

Klock Funeral
17 August 2006/19 Fadewarm 1274
Dreven City

Klockwork Army: ::all down the mainstreet, Klockwork Soldiers stand at parade rest, evenly spaced, not dense enough to keep the people back but marking a clear imaginary line at the edge of the thoroughfare::

Klockwork Army: ::the first sounds heard by those who cannot see what is coming are the faint horns, triumphant, warm and brassy:

Tyndarra has joined this chat.

Klockwork Army: ::drums mark the tempo, then are heard the loud, synchronous clomps of booted feet upon the cobblestones::

Passeador Noche has joined this chat.

Klockwork Army: ::the mourning dirge is powerful and uptempo, a declaration of deeds accomplished rather than the end of a life as the first of the procession is seen::

Skitter 1138 has joined this chat.

Irmaa Vep has joined this chat.

Klockwork Army: ::Klockwork Soldiers dressed not in the uniform leathers of those at the side of the street but black and red dress uniforms bedecked with brass and gloss ride horseback at the front::

Rhanaeryn: ::A tall elven woman stood along the procession route. Dressed in clothes of mourning, a handkerchief in hand. But she was tapping her foot in time to the music::

Passeador Noche: ::on a balcony of one of the buildings overlooking the boulevard, the shadows stir::

Klockwork Army: ::their mounts are horses, both flesh and iron, and other strange beasts -- spiders, rams, and walking platforms::

BlissNLvjy: ::not in clothes of mourning as she didn't own any but dressed in her finest to pay her respects, such as they were::

Miles Maudibe has joined this chat.

Passeador Noche: ::swirling and bending, the shadows finally allow admittance to the traveller and her companion::

Dashing2: "::**he had nudged his lanky frame to about foot behind the soldiers lining the street::**

Akia Devlin has joined this chat.

Klockwork Army: ::as the mounts pass, behind them march the rank and file in uniform leathers::

Rhanaeryn: Tragic. ::she said, shaking her head. Her foot still tapped in time::
ashokenxx has left this chat.

Klockwork Army: ::each rank is organized and clear delineations between the normal soldier, the mages' auxiliary, and so on pass backward down the line, each

bearing a standard of their order::

Passeador Noche: ::eyes as dark as the shadows themselves peruse those below, both soldiers and "mourners"::

Dashing2: ::dressed formally as befitting a somber occasion as this::

Lun de Trois: ::Oh, who needed the skin mourning when the sun of morning would do. Dressed in robes of orange and red, the pyromancer hovered...not literally but figuratively...hovered! Near Rhanaeryn:: Tick tock...the clock has stopped.

Lun de Trois: ::a giggle::

The Ashmaker: ::As he passed through the shadows, his head swam a moment. Travel by fire was so much more convenient::

Sherakai: ::Watching the crowd from the back of his tall gray horse, Kai's glance flickered every now and then to the procession. It was rather awe-inspiring, he had to admit::

Rhanaeryn: ::She smiled, looking at him:: Such irreverance.

MissAmorina: ::Ami dressed in a plain gown of a blue so dark it was nearly black. Her hair that normally was left alone, or in a loose braid was now pinned up in an elegant bun::

Klockwork Army: ::at the end of the Soldiers, the Pendulum, two in the front in gleaming steel armor bearing the hammer-marked banner of their order::

Her Only Grace: <Coll> ::He stands with his arm held close about her shoulders, head bowed but eyes lifted, wary and watching the procession:: I still find this the least appealing of your ideas. ::Murmured gently into her ear::

Lun de Trois: ::a snap of his fingers and light was drawn to him, a streak that swirled into a vortex of subtle flame::

Sherakai: ::An officer in the Klock Army, he, too, wore his uniform::

Rhanaeryn: (sw) I want to see the *body*, don't you?

Miles Maudibe: ::belching forth from the flames he was uncerimoniously dumped before Lun:: Kaff!

Lun de Trois: ::He hissed at her::

Miles Maudibe: ::dusting off hsi leathers he stared up at Lun:: Must you!

Skitter 1138: ::hiding up in a nearby tree, Skitter watches the procession curiously...::

Lun de Trois: ::And smiled at Miles but could it be seen from the hood and cowl he habitually wore::

Rhanaeryn: ::Silenced by that hiss, and by the sudden appearance::

The Ashmaker: ::Slipping a black handkerchief from his sleeve, he pressed it to his nose as he gazed down at those below him, his eyes landing especially on the one belching forth from the flames, he sniffed lightly::

Dorn Half-Golem: ::the strong and stout man that many took to calling "The Half Golem " stood watching the procession quietly::

Klockwork Army: ::behind the light Pendulum in front were larger creations, massive endowments of metal looming like minor golems::

Dashing2 has left this chat.

Miles Maudibe: ::up in a flash he pulled Lun to him and hugged his friend:: such a glorius day!

Dashing2 has joined this chat.

BlissNLvjy: ::she was gowned in pink and gold:: (s)I feel very conspicuous.

Her Only Grace: <Shaftile> ::She leans comfortably in his guarded embrace, face equally hidden and wary:: If he is dead... ::Whispered with a mixture of hope and fear, the thought left hanging amid the sound of song and march::

Lun de Trois: Gah! Geddoff me! ::abrubtly pulling away. Gods, he hated to be touched.::

Akia Devlin: ::Near Skitter, Akia (this time dressed in trousers) peers thru the leaves just as curiously::

Dashing2: "doubt the body itself would be visible"

Miles Maudibe: ::a wink and a turn as he looked at Rhan: Whoa re you?

Klockwork Army: ::in the center of the metal, officers::

Skitter 1138: ::pokes Kía gently:: " careful you don' slip... sumbody might get hurt, ya fallin' on em..."

Klockwork Army: ::At the front of her Captains marched Yashkara Steelclaw, tall and fierce, but somber gentleness reflected in her golden canine eyes::

Rhanaeryn: Rhanaeryn. ::she smiled serenely, looking him over:: Come to mourn the *dearly* departed.

Her Only Grace: <C> ::He glances down at her face, seeing in the space between her lips and the shine in her eyes the ideas and hopes that are too many to be voiced::

MissAmorina: ::She smiled a bit:: You look nice...cheerful, like a sunrise. Which I'm sure is how half the people here feel. ::the last half whispered::

Her Only Grace: <C> ::Silently, he squeezes her shoulder and contiues to hover apart from the crowd::

Miles Maudibe: ::he glanced off at the precession:: Good riddance I say. Very bad for business. Very bad.

Passeador Noche: ::the parade didn't interest her, and so her eyes scanned over those pressed against the boulevard::

Sherakai: ::He watched a pickpocket making his way through the crowd toward him. Figured. It would be a very fruitful day....::

Dorn Half-Golem: ::a metal arm and leg replaced left limbs, the rest of him broad in form::

Rhanaeryn: This is true. ::she murmured::

Klockwork Army: ::But to notice it took careful examination, as the rest of her, nearly 7 foot if an inch with a strong form marched before what must be a coffin::

Lun de Trois: The music is fine but the egg is cracked. No turning back. ::His accent thick tonight.::

The Ashmaker: ::He leaned to whisper to his companion, their perch upon the

balcony affording them a goodly view of all those gathered and those in the procession:: If she's still alive, she might be here. Watch for her.

BlissNLvjy: (s)Sunshine, that's me. ::sneaks a grin Ami's way before returning a serious expression to her face::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::Dolek, in his formal uniform, marched just behind Yashkara, his face gave no indication of his thoughts::

Miles Maudibe: ::he rolled his shoulders and looked about:: So why exactly are we here JC?

Her Only Grace: ::Together they stood closed in their private world in so public a place. Clothed in black and gray, her face stood stark and pale between a high collar and rich, red hair::

XRemembranceX has joined this chat.

Her Only Grace: ::His own chestnut skin bore up better in the somber tones, and but for her bright complexion, they might have only been more shadows amid the buildings::

Klockwork Army: ::the coffin itself was born in one hand of each of a half dozen Klockwork Creatures, humanoid in shape and size but displaying ample strength to bear the odd construct::

Lun de Trois: To end it?

Rhanaeryn: There. ::she whispered, pointing at the coffin::

Lun de Trois: ::his gaze bearing down on the procession. Cat eyes flaring within the darkness that lived in the cowl::

Passeador Noche: ::she gave a nod to the man beside her:: Yesss, M'lord...

Dashing2 has left this chat.

Miles Maudibe: Ha! ::glancing over again at his two companions:: Now that would cuase quite the stir.

Dashing2 has joined this chat.

Cloosidian: ::High above the crowd, enough to appear at first to be mere specks, three figures circled the air above the procession coming closer with each round::

Klockwork Army: ::it was soniarium and gilded, beautiful work of excellent craftsmanship...dwarven, perhaps, by the short Dwarven Chieftain trailing behind it -- Zuan Fjornson as rarely seen::

Lun de Trois: ::he breathed deep, the scents...: Can't you smell it?

Miles Maudibe: ::taking a breath as well he bounced over to the side of the building and looked across the crowd:: Fear and Loathing?

Lun de Trois: Power. Here. Ours to take. ::Only his head moving, following the casket. Knowing already who lead and fell behind::

Rhanaeryn: The corpse? ::she murmured::

Sherakai: ::The thief darted away from his latest mark, skittered sideways through the crowd, and ran right into Kai's horse. Suppressing a smile, Kai gave the boy a wink:: Better watch where you're going, son.

Skitter 1138: ::actually, she's watching the crowd more than the procession... one eye always on the look out for those blasted Klocks...::

Dashing2: 'indeed'

Klockwork Army: ::mirroring the front of the procession the back marched into view, Pendulum and Soldiers and mounted males and females of various races but predominantly human::

Dashing2: "best of intentions"

Passeador Noche: ::her eyes, ever moving from person to person spotted a shock of red among the heads, this one brighter than the others she'd seen thus far, she continued to watch::

Her Only Grace: <S> ::She clutched at Coll's sleeve where it draped over her shoulder, her arm crossed over her chest as if she were about to shield herself from a blow::

Rhanaeryn: No one poised to take over. ::quietly:: There is plenty of room.

Sherakai: ::The boy stared at him, wide-eyed, then grinned, tugged his forelock and dashed away again::

Klockwork Army: ::the song changed to something more depressing as the procession continued toward the main square, as if choreographed to coincide with something::

Skitter 1138: ::another watching for Dante, just in case he decided to show up after all....::

Miles Maudibe: And when there si room, we always prosper. Always...

Her Only Grace: <S> ::He jaw clenched as she tried to inhale calmly::

MissAmorina: ::She grinned momentarily back at Bliss, then also returned to being serious...at least appearing to be serious anyway:: I wonder if there are any soldiers left anywhere other than this street...

Lun de Trois: (w) A more immediate solution. ::a bit of fire between skeletal fingers::

Dashing2: "just goes to prove give most people a little authority, a little respnsibility and it goes right to their heads"

Klockwork Army: ::those with a view higher than head height could see into the coffin through the crystal top, a female figure in a simple white gown atop bedding and pillows::

Sherakai: ::He twitched his nose as the coffin passed by. Then followed that with a serious rub:: <vs> Gah.

Miles Maudibe: Come. We are behind the lead of the procession. ::he bolted toward the side of the building and then vaulted to the next rooftop:: Last one there is a rotten egg.

Her Only Grace: <C> ::Feeling the sudden tension and the fingers curled within his sleeve, he tightens his embrace::

BlissNLvjy: You mean there might not be anyone guarding the gold and we're standing here like a couple of rubes? ::teasing in her soft voice::

Skitter 1138: ::the third is... well, that one's always watching for a mark... old habits die hard and all that, after all....::

Her Only Grace: <S> ::Whispers:: I cannot see. Coll, please... I cannot see.

Rhanaeryn: ::With a laugh, she hitched up her gown and followed.::

Akia Devlin: ::hisses at Skitter:: Skits! It's a woman! In the coffin is a woman!

Dashing2: "absolute power corrupting absolutely"

Miles Maudibe: ::soft drake-scaled boots hit the next rooftop running as he paused a moment, then jumped to the next::

Lun de Trois: ::gods, he was hungry. But there were shadows. He arrived before they did in a belch of dark.::

Her Only Grace: <C> ::He lifts his chin a bit, having long formed the habit of slouching in public to hide his tall frame, once well-known and recognizable in Thermador.::

Dashing2: ::wrinkling his nose at the scents"

Passeador Noche: ::she hissed softly and a pale hand slid from beneath dark cloak to point toward the couple huddled together:: That one, M'lord. Sssshe iss a a possibility...

Lun de Trois: ::and crouched on the roof top to watch from above.::

Miles Maudibe: ::splashing through the belch of smoke:: Kaff! Must you?

MissAmorina: Exactly. ::Biting her lip momentarily:: We may all be returning home to empty houses if anyone else has realized the same thing.

Her Only Grace: <C> ::That is enough to see what passes by, and he inhales sharply in surprise::

Skitter 1138: Huh? ::looks closer and frowns a bit:: "ain' he s'posed ta be a "him"?"

Akia Devlin: I thought so!

Rhanaeryn: ::She wrinkled her nose at the darkness. Smoothed her hair.::

Lun de Trois: That one... ::Ignoring Miles' complaints. He pointed to the tall woman in the fore:: She leads.

The Ashmaker: ::his eyes followed the point of her finger and he leaned forward, hands planted on the railing of the small balcony::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::A corner of his mind wondered if the KM was actually in the coffin, or was Steelclaw padding herself to look good again. After all, the General was the only one permitted to speak to him.::

Her Only Grace: <S> What? ::She lifts her face to look at his, unable to see what he does:: What is it?

BlissNLvjy: ::tilting her face down to look at the road:: Not my home, I left guards.

Dashing2: "okay this is interesting"

Lun de Trois: ::hissing:: Steelclaw.

Sherakai: ::Touching one heel to his mount's flank, he edged along the crowd. Some of the looks he got were disconcerting. He smiled and nodded and moved on.::

Her Only Grace: <C> A...woman...

Dashing2: "::::saying more to himself more than to anyone in particular:::"

Miles Maudibe: Steelclaw? A minor palyer on a very big board my friend. ::he leaned over the edge of the roof , his eyes scanning across the people below:: I sense a presence...

Skitter 1138: ::frowns a bit more:: Think they got the wrong body?

Her Only Grace: <S> ::Frowning, she looked away from him and watched the coffin slide by. Uncertain if what passed before them was truly the Master or a hoax::

Dashing2: "thought this fearless leader was a guy"

Rhanaeryn: Look to that one. ::She pointed towards Dolek:: A Captain, but he seems to do much...

The Ashmaker: ::his eyes were glued to the red haired woman, watching:: My precious sister, dare that be you...? Can it be, after such a time...?

Akia Devlin: With what *that* box cost? No way!

Cloosidian: ::As the figures came closer the shape of the birds became apparent, still high enough that their forms were difficult to make out but someone with excellent eye sight might begin to recognize them as Selevanti::

Her Only Grace: <S> ::Softly, confusion coloring her voice:: What does it mean?

The Ashmaker: ::a glint of sun off the coffin interrupted his study of the woman and he glanced down into the casket::

Miles Maudibe: ::glancing to Rhan:: Do you ahve intel on that one?

Lun de Trois: I sense bird crap. ::cackling, on his hands and knees, peering over the edge of the roof in his find orange and red robes::

The Ashmaker: ::his brow drew downward:: A woman?

Rhanaeryn: Mm, some. I can learn more, if you wish it.

Skitter 1138: ::nods a little:: Maybe...

Her Only Grace: <C> ::He lowered his chin again, then pressed his lips gently to her crown:: I do not know, my love. ::He murmured into her hair:: I do not know.

Miles Maudibe: That may be prudent. Can you get closer?

Skitter 1138: When yer that rich, a little gold don' make much dif'rence, I think...

Passeador Noche: Yesss...M'lord. Remember I told you...

Akia Devlin: ::Nods:: True

Skitter 1138: Er, powerful, anyways...

Passeador Noche: A madwoman.

Rhanaeryn: Of course. ::And she smiled once more::

MissAmorina: Smart thinking. ::Responding to Bliss::

The Ashmaker: ::he nodded:: Yes, yes..you told me.

Sherakai: ::Pushing a horse through an audience wasn't really popular, but everyone moved for him and he could see well. Really well...::

BlissNLvjy: (s)And how many students' tuition could that coffin fund, I wonder.

Miles Maudibe: ::glancing back to Lun:: I suppose that your settling a score might have to wait after all?

Her Only Grace: <S> It gives us nothing--no advantage--if we are not certain. ::Her frustration showed in more than her taut voice::

Lun de Trois: For what? ::a whine::

Rhanaeryn: ::She gazed at Dolek::

Her Only Grace: <C> Tilly... ::He pulled her closer gently:: We would not have been certain regardless of what body lay in the coffin.

Miles Maudibe: ::pointing down toward the coffin:: Unless you plan on raising the dead?

Lun de Trois: ::he sat back from the edge...and the necromancer had a turn:: I could do that.

MissAmorina: Mmm...::she agreed with Bliss's observation, but was too busy studying the coffin and Steelclaw to say much more::

Rhanaeryn: Wouldn't that be fun.

The Ashmaker: ::he watched the coffin until it was much further away, then shifted his attention back to the couple:: Is that you and your cuckold, my darling sister? ::a slow smile parted pale lips::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::He came close to frowning as a thought occurred, and not for the first time, as he gave a short glance to Yashkara. 'The king is dead, long live the general'. Not in his lifetime::

Miles Maudibe: ::looking back and forth between the two:: That would most certainly draw attention.

Her Only Grace: <S> ::With his irrefutable reasoning, the tension melts from her shoulders softly and she bows her head again, burrowing her face against his chest:: So long... ::She whispered::

BlissNLvjy: (s)And there is Dolek, the one the Gazette rumored I was to marry. ::it was hard not to laugh::

Dashing2: ::this is too weird::

Sherakai: ::Eyes narrowed to conceal an uncanny glimmer, he scanned the rooftops::

Lun de Trois: ::then, laying back, on his back, to stare up at Miles:: You are no fun at all.

MissAmorina: I wish we could see in it...::softly, being one of the unfortunate ones standing within the crowd, her view limited::

The Ashmaker: Go, find out, my sweet Passeador. I *must* know if it is her.

Rhanaeryn: ::She waved down to Sherakai with her handkerchief::

Klockwork Army: ::the procession continued into the main square, where soldiers broke off into even lines as they entered and drifted into the crowd::

Skitter 1138: ::frowns thoughtfully:: So, who dya think it is?

MissAmorina: ::Then she managed a small smile for Bliss:: I could never see you married to him.

Miles Maudibe: Fun? You want fun? ::points down at Sherakai on his horse:: Why not strike dead that one's horse?

Passeador Noche: Asss you wish, Master. ::she stepped backward into the waiting embrace of shadow and disappeared from view::

Her Only Grace: <S> How much longer must we wait? Must we hide? ::She turned into his warmth completely, cheek against his chest, arms curled against her waist::

Sherakai: ::He returned a jaunty salute::

Rhanaeryn: Maybe I could gather intel on him. ::meaning Sherakai:: Just in case.

BlissNLvjy: Me either.

Lun de Trois: ::rolling over to look:: Why the horse?

Her Only Grace: <C> ::Wordlessly he embraced her with both arms, offering what little comfort he could for her frustration and pain::

Miles Maudibe: ::looking to Rhan:: If you so desire.

Passeador Noche has left this chat.

Lun de Trois: Kiss him for me!

Akia Devlin: ::shakes her head:: I dunno

Klockwork Army: ::the Klockwork Creatures carried the coffin hire and on the rooftops could be seen the bob of heads appearing suddenly into view::

Miles Maudibe: Wait! How about this one Rhan...:a thin smile crawling up his face:: Steal that mask in the coffin.

Lun de Trois: ::giggling, elbow resting on the lip of the roof, chin in hand:: The mask...

Rhanaeryn: Ohhh. ::She leaned over to look:: Think it would suit me?

Klockwork Army: ::hire= higher::

Akia Devlin: It could be the leader, I guess. Under armor, who would know if it was a man or a manly woman?

Miles Maudibe: Aye. That would be revenge, revenge in aces!

Dashing2: ::taking his eyes of the passing coffin turns to scan the crowd and other soldiers. noticing kai astride his horse::;

Skitter 1138: True...

Lun de Trois: No! Spades! ::leaping up, clapping his hands together::

Lun de Trois: ::turning on Rhaen:: You will do it.

Cloosidian: ::Two brownish Hawkans, a male and a smaller female, and another dark grey Hawkan with lighter breast feathers took turns swooping back and forth over the procession::

Miles Maudibe: Indeed. ::then looking to Rhan again:: Think you are up to the task?

Her Only Grace: <C> There is nothing more to be learned here. ::It was not resignation in his timbre, but fact, and he felt her ease into the observation with a subtle shifting of her shoulders::

Passeador Noche has joined this chat.

Rhanaeryn: A diversion. A nice diversion. ::she nodded, already tying her long hair into a knot at her neck:: Or at least, a nice shadow to hide me.

MissAmorina: Ricoh is good for you. ::Eyes still following the procession as it

moved away::

Passeador Noche: ::behind the couple, the shadows stirred and a figure emerged from them, watching the two huddled together::

Sherakai: ::The square was gods-awful crowded. Thieves and the providers of food were going to have make a mint today...::

BlissNLvjy: Who?

Her Only Grace: <S> No, indeed. ::She pulled away and lifted her face again, looking up at the man who had remained with her during these past years::

Miles Maudibe: Sometimes the best way to hide, is to hide in plain sight Rhan.

BlissNLvjy: Oh, yeah, him. ::teasing Ami so keeping a straight face was getting more difficult::

Klockwork Army: ::officers marched up onto an elevated speaking platform built for occasions such as this, and encircled the coffin as Klockwork Creatures propped it up, elevated it so that the woman inside could more clearly be seen::

Miles Maudibe: Besides must you encourage him to make stinky darkness?

Lun de Trois: It's always...give me a shadow, make me pie, peel a grape, set that building on fire...

The Ashmaker: ::A swift intake of breath slipped past his lips as the woman lifted her face and he knew in that moment it was her::

Dashing2: ::seeing the consternation not mention confusin on various faces::

Skitter 1138: An' Dom, Dante 'n' Josh 're missin' it...

Miles Maudibe: ::flicks a glance to Lun:: No one ever makes you peel grapes.

Rhanaeryn: It's not your head that'll fly if this goes wrong. ::she laughed, low::

MissAmorina: ::Blinked over at Bliss a moment, then smiled:: When is your wedding again? ::Crossing her fingers that it would be sooner rather than later::

Rhanaeryn: I make him peel a grape. Now and then.

The Ashmaker: ::He knew he had to get to her::

Akia Devlin: Are you sure?

BlissNLvjy: ::shrugged:: Don't know.

Miles Maudibe: And he does make nice pies...

Her Only Grace: ::His face had grown thinner, but it was still the handsome, brooding face that had haunted her for years before she could hold it between her hands::

Rhanaeryn: A wonderful cook, yes.

Lun de Trois: A nice Rhanaeryn pie...

Passeador Noche: <vsw> Ssshafitile.... ::the shadow enshrouded woman stared at the female part of the couple::

Lun de Trois: Mmmm...if she doesn't get the mask. ::clapping his hands::

ApolloJamesMaran has joined this chat.

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::He stepped into place. *Where's your pet, Dod, Yashkara?*

Send her away before you had the Klockwork Master killed?::

Skitter 1138: Dante had ta work, right? An' I thought ya said Dom was off doin' somethin'?

Her Only Grace: ::His black eyes returned her gaze, and he ran a hand through her cropped red hair, smiling sadly::

Miles Maudibe: ::rolling his eyes he looked to Rhan:: 30 minutes to get the mask, or...::smirks::

Captain Tharius has joined this chat.

Dashing2: ::suddenly being josteled from his position in front by people not at tall as he:::

Akia Devlin: ::nods::

Her Only Grace: <C> Shall we, then?

Rhanaeryn: ::She licked her lips, regarding Jean Claude, and then Miles.:: And if I get it?

Miles Maudibe: ::he looked upward, thinking a moment::

Passeador Noche: ::she slid back into the shadows to return to her master::

Her Only Grace: <S> ::She nodded and stepped away from him, one hand sliding down his arm until it found his fingers and intertwined them with her own::

Miles Maudibe: We all eat pie? ;;looking back down again::

Dashing2: ::decides he'd seen allows himself to be gradually moved back further to let others a better view they were seeking:::

Sherakai: ::The sea of voices hissed with the words "A woman...!" On the edge of the crowd, Kai bent to speak to a pair of soldiers.::

Her Only Grace: <S> But which home is it time to return to? ::Quietly she questioned the air::

The Ashmaker: ::His eyes, were they arrows lit with fire, bore into the woman's frame, taking in every inch of her he could see::

Rhanaeryn: ::She clicked her tongue.:: We shall see about that.

Sherakai: ::The pair nodded and moved away, quickly absorbed by the crowd.::

Lun de Trois: ::another deep breath... Air ... Fire ... Earth ... but where was water?::

Passeador Noche: ::she spun out of the shadows next to the man on the balcony:: It is her.

Miles Maudibe: You will need this though. ::flicking a thin stilleto into the air at Rhan:: Without it you have no chance.

Her Only Grace: <S> Here? Or...there?

Cloosidian: ::After making a pass, the large brown Seleventi tilted his wings making a sharp turn about landing on the roof of a building near the platform, turning his head side to side to study the coffin from each eye:::

Lun de Trois: ::his cat gaze drifted over the crowd below::

Dashing2: ::towrad a trees. then noting through the crowd what appears to be a familiar faring:::

Her Only Grace: ::Coll made no move to depart as he heard her questions::

Klockwork Army: ::Yashkara took a breath, shrugging under the gaze of humans in her direction, visibly uncomfortable as she considered what they must be thinking of her and this entire turn of events::

Rhanaeryn: ::She caught it neatly and eased herself upright. The stiletto she twirled between her fingers.:: To stab anyone in the way?

Lun de Trois: ::a sudden tilt of his head:: Miles...

Her Only Grace: <C> Tilly... ::Said softly, a blend of hope and something less desirable in his voice::

Skitter 1138: ::glances down and grins as Avram somehow just happens to have decided to stand right under theirs....::

Dashing2: ::then nudges by various people towards them:::

Miles Maudibe: I think it will be more effective on the prison the mask resides within. ::another cool smile tossed her way::

The Ashmaker: ::He did not look away from that he had sought for so long. He would possess her if it was the last thing he did:: I know. I must get to her.

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::Surprised or not at what he saw in the coffin, he behaved like he was quite aware of the fact that he was a she.::

Miles Maudibe: Yes Jc. ::matter-of-factly::

Lun de Trois: Miles...Miles... Miles... Miles.... There are TWO fires here.

Rhanaeryn: Mmm. ::She tucked it away in her cleavage and made her way to the edge of the rooftop.::

Sherakai: Selevanti... ::he murmured to himself as he watched. His mouth tightened, then he shifted his gaze toward the General. He couldn't wait to hear her ... words.::

Skitter 1138: ::pokes Kia, and points to Avram with a grin::

MissAmorina: ::She started making her way through the crowd trying to get a better look, glancing behind her once to see if Bliss followed::

Miles Maudibe: ::understanding the cryptic message he scanned the crowd:: impossible

Dashing2: "skits, is that you?"

Akia Devlin: ::Looks down and grins::

Lun de Trois: ::standing on the very edge of the building, the breeze rustling the hem of his robes, one step forward and he would fall for sure.:: TWO!

BlissNLvjy: ::glided through the crowd a step behind her.::

Rhanaeryn: ::a moment later, she'd vanished from view.::

Her Only Grace: ::Shaftile looked up into his braod face again, smiling faintly, a flicker of the old fire in her eyes.::

Skitter 1138: ::is actually up in a tree... with Kia.::

Lun de Trois: There's the Air... ::pointing toward the Selevanti presence.::

Passeador Noche: I will take you, M'lord. ::she bowed to him, then pressed a hand against his arm to signal he should release his stranglehold on the balcony rail.::

Lun de Trois: There's the Earth... ::where the old dwarf walked.::

Miles Maudibe: ::he spotted one, then looked up at the flyers:: This is not good.

Her Only Grace: <S> You were right, Coll. We would never have been sure, regardless of what body we saw today.

Lun de Trois: Water isn't here. Wouldn't be here. Too busy doing water...things...

Dashing2: ::then gets by the final person, hearing noise from above::

Lun de Trois: Death is here with me... but... Fire it is burning in two places...

The Ashmaker: ::Prying his fingers from the balcony and his eyes from his prize, he stepped into the shadows with his lover::

Her Only Grace: ::She squeezed his hand firmly, a faint smile alighting on her lips::

Skitter 1138: ::drops an acorn on Avram::

Dashing2: :::turns his head upwards to see....."

Lun de Trois: ::pointing to the Ashmaker balcony::

Miles Maudibe: Well, I find that quite unusual. But then again, these are the strangest of times.

Dashing2: ::an acorn hitting in the eye::

Lun de Trois: ::and then just over there::

Her Only Grace: <S> We have waited long enough.

Dashing2: "OW!"

Cloosidian: ::All of a sudden the Seleventi took to the air again squaking:: He's a She! He's a She! ::Returning to the other two the still circled above, then swooping down again just over the platform:: The master was a she!

Akia Devlin: Nice aim

Skitter 1138: Bull's eye! ::chuckles::

Dashing2: :::closes then covers his injured eye::

Miles Maudibe: I think the former more disconcerting than the present. The present is full of anger and hate, hate consuming all.

Her Only Grace: ::Coll inhaled quickly, seeing in her face a glimmer of the old Shaftile--the ferocity and fire that had so taken him in years ago::

Rhanaeryn: ::Through the crowd she moved slowly.::

Sherakai: ::So much for the quiet whispering... He almost laughed at the squawking birds.. But that wouldn't have looked good on a Klock officer.::

Dashing2: :::looks at her with his good eye::

Passeador Noche: ::travel with one unused to shadow-walking was a bit harder and it took longer than the first time for the pair to emerge from the shadows behind where the couple stood::

Her Only Grace: <S> Let us take back what is ours. Let us...go *home*.

Lun de Trois: Fire...whatdowedo...why is she here? ::talking to his friend, musing to himself::

Dashing2: "hey!"

Miles Maudibe: Persoanlly i wanted to get into the robes of the former once or twice, but I foudn her elusive.

Skitter 1138: ::hides... nobody up here but us squirrels!::

Cloosidian: ::The other two made the circle with the brown male, flying down just over the crowd to see the KlockworkMaster, the wind from the beats of their wings blowing the hair of those those underneath them::

Passeador Noche: ::her eyes were drawn upward at the squawking, as she left her Master to his prize::

Her Only Grace: ::He knew from the heat in her voice that she did not mean the tavern::

Lun de Trois: I can take her. ::giggling some more::

Klockwork Army: ::when Yashkara opened her mouth, she was heard:: **Chief Fjornson donated this coffin.**

Miles Maudibe: ::his face lighting up:: Now THAT, i would pay to see.

Lun de Trois: ::shuddering::

Skitter 1138: ::drops another acorn on a random onlooker below...::

Dashing2: "yea well squirrels do make good eye patches"

Captain Tharius: ::he has fallen in at the back of the formation, mounted, the madman of Balthazor and Luminii has come to pay respects::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::Well, so much for subtly. Then again, Selevanti weren't well known for it::

Rhanaeryn: ::Pious, mournful, not even tapping her feet any longer, as she approached::

The Ashmaker: ::Swaying as the dizziness from the strange mode of travel took him again, it was a moment before his vision cleared and he glanced around him quickly::

Soledaad Rourke has joined this chat.

Soledaad Rourke: ::in the crowd she stood, hard to miss her even without her height, albino's had a way of standing out::

Sherakai: ::Interesting way to begin a speech...::

Her Only Grace: :::Softly he brushed the ragged ends of her roughly shorn hair away from her cheeks and rubbed his thumb across her cheekbone, smiling::

The Ashmaker: ::The press of unwashed bodies made him nauseous, but then he spotted that which had consumed his fantasies for so long - a shock of red hair on that womanly body::

MissAmorina: ::Ami ducked as something passed over her, then wide eyes watched the squawking Selevanti::

Dashing2: ::eye tearing::

Klockwork Army: He believed in what the Klockwork Master saw. He believed in her dream.

BlissNLvjy: (s)And you said this wouldn't be fun.

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::He believed what you told him::

Her Only Grace: <C> Yes, My Lady. ::And with a grin, he leaned down and kissed her heavily, having with patience waited so long for her to return to herself::

MissAmorina: Were those....? ::Still watching the birds(?)::

The Ashmaker: ::Straightening, he pulled at the hem of his suitcoat then strolled toward the couple, shoving any who came between them aside::

Akia Devlin: Skitter! Look! Seleventi! ::points::

Soledaad Rourke: ::ahe looked around for the rotten fruit to start raining down::

Miles Maudibe: Well JC. ::watching Rhan weave through the crowds:: I think things are about to get very interesting.

Lun de Trois: ::tilting his head now to the speech::

BlissNLvjy: Seleventi. ::nods::

Klockwork Army: Years ago, times were bad. People forget but times were bad.

Lun de Trois: I should've brought crackers.

Skitter 1138: ::watching the bird people:: Wow... They *do* exist!

The Ashmaker: ::As the man leaned to kiss his woman, he growled low in his throat. He'd make him pay for that::

Dashing2: :::yea yea. weirdos with wings big deal"

Miles Maudibe: ::then perking up at the words about the damn coffin:: Dream? The Klock had no dream. What is this idiot prattling about?

Her Only Grace: ::Hearing the sound of those muttering in annoyance at being shoved aside, she pulls away and looks behind... And a sharp hiss answers that low growl::

Rhanaeryn: ::Her eyes on Steelclaw as she came closer, raptly, fascinated apparently, by the speech.::

Dashing2: :::rubs his eye then opens it::

Lun de Trois: She only had time and wasted it.

The Ashmaker: ::stopping behind Coll and Shaftile he cleared his throat, then spoke quietly:: Hello dear sister. ::his smile slithered onto his lips and fire burned in his ebon eyes::

Her Only Grace: ::Seeing the fire leap up in her eyes, Coll turns and looks behind them::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::he stands surrounded, listening to hollow words, the man who had tried to hold MOrgain::

Klockwork Army: Even with war at our borders and in our lands, times then were worse. There was no safety. Laws were a luxury that people indulged in, not a necessity to protect us.

Dashing2: :::turns to listen to the speech. what was he saying?"

Klockwork Army: ::at the edge of the crowd, soldiers watched for any strays, ready to send them back::

Sherakai: ::He resisted the urge to echo and mock and tried to look busy. It wasn't hard. There were plenty of people to watch.::

Dashing2: saying

Her Only Grace: ::She glared, a sudden heat flushing her cheeks and crackling across her skull::

Skitter 1138: ::and another acorn tossed Ami's direction... wherever she happened to be in the crowd::

Lun de Trois: ::whispering to Miles:: Do you have any water?

Cloosidian: ::The Selevanti were making quite a ruckus, each squaking their own songs:: "He's a she!" "What else do they hide?" "They lied, they lied!"

Her Only Grace: ::Coll quickly steps between the Ashmaker and his wife::

Captain Tharius: ::not with all black armor anymore, the light glints from silvers and golds of his army, his army and the numbers were greater than they had ever been::

Ranu Kishar has joined this chat.

Dashing2: ::;worse than war within and without the country?:::

The Ashmaker: ::his eyes narrowed on the man who stepped between him and his sister:: This does not concern you, whelp.

Her Only Grace: <S> Do not address me so. ::Said lowly and forced through a throat tensed in bitter anger::

Miles Maudibe: Of course. ::producing a small skin and tossing it to his friend::

MissAmorina: ::Something hit her shoulder, taking her attention off the birds her eyes searched the crowds to see where it had come from::

The Ashmaker: Would you rather I call you, my love. ::he sneered at his sibling::

Her Only Grace: <S> ::Lays a hand on Coll's arm and steps up to be at his side::

Klockwork Army: There were those who took liberties with a land that had no laws. The jackals in Triad. The nobles stepping on the backs of those who built this land and turned their backs to them as they starved.

Dashing2: :::turns to look at the ground. looks around for a wee moment:::

Lun de Trois: No no no...you'll need more than that. The Fires have met.

Soledaad Rourke: ::she shakes her head, the Empire indeed, what did they do for Balthazor::

Lun de Trois: ::and then... :: Jackals??

Skitter 1138: ::wow! she really does have good aim!::

Her Only Grace: ::At that, a fierce blush fights with a sudden green pallor in her cheeks::

Rhanaeryn: ::Jackals?::

Ranu Kishar: ::Out of the shadows steps a cloaked tall figure and quickly mingles in the crowd::

Miles Maudibe: HEY! ;;looking to JC:: We never took liberties. ::not really denying the jackal comment::

Rhanaeryn: ::Oh, now she wanted that mask.::

Lun de Trois: ::slowly turning back toward the sound of Yashkhara's voice::

Her Only Grace: <S> You will pay for it all, Lucair.

Dashing2: :::spots the offending acorn and stoops as best he can to pick it :::

Dorn Half-Golem: ::just quietly listened::

Dashing2: up

Lun de Trois: ::Miles might be a jackal...but JC was feline::

Passeador Noche: ::watches as the people near Shaftile and Lucair began to back away. whether it was from fear of the angry tones or the heat building around the two, she couldn't tell::

Lun de Trois: ::He growled::

Sherakai: Mm. :: He nodded at a tall figure across the square and the man nodded back, then backed away into the press of bodies::

ApolloJamesMaran: What of innocents dead in a self proposed war?

Lun de Trois: Let me kill her. Let me kill her. Let me kill her. Let me kill her.

Miles Maudibe: ::he took in a deep breath and nodded:: The hell with this JC. I say we ...yeah, kill her.

Lun de Trois: ::chanting the mantra while fire and shadow formed in his palms::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::It was hard to look as if he was listening intently. *Instead, you twisted, or created laws to keep you in power::*

The Ashmaker: My dearest, if I have to pay, then so be it. ::his right lid lowered in a lascivious wink::

Captain Tharius: ::the entire force around him stands alert::

Dashing2: ::standing up. inspects for a moment before pocketing the acorn::"hmmm. save this for later"

MissAmorina: ::She spotted Skitter and gave her an accusing look...then winked::

Klockwork Army: All the Klockwork Master asked...all she demanded was peace. Follow the laws. Do not steal. Do not kill. Do not make war or war will be made. She asked that the old, lawless ways and those who represented it give up those ways.

Miles Maudibe: ::and then he was gone, nothing remaining where he once stood on the rooftop, good ears would hear something land on the street below::

Miles Maudibe: ::in and out::

Skitter 1138: ::grins at Ami... through the leaves of the tree she was currently hiding in...::

Dashing2: "make war war made? kinda goes hand in hand doesn't it?"

Lun de Trois: ::and the mage left on the roof, exploded into shadow::

Rhanaeryn: ::Close by now, she waited, watching the crowd, her hand near the blade::

Klockwork Army: Live in peace with her and those who lived for peace. But now as then there were those more comfortable with war. Without laws. Expressing disobedience with the sword to avoid the shackle. No concern for who suffered at the end.

Miles Maudibe: ::around and around, he slipped through the crowd, one moment there, the next not::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::*Breathe when I tell you to breathe, live, if I allow you to live::*

Dashing2: ::puts his hand over the still smarting eye::

Soledaad Rourke: What of the people she abandoned in Balthazor to die at the hands of the undead!

Sherakai: ::A shiver went through him and he looked around, frowning.::

Her Only Grace: ::A wicked smile broke across her features:: I shall grant that wish, then.

Soledaad Rourke: ::she crossed her arms::

BlissNLvjy: ::spun in place, a little twirl:: (s)And the tension builds.

The Ashmaker: ::The temperature around the area he and his sister occupied had raised considerably as the fires inside them built::

Rhanaeryn: ::Someone had shouted. *Good. Keep it up.*::

Skitter 1138: ::and yet another acorn is sent Bliss-ward, from up in that tree....::

The Ashmaker: ::He grinned and took a step toward her:: About time you came to your senses.

Klockwork Army: **This could have been a peaceful place. Revenge is an understandable desire, but it has no end. Revenge is not justice.**

Ranu Kishar: ::Moves past a girl selling sweets, taking in the sounds and smells around him.::

Her Only Grace: <C> Tilly.

Captain Tharius: ::he glances to the the direction of the shout::

Her Only Grace: ::If they had heard the speech, they might have appreciated the irony::

Rhanaeryn: ::The coffin, so close. She barely breathed.::

ApolloJamesMaran: What of hanging with no trial? ::another shout::

Passeador Noche: ::she hissed softly, watching the two and their verbal sparring::

BlissNLvjy: ::and an acorn plinks off her back:: Hey!

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::*True. Revenge is not justice. Removing you is.*::

Klockwork Army: ::Yashkara growled:: **Revenge is not justice!**

Her Only Grace: ::She did not look away from Lucair::

Passeador Noche: ::she twisted through the crowd toward them, this was not the time or place for this::

Sherakai: <vs> Don't rile the crowd, General...

Captain Tharius: ::an interesting notion, too bad she could not follow those same words::

Miles Maudibe: ::past one, then another, the cloak was up the Face of the Fox was set, eyes on "the speaker"::

MissAmorina: ::Ami glanced around her at the shouts that came from the crowd, and up at the screeching Seleventi, and to the coffin that held the female form of the KM::

Lun de Trois: ::whispering from Yashkara's own shadow:: Revenge tastes like apples.

Her Only Grace: <S> It is too fortuitous, Coll. ::Her fingers flexed and jittered with eagerness::

Klockwork Army: ::Yashkara took a deep breath and the rumble in her voice faded::

BlissNLvjy: (s)Whose tossing things? ::looking about::

Klockwork Army: ::blinks::

Klockwork Army: ::sniffs::

Her Only Grace: <S> Why not now?

Dashing2: "one person's revenge is another person's justice depending on one's point of view"

Miles Maudibe: ::and then he struck, lightning fast from the crowd, his sabre out, you could almost hear the hunger:

Lun de Trois: ::and her own shadow grew, lifted from the ground::

Ranu Kishar: ::Oh so close to the Dog called a general, he wanted to reach and wring that neck just for a second, humans will allow anything in their mist if it promises to be loyal.

The Ashmaker: ::His hand reached for his sister, a look of victory on his face::
Yes Coll, why not now.

Soledaad Rourke: ::her red eyes turn to JC::

Klockwork Army: ::his ear twitched and her eyes honed feral and predatory on the movement of the elf...and she sniffed again:: **You would bring war in a time of mourning!**

The Ashmaker: Come Tilly...You get payment once service is rendered.

Her Only Grace: <C> ::Fire flickered between his fingertips as he reached for Lucair's wrist to stop the movement::

Sherakai: ::It was starting to get a little warm, and it had nothing to do with the bodies involved. Standing up in his stirrups, he studied the crowd. There and ... there. A series of small gestures sent soldiers moving steadily into place::

Klockwork Army: **Is this what you want! Endless blood with no end!**

Ranu Kishar: ::The cloaked one lifts his head and holds still as somebody else makes a move::

Passeador Noche: ::she was only a few feet away from them, the crowd was pressing her back as she fought her way forward::

MissAmorina: I don't think as many mourn as she thinks...:Again to Bliss, carefully watching the crowd as it became more agitated::

Klockwork Army: ::her voice was wild and the Klockwork Soldiers tensed and moved::

Rhanaeryn: ::She resisted the urge to laugh. Only reached out towards the coffin, in an attitude of deep sorrow::

Passeador Noche: ::the shadows elongating, following her::

Miles Maudibe: We never bring war. We bring true justice. ::he pulled back the blade and stabbed it at "the speaker"::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::arms seize him::

Klockwork Army: ::Yashkara casually grabbed the blade with her right hand, staring down the elf::

The Ashmaker: ::shouting, it barely reached his ears, something about war::

Dashing2: "okaayy this kinda excitement we don't need"

Cloosidian: ::The bird figures continued their flight, moving further away now, their squawks still able to be heard below as they began to return to the clouds::

Lun de Trois: (w) I am no Jackal. ::Near her ear. Letting Miles deal with Yashkhara. ::

Rhanaeryn: ::In the chaos that erupted, she struck with the stiletto at the pane of crystal in the coffin.::

Miles Maudibe: Better watch your back. ::a grin across the face of the fox:: The sword is but one weapon.

Her Only Grace: <S> Coll. Move. ::She had lifted both hands in response, and her teeth were gritted at the sudden recall of power to avoid burning her husband::

Klockwork Army: ::moves instinctively from the sound, almost dropping onto three of her limbs in the movement::

The Ashmaker: ::His hand stopped and he looked down with a raised brow at the flames on Coll's fingertips:: Do. Not. Touch. Me.

Lun de Trois: ::the bloodred and orange robes had changed to dark tattered rags::

Tyndarra: ::standing on a top step, Kitten watches as things get.....interesting::

Skitter 1138: ::frowns a bit at Kía:: This doesn't seem as much fun any more...

ApolloJamesMaran: ::hauled suddenly backwards, thumped hard in the back of the head::

Klockwork Army: <Donatto Perlai>General!

Sherakai: ::A small cadre of black and red surrounded a woman standing close to the front edge of the crowd. She was beautiful. Dark-haired. The Minister of Synchronicity and in charge of

Akia Devlin: Oh yes it is

Skitter 1138: Well, the acorn throwing part is...

Ranu Kishar: ::His hand fall on "final justice" hidden under the cloak:: Fools...

Klockwork Army: <Salomae> Damn it to Hell.....::she drew her blade::

Akia Devlin: No, look up there

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::Though apparently not watching, his hand reached out to grab Rhanaeryn's wrist:: " Don't."

Dashing2: "great. something that'll probably send people scattering crushing individuals under the stampede"

Skitter 1138: ::and throws an acorn at Kitten, too....::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::semi-concious, AJ Maran is being hauled through the crowd::

Passeador Noche: ::watching the witch, she lunged from the shadows and spun around Versaillesna Lucair, the shadows engulfing him. where he had stood, there was now emptiness::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::his feet dragging off behind him::

Sherakai: the Klock coin manufacturing. Bending closer to her ear, one of the

soldiers motioned as he spoke. She nodded, face paling, then they were moving away.::

MissAmorina: ::She grabbed Bliss arm and pointed in AJ's direction::

Klockwork Army: ::flings the sword away and her ear turns to the sound, but her head, her eyes, were directed at Miles still::

Her Only Grace: <C> ::Moved his hand instead to push Shaftile back, snuffing the flames across his hand before touching her::

Her Only Grace: ::And then they both blinked::

BlissNLvjy: ::takes a hold of Ami's arm:: Time to back away...::nodding towards the attack on the General::

Captain Tharius: ::he nodded, the general's options were being limited::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::He couldn't reach Steelclaw if he's wanted, but this woman he could deal with, he hoped::

Sherakai: One down.... ::His mouth flattened as he watched the roiling crowd::

Her Only Grace: <S> *No!* ::She shrieked in sheer hunger and wrath, lunging past Coll toward the shadows that now stood where her brother had seonds ago::

Rhanaeryn: The mask or my life. ::She leaned in to Dolek, whispering, her face turning desperate.::

Rhanaeryn: ::The stiletto had shattered.::

Miles Maudibe: ::he released Mangar and drew forth a wet dagger, slashing at "the speaker"::

Klockwork Army: Protect the Master!

Sherakai: ::Another motion and a barked command sent more soldiers to subdue the growing restlessness.::

Her Only Grace: <C> Tilly! ::He lunged after her and grabbed her from behind, yanking her backward::

Soledaad Rourke: ::the man who had approached her had found his arm neatly broken before blackness filled hi mind::

CaptRaphaelDolek: " You will not. Leave this platform. "

Her Only Grace: ::Their own din lost amid the rustle and commotion surrounding them and the ceremony::

Lun de Trois: ::he threw his arms out and shadows whirled from his fingertips, shards of darkness to spin around Miles and Steelclaw::

Miles Maudibe: ::to himself..."Come on JC"....: You server a master when you shoudl serve the people. Swine.

MissAmorina: ::She started to back away with Bliss, trying to make her way to the edges of the crowd but the bodies were pressed so tightly together it was nearly impossible to make any progress.::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::he was muttering something, trying to raise his head, their might be blood running down the back of his neck::

Rhanaeryn: Please. ::She whispered:: Help your general. I only ask one thing.

Dashing2: ::begins climbing the tree to gain a limb well above the crowd;;;

Skitter 1138: ::glad she's up a tree with all the commotion....::

Klockwork Army: ::cut shallowly, she growls and slashes at Miles:: I serve the people...who do you serve.

Tyndarra: ::wonders if this is what Kai meant when he said to leave if things got "interesting" ::

Ranu Kishar: ::Muscle ripple under the cloak and in one swift move it gets tossed away::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::He tried to spin her around and away from the coffin, and himself::

Skitter 1138: ::and another acorn sent Kitten-ward, since the first apparently missed....::

Her Only Grace: <S> Release me! ::She slapped and scratched at his arms, writhing in his hard embrace:: I *had* him! Thermador would have been ours again!

ApolloJamesMaran: ::wanting to shout::

Miles Maudibe: ::smuggly:: I serve me. ::the slash cut his arm as the darkness enveloped them::

Rhanaeryn: ::And so she stumbled back, her whisper turning to a laugh.:: You don't even care, do you?

Tyndarra: ::feels the acorn and glances down, then looks back to the commotion::

MissAmorina: Bliss...AJ. ::Again trying to point him out to her::

Sherakai: ::There, another group of soldiers hustled the Magistrate, Walter Trask out of danger::

Klockwork Army: Then I see why you demand the freedom to do as you wish...elf.

Soledaad Rourke: REMEBER HER JUSTICE FOR THE HEALERS! ::she shouts from the back of a new grouping of people::

CaptRaphaelDolek: Go. ::harshly::

Ranu Kishar: Fools...:eyes narrow as he pushes people out of his way::

Rhanaeryn: She dies, and you let her. ::She smiled, withdrawing into the crowd, for the moment.::

Her Only Grace: <S> ::Her frustration and anger dissolved into boiling sobs, and she sagged in his arms, her fire finally burning out::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::his boots are being tossed as the drag toes first across the cobbles::

Klockwork Army: <Salomae>::watches Dolek's actions toward the woman who tried to break the coffin:: ...What in the....

Sherakai: ::Soldiers were pressing in from every side on the ruckus at the center of the square::

Her Only Grace: <C> ::Murmuring softly into ears he knew did not hear him, he gently pulled her away from the crowd::

BlissNLvjy: I am so not dressed for this. ::taking a hold of both Ami's

arms:: I see, I see. First things second. Hang on. ::the ground beneath their feet shifting to lift them clear of the crush::

Miles Maudibe: Hey now. No racial slurs. ::he danced through the darkness, stick and move, move and stick::

Klockwork Army: <Salomae> Grab her, Dolek! Are you mad!

Klockwork Army: So you think it is a slur to be called an elf? Such pride in your race.

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::He pulled soldiers over to the coffin:: Don't let another soul up here, do you understand?

Klockwork Army: ::she dropped to all fours, now a wild beast with gnashing teeth bared::

Dashing2: ::looks up from the limb he was presently on::

MissAmorina: ::Ami almost fell as the earth beneath her began to move, she grabbed onto Bliss to keep her balance::

Her Only Grace: <C> ::Carefully, lovingly, he carried her toward their home. Though it was not yet the desert she loved, his soft murmurs promised someday...someday soon...it would be::

Rhanaeryn: ::Within the crowd, she screamed her frustration. But only for the moment. Another blade was soon in her hand::

Dashing2: "hey skit! quit throwing acorns!"

Dashing2: "sheesh"

BlissNLvjy: ::moves them both upward until they can step on to the nearest roof top:: Better view from here anyway.

Skitter 1138: ::blinks just a little as the ground moves for Bliss and Ami:: Huh... Don' see that every day...

Miles Maudibe: Ha! Pride, at least it is not arrogance. ::this was a beast he was fighting, not his style at all despite JC's darkness, he had taken at least three claws rakes::

MissAmorina: ::Wide eyes watched those below as they were lifted above the crowd::

Lun de Trois: ::the necromancer pondered the change in the general:: Are you going to kill her?

Captain Tharius: ::he swings around in his horse:: I am glad we did not miss this Rangle, Let's keep a corridor open to clear the crowd.

Sherakai: Move it! Move it! ::he urged, though it was unclear who he was addressing. He moved his horse roughly through a knot of increasingly angry citizens:: Break it up. We don't want anyone hurt. ::Well, mostly no one...::

Skitter 1138: ::then down to Avram, innocently:: What acorns?

Rhanaeryn: ::She hurled the dagger towards the General::

Dashing2: '*sigh*'

MissAmorina: ::Belatedly, she stepped off onto the roof with Bliss, dashing to the corner of the roof that was closest to the platform::

Ranu Kishar: ::Slowly he pulls "Final Justice" and heads for Tharius, he should remember this Elf::

Klockwork Army: ::her ears twitched and her right hand swept back in a reflex, snatching the dagger from the air::

Klockwork Army: ::in a second movement, she flung it at Miles::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::shackles have been slapped to his hands, as the men under Kai's guidance drag AJ past the ruckus, another blow to AJ's shoulder::

BlissNLvjy: Ami! I was trying to get you clear of trouble, don't go falling into it! ::now, where was AJ::

Miles Maudibe: Kill. Nah. I just wanted to distract her. ::and then up and over he went, bouncing off the top of the beast to the coffin::

MissAmorina: I need to see! ::Because that was so much more important than keeping safe::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::NOW, he moved through the crowds to chase down Rhanaeryn::

Tyndarra: ::Couldn't slip out now if she tried for the crowd::

Klockwork Army: ::leaps backward through the shadow, casting it aside with a sudden electric puff that seemed quite unusual::

Miles Maudibe: ::no dagger, no key, no force, he simply reached for the side of the coffin and attempted to open it with a flick of the wrist::

Captain Tharius: THis way folks, away from the danger. Let's move. ::he commands slowly as the crowd threatens to become a mob::

Lun de Trois: No! ::flinging his hand out toward the dagger. Negative energy arcing toward it::

Akia Devlin: I'm glad we're up here

Klockwork Army: <Zuan Fjornson>::spots Miles:: No ye don't, ye right pointy-eared bastard!::charges::

Skitter 1138: ::nods:: Yup

Lun de Trois: ::and whatever she did...was very unexpected::

Rhanaeryn: ::A tearing sound and the skirts she wore fell away. Pants beneath, not good for mourning, very good for movement.::

Ranu Kishar: ::Slides into Tharius way::

Lun de Trois: ::It made him pause to watch her.::

Rhanaeryn: ::She glanced back and saw Miles at the coffin::

Dashing2: "agreed"

Lun de Trois: What are you? :: the demonomancer asked.::

Akia Devlin: Look at the coffin

Cloosidian: ::The birds were still circling above:: Who is it? ::They called:: Who is she? ::Each taking their turn diving over the crowd as attempts were made to get to the woman inside the coffin::

Captain Tharius: ::he pulls out his infamous warhammer:: Keep moving. ::the massive balthazorian steed bumping the man aside a bit::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::So was a large Klockwork captain with a sword. He dodged and pushed his way through the crowds after the woman::

Sherakai: Keep moving ::he urged, his big gray enforcing the orders. Soldiers to either side of him worked to move the crowd away from the square::

Miles Maudibe: ::the coffin opened, brute force never ovrked on these things and he reached for the mask, spying the charging dwarf::

Skitter 1138: *What're them bird guys doin' anyways?*

Klockwork Army: ::brief glance to Lun and a snarl, having neither the time nor patience nor inclination to duel a mage given her current endowments::

Ranu Kishar: ::Reaches for Tharius arm::

Klockwork Army: ::still, she slightly enjoyed the look of shock they had when they approached her::

Sherakai: ::And there... A pair of dark-robed Ministers were ushered away down a side street. Kai's grin was feral::

Akia Devlin: *I don't know, but that man's opeing the coffin!*

Dorn Half-Golem: ::the quiet man let out a growl, he was a builder, not much a fighter. Metal limb acting like a hammer against anyone approaching him with violent intent::

Rhanaeryn: ::Slipping between people, pushing, her eyes still on Miles and the coffin::

Skitter 1138: *Why'd he wanna do that? Body's gotta stick by now...*

Lun de Trois: ::and then he laughed as the shadows whipped around him, obscuring him from her...and finally depositing him on the coffin next to Miles::

Dashing2: **"what is he, a ghoul or somethin'?"**

Miles Maudibe: ::the coffin top was not so light though, as he misjudged its weight and nearly had it slam shut on his arm::

Captain Tharius: <Rangle> ::draws his sowlrd and turns toward his captain::

Lun de Trois: I'm very disappointed. ::said in the face of a mad dwarf charging them::

Captain Tharius: Move along. ::he says to Ranu::

Miles Maudibe: ::glancing to JC:: A hand if you will? ::struggling to keep it open::

Lun de Trois: ::maybe it was JC's weight that made it snap shut.;

Dashing2: **whatever the reason it can't be good"**

Akia Devlin: *I don't know...*

Rhanaeryn: ::Dodging Dolek, or trying, improbably, she was winding her way back towards the coffin::

BlissNLvjy: ::next to Ami:: I can't find AJ in the crowd.

Lun de Trois: Oh. ::reaching in to pluck the mask from her dead face::

Ranu Kishar: ::A wide smile spreads over the handsome face and his free hand motions Rangle closer:: Oh do come on.

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::His attention completely on her, he wasn't so distracted

and was able to slowly reduce the distance between them::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::he is lost in the crowd and being hauled away for whatever fate Kai had ordered for him::

Miles Maudibe: ::straining to keep it open as JC reached for the prize::

Klockwork Army: <Zuan>::swings his axe at JC:: Monster!

Klockwork Army: ::Yashkara, horrified, leaps at JC::

Lun de Trois: ::the black face of his cowl turning to the attack...just as his fingers plucked free the prize::

Lun de Trois: I am a Monster.

BlissNLvjy: (s)Are they trying to get the body or the mask?

Klockwork Army: <Donatto Perlai> ::improbably, is running crowd control despite wearing an enchanted suit of armor...damn::

Cloosidian: ::The grey swooped down, clutching the lid of the coffin as Miles began to open it and pulled it open:: Who is she? ::He continued to sing::

Miles Maudibe: Toss it to Rhan. Toss it to Rhan!!

Captain Tharius: ::the head of his hammer taps against the man's chest, it might seem a little hot:: Move along, now.

Klockwork Army: ::within the coffin was the serene face of Ramona, forever in peace despite the chaos::

Miles Maudibe: ::he rolled off the coffin to distract the dwarf::

Dashing2: "that's one sick puppy"

Lun de Trois: ::he tried. He threw like a...well, he was a mage. Not a baseball player::

MissAmorina: I don't know...::Leaning over the edge of the roof for a better view::

Dashing2: ::shakes his head::

Captain Tharius: ::his army is, for a shock actually managing to move the swollen crowd away, at least at the back, he could not do a thing about the front::

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara>::stares at the mask and suddenly...loses all interest..and rumbles amusingly::

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara> You didn't take it.

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::As he neared, he caught the mask flying in thier direction and made a dash to grab it first::

Rhanaeryn: ::Dolek nearly on her, she reached out and...::

Rhanaeryn: :::.....caught it.::

Lun de Trois: ::and there was this Steelclaw thing bearing on him...and laughing::

Passeador Noche: ::a shadow had been stretching from the wall of a building toward the coffin, shifting in and out and around the feet of people::

Passeador Noche: ::a figure lept up from the shadow stretching across the square just as the mask was thrown in an attempt to catch it::

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara>::walks away from Lun and Miles::

Skitter 1138: ::leans out a bit for a better look... and nearly slips off her branch!::

Ack!

Klockwork Army: ::and in her stead, Pendulum charge the coffin::

Miles Maudibe: ::he smiled at the dwarf:: Little man, never bring a hammer to a swordfight. ::and Mangar was back in his hands...somehow::

Akia Devlin: Careful Skit!

Ranu Kishar: ::He counters with a swift upper cut from his sword, metal meets metal, and his blade sings as it pushes the hammer away::

Lun de Trois: ::He sat on the coffin as the Pendulum circled, thinking...pondering...:: Miles...

Klockwork Army: <Zuan> I crap heavier problems than you, hojuh.

ApolloJamesMaran: ::the occasional flash of blue as AJ is drug through the crowd::

Miles Maudibe: Aw crap! ::noting the impending Pendulum:: Time to go JC! Time to go!

Lun de Trois: But we didn't kill her...

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::He bullrushed into her from behind, knocking her to the ground::

Miles Maudibe: ::the saber darted about to keep the dwarf at bay::

Sherakai: ::Standing up in his stirrups again, he looked over the seething crowd and swore. Reseating himself, he urged the big gray through the mass of bodies. The horse was not happy with the way things were going and danced this way and that, threatening feet that didn't move out of the way in time::

Klockwork Army: ::had they inspected the mask, they would have seen that it looked nothing like the Klockwork Master's usual mask...this one was simpler, of lighter make, an exquisite replica with less detail::

Rhanaeryn: ::The elven woman wasn't so delicate as she appeared, but she did go straight to the ground, mask in hand::

Lun de Trois: ::casually tossing out a tendril of shadow that wrapped itself around Rhana's left ankle::

Cloosidian: ::The coffin open, and the woman revealed, the Selevanti bird released the lid as the pendulum charged and flapped his wings flying up to his circling companions::

Rhanaeryn: ::She turned beneath Dolek and smiled up at him:: Hello darling.

Lun de Trois: ::and another that circled Miles' wrist::

Captain Tharius: ::to Ranu:: One dead is enough here, state your purpose or allow me to get these people away from here before it grows completely out of hand.

Miles Maudibe: Yoikes! ::just knew he was gonna puke from this::

CaptRaphaelDolek: Fancy running into you like this. I'd have let you go, before you pulled that knife stunt.

Lun de Trois: ::and as the pendulum came this close...he yanked the threads and pulled them all away::

Passeador Noche: ::a shadow shrouded figure landed lightly next to Rhanaeryn

and **Dolek** and a hands slid out to try to retrieve the mask

Miles Maudibe: ::somewhere, not here, wherever they ended up::

BAAAAAAAAAAAAARFFFF!!!

Rhanaeryn: ::The mask nearly slipped from her fingers. Whatever witty thing she meant to say to Dolek was lost as she was simply...not there any longer.::

Soledaad Rourke: ::from the back of the crowd rishing in towards the fight::

REMEMBER TIVILLI!

Klockwork Army: <Zuan>::frowns at the frail image of Ramona in the coffin...sleeping beauty...he places a hand atop the lid::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::He blinked, then spoke softly, with little feeling.:: Oh damn.

BlissNLvjy: (vs)Now there is a trick I'd love to learn. ::watching them go poof::

Passeador Noche: ::hissed in anger and the only visible thing, her eyes, glared at Dolek before the shadows disappeared just as the woman had::

Dashing2: "whatever a 'tivili' is"

Rhanaeryn: ::Though her voice seemed to echo from somewhere.:: *~I almost got to kiss him...~*

Klockwork Army: ::the soldiers remembered Tivili, alright::

MissAmorina: Yours was pretty good....::Returned, intent on the events taking place below them.::

Klockwork Army: <Soldier> Remember Tivili! Remember the Magistrate!

BlissNLvjy: Oh, it's going to get really ugly down there.

Dashing2: ::looking across the crowd hoping tyndarra was alright::

Soledaad Rourke: ::a new voice joined into the shouting:: THEY SLAUGHTERED THE HEALERS!

Sherakai: Captain! ::he shouted, shoving the horse toward Dolek.::

Klockwork Army: <Soldier> They killed the Magistrate!

Dashing2: ::trying to spot her::

Sherakai: Sun and moons, somebody shut that woman up!

Skitter 1138: Looks like we'll be up here a while...

Klockwork Army: ::not that such declarations actually accomplished anything, but it got it off peoples' chests::

Tyndarra: ::is leaning farther back in the doorway trying to stay out of the ruckus::

Dashing2: "yea no kodding"

Akia Devlin: Might as well get comfortable::

Ranu Kishar: Oh :: elven eyes flash at him:: Slayer of undead is not up for a fight?

Klockwork Army: ::light Pendulum weave through the crowd, especially careful not to step on anyone not carrying a weapon, as they make their way to Soledaad::

Sherakai: ::One boot shoved away a trouble maker, then he reached for Dolek.::

Soledaad Rourke: ::a third voice joins in:: YOU KILLED PEACEFUL HEALERS!! ::an the rotten fruit came out at last::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::Taking Kai's hand, he stood, looking about to take stock in what fighting was going on.::

Ranu Kishar: ;:Leans forward, his breath hot on his skin:: Maybe we should wait for the day I can take you down ::motions to the crowds::without all this chaos.

BlissNLvjy: Who to help, who to hinder, so many choices. ::dark eyes looking down on it all::

Soledaad Rourke: ::there is a smirk on her face::

Klockwork Army: <Soldier #37> You killed a peaceful man!

MissAmorina: ::She shifted her weight, having a hard time simply watching as the scene below turned to chaos:: Is there anybody we know? Anybody that needs help? ::Asking Bliss as she scanned the crowd::

Dashing2: "surprised the crowd haven't stampeded.....yet"

Sherakai: ::Unceremoniously, he hauled Dolek upward:: You're gonna get your uniform dirty down there, sir.

BlissNLvjy: I see Kai. ::pointing::

Soledaad Rourke: ::she shifted in the crowd, angling for more room as the Pendulum come to her::

Skitter 1138: ::well, there's three people up a tree over here.... but they're okay for now....::

CaptRaphaelDolek: Get me to the platform, Baron. We need to put a stop to this before more deaths occur.

Ranu Kishar: Since I am not here for you ::he speaks in a cold condescending tone::

MissAmorina: Where?

Captain Tharius: Face me on the field of battle for now, stop your yammering and start clearing this crowd!

Tyndarra: ::Kitten peeks out, but pulls back as another group comes storming by::

BlissNLvjy: On the gray. ::still pointing:: And now he has that Dolek fellow.

Sherakai: I don't think they're going to hear anything, any more. ::Even so, he made his way through the throng. A boot here and there helped, and the horse wasn't shy about biting.::

Klockwork Army: ::The Pendulum are calm, but none bother to offer an excuse me::

CaptRaphaelDolek: I have to try,

Klockwork Army: ::one offers a pretty polite "Mind your step citizen."::

Ranu Kishar: ::His head falls back and he laughs, maybe the first time anybody has heard him laugh:: As you wish. :: the broadside of the blade ends up on the behind of the woman near them:: Move you Human Cow!

Cloosidian: ::With the information they had sought gathered, and no orders to

help or hinder the events taking place, now they simply circled occasionally screeching to one another about the events below::

Dorn Half-Golem: <Random Person 2384> TICK TOCK TICK TOCK!!!! KLOCKS TIME IS RUNNING SHORT!

Soledaad Rourke: ::she suddenly breaks into a run right at the Pendulum coming for her::

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara> ::calmly to the closest soldiers:: Establish a perimeter around the coffin. Twenty feet. The rest of you, crowd control. I want everyone stilled or gone before someone gets stepped on.

BlissNLvjy: I thought they had geos, why don't they just erect some barriers?

Captain Tharius: ::Bellowing over the noise:: Clear them out boys!

MissAmorina: ::She watched Kai as he made his way through the crowd, wondering what he would do:: They're not that smart. ::smirked::

Klockwork Army: <Soldiers>::carefully, but without any warmth or compassion, right those that have fallen...those in the crowd, responding to the ones in the front, are placed appropriately to stand people up with hands extended::

ApolloJamesMaran: ::somewhere AJ is no doubt being loaded into a cart his head still swimming from the blow::

BlissNLvjy: ::looked at Ami a moment then broke out laughing::

Ranu Kishar: Cattle, they move like Cattle..this will be your downfall Captain:: snarls at Tharius and salutes him with his blade:::Until we meet in battle, cow driver. ::Steps backwards and melts into the crowd::

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara>::to Perlai:: Stand at the coffin. No one comes near.

Captain Tharius: ::there is no humor in his smile:: I look forward to it.

Ranu Kishar: Good she needs to draw first blood still :: all that is heard before the Elf slips away::

Sherakai: ::He turned his mount's side to the platform. At a word, the horse stopped, tail swishing and neck arched::

Captain Tharius: ::he finds something hard to hit...ah yes a wall::

Captain Tharius: ::the boom of the blow rattles windows and carries over the crowd::

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara>;lifts her voice to the crowd:: **You see? They come solely to defile a coffin! To disrespect the dead!**

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::Dismounting, he handed Kai his sword, then turned to the crowd::

Dashing2: :::still scanning the crowd. finally, barely spotting tyndara as peeked out of the doorway then back in:::

Klockwork Army: ::to Dolek:: Get to the crowd. Organize soldiers on the ground into a perimeter and usher people away. Now.

Ranu Kishar: ::slips through the crowd and yells:::A dead Maggot !

MissAmorina: ::She flashed a brief grin to Bliss, then squinted her eyes in the direction of the coffin trying to catch a glimpse of the woman inside::

Soledaad Rourke: ::almost within striking distance from the Pendulum she pours on the speed and leaps neatly an high spinning as she does so::

Sherakai: ::Leaning over the horse's neck and rubbing it, he spoke softly. The words were foreign and as he spoke his eyes slowly seemed to gleam as he wove a spell.::

Rhanaeryn: ::...Somewhere in Luminii, an elven woman danced most disrespectfully in a mask::

Captain Tharius: ::the crowd at the rear is already moving away faster at the sound of his hammer blow on the building and the constant calls of move along::

Dashing2: ::to skit and kia:: "just saw tyn in that doorway" ::pointing that direction::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ENOUGH OF THIS! THIS INCESSANT HATRED MUST END OR SHADOKHAN WILL FALL! RETURN TO YOUR HOMES NOW!

Akia Devlin: Who?

Dashing2: "looked in good shape, thank heaven' "

Skitter 1138: ::looks to Avram:: Where?

The Ashmaker has left this chat.

Klockwork Army: ::Yashkara calmly walks up to Dolek:: You can do this most effectively by telling your soldiers face to face instead of shouting at them from the safety of this platform. Or did you forget what your job is as Captain?

Tyndarra: ::Mutters:: I'd love to, but I appear to be a bit boxed in

BlissNLvjy: Love to, but the streets are crawling with soldiers and troublemakers. I think we'll wait. ::said softly to Ami from their perch above::

Dashing2: ::points towards to where he had seen her::

Captain Tharius: ::who would have thought Tharius, the Mad Dog would have been clearing out a possible retreat vector, his men moving the crowd efficiently and starting towards the coffin in the confusion, his men were used to chaos::

Sherakai: ::The spell was aimed at the crowd, though likely the soldiers would feel it, too. Firmly, he projected an urgent need to get away. To get to safety....::

CaptRaphaelDolek: Did *you*, general? ::He stepped off the platform::

MissAmorina: ::Chuckled softly:: Besides...we'd miss the rest of the show.

Dashing2: "she just poked herself out of the doorway briefly"

Klockwork Army: I gave you your orders. Or did you decide you had a better idea?

Skitter 1138: ::happens to be up a tree with a couple nuts, so she can't go anywhere either....::

BlissNLvjy: That too.

Ranu Kishar: ::and that Hothead Tharius would turn down a fight::

Kileana Menelya has joined this chat.

Soledaad Rourke: ::she cleared the pendulum, barely and sprinted up the street, let them chase::

Kileana Menelya: ::the ground began to shake and tremble beneath the feet

of all those within the square::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::He didn't respond, already moving through the crowds, trying to get them to move away::

Klockwork Army: ::her voice lacked even the anger to put force behind her words...she was obviously weary with the human::

Skitter 1138: ::and looks where Avram pointed....:: Oh, yeah, I see her now...

Klockwork Army: <Salomae>::approaches Yashkara:: General?

Skitter 1138: ::and grabs hold of the tree as the ground shakes:: What the frak now?

Captain Tharius: ::tharius's force is moving closer to the coffin, moving the crowd by turning those away that would not listen::

Klockwork Army: ::turns her head a bit::

Ranu Kishar: ::Feels the ground protest under his feet, and just smiles to himself::

Klockwork Army: <Salomae> I think we should talk...about Dolek when you have a moment...

Akia Devlin: Ah!

Kileana Menelya: ::the stones on the streets bounced up and down and plaster in the cracks in walls began to fall away::

Dashing2: "I don't know but I hope the tree stays rooted"

MissAmorina: ::She noticed the vibrations from the shaking earth from the top of the building, and quirked a brow at bliss:: Is that you?

Akia Devlin: ::wraps her arms and legs more firmly on her limb::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::He bent to help a fallen woman, and help her weave through the crowd::

Tyndarra: Great. Now what?

Captain Tharius: You two! ::his hamer points up at Bliss and Ami:: Help me move these people away before more blood is shed.

Klockwork Army: Save it, Captain. I am not in the mood to listen to echoes, especially ones so loud.

Dashing2: "hang on!"

Dashing2: "tightly"

BlissNLvjy: No, that is not me! ::frowns and tries to counter the shaking before a building falls::

Tyndarra: ::Looks up:: Uh oh

Skitter 1138: ::nearly slips off the limb again, but is still gripping the tree tightly:: Don't think this was such a good idea anymore...

CaptRaphaelDolek: Move away from the buildings!

Klockwork Army: ::Zuan steps down from the platform::

MissAmorina: ::Grips the edge of the roof to keep from falling off, too distracted to keep from falling and being trampled to notice Tharius' order::

Dashing2: "be prepared to jump!"

Dorn Half-Golem: ::the former Klock engineer could only spit out a curse at the sudden quake::

Ranu Kishar: ::clears the square and heads down an alley as fast as he can::

Klockwork Army: <Zuan>::raises his axe...places it flat against the ground...and closes his eyes::

Klockwork Army: <Zuan>::he whispers and a counterripple runs through the ground::

Tyndarra: ::As the plaster above her begins to fall, Kitten looks to find a way off the steps::

Dorn Half-Golem: ::he begins to make his way through the crowd, the half man half golem clearing a slow "trough"

Captain Tharius: Dear stars... they are a mess, no dicipline. Moave along ma'am, before you get hurt. Keep them calm and moving, men!

Kileana Menelya: ::one of the streets begins to crack open slightly as the ground's trembling increases::

Sherakai: ::His horse shifted uneasily at the quake, but Kai kept up the spell. People were moving away from him. Moving down the streets and alleys in groups that grew by the minute::

Skitter 1138: Oh, this ain' good... ::watching the street crack open....::

Tyndarra: ::with a loud thud, the archway above her crumbles and falls::

Dashing2: "indeed not"

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::Helping another who'd fallen, he knew the quake wasn't natural, but there wasn't anything he could do but hurry the crowd away as quickly as possible::

Tyndarra: ::with a surprised squeak, Kitten tries to jump out of the way, only to have her skirt caught by falling stone::

Klockwork Army: ::the earth slowly stills, manipulated by the Dwarven magic of the head of Dvarnia's Hold, stability restated, order aligned once more::

Captain Tharius: ::clearly now in sight, he and his men seeming to aid in Kai's spell::

Tyndarra: ::Instead of leaping nimbly to the street, she lands rather inelegantly on the steps::

Tyndarra: ::winces::

MissAmorina: ::As the trembling increased, Ami's knees buckled and she fell onto the rooftop:: Bliss! Is there anyway we can get out of here?

Dorn Half-Golem: Damn it! ::metal limb slams into wall of a building, he holds on as a sink hole opens under him::

Shade ov Grey has joined this chat.

Dashing2: "oh sh..! please let be alright!"

BlissNLvjy: Time for us to depart, Ami...yes?

Dashing2: her that is

Tyndarra: ::bats at legs as they approach, moving them around her as she tries to squirm free::

Esme Basdeo has joined this chat.

Captain Tharius: ::his horse stots near Tyndarra:: Ma'am. ::he holds out a hand:: YOU need to clear out.

BlissNLvjy: Follow. ::dashing for a clearer area of the roof where she can call up the earth for them to step upon::

MissAmorina: ::She still clung to the roof, even as the shaking stopped...but then a moment later she was on her feet dashing after Bliss::

Klockwork Army: ::placing his hands further apart, his shoulders strain and as if through the very use of metaphorical gesture, he begins to piece cracks back together and restore the integrity of buildings::

Tyndarra: ::Looks up:: I can't. The rubble pins my shirt

Klockwork Army: ::<Zuan>, that is...Yashkara doesn't know nothing about magic::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::Moving back through the crowd, he spoke to a few soldiers who instantly went to help a man beneath one of the fallen rocks::

Tyndarra: Have you a dagger or cloak I can borrow?

Esme Basdeo: Why in the bloody abyss does this always happen to me. ::at the mess around him::

Captain Tharius: ::he swings off his horse and puts a shoulder to the rubble lifting it from her shirt::

BlissNLvjy: ::she stepped out on to the collum of earth she'd called up as if it was nothing unusual:: Hurry, too many others mucking about for us to dawdle.

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara>::to Salomae:: Recover the injured from the crowd while they perform crowd control. It is as if these rebels have no interest other than hurting anyone they can.

Tyndarra: ::Pulls her skirt out and stands, wincing a bit at the bruises::

MissAmorina: ::She stepped onto the collum, standing next to Bliss and holding onto her just in case::

Klockwork Army: <Zuan>::cracks his knuckles and sits back on his broad haunches, breathing heavily::

Tyndarra: My Thanks, Sir

Esme Basdeo: (...disregard)

Klockwork Army: <Zuan>::putting things together was always harder than tearing them apart::

Captain Tharius: Be safe, miss. ::he swings back up into the saddle, an imposing man, even without the aura of battle field command he reeks of::

BlissNLvjy: ::and down they go, the earth slowly sinking back to level ground::

Miles Maudibe has left this chat.

Tyndarra: ::She carefully begins working her way through the crowd, away from the tension and heading for home::

Skitter 1138: Well, looks like th'groun' ain' movin' no more...

Her Only Grace has left this chat.

Shade ov Grey: ::ducked away from the crowds, glancing about for anyone suspicious::

Dashing2: "good. GOOD"

Kileana Menelya: ::the earth gives several small shudders, hiccups really, then settles back into slumber::

Tyndarra: S'cuse me.....

Passeador Noche has left this chat.

Tyndarra: Pardon me.....

Dashing2: "she's making her way through"

Sherakai: ::Still next to the platform, he twisted his head to look around. His eyes were a white hot gleam and the crowd was thinning quickly. He urged the gray into motion.::

Tyndarra: ::smacks the guy in front of her:: Get out of the way!

Dashing2: "don't seem hurt"

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::Catching a familiar face, he stepped towards Tyndarra:: Miss Tyndarra? Leave this direction. It's closer.

Tyndarra: ::smiles:: Thanks!

Skitter 1138: ::chuckles at Tyn:: Looks like it.

Captain Tharius: ::he wheels his horse about and waves his hammer, his men join to the formation, still helping the stragglers to hurry::

Tyndarra: Captain? Thank you!

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara>::oversees the crowd, her nerves steady again::

Captain Tharius: ::his hammer raised and he nods to her::

Tyndarra: ::follows Dolek to a safe passage::

Kileana Menelya has left this chat.

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara>::grumbles softly under her breath::

Dorn Half-Golem: ::-Dorn sighed as he worked his way to level ground. Metal shod leg stomping as he runs away from the cracked ground::

BlissNLvjy: ::takes a hold of Ami's arm to lead her through the crowd::

Dashing2: ::turns to skit incredulously::: "you that's funnY?"

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::He escorted her, picking up two others along the way, and into the relatively empty street:: Take care.

Skitter 1138: Jus' the way she's pushin' through...

Tyndarra: ::a quick hand laid on his arm in thanks, she nods, and leads the others out of the crowd completely::

Tyndarra has left this chat.

Lun de Trois has left this chat.

Akia Devlin: That was pretty funny. I hope she's okay from the fall

Dashing2: ::turns back::: "good she's clear"

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara>::approaches the coffin again, placing her left hand against the crystal surface::

Cloosidian: ::The Seleventi can no longer be seen, having flown away to return to their mountains::

Captain Tharius: ::so he was a war dog, he was really good to have around in chaos::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::And back in he went, moving the slowly lessening crowd on it's way::

ashokenxx has joined this chat.

Cloosidian has left this chat.

Klockwork Army: <Perlai> And the mask?

Kloak and Dajjer has joined this chat.

XRemembranceX: ::Magic, thrown this way and that. It did not flow through the ley lines so much as begin to stammer through, in fits and starts::

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara> Leave it be. There is no point sealing her in with a fake::she removed the glove of her left hand and traced her claws over the crystal lid::

Captain Tharius: (q) SOMething is wrong... ::he could feel it in his bones, his touch to the ley lines::

Kloak and Dajjer: ::standing in with the crowd, the cloaked figure took a deep breath and moved toward the coffin::

Ranu Kishar has left this chat.

Esme Basdeo: This is fun! ::beaming in the crowd::

Klockwork Army: <Perlai>Strong woman.

Captain Tharius: Dolek!

Sherakai: ::Perspiration dampened his face as he continued to hold the spell, moving slowly toward the last few pockets of lingerers::

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara>::places his glove back on::

Shade ov Grey: :glided through the crowd, approaching towards Kai::

Kloak and Dajjer: ::the mask on its face, of light and darkness showing half a perverted smile and half a horrendous frown::

XRemembranceX: ::Those with the magic could perhaps feel it, the slight struggle, sometimes like gasps for breath::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::He looked over, hearing his name. Surprised at seeing Tharius, he moved towards him::

Klockwork Army: ::or her glove::

Esme Basdeo: huh? ::glanced around, a blinkblink as she noticed the new kloaked figure::

Kloak and Dajjer: ::reaching the surrounding Pendulum he pulled forth a single red rose showing it to one of the officers, then motioning to the coffin::

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara>::points to the Klockwork Creatures:: Take the coffin to Taysayad. Perlai, send a group of Pendulum alongside.

Captain Tharius: Something is wrong. We need to get moving now, I can feel it in my bones. ::he could not just come out and say he was a pyromancer::

Skitter 1138: ::the only struggle she feels is the one to keep a grip on the tree::

Dashing2: "looks like we'll be able to move outta here shortly"

Skitter 1138: ::nods:: I hope so...

Sherakai: ::He straightened rather abruptly and his lips stopped moving as he looked around. Confusion and something else flickered over his features::

Dashing2: "or maybe not"

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara> ::to Kloak:: Leave it and go::so many holes in their security...oy::

CaptRaphaelDolek: Which part is wrong? The earthquake when there shouldn't be one? Or the shadows attacking the general?

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara>::walks down from the platform and approaches Dolek and Tharius::

Captain Tharius: The damned magic! It is wrong! Something bad will happen here if it keeps up.

Shade ov Grey: This is one giant target if y'ask me. ::glancing about cautiously::

Kloak and Dajjer: :: anod as the figure moved toward the coffin, almost slouching as it makes its way:: There was a day when the sun shined and flowers bloomed.

Klockwork Army: ::random Soldier, to Shade:: No kidding?

Dorn Half-Golem: ::his leg froze for a moment before continuing:: Damn it, what now?

Kloak and Dajjer: ::shuffling:: But those days are no more. The light of Dreven has fallen to dark times. Dark men, dark deeds, dark times. ::to itself::

Shade ov Grey: Yeah, to be expected with all the trouble.

CaptRaphaelDolek: Then we have a lot of work to do, and little time to do it.

Dorn Half-Golem: ::the metal limb went limp for a moment as well::

Skitter 1138: ::frowns more:: Who's that guy? ::pointing to Kloak::

Shade ov Grey: It's days of twilight... ::glancing at Kloak::

Akia Devlin: I don't know

Kloak and Dajjer: ::reaching the coffin a silken gloved hand touched it and the figure slouched further:: So another falls, so another dies, and yet we move on.

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::He moved towards Kai, a mage he trusted:: Baron?

Akia Devlin: But I'm still glad we're up here

Captain Tharius: I am here. ::a glance to Steelclaw:: If there is an event like before when the portal went out, what would happed to the Klockwork men or the runes on the pendulum?

Esme Basdeo: ::yawns::

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara> Tharius::she turned to Dolek:: Dolek::gestures:: Come here.

Sherakai: ::The gray danced lightly, nervously, but responded to a touch of the reins:: Yes, sir?

Esme Basdeo: Hey... where are the kronos?

CaptRaphaelDolek: “ Trouble with the magic. ”

Captain Tharius: ::looking back to Dolek:: I think we need to just start moving, my men will ride in a corridor. ::he moves his mount towards Steelclaw::

XRemembranceX: ::The magic seemed to breathe out a slow sigh....::

Dorn Half-Golem: Thrice be damned and over again!! ::and just as sudden as his limbs went wacko, they returned to working order::

BlissNLvjy: ::just stops moving, freezing in place::

Sherakai: You're telling me...

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::Nodding, he moved over towards Steelclaw, after retrieving his sword::

Klockwork Army: ::perhaps that is why the Klockwork Creatures had not yet followed Yashkara's orders::

Kloak and Dajjer: ::placing the single rose on the crystal top of the coffin:: Goodby Ramonadella Ap-ol Ithgath. May you never see that which is twixt here and there. ApolloJamesMaran has left this chat.

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara> Dolek. Please answer a question for me....

Kloak and Dajjer: ::a sadness emanated from the cloaked one, deep and to the core::

Klockwork Army: <Perlai>::standing right there next to said coffin...blinks and turns to the man and the coffin::

Shade ov Grey: ::shivered, glancing at kloak::

CaptRaphaelDolek: Ma'am. Might we discuss this somewhere else. Trouble isn't over here.

BlissNLvjy: ::shakes her head:: (s)I swear I'm going to move if this keeps up. ::dizzy as can be at the moment::

Klockwork Army: <Perlai>::this is where he would say something poignant and touching, perhaps a little ominous beneath the surface, and then swords would be drawn and he would tell people to sheath them again as he quietly backed away::

Klockwork Army: <Perlai>::but not yet...wait for it...::

Captain Tharius: Has anyone noted the Klockwork creatures are not moving?

Kloak and Dajjer: ::it then took a deep breath and stood up straight::

Sherakai: ::His face was a little gray. He drew a hand over his mouth, then prompted the horse into motion again. There was still work to be done::

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara> Trouble can wait. Answer a question for me.

Captain Tharius: ::he was in the saddle, made it easier to fight the dizziness and nausea::

Kloak and Dajjer: ::the mask of sadness and mirth looked to Perlai:: Is this your reality?

Esme Basdeo: They critters are knocked in the head maybe? ::to Tharius::

CaptRaphaelDolek: Yes ma'am.

MissAmorina: ::Nearly ran into Bliss when she froze:: What's wrong?

Klockwork Army: If I am to believe correctly, Captain Tharius has left a trail of bodies and burned villages between the Morgaine Pass and the Saelegh Plains (or replace with appropriate location if necessary).

BlissNLvjy: ::she leaned against the nearest wall:: (s)Someone's mucking about with things again...something.

Klockwork Army: ...So, Captain Dolek. What is the appropriate response to him coming back to Dreven?

MissAmorina: ::Ami glanced around, the streets were nearly empty but still she grabbed Bliss's arm and tried to stand her up from her lean:: We should keep moving.

CaptRaphaelDolek: That would be your call, ma'am, since you placed him there.

Kloak and Dajjer: ::then as if to the crowd itself, or maybe to the city:: Is this the way it was supposed to be?

Shade ov Grey: What happens after this, a new start perhaps.

Captain Tharius: ::speaking up:: The response General is all the Klockwork creatures are not moving.

Klockwork Army: Captain Tharius, hold.

BlissNLvjy: (s)Okay, but if I puke on your shoes I don't want to hear about it later.

Klockwork Army: ::to Dolek:: What is the appropriate response, Dolek. For once, I am allowing you to make a decision rather than begrudgingly correcting you on your place. Advise me.

MissAmorina: Oh you will...for a long time. ::Managing a weak smile:: Let's go. ::Helping Bliss along::

Klockwork Army: ::patient, neither hot nor timid, simply there and waiting for an answer::

Kloak and Dajjer: ::a sniff from beneath the mask:: I smell that which was not supposed to be, I smell fire, and earth and air. There is no death, there is no life.

BlissNLvjy: ::now it was Ami's turn to 'rescue' Bliss::

Esme Basdeo: ::looked over the inactive klockwork creatures, waving a hand in front of one::

CaptRaphaelDolek: I advise you to listen to this man for now, as he's quite right. Magic is awry, and he isn't the only one to notice.

Sherakai: ::It was weird, seeing the Klock constructs frozen or twitching here and there. Not a good sign. For the Klocks::

Esme Basdeo: Y'sense it too? ::beam to Kloak::

Klockwork Army: Now, Captain Dolek.

Esme Basdeo: ::kickkicking one of the beings to test it:: Nah... nothing.

Captain Tharius: ::he waited, Dolek would see that discipline could come later, he needed to take it and be welcomed back:: It isn't awry.... it is ::he grimaces::

BlissNLvjy: (s)Ya notice Ricoh is never around when this happens? ::managing to keep a sense of humor in spite of wanting to spill

her dinner::

Kloak and Dajjer has left this chat.

Kendra Rulyar has joined this chat.

MissAmorina: Lucky him. He will be upset again too, won't he?

Esme Basdeo: Are they broke?

Klockwork Army: ::watches Dolek:: Are you incapable of voicing an opinion?
Making a decision?

Dashing2: "looks just about thinned out enough to chance getting clear"

CaptRaphaelDolek: I gave you my answer, ma'am. I see a larger picture. Deal with the chest wound, before worrying about the thorn in your side.

Akia Devlin: Yes it does

Captain Tharius: ::he heaves a sigh:: We need to get moving, not argue. They are testing the Klockwork.

Skitter 1138: ::nods to Avram again:: Think so...

BlissNLvjy: Oh yeah! Tell me I should have stayed home where it was safe. ::she'd laugh if she could::

Captain Tharius: ::he moves his horse feeling like he is swimming in the saddle::

Klockwork Army: ::nods:: I am not so indecisive. I apologize, Dolek, but give me your sword.

MissAmorina: Why wasn't he here? ::It seemed almost everybody that could make it was there.::

Dashing2: ::jumps down:: waits for kia and skitter::

Akia Devlin: Skitter, can you hit one of the klocks from here? I wanna see if it pings!

Skitter 1138: ::loosening her grip on the tree enough to start climbing down again....::

Dashing2: ::helps them down::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::Damn, he should have left it with Kai. He handed her his sword, however, without hesitation::

Kloak and Dajjer has joined this chat.

BlissNLvjy: Has work. Probably not even in town.

Shade ov Grey: ::glanced back towards the captain and general::

Skitter 1138: ::then grins to Kia at that:: Betcha I can...

Captain Tharius: ::three men move in behind Tharius::

Klockwork Army: ::turns to the soldiers:: All those without gifts, hold perimeter.

Kloak and Dajjer: ::and then a tear seemed to fall from the mask, followed by a low gutteral chuckle:: With her death, the end comes. For you have no Dreven, you have nothing but your own filth and degradation.

Dashing2: "what are you, nuts? let's just get outta here!"

Sherakai: Move along ::he ordered some of the Klock-Testers.::

Klockwork Army: ::points to five or six soldiers:: Tip those Pendulum over and get them out of their armor.

Kloak and Dajjer: ::standing by the coffin:: There is no Silver Moon, there is nothing but Jackals nipping at your feet.

Akia Devlin: ::giggles at his choice of words as she carefully climbs down::

Klockwork Army: ::five or six, not fix or six::

Skitter 1138: ::takes an acorn and takes careful aim....: Naw, but there's plenty up here... ::to Avram::

Skitter 1138: ::then chuckles and scampers down the tree instead....:

Dashing2: "something more serious is brewing from the looks of things">

Dashing2: "

Captain Tharius: Give the sword back General. You left a good man to die and all his men with him.

Kloak and Dajjer: ::the mask looked out at the crowd:: You will eat yourselves. And I never...had...to...life...a...finger.

Captain Tharius: ::he never turned as he rode forward::

Dashing2: "move move move move!"

Skitter 1138: ::but on the last branch, she slips:: Ack!

Esme Basdeo: What're ya talking about? ::to kloak::

Dashing2: ::catches her before she hits ground:::

Klockwork Army: ::to Tharius::: And you killed unarmed, innocent people. While I provided reinforcements, you provided no comfort to their families, you **MURDERER!**

Kloak and Dajjer: ::the gloved hand touched the coffin once more and it slouched again, walking away from the coffin::

Dashing2: "you okay?"

Skitter 1138: Yeah, I think so... ::chuckles:: Thanks...

Klockwork Army: ::she growled, looking at the Pendulum...dammit, they were useless::

Akia Devlin: ::Pauses before she gets all the way down and looks back to the yelling::

Dashing2: "good let's book!"

Klockwork Army: <Perlai>Icaruss!!!!::crying, screaming::

Dashing2: ::stops:::

Skitter 1138: ::frowns at that::: "Book"?

Shade ov Grey: ::there was a shout from somewhere in the crowd::: Their time like the Dreven draws near!

Captain Tharius: You need men, General. We all have killed innocents in this fight. All of our hands are bloody.

Kloak and Dajjer: ;it stopped looking to Esme::: Look around.

Klockwork Army: <Salomae>::panicking, yanking Perlai on to his back and dragging his helmet off::: You're good, Captain, relax.

Shade ov Grey: What ? It starts already?

Dashing2: "kia! c'mon!"

Akia Devlin: Wait!

Dashing2: "no waiting. now!"

Sherakai: ::What? More screaming? He frowned in Perlai's direction. What the heck...?::

Klockwork Army: Tharius. I need protectors. If you can be a protector, you will dismount, come into custody, and receive your punishment.

Esme Basdeo: oh! ::beaming:: They're gonna fall all over themselves right? ::to kloak::

Akia Devlin: The cranky woman is yelling at the first man who helped Kitten!

Dashing2: "we don't need to be in the middle of whatever else is brewin' now"

Kloak and Dajjer: ::a laugh came forth from the mask:: Fall is a good word. Bury themselves would be better.

Akia Devlin: ::goes back up a few branches::

Skitter 1138: Good for them... ::reaches to grab for Kía:: C'mon!

Esme Basdeo: Like kicking their arses into the grave?

Captain Tharius: I will take my lashes when this day is over. Were it not for me, you would have been overrun by this crowd and you know it. Did I slaughter here?

XRemembranceX: ::Not long after it had begun, the ley lines fell into their rhythm once more...::

Dashing2: "skit! run! now fast as you can. I'll get her"

Kloak and Dajjer: ::a gloved hand came forth and pointed at Esme:: You would be best if you ran now.

Captain Tharius: ::a sudden relaxation falls over him:: It's over.

Kloak and Dajjer: Run far. Run quickly. For when the end comes, you will not want to be near Dreven.

Klockwork Army: You bought a reprieve, that is all. I am not blind nor short in memory::her voice rumbled:: And you will be punished before night falls.

Dashing2: ::moves to to get akia:: "kis what are ya doin?"

Esme Basdeo: Nah... I never was good at that.

Dashing2: kia

Esme Basdeo: But thanks for the warning. ::beaming to kloak::

Kloak and Dajjer: Oh really? ::the mask perked up:: What are you good at?

Sherakai: ::Still frowning, he guided his horse through the mess toward Esme::

Klockwork Army: <Salomae and soldiers>::get the flesh and blood out of their metal husks with no small effort:: Damn it...

Captain Tharius: I am a soldier, General and you know it better than anyone.

Esme Basdeo: Usually kicking things back into their graves.

Klockwork Army: Are you still, Tharius? We will see when tomorrow's sun rises.

Kloak and Dajjer: ::it almost seemed liek the smile and frown on the mask were switching places:: Then you must love Balthazor.

Esme Basdeo: ::there was almost something..'soulless' about her::

Captain Tharius: If my attempt to reach Walsh and save his army was wrong, then I am guilty and I will face it.

Dashing2: ::grabs a hold of kia:: "kia. we need to move. Now"

Captain Tharius: At least I tried.

Akia Devlin: Watching the cranky woman.....er.....whatever she is

Esme Basdeo: It's my home after all.

Sherakai: You ::He pointed at Esme:: Why don't you put your energy to good use? Help get these men out of their gear.

Akia Devlin: Let go! You'll make me fall!

Klockwork Army: ::her tone softened:: Stay here.

Captain Tharius: ::some of Tharius's men are moving to help the Pendulum::

Shade ov Grey: I'll help them instead. ::moved to assist the pendulum::

Skitter 1138: ::frowns at Avram... then yells at Kía:: Akia! Get yer arse down here NOW!

Akia Devlin: I'm coming, I'm coming

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::He looked to the square, making sure things were at least moving slowly, though the general seemed to care more for rank than anything::

Klockwork Army: <Perlai>::breathing heavily:: It's Icaruss...it's Icaruss....

Sherakai: ::Sliding off his horse, he wobbled slightly, then shook himself and moved toward one of the downed Pendulum.::

Klockwork Army: <Salomae> What are you saying?

Dashing2: "kisa there sumthin' else brewin here taht's a lot more serious and we don't need to be in the middle it"

Akia Devlin: ::Looks down and grins:: We're not! We're at the far end!

Captain Tharius: Would you rather me dead or know what I learned in the desert?

Akia Devlin: ::climbs on down anyway::

Klockwork Army: I said Stay, Captain. Unless fear is what moves you to flee.

Esme Basdeo: Iccy who?

Dashing2: 'good good. careful' "now let's book!"

Esme Basdeo: ::hearing someone mention icarus::

Kloak and Dajjer: You will not find a more vile den of scum and thieves than you will in Balthazor. ::the mask seemed to spit:: Run by its mistress

Captain Tharius: ::this was a gamble on his part though he looked calm, he had to be back in and alive, so he swung off the saddle to stand before the General::

Esme Basdeo: oh yes, and that's just the capital ::smirk::

Skitter 1138: ::making sure Kía's down on the ground again... then starts off to the shop....:

BlissNLvjy: ::it was easier to move once the ley lines settled::

Dashing2: ::climds down out of the tree, grabs skitter' hand and kia:: and

starts running:::

Kloak and Dajjer: And what do you think now of the Klock? How long do you give them

Klockwork Army: <Zuan>::stubby knees shaking::

Akia Devlin: ::with a sigh, she follows::

XRemembranceX has left this chat.

Akia Devlin: Ruin everything.....how am I supposed to learn what's going on if you drag me away? Dante put you up to this?

Captain Tharius: ::he sat aside his hammer and went to one knee before Steelclaw::

Sherakai: ::Helping the man inside to stand, he brushed him off, then drew his sword and walked up to Esme.::

Skitter 1138: ::then stumbles over a bit of overturned stone, and down she goes::
OW!

Akia Devlin: How can I learn if I can't SKitter!

Esme Basdeo: Well their tricks seem ta be failin 'em now. a tenday or two p'haps.

Dashing2: " **this way yiou'll be in good health**"

Akia Devlin: Mr Avram! Stop!

Kendra Rulyar: ::Really set on finding this color for the dress right now and here, after her escape from the tower::

Dashing2: :::turns:::

Akia Devlin: ::pulls away and drops to check Skitter:: Come on, let me help you up

Dashing2: :::picks up skitter:::

Kloak and Dajjer: ::the chuckle started soft, then rose in crescendo:: You are too kind.

Esme Basdeo: ::oblivious to kai, lost in conversation with the kloaked one::

Akia Devlin: Or that works too

Skitter 1138: OW!!! Stupid rock!

Klockwork Army: ::nods:: You will feel the lash, Tharius. And then you will be reassigned.

Kendra Rulyar: ::So the alleyway is crowded late at night, she does not understand and pushes towards the square::

Skitter 1138: Hey! ::getting picked up....:

Sherakai: Esme! ::He smacked at her leg with the flat of his sword.::

Klockwork Army: ::to Dolek:: You will give him the lash, Dolek. And then you will be reassigned.

Dashing2: ::then starts running with her:::

Akia Devlin: ::one of Dante's mercs steps forward and, thanking Avram, takes Skitter from him:: You clear the path Mr Avram!

Captain Tharius: I came to bring my army here, General to be at your command to defend this land.

Dashing2: "sorry don't have time to be polite"

Esme Basdeo: huh?! Hey that hurt... is that anyway to treat a lady?

Dashing2: "understood"

Kloak and Dajjer: ::the cloaked one bowed then to Esme:: May death find you when you least expect it. Or sooner, if you are so lucky. And may you never be caught betwixt here and there.

Klockwork Army: And they will serve, Tharius, with this nation's appreciation. And if you wish to serve still, you will do so where you can do the most good.

Dorn Half-Golem has left this chat.

Captain Tharius: You will need them and me and soon. The spies do not see all.

Kloak and Dajjer: ::and then the cloaked one shuffled off into the crowd::

Esme Basdeo: Um.. thanks! ::bowing back to kloakie::

Klockwork Army: You repeat your words and mine. You will serve in Southern Shadokhan, overseeing the clean up of Ethralest.

Sherakai: When did you become a lady? ::He gave Kloak a narrow-eyed look, nostrils flaring, then turned back to Esme:: Help me with these ::he pointed at the Pendulum:: There are men in there.

Skitter 1138: Careful of the foot! ::swatting whoever it is that's carrying her now....::

Dashing2: ::begins to watch for stragglers. orevents them from getting in the way"

Klockwork Army: ::to Dolek:: You will take charge of Tharius's men and teach them how to behave.

Akia Devlin: ::The little group makes their way quickly but carefully back toward The Gettin' Place::

Akia Devlin has left this chat.

Esme Basdeo: Yeah I know... you try saying the magic word. ::to kai::

Klockwork Army: And Salomae will take charge of Eastern Shadokhan and Dreven.

Kendra Rulyar: ::Spots her brother and fights her way up towards him, he would know if the store is closed or not::Kai!

Klockwork Army: You will not argue.

Dashing2: ::zigzagging through a clear area away from the combatants and the rest of the crowd:::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::If he thought the General was crazy, and he did, he made no show of it::

Esme Basdeo: ::hopped off to assist the 'overturned turtles... aka Pendulum::

Jarl Werrand: <Floki>::four Jomsvik Dwarves follow behind Kendra at a distance, armed and watching for any threat against her::

Captain Tharius: As you will. ::it was a gorss misassignment and trouble, but it could be worked around.

ashokenxx: ::a bit of wind swirled about Kloak, it smelled of rotten blossoms and

fresh wood put to fire.::

Kloak and Dajjer has left this chat.

Klockwork Army: ::Tharius would clean up dead bodies and destroyed houses where there was no one to kill, Dolek would suffer a group that had no loyalty to him, and Salomae would sit on her ass with Dolek's assignment::

Shade ov Grey: Hey.. what's the sit so far? ::to Kai::

Kendra Rulyar: ::Has no ideas she has shadows and would not approve of short hairy men in the first place, pushes somebody out of the way:: I beg you pardon...why are so many in the streets at this hour.

Dashing2: ::back to the shop::

Esme Basdeo: ::in between trying help the tincans::

Dashing2 has left this chat.

Captain Tharius: By your command, General. ::his voice does not betray his frustration, these were his men::

Skitter 1138 has left this chat.

Captain Tharius: ::he waits to be given leave to rise::

Klockwork Army: ::nods to Tharius:: You may stand. ::softly::You are an excellent Captain, but you need discipline.

Jarl Werrand: <Floki>::the four still follow, warily watching the Klocks::

Kendra Rulyar: Who is this? :: to Esme::

BlissNLvjy has left this chat.

Sherakai: Messy ::he answered Shad, helping Esme with another turtle. Thing. Klock.::

Captain Tharius: ::he rises:: As any good soldier does from time to time. ::he waits to look to Dolek, who must have heard the new assignments::

Klockwork Army: ::nods...she would smile, but as much as she respected the man she despised him::

Esme Basdeo: Hello! ::beam to Kendra::

Kendra Rulyar: What is this:: acts like she never seen one of them before::

Klockwork Army: <Klockwork Creatures>::start moving, carrying the coffin off::

Esme Basdeo: Oh the men in suits... ::shrug:: Um He knows more. ::pointing to Kai and Shad::

Sherakai: It's armor, Kendra ::The easiest explanation:: Help us out?

Captain Tharius: ::he does not break eye contact with Steelclaw::

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara>::her ear twitches::

Esme Basdeo: Yeah that's it! Thanks.

Kendra Rulyar: What do I do? Cut them out? ::looks down::

Esme Basdeo: Is that faster?

Klockwork Army: ::the Pendulum that had not been removed from their armor reignited with a visible flash of blue energy and stood up quite easily::

Kendra Rulyar: ::looks over one to see how this armor is put together:: Interesting....

Klockwork Army: <Pendulum>Cut me out!? Damn that!

Shade ov Grey: No.

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::Yashkara's attention was on Tharius, and Dolek didn't move::

Shade ov Grey: Unless you want the streets run red with blood. ::shakes his head::

Rhanaeryn has left this chat.

Shade ov Grey: seems like they're better.

Captain Tharius: ::once Steelclaw has returned to her place of honor and moving away he looks to Dolek::

Shade ov Grey: The disruption seems to be fading.

Jarl Werrand: <Floki>::the dwarves leaned on their weapons and continued to watch::

Kendra Rulyar: ::Kneels down, oh so blissfull not aware what she is touching and reaches for the helmet: You know I think I know armor..your buckle is stuck, do you want to get it off?

Klockwork Army: <Zuan>::shakes his head:: Damned profunduh magic... ::shuffles over to Yashkara::

Shade ov Grey: Magic... ever so reliable.

Klockwork Army: ::meets Zuan halfway::

Esme Basdeo: like breathing underwater.

CaptRaphaelDolek: Captain. ::He nodded to Tharius:: I hope you are in no hurry to leave tonight. It's going to be a long night for us both.

Kendra Rulyar: Just how did you fall down:: childlike goes to work:: I never see one like you:: Leans over her charge::

Shade ov Grey: Could you tap me when she makes sense? ::to kai, glancing to Esme::

Captain Tharius: Perhaps later you will let a lashed soldier buy you a drink?

Jarl Werrand: <Floki>::one of them notice Zuan, and their gaze shifts to him, both interest and disgust in their eyes::

Esme Basdeo: Oh!..Someone mentioned lccy.. uh..I-car-us... ::to kai:: Why?

Kendra Rulyar: Here now you can breath: helmet is off and she will talk him to death:: I was wondering why everybody was out so late. Thought I could go look for the color I wanted for my dress::works on the breastplates:: You know ... a girl has

Klockwork Army: <Zuan>::glances at the other dwarf with a stroke of his beard...a lot of dwarves hated him...they hated him more when he was dealing with Tequin::

CaptRaphaelDolek: I would be honored.

Kendra Rulyar: to make sure she has the right dress for a wedding.

Klockwork Army: <Pendulum>::takes his helmet back and puts it on::

Sherakai: To stir things up ::he said shortly to Esme::

Klockwork Army: <Pendulum people>::climb back into their armor, snuggling up like they were security blankets::

Shade ov Grey: That name still inspires fear and terror.

Sherakai: So it worked, didn't it?

Soledaad Rourke has left this chat.

Esme Basdeo: Is that warm and fuzzy inside? ::to the closest pendulum::

Kendra Rulyar: :sits back and pouts:: Oh this did not help you?

Captain Tharius has left this chat.

MissAmorina has left this chat.

Shade ov Grey: The suits are working again.

Captain Tharius has joined this chat.

Jarl Werrand: <Floki>::hatred was a strong word... ashamed was rather more to the point... but dealing with Klocks over elves::

Soledaad Rourke has joined this chat.

Kendra Rulyar: Well::looks at her helmet "friend" :: So you think I should go with winterwhite or not?

Captain Tharius: ::he gets his hammer back:: I would be the honored one. ::a glance to Dolek, something in that glance, something secret and he hopes for a reply:: ashokenxx has left this chat.

Sherakai: ::Straightening, he drew his hand over his forehead and looked around, spying Dolek off talking to another Captain. Everywhere, soldiers were cleaning up the Party Mess.::

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara>::turns her head to look at Dolek and Tharius::

Sherakai: ::And there were a few of Kendra's dwarf buddies. Considering her current state, he was surprised they were still walking.::

Jarl Werrand: <Floki>::the obvious leader of them nods briefly to Kai::

Captain Tharius: They are loyal men, Captain.

Sherakai: ::He looked from the dwarf to Ken pointedly, then tossed the him a vague salute before he went to join Dolek and Tharius.::

Kendra Rulyar: ::comes to her feet:: Fine, winterwhite it will be : straighten her dress and bows to her new friend:: now if you excuse me, I have to find the fabric.

CaptRaphaelDolek: I have no doubt about that, to follow you here.

Klockwork Army: <Perlai>::trying to hide his fear, he places his helmet back on::

Klockwork Army: <Salomae>::rests a hand on Perlai's back, frowning::

Captain Tharius: They are my family. ::he sling his hammer across his saddle::

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara>::to Zuan:: It never ends.

Klockwork Army: <Zuan>It never will.

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara>How do you manage?

Klockwork Army: <Zuan>...::growls quietly:: Democracy....

CaptRaphaelDolek: I know the feeling.

Klockwork Army: <Yashkara> ...What's that?

Kendra Rulyar: ::wanders off towards the next alleyway::

Sherakai: Sirs ::He saluted the pair of them.::

Captain Tharius: ::he drops and smart salute to Kai:: Baron.

Jarl Werrand: <Floki>::they follow the estranged elf, muttering quietly about how they'd rather be hunting trolls::

Captain Tharius: ::or *a* smart salute::

Klockwork Army: <Zuan>::laughs and walks, gesturing to his enormous companion:: Doesn't make things any easier, but it passes the blame around....

CaptRaphaelDolek: Baron Streylan. You will be no longer assigned as my second.

Shade ov Grey: Intereresting...::walking over to kai::

Captain Tharius: And for trying to save Walsh, I will be lashed and sent away from where I belong.

Kendra Rulyar: ::oh yes they would, but they are stuck with an insaine elf::

Kendra Rulyar has left this chat.

Sherakai: Sir?

Jarl Werrand has left this chat.

Esme Basdeo: They seem better.

Captain Tharius: (q) The General is displeased with us.

CaptRaphaelDolek: I have been reassigned to Captain Tharius' men. You will be second to Captain Salomae. You and Wynn will afford her the help I expect of you.

Captain Tharius: (qw) Trouble for us all.

Shade ov Grey: It's clear the challanges will only continue.

Captain Tharius: ::he rubs the flank of the balthazorian steed lovingly::

Sherakai: ::He looked toward the General, his face expressionless:: <vs> Getting nervous, is she?

Shade ov Grey: Hold on to the past, or let it go and take a new path.

Esme Basdeo: blah blah. ::yawns::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::He spoke low:: She expects us to fight each other.

Captain Tharius: (q) She used to know everything, wouldn't you be?

Shade ov Grey: (q) Truly?

Captain Tharius: ::he nods in agreement with Dolek, his voice staying low:: War dogs have their uses, aye?

Sherakai: She has a certain way of stirring up the stew pot, doesn't she? ::he murmured::

Shade ov Grey: Trying for a new taste p'haps. ::to kai::

Captain Tharius: ::he speaks very low:: The army cannot rule this land. ::that said enough, he hoped::

Esme Basdeo: It's going to be a big old party in here if our neighbors try and interfere.

Captain Tharius: ::then his voice raises a bit:: Would you join Captain Dolek in sharing a drink with lashed soldier, Baron?

Sherakai: ::How had Shad snuck up on him again?:: It would be my pleasure, sir.

CaptRaphaelDolek: Baron?

Sherakai: ::He quirked a brow toward Dolek and waited.::

Shade ov Grey: ::the sucker... uh Shad just had the miracle ability to teleport... yeah right. he sneaky.. and good at it::

Captain Tharius: Sharing a drink with a man of peace, would be my pleasure.::turning to Dolek::

Esme Basdeo: ::lightly smacked Shad upside the head::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::He glanced to the half-elf that seemed very interested in their conversation:: I think a change of scenery is in order. And without my blade, I'm no man of war, am I?

Shade ov Grey: ::nod::

Captain Tharius: Moving along would be good. I fear the problems in the midst of the madness are not going away::

Shade ov Grey: Ack...::rubbing his head:: I might've deserved that.

CaptRaphaelDolek: And we do have some unfinished business between us, Captain.

Esme Basdeo: ::whistlesmirk::

Captain Tharius: ::he nods:: My lashing is well deserved, so I face it.

Sherakai: She's not returning your sword?

Captain Tharius: ::he swung up into the saddle and looked out over his men, he had to do whatever he could to get on more friendly terms with Dolek and perhaps there was more to the Baron than it appeared, he did hope so::

CaptRaphaelDolek: Shall we move along and get on with it then. Until then, if you wish to speak to your men, best do it now.

Captain Tharius: ::he nods:: They will follow you as they did me, to the death. ::he nudged the horse forward::

CaptRaphaelDolek: Until the lashing, they're still yours. It will make the transition easier for them.

Captain Tharius: Watch for the spymaster's eyes. ::as his horse walks towards his men and they fall in line behind him::

Sherakai: ::It was turning into a really stressful tenday. Giving a little shake of his head, he turned and whistled for his horse.::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::He turned to Kai:: I think I'll ask the general in the morning.

Shade ov Grey: Say.. you ever try niachy? ::to Kai::

Captain Tharius: ::they road with him and he spoke low to Rangle::

Esme Basdeo: Hey cheapie.. y'still owe for the next shipment. ::to kai::

Shade ov Grey: ... Oh this tenday stinks.

Captain Tharius: ::he would take his lashes openly and before all his men and Rangle would be passing along that they were all show, no matter how hard the beating, he would take it without crying out::

CaptRaphaelDolek: ::Tired of the bantering, he turned and headed for the fort::
Captain Tharius has left this chat.

Esme Basdeo: Oh wait... You never ordered...

Sherakai: ::He eyed Esme as his horse trotted up:: I don't drink and you're going to have to do better than that.

Esme Basdeo: forgot what I just said.... huh what did i say? nothing...::beam to kai, sheepishly grinning::

Shade ov Grey: Safe travels then... May the spirits guide you. ::to kai::

Sherakai: ::He cocked his head at Shad, then gave him a humorless smile:: They likely will. They're full of all kinds of advice.

Esme Basdeo: They can be full of...::to kai and Shad::

Shade ov Grey: ::sighs:: Most... yes. I may just need a drink soon.

Sherakai: Thank you for your help here. ::Leather creaked as he pulled himself up into the saddle::

Shade ov Grey: Anytime... hopefully later rather than sooner in this case.

Esme Basdeo: See ya! ::bounded off on her own carefree way::

Sherakai: Shad?

Shade ov Grey: yes?

Sherakai: ::The gray turned in a circle, then shook his mane out:: You still have your mercs?

Klockwork Army: ::to Zuan:: You will stay and dine with me?

Shade ov Grey: The Silver Fox is still in business. My bread and butter if you catch my drift.

Klockwork Army: <Zuan>Sure, gnoll...ess...I got a bottle of something that'll take hair off yer chest.

Shade ov Grey: ::it was the mercenary company he had worked with and managed after leaving the Black Wolves::

Sherakai: I may have a package for you to deliver.

Shade ov Grey: Ah.. ::nod:: Anytime.. any place.

Sherakai: ::He looked at him for a long moment, then nodded and started his horse into motion::

Esme Basdeo has left this chat.