

Tivili Faire

7 March 2004/6 Blossumbud 1272
Outside Dreven City

Perching Bird V: ::dusk is settling across Shadokhan, but to the pleasant surprise of all the weather has warmed since yesterday. The Games had been chilly, but now there's a faint hint of Spring in the air. A very faint hint. The sounds of musicians warming up emanates from the large pavillion tent.

Servants wander here and there, waiting, and one tends to the rune-crusted boxes that line the open sides of the tent::

Klockwork Guards: ::The guards selected for the fete were among the best, and this night had to look so. Humans, dwarves, gnolls and selevanti wore bright uniforms as they watched over the processions, while the golems beside them had been spit-shined and sanded, so metal gleamed, wood shone, stones glimmered.::

Perching Bird V: ::fire spouts up from the tops of the boxes, no oil, no fuel, untouched anything else. Light and heat emanates from each one, ensuring that even had the weather been freezing those within the Fete would be warm. Many had been especially invited, but all were welcome to appear; the host of the Fete was not so discriminating when it came to raising money. Even if it wasn't directly for himself::

Perching Bird V: ::Within the tent, all is ready::

Ysanne Solaste: ::A distance away from the tent, she stopped to smooth out the pale blue dress she wore. To tug at it a little nervously. When was the last time she'd worn a gown?::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::his horse tended to, he makes his way with the gathering crowd towards the massive tent::

Klockwork Guards: ::The guards were stationed clearly, openly around the tent, a little more discreetly within, never singly, always with at least one partner.::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::save for the indigo cloak, he passes almost anonymously through and among::

Ysanne Solaste: ::There were gloves on her hands, to cover the scrapes and burns from the tug of war the other night. Her hair was curled and loose, left to settle about her shoulders.::

Perching Bird V: ::forest surrounds three sides of the clearing, and just outside the scene of the party are booths with assorted things for sale; some Drevenites wander among them, distracted by the sheer availability; after years of slow trade, sudden choice was unusual::

Miles Maudibe: ::standing with a few nobles who bather on about this and that, nothing of real importance, yet his smile remained and he nodded so as to look interested::

GylonTDorn: :: He stood with his hand firmly held behind his back as if at ease was just commanded. His dress finer than any he had ever worn before::

Perching Bird V: ::Within, where Miles caters to the candy-coated rich, a small platform surrounds the central tent pillar, and the ceiling rises 30 feet high! It cups the warmth of the fires, and for now is pleasant::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::moving towards the tent, pale blue eyes watching all from under his hood::

TheArmandants: ::a man and a woman stroll absently through the rings of merchants outside the tent; both dressed nondescriptly, but appropriate for the occasion; they nod and point at various sights along the way, enjoying the festivities::

Miles Maudibe: ::another nod and smile as he pretended to listen to Baron whatshisname drone on about his daughter and son, he brought the glass of wine up to his lips::

GylonTDorn: ::With quick movements of his eyes he scanned the crowd looking and yet not::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She drew in a breath and murmured something like "here goes nothing."::

Miles Maudibe: ::where was Jean Claude, damn him::

Perching Bird V: ::The servants are all dressed in lavish colors, although no real livery marked

them identical. Simply the range of palette. As guests began to arrive, they started to circulate::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::passing by Ysanne, humming to himself::

Miles Maudibe: I agree. ::he nodded to baron BigEgo as he took another sip from his wine, perhaps if he were lucky a hole would appear under the baron and swallow him whole::

Amethystra: ::Ameth arrived at the party, her long brown hair braided and coiled to either side of her head. Her violet gown was fitted on the upper portion and sleeves, the bottom flaring out::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She fell into step behind AJ, on her way toward the tent::

Captain Perlai: ::warrior, wallflower, he stood against the wall in a variation of the traditional Pendulum uniform, which itself was a subtle variant on the Klockwork uniform::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::pushing back his hood as he moves into the tent, his long hair clubbed back tonight::

Klockwork Guards: ::The soldiers were attentive, nominally polite, but not so much so that they neglected to keep watch from their many places within and without the tent.::

Amethystra: ::she had a silver belt around her waist, the end swinging loosely. Around her neck, she wore the hazy pink crystal that she purchased recently on the first night of the faire::

GylonTDorn: ::He watched the tray of drinks pass by, but held his hands firm::

Perching Bird V: ::silver trays held different selections; most prominent early on was wine. Dark reds, pink blushes, amber whites, small glasses were constantly available::

Captain Perlai: ::dark red was replaced with black leather, gloves, boots, sword belt and sheath::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::his clothing all comlemtnng shades of blue and black::

Ysanne Solaste: AJ? ::She stepped into the tent too and...oh, look at it in here. She paused to stare around::

Amethystra: ::smiling brightly and nodding at those that she passed by, her steps were graceful and she approached the tent, pausing to look at the wonderful designs of the faire::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::The young vivomancer entered, bowing his head as he did so and saying a quiet prayer::

Miles Maudibe: ::another nod and sip of the wine, perhaps he could drink himself into oblivion and they would all vanish::

GylonTDorn: ::Mumbles something and takes a glass of wine as it travels by::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::a nod reaching for a glass of wine and noting Ysanne as he does, a nod and a smile to her:: Good even Ysanne, you look lovely this even.

Captain Perlai: ::over all of this, a dark blue coat with the Klockwork Emblem at his left breast pocket and a buttoned white vest contrasting starkly with his tones::

Ysanne Solaste: Thank you. ::She smiled a little and took a glass of wine herself:: Good to see you.

Gjaki the Singer: ::The giant caused ripples as he strode steadily toward the great tent. Almost none who knew him here had ever seen him in anything but his usual heavy leathers, save that one masquerade years ago::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::His hazel eyes took in the throng - the creme of Dreven's crop (and more):: ::He smiled softly to himself and headed over to greet other vivomancers he knew::

Perching Bird V: ::as the tent fills, however, servants with trays of cheeses and small, neat crackers appear from the back wall of the tent, which is covered. They vanish through a slat, presumably to a staging area to prepare foods::

Miles Maudibe: ::he briefly wondered why he did not just donate all the gold directly to the Courescant family, that would have been less painful::

Amethystra: ::nibbling on her lip, her eyes wide as she looked around at the people milling around the tent::

Ysanne Solaste: ::Nerves made her want to down the glass of wine all at once but no, ladies didn't do that, did they? Damn::

OnlineHost: Komar Royz has left the room.

Perching Bird V: BaronBigEgo: ::nigh to Miles, he guffaws loudly at his own joke:: So THEN I told m'girl not to wear lace!

Gjaki the Singer: ::Tonight, though, he wore thick layers of velvet and soft leather, black and deep red, accented with bronze. His bracers and anklets remained, shined recently, as did the chain-link belt about his waist::

TheArmandants: ::the woman appears about twenty two summers, with long brown hair, intelligent eyes, and sharp features; her companion appears of the same age, his hair a slightly darker shade of brown, with a goatee about his face::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::He took a glass of wine from a passing servant, nodding and smiling as he did::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::a show of sipping his wine though the volume of liquid in the glass changed very very little:: No need for nerves. ::a quick wink to Ysanne::

Amethystra: ::calling out when she saw the woman ahead:: Ysanne! ::waving, her eyes sparkling with glee, then noticing AJ beside her and winked at him:: Good evening.

Perching Bird V: BaronBigEgo: ::heeheeeHARhheeeeeeeeeeeeeewheeze::

Ysanne Solaste: I hope not. ::She chuckled, then looked about, hearing her name:: Hello Ameth. How are you?

Gjaki the Singer: ::As per the laws of the festival, he wore only the short sword and dagger of his army days, peace-tied, at his waist. Of course, it was not his garb that attracted attention from most, but his size, his girth, his tusked, scarred visage, the designs etched into his tusks and the scars on the left side of his face::

ApolloJamesMaran: Good even Amethystra. ::he smiles warmly to his favorite bardess::

Captain Perlai: ::he found the nearest Klockwork Guards and spoke to them in subtle tones; the subjects: The Joust and Contest of Blades, exchanging a few chuckles at the proceedings::

TheArmandants: ::the woman walks with her arm through the man's, and they lean their heads together intimately as they discuss the sights; a chuckle arising from one or the other intermitently::

Miles Maudibe: ::stares at Baron BigEgo, thinking a well placed dagger would end his miserable existence, and to hell with the lace, his daughter was as ugly as the underside of a Bartonian Seaslug::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::The young vivomancer cocked a brow - it seemed this tented fete was open to most and all: ::He'd heard of this before, of course, but it still surprised him::

GylonTDorn: ::Just as he was about to take a sip he saw her across the tent. He stopped almost ready to call her name. But instead he watches her::

Amethystra: ::she walked towards the two, one hand touching Ysanne's shoulder, leaning in to peck her cheek:: I'm doing well. There will be no tug of war tonight, hmm?

Amethystra: ::bright smile for AJ:: And how are you?

Sierta: ::Silent and with the predators grace she moves at Gjaki's side::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She took one careful sip of her wine. Smoothed a gloved hand over her dress again and began to look around::

Sierta: ::Her gown of black velvet leaves honey colored shoulders bare, tucking in to hug her form on it's way to the floor. Long sleeves ending in a v over the top of her hands while the slit in the long skirt allows her easy access to the daggers strapped to her thighs::

Perching Bird V: ::a few Vivomancers have already arrived, distinct in their robes as followers of Nostrella. They provide a calm and cheerful demeanor to others, smiling and offering soft words::

Amethystra: You look nice! ::exclaiming as she looked over Ysanne's dress::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She smiled at Ameth:: I hope not. I can't mess up this dress.

ApolloJamesMaran: I am well as ever. ::he grins roughly::

Miles Maudibe: ::If only someone would save him, maybe he was destined to die here::

Gjaki the Singer: ::The beads he always wore in his thick, coarse braids, cinnabar and bronze, clicked together softly as he moved, for all the world like some bear, confident in his place in the world, patient::

Ysanne Solaste: Thank you. ::She blushed at the compliment:: I'm not used to dresses...

GylonTDorn: ::Leisurely he took a sip and over the rim just watched her in...a dress::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::a touch to Ysanne's shoulder in reassurance, he does think she looks nice::

Amethystra: ::looking around the room:: Think that there will be a lot of people tonight?

Ysanne Solaste: ::She smiled a bit at AJ and dipped her head gently in thanks::

Sierta: ::The Cantala choker lies around her throat, the rubies and onyx gems set within a webbing

of gold designs::

Ysanne Solaste: It seems like they've prepared for a large number.

Miles Maudibe: ::Well hello, who was that?:: ::noting the woman with the long skirt with the slit in the side::

ApolloJamesMaran: If there are not, there has been a great waste in paper. ::a chuckle and another show of sipping his wine::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::After breaking from the grouped vivomancers, and finishing his wine (and hearing music!) he looked for someone to dance with::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::...'twas never too early for a dance::

Sierta: ::Hair of golds and reds fall in waves down her back from the ruby clip::

Ysanne Solaste: ::Gray-blue eyes gazed about the tent. She was clearly looking for someone::

Klockwork Guards: ::Quietly they observed, the soldiers of the Klockwork Master, never interfering, invading the festivities, but a presence felt none-the-less::

Captain Perlai: ::he needed a drink::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::a little smile seeing Ysanne scanning for a face in all the faces::

Miles Maudibe: Pardon me a moment good Baron. ::he deftly slipped out from the barons, taking the moment to escape::

Gjaki the Singer: ::Crowds tended to part before the massive outlander, whispers followed at his back, heard clearly by his large, tufted ears::

Ysanne Solaste: ::Quite suddenly she saw him. Her gaze settled on Gylon::

Sierta: ::Graceful and silent she takes a glass of wine from one of the trays::

Captain Perlai: ::Looks at the strange person or thing dressed in some finery and frowns::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::A lass he'd met at a luncheon earlier in the month (he'd forgotten her name! Ah, Nostrella aid in covering his gaffe!) was bowed to, and she curtsied back::

Captain Perlai: ::he whispered to himself:: Trouble.

GylonDorn: ::Lowering his glass he looked away for a moment and then back to her. He didn't smile but he gave her a long nod::

Miles Maudibe: ::silently and quickly he made his way through the many people, a nod here a smile here, and for one moment a stop and a handshake::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::giving Ysanne a little space to move the the arget of her attention::

Gjaki the Singer: ::He wore nothing, even this night, on his feet, however, his heavy hoofs sounding dully amongst the crowds as he observed in silence, noting faces, scents, voices::

Ysanne Solaste: Will you both excuse me a moment? ::Her hand brushed lightly over AJ's arm, and then Ameth's before she moved away::

Amethystra: ::looking at Ysanne, then her attention went towards the man that she was looking at. Impish grin, dipping her head:: AJ, would you like to dance?

Sierta: ::Moving at the giants side, speaking in hushed tones::

Miles Maudibe: ::he continued his movements through the crowd, beelining toward the skirt with the slit::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::The young vivomancer - a skilled dancer, Nostrella's graces he thanked - swept the unnamed woman into a smooth dance::

Captain Perlai: ::and it had friends, a familiar one::

Perching Bird V: ::a servant pauses near Apollo, carrying a silver tray with naught but a few coins on it:: Sir, would you give aide to the Courescant Foundation?

ApolloJamesMaran: Of course. ::he inclines his head to Ysanne::

Miles Maudibe: ::what the hell was that she was walking with?:: ::noting the giant, whateverthehellitwas near here::

Gjaki the Singer: ::His whiteless eyes lowered as Sierta spoke, absorbing her words::

GylonDorn: ::He saw her coming and took a few steps to meet her::

Amethystra: ::nodding to the servant, looking to AJ, waiting for him to offer a donation first. Her hand reached into her pouch::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She paused a step or two away from Gylon. Her lips curved into the beginning of a smile:: Hello there.

ApolloJamesMaran: ::looking to Ame:: An elf asking a human to dance? ::he grins as he holds out an

elbow to Ame in acceptance of her offer, dropping two gold to the waiting servant::

Miles Maudibe: ::And then he was before them, all smiles dressed in white and black leathers and black drake-skinned boots, his sabre at his side::

Miles Maudibe: Greetings! ::to Gjaki and Sierta::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::speaking quietly to the lass as they danced, laughing at the fact they'd never danced in a *tent* before!::

Sierta: ::Her laughter soft before she turns green, feline eyes to Miles as he speaks:: Good evening.

Amethystra: ::dropping a couple of coins on the tray, too:: A good cause, it is.

GylonDorn: Ysanne ::he nodded, and held out his arm for her to hold onto::

Miles Maudibe: Welcome to our humble celebration. ::the slightest of bows to the two::

Amethystra: ::she reached out and took AJ's arm, letting him take her onto the dance floor as she grinned ear to ear::

GylonDorn: You look...::he paused for his eyes to look over her dress:: festive.

Sierta: ::A warm smile and nod:: I thank you for having us here.

Captain Perlai: ::by a buffet table, eating::

Gjaki the Singer: ::He noted the presence, nodded, then bowed slightly, catching the man's scent, looking for a moment bemused::

Miles Maudibe: I am Miles Maudibe. ::looking both of them in the eye::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She stepped up, took his arm, and leaned in to kiss his cheek:: Festive? ::she chuckled:: Is that a good thing?

Perching Bird V: ::yes, indeed, not only was the Vivomancer dancing, but others as well!

Hobnobbing and mingling on one side, the front quarter of the pavillion was slowly becoming a dance floor; five musicians gave the crowd music, and it filled

Perching Bird V: even the upper reaches of the tent::

TheArmandants: ::the couple continues to mill about the merchants and other patrons, two pairs of wide eyes taking in all the sights, seemingly with no direction::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::leading Ame to the area left for dancing::

Gjaki the Singer: Yes. We know you, though years have passed. ::His voice filled the area around him, deep and rich::

GylonDorn: It is ::he took her kiss and her arm::

Sierta: ::She remembers him well from long ago but smiles warmly:: I am Sierta Rashar and this is my good friend and partner, Gjaki.

Captain Perlai: ::that was Miles Maudibe, he realized as he watched the exchange between elf and outlanders::

ApolloJamesMaran: How are you feeling Amethystra?

Gjaki the Singer: ::He smiled faintly, his own version, not the tusk-baring human expression::

Miles Maudibe: Oh really? ::he thinks he remembers them, but it has been a while:: Well, I hope the evening finds you both well and refreshed.

Amethystra: ::holding onto AJ's arm, she winked:: I'm doing very well.. and how are you? ::smirks:: I figured that we had better let Ysanne meet with her mystery man.

Sierta: I hope the same for you, Lord Maudibe.

Perching Bird V: ::the strange fireboxes... they MUST be magical... burned cleanly, and filled the Fete with warm, buttery light that complimented ladies' bosoms and men's strong jaws::

Miles Maudibe: Do partake of the wine and food. And if there is anything I can get you, do not hesitate to let me know.

ApolloJamesMaran: I think I can spot the light of love in one's eyes.

Vivomancer Vyri: ::A far-too clever joke, unheard by the throne, caused the lass's head to toss back in laughter, and the young vivomancer's eyes twinkled::

Gjaki the Singer: Just... one.

Sierta: I shall remember, thank you.

Vivomancer Vyri: ::Fortunately, vivomancers were not forced to remain celibate their lives through!::

Miles Maudibe: ::another brief smile as he looked up at the giant...thing::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::pausing at the edge of he dancing area to bow formally to Ame, he knew how to behave like a gentleman::

Ysanne Solaste: Good. ::She took a sip of her wine:: Are you allowed to have some fun this eve?

Amethystra: ::quirking her head, one hand grasped his hand, curtsying deeply before they were to begin the dance::

Sierta: ::Those green eyes turn to look to Gjaki as she sips her wine::

Ysanne Solaste: ::Not fidgeting in the dress was something of a challenge.::

Amethystra: Do you know him? I think that I've seen that fellow with Ysanne before. Last time that I saw her, she mentioned that he'd be coming tonight.

ApolloJamesMaran: ::and the dance starts between the two:: Times are strange for me Amethystra.

Gjaki the Singer: Last we met, a promise you made. Times have changed. I do not seek enemies, nor need them. It is a night of celebration. Would it be safe, then, to request an end to old grudges?

GylonDorn: Fun? ::he leaned closer to her:: Why is it happiness and fun are such a center of your conversations?

ApolloJamesMaran: ::looking to the man talking with Ysanne::

OnlineHost: "Aralith Ferio" has entered the room.

Sierta: ::Turning to look at Miles anxious to hear his answer to Gjaki's question::

Gjaki the Singer: ::His words were spoken carefully, slowly. It almost might have seemed he had chosen them just for this occasion, and who could not have known the man before him would be there?::

MecheIIa: ::she moves easily through the crowd, dressed in a simple, yet elegant dress of light blue, her blonde hair about her shoulders in waves; what is truly striking about her appearance this eve is the happiness that shines from her

Amethystra: ::the skirt swished as she moved, the silver belt jingled slightly as it swayed against her legs:: Why is it strange for you? ::lowering her head, going under his arm into a twirl::

Ysanne Solaste: It's a party. I think that's the point of tonight, isn't it? ::teasing gently::

ApolloJamesMaran: I have seen him but I never felt like intruding on them.

Miles Maudibe: ::a slight smile tugged at the corner of thin lips:: Obviously whatever grievance we had before is long forgotten. Some elves have long memories, mine tends to forget. I am sure it was a minor issue at most.

MecheIIa: eyes and lips, however, and it would be apparent to any who gazed at her::

GylonDorn: Is it? ::He looked around with serious eyes but at the same time squeezed her arm::

MecheIIa: ::she moves with confidence and ease, even as she appears to be looking for someone amidst the crowd::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::turning her into the crook of his arm and turning with her:: I feel as if a change is about to strike me and change everything.

Gjaki the Singer: ::The giant answered with a simple nod, quiet words, as quiet as they could be from him:: Then you find me most satisfied this evening.

Sierta: Then we are honored as grudges would be a shame to have between friends, no?

Gjaki the Singer: And I will be the first to make a contribution.

Captain Perlai: ::a sip of wine is enough to wash down his mouthful and he steps back to fade out from the goings on::

GylonDorn: It is a rich man offering those he does not know food and drink from his table.

TheArmandants: ::the woman touches the man's arm gently and motions towards the tent, and the two change course to peek through the entryway to what is beyond::

OnlineHost: "Angel0fStarlight" has entered the room.

Miles Maudibe: That is good news. ::grinning, a glass of wine in hand:: And I agree, grudges are not a good thing.

Perching Bird V: ::a servant smiles to Mechella as she whisks gracefully into the event, and he lifts his collection tray with pride; a handful of coins already dot the gleaming metal::

Ysanne Solaste: Anything wrong with that?

Ysanne Solaste: Besides the fact that we have to get all dressed up in uncomfortable clothes to be here?

MecheIIa: ::smiles to the servant and pauses for a moment to look into the collection tin; with a nod of encouragement and words of thanks, she squeezes the man's arm lightly::

Sierta: ::Her purr like laughter soft before she takes a sip of her wine::

Miles Maudibe: ::he then held his glass up:: To old grudges! May they never rear their ugly heads again.

Amethystra: ::nibbling her lips:: Change is a constant, AJ. If we don't, others will move on.

Gjaki the Singer: Indeed. ::He nodded, no drink yet in his hands to lift::

ApolloJamesMaran: I hope it is good. ::he was very nervous, recalling this conversation would bother him later::

Gjaki the Singer: ::He tugged from his belt two pouches, held them with one great, three-digit hand, offered them over to Miles:: For charity. ::He did offer the human smile then, though it made his tusks all the more prominent::

Perching Bird V: ::the music of the Fete carries well outside of the outdoor pavillion; those coming down the road from Dreven can see and hear the ball easily::

Sierta: ::Lifting her glass to Miles::

Amethystra: ::one hand resting comfortably on his upper arm, with the other, she held his hand. She shifted to the left, tapped her toe, then turned to the right::

OnlineHost: "Komar Royz" has entered the room.

GylonTDorn: ::He first offers a small shrug:: He opens a door who knows who enters. But if that is what it takes to get you in a dress...::he shrugs again::

Miles Maudibe: ::he motioned to the far left of the tent:: Over there is a strongbox for donations. ::he took a drink from his glass then, and smiled at Sierta::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::matching her movements and turning with her in a tight circle:: Perhaps I worry too much.

Miles Maudibe: I could take it over if you like? ::to Gjaki::

Sierta: ::Feline eyes return the smile to Miles over the rim of her glass::

Gjaki the Singer: Thank you, yes. ::He made a slight bow again from the waist; anything really deep from him would flatten a dozen people around him probably::

OnlineHost: "TiandeWhenthriel" has entered the room.

IannonDestyranos: ::stands outside of the main scene where many merchants are advertising and selling their wares, his sister Teia being one of them, pouring glasses of the newest vintage from Destyranos vineyards::

Ysanne Solaste: I may have to try it more often. ::Lightly said. Then, quietly:: Do you worry about trouble this eve?

Amethystra: Relax, AJ. This is a night to celebrate. ::bright smile:: You dance very well.

Miles Maudibe: ::he holds out his hands for the pouches:: It would be my pleasure.

Sierta: I should also like to leave something but I fear my dress did not allow room to carry a pouch. Is there someone I can see later about giving?

IannonDestyranos: Are you sure you will not be too busy alone here? There be many people attending this Fete. ::he looks about, his dress humble but clean and crisp for the Fete, his Vivomancer rings evident, his stubble neatly trimmed this eve::

Miles Maudibe: ::precariously balancing the two pouches and his glass of wine, he looked to Sierta:: Perhaps you could help me good madam?

MecheIIa: ::as the servant moves away she catches sight of the one she seeks; she pauses for a moment to look back; seeing Iannon still occupied with his sister, she moves towards Miles::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::Finishing his dance with the (unnamed still!) lass, he retreated to a corner and another glass of wine::

ApolloJamesMaran: I made sure I learned. ::he smiles:: Unlike my fater, I knew that our clients preferred to have those they felt were their equals.

Miles Maudibe: ::a sparkle of green eyes:: Why yes. I would be happy to help you later this eve good lady.

Gjaki the Singer: ::The giant was silent then, simply listening, politely. He did not reach for any of the wine glasses moving past on trays, as he doubted any of them would appeal to his... unusual palate::

Sierta: ::Her chuckle more of a low purr:: I shall be sure to speak with you later then.

IannonDestyranos: <Teia> ::the red-headed woman was a pleasant vision herself, fair of skin and hazel of eyes, elegantly dressed:: ::she gave Iannon a warm smile:: I have been doing this for how long now Iannon? Go on... go mingle! ::shoos him::

Captain Perlai: ::he had never fit into this lifestyle, and the lack of formal gatherings during his tenure in the Klockwork Army had left him sadly out of practice when it came to socializing among the wealthy::

IannonDestyranos: <Teia> I will be fine here.

Amethystra: ::she swirls one more time as the song comes to a close, the bottom portion of her dress fluttering with the quick movement:: Come on. I could use a drink.

MecheIIa: ::approaches unobtrusively, as she sees him speaking with a woman, and waits patiently so as not to interrupt::

GylonTDorn: I always worry.

ApolloJamesMaran: ::once more offering his elbow to her::
Miles Maudibe: Excellent! ::he then turns, the two pouches in one hand, his glass in the other, and nearly slams into Mechella::
Miles Maudibe: Whoa! ::the wine glass nearly went tumbling towards her::
Vivomancer Vyri: ::Mulling something while sipping his wine, one finger tap-tap-tapping the glass::
Klockwork Guards: ::The golems among the soldiers had been garnered this eve with sashes to match the colors on the uniforms of their fleshed companions; somber black, brilliant red.::
Sierta: ::Turning to smile up to Gjaki: It has turned out well.
Sherakai: ::Approaching the huge pavillion with Dani's hand in his, a smile of pleasure lit Kai's face as he took in the light and the colorful outfits of all the guests::
MecheIIa: ::laughs and steps back:: Oh! ::both hands before her as though to ward off tumbling wine::
Ysanne Solaste: ::She was quiet for a little bit, thinking about that, and glancing about the room.::
GylonTDorn: ::He watched but then looked directly to her again::
Captain Perlai: ::what was worse, they almost never had chairs::
Perching Bird V: ::among the crowd, a bearded man wanders at leisure; dark blue eyes flicking from noble to noble; his cloak is a thick one, despite the warmer weather. Still, it IS early Blossombud, and he has it open and relaxed::
Gjaki the Singer: I would say so. I never do like to leave loose worries roaming about.
ApolloJamesMaran: Have you noted the colors on the guard? ::walkingher towards a servant with a tray of wines::
Sierta: Aye, this I know from experience all to well.
MecheIIa: Pardon me, Master Maudibe! I did not meet to topple you. ::grins:: Especially while carrying money for the Foundation!
Amethystra: ::taking a hold of his arm, she had a radiant smile:: Will Bliss be coming in tonight?
Sierta: Shall we find you something to drink or perhaps eat?
Arman Ban Triam: ::polished boots step lightly upon the grassy ground outside of the main tent, a tall figure pausing near the entryway::
Gjaki the Singer: And I hate to be involved in vendettas, especially as their target. ::He said this quietly, with a hint of amusement. He was keeping himself quiet tonight somewhat, mostly just taking in the event.::
Perching Bird V: ::Captain Perlai is accosted by a money-grubbing servant:: Sir, for the Courescant Foundation?
DanisiaChambray: <ws> Do I look all right? ::She whispered to her companion::
GylonTDorn: You do lookhe smiled::
Captain Perlai: Which? What do you want?
Arman Ban Triam: ::he wears the black and red colors of the Klockwork regime, although there be no sigil of authority upon him::
Perching Bird V: ::the servant bears a tray with a single pence on it, minted with the Klockwork marks rather than the Dreven::
DanisiaChambray: ::The gown she wore was finer than any she'd worn before. A shoulderless, black angled overdress hung diagonally from hip to knee, a white layer continued to the floor.::
ApolloJamesMaran: I imagine she will be, but Bliss is her own woman. ::stopping the servant gently::
Arman Ban Triam: ::and Arman Ban-Triam looked uncomfortable as if he wasn't clothed at all::
Sherakai: ::He was attired in a costume from his native land -- His black silk shirt bore wide, flowing sleeves and a high collar. The shirt fastened diagonally, and the insert across his chest was a rich combination of
Miles Maudibe: ::he smiled at Mechella:: Mechella, my dear. How good it is to see you!
Ysanne Solaste: ::She looked back at him and smiled too. Her face colored.:: And you look... ::she made a show of looking him over, her eyes bright.::
Arman Ban Triam: ::no sword, no sigil, no sash, no authority:: ::his jaw tensed as he looked to the entryway of the enormous tent::
GylonTDorn: Come, ::he pulled her just a bit:: walk with me.
Amethystra: ::smiles at the servant, looking over the tray that was brought over. Then glances at AJ to see what he would select::

Captain Perlai: Oh. This is for the orphans?:he pulled back the blue coat revealing its bright white insides and fished out a few silver, setting them on the platter:: There you are.

Ysanne Solaste: All right. ::She fell into step with him.::

MecheIIa: ::bows her head in greeting, then raises it with a shining smile; her happiness is truly overflowing this evening:: And you! I only wanted to come thank you again for all that you have done for the Foundation this eve.

IannonDestyranos: ::he busses his sister on the cheek:: Alright. I will leave things in your all too capable hands sister.

OnlineHost: "TiznTizn" has entered the room.

Gjaki the Singer: ::It was sheer accident that he wore the colors of the Klockworks himself; he was dressed to match Sierta, and in colors he preferred.::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::a fine deep red wine, he is able to appreciate the aroma::

Miles Maudibe: It is nothing. ::motioning for her to join him as he walks to the safebox::

MecheIIa: ::clasps her hands:: You are truly a generous man to have hosted this occasion.

Sherakai: quilted metallic fabrics and bright beads. His breeches were black with insets down the outside of each leg to match the yoke of his shirt. Silver, copper and gold conches decorated the seam of his knee-high boots, and a tri-colored

GylonTDorn: ::He moved with her along the edge of the tent, small slow steps.::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::He finishes his second glass... wonders if he should have a third:: ::So soon:: ::Ah, one only lives once. Nostrella's grace to the vineyards!::

OnlineHost: "Komar Royz" has left the room.

Amethystra: ::picking up a glass filled with similar drink, she lifted the glass and smiled:: To good friends.

Miles Maudibe: ::he left the wine glass on a passing table, the two pouches in hand:: So. This evening finds you well I hope?

MecheIIa: ::falls into step beside him:: The children have sent cards of their thanks, I gave them to a servant to keep for you.

GylonTDorn: Tell me, do you like parties?

Perching Bird V: ::the servant bows, smiling, and backs into the crowd::

Aralith Ferio: ::Slowly making his way inside the large tent from it's main entrance::

Arman Ban Triam: ::his deep eyes were narrowly set and shadowed in the darkening sky of dusk, his brows furrowed::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::touching his glass to hers and amking another fine show of drinking the wine::

MecheIIa: ::grins:: So very well. And you?

OnlineHost: "TiandeWhenthriel" has left the room.

Gjaki the Singer: Do you think they have anything to my tastes?

Captain Perlai: ::he sighed patting his coat and observing the clink of coin::

Sherakai: sash was tied around his lean waist. The hair above his left ear had been tightly braided against his head, revealing an ear cuff that covered the outside of his ear with a drake of three different metals. The fierce eyes were

Aralith Ferio: ::Slender black pants wrap his legs to fall over like wise black, buckled boots. And A gray trio of belts hangs loosely about his waste for a simple touch.::

Arman Ban Triam: ::it was as if he was rooted to the spot, not wanting to enter the public's eye, not as what he was:: ::a feeling he had never felt in his entire career::

Sierta: That is hard to say my friend but we will not know until we go looking, will we?

Amethystra: ::taking a sip of the wine, she glanced around at those in the tent, murmuring:: Everyone is dressed so nicely.

Perching Bird V: ::we'll call the servant Evrit; he moves around the dancing, towards Apollo and Amethystra, and flips a coin on the tray::

Ysanne Solaste: Well. ::She paused, giving that some thought:: It is good to see friends. The wine is good, the food looks good also. But I'm not terribly comfortable all dressed up.

Aralith Ferio: ::A deep crimson red three quarter sleeve shirt with a high neck, and buttons along the right shoulder decorates his torso. About his shoulders hangs a streaming black sleeveless riding cloak::

TheArmandants: ::the couple finally move from their awed gaze at the expansiveness of the tent, and return to mingling about the crowd; the man pausing to drop several coins into a box proffered by a servant::

Sherakai: diamond chips, and the tail that hung through Kai's ear was articulated, swinging and catching the light as he walked::

Ysanne Solaste: And so many people around. Not used to that either.

Arman Ban Triam: ::but obligations dictated he did show, and he could not sequester himself in his office of a "clerk" any longer ... so here he was::

Gjaki the Singer: Lead on, or I can. Either one of us I think can part the crowds tonight.

Aralith Ferio: ::pulling back his hood, even for his frame and build his outfit gives him a smooth fluid like motion to all his movements::

Perching Bird V: ::The bearded man, we'll call him Dar'Velon, Velon for short, is eyeing a tray full of deep red wines with alacrity::

Miles Maudibe: ::walking through the tables and chairs toward the safebox:: We recieved the cards. Jean Claude was thrilled.

ApolloJamesMaran: It is so nice to see revelry. People happy to celebrate.

GylonTDorn: ::He lowered his head and nodded looking at his own suite:: Too many, too fancy.

OnlineHost: "Komar Royz" has entered the room.

OnlineHost: "Kellen Smythe" has entered the room.

Sierta: ::Her laughter soft and more of a purr:: I fear I can not part crowds but you certainly can.

Gjaki the Singer: They seem to appreciate your gown, even if I feel it is... cumbersome. I still do not know how I let you talk me into wearing this.

OnlineHost: "TiandeWhenthriel" has entered the room.

Arman Ban Triam: ::he took a deep breath in and straightened stiffly, before striding in through the entryway of the tent::

Gjaki the Singer: ::He smiled then, with nose and brow and ears, the way he did, the way she knew::

Aralith Ferio: ::his skin a darker tanned hue, and his eyes a vibrant lively, energy filled green as he peered about the tent::

Perching Bird V: Evrit: :: approaching AJ and Amethystra, the round silver tray held close; he smiles: Sir, Lady? Coin for the Courescant Foundation?

Ysanne Solaste: Only once a year though.

Sierta: ::Smiling even more as she looks at him, her back towards the main entrance:: You did not wish to stand out even more then you do is why.

Amethystra: ::sipping her drink, she raised her glass and nodded at Evrit: I already donated, sir.

Amethystra: Another servant came by. ::brightly smiling::

ApolloJamesMaran: What deeds does the foundation preform?

GylonTDorn: And I do get to stroll with you.

Perching Bird V: ::on the tray are Perlai's coin, and a single, small, Dreven-minted one::

IannonDestyranos: ::he turns to the rest of the crowd milling about, his copper-hued eyes lighter than they have been in the last few tendays::

Miles Maudibe: ::as they reached the safebox two armed men opened the top and Miles palced the two sacks within, there were many other sacks of coin and items in the box as well::

DanisiaChambray: ::She wore a necklace to match Kai's earring. Long honey brown hair hung down her back in waves, held back by a silver circlet::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::the question giving the hint of more coins to come::

Ysanne Solaste: Yes, there's that. ::She smiled again::

MecheIIa: Oh good! I will tell the children so. I know they are not much, but they worked very hard on them. ::pauses as they reach the strongbox, and shakes her head in amazement to see the coin already stacked inside::

IannonDestyranos: ::he sought out the womanly frame crowned in blonde locks he had come to know so well ... but instead saw another figure::

Ysanne Solaste: So, did you hear of the brave and foolish folk who got into a contest with an ogre the other night?

Gjaki the Singer: I do not think I wear an effective mask. ::He rumbled, as he looked past her then, spying somebody she would be interested in::

Perching Bird V: Evrit: The Lady Courescant has done great work with the orphans of Dreven; the Foundation aids their food and keep, and even offering them education.

Vivomancer Vyri: Iannon! Iannon Destyranos!

MecheIIa: It is a wonder ... ::looks back to Miles then:: Is there anything I can do to aid you this eve, Master Maudibe?

ApolloJamesMaran: ::three more gold gears to Evrit::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::the vivomancer called and shuffled forth::

Aralith Ferio: ::wandering about the tent, though not looking near the part of being lost::

Sierta: I do have to agree with you on that one though I must say you look very dashing rather you like it or not.

MecheIIa: Please, do not hesitate to ask of me. I know this is a grand affair ... and I imagine it has taken a lot of work on your part.

Sherakai: Hard to believe a tent can look so festive, isn't it? Especially after seeing those of the mercs ::he chuckled::

GylonTDorn: No..tell me...:his eyes to her and then to the crowd::

Arman Ban Triam: ::ducked through the entryway of the tent, deep set eyes looking about warily::

Kellen Smythe: ::through the portal she stumbled, no one in the tavern but a cleaning lady:: where be ever one? ::directions to some sort of festiavale was given and the more mention about festiavale, the wider the captain's smile grew::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::a half-drunk glass of wine in hand, he appears flushed with fun (or drink)::

Aralith Ferio: Ysanne, good evening...:he smiled softly and spoke just as such:: Good to see you about again::

Miles Maudibe: ::reaching for a fresh glass of wine and giving Mechella an appreciative smile:: Be yourself. have fun and mingle.

Perching Bird V: ::He glances down at the coins... and pushes the Dreven-stamped one to the edge of the tray:: Oh, no, sir. You give too much. Please take this one for change.

Ysanne Solaste: The other night, one of the contests was a tug of war with an ogre. I hear the people won.. ::her eyes were alight with mischief::

IannonDestyranos: ::a vivomancer waving at him:: ::a grin quickly arose:: Vyri!

Vivomancer Vyri: It has been so long!

Ysanne Solaste: Oh hello Aralith! Good to see you. How are you?

Captain Perlai: ::he noted the man in the colors of the Klockwork Army, as he noted all who entered, especially one without a partner::

GylonTDorn: ::He nodded to the man who addressed Ysanne as his eyes judged him::

Sierta: Tell me Gjaki, did you hear of the tug of war with the orge the other night?

Amethystra: ::looking to AJ, then to Evrit. She let the two speak as she took another sip of her drink::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::he moved to embrace his vivomantic brother::

Gjaki the Singer: ::He growled something she could hear but not understand, probably in a language he had not taught her. Several parties moved farther away at the sound, nervously:: Dashing indeed.

DanisiaChambray: ::She looked to see if she recognized anyone:: So many people in one place.

TheArmandants: ::the wide eyed gaze of the two seem to dance everywhere as they struggle to take in all the sights; the sharp eyes of both the man and woman missing little of the attractions -- the patrons, the Klockwork Guards, the raised

ApolloJamesMaran: ::looking at the coin and back to Evrit as his hand slowly rises to the coin::

TheArmandants: platform in the middle of the tent...::

Aralith Ferio: I am well. And yourself. ::he took a short bow before her::

Gjaki the Singer: I believe I heard something of it.

IannonDestyranos: ::a wave as he strides towards the flushed Vivomancer:: ::he greets him with an embrace as well: I have not seen you for ... cycles? How have you been?

Sherakai: No more than the last few days ::He stepped aside to let another couple pass, giving the pair a polite nod::

Ysanne Solaste: I am doing fairly well. In spite of being tucked into this very fancy dress. ::she nodded to Aralith and chuckled::

Kellen Smythe: ::following the directions and after quizzing a few, one a knife point for more information she

found the gathering::

Sierta: Gjaki, do not frighten anyone here ::Chuckling softly:: You make them scatter like little children.

Vivomancer Vyri: ::gestures:: What do you think of this, eh? A ball without a ballroom! I admit to being sceptical before...

MecheIIa: ::nods and bows her head slightly:: Aye, that I will. And you as well.

ApolloJamesMaran: My mother used to love the White Roses in her garden.

Arman Ban Triam: ::he stood a bit awkwardly by the entryway, he did not recognize anyone immediately::

Vivomancer Vyri: And I am well, quite well. And all thanks to you.

Gjaki the Singer: Some of them are little children, at heart.

MecheIIa: I leave you to the festivities then. With my thanks.

GylonTDorn: Something tells me you know of those who won. ::softly to Ysanne::

Arman Ban Triam: ::he wasn't sure if that boded well or ill for him::

Sierta: You should have heard more then just something about it. We won the tug of war I will have you know.

IannonDestyranos: ::blinks in wonder:: To me?

Amethystra: ::grins at AJ:: Really? Those have a wonderful fragrance.

Perching Bird V: ::Evrit smiles then:: White roses are the best, I say. Clean and pure. Lady Courescant and Miles Maudibe thank you for your contribution.

Gjaki the Singer: Did you really? Well, that explains the stories of a fierce band of women and an armored man.

ApolloJamesMaran: ::he nods to Evrit::

Vivomancer Vyri: Well, more to your family. ::raises his glass:: I am warmed with Destyranos' best, my brother!

Aralith Ferio: Well the dress fits you well. As does your smile.

Vivomancer Vyri: ::grin::

Arman Ban Triam: ::a strange place this ... a crowd where he held no power nor responsibility, nor did he know anyone:: ::he used to know everyone ... that was his job:: ::...was::

GylonTDorn: ::Looks back to Aralith::

Miles Maudibe: ::he smiled again:: And you ahve my thanks as well Lady Courescant.

Sierta: One armored man along with Ysanne, Ame, Axia, Nisi and myself.

DanisiaChambray: It must be the sides that make a difference.

Ysanne Solaste: ::She nodded to Gylon:: I do. I'll introduce to to some of those who won in a while.

Perching Bird V: ::Evrit sweeps off into the crowd, then, to accost more for money!::

MecheIIa: ::one, final, glowing smile and she wisks away back into the crowd in search for the other source of her happiness this eve::

ApolloJamesMaran: Yes. ::he turns to Ame:: She said thay reminded her of her home.

Aralith Ferio: ::he smiled a bit wider, looking quite comfortable in his arranged clothes as well::

Vivomancer Vyri: I've found the nectar grows sweeter as the hour passes.

ApolloJamesMaran: ::slipping the coin away::

IannonDestyranos: ::laughs and pats him once on the back:: Well then, enjoy it my brother!

Ysanne Solaste: Thank you Aralith. I suppose I'm just not used to it...you look very good yourself this eve!

Amethystra: Oh, look! Sierta is here with AJ. ::standing on tiptoe and nodding in their direction::

GylonTDorn: Please do ::another whisper::

Aralith Ferio: ::nodding to Gylon::

Sherakai: That is entirely possible, my lady ::His dark head tipped back as he looked at the towering structure::

IannonDestyranos: It is one of our best vintage since the ... the Plague has passed.

Miles Maudibe: ::Miles stood there near the left of the tent interior, watching Lady Courescant wisk away::

Kellen Smythe: ::most of the laughter and music seemed to be coming from the tent, she pushed aside the flap and peered in, dark eyes grew wide at all the fancy clothes::

Aralith Ferio: I don't think I look the part at all, but thank you for the kind words.

Vivomancer Vyri: <q> And the ladyfolk are out in style this eve. ::his laugh was nearly a giggle:: I may find me a wife tonight!

Vivomancer Vyri: Wish me luck!

Perching Bird V: ::Velon is unamused; all that wine, and he can't partake of any of it. He nudges between a group of gossiping nobles, halfway to the central platform::

Gjaki the Singer: Quite a collection there. I am impressed.

GylonTDorn: ::a nod to the man:: What part did you say you wanted?

Miles Maudibe: ::a deep breath as he glanced about, watching the people::

Perching Bird V: (afk)

ApolloJamesMaran: Into our cups early Amethystra? ::teasing::

Arman Ban Triam: ::notes the various Klockwork guards about as he then makes his way through the crowd, rather aimlessly::

Sierta: ::Her gaze sweeping the room, what little she can see from her height::

DanisiaChambray: Are you hungry? ::She teased him remembering last night::

Amethystra: ::her smile intensified:: No, but my friend Kellen is here. Excuse me. ::patting AJ's arm lightly::

Ysanne Solaste: ::Her wine was gone and she set it on a tray as a servant passed by::

Gjaki the Singer: Come.

Sierta: ::Nodding, the glass set on servants tray::

OnlineHost: "Niqueliece" has entered the room.

AngelofStarlight: ::her fine silk gown held taut to her body. pointed slippers peeked out from beneath. her usual amulet was replaced by a fine jeweled necklace studded with gems. her long dark auburn hair piled atop her head. she slowly entered::

Gjaki the Singer: ::He forged off then through the crowds, his pace easy, giving them time to scatter before him::

Amethystra: ::ducking through and moving between several people, her aim was towards the opening of the tent::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::nodding to Ame, the coin turning in his palm, for a moment his expression serious::

TiznTizn: :: a stranger approaches the tent coyly ::

Sherakai: ::His smile seemed to have become permanent:: I believe I am fine for the moment. How about you?

IannonDestyranos: ::grins wide at that, as if it held second meaning for him:: 'Tis the tradition of Tivili it be. To announce your Chosen.

Perching Bird V: (bak)

Captain Perlai: ::he stepped further back against the edge of the tent and crossed his arms::

Aralith Ferio: Ysanne...nodding:: If I don't come before you again this eve, have a good night.

Amethystra: Kellen! You came! ::hugging her friend::

GylonTDorn: ::As she placed her empty on the tray he picked up another and handed it to here::

Ysanne Solaste: You too, Aralith. Enjoy the evening. ::she nodded again to him, almost like a small bow::

Kellen Smythe: ::pulled in before she had a chance to sneak off in search of a hoity-toity dress as she put it::

IannonDestyranos: ::then a pensive expression passes over him for a moment and he falls silent::

Ysanne Solaste: ::And she took the glass of wine gratefully from Gylon::

MecheIIa: ::moves somewhat eagerly through the crowd, pausing to smile and thank patrons along the way as she hears the drop of coins into tins::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::chortled:: Well let's not go *that* far in one night! ::looked around, his hazel eyes twinkling::though you never know. I feel something in the air.

Vivomancer Vyri: Magical.

GylonTDorn: Did I offend him? ::watched Aralith leave::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::grins::

DanisiaChambray: I hear music. ::She took his other hand and tried to pull him towards the tent::

Aralith Ferio: ::softly:: I enjoy every evening. ::his words hinting at perhaps something more, a bit deeper in context::

Amethystra: Is your husband coming, too? ::wagging her brows at her:: I don't think that I'll have a chance to dance or sing tonight. They have their own musicians tonight.

Gjaki the Singer: ::Aralith could see the giant bearing down on him steadily, if he but turned in the right direction.::

MecheIIa: ::until her eyes finally light on the familiar form and dark locks, speaking to another across the room::

Arman Ban Triam: ::a stiff nod now and then given to those he passed, a mere formality it was, his frown never truly dissipated::

Miles Maudibe: ::he gazed about the tent lookign for Jean Claude, Yax or perhaps Lady Annabella::

Sierta: ::Moving silently, gracefully behind Gjaki::

Sherakai: Music, eh? Do you suppose they've engaged Amethto entertain us? ::He let her pull him along to the tent::

Ysanne Solaste: Good. ::She spoke the word as if she meant it.::

TiznTizn: :: the stranger slowly approaches Captain Perlai ::

Aralith Ferio: ::turning only to watch a crowd part like a glacier cutting through rock::

Niqueliece: :: finds a high spot to sit and watch, pulling out her drawing book ::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::his pale blue eyes looking over the crowd::

Perching Bird V: ::Velon blinks as a golden-haired woman passes him; a small smile tugs his lips and he shakes shaggy, ash-black hair from his eyes::

GylonDorn: Good?

DanisiaChambray: Oh please! No! ::laughing::

MecheIIa: ::the smile sparks instantly, and she switches her route, mociing towards him::

IannonDestyranos: ::laughs lightly, his white grin shining within his dark features, he too seemed to be in an extra light mood this eve, without a hint of brew upon his face::

Ysanne Solaste: ::The "good" had been spoken to Aralith. She shook her head lightly at Gylon.::

Gjaki the Singer: ::He drew up before Aralith at last, blocking the man's view of Sierta behind him, and vice versa.::

Captain Perlai: ::Uh oh. Someone was looking at him, he just knew it. He looked over toward Tizn::

Miles Maudibe: ::was that Arman, what was HE doing here::

Kellen Smythe: ::the smirk returns, doesn't take long for her to feel at ease, so long as they don't ask her to write anything with quill and parchment:: I dunno bard lady.....if'n 'e finishes 'is card game I spose so

Angel0fStarlight: ::glancing around the tent, she grew frightened by the crowd and sought a familiar face::

Aralith Ferio: ::waiting with a smile on his face, finding no reason to run from Gjaki::

TiznTizn: :: freezes and looks embarrassed ::

TiznTizn: Hi.

Ysanne Solaste: ::And now she could see Gjaki and Sierta. She nodded to them both.::

Captain Perlai: Hello.::he smiled a bit::

Lord Del Simmons: ::from outside:: I most certainly will not. Do you see any egdes to this?

Lord Del Simmons: ::edges::

GylonDorn: And there is the host ::a slight nod toward Miles::

Sierta: ::Pausing as Gjaki does, turning to accept a glass of wine, missing Ysanne's nod as she did so::

Miles Maudibe: ::wine glass in hand he wove through the crowd toward Arman::

Ysanne Solaste: There. ::she pointed out Sierta to Gylon:: There is one of the winners of the tug of war.

Amethystra: ::taking her friend by the hand:: Come on.. they have lots of food and drink. It's Tivili.. originally was a festival done in Arboria with the elves.. but this is just as fun.

Sherakai: ::Stepping through the entrance, his face lit again:: Can I have one of these?

Arman Ban Triam: ::he paused in his forced course through the room, when he spots a woman ... a familiar face she... aged, but recognition was unmistakable::

Perching Bird V: ::A servant approaches Velon with a tray full of wine; the wine, the lure of it is fierce!::

TiznTizn: :: looks to see if Captain Perlai is armed and says :: Am I intruding on a private affair?

Aralith Ferio: ::looking up and giving Gjaki a strong nod:: Lad. ::the tip of his lips curling to a smile as he spoke of Gjaki as a lad before Gjaki did of himself::

MecheIIa: ::slips among various patrons along the way, with a nod and smile as she sidesteps a young man and woman, arm and arm::

Gjaki the Singer: ::He moved to oneside then, and no longer was the barrier he had been before, at least to the two seeing each other::

DanisiaChambray: One of what? Tents? ::She had to stop and look around as well::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She followed Gylon's gaze towards Miles and nodded:: Looks a bit familiar.

Lord Del Simmons: ::outside:: No, it's a family heirloom. Some have scepters, my family treasured this. Are you disparaging my family? Do you know who I am?

ApolloJamesMaran: ::noting a face that he must be imagining, the coin slips into his cloak, a hidden pocket::

Gjaki the Singer: ::To others, he was still an immovable mountain in the throng::

Niqueliece: :: drawing quietly, watching the goings on ::

Arman Ban Triam: ::his stride lengthened to catch her in her course, he weaves quickly through the milling crowd::

Perching Bird V: ::the light of the fires sets a deep garnet glow in the heart of each glass; the man slowly reaches for one, murmuring his thanks::

Sherakai: Yes ::he grinned, turning around to take in the whole thing::

Amethystra: ::smiles at Kai and Dani since she was still at the tent entryway with Kellen::

Hello! ::whistles at the couple::

GylonDorn: Oh...he looks around to Sierta:: Did you mention an ogre?

Sierta: ::Turning around one again, her smile curves her lips and lights her eyes as she speaks softly::

Aralith

Captain Perlai: ::is armed, longsword at his left hip with an unassuming black hilt:: Intruding?:he looked around and no one was paying attention to him:: no, not intruding at all.

TheArmandants: ::the couple nod absently to the Lady Courescant, no recognition there as they continue their perusal of the room, truly awed by the sights and sounds of the evening::

Sierta: ::Glancing up to Gylon::: Aye, that I did.

Aralith Ferio: "Lady" Sierta. ::he smile and bowed deeply::

Ysanne Solaste: Wearing gloves tonight Sierta? ::She almost grinned::

Sherakai: Good evening, Ameth ::He bowed slightly, setting the metal drake's tail in his ear to shimmering::

Lord Del Simmons: As I thought. Next time, mind whom you caution, lackwit, else I'll see to it your next post is near a midden

Lord Del Simmons: .

ApolloJamesMaran: ::finally a real sip of his wine::

GylonDorn: You? ::shakes his head:: Does not seem plausible.

AngelofStarlight: ::she stood just inside the entrance, fidgeting with her necklace::

Miles Maudibe: ::he too quickened his pace to keep up with Arman::

Aralith Ferio: ::his eyes taking in her for fitted dress and her figure alike without staring::

Lord Del Simmons: ::a moment later, Del sweeps into the tent::

Vivomancer Vyri: Well, I must go mingle. More have glided in, I fear I may miss one!

MecheIIa: ::briefly she loses sight of the one she seeks as a laughing man steps in front of her::

Vivomancer Vyri: fare well, lannon.

Miles Maudibe: ::and then nearly bowls over Lord Simmons:: Whoops! ::trying not to spill his wine on him:: So sorry!

DanisiaChambray: ::She nodded to Ameth, then smiled seeing Axia:: Good evening Axia.

GylonDorn: ::He heard the comment about gloves so he looked at both their hands::

Lord Del Simmons: ::mumbled:: Gullible lout.

Sierta: ::Her laughter more of a purr to Ysanne:: No, no gloves tonight but I do have them hidden in way. ::Holding out her hands to show how the gown comes to a v over the top:: It reminds me to not turn them over.

Amethystra: You two look very nice. ::bright smile, then turning to look at her friend:: You remember Kellen, right? This is Kai and Dani.

Arman Ban Triam: Excuse me ... pardon me... ::he mutters as he passes a dancing couple to cut through the room::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::Almost plows over Lady Courescant in leaving Iannon:: Ah!

Aralith Ferio: You've not said a word Gjaki.

Vivomancer Vyri: My apologies!

Gjaki the Singer: ::He smiled faintly before he moved off, leaving the two alone, thinking to find something yet to eat or drink here::

Lord Del Simmons: ::Del manages to skitter-step sideways as he's nearly struck:: I say!

ApolloJamesMaran: ::a nod returned to an unfamiliar face::

Sherakai: Kellen ::He nodded a greeting:: How are you?

TiznTizn: I am a homeless beggar from the outskirts of Drevan. :: glances around at the food after checking to see if Captain Perlai's weapon has the telltale white twine::

Sierta: ::Green, feline eyes smile to Aralith::

AngelofStarlight: ::she turned, relieved to see someone she knew:: ahh! good eve, Dani

Miles Maudibe: ::he bows:: So sorry. I did not see you. ::then looks up:: Lord Simmons!

Ysanne Solaste: ::Ysanne nodded and chuckled:: Good idea. ::she held out her own gloved hands::

Kellen Smythe: ::a polite nod to Kai and Dani:: 'ow ye doin mates?

MecheIIa: ::she steps to one side, then the other, an amused smile tugging at her lips, as she attempts to avoid the man:: Oh, excuse me!

Amethystra: ::winks at Axia:: I remember you, too.

ApolloJamesMaran: ::the crowd moving around him blurs as his mind turns::

Lord Del Simmons: Yes? ::recognition decidedly absent from his eyes::

Sierta: Very wise, Ysanne. I'll not turn my over to show anyone here tonight.

IannonDestyranos: ::is waving off Vyri when he nearly sees him bowling into the lady who had been occupying his thoughts all day::

Sherakai: Axia ::He smiled a greeting to her::

Sierta: *mine

Captain Perlai: ::his hand went to the hilt of his weapon and he said:: How can I help you?

AngelofStarlight: ::grins at Ameth:: a fellow victor over the ogre, how are you tonight? ::she smiled back at Kai::

Miles Maudibe: ::he bowed slightly:: Miles. Miles Maudibe. It is good to see you again.

DanisiaChambray: ::She seemed a little suprised Ameth acctually acknowleged she was there. She smiled to Kellen:: I'm well. You?

GylonTDorn: ::As she held them out, he glanced over the crowd again::

Kellen Smythe: ::the off in the distnac in the direction of the harbor, an explosion. wide eyed she bites her lip and turns to the group:: Beginn yer pardons mates...I 'as ta see wha tha's all about

Aralith Ferio: And still not a word from that one. ::looking at Gjaki, though he moved to Sierta's side::

Sierta: Have you told the gentleman with you of our victory?

Arman Ban Triam: ::he was almost upon her, as she ran into some vivomancer ... a vivomancer... and another behind him... he glanced ahead::

Kellen Smythe: ::and off she ran::

OnlineHost: "Kellen Smythe" has left the room.

Vivomancer Vyri: ::the young vivomancer is flushed with wine:: Yet another. ::turns and winks at Iannon:: This one is too rich for my blood, brother. I'll leave her entertainment to you!

Amethystra: I'm doing very well. You missed out last night.. I was in the horse races and won second place. ::grinning ear to ear:: Kai was so kind to lend me one of his horses.

Sierta: ::Smiling softly up to Aralith as he steps to her side::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::grins and moves off::

Gjaki the Singer: ::The giant chuckled to himself as he moved off, headed toward the table with the food and drink unerringly::

Niqueliece: :: hums softly to herself, drawing ::

TiznTizn: :: his mouth watering at the sight of such fine cheeses :: May I partake of your fine food sir?

Ysanne Solaste: I was starting to tell him about it, Sierta, aye. ::She looked to Gylon::

DanisiaChambray: ::She watched the woman run off::

Lord Del Simmons: Oh, yes, Miles. Em... a pleasure.

Amethystra: ::nibbling her lip, seeing Kellen run off:: I hope that she's alright.

Lord Del Simmons: ::yeah, he doesn't remember Miles::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::noting Gjaki's passing::

Sherakai: I don't know what I was thinking. I should have given you Shobara to ride ::Supressing a smile::

Klockwork Guards: ::Two soldiers move quietly up to Lord Del Simmons:: Sir.

Arman Ban Triam: ::there he froze, amongst the dancing patrons and guests, as he spotted the dark-skinned vivomancer::

Sierta: Gjaki wishes to find food and drink to his taste, Aralith but will return.

GylonDorn: You and .. ::he spoke not looking at either of the women:: It does not seem right.

Klockwork Guards: You'll need to peace tie that sword.

AngeløfStarlight: second? how wonderful! i did see how well Nisi did in the archery contest...

Ysanne Solaste: Why not? There were more than just us two of course. ::she laughed::

MecheIIa: ::laughs merrily and looks beyond the man to Iannon:: And I thank you for that, sir!

Perching Bird V: ::the tent is full of people; Dreven citizens, peasant and noble alike, all milling about, tasting the fruits of Miles' labor. The raised platform in the center of the tent is yet empty, but people are all around it. The rune-

Ysanne Solaste: We are just...stubborn I guess.

Lord Del Simmons: ::**LORD DEL SIMMONS THE ALMIGHTY** waves a hand at the guards, as he's conversationally engaged:: When I buy a sword, I shall.

Amethystra: ::grins:: How do you know that I wouldn't have won second place with Shobara?

IannonDestyranos: ::his white grin had grown wider as he stepped forward to greet Mechella::

Gjaki the Singer: ::He nodded to familiar faces as he went, once again scattering people before him::

GylonDorn: Oh? ::he looked back:: how many?

Sierta: Aye ::Smiling:: More so then the men that were there.

Miles Maudibe: It has been some time Lord Simmons. Where have you been?

Captain Perlai: It is not my food. But if you are in here, then you can eat it.

Klockwork Guards: ::The human of the pair raised his hand and pointed.:: What is that then, sir?

Sherakai: You very well may have ::he allowed:: But my backside would be less tender.

Ysanne Solaste: How many Sierta? Five women and one man, was it yes?

Lord Del Simmons: ::his smile for Maudibe vanishes, replaced by exasperation::

TiznTizn: :: watches the hand on the sword carefully ... unsure of whether hunger his hunger will get him into trouble tonight as it has so many times before :: Thanks!

Niqueliece: :: drawing quietly ::

Perching Bird V: emblazoned fireboxes kicked up a notch, all on their own, as night has fully settled over the Fete::

Amethystra: ::glancing at Dani's dress:: You look very nice in this outfit. Is it new?

Sierta: Aye, that is right. And the man was at the back.

Aralith Ferio: ::his hand absently laces with Sierta's as he leans in and places a small kiss to her cheek and a whisper to her ear:: "You look wonderful this evening" ::not spoken aloud so he doesn't interrupt Ysanne

Aralith Ferio: :::

IannonDestyranos: ::he slipped his hand into hers in greeting:: Pardon my friend .. he is certainly joyous this eve.

AngeløfStarlight: yes Dani, you look lovely this evening...

TiznTizn: :: walks away towards the food table ::

Captain Perlai: ::he bowed his head a bit:: Of course.

Lord Del Simmons: ::and he turns to the guards:: It's a family heirloom.

Lord Del Simmons: Ask the man outside.

Ysanne Solaste: A soldier. ::she nodded::

GylonTDorn: Ah... to be defeated so ::he lifted his chin::
Klockwork Guards: No exceptions, sir. I am sorry, a sword is a sword.
MecheIIa: ::steps towards Iannon, taking his hand easily and squeezes it in return greeting:: No pardons necessary! It is a night to be joyous.
Amethystra: ::giggles at Kai:: Don't let me detain you by the entryway.. there is a lot of people to see in here.
Sierta: ::Her fingers tighten around his hand as it takes hers:::
DanisiaChambray: Umm, yes. ::She smoothed it out subconsciously::
Lord Del Simmons: ::huffs and turns back to Miles:: I've been about. Spent some time in Luminii --
Miles Maudibe: #:A servant looks warily at Tizn as the man approaches::
OnlineHost: "Jarmenante" has entered the room.
MecheIIa: ::winks to the man:: And to spend generously, aye?
Sierta: Aye, in fact I believe I saw him here this evening.
IannonDestyranos: Although... ::looks to her fondly:: ... I cannot say my own mood is less than he.
OnlineHost: "Ashoken xx" has entered the room.
ApolloJamesMaran: ::slipping into the crowd and out of his spot::
Ysanne Solaste: I thought I caught a glimpse of him too. Somewhere. Donatto was his name?
Lord Del Simmons: ::turns again:: Being that it's *not a sword*, your reflexive proerty is moot.
TiznTizn: :: carefully watches the servant for signs he's not wanted :: Hi friend!
Lord Del Simmons: ::property::
Perching Bird V: ::Velon swirls his glass once, sniffing the aroma of the wine::
OnlineHost: "Jarmenante" has left the room.
Sherakai: ::Beaming at the compliments Dani was receiving, he laid one coppery hand possessively on her shoulder:: Ah, and here I thought you'd set yourself here purposely to waylay us.
GylonTDorn: They remember the name of those they defeat.
ApolloJamesMaran: ::not missing the guards and Del::
Miles Maudibe: #:the servant looks haughtily at Tizn:: What...do you want?
DanisiaChambray: Axia? have I told you how nice you look?
Sierta: I believe that was his name, yes.
MecheIIa: ::glances up to him then, her eyes shining in an answering sentiment:: I think mine perhaps eclipses his ...
Gjaki the Singer: ::Moving to tower over the buffet tables, he stared them down, searching for anything especially.. flavorful::
GylonTDorn: ::He again squeezed her arm::
Lord Del Simmons: ::and again, he addresses Miles:: ... I sought to expand my finances, you see. Business venture.
ApolloJamesMaran: ::he was wise to og unarmed::
Arman Ban Triam: ::an awkward sight that, standing stalk still amidst the milling crowd, eyes wide as he simply stared::
Ysanne Solaste: ::She peeled off one glove to show off the rope burns to Gylon, looking very amused::
Ysanne Solaste: See how ladylike?
Perching Bird V: ::Evril, bearing his collection tray, winds slowly around to **Sherakai** and **Dani**:: Sir, Lady? Care to contribute to the Courescant Foundation?
Miles Maudibe: ::glances to Lord Simmons:: I can understand business ventures.
Sherakai: All of you ladies look quite lovely tonight.
Amethystra: Me? ::giggles:: I didn't bring a sack.
AngeløfStarlight: ::she glanced down at herself:: oh, thank you Dani... ::she blushed::
Klockwork Guards: Sir, it looks like a sword.
Miles Maudibe: And they went well no? ::to Del::
Niqueliece: :: sips her milk, returns to her drawing ::
DanisiaChambray: You outshine us all, Kai.
Klockwork Guards: Please.. ::he offered a leather strap from a pouch:: Peace tie it. And nobody else will bother you?

Amethystra: ::grins at Evrit:: Hello again. ::she was standing near Dani and Kai and Axia::

GylonTDorn: ::He gently took hold of her hand and looked at the red marks::

Sherakai: ::With a smile for Evrit, he reached into his sash to remove a small purse::

Klockwork Guards: Otherwise, others will see it and just do the same.

Sierta: ::Laughing softly as she watches Ysanne and her friend::

AngelofStarlight: ::she noticed the man with the collection tray:: what is the foundation, sir?

IannonDestyranos: Oh? ::amusement played upon his eyes as he gave a teasing grin::

Perching Bird V: ::on the tray is a deep pile of coin, mostly copper, but silver and gold peeking here end there::

Captain Perlai: ::looks over at Miles Maudibe, Delwin Simmons, and the Klockwork Guards and wondered if he would be forced to interact with people::

Ysanne Solaste: They don't hurt. They just look...well, they clash with the dress.

Sherakai: Not even close ::He kissed Dani's head::

Sierta: Ysanne, are you going to introduce me or shall I?

Arman Ban Triam: ::then eyes darted to the woman he spoke with, and some comprehension was forming beneath the furrowed brow::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::a closer eye on Evrit::

Lord Del Simmons: Well. ::spreads his hands:: It wasn't as profitable as I'd -- ::then spins on the guard:: Hw in ___ing Schukland does this bar of metal without hilt, tang, blade, nor point look like a ___ing sword to you??

TiznTizn: That fine cheese right there. :: points to the cheese briefly before carefully picking up a rather large piece and using two hands to fit it into his mouth.::

MecheIIa: ::nods firmly:: Oh, aye. in fact, I am sure of it. ::a playful smile tugs her lips then and she squeezes his hand once more::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::The young vivomancer has finished his third glass... and now looks for an unattached lass with which to dance::

GylonTDorn: ::Brought her palm to his lips and kissed:: Ladylike enough.

Vivomancer Vyri: ::...the "unattached" part being the hardest, apparently::

Ysanne Solaste: It was all Sierta's idea, this tug or war, you see... ::she smiled as he kissed her palm::

Lord Del Simmons: Do you even know what a sword looks like? ::eyes wide:: It ___ing well doesn't bear resemblance to anything on my person!

IannonDestyranos: I will have to acquiesce to you good Lady... although my heart says you could not eclipse mine tonight.

Miles Maudibe: #:the servent hands Tizn a cloth napkin:: Do try not to make a mess. ::careful not to touch the beggar::

Sierta: Aye, I shall take the blame as it was all my idea.

Perching Bird V: ::as Kai adds to the tray, Evrit appears abashed:: Oh, no, sir. That is far too much. Here, take change?

GylonTDorn: And I can only imagine your protests.

Klockwork Guards: ::The soldier did not blanch, did not flinch, simply held up the strap:: Sir. Whatever it may be, it LOOKS like a sword. Please, just tie it. There is no need for trouble tonight.

Sherakai: ::The purse landed in the collection tray:: Things are looking good for the Foundation ::he said, nodding at the coins::

Ysanne Solaste: Oh, I'm sorry. Sierta, this is Gylon....oh yes, I protested a lot. ::Hardly::

Miles Maudibe: Lord Simmons Perhaps you should tie off your weapon. Just as a show of good faith no? ::points to his own sabre tied off::

Arman Ban Triam: ::the frown softens as once more his feet begins to move toward, toward the couple, brushing aside whoever was in his way::

Perching Bird V: ::Evrit nudges a silver coin, Dreven minted rather than Klockwork:: They are, indeed, sir!

Lord Del Simmons: ::he looks back at Miles:: Do me a favor?

Sherakai: Can there be such a thing as too much?

Sierta: ::Laughing:: Aye, she protested quite a bit for a moment. It is a pleasure to meet you, Gylon.

Klockwork Guards: ::Beside him, his metal counterpart watched all unblinkingly, without any expression.::

Miles Maudibe: Anything Lord Simmons. ::the slightest of smiles crawling across his lips::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::moving slowly, seeing another offer of change::

TiznTizn: :: The stench from Tizn of lack of bathing for 19 days hits the servant like so many cheeses gone bad. ::

TheArmandants: ::glasses of wine in hand, the nondescript couple make their way toward a corner of the room, where they can stand with both a good view of the platform, and of the door::

AngelofStarlight: ::she spoke again, as it didn't appear her he heard her:: excuse me... the foundation you are collecting for, could you tell me of it?

Lord Del Simmons: ::pokes at the metal ingot at his belt, hung with a leather thong:: Tell me in what way this resembles a sword of any sort aside from its physical existence and tangibility?

IannonDestyranos: ::his attention had been on her fully, until a tall figure that was approaching their way could not be ignored from his peripheral vision::

Amethystra: ::nibbling on her lip, noticing the Dreven coin but doesn't say anything. She looks to Kai::

Miles Maudibe: #:the servant nearly wretched as he caught wiff of Tizn, thinking the smell akin to the innards of a dead sewer rat::

GylonDorn: The pleasure is mine ::he bows to her:: Even if you do instill such unladylike behavior.

IannonDestyranos: ::he glanced up::

OnlineHost: "TiandeWhenthriel" has left the room.

Perching Bird V: ::Evril grins to Angel:: OF course. The Lady Courescant began it to aid the orphans of Dreven. With so much strife, there were many in need, and still in need they stay.

Miles Maudibe: It look like a club, or a sap to me Lord Simmons. A weapon nonetheless.

TiznTizn: :: Tizn removed the dead sewer rat from his left pocket and disposes of it. :: Sorry.

IannonDestyranos: ::eyes widened:: (w) By her Grace...

Sierta: ::Dropping into a perfect curtsy:: My lord Gylon, Ysanne and I are both very perfect ladies. When we wish to be that is.

Perching Bird V: ::Evril doesn't push the coin on Kai; he'll notice it or not::

Lord Del Simmons: Clubs are made of wood. And you didn't exactly answer the question.

Lun de Trois: ::He always did love a good party and so he was, mingling with the shades. Shadow one minute, flesh the next and sprinkling dirt around inner perimeter of the tent::

Klockwork Guards: ::The human soldier smiled a little gratefully at Miles.::

MecheIIa: ::a triumphant gleam takes her smile and she opens her mouth to respond; but catching his change in attention she follows his gaze::

Ysanne Solaste: Aye. Even after the tug of war when we were pounding back ale, we were ladies. ::she burst out laughing::

Miles Maudibe: #:the servant then turned and gingerly picked up the dead rodent with another cloth:: That simply will not do.

TiznTizn: :: Glances over at Lord Del Simmons :: Who's that?

Arman Ban Triam: Iannon...! ::he had lengthed his stride by the time he was upon the Vivomancer and his lady, a smile ... yes an actual smile .. emerging upon his face::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::watching for Kai's reaction from across the room::

GylonDorn: Yes, and that is the attraction I am sure.

Miles Maudibe: No I did not Lord Simmons.

Lord Del Simmons: This man ::absent finger-jab in the guard's direction:: seems to require some sort of corrective lens, as he sees "sword" where most see "bar."

Klockwork Guards: ::He looked like he would much rather be off enjoying himself elsewhere, but here he was, and he would follow his duties to the letter.::

MecheIIa: ::she blinks, shock apparent in her wide eyes and still open mouth:: <w> The Magistrate...

GylonDorn: ::watching her laugh::

AngelofStarlight: oh! for the orphans? how wonderful... i didn't bring my coin pouch... ::she fingered her necklace:: could i perhaps make a different kind of donation? ::she looked up at him::

IannonDestyranos: ...Arman..!! ::his hand slipped from Mechella's as he stepped forward and took the taller man in a sudden embrace::

Miles Maudibe: #:the servent looks over to who Tizn pointed:: I have no idea. some stuffy noble who is making a scene perhaps?

Aralith Ferio: ::still standing beside Sierta, his fingers laces in hers and a smile on his face as he eyed the crowd::

Klockwork Guards: Bar or sword, sir. If it is a weapon, it must be peace-tied.

Lun de Trois: ::Every so often, pausing to stare at some frilly bird of a woman or man. He did not discriminate::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::also glances at Lord Delwin Simmons ... for there appears to be a disagreement of some sort::

Captain Perlai: ::he began weaving through the crowd, hands at his sides so he could move more freely::

Klockwork Guards: And by my training, that is a weapon.

Arman Ban Triam: ::was caught unawares by that embrace ... but it was immediately ... and naturally returned:: Iannon.. I thought you had...

OnlineHost: "TiandeWhenthriel" has entered the room.

Ysanne Solaste: ::She took another sip of wine. Smiled to see Sierta and Aralith standing together:: So, where did Gjaki wander off to?

TiznTizn: Thanks. Maybe I'll go say hi. You can keep that :: referring to the rodent ::

Amethystra: ::looking over her shoulder to where there appeared to be an argument::

Lord Del Simmons: ::The Inestimable Lord Delwin Simmons shakes his head::

Perching Bird V: ::Velon is lounging at the side of the tent, engrossed in his glass of wine; a small, luxurious sip::

TiznTizn: :: grabs a second helping of cheese ::

Miles Maudibe: #:the servent nodded with a disdainful look on his face while handling the rodent:: why thank you sir. ::the servent walked off rat in hand::

IannonDestyranos: ::embraces him furiously:: I have been looking for you! I was worried..!

IannonDestyranos: ::pulls back, then eyes wide:: The wanted signs... are you ... not wanted??

Lord Del Simmons: Finefine, give me your sodding strap, and then go... somewhere else.

Gjaki the Singer: ::Gjaki had found something he took interest in it seemed, and was picking over some cacti and peppers from Thermador::

MecheIIa: ::just watches the reunion, her surprise slowly melting away as she begins to fit the pieces together::

Lun de Trois: ::Sprinklesprinklesprinkling the dirt taken off the race track the day prior::

Sierta: I believe he went to look for something to eat and drink, which we should probably join him in doing.

Aralith Ferio: You could turn a full circle and catch him at one angle. ::he smiled:: In search of food or drink.

IannonDestyranos: ::copper-hued gaze suddenly going about to the Klockwork Guards about them::

Captain Perlai: ::notes The Interminable Lord Delwin Simmons is being a pain, so he stepped forward but said nothing as the man did as he was told::

Klockwork Guards: ::The soldier sighed in relief as he handed over the strap and stepped back, not removing himself quite yet until the job was done::

Sierta: Aye, that you could. ::Laughing softly up at Aralith::

Ysanne Solaste: Something to eat would be nice. Do you want something Gylon?

GylonTDorn: ::He stopped and stood very still feeling the hairs on the back of his neck rise::

Miles Maudibe: ::he bowed:: It was good seeing you Lord simmons.

Arman Ban Triam: ::pulls back also, he struggles for a moment with too many thoughts and questions:: ::shakes his head:: Nay... I am not. ::a slight hesitation there, but he quickly leaves it:: You are alive! How?

TiznTizn: :: walks casually over in the general direction of Lord Del Simmons ::

Lord Del Simmons: ::frowns at it, then ties it 'round the bar::

Miles Maudibe: ::he stepped away, spotting Jean Claude, about time::

Lord Del Simmons: What? ::looking up at Miles::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::he was missing something in watching for Kai's reaction to the coin offered him::
Ysanne Solaste: ::She paused, watching Gylon a moment.:
TiandeWhenthriel: ::gingerly, through the entranceway walked the red-haired woman. Her gown this evening was dark green, with stitching of rich blue at her cuffs, the colors of the Whenthriel house::
DanisiaChambray: ::Reaching over, she added a few more coins to the tray, as her hand returned, the Dreven coin was gone::
Lun de Trois: ::as if he had a concept of time... oh...almost all the way around::
GylonTDorn: ::He didn't answer at first, just looked slowly over the crowd::
AngeløfStarlight: ::she repeated:: since i don't have coin with me tonight, might i make another donation? ::her hand still on her necklace::
Perching Bird V: ::evrit blinks, distracted by teh wide variety of activity around himm, and focuses on Axia::
Sierta: ::She also had become very quite as her gaze sweeps the room::
Perching Bird V: Oh! Of course, lass!
MecheIIa: ::hangs a step back, so as not to interfere, happiness for Iannon easily overtaking the initial shock at seeing the Magistrate for the first time in ten years::
GylonTDorn: What? ::looks back to her:: I am sorry.
Lun de Trois: ::dark robes, the color of congealing blood swished as he moved::
Lord Del Simmons: ::anger crosses his face as he looks back to the guard:: See what you've done?
Klockwork Guards: ::The pair faded back then, returning to their posts, the human whispering quietly to his silent steel partner::
OnlineHost: "Vivomancer Vyri" has left the room.
IannonDestyranos: ::takes a breath, then lets out a sigh and shakes his head also:: A long... story friend. One I will relate, but not here. ::smile emerging again:: I am .. relieved to see you well. Well indeed.
Ysanne Solaste: It's all right. I'd asked if you wanted to get something to eat. ::quietly:: Is everything all right?
Aralith Ferio: ::turning to Sierta:: Sorry I was late..Anna was slightly later than she had first said she was going to be,
Miles Maudibe: ::and quickly through the crowd he went toward JC::
Lord Del Simmons: Arse_____ing pack of lackwits.
Perching Bird V: If it is a treasure to you, keep it. The Courescant Foundation accepts charity yearlong.
Arman Ban Triam: ::he pauses as well, seeing his friend of childhood, now aged, perhaps a year or two older than he::
TiznTizn: :: continues to walk casually around the tent eating his cheese until he happens upon Lun de Trois ::
Lord Del Simmons: ::starts into the throng, with no particular direction in mind::
Sierta: There is nothing to be sorry for, I just wish I could have been there to handle it instead of taking care of business.
OnlineHost: "Elben Orensson" has entered the room.
TheArmandants: ::the couple stand quietly in the corner, seemingly engrossed in conversation, though the two pairs of green eyes dart quickly among the tent, noticing each and every patron::
Lun de Trois: ::and when he was done, he stared at the dirt he just sprinkled::
Gjaki the Singer: ::With a handful of the delicacies, hardly really mouthfuls for him, he began to wander back into the crowds, having not found anything to drink he much favored::
IannonDestyranos: ::he blinks:: You have not aged a day from my memory.
GylonTDorn: ::Nods distractingly:: Yes
Aralith Ferio: ::he grinned softly:: Are you saying I am not good enough to handle it? ::his smile clearly showing he was teasing::
IannonDestyranos: I knew you would not... as Zharyka ... but ... ::just looks upon him again::
Lun de Trois: ::Tizn's approach not unnoticed. In fact, it garnered a sideways glance::

TiznTizn: :: The smell from Tizn begins to waft over to Lun de Trois ::
Sierta: Shall we go join Gjaki in finding something to eat and drink? ::Looking to Aralith, not liking the feeling she's getting::
Lun de Trois: ::Cat eyes glinted green::
Captain Perlai: ::looks at Lord Del Simmons but does not respond to his exposition::
Angel0fStarlight: ::she shook her head:: nay, i purchased it recently... it is of no value to me, but worth much coin... ::she unfastened the large golden necklace laced with various gems and placed it on the tray:: the orphans need the coin much more
TiznTizn: :: Stops when he notices the eyes ::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::the response not seeming to come from Sherakai::
Ysanne Solaste: ::She looked at him carefully::: I can bring us back a plate of something, if you want to stay here. ::And keep an eye on things::
Arman Ban Triam: ::the mention of the woman's name darkens his expression slightly and he dips his gaze:: Aye. She and I were both caught in that strange affair of magical ports and the tavern.
Lun de Trois: Why am I playing with dirt? ::a sepulchre voice asks Tzin::
Aralith Ferio: ::leaning in to whisper:: Something amiss?
Miles Maudibe: ::spying JC garbed in what he called his "Bloody robes", he waited to see what kind of mood he was in::
Lun de Trois: ::Tizn too::
TiandeWhenthriel: ::her hair left down as usual, soft ringlets to her hips. If the subtlety of her color-choice this night was lost, the dark red of her hair and deep blue of her eyes would certainly give her away as Lord Kestrian's child::
IannonDestyranos: ::nods:: Aye. I know. She told me. ::his own voice quiets slightly::
Aralith Ferio: ::his eyes catiously looking about::
TiznTizn: :: Must be some kinda mage, he begins to frighten ::
Elben Orensson: ::The young klockwork soldier entered then... dressed in black slashed with scarlet, his long-sword peace-knotted::
TiznTizn: H-h-h- Hi.
Sherakai: ::His hand slid down Dani's arm as he bent to kiss her bear shoulder. As he stood, he was tucking something into his sash::
MecheIIa: ::and her eyes drop as well at the mention of the tendress, and a bit of sadness dampens her happiness as she remembers the pain in the woman's eyes the day before::
Perching Bird V: ::Evrit smiles to Axia, his eyes then shifting to Danisia:: And thank you for your donation as well, Lady. It does not go unnoticed. ::nor does the missing Dreven coin::
GylonTDorn: Yes...:again his answer seems distant::
Lun de Trois: Rowr...:cat hiss:: Why am I playing with dirt?
Arman Ban Triam: You have ... aged well. ::he regarded the Vivomancer a moment, a small smile (again!) threatening his etched features::
Lun de Trois: ::more insistant::
Niqueliece: ::pauses, looking out over the others adding detail to her drawing ::
Miles Maudibe: ::Miles simply watched, sipping at his wine::
DanisiaChambray: Anything for the orphans.
Gjaki the Singer: ::The giant angled back toward Aralith and Sierta once more, chuckling to himself at how little difficulty he had moving among the crowds::
Arman Ban Triam: ::sighs with a shake of his head, as if still in disbelief::
Ysanne Solaste: ::She nodded. Patted his arm lightly, and then glided off through the crowd::
Sierta: ::Slipping her hand from his as the pressure begins to rub on the still raw wounds::
Lord Del Simmons: ::Del -- that is, **Super-Awesome Lord Rockstar Simmons** -- is resplendent in bright-yellow trousers and a midnight shirt, no vest, with plain brown boots::
TiznTizn: Um - Um :: he stammers :: Because you ,ah, er. :: looking around to see if he has a p lace he can hide ::
Angel0fStarlight: ::she smiled back::: i was wondering if perhaps we could set something up to make a regular donation?

Elben Orensson: ::The only remnant of yesterday's tivili contests - the one's he'd been thoroughly beaten at, each - was a small purple welt beneath his left eye::

Lun de Trois: ::fingers snapped, very pale...very thin...snapsnap::

Sherakai: ::Straightening, he inclined his head toward Evrit::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::turning and scanning over the crowd, a disappointment to be sure::

Lun de Trois: ::a bit smoke whispered up away from the snapping::

Elben Orensson: ::too small to be bothering a vivomancer about::

Miles Maudibe: ::then oddly stared at TiznTizn standing before JC, wondering what was going to happen::

Ysanne Solaste: ::It wasn't hard to find food here, in generous amounts::

TiznTizn: Want some cheese? :: he stammers as he backs away ::

IannonDestyranos: Aye. It is a strange thing this ... seeing images of my memories ten years past coming back to life before me. Lady Mechella and I could not believe the tales at first. ::then blinks and turns to where she had been::

TiandeWhenthriel: ::her eyes taking a moment to adjust to the lighting in the tent, her fingers played lightly at the fine, velvet pouch she'd brought with her. A few more soft, graceful steps taking her further within::

GylonTDorn: ::He turned slowly feeling something, but not able to tell::

TiznTizn: :: offers the cheese in his hand that he's been eating ::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She moved to a table and began to make up a plate of this and that::

Lun de Trois: What am I? A mouse? ::Roaring and flapping around to face Tizn::

IannonDestyranos: Where are my manners... ::shakes his head:: Arman, you know Lady Courescant already.

Klockwork Guards: ::The intervention of the guards had proved as a solid reminder to all that, even if they were more discreet within the tent, they were there, watchful, ready.::

Aralith Ferio: ::lacing his own fingers behind his back and looking from over top Sierta's shoulder as he stood behind her::

TiznTizn: :: drops cheese and runs in panic ::

Sherakai: ::Hand on Dani's waist, he urged her away from the door:: Shall we move inside, or stay here and block the doorway? ::he teased::

Perching Bird V: Why, of course!! But you should speak with Lady Courescant on that matter. She's hearabouts.. somewhere... ::Evrit squints over the thick crowd; the tent is stuffy with heat and the scents of perfumes and wine::

Miles Maudibe: ::he chuckled at that response, yes JC was in a great modo this evening, he would continue to watch::

TiznTizn: :: trips on a chair ::

Arman Ban Triam: ::the smile did give way to his usual stoic expression as his eyes left Iannon and went to Mechella:: Aye. ::a formal bow::

Lun de Trois: Am I some damned GEOMANCER to be soiling my hands.. My HANDS...with dirt? ::said to his back::

DanisiaChambray: Personally, I would still love to dance. ::Moving with him::

Sierta: ::Smiling over her shoulder to Aralith:: Remind me to not do a tug of war with an orge and a rope again?

Ysanne Solaste: ::A raised voice made her glance back over her shoulder::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::a glance to yet more yelling::

TiznTizn: :: slips on his cheese ::

Amethystra: ::smiles at the couple, she nodded at Dani and Kai as they were to head to the dance floor::

Elben Orensson: ::the tall soldier moves with long strides into the tent, not expecting the lass in front of him - the luckless Tiande - to stop::

Sherakai: You may be able to convince me ::he smiled::

Zharyka: ::Late was fashionable, right? In that case, she was very fashionable this evening. A new dress for the occasion, in her favorite blue, with dark green piping at the seams, she smoothed her hands down her skirts as she approached

MecheIIa: ::bows her head and dips in a greeting:: Magistrate. ::lifts her head and smiles:: How wonderful to see you again, and well.

Zharyka: the tent where the fete was being held::
Elben Orensson: ::He, of course, plows right into her backside::
Aralith Ferio: Noted. But you know you enjoyed it. ::he raised a brow and teased with a smile::
Lun de Trois: ::He shuffled away from the dirt and toward Tizn::
TiznTizn: :: bangs head on table as he tries to rise ::
Elben Orensson: Ah!
IannonDestyranos: ::his hand slipped into Mechella's easily as it did before as he led her to his side::
Elben Orensson: Pardon, la--
Gjaki the Singer: ::Striding up to Sierta and Aralith, he took note of the raised voice as well, but the soldiers, he figured, would handle any trouble likely::
Aralith.
Lord Del Simmons: ::picks out a glass of wine... and two more::
Lun de Trois: Get up boy, there's women around. ::Hungry::
Where are the lima beans?
Captain Perlai: ::sniffs Tizn out::
AngelofStarlight: oh.. i must be going i'm afraid... perhaps there is someone who is at the Crosswinds from time to time i could set something up with?
TiznTizn: :: sees Lun de Trois and freezes in panic ::
Sierta: ::Only those that know her will notice the difference in the way she stands, her body now tense and alert as yelling commences and other conversations are picked up by twitching feline like ears::
Captain Perlai: ::unintentionally, of course, but he recognized the smell and wondered how he fared::
TiznTizn: Are you going to turn me into a worm?
Miles Maudibe: ::Miles then moved past the fallen Tizn and JC:: The clock strikes soon. Hickory, dickory, dock. ::and then into the shadows he slipped::
Elben Orensson: ::pauses:: ::eyes squint in the dim light:: ::he recognizes.... no, no... trick of the light...:
TiznTizn: ... or something worse?
GylonTDorn: ::Moving through the crowd a bit he just watches::
TiandeWhenthriel: ..Oh..! ::run into, she stumbled forward, her arm flying wide as she tried to keep herself from falling. Fortunately, luck smiled on her; she avoided tumbling, instead tripping lightly, only to regain her footing::
Ysanne Solaste: ::With a plate balanced in one hand and her wine glass in the other, she wound her way back through the crowd::
MecheIIa: ::steps forward, taking her place beside Iannon, the feeling of her hand in his comforting, and right::
Arman Ban Triam: It has been... long. ::he looks to her, although it is obvious that he notes Iannon's familiarity with her::
Longer for you I imagine.
Lun de Trois: ::He paused::
Do you want to be turned into a worm?
TiznTizn: :: still on ground ::
DanisiaChambray: Shall we, akina? ::movng to the center of the dancers::
Aralith Ferio: Gjaki. ::nodding, he seemed at complete ease::
Elben Orensson: I... I am so sorry!
Lun de Trois: ::and considered TiznTizn::
Perching Bird V: (afk)
OnlineHost: "Miles Maudibe" has left the room.
Lun de Trois: ::with a tilt of his head::
Arman Ban Triam: ::he stiffens slightly, eyeing both of them::
Elben Orensson: Milady.
ApolloJamesMaran: ::making a show of sipping the still full goblet of wine::
Gjaki the Singer: Enjoying yourself, you two?
Captain Perlai: ::he reached down toward Tizn:: Are you alright?
Lun de Trois: ::Cowed and shadowed as it was::
Gjaki the Singer: Maybe you should lead Sierta to dance.
TiandeWhenthriel: ::turning, her cheeks reddening at both being caught in this situation and so losing her balance, she turned a dark-blue gaze to Elben::
No...please forgive me, sir.....

Captain Perlai: ::Tizn even::
Aralith Ferio: ::his hands rising to take place at the outside of Sierta's upper arms near her shoulders::
Amethystra: ::she sipped her drink, looking to Axia:: Shall we wander around the room?
ApolloJamesMaran: ::looking to spot Evrit again::
TiznTizn: Yes ... just paniced a bit by Lun de Trois.
MecheIIa: ::nods:: Ten years long ... ::glances up to Iannon then, as though unsure whether he would explain.. or if explanation were necessary::
Ysanne Solaste: ::She returned to where Gjaki, Sierta and Aralith were standing::
Sierta: ::Smiling up to Gjaki::
TiznTizn: :: rises to his feet ::
Gjaki the Singer: Don't seem to be any dancing, or does that part come later?
Lun de Trois: ::He turned his panther gaze to Captain Perlai:: Ah...to the rescue.
OnlineHost: "Tiikk Tokk" has entered the room.
IannonDestyranos: ::and he also notes Arman's awareness of it:: Ten years friend. We have much to share with each other.
Lord Del Simmons: ::manages to find an unused mug, likely one used earlier::
Aralith Ferio: ::letting her know what he was still behind her::
TiznTizn: :: thank the gods, he thinks to himself ::
Gjaki the Singer: 'lo, kid. ::He rumbled to Ysanne, as she approached::
TiandeWhenthriel: ::the lightest tilt of her head was given...this one had a familiar face::
Elben Orensson: No, please, it was I. I... ah...
Perching Bird V: (bak)
Ysanne Solaste: Hello Gjaki. Good to see you.
Zharyka: ::in thru the entrance, pausing inside the entrance to glance around, surveying the crowd::
Sherakai: I think we shall do many things ::Guiding her toward an open place in the vicinity of the muscians, he pulled her into the steps of a dance. Light glittered from the drake earring and from the highly polished bracer on his arm::
Captain Perlai: ::looks at Lun:: Did he need to be rescued, good sir?
Sierta: ::Turning to smile to Aralith over her shoulder, thankful for his touch of reassurance::
Aralith Ferio: Not too terribly many about that I remember.
Ysanne Solaste: ::She looked to where Gylon was moving around a bit::
IannonDestyranos: ::he simply smiled, a certain resolve there and acceptance::
Elben Orensson: I have been told my feet have not yet caught up with my height. And it seems true.
GylonTDorn: ::Shaking the feeling he looked back::
Lun de Trois: He's obviously insane. Talking about worms.
TiznTizn: :: wondering if he's inadvertantly starting more trouble ::
Elben Orensson: ...
AngeløfStarlight: ::she smiled at Ameth:: nay, i'm afraid i must be going... a small child is on his way tonight back at the estate, i would like to be there, but i wanted to see the festivities... but thank you... i hope you have a very nice evening
Elben Orensson: Do I... know you.... milady....?
Ysanne Solaste: ::Set her wine glass down and sampled a bit of what was on her plate::
Lun de Trois: ::His eyes glinted within the folds of his cowl::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::finding hisslef near the center pole of the massive tent::
Lord Del Simmons: ::pours the contents of the three glasses into the single mug::
Gjaki the Singer: Here with anybody, Ysanne?
Elben Orensson: ::coloring more - gods, he was horrible with names!::
Lord Del Simmons: ::drinks the small amount of excess::
Captain Perlai: ::he peered at the cat eyes:: Yes. Worms. He is obviously the one insane.
Amethystra: ::nodding:: Good to see you again. You have a great evening.
MecheIIa: ::squeezes Iannon's hand:: Please, excuse me ... ::looks between them:: Both of you

should have your reunion. And I have a matter to attend to regarding the donations.

GylonTDorn: ::With a slight apology in his eyes he moved to stand beside Ysanne again::

Arman Ban Triam: ::slowly:: ...Aye. Much must have happened. ::to Iannon, then he looks to Mechella:: I am glad to see both of you doing well. Seemingly so.

Captain Perlai: ::he would have brushed Tizn off if it would have done any good::

Gjaki the Singer: I understand folk at this festival customarily announce engagements and such.

Ysanne Solaste: Here with Gylon, yes. ::she gestured towards the man as he returned::

Tiikk Tokk: ::the southern entrance to the pavillion brushed open as he entered, five guards of the Klockwork Army surrounding him::

Sierta: ::Catching sight of AJ, she smiles and nods over to him before others move in front of her::

TiznTizn: Um, Captain .. :: he begins :: where can a good man find some even better wine?

Gjaki the Singer: Gylon?

Ysanne Solaste: Gylon, you remember Gjaki?

TiandeWhenthriel: ::her smile was gentle:: As I have been told many a time to not linger by the entranceway to anyplace... ::his question brought her head to bow lightly:: Forgive my saying so, sir, but I was wondering the same.

Arman Ban Triam: ::bows to Mechella:: Of course.

AngeløfStarlight: if you see Sierta or Nisi, please give them my regards ::she waved at Ameth::

TiznTizn: :: hoping the wine will calm his nerves ::

Perching Bird V: ::Evril is circling again, after Angel's beautiful addition. He moves to the back of the tent, out to the servant's area::

IannonDestyranos: ::he gives her a smile and a nod as he releases her hand::

Sierta: ::Quickly glancing back to Gjaki at his words::

Lun de Trois: I am glad we have that straightened out. ::a wave of his hands, white against the blood red of the fabric:: Cheerio.

TiznTizn: :: waresly eyeing Lun de Trois ::

Lun de Trois: ::and off he wen, shadows hugging his steps::

DanisiaChambray: ::She had no trouble anticipating his steps, the two dancing as one::

Lord Del Simmons: ::ker-swig from the mug, and he starts to mingle::

TiandeWhenthriel: ::she lowered herself in a well-practiced curtsy, the motion fluid and graceful:: I am Tiande Whenthriel, may it please you.

Aralith Ferio: ::he took a deep breath and let it slide out his nose:: Perhaps some of them I don't want to...:eyeing a few of the more boisterous people, and the many laced with too much drink::

Captain Perlai: ::bows a bit to Lun:: ::to Tizn:: I take it you are not ever in the situation for a good bottle of the sort?

Amethystra: ::she wandered further into the tent, looking around when she saw Captain Perlai. She waved at him, recalling him from the tug of war event::

Elben Orensson: Ah. Elben. Elben Orensson.

Captain Perlai: Come with me.

MecheIIa: ::warm smile to the Magistrate:: A pleasure to see you again, Magistrate. ::slips her hand from Iannon's, with the same smile but so much more shining beneath it:: I will return soon.

IannonDestyranos: So ... ::looks around and gestures further away from the crowd:: ... you are wearing the colors of...

GylonTDorn: ::He nodded to Gjaki as he stepped to her side::

IannonDestyranos: .. the new Regime.

Captain Perlai: ::he began walking, offering Amethystra a familiar smile and a wave::

Elben Orensson: Tiande... Whenthriel?

GylonTDorn: I am sorry ::to Ysanne::

Elben Orensson: O.O

Elben Orensson: Arik's sister!

TiznTizn: :: thinks about lying for a second and then regains his grip on

reality:: Um, not really.

MecheIIa: ::and moves away into the crowd, leaving the old friends to their reunion::

AngelofStarlight: ::she walked out of the tent and wandered home::

Ysanne Solaste: It's all right. ::She knew he was...working::

OnlineHost: "MecheIIa" has left the room.

Perching Bird V: ::Velon gives over his glass, mostly full to a passing servant and rises; time to investigate the rest of the Fete::

Elben Orensson: ::he took a step back, grinning - and stepped on someone's foot::

Aralith Ferio: I do believe a dance is in order. As long as I can find a partner.

Zharyka: ::a curious glance at the rune-marked boxes, and then her gaze went back to the crowd, waving to a familiar face or two::

Gjaki the Singer: Ah. Tall for a human, yes. ::He nodded to the man and smiled, the human version, though it made him look all the more fierce::

TiznTizn: :: he follows ::

Captain Perlai: ::he beckoned to Tizn:: Then come. We will find you a glass.

DanisiaChambray: Well, this evening's proved interesting so far.

Tiikk Tokk: ::he methodically made his way into the tent, and motioned his guards off to the left and right::

Arman Ban Triam: ::he follows Iannon's course as they walk slightly away from the crowd, his voice quiets:: Aye. That I be. ::smile quickly fades::

Lun de Trois: Where are the lima beans. They are a dicot you know...:Who he was talking to...:

Sierta: ::Turning so that she faces Aralith:: Oh, I am sure there are many here that would love the pleasure of a dance with you.

Zharyka: ::the smile grew wider as she noticed some were dancing::

Aralith Ferio: ::mock looking around the room from over Sierta's shoulder:: Now who would wish to dance with the likes of me..

OnlineHost: "ArcherBivens" has entered the room.

Amethystra: ::glancing briefly at Tizn, not recognizing the man.. but she also noticed Lun nearby them. Trying to recall him, but having an uneasy feeling about the man::

Lun de Trois: ::eyeing Amethystra as he passed::

TiandeWhenthriel: ::she blinked lightly as the tall man exclaimed, and couldn't help but smile as he bumped into yet another person:: Indeed, you speak true, sir. And you would be the man my brother jousted..?

IannonDestyranos: Oh?? ::question was obvious in his eyes::

Sherakai: Yes, it has ::He glanced over her shoulder, directing their steps so that they would avoid other couples::

Lord Del Simmons: ::he knows few here; most of the nobility are people he's only recently become reacquainted with, and he finds them much more dull after a decade::

Lun de Trois: ::And sniffing the air:: Taken a bath I see... hee hee...

ApolloJamesMaran: ::noting Zharyka, bust she does not know him, where was Evrit?::

Amethystra: Evening. ::smiles at Lun with a wavering smile as he passed her by::

Elben Orensson: Sorry, sorry... ::back to the offended man before looking at Tiande again:: I would be the man your brother destroyed handily, yes.

TiznTizn: :: glances towards Tiikk Tokk's men :: What's going on here Captain?

Ysanne Solaste: ::Seeing Gylon and Gjaki together made her think of the talk of portals. She tried to stifle the thought::

Gjaki the Singer: Well met, kid. I hope the both of you are happy together. ::He glanced to Aralith and Sierta and smiled in his own way then::

Elben Orensson: ::he ran a hand through copper hair - noting hers was nearly the same shade, if not a tad darker::

Amethystra: Excuse me? ::startled by his comment to her::

ArcherBivens: ::a young man, cloaked, but dressed for the occasion beneath his attire makes his way easily through the vendors set up outside the merchants tents::

GylonTDorn: ::He watched the face of the creature, of Gjaki,:: How are the ...:pauses:: smells tonight?

Captain Perlai: ::looks over:: That is the Magistrate. This is an event to raise money for some of the less fortunate. But not all of them, unfortunately.

TiandeWhenthriel: ::her smile was warm, her cheeks colored yet:: Destroyed? No, good sir. You fought valiantly and with honor.

Arman Ban Triam: It ... is a long story. ::jaw tenses:: I am now a clerk. ::nearly spat out:: Within the regime.

Tiikk Tokk: ::the metallic looking man made his way toward the raised area far to the north of the tent, carefully making his way through the crowd::

DanisiaChambray: ::She gave Kai an odd look:: Not necessarily a good start though?

Gjaki the Singer: ::His mismatched eyes rose to meet Gylon's:: Varied. To be honest, I do not like it here.

Lun de Trois: Why should I? ... ::He stopped:: Yes, why should I?

IannonDestyranos: ::blinks taken a bit back and he pauses:: Oh.

TiznTizn: :: wonders if he's among the less fortunate ::

Zharyka: ::she picked up a cup of punch and began to thread her way toward the source of the music and the dancing couples::

Captain Perlai: ::two glasses, one filled with red and one with white wine were put into Tizn's hands::

GylonTDorn: Nor do I.

Gjaki the Singer: Too enclosed. Too many people. At least most of them give me a wide berth.

Sierta: ::Very softly:: Neither do I, Gjaki.

Captain Perlai: You may want to finish one of those before you start eating.

Elben Orensson: ::rubs the back of his neck, sheepishly:: Aye, well.. Well. Well! ... Your brother took the prize, deservedly so. In two competitions!

Aralith Ferio: ::looking down:: Sierta..? ::holding his hand out:: If I may.

Arman Ban Triam: ::he seems to stiffen more at his friend's reaction, flexes his jaw:: Aye.

Ysanne Solaste: ::She offered the plate over towards Gylon. Sipped a bit of her wine::

Sherakai: I have a feeling it will become more 'interesting' as the evening progresses. ::He looked back at her face:: Which is why I should have a tent like this for myself.

BlissNLvjy: ::stands at the entrance way, eyes searching the crowd. Her hands nervously smoothed the ruby silk velvet of her gown as her eyes searched::

GylonTDorn: ::glances to Sierta::

Lun de Trois: ::Looking past Ame now to the metal man...: Limabeans...limabeans...

Tiikk Tokk: ::The Magistrate took no notice of others, he simply continued on his path, his hands tucked in within his robes::

Elben Orensson: Tell him he should share! Or I shall. ::glances around:: Where is he...?

Gjaki the Singer: My folk... we value our space. We do not congregate so closely together.

Amethystra: Why should you...? ::then her eyes widened as she recalled the man from over ten years ago::

TiznTizn: :: quickly downs the white wine:: Thanks! :: he says wiping his chin with his sleeve ::

GylonTDorn: ::Then took hold of the plate::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::looking at the entrance::

Sierta: ::A tilt of her head to Aralith's offered hand, eyes teasing:: You are sure you would not wish to dance with another?

IannonDestyranos: That is .. great! ::he pats Arman on the arm:: You are not wanted! Instead working for the regime. I am... I am relieved.

TiznTizn: :: glances for a minute at the red wine ::

ApolloJamesMaran: (q) Oh my.

OnlineHost: "Angel0fStarlight" has left the room.

Niqueliece: :: pauses looking over the crowd, sipping her milk ::

Gjaki the Singer: ::A hand rose, patted Sierta's shoulder at her words::

Amethystra: ::she turned around to see whom Lun was glancing at::

GylonTDorn: Do not break bread with those untrustworthy?

Aralith Ferio: I suppose it is that I am too lazy to go find another. ::he smiled wide::

Sierta: ::A smile up to Gjaki as she knows he senses her unease::

TiandeWhenthriel: ::she smiled warmly:: He is at home, resting tonight. Although, had he known you were here, I'm sure he would have come.

Gjaki the Singer: Break bread?

DanisiaChambray: To make things more "interesting"? ::Her laugh was soft and playful::

GylonTDorn: :Looked to the food::

TiznTizn: :: sips the red wine and looks around the tent ::

Lun de Trois: ::Said under his breath as the magistrate made his way through::

Limabeans...limabeans...

Lord Del Simmons: ::notes Kai, but doesn't move to speak to him::

Lord Del Simmons: ::duh::

Sierta: ::Blinking to Aralith::

Zharyka: ::she paused at the edge of the dancing, sipping from her cup; her foot tapped in time to the music playing::

Arman Ban Triam: ::corners of his lips turn downward as he inhales, nostrils slightly flared in a look of disgust:: I am not so certain.

Sherakai: No, to avoid the sort of interest I would like to avoid ::he smiled at her::

Tiikk Tokk: ::The Klockwork guards placed themselves strategically around the tent, blending in as best they could with the crowd::

Lun de Trois: ::and then he turned, pointed a skeletal finger at TiznTizn:: You...get me an egg. Raw. Now.

Amethystra: ::murmurs to Lun:: I don't think that they're serving lima beans tonight.

Elben Orensson: ::he grins wide now:: Well then, if I cannot dance with him, I am forced to ask his sister. ::then colors - he's not been so bold before!:: ::still, the hand remains out:: ::stalwart!::

Captain Perlai: This is likely not the best social setting for you. Y0u can stay as long as you wish if you do not mind--::looks at Lun::

TiznTizn: :: jumps with fright ::

TiznTizn: Me ?!

Perching Bird V: ::Velon nudges through the crowd, approaching the far end of the dancing space; he absently rubs at his left forearm, where a thick leather bracer itches skin::

ArcherBivens: ::he snakes her way through the crowd, past the vendors and past the main entrance to the tent, falling into the shadows along the opposite side::

Gjaki the Singer: Aralith, stop teasing her and go dance with her already. Human romance.

GylonTDorn: ::Looks to Gjaki but does not explain::

TiznTizn: An egg?!

Captain Perlai: ::he put a hand on Tizn's shoulder::

ArcherBivens: ::*his way::

Ysanne Solaste: A lot of people here...it's getting more and more crowded.

TiznTizn: Right away sir!

IannonDestyranos: ::eyes widen and his voice lowers to a whisper:: Certainly you cannot mean that.

TiznTizn: :: wondering where he's going to find a chicken at this time of night ::

Tiikk Tokk: ::Tikk Tokk is stopped by Baron BigEgo, who seems to have had one too many to drink::

Amethystra: ::nibbling on her lip, seeing those around her getting curiouser and curiouser::

Lord Del Simmons: I say, miss Zee. Does this look like a sword to you? ::and he brings up his thonged ingot-truncheon::

TiandeWhenthriel: ::she laughed warmly at his quip, the sound musical and light, and her hand reached to rest delicately on his:: I would be delighted.

ApolloJamesMaran: ::for a moment he sees nothing but Bliss::

Sierta: ::Quietly:: Perhaps to crowded, Ysanne.

GylonTDorn: ::When Gjaki spoke of romance he glanced to the two::

BlissNLvjy: ::ah, there he was by the center of the tent. She smiled and strolled towards him::

Lun de Trois: If you plant a bean...something happens.

ArcherBivens: ::he stands there for a moment, in the shadows, watching the laughing crowd filter past the vendors and into the tent::

Lun de Trois: ::rubbing his hands together::
Amethystra: ::nodding:: It grows.
Klockwork Guards: ::The presence of the Magistrate had the already alert soldiers inside even more alert, scanning the crowds carefully.::
Ysanne Solaste: ::It was starting to feel quite warm in the tent to her. She nodded to Sierta.:: And loud.
Tiikk Tokk: ::the Magistrate stares at the lordling his face not betraying a single emotion::
Aralith Ferio: ::he smiled at Gjaki and nodded::
Sherakai: ::His black glance swept the room again before returning to his dance partner:: There are an awful lot of pretty women here tonight ::he teased::
Arman Ban Triam: ::Looks about rather annoyed and exhaled:: Nay. I do not imply that I want to return to being a criminal. ::nearly chokes at the word::
Lun de Trois: Or rots. ::Was that a grin in his voice::
Zharyka: ::turning as her name is called, and glancing over Del's truncheon:: 'tisn't a blade at all, I don't think. ::faint smile::
Aralith Ferio: ::leaning in::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::smiling at Bliss's approach::
TiznTizn: :: begins to wonder how life as a worm might be like ::
Elben Orensson: ::turns to walk proudly with this lovely young woman (peering about to make sure everyone saw he had a lovely young woman on his arm)... then paused, mid-step::
Elben Orensson: <q> It is the magistrate...!
ArcherBivens: ::brown eyes narrowed, he lifts the hood to the cloak and tugs it low over his forehead::
DanisiaChambray: And fine looking men.
Sierta: ::Laughing softly, she lays her hand into his:: I would be honored to have this dance with you, Sir. ::To Aralith::
Lord Del Simmons: Precisely! Yet the guards maintained it appeared as such to them. Do you think, perhaps, it's due to all that time spent with made-men?
Niqueliece: :: smiles watching the pair, sets her pencil back to paper ::
TiznTizn: :: slams the other glass of red wine in his hands and begins to look around for an egg ... or maybe a chicken ::
Amethystra: ::wringing her hands together, nodding absently at Lun. She looked around the room wondering where Mercy was this evening::
Gjaki the Singer: ::He returned his gaze to Ysanne and Gylon.:: You'll have to pardon me of I am "unromantic."
Captain Perlai: You will not find an egg.
Arman Ban Triam: But ... at the price of that... and this cursed magical mishap ... I have lost everything.
Gjaki the Singer: My people are also a lot more straightforward about their wants and needs.
Captain Perlai: But anywhere but here is a good place to be, it seems.
Sherakai: A person could get used to this sort foppery, couldn't they?
IannonDestyranos: Arman... ::he began::
Aralith Ferio: ::he bowed and led her off to a more suitable, slightly more open area::
Ysanne Solaste: What do you mean by unromantic? ::inclining her head::
Gjaki the Singer: Compared to most, I am subtle.
Zharyka: ::her gaze flickered to the guards, unreadable for a moment:: I don't know how they'd think it was a blade. A weapon, to be sure, but never a blade.
GylonTDorn: Are they? ::looks to Gjaki again and then back to the crowd::
Lun de Trois: ::He shuffled off, an off centered gait as if he had a bum leg beneath the linen and wool::
ArcherBivens: ::and a wary hand passes over the long walking stick he held::
TiznTizn: :: remembers where he last saw a chicken :: Ok Lun de Trois, I'll be right back. :: runs off ::
Tiikk Tokk: ::After listening for twenty seconds too long to Baron BigEgo, he simply turns and walks off:: Cretin. <m>

Arman Ban Triam: ::he turned to the sudden shift in the crowd's mood and noise, and spotted the unmistakable Magistrate within the tents:

TiandeWhenthriel: ::she moved lightly, keeping pace with Elben, only taking one extra step as he halted. Looking from him to the Magistrate, her dark red brows lifted::

Sierta: ::Stepping into his arms as they reach the dance area, her head tilted back to look up at him::

GylonTDorn: So we are....what?

Arman Ban Triam: ::he stiffened::

Gjaki the Singer: Direct. ::He rumbled down to Ysanne, with a nod to Gylon::

DanisiaChambray: I'd do better if I could be barefoot. ::She smiled warmly at him:: You look very dashing.

TiznTizn: :: runs just down the road to the lady selling chickens and dart boards ::

Lord Del Simmons: ::simmery:: The one said "sword" quite clearly. How he managed to pass the entrance requirements to the military, I'll never know.

Gjaki the Singer: I know many find directness and romance to be opposites.

IannonDestyranos: ::followed Arman's gaze to Tiikk Tokk and his brows furrowed slightly:: The Magistrate.

Niqueliece: :: drawing, notices the sudden mood change, glances up ::

Sherakai: And you are, by far, the loveliest woman here.

TiznTizn: How much for a chicken? :: he asks, wondering if he can get a package deal with a dart board too ::

Ysanne Solaste: Give me an example. ::she persisted with Gjaki::

Lord Del Simmons: By the by, isn't that Whatshisname the Used-To-Be-Majjister? ::extending an arm toward Arman::

Gjaki the Singer: An example?

ArcherBivens: ::he holds the long rod in his hand a moment longer, until he sees the metal man pass through the doorway and into the tent::

Aralith Ferio: ::softly:: "No need to tense up, relax..I've got you."

TiznTizn: :: hands two coins to the lady and take the chicken by the neck ::

Tiikk Tokk: ::Tiikk Tokk stopped near one of the Klockwork Army captains and began speaking in hushed tones, the captain listening intently::

Zharyka: ::blink-turn:: Who?

TiandeWhenthriel: ::her voice was quiet, meant only for Elben:: ...I am surprised to see him here.... ::her question was left unvoiced, unless he read into her comment::

Amethystra: ::her lips twitched, looking around the room once more and sighing::

GylonTDorn: ::that made his eyes widen slightly:: Please

Lun de Trois: ::He took up a glass of wine from a passing servant but did not drink::

Aralith Ferio: ::slowly starting to turn and twirl with Sierta upon the dance floor::

Ysanne Solaste: Yes. Direct how? About what things, about relationships you mean?

Elben Orensson: Magistrate Tokk. ::quietly to Tiande:: I'd have not expected him to be out and about. Well, not here. ::there was a certain reverence - and fear - in his words::

DanisiaChambray: It must be the dress.

TiznTizn: :: runs back up the road to the tent ::

Gjaki the Singer: Of my people being direct, or of human romance?

Gjaki the Singer: Yes.

Perching Bird V: ::Velon leans against a firebox, fingers tapping the surface to the tune of the music still haunting the tent. Of course, the conversations tended to be louder::

Elben Orensson: ::nods::

TiznTizn: :: chicken in hand ::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::holding his ground so as not to lose sight of Bliss, holding a hand out to her as she gets close enough::

Niqueliece: :: spots the Magistrate, continues to draw ::

Arman Ban Triam: ::the ripple within the crowd as the Magistrate moved about

them, the sudden alertness about the soldiers in his presence, the hushed words and glances to the man... no thing .. that commanded such attention... it was unmistakable::

ArcherBivens: ::still in the shadows, he sweeps then along the anterior side of the tent, mentally calculating his steps::

Sierta: ::Forcing herself to relax as she easily and gracefully moves within his arms as they dance:::

Lord Del Simmons: Oh, as if I should recall his name. He came with us when the tavern went all funny. I think someone hit him then.

Elben Orensson: He is not one for... leisure.

Arman Ban Triam: ::and it only made him frown::

TiznTizn: Lun de Trois! Lun de Trois! I've got a chicken for you!

Sherakai: Highly unlikely. I think it is in the beauty and the unassuming grace.

Gjaki the Singer: If we are interested in somebody and they are not attached, we make ourselves known.

TiznTizn: :: running towards Lun de Trois like a fool ::

GylonTDorn: ::He took a few grapes from the plate and popped them into his mouth thinking it might be best just to listen::

Niqueliece: :: looks back to her drawing, going about her business ::

TiznTizn: "cluck"

Lun de Trois: ::Shadows leaned toward him, merging with his own, and he unconscious of the whole parade::

TheArmandants: ::the couple glances up in surprise, hearing the titter that moves through the room as the Magistrate enters::

Zharyka: ::green gaze landed on Arman ... and his companion::

GylonTDorn: Known...how?

Lun de Trois: ::Turning his glowing gaze upon Tizn::

Amethystra: ::she almost giggled when she heard Tizn's comments to Lun::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She reached over to grab a few grapes too::

TiznTizn: "cluck"

TheArmandants: ::the goateed man nudges the woman and points, lowering his head to a whisper:::

BlissNLvjy: ::her smile grew:: Good eveing, AJ. How goes the grand party?

Aralith Ferio: ::he spoke low as the closeness during the dance didn't need him to speak up:: Just don't step on my feet.

TiandeWhenthriel: ::she shook her head lightly:: I would not expect so.... ::her cheeks reddened:: The truth be spoken, he frightens me.

Elben Orensson: ::a shadow of foreboding passed his brow, and he shook it off:: ::he smiled again at his newfound companion:: Shall we?

Perching Bird V: ::Velon flicks his eyes to the side of the tent, then over to watch a cluster of Vivomancers with disinterest. They appear to be blessing a couple::

Ysanne Solaste: ::Listening all the while::

Gjaki the Singer: How else? You tell them. And they might tell you yes, no, or let's give it a try and see if anything happens.

Amethystra: ::then she covered her lips with her fingertips when she saw his reaction to the man::

Zharyka: ::quietly to Del:: Arman Ban-Triam is his name.

Sierta: ::She can feel the shadows, knows they're here, in the same room with her though she doesn't miss a step in the dance:::

IannonDestyranos: ::regards the strange entity that was Tokk for a moment longer, then glances to Arman:: ::inhales deeply:: The position you held is not all that you are, Arman.

TiznTizn: :: smiles as he holds out the chicken ::

Lord Del Simmons: Armin Bantreyum?

Tiikk Tokk: ::the captain and the magistrate continue to talk, a bit off to the side of the crowds:::

IannonDestyranos: And this Regime has changed.

DanisiaChambray: You must be contagious. Or make that influential.

TheArmandants: :the woman nods, and gestures to the Magistrate, murmuring some

response::

Elben Orensson: ::his face darkened a bit:: He commands the men who command me. I... suppose it is well that he frightens some people.

Lun de Trois: You are smarter than you look. ::snatching the chicken from his grasp::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::leaning to kiss her cheek:: Well. ::a spot of warm metal in BLiss's palm passed from his::

TiznTizn: :: cringes ::

Sherakai: ::His glances followed the progress of the Magistrate:: I am not beautiful.

ArcherBivens: ::almost halfway around the tent he pauses and falls to one knee, ear pressed to the canvas tent, listening::

Sherakai: Not like you are...

Amethystra: I thought that you were going to get.. eggs.

GylonTDorn: Like...:he looks up again:: Excuse me, you interest me. Are you attacked? If not let's do so.

Arman Ban Triam: ::that only deepens his frown:: It was all that was my life. My purpose.

Ysanne Solaste: Whereas we dance around the issue more?

DanisiaChambray: Handsome. Dashing. Cute. ::She winked::

Lun de Trois: What came first? ::He asked and then snapped the chicken's neck::

Elben Orensson: ::an easy smile:: Still, he'll not spoil the festivities, unless he orders me to work. ::gestures at his peace-knotted weapon:: I am an everyman this eve!

Gjaki the Singer: Exactly.

ArcherBivens: ::but all he can hear is his own labored breathing, and his heart beating soundly in his chest::

Arman Ban Triam: And this Regime. Know you about this Regime? I suppose you would, you lived through it unlike I have.

Tiikk Tokk: ::the captain talking with Tikk Tokk, motions over a guard, who complies, listens to a brief order then runs off::

Amethystra: ::glancing from Tizn to Lun, then grimaces as he snapped the chicken's head:: Eww.

Sherakai: ::He maneuvered Dani so that she, too, could see:: Cute? Please...

TiznTizn: :: cringes again :: Um, first ... Um, ... the number one :: not knowing what to say ::

BlissNLvjy: ::she gave his hand a squeeze:: Having a good time?

Zharyka: Aye. ::she didn't bother correcting Del's pronunciation; she knew well enough that he didn't care if he got it right::

ArcherBivens: ::he plants the walking stick ont he ground, right hand gripping it for support as he wills her nerves to calm::

Gjaki the Singer: We are not that direct, but yes, if you see somebody, get to know them, find them impressive, interesting, an equal... you make your intentions known.

TiandeWhenthriel: ::dark eyes lingering on the man, when they returned to Elben's face, her smile came slow, warming her features:: I am glad to hear that. I have always wanted to enjoy a dance with an everyman.

Lun de Trois: ::He dropped the chicken at Tizn's feet:: You did that. Remember this.

Arman Ban Triam: I find it more organized, more orderly, more driven to eradicating all that is criminal and chaotic than the emperor of afore.

ApolloJamesMaran: One of the serving lads appreciates the beauty of white roses.

GylonTDorn: ::Looks to Ysanne:: I think dancing is better

TiznTizn: :: looks dejectedly at the dead chicken ::

Lord Del Simmons: ::that and it's busy in here:: Perhaps I'll go and greet him.

Lun de Trois: ::His hands disappeared into his sleeves and he went still::

Amethystra: ::gulping:: Uhm, excuse me.. I need to refill my drink. ::which was still about three quarters full of the wine::

DanisiaChambray: ::She kept a casual eye on the Magistrate while dancing:: You don't think you're cute?

Arman Ban Triam: This ... this should have been the Regime I served!

Ysanne Solaste: Dancing. Are you allowed to dance this eve? ::Her eyes were bright::

Elben Orensson: Well, it's not often an everyman can dance. ::pauses:: Actually, I am not quite as

skilled as I'd like to... er... pretend...

Perching Bird V: ::the Vivomancers, three of them, smile and finish with the couple. One glances towards Tokk and the Klockwork soldiers, his smile faltering. But he passes off the cold chill, and disperses back among the crowd::

Zharyka: If ye like. Or do ye dance, Lord Simmons?

ArcherBivens: ::eyes slip closed and he inhales deeply; in that moment, remembering who he does this for, the calm returns::

Lord Del Simmons: ::pause:: Unless he dislikes me. I can't keep straight the mere handful who do.

IannonDestyranos: ::blinks as Arman's voice rises slightly, and places a hand upon his arm to quiet him and to draw him away further::

Lun de Trois: ::except he had a glass of wine that now...well...blended in with the blood colored robes::

Lun de Trois: ::He was going to be wet all night now::

BlissNLvjy: Really? Perhaps he is looking to pluck a bloom before it's ready. ::her chocolate gaze scanned the crowd::

Lord Del Simmons: ::glance:: Dance?

Zharyka: ::she set down her punch cup, glancing out over the dance floor::

Captain Perlai: ::stomps toward Lun:: What was that?

GylonTDorn: Allowed?

Sherakai: I can't say that I would have chosen that particular word to describe me...

Lun de Trois: ::He rolled his eyes::

Elben Orensson: ::Hells, just let her find out on the dance floor rather than state the obvious, Orensson::

Gjaki the Singer: ::He chuckled and shook his head:: It is a cultural difference, perhaps. Go, dance.

Zharyka: He dislikes most everyone. ::dryly::

Lord Del Simmons: I, em... not well, no. I do make the attempt, however.

TiandeWhenthriel: ::her smile grew warmer:: I am certain you will be wonderful, no matter your practice, Master Elben.

Gjaki the Singer: Do not let this old man keep you here.

ArcherBivens: ::head bent, he listens, now able to hear the rumblings of the crowd, clinking of glasses and clang of coins in coffer::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She leaned in close to whisper:: While you are working.

ApolloJamesMaran: I hope not to spoil such a pleasant evening.

Elben Orensson: ::He led her out, his long stride purposefully shortened::

GylonTDorn: I do not dance well.

Lord Del Simmons: ::heartened by her comment about Arman::

Lun de Trois: What?

Arman Ban Triam: But what am I? A clerk. That is the only position I could fill. Because of this cursed jump. I was ousted and thrown in with the outlawed knights.

TiznTizn: Um. :: everything he can stammer out ::

Tiikk Tokk: ::the captain then walked off after nodding and exited the tent to the north, leaving Tikk Tokk alone::

Lun de Trois: ::Still, not looking at the Captain::

Aralith Ferio: ::whispering softly back and forth with Sierta, both their attentions on the room as well as each other::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::slipping an arm around Bliss:: You look radiant.

Amethystra: ::moving amongst the people, looking for a servant. She placed the glass of wine that she was drinking on a tray::

Ysanne Solaste: You're no old man. ::she poked gently at Gjaki::

ArcherBivens: ::right hand still gripping the walking stick, he runs his left hand along the outside of the tent, feeling for the slit::

TiznTizn: Can I have that? :: pointing at the chicken ::

TiandeWhenthriel: ::thankful that he slowed his quick step for her shorter legs, she kept easily at his side, cheeks colored warm rose::

Gjaki the Singer: Older than you may think, kid.

ApolloJamesMaran: ::scanning for the furtive Evrit again::
Ysanne Solaste: I'm not very good either. ::she told Gylon:: Not much chance to practice.
DanisiaChambray: <q> It doesn't look like a pleasant night for all.
Sherakai: Would you care for a drink, Tashi?
GylonTDorn: No, age has nothing to do with feet that move with no rhythm.
Arman Ban Triam: ::hissed:: Knights who are nothing but a mass of chaos and criminals now. Raiding regime's caravans and instilling fear of the true law to those who would believe it.
Lun de Trois: Do as you like. Remember that.
Niqueliece: ::hazel glancing over to the magistrate once more, watching quietly ::
Elben Orensson: ::One arm slid behind her back; the other cupped her wrist:: So ... ::conversation! doll!:: How long have you known Arik?
BlissNLvjy: And you look quite dashing.
Zharyka: ::pausing to see what Del would choose, the former Magistrate or the dancefloor::
DanisiaChambray: Yes. Please.
Elben Orensson: ::pauses:: ::ooohhh... you idiot.....::
Elben Orensson: I mean---
Perching Bird V: ::Evrit seems to have vanished when Miles did::
Captain Perlai: You just killed a chicken at a ball.
Sierta: ::As they dance past, she smiles and nods to Bliss and AJ::
Amethystra: ::she wandered towards the opening of the tent, breathing in quickly::
Elben Orensson: Ah...
Lord Del Simmons: ::he isn't moving toward Arman:: Was... that an offer?
TiandeWhenthriel: ::the question brought her to laugh warmly, eyes bright:: Hm, quite a while, that..... ::still chuckling::
Lord Del Simmons: I ask because no one ever asks me to dance.
ArcherBivens: ::and it is there! as they said it would be; he mumbles a thanks to the goddess::
Tiikk Tokk: ::and then he took a seat, in a high backed chair, watching the festivities::
BlissNLvjy: ::waves to Sierta with a smile:: Hello.
GylonTDorn: But if you can tug with ...::he offered his arm::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::a blushing nod to Sierta:: I am only a merchant.
Aralith Ferio: ::he twirls Sierta out away from him softly then pulls her back in::
Lun de Trois: I did. ::question, statement...it was ambiguous::
Sherakai: ::He danced her gracefully to the edge of the crowd before taking her hand to lead her toward the refreshment tables::
Elben Orensson: ::clears his throat:: Dancing and speaking at the same time. Not good for first impressions.
Ysanne Solaste: I can. ::She took his arm with a quiet laugh::
Zharyka: ::a faint chuckle:: I'd like to dance. If ye don't care to, it's a'right, I won't hold it against ye.
IannonDestyranos: ::a frown alights his dark brows as he regards his friend:: Arman...
Klockwork Guards: ::The guards were located strategically around the tent. The largest numebrs were close to the entrances and the strongbox for the contributions.::
TiznTizn: :: trying to remember what he was trying to remember ::
DanisiaChambray: ::And hopefully away from any deceased fowl::
Elben Orensson: <m> Though if memory serves me correct, your first impression of me may have been with me on my backside.
Lord Del Simmons: Oh, no. ::chin lifting:: I accept. And... ah, thank you.
BlissNLvjy: Aralith is looking much better then last I saw him.
TiznTizn: :: picks up dead chicken ::
Amethystra: ::pushing the flap aside, she went outside. Her face slightly pale as she paced about outside::
GylonTDorn: ::He lead her toward the music as best he could::
Klockwork Guards: ::Several more clusters could be found both near the buffet

tables, where people tended to congregate often, and around the central pillar.::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::a nod towards Arman:: Many seem to be doing better.
Sierta: ::Thankful for the slit in the skirt of her gown as she gracefully is twirled away then brought back into his arms, calling over to Bliss with soft laughter:: Hello.
Captain Perlai: Such displays of violence are, if not illegal, at least in bad taste. Treat our guests with more respect. All of them. Or you will be removed.::he glared at the LUNatic::
Niqueliece: ::just watching quietly, hazel eyes taking in things ::
Tiikk Tokk: ::unemotional eyes swivel to appraise the crowd, searching::
TiznTizn: :: looks for that servant he was talking to a while ago ::
Elben Orensson: ::pauses again:: ::colors some more:: ::was that inappropriate?:: ::She wouldn't take that the wrong way, would she?:: ::Fool!:: ::Your father was right!::
Klockwork Guards: ::A few pairs stalked along the edges of the tent, patrolling silently.::
Arman Ban Triam: Think you me a traitor and deserter of the past we've known? ::a pause, then glances to Apollo::
TiandeWhenthriel: ::again, her laugh came, soft and musical:: Perhaps a little earlier than that. ::even smiling seemed to keep her cheeks rosy:: You made a valiant figure on your steed.
Lord Del Simmons: ::Lord GObstopper Rainstorm Simmons offers Zee his arm::
Lun de Trois: ::Now he looked full on at the Captain::
Lun de Trois: You mean my guests.
Arman Ban Triam: ::only then does he realize perhaps his words have been heard by those around him::
Sherakai: What will you have, Dani? ::he asked, looking over the offerings::
Tiikk Tokk: #::the servant is cleaning up some puke from a rather drunken Baron
BigEgo::
Ysanne Solaste: ::She fell into step with him, alternately watching his face and the crowd around them.::
TiznTizn: Thanks, sir. I don't mean to cause problems here with this mage person here.
IannonDestyranos: ::he too glances to Apollo at the man's interjection and nods politely::
TiznTizn: :: watches Lun de Trois carefully ::
IannonDestyranos: ::his voice is quieter:: Nay. I am just ... surprised to hear such views.
Elben Orensson: Ah. The one I drove into the lake, possibly. Did you witness the race? ::his dancing isn't horrible, though it's far from good - his long legs seem to take the occasional half-hop::
TiznTizn: :: looks for that servant ::
Perching Bird V: ::Velon stands up from his lean on the firebox; it's too warm to stay there long::
GylonTDorn: ::His eyes moved around the crowd better than his feet did::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::returning Iannon's nod::
Aralith Ferio: Welcome Ysanne..Gylon...:Wecloming them to the dancefloor beside himself and Sierta::
DanisiaChambray: That looks interesting. ::Indicating some fruity drink::
Amethystra: ::pressing the heel of her hand onto her forehead, she looked warily at the opening of the tent. Still taking in deep breaths outside of the tent::
Gjaki the Singer: ::As Ysanne and Gylon withdrew, he did so as well, moving off to a place where he could watch most of the tent at once, towering, obvious, alone. Not that he minded. He was content to be so, content to see
Captain Perlai: Your guests? Unless your name is Miles Maudibe, your words do not move me. And all of them are citizens. Remember that.
Tiikk Tokk: #::servant is cleaning, to the west in the tent::
Zharyka: ::a grin; she would be happy to spend the whole evening dancing - she took the offered arm and allowed herself to be led out on the dance floor::
Ysanne Solaste: Having fun? ::she looked over to Aralith and Sierta::
Aralith Ferio: ::finally getting about to nod ever so softly to Bliss when she came in view::
Gjaki the Singer: Sierta and Aralith dance. Content to find some solitude among the throng which closed in about him so.::

Arman Ban Triam: ::inhales deeply as if to try and calm himself:: ::straightens:: But now my current duty is my lot. Whether I have truly accepted it or not, I have no choice.

TiznTizn: :: looks at Captain Perlai :: I don't mean to be trouble here.

Sherakai: ::He motioned toward the servant, indicating a glass::

Sierta: Aye, I hope you and Gylon are also?

Ysanne Solaste: So many people. ::she said softly near Gylon's ear::

Lun de Trois: ::He laughed and it was like three people laughing in concert:: Indeed, Captain. Keep up the good work.

TiandeWhenthriel: ::she smiled:: I did, indeed. It wasn't an easy thing; you did far better than I might have. ::her dancing is fluid, smooth, graceful. She kept pace with him, even through his half-hops, making no mention of them::

ArcherBivens: ::tugging the slit partly to the side, the light from within falls across his hooded face, and he has a clear view of the platform -- and the man sitting atop it::

Sherakai: ::His fingers brushed Dani's as he gave it to her:: Is it safe?

Ysanne Solaste: I think so. ::she winked at Sierta::

IannonDestyranos: ::nods:: I am still relieved to see you, and simply that friend.

Lord Del Simmons: ::Del turns to face Zee, watching the dancers move around him; he's not familiar with this step::

Captain Perlai: ::just nods, still watching Lun but speaking to Tizn:: You are not the problem.

ArcherBivens: ::if he be a man at all...::

TiznTizn: :: waves the servant over to him ::

BlissNLvjy: ::smiles and nods politely to Aralith:: So, have you danced with all the lovely ladies yet, AJ?

Lord Del Simmons: ::he's not familiar with most steps, really::

Niqueliece: :: not taking her eyes from her subject, reaches down, scratching the top of G's head ::

OnlineHost: "Lessamonde" has entered the room.

GylonTDorn: Fun...that word again. ::but he did manage a small smile::

Perching Bird V: ::Velon tugs at the clasp of his cloak, pulling the thick cloth around front as he does so; it moves rather stiffly::

Elben Orensson: ::...and he was much appreciative that she did not...::

Aralith Ferio: ::blinks..and misses a step in the dance before following back up into the flow::

Captain Perlai: Keep your nose clean.::to Lun::

Ysanne Solaste: Hello Bliss. ::as she caught sight of the woman::

Lun de Trois: Keep on keeping the streets safe for poultry.

Sierta: ::Moving in close to Aralith to speak softly:: I do not see how the tent can hold much more.

TiznTizn: :: looks quickly at Captain Perlai :: thanks for the help. I thought I was in trouble for a minute.

ArcherBivens: ::he drops his other knee and lifts the walking stick, giving a definitive shake::

Lun de Trois: ::laughing still, even the wet robes didn't bother him now::

BlissNLvjy: Ysanne. ::nodding::

Elben Orensson: So where are you from? Arik is the talk of Dreven.

Lord Del Simmons: ::mumbled:: Sidestep-sidestep-quarter turn-bow...

Lun de Trois: ::Or the lack of lima beans::

Zharyka: ::Zharyka, however, is very light on her feet; she leaned closer, counting the beat for him:: Like this.

Sierta: ::Glancing to Aralith as he misses a step::

Arman Ban Triam: ::a long look, then his expression softens but slightly:: And I .. you. ::his gaze lowers:: I had thought you lost for good.

Elben Orensson: ::he steps into a spin, more comfortable with her now::

ApolloJamesMaran: Only Amethystra seemed to find me fit company, but then I have been a bit... distracted. ::a nod to Ysanne again::

Captain Perlai: These are not the streets. Conduct yourself with more temperance.

DanisiaChambray: ::She took a cautious sip, then smiled:: Try some. It's delicious.

Tiikk Tokk: ::Tiikk Tokk, sits there, watching, as he reaches out for a glass of

red wine::

Lord Del Simmons: Oh, like th-- ::he's not clumsy, really, but he's tremendously unskilled::

Amethystra: @::she fidgeted with the hazy pink crystal that was on the silver necklace. She looked up at the sky, watching the clouds pass overhead::

Lord Del Simmons: ::there's a bit of toe-treading and a few hitches::

Sherakai: ::Smiling, he motioned to the servant for a second:: Anything to eat?

Captain Perlai: ::to Tizn:: And you. Enjoy yourself elsewhere, I advise.

ApolloJamesMaran: ::taking his arm from around Bliss, setting his still full wine glass aside and offering her his arm:: Would you do me the honor?

ArcherBivens: ::with a discrete glance over his shoulder to make sure he is still alone in the shadows, he swiftly pulls the bow from within the stick::

Captain Perlai: Far from this one.

DanisiaChambray: Something light. Pie perhaps?

Perching Bird V: ::Velon fidgets with the cloak, seemingly unamused with it; the long end trails all the way to the floor::

Lord Del Simmons: Erp, sorrysorry -- I say, how do people memorize more than two of these?

Captain Perlai: ::he was not a man used to policing, but rather, enforcing::

ArcherBivens: ::fingers moving swiftly now, the sweeps aside his cloak, reaching to the pouch hidden behind::

Lun de Trois: ::time to check the dirt trail... off he went, shadows spilling off him like water::

Sherakai: ::Taking a sip of the beverage, he smiled in pleasure:: This is good.

TiznTizn: :: thankful for the advice:: Thanks good sir.

Aralith Ferio: I think we've given the dance floor life. ::softly as he noted the added people that danced about the provided area::

Tiikk Tokk: ::and then he pulls out a small parchment from a scroll tube at his side::

BlissNLvjy: Certainly as long as your remember I have two left feet when it comes to this kind of dancing. ::which she didn't, she just lacked confidence::

Zharyka: ::taking the missteps in stride, another broad smile; obviously, she really enjoys dancing:: It just takes practice.

TiandeWhenthriel: That should please him no end; for the longest time he's tried to do anything to get our father to notice him... ::her smile was light as she spun effortlessly with the man::

GylonTDorn: ::Again he stiffened just a bit and glanced around::

ArcherBivens: ::two arrows smoothly yanked from behind him and nocked into the bow::

Captain Perlai: ::quiet:: Strange.

ArcherBivens: ::heart pounding, he rises, and pushes the canvas tent aside -- the man is still there::

TiznTizn: :: looks at the dead chicken in his hand ::

TiandeWhenthriel: Our family has been in Shadokhan for generations, though only in the past few years have we secured more lands closer to Dreven itself.

Lord Del Simmons: I'm much better with numbers, rea-- ____ me, did I miss that step again? ::he's trying, really::

Sierta: Aye ::Said as she glances around the dance area::

ApolloJamesMaran: YOu are grace personified. ::he smiles and for a moment he freezes::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She looked to Gylon, question in her eyes, but she said nothing::

Zharyka: Ye're doing fine. ::she's leading, very subtly::

Lord Del Simmons: ::Del stands out on the dance floor for three reasons::

Tiikk Tokk: ::the contents of which he had a copy, the words on the parchment ready for this evenings final festivities::

IannonDestyranos: ::nods as he returns his gaze to the crowd, perhaps leaving that subject for now::

Aye. Lady Courescant did much to aid me in recovery when I was found again.

Lord Del Simmons: ::bad dancing::

Elben Orensson: Well, Lord Whenthriel will have to catch up. It isn't often a man takes more than one competition. And on the same horse! What was your brother's mount's name?

Lord Del Simmons: ::dancing with Zee::

BlissNLvjy: No, my cousin is Grace, I am Bliss. ::wagging one eyebrow at him::

Lord Del Simmons: ::yellow pants, people -- YELLOW PANTS::
Perching Bird V: ::movement at the side of the tent, opposite Velon; he grumbles, bending suddenly at one knee::
Zharyka: ::he goes well with her blue dress, then::
Aralith Ferio: ::he pulled Sierta in close and wrapped her up, swaying softly about::
IannonDestyranos: She and I... ::a pause as he spotted a pair of very bright pants::
ApolloJamesMaran: (q) Did you note Simmon's clothing? ::leading her to the dance floor::
Perching Bird V: (m) Damn weak leg.... ::an apologetic smile to the people eyeing him enarby::
TiznTizn: :: brings the dead chicken to the food table and props it up next to a bottle of wine :: Damm mages.
GylonTDorn: ::His hold on Ysanne loosens::
Captain Perlai: ::In Dreven, everyone is a bad dancer::
ArcherBivens: ::the light dances across his shadowed features for just a moment, before brown eyes drop to the table to the side, right by the slat -- where they said it would be::
Sherakai: Forty-eleven varieties of pie. How will you choose?
Elben Orensson: ::he blinks:: ::he silently cursed himself, of course she's noble, buffoon... what chance is there?::
Tiikk Tokk: #:one of the Klockwork Guards points at Tizn:: You. With the dead chicken.
IannonDestyranos: ::and then of course, the lady dancing with the man in the very bright pants::
BlissNLvjy: Who's what?
TiandeWhenthriel: Indeed. ::she smiled warmly, happy for her brother:: Irrian was the horse my brother rode yesterday.
IannonDestyranos: ::he blinked::
Elben Orensson: I... yes. Well, your brother did not speak much of his family's holdings.
ApolloJamesMaran: (q) YOur favorite noble.
Arman Ban Triam: ::notes Iannon's expression, and turns to follow the man's gaze::
TiznTizn: :: mumbles :: gonna find me a spell book one of these days and then LOOK OUT mage!
Aralith Ferio: ::towering over his and dancing close::
Zharyka: ::oofing as her toe is stepped on once more, but smiling thru it::
Klockwork Guards: ::Soldiers moved slowly around the tent, within it::
TiznTizn: :: freezes at hearing his name again ::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::stopping on the ance floor and bowing deeply to Bliss::
Sierta: ::Her arms wrap around his neck as he pulls her in closer though her gaze keeps sweeping the room as she's unable to rid herself of the sense of danger::
Aralith Ferio: ::a wink given down to her::
Tiikk Tokk: #:the guard walks over to Tizn:: IS that your chicken?
BlissNLvjy: As if I'd look at him twice. ::truth be told she hadn't noticed he was there::
Elben Orensson: Irrian. Well named. A strong name.
DanisiaChambray: How about I make you something. ::She handed him her glass as she moved further down the food table::
TiandeWhenthriel: ::she chuckled lightly; her brother didn't speak much, period!:: He does not truly count them as his own, sir. He is the youngest of five male children.
Ysanne Solaste: ::She felt the difference. Turned her head to follow his gaze::
Arman Ban Triam: ::not hard to spot really, and immediate to figure out the reason for Iannon's pause::
Lord Del Simmons: You're quite the dancer... ::he's not as toe-tready as time passes, but it'll take more than one night of dancing to get him::
Lun de Trois: ::Noticing the tramp and sight of soldier tread. He mumbled to himself as he followed the dirt tracings::
TiandeWhenthriel: ::she smiled:: Thank you. I was the one asked to name him.
Amethystra: @::she remained outside, pursing her lips as she looked back to the tent::

Sherakai: Make me what? ::He asked as he followed her:: Make me happy? Make me blush? Make me tired?

Sierta: ::Laughing softly at the wink:: I can hide nothing from you, can I?

TiznTizn: Um ... what chicken? :: looking away as if there isn't a dead chicken on the table ::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::holding out a hand to Bliss to start the dance::

Tiikk Tokk: ::Tiikk Tokk glanced over the parchment, the words perfect, since he wrote them::

Lord Del Simmons: ::as he turns his head to and fro to watch both feet and other dancers, his tied-back blond hair whips behind::

Klockwork Guards: ::Those close by the tables took note as one of their number moved toward Tizn, watched, but let him handle the matter, figuring one of their number was enough::

Lord Del Simmons: ::not hitting anyone, but it stands out as well::

ArcherBivens: ::swiftly, bow still nocked, he pushes aside the tent flap, grateful for the slight rise in the hill beside the tent and the table beyond -- giving him a raised, clear shot to the man within::

Captain Perlai: ::when confrontations ended without him beating someone's face in, he felt disappointed::

Aralith Ferio: I hope you will never. ::he smiled and looked about the tent::

GylonTDorn: ::He looks back to her:: Again I must apologize.

Elben Orensson: Truly? ::he stumbled once - how could he even think she was anything less than noble? He'd seen her with horses yesterday - of course she was not from a family of stableboys!::

Tiikk Tokk: #::guard:: There. On the table. I saw you place it there!

DanisiaChambray: I can do that later. ::She started to make a Kaiwich with the available food, a BIG one::

Zharyka: Why thank ye. ::chuckling as he watches the other dancers::

BlissNLvjy: ::taking a hold of his hand a laugh escaping:: So many people. I don't know how I let you talk me into it.

Lord Del Simmons: ::he's trying to learn by doing and watching::

Captain Perlai: ::he moved toward the food table again::

Ysanne Solaste: It's all right. What is it?

Elben Orensson: Ah, pardon. My foot slipped. ::concentrate...::

Sherakai: ::His smile widened:: I think you've a good start on the first.

Aralith Ferio: If you want..we can step of the dance floor for a moment?

TiznTizn: Um ... I .. er.. :: his heart quickens ::

TiznTizn: :: all this for some free cheese ::

Niqueliece: :: frowns faintly watching the man intently ::

Sierta: ::Very softly:: Aye, please?

Elben Orensson: So has your father... spoken of his victories?

ApolloJamesMaran: Because I can be very convincing. ::and with a twirl they start to dance::

Tiikk Tokk: ::Tiikk Tokk actually...smiled, as he rolled up the parchment::

Yes. ::softly:: This will prove interesting.

Lun de Trois: ::whispering:: Something happens when you plant lima beans...

ArcherBivens: ::bow and arrow raise -- and a whispered prayer on his lips, he narrows his eyes, aims, and lets the two arrows fly::

TiznTizn: :: sees the Captain coming ::

GylonTDorn: I am not sure. ::He whispered::

Perching Bird V: ::there it is; Velon watches the musicians, keeping the opposite side of the tent in his periphery::

Tiikk Tokk: #::the guard grabs the dead chicken:: You must take this with you. No dead chicken loitering.

Aralith Ferio: I am no man to argue with the ladies request...leading her off floor::

TiandeWhenthriel: ::she moved with him as he stumbled, a smile warm, encouraging on her face:: You are doing very well, Master Elben. My father...?

Niqueliece: :: lip-reading, frowns curiously ::

Elben Orensson: Well, anyway----

Lord Del Simmons: I say, you're in much better humour than when I see you working. ::a brief hitch, but he recovers::

Elben Orensson: **::CURSES::**

ArcherBivens: **::with a SNAP two arrows whizz through the crowd, headed true towards the Magistrate sitting atop the platform::**

Gjaki the Singer: ::His ears twitched at a sound all too familiar::

Lord Del Simmons: ::another hitch as someone curses::

Elben Orensson: **::he actually THROWS Tiande away from him - down onto the floor::**

Elben Orensson: **Stay down!**

Amethystra: @::she started to walk quickly to the path away from the tent. She decided that she wouldn't go back in after seeing Lun snap the neck of the chicken while she stood right next to him::

TiznTizn: My name's Tizn, not Loitering. :: looks at the Captain for help again ::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She too blinked. She knew that sound and looked around::

GylonTDorn: ::But as soon as he did, as soon as the word left, he felt the air move with the sting of arrows::

Sierta: ::Jerking away from Aralith as she hears before she sees the arrows flying through the air::

Niqueliece: :: plinks G on the head with a tiny pebble ::

Elben Orensson: **::he reaches to grab his sword, immediately charging toward Archer Bivens::**

Zharyka: No responsibilities here ... ::coloring at the shouted curse, and then pausing as Elben shouts again::

TiandeWhenthriel: No...not yet. We were more concerned with his wel--ah! ::and she was thrown to the ground, hitting gracelessly::

Tiikk Tokk: <thap> <thap> ::it looked down at its chest, two wooden shafts protruding from its chest:: Wha..

ApolloJamesMaran: ::pulling Bliss close to him::

DanisiaChambray: ::She stopped, hearing yelling::

Klockwork Guards: ::Several guards reacted in an instant, weapons drawn, others uncertain what was happening, especially on the far side of the tent.::

Sherakai: ::His head lifted and he stilled, watching to see what was going to happen::

TiznTizn: :: looks around for the commotion ::

ArcherBivens: **::the man whispers another prayer and reaches behind him, swiftly grabbing for the other two arrows, seeing the chaos explode around him::**

GylonTDorn: ::He pushed Ysanne down and pulling his blade he ran toward the side flaps of the tent::

Lord Del Simmons: I say! It's hard to concentrate on my step when someone's yelling!

Captain Perlai: ::chaos...anger...fear...finally::

Elben Orensson: **::a strong TUG----his blade won't come free of its peace knot::**

Tiikk Tokk: **::there is a soft hissing sound as he tries to rise, smoke coming up from his robes and shirt::**

TiznTizn: Holy smoke! That's guy's been stabbed! :: he points towards Tiikk Tokk ::

IannonDestyranos: Zhary- ::he was about to say her name when chaos and screams break loose::

Sierta: **::Seeing swords drawn, she reaches up beneath her skirt to withdraw one of the daggers::**

Zharyka: **::seeing everyone duck, she does so as well, tugging at Del's arm::**

Ysanne Solaste: ::Down to the floor she went in her dress, her eyes wide::

ArcherBivens: **::in moments, the other two arrows are nocked and he lifts his bow to take aim once more::**

Arman Ban Triam: ::someone in the crowd screams as the attack on Tokk is witnessed by many::

ApolloJamesMaran: (q) Damn.

Klockwork Guards: To arms! Assassin! ::One cries, having seen the arrows strike::

Elben Orensson: **::stumbling, fumbling with the knot... he nearly trips on a screaming woman::**

Aralith Ferio: **::his forearms pushing people aside from Sierta::**

Perching Bird V: ::Bivens is a target! Velon quints at the Magistrate, eyeing the fletchings of the arrows, then a look to Bivens; he's tense, but unmoving::

TiznTizn: .. or shot with arrows!

Lord Del Simmons: ::customarily clueless, Del resists for a half-moment before following Zee's lead::

Lun de Trois: ::giggling as he followed the perimeter of the tent:: Limabeanslimabeans...

TiandeWhenthriel: ::.....she did as she was told and just....stayed down, looking around to see what exactly was going on!::

Captain Perlai: ::he tugged at the knot in his peacetie...a simple, loose slipknot as he looked up, followed the trajectory of arrows::

Arman Ban Triam: ::and he spins lowering himself and pushing Iannon roughly to the floor::

Amethystra: @::hearing the screams from outside, she paused, turned to look at the tent with raised eyebrows::

GylonTDorn: ::pushing through people he ran to the flaps with his sword high:: Move!

Klockwork Guards: ::Guards began to move forward, ordering people down, out of the way.::

Elben Orensson: ::He finally rips his blade free and charges Bivens::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She did not stay on the dance floor. Instead, staying low, she made her way to the edges of the crowd.::

Arman Ban Triam: ::he reaches for his sword... and finds nothing there::

Tiikk Tokk: ::black cloth cover hands reach for the arrows, the smoke coming thicker from its chest::

DanisiaChambray: ::She crouched low to the ground, seeing arrows flying::

Captain Perlai: Assassin.

ApolloJamesMaran: ::just holding Bliss in the midst of the chaos::

ArcherBivens: ::as he does, the flap falls open more, revealing the cloaked man standing beyond bow and arrow raised::

Perching Bird V: ::the three Vivomancers are aghast, and the crowd is slow to realize just what is going on::

Sherakai: ::Black eyes flicking back and forth from the Magistrate to the entrance, he took a deep swig of his drink before putting both glasses down and moving to stand over Dani::

Captain Perlai: Everyone down!

TiznTizn: :: slams his body to the ground hoping he's not next in line for an arrow ::

Sierta: ::Holding tight to Aralith's hand as the crowd pushes and tries to force them apart::

Lord Del Simmons: I say! What's going on?

Klockwork Guards: ::Two noted Elben's charge and followed him, hoping he knew what he did.::

Captain Perlai: DOWN NOW!!! ::his voice booming with authority::

TiznTizn: :: grasps for his chicken ::

Arman Ban Triam: ASSASIN! ::echos Perlai:: Get down! Get DOWN!

Niqueliece: :: slides down from her spot, zipping about the periphery ::

ArcherBivens: ::and just as he lets the next pair fly, he is charged by Elben::

Zharyka: ::she lifted her head up, just enough to look in the direction she'd last seen Iannon and Arman::

Tiikk Tokk: ::the Klockwork Guards rush toward the Magistrate, pushing aside anyone in the way::

Lord Del Simmons: Assassin?

Klockwork Guards: DOWN! Everybody DOWN!

Arman Ban Triam: ::he forgets instantly that he does not hold authority here::

GylonTDorn: ::He raise his sword to answer the arrows right before the flap::

Elben Orensson: ::he led with his longsword, poitn first, at the archer's chest::

TiznTizn: :: Screams like a frightened child ::

Captain Perlai: ::the assassin couldn't fight from the ground and it got others out of the way as he leaped onto and over the food table::

Tiikk Tokk: #:the guard talking to Tizn tramples past him::
Lord Del Simmons: ::also customarily, Del stands back up:: Who's he trying to murder?
ArcherBivens: ::SWOOSH -- the arrows are thrown off course into the ceiling and the man stumbles back::
Ysanne Solaste: ::Down she went, at the edges of the crowd. And she drew the small dagger from her boot::
TiznTizn: :: takes back his dead chicken ::
Klockwork Guards: ::The guards closest to the Magistrate rushed to protect him as three more rushed toward the direction Elben was moving in::
BlissNLvjy: ::trying to duck and take AJ with her::
Aralith Ferio: ::he gripped her hand and continued to stand beside her..pushing people away like a hell bent bouncer::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::it was perfect for a merchant to seem too panicked to do anything but stands stock still, but Bliss pulls him down::
TiznTizn: :: screams again like a frightened child ::
Niqueliece: :: finally makes it to the side of the room where the magistrate is ::
Arman Ban Triam: Guards! Cover the Magistrate! And someone take down the archer!
Sherakai: ::His fingers slowly bent into fists::
Sierta: ::Trying to force herself away from the frightened crowd to where she can see better::
ApolloJamesMaran: (q) For the edge Bliss.
Ysanne Solaste: ::Too hard to see what was happening and where. So much noise...::
Captain Perlai: ::the archer was going to have to run, so he took a chance and flanked to one side::
Lord Del Simmons: Or is it a she? A sultry, curvaceous female assassin, swayed by evil but waiting for a stout-hearted man to win her back to the side of morality!
OnlineHost: "Komar Royz" has left the room.
Klockwork Guards: ::The two who had followed him immediately tried to move around Elben, to provide him aid from either side as they arrived, swords raised, ready::
GylonTDorn: ::Not waiting for Elben to strike he stand above him::
Perching Bird V: :: Velon moves then, as Bivens shot goes wide; the cloak is thrown aside, and he lifts another bow, recurve and lined with silver. Two arrows are nocked, and SWISH! They fly towards the already-tagged Magistrate::
Aralith Ferio: ::putting both forearm and shoulder to work to clear a spot::
Amethystra: @::she felt frozen to the spot, stomach twisting as she remembered whom was in the tent.. but she didn't bring her weaponry with her.. not while danced in this sort of get up::
TiznTizn: :: crawls around under the tables ::
ArcherBivens: ::with a curse, he reaches behind him for a knife, and turns to run::
Tiikk Tokk: ::Tikk Tokk, pulled open his robes, and tore the cloth, revealing his metallic chest, the arrows having not only pierced it but created a blackaping hole, which was smoking from within::
Zharyka: ::Del really has read too many tales; Zharyka gave him an astonished look::
IannonDestyranos: By her Grace... ::he mutters as he is pushed down but rises slightly to see if anyone is wounded::
BlissNLvjy: (s)Yeah, yeah...::on the move:: If this dress gets ruined I'm going to hurt someone.
Lun de Trois: ::This was wonderful. The scattering of flesh, the shrill sounds...::
Captain Perlai: ::people wouldn't get down like they were supposed to, those crazy fools::
Lord Del Simmons: Not that I'd be that man. I'm taken.
TiznTizn: :: screams again like a frightened child from under the table::
Lord Del Simmons: I mean, I could be, were I not.
Elben Orensson: ::Bivens seems to be escaping:: ::calls to Dorn:: **Stop him!**
TheArmandants: ::the woman stares wide eyed as the assassin is charged by the soldiers, the man beside her tense::
Captain Perlai: GET DOWN!!!! ARE YOU DAFT!!!!

GylonTDorn: ::He doesn't call any words to stop instead he swing his blade toward Archer::
Captain Perlai: ::he grabbed a serving platter and flung it like a discus at
Velon::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::crawling low knocking knees out of his way::
Niqueliece: :: with all her small might, drags the magistrates chair over backwards, catching his head
before it hits the floor ::
Lord Del Simmons: ::he spots "Velon":
Sherakai: ::Slowly, he went down on one knee::
Zharyka: Lord Simmons, get down! ::hissed anxiously::
Gjaki the Singer: ::Gjaki, in all the mess, stepped back, away from the battle; down he would
simply take up even more room::
Lord Del Simmons: Hang on...
Lord Del Simmons: I think I know that assassin.
Tiikk Tokk: ::quickly the Klockwork Guards calm the cahos near the MAgistrate, who
is still sitting in the chair::
Captain Perlai: ::Velon even::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::reaching the edge of the tent::
DanisiaChambray: What's going on? ::She couldn't see from her spot, one hand resting on Kai's
thigh::
Sierta: ::She's trying to make her way towards the entrance in hope of at least blocking the assassin
from leaving::
OnlineHost: "TiandeWhenthriel" has left the room.
OnlineHost: "TiandeWhenthriel" has entered the room.
Perching Bird V: ::All four arrows bear different fletchings; Velon kneels to the cloak on the floor,
swiping two more from it's inner lining.....Perlai's disc-shot clips his arm::
Lun de Trois: ::And slowly he crouched, near a table and eye to eye now with Tizn::
Amethystra: @::she ran, as best as she could in the fancy shoes, to the nearest tree. One by one, the
shoes came off and she speeded up as she made it behind the bark::
TiznTizn: :: decides this is his chance at more free cheese and gets up ::
Lord Del Simmons: ::squints, heedless of Zee's warning::
Sherakai: Someone's tried to assassinate the Magistrate. He's smoking. ::His voice was calm::
Captain Perlai: ::most of the guards were going toward the first attacker, so he
moved his attentions to Velon::
TiznTizn: :: grabs as much cheese as he can stuff in his robe pockets ::
Aralith Ferio: ::pushing past Sierta and making a path much alike Gjaki had, but not quite as big::
ApolloJamesMaran: (q) What a great move. ::cutting open the tent side::
Perching Bird V: ::he curses and moves, nocking as he goes; they do not know what will take out
the Magistrate, but they'll be damned to not try everything::
Lord Del Simmons: ::he slowly turns his head, following the trajectory::
Captain Perlai: ::grabbing a pair of serving platters and overlapping them::
Klockwork Guards: ::Swords swept out at Bivens as the soldiers backed Elben::
Lord Del Simmons: I say.
Sherakai: There's a second archer...
Elben Orensson: ::he DIVES for Archer Bivens - his blade only rakes the back of the man's leg - and
Elben sprawls::
Tiikk Tokk: ::clutching at one of the arrows he pulled it forth, breaking it off,
leaving the tip within::
Klockwork Guards: ::Perlai found three more following him::
Lun de Trois: ::watching the cheese lover::
Tiikk Tokk: ::that was not good::
Sherakai: You see now why I want my own tent?
Lord Del Simmons: He's firing upon the new Majister chap; that metal one.
Klockwork Guards: ::They had noted his change of direction, recognized him, and
followed::
TiznTizn: :: carefully places the dead chicken on a, now empty, cheese tray ::

Captain Perlai: Get the Magistrate to safety!!!:he pointed to one of the guards::
Check the tent for others!

ArcherBivens: **::lets out a cry as the blade scrapes his leg, and he goes down::**

Aralith Ferio: Talk to me Sierta..

Lord Del Simmons: How odd.

ArcherBivens: **::tumbles, bow falling to the side, knife still clutched in hand::**

BlissNLvjy: (s)These people just don't know how to throw a proper party.

Niqueliece: :: looks at the man :: (s) May I help?

Lord Del Simmons: ::he scans the crowd for Arman::

TiznTizn: :: grabs a loaf of bread on his way running out of the tent ::

Aralith Ferio: **::calling over his shoulder as he bowled over one screaming man that got in their way::**

DanisiaChambray: **::She nodded, trying to listen and make sense of the chaos around them::**

Elben Orensson: **::his sword is yanked from his grasp - stuck in Bivens' leg::**

Arman Ban Triam: **::tries to gage the situation, there were two attackers so far... eyes the magistrate who seemed surrounded, and then scans the rest of the tent for any potential threats::**

Sierta: **::Feline eyes now feral and a deep amber as she turns to Aralith::**

Perching Bird V: **::a glance towards Bivens; the man's down. Perlai's after Velon, and he zigzags through the crowd to get a clear shot::**

Klockwork Guards: **::With Bivens down, the guards lunged at him -- they would take him alive if they could, dead if they had to. Professionals they were.::**

TiandeWhentrieh: **::shaking -- of course she's shaking! -- she stayed right where she was thrown. Looking for the brave Elben amidst the chaos::**

Tiikk Tokk: **::the hole in his chest continued to grow, as more smoke poured forth::**

ApolloJamesMaran: **::holding open a new exit for the panicked crowd::**

Lord Del Simmons: I say! Armin!

Captain Perlai: **::Velon was his, he thought, hand on his untied blade, not drawing it for fear of skewering the crowd::**

ArcherBivens: **::in moments he is up, but the guards pounce on him, bringing him down again::**

Ysanne Solaste: **::She kept the dagger clutched tight in her hand, keeping it out of sight. She was still and silent,listening, trying to watch.::**

Sierta: **People have got to get out of here before innocents are killed.**

BlissNLvjy: **::she held the other side and let out a whistle, motioning people out the new exit::**

Arman Ban Triam: **::does not seem to be any more assassins in wait... he is about to make for the Archer that is already in tackle with one, when he hears his name?:: ::looks around incredulous::**

ArcherBivens: **::he slashes viciously with the knife, but the soldiers are too many and the blood gushes from the wound in his leg::**

Perching Bird V: **::...and hops up on the edge of a firebox; the flame is close to singeing him::**

Captain Perlai: **STAY DOWN!!!! DO YOU WANT TO GET SHOT!?**

Tiikk Tokk: **Oh my. ::his voice was off, slightly high pitched, then switching to a deeper tone:: This was not expected.**

Klockwork Guards: **::The guards with their short swords and shields seemed to have no such worry, as they swept after Perlai, as one rushed to the Magistrate:: Sir, we need to get you to safety!**

TiznTizn: **:: runs down the road to the lady that sold him the chicken and says :: I'll need a refund on that chicken ... didn't last more than 2 minutes.**

Elben Orensson: **Alive! Keep that man alive! ::screamed from his prone position, trying to scramble up, though amidst tabgled legs it is difficult::**

GylonTDorn: **::He swings, his blade aimed for the Archers other leg: Hold him.**

Lord Del Simmons: **::waves at Arman:: I say!**

TheArmandants: **<Jenna> Bivens! ::as the arrows shoot harmlessly to the ceiling and she sees the soldiers pounce on him::**

Sierta: ::Darting a glance to Bliss and AJ, giving Bliss a thankful smile::
Captain Perlai: ::flings another platter at Velon again::
Sherakai: ::His hand touched hers, stroking absently even as the muscles in his jaw tensed::
Perching Bird V: ::two more arrows, the mirror of Biven's scored pair, are shot at the smoking Magistrate::
TiznTizn: :: heads back to town with his newly found treasure of cheese and bread ::
Perching Bird V: ::...WHAM!::
IannonDestyranos: ::grabs a hold of Arman's boot:: Arman! You are no longer a Magistrate! Stay out of it!
TheArmandants: ::the man grabs her arm harshly, quieting her:: <Lee> We must find Garne. ::lowly:: Bivens is lost.
Lord Del Simmons: ::a bright grin for the man:: Good fortune you're no longer the Majister, else that might be you!
Zharyka: ::another astonished look at Del-the-walking-target; she started moving gracefully toward where she'd seen Iannon last, skirts hampering her::
Klockwork Guards: ::One of the golem guards, desperate, leapt before Velon's shot, shield up.::
Tiikk Tokk: <thunk> Thunk> ::Tikk Tokk looked up as they struck, his face actually encased in slight emotion, his hollow eyes wide::
Amethystra: @::peering around the tree, eyes widened as she witnessed massive amounts of people pouring out of the tent.. all running in the chaos caused by the assassin::
Perching Bird V: ::concentrating on the shot, Perlai's platter catches him square in the side!::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::waving people out of the exit cut into the side of the tent away from all the excitement:: Hurry hurry.
Niqueliece: :: works her way back around to her original perch ::
Captain Perlai: ::now was the time for the blade to come undone as he closed on Velon::
ArcherBivens: ::but it may be too late to keep the man alive, as one of the guards delivers a piercing blow to the man's lung::
Klockwork Guards: ::Too slow, it moved to stand before him, shielding him from further attacks.::
Aralith Ferio: ::his eyes clouded white for a moment, then cleared::
GylonTDorn: Yield or Die ::he shouts to the man as he struggled::
Captain Perlai: LIVE OR DIE!!!! ::he shouted::
Arman Ban Triam: ::that freezes him, and he finally spots Delwin:: ::he frowns darkly::
Ysanne Solaste: ::People were leaving, but she could not. Would not, until she found out what had happened to Gylon::
BlissNLvjy: Stay calm, move along. Mind your steps. ::waving people out::
Aralith Ferio: ::watching over Sierta still as he moved with her or in front of her to give her the path she wanted::
Lord Del Simmons: ::then he spots ::Del's attention has since wandered back to the inside fray::
ArcherBivens: ::with a gasp the boy stiffens, then his slashing hand stills:: Father...
Sierta: ::Motioning for people to go to the new exit beside Bliss and AJ:: Go over there and leave the tent.
Elben Orensson: No!! ::throws himself at a guard - too late!::
DanisiaChambray: ::Dani slid her hand into Kai's, intertwining her fingers lightly with his::
GylonTDorn: ::he lowered his blade:: Just kill him
Lord Del Simmons: ::not the "spots" part, of course::
Perching Bird V: ::he looks to his attacker bearing down on him:: I WILL DIE A SILVER MOON KNIGHT!
Klockwork Guards: ::A wooden golem of heavy oak with inlays of bronze was closest on Perlai's heels, its gnoll partner following after.::
Perching Bird V: ::...leaps away from Perlai, THROUGH the fire of the firebox::
Perching Bird V: ::ow::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::he whistles keeping the crowd moving away from the gaurds::
Ysanne Solaste: ::Silver Moon Knight! She heard that and found herself standing to see better::
Captain Perlai: ::has one more platter...aims at the back of the fleeing Velon's legs::
Amethystra: @::she was at a distance enough to feel like she wouldn't be in danger.. and moved to the side of the tree, watching more people rush out of the tent::
Lord Del Simmons: ::curses loudly and starts toward the inflammatory Velon::
TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::nods, eyes sweeping the room, willing herself not to see the altercation at the other side of the tent::
Sierta: ::Hearing the words of one of the men now down, her heart almost stops in her chest::
ApolloJamesMaran: Ysanne!
Klockwork Guards: ::The guards on Bivens attempt to hold him still as he stops resisting, perhaps too late::
Arman Ban Triam: ::he pauses as he hears the man's cries, and curses under his breath, and starts to make his way to where Perlai had gone in pursuit::
Sherakai: ::His head tipped back and forth as he watched and listened::
Lord Del Simmons: You do and I'll _____ing kill you myself!
GylonTDorn: ::as the words left his mouth Gylon's blade again raised toward him::
Ysanne Solaste: ::She caught sight of AJ, but shook her head vigorously. She couldn't leave!::
GylonTDorn: He dies!
ApolloJamesMaran: ::he motions for her to stay down::
Tiikk Tokk: ::Tikk Tokk grasped at the second two shafts, and then slumped forward still sitting, his arms dropping limp at its side, and smoke still pouring from its chest, the inner light in its eyes blinked once::
Sierta: Aralith, I have to try and stop any more. ::Moving as fast as the long skirt will allow, her daggers now free though held tight to her side and she begins to move silently::
Zharyka: ::crawling out of the dance floor, convinced Del is raving::
IannonDestyranos: Arman...! ::calls out futilely, but stays where he is at, wide eyes looking about frantically for Mechella and Zharyka::
TheArmandants: <Lee> Go! ::in an urgent whisper:: We will each move separately, remember the plan. ::then with the squeeze of a hand and the look of a concerned lover, he pushed her away::
Tiikk Tokk: ::then twice::
OnlineHost: "GeneralKnowles" has entered the room.
Elben Orensson: Rogue knights! ::his thoughts flew to Angeli briefly - quickly - before he dispersed the vision: ::she would never go against the empire.....::
TiandeWhenthriel: ::her eyes wide, a hand up to cover her mouth; it was all she could do to keep from screaming. Or hyperventilating::
IannonDestyranos: ::the latter he spots and he rises low and rushes to her side::
Ysanne Solaste: ::She was looking for Gylon amidst the chaos....::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::looking for Bliss across the fleeing throng::
Perching Bird V: ::hard to run in the crowd, the platter is certain to catch him again; and Garne Saerndakk stumbles!::
Klockwork Guards: ::Soldiers clustered around the Magistrate now, forming a shield wall::
Captain Perlai: ::not as young as he used to be, but he was persistent, trained::
Klockwork Guards: ::Two tried to help him up:: Sir... sir... we need to get you to safety!
Lord Del Simmons: ::kindasorta jumping over prone people:: You lackwit, must you be so secretive?
ApolloJamesMaran: ::sure he was helping others in the plan to get away and not caring a fig::
Tiikk Tokk: ::and then the light fades to black, and he flalls over onto the floor with a clank and thud::
GylonTDorn: ::He bends down to look at the one who arrows flew::
Niqueliece: :: :: looking down on the runing and screaming ::
BlissNLvjy: Keep moving! ::pulling someone out:: Don't look back!

TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::There! she sees him! across the room -- he too had been discovered::

Zharyka: ::reaching for Iannon's hand gratefully and glancing around:: Where's Arman?

Lord Del Simmons: ::he's trying to get to Garne, but there are a lot of people in the way::

Elben Orensson: ::he cradles ArcherBivens, putting his hand to the hole in the assassin's chest, blood seeping through his fingers:: Vivomancer! I need a vivomancer!!

GylonTDorn: Who is he?

Captain Perlai: ::he began throwing people aside harshly, a powerful man as the distance closed:: If you run, we will kill you!

GylonTDorn: Who was he?

OnlineHost: "TiznTizn" has left the room.

Lord Del Simmons: ::snatches up a stool as he picks through the crowd::

Perching Bird V: ::Garne's trying desperately to GET OUT but there are a lot of people in the way! Where was that escape plan?::

ArcherBivens: ::continues to gasp, blood filling his lungs, dribbling from the side of his mouth::

Amethystra: @::she was looking intently at the people rushing out, trying to see if she recognized any of them and worrying until those that she knew were accounted for::

ArcherBivens: ::his chest heaves with each burbling inhale:: Father... for ...

Aralith Ferio: ::he pounded through people and as he moved with Sierta he swept Ysanne in front of him between himself and Sierta::

ArcherBivens: **Father...**

Klockwork Guards: ::Guards cluster at the exits, those who have not answered, and now more have surrounded the tent.::

Arman Ban Triam: ::darting for the second assassin as well, having a different angle to the pursuit from Perlai::

Sherakai: Let's get you out of here... ::His voice was soft as he stood, pulling her upright::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::a loud whistle to keep people moving for the new makeshift exit people are still flowing through::

Klockwork Guards: ::They block the true exits, steel waiting any who try them.::

Sierta: ::Pausing to look down at the young assassin, hearing his dying words::

GeneralKnowles: @::he approaches the tent cautiously, not sure about the commotion::

Captain Perlai: ::distance still closing as people bent to his hand, scattered with little regard because they were too stupid to listen to his repeated warnings::

Tiikk Tokk: ::Tikk Tokk lies there on the ground, unmoving, the smoke tapering off a bit, but still coming forth::

IannonDestyranos: Zharyka... he is... ::lifts his head to look about: He went on after one of the archers...

GylonTDorn: ::he leans toward the cry for father:: What father do you seek?

DanisiaChambray: ::She stood:: How?

Ysanne Solaste: No! ::She tried to pull away from Aralith:: Gylon's still in there...

Lord Del Simmons: ::muttering as he dashes:: Of course I could use a blade now. But do I have one? No. No, I don't.

Aralith Ferio: Ysanne..Stick with her, I don't believe I can...::stiff arm a path for Ysanne::

Lun de Trois: ::And there he was, unnoticed, thanks to the shadows... staring at a dead chicken::

Sherakai: Or maybe not ::he eyed the exits::

GeneralKnowles: @::frowns:: <m> What in the world?

Aralith Ferio: I will find Gylon.

Captain Perlai: FAN AROUND THE TENT! DON'T LET HIM CUT HIS WAY OUT!

BlissNLvjy: Oh, now that's good guard, trap innocents in the middle of a fight..

Zharyka: He *what*? ::she half-stood, eyes searching::

Sierta: Ysanne, Gylon is here...

Sierta: ::Looking to Gylon as he stands near the dying youth::

Lun de Trois: ::staring and staring... whispering the shadows to wreathe about the white feathers::

DanisiaChambray: <q> It's a tent. It cuts.

BlissNLvjy: ::course, they'd already done that and were guiding people out::
OnlineHost: "Tiikk Tokk" has left the room.
Amethystra: @::still remaining behind a tree some distance from the tent, she was startled when she saw Westin.. and it appeared that he was going IN there::
Perching Bird V: ::zags unfortunately closer to Arman, shoving startled people behind him to obscure Perlai's view::
Klockwork Guards: ::At Perlai's orders, some of those at the entrances answered like clockwork, dashing around the perimeter on the outside.::
Aralith Ferio: ::his words were calm as he moved a different path through the crowd till he heard Sierta call that Gylon was ahead of Ysanne and himself::
Elben Orensson: ::helpless, holding the dying... boy...? Oh, sweet Nostrella...::
Sherakai: Yes, I know ::He nodded toward the archer trying to escape::
GeneralKnowles: @::he stops, ducking into the shadows, hand dropping to Firestrike's hilt::
TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::hitching her skirts she turns her head wildly, then, making the quick decision, runs staight for the fleeing archer::
Lord Del Simmons: ::Hail-Maries the stool in the general direction of the chase, ahead of him::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::seeing the true exits being blocked:: Get out Bliss.
OnlineHost: "Klockwork Master" has entered the room.
Klockwork Guards: ::Two guardsmen were trying to push through the crowd now as well, hoping to cut Garne off.::
Captain Perlai: ::ducks and rises, flinging someone up and away::
Ysanne Solaste: ::Seeing Gylon now, she stopped::
Arman Ban Triam: ::he too was pushing through people:: Out of the way!! ::as if he was still the magistrate... the man was within close sight::
Lun de Trois: ::blowing air at the dead thing until it began to twitch::
Sherakai: What difference is it going to make if we're stuck here or outside?
Captain Perlai: Sorry! Excuse me!
Lord Del Simmons: ::it stands a good chance of hitting someone::
GeneralKnowles: @::spying a tree, he heads over to duck behind it::
Captain Perlai: ::thwack, with the back of his arm:: Pardon! Get down!!!
Klockwork Guards: Stop! Halt!
BlissNLvjy: Feh. ::she grinned:: Most fun I've had a tivilli in ages.
TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::runs straight for him, dodging chaotic and inflamed patrons, pushing people out of the way, trusting Lee has made it out and is preparing for their escape::
Sierta: ::Her words those of her own tongue as she looks to the dying youth but one can tell it is a prayer for the dying::
Lun de Trois: ::wings suddenly fanning out and flapping as dead toes scabble for purchase on the smooth table top::
ApolloJamesMaran: Get out, please!
Captain Perlai: ::the flung person gets nailed by a stool, doubly battered::
Ysanne Solaste: ::The crowd moved around her, but she went no further, staring back towards Gylon::
GylonTDorn: Warrior ::he watches the life leaving the archers eyes:: You fight with no honor and call to father.
Lun de Trois: ::The chicken's head hung awkwardly to the side::
Lord Del Simmons: ::skids to a stop and thinks::
GeneralKnowles: @::there he finds Amethystra:: Honey, my dear...
Lord Del Simmons: Hang on.
IannonDestyranos: Stay down Zharyka! ::in warning::
Lord Del Simmons: I know the best way out of here.
Lun de Trois: ::swinging there on it's broken neck::
Amethystra: Westin! What are you... you're going IN there?
Lord Del Simmons: ::there's a toppled chair by his feet::
Arman Ban Triam: ::his eyes widened as the man's features were clearly glimpsed... he knew him::

Zharyka: ::she'd no idea Arman was no longer wanted; she wrung her hands worriedly, crouching again::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::once the Klockworks saw the make shift exit cut in the tent, someone was going to answer::

Klockwork Master: ::just outside the west entrance to the pavillion the air rippled slightly a single point of light appearing in the air::

GeneralKnowles: @ ::peers toward the tent:: By the goddess, what is going on?

Gjaki the Singer: ::Gjaki remains within the tent, watchign in silence, deciding that if he were to move, he would merely add to the chaos with his great bulk, with so many frail humans around he could too easily hurt by trying to help::

Sherakai: ::The silver-wrapped arm flexed and he held the hilt of a small blade in his hand::

Lun de Trois: ::a faint tinge of red to its beady, glassy eyes::

Aralith Ferio: ::his chest heaving with heavy breaths as he was not out of the rushing crowd as most of them had ran out::

Perching Bird V: ::grunting, he shoulders hard into a knot of people, aiming for the supposed escape route at the back of the tent::

Lord Del Simmons: ::he brings a foot down on it, hard, breaking the legs::

Klockwork Master: ::a second later the point stretched into a single thin line::

Amethystra: ::she was panicked:: I was in there for a while, danced with AJ.. later I talked to this fellow who asked someone who must have been his servant for an egg.

Perching Bird V: ::with all the crowd, he has no idea how far behind him Perlai is::

BlissNLvjy: Not without you! ::with a go on, I dare you look::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She took a few steps back, out of the way of the pressing crowd::

Captain Perlai: ::reaches out, trying to grab V::

Arman Ban Triam: ::perhaps that shock caught him and he crashed into a guest, who was also frantically trying to get out in panic

Captain Perlai: ::that's how close::

Niqueliece: :: settled on her perch, leans down, scritching the top of Gjaki's head ::

Klockwork Master: ::the line then stretched into a two dimensional flat image of the Klockwork Master::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::he shakes his head::

Klockwork Guards: ::A ring had formed now around the tent, a solid ring of soldiers, more pouring in as word spread, rushing to reach the tent::

Sherakai: Too bloody far... ::he murmured, looking around the pavillion::

GylonTDorn: ::he looks to Elben :: Let him die.

Amethystra: @The guy came back with a chicken. And the first one snapped the chicken's head right there! I got all sick and came outside for some fresh air.

Klockwork Master: ::a soft "pop" as the two dimensions stretched to three::

Lun de Trois: ::The mage sat in the trampled grass which gave the chicken a nest of bloody fabric to nest in::

Lord Del Simmons: ::he catches up a piece of wood and turns to a firebox::

TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::chest heaving, she finally makes it past a throng of fleeing people, and comes along the side, ready to cut the archer off::

Sierta: ::Turning slowly away from the youth as she hears Gylon's words, now looking for Aralith::

Lord Del Simmons: ::thrust::

Klockwork Guards: ::One of the soldeirs over Bivens said:: We can'

Lun de Trois: ::It hopped from the table and settled beneath the stroking touch of the mage who now wore the shadows like a cloak::

GeneralKnowles: @::he shakes his head, just wondering what's going on, not wanting to charge in without at least an idea of what's happening::

Aralith Ferio: ::standing a bit back and to the side of Sierta, Gylon and Ysanne::

Amethystra: @All I know is that when I was out here, there was screaming inside. And I could have sworn that there was someone shooting arrows at people inside.

Perching Bird V: ::one.more.thrust.... and snag!! Perlai's got his shirt:: By Gaia!

Klockwork Guards: 't let him die. He may know things we must learn.

Lord Del Simmons: ::he hums (off-key, of course) as he waits for the wood to catch::

Elben Orensson: ::through gritted teeth, he shakes his head at Gylon:: He's... he's just a boy. Some rehabilitation, maybe--

Arman Ban Triam: ::more screams and people around them scatter, crashing into pursuing Klockwork Guards in chaos and panic::

Lun de Trois: (w) I will call you Miles II.

Klockwork Master: ::standing there, the Klockwork Master looked around, the mask on the face peering left and right::

Captain Perlai: ::he swung with the other hand, trying to sap Garne::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She remembered the dagger she held and bent quickly to tuck it back into her boot::

GylonTDorn: ::Glances up to the soldier:: Yes, you can

ArcherBivens: ::gasps once more, the boy's young features evident on his quickly paling face -- he could be no more than 17 winters::

Klockwork Guards: ::Two soldiers had been close behind Perlai, two more now almost there from another angle::

Perching Bird V: ::trying to what?::

DanisiaChambray: ::She had no suggestions. She kept alert, watching and listening::

Captain Perlai: ::knock him out with a blow to the back of the head::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::shooing a few more outside::

Sierta: ::Quietly to Ysanne and Aralith:: There is nothing we can do here, let us go outside

GeneralKnowles: @::he shakes his head again, noting all the Klock forces::

Lun de Trois: ::the abomination opened its beak but could not crow::

Amethystra: @People poured out of the tent.. it's crazy.. I know that Kai, Dani, AJ, Sierta and Gjaki were in there.

IannonDestyranos: ::he had heard a call for a Vivomancer but couldn't not make out from where in all this chaos, he looked up again:: Anyone injured?? ::he called out trying to be heard over the noise::

Lord Del Simmons: ::it takes a while, but the wood finally catches::

ArcherBivens: ::leary eyes turn to the one who said to let him die:: You ---- one -- ::coughs up more blood:: without honor ... For ... ::gasps:: Dreven

Sherakai: Nothing like news that comes too late, is there?

Ysanne Solaste: I know...::she whispered to Sierta:: I just...I don't want to leave...

Klockwork Master: ::noting the commotion, the yelling and the chaos the Klockwork Master sighed:: Typically Dreven.

Aralith Ferio: Sierta..Ysanne..both of you ok? Gylon?

Lord Del Simmons: ::Del dashes to the nearest edge of the cloth tent::

ArcherBivens: **And ... for ... father ... ::and his head falls to the side, wide eyes empty::**

Klockwork Master: ::the Klockwork Master moved toward the tent flaps::

GeneralKnowles: @ I should have brought my men... ::his hand closes over the barrel of his war-horn::

Zharyka: ::she glanced around as Iannon called out, ready to help as well::

Amethystra: @::pointing out the Klockwork around the tent:: Looks like they're trying to get things in control...

GylonTDorn: You ...::he whispered:: no nothing of honor.

Lord Del Simmons: ::squats::

Lun de Trois: ::He stroked the silky feathers, not a few had already begun to slough off::

Ysanne Solaste: I'm fine. ::She let out a shaky breath::

Amethystra: @You may want to talk to one of them to see how you can help.

TiandeWhenthriel: ::hardly able to move for her shock, she could only stare as the Klockwork Master appeared and started towards the exit::

Klockwork Guards: ::As the Master approached, a soldier noticed him and they opened a path for him, reverently almost::

Sierta: The young one is dead. ::She can't tell Ysanne of the words she'd heard by either the assassin or Gylon::

Lun de Trois: ::Pale white against crimson::

Ysanne Solaste: What happened here, was the magistrate killed? I couldn't see.

GeneralKnowles: @ ::he nods, still frowning:: That I could do...

Lord Del Simmons: ::and carefully props the burning chair-leg nearby the cloth::

Amethystra: @Oh! Ysanne was in there with her mystery fellow, too.

Perching Bird V: ::Perlai's got his shirt, and drags Garne back for a punch; the assassin halts and reverses, moving backwards INTO Perlai. The blow connects, but with far less force than Perlai would have wanted::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::finally the flow trickles and dies off, Bliss and AJ hold open a cut in the tent's cloth::

Elben Orensson: ::he shakes it off... letting the body slide to the floor. Glancing at his bloody hands, wiping them on his finery::

Klockwork Master: ::not even noticing the guards the Klockwork Master entered the tent from the west, and appraised the situation inside::

Klockwork Guards: ::And then the two guards who had angled in from the side arrived, and a stout human lunged to tackle Garne::

GylontDorn: Are there others? ::he asked the guards::

Lord Del Simmons: ::waves his hands:: Come on, come on.

Sierta: ::Turning her back, using Aralith as a shield as she quickly slips the daggers back into the sheaths strapped to her thighs::

Elben Orensson: ::...and THEN he noticed the Klockwork Master::

Klockwork Guards: ::Behind Perlai, the other two were trying to move around to aid him.::

BlissNLvjy: (s)Bet you a gold we'll all get arrested.

TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::screeches to a halt as she sees Garne in a fight with Klockwork soldiers::

Klockwork Master: ::softly:: Enough.

GeneralKnowles: @:: setting his chin, he moves out from the shadows, heading for the tent::

Perching Bird V: ::SACKED on all sides!::

Perching Bird V: ::ARG::

ApolloJamesMaran: (q) Why do you think I wanted you to go?

Elben Orensson: ::he grabbed up his sword and sheathed it, moving closer, in a protective fashion::

Lord Del Simmons: ::he finally gets frustrated and turns::

Perching Bird V: ::FAILED PLAN!::

Captain Perlai: ::tries grappling Garne, expecting the following soldiers to assist::

Lun de Trois: (w) How nice of you to throw me such a wonderful party. ::Rocking now, with the undead chicken in his lap::

Arman Ban Triam: ::reached where the mass had gathered on Garne, and paused but a step away::

Amethystra: @::whispers furtively after Westin:: Careful...

Lord Del Simmons: ::gauges his distance::

Lord Del Simmons: ::deeeeeeep breath::

Klockwork Guards: ::The golem reached forward as it reached Perlai's side, wooden hands flexing as it grasped at Garne.::

Sierta: ::Taking Aralith's hand and Ysanne's:: Come over to the edge at least.

BlissNLvjy: ::she actually grinned at him:: (s)I know, I know, I'm so over dressed for prison.

Zharyka: ::something made her turn, drew her attention; her gaze landed squarely on the Klockwork Master::

Arman Ban Triam: ::was it he remembered he had no authority here? or the identity of the man that froze him in his tracks?::

Klockwork Master: ::the mask peered about again and the fingers on the right hand seemed to twitch::

Aralith Ferio: ::waiting for Sierta to give word that they were leaving::

TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::curses under her breath and stops, wild eyes sweeping everywhere, when she catches sight of some familiar faces::

GeneralKnowles: @ ::he nods:: Always. ::the moves closer to the tent::

Perching Bird V: ::he's scuffling among the men, still seeking escape::

Lord Del Simmons: ::and he CHARGES at the central pole, shoulderfirst, face set::

Zharyka: ::softly:: Fates and Goddess.

Ysanne Solaste: ::She took Sierta's hand absently and allowed herself to be led to the edge::

Captain Perlai: ::bears down his weight on Garne for the golem to take him::

Aralith Ferio: ::looking around:: Yes, Ysanne...

ApolloJamesMaran: ::a grin:: YOu are one hardheaded woman.

Lord Del Simmons: ::like a locomotive... in yellow pants::

Klockwork Guards: ::The gnoll arrived a moment later, and another golem following the tackling human, as they attempted to help Perlai pull the man down.::

Arman Ban Triam: Do not kill him. ::he simply said, although not as the Magistrate he had assumed in the moment's chaos::

Klockwork Master: ::And it was then that time itself seemed to slightly slow down, or maybe it was just people's imagination::

Lord Del Simmons: ::three::

Lord Del Simmons: ::two::

Elben Orensson: ::the young soldier's face was grim - with a glance he could tell Magistrate Tokk was no more::

Lord Del Simmons: ::one::

Aralith Ferio: ::going with Sierta and Ysanne. Turning back to assure the unknown Gylon would be well::

Lun de Trois: (w) The only thing missing is fire...where is the fire... ::Pluck! The chicken didn't seem to notice he'd just stolen a pristine feather::

Klockwork Master: ::like being caught in a bad dream when you feet just won't move fast enough::

Lord Del Simmons: ::ooooonnnnnnnnnneee::

Klockwork Guards: ::Two soldiers stepped forward as Del charged, for they guarded the Magistrate.::

Arman Ban Triam: ::if he had anything else to say ... it did not come, his lips moving like molasses::

Klockwork Guards: Stop there!

Klockwork Master: ::and then it was gone, the feeling was just a moment, but enough to make any man or woman take a deep breath::

GylonTDorn: ::he stood slowly and looked around the crowd:: Have you never seen someone die before?

BlissNLvjy: (s)Fear is for the guilty. ::and she wasn't::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::what fresh hell was this::

GylonTDorn: Move!

Zharyka: ::she reached for Iannon, slllllllllllwwly, intending to convince him to leave::

Elben Orensson: ::furrows his brow at the madman who was not charging the Master - but rather the tent pole??:

Lord Del Simmons: ::and Del PLOWS into the central support pole::

Elben Orensson: <w> What madness...?

Sierta: ::Moving to stand beside Bliss and AJ along with Ysanne and Aralith::

Lun de Trois: (w) To smell the smoke... breath in it's essence. Dig my fingers into charcoal remains... ::He shuddered in imagined bliss::

Perching Bird V: ::sneering, the golem has ahold of him, as does Perlai::

Sherakai: ::He took an involuntary step backward::

Sierta: I have to find Gjaki

IannonDestyranos: ::he began to turn then found himself caught for a second... eyes widened, but then the present came back roaring as if muted only for a second::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::looking around him:: All are well?

IannonDestyranos: ::he gasped and blinked a bit disoriented::

Lord Del Simmons: ::bellowing with a mixture of intent and expected pain::

Aralith Ferio: Gjaki will find us Sierta..I am sure he is well.

Klockwork Master: #:Tikk Tokk lies there very dead, or deactivated, or

something::

Lord Del Simmons: ::krackk::

Captain Perlai: ::swaying in the slowness of the air, trying to control his own movements but unable::

TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::then, thankfully, she sees the man charging the pole::
<w> Genius...

GeneralKnowles: ::he stops just outside the ring of guards::

Amethystra: @::shaking her head, thinking that she was lucky that Lun had freaked her out.. or she would still be in the tent. And who knew what was going on in there::

Klockwork Guards: ::The guards lunged for Del, tossing down their weapons and trying to grapple him::

Zharyka: ::she shook her head as time resumed properly, and she tugged on Iannon's arm:: We need to leave.

Sierta: ::Nodding to AJ then to Aralith while keeping hold of Ysanne's hand:: Ysanne, are you alright?

Elben Orensson: ::The Klockwork Master protected, he looked quickly for Tiande - to assure himself of her safety::

BlissNLvjy: ::blinks:: Oh...that's familiar..

Captain Perlai: ::how can you look quickly when time slows down?::

Klockwork Master: ::a little louder:: Enough.

Niqueliece: ::drawing the scene quietly ::

Lun de Trois: (w) How hot to get it till it glows? Till it burns? ::His gaze looked up...and over to the now deactivated magistrate::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::Ysanne, Arilth, Sierta::

TiandeWhenthriel: ::she was safe. She hadn't moved from where she'd been thrown, a hand kept to her mouth to stifle her soft sobs::

Arman Ban Triam: ::whatever words he had planned on saying instead was ejected out as a gasp as he caught himself in a disorienting shift::

Lord Del Simmons: ::Del follows through as the support pole breaks, and the tent begins to collapse downward, topfirst::

Aralith Ferio: What's familiar?::looking at Bliss::

Ysanne Solaste: I'm all right ::she said softly:: Are you Sierta?

Klockwork Guards: ::Four guards now helped Perlai deal with Garne.::

IannonDestyranos: ::blinks then looks to Zharyka:: ::shakes his head:: I... I cannot. There may be people hurt.

ApolloJamesMaran: YOU three would be wise not to be near this hole.

TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::and thankfully, the tent begins to fall::

Sierta: ::Ducking as the tent begins to collapse::

Klockwork Master: ::And then for a moment the mask turned to look at Lun, just a moment::

Elben Orensson: ::points to the nearest two klockwork guards, gesturing at **Damnable Delwin Simmons**...::

Klockwork Master: ::and then back to the scene::

Lord Del Simmons: ::issa big tent, so it takes a couple-five seconds or so::

Perching Bird V: ((I lost an I<))

Sierta: Aralith, Ysanne go outside! ::Knowing to well what AJ means::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::as yet no one seemed to have noticed the hole cut in the tent::

GylonTDorn: ::Disgusted he turned away and looked back inside the tent, as it fell::

Perching Bird V: ((AN IM rather))

Elben Orensson: **Stop him!**

Ysanne Solaste: ::Then she looked up, oh so slowly. And cursed::

Zharyka: ::as part of the tent falls toward them:: We're going to be hurt if we don't get out! ::tugging with all her might::

Lord Del Simmons: THAT...

BlissNLvjy: Time to step out...and out the hole in the tent she goes as it starts to come down::

GeneralKnowles: ::he shakes his head:: What is going on here!

Lord Del Simmons: ... HURT!

Niqueliece: :: holds on for dear life to her perch as the tent collapses ::

Captain Perlai: ((Brief interjection. The world is in slow motion.))

Captain Perlai: ((Roleplay accordingly))

Klockwork Guards: ::Guards were reaching for Del, trying to hold him as he inserted himself into the chaos.::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::it was all happening so slllllowly::

BlissNLvjy: ::steps out in slow motion::

Lord Del Simmons: ::"and then it passed," no?::

Klockwork Master: ((That was only for a brief second, to gain attention))

TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::springing to ation, she grabs a pitcher and reaches to slam it on the head of Captain Perlai::

Elben Orensson: ::.....slllowlyyyy... dives.....::

Captain Perlai: ((Agh! Carry on!))

Arman Ban Triam: ::looks up as the tent begins to fall all around them::

Lun de Trois: (w) Plant a lima bean and something happens. ::His gaze never wavered. Staring intently at the corpse? and petting his chicken rather slowly::

Zharyka: ((It's back to normal))

Elben Orensson: The---tent!!

Sherakai: There ::He pointed at the collapsing tent and began moving around the outside edge of the tent toward the back::

GylonTDorn: Ysanne ::he yells as he sees the tent fall::

Klockwork Guards: ::The gnoll looks up and cries:: Captain!

BlissNLvjy: Come on folks! Shake a tail!

Aralith Ferio: ::pushing Ysanne and Sierta out of the tent::

Captain Perlai: ::looks at the Klockwork Soldier:: What?

Zharyka: lannon, come on!

Lun de Trois: ::while the tent collapsed over him::

Lord Del Simmons: I say! Who put that pole there? I was rushing to assist the Klock forces!

Arman Ban Triam: What in ... ::he whispers as the tent canvas falls like a blanket around them all::

Klockwork Master: ::the mask shakes its head and again the finfers twitch as columns of stone burst from the ground to keep the tent from collapsing:: That will not do.

Sierta: ::Keeping a tight hand on Ysanne as she's pushed out of the tent, dragging Ysanne with her::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She blinked at Gylon yelled. And then was pushed out of the tent and away from it all::

Gylon!

Perching Bird V: ::yes, the TENT! The stakes are pulling loose around the sides, creative folk might jump on them to help stabilize the central beam::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::ushering Bliss, Sierta, Ysanne and Aralith outside before they are all caught::

(q) Go!

Captain Perlai: ::tells the Klockwork Creature holding Garne:: Do not let go. Snap his legs if he tries to escape.

Amethystra: @::she looked around at the spare carriages.. and didn't see anyone tending to some of them. She climbed on in the driver's seat of a cart::

Arman Ban Triam: ::more SCREAMS and cries as people flee to get out, many running into and pushing against the Perlai and his soldiers::

DanisiaChambray: ::Hesitating slightly, she started to follow Kai::

OnlineHost: "Lessamonde" has left the room.

Klockwork Master: ::in no place do the columns go up where people are, only on the sides and in the middle to avert disaster::

Sierta: ::Once free of the chaos, she turns and speaks quietly:: AJ, Bliss go now.

Lord Del Simmons: ::meanwhile, well beyond the focus of everyone's attention, a small part of the tent has caught fire... ::

Amethystra: @::clucking her tongue, she snapped the reins of the two horses, getting them to move

around the tent and she looked for people that she would know::

GylonTDorn: ::He thought he heard her call back but he could find her::

Zharyka: ::ooing as people stumble into her, trying to hang on to Iannon::

Captain Perlai: ::snarls at Jenna, swinging with the back of his hand to attempt at throw her back::

Lun de Trois: ::Oh ho! Was that stone? Now his lion's gaze fixed on the Klockwork Master::

IannonDestyranos: Zharyka... please go! Get to safety! ::he pushes her as he rises::

Sherakai: ::A column erupted right in front of him and he jerked out of the way::

IannonDestyranos: I... I have to find Lady Courescant... ::he looks around with wide eyes::

Klockwork Guards: ::Grim-faced soldiers reach for Lord Del Simmons to bring him to bear, keep him under control::

Amethystra: @::she noticed Sierta, AJ and Bliss.. calling out:: Get in!

Sierta: ::Looking back at the chaos:: I have to find Gjaki!

TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::shifts to the side, reflexes quick, and brings the pitcher down nonetheless, not sure where it will fall::

Elben Orensson: ::blinks at the rising stone columns::By the gods!

Perching Bird V: ::Garne is held fast by a Klockwork Golem, the Tent is no longer collapsing, and the KLOCKWORK MASTER is HERE TO SMITE THE DISSENTERS!::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::he has not yet fled the tent as more start rushing at Del's attack on the center pole::

IannonDestyranos: ::and they are both bumped and jostled from all sides by screaming panicked guests::

BlissNLvjy: Oh, will everyone kindly stop trying to shield me like I'm some damsel. But thank you for your concern, Sierta.

Captain Perlai: ::gets clamped on the shoulder, grunting and grabbing at her arm::

Lord Del Simmons: ::Del's just trying to get up, using the arm that wasn't the shoulder that hit the beam that felled the tent that lived in the house that Klock built::

Niqueliece: :: holding on to her perch as it starts to collapse ::

Klockwork Master: ::The Klockwork Master looked to a guard:: There is a fire somewhere in hear. Take care of it. Now. ::no emotion in the tone::

Zharyka: ::as he pushes her away, his words sink in; and then the crowd breaks her hold on him and she's rushed out with several people::

TiandeWhenthriel: ::keeping her hand pressed firmly over her mouth to keep herself from doing more than just sobbing, she remained on the ground, sitting up and just...witnessing. Terrified::

Sierta: ::Chuckling softly:: Bliss, I did not mean it in that way, I would just hate to see any of our dresses spoiled within a cell.

Amethystra: @::the horses pawed at the dirt, snorting as Ameth pulled the horses to a stop near Bliss and Sierta::

Lun de Trois: ::Finally a fire and they were going to put it out?::

GeneralKnowles: ::he just stands there, outside the tent, flustered and flummoxed, shaking his head::

Klockwork Guards: ::The gnoll rises and growls as it steps around Perlai, three others still holding Garne down, and swings its shield at Perlai's attacker::

Ysanne Solaste: ::Home. She wanted to be home, away from all of this, with a glass of serky in her hand. She sighed::

Arman Ban Triam: ::blinks and simply looks up at the display of power at the center of the tent... and then only does he see the Klockwork Master within the premises::

GylonTDorn: Fire ::he looked about unsure if the command was his, but then who would ask whom the master directed::

Klockwork Master: ::looking to another guard:: Also be sure no one leaves the grounds outside. There are extra guards out there now.

Sierta: Ame, thank you but I have to find Gjaki and I need a quiet walk.

Captain Perlai: You should not have done that.::he brought his shoulder back with a loud pop::

Sherakai: ::His movement halted and he looked over the tangled crowd, the muscle in his jaw

bunching::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::the occasional glance can be caught of AJ as he rushes more people out::
Perching Bird V: ::yes, a small section of the tent is on fire, and it goes UNNOTICED for the time being. The spread is slow::
BlissNLvjy: And I've done nothing to be arrested for beside run away from an attack.
Amethystra: @Where is AJ and Gjaki? ::panicked for her friends::
TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::snatches at her skirts and parries, shrieking as the gnoll comes after her -- though does tht mean it has released its hold on Garne?!?:
Klockwork Guards: ::The man the Master spoke to immediately moved to deal with the fire, grabbing a noble's cloak in the process to beat it out::
GeneralKnowles: ::he looks one way and then another, trying to decide::
Lun de Trois: ::He was about to do something but then remembered... Miles would kill him::
Captain Perlai: ::::there are still three other soldiers holding Garne:::
BlissNLvjy: @Still inside, Ame...:there were guards everywhere she looked::
Sierta: @ I don't know where Gjaki is
GylonDorn: ::He nods to a few guards and then heads toward the fire::
Perching Bird V: ::And the KLOCKWORK MASTER requires awe!::
Captain Perlai: ::one made out of metal::
DanisiaChambray: What now?
Amethystra: @::nodding:: I'll help some of the others if you don't want to go yet...
Perching Bird V: ::Garne is still for the moment, tensed. Waiting::
GeneralKnowles: @ ::his fingers close around his horn::
Sierta: ::Turning to Aralith then stepping close to him::
Elben Orensson: ::A movement in the crowd - a brief parting - and he caught sight of Tiande:: ::she looked frightened - and could have been hurt in the melee!::
Aralith Ferio: ::standing at the makeshift hole that AJ and Bliss had provided earlier::
Klockwork Guards: ::The gnoll snarls as it closes on Jenna::
Captain Perlai: ::hopefully he would not be required to draw his sword::
Sierta: @ Go, Ame. Help others get free of this.
Aralith Ferio: ::his eyes clouded over white as he looked into the crowd::
GylonDorn: ::Glancing around for Ysanne he worked on the flames as well::
Lord Del Simmons: ::looks up and around:: I say. Where did those pillars come from?
ApolloJamesMaran: ::he should be running running running.... why was he still ushering people out::
Elben Orensson: ::Against his better judgement he left the Klockwork Master's side - still with his own guard of course - and went to aid Tiande::
Klockwork Master: ::the mask glanced toward another guard:: Bring me to the assassins. ::how the Klockwork Master knew, was anyone's guess::
TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::agile and quick from years of training, she dives easily under a table and rolls, trying to lose herself in the crowd::
Zharyka: ::she finally managed to break out of the panicked group of people, near the edge of the tent; she turned to see what was occurring::
Sherakai: Now I grind my teeth... ::His brows were furrowed::
IannonDestyranos: ::seems caught as he looks upon Garne's face now apprehended::
Klockwork Guards: ::Two soldiers seem intent on helping Del up, and keeping him right where he is::
Ysanne Solaste: @::She was outside the tent, looking at the chaos, and trying to stay out of the way of it::
Amethystra: @::nodding, she waved over to random people to climb into the cart. When it was filled, she set the cart in motion to take them away from the fighting that still seemed to be going on::
OnlineHost: "ArcherBivens" has left the room.
GylonDorn: ::He heard the command and went again to the place by the side flap::
Lord Del Simmons: I mean... here I was, trying to flee in terror, and there's this pole in my way, and the next thing I know, someone's erected a building inside and my shoulder hurts.
Aralith Ferio: I don't see Gjaki, Sierta.
Sierta: Aralith...:She only wants to be away from this madness though she knows she must stay if for

nothing else but her friends and to find Gjaki::
OnlineHost: "MecheIIa" has entered the room.
Captain Perlai: ::he grabbed at his shoulder and began to massage it, watching Garne from a safer distance and looking around for any other clever assailants::
Sierta: I have to go back in, I have to find him.
Ysanne Solaste: ::She found a small crate and...well, she sat::
Arman Ban Triam: ::gets jostled and pushed by those still in a rush to leave the place, he tries to make his way through the tent, looking intently for his lady::
Klockwork Guards: ::The gnoll follows after Jenna, trying to keep up with her, dropping low as it does so::
TiandeWhenthriel: ::luck stayed with her; she was unwounded. Merely frightened to death. But as she saw Elben, she started to rise. Not quite graceful, with one hand wiping messily at her shining cheeks::
BlissNLvjy: @::she was checking her dress, brushing dirt from it:: (vs)Angel will kill me if I mess this gown up.
GylonTDorn: ::Pushing others aside he took hold of the body of the young man and lifted him::
Aralith Ferio: I'll lead.
Elben Orensson: ::reaching her:: Lady Tainde...
GeneralKnowles: @ ::he paces back and forth, unable to make a decision with out more information::
Sierta: ::Nodding as she follows him::
Elben Orensson: ::er, Tiande::
Aralith Ferio: ::he knew she would go regardless of the pressure he put on her::
Klockwork Master: ::glancing about and then purposely walking toward the captured Garne::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::finally good sense seemed to take his feet but now he would not force his way into the second rush to escape::
Niqueliece: :: hits the something hard ::
Sherakai: ::Drawing a breath, he moved back toward the refreshment tables. It wasn't as though he'd gone far::
Elben Orensson: <q> You should leave as soon as possible. Allow me to escort you out. Please.
IannonDestyranos: ::gets jostled and pushed by those still in a rush to leave the place, he tries to make his way through the tent, looking intently for his lady::
Captain Perlai: ::he stepped back, lifting his sword arm to his stomach, gripping his sword belt to keep the strain from his shoulder::
Zharyka: ::a blink, watching the Klockwork Master from the outskirts of the tent::
GylonTDorn: ::Not saying anything he carried the body toward the Master, waiting for his acknowledgment::
IannonDestyranos: ::dammit::
Aralith Ferio: Stay to the inside circle of the tent...:his eyes clouded a bit more white::
Perching Bird V: ::caught up by three men, the archer holds still; his bow is lost somewhere amongst the crowd::
TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::fluidly rises to her feet from the roll, and takes off, pushing her way through the crowd, knowing the gnoll is behind her::
Aralith Ferio: ::he moved step after step around the inside of the tent::
GeneralKnowles: @ ::he raises the horn to his lips, but hesitates::
Amethystra: @::some distance away from the tent, she waited until the people got off the cart, some wounded and limping, but out of danger. She tipped her head and rode the cart back towards the tent::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::one commanded tm all::
DanisiaChambray: ::She went with Kai, keeping an eye on the guards::
TiandeWhenthriel: ::quiet, her words easily bore her fear on them. Well, her word.:: Elben.... ::her small hands reached to take one of his. Shaking::
Sierta: ::Holding up the now dirty and bloody skirt of her gown as she follows, to hell with modesty:: If he is standing we could see him easily.
Klockwork Guards: ::The guards holding up Del drag him over and set him by a

column, moving to help put out the fire then, one muttering:: Damn drunks.
Arman Ban Triam: ::stands still, but a few steps away from Garne and the soldiers holding him ... then glances to Klockwork Master approaching::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::Wallace had been right, just one::
MecheIIa: Iannon! ::a voice in the crowd, the slight woman pushing people furiously, whipping her head each way in a furious search:: Iannon!
Elben Orensson: ::He thought there might be an execution soon - a glance Garne's way - something a lady should not see::
Klockwork Master: ::then stops before Garne:: You.
Lord Del Simmons: Ow! You ___sticks, that's the shoulder I inadvertently struck against the pole!
Elben Orensson: <q> Please. Let me take you out of here. Please. Come.
Zharyka: ::she was jostled again, but held her position:: ... ::recognition of the assassin dawned in her eyes::
Amethystra: @::clumps of dirt were kicked up as the hooves dug into the soft ground::
Aralith Ferio: There..ahead and to the left.
Elben Orensson: ::he steps with her to the nearest exit (or hole)::
Klockwork Master: ::still no emotion in the voice, the mask just stared at Garne::
Gjaki the Singer: ::Gjaki has moved to stand by a pillar, remaining out of the way, simply... watching::
IannonDestyranos: Mechella! ::he breaths a sigh of relief as he pushes his way towards her::
Sherakai: ::He cleared a place on one of the tables and sat himself down, watching the spectacle as he idly filled a plate::
TiandeWhenthriel: ::yeah, that would really just add that extra zest to the day... She nodded to his words, trying - trying- to get herself calm again and not quite succeeding::
Sierta: ::Nodding as she sees Gjaki with a sense of relief, still following Aralith::
BlissNLvjy: @ ::peering inside:: Interesting. I didn't know they had a geo...cause I didn't do that bit with the pillars.
Captain Perlai: ::he stepped back to allow the Klockwork Master a complete path to Garne.
TiandeWhenthriel: ::she kept close to Elben; there were none others within that she knew!::
MecheIIa: Iannon! ::relief and joy are one, and she practically throws herself at him, as he comes into view::
Elben Orensson: ::A protective arm went around Tiande's shoulder - at the last minute remembering his hand was bloody, so keeping THAT away from her skin::
Perching Bird V: ::The spectacle, indeed! Pillars of stone hold the tent up, but the crowd is calming and attention is centering on the Klockwork Master staring down the held assassin::
GylonTDorn: ::Holding the body of the archer he stood silent as he watched the Master and the other captive::
ApolloJamesMaran: (q) This was sure death.
IannonDestyranos: ::he takes her in an embrace, tilting his head to regard her more fully:: Are you hurt?
Klockwork Guards: ::The three on Garne brought him to the Klockwork Master as the gnoll finally lost track of Jenna and returned to Perlai's side::
Amethystra: @::coming near the tent again, seeing several people milling about:: Get in. ::tilting her head to the back of the cart::
Niqueliece: :: shakes her head to clear the fuzzies :
Ysanne Solaste: ::Someone walked past loosely holding a bottle of wine. She reached over absently and took it. The person never noticed::
TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::the calming crowd is to her advantage, and she manages to lose herself in the crowd::
Zharyka: ::something drew her back in, closer to the Klockwork Master; moth to flame::
Lord Del Simmons: ::rubs at his shoulder; that'll be a bruise that lasts for days::
Sierta: ::Reaching Gjaki's side:: Gjaki, I really do not think you should stay in here. Come outside with

us.

Aralith Ferio: ::cutting a line for Gjaki and shortly coming up at his side::

Klockwork Master: ::then the Klockwork MAster looked down at the dead body of the other assassin, and then over to Tikk Tokk::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She stood, with it in her hand, and moved back towards the tent opening::

Niqueliece: :: just sits a moment, pulling herself together ::

Klockwork Master: ::looks back at Garne:: What did you hope to accomplish?

TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::unseen, she slips out of the tent through a planned escape route::

Sherakai: ::He popped a grape in his mouth and his eyes narrowed:: How about we go for a bit of a walk, Tashi?

Klockwork Guards: ::The guards who had "helped" Del after determining he was drunk beat out the fire that had started, five soldiers now working to contain it.::

Amethystra: @::the cart rocked as several people climbed on, filling the cart once again::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::stepping into the exit he cut into the side of the tent::

Lun de Trois: ::He set the chicken down and set to wander, lopsided and staggering.::

DanisiaChambray: ::She nodded::

Lord Del Simmons: I say, is something on fire? ::glancing over, nonchalant as hell::

TiandeWhenthriel: ::shaking even as she kept pace with Elben, she welcomed the arm - and thankfully not the bloody hand - about her shoulders, moving for the closest exit::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She stood in a tent opening and took a slug out of the wine bottle.::

Amethystra: ::seeing Jenna, she nodded to the woman:: You can sit in the front with me if you need to get away.

GylonDorn: ::He lowered the body and stood still::

Gjaki the Singer: ::He glanced down and rumbled:: I think it is safe enough now I'd not be accused of causing trouble. Still, I'd like to see this, wouldn't you?

Arman Ban Triam: ::dark eyes went to Garne, a breath held in expectation::

Niqueliece: :: shakes her head ::

Perching Bird V: ::The archer eyes the KM, chin raised:: We accomplished it.

Sherakai: ::He bent his mouth close to her ear and murmured softly:: "Garne lost his bow."

Elben Orensson: <q> Do you have a mount? ::looking over his shoulder once more to ensure all is calmed again::

Arman Ban Triam: ::his jaw tensed::

Zharyka: ::she paused, a few feet behind those interrogating Garne, eyes intent on the archer::

MecheIIa: ::shakes her head:: No, no... I'm fine. And you? Were you hurt? ::hair disheveled, her face pale in concern::

GeneralKnowles: ::he moves around the tent, trying to find out anything at all::

Klockwork Master: Really now? You killed a Magistrate. The Dreven City Magistrate. And now you are a hero?

Niqueliece: :: crawls through the melee, since as someone trips over her ::

Sierta: ::Quietly:: I saw a youth die this night and heard his final words, I am not sure I wish to see much more.

TiandeWhenthriel: ::quiet:: My carriage.....my carriage is not far.....

Lord Del Simmons: ::once his minders' attention is averted, he slips closer to Garne and Pals::

GeneralKnowles: ::he pauses near Ame's carriage::

GylonDorn: ::He looks for the first time at Garne::

Elben Orensson: <q> Let us go.

Aralith Ferio: :standing with Sierta and Gjaki..he finally got a moment to appraise Sierta and noted the cut on her head that he had somehow missed before in the flight of the crowds of people::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::standing there in the indigo cloak, in an obviously cut hole in the tent::

Klockwork Guards: ::The soldiers around Garne bristled at his words.::

IannonDestyranos: Nay... although there was a call for a Vivomancer earlier I am certain of it. I could not find them in the chaos.

DanisiaChambray: ::She nodded, looking around as they moved::

Amethystra: ::nodding at Knowles:: I'll be back after I unload these people.

Elben Orensson: ::He escorts her from the tent, beneath the starry night - its brilliance muted to black by the night's crimson ending::

IannonDestyranos: ::embraces her once more in relief:: By her blessings... you are alright.

Lord Del Simmons: I say. ::mumbling:: He killed the metal Majister.

BlissNLvjy: ::peering in the same hole as AJ:: (s)This is not going to be pretty.

Aralith Ferio: ::he saw the gash on her head but didn't mention it, lettin gthe adrenaline in her veins keep her from noticing it::

GeneralKnowles: ::he nods, hand still on his sword hilt::

MecheIIa: ::nods and pulls him tighter, her forehead to his chest for a brief moment and a whispered prayer of thanks::

Niqueliece: :: continues her crawling to find a safe spot ::

Perching Bird V: Nostrella's Skirts, man. That THING attacks without seeking a purpose. ::a satisfied smile touches his lips:: It shan't again.

TiandeWhenthriel: ::only able to nod, she allowed Elben to lead her still, shivering as they were freed from the tent's confines::

ApolloJamesMaran: (q) This was pure suicide.

Lun de Trois: ::the chicken staggered to the body of the Tikk Tokk::

Sherakai: ::Keeping close to Dani, he moved slowly through the crowd. As always, it was difficult to see where his black gaze was focused::

Gjaki the Singer: We will go then. ::He murmured, with a nod, though he personally did wish to see more, to know what ocured next::

Lun de Trois: ::It gathered itself and hopped up and into the gaping hole in the metal::

Klockwork Master: I see. ::the mask stared:: Well, then we now are without a Magistrate.

Zharyka: ::observing silently, a prayer offered to the Fates that somehow the KM would spare Garne::

BlissNLvjy: (s)Bad plan, I agree.

OnlineHost: "Elben Orensson" has left the room.

OnlineHost: "TiandeWhenthriel" has left the room.

Sierta: :: A shake of her head that leaves no room for arguement as Aralith places an arm about her waist::

GeneralKnowles: ::with a frown, he shoves his way into the tent, standing near the wall::

Sherakai: ::At one point, he bent and picked up a discarded cloak::

Amethystra: ::smiles warmly at Jenna:: You comin'?

Klockwork Master: ::the mask turned and looked right at Arman:: A matter easily rectified.

Arman Ban Triam: ::stares at Garne... he knew the man ... from both sides... and now the fate of him..?::

Lord Del Simmons: What about that Armin Bantreeum? ::speaking up::

OnlineHost: "Mercy HalfEar" has entered the room.

Klockwork Master: ::the mask seemed to smile at Del's comment::

Arman Ban Triam: ::only when he felt a gaze upon him, did he realize Klockwork was speaking his direction:: ::he looked up, a quesiton obvious in his eyes::

ApolloJamesMaran: (q) What is he?

OnlineHost: "Vivomancer Vyri" has entered the room.

GeneralKnowles: ::he looks over the crowd, spotting several that he knew::

Niqueliece: :: finally locates a spot to hide and watch the goings on ::

Lord Del Simmons: He's far less metallic. ::whether or not he means that as a compliment or insult is hard to say::

DanisiaChambray: ::As they wanders, she touched Kai's arm lightly::

BlissNLvjy: (vs)AJ, I know this may sound stupid but is that actually the new emporer?

Lun de Trois: ::the bird settled into the remains of Tikk Tokk, it's head swinging like a pendulum::

Sherakai: (s) Have you noticed what a small brain lies behind Del's large mouth?

Perching Bird V: ::dark eyes flick to Arman, to Del, then back at the masked Klockwork Master::

Klockwork Master: Aye. Waht about. Arman. By the power vested in me I give you the title Magistrate of Dreven City. ::sounding more like a command than a request::

ApolloJamesMaran: (q) Yes.

GylonTDorn: ::He stood still, like soldiers do when politic becomes the conversation::

Niqueliece: :: curls up, head spinning madly ::

Perching Bird V: ::the crowd is still, watching, baited by the events of the evening::

Zharyka: ::a gasp of surprise::

Arman Ban Triam: ::eyes widen, blink... then blinks again::

TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::she is striding purposefully, she does not bother to look over her shoulder, certain she will not be recognized in all the turmoil -- then looks up in surprise, for she had not heard the woman speak at first::

Lun de Trois: ::while its master quietly faded from sight like the setting of a sun behind dark, shadowy clouds::

Klockwork Master: ::the mask glanced back to Garne:: Seems you failed. ::matter-of-factly::

BlissNLvjy: ::she shook her head, looking about:: (vs)Now that is a severe disappointment.

Vivomancer Vyri: ::The young vivomancer, risen from the body of the dead assassin-boy, gasps!!!!::

DanisiaChambray: ::She mumbled:: <m> I lost my shoe. I hate shoes.

IannonDestyranos: Nostrella's Grace..! ::he gasped also hearing the commandment handed down by Klockwork::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::the pale blue eyes like chips of ice::

Captain Perlai: ::nods slowly to Arman, admiring him for his composure, at least that he noticed while not frantically chasing the assassin::

GeneralKnowles: ::he frowns again, finally moving his hand from his sword::

Klockwork Guards: ::Guards were ushering people out now, quietly, as the gnoll soldier whispered his report to Captain Perlai, that the woman had escaped in the chaos::

Amethystra: ::holding out her hand to Jenna:: C'mon. I'll get more people if I get you all away from here.

Perching Bird V: ::Garne is held by three Klockwork guards near the KM. Arman is near, as is Del::

IannonDestyranos: ::he spun to regard the scene with Arman and Klockwork Master::

TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::blinks in surprise, a hand raised to smooth her hair::

No, no thank you. ::glance back over her shoulder:: I am here with my brother, I am only looking for him.

Sherakai: ::He let the light touch guide him:: Here, I'll find it for you, my sweet ::He bent low::

ApolloJamesMaran: (q) Well, we know one thing.

Amethystra: ::nodding:: Suit yourself. I'll be back later...

TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::forced smile, but her voice is even:: Thank ye though! Be safe this night!

Arman Ban Triam: ::is found speechless as he stares at Klockwork for a long moment::

Zharyka: ::she stepped closer again without realizing it::

BlissNLvjy: (s)What? That he knows how to poop a party?

Klockwork Master: ::the Klockwork Master stands there silently:, staring at Garne::

DanisiaChambray: Next time I get to come barefoot. ::She teased slightly::

Sherakai: ::His voice was muffled:: Ah, here it is. Your dainty little foot, then?

Amethystra: ::waving, she flicked her wrists, getting the horses to move away from the tent with a careful of people::

ApolloJamesMaran: (q) They do not see everything.

GeneralKnowles: ::moves a bit closer to KM and company::

Sherakai: You could start a trend.

Arman Ban Triam: ::...I am ... Magistrate...::

Lord Del Simmons: ::folds his arms -- and winces at the whole "moving shoulder" thing:: Well, then. And people say I've no good ideas.

Arman Ban Triam: ::the thought.. sinking in slowly but heavily::
Perching Bird V: ::EVERYONE stares at the Klockwork!::
GryPheonix: Interesting. ::as he watched what was going on::
MecheIIa: ::pales at the Klockmaster's words::
DanisiaChambray: ::Laughing softly, she held out her foot:: Frozen toes?
GylonTDorn: ::The Master's gaze elsewhere he looks about quickly for Ysanne::
Vivomancer Vyri: ::Is quietly praying to Nostrella for strength - and may she curse the sweet allure of the Destyranos vineyards!::
GryPheonix: ::adjusted his long coat::
Vivomancer Vyri: ::His head was not quite clear of the five glasses of wine he'd imbibed::
MecheIIa: ::glances up to Iannon, watching his reaction::
Lord Del Simmons: ::sniffs:: I'm sure Armin will thank me later for suggesting his promotion.
MecheIIa: ::a very troubled expression crossing her own::
Perching Bird V: ::Garne stares back; there's not much to gather from the masked Emperor's face::
Sherakai: I've always rather liked blue ::Straightening, he held up a cloak:: Look what I found.
Do you suppose the owner will miss it?
Lun de Trois: ::There was the scent of cooked lima beans wafting about in the air::
Klockwork Master: ::slowly, but carefully:: And your first task as Magistrate is to execute this man. ::points to Garne::
Ysanne Solaste: ::She was there in a tent opening. She caught Gylon's eye...and looked somewhat bewildered by this all::
Sherakai: I rather fancy it for myself.
IannonDestyranos: ::seems stunned, does not know how to react, just stares eyes wide, his hand gripping tightly upon hers to betray his churning thoughts::
Perching Bird V: ::damn::
Arman Ban Triam: ::god... dammit!::
Vivomancer Vyri: ::GASPS::
Zharyka: ::her mouth formed the word "no", but no sound came out::
Lord Del Simmons: I say.
Gjaki the Singer: Come. You clearly wish to be elsewhere now. ::He turned and ushered Aralith and Sierta before him::
DanisiaChambray: I suppose if they want it, they'll have to claim it.
GeneralKnowles: ::he shakes his head slowly, eyes narrowed::
Lord Del Simmons: That's hardly fair.
Aralith Ferio: ::he leaned in while he stood next to Gjaki with Sierta and whispered again what he said earlier: "I've got you."
Captain Perlai: ::his jaw clenches::
Arman Ban Triam: ::he stiffens, eyes going to Garne::
Lord Del Simmons: I mean, he's only just taken office! Shouldn't there be procedure?
GryPheonix: Life is not fair.
MecheIIa: ::her jaw tightens, and the gaze moves to train on the man being held as an assassin::
Lun de Trois: ::Two things happened just then::
IannonDestyranos: No...! ::quietly::
Vivomancer Vyri: ::Perhaps it was the wine:: ::Perhaps... but he stumbled to the Klockwork Master::
Milord! Please, no!
BlissNLvjy: Well, that's silly. If he kills the prisoner how will he find out who the rest of the attackers were or are.
Sierta: ::Smiling softly to Aralith:: Gjaki is right, let us leave here.
Captain Perlai: ::he looks unfocused beyond him::
Klockwork Master: ::a glance to Vyri::
Vivomancer Vyri: Leniency! Clemency! Surely he could be questioned--!
GylonTDorn: ::He watched the new Magistrate::
Lord Del Simmons: I know! I know!
Aralith Ferio: ::nodding to Gjaki and moving with Sierta for the side of the tent::
Vivomancer Vyri: Nostrella teaches--

Lun de Trois: ::The chicken made an enormous SQUACK! and began jumping up and down and up and down while flapping it's wings.::

Klockwork Guards: ::The gnoll soldier moves forward and offers his sword to Arman.::

ApolloJamesMaran: Fear. Loyalty through fear.

Lun de Trois: ::In and out of Tikk's body.::

Arman Ban Triam: ::then he stoically bows to Klockwork:: It shall be my first order of the day.

Klockwork Master: ::the mask appraised Vyri:: Ah yes. Nostrella.

Lun de Trois: ::And the fire flared up.::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::Hope brimmed in his eyes:: Yes, your Grace.

Lun de Trois: ::Hotter and stronger than before, burning the blankets the soldiers were using to put it out.::

Arman Ban Triam: ::looks to the sword, but does not take it:: ::shakes his head:: Nay. There be interrogation first.

Sierta: ::Slipping silently around and between those who still remain inside the tent, soon reaching the exit and stepping out.::

GeneralKnowles: ::he clasps the war horn once again.::

Zharyka: ::she stiffens as Arman accepts the order, back straightening.::

Lord Del Simmons: Lock him in the Keep, under heavy guard, and interrogate him on the morrow!

Perching Bird V: ::flicks a glance to Del, then looks to Arman.::

Lun de Trois: ::In fact...it burned the soldier's themselves.::

BlissNLvjy: How about loyalty for intelligence.

Captain Perlai: ::looks over.::

Vivomancer Vyri: She... she teaches us... ::damn, wine making his words slur... he slows down:: She teaches us all...

Sherakai: There is a dearth of intelligence hereabouts ::Glancing around again, he gestured toward the fabricated opening in the tent wall.::

Perching Bird V: ::and winces; he WELL remembered the last interrogation of Ban Triam.::

Arman Ban Triam: ::glances to Del.::

Lord Del Simmons: Then kill him. With burning brands and sharp sticks.

Lun de Trois: ::and spread to the tent canvas terribly quick.::

MecheIIa: ::the extent of her thoughts are not betrayed as she eyes the man there -- though her gaze narrows as she hears of an interrogation.::

Lun de Trois: ::Did anyone notice?::

Captain Perlai: ::watches.:: This tent is burning.

Aralith Ferio: ::he stepped outside behind Sierta, his eyes having gone back to green some time ago.::

MecheIIa: ::the grip on Iannon's hand tightens.::

DanisiaChambray: I think there's a fire.

ApolloJamesMaran: Fire...

Klockwork Master: ::the mask then turned toward the buring undead chicken in the husk of Tikk Tokk.:: Just as I saw. <softly>

Captain Perlai: ::not that he feared with the Klockwork Master standing right next to him, but he thought it worthy of the man's attention.::

Lun de Trois: ::WHOOSH! The very ground began to burn.::

IannonDestyranos: ::tenses, he too had been interrogated before under the Magistrate's powers.::

GeneralKnowles: ::he sniffs the air, smelling smoke.::

GryPheonix: What? ::catching sight of the flames.::

Aralith Ferio: Do we wait for Gjaki?

BlissNLvjy: (s)Yup, the tent is burning again. Pyromancer?

Klockwork Guards: ::The soldier bows and falls in behind the new Magistrate, lest somebody try to kill him next. Several other soldiers, getting the message, also moved there to join him, stoicly. The fire was out finally.::

GylonTDorn: ::He did, and looked around for the other guards.::

Lord Del Simmons: ::his face is earnest, until he smells fire and stuff::
Amethystra: @::she let people out of the cart, feeling the rocking as they climbed off one by one::
GeneralKnowles: ::frowns::
GryPheonix: Damn it...::checking his cane::
ApolloJamesMaran: At least some touch of it.
Vivomancer Vyri: *And lo, for she said, "Mine is the hand that heals; mine is the hand that gives all life to all things, and in my grace, all shall be made right"*
Lun de Trois: ::and fleeing from the flames were shadows, shadows with faces twisted and screaming::
Klockwork Master: ::a deep breath as the blaze quickly grew out of control::
Sierta: ::Smelling smoke and feeling the ground heat, she moves quickly further away::
Sherakai: Hurry up and go slow ::he murmured in her ear, steering her away from the thick of the crowd::
Niqueliece: :: manages to pull herself up to her knees, coughing ::
GeneralKnowles: ::takes a few more steps toward Ban Triam::
Ysanne Solaste: ::She smelled smoke. Acrid smoke made eyes water. But she did not move from where she stood::
Lun de Trois: ::brushing by the vivomancer and swirling around the Klockwork Master's feet::
Vivomancer Vyri: !! ::his speech was cut short by--fire!::
Captain Perlai: ::he nodded to the gnoll:: You will recognize her if she is foolish enough to show herself.
GryPheonix: ::shifted into a stance as the shadows formed::
DanisiaChambray: ::She moved steadily away from the crowd::
Zharyka: ::she stumbled back from the shadow-flames swarming the KM::
Klockwork Master: ::a boot came down on one of the faces, freezing it there::
<softly> Not so fast little cat.
Niqueliece: :: doing her best to crawl out, but not finding an exit ::
Sierta: ::Spotting Ysanne in the tent opening, she begins to run towards her:: Ysanne!
BlissNLvjy: (s)Fire will bring panic. ::she got down on one knee, hand touching the ground, eyes closing...and earth rose to smother the fires on the ground::
Lun de Trois: ::The fire jumped from the main tent to the surrounding vendor's::
GeneralKnowles: ::silently wonders just how fireproof drakescale really is::
Arman Ban Triam: ::looks up at the flames:: ::looks to the guards:: Take him to the gaols before more chaos arises;
Lun de Trois: ::This was no ordinary fire, if Bliss listened...she could hear it laugh::
GylonTDorn: ::He tired hard to hold still, faces in fire, feet that kill flames::
Lord Del Simmons: Yes! Deep in the heart of the Keep!
Klockwork Master: ::then looking about as the flames spread around them::
BlissNLvjy: ::and she could by try to slow it down::
Arman Ban Triam: ::suddenly and all too quickly did the voice of cold authority return in his voice and demeanor::
Ysanne Solaste: Gylon...
Sierta: ::Reaching Ysanne, she pulls her away from the tent:: Ysanne, you have to come with me.
Aralith Ferio: ::following Sierta calmly::
Lord Del Simmons: Lock him there without food nor water! And, ah... make sure it's dark so he can't see to escape!
GylonTDorn: ::He looked to the voice but didn't move::
Captain Perlai: ::to Simmons:: Quiet.
Lun de Trois: ::those little shadows froze... but shadows were everywhere...formed by the fire...formed by the very sun...and in the gloom they reared::
Klockwork Guards: ::Well, the guards thought they had the fire contained, but it seemed that it had started again elsewhere, no doubt due to the panic::
Ysanne Solaste: ::She let Sierta pull her away, but her eyes stayed on Gylon for as long as possible::
Amethystra: @::racing the cart back to the tavern, her eyes widened when she saw the smoke rising from the tent. The cart was rumbling and almost toppled over as there were rocks and the path was

bumpy to the tent::

GeneralKnowles: ::his eyes close, and his hands raise, trying to get some control over the fire::

Perching Bird V: ::a flick of an eyebrow; maybe in transit they might let down their guard. The archer doesn't struggle, biding his time::

Lord Del Simmons: And to-morrow, he tells all and then dies horribly!

GeneralKnowles: ::his lips form words, but no sounds come::

MecheIIa: ::jaw still tense she eyed the man captive, now recognizing him as Cravideous's brother, and just as quickly, her eyes began to sweep the crowd for those she knew could be of aid::

Sherakai: ::His face was a grimace as he held back the sheared fabric:: <vs> Out with you.

Zharyka: ::she winced at the chill in Arman's voice, backing away more::

IannonDestyranos: Lady Mechella... ::looks worriedly to the flames:: I best think you should make yourself out of these tents... I... ::looks more alarmed as he spots the fire nearing the vendors:: I need to go look for Teia.

Captain Perlai: Someone bind him. Find shackles for his hands and feet before you leave.

Klockwork Master: ::the boot ground down on the shadow it had trapped, as a snarl came out from beneath the mask, imperceptible to any::

Ysanne Solaste: What is this...: a soft curse::

ApolloJamesMaran: (q) Where is the rain when you need it.

Sierta: ::Pulling Ysanne far enough away from the tent then helping her to settle on a crate:: Wait here, I am sure Gylon will be with you soon.

BlissNLvjy: (s)AJ, fire isn't natural...tell them to move their butts. ::trying her best so smother what she could::

DanisiaChambray: ::She wasted no time but slipped out through the tear in the tent::

GeneralKnowles: ::confusion spreads across his face as the flame resists his gift::

MecheIIa: ::distracted, she glances to Iannon:: Yes ... yes, of course.

Lun de Trois: ::Giggling, the fire jumped and cavorted but the shadows beneath the Klockwork's boots stayed fast::

GeneralKnowles: By the goddess...

Ysanne Solaste: ::She nodded to Sierta, at a loss for further words::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::backing away from the fire, stumbling in his tipsy haze::

Lun de Trois: ::the voice of flame in Garne's ear:: Wait for it...

ApolloJamesMaran: ::watching the KM from his hastily made exit::

Klockwork Guards: Sir! ::Says a soldier, and rushes out to retrieve some shackles.::

Klockwork Master: ::motioning for everyone to leave the tent, not moving the boot::

GeneralKnowles: ::shakes his head, and turns for the exit::

Klockwork Master: Get out. ::the voice was emotionless::

Perching Bird V: ::both eyebrows shoot upward; he glances to the left, but sees only the face of a metal man::

GylonTDorn: ::The things he saw the times he stood still::

ApolloJamesMaran: (q) We leave Bliss.

Sherakai: ::He watched the fire, finding himself fascinated::

TheArmandants: <Lee> ::he stood silently in the crowd, merely watching the goings on, seeing no sign of his sister, but refusing to believe she was anything but safe::

Aralith Ferio: Sierta..whistle for Diago.

ApolloJamesMaran: ::turning a picking her up::

Zharyka: ::she watched for a moment longer, transfixed:

Lord Del Simmons: ::drifts along with the crowd, keeping Garne in sight::

Captain Perlai: ::he bowed to the Klockwork Master:: OUT! NOW!

GryPheonix: ::fought against his instincts as he stepped back from the flames::

DanisiaChambray: <q> Kai!

GylonTDorn: ::the order released him and he moved quickly toward where he last saw Ysanne::

Lun de Trois: (w) Not without my Lima beans. ::Cackling flames crackled, shifted...grew arms::
Arman Ban Triam: ::eyes the flames and frowns::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::the cit flap in the tent flopping loose behind them::
Klockwork Guards: ::At the command, the three soldiers holding Garne took him and began forcing him forward. A fourth moved to help them, and they carried him bodily out.::
Klockwork Master: ::flames spread across the floor almost reaching for the
Klockwork Master::
TheArmandants: <Lee> ::he listened stoicly as the interrogation was pronounced, then shifted back uneasily as the flames grew::
Arman Ban Triam: ::To the guards:: Get the assassin out of here.
GylonTDorn: Ysanne!
GryPheonix: (q)What are you trying to accomplish I wonder.
Sherakai: ::His gaze slid to Garne. It was unlikely the man saw him before he ducked outside::
GeneralKnowles: I always seem to come too late... ::pauses, looking at Ban Triam::
Ysanne Solaste: ::She was outside the tent once more, on a crate..at least at first. As flames grew, she stood up::
BlissNLvjy: ::he had to pick her up::
Amethystra: @::circling the tent again with the cart, she looked for anyone that she would know again, panicking since she didn't see any in the loads of people that she already took away::
GryPheonix: ::swiftly covered his face with a dark cloth::
Ysanne Solaste: Gylon...I'm here!
Niqueliece: :: struggling through the smoke and whatnot ::
Perching Bird V: ::now he struggles, slowing the guards progress but a litt::
TheArmandants: <Lee> ::as they began to move him, he inched along the back of the crowd, a ways behind, but his eyes never leaving the group::
GylonTDorn: ::He moved as fast as possible from the shadows for the flames::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::lifting his head and letting loose a piercing whistle::
Klockwork Master: ::looking after Arman as the newly appointed MAgistrate left::
Control your city Arman. ::again more a command than an request::
GylonTDorn: Ysanne....he heard her::
BlissNLvjy: ::she was looking behind here:: Did Aralith, Sierta and Gjaki get out?
Captain Perlai: Where are those shackles?
Aralith Ferio: Ysanne..your staying. ::he put a hand loosely on Ysanne's wrist::
Klockwork Guards: ::The gnoll, beside Arman now, said:: Sir, we should get you from here.
ApolloJamesMaran: ::one long burst followed by three short::
Sierta: Aralith, is everyone out of there? ::Standing protectively next to Ysanne::
TheArmandants: <Lee> ::he would kill the man before he let him be interrogated -- he vowed that on Nostrella::
Zharyka: ::and then the smoke broke her stare; she blinked, and turned to stride out of the tent::
Klockwork Guards: There may be attempts on your life yet this night. One escaped.
Arman Ban Triam: ::spots the familiar aged face of Knowles passing by, follows his course for a moment longer before he calls out to the guards:: Guards! Water to the fire!
ApolloJamesMaran: I think they got Gjaki out.
Lun de Trois: ::How lovely the three guards shuffled Garne out and seperated themselves from the pack::
Ysanne Solaste: ::She had started towards Gylon but Aralith held her still::
BlissNLvjy: Don't you dare sweep me off on the back of some horse. ::wriggling to be set down once they were free of the tent::
GylonTDorn: Ysanne ::another call as he thought he saw her::
Arman Ban Triam: And tear up the tent! Evacuate!
Sherakai: ::He moved toward the trees, taking time to walk backwards as he watched both the

fire and the people milling about in confused panic::
Sierta: ::Gjaki stands near Aralith, Sierta and Ysanne...but someone is still in there:::
Klockwork Master: ::the flames were deep and hot within the tent now, and still the Klockwork MAster stood there, his boot planted on the shadow::
Lord Del Simmons: I say, Armin! ::moving toward the man:: I've one final suggestion for you!
Lun de Trois: ::How wonderful to see their arms full of archer and when they turned a blind corner...well...::
Amethystra: ::the cart had a couple of people in it.. most had already dispersed::
Lord Del Simmons: A congratulation!
GeneralKnowles: ::moves for the exit, knowing he can't be of much help inside::
Ysanne Solaste: Gylon, here! ::She called out. Tried to tug free::
ApolloJamesMaran: And what hang about until they realize I cut a hole in the tent?
DanisiaChambray: <m> I should have grabbed some food.
Captain Perlai: ::one of the Klockwork Guards returned, cooperating with the other two to shackle Garne::
Lord Del Simmons: A... suggestulation!
Aralith Ferio: ::bellowing:: Gylon..here!
Captain Perlai: ::er, three::
Arman Ban Triam: Not now. ::to Del::
Perching Bird V: ::The three Vivomancers (remember the VIVOS!) are shepherding people out as well, worried and pensive; where had Vyri gone?::
GryPheonix: ::coughed as the flames licked near him::
Klockwork Guards: ::Four now, actually, watched over Garne::
Aralith Ferio: ::his voice carrying a much deeper tone than Ysanne's::
BlissNLvjy: If they saw you they know who you are and running won't help.
GryPheonix: Ah crap.
Sierta: ::Remembering she hadn't seen Nique get out of the tent, she looks around the crowd to try and see if she got out::
Lord Del Simmons: Not even for the man who recommended your current lofty position?
TheArmandants: <Lee> ::still slipping through the crowd, he allows himself to be shepherded out with the others, careful to remain within sight of the caught archer::
Klockwork Master: ::the Klockwork Master then leaned down:: Little Cat, little cat, you know what they say about the cat who was curious?
Sherakai: Aye ::he gave her a thin smile:: We could have had a picnic.
GylonTDorn: ::He reached her and held both of her arms:: Go. ::to Aralith:: Take her!
Lun de Trois: ::There were quite a number of folks dressed in party clothes...rather large...and wielding saps and swords and things to make Klockwork soldiers carrying archer assassins fall down::
Captain Perlai: ::said guards shackled Garne hands and feet::
GeneralKnowles: ::he stops at the exit, ushering people out::
Ysanne Solaste: Gylon...wait, are you coming? ::Her eyes went wide::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::in the distnace the sound of horses running to his call, the whistle one one three short sounds once more::
Klockwork Master: ::And the hand then thrust into the shadows, squeezing tightly...::
Aralith Ferio: Gylon..your coming.
GylonTDorn: I am...:he nods:: But...:he looked back to the tent::
ApolloJamesMaran: YYou prefer to stay and amke sure they know who we are? ::a chuckle::
Lun de Trois: ::Gack! Elsewhere...the mage gargled::
Klockwork Master: ::...obliterating that shred of the mage from existance::
Arman Ban Triam: ::frowns at Del as he glances to the various fires spreading, assuring that guards were on them::
Aralith Ferio: The klockwork will finish this..
Aralith Ferio: It is not your place.
ApolloJamesMaran: ::it was absurd, but by gods it had style::

Sierta: ::Breaking free of Aralith and Ysanne, ripping her skirt as she runs towards the tent:: Nique!
TheArmandants: <Lee> ::hangs back and to the side of the entrance, watching the man be shackled, intermitently calling for his sister, as though they were the reason he lingered::
Lun de Trois: ::but his words could be heard:: (w) Icaruss.
Zharyka: ::once she had cleared the tent, she glanced around the crowd::
Lord Del Simmons: ::a bright smile on the lord's face, patiently waiting::
Klockwork Master: <softly> And there is no satisfaction little cat. That is one live. Eight left.
GylonTDorn: ::he heard the reason and nodded:: It was never my place.
ApolloJamesMaran: Oh gods... ::hearing a scream::
Ysanne Solaste: I don't want to leave you...
Aralith Ferio: ::cursing and looking to Gylon:: Ysanne needs you.
Klockwork Master: ::and then the the Klockwork MAster walked through the flames::
ApolloJamesMaran: Did I miss Niqui in there?
Perching Bird V: :::Garne is shackled, outside the tent, escorted by four Klockwork Guards... until they're blindsided by awaiting thugs in party gear::
Sierta: ::The torn shreds of her skirt held over her nose and mouth as she races back into the tent::
Amethystra: ::she looked worriedly at the flames that were lifting from the flap of the tent, nibbling on her lip:: Last trip going out.
Niqueliece: :: bumps into something, looks up finding herself staring up at the Klockwork Master ::
Lun de Trois: ::Actually...it was seven. Gack!::
BlissNLvjy: Sierta is yelling after her...and going after her. ::pointing::
GeneralKnowles: ::he finally steps from the tent::
Aralith Ferio: ::he growled deeply and went after Sierta::
ApolloJamesMaran: Great.
Sierta: ::Darkness and smoke blinding her, she can only rely on her hearing to guide her:: Nique!
Sherakai: ::It wasn't impossibly difficult to slip into the shadows the trees offered::
Arman Ban Triam: ::when it became obvious that Del was not leaving, he turned his scowling gaze upon him:: What is it? ::impatiently::
MecheIIa: ::disoriented, she glances to either side::
Lun de Trois: ::And thugs, not killing the guards, bowed and took up the prize::
Niqueliece: :: frowns staring up at the man/whatever ::
ApolloJamesMaran: Sure you are a geomancer and have no power with water?
GylonTDorn: ::He took hold of Ysanne's arm::
Klockwork Master: ::walking from the burning tent the Klockwork MAster looked at a guard:: Let it burn. Let the whole thing burn to the ground.
Lord Del Simmons: ::he approaches the man, open-faced and garrulous:: Well, I just wanted to congratulate you, and I had one last suggestion on how to deal with that horrid assassin fellow, see...
BlissNLvjy: Sorry, I'm a dirt mover only.
Niqueliece: :: ducks ::
GeneralKnowles: ::he notes the commotion over near the prisoner::
GeneralKnowles: ::frowns::
IannonDestyranos: ::not finding anyone left near the vendors he glanced back to the main crowd making sure none were hurt::
GryPheonix: ::a small explosion of water blasted a path through the flames suddenly::
Vivomancer Vyri: ::Escapes the burning tent, obviously::
Lord Del Simmons: ::leaning in to murmur::
Niqueliece: :: crawls in some direction ::
Ysanne Solaste: Gylon...what is this? ::she sighed at the chaos, the destruction::
GylonTDorn: ::He heard the command and moved her away from the bruning tent::
Ysanne Solaste: ::Not really expecting any kind of answer::
GylonTDorn: Come!

Amethystra: ::she helped out where she could.. again, she didn't see one person that she knew wanting to get on the cart that she brought around. She figured that they either escaped or died in the fire::

Sherakai: ::He caught Dani's fingers in his:: <vs> Are you all right?

Sierta: ::Dropping to her knees, she begins to crawl towards what was the center of the tent, not noticing the burning sensation in her legs:: Nique!

GryPheonix: 'bout time. ::signalled to his associates as he ran to safety::

Klockwork Master: ::looks for the Vivomancer:: Now. About Nostrella.

ApolloJamesMaran: ::turning in a dead run for the tent, the hole he cut in it::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She went with him, shaking her head in stunned silence::

Perching Bird V: ::the tent does burn; the Klockwork guards do their duty well, and everyone is shuffled outside to safety (mostly). The air is chilly after the heat of the tent... but it is a welcome coolness::

Lord Del Simmons: ::and claps the man on the shoulder:: That'll get 'im, what?

BlissNLvjy: AJ! You aren't fireproof!

GryPheonix: ::halts though as he glanced towards Klocky and the vivo::

Aralith Ferio: ::his cloak came down over Sierta's form::

DanisiaChambray: ::She half nodded, eyes on the prisoner::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She had not seen Sierta run back in, or the others::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::breathing hard, catching up to the Klockwork Master:: Yes! Nostrella teaches--

ApolloJamesMaran: ::he was already diving low into the hole::

Zharyka: ::moth to flame; she lingered still, watching the KM as he emerged::

Sierta: Nique! Answer me, please!

Klockwork Guards: ::Outside, a hue and cry goes up as some of the soldiers find their fellows unconscious, too late::

BlissNLvjy: You'd think the man would have a reasonable fear of fire at this point.

Arman Ban Triam: ::Scowls at Del:: Leave the premises with the others.

Aralith Ferio: Sierta..your coming...:he wrapped her up in his cloak and over his shoulder she went without hesitation::

GeneralKnowles: ::he stands just outside the tent, unaffected by the flame and heat, just watching::

Niqueliece: :: runs into someone,

Klockwork Master: ::the Mask stared at the Vivomancer as the Klockwork master held the parchment that Tikk Tokk once had::

Niqueliece: What?

ApolloJamesMaran: ::oh he did, the sweating was not so much from the heat as he stayed low::

Sierta: ::Coughing and gagging as the smoke plays hell with a felines lungs, she can only offer a thank you look to Aralith then jerks as she bumps into something:: Nique?

GylonTDorn: ::He did not look back just kept hold and kept a fast pace::

TheArmandants: <Lee> ::from him place in the shadows, she catches sight of the thugs freeing Garne; and recognizing them as loyal, he slips back into the shadows::

Arman Ban Triam: ::sees the tent emptied, he backs up as well::

Aralith Ferio: ::he was coughing terribly bad as he started to move for the exit::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::falters... hard to meet that stare::

Vivomancer Vyri: Ah... well... with Nostrella's grace...

Klockwork Master: Come with me. ::walking over to a crate that was outside and stepping up on it::

Lord Del Simmons: ::his smile fades a bit as he moves away from the new magistrate, the wheels in his mind spinning::

Niqueliece: :: thinking it a chair, shoves hard to get it out of the way, not knowing it's Arman's legs ::

Aralith Ferio: Niq...yanking her up and trudging for the exit::

Lun de Trois: ::the fire raged, but the shadows were under control. The chicken kept jumping though::

Lun de Trois: ::It didn't have anything better to do.

Vivomancer Vyri: ::blinks:: ::then brightens:: ::this looks promising::

Aralith Ferio: ::even in the midst of red fire his eyes turned cloud white::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::follows::

Arman Ban Triam: ::nearly stumbling over a crawling figure::
Niqueliece: :: gets yanked, her head banging Arman in the back ::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::he searches as best he can hearing voices but not raising up it was getting too hot::
Perching Bird V: ::another Vivo pauses, catching sight of Vyri and the Klockwork Master::
DanisiaChambray: You really know how to show a girl a good time, don't you?
IannonDestyranos: ::rushes out as well as long as he didn't see anyone hurt left behind::
Klockwork Master: ::in the shadows and the light of the burning fires from the tent the Klockwork MASTER raises arms to the sky::
BlissNLvjy: ::and the fire was cleared from a path leading from the center of the tent back out the exit AJ had cut...earth rising to smother it like brown waves::
GeneralKnowles: ::turns abruptly and moves back into the tent, to make sure everyone's out::
Sherakai: You haven't seen what I have in mind for our next event ::He kept walking into the trees::
MecheIIa: ::she emerges from the tent with the rest of the crowd, head turning every which way, troubled lines creasing her face::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::and there he was, lovely favorite indigo cloak smouldering::
Klockwork Master: Hear me all!
Aralith Ferio: ::his eyes watering heavily::
Sierta: Aralith, get her outside
Niqueliece: :: slumps ::
Arman Ban Triam: ::frowns and looks at the girl that's bumped into him::
Aralith Ferio: BLISS!
ApolloJamesMaran: ::he moves on hands and knees far enough away::
Klockwork Guards: ::A soldier rushed up to Arman, the new Magistrate:: Sir!
Perching Bird V: :: The Emperor has presences; it seeps through the fleeing party-goers, and his voice freezes their steps::
Ysanne Solaste: ::She went with him, but kept looking back over her shoulder...when she heard the KM, she stopped.:
Vivomancer Vyri: ::a prayer! He is going to say a prayer to Nostrella::
Aralith Ferio: Where is the exit?!
GeneralKnowles: ::as he passes, what seems to be a bubble forms around him, void of fire::
Zharyka: ::stepping toward the KM and the Vivo, pushing her hair out of her eyes::
GylonTDorn: ::He turns to look back, not being able to help it, and then groans:: Oh no.
DanisiaChambray: ::She moved after him, though trying to listen to the KM::
Arman Ban Triam: ::then rushes out of the main tent as the flames roars upwards to the sky::
BlissNLvjy: Where the fire isn't! ::she yelled to them all, making sure the path was clear::
MecheIIa: ::something had gone horribly, horribly wrong::
Klockwork Master: This Vivoamncer before me preaches the words of Nostrella!
Sierta: ::Now choking on the smoke, her sense of direction gone as she moves around, trying to find a breath of fresh air to guide her::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::the cut opening flapping before Aralith's path::
GylonTDorn: ::He stops::
Arman Ban Triam: ::and as soon as that happens he is greeted with a soldier::
What is it?
Klockwork Master: And as such it is fitting that this Tivili ends with a nationwide proclamation!
Amethystra: ::with this last cart of people, she dropped them off some distance from the tent. Some passengers must have had smoke inhalation....::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::holing it in pain trying to sweep of his cloak::
Aralith Ferio: ::dragging Niq and Sierta over his shoulder::
GeneralKnowles: ::spotting Ban Triam, fleeing, he moves out as well, hoping everyone is safe::
Ysanne Solaste: ::She stared back towards the Klockwork Master as he spoke::
MecheIIa: ::from the corner of her eye, she spots a familiar goateed man disappearing into the crowd

and frowns, gaze now searching for the soldiers and captured man::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::shakes his head once to again clear the wine from his senses - perhaps a speech would be needed! A prayer in these troubled times!:

Sierta: ::Blinking through the flames, seeing an area where the fire seems to have been halted:: There, no fire

BlissNLvjy: Come on before everything crashes down!

Klockwork Guards: ::A few soldiers were worrying now slightly about the Klockwork Master, but even so they did as told, clearing the area, fighting the fire. The soldier who had approached Arman panted:: The prisoner is gone!

MecheIIa: ::but even as she looks, she moves along with the crowd, appearing as nothing more than a concerned patron::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::clears his throat softly::

ApolloJamesMaran: RUN DAMMIT!

IannonDestyranos: ::outside, he coughs up a few smoke inhaled breaths, as he looks through the crowd for various faces::

BlissNLvjy: ::she made the path wider, sweat dripping down her face::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::trying to get Araith to hurry::

Sherakai: ::He pulled Dani up against him and stopped next to one of the tree trunks to listen::

GylonTDorn: ::Letting go of Ysanne he turned back around toward the Klockmaster::

IannonDestyranos: ::although words of Klockwork draws his attention::

GeneralKnowles: ::he follows the Magistrate, then pauses, looking over toward the KM::

Aralith Ferio: ::his feet pushed even with the extra weight::

Perching Bird V: ::A group of people are still worried over the fire, but the rest of the crowd is turning, looking to their EMPEROR as he makes a PROCLAMATION::

Klockwork Master: From this moment forward all Vivomancer of Nostrella have a choice.

Captain Perlai: ::glares at the Klockwork Soldier, then eases his ire::

Sierta: ::Coughing and gagging as she slips from Aralith's shoulders:: Run, run I'm right behind you!

GryPheonix: ::a wet clothed figure ran back towards the fire, tossing a stone that glistened and flowed like water::

Zharyka: ::face smudged from the smoke, watching the KM intently::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::A nervous glance at the collapsing-in-flames tent - not the best backdrop for a moonlight vigil::

DanisiaChambray: ::She leaned close to him, listening::

Lun de Trois: So uh...where you want to go? ::One of party thugs asked Garne as they set him down::

GeneralKnowles: ::he stops at the magistrate's elbow, listening to the KM::

MecheIIa: ::hearing the words to Arman she stiffens in surprise, and then her attention is on the KM as the crowd hushes::

Klockwork Guards: We do not know how yet, but the men who were watching him have been beaten unconscious!

Klockwork Master: ::the Klockwork MAster looks down at the Vivomancer:: They can pledge loyalty to the Klockwork Empire, or...

Sierta: ::Her concern for Nique and her unborn child heavy in her mind::

Amethystra: @::she didn't know whose cart it was that she *borrowed*, but she was good enough to bring it back to the area where the carriages were, returning it to the place where she found it::

Aralith Ferio: ::he stopped, and Sierta was without question or hesitation yanked back beside him as he walked down the smoldered fire path of Bliss'::

GylonTDorn: ::He put his hand on the hilt of his sword::

Lord Del Simmons: Oh, now it burns down. Well. I suppose it's better later than not at all.

Vivomancer Vyri: ::looks up::

Arman Ban Triam: ::frowns deeply:: How? Did you not have him under guard??

GryPheonix: ::with a shout it blew more of a path through the fire with a blast of water::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::what is that noise????::

Aralith Ferio: ::the fire burning at his heels as he made it to the exit::

Arman Ban Triam: Show me.

Aralith Ferio: ::pieces of burning cloth coming down around him::

MecheIIa: ::she turns, watching him intently as he mentions vivomancers::

Captain Perlai: ::to Arman:: Next time, Magistrate, follow orders swiftly or you may find yourself failing again.

Sierta: AJ, this way! ::Only now realizing he too was in the burning tent::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::oh it was him screaming::

Klockwork Master:::the voice from behind the mask echos over the flames and the smoke::....they can follow their false goddess and be labled traitors to the Klockwork Empire.

Arman Ban Triam: ::although his last words are drowned out by Klockwork Master's proclamation which pauses him in his tracks::

GryPheonix: Man< Any survivors in there? Hurry!

Vivomancer Vyri: ::.....:: ::Wait, it sounded like he said.....::

Perching Bird V: ::in the dark woods, made darker by the fire of the tent, Game shakes his head: Free. Who do I owe my escape?

Vivomancer Vyri: ::.....::

Klockwork Guards: ::Nodding, paling slightly, the man turned to lead him to the sight of the pre-jailbreak.::

Vivomancer Vyri: Ah..

BlissNLvjy: AJ!

Vivomancer Vyri: What?

Captain Perlai: ::traitors...false goddess...he looked up::

Arman Ban Triam: ::freezes::

Ysanne Solaste: What?

Arman Ban Triam: ...What?

Lord Del Simmons: I say, what?

GeneralKnowles: ::his jaw drops and he shakes his head::

Klockwork Master: The choice is there. Allegiance to the Empire, or blissful death with their goddess.

Aralith Ferio: ::litterally tossing Sierta and Nique outside of the cut whole::

GeneralKnowles: ::he blinks::

MecheIIa: ::her mouth drops open; traitors?::

IannonDestyranos: ::eyes widen::

Lord Del Simmons: ::muses:: I recommend allegiance!

IannonDestyranos: ::he stood stalk still::

Zharyka:::astonished::

DanisiaChambray: ::blinks::

Ysanne Solaste: Wait...what did he say? He...? ::she turned to stare at Gylon::

GylonTDorn: ::He drew his blade as he stood beside the young Vivomancer::

Captain Perlai: ::looks evenly at Arman without saying anything more, then looks back to the KM::

GeneralKnowles: <m> Sulevia help them...

Klockwork Guards: ::The soldier did not hear the proclamation, still on his way to the scene of the crime.::

GryPheonix: ...I sense a shift in the tides.

Vivomancer Vyri: Y...y...y...y...your.... your Grace!

Aralith Ferio: ::a couple broken bones of bruises much better than a burning death::

MecheIIa: <w> Iannon ...

Aralith Ferio: Bliss..where is AJ?

Vivomancer Vyri: ::...apparently he was... uneducated?: Your grace...

ApolloJamesMaran: ::his shirt was smouldering as the three finally get out::

Klockwork Master: ::the Klockwork Master looks to the Vivomancer:: The choice is yours. ::Klockwork guards surround Vyri::

GylonTDorn: ::he didn't answer any who questioned just stood still with blade ready::

Sherakai: Charming fellow, isn't he? ::he murmured softly::
Vivomancer Vyri: ...there is ... there can be no separation...
ApolloJamesMaran: ::he simply falls to the earth and starts to roll away from the flames::
BlissNLvjy: Here..here...:trying to pull AJ out:: Hurry, hurry..
Lun de Trois: ::One of the thugs, as he stripped himself of party gear and turned back into an ordinary joe... flipped a medallion through the air at Garne::
Niqueliece: :: covered in soot, shallow breathing ::
Arman Ban Triam: ::then to the guard, quickly spoken:: Gather the men from the fire, close the perimeter and track him.
Vivomancer Vyri: You see, we Vivomancers are *one with the Great Goddess*.
Lord Del Simmons: Truly! Allegiance! ::calling out::
Klockwork Master: ::the mask looked at Vyri:: Is that your choice then?
Arman Ban Triam: He could not have gone far.
Aralith Ferio: ::his eyes were glossed over opaque white, though they were starting to clear::
Vivomancer Vyri: You... ah...
Ysanne Solaste: ::She was starting to feel sick::
Lun de Trois: You owe us, friend. Be ready when we come calling.
Niqueliece: :: covered in something else, but no idea what ::
Vivomancer Vyri: You see?
Perching Bird V: ::the other three Vivos gasp aloud, they are not together, but are scattered around the crowd::
DanisiaChambray: <vs> But... why?
GylonTDorn: ::He stands ready::
Arman Ban Triam: Send word to close the roads as well. Do not let people pass without inspection.
Lun de Trois: ::The medallion was a circle fashioned around a triangle of interlocked swords::
Aralith Ferio: ::he couldn't even tell the towering figure at his side was AJ, only a blur..a figure of something or another::
Vivomancer Vyri: There... there... is... there can be no..... ah..... what?
GeneralKnowles: ::he shakes his head, fingers yet again closing about his horn::
Zharyka: ::softly:: no...
Sierta: ::Despite the burns and still smoldering cloth of what was once her dress, she kneels next to Nique::
Klockwork Master: ::softly, yet clearly:: You choose Nostrella?
Captain Perlai: ::he waited::
Klockwork Master: ::Vyri was surrounded now::
IannonDestyranos: ::he watche eyes wide, speechless to Vyri and KM::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::finally his rolling stops and he lays still::
Vivomancer Vyri: Do not be ridiculous! We cannot remove ourselves from her graces!
Klockwork Guards: Yes sir! ::The soldier cried, before rushing off to make good his orders::
Sherakai: My guess is because he can't control a goddess ::His gaze shifted restlessly, watching all around them::
BlissNLvjy: Healers! We need healers here!
GylonTDorn: Bend and accept fool::he whispered to the Vivomancer::
TheArmandants: <Lee> ::it is then that he sees his sister in the crowd, now hooded by a cloak; he moves up behind her quietly:: Jenna ...:voice low:: We must leave here, at once.
Arman Ban Triam: ::he then turns to KM, eyes growing wider at the display::
Ysanne Solaste: Gylon...:she whispered::
Vivomancer Vyri: ::coloring now, angry - the wine - and his faith empowering him::
GryPheonix: I was never fond of goddesses yet this might be a little.
Lord Del Simmons: ::louder:: Just pretend! No one will know!
Lord Del Simmons: ::pause::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::moving up to his knees, missing the proclamation::

Amethystra: @::hopping out of the driver's seat of the carriage, she heard the call for healers, but she didn't even bring her pack of ointments. Besides, she was sure that there were vivomancers that could help::

TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::jumps and turns her riveted gaze from the KM::

Lee! ::in a hissed whisper:: Did you.. is he? Where is Garne?

DanisiaChambray: ::Bliss had got to be kidding!::

Lord Del Simmons: ::well, unless they just heard him yell::

Vivomancer Vyri: Do not be foolish! Your... your Grace! These assassins were not sent by Nostrella!

Perching Bird V: ::he awkwardly caught the medallion, shackles impeding him somewhat:: As you will. Let us disperse, before that *thing* comes hunting.

Aralith Ferio: ::coughing and breathing heavy from the exerted energy::

GeneralKnowles: ::he just shakes his head, standing there beside Ban Triam:: <m> He's got to be kidding...

ApolloJamesMaran: ::the back of his shirt showing his scars covering his back scars he keeps hidden::

TheArmandants: <Lee> ::waves a hand:: He has escaped. And so must we. Let us be off...

Zharyka: ::silently urging the hapless Vivo to shut his mouth and agree with the KM::

Vivomancer Vyri: Nostrella is a loving, benign force for good! She is---

Klockwork Master: ::clearly again:: So you stand by your goddess?

Lun de Trois: ::Most of the men who helped Garne were already gone::

TheArmandants: <Jenna> ::nods, tugging the hood lower over her head::

GylonTDorn: ::Raises his sword::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::louder:: **Nostrella is the source of our faith. By Her grace do we--**

Lord Del Simmons: He pledges allegiance! I heard him say it yesterday!

Ysanne Solaste: No! ::she hissed::

GryPheonix: Fool.

Lun de Trois: Way ahead of you, friend. ::the man grinned and did the fast fade::

IannonDestyranos: Goddess no... ::he whispered::

GeneralKnowles: ::his eyes close as he winces::

Sherakai: ::Carefully, he shifted his cloak-wrapped burden to rest against his shoulder::

Klockwork Master: ::the mask nodded:: And Nostrella healed the people when they were sick.

Sierta: Gjaki, can you help Niq? ::Motioning to the bruises and cuts on the woman along with the smoke she had inhaled::

Aralith Ferio: ::his clothing burned and his body still smoking as he stood, a good distance away from the tent with Bliss, AJ, Sierta and Niq::

Klockwork Master: Fed them when they were hungry.

Klockwork Master: Kept their past emperor alive.

MecheIIa: ::stares wide eyed as the vivomancer is surrounded::

GylonTDorn: ::Waits for the Master's command::

Klockwork Master: And destroyed the undead ravaging the lands.

Zharyka: ::closer still, a few feet from the KM and Vyri::

DanisiaChambray: <q> I think we should go.

Klockwork Master: No.

Vivomancer Vyri: ::stammering:: She... she... ::clears his throat:: **O Goddess, I beseech you...**

Klockwork Master: The Klockwork Army did.

GeneralKnowles: ::he shakes his head, his hand falling to Firestrike's hilt yet again::

MecheIIa: ::her heart feels in her throat, and she brings a hand up to her mouth::

GeneralKnowles: ::then notes the soldiers::

GryPheonix: (q)She's not listening apparently.

ApolloJamesMaran: ::his left hand not being put to the earth::

Vivomancer Vyri: **Come to lead this man - this great man - to the light once more!**

Lord Del Simmons: ::slight grimace, not for the pain in his shoulder::

Klockwork Guards: ::There were a few murmurs of agreement from the soldiers to

the Master's words::

Captain Perlai: ::frowns at the Vivomancer, remembering, a Luminian through and through, echoes of the starving and the suffering in his mind::

Klockwork Master: And I say your goddess is false. a pretender. A lie to keep the people placid.

Amethystra: @::nibbling on her lip, she wandered away from the festivities, shaking her head as she went towards her cottage. It was too crazy to find people that she knew at something like this::

Lord Del Simmons: Oh, no.

Klockwork Master: Well the people speak back! The people want justice.

GeneralKnowles: <m> Dear me.

Sierta: ::Tearing more of her gown away, she carefully binds Niq's wounds::

OnlineHost: "Amethystra" has left the room.

Sierta: Aralith?

Aralith Ferio: ::there was heavy soot laced tears down his cheeks::

GeneralKnowles: <m> Silence yourself...

Aralith Ferio: Yes?

MecheIIa: ::the hand lowers to her throat, eyes wide, face pale; *where was Iannon?*::

Perching Bird V: ::the Vivos are stupefied, only Vyri with the wits to carry on::

Klockwork Master: Pray to your false goddess then Vivomancer. ::the mask looked at the Klockwork Guards::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::stammering now... sweat trickling down his face... he looks ready to break, fearfully looking at the guards::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She should have stepped away from Gylon, from all of this, but she found she couldn't move::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::then he steels himself::

Klockwork Guards: ::The guards awaited orders.::

Klockwork Master: Kill him. ::and the Klockwork Master stepped off the crate::

Aralith Ferio: ::his eyes glosed and having watered badly to clear out the smoke::

Vivomancer Vyri: **She is the Source; She is the Mother.**

ApolloJamesMaran: (q) He speaks and death follows.

BlissNLvjy: ::covered in soot, sweat and ashes:: (vs)Worst party I've ever been to. ::trying to check AJ over::

Klockwork Guards: ::Loyal to the last.::

GeneralKnowles: ::he sets his chin::

Klockwork Master: She is dead.

Vivomancer Vyri: **Nostrella I see-----**

DanisiaChambray: ::She closed her eyes::

GylonTDorn: ::He follows orders as well::

Klockwork Guards: ::Swords were drawn, and they stepped forward, thrusting.::

MecheIIa: No! ::the word comes in a gasp::

Lord Del Simmons: ::puts his face in his hand::

Perching Bird V: Noo!! ::One of the Vivos, a woman, cries out, running towards Vyri:: Is there no mercy in your soul!!

GryPheonix: ::grimaced::

IannonDestyranos: No!! ::gasped lurching forward to the crowd::

Sierta: ::Sickness fills her, sickness at the proclamation she's heard but can't seem to digest through the pain that is now clouding her vision::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She stared, frozen in horror::

Niqueliece: :: clutching a scarf in one hand ::

Zharyka: ::she turned away as the soldiers fell on Vyri, letting out a cry::

Vivomancer Vyri: ::BLADES SLIDE into his ceremonial robes - ::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::a grimace of pain, his left hand held to him::

Arman Ban Triam: ::a hand caught Iannon in the chest, halting him where he stood::

MecheIIa: ::it is then that she hears his voice, and she turns, searching for the source::

GeneralKnowles: ::he just looks at the KM, horror on his face::
Arman Ban Triam: Don't. ::was short quick whisper::
Klockwork Master: ::the Klockwork Master walked off toward Arman::
Sierta: ::Feline eyes wide as she watches the blades slide so easily into the Vivo::
Ysanne Solaste: Gylon -- ::the name choked out::
Captain Perlai: ::taken aback::
Vivomancer Vyri: ::small spots of scarlet quickly grow.....::
Klockwork Guards: ::If any of the soldiers are apologetic, feel this is wrong, none dare to voice it. Their faces are grim, all professional, as always.::
Sherakai: ::His arm around her shoulders pulled her close::
Klockwork Master: ::the Klockwork Guards hacked the Vivomancer to pieces.
GeneralKnowles: ::he glances at Ban Triam, then at the KM as he approaches::
GylonTDorn: ::And they note each cry from those around them::
Vivomancer Vyri: **NOSTR-----**
Aralith Ferio: ::he was breathing heavy, not yet able to see again as his eyes were laden with tears::
Vivomancer Vyri: ::and he was gone::
DanisiaChambray: ::She buried her face into his chest::
Klockwork Master: #:Klockwork Captain: Through the body in the fire!
GryPheonix: Fare thee well.
IannonDestyranos: Goddess no.. ::he choked a whisper at the sight::
MecheIIa: ::but she makes the mistake of glancing back to the Vivo, and she is sickened as he is hacked::
Captain Perlai: ::he had only known the evils that bore weapons, the ones that came at you from the shadows...but, perhaps there was another evil, one that hid behind pacifism::
Perching Bird V: ::The woman rushes to Vyri, collapsing near him, her robes mingling with his, and her hands glow as she tries to heal him....only to be caught up in the freakin' CARNAGE!::
ApolloJamesMaran: (q) Death follows.
Klockwork Guards: ::Stepping away, one raised his blade, aiming for the neck, for a quick death.::
Perching Bird V: ::slice, chop, thrown to the fire::
Lord Del Simmons: ::shaking his head:: A shame Nostrella doesn't allow for lying.
GylonTDorn: ::And so it falls again to him carry the dead to the flames::
Arman Ban Triam: ::Arman stood next to an obvious vivomancer, he turned and faced Klockwork with his best calm mask in place::
Sierta: Niq, can you stand? ::Shaken, her mind cloudy she looks to Niq::
MecheIIa: ::she doubles over, choking, the blood and gore rising bile to her throat::
BlissNLvjy: I've got wounded people over here!
Lord Del Simmons: ::he can't watch::
Vivomancer Vyri: ::elsewhere, people scream.... a well of panic driving the gathered throne AWAY::
GryPheonix: Nostrella hasn't really done much to begin with.
ApolloJamesMaran: ::his left hand the worst of his burns, gods how he hated burns::
Vivomancer Vyri: ::throng::
Aralith Ferio: ::he had several burns about his body that he wasn't even starting to feel due to the adrenalin pumping through his veins::
Ysanne Solaste: ::She stared after Gylon, swallowing hard because suddenly she felt she'd be sick::
Klockwork Guards: ::And indeed, they showed no more or less emotion to the woman who had foolishly tried to intervene. At that moment, the humans might as well have been as featureless as the golems beside them.::
MecheIIa: ::eyes tear and she struggles to stand, blindly now, all she can think of is Iannon --he wears the rings, he will be known as a vivomancer as well::
IannonDestyranos: ::he nearly doubled over in shock, eyes still wide at the brutal carnage::
Klockwork Master: ::the mask stared at Arman: Any Vivoamncer who does not pledge fealty or loyalty to the Klockwork Empire is to be killed. No trial. No

questioning.

Niqueliece: :: suddenly begins coughing ::

ApolloJamesMaran: (q) Someone Get him out of here. ::pointing to Aralith::

Klockwork Master: Is that understood?

GeneralKnowles: ::only his years in service enable him to keep from bolting at the carnage::

Sherakai: Enough ::he murmured, gently urging Dani away from the scene::

Perching Bird V: ::one of remaining Vivos bolts for the woods::

GeneralKnowles: ::he watches the KM, his face pale::

Sierta: I have a pregnant woman here that needs attention.

Arman Ban Triam: ::a cold mask, although wide eyes betrayed his inner turmoil:: ::he swallowed and nodded silently::

Aralith Ferio: ::his eyes just now starting to clear::

Klockwork Guards: ::The soldiers follow, looking to chase the fleeing Vivo down.::

Ysanne Solaste: ::She swallowed again, brathed in deeply.::

Ysanne Solaste: ::breathed, even::

GryPheonix: ::glanced in the direction of the fleeing vivo::Finally someone with intelligence.

Zharyka: ::she turned and ran, stumbling blindly through the crowd, heading toward the Crosswinds::

Niqueliece: :: curling on one side, coughing ::

DanisiaChambray: ::She needed no urging, in shock over what she'd heard::

MecheIIa: ::stumbles forward, hand to her mouth, searching wildly::

Klockwork Guards: ::If the Vivo had to flee, it is obvious what their choice was.::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::he felt his burns all to familiarly::

BlissNLvjy: ::among all those fleeing who could find one::

Sierta: ::Rising slowly to her feet and taking Aralith's hand:: Come, we need to see about those burns.

GylonTDorn: ::he doesn't look to Ysanne as he take the body toward the fire::

BlissNLvjy: He's killing the vivomancers, who are we going to get to tend to them?

Perching Bird V: ::the last one falls to his knees, head bowed. His lips move, a last prayer to his Goddess as he abandons her::

Lord Del Simmons: ::spits to one side:: I've had quite enough of springtide festivities.

Arman Ban Triam: ::then almost immediately:: He is loyal. He has just confessed it to me. This one is loyal to the Regime of Klockwork.

Mercy HalfEar: ::and in the woods, waiting, hidden from sight, the knife-wielder let fly at the fleeing vivomancer::

Klockwork Master: ::the mask turned to Iannon knowingly, then the Klockwork Master walked off::

ApolloJamesMaran: Bliss.... look at me.

Arman Ban Triam: ::gesturing to Iannon::

Sierta: ::Shocked and sick, she watches Gylon carry the body away then can only shake her head to Bliss::

Captain Perlai: ::walks over to Sierta::

Arman Ban Triam: ::swallows heavily::

Captain Perlai: ::he puts his hands under the woman's armpits:: Help me lift her.

Lord Del Simmons: ::he starts off::

IannonDestyranos: ::was fighting a gag then wide eyes shot up to Arman::

Captain Perlai: ::not Sierta, the preppers chick::

Klockwork Master: ::back to arman and Iannon:: Make sure it remains that way or I will kill him personally, like Tikk Tokk was butchered.

GylonTDorn: ::The command given he lowers it in the flames::

Aralith Ferio: ::softly:: And darkness spread over the land.

IannonDestyranos: I...

Ysanne Solaste: ::She lost track of her friends, of everyone else around. She was silent, swallowing hard.::

Sierta: ::Slowly, she looks to the Captain, her face ashen as she leans down to help him with Niq::

GeneralKnowles: ::he just stands there in shock, looking from Arman to Iannon to the KM::

Aralith Ferio: ::coughing again, his voice dry and raspy::

BlissNLvjy: ::she looked AJ, there was such fury in her dark eyes:: If Niq dies...

MecheIIa: ::head turned from the body being thrown in the fire and she stumbles forward, searching out Iannon::

Arman Ban Triam: He is loyal. I'd stake my life upon it. ::nods quickly::

Klockwork Master: ::stops and slowly turns::

Klockwork Master: And one more thing Magistrate.

Perching Bird V: ::The fleeing Vivo reaches the woods, but guards are seeking him out::

IannonDestyranos: ::that froze whatever else he would have said::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::stopping at the captian comes:: Get her home. Helga knows what to do.

IannonDestyranos: ::he simply stared wide eyed into space::

MecheIIa: ::she had to get him out, get him away, she knew who could help...::

Klockwork Master: Bring me the head of Annabella Morningstar and her damnable inner circle.

Sierta: How do we get her home, AJ?

Niqueliece: (s) Let.. I am..

Niqueliece: :: coughing ::

Arman Ban Triam: ::blinks, and stiffened::

Zharyka: ::dundunDUN::

Ysanne Solaste: ::One hand, her right, closed into a fist and opened. Closed, opened::

GeneralKnowles: ::he blinks at this last::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::chosing his words is hardat the moment his left hand hurt like hell:: James is near witht he coach, get her and Araith to my house, now.

GryPheonix: Healer<::dashed over to Bliss:: what seems to be the matter? ::a pack of herbs and applications over her shoulder::

Klockwork Master: The Broken Circle are at your disposal.

Captain Perlai: ::to AJ:: Can you two handle this one?

GeneralKnowles: ::his eyes narrow and he watches for Arman's reply::

Arman Ban Triam: ::.... only an hour ago was he proclaiming praises for Klockwork... and now... as he was reinstated... all hell broke loose::

Klockwork Master: ::And then the Klockwork Master walked off toward the fire::

Aralith Ferio: I am fine AJ. Cooked..but far from down.

Arman Ban Triam: ::nods stiffly::

Lun de Trois: ::which refused to die::

GylonTDorn: ::He steps back and watches the one the Klockmaster commanded. The orders clear. It is time to begin::

Sherakai: ::He moved through the woods silently, guiding Dani where she could not see::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::he nods to the captian::

MecheIIa: ::and then she sees him, through the crowd, doubled over... near the Magistrate and the KM::

BlissNLvjy: ::she waved:: Burns, lots and lots of burns.

Sierta: Aralith goes with me. ::Nodding to the captain as she keeps hold of the bottom part of Niq:: To his coach.

Lord Del Simmons: ::as he passes Arman, he looks up::

Aralith Ferio: ::his voice was still raspy though::

Ysanne Solaste: ::And then, she started walking towards Gylon. Like a sleepwalker::

Captain Perlai: ::to Arman:: Magistrate! Bring that...healer!

GylonTDorn: ::He turns and moves back to Ysanne::

IannonDestyranos: ::Iannon was sitting upon his knees, staring off in shock::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::AJ looks far from right himself, his long hair singed, his left hand seeping blood::

Klockwork Guards: ::Guards move to the third Vivo, one barking:: Do you swear allegiance?

GeneralKnowles: ::he shakes his head:: <m> What has happened here tonight?

Ysanne Solaste: ::She met him. Stood, staring at him a long moment::

Aralith Ferio: ::he did take several heavy burns while dragging and carrying Sierta and Niq::

Lord Del Simmons: ::expressionless:: I miss Toomy.

Aralith Ferio: Thank you though AJ.

GryPheonix: Healer: ::nods:: allow me ::slipped out a few cloth wraps and applied them to the burns::

MecheIIa: ::the fear overtakes her and she begins pushing, both begging and ordering people out of her way::

Arman Ban Triam: ::Arman too seemed to be in a daze of sort, the cold dagger of irony twisting through him, until Perlai's call broke him out of his revelry::

Perching Bird V: ::sadly, forlornly, his rings in his hands:: (w) I do.

ApolloJamesMaran: ::a pair of horses stamping near having answered AJ's whistle::

GylonTDorn: ::He looked toward her but said nothing::

Niqueliece: :: for some reason, clutching a red scarf with black trim to her ::

Sierta: ::Carefully she helps the Captain to carry Niq to AJ coach and lift her inside:: Niq, listen. You are going to AJ's house and will be tended there.

Niqueliece: :: coughing ::

Klockwork Master: #:off near the fire the Klockwork Mster thrust a gloved hand into the fire pulling forth the undead chicken::

Gjaki the Singer: ::Gjaki has listened all this while, moves to whisper something to Sierta, then moves off at an easy gait::

BlissNLvjy: You. ::she pointed at AJ:: Will have that hand seen to...

Ysanne Solaste: ::Her fist closed. And she hauled off, aiming a right at his jawline as hard as she could::

Klockwork Master: "cluck"

Arman Ban Triam: ::glances to Del, then calls out to Perlai:: What is needed?

Lord Del Simmons: ::that's all; he continues his exit from the spectacle::

Aralith Ferio: Sierta..get Diago about.

MecheIIa: ::rushes to him finally and falls to her knees beside him:: Iannon ...

Klockwork Master: <softly> And now I ahve a cat and fox to catch. ::Snap::

Aralith Ferio: ::cough...::

Sierta: ::Quietly, she nods to Gjaki as she turns from getting Niq into the coach::

GryPheonix: Healer: This will sting. ::as she applied another herbal wrap to a particularly bad section::

GeneralKnowles: ::Just stands there stock still, his armor singed, blinking and trying to think::

Captain Perlai: Send him to the injured. I do not think any were hit by arrows, but they may have been trampled.

MecheIIa: ::takes his hand:: Iannon ::urgently:: We must go, you heard, we must go... now.

IannonDestyranos: ::blinks out of his state of shock, then looks wide-eyed to Mechella:: Lady... ::he choked out::

Klockwork Master: ::and the dead chicken was tossed in the flames::

Klockwork Guards: ::The soldier took the rings from the man, nodding:: You are free, then, to go and tend the wounded.

ApolloJamesMaran: Agustus... ::he winches again::

GylonTDorn: ::He didn't move until the punch jerked his head back with more power then he would have guessed::

Sierta: ::A low whistle sounds from her lips as she calls to her stallion::

BlissNLvjy: Trampled, burned and sucked in enough smoke to kill them.

Klockwork Guards: ::They bore no hatred to the man, no more malice than their orders bade them hold, and moved off to keep the order::

Captain Perlai: Now that he does not hide behind Nostrella and that damned Inner Circle, he may be of some actual use.

Arman Ban Triam: Iannon. Iannon! ::he called out demandingly as he slipped an arm under the vivomancer to forcibly lift him back to his feet::

GryPheonix: ::the wet clothed man from before walked over to Shad:: Seems we've more trouble than usual sir.

Klockwork Master: ::the air rippled slightly as the Klockwork Master shifted to two dimensions::

OnlineHost: "Mercy HalfEar" has left the room.

GeneralKnowles: ::his mind is a whirl, and he just stands there, staring at Ban Triam::

Aralith Ferio: Are you ok Sierta?

IannonDestyranos: ::he was yanked to his feet, and disbelieving eyes went from Mechella to Arman::

Why.. why did you ...

Niqueliece: ::coughing once more, then just slumps ::

Ysanne Solaste: ::Of course it hurt her knuckles. Punches like that always do. She sucked in a breath, but stood there, staring at him still:: He...He was unarmed...Gylon...

ApolloJamesMaran: (qw) Cover my Back Bliss...

Klockwork Master: ::then the two shifted to a single line in the air::

GryPheonix: Shad: ::sighed:: We're going to need all the medicine we can get for this.

Captain Perlai: ::assisting in the carrying of Niq as much as he had to::

Sierta: ::Diago, wild from the smoke prances at their side::

GylonTDorn: ::He looked at her as he raised his hand to feel the place where her punch landed::

Klockwork Master: ::the line shifting to a point of light::

Lun de Trois: ::poor poor chicken::

Klockwork Master: <pop> ::and then it was gone::

GylonTDorn: It was ordered.

GryPheonix: Healer: ::assisted in helping Niq::

BlissNLvjy: Always do, AJ but you aren't going to do anything but get your hand looked at.

Arman Ban Triam: Quiet. ::under his breath:: You live, you heal. Now you have healing to do. Do it. ::through gritted teeth::

OnlineHost: "Mercy HalfEar" has entered the room.

GryPheonix: H: ::it was her job after all::

Ysanne Solaste: So what?? ::she cried. Tears were in her eyes::

IannonDestyranos: ::he stared at his friend... who had transformed from the man just an hour ago::

Sierta: ::Unable to talk, she only nods to Aralith as she leaps to the bare back of the stallion::

MecheIIa: ::blinks as Iannon is hauled to his feet and his hand yanked from hers:: What -- what are you...

GylonTDorn: That is what I do.

GeneralKnowles: ::jaw works, as if he tries to speak, but no words come::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::tears lit his eyes, she misunderstood his shame of his scars, his ruined skin::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::the back of his shirt opened by the flames::

Ysanne Solaste: No. No, not *this*. This is not what you do, Gylon. It's not. ::As if saying so could make it true::

Gjaki the Singer: ::The giant is off into the woods then, disappearing with his usual steady gait::

BlissNLvjy: ::ah, then she got it and found something to cover his back. A discarded cloak::

MecheIIa: ::struggles to her feet:: What are you saying? ::her voiced strangled::

BlissNLvjy: (vs)Sorry love, I wasn't thinking.

ApolloJamesMaran: ::he calls up a grateful smile to her::

Sierta: ::Holding out a hand to Aralith for him to join her on Diago's back::

OnlineHost: "TheArmandants" has left the room.

GryPheonix: Healer: Feeling any better? ::to Niq, as she checked on her condition::

GylonTDorn: ::Watching her he lets her go, let her cry and offers nothing::

Arman Ban Triam: Go. Go! ::he pushed him towards the wounded::

Aralith Ferio: ::he let out a stong determined breath and pulled himself up onto Diago's back with Sierta::

Niqueliece: :: slowly opening her eyes ::

Mercy HalfEar: ::the vivomancer, having made it to the woods, gave out a yelp as the thrown knife collided with his back, stumbling. And then the dark-clad man was on him::

BlissNLvjy: Sierta, Aralith, a healer comes...

Arman Ban Triam: ::to Mechella:: He has sworn fealty to Klockwork. And now will heal his men. And live for it.

GeneralKnowles: ::finally the words come, but are barely more than a whisper, directed at Arman:: <w> Orders, your Excellency?

Arman Ban Triam: ::coldly::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::finally he settled to the earth::

MecheIIa: ::gapes at Arman:: *What?*

Aralith Ferio: *Go Sierta.*

Niqueliece: ::hazel gaze clearing somewhat::

IannonDestyranos: ::Iannon stumbled as he was pushed, then absently trodded as if in a daze, toward the wounded::

Ysanne Solaste: *Please.* ::she whispered, shaking her head. She ran a hand over her eyes::

GryPheonix: ::more healers were starting to converge near the area, though likely their supplies would run out::

Aralith Ferio: ::wrapping one arm around her waist::

Captain Perlai: ::he walked back into the tent, checking on some of the shaken, determining if they were truly hurt and forgetting them if they were not::

Mercy HalfEar: ::it was quick, quiet. The only words whispered from the attacker, before another knife found his hand:: (w) Join her.

GryPheonix: ::Vivos they were not, but better than no aid at all::

Sierta: ::Almost laying on Diago's neck, she can only nod to Bliss before the large black rears then gallops away from the smoke and flames::

Arman Ban Triam: ::then looks to Knowles, coldness seeping into his features and voice:: Apprehend the assassin who has escaped.

MecheIIa: He... he ...::wide eyes between Arman and Iannon, as he moves away::

Arman Ban Triam: He is Garne Saerndakk. ::coldly::

Niqueliece: ::rolls to her side ;;

ApolloJamesMaran: James, please get her to the house. ::not that Niqui did not have the time to get out of the coach had she the strength and will::

GeneralKnowles: ::he nods slowly::

OnlineHost: "Sierta" has left the room.

BlissNLvjy: ::she sat beside AJ as someone was helping Niq and there wasn't anything she could do::
And now you know why i don't attend Tivilli.

GeneralKnowles: ::then salutes, right fist over his heart:: Yes, Your Excellency.

OnlineHost: "Aralith Ferio" has left the room.

MecheIIa: ::then the gaze snaps to Arman as Garne's identity was revealed::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::James clearly did not want to go::

GylonTDorn: ::He stood still then for a moment then touched her hand lightly:: Be careful

OnlineHost: "Klockwork Master" has left the room.

Mercy HalfEar: ::the deed done, the quiet man finished one last task before retreating to darkness and secrecy. The sigil of Nostrella, and the rings, taken::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::and now the healer prevented him::

IannonDestyranos: ::to the wounded he went, although his eyes seemed to be in a daze::

Niqueliece: ::forces herself to her knees, head a little dizzy::

ApolloJamesMaran: (q) I want to go home. ::leaning into Bliss::

Niqueliece: ::coughing some::

Ysanne Solaste: ::Her gaze was raw. She looked at him and tried to think of words, but could not::

GryPheonix: Healer: Try this if you're still in pain. ::offering a sip from a canteen she carried::

Klockwork Guards: ::Soldiers remained prevalent, seeking Garne, seeking escaping Vivomancers, and it seemed more had been ordered in, for their numbers were growing::

GeneralKnowles: ::he turns and heads away from the burned tent, his fingers again clasping his horn::

Ella Glowing: ::humpfs and blows hair out her face:: By all that is sweet and sticky and good!

BlissNLvjy: ::helped him to his feet::

Lun de Trois: ::Elsewhere, the mage just smells like spilled wine and...death...losing a life really hurts::

Niqueliece: :: looks around ::

GryPheonix: Healer: ::turns to Apollo:: Well you need aid as well?

BlissNLvjy: His hand...

Niqueliece: :: looks around :: AJ? Bliss?

Niqueliece: :: wishing to high-heck her head would stop pounding ::

Ella Glowing: ::she zooms down toward the crowd:: What happened! What happened? Where si the wine! The food! The dancing boys!

Captain Perlai: ::he approached Arman, then, quiet in his tone:: You hesitated. Are you out of practice, Magistrate?

ApolloJamesMaran: ::he surveys the scene and holds out his left hand to the Healer, the burns severe but not overly so, yet::

GryPheonix: Healer: ::slips out the last of the wraps and applies it on carefully::

MecheIIa: ::and she just stands, amidst it all, not knowing what to do::

IannonDestyranos: ::Perlai's words twist and burrow into his thoughts as he does his work::

Arman Ban Triam: ::arches a brow at Perlai:: Hesitated?

ApolloJamesMaran: (q) And death rode from the west, ashes left behind.

GylonDorn: ::He turned slowly away from Ysanne and looked at the fire, the remains of the tent.

Arman Ban Triam: ::cool fascade perfectly in place no matter what churned within::

GryPheonix: H: ::motioned to one of the 'gofers' who left another small case for her::

Zharyka: ::one of the stableboys from the Crosswinds arrives with supplies for the healers, sent by Zharyka; he looks about, lost for a moment::

Ella Glowing: ::looks down at the carnage, the injured and the very sad people:: This is just not fair. ::stamps her foot in midair::

Ella Glowing: Thsi si Tivili dammit! Drunken foolishness and writhing dancing. ::humpf::

Niqueliece: :: sags against something, glances up to Ella ::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::a nod of thanks to the healer at the wrapping of his wound::

GylonDorn: ::glances to Arman::

Niqueliece: You missed the big party

GryPheonix: Shad: ::walked over to the Zharyka's healers:: Thanks for the help, I'm having some of my own help with the wounded.

ApolloJamesMaran: Will itscar?

MecheIIa: ::finally she turns, dress dusty, face pale, hair disheveled, looking nothing like the joyous woman of just a few hours earlier::

Niqueliece: (s) Lucky you

Captain Perlai: Hesitated. When that Garne Saerndakk was to be executed, you told them to take him to prison.

Ella Glowing: ::grumbles in the air:: I'll bet that peach jacketed lord caused all this. And that loudmouthed hussy.

GryPheonix: Healer: It's bad, but with some care it may heal.

ApolloJamesMaran: ::of course it would, he was really starting to laothe fire::

GeneralKnowles: ::reaching the tavern he just walks on past, his head spinning:: <m> Find Game... Saerndakk...

Gjaki the Singer: @::When the giant arrived, drawn by the scent of blood to the body of the dead Vivomancer, he crouched, absorbed the scents there,

noted that no soldiers had caused the wounds he saw, and hefted
Arman Ban Triam: ::he did not flinch:: He was the only assassin left alive.
I wanted more information out of him before execution.
GeneralKnowles: <m> Got to mobilize the Hundred...
Gjaki the Singer: the body to return it for burial; there were no doubt
those who would wish it.::
Arman Ban Triam: If there be more such plans about, extinguishing them prior
to the actual attempt would be more advantageous. Would you not agree?
Niqueliece: :: moves dizzily toward what sounds like AJ's voice ::
Ella Glowing: ::the fae zooms down to the monstrous Gjaki:: Hey you. Big
ugly one!
GryPheonix: Shad: If you need any additional supplies, I'll handle it and
any expenses.
GeneralKnowles: ::he pauses, head spinning::
Zharyka: ::the boy (not Zharyka) stared, shocked::
GeneralKnowles: ::then dropping to his knees in front of the tavern, he
vomits::
Captain Perlai: I did not question your loyalty. Merely your presence of
mind. In the previous regime I never gave much thought to the functions of
your position, so forgive me.
Niqueliece: (s) AJ?
MecheIIa: ::and slowly makes her way towards the Crosswinds::
GylonTDorn: ::He moved slowly to Arman not speaking::
ApolloJamesMaran: ::turning to Niqui:: Let james drive you home Niqui.
Niqueliece: :: filthy head to toe, barely recognizeable ::
Arman Ban Triam: ::a slight tense of his jaw but he said nothing::
Niqueliece: (s) I can't..
GryPheonix: Healer: What's your name? If I can I'll try and check back with
you later.
Niqueliece: People are hurt
GylonTDorn: ::glanced to the Captain::
Arman Ban Triam: ::his eyes going to the vivomancer across the ways::
Gjaki the Singer: @::Whatever his intentions had been, the time it took for
him to move as quietly as he could around the searching soldiers had carried
him too late to the scene.::
GryPheonix: Healer: So I can hopefully ensure it heals without complication.
ApolloJamesMaran: ::a shake of his head:: AJ.
Captain Perlai: Others will follow, you know. Questioning you. If you
choose the path of less bloodshed, you will have to stand that much more
resolute against second thoughts.
Ella Glowing: ::zooms around in circles very confused::
GeneralKnowles: ::he stays there, leaning forward on his hands, his mouth working::
Zharyka: ::the boy found the closest person who looked to be healing and set his burden by them,
mumbling an vague explanation, and then ran back toward the Crosswinds::
Niqueliece: :: looks down at the red and black sash in her hand :: (s) Where the heck did I get this?
ApolloJamesMaran: Klockworks.
GryPheonix: Healer: ::nods::
BlissNLvjy: Probably picked it up in the mess.
IannonDestyranos: ::assessed various injured to see who would need immediate
attention and who could make the mile trip to Crosswinds::
Ella Glowing: ::then hovers there about the burning tent and sobs:: This
sucks.
Captain Perlai: ::notices Gylon standing there::
Niqueliece: :: uses it to braid her thankfully unsinged hair back out of the
way ::

GeneralKnowles: ::his head begins to clear a bit, and he breathes deeply::
Arman Ban Triam: ::sidelong glance to Perlai as if to consider his words::
BlissNLvjy: There are plenty of healers about, Niq. ::lie, lie, lie:: You need to be a patient now. You sucked in a lot of smoke and you do have to think of the baby.
ApolloJamesMaran: His left hand all wrapped up::
GryPheonix: Shad: Much thanks.
Niqueliece: :: looks the two over : (s) You guys ok?
Ella Glowwing: Damn humans and their stupid ways. ::she sighs and pops returning to a soft bluish light::
Niqueliece: (s) I'll be ok
ApolloJamesMaran: Fine.
Niqueliece: No time to be selfish
Arman Ban Triam: ::then looked to Gylon in question::
Niqueliece: You two look like you've been beaten silly.
GeneralKnowles: ::slowly gets to his feet, leaning on the porch railing::
Ella Glowwing: ::and zooms off into the sky:: I'm going to get those metal men if it is the last thing I do! <vwoosh>
GylonTDorn: ::He doesn't add any words but his eyes agree with the Captain::
BlissNLvjy: ::she shook her head:: I'm completely unhurt...just a mess.
GryPheonix: Healer: You're with child? ::to Niq:: Please try and rest for a moment::
GylonTDorn: We are ready