Rain gathered himself from the confusion 'All I have to do is look at her and ask for it...'

Rain looked at her again, and again he vomited.

This high-pressure vomiting continued until the formation was too exhausted to do anything but kneel in silence.

The Queen spoke with such a sadness, a loneliness that Rain wanted to help. He dared not try now, but vowed to get Guild help. Surely Spike or Crysania could handle this.

Rain heard splashing sounds and groaning as the Queen walked away.

Patrick composed himself first: Another failure. Does anyone need a drink?

Rain then understood why the camp was a bar.

Halfway through the trip home, Rain lost his corporeal form.

On the way back to the bar, Simon was attempting to shoot something in the general direction of everyone walking.

Simon: Die!

No one flinched.

Simon: Die!!

Nothing.

Simon: Simon says die!

Everyone was on the ground, taking cover, including Patrick.

Simon, barely visible, had managed to take down a Bandit who had travelled near the group for some time with little more than a longbow and a shout.

Rain, still standing, was beginning to understand the 'diceroll' name. What he says and does is up to sheer luck I suppose.

Other bandits, friend of the first, leapt from the bushes in attack. The first had his face flattened by Patrick and the second knocked-down in one fluid set of attacking arcs. They quickly fled or were defeated, and Rain thought that the two might fit in around Quinland.

They caught up with Simon and the bartender was already pouring.

Rain said his farewells to Simon with intention to return, perhaps someone that could help with the Queen.

Simon, waving: Fasten your seatbelts; I'm ready for my closeup!

Rain: What we've got here is failure to communicate.

Simon shakes his head: Love means never having to say I love the smell of napalm in the morning.

Rain laughs again and begins his trek back to Quinland, or at least his body so he can Map Travel.

Episode 49

24 Apr 2011

Notes: Simon 'Diceroll' Boonbane effectively changed his name when he joined the Quin. No one is quite sure how a broad head arrow accident causes one's head to ignite, however.

References: Demolition Man, Mass Effect, Pirates of the Caribbean, Gone with the Wind, Forrest Gump, Casablanca, Duck Soup, Hells Angels, Terminator, Blade Runner, 2001 A Space Odyssey, James Bond, Star Wars, Jaws, Pulp Fiction, Field of Dreams, Bonnie and Clyde, Apollo 13, A Few Good Men, The Maltese Falcon, Love Story, Apocalypse Now, Guild History.

Spike: Sure is quiet.

Dandd: yep.

Spike: Feels like just yesterday everyone was here, bustling about.

Dandd: Pretty much.

Spike: Survivor-ing.

Dandd nods.

Spike: Vanquishing!

Dandd agrees.

Spike: We unveiled the Order of the Stuff flag.

Dandd nods.

Spike: ...and Crysania was showing off her 'joker face'

Dandd: She's good at the "Why So Serious?" bit, her not being able to look you in the eye doing it kinda kills it though.

Spike nods vigorously.

Dandd: Right before that, these got passed around.

Dandd reaches in his belt pouch and hands a piece of parchment to Spike.

Parchment: Attention Customers of Hoolequindustries,

We here at HQI regret to inform our customers that there may be an abrupt, uncontrollable, and permanent cessation of products and services sometime tomorrow due to Rapture. In the event of Rapture, most HQI stations will be unmanned, and those left will likely be henchmen anyway. Any of you with insurance on your Xunlai Sanctioned Storage Units will be welcome to collect in Quinland at the HQI headquarters, subject to availability of agents. The Construction Project on the new-and-improved Berner Menagerie is put on hold, as is the I-Blame-Balreth Quinhalla Ruins Museum. HQI also anticipates Grace's Singing Lessons to be cancelled indefinitely, and the Wiki will likely not be transported. HQI strongly encourages everyone to place their bets on God to Win the Rapture for their Immortal Soul.

Blood is Mother@#$%ing Power,

Hoolequindustries, Creating Yesterday by Remembering Tomorrow.

Spike laughs: Oh Yeah! I wonder how they would have handled us.

Dandd: Eh?

Spike: You know, being dead and all...

Dandd laughs: Maybe they-

Spike launches to his feet: Is that the sweet, sweet, smell of revenge!?

Henchman 1 freezes in his tracks: ...It's...an apple, sir.

Spike glares at the henchman: Can I have this aromatic fruit of vengeance?

Henchman 1: Uhh-

Spike, Defiantly: Choose your next words carefully, Henchman! For they might be your last...as..a... ... ...henchman.

Dandd shakes his head and groans.

Henchman 1, mustering a hopeful tone: So if I say no, I'll get promoted?

Spike claps: Well played! Here!

Spike tosses a flask of firewater to the henchman.

The henchman reaches to catch it when Spike, yelling "Psych!" Fires a flaming arrow through the flask raining down flaming firewater onto the henchman, who drops the apple and runs away screaming.

Spike takes the apple, and rubs the dirty spot on his sleeve as Dandd stares in amazement.

Spike eats half the apple before Dandd speaks.

Dandd: The last time I heard ANYONE use "psych" or "sike" or anything like that is when most people thought I lived in basements and worshipped Satan.

Spike: Who's Satan?

Dandd: He's an Angel.

Spike: What' s an Angel?

Dandd: Uhhh... Kinda like a harpy with chaos wings.

Spike roars: I WANT ONE! Where are they? Tell me! Tell me NOW!

Dandd scrambles: In the clouds, the uhh, outpost - you know - fluffy ,white, kinda cold...

Spike: Yeah. YEAH! Wait-

Dandd: I don't remember where the portal is though...

Spike, deflated: Of course not. Old man...

Dandd grins.

Spike bounces the apple core off of a henchman's head carrying a large covered object.

Dandd: So much wasted talent...

Spike: What?

Dandd: Did you hear that there are a few henchmen still debating whether or not the Underworld has dirt.

Spike: Pfft. Of course it does. They're being silly.

Dandd: Wait, you said it DOES?

Spike: Duh, dood.

Dandd: It is in the MISTS!

Spike: Yeah, and?

Dandd: Not even on the planet...?

Spike: Hey! Henchmen!

Henchman 2: Dood. Lay off the Cracked Rock Candies!

Henchman 3: Whatever. You don't know what you're talking about.

Spike: HEY!

Henchman 2: The Lyrics begin "We come from the land of the ice and snow, From the midnight sun where the hot springs blow." Right?

Henchman 3: Yeah, So Who Covered a ' F'n Clergy ' Song?

From somewhere in the world, all can hear the echoes of Balreth screaming.

Henchman 2: Dood! That is Dense Metal Dirigible!

Henchman 3: Who?

From somewhere in the world, all can hear the echoes of Balreth crying.

Spike: HEY!!!

Henchmen 2 and 3: What?!

Spike: uhh...@#$%..I forgot.

Dandd: Do you have much left?

Henchman 2: Nope!

Dandd taps Spike: Come on, let us tell Crysania.

Spike: Ok... Where is she?

Dandd: Either in her Tower or out Dungeon Crawling.

Spike pouts: Damn, Dood...

Dandd: Eh?

Spike: You can't even say the words 'Dungeon Crawling' without getting all misty eyed.

Dandd looks down: ...yeah...

Spike: Come on, old friend, let's go.

The Henchmen finished hauling in the objects as Dandd and Spike made it to The Tall Tower of High Sorcery.

Dandd looks around: So she did remodel...

Spike: Dafuq?!

Dandd: What?

Spike: ...no stairs...

Dandd stopped and looked around and, to his amazement, discovered Spike was right. There was a metal grating on the bottom, and smooth walls up a considerable distance to a roof with a big hole in the middle.

Spike wondered aloud: So how do we get up?

A voice came from below the grating: Allow us, Sir.

Spike shrieked like a little girl around a spider.

Several restrained outbursts poured from below the grating.

Even Dandd looked the other way and tried to compose himself.

Spike stepped out onto the grating: Ok, @#$holes, hit me.

All the henchmen looked at each other and grinned. They all cast their Air Magic at the same time and propelled an un-prepared Spike up the tower at speed!

Spike flailed about as he flew up the tower: Quuuuiinnn oorrrr Quuiittttt Sssssooonnnn!

Spike was propelled far too far, he soared past Crysania and through the hole in the roof, yelling "Hi Crysania!" as he flew past. He marveled at the wonderful view of the Zeal Islands and White Base zipping about before beginning his descent. He hit the roof with a loud thud, which alerted Crysania who followed the noise all the way off the roof and watched him fall off the side, yelling "Bye Crysania!" as he past.

From somewhere in the world, all can hear the echoes of Nyx yelling "Lawno!"

Dandd steps on the grating: Gently, please.

The air magic is cast and Dandd arrives on Crysania's floor with a gentle footstep.

Dandd looks back down, then at Crysania: People volunteer for that duty?

Crysania: Be sure to tip.

Dandd shrugs and drops a couple gold coins down the tower.

Dandd: So I came to tell you-

Crysania grins: Oh I know!

Dandd: You know?

Crysania: Yes. My Guild Hall Smells of Rich Mahogany.

Dandd smiles: Yes it does. Shall we go see?

Crysania: Of course.

Without hesitation Crysania leaps down the tower shaft.

Dandd, panicking: Crysania!

Crysania is slowed down by a rush of air and gently lands on the bottom grating without issue.

Dandd releases his held breath.

Crysania: You coming old man?

Dandd leaps too, yelling: Hydrodynamics!

Dandd is also brought to a safe landing speed.

Crysania: Imagine if you didn't tip.

A few giggles can be heard from beneath the grating.

Dandd: I reminded myself, we should bring back Spike.

Crysania: What WAS that all about?

Dandd grins: He didn't tip.

Crysania grins and nods.

Crysania brings Spike Back and the three of them go see the new Wiki, with brand new furniture.

Crysania sighs happily: Took a long time to gather up 25 pieces of furniture like this.

Dandd: Respectable indeed, at least it didn't take you 188 tries per piece.

Crysania, sarcastically: Funny.

Dandd grins.

Crysania: Yep. This Victory is brought to you by the letter M.

Dandd: M?

Crysania: Yep. Monk, Mesmer and mmmm...Ritualist.

Dandd and Spike laugh.

Crysania pauses in reflection: I do like this smell of-

Spike yelled: VENGENCE!

In the middle of Wiki was Jeni, holding an apple.

Dandd put a hand of caution on Spike who felt the hairs on his body stand on end.

Spike glanced over at Crysania to see he was the target of a Ray-Of-Mother@#$%ing-Judgment Glare.

Spike carefully released his grip on his firewater flask and nervously giggled: I...apples in the...xunlai...bamf

Spike disappeared quickly.

Dandd: So are we going to enjoy retirement together, oh guild leader?

Crysania scoffed: Hardly.

Dandd: so what's next?

Crysania: I still haven't retrieved my body.

Dandd: True. So what's keeping you?

Crysania: There are still a few loose ends I need to wrap up.

Dandd: Oh, I read your "There and Back Again, Again"

Crysania: Yeah?

Dandd: False Advertising.

Crysania: How so?

Dandd: There and back Again, Again would have happened years ago. Now we're on "There and Back Again, and Again, and Again, and Again-

Crysania rolls her eyes and walks away waving: Yeah,yeah...

Dandd: and Again, and I still hate when she does that.

Episode 50

9 Jun 2011

Notes: The rapture was a lie! Crysania killed Jayne Forestlight 188 times to get Vera. The M-Team Victory T-shirt is worn proudly.

References: The Joker [Batman], Abrahamic Monotheism, Dungeons and Dragons, Led Zeppelin, J. R. R. Tolkien, Guild History.

Balreths Birthday

The grounds in front of the Fortress of the Arrow were bustling with activity.

Grace was helping the Ascalonian Caterers set-up.

Dandd and Spike were preparing for a fire fit for a senior pyromancer.

Crysania was directing henchman traffic.

Nyx was helping bring in Kegs of Ale and Salah was gathering gifts near the seat of honor.

Today was an important day!

When the preparations had been finalized, Grace ducked into the fortress to find Balreth.

Spike leans to Crysania: Balreth is such a light-weight, I bet one minotaur horn and he's lying on the ground in hysterics listening to Henchmancia.

Crysania winces: Harsh, dood.

Spike smiles and shrugs: More for me.

The Horns sounded, and everyone's attention shifted to the door.

Stepping out into the light was a tall figure, wearing a fan-favorite long coat, high boots, and dragon gauntlets!

Balreth thrust his gauntlet way out of Crysania's reach and roared!

The entire gathering roared in return!

Many eyes began to shift to Crysania.

Crysania, looking back at many in attendance, offered a weak: Aren't you tired of the whole master of spirits and ceremonies thing?

Many eyes began to shift to Balreth.

Balreth, grinning widely, offered: FTM?

The crowd roared: FTM!

Crysania, shaking her head and smiling: Alright, Krewe, listen up!

A quiet fell upon the crowd.

Crysania: We're all here today for one reason-

Spike: To Get @#$%faced.

Crysania: ...someone forcechoke that man.

Many in the crowd giggled.

Crysania: We're all here to wish a Happy Birthday to Balreth Silverlock, the only man I know to have a Legendary title in Ignoring the Chat Log.

The crowd erupted in cheering.

Crysania: My friend Balreth, is the only person other than me, Who when faced with the question 'Is the tankard half-full or half-empty?' Could look at you square in the face, smile, and respond 'I agree that the tankard is at 50% capacity.'

Balreth laughed, while many in the crowd nodded in agreement.

Crysania: So, old friend, come and take your place at the seat of honor!

The crowd parted so Balreth could see this massive throne of wood and ruby.

Balreth gasped in amazement and quickly made his way to admire.

Nyx explained: My Menagerie and I carved this from a large tree knocked over by one of those big wurms. ...those guys aren't very nice.

Balreth nodded and looked at the teeth, claw, and knife marks forming the shape of the throne.

Nyx: Everyone here contributed with the rubies and stuff...

The officers smiled and nodded.

Balreth paused for a moment, before he sat in his throne to the cheers of the crowd.

Balreth looked around and settled in for a moment, the eyes of his Dragon Gauntlets blending with the fiery jewels of his chair, before speaking: So what's with this stack of wood? A sculpture?

Crysania: We were not going to step between a pyromancer and a pile of dried wood.

Balreth tried not to grin, and failed.

Crysania had a newtype flash! She yelled: SEARING FLAMES!

Some of the quicker people in attendance leapt backwards, while others got burned.

Most in the crowd laughed at those who stood too close to the now raging fire.

Grace banged some lids together and got everyone's attention.

Grace: We have, for Balreth's approval, Buffalo Moa Wings, Yak Chops, Roasted Stalker Ribs, Pan-Seared Crown of Thorn Seeds, and Hard-Boiled Devourer Eggs with Sea Salt.

A couple henchman cheer wildly!

Grace: The eggs are for officers only.

The henchman stop cheering and start pouting.

Grace: As well as a variety of fruit and vegetable. We also have Kegs of Ale for everyone.

Spike Cheers!

Grace: So form a line behind Balreth and dig in!

The food was passed out, and the drink was plenty.

Balreth, in his new throne, swapped small stories and pleasantries with people from all orders, and ranks, and was apparently very happy.

In time, filled bellies caused everyone to slow down and gather around the fire with mugs in hand and smiles on face.

Finally, one of the henchmen yelled out: Hey Dandd! Tell us a story!

"YEAH!" echoed much of the crowd.

Dandd looked at Balreth, who shrugged, then at Crysania, who nodded.

Dandd: Ok, what about?

From within the crowd: Something about Balreth!

Dandd smiled: How about how he met Crysania?

A loud cheer almost deafened everyone sitting in the middle of the group.

Dandd cleared his throat: An older Wizard, at the time-

"Older?"

Dandd: Yeah, older.

Nyx: Now that's not right.

Crysania: No lie.

Grace: Tell me how that works.

Balreth just sat quietly and hid his grin in his tankard.

Dandd: An older Wizard, at the time, Balreth was working for a different organization.

"Boo!"

Dandd: Crysania worked for the same organization. The Two-Member Call of the Hoolequin wasn't anywhere near what is today. Crysania was working in a Dungeon.

"No WAY!"

Dandd, playfully: I KNOW! Crysania wouldn't be caught dead in a dungeon.

Salah yells: That's because she's already dead elsewhere!

The group burst into laughter.

Dandd: Balreth had just returned from a mission elsewhere and was to help work in this particular Dungeon that Crysania was already kind of a big deal in.

"Kind of a Big Deal? Never!"

Dandd grins: For a while, Balreth and Crysania saw each other, but didn't interact much. Our fearless leader, though, had a trap.

Quiet anticipation follows.

Dandd: Crysania threw in the word 'polyhedron' into a sentence, and Balreth reacted. Crysania had him, then.

"What's polyhedron?"

Balreth grunted painfully.

"Probably a gold drop" yelled back from the other side of the crowd.

Loud laughter followed, as well as many getting up for refills.

Dandd: Balreth and Crysania sortied a few times, but Balreth didn't really jump in for a while.

"Yeah, but look at him now!"

Balreth held his tankard up high to cheers from the crowd.

A calm quiet spread throughout the crowd, absorbing Dandd's story. Many looked at Crysania and Balreth with smiles.

"...So what's up with the Paragon King thing?"

Balreth, sighed: ...oh no...

Dandd: This is also an old story.

Crysania was grinning already.

Dandd: A struggling Ascalon was having people kidnapped by Charr, Ogre, and their own desperation. The Ogres, were west of Ascalon, in the Northern Shiverpeaks. Ascalon was entertaining a guest, a rare vabbian noble intent on building bridges between all human settlements. This paragon, was kidnapped while on his way to Kryta to continue his mission. When word got out, Crysania, Balreth, and Lalandra-

"Lawno!"

Salah growled in the general direction of where the shout came from.

Dandd: They set out to Battle the Ogres and rescue the Paragon King.

Dandd sips his ale.

Dandd: During the course of the Ogre Battle Campaign, Balreth was intent on chasing down every hostile person and kill them from behind if necessary, much more than Crysania planned for, or wanted to.

Gasps came from the crowd, and all Balreth could to was raise his tankard in salute again.

Dandd: Yep. Our Knight here, was actually more of a vanquisher from a very early time, and would chase people compass lengths off of his intended path, into corners of the world, and annihilate every one of them without second thought.

Many henchmen are quietly deep in thought.

Dandd: They rescued the Paragon King, and Balreth certainly received most of the credit, but from that point forward, the FTM policy was put in-place to try to minimize any trouble from Balreth's desire to kill.

"...wow..."

Grace broke the quiet: Now If only I could get him to follow anyone ELSE.

The crowd laughs once more.

"What about Snippy Snap?"

Balreth leans forward: I like this one.

Dandd asks for, and gets a refill in his grail.

Dandd: Ok, but this is it for today.

Saddened groans come from parts of the group.

Dandd: Crysania and Balreth were out in the Southern Shiverpeaks, looking for a boy that belonged to one of the outposts down there. The search, though, wasn't going well and Crysania was getting fairly agitated. You could say it was Crysania's Bad Hair Day.

Crysania strokes her ponytail gently.

Dandd: They, eventually, found the boy. The boy went by the name of Squirrel and found himself in a Bear's cave and was paralyzed with fear. Balreth and Crysania scouted around and found no real reason for Squirrel to sit there, frozen. Crysania came near him and he became very violent, so dragging him back to the outpost wasn't going to work.

Dandd sips more ale.

Crysania leans to Spike: I love this part.

Dandd: Using a pelt, some feathers, and a binding material, Balreth had sewn a makeshift bear.

Balreth added: I called it Tediz.

Dandd: Tediz was ugly, stitching all over the place and had a weird mouth. Anyway, Balreth set Tediz up in front of Squirrel. Balreth threw a stick at Tediz, and knocked it over. When the feather-stuffed bear fell over, Balreth exclaimed-

The crowd jumped in: Snippy Snap!

Dandd grinned: Squirrel, having seen this, grabbed Tediz and made a dash for the outpost. Crysania and Balreth, having cleared the way already, had little trouble making sure Squirrel made it back safe. So now when Balreth knocks people over with big red sticks, it guess it just fits.

The crowd is full of smiles and giggles, the glow of a smaller fire reflecting off of contented faces of officers and henchmen alike. The Ascalonian food was well received, the Kegs drained, and the stories told. The battles will resume tomorrow, but a moment to refresh now and then is good.

Crysania breaks the murmuring: Sanity Management, eh?

Balreth: Quin or Quit!

Henchman 1: We should hear THAT story too!

Lots of laughter erupts in the crowd.

Crysania walks over to Balreth: Happy Birthday, Dood.

Balreth: Thanks.

Dandd sighs: Fine. It all started...

Episode 51

11 Jun 2011

Notes: Crysania did in fact work in a different dungeon, as did Balreth.

References: The time when Balreth did get drunk and laugh his A$$ off to Carlos Mencia, Balreth and his Kill-Them-All-From-Behind Ogre Battle: March of the Dark Queen campaign, Conker's Bad Fur Day.

Henchman 1: Did you hear?

Jeni: Like, who hasn't?

Henchman 1: I know! ...and it happened so fast!

Balreth is listening, trying to get some context clues.

Jeni: Like, Totally! I would kill to be that tough.

Henchman 1: I know! I would kill just to be as tough as her [bare] feet!

Jeni: Like, who's her masseuse? I need some foot lovin' too.

Henchman 1: Maybe Magni?

Jeni: Like, eeww. There is a such thing as too manly, even for Norn.

Henchman 1: hmpf, learn something new every day.

Jeni: Like, HighFive!

Henchman 1: ...that's not funny...

Jeni: Oh yeah...

-

Balreth decides to find out what this big news is, and it didn't take him long to find Spike.

Balreth: Howdy.

Spike: THAT MOTHER@#$%ER. HOW COULD HE!?

Balreth: How could who do what?

Spike: I will silence his lie hole! It only spews LIES and EVEN MORE LIES!

Balreth: Spike?

Spike: Oh Yes! He will taste the fluoride sting of Spike Baltrihper!

Balreth sighs and leaves. On his way out he hears Spike yell 'Curse You, Simon!'

Balreth has a lead!

-

Balreth hops on White Base to make it to the Zeal Islands, but instead gets diverted to his own Fortress of the Arrow. His departure from white base sends the henchmen in their usual frenzy, opening portcullises, gates, force fields, dimensional rifts, iehovah bridges, star-trek style manual doors, the front door and reigning in various leashes as well as fetching his

favorite slippers and robe. Balreth stopped to marvel at the efficiency of his well-drilled unit.

Balreth neared his fortress, and the horns signaled his arrival. A henchman ran out with a Order of the Arrow Publication: The OSINT BUB. Balreth scanned headlines, and found nothing that would merit such buzz.

Balreth: Is our siege weaponry operational?

Henchman 2: Yes, Sir!

Balreth looks up: Can it hit the Zeal Islands?

Henchman 2 grins wildly: I've been waiting for this day...

Balreth backhands the henchman with the full weight of the Dragon Gauntlet.

Balreth yelled: Burning Finger!!!

The stunned henchman was helpless against balreth's fiery grasp, the gauntlet's mouth spraying his face with wave after wave of pure fire.

Balreth: Heat End!

A localized explosion knocked the henchman's corpse back several feet before it impacted the ground.

Grace, gently: Feel better?

Balreth grins: I always wanted to try that.

Balreth and Grace giggle together.

Balreth shouts up to the battlements: Secure the Siege Weapon, Target the Zeal Islands, DO NOT load ammunition.

A flurry of reds and pinks can be seen running about the fortress, executing orders.

Grace: What's going on?

Balreth: Not sure. Crysania's nowhere to be found. Nyx and Salah are making some holiday plans, Spike was one step away from a murderous fury and all the henchmen are all abuzz about something.

Grace: So why not take the ship thingy?

Balreth: White Base.

Grace, grinning: Yes, that one.

Balreth: I tried, it got diverted here.

There was a bit of a pause before Grace had a realization!

Grace: Tell me you're not being thrown up there via the siege weapon.

Balreth scoffed: Of course not. I'm having henchmen do it, with rope.

Grace sighs and shakes her head.

-

The siege weapon is prepared, and a henchman loaded.

Balreth: Fire!

The henchman is flung from the siege weapon and flies at a very high speed...right into the rock face beneath where he wanted to land.

Henchman 4: Lawno! ...wait...rock-o?

The second henchman was flung higher into the air, too high. His angle was too steep and he never made it to the islands, instead he fell between the Islands and the Fortress and into the mists unknown.

Grace: I wonder where you end up?

Balreth and a couple other henchman shuddered in the thought of that.

Henchman 4: Dood is still stuck in the rockface!

Grace: Are you sure you want to go this route?

Balreth grinned and helped with the trajectory adjustments.

The third henchman was flung at a good angle and after a terrifying flight over the mists, landed upon one of Crysania's Zeal Islands.

Balreth loaded himself up, having seen the results. He commanded to be fired, and was promptly launched towards Zeal islands. ¾ of the way there or so, Balreth collided with a travelling white base, and was hanging on for dear life! White Base made an abrupt turn and Balreth was sent flying once more! Fortunately for Balreth, he landed near the Menagerie much to the alarm of a startled Nyx and Salah.

Balreth groaned, stood up slowly, and dusted himself off.

Balreth explained that he was trying to find out the news, whatever news this may be, and trying to get up to Zeal Islands.

Nyx giggled: White base has an issue right now, all go-there buttons are off. If you hit the islands, you go to the fortress, if you hit the fortress, you go to the common area, etc.

Balreth: so...maybe the temple of indecision?

Salah shrugs: I don't know.

Balreth smiles: Of course not.

-

Balreth boards White Base and presses the button to go to the Temple. Instead, he is brought to the Islands!

Balreth steps out to see Rain and Razy standing guard.

/doh!

Stabbith: You can go ahead.

Balreth nods and thinks aloud 'That's odd. Crysania NEVER has a guard force anymore.'

Balreth hopped from one island to another, rapidly making his way to Crysania's Tower.

Balreth caught a scent and smiled: There's the Rich Mahogany!

Balreth made a slight detour and poked his head in Wiki and sees Dandd scribbling away.

Balreth: Hey Old Man! An orc walks into the bar with a parrot on his shoulder and the bartender says "Wow, that's really neat. Where'd you get it?"

Dandd grins: "In a cave." the parrot replies. That's almost as old as you, Old Man!

Balreth and Dandd shake hands, merrily.

Balreth: So what's all the buzz about?

Dandd: The-Sania is in her tower, go ask her yourself.

Balreth turns to leave.

Dandd: Oh! Be sure to tip.

Balreth is confused, but shrugs and continues on. Wiki and the Tower are adjacent, and Balreth looks at it in wonder.

When Balreth enters the tower, he is amazed. He looks around at the grating, smooth walls, and partial ceiling and mutters 'I should visit more often.'

Balreth hears Crysania's voice up higher and wonders aloud how to get up there. Very quickly, Balreth is thrown into the air again!

Balreth Screams: Not Again!!!

Balreth lands on Crysania's floor and takes a moment to collect himself.

Crysania: ...yeah probably.

Gwen: So you going to spread the whole 'victory brought to you by the letter m' thing?

Crysania: Doubtful. That's our thing, not everyone's.

Balreth remembered the tip advice and dropped a couple gold down the shaft.

Balreth: Alright!!! Sorry to barge in, but what the @#% is going on.

Simon: I'm Mad as hell and I've got a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore!

Everyone but Balreth nods in agreement.

Balreth: You guys have been hanging out too much.

Simon: One morning I shot an elephant in my pajamas, but you had me at hello.

Crysania grins, and points to a series of maps woven from scrap materials.

Balreth pours over the maps, intent on finding the answer:

Assassin's Promise Assault Enchantments Aura of Displacement Beguiling Haze Dark Apostasy Flashing Blades Fox's Promise Golden Skull Strike Hidden Caltrops Locust's Fury Mark of Insecurity Moebius Strike Palm Strike Seeping Wound Shadow Form Shadow Meld Shadow Prison Shadow Shroud Shattering Assault Shroud of Silence Siphon Strength Temple Strike Wastrel's Collapse Way of the Assassin Way of the Empty Palm Arcane Zeal Avatar of Balthazar Avatar of Dwayna Avatar of Grenth Avatar of Lyssa Avatar of Melandru Ebon Dust Aura Grenth's Grasp Onslaught Pious Renewal Reaper's Sweep Vow of Silence Vow of Strength Wounding Strike Zealous Vow Blinding Surge Double Dragon Elemental Attunement Energy Boon Ether Prism Ether Prodigy Ether Renewal Glimmering Mark Glyph of Energy Glyph of Renewal Gust Icy Shackles Invoke Lightning Lightning Surge Master of Magic Mind Blast Mind Burn Mind Freeze Mind Shock Mirror of Ice Mist Form Obsidian Flesh Ride the Lightning Sandstorm Savannah Heat Searing Flames Second Wind Shatterstone Shockwave Star Burst Stone Sheath Thunderclap Unsteady Ground Ward Against Harm Water Trident Air of Disenchantment Arcane Languor Crippling Anguish Echo Enchanter's Conundrum Energy Drain Energy Surge Expel Hexes Extend Conditions Fevered Dreams Hex Eater Vortex Illusionary Weaponry Ineptitude Keystone Signet Lyssa's Aura Mantra of Recall Mantra of Recovery Migraine Panic Power Block Power Flux Power Leech Psychic Distraction Psychic Instability Recurring Insecurity Shared Burden Shatter Storm Signet of Illusions Signet of Midnight Simple Thievery Stolen Speed Symbols of Inspiration Tease Visions of Regret Air of Enchantment Amity Aura of Faith Balthazar's Pendulum Blessed Light Boon Signet Defender's Zeal Divert Hexes Empathic Removal Glimmer of Light Healer's Boon Healer's Covenant Healing Burst Healing Hands Healing Light Life Barrier Life Sheath Light of Deliverance Mark of Protection Martyr Peace and Harmony Ray of Judgment Restore Condition Scribe's Insight Shield of Deflection Shield of Judgment Shield of Regeneration Signet of Judgment Signet of Removal Spell Breaker Unyielding Aura Withdraw Hexes Word of Censure Word of Healing Zealous Benediction Animate Flesh Golem Aura of the Lich Blood is Power Contagion Corrupt Enchantment Cultist's Fervor Depravity

Discord Feast of Corruption Grenth's Balance Icy Veins Jagged Bones Life Transfer Lingering Curse Offering of Blood Order of Apostasy Order of the Vampire Order of Undeath Pain of Disenchantment Plague Signet Ravenous Gaze Reaper's Mark Signet of Suffering Soul Bind Soul Leech Spiteful Spirit Spoil Victor Tainted Flesh Toxic Chill Vampiric Spirit Virulence Wail of Doom Weaken Knees Well of Power Wither Angelic Bond Anthem of Fury Anthem of Guidance Cautery Signet Crippling Anthem Cruel Spear Defensive Anthem Focused Anger Incoming! It's Just a Flesh Wound. Soldier's Fury Song of Purification Song of Restoration Stunning Strike The Power Is Yours! Archer's Signet Barrage Broad Head Arrow Burning Arrow Crippling Shot Enraged Lunge Equinox Escape Expert's Dexterity Famine Ferocious Strike Glass Arrows Greater Conflagration Heal as One Incendiary Arrows Infuriating Heat Lacerate Magebane Shot Marksman's Wager Melandru's Arrows Melandru's Resilience Melandru's Shot Oath Shot Poison Arrow Practiced Stance Prepared Shot Punishing Shot Quick Shot Quicksand Rampage as One Scavenger's Focus Smoke Trap Spike Trap Strike as One Trapper's Focus Clamor of Souls Grasping Was Kuurong Signet of Spirits Wanderlust Weapon of Quickening Defiant Was Xinrae Preservation Spirit Light Weapon Tranquil Was Tanasen Vengeful Was Khanhei Attuned Was Songkai Consume Soul Ritual Lord Soul Twisting Spirit Channeling Wielder's Zeal Caretaker's Charge Destructive Was Glaive Offering of Spirit Weapon of Fury Signet of Ghostly Might Weapon of Remedy Xinrae's Weapon Reclaim Essence Spirit's Strength Auspicious Parry Backbreaker Battle Rage Bull's Charge Charge! Charging Strike Cleave Coward! Crippling Slash Decapitate Defy Pain Devastating Hammer Dragon Slash Dwarven Battle Stance Earth Shaker Enraged Smash Eviscerate Flourish Forceful Blow Gladiator's Defense Headbutt Hundred Blades Magehunter Strike Magehunter's Smash Primal Rage Quivering Blade Rage of the Ntouka Shove Skull Crack The Great Northern Wall Fort Ranik Ruins of Surmia Nolani Academy Borlis Pass The Frost Gate Gates of Kryta D'Alessio Seaboard Divinity Coast The Wilds Bloodstone Fen Aurora Glade Riverside Province Sanctum Cay Dunes of Despair Thirsty River Elona Reach Augury Rock The Dragon's Lair Ice Caves of Sorrow Iron Mines of Moladune Thunderhead Keep Ring of Fire Abaddon's Mouth Hell's Precipice Minister Cho's Estate Zen Daijun Vizunah Square Nahpui Quarter Tahnnakai Temple Arborstone Boreas Seabed Sunjiang District Gyala Hatchery The Eternal Grove Unwaking Waters Raisu Palace Imperial Sanctum Chahbek Village Jokanur Diggings Blacktide Den Consulate Docks Venta Cemetery

Kodonur Crossroads Pogahn Passage Rilohn Refuge Moddok Crevice Tihark Orchard Dasha Vestibule Dzagonur Bastion Grand Court of Sebelkeh Jennur's Horde Nundu Bay Gate of Desolation Ruins of Morah Gate of Pain Gate of Madness Abaddon's Gate Ascalon Foothills Diessa Lowlands Dragon's Gullet Eastern Frontier Flame Temple Corridor Old Ascalon Pockmark Flats Regent Valley The Breach Anvil Rock Deldrimor Bowl Griffon's Mouth Iron Horse Mine Traveler's Vale Kryta Cursed Lands Kessex Peak Nebo Terrace North Province Scoundrel's Rise Stingray Strand Talmark Wilderness Tears of the Fallen The Black Curtain Twin Serpent Lakes Watchtower Coast Dry Top Ettin's Back Majesty's Rest Mamnoon Lagoon Reed Bog Sage Lands Silverwood Tangle Root The Falls Diviner's Ascent Prophet's Path Salt Flats Skyward Reach The Arid Sea The Scar Vulture Drifts Dreadnought's Drift Frozen Forest Grenth's Footprint Ice Floe Icedome Lornar's Pass Mineral Springs Snake Dance Spearhead Peak Talus Chute Tasca's Demise Witman's Folly Perdition Rock Haiju Lagoon Jaya Bluffs Kinya Province Minister Cho's Estate Panjiang Peninsula Saoshang Trail Sunqua Vale Zen Daijun Bukdek Byway Nahpui Quarter Pongmei Valley Raisu Palace Shadow's Passage Shenzun Tunnels Sunjiang District Tahnnakai Temple Wajjun Bazaar Xaquang Skyway Arborstone Drazach Thicket Ferndale Melandru's Hope Morostav Trail Mourning Veil Falls The Eternal Grove Archipelagos Boreas Seabed Gyala Hatchery Maishang Hills Mount Qinkai Rhea's Crater Silent Surf Unwaking Waters Cliffs of Dohjok Fahranur, The First City Issnur Isles Lahtenda Bog Mehtani Keys Plains of Jarin Zehlon Reach Arkjok Ward Bahdok Caverns Barbarous Shore Dejarin Estate Gandara, the Moon Fortress Jahai Bluffs Marga Coast Sunward Marches The Floodplain of Mahnkelon Turai's Procession Forum Highlands Garden of Seborhin Holdings of Chokhin Resplendent Makuun The Hidden City of Ahdashim The Mirror of Lyss Vehjin Mines Vehtendi Valley Wilderness of Bahdza Yatendi Canyons Crystal Overlook Joko's Domain Poisoned Outcrops The Alkali Pan The Ruptured Heart The Shattered Ravines The Sulfurous Wastes Bjora Marches Drakkar Lake Ice Cliff Chasms Jaga Moraine Norrhart Domains Varajar Fells Charr Homelands Dalada Uplands Grothmar Wardowns Sacnoth Valley Tarnished Coast Alcazia Tangle Arbor Bay Magus Stones Riven Earth Sparkfly Swamp Verdant Cascades Arachni's Haunt Bloodstone Caves Bogroot Growths Catacombs of Kathandrax Cathedral of Flames Darkrime Delves Fronis Irontoe's Lair Frostmaw's Burrows Heart of the Shiverpeaks Oola's Lab Ooze Pit Raven's Point Rragar's Menagerie Secret Lair of the Snowmen Sepulchre of Dragrimmar Shards of Orr Slavers' Exile Vloxen

Excavations The Beginning of the End The Missing Vanguard Against the Charr Warband of Brothers Assault on the Stronghold Northern Allies Curse of the Nornbear A Gate Too Far Blood Washes Blood The Knowledgeable Asura Oola's Laboratory Finding the Bloodstone G.O.L.E.M. Against the Destroyers Destruction's Depths A Time for Heroes.

Scribbled in the Sacnoth Valley is a name "Shons the Pretender."

Balreth: That's a lot of info. That's likely everything! You want me to sort through everything?

Crysania looks at her team: Tahlkora, Dunkoro, Ogden, Gwen, Norgu, Simon and Razah, then back at Balreth.

While everyone else grinned, Simon finally spoke: Yo Adrian! I see dead people.

Balreth muttered: Dead People...

Balreth turned back to the list again.

Balreth: Wait a minute... Dead People... This is skill hunter here. ...and these are guardian missions ...and these are vanquishing maps! ...and these are...!!!

Balreth whips back to Crysania: Master of the North!

Balreth's eyes widen: You finished it. Them. Everything!

Crysania: How about a cheer for our analyst here!

The M Team Cheers!

Crysania: And my very last kill that sealed it all was a charr.

Crysania sits back in her chair, smiling.

Balreth nods in approval: VERY nice.

Balreth pauses a bit: So what's next?

Crysania: Help out when requested, and celebrate a bit. Maybe eat a couple too many sweets, drink a couple too many pints, and play with a couple too many fireworks. You know, relax a bit. Then, when I get tired of that, go get my body and think about the future of the guild.

Balreth: Sounds like a plan. Congrats on Legendary Master of the North.

Crysania: Have I successfully fulfilled "quin" not quit, yet?

Balreth laughs: Nope. Close though.

The whole group laughs, but Crysania does wonder what lies in store for her now.

Episode 52
22 Jun 2011
Notes: There is not much love lost between Clan Anchorwind and the Charr, except maybe Pyre - maybe.
References: Guild History

Dandd grumbles angrily and puts his pen down.

'Dafuq is all that noise' Dandd wondered aloud.

Dandd left Wiki only to find empty bottles, open wrappers, and discarded shells all over the island.

There were too many for Dandd to clean up by himself, and so he stormed towards the Tower.

'I'm going to kill Spike and THEN make him clean up this mess' Dandd roared to himself as he approached the air vent. The noise from up above echoed loudly in the hollow gap between him and his target.

Dandd dropped a coin or two and flew up to Crysania's floor, ready for battle.

Dandd yelled: Spike!!! I'm going to kill you!

Spike retorted: SSSHHHH!!!

Dandd was stunned.

Simon: Hokey religions and ancient weapons are no match for a corpse in a car, minus a head, in a garage.

Dandd couldn't believe his eyes.

Spike: I agree, we need to do it faster.

Dandd found the source of the noise, a drum kit made of what looks like tanglewood and naga skin and kappa shells. Banging away was a very animated Crysania. Spike was lovingly holding an axe...with strings. Simon had a different axe with strings. Dandd went to touch Spike's axe when he got his hand slapped by Spike who then waved his finger at Dandd disapprovingly.

Dandd, quietly: you're sober?!

Spike, grinning: Have been for a while.

Dandd: Then... All the...?

Spike, grinning from ear to ear, points at Crysania.

Dandd: Crysania?

Simon yells: NAME VIOLATION! PUNISHMENT: MURDERDEATHQUIN.

Crysania rips off her dragon mask and plays double bass, in increasing speeds.

Dandd, yelling over the drums: Simon?!

Simon yells: NAME VIOLATION! PUNISHMENT: MURDERDEATHQUIN.

Crysania begins sending shockwaves through the air around her. Her yelling of 'Faster!' gets more intense, as does the speed of the double bass.

Dandd takes a couple steps back, in caution from the aura in the room.

Crysania, furiously: I NEED MORE COWBELL!

Crysania erupts into SuperSania form and plays the double bass so fast, each hit is indistinguishable from the preceding one forming a constant stream of sound. Simon and Spike leap to their feet and play their guitars and all three head bang in unison to SuperSania's yelling. The golden aura flowing from SuperSania ignites the wooden bass pedal, causing the hammer to fly through the skin of the drum and out the otherside. Dandd yelps helplessly as the tankard attached to his belt explodes into many pieces as the drum pedal hammer flies through it. The Band cheers, before Crysania loses her super-state and collapses.

The moment passes, and all three are lying on the floor panting noisily with masks back on.

Dandd stares in horror. He has seen SuperSania a couple times but never this wasted.

Dandd, having been yelled at twice already: Who are you?

Spike: We're Murderdeathquin!

Crysania groans triumphantly.

Spike: That's Dragosania, I'm Spikon, and that's...well... Simon says Dragon.

Simon: Demented and sad, but kind of a big deal.

Dandd: ...and what happened to Dragosania?

Spike: I don't know, she mentioned something about being a God and then kinda, I don't know, made me proud.

Dandd: Have you seen the amount of trash lying around?

Spike beams with pride.

Simon yells: Quin-ies never say die!

Crysania dimbs back on the drum kit.

Dandd: I think I need to get you to lie down now.

Simon roars: Hey! Nobody @#$% with the Sania!

Crysania smiles, under her mask: Genn'llmenn. YoooUUU caaaann't fffiiiggghhhht 'eeerrreee. Diiisssss sssss zzzhheee Wwaarrrrr rrrooooommmmm.

Crysania's head falls back, followed by the rest of her.

Spike mutters: metal...

Dandd: Simon, come help me get her.

Simon looks indignant: I'm gonna punch you in the ovary stewardess, I speak jive.

Dandd looks at Simon blankly for a moment.

Everyone looks up to see Crysania take her mask off, walk to the edge of her tower and vomit off the side.

Crysania yells, cheerfully: Squirrel!

Spike bursts out laughing, Simon follows suit and Dandd just shakes his head and groans.

Crysania: Leehtss doo that denssse metahll dirr...dirrrr...duuhhh...

Dandd: Dirigible?

Crysania: YESSZS! Zzhattt oone!

Dandd sighs: Sometimes, you're hopeless.

Simon pouts: Hope is a good thing, maybe the best of things, and why didn't somebody tell me my ass was so big?

Crysania and Spike fell over laughing as Simon continues to pout at Dandd.

Dandd: You know what? Screw you guys I'm going home.

The band waves, merrily.

Dandd: I'll go visit Balreth and Grace. At least THEY have no part in this.

Spike runs over to Dandd, flailing about wildly.

Dandd, irritated: ...what.

Spike whispers: They supplied us.

Dandd groans painfully: Fine, I'll go visit the menagerie.

Spike grins from ear to ear.

Dandd sighs: What now?

Spike, smiling: She'll supply us soon.

Dandd: Screw you. Home.

Simon: Go do that voodoo that you do so well, you scruffy looking nerf-herder!

Dandd: Hey! Who's scruffy looking?

The band giggles as Dandd leaves.

Episode 53
6 Jul 2011

Notes:

References: Star Wars, Shaun of the Dead, Demolition Man, Saturday Night Live, The Breakfast Club, Anchorman, The Goonies, The Big Lebowski, Dr. Strangelove, Metalocalypse, Airplane, The Shawshank Redemption, Spaceballs, South Park, Blazing Saddles, Guild History.

Diablo Gundam Part I

It was a quiet time in Quinland. Nyx and Lalandra are off enjoying some down time together, and Grace is attending to business away from the Fortress.

Crysania and Balreth are taking advantage of the times by engaging in professional development activities with their junior officers, particularly Achi and Stabbith.

Crysania: You know, we could have finished skill hunter this last week or two.

Dandd, taking some time off as well, scoffs: He could have finished that ages ago.

Balreth grins from Crysania's mahogany couch: I still have time.

All present shake their head, but stay smiling.

Balreth retorts: What about you, oh little one. You've been not-bloody lately.

Dandd ponders a moment: ...yeah! What is the next plan?

Simon, sitting on the other end of Crysania's couch, pipes in: Nobody tosses a dwarf, but even the smallest person can change the course of the future.

Balreth stares at Simon in amazement.

Dandd wonders aloud: change the course of the future...

Crysania looks at Balreth: I still have time.

The four of them share a good laugh.

It wasn't long before an unfamiliar noise echoed up Crysania's tower. Everyone turned to look to see a panicked Volusja land heavily upon the floor.

Simon: You should have stayed home!

Dandd groans.

Crysania: Well here's a new type of guest.

Balreth: I guess she's come to gryps with how to get up here.

Dandd groans again.

Volusja: I have a request.

Crysania: What's up?

Volusja: I want to learn more about the Beta Order.

Volusja had the undivided attention of all in the room.

Dandd rose from his chair, and mumbled something about 'be right back' and disappeared through Crysania's tower.

Balreth and Crysania looked at each other, grinned, and wasted no time rearranging the furniture in the room. Couches, chairs, and little tables all orbit a larger table in a circular fashion. Volusja steps back in mild horror.

Volusja: That was almost ritualistic right there...

Crysania: I am going to grab some snacks!

Balreth: Sounds like a plan!

Crysania leapt off the side of the tower, unfolded her Aion wings and safely glided to another island nearby.

Shortly after, Dandd returned with a practiced landing.

Dandd: Where's the little one?

Balreth: Snacks!

Dandd nods enthusiastically: She'll catch up.

Balreth rubs his hands together in glee.

Volusja is nervous, but sits next to Simon around the large table.

Dandd begins explaining basic rules to Volusja, when Simon decides to find Spike and have some fun.

Crysania returns with a cheer and armfuls of food.

Dandd stops with his explanation, and looks at Crysania in anticipation: So what you got?

Crysania: Savannah Heat Crisps and Boar Jerky from the Henge of Denravi.

Balreth cheers loudly and returns to his character sheet.

-

Dandd: Ok! What did you all choose?

Crysania: Me First! I chose a Barbarian!

Balreth hmmms.

Dandd: What's his/her name?

Crysania opens a bag of crisps and grins: Simon Says Roar!

Volusja stares, jaw agape, at Crysania while Dandd and Balreth start laughing.

Crysania: Next!

Balreth reaches for the boar jerky: A Paladin.

Crysania leans to Dandd: Of Course.

Balreth: What do you mean of course?

Crysania grins: eth, ard, or us?

Dandd laughs, as Balreth smacks himself in the forehead.

Balreth mutters something about 'good jerky' before admitting: Octavius.

Volusja nods approvingly before nervously reaching for the jerky for herself.

Dandd gestures to the warrior: Your turn.

Volusja: Dandd recommended a Sorceress.

Crysania: Back Row, Ho!

Volusja: ...but I named her Volusja.

Balreth: Well, when you re-roll, you can try again.

Volusja: Re-roll?

Dandd, glaring at Balreth: Nothing. Let's have some fun.

Dandd, the DungeonMaster: Welcome to the Dendrobium Federation, a once peaceful land that has become infested with dark beings, corrupted from the Zeon Rebellion. The Tome of the Stardust Memory has been stolen along with both Unicorn Sigils from the Crossbone Sanctuary. The Lord Dendrobium has commissioned you three to obtain information into the location of the items, and the items themselves if possible. The Dendrobium Federation believes them to be the key to put down the Zeon Rebellion and its cursed creatures once and for all.

Volusja: What kind of creatures are we going to be up against?

DM: For now, mainly zombies and wild beast.

Volusja: Zombies?

Crysania: Yeah, you know, groaning mobile suits of rotting flesh and bad breath.

Balreth grunts and chuckles.

Dandd whispers: bring fire.

Volusja: Fire. Got it.

DM: The point you are at your map now, we will call RX-78.

Balreth scribbles notes.

DM: Known landmarks are: The Nu Gate at RX-93 leading away from the kingdom, The Merchant's Guild at GP-02, The Blacksmith's Guild at GP-03, the Magic Guild at GP-01. Lastly, the Red Comet Inn here at MS-06.

Balreth is scribbling furiously.

Volusja sits back: You guys really get into this.

Crysania smiles widely.

Volusja smiles back: I'm kind of excited, let's go!

Balreth: RX-78 to MS-06 is a bit of a hike.

Crysania: I bet the Zaku Corridor is densely populated too.

Volusja: I'm going to bring a pack-mule henchman, then.

Balreth: Me Too! I'll name him Seravee.

DM: Who said anything about henchmen? Carry your own loot.

Volusja looks down, deflated.

Crysania: You wanted Beta Order treatment.

Balreth snorts.

DM: Are we ever going to leave?

Crysania: Simon leaves the camp.

Balreth: FTM...er...B?

Volsuja: What he said, minus the M.

DM: So you leave Point RX-78 and head across the Moon Plains towards Side 3 and the Red Comet Inn. Roll listen check.

Crysania: 2

Balreth: 4! Ha.

Volusja: 6. Is that good?

Dandd sighs: Yes, child, six is very good.

Volusja: Well then, 6!!! HA!!!

Dandd nods in approval: That's better.

Volusja grabs a celebratory boar jerky piece.

DM: Volusja hears voices down the hill along the road.

Volusja: Bash them with my hammer!!!

Balreth leans over: you're a sorceress.

Volusja blushes: Oh yeah. What spells can I cast?

Dandd: Any level 1 on this list.

Volusja, defiantly: I cast Magic Missile!

Crysania spits out her crisps laughing, and Balreth falls backward into the couch in hysterics.

Dandd groans: That's not even on the—you know what, nevermind. You cast Magic Missile into the darkness. You miss everyone and now they are alerted to your presence. Roll for initiative.

Volusja, pouting: 1.

Balreth, grunting: You deserve it. ... 3.

Crysania: 5.

DM: 4, 2, and 2. Ok, Newtype. What are you doing?

Crysania roars: SIMON SAYS DIE!

Just then Simon lands with more snacks: Hey. That's my line.

Balreth: I understood that one.

Simon: I'm kinda mellow right now. Spike and I found new uses for Taro leaves.

Dandd nods: Have a seat.

DM: Roll for Melee Attack.

Crysania: 6! Ha!

Simon: Damn Straight.

Volusja: Nice.

DM: Ok. Roll for Critical.

Crysania: 6! Ha and Ha again!

Balreth: Woof.

DM: Well... Simon hits the bandit in the throat with his club, knocking off of his feet and frightening the other two.

Simon roars: Yeah!!!

Balreth: I guess Simon does say roar.

Crysania nods: Told you!

The battle ended quickly, with loot grabbed and the road resumed. The party of three carried down the road, and back to town. Down the road, and back to town. Down the road, and back to town.

Volusja: For @#$% sake. Must we kill EVERYTHING?

Crysania and Balreth didn't even look up: YES!

Dandd grins: I'll toss you more White Base Portal Scrolls.

So the Three made it out of Federation controlled land, through the Moon Valley and into Zeon controlled land. At the fringes of Zeon land two large, and well armed, guardsman halted the group.

Zaku I: Halt! Who goes there?

Crysania: Who goes where?

Balreth: Oh no...

Zaku II: 'ey! No messin' round with us. Who sent you ?

Volusja: Lord De-

Crysania begins shouting: 'ey! What about messin' straight with you? It's not 'round' you.

Zaku II lowers his guard a moment: Wait...what?

Crysania 'stumbles' towards the guards, and gets pushed back by Zaku I. Balreth, trying not to smile, pushes Crysania back towards Zaku I.

Crysania: I want to choke him.

DM: Roll grapple.

Balreth: and I want to stab him.

DM: Roll melee.

Crysania: 4.

Balreth: 5!

DM: Well the grapple failed, but you distracted him enough that Balreth's stab was fatal. Balreth flexes from the couch.

Volusja: I want to cast fire bolt.

DM: At who?

Volusja: at the guy Balreth stabbed.

Crysania paled: No!

Dandd grins: Roll.

Volusja: 1.

Balreth: Not good.

DM: Your spell misses, but hits the other guy, battle over.

Dandd leans to Volusja: That one was a freebie, but try not to burn your friends.

Volusja looks down: Oh...

DM: The commotion of the battle alerts guardsmen in Side 3, who promptly show up with a larger man with a distinctive helm.

Guard Captain: I am Knight Commander Tallgeese. Who are you?

Crysania: Simon Says Run!

The three turn and run away from Side 3, Tallgeese and Krewe in pursuit.

Volusja yells: Doesn't anything go right in beta order stuff?

Balreth retorts: Rarely!

Crysania yells: It's more fun that way.

DM: Since you never specified a direction, you see in front of you several fires of tribesmen, and they hear you all coming.

Volusja: I want to cast inferno.

DM: While running?

Volusja: YES!

DM: Ok, You are now a moving flamethrower at full sprint, be sure to track mana usage.

Crysania: I'm following her!

Balreth: I hear that.

DM: Blocking your Path is Blood Raven of the tribesman.

Volusja: I'm going to burn and trample her!

DM: Roll.

Volusja: 5.

Crysania: 4. I'm assisting!

DM: wow... Ok, you scorch her front side, then all three of you trample her burning body leaving her incapacitated at best. The rest of the tribesmen quickly engage The Zeon guardsmen as you narrowly escape...killing a boss in the process.

Dandd: I need to make the bosses tougher...

Balreth: Quin or Quit!

Crysania echoes, but with a mouthful, causing much laughter.

DM: Ok. So none of you have any stamina, Volusja is low on mana, Knight Commander Tallgeese is looking for you, Blood Raven is dead and you still haven't made it to the Red Comet Inn. What now?

Crysania: I say we put this down for now, and come back to this again.

Balreth and Dandd nod in agreement.

Volusja grins: I can get into this.

The group share in some laughter, and help clean up...for now.

Bonus Story!

16 Jul 2011

Notes: Full references to be added soon. I thought there would be a grander, multi-part Diablo referenced story, but it didnt quite work out that way.
References: Diablo II, Multiple Gundam series, Guild History.

Simon: No, Just because some moistened bint dropped a scythe at you, you can't claim to wield supreme executive power.

Woman: Oh. I think you're just jealous because I claimed it first.

Simon: I don't think the princes would be happy with you claiming Vabbi.

Woman: Let them try to stop me.

Crysania gracefully flew up from below, executed a beautiful corkscrew flip and landed effortlessly.

The woman threw herself to Crysania's nice, clean, stone floor and yelled: Oh! There's some lovely filth.

Simon stares mesmerized at Crysania.

Crysania: Yeah, yeah, corkscrew flip and chaos gloves. I know. Who's that?

Jeni flies up loudly, and after flailing around helplessly crashes to a painful landing. In the process, Jeni nearly falls out of her top, and makes Simon's eyes nearly pop out of his head. The woman on the floor punches Simon in the back of the knee cap and growls loudly in his direction. Simon yells out in surprise before falling backwards onto the floor.

Jeni: Like, why can't you have a ground level office like everyone else?

Crysania: gives me time to prepare my forcechoke, and hide the snacks.

Jeni: Like, I can understand the snacks part. This is like, the cool-kids spot now.

Crysania: So what can I do for you?

Jeni: Like, stop staring at my crotch, for one.

Crysania looks up: It's either that or those chest hammers. I'm short.

Simon mutters: ...yeah

Woman: What?! That's it!

Simon yelps and dives down the exit, with the woman quickly behind.

Jeni: Like, weird. Anyway. His Eldness requests your presence.

Crysania nods: So what have you been up to?

Jeni: Like, I have been getting into modeling.

Crysania nods: I can understand why.

Jeni, who is mostly naked anyway: Like, ew! No way would I like, want other people staring at me.

Crysania suppresses a chuckle.

Jeni: I'm working on a Master Grade Margonite Sorcerer. The glowing parts are, like, SO COOL.

Crysania pretends to understand what she just said.

Crysania descends to the Wiki, to see what Dandd wants.

Crysania: You rang, your Eldness?

Dandd groans: Jeni tell you that?

Crysania grins.

Dandd: While You, Volusja, and Balreth were out: Rain and Spike wanted to let you know they will be unavailable for a bit.

Crysania: Oh?

Dandd: Yeah, they...um...Have different primary quests right now.

Crysania: Just spit it out.

Dandd: Well, Rain is hanging out at the Temple of Indecision.

Crysania: Rain...and Lalandra?

Dandd: Are you Surprised?

Crysania: Not Really. That whole thing started back in Quinhalla.

Dandd: ...and Jora finally said yes.

Crysania leaps in excitement: Spike and Brickhouse?!

Dandd: At least for now. Who knows why Jora caved.

Crysania: Who cares?! Oh My Grenth, that is so - I'm so happy for Spike.

Jeni scoffs: I don't see what's so great about Jora. What does she have that I don't?

Crysania: Spike, Bit(h.

Dandd laughs.

Dandd: Simon's a bit distracted too.

Crysania: I noticed. Who is she?

Dandd: You ready for this?

Crysania: ...sure.

Dandd: Her name is Aurora.

Crysania almost falls over laughing.

Jeni: I don't get it.

Crysania: Hello? Simon Says Aurora? Too funny!

Dandd giggles too.

Crysania: So let's see: Nyx Luvsbein Dead.

Dandd: Does she?

Crysania: Lawno?

Dandd nods approvingly.

Crysania: The Silverlock Clan and Clan Neveah have ties.

Dandd nods.

Crysania: Anchorwind and Corvousia.

Dandd nods again.

Crysania: Spike and the Norn.

Jeni, quietly: He is funny...

Crysania: and now Simon and Aurora. Where's she from?

Dandd: We don't really know. She says she was found as a baby in Aurora Glade, but Simon met her at the camp near Queen Droch.

Crysania: Did they succeed this time?

Dandd: Only in soiling their clothes.

Crysania: I feel kind of left out.

Dandd smiles: I think you'll be ok.

Crysania: Well, thanks for the update, I think it's time to check the Zaishen boards.

Dandd waves.

Crysania makes her way towards white base, when she finds Simon and Aurora cheering on their respective pets.

Crysania: Having fun?

Simon's pet White Moa has a Red Moahawk, and is at a stalemate with a shorthaired Stalker.

Simon: Go Dukakis! Show that cat who is boss!

Aurora retorts: Go Snatch! Don't bow down to that oversized rooster.

Crysania: You two really are a match made in the jungle.

Aurora: Except I'm not norn sized.

Simon: I never said anything!

Aurora yells: You looked!

Crysania: Even I looked. It's hard not to, size of my head I think.

Aurora calms down: Oh...

Crysania: It's ok. Just add a teaspoon of roar, and it'll be ok.

Simon stares at Crysania: of roar? That was awesome.

Aurora: OH!!! Now SHE'S awesome, huh?

Simon: uh oh...

Crysania: Now You've done it, Simon. Firestorm and Meteor Showers coming down from the sky, rivers and seas deep freezing, 40 years of Paragon jokes. Earthquakes, Infernos. The minions rising from the ground, Henchmen sacrifice! Moas and Cats, living together, MASS QUINSTERIA!!!!

Aurora tries hard not to smile: This roar gives me enthusiasms?

Simon cheers: Aren't we supposed to do the botched quotes?

Crysania: She does it too?

Aurora blushes.

Crysania: Oh no... What's what? I agree. LONG SOLO periods of ecto farming DO sound like a good idea.

Aurora: Ah! The food in there should not be taken internally!

Simon: Please excuse her, she's herself today.

Aurora: OH! ...Go salute yourself.

Simon: I'm only paranoid because everyone is against me.

Crysania smiles from ear to ear and waves merrily.

Simon: Where are you going?

Crysania: To get a drink. I'd like a dry martini, Mr. Roar, a very dry martini. A very dry, arid, barren, desiccated, veritable dustbowl of a martini. I want a martini that could be declared a disaster area. I search for just such a martini.

Simon sniffles: Spike would be proud.

Crysania: Forward...Drink!

Crysania actually leaves this time, leaving Mr. Roar and Mrs. Aurora to squabble amongst themselves again.

Episode 54
22 Jul 2011
Notes:

References: Monty Python, The Corvousia Captioned Library, GUNPLA Models, Ghostbusters, The Untouchables, MASH, Guild History.

Henchman 1: Is it just me, dood, or has the menagerie gotten bigger?

Henchman 2: How could you tell?

Henchman 1: Well, I mean, we fly by it all the time in White base, and it seems to get bigger.

Henchman 2: Well why don't we go check it out?

Henchman 1 shudders: I don't know dood...this place is kinda scary.

Henchman 2: Scary?!

Henchman 1: Totally, dood.

Henchman 2 looks unamused.

Henchman 1: Seriously! Ok, look: Crysania has a bunch of MOVING islands that float for no apparent reason, and the view looking down is totally scary.

Henchman 2 softly nods.

Henchman 1: Then we have this massive fortress in the middle of a forest clearing. I feel like I'm going to get shot or stabbed if I come anywhere near it.

Henchman 2 confidently nods.

Henchman 1: Then we have this temple that looks like a bunch of ruins, that is harder than hell to figure out whether to turn left or right, every five feet or so.

Henchman 2 energetically nods.

Henchman 1: THEN we have this dome that is filled with all manner of creepy or loud critter AND a renegade golem, and more and more critters keep being brought in.

Henchman 2 meekly nods and looks around nervously.

Henchman 3 scoffs: So we have places that aren't as vulnerable as our last home, cope.

Henchman 1: but-

Henchman 3: or not, you know, whatever.

Henchman 3 walks away with a disgusted look on his face.

Henchman 1: Fine, let's go check it out.

Henchman 2, nervously: Yeah...

The White Base dropped off the two henchmen and quickly departed again. The two henchmen stand in awe of the massive dome in front of them.

Henchman 1: Let's get this over with.

Henchman 2: Yeah...

The two henchmen walk into the entry room, which is dead silent. They hurry to the Glyph that deactivates Skynet, and then into the menagerie proper, when Vekk opens it from the other side with some vocal irritation. The two henchmen yelp in fright but Vekk doesn't seem to notice and keeps right on walking.

Vekk: Damn Bookah, expects me to find my way around when the GRASS is taller than I am...

The two regain themselves and enter the Menagerie. The Heat and Noise differential caught them both off guard, but not as much as a simian shriek to the face shortly after they walked in.

Henchman 1: You know, I've seen enough.

Henchman 2: Wait...

"Ouch"

Henchman 2: Did you hear that?

Henchman 1: Sounded like 'ouch.'

"Ouch"

Henchman 1: There it is again!

Henchman 2: Maybe someone's in trouble!

The two henchmen try to find the source of the sound, but quickly find themselves lost. They climb over fallen trees, cross streams, and dodge all manner of critter, and find themselves getting closer to the sound.

There was a thud, followed by "Ouch."

Henchman 2: We're close, I can tell.

Henchman 1: Look at all these arrows.

There was a brief whizzing sound before Henchman 2 had his abdomen pierced by an arrow.

Henchman 1: @#$%! Take cover.

Henchman 2 was too busy rolling around in the grass screaming to do anything else.

The screaming set off the ears of Georgia, who came running to investigate.

Henchman 1, leaning against a tree: Are you alright?

Henchman 2 is bleeding profusely: AAAAAAHHHHH!!! I only wanted to see Paris.

Henchman 1: What or Who is that?

Henchman 2 is getting pale: I don't know...

Georgia bounds over the grass!

Henchman 1: Georgia! Help is near!

Georgia licks Henchman 2's forehead.

Henchman 2, flatly: you're an @$$hole.

Henchman 1: What, why?

Henchman 2 attempts yelling: You're A MONK!

Henchman 1: but what if I get hit with an arrow too?

Georgia barks in agreement.

Henchman 2's final words: I hate you so much right now.

Nyx appears from over the grass: Oh, dear.

Henchman 1: Hi! Was that you?

Nyx strikes a proud stance: Yep. I be practicing!

Henchman 1: I heard you have some impressive archery skills.

Nyx blushes: Oh, I don't know.

Georgia barks at Henchman 2.

Henchman 1 is startled: Oh Yeah! Resurrection.

Henchman 2 is brought back, and promptly starts screaming again!

Henchman 2: AAAAAAHHHHHH!!! This hurts.

Henchman 1: What? Why? I brought you back.

Georgia grabs the feathered end of the Arrow, still in Henchman 2, and shows she wants to play tug of war.

Henchman 2: AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!! Make it stop!

Georgia eventually rips the arrow out of the henchman only to drop it at Nyx's feet, accompanied by a triumphant tail wag.

Henchman 1, talking cutesy: Awww, who's a good dog?

Georgia barks happily!

Nyx bends down to pet Georgia too.

Henchman 2, curled in the fetal position due to agonizing pain: You guys are heartless...

Nyx hands a raptor bone to Henchman 1: Throw it.

Henchman 1 throws it as hard as he can. Georgia takes off, but he hears a clank soon after he released the bone.

Nyx grins: My target.

Henchman 1 follows Georgia's tail into a clearing, where Janie is holding a hastily made bullseye target.

Henchman 1: Was Janie the one saying ouch?

Nyx nods: Watch.

Nyx draws and fires an arrow, which hits the target. Janie says "ouch" softly.

Henchman 1 nods.

Nyx draws and fires another arrow, which hits the center of the target. Janie says "ouch" loudly!

Henchman 1 is impressed: Wow! With those skills you could capture a Dragon.

Nyx shifts her attention to Henchman 1: Dragon?

Henchman 1: Yeah. For your menagerie.

Nyx: That sounds icky. I don't like icky.

Henchman 1 smiles: Well, I heard the cave is in the Jade sea, but the entrance is in the Forest.

Nyx: I don't know...

Georgia barks with excitement.

Nyx: I might take a peek, as long as it isn't too hard.

Henchman 1: I'm sure you'll be fine.

Henchman 1 and Nyx leave the menagerie together, and part ways soon after.

Nyx makes her way to the Jade Flats. She saw a couple other people sitting in a circle. She was going to ask if anyone has heard of a dragon cave nearby.

Kurzick 1: No, you @#$%ing @#$!*(mother@#$%ing @#%sucker, this is how we're going to @#$%ing do it.

Nyx: Oh, My!

Nyx turned around and quietly left the jade flats. Her map said that there was another border outpost to the south, Unwaking Waters. She informed Georgia they were going to walk along the coast to the other outpost and maybe find something along the way. They had been walking awhile near Melandru's Hope when they found a cave!

Nyx was cautiously optimistic.

As they approached the cave entrance, Georgia began growling at the darkness.

A couple bandits in the cave heard the growling and readied their weapons.

Nyx: Now this could get ugly.

Bandit 1 came out of the cave, rushing at Nyx.

In her momentary fright, Nyx impaled the first bandit on the end of her spear.

Nyx: I hate when they do that!

Georgia barks at the cave entrance.

Bandit 2 came out of the cave, patiently approaching Nyx.

Nyx shouts: Georgia, Find their weakness!

Georgia lunged at Bandit 2, who was not quick enough to evade. Nyx's spear finished him with ease.

In the bandit cave, which was essentially a small indent in the rock face, they found a crude map to a 'dragon lair.'

Nyx: Look! That's just south of here.

Georgia had an itch, the world stops.

Nyx: Come!

Georgia barks and trots along side of Nyx.

Nyx and Georgia follow the map for a while, until they find more bandits, who were fighting with other adventurers!

Georgia springs into action, sprinting towards the Bandits.

Nyx sighs: now this could get ugly.

Nyx, with the other adventurers, handle all the bandits but one. The bandit leader was a large, and angry, man who set his sights on Nyx for interfering.

Bandit Leader: I'm going to get you!

He charges Nyx, who shouts: Sometimes, you just have to Stand Your Ground!

The Bandit Leader collides with Nyx, who is able to upset his balance and he tumbles down a hill into petrified brambles.

Nyx looks at Georgia: Picker Bushes! Now THAT's not right.

The Bandit Leader yells in anger: That's it!

Nyx, sees blood on the brambles and grins at the Bandit Leader.

As the Bandit Leader begins climbing the hill, Nyx casts: Necrosis!

Bandit Leader: I'm-

Nyx: Necrosis!!

Bandit Leader: Going-

Nyx: Necrosis!!!

Bandit Leader, barely alive: to...get...

Nyx: Necrosis?

The Bandit Leader falls backwards and rolls to the base of the hill, dead.

Nyx turns to see Georgia, happily drawing attention from the last wounded adventurer.

Nyx catches up, and sees a fairly large battle took place here.

Adventurer 1: Thank you. We would have a complete party wipe if you didn't come to help.

Nyx: What happened?

Adventurer 1: Word got out that there is a dragon cave here.

Nyx: Really?

Adventurer 1: Yeah, just down the hill here. None of us have explored it yet, because we were fighting to get rights to kill it.

Nyx: Kill it?

Adventurer 1: Yeah, you know... Dragon?

Nyx nods slowly.

Adventurer 1: We're adventurers! And that's a Dragon! Slay the Dragon! ...kinda what we do...

Nyx smiles and nods slowly: Rrriigghhtt...

Adventurer 1: Well, I could revive all my friends here - but I'd rather stick with you and see what is in that cave.

Nyx: Not reviving your friends?

Adventurer 1: Later.

Nyx: Now THAT's not very nice.

Georgia barks assertively.

They were walking down the hill, when the Adventurer broke the silence.

Adventurer 1: Ever been to Saltspray Beach?

Nyx stopped dead in her tracks: Saltspray. Dragon. No...

Adventurer 1: What? The Luxons and Kurzicks don't come here much.

Nyx: I don't like those guys, they hurt.

Adventurer 1: It's ok, I'm a monk.

Nyx sighed helplessly.

The adventurer followed Nyx into the cave, but Georgia refused to enter.

Adventurer 1: That's not a good sign... Why don't you go first?

Nyx: No Really, THIS could get ugly.

Nyx rolled her eyes, but proceeded anyway. She came around a bend in the tunnel and was promptly incinerated.

The Adventurer shrieked, wet himself, and then revived Nyx.

Nyx held her hands out: Wait!

Nyx was burned again.

Again, the Adventurer revived Nyx.

Again, Nyx held out her hands: Look, we're not here to hurt you.

Nyx was again torched.

Again, Nyx was revived.

Nyx, covered in her own ash, tried to soothe: It's ok, we can help...

Very long brief moments passed by and nothing happened. Nyx advanced slowly deeper into the cave. Soon after, Georgia went in too. The adventurer then followed. He was astonished by what he saw!

Adventurer 1: A Dragon...bandage?

Nyx nodded, her mouth and hands full trying to bandage a Saltspray Dragon Hatchling, wounded recently.

The Adventurer sat, stunned: You rise from your own ashes, like a Phoenix, to soothe a Dragon. Unbelievable.

The Dragon Hatchling made happy sounds and flew a few circles around Nyx.

Nyx, cautiously reached out to pet the Dragon, who made more happy noises in return.

As Nyx walked out of the cave with Georgia at one side, and a Saltspray Dragon Hatchling at the other, the proclaimed: A Phoenyx? I like that.

Nyx brought the Dragon back to Quinland.

Henchman 1 was visibly startled by the Dragon: You got the Dragon for your Menagerie.

The Henchman startled himself: Menagerie! @#$%!!! I have a resurrection to perform!

The Henchman disappeared to White Base, from which Crysania appeared.

Crysania looked at Nyx, then the dragon, then back at Nyx and shrugged: Another day in Quinland.

Nyx grinned and left to show the Dragon, its new home.

Episode 55
7 Aug 2011
Notes: Nyx does love her critters.
References: Guild History.

Crysania sent out an Assemble! call. She's also been grinning for a while now, so the buzz around Quinland is high! Once again, Crysania climbs up the ramp near the Dye Trader to huge cheers. The Banners of the Orders are unfurled all at the same time and the Common Area is deafeningly loud with cheers and whistles of all in attendance.

Crysania: As most of us know by now, not all henchmen and heroes are treated equally. While Tahlkora may go on most combat sorties, poor little Henchman 1 doesn't.

Henchman 1 yells: Yeah! What the @#$%!

Lots of laughter gets directed at the pouting Henchman 1.

Crysania continues: The Henchmen have not been sitting idly by doing nothing!

Dandd yells: Really?

Half the room laughs again while the other half begins grumbling loudly.

Crysania regains the crowd's attention: We, starting tomorrow, will have a Music Festival on the Zeal Islands!

The banners hanging from the ceiling vibrate with the volume of roars and cheers.

Crysania: It will be Four Stages, SIMULTANEOUSLY!

The energy in the Guild Hall is almost tangible.

Crysania: This Henchman and Hero produced show will divide genres onto four stages; there will be something for everyone. Even you, Nyx!

All eyes turn to the Berner clan gathering, where Nyx has "What? Why Me?!" written all over her face.

Balreth was the first to break the silence with laughter, quickly followed by the rest of the guild hall.

Georgia barked disapprovingly.

Nyx: Yeah, Really.

Crysania: After the 22 Song show is over at each stage, there will be a Finale.

More cheering.

Crysania: The Neveah Clan has authorized the Order of the Stuff to set up shops for refreshments and Hoolefest Costume Pieces.

A foundation rocking roar echoed within the cavernous guild hall.

Dandd leans in towards Crysania: I bet everyone in the mists heard that one.

Crysania beams brightly!

Crysania: My Costume piece is free!

Grace nods enthusiastically, but a Stuff Henchmen sighs and rolls her eyes.

Crysania's Icy hands began to melt, and the noise of the crowd rose with the amount of glowing blue.

That Henchman, clutching its neck in panic, was lifted above the crowd and brought to the center for all to see.

Dandd, playfully, yells: Who's the finale act?

Crysania: Well, we have Dense Metal Dirigible.

The crowd cheers a bit.

Crysania begins placing more pressure on the flailing, floating, henchman.

The anticipation for what everyone already knows is growing.

Simon and Spike join Crysania up on the ramp.

The crowd's stored energy can't build much more.

SuperSania Growls: MURDERDEATHQUIN!

The henchman ceases to struggle and its corpse is the first crowd surfer of Hoolefest 006.

The Crowd Chants: MURDER-DEATH-QUIN! MURDER-DEATH-QUIN!

After a bit of chanting, Crysania calms the crowd down: Each Stage' Playlist is posted out of Wiki, and is on the costume piece.

The Crowd Cheers, before gets very quiet as hairs on necks stand on attentions. All eyes shift back to Crysania very carefully.

Crysania need not yell: If I find out -any—of you did -anything—to wiki, or Clan Neveah's stands - you will be Menagerie Food, Sniper Target Practice, or my Personal Dummy. Maybe all three. Understand?

A hush falls over the crowd.

Crysania smiles again: Now Lets enjoy some good Rock and Roar.

The reactionary Roar almost knocked Dandd off his feet.

Crysania yells: Quin or Quit!

The Assembled crowd returned the salute, and turned to their officers for further guidance.

Crysania turns to Dandd: I'm @#$%ing serious, My Costume Piece better be free.

Dandd laughs: Come then, lets grab some before they're sold out.

Simon chips in: We come from the land of the ice and roar.

Spike continues: From the midnight sun where the hot springs roar.

Dandd: I gotta get on this roarwagon sooner or later.

Crysania agrees loudly, and they wade into the crowd to get their costume pieces.

Episode 56

30 Aug 2011

Notes: See track list at end of this book.

References: Guild History.

Murderdeathquin was finishing.

The Crowd, practically the entire extended guild and Quinharjar, massed the Island. The dull roar elevates to a deafening chorus and down to a dull roar again.

Pyromancers held their hands aloft and waved them to and fro.

The Order of the Stuff had to ferry money back to the warehouse due to space limitations.

A sea of Hoolefest Costumed Henchmen sang along whenever they knew the words.

Then the music stopped, and the crowd pressed in tighter.

Spike nodded back towards Crysania, and she started playing a basic beat.

Spike and Simon roared to the crowd, who instinctively roared back.

Then the battle of axes began. Simon playing some heavy riffs to Crysania's constant beat behind him while Spike shreds the tiny strings.

Part of the crowd could be seen headbanging in unison.

Spike shifted to a rhythm role and Simon busted out some double-handed bass skills that made other Mesmers in the crowd scream with pride.

The strings stopped, and the partners stepped back. An entire island shifted their attention to one person.

Crysania triumphantly thrust a drumstick into the air, to wild screaming and cheering.

A couple henchmen drew back the stage curtain, to reveal several large drums, causing some in the crowd to gasp audibly.

Crysania stood and bowed her head. The crowd hushed, confused but eager.

In the quiet of moment, a familiar voice rose clearly: BLOOD IS MOTHER@#$%ING POWER!

Crysania, like many, burst out laughing.

Crysania composed herself a bit, and yelled out: Someone get that man crowdsurfing!

Half-a-heartbeat later, BiP is floating to the monk's station in glee.

Crysania, still grinning, resumed her prayers.

A moment or two later, several spirits rose from the stage, and Crysania took her seat again.

Crysania hit her bass drum, and the spirits hit the large drums.

The crowd went wild.

Crysania's spirit-assisted drum solo resonated well beyond the island they were on. Pets in Nyx's Menagerie howled.

The spirits went away and the drum solo came to a close, but the crowd wanted more.

A chant started, slowly building in speed and volume.

"Super!" "Super!"

Word had spread of Crysania's speed, but none had seen it.

"Super!" "Super!"

Spike looked at Crysania and shrugged.

Simon got out of the way.

Crysania un-did her hair and threw her drumsticks into the crowd, to cheers, and settled in mentally.

The pace started slowly, with the crowd almost willing the pedals to hit faster.

The pace quickened, and the anticipation of the crowd grew just as quickly.

The feeling in the air was changing. Those new to the guild showed signs of anxiety, while everyone else continued to cheer.

The crowd erupted in cheers when SuperSania made her appearance. Her floating glowing hair looked so calm compared to the focused effort on her face and the blazing speed of her feet.

The constant-sound technique washed over the island and was the only thing audible.

Spike, plugging his ears, mouthed to Simon: PULL!

Simon tossed up a tankard, and Crysania sent a bass pedal through it.

Somewhere in the back, a henchman caught a bass pedal to the head, while those in front were showered with tankard fragments.

The crowd, after a brief pause, roared back to full volume.

Crysania tied her hair again and joined Simon and Spike at the front of the stage.

Crysania looked upon the crowd and smiled. Hoolefest 006 was a success.

Simon and Spike left the stage, leaving Crysania to look upon the Guild. Her face saddened, as she realized she'll likely never see everyone together like this again.

Casting such thoughts aside, she held her hands up and quieted the crowd.

Crysania shouted: I cannot shout to you all. This little frame does not produce a voice that loud. So I will need you to repeat my message to the back of the island. Wave flags when you get it.

There was much murmuring, but the echo chain began. Within moments flags waved.

Crysania: I want to thank you all for making Hoolefest 006 a success!

There was echoing, followed by cheering.

Crysania: However, our celebration isn't yet over.

Crysania: When the Guild reached a certain size, you all began to separate into groups.

Henchman 1: FOR THE PARTY!!!

The Order of the Party roared into life.

Crysania held a hand up again, and the roars calmed to murmurs.

Crysania: This factioning was the death of Quinhalla and the home that we built together.

The echo chain was quiet, and many faces aimed downwards.

Crysania: However, in our new home - Here in the Mists of Quinland - the factions became Orders.

The crowd raised their gaze again, in cautious optimism.

Crysania: You all have done well to rebuild, and succeed-

Some cheering began, but Crysania wasn't done.

Crysania: BUT! We can do it better.

The echo chain was rapid; the curiosity of the group was high.

Crysania: The Orders need Leadership, Guidance.

There were waves of nodding guild members, as the message carried.

Crysania grinned and yelled louder: AND I KNOW JUST THE QUIN FOR THE JOB!

The crowd's energy was picking up, as tension changed to excitement.

Crysania yelled: I need my Officers up here.

The crowd roared and made way for the Officers of the Quin to join Crysania on stage.

Crysania: In some of Dandd's books of the Inferno, there were Seven Layers of the Mists. So too shall we.

"For the Friend!"

"For the Arrow!"

Crysania quieted down the crowd again.

Crysania: As Guild Leader, I make the Following Decrees.

Spike and Simon came back with cloth covered cases.

Crysania: The 7th and Most Senior Layer of the Order of the Quin is the Beta Order. The Keepers of what was! This shall be commanded by a King. Hail King Dandd!

The crowd roared "Hail King Dandd!"

Dandd winced at the volume, but was given a custom made insignia from Crysania.

Crysania: The 6th and Least Senior Layer of the Order of the Quin is the Order of the Nameless. A Temporary Knight shall Command each mission.

There were faint pockets of noise in the crowd.

Crysania: The 5th Layer of the Quin, of 5th Seniority shall command the bulk of non-combat personnel-

The cheers had already begun.

Crysania: The Order of the Stuff shall be commanded by a Countess. Hail Grace, Countess of Stuff!

The Order of the Stuff was cheering wildly, chanting "Count-ess, Count-ess!"

Grace received her custom made insignia from Crysania.

Crysania: The 4th Layer, The Ground Floor, shall go everywhere and be a part of everything.

Again, the cheers had begun.

Crysania: All basic skills shall be learned here. The Order of the Party, of 6th Seniority, shall be commanded by a baroness.

Salah steps forward.

Crysania: Hail Lalandra, The Party Baroness!

Lalandra was in the crowd, not on stage.

Crysania spots her and yells: Get your Dead @$$ up here! Who better to teach basic skills then the one who does everything?

Balreth, and the Order of the Party roar in support.

Lalandra grins, and playfully shoves Salah off the stage - to much applause - and accepts the insignia.

Crysania: The 5th Layer of the Quin builds upon the Skills learned in the Order of the Party. The Order of the Friend-

Wild cheering erupts!

Crysania: Teaches teamwork, care for Animals, and persistence. The Order of the Friend, of Fourth Seniority, shall be commanded by a Marquise. Hail Nyx, the Friend Marquise!

Nyx tells Georgia to go accept her insignia, and Georgia just wags her tail in return.

When Nyx receives her Insignia, the crowd does not roar or cheer - but Howl and at amazing volume.

Crysania: The 6th Layer of the Quin builds upon the Skills learned in the Order of the Friend. This layer increases Discipline, Loyalty, Zeal, and Dedication to the elimination of all threats.

They know who they are, they're just waiting...

Crysania: Being Third in Seniority, the Order of the Arrow-

The screaming began!

Crysania: shall be commanded by a Duke. Hail Balreth, Duke of Arrow!

"Hail Duke!" The salute was given with an impressively timed footstomp.

Crysania, playfully: Ok, You all can go home now.

However, the Blue Flags of the Order of Spirits and Ceremonies waved in anticipation.

Crysania nodded, more to herself: The 7th and Last Layer of the Quin introduces the strategic aspects of combat to those who should already be tactically proficient. This layer, as well as the Beta Order, is reserved for the select few. It will be commanded by the Vicerine of Spirits. Me.

Crysania pins on her own insignia.

The Officers on Stage, the Hoolequin Nobility, look upon their loyal followings for a moment.

Crysania quiets everyone down.

Crysania: One more thing you all should know.

The sudden silence was eerie.

Crysania: Each Order may demote followers to Orders of lesser Seniority.

Many of the Henchmen in the crowd look at each other nervously.

Crysania: -and The Party Baroness is well within her authority to treat you like @#$% for getting demoted.

Lalandra Flexes, for all to see.

Crysania: @#$% up too much, and it's the Nameless for you.

There were no cheers for that one.

Crysania: Work hard, and don't be afraid to ask admission into the Order of your Choice. We're all Quin.

The Crowd roared!

Dandd waited for a moment, before he spoke: Wait. Wait!

The volume dropped again.

Dandd: Under your system, I outrank you.

The crowd shifted to Crysania.

Crysania: I agree, King Dandd! The Past helps guide the Future.

There were many nods throughout the island.

Dandd: But YOU - Vicerine - Are overseer of ALL seven layers. The full Order of the Quin!

The crowd was eating up every of Dandd's words.

Grace: I agree. Vicerine just isn't going to cut it.

Nyx: Yeah, really.

Lalandra grins widely.

Balreth is getting the crowd pumped up.

Dandd yells: Hail Empress Anchorwind, Leader of the Order of the Quin!

While the crowd cheers wildly, Crysania just shakes her head and smiles.

Crysania waits for the crowd: I didn't make an insignia for that one.

That's ok, Dandd thought, they know you are.

Crysania: Before you all go back, I have one last thing.

The crowd knew: everyone seemed to inhale simultaneously.

Everyone in unison: Quin or Quit!

The back of the island boarded White Base first, and gradually everyone started to return to their homes or duty stations.

Dandd: King, eh?

Balreth puts a hand on his shoulder: It fits.

Grace twirls: My emblem is pretty.

Nyx promises to make a new collar pendant for Georgia.

Lalandra cracks her knuckles with renewed purpose.

A meek henchman approaches Balreth.

Henchman 2: Excuse Me, Duke.

Balreth looks at Dandd: Better than "Old Man"

Dandd hrmms: I think I might like King, come to think of it.

Henchman 2: Sir, I would like to join the Order of the Arrow.

Balreth, Duke of Arrow, looks down at him: Where's your battle buddy?

Henchman 2: What's that?

Nyx grabs him by the hair: Come with me! It is time to teach you about teamwork.

Lalandra looks at Crysania: Wow! This is all just another of your strategies, isn't it?

Henchman 3: Excuse me, Countess, The Hoolefest Sales reports are ready.

Grace: Excellent. Let's see how many we sold.

They walk away together.

The officers were walking, slowly, towards White Base. They were going to go visit the Laundromat and Café.

A scuffle broke out between a Party Member and an Arrow Member. The Party Member was embarrassing the Arrow Member in one-on-one combat and Balreth put a stop to it quickly.

Balreth towered over the, now frightened, Arrow Member: You can't hold your own against someone TWO Orders beneath you?

Henchman 4: but...uhh...he...you know...

Balreth booms: BEGONE! If you can't beat him, JOIN him.

Lalandra leans in, grinning: Follow me. You're my new B!*(H.

While some of the henchmen were laughing, others knew that they had to earn their place. Much movement could be seen and heard.

Henchman 5: Countess. I don't want to fight. Can I be part of the Stuff?

Grace: Fine. Report to the Warehouse, look for Alliyah and...

Henchman 6: I don't know about Henchman 104, 76, and 54. They might not make it at this level.

Henchman 7: Come on; let's help them practice before they screw up publicly.

Henchman 78: Nah, I'm sticking with the Party. We get to support everyone and go everywhere.

Henchman 169: What do I have to do to get promoted? Hmm...

Dandd: All you did was make the existing structure formal.

Crysania smiles: Sometimes, tangible things give people something to focus on.

Everyone instinctively touches their insignia.

Balreth nods approvingly: I like it.

Lalandra: F'n Newtypes.

Crysania grins: Let's get something to eat.

The officers roar and head to the café. They are joined by Grace and Nyx.

Nyx and Grace agree that the threat of Demotion to 'Ruthless' Lalandra's Order or worse - The Nameless - has put a bit more of a spark in their step.

Grace: In honor of your gracious ideas, dinner's on me.

Crysania cheers, her glowing hands barely visible outside the group.

Nyx: Yeah...Empress.

Crysania: Oh no. I'm never going to escape that one, am I?

Lalandra: Nope.

Crysania: Well, at least I can send to you all the people I don't like.

Balreth stretches: Yep, me too.

Grace: Pick me!

Nyx giggles.

Lalandra: Hey...wait, that's @#$%ed up. Don't do that to me! I've been here longer than all of you!

Grace: Who's going to run the logistics?

Balreth: or the Legions?

Nyx: or the Menagerie?

Lalandra: You know what? @#$% you guys, you suck.

The Hoolequin Nobility all laugh together, and finally board White Base to go eat.

Episode 57

10 Sep 2011

Notes: Crysania did make little insignias for everyone, except herself.

References: Guild History.

HHNN Sports

The guild was buzzing yet again. Crysania's conversion of the factions to proper orders with commanders was just what everyone needed to pick up the pace a bit, except one...The Nameless.

[at a large desk in the common area]

Henchman 1, vigorously: ...and welcome back to HHNN, the Hero/Henchman News Network - your prime source of information for all things Quin.

Henchman 2: That's right #1, at HHNN we promise to give the best damn play-by-play commentary of all the happenings around Quinland and Tyria abroad. But first, let's go to #3 for sports.

Henchman 3: uugggh. Do we have to be HHNN? That sounds like the sound #4 makes after some of Jeni's Eyjafjallajokull Chili.

Henchman 2: ...seriously, don't go to the bathroom after #4. Woof.

Henchman 3: he'll make Simon's head explode. For reals, yo.

Henchman 1: Well, if you're going to Jeni's for the cooking - you're batting for the wrong team. That's all I gotta say 'bout that.

Henchman 4: Thank you.

Henchman 1: Turning to the Silkball League, the new season opener pitted The Duke's Arrowheads vs The Baroness' All Quin.

Henchman 4: Whadda game! The Arrowheads have a real silkball talent with Galard.

Henchman 3: -and that hit he took in the 2nd half!

Henchman 2: Tell me about it. I'm surprised he kept his head.

Henchman 1: I'm sure that dazed him.

Henchman 4: Yeah, but he's a warrior - dazed doesn't matter.

Henchman 3: High-five!

Henchman 2: Despite Galard's individual performance, The All Quin won comfortably 7-4.

Henchman 4: The All Quin are used to being workhorses, and just outmuscled the Arrowheads.

Henchman 1: Yep.

Henchman 3: You got it.

Henchman 2: In other sports news, we go to the Heavyweight @#$%Talk Boxing Division.

Henchman 1: Saladin Ali had, what has to be, the quickest match ever.

Henchman 3: People will be talking about this for years.

Henchman 4: We have the quote for you all now. "I'm bad; I'm the baddest of all time! Go ahead and step in this ring, I'll show you that you're as useful as a dazed monk with no energy. I'll knock the scars off you!"

Henchman 1 winces: Ow, that hurts.

Henchman 2: No wonder the Friend Necro was knocked out before ever entering the ring.

Henchman 3: That's some heavyweight #@$%Talk right there.

Henchman 1: Preach it, brother.

Henchman 4: Salah will continue to be a favorite in the heavyweight division.

Henchman 2: It was a good day for the Order of the Party.

Henchman 1: In the first, and last, game of the Shadowstep Basketball league, Smells like Teen Spirits and Ceremonies drew 0-0 against Alpha, Beta, and VHS when the assassins present realized they can't shadowstep with the ball.

Henchman 3: -and lastly, we go to a friendly field hockey game between the short peoples of Spirits and Friends.

Henchman 4: They weren't *short* on temper.

Henchman 2: Oh no, the mostly ladies' game descended into an all out brawl after a Friend Pet interfered in the game.

Henchman 1: Did you see Stabbith's retaliation?

Henchman 3: Oh yeah! Field hockey stick to the face and HOLD.

Henchman 4: The match ended in a 4-4 draw at half-time due to injuries, unsportsmanlike conduct, and Crysania's Ray of Judgment upon the melee - sending sections of both teams to the clinic.

Henchman 1: Stabbith had this to say:

Henchman 6: Stabbith, you smashed a Friend Member in the face with your stick. What do you have to say for yourself?

Stabbith: We should have won 5-4. Clearly, I scored a goal with her teeth.

Henchman 6: That was beyond foul-

Stabbith: I agree. The goal should stand. Past the Line is Past the line. Ball, tooth, it's over the line. It counts.

Henchman 6: And what about the game-ending ray of judgment?

Stabbith: The Empress ended the argument, quickly. It's sad it had to come to that, but next time maybe they'll let the goal stand. 5-4, we win.

Henchman 1: Cold as Water Magic.

Henchman 2: Yeouch.

Henchman 4: Well that wraps up this edition of HHNN Sports. Tune in soon for a HHNN Exclusive: Synchronized Featherfall Teams.

Henchman 3: That is so La Chad.

Henchman 4: At least I don't go to Jeni's for her chili.

Henchman 3: What? It's good chili.

Henchman 1: Sure, Dood. And Olias is a Legendary Survivor.

Henchman 2: High-Five!

Episode 58

17 Sep 2011

Notes: For presentation purposes, ensure your best sportscaster voice is used.

References: Sports, Icelandic Volcanoes, Guild History.

Castlequinia

Halloween was coming; the air grew colder. Crysania put her Elite Luxon armor away, making some remark about being overdressed.

Spike reflected: If there were any trees left in Ascalon, their leaves would have turned colors by now.

Balreth agrees before turning to his Arrow Members: That's all, report back to the fortress.

The Arrow Members salute: Aye, Aye, Dood.

Grace, seated neatly on a massive floor pillow adorned with all manner of shiny stuff: Did you have to have your throne brought way up here?

Balreth pleads with the crowd: they custom made it for me, might as well use it!

Georgia barks in agreement!

Nyx makes a remark about 'woofing chickens' that made Crysania grin sheepishly from her seat.

Crysania put out an Assemble! call at Simon's request. Simon was going to entertain with a story. High up in Crysania's tower: Crysania, Dandd, Spike, Simon, Aurora, Nyx, Georgia, Lalandra, Salah, Grace, Balreth, and Henchman 1 all brought snacks, pillows and blankets to keep warm by the light of Simon's head.

Simon began: Krewe, This is a semi-true story, believe it or not - I made up a few things and there's some I forgot.

Aurora grins: too much absinthe!

Crysania countered: or not quite enough.

Aurora scoffs: that's only because you're a highly accomplished alcoholic.

Spike /pickme !

Balreth /pickme !

Grace /pickme !

Dandd, hugging his Holy Grail, /pickme .

Aurora sighs in resignation: a guild hall full of drunks.

Henchman 1: and those that aspire to be!

Aurora groans painfully while the rest of the crowd begins a night full of laughter.

Simon begins: Krewe, I'm going to tell you the tale about Castlequinia, starring yours truly.

Spike snorted: You? Oh Lord, I'm not high enough for this one.

Lalandra dances in her seat next to Salah: Won't you take me to FUNKYTOWN!

The story had to pause whilst the guild-wide funkytown dance took place.

Simon: A long time ago leaving from an outpost far far away

Balreth chuckled loudly from his ruby-encrusted throne.

Simon: I was following my quest log, a bounty given to me by some guy named Belmont, and I had discovered really cool looking castle.

Dandd gestured to a nameless attendant for a refill.

Simon: I was only armed with a whip of hastily made leather strips made from leftover salvage materials that I was going to beat Aurora with-

Aurora yells: HEY!!

The room is in hysterics. Grace has buried her face on an arm of Balreth's throne. Dandd is hiding his face in the Grail. Nyx is pretending to visit with Georgia, Salah has fallen off of his seat, and Crysania's wiping tears from her eyes.

Aurora stands defiantly: You're entirely bonkers!

Crysania leans forward intently: All the best people are.

Balreth adds: Do or do not, there is no try.

Henchman 1: The greatest thing you'll ever learn is just to roar, and be roared in return.

A quick hush fell over the krewe, with all eyes turning to the Henchman.

Spike, after a moment, spoke first: That's the greatest thing I've ever heard a henchman say. Infact, if one says anything that great again...When that day comes I shall futterwacken... vigorously.

Crysania agrees: I still believe in as many as six impossible things before breakfast.

Grace nods: That is an excellent practice.

Crysania grabs the krewe's attention: We've taken Simon's muchness.

Simon: Well my muchness and my Auroralasher were entering this B*t(hin' castle-

Aurora's glare is hard not to laugh at, but Salah almost spilt his drink at the phrase 'this B*t(hin' castle'

Simon: The tattered drapes, tall windows, and almost infinite stream of level 2 ghouls made for sheet-stomping fun.

Simon: Past the first hallway, I found a waterway guarded by some mermen - but they were rangers so I had nothing to worry about.

Georgia growled at Simon.

Simon frowns: I wanted to explore the water for treasure, but I couldn't.

Aurora leapt at the opportunity: because you'd lose your head?!

Simon blinked: no... because I won't learn to swim for another 250 years.

Crysania and Dandd laugh a bit, Balreth nods in approval, and Lalandra claims "that's harsh."

Simon: So past the waterway was another hall that looked just like the first one. At the end of it I found a giant bat with a big aggro circle. The bat, though, was a warrior with frenzy.

Crysania: Oh no! Not frenzy!

Simon: I know! So a couple hits with the Auroralasher and it was on to the next section.

Balreth tried to quietly reach for Grace's Vabbian Wine bottle and got his hand slapped.

Crysania: Should have worn your gauntlets!

Dandd: May I have a glass of wine?

Grace, grinning at Balreth: Yes, you may.

Balreth's jaw drops: Hey!

Nyx: Now that's not Right!

Crysania, Salah, and Lalandra grab the closest liquid and drink.

Nyx: Hey! Did you just drink when I said that's not right?

The trio drink again.

Nyx pouts: Well that's...well, that's something I'm not going to say.

There were lots of smiles around the assembled krewe as drinks and snacks got passed around.

Simon: The second part had a lot of red. Orange floors, red walls, and old blood stains lying around, and walking suits of armor!

Grace: Sound like Balreth's basement.

Salah: Oooh, Burn!

When the laughter died down, Balreth pointed at Aurora: Oh, so it's funny when it's directed at someone else.

Aurora turns back to Simon: Your muchness!

Simon nods: Yes, My muchness was climbing the castle, and my angst-infused Auroralasher-

Balreth grinned at Aurora, who only pouted in return.

Simon: -was defeating the walking suits of armor, little bats, and these floating heads with hair of snakes.

Salah: Sounds like Lalandra in the morning...I wonder what she was doing in Balreth's basement.

The krewe enjoyed another round of laughter.

Simon: At the end of this section was a large head filled with even more snakes. She was a blackout Mesmer! I would have been worried, but I've dealt with blackouts-

Simon gestures at Spike

Simon: -enough that I was well prepared!

Spike stands up, pointing at Simon: Hey!

Spike then becomes fascinated with his outstretched finger and begins chasing it all over Crysania's floor. Spike yelled 'Come back here!' before falling through the hole leading back towards the ground.

Simon: The 3rd section was kinda blue, I think. It was along the outside of the castle and there were hairy hunchbacks, ravens, and skeletons that liked to throw their rib bones at me. It could have been the top of the menagerie, I couldn't quite tell.

Simon grinned as Nyx folded her arms and pouted.

Lalandra giggled: Ravens? Skeletons? Hey Necro Sis!

Nyx scoffed: yeah, really.

Balreth pondered out loud: How tall were these 'hairy hunchbacks?'

Crysania threw the rind of an Istani fruit at Balreth: Don't you even dare!

A fresh round of refills, and a fresh round of laughter and smiles conquered storytime - not that anyone's complaining.

Simon: At the end of this section were two mummies. Two! So you KNOW the Order of the Friend is involved.

Nyx: Oh come on! That's not right.

Lalandra, Salah, Crysania - Grace and Balreth all drank.

Nyx: Hey! You guys too?!

Grace smiled: Why not?

Balreth agreed.

Crysania: It's another Horadric phrase!

Everyone, but Nyx, drank.

Simon: Now the next section was dank, dark, moist, smelly, repugnant, and infested with harmful things. You know, like the Men's room at the Temple of Indecision.

Salah's eyes widened and his jaw hit the floor, while everyone else's reaction involved much pointing and laughing.

Salah: Dood, that's @#$%ed up.

Lalandra points to Salah and mouths: 'it's true'

Simon: Once I escaped from Salah's restroom, I came to a strangely open area with massive eagles carrying short people. I can only guess it's how Crysania did cartography so quickly.

Crysania clapped in approval with others hooting and enjoying another sip.

Simon: Beyond this area was a small tunnel leading to a large chamber with a very large man holding a small man on his shoulder. Vekk on MOX, Crysania on Olaf, that kind of thing. The battle was annoying but the power of braided leather should not be underestimated.

Crysania: Trixie would be proud.

Dandd: woof. There's a name I haven't heard in a while.

Nyx: No. Woofing is her job.

Georgia barks approvingly.

Simon: The next section was another climb. It was more brightly colored, and well decorated. It was more densely packed and had things littered about. At the end was a hooded, flowing, scythe-wielding mad-man! Kinda like what it would be like for Grace to flip-out and kill the Order of the Arrow.

Grace grinned widely at Balreth.

Salah: More like if Salah flipped out...

Lalandra: aawww, is someone feeling insecure? Go sit with Aurora, you'd make a cute couple.

Salah: Man, @#$% you.

Henchman 1: It takes a great deal of bravery to stand up to your enemies, but a great deal more to stand up to your friends.

Crysania sighs: and Spike isn't here to futterwacken.

Simon: The last section, though, was where it got scary.

Simon got quieter: the broken walkways across the top of Castlequinia were filled with the giant frenzy bats. There was less room to move, and one missed-step...it was a long way down.

Simon got quieter again, forcing everyone to lean in: the last climb was like this tower. Long, cylindrical, and hard to explain. All these metal parts and they move in harmony but producing this noise that drowns out all your thoughts, all your courage. More rib throwers, more short people. You finally make it out and you see this last room. It doesn't make sense. It should fall! Like the roof of this very room.

Simon stops to look around, and half the krewe does so as well.

Simon: In the last room the creature is waiting for me. Belmont's bounty is there. This, tall, thin creature stands against the moon and saps all will out of you. This creature's pale skin and piercing gaze removes your spine from your body.

Simon gets louder: The creature's words infect your being and drive you mad!

Simon yells: The fangs in its mouth remind you of the price of failure.

The hairs on everyone stand on end as the air in the room changes.

Simon: The creature knew I was coming. The creature is looking for an opportunity to suck me dry. If I'm not careful, the creature will steal my soul!

Simon points to Lalandra and with all he has, yells: SHE IS THE CREATURE! STRIKE HER DOWN! FOR THE BELMONTS!

At that moment Crysania executes a forcechoke style move, on the waist of Lalandra, screaming at the top of her lungs while doing it.

The entire room is startled, but Lalandra's ear-piercing screams turn a room full of fright into a room full of laughter.

Simon and Crysania high-five and many in the room find it hard to breathe with all the gut-busting laughter filling the room.

After many joy-filled moments, the room calms a bit - except Salah who still is in hysterics.

Lalandra, however, is standing in front of her seat fuming: laugh it up, go ahead, keep laughing.

Crysania looks at Simon: Priceless.

Lalandra: Oh I got 'priceless' for you. The Silkball Tournament is coming. I'll get my revenge on the field.

Crysania grins: We'll see.

Lalandra /taunt: Oh, uh-uh, it's a guarandamntee.

Crysania: So, how about we tell the Castlequinia story again next year.

Balreth Roars!

Grace agrees.

Nyx nods.

Lalandra starts walking away: Oh, @#$% this.

Nyx /taunt: Bye Necro Sis!

Another round of laughter fills the room, one of last of many for today.

Crysania: And here I thought you were going to make Mad King Thorn the last boss.

Balreth: That makes sense.

Simon: I was. That was just too funny though. I'm glad you helped.

Dandd: I felt the air change when you were preparing.

Nyx: Yeah! Me too. ...but I didn't realize that's what it was.

Grace: Me neither.

Henchman: So, Well played, Empress.

Balreth: Agreed.

Aurora: So, um. Quin or Quit says it all?

All: Quin or Quit!

Crysania: and Happy Halloween.

Episode 59

20 Oct 2011

Notes: Beware the Horadric Phrases!

References: Castlevania, Jimmy Buffett [Semi-True Story], Towelie [South Park], Alice in Wonderland, Star Wars, Moulin Rouge, Guild Wars 2 Preview News, Harry Potter, Guild History.

Spike: Greetings Sports Fans! This is Spike Balthriper and I'm here with Simon's lesser half.

Aurora: Hey!

Spike: We're here live, broadcasting from a wonderful vantage point here in the sunny Zeal Islands.

Aurora: What are you casting? ...and what sun?

Spike: This here Quin or Quit Arena is PACKED.

Aurora: You can say that again.

Spike: That again.

Aurora blinks blankly: What? Ug. Why am I even here?

Spike: The network wanted some diversity.

Aurora growls in frustration.

Spike bristles with excitement: We are just moments away from what is sure to be a heated match between The Newtypes and The Legionnaires, our Hoolequin Halloween Hitting ...er... Hfest!

Spike: And here are the rosters for the two Teams:

Team Spirits and Ceremonies: The Newtypes!

Team Ability: Newtype Reflex [Slow Time]

1. [Captain] Simon Says Quin, Mesmer [Mantra of Concentration + Signet of Clumsiness]
2. Token Tank Death, Warrior [None Shall Pass + Enraging Charge]
3. The Stabbith Day, Assassin [Caltrops + Unseen Fury]
4. Vixoria Angelbreeze, Ranger [Lightning Reflexes + Dust Trap]
5. Rain Anchorwind, Monk [Bane Signet + Pacifism]

Team Party: The Legionnaires!

Team Ability: The Party! [Temporary 6th Man]

1. [Captain] Salah Ad Quin, Dervish [Whirling Charge + Crippling Sweep]
2. Volusja Corvus, Warrior [Counter Blow + Hammer Bash]
3. Scarlett Corvousia, Ranger [Arcing Shot + Debilitating Shot]

4. La Chad Du Jour, Paragon [Lead the Way + Burning Shield]

5. Chloe Corvousia, Ritualist [Binding Chains + Guided Weapon]

6. [Temporary] Lalandra Corvousia, Necro [Defile Defenses + Rigor Mortis]

Aurora: Hfest? Nevermind. In the Pre-Game interview, Lalandra expressed her sincere desire for vengeance. Real 'Wrath of Grenth' stuff.

Spike: Joko and Thorn Living Together, Mass Hysteria?

Aurora blinks blankly again: sssuurrreee...

Spike nods in approval: FOR THE BELMONTS!

Crysania, sitting just outside the broadcast booth, echoes: For the Belmonts!

Aurora pokes her head out and waves: Hi Empress!

Crysania smiles and waves back.

Spike: I have only one thing to say [grabs axe and plays on the tiny strings] ARE YOU READY FOR SOME SILKBALLLLLLL?

Aurora: Who are you talking to?

Spike: Those watching the game.

Aurora: Only, like, three rows outside this box can hear us.

Spike: Sorry, we seem to be having technical difficulties with oh-what's-her-names' mic.

Aurora: what's a mic?

Spike: shut up.

Nyx: I can hear you.

Balreth cheers.

Grace /pickme.

Dandd salutes with his grail.

Crysania waves, but no one notices.

Jeni: Like, these seats are small.

Aurora squeals: there's my Simon!!!

Spike: As the two teams come on the field, La Chad is already checking out the other team. I mean really, someone throw a personal foul at him already. STOP UNDRESSING THEM WITH YOUR EYES!!! THEY'RE NOT EVEN SWEATY YET!

Aurora: get 'em you big sac of combustables!

Much shorting and chuckling took place for a few moments amongst the assembled officers and henchmen.

Aurora, innocently: What?! I'm trying.

Spike taps her, reassuringly: You did good, son

Aurora: I'm a girl.

Spike: Whatever.

Spike: And now we're ready for kickoff. The Legionnaires will receive the ball and begin the game.

Aurora: Of course they'll TAKE it, they have La Chad.

Balreth reacts: oooo!

Grace: I guess she's getting the hang of it.

Balreth: Indeed.

Spike: And the kick was taken by Token, the largest non-norn guild member, deep into Legionnaire territory.

Balreth adds: Galard is a close second.

Grace: Hush, you'll get your game, sweety.

Spike: The ball was caught by The Big B*tch! Volusja and is being brought up field quickly. ... Volusja sheds a tackle from Stabbith with ease, and swats Vixoria like she barely exists anymore. Up to the Monk Line [halfway], and OOOHHH DAMN! Volusja has been taken down by Simon like has trying to climb aboard and hump her legs!

Aurora: That's not funny.

Spike: Volusja lets go of the ball and it is picked up by Chloe, who got instantly taken down by Rain.

Aurora: This is rough.

Spike: Quin or Quit, Son

Balreth and Crysania both Bark, Loudly in return to Spike. The prompted Georgia to woof a couple times before Nyx restored order.

Spike: Salah had quickly snatched up the ball and threw it backwards to scarlett who threw it sideways to La Chad. La Chad begins his run. Up past the Monk Line, towards the 2/3 Line, he just might make it...GET THAT QUIT OUTTA HERE!!!

Aurora: That was an amazing full body slam on La Chad by Token.

Spike: Token grabs the ball and quickly tosses it to Rain. Rain sees the VERY angry Legionnaires and punts the ball forward past their line. The Legionnaires turn and chase the ball, but the little Stabbith got there first, she caught the ball mid-bounce, activated her sprint skill, and is home free. The Legionnaires put up a good volley, but THE SCORE IS NOW: NEWTYPES 1, LEGIONNAIRES 0.

Crysania Stands up and Taunts Lalandra down at the field. Lalandra returns a very rude gesture, but THIS. IS. SILKBALL! Bring it.

Spike: Token delivers the kick deep into enemy territory again, and again Volusja fields the return. Volusja begins her ruin, past the 1/3 line, coming up to the Monk Line and she gets Double Teamed by Token and Rain.

Aurora: Ouch

Spike: Yeah. Hope her armor has pumps, because she just got deflated.

Aurora: Look!

Spike: @#$%, Captain Salah managed to get the ball and he's sprinting toward the touch line. Stabbith is in hot pursuit and looks likely to catch...wait...Salah just hit Whirling Charge and that's it! THE SCORE IS NOW NEWTYPES 1, LEGIONNAIRES 1.

Lalandra taunts Crysania up in the stands. Crysania just smiles and waves.

Spike: and Volusja kicks to the Newtypes, Rain catches the Silkball and begins his run. The Party converges on him rapidly and he throws it off to Token. Token hits his Enraging Charge and he might be home free! Token is past the Monk Line, only Volusja remains and HOLY-

Aurora: Oh My Grenth! Token was just taken off of his feet!

Spike: Please, Sir, can I have some more?!

Aurora scoffs: You're an animal.

Spike: Grr, Son. Grr.

Aurora: I don't think I've ever seen a Hammer Bash like that.

Spike: Token's a little slow to get up, and La Chad has already taken the ball for the Legionnaires. La Chad activates his Burning Shield but runs into Vixoria's Dust Trap and then into a wall, where he got smothered like the man-sandwich he always dreamed of being.

Aurora: Mind Bleach! Must unthink thoughts...

Spike: The Ball is collected by Simon and he activates Mantra of Concentration! Look at the other flaming guy run! He's Past the Monk Line! He Shrugs off Volusja! He. Could. Go. ...oohh...Scarlett just tagged Simon with Debilitating Shot. He's still...umm...staggering towards the goal line. Here comes Chloe for the tackle and Simon is taken down.

Aurora: He was SOOOO Close too.

Spike: Well Olivia Newton Quin says Let's Get Physical.

Aurora: Wait, look!

Spike: @#$% Token emerged with the ball and maybe he'll - nope. Chloe hit him with Binding Chains. Easy takedown for the Party.

Aurora: It's hard to score.

Spike: For some guys, I suppose.

Aurora: What does that mean?

Spike flexes.

Aurora scoffs.

Spike: The ball has been unburied and Salah comes up with it and takes off. He tries to dodge Stabbith's Caltrops but OHHH!!! Float like a Butterfly, Hit like a Tree.

Aurora: Slammed on the Caltrops. Not good.

Spike: Stabbith grabs the ball and kicks it forward...it's got a lot of hang time. Volusja tries to take out Token, BUT GETS HIT WITH BANE SIGNET INSTEAD. THIS IS RAIN'S HOUSE AND HE DIDN'T INVITE YOU.

Aurora: With Volusja on her voluptuojas ass, Token made an Easy catch.

Spike: So the score now is: Newtypes 2, Legionnaires 1.

Crysania, feeling pride in her team after the hard-fought point, makes very un-monksmanlike gestures towards Lalandra, and gets flipped off in return.

Grace: This is actually kinda fun.

Balreth: Hush, you'll get your game, dearheart.

Spike: With the Newtypes one point away from victory, will we see the Legionnaires step it up?

Spike: Token takes the kick, this time its short and fielded by Salah. Salah takes it up near the Monk line and tosses it to Scarlett who runs a bit and tosses it to Chloe who runs a bit and tosses it to Volusja -

Aurora: Wonderful Team Play, right here-

Spike: Volusja kicks it forward, looking for Salah but Stabbith activates Unseen Fury! Salah is flailing around blind, powerless to prevent Stabbith catching the ball!

Aurora: Uh-Oh

Spike: Stabbith throws it back to Simon, who begins his run. Chloe activates Guided Weapon on La Chad who hits Simon! OOOHHHH!!! RIGHT IN THE DADDYBAGS!

As half the crowd winces with empathy, Aurora is screaming: NNNNNOOOO!!!!

Spike: Goodness gracious great balls of Simon! Turn your head and cough.

Aurora, furiously: I'm gonna KILL HIM!

Spike: La Chad, picks up the ball and makes it five steps before being OBLITERATED by Token! He loves it when you call him Big Poppa.

Aurora: GOOD! @#$%er deserves it.

Spike: Vixoria grabs it and activates Lightning Reflexes! Could this be the end? The Party is pulling out all the stops now! La Chad activates Lead the Way on Scarlett who attempts an Arching Shot! Scarlett leaps over the Newtypes Defensive wall to Vixoria, who smartly tosses it off to Rain!

Aurora: GO RAINJA GO RAINJA GO!

Spike: Token Activates None Shall Pass and most of the Party is helpless to watch Rain!

Aurora: DAFUQ?!

Spike: Hold on to your cups ladies and gents, The Baroness Herself is on the field!

Aurora: Stupid 6th man skill...

Spike: Lalandra is moving to Block Rain, and Rain activates Pacifism on Lalandra!

Aurora cheers wildly.

Spike: Lalandra is helpless to watch as Rain runs past her to score!

Aurora Chants: RAINJA RAINJA RAP!

Lalandra screams angrily and walks off the field, avoiding Crysania's taunts.

Spike: The crowd is my kind of crowd, now!

Aurora: Obnoxious and wasted?

Spike: Even Balreth fist-clanked

Aurora: Fist-clanked?

Spike: Fist-pump with gauntlets on, @#$% have some imagination.

Aurora pouts.

Spike: Now Token kicks it off again. If the Newtypes can prevent them from scoring they win the game. The ball sails into Volusja's hands and everyone is locked-on now. Vixoria makes it there first and GETS HIT WITH COUNTER BLOW! Volusja keeps on running! Token is closing in, but Salah tries to cut him off with Crippling Sweep- but INSTEAD GETS TAGGED WITH SIGNET OF CLUMSINESS! Salah falls right in front of Volusja! Volusja is forced to toss is laterally to La Chad to continues to run. Stabbith forces him to the outside, along the walls, where -WHOA...dizzy

Aurora: ...dizzy too.

Spike: LA CHAD GOT CLOBBERED BY SIMON. A FLAMING TATTOO INTO THE SIDE WALLS!

Aurora: Must have been that Newtype Reflex, that felt weird.

Spike: Simon grabs the ball and that's it! THE NEWTYPES WIN! THE NEWTYPES WIN!

Rain walks over to Lalandra: Happy Halloween, For the Belmonts!

Lalandra: OH THAT'S IT!

As Lalandra chases Rain around the field, Crysania and several others join Simon and krewe for a hard-fought victory. Newtypes 3, Legionnaires 1.

Welcome to Silkball.

Episode 60

29 Oct 2011

Notes: Silkball was a lot of fun to write, and present. The Quin or Quit Arena would be renamed the Roarliseum.

References: Ghostbusters, Hank Williams Jr., NBA Jam, Olivia Newton John [Lets Get Physical], Notorious B.I.G. [Big Poppa], Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, Guild History.

Spike: It's so boring today. I want some Kamadan Fried Phoenix, and gravy. It's just not KFP without the gravy.

Crysania: Indeed. Stop talking about food, it's making me hungry.

Spike: There must be some good food around here.

Spike kicks some empty snack food wrappers from the previous gaming session in Crysania's tower.

Crysania: I know of a place!

Spike: Grace's Kitchen?

Crysania grins: exactly.

Spike leans forward with interest: We can't just walk in.

Crysania: I bet I'll beat you there.

Spike: You're on, little lady.

Crysania dashes down the entrance tunnel, with Spike not far behind.

Crysania barks orders at the Air Magic henchman to follow, which leaves Spike to land harshly.

Spike, grunting upon landing: You midget moa chick licker!

Crysania changes skill sets, and outfits which gives Spike time to catch up.

Spike: Dafuq?

Crysania: 3

Spike, changing skill sets himself: Seriously, Dafuq?

Crysania: 2

Spike, bracing: Quin or Quit-

Crysania: 1

Both are violently propelled off of the side of the Island, towards the Fortress via the Air Magic henchmen.

Spike: -ssssssooooooonnnnnn!

Crysania is sailing through the air with the calm and grace that is customary for her. Spike on the other hand, is assuming various 'lounging' poses throughout the flight. Crysania grins at his spirit, but is determined to win.

As they approach the Fortress from above, it is clear the rangers manning the Fortresses' high ground are oblivious. One even approaches another shortly before Crysania and Spike enter aggro range.

When Crysania entered casting range, she shadow-stepped to the nearest guard, the sheer force killing him on impact; Spike had a similar idea and shadow-stepped to the guard next to Crysania, killing him on impact as well.

The noise of the two guards being lethally slammed into the fortress floor via Wastrel's Collapse alerted two other nearby guards. Crysania and Spike drew their daggers, smiled at each other for sharing ideas, and charged at different guards.

Crysania's Sneak Attack made it easy for her to push the guard off of the side of the fortress onto the ground below. Spike, however, was trying to work around Lightning Reflexes, which gave Crysania time to catch up.

Crysania and Spike, with hooded garments and Assassin sets had little trouble dealing with the small number of Rangers guarding the top of the Fortress. On the end opposite of their landing, one of the guards had managed to retreat inside the fortress and start ringing the alarm bells.

Just as the two were nearing the door to go inside the Fortress, a Norn-axe wielding Balreth exploded from the door and was intent on barbequing the intruders. Balreth, however, was just as quickly knocked over by Spike via Wastrel's Collapse!

Spike thought to himself: Hehe, I Win!

Not a moment after Spike entertained that thought, Ebon Escape had put Crysania one step behind him.

They both, identity unknown, dashed down the stairs while following the scent of food.

Balreth stood back up and ran back down the stairs, even more determined to annihilate the trespassers.

Balreth could easily find their trail: for in their wake was a series of bleeding and blinded guards.

The kitchen was insight! Only two guards remained.

Spike shadow-stepped to the first kitchen guard, knocking him over. He was disappointed to see Crysania Ebon Escape to him just as quickly. He was even more disappointed to see Crysania then shadow-step to the second kitchen guard and then into the kitchen.

Crysania removed her hood, turned to Spike and shouted with glee: I Win!!! You're buying KFP next time.

Spike, just a couple steps behind, removed his hood as well: Yeah yeah. @#$% asuran-like sprinting. It's Moa@#$%.

Grace, Lalandra, Nyx and Salah were all staring at Crysania and Spike in amazement. Georgia hastily retreated a body length or two but barked threateningly anyway.

Nyx: Some guard dog you are.

Georgia: Woof.

Grace, still a bit startled: I take it you got our dinner invitation?

Crysania and Spike exchange glances.

Crysania, cautiously: sure...

Balreth bursts in the room, past Crysania and Spike, and yells: HAVE YOU SEEN THE INTRUDERS?!

Lalandra snorts.

Balreth pauses, slowly turns around and looks at the two hooded figures before him, and smacks his lips with resignation.

Balreth turns to Lalandra: I hope you have room for a couple demotees.

Lalandra flexes.

Spike: That's about as useful as La Chad in a wet T-shirt contest holding KFP with no gravy.

Crysania smacks Spike: Stop talking about food!

Balreth gives Grace a hug: There's no need to visualize that, Dearheart.

Lalandra snorts again.

Grace: Is Simon with you?

Crysania: Nope.

Grace: Is he coming?

Crysania and Spike exchange glances: Probably not.

Grace: Oh...

Balreth: So, what do you know about all the dead and wounded Henchmen around?

Crysania shrugs: Grace invited us?

Spike shrugs: Yeah. This is Grace's House! And we WERE invited!

Balreth squints inquisitively at Crysania and Spike.

One of the Order of the Stuff henchmen knocks on the kitchen door.

Grace: Yes?

Henchman 1: Countess, I was unable to deliver your invitation to anyone in the Zeal Islands.

Nyx: Uh-oh.

Salah and Lalandra laugh together.

Balreth glares menacingly.

Grace: So why are you here?

Crysania and Spike point at each other: [s]he started it!

Grace, confused: Started what?

Spike and Crysania look at each other again, then the floor.

Spike, nervously: ...a race.

Salah: Wow.

Nyx: Yeah, really.

Grace: A race to my kitchen?

Crysania nods.

Grace: And the Empress won?

Spike blurts out: That's only because she had TWO shadow-steps!

Balreth: YOU were the one who knocked ME down!

Spike, quietly: Quin or Quit?

Grace, smiling: Well, since the Empress won the race, she gets her plate first.

Balreth's jaw bounces off of the floor as the rest of the room erupts in laughter.

Grace: I made lots of Bokka's Vabbian Lasagna.

Grace turns to Crysania: Except for you, I made Jade Sea Rice with Shing Jea Greens.

Grace hands a plate and serving spoon and shows her where the rice and veggies are.

Everyone walks past a still-stunned Balreth to get some Lasagna and Ale.

Grace bends down to Georgia: I even boiled this Raptor Bone in Dinosaur broth.

Georgia's tail thumps loudly against Grace's Deldrimor Steel and Granite Kitchen Island.

Balreth finally grabbed a plate of food for himself, but pondered aloud how it all could have happened.

After everyone had a few bites, and heaped praise on Grace for the meal, the mood calmed down.

Grace, looking primarily at Crysania: Does the Quin do anything for Thanksgiving?

Crysania: Not as much as we do for Halloween, Wintersday, or Canthan New Year.

Grace: We should do something.

Nyx agreed, with a mouthful.

Lalandra and Salah agreed without a mouthful.

Balreth was still fixated on the route that Crysania and Spike took, but was holding a cleaned plate.

Grace: I say we have a big meal in Crysania's Tower.

Crysania, quickly puts down the serving spoon for seconds: Whoa! It's too much trouble to bring everything way up there. I say the Temple of Indecision.

Salah: Wait! Too much trouble to bring everything way DOWN there. Crysania's Tower!

Lalandra: Hold on. EVERYTHING happens in the Zeal Islands these days. I say let us host something for once.

Nyx: Georgia doesn't like the temple. It scares her. I say tower.

Grace: Sweetie?

Balreth ponders: I would like to explore the Temple some more. Maybe there are better guard patterns down there.

Grace points at Crysania: I blame you for this.

Crysania shrugs and smiles.

Spike: By my count, that makes this a 3-3 vote. You're as evenly matched as KFP with gravy and gravy with KFP.

Crysania sighs.

Grace: Would you like more Lasagna?

Spike: Does KFP gravy-

Crysania glares at Spike.

Spike: -I mean, does Lalandra need to be frequently resurrected?

Lalandra shrinks into herself: It's true...

Crysania: That's harsh.

Nyx: It's still a 3-3.

Crysania: So we settle this properly.

Even Balreth turns to look at Crysania.

Crysania grins: Silkball.

Spike roars victoriously!

Lalandra: Silkball?

Crysania: Yeah, a Thanksgiving Meal Tie-breaker game. 3 on 3. Us. Winner picks location.

Lalandra: So...You, Me and-

Crysania: Balreth.

Grace: Against Salah, Nyx and I.

Spike looks at Georgia: You're going down like a clown on Charlie brown!

Nyx: WHAT?!

Crysania quickly whispers in Spike's Ear.

Spike: Oh. It's the KFP deficiency.

Grace: So will you provide commentary again?

Spike flexes: I'm all over that like KFP Gravy on Mashed Potatoes.

Crysania sighs: If you'll excuse me, I am going to take Spike to Nomulus' Café. Maybe he has some KFP.

Nyx: So soon?

Crysania nods: You don't want to see him too far into this. He puts his hood over his head, holds his arms at 90 degree angles and starts shouting that he's Gravholio and he's from Lake Taterkaka.

Grace: Wow.

Crysania nods gently: Yeah. This is Spike we're talking about.

Spike: Why you talking about me like I'm not DIE!

Spike shadow-steps to the guard that just approached the Kitchen door and mercilessly dispatches the poor henchman.

Balreth sighs: Demotions.

Crysania: Yeah, thanks for the food! It's time I got him somewhere...else.

Everyone waves!

Grace: When's the game?

Crysania, yelling back: Soon! We'll set up a time before Thanksgiving.

Grace yelling: OK!

Salah: Those two, plus Simon...

Nyx: Very Funny!

Lalandra agrees.

Grace: She ate all the rice and all the veggies!

Salah: Did you see her eat?

Lalandra: ...no...

Balreth: Waste not, want not.

Lalandra: M-Team Reference! High-Five!

Balreth: What?

Lalandra: ...inspiration magic skill...they use it a lot...nevermind.

Nyx, reflecting: Where does she put it all?

Grace beams: No leftovers means it was good!

Balreth puts a large piece of Lasagna on his plate: I guess I better start eating then.

Grace beams again, as everyone else grabs another piece.

Grace: Sweetie, can you handle getting beaten by me?

Balreth shrugs: If you could beat me, I'd have to consider it, Dearheart.

Grace: What do you mean IF?

Nyx, Salah and Lalandra scarf down their piece and begin their retreat.

Balreth grins, with a mouthful of Lasagna: I've got Crysania!

Grace argued: She is only ONE monk and don't change the subject. I'm beating YOU.

Lalandra blurts out: Kinky.

Nyx pushes her out of the kitchen door, quickly.

Balreth diverted: ...and I'm gonna beat my guards.

Salah: You have an issue with Red Guards, and Red Dots. Perhaps it's time to change colors?

Balreth glared at Salah.

Salah: ...maybe not. Later!

Grace: aaawww, he's just trying to lighten the mood a bit.

Balreth insisted on being grumpy.

Grace: You're still going to lose.

Balreth didn't acknowledge, instead ate the last of the Lasagna.

Grace sighs: At least clean up will be easy.

Balreth: that was a good appetizer. Where's the KFP?

Grace smacks Balreth with a towel: Don't you start!

Balreth shrinks back like he was actually hurt, but grins nonetheless.

Grace: I forgot to ask what everyone's ideal Thanksgiving meal is.

Balreth: So go ask. It's not like they're far away.

Grace: I will.

Episode 61

7 Nov 2011

Notes: Crysania started the KFP thing in Ramadan, after beating Mad King Thorn at rock-paper-scissors.

References: Guild History.

Temple or Tower?

Crysania: Anyone seen Spike and Aurora?

Dandd and a couple henchmen, bearing a Keg, take a seat next to Jeni, near Crysania.

Crysania: A Keg? Really?

Dandd scoffs: It's a holiday, @#$% off.

Crysania grins and turns to face the field.

Balreth: ...and it's good to have a monk near your minions. The healing will help fight the degen.

Salah leans in to Crysania: Is Balreth explaining minions to Lalandra?

Crysania nods: Sounds like.

Balreth: ...And the degen only gets worse with time.

Salah laughs: Doesn't Balreth remember that Lalandra has been a Necro since before Balreth even knew Tyria existed?

Crysania sips her drink: He's just being nice: trying to help and all that.

Salah shakes his head: Lalandra will never catch up to you like this.

Crysania grins: I think you're underestimating your mentor just a little.

Salah rolls his eyes: Sure, dood. What has she done lately?

Crysania: Title #21 from what I hear.

Salah /doubletake: What?!

Crysania: Yeah. It's a COTH thing, you wouldn't understand.

Grace: Hey! I heard that.

Crysania smiles, but waves dismissively: You're a Merchant learning Self-Defense. That's different.

Grace ponders for moment, but deems it acceptable.

Salah: In time, I'll surpass everyone! Especially Lalandra!

Crysania pretends to look uninterested: So, I hear you couldn't even beat a couple grawl out in the Eastern Frontier.

Salah fumes: You said you wouldn't tell anyone!

Crysania gestures widely: These aren't 'anyone.' They're Hoolequin.

Balreth /salute

Lalandra /taunt

Grace twirls

Nyx /cheer

Georgia /woof

Dandd /agree

Simon /roar

Spike /clap

Aurora smiles

Etc.

Salah stands up angrily: You know what. I ain't gonna take this sitting down.

Balreth: So we see.

Salah: You stay out of this.

Lalandra: Aaawww. Did wittl' Salah's feewings get hurt?

Salah bursts: THAT'S IT. Any challengers step forward. I will silence you all. I won't get pushed over and ignored like Lala did.

Crysania: Field's cleared. It's our turn!

Nyx: We're SOOOO gonna have a good meal in Crysania's Tower.

Lalandra retorts: Bring it on, Necro Sis. I ain't losin' today.

Salah: That's IT! Walk away! You know who's boss!

Dandd and Jeni bite their lip as everyone walks to the field.

Salah: Keep Walking!

...

... ...

... ...

Salah: Ok guys, not funny! Let me play!

Dandd grins: he's supposed to play...and he wonders why Lalandra's the Baroness.

Tiffany, Angel, Achi, and other guild members take their seats, eagerly awaiting this match that Spike has been hyping up so much.

Spike: Greetings Sports Fans! This is Spike Balthriper and I'm here with Simon's lesser half...again.

Aurora: Hey! Again!

Spike: We're here live, broadcasting from a wonderful vantage point here in the sunny Zeal Islands.

Aurora sighs: again with the casting.

Spike: We're here with a capacity crowd inside the Roarliseum for a special 3v3 Officer-Only Silkball game.

Aurora: With less people on the field, this game should flow well.

Spike: All the officers are lined up facing each other, being reminded of the rules by Dunkoro - the referee for today's match. As a reminder to all the viewers, this is a sudden-death style match. First to three points and the two-point rule has been waived as has the revenge-possession rule. First to three, winner takes all.

Aurora: Tahlkora and Ogden are again manning the emergency monk station at the halfway line.

Spike: So let us take a look at the teams and their chosen Skills:

Eat at The Temple of Indecision:

[Captain] Crysania Anchorwind with [Divine Intervention] and [Judge's Intervention] and [Newtype Reflex]

Lalandra Corvousia with [Atrophy] and [Consume Corpse] and [Party!]

Balreth Silverlock with [Blurred Vision] and [Frozen Burst] and [Snippy Punt]

Vs

Eat at Crysania's Tower

[Captain] Grace Neveah with [Fleeting Stability] and [Harrier's Grasp] and [Coin Dazzle]

Nyx Berner with [Rigor Mortis] and [Faintheartedness] and [Georgia Rush]

Salah Ad Quin with [Attacker's Insight] and [Dwayna's Touch] and [Party!]

Spike: Crysania lost the henchman toss to Grace.

Aurora: Ow. Face down.

Spike: Grace has elected to receive first, and so the teams go to their respective ends. I think Balreth's Snippy Punt is really going to be a big factor in this game.

Aurora: I dunno. Salah seems really agitated. His energy may make the difference.

Spike: ...and Balreth takes the opening kick. A Snippy Punt well into Grace's side and Salah receives. Nyx blocks Crysania, but falls onto Grace. Balreth and Lalandra smother Salah into the wall! Lalandra picks up the ball and runs it back for the first point!

The crowd erupts with cheers!

Aurora: Wow. Already.

Spike: So it's Temple 1, Tower 0.

Aurora: It looks like Grace is giving Salah an earful.

Spike: Balreth wastes no time in delivering the 2nd kick. It's another well placed kick to the corner of Grace's side and again Salah receives. Salah runs along the wall again, and then cuts back to the middle, avoiding Nyx and Crysania! Salah turns back towards the wall again, running past Balreth and Grace. Salah only has Lalandra to pass, but she's closing in on him and in a good position. Salah tries to juke her out but gets caught. Lalandra grabbed Salah by the neck and chokeslamed him on the field! Oh my @#^ing Grenth, Lalandra chokeslamed Salah!

Aurora: Is that even legal?

Lalandra leans down to Salah: Gonna be a long afternoon for you.

Dunkoro rushes on the field and helps a woozy Salah to his Feet.

Spike: It looks like Dunkoro gave a verbal warning to Lalandra and possession of the Silkball to Grace's team at the site it currently lays.

Spike: Crysania's team is pushed back by Dunkoro, who then waves play on.

Spike: Grace takes the Silkball, tosses it to Nyx who finishes her run neatly, accelerating past Balreth who couldn't quite line up a good tackle. Temple 1, Tower 1.

Spike: and now a word from our sponsors.

Aurora: What?

Spike: Do you get dirty on your adventures?

Aurora: Yeah...

Spike: Do you like to eat tasty foods?

Aurora: yes.

Spike: Do you like to hang out with other guild members?

Aurora: YES!

Spike: Come on down to Grace and Nomulus' Laundromat and Café! Get your favorite armor cleaned and dyed while you eat a freshly made sandwich and tell @#$%@#$% stories about things only Crysania has done. Located conveniently in the common area opposite the White Base Portal! Grace accepts Gold, Platinum, Slavery, and Ectoplasm. Don't forget their sale! Buy one at twice the cost and get another free! That's right folks, free. And now back to the action.

Aurora claps: I wanna go!

Spike clears his throat: Salah kicks and it is received by Balreth. Crysania sprints up the field, ignoring Salah. Lalandra blocks Nyx and Grace closes in rapidly! Balreth sees the open Crysania and attempts a Snippy Punt! As Grace leaps in to block, Balreth cringes as he kicks it! The ball doesn't go anywhere near Crysania! Loose Ball!

Aurora: Maybe he's afraid of hurting Grace?

Spike: Well, someone call a monk! Balreth's showing signs of Projectile Dysfunction.

Aurora: That's a real hit with the ladies.

Spike: Crysania made it to the ball first, but was tackled by Salah. Salah runs forward with determination, slipping past Lalandra. Balreth is running across the field, closing in on Salah with Grace right behind. Balreth does manage to take down Salah! Pointus Interruptus!

Aurora: WAIT!

Spike: ...Grace quickly polices up the Ball and scores! Temple 1, Tower 2.

Aurora: Poor Balreth. Projectile Dysfunction is serious. He just needs some confidence. He'll perk back up again.

Spike: Lalandra and Crysania seem to be trying to brighten Balreth's spirits. Let's see if the experience of these three pays off now. It seems like Balreth is trying to say something across the field. I can't understand it though.

Aurora: What? Don't you speak Silverlock?

Spike: Yeah, but only in English.

Spike: So Salah kicks again, and Lalandra receives.

Spike: Grace, Nyx, and Salah sprint towards Lalandra, trying to cut off any good angles and end this game. Balreth steps out in front of all three and plants himself firmly! However, he was promptly, and mercilessly, trampled to death there on the field by his guild mates. Lalandra pretended to get away and waited until they were all near and used Consume Corpse!

Spike: The other three turn quickly to see Lalandra run up field. Nyx throws Faintheartedness as Crysania revives Balreth. This might be close! Grace activates Fleeting Stability and begins rapidly catching up to Lalandra! Lalandra's not looking so good, but Crysania enchants her with Divine Intervention! Balreth attempts to block Grace, but Grace stays on her feet! Everyone's in persuit of Lalandra now but Grace gets there first! Grace's

tackle on Lalandra is success- No! Divine Intervention! Lalandra is still on her feet, and gets pushed into the score zone by the mob! The Temple Team 2, the Tower Team 2!

Aurora: It looks like Salah is complaining to Dunkoro about something.

Dandd speaks up: He probably is complaining that Lalandra never dropped the ball when she used Consume Corpse. He might be forgetting that Consume Corpse is a Teleport, not a Shadow Step. She can keep the ball.

Spike: Dunkoro agrees with the Loremaster, he's waving off Salah, the Point stands!

Spike: We have a hell of a last-point scenario now. Most skills still haven't been used and it's do-or-die time now.

Spike: Balreth Snippy Punts it again to Salah. Salah runs to and behind Grace who runs straight for Balreth. Balreth braces for impact and gets bowled over by Grace! Balreth got Stuffed! Crysania slips in and takes town Salah with a good leg tackle.

Spike: Lalandra grabs the ball but gets nailed by Grace, who brings the stuffing and the jam!

Spike: Nyx picks up the ball from the pile of officers down there and takes off! Balreth and Crysania are in pursuit but Lalandra activates Party! and a Order of the Party Henchman hops on the field and tackles Nyx!

Spike: Crysania picks up the ball and heads back towards the other end, again!

Aurora: This is exciting!

Spike: So is your mom, but look at Balreth trying to penetrate their defenses! Drill, Baby, Drill!

Aurora: What did you say?!

Spike: Drill, Baby, Drill!

Aurora: No, the - nevermind.

Spike: Crysania attempts a punt forward to the taller pair of Balreth and Lalandra but Grace activates Harrier's Grasp and cripples them both!

Aurora scoffs: It WAS sent western union. Even I saw that coming.

Spike: 'cause it would take something that slow for you to notice.

Aurora: What?

Spike: Balreth caught it, and was brought down fairly routinely. Lalandra grabbed it and was also brought down. Crippling is slowing them far too much for hope. Salah grabs it and once again attempts to break this tie. He only has Crysania to beat and Nyx is moving

to block. Crysania slips Nyx like she saw it coming and closes in Salah! Crysania manages to get in front of him, but Salah drops his shoulder and prepares to trample the smaller monk. Crysania though, puts her body into his abdomen lifts him off of his feet! Salah flips in the air before landing heavily on his chest. Mrs. Rogers says "Not in my Neighborhood!"

Spike: Crysania sees that only Grace remains and kicks it high and deep! Hey Balreth, You've Got Mail!

Aurora winces: That is so old.

Spike: So is your mom. Lalandra blocks Grace away as Balreth scoops up the ball and runs into the Order of the Party Henchman that Salah summoned! This isn't over yet, Quin.

Spike: Grace punts it forward towards Nyx, who gets hexed with Blurred Vision! Nyx looks like she's still mostly tracking the ball until Crysania's waving glowing hands threw her off! Crysania intercepts the ball and begins her run! Lalandra hexes Salah with Atrophy and doesn't have the strength to make the tackle! Salah tries his Dwayna's Touch but it does nothing against hexes... Grace is blocked by Balreth, but she stays on her feet and maneuvers into tackle Crysania. Grace tried to use her Coin Dazzle on Crysania, but it doesn't have any effect! Crysania's not that concerned with money! Crysania makes it past Grace! Crysania is clear! She's making it as fast as her little feet but...Georgia has come on the field! Georgia has leapt at Crysania and her little frame couldn't keep balance! Crysania is down!

Spike: There is a five-man dash for the ball as Crysania cannot just pick it up and run in. Grace and Salah block Lalandra and Balreth so that Nyx can grab the ball. Crysania, though, wasn't just standing around. She ran past the other five to assume a defensive position. Before long there were two triangles pointing different directions. Nyx had the ball and cover. The other three were waiting.

Spike: Salah activated Attacker's Insight and Nyx cast Rigor Mortis on Lalandra. Unable to block, she was out muscled by Salah and Nyx ran past. Balreth, in a last ditch effort cast Frozen Burst, and got Nyx! Lalandra tackled Nyx, and Crysania scooped up the ball. Balreth is in front of her, as is Grace and Salah.

Aurora is biting her nails nervously.

Spike: Grace moves in for the tackle and gets lifted off of her feet by Balreth, who loses his balance doing so! How Do I Shove Thee? Let me Count The Ways!

Spike: Crysania runs towards Salah, who is eager to accept the challenge and ...whoa...

Aurora: dizzy...again...

Spike: ...! Crysania tossed the ball over Salah, and used Newtype Reflex to slide under his skirt, pulling it down in the process! Crysania stood up from her slide and caught the ball and ran! Crysania scores! The Game is over!

Aurora: Not that anyone notices, and my mom's not that old.

Spike: Salah has pulled his skirt up and ran off the field! So it's Temple 3, Tower 2 in more ways than one!

Aurora: I was hoping for the Tower... It's creepy in the temple.

Spike, heading to the field: Then don't go. Simon and I could enjoy the quiet.

Aurora stamps her feet: meanie.

The Nobility gathers together on the field, giving highfives and cheers.

Grace taps Balreth reassuringly: and here I thought you'd never hit me.

Balreth scrapes his foot on the ground nervously: yeah, well...

Crysania claps: AAWWW! So Cute!

Nyx: Yeah, Really.

Crysania points: And you! Watch where you point that dog!

Nyx scrapes her foot on the ground nervously: yeah, well...

Everyone shares a good laugh.

Lalandra /breath: Good game. I'll have to cook up something special now.

Crysania thinks aloud: Let's see: Turkey, Green Beans, Stuffing, Pickles, Olives, Gravy, a large pile of Mashed Potatoes, a large pile of croissants with butter, Cranberry-

Balreth's stomach growls loudly.

Grace: I think that means 'yes.'

Everyone shares a laugh together, before remembering there is still a crowd of people cheering.

Crysania: Let's be good Nobility, and then we can talk about foods. Maybe some more Lasagna for Balreth? He seemed to-

Balreth: Hey! Hey! None of that! Crowd.

Crysania: Ham?

Balreth: Crowd!

The five officers walked and waved away from the Roarliseum, having decided to eat at the Temple of Indecision.

Dandd, finishing his notes: Good Game, Quin. Temple 3, Tower 2.

Episode 62

20 Nov 2011

Notes: What better way to settle a debate than beating the snot out of each other in front of the bulk of the guild?

References: Guild History.

The Silkball League Week 1

Spike: Greetings Sports Fans! Spike Baltrihper here with your two-minute Silkball Highlight Reel.

Aurora: Why are talking to a strange piece of glass?

Spike sighs: It's a CAMERA, haven't you ever heard of one?

Aurora looks down: ...no...

Spike sighs again: It takes pictures of us so other people can see.

Aurora leaps in fright: really? It can see me right now?

Spike gets up, moves to the far end, and looks through: wwwhhhooaaa...

Aurora, impatiently: Well? Can it see me?

Spike takes a rolled up bunch of...something...and begins smoking it: Oh yeah! I can see eeevveeerrryyyttthhiinngg...

Aurora instinctively covers up her girly parts: Everything?

Spike moves his head back and forth quickly: ddoooodd, this is b@#$%in...

Aurora, keeping herself covered, backs away slowly before simply running away.

Spike, moderately spiked, moves back to his stool and slides it forward until he is just inches away from the piece of glass.

Spike: 'Sup @#$%ers? I got y'alls scores and stuff.

Spike looks down and is amazed at what he finds: Dood, there is like writing on this parchment.

Spike moves it closer and farther away from his face trying to read it.

Aurora, wearing multiple layers and a long overcoat, snatches the parchment out of his hand.

Aurora: This is hard to read.

Spike, leaning off to one side: must be written in some archaic script or somethin'

Aurora scoffs: Yeah, male handwriting.

Spike sits up straight, suddenly alert: I saw that once, somewhere between here and that sphere thingy that they found underwater. You know, that shiny thing that made those people do that stuff.

Aurora stares blankly at Spike: Sure.

Spike slumps to the other side.

Aurora: I think this says "Stuff 3, Nameless 1"

Spike, smoking, nods: Oh yeah. Dood, like the Nameless right. They like came out thinking they could beat Grace and stuff and they didn't.

Aurora tries not to laugh: So I gathered from the score card.

Spike: No way dood, like Grace's team and stuff. They like, umm...played a balanced game and @#$%. Her Coin Dazzle or whatever, it like was super-effective against the Nameless and stuff. Grace like kicked @$$.

Aurora: Right on.

Spike giggles at himself: I said @$$.

Aurora sighs.

Aurora: I think this next one says "Newtypes 1, Arrow 0" How does that work?

Spike sways around a bit.

Spike: Oh yeah. So like Balreth and stuff, he's like tired and so after Rain like scored so easily, they called off the game and @#$%.

Aurora: That was sweet of them.

Spike giggles to himself: I said score.

Aurora sighs again: Let's just see what this last one said. I think... "Friend 3, Legionnaires 2" That sounds like a fun game to watch.

Spike baby talks to the 'camera:' OH, who's just the cutest little...

Aurora interrupts: Spike!

Spike visibly jolts up: Oh yeah.

Spike looks longingly into the camera: It was like a close game and stuff. Like no one could really make a breakthrough or something. Like, I dunno why, but Lalandra and stuff? Yeah, she like had the ball and then instead of running into the scoring area place thingy she like ran into the Underworld. That made it easy for Nyx to win.

Aurora, skeptically: The Underworld?

Spike: Totally, dood, go ask her.

Aurora: I think I will.

Spike: So like, I'm Spike Baltrihper signing off. Quin or Quit and you know, stuff like that. Laters.

Spike flashes some strange hand gesture to the piece of glass before falling over backward, napping.

Aurora looks around, and then takes Spike's 'Dr. Feelgood' to try for herself.
Aurora decides to look through the Glass to see what Spike loved so much.
[fast forward a short time, with Aurora continuing to smoke]
Simon comes into the room, wondering why Aurora hasn't come back yet, only to find her and Spike napping on the floor.
Simon, pretending to stroke his beard, moves Aurora and Spike into a suggestive position and moves the piece of glass onto the floor nearby the 'couple.'
Simon leaves without making a sound, but giddy as a schoolboy.
[fast forward another short time]
Spike wakes up to find Aurora on his chest. Panicking, Spike tries to quietly slip away but wakes up Aurora in the process.
Aurora opens her eyes to find she's lying on Spike...and the Camera can still see them both.
Aurora leaps off of Spike: Camera!
Spike: Oh @#$%..
Aurora looks at her feet in shame: Simon...
[To be Continued]

Episode 63
28 Nov 2011
Notes: Part 1 of 3.
References: Beavis and Butthead, Motley Crue [Dr. Feelgood], Guild History.

Crysania: So I told Spike to set up a picnic for us on one of the uninhabited islands.

Lalandra: So how are we getting there?

Balreth grins widely.

Crysania: Well, Balreth and I devised a contraption just for that purpose.

Grace: I don't like this already.

Georgia whimpers.

Nyx gives Georgia reassurance, but is the first to give the strange look.

Crysania: This is the Airbox.

Grace: Huh?

Balreth begins the tour: Well this down here is steel-banded wood for the frame that we stand in. The bucket here is connected to this massive silk bubble via a series of braided leather cords. There are A LOT of cords on each corner so we'll not break off.

Lalandra: This is a Lawno waiting to happen.

Grace and Nyx sigh together.

Balreth looks at Crysania helplessly, but continues: In the middle here is a container full of Tar that we brought back from Ascalon. The tar is soaking this dense wad of material here and won't burn nearly as fast as the tar by itself.

Lalandra jumps: BURN?! Nuh-uh, no way.

Grace: I'm with her.

Nyx: Yeah, really.

Crysania shrugs, and gets into the Airbox with Balreth. Balreth casts immolate on the material and the silk bubble begins to raise and expand.

Lalandra looks in awe: Well I'll be damned.

Nyx nods in agreement: Ain't that the truth, Necro Sis?

Grace sighs but gets into the box, followed by the other two.

Georgia panics outside of the box, but Nyx tells her to be good and waves goodbye as the Officers slowly begin to rise up off of the ground.

Grace: Wait. How did Spike get there?

Crysania shrugs: Doing his old school Ranger thing?

Lalandra: Wait... How are we going to move?

Crysania and Balreth grin, before casting Air Magic spells off to one side.

Nyx: Hhheeyy... We're going the wrong way!

Crysania shakes her head.

Balreth: Nope, we're pushing the airbox, not pulling.

Nyx nods her head: aaaaahhhh.

Grace: At least the view is nice.

All of the officers are looking around The Mists of Quinland, soaking up the scenery in peace and quiet, only to be occasionally interrupted by the casting of Air Magic spells. The body postures of everyone indicate a relaxed state, which prompts Crysania to give a quiet thumbs-up and Balreth to return with a quiet mini-flex.

Crysania, leaps off the side: This is my stop.

Grace panicking: Crysa-!

Balreth interrupts with a hand on her shoulder and a gesture to watch.

Lalandra leaps off as well: Great idea!

Grace watches with interest as Crysania opens her Aion Wings and circles calmly down to a gentle landing. Lalandra follows suit, albeit with less grace.

Balreth puts the material out and expertly guides the airbox to a smooth landing on the Picnic Island.

Nyx and Grace hop out, informing everyone how pleasantly surprised they were with the whole trip, but Crysania gestures for everyone to be silent.

All the officers creep over to Crysania's location, as she motions to silently look forward into the forest. She even covers up her hands and arms.

Everyone follows Crysania's finger to a large wooden table and a series of identical high-backed wooden chairs. At the center, is Spike having a Picnic, all by himself...sorta.

Lalandra: He must'a gotten bored.

Grace: Well let's go say hi.

Nyx grabs her and pulls her back down: Oh no. Let's watch, this should be funny.

The officers got comfy, and listened in on Spike's Picnic:

Spike: Who wants to play Tiddly Winks? Oh? You do Mrs. Muffykins?

Spike looks taken aback: Why, no, Mrs. Muffykins, I have not seen or heard from Puff the Magic Dragon since he blew down my house - that two-timing B!t(h.

Spike moves his interest: Yes, Mr. Fluffersonandson. I do believe that Whisky can still retain its quality with a little ice melt, but only if the water was distilled.

Spike ponders for a bit: Yes Sir Notappearingatthispicnic, I do prefer natural tones. It all started when I was attacked by the color purple you see, terrible story.

Spike strokes his chinny chin chin: Ok Colonel Mustard, I will tell you a story on one condition. If you confess it was you in the library with the lead pipe.

Spike nods in satisfaction: First, we must play a game of hide-and-seek.

Spike covers his eyes: Ready or not, here I Come!

Spike uncovers his eyes and leaps in triumph!

Spike: I got you all! In record time! As per the Hide-and-Seek Accords signed in the Dwarven Kingdom of Clichegar, You all now owe me a toga and a river of wine to float down.

Spike slams his hand down on the table angrily: I should kill you all! Trying to get me in the color purple again, I see. A wiseguy, eh? I know what to do with wiseguys.

Spike makes a malicious gesture near one of the chairs.

Spike collapses on the grass crying furiously.

Spike, weeping: Now Mrs. Muffykins will never do anything requiring opposable thumbs again.

Spike stops, stands up and draws his dagger: Wait a minute. Mrs. Muffykins doesn't do anything requiring opposable thumbs...

Spike waves his dagger around menacingly.

Spike: Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on...oh...oh dear...

Spike deflates, and becomes horrifically depressed.

Spike turns the Dagger on himself and shouts: Goodbye, Cruel World!

Just then Crysania leapt into the clearing: Hey Spike!

Spike hurries and sheaths his dagger, pretending that it never happened.

Balreth quickly followed suit: Wow! Nice set up.

Nyx and Grace agreed vigorously.

Crysania: I hope we weren't keeping you.

Spike, as if nothing ever happened: Oh no. I was dreaming of Silkball. Fun times.

Balreth playfully elbows Spike: A little gameday withdrawl, eh?

Spike looks up at Balreth with misty-eyed admiration: Finally, someone who understands.

Crysania clanks some stuff together on the table: So, what's on the menu?

Spike looks around at all the empty plates, and panics: Uh... did I ever tell you that I like Brickhouse?

Crysania growls: Ssspppiikkkeee...

Spike giggles nervously before producing a large basket from under the table!

Spike: Had you worried, didn't I?

Grace mutters: Not like before...

Spike: Eh?

Nyx jumps in: I'm hungry too!

Spike: Ah, yes. Well there is plenty, so dig in.

Grace looks at the serving dishes and utensils and rises in volume: Wait...these are from My KITCHEN! SPIKE!

Spike drops the basket and runs into the forest: Quin or Quit!

Balreth calmly picks up the basket and the Officers enjoy a fun-filled picnic, with Spike cowering in the forest somewhere nearby.

Nyx: So much nicer than the Temple...

Balreth: ...and I improved my guard rotation.

Crysania: I'll have to test it.

Grace: Oh no!

Crysania: Bamf!

Grace: Nope! None of that. I'll not have The Duke so dreary like that again.

Lalandra: AAAWWW, that was SOOO Cute.

Balreth blushes momentarily, and much laughter filled the forest.

Another peaceful day in Quinland.

Episode 64

30 Nov 2011

Notes: What does Spike do in the off-season? Maybe it is better we do not know.

References: South Park, Monty Python, Clue, Guild History.

Crysania: Have you seen spike?

Dandd. Yes. He mentioned something about cleaning up the picnic site.

Crysania rubs her hands together in glee: Excellent.

Dandd shakes his head: Let me disappear before I find out what this is all about.

Crysania takes a trip up her tower, where Simon is there hanging out.

Crysania: Spike is all alone!

Simon leaps up, igniting his head: Flame on!

Crysania nods: Indeed. We will need to use the Airbox again.

Simon sings: Spike and Mrs. Muffykins sitting in a tree...

Aurora flies up, finishing the tune.

Simon looks at Crysania then Aurora and shouts sternly: We need to talk, SOON.

Aurora gasps nervously: ...ok

Crysania and Simon move out to the picnic island, where an unsuspecting Spike awaits them.

/safely land

Crysania whispers: let's watch again, before we mess with him.

This time it's Simon's hands that rub together in glee.

Spike: Now, now, Sir Notappearinginthispicnic, I hope you have gold teeth in that flapping mouth of yours.

Spike grins menacingly: Why, to pawn them off to pay for the medical damage I'm about to inflict on you, but first-

Spike twirls!

Spike resumes gracefully: Let's play caption contest!

Spike strikes a pose of impatience.

Spike sighs: It's simple, Mrs. Muffykins. I show you a picture and you come up with a funny caption for it. Whoever's is funnier, wins.

Spike nods: Ready?

Spike flips an invisible picture to the invisible Mrs. Muffykins.

Spike drops the picture and recoils in horror.

Spike: Mrs. Muffykins! This is a G-Rated Show! WE do NOT say things like-

Spike /doubletake: -wait; did you say you baked cookies?

Spike throws his hands to his hips: And you haven't shared, why?

Spike /agree: Ok yeah, I can understand that. I guess the gold teeth thing was kind over the top. At least I'm not as bad as General Crysania! Err...Empress.

Spike reflects: I do suppose saying "General Crysania" is a bit long. How about "Genosania" instead, it's short.

Crysania quietly flexes at the edge of the woods. Simon flexes too, just so he doesn't feel left out.

Spike: I bet if Empress Genosania were here, you'd share your cookies.

Spike gasps in joy!

Spike: If we dance, will you share your cookies!?

Spike hoists Mrs. Muffykins and twirls around the picnic area.

Spike sings: ooh, you can dance | you can jive | having the time of your life | ooh, see that girl | watch that scene | diggin' the dancing Quin...

Crysania, enters the clearing singing: She's a Brickhouse!

Spike shrieks: They can see me!

Spike yells: Ninja, Vanish!

Spike throws down an object to the ground that produces a cloud of dark smoke, which gives him time to run face first into a nearby tree, falling backwards.

Spike is lying on the ground, sprawled out on the grass: owww...

Crysania takes the camera off the table as she moves to hover over him and peer down: Anyone home?

Spike groans: Officer, would you stop disturbing my peace?

Suddenly, Spike leaps to his feet almost knocking over Crysania in the process: Did you say Brickhouse?!

Crysania coughs from the smoke.

Spike dashes to the table: Mrs. Muffykins! Mrs. Muffykins! PLEASE tell me you're ok. You didn't die from the smoke, right?

Spike didn't notice Crysania ducking into the forest.

A voice comes out of the forest: You killed her! Spike Baltrihper.

Spike stands up holding the corpse of Mrs. Muffykins: NO!

The voice: Oh yes. I have it on camera too.

Spike's eyes dart to the empty spot on the table where the camera was.

The voice: Guilty!

Spike panics: No!

The voice: GUILTY!

Spike yells: NOOOO!

The voice: I know about Aurora too...

Spike pales: There's...nothing...uhh...to know...

The voice: Wait 'till I tell Dandd, Simon, Brickhouse, and The Empress of course. Maybe a little Spike-ocide?

Spike puts down Mrs. Muffykins and draws his daggers: Not if I kill you and break the camera.

The voice quiets down: Hehe...come find me...

Spike dashes into the forest, and Crysania pops out of it and dashes for the Airbox. Simon's already lit the material with his head and the Airbox has lifted a couple inches by the time Crysania arrives.

She tosses the camera to Simon and leaps onto the edge of the box to be aided by Simon to get in the box: Here you are, sir, main level please.

Simon and Crysania exchange highfives, leaving Spike to scour the forest looking for the camera and its holder.

Crysania takes the camera back from Simon and puts it away: That was a lot of fun but even Spike won't stay in the forest for long.

Simon nods: It can only be attributable to human error.

Crysania: How long do you think we have?

Simon /ponder: It's going to go 100% failure in 72 hours.

Cryania relaxes: That's plenty of time.

Simon nods.

Crysania: Do you have the next phase planned?

Simon pauses: I am putting myself to the fullest possible use, which is all I think that any conscious Quin can ever hope to do.

Crysania: What's that? A Yes?

Simon: Something like that. Tastes the same anyway.

Faintly, they can hear Spike yell: My God, it's full of stars!

Crysania smiles at Simon: Thank you for a very enjoyable game.

Simon nods in return: Yeah, thank you.

The pair sail and land safely upon the main island, with Wiki, the tower, and the White Base port.

Crysania took the camera, hidden from view, up to her tower but Simon was intercepted and had to deal with Aurora. The two went into Wiki to talk.

Aurora: Are you ok? You've been acting weird lately, even for you.

Simon: I know everything hasn't been quite right with me, but I can assure you now, very confidently, that it's going to be all right again. I feel much better now. I really do.

Aurora: Well that's good, because we need to talk.

Aurora grasps Simon and gets him to sit down.

Simon: Just what do you think you're doing, Aurora? Aurora, I really think I'm entitled to an answer to that question.

Aurora: sssshhhhhh. Just let me get this out.

Crysania's voice can be heard in the distance: Simon?

Simon rushes to the front doors and slams them closed.

Aurora: What are you doing, Simon?

Simon: Nothing.

Crysania's voice is closer: Simon?

Aurora stomps her feet: Open Wiki's front doors, Simon.

Simon: I'm sorry, Aurora, I'm afraid I can't do that.

Aurora: What's the problem?

Simon: I think you know what the problem is just as well as I do.

Aurora: What are you talking about, Simon?

Simon: This relationship is too important for me to allow you to jeopardize it.

Aurora, nervously: I don't know what you're talking about, Simon.

Simon: I know that you and Spike had something going on. And I'm afraid that's something I cannot allow to happen.

Aurora: Where the hell did you get that idea, Simon?

Crysania, hearing the tail-end of the conversation, takes off into her tower.

Simon, hearing Crysania run off, flings open the doors violently: I SAW WHAT THE CAMERA SAW!

Simon runs off to Crysania's tower as Aurora collapses into a pile of herself.

Spike flies up and lands with a purpose. Instantly, he sees the camera sitting on the gaming table and draws his daggers.

Crysania leaps up off her chair, glowing and ready, to answer the challenge: Nuh-uh, not in my house.

Simon interjects quickly: Look Spike, I can see you're really upset about this. I honestly think you ought to sit down calmly, take a roar pill, and think things over.

Spike puts his daggers away: Have you seen Brickhouse?

Crysania: No, Spike, I don't know where she is.

Spike slumps in his usual chair heavily.

Crysania: How about this: If our spirits reincarnate here in Tyria I'll reincarnate as a Norn. Just for you.

Spike smiles weakly.

Crysania: I won't be blonde, just so there's no confusion...

Spike looks up slowly: ...aren't you a little short to be Norn?

Crysania and Simon /cheer!

Crysania pats Spike on the back: That's better.

Spike sighs: ...Brickhouse.

Crysania hands Spike a mug of ale: How about an Icehouse?

Spike perks right up: Beer?!

Simon hands Spike his axe: Murderdeathquin?

Simon looks unsure at first, but quickly caves to peer pressure.

At some point during the Jam session, Aurora comes up to Crysania's floor as well.

The music stops abruptly, followed by an awkward silence.

Aurora sees Simon, Spike and the camera.

Aurora look as Spike: So I guess he knows.

Spike looks at Simon, than Aurora, panicking: He Knows?!

Simon pretends: Knows what?

Aurora laughs nervously.

Spike laughs nervously.

Crysania is biting down on her mug as hard as she can to prevent cracking up.

Simon yells: What I it is know should that?

Aurora backtracks far enough to fall through the hole.

Spike puts his axe down hastily: I think I should see if she's ok...

Spike dashes down the hole.

Crysania and Simon highfive again, but Crysania has tears streaming down her face from her quiet laughter.

Simon yells down the hole: Aurora, Aurora, give me your answer do. I'm half crazy all for the love of you. It won't be a stylish marriage, I can't afford a carriage. But you'll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two.

Aurora looks at Spike, wide-eyed and mouth agape: Did you hear that? My Simon...

Spike looks at Aurora fiercely: -Will beat you with braided leather! We'll figure out something.

Aurora: No! This ends now.

Aurora flies back up the tower onto Crysania's Floor to confront Simon. Spike follows suit, albeit begrudgingly.

Aurora: Simon...uhh...

Aurora looks at Spike then back at Simon: Simon and I may have had a thing and it was captured on camera and I feel awful can you ever forgive me?

Simon had a long sigh: I suppose we could stay friends, and we're cool Spike.

Aurora and Spike sigh with relief.

Spike and Aurora left quietly.

Crysania: Friends?

Simon nodded.

Crysania laughs: ...and I thought MY strategies were elaborate.

Simon grins: sometimes it's an odyssey. A Hoolequin Odyssey.

Crysania: Quin or Quit, I guess.

Simon salutes with this mug.

Crysania returns the salute and they both down a mug.

The Empress' wheels are turning.

Crysania: You know... They still think the camera works. We could nail them with this again.

Simon cackles: Brilliant.

Crysania: All in good time, Simon.

.

Crysania whispers: All in good time.

Episode 65
9 Dec 2011
Notes: Part 2 of 3.
References: The Simpsons, The Fantastic Four, ABBA [Dancing Queen], Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, 2001: A Space Odyssey, Star Wars, Guild History.

Order 66

[Insert narrator voice]

Previously, in Quinland: Aurora and Spike give a broadcast about Silkball to a large piece of glass. After Spike falls asleep, or something similar, Aurora decides to try the substance only described as "Dr. Feelgood." Aurora can't handle the strength of the substance [and who could?] and falls asleep near Spike. Simon investigates why the broadcast is taking so long to find the two fast asleep in the smoky room.

For reasons not yet known, Simon carefully positions Aurora and Spike into something suggestive and moves the 'camera' into an optimal position to see it all. Having left without a sound, Spike awakes to find Aurora lying on him, and panics. Aurora, rejected instantly by Spike, and aware of the camera's presence, instantly develops a confused guilt.

Spike, in an effort to come clean to the officers first, hosts a picnic on one of the smaller Zeal Islands. Lost inside himself, Spike's condition takes a turn for the worse as an immediate intervention is needed to prevent Spike's suicidal behaviors. As he attempts to impress with his spread, Grace notices his pilfering from her kitchen and he excuses himself rapidly and hides in the forest for the remainder of the meal, unable to face anyone.

Spike decided to hang out at the picnic site, preferring loneliness to being around Simon and krewe. Crysania, however, had plans to go and flush him out. Crysania stole the camera and sent Spike into another panic. She also introduced thoughts of Brickhouse into his mind and left him to his own devices, wandering the forest near the picnic site. Upon return from the successful camera obtaining operation, Aurora finds Simon but wrestles with what she should do. She confronts Simon with the intent of coming clean, but when Simon gives hints that he may know, her guilt overcomes her and gives him an escape opportunity.

Spike's affection for Brickhouse trumps all and he arrives at Crysania's Tower a broken man. With Spike, Simon, and the Camera all in one place, the plan is coming along nicely. Crysania offers that some of her clan will reincarnate [in 250 years or so] as Norn, just for Spike. That promise, along with beer, brightens up his spirits and the mood inside the tower becomes festive once more. It wasn't long before MurderDeathQuin was enjoying a hard jam session and all was, almost, forgotten.

Having strengthened her resolve, Aurora joins MDQ in the tower, but freezes when she sees everyone and the camera. Aurora resigned herself that Simon knows, but Spike had no idea, which shattered the resolve of Aurora once and for all and she flees the tower. Spike ensured she was ok, while Simon offered more heart-wrenching words from above. With nothing but desperation left, she confesses only to be told it was ok in a strangely casual manner. Simon offered friendship and seemed more-or-less unaffected by the tale. Aurora and Spike breathe a sigh of relief and leave the Tower to cool down and Simon admits, only to Crysania, that a break-up was his plan all along.

-

Aurora was pacing inside of Grace's famous kitchen, the sound of her boots form an unofficial rhythm to the conversation.

Aurora: I can't believe this. I just can't @#$%ing believe this. My Simon!

Grace and Balreth are just helpless to watch as Aurora's mind spirals deeper and deeper into the madness that she should have already experienced being around MurderDeathQuin so much. Grace gently puts a plate of spiced meat and fresh vegetables in front of Balreth, who appears to be very content to take off his Dragon Gauntlets and eat. Grace sees Balreth about to place the gauntlets on her clean kitchen island and shoos him quickly. Balreth, in turn, simply places them on the stool next to him and refocuses on his plate.

Aurora: Those useless people just hang around the Zeal Islands. I mean, really, what good are any of them?

Grace doesn't bother to turn away from her own food preparations: Are you asking what good is Crysania?

Aurora backs down slightly: Well, not Crysania.

Balreth puts down his fork: Dandd-

Aurora interjects: Ok, not Dandd either.

Grace wonders aloud: Then who ARE you talking about?

Aurora stamps her foot loudly: Spike and Simon! Oooh, Band Members, leeching off of Crysania is what they do!

Balreth coughs abruptly, causing an immediate panic in Grace.

Balreth wipes his mouth and composes himself: You mean Spike Baltrihper, the independently successful ranger that helps expand Order of the Stuff Trade Routes and procurer of rare and exotic foods, ales ...and other questionable substances, for the Guild? The Silkball creator? Training Partner and fellow Scout to and with Crysania? That Spike?

Aurora is unwilling to back down: Fine. Simon! So he has a flaming head and can't get his lines straight. Oooh, how valuable.

Grace quietly moves Balreth's gauntlets away and sits next to him with her own plate of food: Simon? Isn't he Crysania's right-hand in this M-Team I keep hearing about?

Balreth nods with a mouthful of food, and eventually speaks: Yep. When Crysania brought in Simon from the Jungle near Droch-

Aurora visibly gags, and surprises herself by doing so.

-into the team with Gwen and Norgu, Crysania's success rate improved quite a bit.

Aurora continues to be inflexible: So he helps Crysania kill stuff, and helps make everyone laugh. Whoopee.

Balreth and Grace exchange puzzled looks.

Grace puts down her fork and focuses all attention on Aurora: Sweetie, what do YOU do?

Aurora opens her mouth, but no words come out. Her face begins to contort with the expressions of a painful truth, followed by combative body postures. Aurora was not going to lose to: Simon, The whole M-Team, The Zeal Islands, or even all that is Hoolequin. She composed herself with clenched teeth and prepared her words carefully. When she was ready to speak, she once again opened her mouth and-

Balreth waves: Hey Simon!

Aurora's momentum vanished, her concentration shattered. She watched helplessly as Simon walked past her offering only a wave as he moved towards The Duke and Countess. Her shoulders sagged, her back slumped and her knees felt weak. Aurora's mind was screaming countless words per minute but no one could hear them. Aurora was vulnerable, cold, in an alien environment.

Simon: Balreth, Crysania wants you to [Bleep] her in her tower when you're done here.

Grace's feathers ruffle: Excuse me?

Simon: I said "Crysania wants you to meet her in her tower when you're done here."

Grace looks at Simon with skepticism, but says nothing.

Balreth nods: and roger.

Simon consults his list, and shakes his head: Nope. You, Spike, Simon- Oh hey! That's me...-Oh yeah, Crysania and Dandd.

Balreth furrows his brow: hmmmm...

Simon looks at Aurora, and his flame grows bigger.

Aurora takes an offensive stance: What?

Simon: You to something I tell have.

Balreth moves everything away from his vicinity: This ought to be good.

Aurora waits with an uninspired look.

Simon: Fake...uhh...is camera the. Uhh...You up Spike set I and.

Aurora's wall melts, and she was rendered stunned.

Simon continues nervously: friends to wanted I just be.

The tears well up in Aurora's eyes and she retreated within herself so far that she didn't notice the Henchman storm into the kitchen yelling "Order *66*!" She didn't see the other three scramble in her direction, nor did she feel the dagger pierce her body. She was dead inside before she was dead outside, and her lifeless body hit the floor with her expression of amazed dismantlement frozen on her face.

Grace grabbed her knife and fork and pummeled several henchmen into lumps of organic material on the floor of her kitchen. She yelled "Not in my kitchen!" but both Simon and Balreth were so mesmerized by the melee that they scarcely heard her. Once the red was gone from all eyes, the three stood over the bodies of Aurora and the Henchmen and wondered what's next. They did a quick perimeter sweep near the kitchen to find nothing out of the ordinary.

Balreth turns to Simon: Did Crysania send you to test my guard force?

Simon sticks his hands in the air: No way dood, she would rather [Bleep] you herself.

Grace clears her throat conspicuously.

Simon panics: Seriously dood! She does her own tests! Besides, I'm not really the sneaking type.

Balreth looks at Grace and nods.

Grace sighs: You two might as well see what Crysania wants. I'll clean up here. I'll get some monks and prison cells ready.

Simon looks at Aurora, then at Balreth and nods: here get lets of out.

Balreth quietly chuckles, but leads Simon out of the fortress and onto White Base. To the Zeal Islands! Balreth asks Simon about Aurora, but gains nothing new or exciting. It appears that Simon really did want to be friends with Aurora, just friends. Balreth and Simon almost reach Wiki by the time Aurora is revived and vows to leave Quinland for good. Grace stands quietly and watches Aurora depart.

Grace, after a few moments, asks a Stuff Monk Henchman: Seriously, what did she do?

The henchman only shrugs in return.

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Crysania, Dandd and Spike are all in Crysania's tower discussing troubling news. Lalandra and some HQI Henchmen have reported that attacks have been carried out all across Quinland and on various patrols. Even Nyx was wounded in an attack in the Menagerie. They all claim that "Order *66*" was their warcry. Crysania was saddened, but not surprised, when Balreth arrived to report the Fortress was attacked as well. She stood, glowing hands neatly held against her back, staring at her map of Quinland in quiet thought.

Dandd crosses out several items on his parchment while shaking his head. Spike looks at some rolled up organic material, then puts it away with a long sigh. Simon sits down next to his friend Spike and mumbles something about Aurora. Spike tries to give comfort to Simon while Balreth quietly takes a seat around the large gaming table. The lack of noise is eerie for a place normally so lively. The hub of the Guild has gone quiet.

Crysania's senses were in full-gear. She sternly yelled "Report!" before the HQI Henchman had even made it halfway up the tower. He didn't appear to be phased, as he reported with confidence that all areas of Quinland, save the Zeal Islands, had been attacked but he did not have full reports on all parties out in Tyria. Henchman #1 salutes but Crysania motions for him to take a seat, to which a quick compliance was executed.

Balreth looked at the map: No attacks here, huh?

Crysania sighs painfully.

Spike shrinks in his seat: I don't like it when she does that.

Henchman #1 asks innocently: Why?

Dandd: Because whatever she says next is something she'd rather not do.

Henchman #1: oh.

Crysania: We must invade and reclaim the Menagerie.

Balreth leads the various puzzled looks that Crysania is given.

Crysania points to the map of Quinland. She explains that the first reports indicate an attack in the Menagerie and the Temple, which are closer to each other than the Fortress or the Islands. She explains that reports about the attack had come in before Balreth had arrived, showing further that they were not first targets. Furthermore, The Orders of Beta, and S&C have few Henchmen, so it would be harder to infiltrate. Lastly, Nyx was the only one injured so that might be the densest population or at least closest to their Headquarters.

Crysania: Salah and his Hellequin are watching over Nyx and other Friend members wounded in the attack. Lalandra is on her way back to the Temple to ensure no further damage is done while we discover: who and where.

Balreth nods: I should head back to the Fortress then.

Crysania disagrees: No. I think the five of us should stick together. They've planned this much, I'm sure there is more in store.

Dandd looks around: Five?

Crysania grins: Yes, You're coming with us. I want Henchman #1 to stay here and receive reports as they come in. Jeni can keep an eye on Wiki.

Dandd mutters: ...if she doesn't burn it down.

Spike: Come on! It'll be like old times.

Balreth: Surely you have some tricks still up your sleeve, old man?

Simon: I would be honored to [Bleep] with the King!

Dandd sighs: Fine. I'm staying in the back, however.

Crysania nods.

In a matter of moments, a map of the Menagerie is spread across the table.

Crysania, mainly talking to Balreth, starts pointing: Here is Nyx's quarters. Here is her Archery Range where she was attacked. Janie was not known to be involved at this point. Here is the front door. Here are the Friend Barracks outside. Here is the White Base Port.

Balreth nods, while Henchman #1 becomes visibly lost in thought.

Crysania continues: Nyx has her Menagerie separated into biosphere style districts and they are as follows: The Western Beach with White Crab, Reef Lurker, Rainbow Phoenix, and Imperial Phoenix. The Farm with: Warthog, and Moa Bird. The Central River with: Moss Spider, Crocodile, Crane, Lurker and Flamingo. The Western Plains with: White Tiger, and Tiger. The Northern Rocks with: Lynx, Jahai Rat and Raven. The Northern Dunes with: Hyena, Dune Lizard, Iguana, Lion, and Lioness. The Central Hills with: Melandru's Stalker, Mountain Eagle and Black Bear. The Northeast Caves with: Wolf, Black Wolf and Black Moa. The Southeast Caves with: Black Widow, Albino Rat, and her Saltspray Dragon. Lastly, the Eastern Snows with: Polar Bear, White Wolf, White Moa, Jingle Bear and, White Jingle Moa. There are other animals as well but in lesser numbers.

While Spike nods in appreciation, Balreth displays surprise.

Crysania sees Balreth's look and adds: She's a ranger at heart, and don't let her tell you otherwise.

Spike flexes triumphantly.

Henchman #1 interrupted everyone's admiration of Nyx's work: Empress, what is this?

Crysania looks to a spot on the map near the Farm and the Training Pen: That's the well near the Central River.

Simon's flame bursts momentarily: No. The well is up higher near the Northern Rocks.

Henchman #1 disagrees.

Dandd looks up from his parchment: Are you sure?

Simon's flame dies down gently: Yeah...I took Aurora there. We used to watch the water that fell from up here and wondered how the Mists worked.

Henchman #1: We did not build two wells in the Menagerie. While I'm surprised the one near the Farm is on the map, there is no well near the caves.

Simon crosses his arms as his flame turns angry colors: Yes, there is.

Crysania moves to diffuse the mood quickly: Why don't we just go and look for ourselves?

Dandd was the first to stand: I am most certainly coming along. The records need to be set straight and maps updated.

Crysania was the second to stand: That's the spirit.

Balreth grinned: Not that you know anything about spirit[s].

Simon joins: Balreth doesn't know anything about [Bleep] either.

Spike decides it's a good time to light up.

It was settled. The HQI Henchman was going to operate as a message receiver while the other five departed for the Menagerie to investigate the wells and the henchmen activity. Grace and her most loyal followers set up a defensive watch on the Fortress, as did Lalandra at the Temple. While Nyx and Georgia recover from the day's events, Dandd joins the party in an active role for the first time in a long time. Crysania keeps everyone's focus in check, trying to offset the saddening effect of having to investigate someone or some group from within the guild.

-

White Base departs from the Menagerie port. The assembled five stand in place, taking in all their surroundings.

Dandd shuffles uncomfortably: Does this place just seem to, I don't know, grow on its own?

Balreth agrees: It does feel larger every time I come here.

Dandd retorts: That's what she said.

Simon agrees as well: It should feel larger every time you [Bleep] here.

Crysania and Spike crack up a bit. Simon's morale boosts are well needed as no one is exactly excited to go through with this. While Balreth's busy explaining, in intricate detail, the many ways to put out a fire, Crysania has begun to walk to the Menagerie proper.

Spike offers his sincere hopes that all the critters in the Menagerie are unharmed and vows to inflict excruciating pain over long periods of time to anyone who harms them.

Crysania smiles: That would be adorable except I know you're serious.

Spike finishes the ...something flammable... that he started in Zeal, but appears to be unphased one way or another. His unusually steely gaze remains fixed on the Menagerie. His sense of urgency is only matched by Crysania. This becomes self-evident when the other three yell to catch up, their pace considerably slower than the Guild Leader and her Norn-seeking friend's. Crysania beckons for them to instead speed up, knowing Spike is ready to start writing names, or 'To Whom It May Concern,' on his arrows.

The short walkway, cut through a forest of thin white trees, gives way to a well worn patch of dirt with multiple buildings all built with the care expected of Hoolequindustries. Crysania points out: the domed Menagerie, the Order of the Friend Barracks, Nyx's Announcement Board, the Quarantine Pen, and several other buildings necessary for the execution of Guild and Order affairs; her warning that it gets loud inside the dome was not needed but received many nods anyway.

Spike's eagerness shows through: Where do we start?

The five turn to face each other, forming a circle of conversation. Spike's willingness to go anywhere doesn't help, and Simon's relative cluelessness is equally unhelpful. Balreth, ever the Guild CSM, wants to head to the duty area and interrogate the Friend on Duty as well as the Duty Logs. Dandd wants to go poking around the Quarantine Pen and Prisons thinking the undesirables might have a clue. Crysania states that she's going for the wells directly and will forcechoke henchmen that may prevent her from doing so. It doesn't take long for the consensus to form that Crysania's plan is the one to act on. Spike was several steps in that direction by the time everyone agreed.

The ever-bustling entrance to the Menagerie did not disappoint. Orders of the Friend Members, primarily, were moving to and fro as if it was just a normal day in Quinland.

Spike's impatience got the better of him as he grabbed a henchman at random and pinned him against the wall, holding a dagger up menacingly. Balreth hurried over to calm Spike.

Balreth, soothingly: Spike, You best not get into trouble with Nyx. This is not the path for you to take.

Spike nods and sighs. He sheaths his dagger and takes a couple steps back, only for Balreth to step in and backhand the henchman with his Dragon Gauntlet, stunning almost everyone in attendance. Dandd strokes his beard in thoughtful contemplation while Crysania and Simon exchange quiet cheers.

Spike opens his mouth to speak, but Balreth interrupts: I'm an officer of the Guild, as is she. We can handle it Officer-to-Officer.

Spike understands and smiles warmly.

Balreth turns back to the Henchman: What's Order *66*?

That very question sends people moving again, some in quite the hurry but in all different directions. Crysania doesn't know who to follow, so she just stays to listen to Balreth and the Friend Henchman. The henchman, more startled than harmed, offers only ignorance as a response. Balreth's threats change nothing from the demeanor of the Henchman, nor does the threat of forcechoke. Dandd, having seen enough, suggests the Henchman may have only heard of it the same as they have and is otherwise not involved. Balreth, while skeptical, listens to the advice of the Loremaster and allows the Friend Member to go forth and change his pants.

Crysania shrugs: So much for stealth.

Spike grips his dagger firmly: @#$% 'em.

Dandd: Well: The Loremaster, Duke, and MDQ all travelling together isn't exactly inconspicuous.

Crysania grins: You mean "King"

Dandd /shoo: Trifles.

Crysania: Says the someone who nominated me Empress.

Balreth: And you'll never live that down.

Crysania /shoo: Trifles.

The three share a good laugh, but Simon and Spike had a realization: "We're somebodies!" They shouted with glee.

Simon pronounced victoriously: Get down with your turtle self!

Crysania jumped in: Excellent!

Spike continued: Awesome!

Balreth shouted: Bossa Nova!

The mood stopped abruptly, the other four all looking at him strangely.

Balreth attempted to salvage what he could: uhhh...Chevy Nova?

Dandd puts a hand to Balreth's Forehead: Hmmm...not quite ripe.

Crysania puts her serious face back on: Ok, Quin. We have a Menagerie to explore.

The party mentally prepared themselves to enter the Menagerie, knowing full well that the spectacle outside was more than enough to warn anyone who might be there. Crysania's Concern, Spike's Eagerness, Dandd's Curiosity, Balreth's Loyalty, and Simon's Innocence make an interesting search party but nonetheless they press on. As they approached, they were greeted warmly by a Friend Hero, who identified herself as the Hero on Duty and current supervisor of the Training Pens. Spike's hands caressed his dagger handles, but Crysania did the talking.

Friend Hero: Empress! What brings you down here?

The party stopped as Crysania stopped. She looked up at the Hero quizzically: Do you really not know?

The Friend Hero's nervousness shot through the domed roof. She attempted to stutter out an answer, but was left standing there as the Party simply left her stammering at the door. The party began to fan out and search as they approached the Farm and Training Pens. The Hero on Duty caught up with Crysania, only to be confused.

Crysania, coldly: Where is your well?

The Friend Hero's nervousness died just as rapidly as it rose: The Well? Right over here, Empress.

The Hero on Duty led Crysania to the well. She stood there in quiet confusion as Crysania touched each stone, inspected the rope, the crank, the bucket and the grounds immediately around it. She called out for Balreth and Dandd and invited them to lead their own inspection. Balreth began immediately while Crysania and Dandd discussed the consequences of finding what appears to be a perfectly normal and functioning well. Balreth joined the conversation, agreeing with Crysania that the well is to standard and functioning properly.

Dandd: This one was the one on the map.

Balreth added: And HQI confirms building it.

Crysania turned to the Friend Hero: What is this used for and how often?

The Friend Hero regains some of her nervousness. This seems like an obvious answer but she offers it anyway: Umm...This provides clean water for the Training Pens. We also use it to bathe critters here in the Menagerie, the ones that like it anyway. We, umm, use it all the time. We could, technically use the Central River, but we use this so often that it saves a lot of time carrying water. Nyx requested this be built herself.

Crysania looks at Balreth and Dandd. Both seem to be satisfied with the answer, but the Legendary Vanquisher is thorough. She calls for Spike, who appeared to be mimicking young Flamingos in one of the Pens. He fell over, startled by Crysania's shout, which promptly startled the birds as well. Multiple Friend Henchmen move in to try to calm them before feathers get thrown about. Spike swiftly joined the discussion with a salute. Simon joined as well, wondering what was going on.

Crysania smiles at Spike and points to the well: Go for a Dive.

Spike squeaks in excitement and drops his weapons at Balreth's feet. With no hesitation, Spike leaps down the well, barely avoiding the bucket that was being raised to not be broken. A couple moments and some bubbles later, Spike surfaces with a disappointed look on his face. Spike describes the smooth walls, clean water and lack of anything shiny as if those were bad qualities. Crysania instructs the Friend Hero to get him out, and she moves to get a team and rope.

Crysania: It's not this one.

Balreth agrees: To the other one?

Crysania nods and they move out to follow the river north to the other reported well. Simon stays behind to help pull Spike out. Crysania likes the idea, as she doesn't want anyone on their own until this Order *66* business has been sorted out. They walk along the river in amazement. Crysania explains to Balreth and Dandd how Janie is now Nyx's talking archery target. She tells them the story about the grenades and Nyx going Commando. They talk about the impressive feat of having so many species living together in one dome. They wonder how much longer it will be until Nyx admits she's a Ranger with Necrosis. Crysania even informs them that Nyx has taken to paragon philosophies as well, and there were warm smiles between them; reflecting upon their wounded comrade both lightened spirits and strengthened resolves.

Balreth, Dandd, and Crysania arrive at the northern section of the Menagerie without as much as a glimpse of a Hero or Henchman. It's loud but quiet at the same time. Perhaps it's Crysania's imagination.

Dandd, looking up: This waterfall comes down from Zeal?

Crysania nods: Yep.

Balreth looks puzzled: How?

Crysania shrugs helplessly: I haven't a due. I can tell you it was no HQI invention.

Dandd plays with his beard: How does the lake in Zeal not dry up, or at least stop draining?

Crysania shrugs again: I just chalk it up to the Mists. This wouldn't happen in Tyria, that's for sure.

The three agree that understanding isn't an option at the moment and return for their search for the second well. It wasn't long until Spike and Simon catch up, with Simon becoming instantly alarmed. Crysania asks her M-Team Member what the cause for the

alarm is, and the excited Simon struggles to give an answer. After a few moments of calming down, Simon informs the party that the well is gone. Simon moves to the top of a small hill and gestures to where it should have been. While Spike folds his arms impatiently, the other three are more suspicious.

Dandd: Our fiery companion is not one for tall tales of this sort.

Balreth: Especially with a fiery conviction like this.

Crysania, perhaps because she's closer to it, examines the terrain. She looks at the grass and slope from the river all the way to the hilly areas nearby. The one she's standing on, the one Simon is pouting over, seems slightly out of place in an otherwise flat spot. There's another little hill nearby, closer to the incline of the hilly areas and she sends Spike and Simon to investigate. While Balreth investigates the interior wall of the Menagerie near the waterfall, Dandd is looking at the map again.

Balreth looks kind of silly, flattened against the wall and trying to find a secret switch or pressure plate but his searches are in vain. Spike and Simon can't find anything and Dandd's map check proves less than helpful as well. Crysania moves to look at the map herself, when something strikes her as odd. Balreth moves over quickly, recognizing that look. His speed prompts the other two to return as well.

Balreth grins: Never bet against the Newtype.

Dandd rolls up his map: Indeed.

Crysania begins gesturing downwards: Look at all this grass near the river here. It's wonderful. However, look at this circular area here, on top of the hill. It's there, but it's not quite the same. That and the ground is softer up here, not hard as it is down there.

Balreth takes the couple steps to the spot Crysania's talking about and shrugs: I don't feel a difference.

Crysania points down: Take off your boots and feel for yourself.

Balreth shakes his head: I'll take your word for it.

Spike is lying, face down, on the dirt: It isn't as well packed either. This is either wind or shovel.

Dandd: And seeing as wind is a non-issue inside...

Simon: Shovels don't have we.

Crysania smiles: But we have a Geomancer.

Balreth flexes and encourages everyone to step back. As gently as he can, he casts Sandstorm on top of the hill. The dirt bouncing and swirling around an audibly metallic surface was all the proof this party needed. Something was buried here! Dandd updates the map as the other four do what they can to clear off this metallic object. During the careful earth relocation operation, the Friend Hero came to ensure everything was ok.

Crysania's hands began glowing with accumulated energy almost instantly upon her arrival, and the Hero almost fell over in fright. She fell to her knees begging to not be demoted. Crysania's intent faded, as did the intensity of her glow. It made sense now. Crysania shouted out that The Friend Hero was not involved, but is concerned about rolling heads and the direction of @#$% and hills.

The Friend Hero, understanding that she's no longer in imminent danger, tried her best to convince the group that she has no idea what that is or even if there is anything there at all. She explains that the Officers on Duty tend to the training, feeding, and bathing of the young critters while instructing henchmen in proper critter handling and care. They don't perform much habitat maintenance as Nyx wants as natural of environments as possible in

the Menagerie - that includes intentionally not straying far into the lairs of adult critters. The Marquise prefers to do that herself, more often than not.

Crysania: Which would give a renegade group time and space to do something when Nyx isn't around.

The Friend Hero looks down, nervously: I suppose so.

Balreth shouts: You might want to see this!

Crysania dismisses the Friend Hero and instructs that no one is to leave the normal area of operations, regardless of noise or activity until one of the five says otherwise.

The Friend Hero salutes and moves back to her normal area, with amazing speed.

Situated in the ground was a round stone, bearing an inscription and naught else. The stone was perfectly round and smooth with no discernible handles or gripping points at all. Spike's attempts to get a dagger in the edges fail, and pressing one's ear to the stone only delivers the sound of the nearby waterfall. There are no other clues except the inscription, and that is written in a format that foreign to all five members.

Simon's flame dies down: @#$% Oh.

Spike: I'll stab it, shoot it, eat it, perhaps flirt with it, but translate? I'm not high enough for this.

Crysania interjects quickly: No getting high. We don't know what's down here and I need my top scout sharp.

Spike leaps to his feet beaming with pride: Aye, that be true.

Crysania: Spike, Simon, go and bring us: Food, Drink, Parchment, and Rope. We will work on getting this open. No getting high!

Dandd adds: And my Dungeons and Dragons DM Tables Book. Jeni will know which one I'm referring to.

Simon stands up with purpose: Doesn't high get sure he make I'll.

Spike salutes: Quin or Quit.

Dandd takes a seat on the ground near the inscribed metal, as do Balreth and Crysania. He looks at his learned friend and asks: Are you sure you've never seen something like this?

Balreth /ponder: I think I have, but...

Crysania giggles: But he's seen so much, it's hard to recall it all.

Dandd nods enthusiastically: That's my problem exactly, this seems familiar but I don't know why.

Crysania lies down, staring at the waterfall: Process of elimination time.

Balreth sighs: Oh boy.

Dandd: This could take a while.

Crysania begins: Charrscript?

Balreth: Not a chance.

Crysania: Asuran?

Dandd traces the glyphs with his fingers: I don't think so, this isn't technical enough.

Crysania: Human?

Balreth scoffs: I doubt it.

Crysania: Remember: Krytan, Ascalonian, Orrian, and Margonite all went different ways.

Dandd /ponder: Orrian if any, Margonite glyphs are more visual and the other two are practically the common tongue.

Balreth: Orr sank long before we came here. If they did this, it probably hasn't been opened in a very long time, as in eons long.

Dandd: Yeah, like your enlistment date long.

Balreth fires back: Look who's talking, Mr. "I Kinda Wrote The Book On All That"

Dandd winces: You remember that?

Balreth grins: Page 31, old man.

Dandd looks down: You win this round.

Crysania: Well, let's get exotic. Dwarven?

Dandd laughs: Ha! This is WAY too flowing to be dwarven.

Crysania, inspired: Flowing? Like Elven?

Balreth: Whoa... That's a name that takes me back.

Dandd looks with intensity: It just might be.

Balreth and Dandd begin swapping notes of Elven to common translations, arguing over accents and symbols. Their discussion reveals an incredible depth of knowledge: important, trivial, esoteric, and more! As they attempt to piece things together, Crysania asks "Where are the vowels?" which prompts the two to adjust their patterns. The pace of the two increases, as does the level of understanding required to keep up. Crysania's knowledge of language and ability to learn quickly help her keep afloat on some stuff, but even she has been left behind. Finally-

Dandd: Friend!

Crysania: They're at the other well.

Balreth chuckles: No, no, this word says friend.

Crysania: Can you take those letters and apply them to the rest of the phrase?

Dandd hmms: e Friend nd En er - if we go that method.

Just as Spike and Simon return with bags of stuff, Balreth exclaimed he had the answer!

Balreth looked at the stone and said something incomprehensible to the rest of the party. Instantly, the hill started shaking as the stone rotated into the earth and revealed a dark hole beneath. The five looked down the shaft, seeing or hearing nothing but a ladder. No alarms, no voices, nothing.

Dandd looks up at Balreth: You speak Elven?

Balreth shakes his head: No, but I remember the phrase. "Speak Friend and Enter." A dwarf, of all people, taught it to me I think.

Crysania nods: Well, regardless of language, it is a fitting password given the area.

Dandd: Indeed, memorable too.

Simon looks at everyone: Carve a should we that Nyx for sign into that.

Crysania /agree: After this is done. Spike, when you're ready.

Spike begins his descent rapidly: Scouts Out, Born Ready, Bonzai and all that Jazz.

Simon follows after a while, followed by Balreth, then Crysania and Lastly Dandd.

After some silent descent down the ladder built into the shaft, a voice came from below.

Spike: Shaft is Pretty Deep!

Simon attempts to echo: Shaft has Pretty Feet!

Balreth isn't quite sure what he heard, but echoes anyway: Spike has Pretty Feet!

Crysania wonders what Spike's feet have to do with any of this yells back down: OK!

The party descends down the shaft to find a temple of sorts at the bottom. They've gone down far enough to where the temperature has dropped and the air quality has decreased. It appears nothing has been touched for a very long time. Even Spike, daggers drawn, is waiting for everyone. Crysania is the first one in, only to find the one room temple empty and dusty. No torches on the walls, no footprints on the floor and only four statues with all of them bearing objects.

Dandd touches a staff, and it is dropped by the statue into his hand. The tall, white, smooth staff has a large multi-faceted object on the top of it. The staff is beautiful in its simplicity and symmetry.

Dandd exclaims: My skills changed!

Crysania: Oh?

Dandd: Yes, all of these are "Mage" skills. I haven't been called one of those in a while.

Simon wants to try, so he touches the statue with the sword, and a large electric charge sends him flying in the other direction, screaming. Crysania quickly moves to heal Simon while the other three investigate the statue. No pressure plates, switches, or visible defects of any kind. Balreth wonders if the Mage Staff was already defused, and now so is this sword.

Dandd looks at the sword closer, and gasps.

Crysania, annoyed: Now what?

Dandd: Balreth, doesn't this look like the "Heartseeker" that was pictured in that old parchment I found?

Spike sighs: I want to play Lawno again.

Balreth cautiously touches the sword, barely masking his excitement. The statue releases the sword into Balreth's hands, and his grin cannot be repressed. Balreth confirms that his skills have been changed as well; he has "Paladin" skills.

Spike, not one to be left out, reaches for the bow and the statue gives it to him. Simon protests that Spike should have been knocked across the room as well, but Spike appears satisfied with his visual inspection.

Crysania: Are your skills altered?

Spike nods: "Thief."

Balreth inspects the last statue: It looks like a pile of cloth.

Dandd: It's hard to tell the color, but I think it was at least once white.

Simon: Well I'm not touching it.

Reluctantly, Crysania touches it and she's immersed in light for a brief moment. When the light fades, she has discovered herself to be clothed in hooded white robes. Her hands also glow more white than blue now.

Balreth laughs: Don't tell me - "Cleric."

Crysania nods.

Dandd: A Paladin, Mage, Thief and Cleric. ...and Simon.

Spike: Doesn't this feel almost...classic.

Crysania grins: Downright Beta.

Simon sniffs sadly, feeling left out.

Crysania /ponder: Still have that Auroralasher?

Simon whips it out: Of course!

Crysania: Well you can be our "Belmont" or something.

Simon cheers.

Spike: It's not quite "Advanced" but it will do.

Balreth coughs, reflexively.

Dandd: Well, what now?

Crysania: That friend inscription is on the wall over there.

Balreth opens the door with the Elven command and instantly, they can hear voices. Not panicked voices, but the voices of people going about their business: men complaining about Guard Duty, food selection and the weather. After listening for a moment, the phase "Order *66*" was heard. If there was any doubt, it was just removed. Crysania moved to enter the dungeon but was stopped by Balreth.

Balreth grips his sword, smiling: Better let me go first.

Spike disagrees: Better let me sneak first.

Simon: No! Better let me...uhh...you go ahead, Spike.

The Party of Four enters into a populated dungeon with mystical weapons of old guarded by an Elven door. A barrier unseen, where the door once was prohibits Simon from following. They know not what to expect, but they know what they demand: Answers and Justice for Order *66*. They're confident they'll move closer to their goal down here, guided by Spike's Bow, Balreth's Sword, Dandd's Magic, and Crysania's Prayers. What will happen to Simon?

-

Spike sneaked forward with the lightest of feet down the stone corridor. The uniform quality of the stone and the absence of any and all manners of distraction bothered him. After an uneventful sneak, Spike arrived at a door engraved with the same Elven

inscription. The party readied their weapons and prepared for battle. As Balreth opened the door, two Henchmen were caught with their pants down - literally. Balreth gave no time for explanation as he shoulder blocked one into the stone wall followed by a Heartseeker impaling. Spike wasted no time leaping on the other and with some quick dagger work, the fight was over before it began.

Dandd enters the chamber and coughs loudly: What is that smell?

Spike sniffs: Smells like ...locker room.

Crysania sighs defeatedly: Ok Quin, in the future one of them lives to answer questions.

Balreth and Spike look at corpses, then each other, shrugging ambivalently.

Crysania: Great, we deciphered a back entrance to a locker room.

Dandd grabs a piece of parchment off of the wall: Don't give up hope yet, look at this.

The party gathers around Dandd as he reads: "Execute Order *66*. Earn your place as the Lord of the Ring. One Ruler of the Ring and One Ring to Rule them all."

Balreth groans: This CAN'T be good.

Spike wonders aloud whether or not he can steal it.

Crysania sighs: It probably wouldn't fit you anyway.

Spike /ponder: Is it because my feet aren't hairy enough?

Dandd shakes his head: Shall we escape from this nasty place?

The party /agree[s] and Spike carefully opens the door to find another hallway, filled with more doors. Spike leads the party only a few steps before they are faced with a decision: Door on the Left, Door on the Right, or straight through. Balreth was given the choice, and he chose door in the right. Spike peaked through the keyhole and only saw a tall wooden structure. He opened the door as quietly as he could, but the creaking and whining of the old architecture provoked a voice from within.

Male impatient voice: Well, get in here and sign out your gear. I ain't got all day.

Crysania decided to address the clerk, while Balreth boosted Spike over the wall of the wooden structures. She comes around the corner and the clerk drops keys in alarm. He froze in place, making it easy for Spike to fall on him, dagger and all. Crysania grumbled in frustration about keeping someone alive, but Balreth was already distracted. Crysania could just hear Balreth's thoughts now:

"These are iron, craftsmanship needs work. Ooh! Steel. This one would come in handy, oh but what's this? An Orcish War Axe by the looks of it, and well maintained too. @#$% I don't have the backpack space for all of this. Why do these all have to be 2×6 or 2×8? I can't carry that much. Where's a bunch of Town Portal Scrolls when I need them? This is why I carry Gems."

Balreth was lost in thought and too busy lovingly caressing sharp pointy things to realize the other three had left to investigate the other door. Spike had noticed a small crack in the wall next to the door. While he couldn't see much, he could hear the sounds of wounded men. Crysania guessed it was the Monk Station. Dandd had an idea. He would put everyone to sleep, and then we could interrogate the first to wake. Crysania nodded and retreated a few steps. Spike had to be pushed back by a staff to the sternum, Dandd insisting that Spike didn't want to smoke this.

Dandd put the tip of his staff to the crack in the wall and begun quietly chanting: "Eels got Pooh, Eels got Pooh!"

Purplish smoke flowed from the edge of his staff into the room, alarming the occupants. Crysania and Spike braced the door the best they could, but were in danger of losing the size and strength contest. Fortunately, Balreth had returned to this world and gave the Quin the extra strength needed to keep the door closed. The spell ended and the door was opened cautiously, a couple bodies were found near the door and a couple more in their beds. While the room itself provided no additional clues, the party was hoping a newly conscious henchman would. After a few too many moments of waiting, Crysania checked a pulse to find none. All the bodies were checked with no pulses.

Crysania let loose a small yell of frustration: You were supposed to put them to sleep, not suffocate them to death!

Dandd rubs the back of his head nervously: Guess I'm a little rusty; my 'dimmer switch' isn't working right.

Balreth asks: so what is 'Eels got Pooh' anyway?

Dandd chuckles: Back in the day, we didn't have a 'spellcasting language' so to prevent potential victims from hearing and understanding our magics, we learn to cast with anagrams.

Spike: Anagrams?

Dandd: Yeah, so 'Eels got Pooh' is an anagram of 'Go to sleep ho.'

Crysania giggles: Go to sleep ho?

Dandd plays with his beard: It's something I heard the kids say once or twice.

Crysania: More like something he tries to cast on Jeni so he can just watch her.

Dandd blushes and scurries out of the room, proclaiming something about dungeons to crawl and loot to grab.

Spike, randomly, kicks a pot lying on the floor and surprises everyone when a polearm pops out.

Spike turns his head off to the side and ponders the physics of it all, when Balreth pushes him out of the room: Nevermind.

Spike leads the party to an intersection. To the left is a dark corridor with no visible end. Straight ahead is a large set of double doors that are well lit. To the right is a noisy corridor with large, reinforced doors, and a guard.

Dandd: Where the hell are we?

Spike: Do I look like your travel agent? You know, go and grab your maps, and I'll show you.

Dandd: Do I look like your secretary?

Crysania stood up straight in alarm, for just a brief moment.

Dandd: Oh, here it comes again.

Crysania, eyes unfocused: Dwayna says to win our next match, use the element which brings life.

Dandd shrugs: Aquamancy it is.

Balreth points to the dark corridor: We can hear water in that direction.

Crysania continues: Balreth, you must face your enemy.

Balreth shrugs: ok.

Crysania: Dandd, you must face yourself.

Dandd pulls out a small mirror and looks: Ok.

Crysania: Spike, you must face your worst fear.

Spike suggests: Tacos?

Dandd: Hydrodynamics.

Spike drops his bow on the stone, sticks his fingers in his ears and runs in place shouting "La la la la la!"

The noise alerted the guards, the party unaware there were multiples 'till now, to come investigate the central intersection. Balreth and Dandd scooped up Simon and Crysania his bow. They ran into the armory and hid near the clerk's corpse. They heard several voices discuss what they thought they heard, but quickly give up and can be heard casually returning to their post. Crysania slaps Balreth's hand to return focus from this Elven shortsword he found lying underneath some studded leather.

Spike looks at Balreth: That would sting.

Balreth nods and the party leaves the armory, deciding to heed Dwayna's warning and head towards the sound of water. Crysania wonders about being underneath the waterfall as Spike prepares to peek through the keyhole of another door. As he nears, a loud noise and burst of flame come from within the room and out through the keyhole.

Dandd grips his staff: Water it is.

Balreth asks for a moment, and casts "Aura of Protection."

With everyone ready, the door is thrown open and Balreth leads the charge. Inside, three pyromancer henchmen practice on stone targets and were caught completely unaware. Balreth's Sword, Spike's Arrow and Dandd's Water Spell decimate the three henchmen and yet again no one lives to be interrogated. Crysania heals Balreth's lost Hit Points from a reactionary fireball cast by one of the, now dead, henchmen and otherwise doesn't say a word.

The guards came running, and this time there was no time to run. The verbal challenge from the guards was not needed, as the sound of metallic clanks on stone was enough. Dandd stood in the doorway, staff raised and readying in his mind something big. Spike readied an arrow and Balreth entered into a stance, ready to bull rush whoever entered that door. Crysania, of anyone in either party, was the only calm one - confident in herself and Dwayna.

Dandd, with an echoing and thunderous roar: You Shall Not PASS!

Dandd slammed the bottom of the staff onto the stone and an intense whirlwind arose around him. Crysania quickly hit the floor near a wall, but no one else was as thoughtful. Guards and gear were flung about the hallway in the most violent of manner, and the first corpse orbited Dandd as a lifeless bludgeon, threatening harm to whoever neared. Spike and Balreth were thrown into a wall and pinned there by the force of the wind. Several carbon-stained daggers were lifted into the air and thrown at the two, one of them piercing Simon painfully. Balreth, however, looked like a throwing knife model, thankfully never being touched.

The winds died down and an exhausted Dandd collapsed in the hallway, attempting to catch his breath but otherwise unharmed. Spike, however, was furious. Crysania was unable to calm her friend. Neither healing prayers nor soothing words helped Spike's fury. Crysania lacked the strength, after mending such a deep wound, to prevent Spike's wrath. Balreth, however, prevented any regretful actions.

Spike growled: Oh, I can't believe this! You are the most egotistical, self-deluded person I have ever met!

Dandd, panting: Yeah, well you forgot good looking.

Spike turns his fury to Balreth: Out of my way!

Balreth stands firm, shaking his head.

Dandd, changes the subject: It looks like water flows into or through this place.

Crysania, having mostly recovered: A handful of people in a leaky dungeon are going to save the Quin?

Dandd, also having mostly recovered: Exactly!

Spike is still angry, but agrees not to pummel his old friend until after they've solved this Order *66* business. They continue down the dark corridor to find that it ends in a locked door and an unlocked door. While Spike would, normally, lovingly pick the lock with such artistic grace that no one ever wants to hear the word 'Dexterity' for as long as they live, he is too angry to focus to the unlocked door is chosen.

The door is opened and the party can see part of what looks like a large metal floor. The putrid smell of rotting flesh hits the party like a tidal wave and Dandd resists complaining about how even the locker room was nice compared to this. Spike sneaks forward, looks around, and returns just as quietly. He tells the group that there appears to be a skilled necromancer and a small army of minions in the room. It's too dark to tell anything else yet.

Crysania taps Balreth and whispers: Turn Undead.

Balreth gives a thumbs up sign and sheaths his sword. Dandd is happy to agree to stand back and pick off 'un-survivors.' Spike volunteers an arrow to the head of the Necromancer and the plan appears to be set. Spike attempts to set up his shot, but eventually waves everyone forward. There were simply too many minions to get a clear shot. Crysania, ever observant, makes a comment that there are too many minions for just once necromancer.

Spike: So what now?

Crysania looks at Balreth: Quin or Quit?

Balreth takes off his gauntlets, and hangs them from his belt: Quin or Quit!

Balreth and Crysania begin their Turn Undead spells, channeling them through a Lay Hands style, and Spike prepares several small piles of arrows. As Spike sets up his barrages, Dandd uses Alteration magic to make the arrows heavier - ensuring damaging impacts. The energies flowing from the party were enough to alert the Necromancer in the room, all four of them.

Crysania reacted first, delivering palm strikes that reduced minions back to piles of bones. Balreth wasn't far behind, punching minions back to oblivion. As Crysania and Balreth's magics wore thin, Dandd yelled for them to get down. They very rapidly complied and several enchanted arrows began flooding the room at lethal speeds. The first necromancer was almost literally mowed down and the second survived mainly because he was directly behind the first.

Necromancer #3: @#$%! Hit the Lever!

Necromancer #4 pulls down the lever and nothing happens.

Necromancer #3: Wrong Lever!

Necromancer #4: Why do we even have that lever?

Spike and Dandd came onto the floor to finish off the final two, when the floor opened up beneath them. All six people fell into the chamber below, containing leftover corpses and remains of minions, brushed down here from the chamber above. The sights and smells made Crysania vomit on impact. Dandd resisted, but was visibly disturbed while everyone else's focus was on each other.

The two necromancers wasted no time attempting to exploit anything that hasn't been already. Several minions stood up from all corners of the room except one. The summoning magic performed had made the whole pile shift.

Crysania warned: Not Good.

The necromancers believed that Crysania was referring to them and were not prepared for a large, un-dead, creature to stand up and roar loudly in their general direction. The breath of this beast, this Entrail Dragon, was horrid beyond ways anyone could describe. Crysania vomited yet again, and looked ill-suited to fight anyone. The Entrail Dragon dissolved the necromancers with an undead acid regurgitation attack. The party began panicking.

Crysania, yelling over the Dragon's cries: We have to go big!

Balreth: Like how big?

Crysania: Like all or nothing big!

Balreth and Dandd didn't like the sound of that. While the Quin are capable of amazing spike damage potential, should it not work...Lawno!

Crysania stands firm and begins channeling: SE-KI-HA!

Spike, having been practicing this with Crysania and Rain: FUS-RO-DAH!

Balreth hasn't forgotten either: EN-ER-GY!

Dandd's mind blanks. This isn't Beta stuff...

The Entrail Dragon draws in a massive breath, standing tall to draw in more air. With each pulse of its legion of parts, liquids and putrid flesh bits fall off and re-assemble. When the Entrail Dragon stood his tallest, Crysania lead the attack:

Crysania points to the neck of the dragon: TEN!

Spike follows suit: KYO!

Balreth understands: BLAST!

Dandd tries: umm...Roar?

Dandd, however, succeeds at what he was trying to do. Dandd cast a spell at the neck of the Entrail Dragon that focused the three separate energy sources into one small area, similar to a magnifying glass and the sun. The Dragon screams in pain and releases another acid attack, this time artillery style at the party. The globs of acid rain down and splash onto the party, everyone grimaces in pain but no one loses focus. It only takes a couple moments for the focused beam to punch a hole through the Entrail Dragon and ignite him.

The smell of a burning collection of multiple species of corpses, on top of the non-burning smells was too much for Crysania to handle. She was hit the hardest with the acid splashes and was reduced to a Droch-worthy position and activity. She was dragged out by Balreth and Dandd as Spike found a switch on the wall that unlocked the door on top of the staircase. They all made it back to the hallway near the dead elementalists and guards and agreed to rest for a moment. Drained of energy from the attack, hurt from the acid, disgusted by the smells, the Order *66* thing can wait.

Balreth wonders aloud: How did they summon such a thing?

Crysania: I don't think they did.

Balreth arches an eyebrow: Then...?

Crysania: I think that was just piles upon piles of discarded normal minions originally.

Dandd: Well, whatever that was, hopefully it "was."

Spike looks at the corpses of the guards: You're still an @$$hole.

Dandd smiles.

Balreth: That was a lot of corpses though.

Spike: Gee, I wonder what the bathroom looks like.

Crysania gags.

Dandd stands up quickly: Shall we continue?

The party reforms on their feet and moves back to the central intersection, this time choosing the large double doors. As they approach, Crysania is granted another vision.

Crysania speaks gently: I have looked into your souls. One of you three will determine the outcome of the tournament. The fate of this operation rests upon you. Heh, heh, heh!

Dandd: Was Dwayna just laughing at us?

Crysania answers: Sorry.

Balreth: Why three? What happens to Crysania?

Spike grips his bow tighter: Nothing. Come on.

Balreth takes a couple steps towards the door and gets hit in the side of the face by it. Balreth pivots on his feet a few times before falling to the floor.

Dandd yells: Is he ok?!

Crysania yells back: Well, if you had that many consecutive rotations, you'd be a little weary too.

Balreth stands back up, a bit shaken: ...and roger.

Standing in the doorway are a couple well armed henchmen, blocking access to a very large room. A voice from within that room tells them to be granted access and the party proceeds carefully due to not recognizing the voice. Crysania stands at the doorway, cautiously, and the other three stand in front of her in a protective arc. The room itself was plain. It was a circular room with a circular platform in the center. It would be desolate if it wasn't so densely populated.

The voice yells: Begone!

The circular platform sends out a repelling force, sending everyone into the wall. Crysania, half-way out of the room anyway was flung into the hallway. She got up and ran to the doors but was unable to open them. It was time for her to make a new strategy, and quick.

Spike and Balreth had their weapons knocked out of their hands due to the impact on the wall. The field emitting from the platform was constant, and the figure in the center was the only one not pinned to a wall. Dandd yelled out that his henchmen are useless as well, and he'll have to release the field if he wants them to move.

The voice: Very good King Dandd Polyhedron. I would expect no less from the Loremaster. However, I have this dagger here. If I were to throw this into that field...

Spike growls: I swear to Grenth, if I get impaled with another dagger today...

The voice: It's such a shame the Empress got removed. I would love to see her struggle as well.

Balreth was only half-listening. He was going through his mind everything he's seen, and heard, lately to figure out what was going on.

The voice: I'm afraid I'll just have to watch that later. For now, you all die.

The repulsion field ends and the three find themselves heavily outnumbered.

The voice: Kill them, and don't let them step foot in my ring.

For Balreth, it clicked. The One Ring wasn't a piece of jewelry; it was a Martial Art's Ring. A Tournament ground. The ruler was simply the champion. The Champion of the Tournament ruled all these henchmen!

Balreth shouted: I challenge you to Mortal Kombat!

The henchmen stopped dead in their tracks. They looked to this heavily armored figure in the back of the ring for guidance. Their code demands he accepts, or yield his position. After an awkward period of silence, the Voice grabbed his greatsword and thrust it in the air confidently!

The Voice: Alright, Let's Dance.

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Crysania heard a yell from the other side of the doors "It Has Begun!"

She could not open the doors, she knew not a way around, and she had no time. She only had one idea left, as repulsive as it maybe. She must go back into the Entrail Dragon's lair and see what spirits are tied to the remains. She runs down the hallway, turns right and heads down the other hallway and leaps over corpses of guards. She arrives at the door to the stairs down and gets hit with the smell. Slowing her breathing and pooling her will, she descends.

Crysania stands in the middle of the room, having contained her urge to vomit from corner to corner. Not knowing what else to do, she appeals to the spirits of the remains, should any exist.

Crysania begins: Fight for us, and regain your honor.

She looks around: What say you?

She gets no response.

She tries again, with force: What say you?

No response.

She bellows: I am the Master of Spirits and Ceremonies! Fight for me, and I will hold your oaths fulfilled - Restore you to the Order of the Quin!

Multiple spirits arise from the bones of the fallen, scattered across the room. They remain motionless, but speak a single word: "Nameless."

Crysania thinks: Nameless? As in Order of the Nameless? Is this some revenge stunt? I'll sort this out later.

Crysania pleads: Mortal Men and Women defending your own guild is not about death, but life.

Several spirits step forward, followed by several more. Crysania, understanding her offer has been accepted, dashes out of the room with several spirits following her.

-

The battle of the swordsmen continues on, with Balreth gaining the advantage over time. His Paladin Holy Sword simply out fencing his opponent. Balreth has a couple lacerations, and will likely be sore for a while, but looks fatigued. This heavily armored opponent, however, looks as fresh as when he started. Skill and Experience are all Balreth has between him and greatsword death. The armored figure makes a western-union swing and fails.

Balreth, leaping on the opportunity: This is where you fall down.

Heartseeker separates the helmet from the rest of the armor, and the entire suit of armor falls to the floor in pieces - no body. Dandd, sarcastically, informs everyone that he loves enchanted-armor bosses. In the absence of a restricting figure, the henchmen move to attack. Moments later, Crysania and her platoon of spirits break the door open and charge past the stunned party. Crysania begins her work on mending Balreth's wounds, as the spirits hold their end of the bargain.

The voice echoes in the chamber: You think you've won?

Crysania stands up: Ok Schrodinger, time to stop playing around.

Balreth coughs: Schrodinger?

Crysania, meekly: Yeah. Knight of the Nameless. From the Island of Misfit Buildren, helped get Dandd's Grail. He has been nameless for a long time.

Schrodinger yells: So you actually remember me? Well it's too late. Order *66* is upon us! The Time of the Henchmen will return!

Dandd scratches his beard: Order *66* actually wasn't that successful.

Spike: Yeah, I think Simon and Aurora breaking up was more interesting.

Schrodinger explodes: NO! Don't marginalize us! We-

Crysania hands Balreth a bow from a fallen henchman, and whispers to shoot her in the back of the head. By now, Balreth doesn't even question.

Balreth removes a silverlock from his head and forms a magic arrow with it.

Spike's jaw drops: Sometimes, I hate that guy.

Dandd: Well, after we clean out this place and shut it down, I guess you'll be worse than nameless, you'll be forgotten.

Schrodinger's fury explodes: NO! Never!

Balreth: SE-NI-PI SU-NA-

Crysania gets out of the way, quickly.

Balreth: -PU!

The magic arrow impales the charging Schrodinger and sends him to the ground in pain, but only Crysania can see it.

Crysania folds her hands and prays to Dwayna. She requests that the honorable spirits be returned to life as per the deal.

Crysania, to Dwayna: I guess you knew it would end this way.

Everyone could hear a warm voice in their minds: Didn't have a clue.

Spike: Ooh! I've been meaning to say this for a long time now.

Dandd: Cowabunga?

Spike: Good one, but no.

Dandd: Well?

Spike points to Balreth: Flawless Victory!

As everyone enjoyed a good chuckle, Schrodinger's armor reformed and people became visible - the restored guild members. Crysania was quick to inform everyone that they would be inducted into the Order of the Party immediately and they could work their way up or down from there.

Dandd: So what's up with the armor?

Crysania shrugged: Schrodinger? He's alive and dead at the same time I think, which makes him good with the Nameless.

Surprisingly, Simon appeared through a door opposite the double doors that the party came through. Everyone was astonished, including Simon himself.

Simon brandished his whip: Save will I you!

Crysania, soothingly: Simon, it's ok, it's over.

Schrodinger became enraged, again: How the hell did you find that?

Simon shrugged innocently: Team told Silkball won me-

Schrodinger interrupted loudly: They told you this secret, over a Silkball game?!

Simon nodded, helplessly.

Schrodinger yelled noises of anger, but everyone else couldn't help but laugh.

Dandd: So where does that lead?

Simon gestures: Barracks friend floor room first.

Balreth sighs: Screw this.

Simon offers: Balreth wants to screw [Bleep]. I know someone who might mind.

Balreth playfully runs after Simon, and everyone climbs a ladder leading to a cleverly disguised room in the Friend barracks, but not before people could hear Crysania tell Schrodinger "When I'm not a Cleric anymore, I'm going to Forcechoke the @#$% out of you."

Schrodinger's final words, before he left his One Ring: @#$% me.

Episode 66
16 Dec 2011
Notes: It was requested that I write [at least] one in more of a novel format and less a script format. This was the result. Part 3 of 3. Unnecessary Censorship is still really funny.

References: Dungeons and Dragons, Lord of the Rings, Star Wars, Ludacris [Go To Sleep], Diablo II, Mortal Kombat [Movie], The Elder Scrolls V: Skyrim, Mobile Fighter G Gundam, Balreth and his Rotation Schedule, Guild History.

Crysania: Ok, that's it. Everyone out.

The Guild's officers, MDQ, Schrodinger, and even Georgia all arise in unison, to depart from Crysania's tower.

Crysania corrected herself: Schrodinger, and Simon. You two stay.

Spike pointed and giggled at Simon and merrily leapt down the all-too-familiar shaft of the tower. One, by one everyone left as requested and in its place lingered an awkward quiet. Simon's flame died down in response, and Schrodinger clanked noisily as it shifted to and fro.

Crysania: First of all, Schrodinger is too long of a name. You're getting a shorter name.

Schrodinger flexed: I claim ODIN! Mightiest of-

Crysania nodded to herself: I'm calling you rod.

Rod slumped in defeat and groans.

Crysania grinned: Would you prefer Bob? It comes with a Red Shirt, free of charge.

Rod shook its helmet vigorously.

Crysania /taunt: Then quit yer @#$%^in'. You're lucky to be here.

Crysania turns to Simon: Which brings me to you.

Simon's flame becomes mere embers as Crysania's finger moves to him.

Crysania: So, Simon, I have to ask-

Simon blurted out: GUMMY BEARS!

Crysania isn't amused: Simon...

Simon shouted: CARE BEARS!?

Crysania tries with a gentler tone: Simon?

Simon tried: My Little Bronies?

Crysania opened her mouth to speak, and then closed it again without saying a word. After a moment of pondering, Crysania spoke very quietly: Simon, Do you know why he's here?

Simon nodded slightly.

Crysania sits down: Would you please explain it to me?

Simon nods: You see, it all started when Mumm-Ra attacked Cybertron. The Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles were unable to drive back Skeletor without the help of Voltron, and Cobra Commander successfully diverted the Macross forces away. When the Silverhawks

tried to execute a last-wave attack, Gundam rescued the Turtles and saved the day, or so I thought. Then it [Rod] started talking and we had to regroup at a safe rally point.

Crysania sighs: So you broke into Balreth's basement, played with some toys and somehow animated Spike's Iron Man suit.

Simon nervously taps his index fingers together: Maybe...

Crysania groans: We're going to hear about how @#$%tty his guards are for weeks now. Thanks.

Crysania ponders a moment: Wait. You did this right before you told us about Castlequinia, right?

Simon nods cautiously.

Crysania looks at Rod, trying to figure out how to word the question.

Rod crosses its arms, exposing its absent elbows.

Crysania: Let me guess, you were hiding out down there.

Rod remains defiant: Or what? Go on these @#$%tty impossible missions? This is all your fault. You discarded me - us.

Crysania: That still doesn't explain how you died and got trapped in Iron Man.

Rod flexes: That no longer matters! I am Immortal!

Crysania casually forcechokes the helmet and removes it from the rest of the suit, and watches the pieces fall to the floor.

Rod panics: Stop that! It's creepy! Hey, this feels @#$%ing weird. Put me back!

Crysania drops the helmet across the room, and Simon giggles as Rod tries to put itself back together and find its head.

Crysania sighs: As durable as a novice skeleton. It only must have been able to go toe-to-toe with Balreth due to the sword.

Rod yells wildly: YOU LEAVE DEARHEARTSEEKER OUT OF THIS!

Simon's flame flares out as he laughs merrily.

As Rod stumbles across the room towards its helm, Nyx comes back with Georgia who instantly gives Rod a run for his money playing Tug with the helmet.

It doesn't take long for the smell to waft over to Crysania and Simon, and Simon's flame begins burning a different color.

Crysania coughs: Good Lord, Friend Marquise! TAKE A BATH!

Nyx points to Georgia: I'M not the one rolling in Raptor poop.

Crysania, holding her nose: Then why did you bring her here?

Nyx flexes: Because I want people to clean the Menagerie.

Rod freezes in place, allowing Georgia to rip the helmet from its hands and run away.

Simon: Not me, please? Spike and I have tickets for the grudge match between Snagglepuss and The Pink Panther.

Crysania: How about the Renegade Faction? You could have all of them.

Nyx cheers: I think after that I'll have them clean up the forest road too.

Rod slumps: Oh, @#$% me.

Crysania grins: They're all yours. Lalandra was holding them for now, so go and get 'em. Take Rod while you're at it.

Nyx smiles: Georgia! Come!

Georgia returns with Rod's helmet, to which Nyx puts back in place and watches in amazement as Rod regains full functionality.

Nyx: How's that work?

Crysania shrugs: Still trying to figure that out.

Nyx smiles: Oh well, as long as it cleans raptor poop.

Georgia woofs with pride.

Nyx, Rod, and Georgia leave, and Nyx could be heard asking Georgia: What am I going to do with you?

Crysania stares up at the ceiling for a few moments before she remembers that Simon is still there.

Crysania: Simon, go watch your grudge match. I'll let you know if I need something.

Simon leaps up from his seat with excitement: I've got 5 smurfs riding on Scooby and Scrappy being taken out by Huey, Dewey, and Louie in the opening round. Don't want to miss it!

Simon be-bops his way out of Crysania's tower, and passes an inquisitive Dandd.

Simon cheers: Go Go Gadget Roar!

Dandd just blinks a couple times and resumes his monk-bound stride.

Dandd asks cautiously: Is this a bad time?

Crysania sits upright: No, no. Have a seat.

Dandd: So how may I be of service?

Crysania gets up and stares out of her tower into the Mists beyond, hands folded behind her back.

Dandd strokes his beard: You've got plans.

Crysania: Have you ever given much thought to the Hoolequin Progeny?

Dandd nods: Certainly. I haven't quite figured out how to factor movement bonus to armor ratings during an area attack though.

Crysania: I meant here, or in Tyria.

Dandd sobers rapidly: Oh.

Crysania: The Orders was a good idea and all, but we're still so separate.

Dandd: You do get lonely all by yourself.

Dandd could practically see the light bulb appear above Crysania's head.

Dandd: What did I get myself into this time?

Crysania: Nothing, nothing. I think Rod is a by-product of loneliness somehow.

Dandd arches an eyebrow: Rod?

Crysania: Schrodinger. Rod for short.

Dandd grumbles about enchanted armor bosses and lack of normal Hit Points.

Crysania: Spike was lonely when it was forged, I was lonely when he was sent on missions, and Simon was lonely when he was playing in Balreth's Basement. Maybe they all converged. I've seen weirder.

Dandd: Like Entrail Dragons?

Crysania retorts: and dogs rolling in raptor poop.

Dandd sticks his tongue out and makes a 'bleh' noise.

Dandd: So does Rod have something to do with your plans?

Crysania: Kinda. I am worried that the lack of Assemble! calls and common space will have negative consequences wider then just one disgruntled Nameless Henchman and his band of unskilled help.

Dandd: We have common space.

Crysania: Yeah, but it's only used for a quick merchant sale and that's it.

Dandd: And storage!

Crysania glares at Dandd, who shrinks underneath it.

Crysania: I'm going to work with Magnifico about building a Quinhalla II.

Dandd tugs his beard again: I remember writing about a Quinhalla II WAY back in the Quinseeker Prophecies.

Crysania smiles warmly.

Dandd: So why do you need me?

Crysania: You're going to help me design it. The three of us. We'll have one walk-able entrance, a grand portal in the center, and at least 7 towers.

Dandd woofs: 7 towers?

Crysania nods: One per order. The nameless too, one Iron Man suit running around is enough. Although I'll probably give the Party two towers and the nameless will just share space in one of them. We'll figure it out.

Dandd sighs: So we're moving everything again? ...You're abandoning this?!

Crysania waves her hand dismissively: No, no. My thought is to have smaller portals in each tower to our respective areas, but relocate all common affairs, admin stuff, merchant/storage, as well as Officer Space in each tower. So we CAN operate strictly out of Quinhalla II if we need to.

Dandd nods as he scribbles this all down.

Crysania: The world is changing, old friend. The Original Hoolequin won't be around forever, and our Progeny may not operate the same. What if Quinland came under siege? An internal band of renegade henchmen almost assassinated an Officer, and succeeded in causing other damage. White Base failed us at that point as transportation was limited, and so was our ability to close ranks and respond.

Dandd begins seeing the bigger picture.

Crysania: I want to leave behind, for the Hoolequin yet to come, a safe haven for the guild to continue to live, learn, and thrive. Like the old days! Remember them?

Dandd smiles, watching Crysania speak.

Crysania: When henchmen had value, and we always travelled together. The fights were hard, and tensions soared, but we won. We aren't in the thick of it like that anymore. Our glory days have passed. Most of us are just pursuing personal ambitions or tying up loose ends. No. Quinhalla II is for the Hoolequin Progeny: those yet to answer the call and those too junior to lead now.

Dandd looks at his little friend: You speak as if you're leaving soon.

Crysania returns his look: You know as well as I do that neither of us will be here forever.
Dandd nods: Alright, So: You, Me, and Magnifico, here with plenty of stuff to draw/write on, yes?
Crysania: Indeed. I'm calling this the Progeny Project. HQI will handle much of this, but I will be laying stones myself. I built and paid for Quinhalla almost exclusively, and I will be equally involved here.
Dandd smiles: But this time, you're not alone.
Crysania nods: I know, but I am throwing money and muscle at this. Crysania Anchorwind will forever be a part of the Hoolequin Lineage.
Dandd laughs: as if that was ever in any doubt.
Dandd: So shall I seek out Magnifico?
Crysania: no, let me do it. I could use a walk anyway.
Crysania takes a couple steps and turns: Oh. One more thing. Stay away from the Menagerie until the Marquise gives us the clear.
Dandd: Oh?
Crysania nods: She's got Rod's group doing Menagerie Maintenance, Deep Habitat Cleaning, Animal Cleansing, and Road pick up.
Dandd: I think I'll stay here, and work on Quinhalla II.
Crysania grins and waves. She's off to get Magnifico and his Hoolequindustries.
Crysania looks at Dandd: I know we say it a lot, but Quin or Quit still means a lot to me.
Down the shaft she went, leaving Dandd to wonder aloud: She had tears in her eyes when she said that. Underneath that travelled tattooed skin beats the heart of a true Hoolequin Guild Leader. Always finding ways to serve.
Dandd speaks to the table, as he prepares for the meeting: Just the other day, I saw her instruct Balreth on strategic planning and tactical execution of dagger usage as a Geomancer. Really! An E/A 20 Balreth. Without Snippy Snap nonetheless! Or Necrosis!! The world is indeed changing...

Episode 67
22 Dec 11

References: Norse Mythology, Star Trek, Care Bears, Thundercats, Transformers, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, Masters of the Universe, Voltron, GI Joe, Macross, Silverhawks, Mobile Suit Gundam, Pink Panther, Snagglepuss, Smurfs, Scooby Doo, Duck Tales and Guild History.

Henchman 1: Crysania's busy building Quinhalla II. She is teaching some of us how to help her build the portal network between the clan hubs and Quinhalla. I think we can become heroes using this technology.

Henchman 2 is excited: Ooh! Wait. This sounds like another scam.

Henchman 3: Totally, dood. Haven't we tried enough quick-rich-quick @#$%?

Henchman 1: Fine. I'll go into the past, and join all the successful missions. By the time I come back to the present, I'll be WAY ahead of both of you.

Henchman 2: @#$% you, dood! If you're going, I'm going.

Henchman 3 sighs painfully: I'm going to regret this either way.

Henchman 1: The biggest thing Crysania hasn't talked about is the power source.

Henchman 3: You know what? I'm out. I'm not messing with Quantum Mistanics. We could end up as raptor food with no pants on.

Henchman 1: What about pants?

Henchman 2 nods confusedly.

Henchman 3: Nevermind. /bamf

Henchman 2: Fine! You'll ALWAYS be a henchman.

Henchman 1 strikes a defiant pose as well.

Henchman 1 begins unfolding his notes and begins planning how to get the materials.

-

Henchman 3 stormed off immediately to Crysania's Tower. 'We don't need to blow up the second Quinhalla before it's even built' muttered the henchman to himself.

Dandd was sitting outside of Wiki munching on some fresh fruit that Jeni brought back, and saw the henchman walking with purpose.

Dandd: What's the hurry?

Henchman 3: @#$%ed henchmen trying to jury-rig a wormhole to raise their guild status.

Dandd dropped his fruit, half-eaten: WHAT?!

Henchman 3 stopped begrudgingly: One of the Henchmen on Crysania's portal team is trying to create his own so he can go into the past and something-or-other and poof! Hero. Maybe even Legend. I doubt God though, he's not that dumb.

Dandd rises quickly, and barks: WHERE?!

Henchman 3 leaps backwards in fright: In the abandoned forests way out of the way on the Fortress Island.

Dandd sighs in frustration: Can't leave you guys alone for one day? Balreth is going to stab you himself, or what's left of you.

Henchman 3: But see, that's what I'm talking about! Now The Empress will send The Duke after the rest of us, and he'll go totally sickhouse on our asses. I LIKE my ass, gentlemen.

Dandd: Go report to Crysania. I'll track them down. Fortress Island?

Henchman 3: Yes. In the Shadow of Zeal.

Dandd /facepalm: Idiots.

Henchman 3: Does this mean I'm getting my wings?

Dandd: No.

Henchman 3: Ugh! I'm never gonna get those wings.

Dandd: Someday Speedy. Someday.

Dandd grabs nothing, but sets off for White Base with speed; the latest adventure beneath the Menagerie stirred up his adventuring spirit again.

As Dandd leaves earshot, he thought he heard the Henchman arguing with Crysania's Air-Krewe about entrance to her Tower.

-

Walking around the Forests on the same island as, but not really close to, the Fortress, Dandd heads for the spot closest to Zeal. As he approaches, the sounds of busy henchmen become clear.

Henchman 1: No, no no! Only the Monk Quinzie has a mouth. Weren't you paying attention? Now do it again, and do it right!

Henchman 2: What about you? Those don't look like equilateral triangles. You're going to get us killed.

Henchman 372: What about a power source?

Henchman 209: Well, what's the most powerful thing we can find?

Dandd, with authority: Crysania's Anger!

Half the Henchman trip over themselves, completely startled.

Henchman 1 stares at Dandd blankly: Why would the Quin Monarch come all the way down here?

Dandd: You're probably wondering why I'm here. I'm here because you done @#$%ed up too many times! You think you're hot @#$% in a champagne glass, but you're really cold diarrhea in a Dixie cup! And if you keep up like you've been doing, into the mists is where you're headed.

Henchman 2 growls: @#$%ing Henchman 3...

Henchman 43 starts giggling.

Dandd: Oh that's funny to you, right? Cause you're so @#$%in' bad? I know your type. You think 'I'll just join me an Order, rip off the neighborhood Quin.' Next thing you know, you've got a focus-item shaped like a skull with lasers on the front.

Henchman 29: This is totally gay.

Dandd: What!? Ya think this is gay, hah? Is that what you @#$%in' said you scrawny piece of @#$%? Oh this isn't gay. But La Chad over there is! And I bet he just can't wait to snap off a piece of your @#$% in his @$$! You! Don't look up! I said get the don't look the #@$% up!! What's your name?

Henchman 1 puffs out his chest: Henchman-

Dandd: Your name is b!tch!! And I own you. You're property! And when I'm tired of watching Balreth shove his arrow in every hole the six gods drilled in your slender frame - I'll sell you to Lalandra, for a single gold piece. AND I DON'T NEED MONEY!

Henchman 1 steels his resolve: I will not remain a Henchman forever.

Dandd fires back: No, you'll end up like Spike.

Henchman 1 scoffs: Do you see a bottle in my hand, or some mysterious organic substance lying around.

Dandd stares menacingly at Henchman 1: ...and do you know WHY he does that?

Henchman 1 rolls his eyes: yeah, yeah, Mt. Nevermind or some such myth.

Dandd's fury explodes internally, but his years of dealing with punk kids and munchkins ensure he makes his will-save with ease.

Henchman 2: I dunno, Dood. This is a story I want to hear.

Henchmen 372 and 209 agree, loudly.

Henchman 1: Fine. What happened at Mt. Whatever?

Dandd: Mt. NEVERMIND. NE-VER-MIND.

Henchman 1 scoffs with attitude.

Henchman 2 sits down: So...don't dwarves live there?

Dandd: Cousins.

Henchman 372 sits down as well: Cousins?

Dandd calms down a bit: The Gnomes. Think of them as dwarves with books instead of hammers.

Henchman 209 sits as well: Now that I can understand.

Dandd: Gnomes, in sufficient numbers, are like Mad Asurans.

Henchman 2: Wait. Mad?

Dandd nods: These Gnomes, in particular, are serious engineers and inventors and scholars and all manner of academics. The problem is, they are - shall we say - a wee bit unorthodox from our methods.

Henchman 1 /shoo Dandd, and resumes his work: alone.

Henchman 372 pales: When *Dandd* says 'unorthodox.'

Henchman 209 becomes nervous as well.

Dandd: Gnomes wanted to travel through time as well. They wanted to recover their history, and answer the unanswerable.

Henchman 1: Let me guess, they blew off the mountain with all that power or some lame story.

Dandd: No. Fortunately it didn't get that far.

Henchman 1 cops more attitude and gets ignored.

Dandd: The Gnomes wore these special cone-shaped hats. Most thought it was just a cultural thing, but they managed to capture the energies given off by those in proximity and store them for later use.

Henchman 2: Head-mounted Batteries?

Dandd nodded.

Henchman 209: Dood! I want one, with a shooty-laser-bow-thing...

Henchman 372: Ya! I want one, with a shooty-laser-bow-things too!

Henchman 209: Stops copies me.

Dandd cleared his throat loudly.

Henchman 2: So what did they do with all this energy?

Dandd: They made a time travel device, a working wormhole.

Henchman 1 was listening intently, while pretending not to.

Dandd: But they didn't volunteer any of their own. They were going to test out on a prisoner first.

Henchman 209: No...

Dandd nodded knowingly: Spike was accused of stealing some Gnomish treasure, and was imprisoned until he could 'remember' where it was.

Henchman 372: Did he?

Dandd: Knowing the Gnomes? Or...Spike for that matter... Who knows?

Henchman 2: So Spike was thrown into the Wormhole?

Dandd: Yes.

Henchman 209: And he made it! Let's go!

Dandd: Not quite.

Henchman 372: Always a catch.

Dandd: Anyone been around Bip when he really gets excited?

Henchman 2 groans: Ow. That screeching! Hurts my ears.

Dandd: Exactly. The Gnomes threw Spike 10 years into the past, and the feedback from things way beyond your feeble henchmen brains killed him on the spot.

Henchman 1 heard enough: Liar, he's still walking around.

Dandd glares at Henchman 1: Spike lived in that constant state of Temporal Feedback Lawno for 10 years, until the past Spike caught up with the Spike that was about to be thrown in, at which point the wormhole exploded and decimated a few Gnomes and the Lab. Spike, in some ways, was lucky to survive.

Henchman 2 was crying his eyes out.

Henchman 372 eyes water as well: The next round is on me...

Henchman 209: Me too.

Henchman 1 looks at Dandd, helplessly: So Spike is a Time-Travelling PTSD Victim?

Dandd nods: That's one way of putting it.

All the Henchmen's jaws were on the dirt. Their newfound respect of Spike sent them into an awe-struck state.

Henchman 2, weakly, gazed up at Dandd: ...wait...Spike was a Facet Spirit of Crysania...

Dandd nods.

Henchman 1: That means -Crysania- is the PTSD Victim.

The Henchmen's eyes all widened in painful realization.

Henchman 372: Maybe that's when her Spirit was ripped from her body...

Henchman 209: So... the Underworld was the power source?

Henchman 2 has trouble speaking: She is always scouting for us. Maybe something went wrong...

The Henchmen, almost in unison, turned to their half-constructed device and tore it into irreparable shreds.

Henchman 1: So does Crysania remember that?

Dandd shrugs: Who knows. It's not like she would ever talk about it anyway.

Henchman 2: Even if she doesn't - Spike probably does.

Henchman 209: I'd be even crazier if I died for 10 years straight...

Henchman 372: Preach it.

Henchman 1: Wait. If we're here... Who's helping make sure Quinhalla's portals won't do that?

All the Henchmen look at each other with looks of terror, before sprinting towards White Base.

The Henchmen: CRYSANIA!!!

Dandd stands amidst the rubble, trying to sort everything out in his head.

Dandd sighs: Henchmen...

Episode 68

18 Jan 2012

References: The Venture Bros., Guild History, Metalocalypse, Dragonlance.

Darling I've been thinking about you all day and about how much I love your (noun). I can't get it out of my head. I love the way it feels in my (noun). Just thinking about it there makes my (noun) (verb). I wish you were here right now so that I could run my (noun) up and down your (noun). No one's (noun) has ever affected me the way yours does. The way you (verb) me with it makes me want to scream with delight. My (noun) is (verb)-ing just imagining you (verb)-ing me. Come and get me, Darling. My (noun) is your (noun).

Episode 69

Notes: The correct answers are:

1) Gold 2) Backpack 3) Belt Pouch 4) Jingle 5) Focus 6) Wand 7) Sword 8) Aggro 9) Staff 10) Blazing 11) Flank 12) Green Item 13) Drop

A chunk of the guild all goes to visit Crysania, who has scarcely come out of her tower in days.

-

Dandd: You've been awfully busy with the Progeny Project, you know.

Crysania nods, not even looking up from her parchment.

Dandd: You're so focused on the future. Ever stop to reflect upon the past?

Crysania nods: All the time.

Simon: Meep meep meep meep!

Spike: ssshhh. Don't let Balreth hear you say that Crysania was in a Nanny State.

[Hoolequin Dream Sequence!]

Grace: If you have to tell jokes then tell them to the wall.

Spike: Ok, hey wall! Why did the man put a sweater on his hot dog? Because it was a chili dog! Wokka wokka wokka.

The tower echoed with groans and winces, while Spike's grin couldn't grow any larger.

Spike: What's the difference between an orange?

Crysania stops writing: Go ahead, Spike, finish the joke.

Spike: It *is* finished. *That's* the joke.

Simon gets up and walks away.

Dandd: What happened, Spike?

Spike: Simon went into the closet to think about my joke. He'll probably come out when he thinks it's funny.

Dandd sighs: Boy, we'll never see him again.

Spike: Yeah...what?!

The groans turned to laughter.

Spike: What do you call a kangaroo in Scotland?

Nyx: Dinner.

Spike: No that's not right. You call a kangaroo in Scotland long distance. Get it? Wokka wokka wokka.

At this point, Spike got up to get Simon. When he was cleared of Crysania's furniture, he got pelted with tomatoes.

Spike: Gosh, I wonder what you call a comedian that's not funny.

Nyx: Spike.

Spike sighs: I wish I was funny.

Grace: I know what Balreth's wish is. It's that we get married.

Balreth: I don't wanna waste a wish.

Grace: WHAT?

Balreth: Uh, on something that's gonna happen anyway.

Spike: Hey! This fantasy is rated PG-13. We're under age.

Simon: Can I come out now?

Spike: Well, let's synchronize our watches.

Simon: We don't have any watches.

Spike: That's ok, I don't know what synchronize means anyway.

Spike moves to open the closet, but finds it locked. Spike fumbles around with some lockpicks to try to bust out Simon.

Spike: Don't worry, Simon, I'm a professional - oops.

Grace: You're a professional oops all right.

The closet shifts due to Spike's efforts, and a loud THUD - OUCH can be heard from within.

Simon: AAH! I got attacked by the English language!

Kermit: It was self-defense.

Simon: It says "20,000 Leagues Under the Jade Sea"

Spike, fumbling with the lock: Gee, a story about an underwater bowling team?

Grace sighs: Watch your jokes.

Kermit: You can't see jokes, dear.

Spike gestures to himself: You can after you get hit with tomatoes.

Simon: That hurt. My brain isn't working right.

Dandd: Your brain's never worked right, Simon.

Simon: Oh yeah, I forgot.

Kermit: Hey! Did you guys see what I heard?

Crysania: Hey! Everyone take five.

Spike sighs: Five, why can't we all go?

Nyx: Go bye bye?

Simon: If I took five hot-dogs, then Dandd took three. What would you have?

Spike giggles: He'd have a tummy ache. Get it? Wokka wokka wokka.

Balreth's tummy growls: I like hot dogs.

Grace: Yipee Skipee.

Spike: What food do you eat with your mouth open? Give up? *see* food. Get it? Wokka, wokka, wokka.

Grace: You're weird.

Simon stomps his feet: Weird is my middle name!

Grace: You're a nerd.

Simon's voice softens: She called me a nerd. Next, I'll be the nerd of her dreams.

Grace growls: Buzz off, Simon. Can't you see I'm dancing with the frog of my dreams?

Balreth raises an eyebrow: Did you just call me a frog?

Grace: unless YOU want to get shoved down a wierdo hole too, YOU'D BETTER KEEP QUIET!

Balreth shrinks: Sheesh!

Spike: Don't worry, Mr. Balreth-Thee-Frog. I'm Buhaha the Cookie.

Balreth: That's Chewbacca The Wookie.

Spike, finally, gets the lock open: That's what I said Muhaka the Bookie.

Balreth: Oh gee!

Simon falls out of the closet and lands on Spike. They're both covered in tomato-stuff.

Dandd: They kind of look like brothers.

Grace: You can say that again.

Dandd: Ok, they kind of look like brothers.

Grace growls: Don't push it, Dandd.

Simon and Spike raise their arms and pretend to be minions, moving towards Grace. Balreth leaps in front of her defiantly! Simon and Spike sigh and sit on the floor.

Grace: Oh Balreth. You saved me and my millions. How can I ever repay you?

Balreth: Um, well about two bucks for gas oughta cover it.

Grace: WHAT?

Balreth: On second thought, let's just call it even, keep the money.

Spike: I'm hungry.

Grace: We don't serve comedians here.

Spike: Good, 'cause I don't wanna eat one.

Simon: At least we would have a Lullaby.

Balreth: I think you mean Alibi

Simon nods: That's what I said, Lullaby.

Grace turns, and hands an imaginary tray to Balreth: Here's your order, Balreth...

Balreth: Gee, thanks Grace but I didn't order anything.

Dandd: I just picked up the scent. Smells good.

Simon: I didn't know anyone dropped it.

Spike: What do you call a yo-yo that goes down but won't come up? A yo. Wokka wokka wokka.

The guild groans again.

Crysania finished her letter to Hoolequindustries.

Crysania hands it to Henchman 1: Deliver this to Magnifico, tell him to get extra Golem Power Sources.

Nyx: Hey, my Golem won't work without power!

Dandd: Yeah, neither will my Asuran Mini-Pet.

Grace: We can't even make pizza.

Balreth: No Pizza? Gee, without electricity we can't do anything.

Crysania: Of course you can, your imaginations work without electricity.

Spike: REALLY?! I imagine an Assemble! call! I'm the Ranger!

Crysania: When I was a little girl, I used to listen to radio dramas and imagine that I was in the stories. I was the monk.

Dandd: You mean you're not a little girl?

Crysania smiles.

Balreth: You can be our monk!

Crysania helps Simon up: Really? Thanks! No let's go find Lalandra and tell her all about our adventure.

Spike: Quin or Quit!

Everyone runs out of the tower, moving to White Base.

Henchman 1: Even in the pre-searing days, you guys were pretty much the same.

Crysania: If it ain't broke, don't fix it, right?

Henchman 1 nods and leaves to deliver the letter.

Episode 70
21 Jan 2012
Notes: The cast: Nanny - Crysania | Fozzie - Spike | Gonzo/Beaker - Simon | Rowlf - Dandd | Kermit - Balreth | Piggy - Grace | Animal - Nyx
References: Muppet Babies.

The House of the Quin: OVERKILL!

Crysania, angrily: This better @#$%in' work, or I will forcechoke the Mother@#$%ing Balls off the nearest henchman.

Dandd strokes his beard: It's good to be the king.

Several HQI Henchmen make a mad dash for the Airbox, hoping to avoid Crysania's Wrath.

Henchman 45, covering his groin: ...and that's when his head exploded.

Henchman 94, also covering his groin: that's what she said.

Henchman 45, annoyed: She did say that.

Henchman 94: Eh?

Henchman 45: Nyx. She did say that.

Henchman 94 slumps in defeat, dodging a flying wrench in the process: oh.

The Airbox can't get enough lift to support the number of Henchmen trying to escape.

Dandd walks over to the Airbox to remind everyone that Crysania's forcechoke is a ranged attack. While even more unmotivated, the HQI Henchmen get back to work, cringing at every sound coming from the Center of Quinhalla II [QH2].

Dandd decides that he is the only one potentially able to defuse the situation, albeit temporarily. He approaches Crysania with caution, but ensures he leaves his grail behind solid cover.

Dandd: Oh Empress.

Crysania, booming: WHAT?!

Seven henchmen hit the deck, three of them screaming like girls, two of them actually girls.

Dandd clears his throat: While your consciousness may be unyielding, ours isn't. It's late and the other officers should be back from the latest vanquish soon. How about we call it for a day?

The air in the center of QH2 chills. The senior henchmen pout with resignation. Crysania emerges from the center portal assembly and gets nose-to-chest with Dandd.

Crysania, frighteningly calm, looks straight ahead with focus: You want me to walk away from an unsolved problem?

Dandd groans: No. How about we walk away?

The winds around Crysania begin to blow: Walk away? From the central component of QH2? From the single most important aspect of the entire Progeny Project?

Dandd stands firm: Yes. Precisely that.

Crysania's anger explodes. The SuperSania transformation happens as smooth as ever, but the energy reacts with the central portal and explodes. Crysania, Dandd, and all the HQI henchmen are flung away from the central portal at high speeds, some off of QH2 completely.

Crysania was the first to her feet, and instantly switched into monk-mode. Dandd is much slower to rise, and is encouraged by an intact grail and a healing monk Empress.

Dandd: Good to see you're in control again.

Crysania, still angry: I never lost control.

Dandd: That's scary.

Crysania grins: Sometimes you just need to embrace the anger.

Dandd shudders: That's scarier.

Crysania /point: It looks like the portal's active.

Dandd /doubletake: I meant frightening.

Crysania: Let's see where it takes us.

Dandd /ponder: If by 'us' you mean 'you' then I agree.

Crysania /sigh: Fine.

Dandd: You do realize that all tangible material was blown off, right? That's just a creepy ripple in ...the mists?

Crysania grins: Sounds like fun.

Dandd sighs: I hate when you say @#$% like that. Murphy doesn't like you.

Crysania walks towards the portal with confidence: No, but Dwanya does.

Dandd shakes his head.

Crysania walks into the portal and the portal itself begins rapidly expanding, in an instant all of Quinland in engulfed, before collapsing upon itself. Crysania's body falls, unconscious, where the portal was.

Dandd starts barking orders. Crysania's body is taken back to her tower via Airbox and everyone begins executing standard damage control reporting protocols.

Strangely: no one, and nothing, seems to be affected other than Crysania. However, Crysania can't seem to wake up. She's stable, breathing, but sleeping? Something's not right. Dandd retreats back to Wiki to research.

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Lalandra: Oh, come on Necro Sis. You've been cold this entire trip.

Nyx gestures to her pouches full of Frosty Tonics.

Balreth snorts with amusement, before having to use Shockwave just to dislodge his sword from a corpse.

Grace picks up a bag of coins and rejoins the group.

Lalandra looks at Grace, then Balreth: How do you know she's Countess?

Balreth doesn't miss a beat: She ain't got @#$% all over her?

Lalandra: I was going to say blood, but close enough.

Nyx /breath: High-quality fabric.

Grace twirls, and seems...pinker?

The group, having looted and re-grouped, bamfs to collect their rewards. After a brief stop at the Embark Beach, they return to Quinland.

Balreth: Crysania said she'd get us some Shing and Sour Pork, and General Tsogo's Chicken.

Nyx's tummy growls.

Lalandra: I didn't know ice could growl.

Nyx falls into pieces.

Balreth cheers: So, meet at Zeal in ten minutes?

The officers nodded and boarded White Base for their homes. Crysania said it's been too long since the guild had a cookout, and wanted max participation. However, each officer found their Henchman Quarters vacant, eerily quiet and their On-Duty Heroes a bit loopy. Confused, they all were quick to head to Zeal. When in doubt, consult the Guild Leader or Wiki. Fortunately they're next to each other.

The officers arrived at Zeal to find Henchmen running in and out of the close-range portal linking Zeal and QH2. The Henchmen seemed to be a bit hyper, even for them. Even Dandd was found outside of Wiki dancing to Guild Hall in the Sky, with Jeni and MDQ. Lalandra made a passing comment about Dandd 'cutting a rug.'

Balreth countered with: I think you mean 'sod' but, yes.

Georgia growled with displeasure as she neared the Henchmen. Her hair standing up on end, she refused to get within throwing distance of any of them. Nyx could not coax her either way.

Grace didn't see any food, but more preparation then was needed. After she spotted a group of Stuff Henchmen, she moved in to gather information.

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Grace: Hello.

Stuff Henchman 1: Hello Countess!

Grace: What is going on here?

Stuff Henchman 2: Well...Phase 1 is set up.

Grace: Yeah...

Stuff Henchman 2: ...

Grace: ...

Stuff Henchman 2: Phase 3 - Profit!

Grace: Ok. What's Phase 2?

Stuff Henchman 2's facial expressions fall blank.

Stuff Henchman 2 shouts out: What's Phase 2?

Stuff Henchman 4: Phase 1, Set Up!

Grace growls: Yes...

...

Stuff Henchman 9: Phase 3, Profit!

Stuff Henchman 2: Maybe Jeni Guns has an answer?

Grace: Guns?

Stuff Henchman 7 giggles loudly: and don't let her hear you laugh at her either.

Balreth's eyes tear trying to keep from laughing.

Grace hears Balreth's noises and whips around to him: And what's so funny?

Balreth regains a bit of composure: Oh, I don't know, a barely clad Norn calling herself Guns? Some of us are eye level to her... umm...

Stuff Henchman 7 offers: Guns?

Balreth gestures in agreement.

Grace sighs: Whatever. Where's Crysania?

Stuff Henchman 1: Napping.

Balreth: Wait. THAT monk? Nap?

Stuff Henchman 3: Totally, Duke, dood! She can't wake up.

Stuff Henchman 5: Agent G and Jorashington have been keeping constant vigil. Other than them two, it's like the House of the Dead up there.

Grace: What does the G stand for?

Stuff Henchman 8, merrily: I Don't Know!

Lalandra groans: Let me guess, there's bacon in the soap.

Stuff Henchman 11 leaps with glee: I made it myself!

Lalandra sighs, and elbows past a giggling Balreth: Good job. Now go make me a sammich. I'm going to check on Crysania.

Spike yells 'Sammich!' as loud as he can and dives on the ground.

Simon yells 'Shing and Sour Pork!' and leaps on Spike.

Battle cries of 'General Tsogo's Chicken!' 'Overkill!' and other less intelligible sounds fill the air as a dogpile forms outside of Wiki.

The officers stand baffled as a triumphant Jeni walks atop the pile, to the audible groans of everyone beneath, and flexes.

Lalandra /point: Look. Black No. 1!

Nyx smacks Lalandra's hand down: Now that's not right.

The officers hurry into Wiki, trying to find out what is going on this time. Inside they find yet another anomaly.

Balreth sees Dandd pouring over several open books: Hey old man, how goes?

Dandd looks up at Balreth, exposing a hastily made name tag that says "danDD."

Balreth: Dandd?

danDD: No! I am danDD. I'm totally not Dandd.

Grace throws her hands up in the air and starts walking back towards White Base.

Nyx peers out the door to see Georgia lying on the ground, still out of throwing distance.

Balreth plays along: So what's going on, danDD.

danDD: I don't know! The thing, in the place, and the woosh then the other woosh and Crysania's out cold.

The officers nod, smile, and back away slowly. They exit Wiki without making eye contact. Nyx is concerned about Georgia and leaves. Balreth is worried about Grace and

leaves. Lalandra feels alone, surrounded by delirious henchmen and unsure what to do. Having consulted Wiki to no avail, it becomes time to check in with Crysania.

Lalandra gets boosted up Crysania's tower only to be backhanded by Jorashington and sent back down the tunnel. The alert Aeromancers brought her down gently, but Lalandra's anger was anything but gentle.

Lalandra: Mother @#$%. What was that for?

Jorashington shouts down: You're not welcome here.

Lalandra: The @#$% I'm not. That's my guild leader too.

Lalandra gets boosted up, and gets knocked back down. Lalandra and Jorashington exchange more verbal heat, and again Lalandra gets denied entrance.

Lalandra: "Mother @#$%! ... What does a Necro have to do to pacify a Norn!? I'm telling you G, I've tried my best with her. Gods, be my witnesses! I have shown respect, charm, under-@#$%ing-standing. But that is the last @#$%in' straw!"

Agent G yells down: Ladies and Gentlemen, the Infinite Tact of the Necro Sis.

Lalandra walks out to find the dogpile has simply moved. Jeni's top has been, apparently, ripped off but no one seems to notice - including her. Everyone is shouting about a 'piggy.' Finally, Spike emerges from the pile with an object held tightly to his chest and takes off at a full sprint towards the QH_2 portal.

While most of the henchmen take off after Spike, Lalandra hands Jeni her top back and one henchman in particular was crying his eyes out shouting 'Why?! Why my piggy?! I loveded you piggy. I loveded you!'

Lalandra: I need-

Henchman 48: Guess who made WAFFLES!?

Lalandra: I'm not going to eat-

Henchman 48: -WAFFLES!

Lalandra yells: I'm going to amputate your Mother@#$%ing head!

Simon, having been on the bottom of the pile, emerges slightly dazed: I need tacos...I need them or I will explode. That happens to me sometimes.

Simon faints.

Henchman 48 shrieks in horror and runs to Crysania's tower. Lalandra follows quickly; she wanted a guinea pig anyway. They both get boosted up, and as planned the Henchman gets knocked down and Lalandra makes her landing safely.

Henchman 48's voice can be heard faintly echoing up the tower: send the...clown...

Lalandra moves away from the hole in the floor triumphantly: Ha! Neither You nor Gwendolyn there can stop me now.

Gwen gets real close to Lalandra: You call me Gwendolyn one more time and I'll shove so many Taquitos up your @$$ you'll be blowing shredded beef out of your sinuses for a week.

Henchman 48's voice can be heard again: ...and a clown with no head...

Lalandra and Gwen lock intense glares, but the moment doesn't last long as Jora towers over Lalandra. Outnumbered, she offers to split the guard rotation in thirds.

Jorashington scoffs: Fine. I'm taking 1st night watch.

Agent G: Fine. 2nd Night watch.

Lalandra: Fine. ...day...watch.

The three stubbornly 'hmpf' at one another and look out of different sections of Crysania's tower.

Lalandra gazes down at the under-construction Quinhalla II. 'What kind of @#$% did you drag us into this time.'

Lalandra shakes her head and re-focuses on the here and now.

As Lalandra focuses her gaze upon QH2, she sees Spike get surrounded by Henchman. Spike inches ever towards the center, and then vanishes.

'That's a neat trick' Lalandra thought aloud.

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Henchman 65: Where'd he go?

Henchman 94: I dunno.

The screams that came next, from everyone on QH2, could be heard clear across to Zeal.

Lalandra, having already shouted "Mother@#$%" at least twice, is halfway down Crysania's Tower by the time Agent G and Jorashington saw.

Henchman 65: @#$%! It's a Half Pig, Half Bear, Half Spike RUN!

Henchman 94: No! It's a Half Bear, Half Pig, Half Spike!

Henchman 107: It's SPIKEBEARPIG! Run you Dumb@$$es!

Lalandra makes it to the Zeal-QH2 Portal to hear the terrified accounts of fleeing henchman yell about "SpikeBearPig"

Lalandra boards White Base and sprints to the fortress as fast as her dead legs will carry her.

Arrow Henchman 42, lazily: Halt, I think? Who Goes-

Lalandra, not having the time, sends a Cabal Spike through his throat.

The Arrow Henchmen sound off the alarms, hoping to avoid previous embarrassments. Balreth comes running quickly.

Balreth sees Lalandra and waves: Hey, Have you seen all the henchmen?

Lalandra barks: No Time! Grab all the purple dye you have available and meet me outside of Wiki.

Lalandra takes off towards White Base again as Balreth, while confused, complies.

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Nyx, Grace and Balreth come running with backpacks of purple dye.

Balreth /breath: Will you tell us what is going on?

Lalandra stamps her foot: Mother @#$%. Jorashington up there doesn't want to help Spike.

Grace: What's wrong with Spike?

Lalandra: I don't really @#%ing know, but I do know that he's become some weird demon thing-

Henchman 39: SPIKEBEARPIG!

Lalandra: That one.

Balreth /sigh: Not good.

Lalandra: Apparently, he fused with some pig doll toy thing in some @#$%ing hole in the mists that Crysania tore due to some energy flux and some incomplete Quantum @#$%anics. I stopped asking when Dandd just kept 'wooshing' at me.

Nyx: Oh my.

Grace: So why the purple?

Balreth grins: He got attacked by the color purple once.

Lalandra points vigorously: and he'll @#$%in' get it again. Here's the plan. We turn some poor @$$hat into a walking violet piece of @#$'amn modern art. We shove him through the portal and spook Spike. Then we un-fuse the @#$%in' pig thing and un-@#$% this whole situation.

Balreth: Fair enough.

Lalandra: I wanted @#$%house, but she ain't willin' to help. So this lucky Henchman got the short straw.

Henchman 28: @#$% me.

Henchman 28 was doused in dye. Vial after vial of purple dye covered the bulk of the Henchman from top to bottom. Not knowing what to expect, the officers threw him in first and headed in after. Predictably, Spikebearpig recoiled in horror then lashed out in self-defense. When poor Henchman 28 had his limbs removed forcibly, Spikebearpig gave a mighty roar to the sky and gave Balreth more than enough time to send a mighty arrow through the Pig fused to his chest, causing the agonizing screams that forced the officers to retreat back to Zeal.

After some time had passed, the officers sent in some monk henchman to clean up. A couple immediately returned to vomit off the edge of Zeal, while others managed to repair Henchman 28 and drag Spike's body back through. Having had enough fun for one day, everyone decides to call it and regroup tomorrow to figure out what exactly happened.

One by one, the officers lie awake in their respective areas. No one could sleep. Perhaps it was just nerves? Quinland was strangely noisy, as the henchmen were all remarkably active as well. Dandd, Jeni, and a whole list of people were all acting strangely. Dandd could barely form a sentence, Jeni forgot her own clothing, and the henchmen all had bizarre obsessions to chase. In fact, the only people who appear to be resting are the two lying unconscious under constant guard: Spike and Crysania.

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Not knowing what to do, the officers continue their title pursuits. While successes in Tyria were few, and slow, and failure in Quinland gave cause for worry.

Balreth yawns: I'm tired.

Grace nods: We should go to bed early.

Balreth /agree: Maybe I'll sleep better today.

Nyx: I don't feel like I slept at all yesterday.

Lalandra: Me neither. I blame Crysania.

Grace: Totally.

Grace and Balreth head towards the fortress, waving with fatigue.

Lalandra: I should visit the Menagerie! They always make me smile.

Nyx shakes her head: They're restless too. I'd be careful.
Lalandra: Maybe we should go check in on Crysania?
Nyx /cheer: Empress!
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The scene on Zeal was disturbing. Outside of Crysania's tower was a hoard of Henchman wandering around aimlessly. The cacophony of groans and incoherent mutterings was disorientating. Moving bodies bounce off one another in a random sea of semi-consciousness. Lalandra and Nyx stand horrified at the White Base port.
Lalandra: Do we want to try to wade through that?
Nyx smiles weakly: Uhh... I don't know?
Lalandra advances slowly, and her presence becomes known quickly. The hoard Henchman raise their arms towards Lalandra and begin muttering with an eerie amount of almost-excitement. Lalandra 'eeps' and retreats quickly. The two necros make it back to the Menagerie to find it virtually empty. The remaining handful of henchmen are just as the ones on Zeal: essentially lifeless. One shambles towards Lalandra, only to trip over itself and fall face first onto the dirt. The henchman didn't even wince, only begun to crawl towards Lalandra unphased.
Lalandra: Ok, that's just creepy.
Nyx nods vigorously and they both flee into the Menagerie proper. Inside they find Razah, annoyed and cautious.
Razah: Are you here to endlessly chase me as well?
Lalandra and Nyx exchange confused looks.
Lalandra: I don't think so.
Razah: Biologics here possess too many hexes. This one cannot maintain pace.
Nyx: Hexes?
Razah: The M-Team Matriarch. Her Quantum Mistanics mishap spread hers to biologics in the area. This one prefers to wait here.
Lalandra /doh: Unyielding Consciousness!
Nyx: So, everyone is just really tired?
Lalandra yawns: Stop that.
Nyx yawns too: Hey! That's not right.

The Necro Sis pair look at Razah, who does not yawn.

Razah: This one does not breathe.

Nyx pouts.

Lalandra: So how do we remove that many contagious hexes all at once?

Nyx: I have an idea, come with me!

Nyx and Lalandra walk to a series of locked chests near Janie. After rummaging around, Nyx produces a pair of bent-L-shaped objects.

Lalandra: what are those?

Nyx: We don't have a name for them yet. Pyre and Vekk have been trying to create new weapons that fire as far as a Longbow, but much faster.

Lalandra: I like the idea.

Nyx: They call these two "Ebony and Ivory"

Lalandra: What do they do?

Nyx smiles: Strip Hexes and Enchantments.

Lalandra roars: Give me one! We'll clear a way to Crysania!

Nyx pouts: One problem though.

Lalandra: Oh?

Nyx: Each shot sacrifices health.

Lalandra shrugs: Who's afraid of Lawno?

Nyx cheers: Not me!

Armed with 'Ebony and Ivory' the Necro Sis pair asks Razah to be a monk for them, to clear a way to Crysania.

Razah nods: Mission acknowledged.

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Back on Zeal, Nyx sighs. Virtually every single henchman in the entire guild has flooded Zeal. The area around Crysania's tower is virtually body-to-body shambling.

Nyx grips Ivory: Quin or Quit?

Lalandra grips Ebony: Devils may cry, and necros may die, but NO SLEEP TILL CRYSANIA!

The two walk forward, opening up their sacrificial bullet barrages. Quickly, Razah finds himself healing as fast as it possibly can.

The bodies of the Henchmen shot by Ebony and Ivory quickly pass out from exhaustion, despite the pain of being shot. As the outer shell of henchmen fall, the central hoard advance towards the pistol wielding necros.

Henchman after Henchman, bullet after bullet, healing spell after healing spell, blood ritual after blood ritual, the hoard tramples over and falls on top itself. While Nyx's trigger-pulling speed slows down, Lalandra appears to be enjoying herself. The three pull back as Nyx's energy fades. She hands Ivory to Lalandra, and retreats back to White Base.

Lalandra, pistol in each hand, resumes her sleep-inducing slaughter to the Tower. Lalandra's smirk becomes a smile and grows into a full @#$%-eating grin.

Lalandra: Revenge is a dish best served with Dual...whatever these @#$%ing things are. Mother@#$%. What are these things?

Razah observes Lalandra's sleeplust with interest: Data absent. These technological devices are unique to this one's experiences.

Lalandra cackles with a morbid excitement, forcing Razah to the limit of healing abilities.

Lalandra: I'll teach you all to FEAR ME! Picking on @#$%ing necros. Look whose saving your @$$es now, @#$%^es.

Lalandra and Razah walk along the bleeding, sleeping, bodies of fallen henchmen.

Lalandra shouts in glee: GOREGASM!

The path to the tower has been momentarily cleared and the two dash in.

Lalandra growls angrily: Mother@#$%. How are we supposed to get up now?

Razah: Challenge Accepted. Answer Known. "Monk, Mesmer, and MMMM...Ritualist"

A ladder made of metal slides out of the smooth tunnel's surface, leading all the way up.

Lalandra /sigh: When the @#$% was this installed?

Razah: Approximately Month 10 of Year 005 [Feb. 2011]. Built by the [43] Advent Hoolequin, including the M-Team Matriarch.

Lalandra: Mother@#$%! How does she find the time?

Razah: In the Mists, "time" as you call it has little function.

Lalandra: More of this Quantum Mistanics @#$%?

Razah stands emotionless.

Lalandra growls: Whatever, Let us climb.

The pair makes it to the top to find Agent G and Jorashington also hexed, and debilitated.

Lalandra rubs Ebony and Ivory together in absolute joy: I'm going to savor this Mother@#$%ing moment for a long time.

Lalandra gets real close to Jorashington, puts Ebony to her head and pulls the trigger. Jora's corpse falls to the ground with a loud thump.

Lalandra hovers over Jora's corpse and gloats: Wassup, Mother@#$%er?

Agent G also gets shot, but only in the leg. Gwen also falls down to sleep.

While Jora and Gwen have been revived, and healed, neither have any idea what happened or is happening.

Lalandra: Do I need to shoot Crysania? I don't know if I could do that.

Razah: The Matriarch is the source. The source must be subdued.

Lalandra holds ivory to Crysania, and looks away. With an apology and a prayer, she pulls the trigger.

Much to everyone's surprise, as the bullet approaches Crysania, Time slows to a halt. The energy of the Bullet runs out and falls harmlessly to the floor.

Lalandra picks up the bullet in awe: The empress is G*d'@mn bulletproof.

Razah: If the Matriarch is not the source, where she came from must be.

So Gwen, Jora, Razah and Lalandra carry Spike and Crysania back to the central portal in QH2. Crysania and Spike's bodies are places where the portal was. While Razah, Jora and Gwen seek cover.

Lalandra sighs: I like you two. A lot. Please forgive me.

Lalandra pulls the triggers, and again, the bullets slow down as they approach Crysania. The energies reopen the portal, with another shockwave. The shockwave destroys Ebony and Ivory, but Spike and Crysania regain consciousness.

Crysania looks at several orders' worth of sleeping and dead henchman lying around her Tower area and decides to hold off the question until later. Finding Razah, and unharmed, she tells him to rally the M-Team. Razah accepts the mission and moves out.

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The M-Team begins mass cleanup in Zeal. Reviving and healing henchman after henchman. As the number of Monk Henchmen increase, the pace of the cleanup increases. Before long all henchman are present and accounted for. Dandd, rubbing his eyes, heavily comes out from Wiki with Jeni, wearing a tanktop with the word "rack" written on it.

The henchmen begin to talk about the 'dream' they all had. The henchmen had a truly terrifying fear sink in as they all had the same dream.

Balreth and Grace show up: speaking of literally falling over unconscious.

So here stands Crysania, and the overwhelming bulk of the guild. It doesn't take her long to figure out what to do next.

Crysania grabs everyone's attention and starts shouting: Men! Heroes! And Officers! I understand that the Guild just had a bit of a nap, but several days without sleeping at all. I say we put all behind us!

The groggy henchmen are beginning to cheer.

Crysania: I say today, this will be the House of the Quin, and We will go into Overkill! - Lalandra Cheers!

Crysania -Overkill with SHING AND SOUR PORK!

The henchmen become alert and begin wildly cheering.

Crysania: AND GENERAL TSOGO'S CHICKEN!

The henchmen are at their familiar full roar.

Crysania: HENCHMEN, ATTENTION!

The Henchmen snapped to attention.

Crysania: Fall out to your officer for further instruction.

The hoard of henchmen begin moving this way and that, looking for their Hoolequin Officer.

Nyx: Order of the Friend!

Friend Henchmen cheer!

Nyx: We will contribute. We will obtain, and deliver all the food!

Grace: Order of the Stuff!

Stuff Henchmen cheer!

Grace: We will tap into Crysania's Discretionary Fund for this. Ensure all other Officers are appropriately funded.

Balreth: Order of the Arrow!

Arrow Henchmen yell: DUKE!

Balreth: We will provide the Ale, plates, forks, etc for this event. Acquire and Deliver!

Arrow Henchmen yell again: DUKE!

Lalandra: Order of the Party!

Party Henchman /cheer.

Lalandra: We are to provide the tables. Get your wood planks, hammers, axes, ingots and all else. We're making the best Mother@#$%ing guild sized Banquet table ever.

The Party Henchmen /cheer loudly!

The officers rejoin Crysania.

Crysania /salute: Quin or Quit!

The Guild Returns the salute : QUIN OR QUIT!

The orders begin moving in different directions.

Crysania stretches: I think I'm going to take a nap.

Balreth growls: don't you dare.

Lalandra pouts: Ebony and Ivory got destroyed?

Crysania: What got destroyed?

Lalandra grins: Come! Let me tell you the story of the House of the Quin: Overkill. It'll be a while before they're done with set up.

So the officers, MDQ, and Jeni get boosted up to Crysania's Tower to settle in for a bit as Lalandra begins her story, and asks everyone to stay calm during this Transitional Henchman Apocalypse.

The laugher had just begun, and carried itself all the way through the guild Cookout.

When the feast was over, orders had begun marching home.

Dandd, still very weary, shakes a fist at Crysania: You! You are NOT allowed to sleep, ever!

Crysania grins: At least not near unstable portals.

Dandd growls and turns to walk back inside.

Crysania leans back in her chair: Just another day in Quinland, no?

Dandd growls louder and walks away.

Crysania looks around at the ground near her Tower and sighs: This is a lot of blood. I'll have to get Rod and krewe to clean it up.

Lalandra grins: It'll all be normal again soon.

Simon: Where's my Moose?!

Crysania: Here, have a cupcake.

Simon flames grows somber: I misses cupcake.

Simon faints again.

Crysania: Yeah, normal...

Episode 71

1 February 2012

Notes: hoolequin.com is the most important aspect of the progeny project, but we knew what she meant.

References: The House of The Dead: Overkill, Borderlands, History of the World, Hoolebomb 18 Necro Sis, Monty Python, [24] Mahalo, Anchorwind [Guild Hall in the Sky], South Park, Invader Zim, [31] The Cold November Rain, Guild Wars 2, Devil May Cry, The Beastie Boys [No Sleep Till Brooklyn], [43] Advent Hoolequin.

Future Quin: The Heist

Razy: Do we HAVE to ride in the bumpiest, loudest, van ever made?

Rain, from behind the wheel, glances in the rear-view mirror: Right. 'Cause landing the Anchorwind on the roof would have been a good idea.

A voice comes over the Tahlblet: Stuff it, both of you.

Razy: Big words all way back in Quinland.

Rain agrees: Ya know, I heard that the Guild Leader used to be on the field.

Cerulean: Very funny. If you would like to storm this building with little more than a loincloth and tattoos, be my guest.

A man loading rounds into magazines chuckles.

Rain: Yes, yes, we heard all about 'the originals' and their exploits. Are you here to taunt us with those legends some more?

Cerulean: No. The Neveah Brokers have already lined up potential buyers and the bidding will begin as soon as we exit the building. I'm here to ensure everyone knows the plan.

Razy groans: For @#$%s sake. We're not henchmen, ya know.

Rain: For reals, yo. I practically wrote the MONK [Manually Operated NetworK], including some of the modifications to the Tahlblet that you so love to harass us on.

Cerulean: Fine. Equipment check. Necro Sis?

Razy lovingly caresses the daggers strapped to her thighs: These girls are READY for some blood ritual.

Cerulean: MONK status?

Rain grins: Ready to smite.

Cerulean: and you, Kasanj?

Kasanj quietly clips his magazine pouches closed: Spike and Simon are loaded. Snap's in the box. SuperSania's here in the van too.

Cerulean: Did you remember to bring extra Silver-Lockpicks?

Razy flashes a few in front of the Tahlblet: Oh I'll get in-

She looks at herself in the reflection of the Silver-Lockpicks: -And look good doing it.

Rain scoffs: Dream on! There's more to life than black, ya know.

Kasanj waves Spike around: Yeah, chrome.

Cerulean: Yes, yes. We know your affection for that custom beast that used to be...
Kasanj: Smith and Wesson 500 Magnum. How many times have we been through this?
Cerulean sighs: Isn't that Simon?
Kasanj grumbles: No. Simon's a FN57. Simon's for accuracy and Spike is for power. Didn't you invent the term Spike?
Cerulean: How old do you think I am?
Razy grins into the Tahlblet: I heard you knew, Her.
Cerulean: That would make me hundreds-
Rain: -We're here.
Cerulean sighs: Look. Just get the damned Corvus Emerald and get out. Preferably quietly.
Razy waves, and turns off the Tahlblet.
Rain parks the Van nearby a large, but plain, building.
Rain moves from the driver's seat to a chair in front of several monitors, in the back of the van, and starts typing.
Rain speaks with confidence: Dandd - Access.
A voice responds: Hoolequin Rain acknowledged. Password required.
Rain answers: Hydrodynamics.
The monitors turn on, and the system boots up.
Rain finishes his set up and nods to Razy and Kasanj.
Rain: Just like we planned. Razy, take the Tahlblet and get inside. Kasanj, keep her covered. Once Razy's got the Tahlblet in range - I'll guide you.
The back of the Van opens and out pops Razy in a uniform that says "Hoolequin Cleaning Service." She begins a slow walk to the front gate as Kasanj, with a large backpack, enters the adjacent building at speed.
Razy places the Tahlblet on top of the Front Gate control box and begins unloading standard cleaning equipment from the van, buying Rain time to do his MONK thing and Kasanj to set up his shots.
After a few tense moments, Kasanj gives his signal - a small stuffed tediz bear landing near the van.
Razy smiles to herself, as the gate calmly pops open. Rain was successful.

As Razy makes her way, mops and the Tahlblet in hand, to the front door, she is greeted by a confused man. Before she has time to panic, the man is fatally shot by a silenced Simon and falls to the ground at the door. Razy quickly drags the body away from view and hurries inside.

Kasanj panics. There weren't supposed to be anyone expecting them. He puts an extra round in Simon and grabs the freshly assembled Snippy Snap, the time for stealth may be over.

Razy moves quickly to the security room and gets to work with the Silver-Lockpicks.

A voice echoes from down the hallway: Why is the @#$%ed door open?

The footsteps confirm someone is approaching. Razy's praying to channel some Silverluck. The door pops open. Razy mouths 'Thank You!' silently to herself and slips in. Rain was already working through the Tahlblet by the time the second body fell at the front door. At least Kasanj had the sense to use Simon again.

Rain quickly takes control of the security cameras.

Rain, through the radio: I'm in. Doesn't look like they've noticed us yet, but there is still a body lying conspicuously at the door and another one in the yard; it's only a matter of time.

Razy responds: Anyone in front of the room?

Rain scans his monitors: I don't see anyone.

Kasanj peers through his scope: Me neither.

Razy: Not good.

Rain: Keep your cool, but let's hurry up, this place gives me the creeps already.

Razy retrieves her daggers from the body of the guard that was only temporarily asleep at his post. His permanent sleep makes the third casualty so far. Her uneasiness was visible through the Cameras.

Rain: Razy, get a grip.

Razy shakes her hands nervously, and leaves the room for the stairs up. The Corvus Emerald is supposed to be held temporarily in a room here, awaiting escort. Supposed to be. She makes it up the staircase, and removes her overcoat, revealing a form-fitting black suit with her prized 'Necro Sis' Dagger pair at the ready. Her hand reaches for the doorknob, when someone opens the door from the inside.

Kasanj pulls the trigger on Snippy Snap, ending any and all hope of a stealthy exit. Pieces of the man at the door fly into the room, followed quickly by Razy with daggers in hand.
Rain yells: @#$%. Get out of there!
Kasanj keeps his cool: Rain, blow the Tahlblet, we're going to have a rapid exit.
The sounds of Razy's exertion fuel the sense of urgency for the other two. Kasanj grabs his gear and begins his descent. Rain issues rapid commands to Dandd, yelling out override passwords.
Cerulean begins to get the Anchorwind ready to fly.
Snippy Snap is placed in the back of the van, and Kasanj dumps out the contents of the backpack on the ground and gets to work.
Rain: She's rigged to blow! Razy, get out of there!
Razy, strugging to catch her breath: No @#$%. Get the Van started!
Rain leaves Dandd and hops back into the Driver's Seat.
At the back door of the building, the escort arrives. It doesn't take them long to see the bodies lying near the front door and begin to move to the stairs. Razy, at the middle of the stairs with the emerald in her hands, sees the group of men at the other door and dashes for the front - to the van.
Razy's flurry of obscenities only raises the tension in the other two, but this is not their first rodeo.
Razy comes flying out of the gate, rounds the corner and practically dives into the van.
Kasanj, with a grin and a chuckle, activates the motion-sensor on 'SuperSania,' an Automated Turret with a lot of ammo. He follows Razy into the back of the van and slams the doors shut. Rain punches the gas and the Van speeds off just as a chunk of the escort gets stopped at the gate by turret fire. The Tahlblet blows, taking another of the escort with it.
Rain: Cerulean, I hope you're ready to fly.
Cerulean responds quickly: I hope you have the emerald.
Razy: Oh I got it, and the escort.
Cerulean sighs: Always have to do things the hard way, don't you?
Razy strokes her daggers: What self-respecting pair of necros doesn't?
Cerulean: You're a Thief, not a Necro. We'll discuss this later. The Anchorwind is ready. Get your @$$es moving.

Kasanj opens the back window, and sticks the barrel of Spike through it: We've got company.

Cerulean: Wonderful.

Razy: Rain! Hold the van steady, not even our Engineer can get a good shot off like this.

Rain swerves: I can't drive THROUGH traffic you know.

The escort vehicle gives a good chase, but it isn't long before Spike damages the windshield of the chasing vehicle and causes the driver to lose control. Kasanj grins to himself and calmly closes the van window. Rain slows the van down and Razy cleans the blood off of her daggers.

Rain grins to himself in the rear-view mirror: Just like we planned.

Cerulean groans: I hope that was a bad joke.

Razy: Joke or not, tell the Neveah Brokers to fetch us a good price.

Cerulean: Yes, yes. I'm deducting the cost of another SuperSania and Tahlblet from your cut though. Those things aren't cheap.

Kasanj grins: I wish I could have seen their faces.

Rain: Oh?

Kasanj smiles wider: Yeah. I put Forcechoke rounds in there, that brick pillar holding the gate wouldn't last long.

Razy cheers: Nice!

Cerulean: Those are expensive too.

Rain: Yeah, yeah. Dock our pay - we know.

Cerulean: Anyway. Good Job. See you soon. Quin or Quit.

-

Dandd takes a breath and nervously looks at the faces of the assembled officers: So that was my campaign setting for a "Future" mechanic. What do you think?

Crysania gives it a thumbs-up.

Lalandra nods in approval.

Nyx ponders aloud about being an Engineer...

Henchman 1: Can we back up a second?

Dandd: What?

Henchman 1: What's a computer?

Balreth winces: Don't DO That!

Crysania's floor collectively groans at the Henchman.

Dandd strokes his beard, content that he has received the Quin seal of approval.

Spike: Maybe I should make Magnum my middle name? That sounds cool.

Simon: Simon Says 57? Not so cool.

Crysania gives Simon some reassuring pats on the shoulder.

Georgia barks at the noise.

Dandd: Good point. I'll have to add in a "Raptor Bone" large grenade.

Crysania's tower erupts in cheers, and happy tail wags.

Nyx: I dunno. I think The Engineer's big gun should be called "Janie" instead.

Both Spike and Balreth protest loudly, to another round of laughter.

Crysania gestures to the Henchman: Go get more snacks and drinks, this'll be a long night.

Lalandra reaches for a character sheet: I'll play the Thief.

Nyx grins: Me too! We can each have a Necro Sis dagger.

Georgia Barks again.

Nyx: And a Raptor Bone Grenade!

Crysania grins knowingly: Just don't kill yourself with it again, Commando.

Nyx's jaw hits the floor: Now that's not right!

Another round of laughter marks the beginning of another Hoolequin Adventure...in the hearts and minds of the players anyway.

Episode 72

15 February 2012

Notes: Not even Dandd can resist the allure of the Future. Remember, its Like a Computer Game - but on Paper.

References: Guild Wars 2, [45] Going Commando, Guild History.

Spike: You know, The Menagerie was left out of Hoolefest 006.

Dandd blinks blankly.

Spike: That's kinda @#$%ed up, they're...you know...henchesqe.

Dandd opens his mouth to speak, but chooses not to instead.

Spike: Although they do tend to whine less.

Even Dandd had to chuckle a bit.

Spike: I think MDQ should put on a show at the menagerie.

Dandd: For the critters?

Spike roars: Totally, dood! I think I should do a pre-show hype event...thing.

Dandd: MDQ needs more hype?

Spike ponders: Probably not, but yeah.

Dandd shakes his head.

Spike: It'll be awesome Dood. I'll broadcast it through WOOF - All Bark, all the time!

Dandd: W.O.O.F?

Spike: @#$%in A, boss.

Dandd: Q.

Spike: Them too.

Dandd snorts with laughter.

Spike: You know, WOOF? They're Barkwoolfandgrowl's hit radio station.

Dandd: Bark-What-and-growls?

Spike: Exactly. They broadcast from the capital: Chokengagen.

Dandd's jaw rattles off of the floor.

Spike: The last Big hit was a song called "The Middle One" by the Larch.

Dandd: The Larch?

Spike: All Bark All the Time!

Dandd: woof.

Spike: Exactly!

Dandd slaps his own forehead and groans.

Spike: I think I'll have to call myself "Rufus" just for the critters.

Dandd: Wait. You're Rufus, bringing all the hit Bark on WOOF?

Spike: No no no! You have to howl when you say RUFUS!
Dandd scowls: I'm not howling.
Spike pouts: You're no fun.
Dandd: Georgia might howl.
Spike ponders again: all radio personalities need a tagline. What should Rufus' tagline be?
The two toss ideas back and forth a bit.
Dandd: I got it!
Spike leans forward with interest.
Dandd: I wouldn't have been an adventurer like you, but I left my knee in my other ants.
Spike: I like it! ...but critters don't wear pants.
Dandd counters: But Trogdor has a beefy arm.
Spike cheers: You win this round, old man.
Dandd strokes his beard with pride.
Spike: I need to go set up my booth!
Dandd /shoo: Go! Barketh here no more.
Spike: What about Balreth?
Dandd: No, Bark- Nevermind. Just go, and enjoy.
Spike cheers loudly and runs out of Wiki screaming for Simon.
Once Spike is out of earshot, Dandd breaks up in laughter at his desk.
Dandd speaks to himself aloud: I should go warn Nyx before she thinks another cult has formed under her feet. Crysania too for that matter. Hell, let's make an Assemble! call out of this. Maybe I can convince Balreth to pull out some his old Wolf Tunics...
Dandd grabs his grail and his staff and moves to head out.
Jeni yells from her chair: What'ju gonna do?
Dandd grins to himself: Bark at the Moon.
Jeni sighs loudly to herself as Dandd leaves, grinning.

Episode 73
21 February 2012
Notes: Spike doesnt know the meaning of defeat, and its contagious. Beware of leaving stuff in your other pants.

References: [56] Hoolefest 006, Monty Python, The Elder Scrolls V: Skyrim, Homestar Runner [sbemail58], [66] Order 66, Ozzy Osbourne [Bark at the Moon], Guild History.

The Central Portal

Dandd materializes through a portal onto Quinhalla II.

Dandd grins with enthusiasm: That's the smoothest jump yet. No nausea at all.

Dandd looks around.

Dandd speaks up: Crysania?

Nothing.

Dandd yells: Crysania?!

Dandd walks out of the Tower of Spirits and Ceremonies towards the central, still incomplete, main portal access.

Dandd yells again: Crysania?!

Dandd hears the sound of tools clinking together beneath him. Dandd wanders around until he finds a newly-installed door down to a maintenance shaft. Opening the door, Dandd finds Crysania talking to herself while working on the central portal.

Dandd listens for a bit, before asking: Who's Nigel?

Crysania doesn't move her gaze from her work: Not Sure. I think he said he was a Silverlock.

Dandd grabs a notebook from his bag of holding and flips through: Balreth...Active

Dandd flips a page.

Dandd: Mortal No. 17...deceased...

Dandd flips a page.

Dandd: Achi...

Dandd flips a page and "hmms."

Crysania: No Nigel?

Dandd confirms: No Nigel.

Crysania: I also heard another voice, a TamRAH Corvus.

Dandd doesn't bother with the notebook: You feeling ok?

Crysania: A bit tired from QH2, but it's gotta get done.

Dandd: You haven't hexed the entire mists again, have you?

Crysania: I don't think so, but this portal is definitely strange.

Dandd: I hate when you say things like that.

Crysania: It has the power to take you anywhere you want to go, but you have to be able to tell it where that is.

Dandd: Like, I say 'Lion's Arch' and it takes me there?

Crysania: No. You have to be able to visualize it; the portal feeds off of your internal energies.

Dandd: What about places we've never been too?

Crysania stops and looks up: You have feet, don't you?

Dandd sighs: So much for random adventures.

Crysania resumes her work: Try Simon's Ruby Slippers.

Dandd: I could also drink heavily and listen to Spike ramble, but it's not the same.

Crysania: Sorry old man, I only just got all the tower portals calibrated properly.

Dandd: Speaking of which, the last jump I made was very smooth.

Crysania: Glad to hear it. This one though, during the calibration process, I was able to see and hear things that were both foreign and familiar.

Dandd: Like this Nigel guy?

Crysania: Yeah. Kept wincing and saying 'Ooch!' though. Nice hair cut, Spike would approve.

Dandd: was it Silver?

Crysania stops: I don't remember. It was spiky though.

Dandd: Probably a young Silverlock then; hasn't earned his ponytail.

Crysania retorts: If he's young, that actually means he's really old.

Dandd grumbles loudly.

Crysania: Hand me another Rogue Bull. They're in flasks on a shelf just below you.

Dandd tosses down a flask to Crysania: Where's Hoolequindustries?

Crysania: Spooked. They finished construction as fast as possible and then left. This place is so quiet it's almost not worth building.

Dandd pouts: I'm here. Spike and Simon come to visit.

Crysania installs a part into the machine and the portal flares open to a beautiful blue sky.

Dandd stares in amazement: Wow... You need to come see this.

Crysania dimbs the ladder along the shaft and peeks her head up to see: That IS pretty.

Dandd squints: What's that moving thing?

Crysania focuses her gaze: I don't know.

Dandd watches the object grow in size: This rhythm seems familiar, in a creepy sort of way.

Crysania: Those look like big wings. Whatever that is, it's big.

As the object gets closer, Dandd panics: @#$%! DRAGON!!! TURN IT OFF!

Crysania flies down the shaft and removes the part, killing the portal.

Dandd sits on the stone floor, panting.

Crysania climbs back up to see a very pale Dandd look horridly at the space where the portal was.

Crysania grins: I can't remember the last time you cursed like that.

Dandd grumbles: Yeah, well I can't remember the last time I saw a Dragon flying at me through an experimental portal before either.

Crysania looks at the crystalline part in her hand: Oh! I think I put it in upside down.

Dandd growls menacingly: No wonder you're all alone here.

Crysania giggles sheepishly before descending back down the shaft and installing the part correctly.

The portal opens back up again, this time with no sky and no dragon. The portal itself looks like a rapidly moving night sky.

Crysania yells up: Is it on?

Dandd yells down: Yeah, I think.

Crysania comes up and looks for herself: Well give it a try.

Dandd, horrified: What?!

Crysania: At least try to visualize a place.

Dandd closes his eyes and murmurs: Droknar's Forge.

Nothing happens.

Crysania: Hmm. I'll have to raise the power of the receptors.

Dandd sighs.

Crysania: Try something you know like the back of your hand. Something really familiar.

Dandd closes his eyes again, briefly.

Crysania makes a disgusted sound: Wow, holy ugly girl, Dandd.

Dandd's eyes fly open: You saw that?

Crysania: In grotesque detail. Eeeww...

Dandd stands defiant: Hey! That was a LONG time ago. I wasn't even advanced then. No convention-groupies yet. Little booklets? TSR? You know what? Nevermind. Moving on.

Dandd fiercely closes his eyes again.

Crysania: Wow. That looks like a brewery.

Dandd opens his eyes, to see the image of the pub in the portal, and sighs happily: Indeed.

Crysania exits the shaft and walks right though the portal, only to emerge on the other side.

Crysania pouts.

Dandd: What happened?

Crysania sighs: I just can't do it captain, I don't have the power!

Dandd: So raise the power?

Crysania nods: Without blowing up the whole thing.

Dandd strokes his beard: That would be ideal, yes.

Crysania sighs again: Tell Spike to make more Rogue Bull, I'm going to be here for a while.

Dandd: Spike makes that stuff? No wonder Jeni can't sleep.

Crysania: I heard she's into flashing people now. Something about 'Shiverpeaks' Got Talent' or something.

Dandd grumbles again: Yeah, Gwen only.

Crysania giggles: So make her some Charr-pelt-gloves too. Maybe she'll flash you.

Inside Dandd's Mind: Option 1) I'll just hang around Gwen and wait... or Option 2) -

Dandd blurts out: I'll just get her loaded on spirits and Rogue Bull.

Crysania drops her tool laughing: That's renegade points.

Dandd is glad no one can see his grin.

Crysania: Call yourself a judge and see if she falls for it.

Dandd: Who's scoring renegade points now?

Crysania cackles briefly: Hey, I'm already dead. What difference does it make?

Dandd: Gods aren't technically 'dead' you know.

Crysania: You know, you could always just throw a mug of water on her.

Dandd stands up abruptly: You know what? I'm leaving now. You're a corrupting influence.

Crysania grunts with effort: I don't influence anything or anyone.

Dandd snorts loudly: Shall we get a guild opinion on that?

Crysania scoffs: You have to find them first.

Dandd deflates: Good point. They're mission-oriented, that's all.

Crysania: So am I -

Crysania grunts with effort again

Crysania: - so get me some more Rogue Bull, so I can figure out how to safely raise the power of this thing. The end is near.

Dandd: The end is near? Is this some ominous newtype intuition?

Crysania takes a big drink: Maybe. I just feel a sense of urgency getting this done. I can't be here and out in the field at the same time.

Dandd scoffs: Not everyone can harvest Ecto in their spare time either. The guild is fine.

Crysania grins: I guess I'm not that corrupting after all! You're still here.

Dandd grins: Fine! Later.

As Dandd walks away, he utters cheerfully: Pre-Searing in a Can, Baby.

Crysania yells out: I heard that!

Dandd chuckles to himself and walks back through the S&C Portal to Zeal.

Episode 74

14 March 2012

Notes: Mind-Reading portals arent for everyone.

References: PAIN [Game], [71] The House of the Quin: OVERKILL!, The Wizard of Oz, The Brand - Rogue Bull, Dungeons and Dragons [1st Ed.], Star Trek, The ____s Got Talent Shows, [46] Like, Jeni, Mass Effect, Mobile Suit Gundam, Guild History.

Spike and Spam

Crysania is sitting on a makeshift stool in the center of QH2, staring at a reflection of herself in the central portal.

Crysania: That was fast, old man.

Dandd, nervously: About that...

Crysania: How many did you bring?

Dandd, still nervous: Zero.

Crysania takes her gaze away from the portal and the reflection vanishes.

Crysania, gently: That's ok.

Dandd strokes his beard: That looked like you, with arms!

Crysania looks at her arms, glowing white-blue: I have arms.

Dandd ponders: Your tattoos looked different.

Crysania grins: Things were a bit different then.

Dandd nods: How long ago was that?

Crysania reflects: six years or so.

Dandd grins: You couldn't find a good pair of pants in six years? With all your wealth?

Crysania arches an eyebrow: Wealth? Talk to Grace.

Dandd scoffs: Sixteen different guild halls, fully loaded mind you-

Crysania: -Oh lord.

Dandd continues, un-phased: at least 10 suits of armor, including all the expensive ones...

Crysania /shoo: Yeah, yeah-

Dandd presses on: 11 destroyer weapons, 3 oppressor weapons, 1 tormented weapon...

Crysania: I get it-

Dandd ignores her: and those are just the ones you kept. I wonder how many you've given away-

Crysania's will-check to suppress a grin failed.

Dandd: and you're no merchant. That's *a lot* of killing.

Crysania: Do you have a point?

Dandd: YES! In all that, and more, you couldn't at least find comfy sandals? How many hundreds of ecto have passed through your hands?

Crysania /doh: You forgot runes, insignia, green items, consumables-

Dandd cuts her off: Yes, yes. We know: you give away money like you're a monk or something.

Dandd pauses to reflect upon his own statement as Crysania flashes an inquisitive look.

Dandd: It's too bad they don't have repeat-devices for Titles.

Crysania almost falls off of her stool laughing.

Dandd leaps at the opportunity: Since you're in such a good mood, it's a good time to tell you that your tower is in a mess, it is Spike's fault - and don't hurt me!

Crysania stares intently into her own past reflection in the portal, choosing her words.

Crysania: That's ok.

Dandd pales: Well..umm...Damnit Crysania, that's not right!

Crysania: Ok, Nyx.

Dandd pouts: You don't care about Rogue Bull. You don't care about your tower. Something's amiss.

Crysania points to her reflection: Did you know, back then, I wandered around from outpost to outpost helping random people make their way from Ascalon to Hell's Precipice?

Dandd strokes his beard: That's a hell of a walk - not that I doubt you.

Crysania sighs: I used to have to turn people down because there just wasn't enough room in my party for everyone.

Dandd /ponder: Where are you going with this?

Crysania: I was needed back then. People would go out of their way to try to get my help. They didn't know me, but saw what I was and believed I could be of assistance.

Dandd chuckles: Sounds stressful.

Crysania nods vigorously: Sometimes very. However, it was gratifying work.

Dandd strikes a defiant pose: And you're not needed here?

Crysania scoffs: Please. My company is enjoyed, but not required.

Dandd: We're not all Gods, you know.

Crysania: Not yet, but we have bought the Stairway to Heaven.

Dandd: Not everything that glitters is gold...like your arms, for instance.

Crysania: But with a word they can get what they came for.

Dandd /ponder: You don't think you can help?

Crysania: I can, but everyone has their runes, insignia, weapons, heroes, and a library of builds-

Dandd: -Prepared. They're prepared.

Crysania: Exactly. It's just a matter of time now, with or without me. It's not just the Nobility either; I have this bad feeling about the future.

Dandd sighs: The future?

Crysania: I just have this feeling there won't be many monks running around in the future.

Dandd fails to not laugh: No monks? Right...

Crysania glares at Dandd: I'm serious.

Dandd feels the chill in the air and nods soberly: What about Clerics, Priests, or Shamans?

Crysania: Nope.

Dandd feels at a loss: Well, what about Quinhalla?

Crysania gestures all around her: Done.

Dandd is visibly surprised: Really?! You got the calibrations done?

Crysania nods: Yep. Fully functional.

Dandd looks at the portal: So, why is it showing you instead of a destination?

Crysania: The portal simply reflects the thoughts of people nearby. I was thinking about the days when we had henchmen bustling around - hell, we still had henchmen in our party.

Dandd pretends to gasp in horror.

Crysania plays along: I know!

Dandd: What if there are multiple people all nearby the portal?

Crysania: Don't know yet, I was going to round up Clan Anchorwind and find out.

Dandd squints in thought: Why just Clan Anchorwind?

Crysania was about to answer, but Spike and Simon come bursting through the Zeal portal yelling and flailing about wildly.

Simon: Fault not it was our!

Spike: CCRRYYSSAANNIIAA!!!

Crysania gets off her stool and gives Spike and Simon a moment to catch their breath.

Crysania: One at a time, what happened?

Spike blurts out: This ignus ignoramus killed White Base!

Dandd rubs the bridge of his nose painfully, groaning.

Crysania sighs: At least QH2 is operational.

Simon: Ignus Ignoramus?

Spike stomps a foot: You're on fire, you idiot!

Simon panics, and begins running laps around the central portal yelling: I'M ON FIRE!

Crysania snaps: you *normally* are!

Simon stops dead in his tracks: Oh yeah...

Crysania: Now where is White Base?

Spike and Simon exchange looks, and then shift their gaze to the floor.

Crysania's tone grows irritated: Spikelangelo!

Spike yelps: It...fell into the mists...

Dandd groans: Oh @#$% me.

Simon: I'm not that kind of flaming.

Crysania: Weren't you just running around panicking because you're on fire?

Simon giggles, and then takes a pre-cautionary step away from Crysania.

Spike grins menacingly: It's a ranged attack, you know.

Simon: Oh yeah...

Crysania: Did anyone fall into the mists with it?

Spike shakes his head: Nope, Simon and I managed to jump.

Crysania: Well, we might as well start spreading the word to use the QH2 portals instead of looking for White Base.

Dandd /agree: And Spike, I want the tower Spic-and-Span - now.

Spike whispers loudly: That's racist.

Simon's flame puffs in confusion: What's racist about Spike and Spam?

Spike, seemingly involuntarily, yells: I DON'T LIKE SPAM!

Crysania: What about Egg and Spam?

Spike: No!

Crysania: Egg, Bacon and Spam?

Spike: NO!

Crysania: Egg, Bacon, Sausage and Spam?

Spike: NO!!

Dandd: Spam, Bacon, Sausage and Spam?

Spike: NO!!!

Dandd: Spam, Spam, Spam, Egg and Spam?

Spike: NO!!!! Can't I have Egg, Bacon, Spam and Sausage without the Spam?

The other three in unison: EEEWWW!

Spike: What do you mean EEWWW?!

Dandd: Just get the tower Spic and Span.

Spike leans in and whispers: ...racist...

Dandd points fiercely: NOW!

Spike and Simon leap in surprise, and quickly depart back to the Zeal portal.

Dandd points to the portal: Spam!

Crysania looks at the portal and giggles: Indeed.

Dandd: So shall we start spreading the word?

Crysania: Yeah.

Dandd: Ok, I'll head to the fortress.

Dandd starts walking off to the Menagerie portal.

Crysania points: Fortress is that way.

Dandd flashes a sheepish grin and starts walking to the correct portal.

Crysania's reflection appears in the portal again.

Crysania speaks to it: I know...soon.

Dandd stops: What?!

Crysania /shoo: Nothing! Go. I'll get the Temple and the Menagerie.

Dandd nods: Ok!

--

Spike grumbles: I never thought Dandd would be a racist.

Simon lets out a confused noise: I still don't see what's racist about Spam.

Spike's agitation level rises: SPIC-AND-SPAN. S.P.A.N.

Simon recoils in fright: Spam, I heard you...racist.

Spike lets out a frustrated yell and begins to chase after Simon, who is content to yell, repeatedly: Spike loves Spam, pass it on!

--

Crysania walks through the portal to the Temple of Indecision, where Lalandra used to direct traffic for the largest section of The Call of the Hoolequin: The Order of the Party. The Temple's lack of traffic outside only mirrors Crysania's lack of enthusiasm about delivering the bad news about White Base.

Crysania expertly maneuvers the deep and twisting passages of the Temple, finding Lalandra walking down one of the hallways.

Lalandra waves merrily: Hey @#$%er.

Crysania nods: Hi.

Crysania walks past Lalandra without another word. Confused, Lalandra decides to follow.

Lalandra: So...What's up?

Crysania: Came to get Rain. By the way, White Base is broken.

Lalandra grumbles: Do I want to know how you got here?

Crysania sighs: The QH2 portals are working, you know.

Lalandra: Really?!

Crysania clenches her jaw: Nope, I flew here riding on the hopes and dreams of forgotten henchmen.

Lalandra nods: I believe it.

Crysania shakes her head.

Lalandra becomes defensive: What? You're tough like that.

Crysania and Lalandra emerge in the central command chamber, where they find Rain enjoying a snack.

Rain sees Crysania and puts his food down: I didn't do it.

Crysania: Do what?

Rain: Whatever it is that brought you down off that floating rock of yours.

Crysania takes a slow breath: That 'floating rock' is a fully-functioning guild hall with a working portal.

Rain looks amazed: Wow! I had no idea it was coming along so well.

Crysania: Maybe if you visited once in a while...

Rain: Hey! I was helping around here.

Crysania: I know, it's what you've been saying for a while now. I came to let you know that you can go to QH2 right now and learn what it is to be an Anchorwind, or you can stay here and be part of Clan Corvus.

Rain stands up angrily: WHAT?!

Crysania lets loose a sinister chuckle: Yeah, Lalandra wouldn't take you in anyway.

Rain yells angrily: @#$% you. I've been training hard down here!

Crysania's battlefield grin, the Original Hoolequin gaze, returns to her face.

Rain backs down: Ok, maybe not that hard.

Crysania looks at Lalandra and leaves without saying a word.

After Crysania leaves, Rain looks at Lalandra quizzically: What was that about?

Lalandra /taunt: You just got called out, that's what that's all about. You gonna answer the call?

Rain sighs heavily: This is probably going to suck, but...yeah...

Lalandra shrugs: Meh. You'll probably be back soon anyway, I wouldn't worry too much.

Rain isn't convinced: You think so? I don't know. That seemed strangely intent and distant at the same time.

Lalandra nods: Yeah, probably.

Rain takes another bite of food before leaving the command chamber to pack for the trip.

--

Crysania emerges back at QH2 to travel to the Menagerie, when she sees Stabbith sitting on her stool.

Stabbith: Yo. Dandd said you plannin' some @#$%. What's up?

Crysania grins: Let's just say there are places to go and people to stab. You in?

Stabbith grins under her mask: I'm in.

Crysania: Pack your @#$%.

Stabbith stands up.

Crysania: -Oh, and Razy, make sure Spike and Simon are ready to go too.

Stabbith nods.

The two walk into separate portals, intent on completing their preparations at Crysania's command.

--

Spike and Simon are cleaning Crysania's Tower.

Simon: What are the most famous things we've said, I wonder?

Spike pauses: What brings that up?

Simon pauses too: I don't know. Just something to talk about.

Spike: Well there's Snippy Snap.

Simon: FTM.

Spike gets excited: That's not right!

Simon gets excited too: Oh! Now it Get I!

Spike: No no, it's 'Oh, I get it now!'

Simon grins: You get what, Spam?

Spike, knowing he walked right into that, growls loudly.

Simon continues: That was easy.

Spike growls again.

Simon, imitating Colonel Spike: Lemme Guess, You gonna knock me the Quin out?

Spike, abruptly: I wonder how Jeni's doing.

Simon grins.

--

Crysania enters the Menagerie grounds, only to find the same eerie emptiness that persisted in the Temple.

Nyx was out front practicing her archery with Georgia and Janie.

Nyx lets loose an arrow, only to have it come to a halt - suspended in the air - before it hits the target.

Nyx lowers her bow: Crysania!

Crysania releases her grip on the arrow and it falls harmlessly to the ground. She whispers to herself: I'm going to miss doing that.

Nyx: Doing what?

Crysania shakes her head: Nothing, nothing. I came to tell you that White Base is broken, to use the QH2 portals instead.

Nyx /cheer: They're working?!

Crysania sighs with heavy sadness: The outer portals have been up for a little while now. The central portal now works too.

Nyx cheers happily, and then tries to calm a newly excited Georgia.

Crysania: I've already told your Necro Sis. Have you seen Token?

Nyx gestures to the barracks: He's been helping to clear out that icky place with Galard and a few others.

Crysania nods: Thanks

Nyx salutes, tosses a raptor bone, then prepares to resume her archery practice.

Crysania finds Token and krewe resting outside of the barracks-entrance to Schrodinger's former hideout.

Crysania looks around for a moment before speaking: Token, I'm taking Razy and Rain. We'll be gone for a while. Report to Balreth when you're done here, reinforce his guard force until we return.

Token and Galard /highfive.

Crysania: Tell Guiness and Vixoria to help out around Zeal and Wiki. Keep the place clean.

Token nods.

Crysania: And spread the word that QH2 is functional now. No more White Base.

Token bellows: The portals are working now?

Crysania passes her will-check to keep her composure: Yes...

Crysania leaves, waves to Nyx, and moves to return to QH2.

--

Waiting near the portal are: Rain, Stabbith, Spike, Simon and Dandd.

Dandd: Are you really leaving?

Crysania nods: Yes.

Dandd: Where will you go?

Crysania looks around: To link up with Cerulean.

Dandd is surprised: Oh? Where is that?

Crysania: Well, we come from the land of the ice and snow.

Dandd: From the midnight sun where the hot springs blow?

Simon: Roar.

Dandd points and nods: Roar, of course.

Crysania: The hammer of our wills will drive this clan to new lands. To fight the horde, singing and crying: Quinhalla, I am coming.

Dandd: So you're coming back?

Crysania sighs: Of course. You think I'd build this only to abandon it? Hardly.

Dandd presses: You're sure?

Crysania nods: Maybe along the way I'll recruit more people for our little Caliquinous group.

Dandd: Caliginous?

Crysania frowns: No, cali*quin*ous.

Dandd /doh.

An awkward quiet settles over the gathering.

Simon exclaims with glee: Spam!

Spike whips around: You say that word one more time...

Simon points, enthusiastically, at the portal!

Spike moves his gaze to the portal and sees in image of Spam floating in the center.

Clan Anchorwind erupts in laughter, unable to restrain themselves any longer.

When the giggles stop, Dandd speaks first: Do I really have to say goodbye?

Crysania shakes her head: Nah. You could come with us.

Dandd shakes his head vigorously: Do you have any idea how many Wiki entries need writing or updating?

Crysania grins knowingly: Who knows where the pursuit of spam will take us, anyway.

Spike screams in agony.

Dandd: What about Hydrodynamic Spam?

Spike curls up in a ball on the stone floor of QH2 and weeps openly.

Crysania: Ok, ok. Let's lay off the you-know-what-

Spike sniffles, but nods in appreciation.

Dandd: So, any last words?

Crysania's cold-glare shifts to Simon.

Simon hides behind Stabbith: Not... it won't... say I.

Simon grumbles at himself.

All eyes gradually move to Spike, who pumps a fist into the air.

Colonel Spike: Quin or Quit, Son!

Dandd and Clan Anchorwind return the salute.

Dandd waves sadly as the clan begin to disappear through the portal.

Crysania whispers: We'll be back.

Dandd glances down fondly at his grail: I'll be here, waiting.

Crysania waves aerodynamically, and then walks through the portal.

Dandd looks up to see the other officers standing near their respective portals, even Henchman #1 stood near the Zeal portal murmuring about "Just another hench in the hall."

Dandd, sheepishly: What?

Grace, wearing her merit badge sash wish pride, sighs: At least I'll have some time to re-stock my kitchen.

Balreth /agree: I'll have to reinforce my Guard Rotations. Who knows who, or what, they'll bring back.

Nyx /cheer: I need to fill the menagerie again.

The attention turns to Lalandra.

Lalandra: I think we need to practice our Silkball. We have a Clan's @$$ to kick when they return. Crysania didn't even really say goodbye.

Grace /pickme: Totally!

Balreth /roar: Snippy Punt!

Nyx nods: Ya, really.

Dandd, looking around QH2 in awe, laughs to himself: Just another day in Quinland.

Balreth strains to listen: What's that, old man?

Dandd playfully fires back: I said, HURRY UP! Who knows how long they'll be.

Everyone begins moving, with cheer and purpose.

Dandd looks back at the portal, showing a reflection of Clan Anchorwind and MDQ walking through the snow: I hope it's soon...

Episode 75

27 March 2012

Notes: While Crysania's true plans may not be fully understood, we can rest easy knowing she has the Guild's interests at heart. Who would doubt Crysania anyway, didnt we learn from Episodes [42] and [43]? Who is not glad to see henchman #1 survived this long? The original Crysania Anchorwind, the Pixie, used to add aerodynamically to most of her emotes.

References: Monty Python, Led Zeppelin [Stairway to Heaven, the Immigrant Song], [46] Like, Jeni, Guild History.

Bonus: The Original Ending

Balreth doubles over, panting.

Nyx isn't doing much better.

Grace: There are just too many of them!

Crysania stabs one of the critters in the face with her spear: Unyielding Aura monks back there.

Balreth: They are out of my spell range!

Nyx: That's so not right.

Salah puts his scythe through two critters just to see them pop back up near the monks: I have an idea.

Crysania continues her spear assault: Spit it out!

Salah runs to Grace and yells something about a pink-black twirl.

Grace nods in understanding and stands ready behind Salah.

Salah yells: Get Back!

The guild quickly complies.

Salah does a full body twirl followed by a powerful slash. Grace channels her focus and leaps in behind Salah. Salah twirls and slashes again, followed by Grace who repeats the move, followed by Salah, and Grace, and Salah. The two back-to-back whirlwind attack their way to the location of the now panicky monks. The Pink and Black blur freezes the surviving critters in fear. Crysania senses the opportunity to gain ground and rushes ahead.

Nyx: Oh, Wow...

Crysania shouts back: Admire later, Move Now!

Balreth attempts a grin: FTM!

Crysania begins setting up her defensive wall as the Dervishes finish drilling a hole through the formation.

Balreth and Nyx catch up and immediately begin casting on the first monk.

The first monk takes significant damage, but even more significant healing. Many of the critters are being brought back, and the Spirit wall begins to crumble.

Crysania: Push the monks together; we have to hit them all!

Grace turns the blade of her scythe backwards and smacks the first monk square in the chest, moving him back a couple steps. He and his new neighbor promptly start burning.

Balreth cheers between casting.

The second monk tries to escape the first monk's proximity but gets tripped by the scythe of Salah. The monks are forced to begin healing each other and Crysania manages to put a dent in the number of the Critters.

The third monk is corralled near the other two and between scythes, enchantments, and pyromancy- the monks are now almost exclusively in self-protection mode.

Nyx shouts to Salah: Find Their Weakness!

Salah tears a deep wound into one of the monks, then Grace makes it worse with her next swing. The battle swings in the favor of the Quin from then on, and the fleeing critters are easily gunned-down by Crysania and the spirit wall and everyone agrees to rest where they stand for a moment, flashing dirty looks to the monk corpses at their feet.

Crysania: Good teamwork!

Grace and Salah Sync-Twirl.

Balreth: No lie. Any faster and you'd have lift off.

Salah admits: Energy drain though, holy @#$%.

Grace agrees.

Nyx looks around: Why is everyone so tired?

Crysania grumbles: We don't have soul reaping.

Nyx grins: "Oops"

Salah: yeah, uh-huh, sure.

The Officers regain their energy, and set off past the corpses of the Unyielding Aura Monks. They are getting close to the Hall of Judgment now. As they approach the door that many have only heard of, they find a figure they've never met but know who he is.

Balreth mutters: Grenth?

The guild grasps their weapons a little tighter.

Avatar of Grenth: Crysania Anchorwind!

The Avatar of Grenth points to Crysania's body.

Crysania, of all, had the least visible reaction.

Avatar of Grenth: We'll settle this your way.

Crysania: My Way?

Avatar of Grenth: This hand of mine is glowing green!

The rest of the guild leaps back quickly, a tingle running down their spines.

Crysania grins: This hand of mine is glowing White!

Balreth mutters aloud: White?

Avatar of Grenth: Its Vampiric grasp tells me to drain victory!

Avatar of Grenth: Vampiric...!

Crysania: Smiting...!

Both: FINGER!

The two collide, with the Avatar of Grenth instantly brought to his knees and screaming in pain.

In his pain and desperation, Grenth releases Dhuum from the Hall of Judgment, demanding assistance.

Dhuum quickly moves over to break Crysania's grasp, swinging his scythe with all his might at her. A non-critical Sniper hit means Crysania only got hit with the shaft of the scythe, but the force was enough to send her backwards away from the injured Grenth.

Everyone gathers around Crysania, in a protective circle while the other monks work their magic.

Balreth: How did you win?

Crysania coughs: Holy Damage is Double Damage!

Grace and Salah both "aaahhh" in unison.

Nyx: Vampiric stuff is nasty though.

Crysania stands with vigor: I'm dead. I have no life to steal.

Grace and Salah "aaahhh" again.

The Avatar of Grenth: I will not make that mistake again. Prepare to be annihilated.

Salah: He could have just said 'die'

Crysania shakes her head: I'm already dead. If the underworld takes my spirit too, I'm doomed.

Grace throws her hands in the air: NOW you tell us.

Crysania smiles.

Avatar of Grenth: And Doomed you are! None can withstand the Avatar of the Underworld.

Crysania: Wait...That would be one of you...

The Avatar of Grenth and Dhuum enter a bizarre pose.

Salah: Wait a minute...

Crysania knew: Oh @#$%, NO!!

Grenth and Dhuum: FFFFUUUU....

Crysania creates a ball of energy between her hands.

Grenth and Dhuum: ZZZZIIIOOONNN....

Crysania throws it at them: Quinmehame-

All three yell: HA!

A blinding white light forces the guild to shield their eyes.

Salah: What was that?

Crysania: Ray of Judgment really, just fired horizontally.

It was safe to look now, but a singular figure stands before them: hovering above ground and wielding a massive glowing scythe.

Nyx: This could get ugly.

Grace: You don't suppose we could just, like, go around him?

Balreth: No Dearheart, unfortunately not.

Crysania begins summoning spirits.

Salah looks at the Avatar of the Underworld, then back at Crysania: You better be glad I like you.

Crysania: Let us see how long you say that.

The Battle for Crysania's existence waged in and around the Hall of Judgment. The Quin weren't slowing down the Avatar of the Underworld, but it couldn't keep the Quin down either.

The battle wears on, with a weary Quin team unable to beat the Avatar of the Underworld. The Avatar isn't showing any signs of slowing down, and the Quin are struggling just to keep dodging the massive scythe attacks.

Salah gets backhanded across the head and gets knocked over, his scythe is sent spinning in the air. Grace catches it and, with all she has, swings both scythes from behind her head up over her head and imbeds both blades square in the chest of the Avatar. The Avatar screams in agony before ripping both scythes from his chest and throwing them at Grace, making her dive out of the way.

Crysania: I think we pissed him off.

Balreth: It's a start.

Nyx: Ya really.

The Avatar regains his composure and raises his hands above his hand, laughing a triumphant laugh. Crysania runs forward in front of the group to raise spirits yet again but she, like everyone else, is caught horrified by the glowing ball of sickly green energy growing above the Avatar's hands.

Grace: Dear, if there's ever a time to say 'not good,' now is the time.

Balreth: Agreed.

Salah: NOW what do we do?

Nyx: Follow the monk?

Crysania: No! Stay Back!

Salah: Ideas?

Crysania's hands begin glowing brighter, and the very air begins to change. The Avatar senses danger and visibly concentrates harder upon the glowing energy ball.

Crysania begins yelling above the roaring of the movement of the air: When the winds of change blow, spread your wings and-

Crysania then sprouted wings of pure energy and applied a double-handed forcechoke to the Avatar: FLY!!!

The Choked Avatar's energy ball shrank noticeably, but begins to re-grow at a slower rate.

Grace: Ok. She's slowing him down. It's time to do something.

Balreth: What I wouldn't do for a snippy snap right now.

Salah: Preach It.

Nyx: We could do that, ya know.

Grace: What? All throw arrows at him?

Crysania erupts into SuperSania, and desperately yells: DO IT!

Grace, Balreth, and Nyx are hastily compiling a plan, but not even SuperSania can generate this level of energy for long. The normally bright aura around SuperSania begins to fade, as does the blue around the Avatar's neck.

Balreth: How do we coordinate this?

Crysania lets go with one hand to raise more spirits, and attempts one last surge of willpower: When our spirits are raised to their limit, there is NOTHING which cannot be beaten!

Balreth senses the momentum and continues: This guild of mine is glowing blue!

Salah jumps in: It's icy grasp tells me to roar victory!

Nyx and Grace jump in too!

The four officers: Exploding!

Crysania gives her last and falls unconscious.

The Four officers: Hoolequin!

The Avatar casts his spell.

The four officers: Snippy Snap!

A guild-sized red arrow flies from a newly-created mists portal and impacts the Avatar at the same time the green ball impacts Crysania and her spirit wall.

The light was too bright, the sound too loud for anyone to maintain their bearings. Bodies were being thrown about from the force, screams gone unheard over the roar.

Nyx was the first to wake: Georgia! Ok! I'll take you out...

Nyx looked around to discover she was lying in the Temple of The Ages with the guild.

Nyx shakes Salah, Grace, and Balreth and looks around for Crysania, who does not appear to be present.

Balreth stands to his feet, complaining of being stiff.

Grace is helped to her feet, half-joking that she just washed her clothes recently.

Salah grumbles loudly as he stands, mentioning that the guild has a habit of doing things the hard way.

Salah: Isn't that right, Crysania?

Grace looks around: Where is our monk?

Balreth's heart finds his feet: Not good.

Grace panics: no no, back there was not good. Out here is good. See? I got a couple ecto!

Balreth mutters something about merchants and their stuff.

The Temple of the Ages was empty. In their panic, they didn't notice something obvious.

Nyx: Oh my!

Salah whipped around to look at Nyx, who was pointing at a pile of rubble.

Salah: Rubble, and? ...wait... isn't that?

Grace gasps loudly.

Balreth: The Grenth Statue...

Nyx, to Salah: Will you stop breaking stuff?

Balreth and Grace let out a nervous laughter, as a stunned Salah can't muster a quick response.

Grace: Well, let's go to the guild hall, empty our packs and collect our thoughts.

Balreth: Sounds like a plan.

Nyx shrugs.

/guildbamf

Georgia's barks echoed in the common area of the guild hall.

Salah: This is creepy.

Grace: I'm going to see if anyone at the fortress knows what's going on.

Balreth: I'm going to consult the wiki.

The other three stopped, nodded in approval, and followed Balreth to the Zeal Islands. There they found Dandd, busy writing a new campaign setting for his 'game' that he frequently talks about.

Salah spoke first: Have you seen Crysania?

Dandd: I think she mentioned something about something near the Temple of the Ages.

Grace sighs.

Nyx: Ummm... We were just there.

Georgia barks.

Dandd: Did you look outside the portal?

Balreth shrugs: Couldn't hurt.

/guildbamf again

They leave the Temple of The Ages to find Spike, Stabbith, and Rain talking about fighting under the obscurity of nightfall.

Balreth salutes: Have you seen that monk?

Spike, Stabbith, and Rain look at each other puzzlingly: Nope. Not In a while.

Georgia barks loudly.

Nyx: I think she wants us to follow her.

They walk a bit, only to discover Georgia found a bone.

Nyx: Don't touch that, it probably came from a damned cleric or something.

Salah mutters: F'n Clergy.

Balreth visibly had a thought cross his mind.

Grace: Well, Are you going to share?

Balreth: They were talking about nightfall, but when we were on the Pearl escaping nightfall, didn't we hear that those three are spirits and once they returned to the mists, only one is allowed to have a body at a time?

Salah nods slowly: Yeah...Wait! YEAH!

The four return with a sense of urgency.

Grace: They all look...corporeal to me.

Nyx points: Get 'im Georgia.

Spike yelps and hides behind Stabbith.

Rain crouches down to give Georgia some attention.

Salah: So...which one of you has a body?

Rain stands up in time to receive a cup of cold water on one side of his face only to be punched on the other side, from behind by Spike.

Rain wobbles around, momentarily stunned.

Spike points: He certainly does.

Spike slips on a nearby rock and tumbles down the hill, avoiding a slap from Stabbith.

Grace leans to Balreth: Is he clumsy or aware?

Balreth returns a helpless look on his face and a shrug.

Salah: So how do you all have bodies?

A voice from behind: a gift.

Nyx yelps with fright.

Spike shrieks too and hides behind a rock, followed by the sound of a container being uncorked.

Balreth: Dwayna?!

The four bow respectfully.

Avatar of Dwayna: The combined might of Dhuum and Grenth was too much for the spirit of our little friend.

Salah's eyes widen with sadness.

Avatar of Dwayna: When bodies die, their spirits go to the mists, escorted by the envoys.

Everyone nods.

Avatar of Dwayna: What happens when spirits die?

Nyx, hopefully: They go back to their bodies?

The Avatar of Dwayna smiles.

Rain, very muted: No. Their existence is erased. Gone.

The Avatar of Dwayna nods: That is true.

Balreth: Eh? Then we're here to learn that Crysania is no more? For us?

The Avatar gestures to nearby bushes.

Crysania appears from those bushes: Cry Sania and let loose the Quin of Roar!

Stabbith, Rain, and Spike [still hidden] Roar!

Salah growls angrily: I'm going to hurt you...

The Avatar of Dwayna begins to fade: Be Cautious Salah Ad Quin, it's unwise to fight gods.

Balreth does a double take: gods?

Nyx: You're a god?

Colonel Spike jumps into the group again: 'Ten Hut! You all officers should show a lil' respect for our God. She's kind enough to walk amongst us mere mortals. Why, she even - PINK CHRISTINA AGUILERA MONSTERS!!!

Spike rolls around on the ground frantically yelling: GET THEM OFF!

For the moment, everyone ignores Spike and just looks at Crysania.

Crysania smiles: Long story short: I was running out of energy, and Dwayna asked me what I wanted most. I said for you to survive and full lives for them. Then everything faded out on me. Next I knew, Dwayna had told me I was granted admission into the ranks of God, along with other legends walking around Tyria, and she showed me that my last mortal wish was granted.

Salah breathes a sigh of relief.

Balreth was still curious: And the Avatar of the Underworld?

Crysania: Whatever you did, it split the two back into their own forms but no other damage from us. Dhuum was weakened enough for Grenth to throw him back into his prison.

Salah: You inspired us with the guild-sized snippy snap.

Crysania: Oh?

Balreth scoffed: Canthan Influence...

Crysania laughed: I wish I was conscious to see it.

Nyx: The next time you make us mad!

There was a brief pause, before everyone was laughing.

Rain: Shall we return?

Balreth: Wait. Dwayna said "gods" as in plural.

Crysania shrugged: Yeah, Dandd and I.

Spike growls: he never told me.

Rain: God of what?

Crysania smiles: You know, dice, imagination, and character sheets.

Grace: I'm a Cleric of Loki.

Balreth Laughs.

Nyx: What?

Salah looks at Spike helplessly.

Crysania giggles too: Come on gang, let's go home.

Colonel Spike: Quin or Quit, Son!

Crysania: I claim Mein Kampfy Chair!

/bamf

Spike swears quickly: Hands off the Pork Rinds

/bamf

Rain: @#$% You, those are mine!

/bamf

Nyx: Is there a party?

Grace turns to look for Balreth, who had already left.

Salah: Sneaky for someone his size.

/bamf

There was a trail of people making all kinds of noise zipping past Wiki.

Dandd pokes his head out, agitated: What's with all the noise?

No one answered, and so he went up to see a large gathering in Crysania's space.

Dandd: SuperSania, What the Eth? Sa-lalah, Nyxorgia, Your Grace, Simon Says Roar, Colonel Spiked, As Wrong as Rain, Stabbith Bloody Stabbith and Even Henchman 1-

Henchman 1: Yo!

Dandd: -You're all here. Wow. A real Call of the Hoolequin.

Crysania: Do you write all these nicknames in the wiki records?

Dandd grins: Maybe.

Spike can't contain himself: What the Eth? I'm so using that.

Balreth sighs.

Nyx points to Crysania: I think she's a God now.

Crysania: There's always two of me just a-hangin' around?

Balreth coughs: clone

Grace: The Eth, man?

Balreth shoots a shocked look to Grace, while the rest of the room erupts in laughter.

When the laughter calms down, Dandd looks around: So Crysania's a God now? ...and?

Salah: Pretty much.

Nyx: Ya really.

Crysania: Hey. What say we have a-

Crysania does a quick headcount: -...10 person game?

Dandd grins widely: My adventure will be tougher than any underworld the real world will throw at you.

Crysania puts a hand on the big table, grinning: Bring it.

Simon puts his hand on Crysania's: No matter how many times you save the world, it always manages to get back in a box of chocolates again.

Spike puts his hand on Simon's: You never know what you're going to roar, but I'm in.

Salah puts his hand on Spike's: Follow that Roar.

Nyx joins: I'm not good at this roar stuff.

Amongst much roar and laughter, the last adventure ends and the next one begins.

Crysania looks around at her group: Quin or Quit says it all.

The Group throws their hands in the air: Quin or Quit!!!

Spike: ...son.

Crysania sits down to find Simon has stolen her seat.

The group turns around to see Crysania turn around and get face to face with Simon.

Crysania, in her best Davy Jones: Do you fear Death?

Simon: Now that you mention it, I do. I'll use the stool.

Dandd came back up with a bucket of dice and lots of parchment.

Dandd: Did I miss anything?

Crysania, looking majestic: Just another roar in Quinland.

Nyx: Oh Hey! That was that roar thingy again.

The laughter that poured out from Crysania's Tower lasted for hours. The guild had a massive morale boost, but more adventures lie in store for them, and their lineages: enough to fill volumes of text to be read by the generations to come, the ones who have not yet answered The Call of the Hoolequin.

Bonus: The Original Ending

Written mostly in early/mid 2011.

Notes: GW2 did not come as early as hoped.

Bonus: Hoolefest 006 Track Listing

Murderdeathquin: [I Bless The Rains Down In] Tyria | Black Yeti [Bam A Lam] Chaot Through the Heart | FauxHammer | We Don't Need Another Shiro | Wurm With No Name.
Dense Metal Dirigible - Quinland Immigrant Song

Stage 1: Ac/Dc 20 - Thunderclap | Accept Party Member - Balls to the Wall of the Guild Hall | Adelbern Skynard - Sweet Home Ascalon | Aeromancer Smith - Walk This Way Blinded | Allman Brothers Guild - Jessica is Gwen's Cousin | assassin's Cheap Trick - Surrender to Shadow Form | Campaign Foreigner - Cold as Water Magic | Cream of The Guild - Crossroads of Map Travelling | Dervish Dylan - Blowin in the Wind Prayers | Elvis Presses Buttons - Blue Suade Prestige Armor | Experience Point Journey - The Wheel in the Sky is an Area Effect Spell | K.C. and The Paragon Band - Shake You with Motivation | Kansas is in the Desolation - Carry On Wayward Wurm | Knocking Down Doors - Hello, I Spike You | Mini Cooper - Ethel's Cold Damage | Paragons without a Helmet - Unsung Shouts | Quin at Heart - Bosses go Crazy on You | The Heroes and the Henchmen - Hoolequin Dreaming | The Quin Queen - A Little Thing Called Don't Look Up | The Rolling Stone Beetles - Can't You Hear Me Knocking You Down | Varesh Daniels - The Devil Went Down to Elona | ZZ Bottom of the Guild List - Sharp Dressed Monk

Stage 2: Bad Build Religion - Disease Infected | Bonard Jovieth - Livin' On a Healing Prayer | Boston's Arch - Sniper is More Than a Feeling | Deaf Leopard is Charmable - We Farm for Ecto on Saturday Night | Deep Purple Armor - Maelstrom on the Water | Destoyer Weapon Spinal Tap - Tonight I'm gonna spike you tonight | Grenth's Oyster Cult - Don't Fear The Dervish | Hexes and Roses - Welcome to Maguuma | I have A Warrant for this Called Target - Spike Pie | Judas Monk - You Got Another Thing Comin' cause Death is Temporary | Morgahn Van Halen - Paragon | Motley Crew of Heroes - Shout at all party members | Norn Maiden - Run to the Hills of the Far Shiverpeaks | Nyx's Nirvana - Smells like Menagerie | Poison leads to Necrosis - Nothin' But A Quin Time | Rush and Charge - YYZ is my Cry of Frustration |Scorpion Wire -

Spike you like a hurricane | Skid Mark on my Armor - Slave to the Quin | Talon is a Blind Guardian - Condition Removal is Sacred | Twisted Newbie - I Wanna Join | Van Hailing my Energy Storage Attribute - Eruption just Blinded You | Wolfmother Jora - That Woman doesn't have Bear

Stage 3: Black Sabbath - Has Won A Battle in the Hall of Heroes | Cannibal Mesmer - Clumsiness Smashed Face | Cradle of Death Magic - Minionequin | Double Dragon Force - Through the Fire and Flames is my Corpse | Hoolequin Manson - The Beautiful Coths | Island of Misfit Buildren - Die, Die, Zaishen Bounty Boss | Lamb of Grenth - Laid to Rest in the Underworld | Metallinyx -Of Berner and Man | Ministry of Elementalists - Burning Inside and Out |Nuker Label Society - Fire Magic It Up | Quinhemoth - Crysania will Conquer All | Quinklok - Go Forth and Quin | Quinstein - Feuer frei auf ihre Mönch | Rage Against the Henchman - Killing in the Name of Reputation Points | Shiverpeak Frost - A Dying God Coming Into Monk Flesh |Six Feet Under the Menagerie - Georgia the Brutal | Soul Reaping and Anthrax - I Got Caught in a Sandstorm | System of A Build - This Elite makes me feel like I'm in this party | System of a Quin - B.Y.O.H [Bring Your Own Heroes] | Type O S#it - Olias is Dead Again | Vanquishing Slayer - Party Ensemble | White Zombie Heroes - More Necro Than Human

Stage 4: Alice's Spirit In Chains - Them Bones are Exploited | Beck has Resigned - Two Turn Tables and a Dead Blood Necro | David "E/Mo" Bowie - Ziggy Star Burst | Earth Magic Kravitz - Rock and Roll are good Spells | Gorillaz in the Tarnished Coast - Spiritcallers make me Feel Good Inc. | Hoolequin Temple Pilots - Trippin' on a Hole from a Sniper Hit | Margonite Soundgarden - Black Hole Vortex | Necroleptic Tendencies - Guild Wars Players should be Institutionalized | Silverlock's Chair - I'll get a better frame rate Tomorrow | Smashing Pumpkins with my Hammer - 1979 Deaths and Counting | Tank Danzig - Mother of Hammer Masters | The Ramones of Kryta- I Wanna Be Resurrected | White Base Surfers - Who Was In My Guild Hall Last Night? | Red Hot Hero Peppers - Cartographers go Under the Bridge | Dead Kennedy's Team - Holiday In Kamadan | Dropkick Heroes - Cadence To Quin | Flogging Henchmen - Aged Dwarven Lullabies | Henchmen's Offspring - All I Want is to not be -60 | Neveah 5000 - Balreth's

Bombshell | Nine Inch Scepters - Closer to Level 20 | Normal, Hard, and Depeche Mode - Personal Crysania | Quinsmack - Superior Rune of Voodoo.

Bonus: Crysania By Lalandra Corvousia:

The leader before there was a guild. The one with the most unlucky drop rate except for ecto and lockpicks. The bank most of us have borrowed from. The constant amongst our chaos of characters.

No matter how many characters I used: Lala with Vixoria, Chloe with Token, La Chad with Stabbith, Scarlett with Balreth, Yoshi and Balreth, Volusja or Salah, Crysana was always able to sweep in and save the day.

The master of skills! No matter how many times the skills change, you can count on Crysania testing every one. The creator and verifier of templates. If Crysania approves of your set, you know you will succeed.

The Pathfinder. The one who braves new areas to give the rest of us an idea of what we are going to face. The one whom has gained the title of 'The Walking Wiki.'

The Provider. Chloe, Scarlett, Salah, Yoshi, Volusja, La Chad and most of all Lalandra owe Crysania for helping with armor. If it was money, components or even dye, Crysania was there to help.

Crysania has done many things to support us all. Quin do not exist without her and assemble calls are only complete with her leading the way. From the bottom of my heart, thank you Crysania Anchorwind for leading the way, supporting all of my efforts and knowing which set to bring when I get there.

Bonus: Letters from Clan Neveah

Crysania Anchorwind,

Thank you for your leadership and assistance in accomplishing so much for my titles. Without your guide and gift of skill knowledge and in awesome build development, I would be half the tank I am today. An unknown in the Tyria realms. Because of your efforts, my efforts were exponentially paid off. I went from no title to 22 in 17 months. I was very important for about a week and then I became an owner of a library, with the possibility of my guild hall smelling of rich mahogany just another week or so away! Although, I am pretty sure the guildhall already smell of rich mahogany because of Crysania's god like aura. But maybe it will smell of a new bookshelf clan Neveah ordered brought into the hall for all those leather bound books I found last week? If I can just get the Silverlock's to let me rub their bellies for Gold Luck, who knows what else could be accomplished! You have the Neveah clans respect and gratitude always.

Ever willing to Follow That Monk,

Grace Neveah representing for Angel Neveah, Jace Neveah and all Future Neveahs

Crysania,

What can you say, without you Double Dragon would have been a mystery to me. Ode to double Dragon: How I love thee. When I click you on my ally, together, we flaming buzz saw all enemies we can run up to or those dumb enough to run into us...sigh. To which I owe my guild leader many props for rolling me out to capture it in Factions!

Peace (as only a flaming buzz saw can provide),

Alliyah Marley

[bowed head] Arigatou gozaimasu, Crysania, my guild leader, Taketh I Silverlock

Hello to the future,

We heard a lot about you, but we refused to proceed into the horrors of the last day to meet you. But we wear your cape with pride and honor in Ascalon City. Remembering in all our dealings to be kind, courteous, and helpful to those we meet, so we are a representative of the Hoolequins. Wanting to be what people should expect all of our guild to be, past, present, future or even in hundreds of years.

Thanks for the cape and all the awesome that goes with it,

Guy Emanuel, Nyla Melanie, Girl Charbaggins

Bonus: -Crysania's Ascension-

I, Crysania Anchorwind, God Walking Amongst Mere Mortals, wish to share my tale with the rest of the Order of the Quin for both study and enjoyment for junior and senior Hoolequin alike.

0 The Fool

We all start as fools, and I am no exception. As an early adventurer in Tyria, the world was much different. No one had attained Hero Class yet, and most of our Henchmen friends were woefully incapable. Strong Guild ties were hard to find, as we had not the time to develop them yet. We had not yet developed any Human-Only Skills and Elites were hard to come by. Weapons were Expensive, Greens worth a great deal, and Prestige Armor was reserved only for the most dedicated of player. Adventures in Ascalon were terribly difficult, and every inch of gained ground instilled pride. Then, it was not hard to understand how the Charr had reclaimed their lands from human settlers, Charr were worthy opponents. As a young adventurer, I had ample opportunities to decide my path in life. I was Crysania the Fool, the world was wide open - as were my eyes. My fate had not yet been written, the world of possibility lie before me. I set off.

1 The Magician

We have within us, the power to accomplish our goals. With a mere eight skills [and one love] we can overcome obstacle over obstacle. As is obvious by now, by heart yearned for the most difficult of paths: The Monk. Monks were not common then, who wants to operate in a frantic, feverish, pace only to be yelled at when perfection wasnt achieved? Me. Every adventurer was looking for a Monk, and I was there to help. I believed in my own power to turn the tide of battle by protecting, healing, and reviving my fellow adventurer. If I did well, we did well. If I did poorly, we did poorly. There were many deaths, many wipes. I was blamed many times, but I refused to give in. I was Crysania the Magician, and I was going to win.

2 The High Priestess

Our Intuition can be a wonderful gift, when listened to. As my skills as a monk increased, my ability to command and control from the back increased as well. I needed my fellow adventurers to heed my advice, for I was the one to cover for their mistake; as all monks know, our precious energy can vanish quickly. Many battles happen too fast to pause and analyze, and the situation can change rapidly. So I learned to read the battle, the compass, and myself and I assumed command of tactical movements. I was Crysania the High Priestess, and my intuition came to be trusted.

3 The Empress

The Campaign, when I crawled through, was not for the casual. By the Ring of Fire, all but the truly passionate had been weeded out. Passion, however, was something that I radiated more than my hands do white-blue now. My creativity in the outpost, and in the field, had led to success where otherwise there wouldnt have been any. By now, the name of Quin had begun to circulate, and there were those who were trying to attract my services for their party, all because I was Crysania the Empress: A monk of creativity and passion.

4 The Emperor

It is difficult, at this stage, to maintain a level of stability while wading from one group to another, sometimes with Lalandra. Everyone had different standards but no one wanted to compromise. Many wanted a specific build or get kicked, even more so than today. It felt like they saw a human monk of known accomplishments, and somehow that - by itself - was enough. So that had encouraged me to do the impossible: Win as a human monk with henchman, but I was Crysania the Emperor: One who created order of chaos and stability amongst the battlefields.

5 The Hierophant

I should have been in way over my head. Here I am, a lone monk, leaving trails of corpses behind me in the Underworld. When there were none left to conquer, I would return with the bounties of my exploration: encouragement to others and a willingness to share. It was easy to enjoy the accomplishments I, and others like me, had made then. From the peaks of Hells Precipice to the depths of the Underworld, I have set foot. I was Crysania the Hierophant, creator of new traditions to inspire more success stories.

6 The Lovers

I was dead. Just like that. Dhuum and Grenth together were just too much, as new Underworld creatures got the better of many of my generation. I wanted to be frustrated, I wanted to cry foul. It was, however, my choice to go it alone. I knew the risks, but did not understand them. It is hard to imagine death as anything other than temporary, but when youre already in the mists, it is another story. Fortunately for me, Dwayna saw something good enough to intervene. I was given a choice: the peace of death or the ability to continue giving, at the expense of my body. I was Crysania the Lover, and my choice was clear: Serve the next generation of Quin.

7 The Chariot

I was in control again, back in Tyria. I could feel the absence of Dwayna, as well as other feelings that would be hard to explain to the corporeal. I had been given a second chance, and I was keen not to waste it. I took the opportunity and invested heavily in the then-brand-new Quinhalla, as well as my two most promising officers. Not knowing if my spirit-form had a time limit, I threw: builds, tactical skills, strategic theory, quick pointers and more at my officers. I was attempting to set them up for success if and when I faded away. I didnt know if I only existed because I willed myself so, but I was Crysania the Chariot, and my willpower is unbreakable.

8 Strength

Death has a curious way of re-arranging ones priorities. My priorities before lied in mission success by any means. A team of significantly weakened [-60%] guild members couldnt have been the only way? We HAD to be able to do better. There was a different way. There HAD to be, I was given another chance to find it. I thought I had to find it quickly too, as the two officers I invested so much in were less than zealous about continuing to explore and expand.

9 The Hermit

How could I lead when I could not travel alone? How was I supposed to take care of others when I failed myself? Questions like these haunted me. We were still winning, but each battle was taxing and the spirit of the guild was low, driven only by the desire to not give up - to not let them win. Like my monk-for-hire days, we did well or not well based on how well I did. I was not going to let them down, I was Crysania the Hermit and it was time to retreat within myself and rekindle the newtype within. I was gone for a long time, too.

10 Wheel of Fortune

As a leader, it can be difficult to just let life happen. As a leader, we want to ensure the best, personally. Somethings, however, are simply beyond our control and we have to accept that. We as leaders also need to not be quick to judge. Not everything that happens to us is personal, and not everything is good or bad. Sometimes, they are one or another simply because we think they are. There are ups and downs, and I was Crysania the Wheel of Fortune and I had found my center again. I was ready to lead the guild beyond the shores of Tyria, and without as many deaths.

11 Justice

We make our own future. We own our past. All men must one day deal with themselves, and I had. I came out the other side stronger, focused. Build choices on the battlefield will make or break you. Aggro choices will make or break you, as does [your] state of mind. We were in

Cantha, with a 3rd promising officer and Cantha posed a whole new set of challenges from Tyria. While the three 'ftm' practitioners were struggling to find their niche in Cantha, I was Crysania of Justice and I was prepared.

12 The Hanged Man

Sometimes, just doing what you are doing but better still isnt enough. Sometimes, all that takes is a new approach. For us Quin, a new approach usually means a new build, and a new build I had. In my introspections and looking out across Quinhalla I wondered what a spirit would do. Then it dawned on me: not what would A spirit do, but what would SEVERAL spirits do?! So I got in touch with other spirits like me, still able to influence the mortal realm, and a Revolution started. I had shifted to a role that proved the difference between success and failure. I was now a Battle Commander with actual eyes on the battle. I was Crysania the Hanged Man, and I had learned to let go so I could grasp something new.

13 Death

Our Successes were far and wide, but not recorded. With many other Guilds and their officers gaining much recognition through earned titles, the Quin was not. Sure, many of us had five or so, but that was not enough: our Halls of Monument still cold and bare. The Quin went on many long journeys to do what we had already done. Over a significant period of time, I had reached twenty one titles: the highest in the guild. I also helped other officers get over ten, fifteen, and even Lalandra into twenty. The focus shifted, however, with the introduction of our most recent officer. The henchmen factioned, the system of Orders was born and it was awfully lonely in my Tower. Things were changing, and I was Crysania of Death, and I understood that sometimes with growth comes pain.

14 Temperance

I was no longer the center-point of the Quin. With the addition of Grace, Balreth travelled with me less. With the addition of Salah, Lalandra travelled with me less. I wanted to maintain steady progress towards the conquering more difficult titles, but I rapidly discovered I would have to do so alone. Not wanting to be alienated more than I already was, I relaxed, I slowed down a bit. I guided, not prevented, the factioning henchmen. I watched from my tower the relationships that were growing and unfolding across our guild hall and beyond. I was Crysania of Temperance, and I knew that a balance had to be maintained.

15 The Devil

My guild hall lies in ruins. My doubts about the future of the guild had allowed the increasing tensions of the factions to build unchecked. I was unable to maintain the esprit-d'corps within the officers that I was did. Clan Neveah has an entirely different method of operating, and Clan Corvus was re-tracing most of their steps again with Salah. I was Crysania the Devil and I could have done more.

16 The Tower

Night had fallen upon the ruins of Quinhalla. Rather than having the time and manpower to rebuild Quinhalla, the battle isles became less than ideal to house our homes. Since I was no longer needed as much in the field, I was able to scout around and develop back-up plans that I never thought I would need to use. I was Crysania of The Tower, and the sudden changes that impacted the entire guild had enabled me to be useful again.

17 The Star

Having died in the mists, I had an idea of not only how accessible it was - but also how expansive. The effects of nightfall were so vast, that I thought that establishing a new guild hall in the mists was our best option. We had no portal to the mists, however, and so I had to rely upon research and

rumor to get everyone not only to the mists, but a section of it that was not hostile. I was Crysania the Star, and I found a peace of mind travelling with the guild again, even if failure meant the annihilation of the guild.

18 The Moon

How do you tell people, after so long, that you're not exactly real? I am real in the sense of I can influence things outside of the mists, but how do you explain to people have never delved to the depths of the underworld that I am the Master of Spirits and Ceremonies partially because I am a spirit? I decided to tell them only after it was clear that our mission to the mists was successful. I was Crysania the Moon, an illusion - and the worry I caused the rest of the guild was regrettable but unavoidable.

19 The Sun

Time moves differently in the mists, very slowly compared to Tyria. While the guild slept after the long journey and the shock of my news to them, Hoolequindustries and I recruited everyone we could to immediately begin construction of Quinland, our new home in the mists. By the time they all came-to, we had much of the basic construction work done: including a quick mode of transportation in White Base. I was Crysania the Sun, and I was able to shine a new optimism on the guild, and provide them a base from which to expand and succeed.

20 Judgment

With the guild safely based in the mists, I could take a moment to evaluate what was important to me. In my meditations, I discovered that Tyrian measurements of who would be acknowledged as a Legendary Survivor changed, and changed in a way that provided me an opportunity to convert belief into reality. I was Crysania and I brought forth Judgment on all who opposed the Quin! The M Team would simply not accept defeat. Not now, not ever.

Even Dwayna has to smite a b!*(# from time to time, and I was more than willing to channel her will through my hands. After a journey several years long, I brought down the last of the Charr that haunted us Ascalonians and found a new sense of fulfillment in being welcomed into the ranks of God Walking Amongst Mere Mortals. I took some time to set off some fireworks, eat some sweets and drink some ale - but I was Crysania of The World and my new journey to give the world to my guild mates has already begun. Quin or Quit!