

Pasifikan Plundering

1st Meadow, Summer 802, Dryad moon

Seagate, city of beggars, guild meeting.

We have been hired by California Smith, a male human and renowned plunderer of temples and holy places, member of the Gentlefolk's Exploration Academy formerly of the fine city of Novadon. Our mission is to locate plunder, especially writings and pottery, within ruins on Geydion's island which has recently risen in the island group of Pasifika some four thousand miles south of Seagate.

Conducting our meeting on Grendil's pleasure ship, we are treated to fine food and wines after passing the incompetent peasant guards. California informs us of the local rumours after which Felicity, Grendil and Killramadram try and decide who has the biggest god between them, from what I've heard Grendil's goddess is biggest...in all the right places if you get my meaning. Felicity then leaves to do some astrology readings while we enjoy ourselves getting to know each other.



Grendil's Pleasure Ship

2nd - 10th Meadow

Leaving upon the well fitted out and oft-renamed ship the Seabird, Silverfoam drills us in combat tactics.

11th Meadow

We are all dumped into the ocean by exuberant sailors, evidently we have just crossed the midpoint of Elusia and this is the traditional place to cast passengers overboard.

13th Meadow

While rescuing three bedraggled humans we find adrift upon a raft a large group of sharks appears which are promptly slaughtered by Silverfoam with a beef and garlic salami in a frenzy of blood and foam.

The follow up ambush from the ocean depths involves some young Sahugan louts who have the temerity to attempting to board the ship, most we push overboard only having to get Killramadram to sternly punish a few of the more persistent, capturing the leader to give a dressing down afterwards.



Fishman Captive

Being a sensitive soul I could not bring myself to watch as Grendil used some very effective 'la douleur et l'anguish' interrogation techniques upon the Shaughan which divulged to him that they were a group on patrol and had been keeping the humans which were captured in confederation bay to use as bait to capture passing ships with. It seems they are part of a militant undersea kingdom with the following command structure.

Gods.....Lord (Forneus, Furcalor or possibly Crocell)

Nobility.....King.....Baron

Commoners.General ...OverCapitan....Capitan....Commander (Our Shaughan)

Tiring of the Shaughan's company, Killramadram executes him, breaking his neck and throwing the body overboard where the sharks disposed of all evidence. The captives, when recovered could remember little of events apart from being towed upon an underwater raft drawn by sharks and mistreated. The generous captain of the Seabird agreed to return them to Seagate where they can recover.

17th Meadow

Land is sighted. Scouting of the church of lighters encampment shows five chapels each surrounded by a gaggle of tents, it seems Michael, Raphael, Urael, Belial/Sammael and Gabrael are represented. A column of smoke rises from a newly formed volcanic cone in the centre of the island which is barren apart from a few palms starting to grow on the coast.

Sailing past where the trading post was located we make landfall at the ruined city of Pacifica where the gentlefolk's exploration academy has camped. There are several active portals here to various other places and the local temples are dedicated to Apollo, Hades and such. We establish camp in a cleared out building across from the museum and library which has been systematically plundered already by the academics. Brageon adds some homey touches as we settle in with private rooms and a bath.



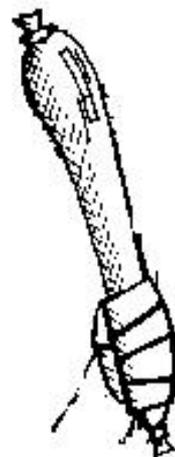
Pillage Sought

Rumour Mill

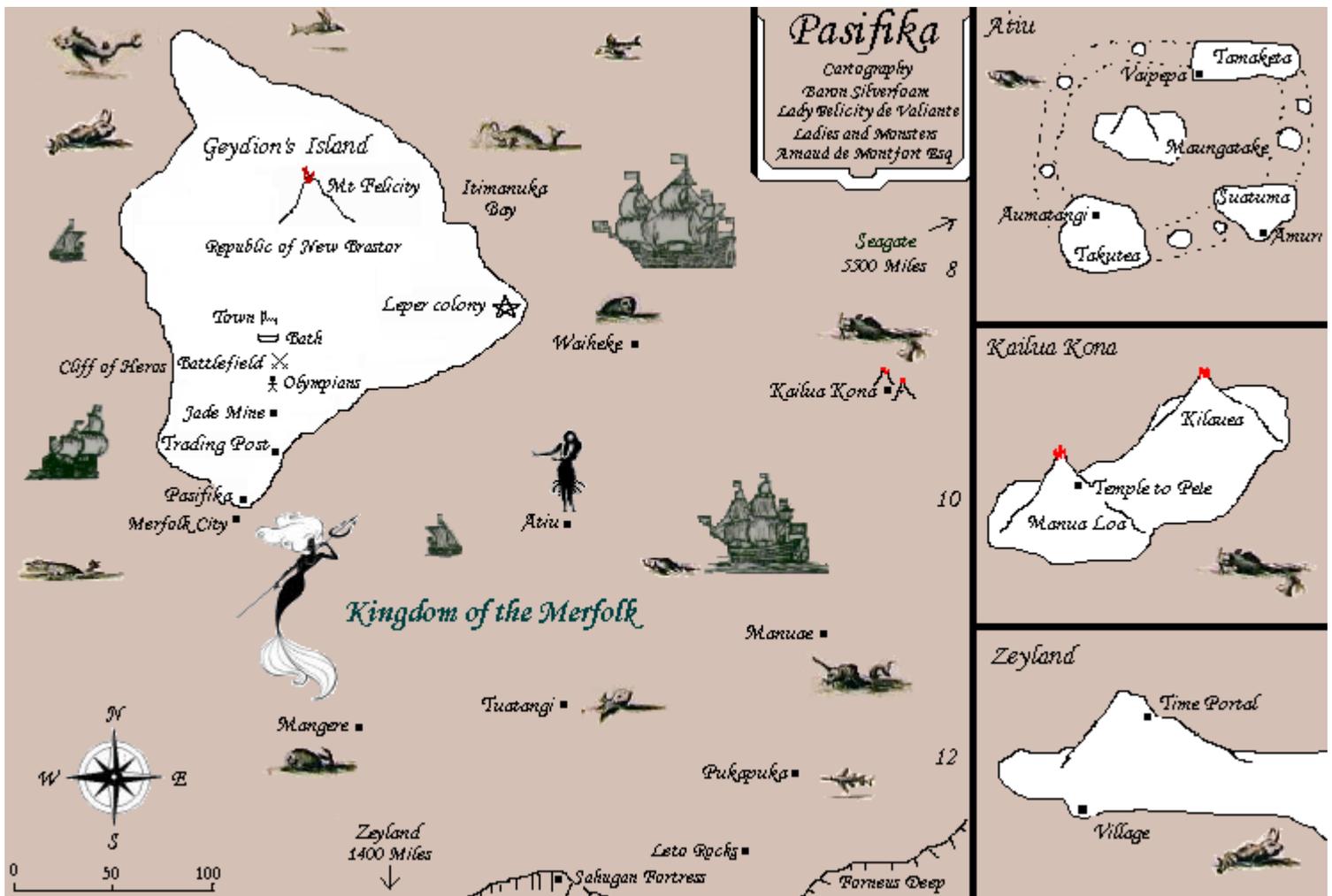
The island was briefly used by a merchant group as a trading base which was violently destroyed with all the captives/bodies taken, recovery and or rescue of the socially significant would be appreciated.

The western kingdom church has sent some preachers of various orders to "convert the heathen savages" to use their words. They will no doubt be intent on competitive pillaging, curse them all, and the friendly local chiefs would like them to leave.

After a productive spring the local merfolk and Sahugan are conducting intense summer cullings upon each other's populations.



The Bloody Salami



18th Meadow

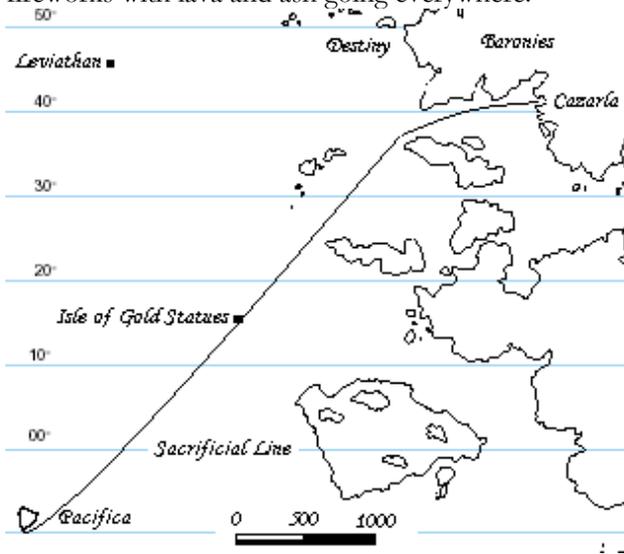
Easily running in full armour thirty miles along the coast to the trading post we discover the site had been cleared by a rank fifteen flash flood, possibly to remove the salt from the soil, prior to the trading post being established. The trading post itself appears to have been used to collect salt to trade elsewhere with a still lying amongst the ruins, careful searching found some promissory notes for venture capital to start the trade, all in all it appears nearly half a million pennies is involved from various merchants, criminals and guild members.

Braegon and Killramadram find bloodstains which are four and a half weeks old and follow them across the desolate salt laden ground of New Brastor northwards towards Felicity, which begins to get stropky as the day progresses. Our expert rangers think that the raiders were hiding their tracks from the trading post and other groups joined them along the route.

Camping in a cave for the night our sleep is rudely interrupted by a satisfied baby earth elemental visiting us. Silverfoam shoo's it away without any injuries but it quite ruins the cave forcing us to relocate camp. Felicity decides about this time to put on a rather nice display of fireworks with lava and ash going everywhere.



Felicy gets active

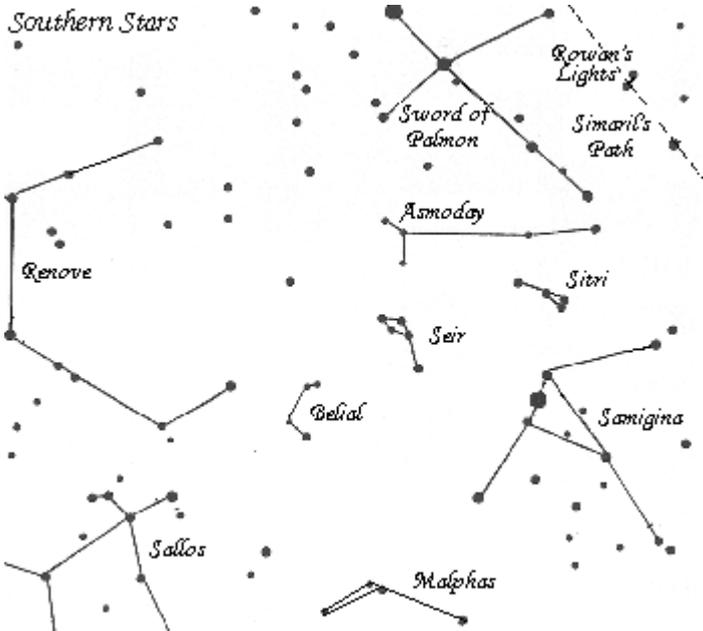


19th Meadow

After a most enjoyable night we set off northwards towards a cave some thirty miles away which Felicity spots with her god-like vision. Under a clear blue sky while riding Scrumpy we see the church of lighters heading out to the west to bring religion to the natives. Grendil, bless him suggests waterspouting them to their deaths, however Braegon keeps us focused on the task at hand.

19th Meadow late afternoon

We approach the cave entrance which has been decorated with skulls in the "mal mort" style so popular now in Brastor. A balanced collection includes a thousand year old human, an elf dead from negative energy infusion and a three week dead human who appears to have been chewed upon. Just like old Brastor there is also a strong negative energy field upon this portion of the island, similar to the dark circle, we are unsure if there are demonic influences at work.



Being a little cautious of pit traps into lakes of boiling lava we have Scrumpy dig a parallel tunnel for the first six hundred yards alongside the cave tunnel and ward the entrance with enough spells to seriously discourage attack from the rear.

Braegon and Silverfoam then play “peek a boo” by tunnelling across into the main tunnel and spot the guard Remorhaz, a fifty foot long, five foot wide lesser undead wormy thing. The poor beast has a horrible kennel so Felicity bless her soft heart with help from Scrumpy do some renovations leaving it snugly and warm entombed underground.

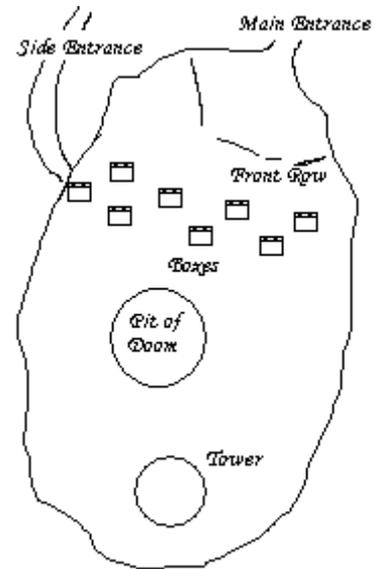
All this work tires out Scrumpy so we decide to move along the existing tunnel, Felicity carving out a large B in the stone wall with her fingers where we exited, it is about this time we notice the pretty jade deposits in the walls, it seems the undead here have quite stylishly chosen an old jade mine as their lair.

We travel a couple of miles down the tunnel only pausing for Killramadram to play chasy with some “true ghouls” along the way before coming out into an undead theatre of the performing arts within a huge cavern with an audience of about forty five.

“The enemy is led by someone who appreciates the theatre in theatre of war”

After Killramadram was booed off the stage under a welter of javelins from the boxes we decided that Scrumpy should have centre stage and the job of discouraging the true ghoulish critics while we surprised the masses by making a side entrance. The crowd really warmed to Felicity's fire eating act while Killramadram's impression of a “warp creature of chaos” was the most realistic I've seen in the guild and knocked them dead in the stalls.

The rest of us had minor supporting parts to play with a pit of doom being formed for hecklers and luscious Rowan distracting all eyes, including my own I must admit, from Felicity when most necessary. I myself in a fit of generosity let them know we were michalites from the camp to the west so tokens of appreciation would be sent that way if any escaped while Grendil impressed all with his swordsmanship by cutting two flying ghouls in half with a single blow.



Well into the second act two nobles hurriedly arrived, fashionably late as always they appeared as a purple mist (vampire celestial) and a pink mist (vampire mind mage) and received a warm welcome. After executing Mr Pink to encourage good taste, Mr purple managed to excuse himself by flying away, however with locate running on him we may be able to perform an encore.

19th Meadow night

We check the bodies of the ghouls and find most are only three weeks old and dressed in fragments of modern baronies clothing, they are no longer infectious and so are respectfully cremated by the party. We have completed the mission to find the fate of the captives and so decide to do some recreational looting. During this time Mr purple tries to surprise attack us at midnight however with locate running still on him he falls to our ambush...exit one vampiric mist.

The tower itself has nice eleven hundred year old Remhu floors, is four stories high and has a partially flooded cellar beneath. Pillage collection is conducted with guild precision, disarming several blackfire wards, traps and the like and divinating the magical items collected.

20th Meadow

We decide to travel northward exploring and come across a ring of temples to some children of the titans around a large area which was long ago under the effect of powerful translocating magics, from our history we believe that “mount” Olympus used to be here and was moved to Malacandria where they currently reside. However having walked around where it was in half a day exploring, its not what I would call a mountain, more a grotty little hill really. The titans in question are a pretty nasty, inbred bunch of boondock hicks who insisted on being worshipped as gods and were mostly products of two or three generations of incest, enough to be a member of a Mordeaux noble family. They may have been responsible for sinking the island previously as “Ignorance and Pride” are involved and they certainly have these traits. Read the appendix's if your interested in these “gods”.



Ruined Temple



The Baths

Given Felicitas astrology reading that the loot was in the temples in time honoured guild fashion the party decided to search for plunder, finding instead just a bunch of ugly statues, chairs and such, no gold or anything worth looting, however im sure California will enjoy the place.

After completing the social circle, which I thankfully managed to avoid due to the holy ground we travelled northwards coming across a large bowl where an ancient battle appears to have occurred between humans, centaurs and giants. Most of the bones appear to have been turned to stone and we couldn't find anything worth looting, death curses or other things of interest. It should be noted that the giants GTN was "giant" and they were much larger than the sub-breeds we have today.

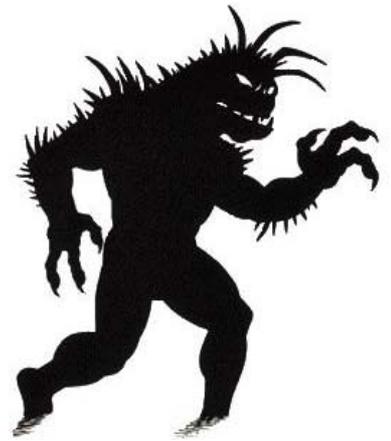
21st Meadow

Breaking camp we continue northwards through a pleasant tropical rainstorm accompanied by the talented Silverfoam playing a rousing song in the "marche gras" style. It is so rare to have adventures in places with hot running water and so the day ended nearly perfectly when we arrived in a region of hot springs with a ruined town nearby with "bathhouses" covered in lovely murals of frolicking patrons.

Looting recovered about fifty uncut semi-precious gems and uncovered a temple to Apollo where the priests appeared to do shriving magics, boiling people down to their essentials. We all enjoy much appreciated hot baths between watches that night.

22nd Meadow

An eventful night during which there are several earth tremors and a shadowy-beastie is seen spying on us, promptly fleeing in horror at what it finds. By lunchtime the ruins of a fortified town are reached with a nearby crypt complete with disturbed graves. Overjoyed to have found some more wealthy independent undead to rob and murder we check it out with wild abandon, it appears that some sort of forbiddance is in effect to keep non-shadowy creatures from entering through the walls, even scrumpy is stumped. After much pushing, prodding and general procrastination Killramadram kicks in the five ton stone door.



Killramadram's Shadow



Antisocial Spectre

Using Felicitas coconut-light to keep the shadowy beast men at bay we travel deep into the bowels of the earth to a room with four doors out of it and a statue before each door. As we examine the statues of a rather tasty young lady, a scribe and two warrior types flanking them a small gargoyle like statue sitting on them animates and has to be beaten, burnt and namered into submission.

After tying the statues up in case they are animated by some evil binder looting of the four rooms proceeded without too many problems. A true ghoul, three ready salted exploding mummies, a spectre, ten shadows and a giant skeleton were massacred and their dust bagged for later interrogation after their auras revealed they were controlled by an item some ten to fifteen miles away, approximately at the site of a nearby ruined palace. Speaking to the spectre before it foolishly decided to attack us revealed that it was being led by a lord with plans for world domination, no doubt he will prove to be a sorry disappointment, lacking the social skills necessary for the job .

Apart from the spectre who's tomb was painted with star maps and a picture of a long dead daemon the place was pretty stark, dingy and cheerless so we departed to divinate the items (including complementary bottles of champagne) collected outside in relative comfort. Ambushed as we leave the tomb we decide to flee as between fifty and two hundred greater and lesser undead converge upon us supported by mages, including an ice mage and well trained assassins with flash-blinding alchemical grenados.

"The advantage of being a mindmage is you don't need your eyes"

We shift dimensions into a Para-elemental earth dimension where we heal up and take stock of our situation, deciding to only return to (somewhere in) Elusia when we have recovered. Fortuitously some skeletons followed us through and checking of their aura's showed they had been animated by the god Nerull, not an avatar but the god herself, and that the furthest they had been from her was seventy miles, I for one am very glad we decided to retreat.



Giant Skeleton



Merwench

Changing planes once again we arrive undersea in the presence of two gentlemen and four lady merfolk adventurers. Waving their hands about frantically we resort to various ways of placating them such as saying “we are not daemons”, only later finding out that we have arrived just nearby a large saughan fortress about four hundred miles south of where we were which they were scouting and they wanted us to be quiet.

The Merfolk Adventurers

- Aquana**, Attractive lady with very long blonde hair, light orange tail and blue eyes. She is delightfully attired in a skimpy top with strategically placed bits of shell. A bard and troubadour.
- Kaoh**, Stunning aquatic elf lady with matching long green hair, tail and eyes once again wearing a top with strategically (and necessarily large if you know what I mean) shells. An enchanter and courtesan.
- Mizuno**, Lady with matching blue hair, tail and eyes. A multi-talented water mage and near perfect sacrifice for Aim.
- Tenou**, Aquatic elf Lady with soft brown hair, Earth mage and fighter type.
- Lethe**, Male aquatic elf Mind mage and fighter type.
- Urewa**, Male Namer and fighter type.

They generously invite us to join in the shaughan culling, scouting and or killing the inhabitants of the fortress however we are rather tired and not feeling that plucky so decline the invitation. We do suggest some interesting ways of killing the shaughan, such as boiling them alive, using plague potions and such, most seem to have been tried before and failed as they are tough beasts, they evidently never naturally die, have leaders forty feet tall or larger and worship Furcalor.

23nd –24th Meadow

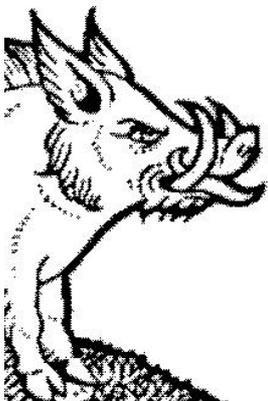
Taking our leave of the ladies we climb into Silverfoams undersea ship and cruise further south eastwards for about eight hours, having a good although weird nights sleep underwater. Next morning we discuss what we are going to do, finally, and hesitantly deciding to return to Geydion’s island and manually kill everyone rather than blowing it up as that would destroy all the loot.

Felicity discussing using a volcano, earth elemental and saturated earth to blow up part of the island.
“That’s not exactly a delicate weapon”

The items are divinated and then many are sent back to the guild although a piece of elemental ice we drop off on a old set of rock outcrops which are smelly, bald and barren and which we appropriately name “Leto’s rocks” after the despot. We leave an experimental clay golem made of guano with activation ward and intructions to suffocate intruders, which Rowan spends eight hours shaping, and another ward of radiant firewall to kill thieves.



Sleeping Underwater



Boar Hunting

25th Meadow

We arrive at the island of Atui, which is surrounded by a huge forbiddance appearing as a wall of bubbles in the sea. It is targetted against preachers, the accursed forces of light and saughan and was created by a powerful fey.

Upon landing we have flower garlands put around our necks and check a few assorted auras which show many islanders pacted to “Tane”. Invited to a hunt, Grendil lets us know that it is required etiquette to join in with the savages and so with some trepidation we head out to kill some wild boar.

Dispite attempting to avoid all boars during the hunt one decides to follow me and becomes a vault for the party acrobats. Silverfoam opens with a double summersault only delicately touching it on the back. Grendil betters this with a world class vault with a half tuck and full twist ending in a roll. Finally six hundred pound Killramadram executes a full tuck with roll before belly flopping onto the boar and killing it to try and avoid its critical assessment of his (lack of) technique.

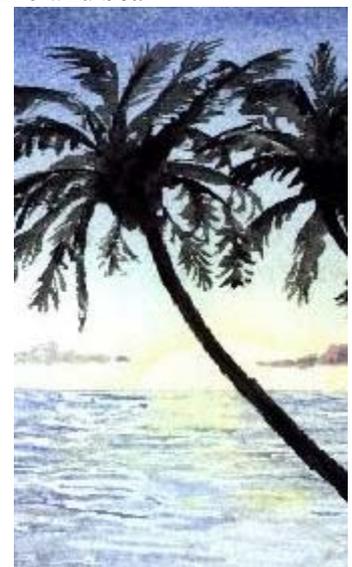
“Dolphins are a bit oily for my taste”...Things not to say, Grendils guide to island etiquette.

The feast is wonderful with Chief Mariri Ariki, a Cazarlan Hemi Kupe (John Cooper) and their Shaman/Necromancer Ona Kaikino joining in the Friday 13th festivities with much drinking of paralysis inducing drugs, watching exotic young ladies dancing and singing till late, Felicity having such a good time we find her hanging upside down from a tree the next morning.

“Don’t poison the children Flamis”.. Grendils guide to island etiquette

26th Meadow

We meet Ona this morning and have him speak to the grave dust we collected, which seem to be mostly peasant sacrifices to a greyhawk diety of undeath called Nerull. He trades the true names of Ngendei, god of the dead and Furcalor for Aim.



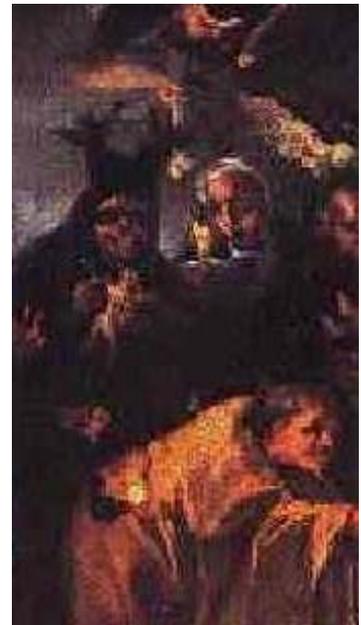
Atiu Beach Sunset

He knows of the forbiddance around the island and lets us know the church of lighters have started a “Cleansing” brutally killing men, women and children for sport. Legends of the islanders indicate that the islands sunk after some ritual was performed by a priest king / god king who offended the gods and there was some war between immortals and gods going on at the time as well.

We return to Geydion’s island midway between the church of lighters encampment and the salt works and create a huge underground dock for the ship where we spend the night. In the morning coming to an agreement that if a god is actually there we will run away after all we are here for the loot not to kill undead who quite frankly are welcome to their island.

28th Meadow (Full Mead Moon)

Rowan and Silverfoam fly upon a strengthened blanket while Felicity rides Freda and Grendil rides Killramadram, Brageon and myself jogging along beside them. About a third of the way to the city we pass undead on watch who flash a signal ahead of us to an encamped army about half way to the city. The army consisted of a hundred stone golems, forty ghouls a female binder in the latest cazarlan fashions riding a flying pillar, a water mage and the previously encountered ice mage. To keep it sporting only Silverfoam, Felicity and Grendil fight them, killing them all apart from the very valuable golems who wander off uncontrolled.



Fashionable Ghouls

“Black clothes with a green trim, this years fashions rather than last years gold trim”

The death of the binder is judged the best death of an enemy, after her bubble of force is dispelled as she takes off, dropping the grenados she had inside it which along with a firebolt sets her upon fire. Reaching the top of her flying arc she is shot with a crossbow in the shortly to be very squishy solid vicera, crashes and is crushed by the stone pillar she was riding which breaks open her other grenado’s, creating a nice firepit suitable for roasting marshmallows.

The city is the size of old Seagate and contains a centrally located palace, however despite the undead it is suprisingly much cleaner and less smelly than seagate due to the lack of digusting beggars. Silverfoam arranges a brilliant diversion using a few golems to draw away the defenders and ballista crews to one side while an illusion of us attacks from another side and we sneak in from a third. Assaulting the palace we discover its walls have a bound earth core and so tear our way in throught the roof of the throne room instead.



Ballista

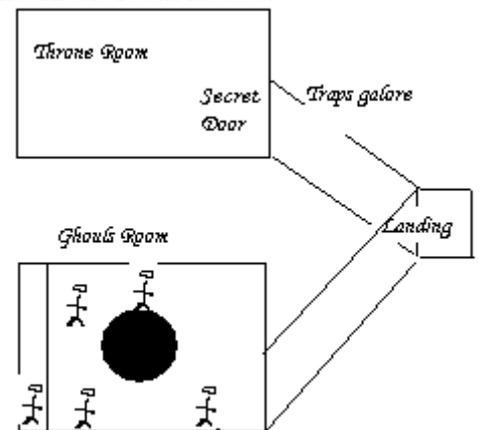
Achieving surprise we massacre the necromancer-leader of the undead upon his throne along with his henchmen, a flying “wizardy” eye, four flying skulls and two black leather clad, whip wielding “female” true ghouls. The throne itself is quite interesting as it seems to generate a bubble of force about it and the controlling device appears to be underground directly below the throne.

Rowan Backfires wall of dust..“I always thought the description of a ‘dusty maiden’ was a misprint”

Firewalked golems..“Felicity can even make golems climb walls”

Silverfoam..“Elementals have no magical aptitude as elementalists can only trap those dumber than themselves”

Urrrr cleverly finds a secret door to a hidden room below the throne room and we disable numerous traps on the stairway down. A golem holding a torch then opens the door at the bottom while we observe via crystal of vision seeing that the lower room has a floating ball in the middle with a “female” ghou upon it, four ghouls on pillars, three guarding the door with large crossbows and hidden behind a tapestry another “female” ghou, half a dozen shadows are also nearby. It seems that these undead slackers have been sitting about here doing nothing for the last thousand years or so and are ex-worshippers of Ares, which tends to explain their lack of fashion sense and general incompetence, their “god” not being known for either. Combat ensues with use of dangerous numbers of grenado’s resulting in the destruction of much of the loot and Freda being tragically burnt to death. In all we manage to kill a witch, a necromancer, seven guards, an floating eye thingie and two floating skulls which are immune to fire and cast fire magics. The dark globe is the controlling device and checking its aura shows that an hours exposure to sunlight will destroy it, which is precisely what we do, taking it well away from the city before it explodes which liberates most of the undead on the island from Nerull’s control.



Felicity “Im not one of those woosy earth mages like my husband”

Silverfoam “Idiots its two eyeballs to one skull”

29th Meadow – 4th Heat

We travel back to the city of pacifica, discover that some theives have stolen the cold gem and that the golems are missing. California is very pleased with our successful mission and arranges transport back, Grendil deciding to stay and attempt to bring some civilisation to the savages on Atiu.

4th Heat – 19th Heat

We travel back to Grendils pleasure ship and then onto the guild for debriefing and valuations to be done. All in all somewhat successful, we got a fair amount of pillage, brought liberty to thousands of undead on the island while kicking the foreign power Nerull out of Elusia. Unfortunately the church of lighters were left due to a split party vote on their destruction and we never did get to spend the time discovering if all the rumors are true about those lovely merwomen.



Gem Thief

The party

Baron Silverfoam, A noted elven genius, whose gift with military strategy is only exceeded by his incredible fashion sense. One of the more experienced guild members his mere presence inspires us lesser mortals to great feats of bravery and heroism. A guildmember willing to slit his wrists for his fellow party members.

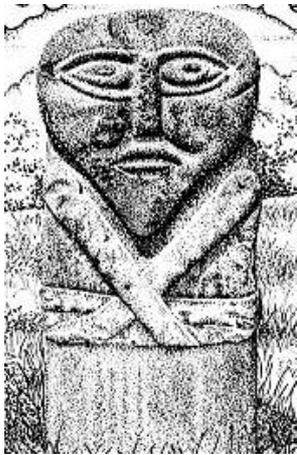
Braegon, A human archmage famous for beating Malphas into submission and binding him before stripping him naked. He casts an impressive figure wearing Malphas's cast off clothing / tokens of affection, is a healer of miraculous abilities and the leader of our group.

Rowan, An extraordinarily beautiful Elvin lady, delightfully fun to entertain she is cultured and refined.

Atiu girls are easy
Merwomen like it wet
But if you really like your ladies
New Brastor girls are the best



Rowan



Itimanuka

Grendil, A well dressed human man of exotic appearance even by guild standards, he is a dedicated cultist and masterful interrogator.

Itimanuka, Grendil's happy go lucky animated statue and master philosopher of aquatic studies.

Arnaud de Montfort Esq, your friendly scribe.

Killramadram ((Pr) Kill-all-random) first knight of the House of Knives, Going by the nom de guerre of Drumm he is a massive hill giant warrior who is a lethal and soulless killing machine in combat. Capable of walking through walls but not so big as to fall through floors he is surprisingly quick on his feet. Multi-talented he can also locate and hunt down enemies before beating them to bloody pulp. He has excellent taste in beer.

Scrumpy, our friendly earth elemental, tireless and staunch, he combines brute force with even more brute force, a fearsome combination.

Lady Felicity de Valiante, attractive human lady who also goes by the nom de guerre of Flamis. Married to Sir Basalic and Consort of some off planar champion as well, a setter of moral standards all should attempt to emulate. She wears an interesting selection of chainmail apparel, perhaps more often seen in exotic non combat environments.

The sun shall fail and
The moon shall die as
Felicity spreads ash far and wide
Searing your lungs and
Burning your eyes
Pele's mistress
Shall scream at the sky

Freyda, the fire elemental, nicknamed Fred by Felicity who often rides upon her, she is not a particularly great conversationalist but enjoys Felicity's rhyming Haiku. Tragically burned to death after being turned into a frog while fighting from within an area of burning greek fire.

Urrrrr, A very upset earth elemental, he is anguished by the state of the environment with the ground being so salty and barren and is keen on improving the fertility of the surrounding ground by fertilising it with Braegon's pulverised body.

Felicities Astrology Readings

What are the chief dangers we will encounter on the island called Gwydonia?.....
Where will we find the items of greatest magical worth on Gwydonia?.....
What caused the trading post on Gwydonia to be depopulated?.....
What caused the island to sink?.....
What special conditions exist on Gwydonia which may cause difficulties for us?...
Where is the centre of the danger on Gwydonia?.....

Answers

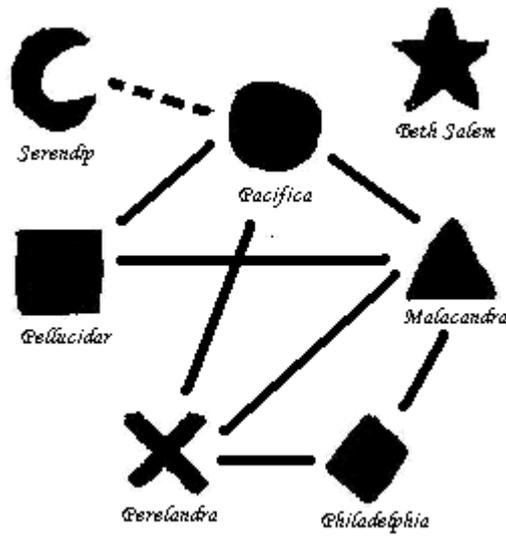
You wanna list?
Search ye the temples
I have no idea
Pride and Ignorance
The element you despise but need to live
War, Strife and Discord



A Bashful Firemage

The Pasifican Portals

These portals require keys in each side to be active, for instance for a pellucidar to malacandra portal to operate would require a triangular (malacandra) key to be in the pellucidar portal and a square (pellucidar) key to be in the malacandra portal. Stepping under them transports the party or individual.



Portals as of Summer 802 After Panjari



Malacandra to Perelandra Trilithion



Beth Salem

Located on the plains of grass and is currently within the dark circle, it has flown away leaving a large circular lake and some ruins about the outskirts and the portal stones. Crawling with undead all links to it are now severed.



Pellucidar

Located underground and is known as the “city below” filled with jungle and pyramids. Wildlife can be troublesome with flying pteranodons, snakes and small kittens. Home of tasty trilobites.



Malacandra

A city on cold plains on the planet of Thunor it is a dry red sandy place with thin air where everyone is lighter. Refer to: “Mission to Malacandra” for further details.



Perelandra

The city of Perelandra is underwater on Freya, known as the “wet planet” and is inhabited. Humans there can live underwater. Completely covered in clouds with very few islands.



Philadelphia

A flying city which floats hidden over a mountain range in terra nova inhabited by humans.



Pasifika

Ruined city on Gwlyion’s island in Pasifika island group.



Serendip

This is buried on the moon under Mare Serentatis but was invaded by giant insects and abandoned. Refer to: “The ship that flew”

The Olympians

Warning, this section is not recommended for those with delicate sensibilities. Subjective nastiness is given for each.



Hera

Apollo (4/10) Being a fan of murdering children with his bow, causing plagues and flaying people alive this titan has assumed the title “God of youth, archery, healing and plagues”. One of Zeus’s many bastards he is a serial rapist of many women and his choice of blood sacrifice is the snake.

Artemis (5/10) This titan enjoys a challenging hunt and so turns people into animals before hunting them down and killing them, often allowing her hounds to tear them to pieces and eat them alive. She is another of Zeus’s bastards and is noted as being particularly spiteful and enjoys helping out Apollo murder children. She is reputedly a virgin, although I suspect this may be just that no-one has lived to tell the tale and her blood sacrifice of choice are puppies.

Poseidon (2/10) Enjoying causing floods, droughts and storms at sea this product of incest has appointed himself the title “god of the sea”. A rapist of his sister Demeter he is the “god” sailors sacrifice to in the crossing the line ceremony. His choice of blood sacrifice is the bull.

Aphrodite (1/10) How to say this delicately, being the most “easy” female in the family and not at all put out by such things as incest she has been given the title “Goddess of lust and beauty”, however having seen her statues I must say that ancient tastes must have been more dwarven in nature. Born from Zeus’s grandfathers castrated privates which were thrown into the ocean, which is undoubtedly a good thing considering what a bunch of freaks his offspring are she is married to Hephaestus and has far too many affairs to name. She enjoys causing incest and nasty love triangles between mortals and her favoured blood sacrifice is doves.



Poseidon



Demeter

Hermes (2/10) The snotty nosed youngster who runs messages he has assumed the title “Messenger god”. A bastard of Zeus he is a Rapist and a thief but is otherwise hardly important enough to mention.

Ares (4/10) A bully and incompetent fighter who has a definite blood lust he has assumed the title “God of murder and killing”. Surprisingly he is a legitimate, though incestuous son of Zeus. He favours blood sacrifice of vultures.

Demeter (2/10) This ladies redeeming features are that she enjoys causing global famines and curses people to eat themselves to death to relieve her boredom. Assuming the title “Goddess of corn and fertility” she is not surprisingly another product of incest.

Hephaestus (1/10) Lame due to too much inbreeding this titan was born of Hera alone and kicked off mount Olympus. He bribed Zeus into letting him marry his grand-aunt Aphrodite by giving him his lightening bolt item of which Zeus is in ornately proud and has assumed the title “God of smiths”. He attempted but not surprisingly failed to rape his half sister Athena but did get his great grandmother pregnant who was present at the time and more obliging.

Dionysius (2/10) The family drunk he has assumed the title “God of wine” and enjoys causing madness in his victims. He likes the blood sacrifice of goats.