

(Summary of the Event)

The old Nostrella Temple just south of the city of Dreven had thought to be abandoned. But like most building classified as such in Dreven, someone was making use of the structure. The Klockwork forces had new information that a group of resistance rebels were using the old temple to organize the recent attacks on its soldiers around the Crosswind Tavern.

Part of that was true. There were many inside that actively supported the rebels: some by means of swords, some by spreading rhetoric to damage the image of the Klockforces, and some by simply refusing to denounce their faith. However, the control of the recent raids did not come from behind these walls.

Residents and wanders around the temple were quickly taken and told to return home as the forces secured the area. Soldiers in the uniforms of the Klockmaster approached the temple and used a code provided by their superiors to easily enter the main gate. Other's in nightclothes breeched the wall. Any watching, any listening, had little doubt of the outcome of this battle.

However, the Klockforces did not expect the rebels to make such a dramatic stand. None lowered their weapons. No one chose to be led from the behind the stonewall and into custody. They made it impossible for the Klocks to arrest them. They preferred death. That is, all but the children, who were led past the bodies of those they loved, by soldiers.

An objective observer would suggest the Klockforces did not intend or enjoy the massacre. But the word on the street is never objective. Any attempts for the Klocks to cover the incident were hindered by the arrival of a group of men on horseback that came to answer the old temple bell rung when the battle began.

The rebels were conquered. Healers were slain. And yet, as in many battles, neither side claimed victory or defeat.

Dreven Nostrella Temple
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Clay Wathrem: ::They gather in the behind the stone walls, hidden inside the old temple, those who hide from the present power, those who found a places to worship as they did once.::

Shyla Tremayne: ::standing before the makeshift altar to Nostrella the petite figure lifted her hands toward the heavens and began to intone softly:: As darkness descends, bless me, Goddess of Life, that I, your child, may look upon the face of the stars and know, even in the pitch of night, your light and love showers upon me still. In your light do I serve, In your steps do I follow, By your grace, do I live.

Klockwork Squad: ::Klockwork Soldiers navigate the streets in broken procession, gathering in the darkness surrounding their intended location.::

Clay Wathrem: ::He watches Shlya from a place along the wall, leaning against the stone.::

Shyla Tremayne: ::her arms slowly fell to ser sides and she turned toward the others in the room with a smile and nodded to them all, then motioned toward the baskets along one wall indicating they should help themselves to the treats inside.::

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::glanced from an alleyway as the soldiers approached, gesturing to his fellow mercs as they started to infiltrate the temple.::

Makil Tremyia: :: inside the walls of the temple Makil sits quietly before a low burning fire

the embers just glowing the perfect orange of the setting sun, and the blue flames dance along the back of the coals. only the sound of a stone sliding of his dirk can be heard as he looks to the faces of the men about him.::

Shyla Tremayne: ::she wandered aimlessly among the people, stopping to give a blessing when asked, to heal a wound where needed::

Shyla Tremayne: <q> Blessings of the Goddess....

Adron Taal: ::riding towards the temple on a routine patrol, the other three horsemen in his group following up the rear::

Clay Wathrem: ::He leaned over to look inside the basket, bread, just bread::

TieryanCall: ::Somewhere close by in an alleyway, he speaks in a rough whisper amidst a cloud of pipe smoke, his voice nearly gone.:: I'll take four for the lot. No less.

Azazel Gry: Stalker: ::darted towards the temple wall through the shadows::

Adron Taal: ::the clop clop clop sound of heavy horse breaks the stillness of the night (?)::

Makil Tremyia: It is quiet tonight. Men, the silence is deafening. ::Kandler looks to Makil as his eyes rise and Makil looks to the doorway.::

Klockwork Squad: ::the soldiers in their black uniforms blending in with the shadows, they formed up in a loose, almost incomprehensible formation that from the sky with eagle eyes seemed quite like a circle::

TieryanCall: ::A seconds more of haggling and then it is over. Coin in pocket, he leans against the wall, breathes in more of the damned smoke.::

Klockwork Squad: <Billy Bunton>::strolling along the street, swinging his basket of goodies and humming to himself::

Shyla Tremayne: ::she knelt to speak to a small girl who was holding her mother's skirt and her thumb stuck in her mouth::

Clay Wathrem: ::He looks over the crowd. There are more here than there was just days ago. We grow. He looks for Makil.::

Makil Tremyia: <Kandler> I never feared th quiet Makil, What troubles you?

Shyla Tremayne: ::she saw the girl looking at the pin on her shoulder and so she removed it and pinned it to the child's dress then tousled the golden curls atop the young one's head::

Azazel Gry: Stalker: ::three more followed after him, in the darkness they put on scaling claws and started to creep up the wall slowly::

Makil Tremyia: ::He stuck his knife into the pot, fetching a piece of the cooked flesh on the tip of it.::

Shyla Tremayne: ::thinking ~Why would you bring a child to this place unless you were desperate?~::

Adron Taal: ::he again was in full armor, as was his other men. A kite shield slung off the pommel of the saddle, his blade Solaris across his back::

Azazel Gry: Archer: ::adjusted her longbow as she spied her brethren, loading a blunted arrow as she aimed at the top of the wall::

TieryanCall: ::Something catches his attention. A sound, maybe, or sudden lack of. He turns his head, stares down the alley.::

Klockwork Squad: ::nothing::

Adron Taal: ::the other horsemen were similarly equipped, shield and blade, with two of the group mounting medium lances::

Clay Wathrem: Have you seen Makil? ::He moves around the group of men passing the baskets::

Klockwork Squad: ::however, up above, a rope was tossed and secured and like assassins

archers shimmied across the rooftops::

Azazel Gry: ::a second team of four were sneaking in the back way::

Shyla Tremayne: ::she rose and gave the mother a reassuring squeeze of her shoulder then began to move toward the doors that led toward a hallway and then further in to the library turned medical ward::

Makil Tremyia: ::he held his hand still and looked to Kandler:: something doesn't smell right ::and he bit into the piece of meat::

Karsh SM: ::didn't take a bath last night::

TieryanCall: ::An unblinking gaze, for the space of several heartbeats. Then a loose shrug, and he pushes off the wall. Starts walking::

Azazel Gry: Hunter: ::adjusted her gear as she led her team towards the back::

Clay Wathrem: <Rom> ::walks the outside of the temple between the stone wall the old place of worship::

Makil Tremyia: Kandler take some men with you and walk the walls. And listen.

Adron Taal: ::another hundred yards or so and he would be at the temple complex::

Makil Tremyia: <Kandler> Right away Makil

KlockSoldier: ::Ranged weapons at the ready, some stayed outside, silently watching the exits from the shadows::

Makil Tremyia: And Kandler, find Clay?

Adron Taal: ::a quick check to see that everything was alright and he would be on his way to continue his patrol::

Azazel Gry: Stalker: ::carefully looked up, and when the coast was clear he slipped over the wall, waiting for the others::

Klockwork Squad: <Billy Bunton>::oblivious, like most Drevenites, he was grabbed roughly from behind...as he tried to scream, a leather glove slapped over his mouth::

Klockwork Squad: <Shadowy Soldier> <w>Rebels about tonight. Return to your home quietly...

Shyla Tremayne: ::the soft swoosh of her slippered feet echoed eerily against the walls as she made her way down the hallway and she kept looking back over her shoulder as she felt as if she was being watched::

Klockwork Squad: ::similar scenes played out down the city blocks as the areas were secured::

Adron Taal: ::he was in no hurry, so he let the horse have a slow trot, the others in his group matching his pace::

Clay Wathrem: <Rom> ::He wasn't paying great attention to the wall or the sky, his thoughts were on his old boots, as he kicked the dirt::

Azazel Gry: Stalker: hand gestured to the three other mercs as they spread out to secure the top::

Karsh SM: ::checks his equipment as he moves slowly with the rest of the soldiers; making sure the straps of his armor were fastened, and double checking his sword sheathed at his hip::

Azazel Gry: ::they were camo'ed for the night streets::

Makil Tremyia: ::Kandler and his men could be seen walking the base of the walls, joshing and joking, as they made their way on their rounds::

Klockwork Squad: ::several blocks away...a heavy Pendulum soldier patrolled the streets with heavy steps...thoom...thoom...an eerie but not uncommon sound through the night air::

Shyla Tremayne: ::she opened the door to the med ward quietly and slipped inside::

Clay Wathrem: <Rom> ::He looked up quickly. Did he hear something?::

Azazel Gry: Stalker: ::stopped, gesturing to the others as they ducked out of sight::

Klockwork Squad: ::suddenly, from the darkness, a man dressed in bright red strolled up to the

front door::

Makil Tremyia: Makil shook his head as he stood and walked towards the temple door, the last bit of meat eaten and his arm pulls across his chin as he swallows. The knife held in his hand he glances about the walls, the hairs prickling on his back

Makil Tremyia: as he studies the shadows::

Shyla Tremayne: <q> Light and breath, Brother.....Sister... ::she nodded to the two other Vivomancers who moved among the men and women on cots layed out across the library. The library shelves long since bare as the books had been looted or moved::

TieryanCall: ::The long-legged gait is nearly silent. Course the pipe smoke doesn't do much to hide his presence in the darkened city::

Clay Wathrem: <Rom> ::His hand found his sword but he didn't draw it::

Karsh SM: ::checks to be sure where his dagger was if all else failed, and then waits, hardly breathing::

Azazel Gry: Stalker: ::spied Rom from cover, noting if there was anyone else nearby::

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier>::hard to miss in the moonlight, he glanced at Makil approaching the door and followed behind him on tapping footsteps::

TieryanCall: ::He pauses as the alleyway opens into the street::

Makil Tremyia: Fools... ::muttered under ghis breathe, and he walks through the door looking for his sword and halbred::

Clay Wathrem: <Rom> ::Checked behind him, he was hearing something but maybe it was just Kandle and his guys joking around::

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier>::walks up to the front door...and knocks::

Azazel Gry: Stalker4: ::aimed a shortbow loaded with a blunted arrow at the rebel's head::

Clay Wathrem: Makil ::He smiles as he saw his old friend enter the room::

Clay Wathrem: <Rom> ::Moves to the door::

Makil Tremyia: Clay, find your weapons, if you hvaen't already. It is much to quiet this evening... no clatter in the street, nothing.

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier>::master of surprise::

TieryanCall: ::There it was, a short ways down the street: the old temple. There is something so familiar about it, but he cannot place it::

Azazel Gry: Stalker: ::gestured spontaneously::

Clay Wathrem: You worry too much ::He smiles::

Shyla Tremayne: <Former SMK> ::frowns at the knock on the door, waiting for the signal::

Makil Tremyia: Just dead silence!

Klockwork Squad: <Shadowy Soldier>::jumps out to try and grab Tieryan and drag him into the shadows::

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier>::knocks again::

Clay Wathrem: Look around ::to Makil:: Things are going well. Look how we've grown.

Azazel Gry: Stalker4: ::readied a shot, aiming precisely::

Azazel Gry: Stalker: ::held his hand at the ready as the two others got into position::

Clay Wathrem: <Rom> ::Looks to the former SMK and then to the door::

Makil Tremyia: ::Kandler and his men, are meanwhile walking the walls and swelling on their drinks, not a care in the world as they feel safe within these walls, the idea of fighting never really ever entered their minds::

TieryanCall: ::The pipe clatters to the ground as he is pulled back. His hand moves to the dagger at his hip:: Hey...

Azazel Gry: Stalker4: ::noticed more movement, gesturing once then twice at the door::

Shyla Tremayne: <former SMK> ::frowns harder, and waits::

Makil Tremyia: Grown? Clay it might be the very thing that brings us down.

Azazel Gry: Stalker:: ::held up two fingers slowly::

Azazel Gry: Stalker4: ::nodded subtly::

Adron Taal: ::looking about as he made with way over the cobbles, reaching up to readjust his new helm, having lost his old one to that damn 'Mancer::

Shyla Tremayne: <former SMK> ::looks up the wall at the sound of the clatter on the street::

TieryanCall: ::A perfectly good pipe. If this is an ordinary robber grabbing him, he's going to be genuinely ticked::

Adron Taal: ::a quiet chuckle from behind as one of his men must have mentioned something to one of the others::

Azazel Gry: Stalker: ::released his hand::

Klockwork Squad: ::gives the proper knock...five...three...two::

Shyla Tremayne: <former SMK> ::places his hand on the sword at his hip and wishes he had some armor to protect him rather than the leather jerkin he wore::

Klockwork Squad: <Shadowy Soldier>::politely:: If you have business on this street, I suggest you hold it...

Adron Taal: ::a turn in the saddle to look behind him quickly brings silence and all other heads looking anywhere but at their commander::

Clay Wathrem: ::<Rom> ::eyes wide to the Former SMK.hen a sigh of relief as he moves to open the door::

Makil Tremyia: Clay,

Azazel Gry: Stalker2: ::got into position to ambush Kandler and his men alongside number three::

Shyla Tremayne: <former SMK> ::pulls his dagger and steps to the door, twisting the handle slowly and then opening it slightly to peer outside::

Klockwork Squad: ::SS talking to Tieryan, RS talking to door::

Clay Wathrem: <Rom> What happen you forget the ...:as he opens the door::

TieryanCall: ::He turns enough to see...oh ho:: No sir, no business. Just out walking. The wife is pissed at me. ::off the top of his head:: What's goin on?

TieryanCall: ::All in that quiet, ragged voice, or what's left of it::

Makil Tremyia: ::puts the dirk in his belt. and straps on his sword and lifts the halbred::

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier>::kicks the door open as he draws his sword:: Do not draw your weapon.

Clay Wathrem: Makil wait, I'll come with you.

Azazel Gry: Stalker 4: ::fired a precise shot at Rom with the blunted arrow::

Clay Wathrem: We'll check

Shyla Tremayne: <former SMK> State your.... ::is knocked backward a bit as the door is kicked open::

Klockwork Squad: ::a dozen soldiers pour from the shadows, sweeping in an arc around the entrance::

Klockwork Squad: ::how many people does it take to open a door?::

Clay Wathrem: <Rom>:: jumps back and fumbles for his sword::

Azazel Gry: Stalker4::reloaded and aimed again::

Shyla Tremayne: <former SMK> ::Draws his sword and at the same time bellows::
KLOCKS!!!!

Makil Tremyia: ::he waits for Clay to answer, as he moves to the door way looking nto the

courtyard.::

KlockSoldier: ::Four soldiers walked up behind Red, weapons drawn but down for now::

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier>::holds the sword toward CLay's throat if he's nearby:: Did you hear me?

Azazel Gry: Hunter: ::rushed towards the temple complex, weapons at the ready::

Makil Tremyia: Kandler!!!!

Karsh SM: ::seeing the door open, motions to his squad and another five soldiers moved forward from the shadows::

TieryanCall: ::Well now, he doesn't need an answer any more, does he? He turns, stares towards the temple, hearing the shout.::

Klockwork Squad: <Shadowy Soldier> Yes, well, these streets are not safe....

Clay Wathrem: <Rom> ::Is hit so many times from the air, from those through the door he falls quickly and silently::

Klockwork Squad: <Shadowy Soldier> Citizen....

Shyla Tremayne: ::moves among the wounded inside the library, blissfully unaware of what's about to happen outside and listens to the report from Brother Walthrop about each invalid::

Azazel Gry: Stalker4: ::reloads and gets into position to fire on Kandler::

TieryanCall: Guess not. ::He bends down, retrieves his pipe.:: Guess I'll be moving on, sir.

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier> Hold your fire!

Makil Tremyia: ::Kandler and his men run towards Makil::

Adron Taal: ::turns round to face forward again, then brings his mount to a halt while at the same time holding up his right hand in a closed fist to signal the other men to halt::

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier>::he nodded to the soldiers behind him and stepped out of the entrance...another wave moved up to aim at it::

Azazel Gry: Stalker: ::lands nearby Rom, dragging him quietly away::

Azazel Gry: Stalker: ::secures him quickly in an out of the way place with some rope and gauze::

Makil Tremyia: ::The others in the courtyard stand as Kandler's men return::

Adron Taal: ::the other three ride abreast of him, one on his right and two to his left and reign their horses to a halt::

Clay Wathrem: ::Runs to Makil:: What's wrong?

Makil Tremyia: Look, ::points to Rom::

KlockSoldier: ::Those at the door sweep into the building::Drop all weapons and lay on the ground!

Clay Wathrem: Ring the bell! ::shouts::

Adron Taal: <Jenkins> Sir? ::lookng at his commander::

Klockwork Squad: ::none of the soldiers had fired yet, and Shad is using nonlethal weapons::

Makil Tremyia: ::He moves through the courtyard kicking the men awake from their bedrolls::

TieryanCall: ::What can he do? Not one damned thing that he can think of. Yet. He starts moving off, but in no particular hurry.::

Clay Wathrem: ::from behind a the sound of an off key unused bell tries to carry a few feeble notes::

Azazel Gry: ::a blunted arrow instead dropping the SMK as the stalkers secured the two out of the way::

Adron Taal: Where is everybody? ::he asked of no one in particular:: It's usually pretty

quiet this time of night, but there is at least one or two out.

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier> Come out of your niches with your hands behind your heads and lay on the floor...:to anyone within audible range of his speaking voice::

Clay Wathrem: Clay takes his sword and swing it for the Klocks to see:: We do not surrender!

Clay Wathrem: Go back in time!

Clay Wathrem: This is not your place!

Azazel Gry: Archer: ::found herself an even better spot in the temple::

Shyla Tremayne: #::tips her head and looks up, listening:: Did I just hear the bell?

Makil Tremyaia: ::the sounds of the wounded could be heard by the red soldier, they were in the temple being tended to by what is left of the healers::

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier> Actually, it is our place. You are trespassing...:as he approached Clay's position::

Adron Taal: <Thomas> ::a shrug:: Maybe it's a slow night.

KlockSoldier: ::Two soldiers also took a step towards Clay:: You will drop your weapon sir!

Karsh SM: ::waves forward his soldiers, and they slip through the doorway, partially drawing their swords::

Adron Taal: <Hanson> What's that?

Makil Tremyaia: ::the able bodied were in the courtyard sleeping or resting abot the low cooking fire::

Klockwork Squad: ::a half dozen soldiers swept out of the shadows and maneuvered around the back of the temple, seeking out alternate entrances, their shadows visible in the moonlight::

Adron Taal: What's what? ::turning his head to look at the other man::

Clay Wathrem: No, ::he made a wide swing with his blade and took a step back:: You are the ones who are trespassing

Shyla Tremayne: # <Brother Warthrop> Hmm....possibly....I'll go see what is going on... ::he moved toward the door just as it burst open and a young man no older than twelve ran in:: THere's Klocks in the courtyard.

Azazel Gry: Hunters: ::slipped in one of those alternate routes::

Adron Taal: <H> I thought I heard something.

Shyla Tremayne: ::The three Vivomancers exchanged a look::

KlockSoldier: ::Outside, several had crossbows ready at the exits they were aware of::

Makil Tremyaia: He turns and makes his way to the room where Clay was last seen::

Shyla Tremayne: Get them to the tunnel. Get as many as you can out. I'll stay here.

Adron Taal: <H> At least, I'm pretty sure I heard something.

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier>::annoyed:: Secure him. Make sure he doesn't escape. If he approaches, defend yourselves...:he navigated the rooms as four more soldiers entered the front door and began to seek out side areas for squatters::

Clay Wathrem: ::The bell continues to ring::

Karsh SM: ::nods to Red and motions his squad forward::

Shyla Tremayne: <Brother Warthrop> ::nodded at Shyla and took Sister Stefford's hand and they ran toward the main hall to gather as many as they could and them to the cellar and the escape tunnel::

Karsh SM: ::they fan out slightly, slowly attempting to encircle the man::

Klockwork Squad: *Le Tunnel: ::the guards hated this part of the job...but, they waited::

Klockwork Squad: *LT: ::still, that smell...::

Clay Wathrem: ::He raises his sword and dares them to approach::

Adron Taal: < J > Hansen you're always hearing something. I think you've taken a few to many to the side of the head.

KlockSoldier: ::The four move onward, methodically searching out the area::

Karsh SM: You are severely outnumbered. Lay down your weapon and you will not be harmed.

Makil Tremyia: ::He stands in the doorway :: What have we here, ::spoken to the Red Soldier, He swings the halbred, ::

Klockwork Squad: ::soldiers entered into the main hall, three of them, swords drawn:: No one move!

Shyla Tremayne: #:: The main hall was in turmoil. Some were on their knees weeping and wouldn't listen, others screaming at the top of their lungs. The soldiers were trying to find weapons and ignored the two healers, in all only a dozen followed

Shyla Tremayne: the two out of the Main hall::

Karsh SM: ::lays his hand on his sword hilt, and the hands of his squad members follow suit, slowly circling him::

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier>::tries to block the halberd, getting his shoulder gouged as he stumbles back:: Bastard!!!

Clay Wathrem: <Jones> ::Run from his bed to the front of the temple with his sword held tight in both hands::

TieryanCall: ::A distance away, he carefully taps out his pipe and pockets it.::

Azazel Gry: Archer: ::spotted Clay and aimed her longbow at him, waiting for more hostile action before she dropped him with a blunted arrow::

Azazel Gry: Archer: ::which she got as the arrow was let loose::

Makil Tremyia: Aye and we shall make sure your off spring are as well. ::He draws the sword from his belt and swings at another the halbred flailing out at anything in its path.::

Karsh SM: You will not surrender?

Makil Tremyia: Never.....

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier> Take him down.

Clay Wathrem: ::He saw the arrow or more likely heard fright before it found its mark in his shoulder. He struggled to hold his blade and worked his way backward toward the temple door::

Makil Tremyia: Clay get up.

KlockSoldier: ::Two soldiers blocked Jones's approach, swords out to block the attack:: You'll put your weapon down or we'll be forced to attack you.

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier>::he had no time for rebel displays of valor and nonsense::

Adron Taal: < H > ::snaps back at Jenkins:: Shut up already.. I know I heard something.

Clay Wathrem: I am...trying...::his body leaning to one side::

Karsh SM: ::draws his sword and motions three of his men to Red, the other two and himself moving to engage Clay::

Azazel Gry: Archer: ::reloaded and aimed again, firing at Clay::

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier>::stands up, holding his shoulder, and then finally ignoring the gouge taken from it::

Makil Tremyia: ::The clamour of Kanders men could be heard as he backed his way to the door urging clay to follow him.::

Adron Taal: < H > Just because your deaf doesn't mean the rest of us are.

Shyla Tremayne: <Belstan> ::Grabbed a candelabra and swung it at one of the soldiers, the candles still burning till the swing put them out, but the wax was still hot::

Clay Wathrem: <Jones> ::he found his cross bow and he was aiming at the walls, he let one arrow go::

Makil Tremyia: Makil's halbred luckily cut the arrows flight as it approached Clay.::

Azazel Gry: Stalker2: launched at Kandler with a staff::

Klockwork Squad: ::the distant stomping growing in volume now...THOOM THOOM THOOM::

Karsh SM: ::the three men reach Red and draw their swords, attacking Makil en masse::

Azazel Gry: Archer: ::frowned and aimed this time at Makil, firing again::

KlockSoldier: ::They held their weapons at the ready, until the crossbow. Then one swung at **Jone's** arms with his sword::

Clay Wathrem: On the walls. They are on the walls!

Adron Taal: <Thomas> What the hells is that? ::now hearing the distant thumping sound::

Karsh SM: ::breaks into a dead sprint, thrusting at Clay's midsection::

Makil Tremyia: Kandler, ::He swung his sword. and leaned closer to cClay as he attempted to thwart the attack::

Adron Taal: <Hansen> ::looks at Jenkins:: See jackass... I knew I heard something.

Azazel Gry: Archer: ::listened for any approaching footsteps::

Karsh SM: ::the other two soldiers continued to move to cut off the inner door::

Klockwork Squad: ::THOOM...THOOM...THOOM THOOM THOOM THOOM THOOM::

Clay Wathrem: <Jone> ;;Arm was hit right as the string was released::

Klockwork Squad: ::the archway was covered, one soldier facing in, one soldier inside facing out to eye the street::

Makil Tremyia: ::He swung merely to knock the blades from their hands as the Halbred made long sweeping motions through the air.

Adron Taal: <Jenkins> ::mutters a curse:: Adron? ::looking at his commander::

TieryanCall: ::The pipe somewhere safe, he stopped and listened to the approaching sound:: (vq) Poor bastards.

Clay Wathrem: <Rebel...lots fo them...well some> Storm out onto the yard from the temple between the stone wall, all with weapons ready::

KlockSoldier: ::The second soldier swung at **Jone's** face with the hilt of his blade::

Makil Tremyia: <Kandler and his men engaged the others in Karsh's band::

Karsh SM: <soldier5> ::parries the blow, momentarily losing his grip on the sword::

Clay Wathrem: <Jone> ::he drops the crossbow and swing his dagger from to the face of the klock attacker::

Klockwork Squad: ::a soldier at the outer archway gestured to the shadows and suddenly the shadows came to life, pouring forward toward the temple in a cascade as guards took cues from each others' movements::

Shyla Tremayne: :: listens to the muted sounds of fighting coming through the walls then feels the ground shake slightly and gasps softly::

Klockwork Squad: ::THOOM THOOM THOOM THOOM THOOM THOOM::

Makil Tremyia: ::Kandler, and three others join, swords thrusting as they try to get Makil and Clay out into th courtyard::

TieryanCall: ::He abruptly turns, shouldering his way into an empty building::

Adron Taal: ::he gestures to Jenkins and Hansen:: You two over there. Thomas, you stick with me.

Clay Wathrem: We do not surrender. ::he yells::

Klockwork Squad: ::an *Icarun(?) golem's* shadow passed across the pink light of the moons, covering the distance::

Shyla Tremayne: ::she looked toward those on the cots and then opened the door and lifted the hem of her robes and sprinted down the hallway toward the main hall::

Adron Taal: Don't crowd up so bad that you can't move.

Karsh SM: ::caught unawares, the dagger slashed across his face, biting deeply, but no

serious injury was sustained::

Karsh SM: ::slashes upwards to take off an arm for payback::

Azazel Gry: Hunter: ::dashed towards the temple proper as it appeared most of the rebels concentrated on the klockwork soldiers::

Klockwork Squad: ::two soldiers surrounded the invalid, securing them, as a third went looking for anyone hiding::

KlockSoldier: Fool. ::The sword swung over to block the dagger as his own dagger stabbed into **Jone's** stomach, aiming up::

Adron Taal: <Thomas> Uhh.. Commander. ::looking up::

TieryanCall: ::Up the nearest set of stairs. Onto a rooftop...::

Karsh SM: ::the remaining squad soldiers shrugged and engaged the rebels::

Clay Wathrem: <Jone> ::He punched with his other hand, trying to find the Klocks (Karsh) neck::

Klockwork Squad: <Pendulum>::swaying from side to side, bearing in hand an enormous maul balled at the end::

Karsh SM: ::two from the rear, four from the fore::

Makil Tremyia: ::Makil, swung his sword in desperate stokes parrying and thrusting as he backed through the doorway and into the courtyard, the sound of steel ringing could be heard through out the courtyard. ::

Klockwork Squad: <Shadowy Soldiers>::not on that particular rooftop, but on others::

Clay Wathrem: <Jone> ::The taste of his own blood filled his mouth and he fell::

Karsh SM: ::steps back, avoiding the punch::

Klockwork Squad: ::the soldiers pushed Makil back, organized, a field of searching swordpoints::

Makil Tremyia: ::He felt the touch of cold iron to his leg and then the warm ruch of blood running down into his boot::

Azazel Gry: Stalker3: ::launched into the fray, a steel rod swinging about on a chain lashing out::

Clay Wathrem: They brought the gears. :: shouts as he looks for Makil::

Shyla Tremayne: ::she burst into the main room through the door that led toward the infirmary and stopped to look around::

Adron Taal: Sh**! It's the temple!

KlockSoldier: ::Pulling out the dagger from Jone, S-2 moved on::

Makil Tremyia: ::he swung again as he retreated into the dark, the cries of the wounded around him and swallowing him::

Adron Taal: Ride, ride, ride.

Karsh SM: ::wipes the blood off his face with his left hand and stabs at the prone figure of Clay::

Klockwork Squad: <Pendulum>::rippling corrugated steel muscles and shifting gears, a finely made dwarven/klockwork killing machine::

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier>::to those nearby:: Do not give an inch. But take a heart.

Makil Tremyia: The Gears! Kandler --- get the sand... He swung his sword and Kandler yelled back::

Klockwork Squad: ::a soldier followed Shyla's steps through the hallways::

Clay Wathrem: Come and get us...

Adron Taal: ::the four heavy horses moved forward, picking up speed as they made their way towards the temple complex::

TieryanCall: ::There, better to see what is happening, dropping to hands and knees. He feels like he's been here before...::

KlockSoldier: ::The attacked anything that stuck at them first, pushing away any unarmed ones::

Klockwork Squad: ::TOOM went the Maul, whose head was the size of a catapult stone::

Clay Wathrem: ::He swings at anyone near him::

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::stepped in towards the horsemen, firing a longbow at them::

Shyla Tremayne: ::as soon as she stopped, she dropped her robes, the sigils of nostrella plainly stitched across the bottom, she looked for wounded in need of help::

Klockwork Squad: ::the soldier stepped into the room behind Shyla, looking over her robes::

Makil Tremyia: ::He stands a halbred holding him up as he takes a breath and looks the soldiers in the eyes:: It is your time good Sirs to come with me...

Klockwork Squad: <Shadowy Rooftop Soldiers>::listened to the sound of horsebeats...gathered at the edges of rooftops::

Shyla Tremayne: ::her eyes spotted a man bleeding near the doors to the courtyard and she hurried over to him::

Adron Taal: ::the heavy horse don't even slow, but shields come round and the two in the lead with lances lower them::

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier>::holds up a hand to the soldiers for them not to approach Makil::

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier>::then holds his other hand out...and accepts a crossbow::

Makil Tremyia: ::He raked the sword at them and lifted it above his head as he thrust at those that surrounded him::

Karsh SM: ::moves forward from his squad, brandishing his blade to engage Clay, one on one::

KlockSoldier: <S-1> ::Moving up behind Makil, he stopped, nodded, and moved to others::

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::tossed a bundle of heavy caltrops on to the ground, ducking back into the alleyway::

Klockwork Squad: ::the soldiers toyed with him, taking advantage of the weight of the weapon to feint and incircle him, leading him about::

Karsh SM: I assume you will not stand down?

Clay Wathrem: ::He advances to a Klock Soldier, keeping his hands on the hilt of his sword, trying to look around to see who is where::

Klockwork Squad: ::meanwhile, the Red Soldier pulled back on the windlass:: <Red Soldier> You are under arrest.

Makil Tremyia: ::he eyed the cross bow and then the one behind him as readied himself::

Karsh SM: ::to Clay::

Clay Wathrem: I will not. ::he readies his stand and looks to Karsh::

Klockwork Squad: ::TOOM...the outer wall shook...it wasn't a fort, not built to keep out an invading force...::

Azazel Gry: Archer:: ::took the opportunity to shoot again at Makil::

Adron Taal: ::a curse can be heard even over the clatter of the hoof beats as all four yank back hard on the reigns hoping to bring all that flesh to a stop in time::

Klockwork Squad: ::he aimed...and then told the Klockwork Soldier behind Makil to step aside::

Makil Tremyia: And you good Sir, will be loath to take me alive.

Clay Wathrem: ::He looks to the wall, quickly, then back to Karsh:: Go home.

Clay Wathrem: Crawl back to where you came from.

KlockSoldier: <S3> ::Steps up behind Shyla and grabbed at her arm:: You'll be coming with us.

Karsh SM: ::smirks:: Brave words from a trapped rat.

Makil Tremyia: ::He dropped the Halbred as he raised his sword::

Shyla Tremayne: ::she heard the shattering rock even as she knelt beside the bleeding man. Her hands began to glow softly as she whispered softly and began to heal the man only to be interrupted as her arm was grabbed::

Adron Taal: ::the horses do their best to stop, massive hooves clattering and sliding on the cobbles and their riders lean back in the saddles::

Makil Tremyia: ::He took a step towards him::

Shyla Tremayne: ::she attempted to yank her arm away from the soldier who had grabbed it:: I will not. Not until this man is healed.

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: We'll secure the area. ::to the soldier holding Shyla::

Clay Wathrem: Trapped, maybe, but never a rat. ::advances and trusted the tip of his sword to Karsh's right side::

Klockwork Squad: <red Soldier>::fires...::

Makil Tremyia: ::The shaft of the steel pointed directly at the man::

Karsh SM: ::blocks the blow and counters with a circular slash aimed at taking Clay's head off::

KlockSoldier: <S3> Fine. Then we can arrest him as well.

Shyla Tremayne: ::looks at S3 then shakes her head:: No, you won't.

Clay Wathrem: ::He ducks quickly and spins around, slashing his blade from behind up toward Karsh's middle::

Makil Tremyia: ::And with a scream he ran towards the soldier with his sword held high::

Azazel Gry: Hunter4: After the area is secure, I can tend to any wounded.

Klockwork Squad: ::the wall fell, and the Pendulum stepped over the rubble, eyeing the courtyard and the rebels and Klockwork fighting there::

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier>::already fired at Makil::

Karsh SM: ::steps to the side as Clay drops, and the sword nicked his side, drawing blood::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: The more info we can get out of here the better.

KlockSoldier: <S3> ::Looks to Hunter1:: Then tie him up.

Karsh SM: ::grunts and stabs downwards::

KlockSoldier: ::She can heal him just as well tied up.

Shyla Tremayne: ::she begins to whisper softly again and her hands glow then she places a hand on S3:: Hold. ::spoken softly, but strongly::

Clay Wathrem: ::He was quick to try to take advantage and swung again from high toward Karsh's shoulder::

Azazel Gry: Hunter4: ::slipped out some rope and secured the man, checking for wounds as he did::

Makil Tremyia: ::He felt the bolt, pass through his chest and the red swelled in his eyes as he lowered the sword towards the man::

Adron Taal: <Jenkins> ::in the lead and unable to get his steed slowed enough as the big horse gets into the scattered caltrops. Spiking one hoof the horse screams in pain, rearing back to try and escape what is causing the discomfort::

Karsh SM: ::steel crashed on steel as he parried the blow with his blade::

Shyla Tremayne: ::her other hand flashes out to try to touch hunter1 and the same word is spoken::

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier>::raises the crossbow to block the attack and the surrounding soldiers move in on Makil from all sides::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: ::halted suddenly::

Karsh SM: ::aims a kick at Clay's midsection::

KlockSoldier: <S3> ::He was unable to move::

Azazel Gry: Hunter4: ::lashed out at Shyla with what looked like a wooden sword::

Makil Tremyia: ::Mkail fell to his knees and looked to the man, and swung one last time as he felt the blood gurgling from his lips:: Another time.

Klockwork Squad: ::the other soldier watched the Vivomancer...and raised his sword::
Witch!::charging on her::

Clay Wathrem: ::His hands twisted as his blade was repelled::

Adron Taal: <Jenkins> ::already back in the saddle when the horse rears, it's massive hooves pawing at the air, the beast overbalances and topples backwards::

Clay Wathrem: Makil! ::he yelled somehow knowing::

Shyla Tremayne: ::she had turned to try to pick up a man when she was struck by a wooden sword, she doubled over and attempted to touch her attacker **hunter4** while speaking the holding word::

Azazel Gry: ::the other hunters attacked her simultaneously with similar weapons::

Makil Tremyia: <Kandler> ::turned from his place and watched as Makil fell, then swung at the soldier with the crossbow::

Adron Taal: ::the others would watch in disbelief as they lose one of their horses, but are too busy trying to control their own mounts at the moment""

Klockwork Squad: ::the Pendulum slid through the battleground outside of the temple, crushing a rebel underneath one heel as soldiers backed away frightened and disgusted at the sickening crunch...the maul swung through the ranks, swatting at anyone

Klockwork Squad: not clothed in black and red::

Azazel Gry: Hunter2: ::swung a short chain at Shyla's arms::

KlockSoldier: <S3> ::Well, this was more than annoying, as the ensuing scuffle knocked him over::

Karsh SM: ::the kick missed and he planted his foot, whirling about with another slash in tow::

Azazel Gry: Hunter3: ::pulled S3 to safety::

Makil Tremyia: ::He turned back and thrust his sword through the bowels of the black and red clothed soldier::

Klockwork Squad: <Pendulum>::however, his job was simple, noted as an arm unfolded outward to produce a shield and turn away sword blows...the same shield swatted at his attackers, bowling them back as he lunged into the wall of the temple,

Clay Wathrem: ::He tried to shift his body but the blade caught, found part of him and ripped. He answered with a wide swing of his own::

Klockwork Squad: shoulder-first::

Azazel Gry: Jin: we meet again. ::a voice called out to Adron from the shadows of the alley::

Adron Taal: ::there is a bitter snap as the rapidly tilting horse falls backward, the massive bone in a leg breaking as the horse goes over, the man on it trying to throw himself clear::

Shyla Tremayne: ::only to be charged by several soldiers at once as she felt their swords begin to beat her and she tried to touch any who got near enough calling out "HOLD" loud and clear now::

Karsh SM: ::ducks and thrusts upward in one motion::

Klockwork Squad: ::a soldier tried to dodge but was partially gutted on makil's sword::

Makil Tremyia: ::Then as the rage rose in his heart he simply turned to take another on the tip of his sword, The burning in his muscles raged as he swung the sword::

Klockwork Squad: ::all of the soldiers stepped back, not wanting to lose any more to Makil's death throes...::

Adron Taal: ::yanking his own horse around to the sound of the voice:: And again you prove your cowardice by attacking from the shadows. ::not sure where the man is::

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier>::throws the crossbow at Makil's head:: Stay down.

Clay Wathrem: <Rebels> ::Threw what they could at the pendulum beast, blades, crossbows, anything::

KlockSoldier: <S2> Silence that woman! ::coming up to the scuffle::

Azazel Gry: Archer: ::frowned a fired an unblunted arrow at Makil::

Shyla Tremayne: ::her strength was waning as the swords beat at her, she could feel the blows landing on vital organs even though the weapons weren't sharp they were doing damage::

Makil Tremyaia: <Kandler> ::He fought on. and made his way to another soldier engaged by the rebels. And slowly raised his sword and swung it down on the next one's shoulder::

Klockwork Squad: ::THOOM...:::the door popped off its hinges...soldiers rushed the rebels to get to the open door, or followed in the wake of the Pendulum, who tore at the entrance for room::

Azazel Gry: Hunter3: ::tried to grab Shyla from behind into a takedown::

Karsh SM: <soldier 3>::drops to the ground trying feebly to remake what was left of his stomach as a rebel's blade split open his midsection::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::Sloan emerges from the supply room, carrying an armload of bandages and salve::

Makil Tremyaia: ::He turned and started as the Thoom sound bellowed at the gate::

Klockwork Squad: <Random Soldier> Form up!

Adron Taal: ::there is a crash and more screams from the wounded horse as it topples on it's rider::

Azazel Gry: Stalker: ::jumped at Kandler, staff swinging down ::

Shyla Tremayne: ::was grabbed from behind and felt herself falling forward as she was taken to the ground, the stone floor coming up rapidly toward her head::

Karsh SM: <soldier 4> ::dispatches the rebel that killed his squadmate with a decapitating slash and calls out to the remaining members of the squad::

Adron Taal: ::the massive weight crushing the man beneath::

Clay Wathrem: Don't let them take you. ::screamed out to those who fought beside him::

Azazel Gry: Hunter3: ::guided her head away from the floor::

Makil Tremyaia: ::The staff struck him and he shook his head as his knees buckled::

Klockwork Squad: ::the Klockwork Soldiers stepped, back to back, man to man, and enclosed an area of the field, moving like a chakram toward the gate behind the Pendulum, every rebel facing two to three blades in close formation::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::Spotting Shyla he gasps and drops the armload of stuff::

Adron Taal: Dismount! Dismount damn it!. ::to the remaining three::

KlockSoldier: <S1> ::Grabbing soldier 3, he pressed to stop the bleeding, then attempted to drag the man out::

Karsh SM: <entire squad, sans leader> ::reforms and charges the rebels fighting alongside Clay to give their leader some support::

Azazel Gry: Hunter3: ::but she aimed a swift chop with the back of his hand to knock her out::

Azazel Gry: (err.. back of her hand)

Klockwork Squad: <Soldier>::approaches the hunters::

Karsh SM: ::fighting, as it were::

Makil Tremyaia: <Kandler> He felt the stalker's blow and turned with glazed eyes and

stared at him::

Klockwork Squad: <Soldier>::points at Shyla:: We aren't accepting payment for these.

KlockSoldier: ::Outside, several with crossbows aimed at any who attempted to attack the soldiers, firing as the could::

Clay Wathrem: ::The mass of movement by the Klocks was no match, whatever formation they had, whatever stand they made, it was little compared::

Shyla Tremayne: ::was knocked unconscious just as she spotted Sloan across the room ~Goddess, why didn't I get him out?~ was her thought just before she lost consciousness::

Azazel Gry: Stalker: ::kicked powerfully forward into Kandler::

Klockwork Squad: <Another Random SOLDier> Flights!

Adron Taal: :the other three quickly sliding out of their saddles, the sounds of the screaming injured horse bouncing off the nearby walls and cobbles::

Azazel Gry: Hunter3: ::felt a pulse then tied up Shyla, securing her::

Klockwork Squad: ::the formation broke and archers dropped to their knees, aiming between their sword-wielding comrades::

Makil Tremyaia: <Kandler> ::coughed and swung his sword:: Never alive my friend

Azazel Gry: Hunter3: May you find peace.

Sloan Vantigaul: ::Sloan walked over to the hunter who was tying Shyla up and reached out to touch his shoulder::

Makil Tremyaia: <Kandler>::Then thrust again the blade hitting the staff:: Never

Klockwork Squad: <Soldier>::to the Hunter3: Your prisoner. We do not want her.

Azazel Gry: Stalker: ::parried with sword with his staff, swinging it into the side::

Karsh SM: ::whirls about, slashing once more at Clay's neck::

Clay Wathrem: ::He could see the others looking to him as the attempted to make some kind of stand:: We fight!

Azazel Gry: Hunter3: As you wish.

Klockwork Squad: <Soldier>::stabs at Shyla's prone body::

Adron Taal: ::muttering a string of curses and looking about for the owner of that voice as he approached the dying horse and the dying man beneath it::

Klockwork Squad: <Soldier>::his sword wasn't wooden::

Azazel Gry: Hunter3: ::a bit difficult with her in the way::

KlockSoldier: <S4> ::He swings the hilt of his blade at the back of Sloan's head""

Makil Tremyaia: <Kandler turned and felt the blood flowing from his nose, ah he tried to breathe::

Shyla Tremayne: ::didn't make a sound as the sword slid into her body and then back out again, as silent as the death that began to wash over her::

Klockwork Squad: <Pendulum>::as soldiers poured into the temple and arrows fled in the other direction:: Did you secure the people inside?

Azazel Gry: Hunter3:... Are you going to pay for that?

Clay Wathrem: ::He Felt the blade fins his neck, wetness, that what he noticed, and he tried to call out to urge them on::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::He looked at the <Soldier> who stabbed at Shyla, though he was knocked aside by the hilt of the sword, but it was a glancing blow, and Sloan fell to the floor::

Klockwork Squad: <Soldier>::wipes the blood on her robes:: No. We only pay for prisoners. Not Vivomancers.

Makil Tremyaia: ::then he felt it from behind, a slow pinch and the sword slid into him as he looked to Stalker::

Clay Wathrem: ::He fell::

Karsh SM: <soldier 2>::draws his blade out from the now dying rebel, only to be run through::

Adron Taal: ::Thomas and Hansen followed him, he just pointed at the horse and Thomas nodded, drawing his blade::

Makil Tremyia: <Kandler>Never alive

Klockwork Squad: ::any soldier not engaged in battle found a wounded person::

Azazel Gry: Stalker: Sorry. ::uppercutting with the staff::

Makil Tremyia: <Kandler> ::He swung one last time and felt his blade fall to the ground::

Klockwork Squad: <Nervous Soldier> How do we do this?

Adron Taal: Where is that sonofa... ::looking around as the screams of the horse ended abruptly::

Clay Wathrem: ::His eyes stayed open and he could almost see something , from the ground::

Azazel Gry: Hunter3: Spirits find peace.

Adron Taal: ::then turned back and hurried over to where the beast and it's rider lay::

Azazel Gry: Hunter3: And release your malice.

KlockSoldier: <S4> Sir? ::He looked down at the second vivomancer::

Karsh SM: Throw down your weapons now! ::screamed at any rebels near him:: Surrender and you may live yet!

Clay Wathrem: <Rebels> There were very few left..they swung with little hope. they fought with tears in their eyes::

Azazel Gry: ::the Hunters secured those they could, leaving the fourth hunter to guard them as the three others moved towards where the tunnels were::

Sloan Vantigaul: I'm.. ::Sloan rolled over:: I'm but a civilian.. these robes.. ::Rising to his knees:: Sir, yes.. I am Sloan.. I surrender to you, Klock Knight.

Sloan Vantigaul: Please do not harm me.

Adron Taal: <Thomas> ::only Jenkins head and upper chest were clear of the beast, so he (Thomas) gently removed the others man helm::

KlockSoldier: Then lay on your stomach now!

Clay Wathrem: <Rebels> ::But how could they live when so many had dies, no they wanted to end with those they shared bread and safety, if only for a short time, with::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::His eyes slid back to Shyla, or to the hunter who was carrying her away::

Karsh SM: ::he was horrified; the brass had made it seem like the rebels would give up without a fight:: All of you! Surrender now! ::shouted with a sort of desperation::

Klockwork Squad: <Pendulum>::to the screaming soldier:: If they want to die, help them along.

Adron Taal: <Thomas> ::looked at the now still face of Jenkins and turned 'round to look at his commander, shaking his head::

Azazel Gry: Stalker: ::tied up kandler as his team fought off the rebels around::

Shyla Tremayne: ### <Others> ::Two vivomancers and a dozen rebels, one a child with a pin in the shape of the sigil of Nostrella, slipped out of an opening along the river and ran along the river's edge then turned North into the woods::

Sloan Vantigaul: My.. stomach? Wh.. yes, yes of course.. Perhaps a bandage for my bleeding head? ::Crawling a little way toward the bandages that he'd dropped::

Karsh SM: ::salutes the Pendulum briefly:: Sir.

Klockwork Squad: ###<Soldiers>::popped out of the shadows, surrounding the escapees::

Halt::arrows aimed::

Makil Tremyia: ::From those left living the cry rose:: Never alive

Karsh SM: ::dispatches a rebel and turns to block a blow aimed at his back::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::He kept his back to the KlockSoldier as he crawled away, though his hands worked patterns deftly::

KlockSoldier: You aren't bleeding that badly. Just lay still.

Adron Taal: ::looking down at Jenkins:: Leave him. ::coldly:: We'll come back for him later.

Klockwork Squad: <Pendulum>Very well.::and he brought his foot down on a sword-swinging soldier::

Sloan Vantigaul: I.. yes.. of course.. ::He turned then and stood, and reached out, placing his hands on the KlockSoldier's shoulders::

Azazel Gry: Archer: ::laughed at the rebels, firing blunted arrows at those crying never alive::

Adron Taal: <Thomas> But sir..

KlockSoldier: ::Tried to push him to the ground:: Down!

Adron Taal: I said leave him. ::he barked at the other man::

Klockwork Squad: <Soldier> ::the other soldier looked to his comrade who Sloan was assailing and charged him:: Down on your face, now!

Clay Wathrem: <Abe> ::He wanted to be a brave fighter, but he hide in the corner watching the others fall.::

Makil Tremya: ::The wounded and the fallen, could be seen all about the walls, the wails of the dying screamed into the evening air.::

Klockwork Squad: ###<Soldiers> Stay where you are. You are under arrest.

Azazel Gry: Stalker4: ::glanced towards a corner::

Adron Taal: ::he gestured at the horses:: And we'll leave them here. We'll go on foot from here.

Sloan Vantigaul: ::But Sloan's grasp was strong, and tears slid down his face as he pumped Vivomantic energy into the soldier, increasing the rate of his heart dramatically:: I'm sorry.

Azazel Gry: Stalker4: ::catching a hint of movement::

Klockwork Squad: <Soldier>::attacks Sloan with the flat of his sword aiming at his head::

Adron Taal: ::the other two looked at him, but complied, moving back to their individual mounts to retrieve shields and other gear::

KlockSoldier: <S4> ::Panic reached his eyes as he tried to get away::

Clay Wathrem: <Abe> ::he closed his eyes, this young boy and screamed as he ran out swinging a sword way too big for him::

Azazel Gry: Stalker4: ::slid out the shortbow and fired into the shadows::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::Sloan's head rocked to the side, and he was sent flat to the floor, groaning::

Klockwork Squad: ###<Talkative Soldier>::to the others::Aim high.

Azazel Gry: Stalker4: ::apparently now trying to taking out the boy before he hurt himself::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::The rush of magic through him, however, had him back to his feet quickly, and he spat at the floor, then made a mad dash for the hall::

Karsh SM: ::turns to the young boy and knocks the blade aside with a one-handed parry, his left fist moving rather quickly towards his face::

Clay Wathrem: <Abe> Don't let me be the last. Don't leave me all alone.

Klockwork Squad: <Soldier>::kicks at Sloan trying to turn him over but...well...nope::

KlockSoldier: <S4> ::His weapon fell to the floor as he grabbed at the hands that held him::

Azazel Gry: Hunter4: We have a runner!

Klockwork Squad: <Some Soldier> Bring him down.

KlockSoldier: <S4> ::He hit the floor just after Sloan did::

Klockwork Squad: ::two soldiers stood in the main hall...surrounded by some wounded folks...they shrugged and just watched them for any suspicious movements::

Adron Taal: ::now horseless, the three armored men proceeded up the street, two with swords drawn, the third in distinctive grey and silver armor lead the way towards the temple::

Shyla Tremayne: <Beltan> ::Steps between Sloan and the soldiers, a candelabra being twirled in the burly man's hands, where he came from who knows::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: ::broke off after Sloan, tossing a flat stone at him::

Clay Wathrem: <Abe> ::His hands flew to cover his face::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::Sloan rubbed at his eyes as he ran, frantic.. did he just betray his sacred oaths? He didn't know if the KlockSoldier lived or died, but he certainly tried to kill him.. he turned the corner, as the flat stone hit his right

Sloan Vantigaul: shoulderblade, fracturing it with a yelp from the man::

Klockwork Squad: <Red SOLDIER>::strolls the courtyard, perforating the bodies of rebels as he moves along::

Shyla Tremayne: <Beltan> ::Swings his candelabra at Hunter1::

Klockwork Squad: ::a few others followed as well, laying them out::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: ::ducked right under, sliding past Beltan::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::Sloan ran behind the altar at the end of the hall, and took the hidden stairs there down::

Shyla Tremayne: ::follows through swinging the candelabra at the back of Hunter1::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: ::when he came back up he tossed another stone again at beltan::

Klockwork Squad: ###<Soldiers>::bind the refugees and secure them while marching the children in single line and carrying the babies::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: ::parrying the candelabra with his armguard::

Karsh SM: ::slashes at the boy's midsection; he had resisted, after all...::

Shyla Tremayne: <Beltan> ::Frowns as the stone hit his chest leaving a stinging sensation behind and swung again at the Hunter::

Adron Taal: Keep a sharp eye. That little bastard that spiked us is likely to be skulking around anywhere. And he has friends as well. Keeps those shields ready. ::as he readjusted his own, a large kite shield::

Clay Wathrem: <Abe> ::screams a high pitch cry of a child::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: ::a gloved fist darted at Beltan's face, followed by a stomping kick to the chest::

KlockSoldier: <S4> ::Down, not out, he tried to hamstring **Beltan** from his place on the floor::

Shyla Tremayne: <Beltan> ::grunted as the fist and foot both slammed into him, the man had a soft jaw and as the blow landed he went down like a stone::

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::a disc flew at at the man in armor outside::

Shyla Tremayne: <Beltan> ::would have been mad at the slice to his hamstring if he hadn't been unconscious::

KlockSoldier: ::Lucky him::

Karsh SM: ::as he whipped about to combat a new assailant, now ignoring the boy's death throes:: <m> This isn't a battle... this is a massacre...

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: ::whirled away, rushing after Sloan::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::Sloan made it to the basement, and meant to make for the hidden tunnel that led to the river::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: ::he seemd to move almost as quickly as his quarry::

Clay Wathrem: ::The babies cry, the child moan, as they are lead. They see the bodies of people they know, their father's, their brothers, their mothers.::

Adron Taal: ::he barely caught the hint of a whine, bringing his shield up to deflect whatever it was that was coming at him::

Adron Taal: <m> Found you.

Adron Taal: Spread out and stay sharp. ::to the other two::

KlockSoldier: <S1> ::He came and helped S4 up and out of the old temple building. He was really going to have to teach his squad to duck better around vivomancers::

Karsh SM: ::an uppercut, followed by a swift kick, leveled the rebel, and he thrust downward to deliver the coup de grace::

Klockwork Squad: <Escort Soldier>Someone cover their eyes.

Sloan Vantigaul: ::Sloan reached the river from the hidden tunnel but held his chest.. he was frantic and frightened, and.. he may've killed a man!::

Klockwork Squad: <Escort Soldier 2>Shhh...::he held the baby's face to his neck::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: ::rushed out like an arrow, slipped out a stone as he looked for Sloan::

Karsh SM: ::standing, he glanced about him to take stock of the situation::

Klockwork Squad: ::a rebel jumped from the shadows, knife in hand, and tried to slit a soldier's throat::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::He spotted the Hunter and shook his head:: Why do you hunt us! We are only healers!

Azazel Gry: ::the disc rebounded as Jin took it from the alleyway::

Clay Wathrem: ::Covered eyes did little, in fact in some cases the cries grew louder::

Klockwork Squad: ::but from behind, the swing of a sword neatly opened his neck and left him lying bloodied on the ground::

Klockwork Squad: <Attacked Soldier>What the...holy gods!!!!

Adron Taal: ::he was scanning left and right, looking for body heat in all the shadows as they made their way towards the temple courtyard::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: A quarry is a quarry... though as you see. They don't seem to take you as payment.

Klockwork Squad: <Savior Soldier> Watch your back. Lots of little nooks. And rats bite when cornered.

Karsh SM: ::whistles, signaling his squad to form up and regroup::

Sloan Vantigaul: Then.. Wh.. then let me go. ::He stepped into the rushing waters:: You can say you killed me. Yes.. ::Looking left, then right:: And you can take my ring as proof. ::Pulling the trinket off.

Sloan Vantigaul: Yes? ::Gesturing as if to throw the ring at the Hunter::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1:.. I could see to your safety.

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: However, you will never be able to contact your friends again.

Sloan Vantigaul: You are a mercenary? ::Nodding:: Yes, I have coin.

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: All i need is an answer... yes or no.

Kendra Rulyar: ::Something moves near the riverbank::

Adron Taal: ::they rounded a last corner and had the courtyard in sight::

Karsh SM: ::he wiped the blood from his face, the dagger wound running diagonally across his right eye::

Adron Taal: ::his pace slowed a bit as he saw the bodies::

Karsh SM: <soldier5>Sir! ::he called out as he saw the faint glint of armor in the

moonlight::

Adron Taal: <Thomas> Uhh.. Sir, what's going on here?

Kendra Rulyar: ::Two figures dressed from head to toe in dark greens slowly move along using any cover they can find.::

Azazel Gry: Jin: I was wondering when you'd show up. ::dressed in his own armor, light but efficient::

Sloan Vantigaul: Yes or no? What do you speak of?

Adron Taal: How the f___ should I know!?! ::he snapped back::

Adron Taal: ::then back to the man that spoke to him::

Karsh SM: ::turns:: Let the mercenary handle them. If he needs help, he'll get it.

Adron Taal: So, you found enough of your sack to come out and face me?

Klockwork Squad: <Soldier>Guess they never showed up....

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: Join and live.. or try and escape.

Sloan Vantigaul: Join the Klocks??

Klockwork Squad: <Soldier>::who are they talking about? Doesn't matter, they escort the children to the city guard::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: No.

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: Us. we have need of healers in our line of work.

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: The 'goddess' has not smiled on you this night.

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: Perhaps it is time to find a new path.

Adron Taal: ::to his other men:: Leave this to me. Go find out if anyone lives. If it wears the uniform of a Klock, kill it.

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier>::wipes blood off::

Sloan Vantigaul: But I must tell my brothers and sisters what has happened with the lady Shyla.

Kendra Rulyar: ::Slows down and whispers softly to the figure behind her::Stay close, I see something ahead of us.

Klockwork Squad: ::soldiers were posted in a semicircle around the entrance to the temple, arrows aimed at the shadows waiting for something to poke its head through the archway::

Klockwork Squad: ::there was the hole the Pendulum had made through the side gate, though, and soldiers were moving in kill teams finishing off the rebels in a line::

MissAmorina: ::Nods, careful not to make a sound as she follows closely::

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::held a large sickle in one hand, connected to a chain::

Adron Taal: ::Thomas and Hansen nodded and moved away, heading for the courtyard, shields and blades ready::

Clay Wathrem: ::But there may be no heads left. just children lead away and some who run.::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: They will discover.. one way or another.

Adron Taal: ::back to Jin:: Come on boy. ::smiling and re adjusting his shield:: Lets play.

Clay Wathrem: ::The temple slips into a strange silence, a battlefield left covered with blood.::

Azazel Gry: Jin: Thought you'd never ask.. ::swinging the sickle at Adron::

Kendra Rulyar: ::Her hand reaches back and she selects an arrow with blood-red fletching.Places on the string and waits again to get a better few of the movement ahead of them::

Klockwork Squad: <Pendulum>::yawns as he stands guard over the inside of the temple::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::Sloan frowned and slid the ring back on::

Klockwork Squad: ::the soldiers escorting the children disappear into Dreven's city walls::

Sloan Vantigaul: Have your men killed vivomancers this night?

Adron Taal: ::a quick and back and forth of his neck, the joints crackling as he takes on

the sickle on the shield, which oddly makes very little noise::

Clay Wathrem: ::Other's fight, for reasons unknown, over the bodies of those who once believed they could change things::

MissAmorina: ::Remaining in nearby shadows she does the same, taking aim she waits for a signal or for the one she followed to take the first shot::

Karsh SM: ::leaving the rest of his squad, he walked up to Red:: Well, now what?

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: No.. we were here to capture rebels, not slay the unarmed.

Sloan Vantigaul: ::Sloan's fingers curled inward, crackling as the knuckles popped::

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::the chain in turn was swung around the legs::

Adron Taal: <Thomas and Hansen> ::they step cautiously into the courtyard, blades ready::

Sloan Vantigaul: Did that soldier die earlier?

Klockwork Squad: <Red Soldier> We post up. Take any holes in the temple walls and put archers and footmen on them. Take a body count. Secure the hidden tunnel.

Karsh SM: ::nods::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: I didn't see that.

Adron Taal: ::with his free right arm, he reach down to grab the chain:: Sorry, you got me once with that damn thing.

Karsh SM: ::returning to his squad, he glanced about:: Where's the rest?

Azazel Gry: Jin: If it works the first time...

Sloan Vantigaul: I may have killed a man. ::Shaking his head::

Karsh SM: <soldier 4> Killed, sir.

Sloan Vantigaul: I have to go! ::Panic in his voice::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: How do you think your brethren will think of you? Your 'Goddess'? ::politely::

Klockwork Squad: ::soldiers entered the courtyard, swarming about in close formation and taking up position at the exits::

Karsh SM: ::he frowned, 33% casualties was not a good number::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::Sloan sank to the river bank::

Adron Taal: ::he yanks back hard with chain, while at the same moment pistoning his left arm forward::

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::kicked at the armor, testing it::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::Hands on his knees, his eyes fell to the rings on his fingers::

Adron Taal: <Thomas> Oh shi... ::nudging Hansen and pointing at the guards:: This is major.

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::stood his ground, barely bulging with the yank as the force was directed downward::

Klockwork Squad: ::the guards look back at Hansen and Thomas::

Klockwork Squad: ...

Sloan Vantigaul: What must I do?

Klockwork Squad: HALT!

Adron Taal: ::the armor is as solid as always::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: Only you can decide what path you take.

Karsh SM: ::gives an order and the men set about making sure that the dead are dead::

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::glanced over it, there had to be one spot or two he could hit::

Adron Taal: <Thomas> ::looks at Hansen who in turn looks at Thomas, then both look over their shoulder at the hole they just stepped through::

Azazel Gry: ::solid armor wouldn't be able to move::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::Fear welled in his throat, and chest, and his hands wrung at the cloth of his robe::

Adron Taal: ::oh there were chinks and plates for sure, particularly at the joints, but getting to those chinks was the trick::

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::he was just the sort to aim for the chinks, as difficult as it would be::

Adron Taal: <Hansen> ::does a quick count of the men in the courtyard:: You have got to be freaking kidding me.

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::and with both of their fighting prowess, it would be very difficult indeed::

Adron Taal: <Thomas> Whaddya want to do Hansen?

Sloan Vantigaul: ::The young vivomancer stood up:: You're just mercenaries?

Klockwork Squad: ::the soldiers actually wonder if the two plan on halting...so they approach...from several sides...but not the hole::

Adron Taal: <Hansen> That's got to be the stupidest damn question I've heard you asking. Lets invite them over for tea.

Adron Taal: <Hansen> Run you idiot. ::as he shoves Thomas back::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: Some of us are... others have their own ambitions.

Adron Taal: ::no doubt if Adron had seen this, they would have as much to fear from him as they do from the troops::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: But most do not needlessly seek out death.

Klockwork Squad: ::the soldiers are slow at first...but then they begin to move a bit faster, now jogging::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::He nods his head:: Who are you? What is the name of your troupe?

Adron Taal: ::Adron circled, shaking the chain lose, he still hadn't drawn his blade::

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::retracted the chain, this time swinging it with the sickle end::

Adron Taal: ::Meanwhile, Thomas and Hansen were making the best time they could in field plate::

Adron Taal: ::which is.. Not very good time at all::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: I belong to the Mist Raven Company.

Sloan Vantigaul: ::He lifted his left arm and rubbed at his throbbing, blood-caked skull, since his right arm was near useless, the shoulderblade cracked and swollen and black by now:: What do I do?

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: If you wish, I will take you to safety where we can discuss possible options more fully.

Adron Taal: ::he back of a half step, turning slightly and deflecting the sickle and keeping a wary eye on the chain that dangled::

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::whirled around, swinging the sickle again on the end of the chain in an arc::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::He nodded:: Yes.. ::Sloan felt as though a shadow passed over him at that moment, and he grew cold... guilt filled him and he bent over, spewing his stomach's conents on the ground::

Adron Taal: ::again, he deflected the sickle, but as it bounced off the shield, he closed in on the man swinging the chain::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: Right.. ::eased slightly as he moved to help him up::

Kendra Rulyar: ::Aims at the two at the riverbank and lets the arrow fly::

Adron Taal: ::his plated right fist heading for what he hopes is a jaw::

MissAmorina: ::Hearing the others arrow let loose, she let her own go as well::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::Sloan wiped at his lips and spat the taste from his mouth:: ..sorry. ::Low::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::And the man started heading downstream, away from the fighting::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: Damn!

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: ::ducked::

Klockwork Squad: <Pendulum>::lumpers back out of the temple and posts up at a hole in the wall::

Adron Taal: <Thomas and Hansen> Boogying their little butts away as fast as possible, thinking up all sorts of excuses they can use on Adron, or for that matter, the soldiers in pursuit::

Kendra Rulyar: ::And would you know another one follows her first, better move::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: ::the arrows embedded nearby him::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: ::got behind another tree fast::

MissAmorina: ::Glanced to the other figure, then strung another arrow as well but waited for a signal besides a fired arrow this time::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: Safe travels... ::to the escaping sloan::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::An arrow slams into his gut and knocks him to the ground, and another pins his hand to the ground, and... well, sloan screamed::

Kendra Rulyar: ::points to the tree::

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::took the impact, backflipping backwards::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: Friend or foe!

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: ::perhaps sarcastically towards Sloan's 'rescuers'::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: 'cause if your 'friends' you just dropped your own!

MissAmorina: ::Shot her arrow into the tree's trunk to spook the one hiding behind it::

Kendra Rulyar: ::does not answer and does not leave the cover::

Adron Taal: ::using the space granted him, he drew his blade::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::Writing madly, Sloan yanks wildly at his hand, and kicks at the arrow staking his hand to the dirt and breaks it in half, and yanks the wounded limb from it, he scoots down toward the water and rolls into the flowing liquid::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: ::flicked a stone towards the arrows, rebounding it off a tree::

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::dropped his weapon, a meridian blade unsheathing ::

Kendra Rulyar: ::Motions her partner to shoot just a little to the other side of the tree, away from the last movement and fires as well::

Azazel Gry: Jin: Water versus flame... ::holding the oceanusian blade before Adron::

Adron Taal: ::sidestepping, circling the other, his shield blocking most of him from a frontal attack, the flickering blue blade extending beyond the edge of the shield::

Sloan Vantigaul: ::Underwater, the man paddles weakly with the current::

MissAmorina: ::Strings another arrow, and does as she is told::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: ::rolled away from the tree to safer cover::

Adron Taal: ::a shrug which isn't really all that noticeable:: Then come on. Try it if you dare.

Sloan Vantigaul: ::Not long and the Nostrellan vivomancer is out of sight::

Kendra Rulyar: ::Motions her partner to move backwards and fires another arrow, this time a darker fletching in the general direction of the tree::

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::resheathed the blade suddenly, relaxing::

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::closed his eyes, breath quieting::

MissAmorina: ::Sticking to shadows and staying hidden she begins to retreat further back into the woods::

Adron Taal: ::continues to circle warily, but not moving closer::

Azazel Gry: Jin: ..Do you the history of these blades? ::softly::

Kendra Rulyar: ::Walks backwards for a bit watching for more movement::<very softly> What fletching did you use little one?

Adron Taal: ::another shrug:: Do I care?

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: ::the arrow glanced off a piece of light armor, cutting across his face::

Azazel Gry: Jin: I did not think you would.

MissAmorina: <very softly> Red.

Adron Taal: ::once he is facing the man he stops his circling, but does not relax his guard::

Kendra Rulyar: ::may leave a scare, maybe he is more handsome now?::

Azazel Gry: Hunter1: ::wincing, wishing he had a shortbow about now::

Kendra Rulyar: ::Slides next to her:: Guards on the walls now, not a good choice to get closer. ::whispers some more:: Too bad we did not get the other guy down. I would have loved to put him on the rack to get a few questions answered.

Adron Taal: Many blades have histories. As does mine. But what does that matter to me?

Kendra Rulyar: ::spits on the ground:: Bastards work for the Klocks.

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::murmurs something, then back to Adron:: Those histories are never forgotten.

MissAmorina: Back to the horses then? ::whispers::

Kendra Rulyar: ::points to the other side of the river:: Aye and let's see if we can cross upstream to see if anybody made it across and north.

Azazel Gry: Jin: By the sword itself.

MissAmorina: ::Nodded, and let Kendra take the lead again::

Adron Taal: <Thomas and Hansen> ::goes clattering up to their horses and mount quickly::

Kendra Rulyar: ::picks the faster path but makes sure both stay covered in the underbrush:: We have to move fast, Brom needs to get word of this.

Adron Taal: <T and H > ::At least Adron won't kill them. Well maybe he will::

MissAmorina: ::Follows easily, staying hidden still:: You won't tell him I came with you, will you?

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::something seemed to stir in his own sword, like an awakening malice::

Kendra Rulyar: Do I wish to stay alive :: holds her horse for her::On with you, we need to hurry before the guy picks up our tracks.

Adron Taal: ::Growing annoyed:: Is there some point you're about to reach in this little lesson? If there is, then get to it already.

MissAmorina: ::Mounts Starlight and heads off in the direction they came from::

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::silent, withdrawn now as the sword seemed more 'alive' than he was::

Azazel Gry: Jin: ::eyes shifting perhaps a shade black::

Azazel Gry: ::apparently the merc was waiting for his move, an open stance::

Adron Taal: ::he was still in a ready stance, waiting::