

State of the Nation

Summer 1827

In the Crystal Palace *Shewhoruleswithwisdom* rears up from her feast. Her eyes are filled with a glittering terrible anger and she lets out a hiss from deep within her. Her attendants are used to her outbursts but this sets them quivering. In the flickering of an eye they both lie dead, one with puncture marks on his forehead and chin where her mouth had closed on his face, the other his eyes bubbling and fizzing at the spit that had struck him full in the face. *Drenchedinthebloodoftraitors* glides from the room following her unspoken commands. *Forsakenofallbuther* places itself in the doorway, amply filling it, preventing anything from crossing the threshold.

As one stone serpent after another returns to slumber within in the wastes, summoned by members of the commission to the Second City of Mu, *Giftedwitheyesofthesphinx* begins to understand what is happening and he heaves a heavy sigh, his body billowing out. He grasps his staff and summons *Souloftheserpent* and *Masterofthepyramid* to his side. Bitter and angry they head to the edge of London, accompanied by *Weavesbetweenarrows*.

In St Albans Duke Gravewater feels the change come, he feels his invested power given to him many years before by the Commission. Filled with fervour he stands and demands that the invaders leave. There is nobody there to speak with, he simply throws his voice to the sky, and his words bellow through the air.

Elsewhere *something* stirs and adds it's will to the force of Duke Gravewater's. Sensing the end *Consumesthewilloftheweak* walks out, confident to the streets of Whitechapel. "Come, children, fight with me, fight for me, fight one another, rage one and all, I *command* it." This is where the riots began. Hearing and feeling his whispers they flock to the streets and begin to set about one another. Peelers start to try and calm the situation, but they too are consumed by the will of the serpent folk. Amidst it all *Consumesthewilloftheweak* is dragged down thrashing beneath a sea of bodies. His death though rebounds across the other invaders. Caught by a sense of duty and an oath given on the death of one of his fellows *Capturestheastbreathofthedying* speeds toward the site, determined to gather the dying energies of his kin. Glittering green gems pulse and surge from him clearing a path and those who get close enough to him find their bodies begin to leak blood from every orifice. He finds the coiled body of his fallen brother and plunges a curved elaborate knife into it, but as he does so crossbow bolts thud into his body, one by one. He collapses with a death roar that causes those near by to wet themselves and hide wherever they can.

Goldstoneblood leaves his creations behind him and flees. He always had been a coward, and even if the others would never forgive him he was determined to leave alive. *Veinsthatrunwithagelessvenom* was prepared for this. He kicks barrels into the water one by one, ten in total and then slips into the dark alleyways of central London.

In Winchester the realm warden, suddenly freed throws off her yoke of slavery and her voice rallies the people to her side. Little can hold back her wrath once stirred and she leads her forces to the stronghold they have established there. She tears down the door to the pyramid and with her swords *Bathesinthesunofthedesertsky* and *Piercestheheartofthefoe* are put down.

In the White Tower sits Bollingbroke, who some would call King, and who is legally heir. He stares at the wall of his room, eyes unfocussed.

Around him, London starts to wake. It begins with the Beefeaters, the Yeoman of the Guard Extraordinaire, who are first in all London to shrug off the mesmeric control. They immediately begin to demonstrate the reason for the extraordinary in their title, cutting down serpent folk and Egyptian soldiery with ease – many of which were stationed at the Tower. They draw on the ritual might of the place in a way they have not since they defended the Tower against the mob just after the collapse. Even the Ravenmaster himself calls on his ancient powers and sets his winged charges on the invaders.

Bollingbroke, though, stirs not: he sits and stares, fascinated, in seems, by the empty chess board that sits before him.

The control they have over London is fading and people are starting to rebel. Fights against well trained Egyptian soldiers do not go well, but men and women from the army bind together and begin to put them down. When they meet with *Scalesofthevictorunremorseful* they are almost thwarted as their weapons clash against his hide and armour with little success. Sappers throw *huge* balls of white powder at him, but he keeps on going. Eventually he falls, surrounded by broken bodies, when he is consumed by fire.

Suckling's body, is thrown, still alive from the top of the Crystal Palace and it impacts with the ground, as from the door the monstrous *Cracksthebonesofthefallen* bursts from the doors. He is backed up by *Envoyofthenileswater* and *Furiousvengeanceunmerciful*. They seem to know that they are not leaving. They have no intention to. They kill without remorse or respite. And they do it for hours. *Cracksthebonesofthefallen* is a complete powerhouse, he uses a large club and batters anything that gets in front of him. *Envoyofthenileswater* adds to his power as he seems to divert blows from hitting his companion, add to that the people who try to oppose him begin to choke and bubble water from the mouths. Finally *Furiousvengeanceunmerciful* is well armoured and tactical. Sword and shield handled with extreme skill. Eventually a bearded, bedraggled looking Frazer finds them. They are undoubtedly weakened after the many hours of battle, but after a protracted effort he finishes them and collapses in a heap, his eyes empty and spent.

Drenchedinthebloodoftraitors finds some point to leave in the furore as does *Filledwiththeenergyeternal*. *Forsakenofallbuther* is found, when it is all over. He is dead, his throat slit. His body lies over the dead body of *Shewhoruleswithwisdom*. There is not a mark on her.

Things quiet.

Over the next few days London starts to snap back. The 'mind control' over them slowly recedes – some more quickly than others. Everyone is shocked, feeling violated and sickened at what has happened to them. Egyptians either go into hiding or are killed by either the army or vigilantes – nobody seems to care...

London waits...

Decisions

So there are now a number of decisions to make. These aren't decisions that are made by the Player *Characters* in the game (necessarily) BUT are ones we are keen for the *players* to be involved in. You can determine what happens to London next.

There are XXX questions which you can mail us your answer to, these are 'binary questions', no reason or similar is allowed or required. Please email your answers to 'chrisinbirmingham@hotmail.com'. (1a,2b,3a,4b for example) including your name.

Question 1

Battersea Power Station gives power to London, and provides warmth and powers the fence. It is maintained by putting criminals into it that would have been hanged. Do we:

- A) Keep Battersea Powerstation
- B) Destroy Battersea Powerstation

Question 2

(IF Battersea survives) The Fence around London makes travel more difficult and prevents some trade. However it does provide some security. Do we:

- A) Keep The Fence
- B) Destroy the Fence

Question 3

There are various ziggurats and the crystal palace that were erected by the serpents. Do we:

- A) Keep them
- B) Pull them down

Question 4

People that committed crimes during the 'Invasion' Do we:

- A) Let them off
- B) Prosecute them